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Title: Margaret Smith's Journal

Author: John Greenleaf Whittier

Release date: December 1, 2005 [EBook #9587]

Most recently updated: January 2, 2021

Language: English

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL ***

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MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL TALES AND SKETCHES

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The intelligent reader of the following record cannot fail to notice occasional inaccuracies in respect to persons, places, and dates; and, as a matter of course, will make due allowance for the prevailing prejudices and errors of the period to which it relates. That there are passages indicative of a comparatively recent origin, and calculated to cast a shade of doubt over the entire narrative, the Editor would be the last to deny, notwithstanding its general accordance with historical verities and probabilities. Its merit consists mainly in the fact that it presents a tolerably lifelike picture of the Past, and introduces us familiarly to the hearths and homes of New England in the seventeenth century.

A full and accurate account of Secretary Rawson and his family is about to be published by his descendants, to which the reader is referred who wishes to know more of the personages who figure prominently in this Journal.

1866.

MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL IN THE PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1678-9

TALES AND SKETCHES

MY SUMMER WITH DR. SINGLETARY: A FRAGMENT

THE LITTLE IRON SOLDIER PASSACONAWAY THE OPIUM EATER THE PROSELYTES DAVID MATSON THE FISH I DID N'T CATCH YANKEE GYPSIES THE TRAINING THE CITY OF A DAY PATUCKET FALLS FIRST DAY IN LOWELL THE LIGHTING UP TAKING COMFORT CHARMS AND FAIRY FAITH MAGICIANS AND WITCH FOLK THE BEAUTIFUL THE WORLD'S END THE HEROINE OF LONG POINT

MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL

IN THE PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY

1678-9.

BOSTON, May 8, 1678.

I remember I did promise my kind Cousin Oliver (whom I pray God to have always in his keeping), when I parted with him nigh unto three months ago, at mine Uncle Grindall's, that, on coming to this new country, I would, for his sake and perusal, keep a little journal of whatsoever did happen both unto myself and unto those with whom I might sojourn; as also, some account of the country and its marvels, and mine own cogitations thereon. So I this day make a beginning of the same; albeit, as my cousin well knoweth, not from any vanity of authorship, or because of any undue confiding in my poor ability to edify one justly held in repute among the learned, but because my heart tells me that what I write, be it ever so faulty, will be read by the partial eye of my kinsman, and not with the critical observance of the scholar, and that his love will not find it difficult to excuse what offends his clerkly judgment. And, to embolden me withal, I will never forget that I am writing for mine old playmate at hide-and-seek in the farm-house at Hilton,—the same who used to hunt after flowers for me in the spring, and who did fill my apron with hazel-nuts in the autumn, and who was then, I fear, little wiser than his still foolish cousin, who, if she hath not since learned so many new things as himself, hath perhaps remembered more of the old. Therefore, without other preface, I will begin my record.

Of my voyage out I need not write, as I have spoken of it in my letters already, and it greatly irks me to think of it. Oh, a very long, dismal time of sickness and great discomforts, and many sad thoughts of all I had left behind, and fears of all I was going to meet in the New England! I can liken it only to an ugly dream. When we got at last to Boston, the sight of the land and trees, albeit they were exceeding bleak and bare (it being a late season, and nipping cold), was like unto a vision of a better world. As we passed the small wooded islands, which make the bay very pleasant, and entered close upon the town, and saw the houses; and orchards, and meadows, and the hills beyond covered with a great growth of wood, my brother, lifting up both of his hands, cried out, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy habitations, O Israel!" and for my part I did weep for joy and thankfulness of heart, that God had brought us safely to so fair a haven. Uncle and Aunt Rawson met us on the wharf, and made us very comfortable at their house, which is about half a mile from the water-side, at the foot of a hill, with an oaken forest behind it, to shelter it from the north wind, which is here very piercing. Uncle is Secretary of the Massachusetts, and spends a great part of his time in town; and his wife and family are with him in the winter season, but they spend their summers at his plantation on the Merrimac River, in Newbury. His daughter, Rebecca, is just about my age, very tall and lady-looking; she is like her brother John, who was at Uncle Hilton's last year. She hath, moreover, a pleasant wit, and hath seen much goodly company, being greatly admired by the young men of family and distinction in the Province. She hath been very kind to me, telling me that she looked upon me as a sister. I have been courteously entertained, moreover, by many of the principal people, both of the reverend clergy and the magistracy. Nor must I forbear to mention a visit which I paid with Uncle and Aunt Rawson at the house of an aged magistrate of high esteem and influence in these parts. He saluted me courteously, and made inquiries concerning our family, and whether I had been admitted into the Church. On my

telling him that I had not, he knit his brows, and looked at me very sternly.

"Mr. Rawson," said he, "your niece, I fear me, has much more need of spiritual adorning than of such gewgaws as these," and took hold of my lace ruff so hard that I heard the stitches break; and then he pulled out my sleeves, to see how wide they were, though they were only half an ell. Madam ventured to speak a word to encourage me, for she saw I was much abashed and flustered, yet he did not heed her, but went on talking very loud against the folly and the wasteful wantonness of the times. Poor Madam is a quiet, sickly-looking woman, and seems not a little in awe of her husband, at the which I do not marvel, for he hath a very impatient, forbidding way with him, and, I must say, seemed to carry himself harshly at times towards her. Uncle Rawson says he has had much to try his temper; that there have been many and sore difficulties in Church as well as State; and he hath bitter enemies, in some of the members of the General Court, who count him too severe with the Quakers and other disturbers and ranters. I told him it was no doubt true; but that I thought it a bad use of the Lord's chastenings to abuse one's best friends for the wrongs done by enemies; and, that to be made to atone for what went ill in Church or State, was a kind of vicarious suffering that, if I was in Madam's place, I should not bear with half her patience and sweetness.

Ipswitch, near Agawam, May 12.

We set out day before yesterday on our journey to Newbury. There were eight of us,—Rebecca Rawson and her sister, Thomas Broughton, his wife, and their man-servant, my brother Leonard and myself, and young Robert Pike, of Newbury, who had been to Boston on business, his father having great fisheries in the river as well as the sea. He is, I can perceive, a great admirer of my cousin, and indeed not without reason; for she hath in mind and person, in her graceful carriage and pleasant discourse, and a certain not unpleasing waywardness, as of a merry child, that which makes her company sought of all. Our route the first day lay through the woods and along the borders of great marshes and meadows on the seashore. We came to Linne at night, and stopped at the house of a kinsman of Robert Pike's,—a man of some substance and note in that settlement. We were tired and hungry, and the supper of warm Indian bread and sweet milk relished quite as well as any I ever ate in the Old Country. The next day we went on over a rough road to Wenham, through Salem, which is quite a pleasant town. Here we stopped until this morning, when we again mounted our horses, and reached this place, after a smart ride of three hours. The weather in the morning was warm and soft as our summer days at home; and, as we rode through the woods, where the young leaves were fluttering, and the white blossoms of the wind-flowers, and the blue violets and the yellow blooming of the cowslips in the low grounds, were seen on either hand, and the birds all the time making a great and pleasing melody in the branches, I was glad of heart as a child, and thought if my beloved friends and Cousin Oliver were only with us, I could never wish to leave so fair a country.

Just before we reached Agawam, as I was riding a little before my companions, I was startled greatly by the sight of an Indian. He was standing close to the bridle-path, his half-naked body partly hidden by a clump of white birches, through which he looked out on me with eyes like two live coals. I cried for my brother and turned my horse, when Robert Pike came up and bid me be of cheer, for he knew the savage, and that he was friendly. Whereupon, he bade him come out of the bushes, which he did, after a little parley. He was a tall man, of very fair and comely make, and wore a red woollen blanket with beads and small clam-shells jingling about it. His skin was swarthy, not black like a Moor or Guinea-man, but of a color not unlike that of tarnished copper coin. He spake but little, and that in his own tongue, very harsh and strange-sounding to my ear. Robert Pike tells me that he is Chief of the Agawams, once a great nation in these parts, but now quite small and broken. As we rode on, and from the top of a hill got a fair view of the great sea off at the east, Robert Pike bade me notice a little bay, around which I could see four or five small, peaked huts or tents, standing just where the white sands of the beach met the green line of grass and bushes of the uplands.

"There," said he, "are their summer-houses, which they build near unto their fishing-grounds and corn-fields. In the winter they go far back into the wilderness, where game is plenty of all kinds, and there build their wigwams in warm valleys thick with trees, which do serve to shelter them from the winds."

"Let us look into them," said I to Cousin Rebecca; "it seems but a stone's throw from our way."

She tried to dissuade me, by calling them a dirty, foul people; but seeing I was not to be put off, she at last consented, and we rode aside down the hill, the rest following. On our way we had the misfortune to ride over their corn-field; at the which, two or three women and as many boys set up a yell very hideous to hear; whereat Robert Pike came up, and appeased them by giving them some money and a drink of Jamaica spirits, with which they seemed vastly pleased. I looked into one of their huts; it was made of poles like unto a tent, only it was covered with the silver-colored bark of the birch,

instead of hempen stuff. A bark mat, braided of many exceeding brilliant colors, covered a goodly part of the space inside; and from the poles we saw fishes hanging, and strips of dried meat. On a pile of skins in the corner sat a young woman with a child a-nursing; they both looked sadly wild and neglected; yet had she withal a pleasant face, and as she bent over her little one, her long, straight, and black hair falling over him, and murmuring a low and very plaintive melody, I forgot everything save that she was a woman and a mother, and I felt my heart greatly drawn towards her. So, giving my horse in charge, I ventured in to her, speaking as kindly as I could, and asking to see her child. She understood me, and with a smile held up her little papoose, as she called him,—who, to say truth, I could not call very pretty. He seemed to have a wild, shy look, like the offspring of an untamed, animal. The woman wore a blanket, gaudily fringed, and she had a string of beads on her neck. She took down a basket, woven of white and red willows, and pressed me to taste of her bread; which I did, that I might not offend her courtesy by refusing. It was not of ill taste, although so hard one could scarcely bite it, and was made of corn meal unleavened, mixed with a dried berry, which gives it a sweet flavor. She told me, in her broken way, that the whole tribe now numbered only twenty-five men and women, counting out the number very fast with yellow grains of corn, on the corner of her blanket. She was, she said, the youngest woman in the tribe; and her husband, Peckanaminet, was the Indian we had met in the bridlepath. I gave her a pretty piece of ribbon, and an apron for the child; and she thanked me in her manner, going with us on our return to the path; and when I had ridden a little onward, I saw her husband running towards us; so, stopping my horse, I awaited until he came up, when he offered me a fine large fish, which he had just caught, in acknowledgment, as I judged, of my gift to his wife. Rebecca and Mistress Broughton laughed, and bid him take the thing away; but I would not suffer it, and so Robert Pike took it, and brought it on to our present tarrying place, where truly it hath made a fair supper for us all. These poor heathen people seem not so exceeding bad as they have been reported; they be like unto ourselves, only lacking our knowledge and opportunities, which, indeed, are not our own to boast of, but gifts of God, calling for humble thankfulness, and daily prayer and watchfulness, that they be rightly improved.

Newbery on the Merrimac, May 14, 1678.

We were hardly on our way yesterday, from Agawam, when a dashing young gallant rode up very fast behind us. He was fairly clad in rich stuffs, and rode a nag of good mettle. He saluted us with much ease and courtliness, offering especial compliments to Rebecca, to whom he seemed well known, and who I thought was both glad and surprised at his coming. As I rode near, she said it gave her great joy to bring to each other's acquaintance, Sir Thomas Hale, a good friend of her father's, and her cousin Margaret, who, like himself, was a new-comer. He replied, that he should look with favor on any one who was near to her in friendship or kindred; and, on learning my father's name, said he had seen him at his uncle's, Sir Matthew Hale's, many years ago, and could vouch for him as a worthy man. After some pleasant and merry discoursing with us, he and my brother fell into converse upon the state of affairs in the Colony, the late lamentable war with the Narragansett and Pequod Indians, together with the growth of heresy and schism in the churches, which latter he did not scruple to charge upon the wicked policy of the home government in checking the wholesome severity of the laws here enacted against the schemers and ranters. "I quite agree," said he, "with Mr. Rawson, that they should have hanged ten where they did one." Cousin Rebecca here said she was sure her father was now glad the laws were changed, and that he had often told her that, although the condemned deserved their punishment, he was not sure that it was the best way to put down the heresy. If she was ruler, she continued, in her merry way, she would send all the schemers and ranters, and all the sour, crabbed, busybodies in the churches, off to Rhode Island, where all kinds of folly, in spirituals as well as temporals, were permitted, and one crazy head could not reproach another.

Falling back a little, and waiting for Robert Pike and Cousin Broughton to come up, I found them marvelling at the coming of the young gentleman, who it did seem had no special concernment in these parts, other than his acquaintance with Rebecca, and his desire of her company. Robert Pike, as is natural, looks upon him with no great partiality, yet he doth admit him to be wellbred, and of much and varied knowledge, acquired by far travel as well as study. I must say, I like not his confident and bold manner and bearing toward my fair cousin; and he hath more the likeness of a cast-off dangler at the court, than of a modest and seemly country gentleman, of a staid and well-ordered house. Mistress Broughton says he was not at first accredited in Boston, but that her father, and Mr. Atkinson, and the chief people there now, did hold him to be not only what he professeth, as respecteth his gentlemanly lineage, but also learned and ingenious, and well-versed in the Scriptures, and the works of godly writers, both of ancient and modern time. I noted that Robert was very silent during the rest of our journey, and seemed abashed and troubled in the presence of the gay gentleman; for, although a fair and comely youth, and of good family and estate, and accounted solid and judicious beyond his years, he does, nevertheless, much lack the ease and ready wit with which the latter commendeth himself to my sweet kinswoman. We crossed about noon a broad stream near to the sea, very deep and miry, so

that we wetted our hose and skirts somewhat; and soon, to our great joy, beheld the pleasant cleared fields and dwellings of the settlement, stretching along for a goodly distance; while, beyond all, the great ocean rolled, blue and cold, under an high easterly wind. Passing through a broad path, with well-tilled fields on each hand, where men were busy planting corn, and young maids dropping the seed, we came at length to Uncle Rawson's plantation, looking wellnigh as fair and broad as the lands of Hilton Grange, with a good frame house, and large barns thereon. Turning up the lane, we were met by the housekeeper, a respectable kinswoman, who received us with great civility. Sir Thomas, although pressed to stay, excused himself for the time, promising to call on the morrow, and rode on to the ordinary. I was sadly tired with my journey, and was glad to be shown to a chamber and a comfortable bed.

I was awakened this morning by the pleasant voice of my cousin, who shared my bed. She had arisen and thrown open the window looking towards the sunrising, and the air came in soft and warm, and laden with the sweets of flowers and green-growing things. And when I had gotten myself ready, I sat with her at the window, and I think I may say it was with a feeling of praise and thanksgiving that mine eyes wandered up and down over the green meadows, and corn-fields, and orchards of my new home. Where, thought I, foolish one, be the terrors of the wilderness, which troubled thy daily thoughts and thy nightly dreams! Where be the gloomy shades, and desolate mountains, and the wild beasts, with their dismal howlings and rages! Here all looked peaceful, and bespoke comfort and contentedness. Even the great woods which climbed up the hills in the distance looked thin and soft, with their faint young leaves a yellowish-gray, intermingled with pale, silvery shades, indicating, as my cousin saith, the different kinds of trees, some of which, like the willow, do put on their leaves early, and others late, like the oak, with which the whole region aboundeth. A sweet, quiet picture it was, with a warm sun, very bright and clear, shining over it, and the great sea, glistening with the exceeding light, bounding the view of mine eyes, but bearing my thoughts, like swift ships, to the land of my birth, and so uniting, as it were, the New World with the Old. Oh, thought I, the merciful God, who reneweth the earth and maketh it glad and brave with greenery and flowers of various hues and smells, and causeth his south winds to blow and his rains to fall, that seed-time may not fail, doth even here, in the ends of his creation, prank and beautify the work of his hands, making the desert places to rejoice, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Verily his love is over all,—the Indian heathen as well as the English Christian. And what abundant cause for thanks have I, that I have been safely landed on a shore so fair and pleasant, and enabled to open mine eyes in peace and love on so sweet a May morning! And I was minded of a verse which I learned from my dear and honored mother when a child,—

"Teach me, my God, thy love to know,
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show;
Then by the sunbeams I will climb to thee."

When we went below, we found on the window seat which looketh to the roadway, a great bunch of flowers of many kinds, such as I had never seen in mine own country, very fresh, and glistening with the dew. Now, when Rebecca took them up, her sister said, "Nay, they are not Sir Thomas's gift, for young Pike hath just left them." Whereat, as I thought, she looked vexed, and ill at ease. "They are yours, then, Cousin Margaret," said she, rallying, "for Robert and you did ride aside all the way from Agawam, and he scarce spake to me the day long. I see I have lost mine old lover, and my little cousin hath found a new one. I shall write Cousin Oliver all about it."

"Nay," said I, "old lovers are better than new; but I fear my sweet cousin hath not so considered It." She blushed, and looked aside, and for some space of time I did miss her smile, and she spake little.

May 20.

We had scarcely breakfasted, when him they Call Sir Thomas called on us, and with him came also a Mr. Sewall, and the minister of the church, Mr. Richardson, both of whom did cordially welcome home my cousins, and were civil to my brother and myself. Mr. Richardson and Leonard fell to conversing about the state of the Church; and Sir Thomas discoursed us in his lively way. After some little tarry, Mr. Sewall asked us to go with him to Deer's Island, a small way up the river, where he and Robert Pike had some men splitting staves for the Bermuda market. As the day was clear and warm, we did readily agree to go, and forthwith set out for the river, passing through the woods for nearly a half mile. When we came to the Merrimac, we found it a great and broad stream. We took a boat, and were rowed up the river, enjoying the pleasing view of the green banks, and the rocks hanging over the water, covered with bright mosses, and besprinkled with pale, white flowers. Mr. Sewall pointed out to us the different kinds of trees, and their nature and uses, and especially the sugar-tree, which is very beautiful in its leaf and shape, and from which the people of this country do draw a sap wellnigh as sweet as the juice of the Indian cane, making good treacle and sugar. Deer's Island hath rough, rocky shores, very high

and steep, and is well covered with a great growth of trees, mostly evergreen pines and hemlocks which looked exceeding old. We found a good seat on the mossy trunk of one of these great trees, which had fallen from its extreme age, or from some violent blast of wind, from whence we could see the water breaking into white foam on the rocks, and hear the melodious sound of the wind in the leaves of the pines, and the singing of birds ever and anon; and lest this should seem too sad and lonely, we could also hear the sounds of the axes and beetles of the workmen, cleaving the timber not far off. It was not long before Robert Pike came up and joined us. He was in his working dress, and his face and hands were much discolored by the smut of the burnt logs, which Rebecca playfully remarking, he said there were no mirrors in the woods, and that must be his apology; that, besides, it did not become a plain man, like himself, who had to make his own fortune in the world, to try to imitate those who had only to open their mouths, to be fed like young robins, without trouble or toil. Such might go as brave as they would, if they would only excuse his necessity. I thought he spoke with some bitterness, which, indeed, was not without the excuse, that the manner of our gay young gentleman towards him savored much of pride and contemptuousness. My beloved cousin, who hath a good heart, and who, I must think, apart from the wealth and family of Sir Thomas, rather inclineth to her old friend and neighbor, spake cheerily and kindly to him, and besought me privately to do somewhat to help her remove his vexation. So we did discourse of many things very pleasantly. Mr. Richardson, on hearing Rebecca say that the Indians did take the melancholy noises of the pinetrees in the winds to be the voices of the Spirits of the woods, said that they always called to his mind the sounds in the mulberry- trees which the Prophet spake of. Hereupon Rebecca, who hath her memory well provided with divers readings, both of the poets and other writers, did cite very opportunely some ingenious lines, touching what the heathens do relate of the Sacred Tree of Dodona, the rustling of whose leaves the negro priestesses did hold to be the language of the gods. And a late writer, she said, had something in one of his pieces, which might well be spoken of the aged and dead tree-trunk, upon which we were sitting. And when we did all desire to know their import, she repeated them thus:—

"Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers."

"And still a new succession sings and flies,
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thriveth at their root."

These lines, she said, were written by one Vaughn, a Brecknockshire Welsh Doctor of Medicine, who had printed a little book not many years ago. Mr. Richardson said the lines were good, but that he did hold the reading of ballads and the conceits of rhymers a waste of time, to say nothing worse. Sir Thomas hereat said that, as far as he could judge, the worthy folk of New England had no great temptation to that sin from their own poets, and did then, in a drolling tone, repeat some verses of the 137th Psalm, which he said were the best he had seen in the Cambridge Psalm Book:—

"The rivers of Babylon,
There when we did sit down,
Yea, even then we mourned when
We remembered Sion.

Our harp we did hang it amid
Upon the willow-tree;
Because there they that us away
Led to captivity!

Required of us a song, and thus
Asked mirth us waste who laid,
Sing us among a Sion's song
Unto us as then they said."

"Nay, Sir Thomas," quoth Mr. Richardson, "it is not seemly to jest over the Word of God. The writers of our Book of Psalms in metre held rightly, that God's altar needs no polishing; and truly they have rendered the words of David into English verse with great fidelity."

Our young gentleman, not willing to displeasure a man so esteemed as Mr. Richardson, here made an apology for his jesting, and said that, as to the Cambridge version, it was indeed faithful; and that it was no blame to uninspired men, that they did fall short of the beauties and richness of the Lord's Psalmist. It being now near noon, we crossed over the river, to where was a sweet spring of water, very

clear and bright, running out upon the green bank. Now, as we stood thirsty, having no cup to drink from, seeing some people near, we called to them, and presently there came running to us a young and modest woman, with a bright pewter tankard, which she filled and gave us. I thought her sweet and beautiful, as Rebecca of old, at her father's fountain. She was about leaving, when Mr. Richardson said to her, it was a foul shame for one like her to give heed to the ranting of the Quakers, and bade her be a good girl, and come to the meeting.

"Nay," said she, "I have been there often, to small profit. The spirit which thou persecutest testifieth against thee and thy meeting."

Sir Thomas jestingly asked her if the spirit she spoke of was not such an one as possessed Mary Magdalen.

"Or the swine of the Gadarenes?" asked Mr. Richardson.

I did smile with the others, but was presently sorry for it; for the young maid answered not a word to this, but turning to Rebecca, she said, "Thy father hath been hard with us, but thou seemest kind and gentle, and I have heard of thy charities to the poor. The Lord keep thee, for thou walkest in slippery places; there is danger, and thou seest it not; thou trustest to the hearing of the ear and the seeing of the eye; the Lord alone seeth the deceitfulness and the guile of man; and if thou wilt cry mightily to Him, He can direct thee rightly."

Her voice and manner were very weighty and solemn. I felt an awe come upon me, and Rebecca's countenance was troubled. As the maiden left us, the minister, looking after said, "There is a deal of poison under the fair outside of yonder vessel, which I fear is fitted for destruction."

"Peggy Brewster is indeed under a delusion," answered Robert Pike, "but I know no harm of her. She is kind to all, even to them who evil entreat her."

"Robert, Robert!" cried the minister, "I fear me you will follow your honored father, who has made himself of ill repute, by favoring these people."—"The Quaker hath bewitched him with her bright eyes, perhaps," quoth Sir Thomas. "I would she had laid a spell on an uncivil tongue I wot of," answered Robert, angrily. Hereupon, Mr. Sewall proposed that we should return, and in making ready and getting to the boat, the matter was dropped.

NEWBURY, June 1, 1678.

To-day Sir Thomas took his leave of us, being about to go back to Boston. Cousin Rebecca is, I can see, much taken with his outside bravery and courtliness, yet she hath confessed to me that her sober judgment doth greatly incline her towards her old friend and neighbor, Robert Pike. She hath even said that she doubted not she could live a quieter and happier life with him than with such an one as Sir Thomas; and that the words of the Quaker maid, whom we met at the spring on the river side, had disquieted her not a little, inasmuch as they did seem to confirm her own fears and misgivings. But her fancy is so bedazzled with the goodly show of her suitor, that I much fear he can have her for the asking, especially as her father, to my knowledge, doth greatly favor him. And, indeed, by reason of her gracious manner, witty and pleasant discoursing, excellent breeding, and dignity, she would do no discredit to the choice of one far higher than this young gentleman in estate and rank.

June 10.

I went this morning with Rebecca to visit Elnathan Stone, a young neighbor, who has been lying sorely ill for a long time. He was a playmate of my cousin when a boy, and was thought to be of great promise as he grew up to manhood; but, engaging in the war with the heathen, he was wounded and taken captive by them, and after much suffering was brought back to his home a few months ago. On entering the house where he lay, we found his mother, a careworn and sad woman, spinning in the room by his bedside. A very great and bitter sorrow was depicted on her features; it was the anxious, unreconciled, and restless look of one who did feel herself tried beyond her patience, and might not be comforted. For, as I learned, she was a poor widow, who had seen her young daughter tomahawked by the Indians; and now her only son, the hope of her old age, was on his death-bed. She received us with small civility, telling Rebecca that it was all along of the neglect of the men in authority that her son had got his death in the wars, inasmuch as it was the want of suitable diet and clothing, rather than his wounds, which had brought him into his present condition. Now, as Uncle Rawson is one of the principal magistrates, my sweet cousin knew that the poor afflicted creature meant to reproach him; but her good heart did excuse and forgive the rudeness and distemper of one whom the Lord had sorely

chastened. So she spake kindly and lovingly, and gave her sundry nice dainty fruits and comforting cordials, which she had got from Boston for the sick man. Then, as she came to his bedside, and took his hand lovingly in her own, he thanked her for her many kindnesses, and prayed God to bless her. He must have been a handsome lad in health, for he had a fair, smooth forehead, shaded with brown, curling hair, and large, blue eyes, very sweet and gentle in their look. He told us that he felt himself growing weaker, and that at times his bodily suffering was great. But through the mercy of his Saviour he had much peace of mind. He was content to leave all things in His hand. For his poor mother's sake, he said, more than for his own, he would like to get about once more; there were many things he would like to do for her, and for all who had befriended him; but he knew his Heavenly Father could do more and better for them, and he felt resigned to His will. He had, he said, forgiven all who ever wronged him, and he had now no feeling of anger or unkindness left towards any one, for all seemed kind to him beyond his deserts, and like brothers and sisters. He had much pity for the poor savages even, although he had suffered sorely at their hands; for he did believe that they had been often ill-used, and cheated, and otherwise provoked to take up arms against us. Hereupon, Goodwife Stone twirled her spindle very spitefully, and said she would as soon pity the Devil as his children. The thought of her mangled little girl, and of her dying son, did seem to overcome her, and she dropped her thread, and cried out with an exceeding bitter cry,—“Oh, the bloody heathen! Oh, my poor murdered Molly! Oh, my son, my son!”—“Nay, mother,” said the sick man, reaching out his hand and taking hold of his mother's, with a sweet smile on his pale face,—“what does Christ tell us about loving our enemies, and doing good to them that do injure us? Let us forgive our fellow-creatures, for we have all need of God's forgiveness. I used to feel as mother does,” he said, turning to us; “for I went into the war with a design to spare neither young nor old of the enemy.

“But I thank God that even in that dark season my heart relented at the sight of the poor starving women and children, chased from place to place like partridges. Even the Indian fighters, I found, had sorrows of their own, and grievous wrongs to avenge; and I do believe, if we had from the first treated them as poor blinded brethren, and striven as hard to give them light and knowledge, as we have to cheat them in trade, and to get away their lands, we should have escaped many bloody wars, and won many precious souls to Christ.”

I inquired of him concerning his captivity. He was wounded, he told me, in a fight with the Sokokis Indians two years before. It was a hot skirmish in the woods; the English and the Indians now running forward, and then falling back, firing at each other from behind the trees. He had shot off all his powder, and, being ready to faint by reason of a wound in his knee, he was fain to sit down against an oak, from whence he did behold, with great sorrow and heaviness of heart, his companions overpowered by the number of their enemies, fleeing away and leaving him to his fate. The savages soon came to him with dreadful whoopings, brandishing their hatchets and their scalping-knives. He thereupon closed his eyes, expecting to be knocked in the head, and killed outright. But just then a noted chief coming up in great haste, bade him be of good cheer, for he was his prisoner, and should not be slain. He proved to be the famous Sagamore Squando, the chief man of the Sokokis.

“And were you kindly treated by this chief?” asked Rebecca.

“I suffered much in moving with him to the Sebago Lake, owing to my wound,” he replied; “but the chief did all in his power to give me comfort, and he often shared with me his scant fare, choosing rather to endure hunger himself, than to see his son, as he called me, in want of food. And one night, when I did marvel at this kindness on his part, he told me that I had once done him a great service; asking me if I was not at Black Point, in a fishing vessel, the summer before? I told him I was. He then bade me remember the bad sailors who upset the canoe of a squaw, and wellnigh drowned her little child, and that I had threatened and beat them for it; and also how I gave the squaw a warm coat to wrap up the poor wet papoose. It was his squaw and child that I had befriended; and he told me that he had often tried to speak to me, and make known his gratitude therefor; and that he came once to the garrison at Sheepscot, where he saw me; but being fired at, notwithstanding his signs of peace and friendship, he was obliged to flee into the woods. He said the child died a few days after its evil treatment, and the thought of it made his heart bitter; that he had tried to live peaceably with the white men, but they had driven him into the war.

“On one occasion,” said the sick soldier, “as we lay side by side in his hut, on the shore of the Sebago Lake, Squando, about midnight, began to pray to his God very earnestly. And on my querying with him about it, he said he was greatly in doubt what to do, and had prayed for some sign of the Great Spirit's will concerning him. He then told me that some years ago, near the place where we then lay, he left his wigwam at night, being unable to sleep, by reason of great heaviness and distemper of mind. It was a full moon, and as he did walk to and fro, he saw a fair, tall man in a long black dress, standing in the light on the lake's shore, who spake to him and called him by name.

“Squando,” he said, and his voice was deep and solemn, like the wind in the hill pines, ‘the God of the

white man is the God of the Indian, and He is angry with his red children. He alone is able to make the corn grow before the frost, and to lead the fish up the rivers in the spring, and to fill the woods with deer and other game, and the ponds and meadows with beavers. Pray to Him always. Do not hunt on His day, nor let the squaws hoe the corn. Never taste of the strong fire-water, but drink only from the springs. It, is because the Indians do not worship Him, that He has brought the white men among them; but if they will pray like the white men, they will grow very great and strong, and their children born in this moon will live to see the English sail back in their great canoes, and leave the Indians all their fishing-places and hunting-grounds.'

"When the strange man had thus spoken, Squando told me that he went straightway up to him, but found where he had stood only the shadow of a broken tree, which lay in the moon across the white sand of the shore. Then he knew it was a spirit, and he trembled, but was glad. Ever since, he told nee, he had prayed daily to the Great Spirit, had drank no rum, nor hunted on the Sabbath.

"He said he did for a long time refuse to dig up his hatchet, and make war upon the whites, but that he could not sit idle in his wigwam, while his young men were gone upon their war-path. The spirit of his dead child did moreover speak to him from the land of souls, and chide him for not seeking revenge. Once, he told me, he had in a dream seen the child crying and moaning bitterly, and that when he inquired the cause of its grief, he was told that the Great Spirit was angry with its father, and would destroy him and his people unless he did join with the Eastern Indians to cut off the English."

"I remember," said Rebecca, "of hearing my father speak of this Squando's kindness to a young maid taken captive some years ago at Presumpscot."

"I saw her at Cocheco," said the sick man. "Squando found her in a sad plight, and scarcely alive, took her to his wigwam, where his squaw did lovingly nurse and comfort her; and when she was able to travel, he brought her to Major Waldron's, asking no ransom for her. He might have been made the fast friend of the English at that time, but he scarcely got civil treatment."

"My father says that many friendly Indians, by the ill conduct of the traders, have been made our worst enemies," said Rebecca. "He thought the bringing in of the Mohawks to help us a sin comparable to that of the Jews, who looked for deliverance from the King of Babylon at the hands of the Egyptians."

"They did nothing but mischief," said Elnathan Stone; "they killed our friends at Newichawannock, Blind Will and his family."

Rebecca here asked him if he ever heard the verses writ by Mr. Sewall concerning the killing of Blind Will. And when he told her he had not, and would like to have her repeat them, if she could remember, she did recite them thus:—

"Blind Will of Newiehawannock!
He never will whoop again,
For his wigwam's burnt above him,
And his old, gray scalp is ta'en!

"Blind Will was the friend of white men,
On their errands his young men ran,
And he got him a coat and breeches,
And looked like a Christian man.

"Poor Will of Newiehawannock!
They slew him unawares,
Where he lived among his people,
Keeping Sabhath and saying prayers.

"Now his fields will know no harvest,
And his pipe is clean put out,
And his fine, brave coat and breeches
The Mohog wears about.

"Woe the day our rulers listened
To Sir Edmund's wicked plan,
Bringing down the cruel Mohogs
Who killed the poor old man.

"Oh! the Lord He will requite us;
For the evil we have done,

There'll be many a fair scalp drying
In the wind and in the sun!

"There'll be many a captive sighing,
In a bondage long and dire;
There'll be blood in many a corn-field,
And many a house a-fire.

"And the Papist priests the tidings
Unto all the tribes will send;
They'll point to Newiehawannock,—
'So the English treat their friend!'

"Let the Lord's anointed servants
Cry aloud against this wrong,
Till Sir Edmund take his Mohogs
Back again where they belong.

"Let the maiden and the mother
In the nightly watching share,
While the young men guard the block-house,
And the old men kneel in prayer.

"Poor Will of Newiehawannock!
For thy sad and cruel fall,
And the bringing in of the Mohogs,
May the Lord forgive us all!"

A young woman entered the house just as Rebecca finished the verses. She bore in her hands a pail of milk and a fowl neatly dressed, which she gave to Elnathan's mother, and, seeing strangers by his bedside, was about to go out, when he called to her and besought her to stay. As she came up and spoke to him, I knew her to be the maid we had met at the spring. The young man, with tears in his eyes, acknowledged her great kindness to him, at which she seemed troubled and abashed. A pure, sweet complexion she hath, and a gentle and loving look, full of innocence and sincerity. Rebecca seemed greatly disturbed, for she no doubt thought of the warning words of this maiden, when we were at the spring. After she had left, Goodwife Stone said she was sure she could not tell what brought that Quaker girl to her house so much, unless she meant to inveigle Elnathan; but, for her part, she would rather see him dead than live to bring reproach upon his family and the Church by following after the blasphemers. I ventured to tell her that I did look upon it as sheer kindness and love on the young woman's part; at which Elnathan seemed pleased, and said he could not doubt it, and that he did believe Peggy Brewster to be a good Christian, although sadly led astray by the Quakers. His mother said that, with all her meek looks, and kind words, she was full of all manner of pestilent heresies, and did remind her always of Satan in the shape of an angel of light.

We went away ourselves soon after this, the sick man thanking us for our visit, and hoping that he should see us again. "Poor Elnathan," said Rebecca, as we walked home, "he will never go abroad again; but he is in such a good and loving frame of mind, that he needs not our pity, as one who is without hope."

"He reminds me," I said, "of the comforting promise of Scripture, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.'"

June 30, 1678.

Mr. Rawson and Sir Thomas Hale came yesterday from Boston. I was rejoiced to see mine uncle, more especially as he brought for me a package of letters, and presents and tokens of remembrance from my friends on the other side of the water. As soon as I got them, I went up to my chamber, and, as I read of the health of those who are very dear to me, and who did still regard me with unchanged love, I wept in my great joy, and my heart overflowed in thankfulness. I read the 22d Psalm, and it did seem to express mine own feelings in view of the great mercies and blessings vouchsafed to me. "My head is anointed with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

This morning, Sir Thomas and Uncle Rawson rode over to Hampton, where they will tarry all night. Last evening, Rebecca had a long talk with her father concerning Sir Thomas, who hath asked her of him. She came to bed very late, and lay restless and sobbing; whereupon I pressed her to know the

cause of her grief, when she told me she had consented to marry Sir Thomas, but that her heart was sorely troubled and full of misgivings. On my querying whether she did really love the young gentleman, she said she sometimes feared she did not; and that when her fancy had made a fair picture of the life of a great lady in England, there did often come a dark cloud over it like the shade of some heavy disappointment or sorrow. "Sir Thomas," she said, "was a handsome and witty young man, and had demeaned himself to the satisfaction and good repute of her father and the principal people of the Colony; and his manner towards her had been exceeding delicate and modest, inasmuch as he had presumed nothing upon his family or estate, but had sought her with much entreaty and humility, although he did well know that some of the most admired and wealthy Young women in Boston did esteem him not a little, even to the annoying of herself, as one whom he especially favored."

"This will be heavy news to Robert Pike," said I; "and I am sorry for him, for he is indeed a worthy man."

"That he is," quoth she; "but he hath never spoken to me of aught beyond that friendliness which, as neighbors and school companions, we do innocently cherish for each other."

"Nay," said I, "my sweet cousin knows full well that he entertaineth so strong an affection for her, that there needeth no words to reveal it."

"Alas!" she answered, "it is too true. When I am with him, I sometimes wish I had never seen Sir Thomas. But my choice is made, and I pray God I may not have reason to repent of it."

We said no more, but I fear she slept little, for on waking about the break of day, I saw her sitting in her night-dress by the window. Whereupon I entreated her to return to her bed, which she at length did, and folding me in her arms, and sobbing as if her heart would break, she besought me to pity her, for it was no light thing which she had done, and she scarcely knew her own mind, nor whether to rejoice or weep over it. I strove to comfort her, and, after a time, she did, to my great joy, fall into a quiet sleep.

This afternoon, Robert Pike came in, and had a long talk with Cousin Broughton, who told him how matters stood between her sister and Sir Thomas, at which he was vehemently troubled, and would fain have gone to seek Rebecca at once, and expostulate with her, but was hindered on being told that it could only grieve and discomfort her, inasmuch as the thing was well settled, and could not be broken off. He said he had known and loved her from a child; that for her sake he had toiled hard by day and studied by night; and that in all his travels and voyages, her sweet image had always gone with him. He would bring no accusation against her, for she had all along treated him rather as a brother than as a suitor: to which last condition he had indeed not felt himself at liberty to venture, after her honored father, some months ago, had given him to understand that he did design an alliance of his daughter with a gentleman of estate and family. For himself, he would bear himself manfully, and endure his sorrow with patience and fortitude. His only fear was, that his beloved friend had been too hasty in deciding the matter; and that he who was her choice might not be worthy of the great gift of her affection. Cousin Broughton, who has hitherto greatly favored the pretensions of Sir Thomas, told me that she wellnigh changed her mind in view of the manly and noble bearing of Robert Pike; and that if her sister were to live in this land, she would rather see her the wife of him than of any other man therein.

July 3.

Sir Thomas took his leave to-day. Robert Pike hath been here to wish Rebecca great joy and happiness in her prospect, which he did in so kind and gentle a manner, that she was fain to turn away her head to hide her tears. When Robert saw this, he turned the discourse, and did endeavor to divert her mind in such sort that the shade of melancholy soon left her sweet face, and the twain talked together cheerfully as had been their wont, and as became their years and conditions.

July 6.

Yesterday a strange thing happened in the meeting-house. The minister had gone on in his discourse, until the sand in the hour-glass on the rails before the deacons had wellnigh run out, and Deacon Dole was about turning it, when suddenly I saw the congregation all about me give a great start, and look back. A young woman, barefooted, and with a coarse canvas frock about her, and her long hair hanging loose like a periwig, and sprinkled with ashes, came walking up the south aisle. Just as she got near Uncle Rawson's seat she stopped, and turning round towards the four corners of the house, cried out: "Woe to the persecutors! Woe to them who for a pretence make long prayers! Humble yourselves, for

this is the day of the Lord's power, and I am sent as a sign among you!" As she looked towards me I knew her to be the Quaker maiden, Margaret Brewster. "Where is the constable?" asked Mr. Richardson. "Let the woman be taken out." Thereupon the whole congregation arose, and there was a great uproar, men and women climbing the seats, and many crying out, some one thing and some another. In the midst of the noise, Mr. Sewall, getting up on a bench, begged the people to be quiet, and let the constable lead out the poor deluded creature. Mr. Richardson spake to the same effect, and, the tumult a little subsiding, I saw them taking the young woman out of the door; and, as many followed her, I went out also, with my brother, to see what became of her.

We found her in the middle of a great crowd of angry people, who reproached her for her wickedness in disturbing the worship on the Lord's day, calling her all manner of foul names, and threatening her with the stocks and the whipping-post. The poor creature stood still and quiet; she was deathly pale, and her wild hair and sackcloth frock gave her a very strange and pitiable look. The constable was about to take her in charge until the morrow, when Robert Pike came forward, and said he would answer for her appearance at the court the next day, and besought the people to let her go quietly to her home, which, after some parley, was agreed to. Robert then went up to her, and taking her hand, asked her to go with him. She looked up, and being greatly touched by his kindness, began to weep, telling him that it had been a sorrowful cross to her to do as she had done; but that it had been long upon her mind, and that she did feel a relief now that she had found strength for obedience. He, seeing the people still following, hastened her, away, and we all went back to the meeting-house. In the afternoon, Mr. Richardson gave notice that he should preach, next Lord's day, from the 12th and 13th verses of Jude, wherein the ranters and disturbers of the present day were very plainly spoken of. This morning she hath been had before the magistrates, who, considering her youth and good behavior hitherto, did not proceed against her so far as many of the people desired. A fine was laid upon her, which both she and her father did profess they could not in conscience pay, whereupon she was ordered to be set in the stocks; but this Mr. Sewall, Robert Pike, and my brother would by no means allow, but paid the fine themselves, so that she was set at liberty, whereat the boys and rude women were not a little disappointed, as they had thought to make sport of her in the stocks. Mr. Pike, I hear, did speak openly in her behalf before the magistrates, saying that it was all along of the cruel persecution of these people that did drive them to such follies and breaches of the peace, Mr. Richardson, who hath heretofore been exceeding hard upon the Quakers, did, moreover, speak somewhat in excuse of her conduct, believing that she was instigated by her elders; and he therefore counselled the court that she should not be whipped,

August 1.

Captain Sewall, R. Pike, and the minister, Mr. Richardson, at our house to-day. Captain Sewall, who lives mostly at Boston, says that a small vessel loaded with negroes, taken on the Madagascar coast, came last week into the harbor, and that the owner thereof had offered the negroes for sale as slaves, and that they had all been sold to magistrates, ministers, and other people of distinction in Boston and thereabouts. He said the negroes were principally women and children, and scarcely alive, by reason of their long voyage and hard fare. He thought it a great scandal to the Colony, and a reproach to the Church, that they should be openly trafficked, like cattle in the market. Uncle Rawson said it was not so formerly; for he did remember the case of Captain Smith and one Kesar, who brought negroes from Guinea thirty years ago. The General Court, urged thereto by Sir Richard Saltonstall and many of the ministers, passed an order that, for the purpose of "bearing a witness against the heinous sin of man-stealing, justly abhorred of all good and just men," the negroes should be taken back to their own country at the charge of the Colony; which was soon after done. Moreover, the two men, Smith and Kesar, were duly punished.

Mr. Richardson said he did make a distinction between the stealing of men from a nation at peace with us, and the taking of captives in war. The Scriptures did plainly warrant the holding of such, and especially if they be heathen.

Captain Sewall said he did, for himself, look upon all slave-holding as contrary to the Gospel and the New Dispensation. The Israelites had a special warrant for holding the heathen in servitude; but he had never heard any one pretend that he had that authority for enslaving Indians and blackamoors.

Hereupon Mr. Richardson asked him if he did not regard Deacon Dole as a godly man; and if he had aught to say against him and other pious men who held slaves. And he cautioned him to be careful, lest he should be counted an accuser of the brethren.

Here Robert Pike said he would tell of a matter which had fallen under his notice. "Just after the war was over," said he, "owing to the loss of my shallop in the Penobscot Bay, I chanced to be in the neighborhood of him they call the Baron of Castine, who hath a strong castle, with much cleared land

and great fisheries at Byggyduce. I was preparing to make a fire and sleep in the woods, with my two men, when a messenger came from the Baron, saying that his master, hearing that strangers were in the neighborhood, had sent him to offer us food and shelter, as the night was cold and rainy. So without ado we went with him, and were shown into a comfortable room in a wing of the castle, where we found a great fire blazing, and a joint of venison with wheaten loaves on the table. After we had refreshed ourselves, the Baron sent for me, and I was led into a large, fair room, where he was, with Modockawando, who was his father-in-law, and three or four other chiefs of the Indians, together with two of his priests. The Baron, who was a man of goodly appearance, received me with much courtesy; and when I told him my misfortune, he said he was glad it was in his power to afford us a shelter. He discoursed about the war, which he said had been a sad thing to the whites as well as the Indians, but that he now hoped the peace would be lasting. Whereupon, Modockawando, a very grave and serious heathen, who had been sitting silent with his friends, got up and spoke a load speech to me, which I did not understand, but was told that he did complain of the whites for holding as slaves sundry Indian captives, declaring that it did provoke another war. His own sister's child, he said, was thus held in captivity. He entreated me to see the great Chief of our people (meaning the Governor), and tell him that the cries of the captives were heard by his young men, and that they were talking of digging up the hatchet which the old men had buried at Casco. I told the old savage that I did not justify the holding of Indians after the peace, and would do what I could to have them set at liberty, at which he seemed greatly rejoiced. Since I came back from Castine's country, I have urged the giving up of the Indians, and many have been released. Slavery is a hard lot, and many do account it worse than death. When in the Barbadoes, I was told that on one plantation, in the space of five years, a score of slaves had hanged themselves."

"Mr. Atkinson's Indian," said Captain Sewall, "whom he bought of a Virginia ship-owner, did, straightway on coming to his house, refuse meat; and although persuasions and whippings were tried to make him eat, he would not so much as take a sip of drink. I saw him a day or two before he died, sitting wrapped up in his blanket, and muttering to himself. It was a sad, sight, and I pray God I may never see the like again. From that time I have looked upon the holding of men as slaves as a great wickedness. The Scriptures themselves do testify, that he that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity."

After the company had gone, Rebecca sat silent and thoughtful for a time, and then bade her young serving-girl, whom her father had bought, about a year before, of the master of a Scotch vessel, and who had been sold to pay the cost of her passage, to come to her. She asked her if she had aught to complain of in her situation. The poor girl looked surprised, but said she had not. "Are you content to live as a servant?" asked Rebecca. "Would you leave me if you could?" She here fell a-weeping, begging her mistress not to speak of her leaving. "But if I should tell you that you are free to go or stay, as you will, would you be glad or sorry?" queried her mistress. The poor girl was silent. "I do not wish you to leave me, Effie," said Rebecca, "but I wish you to know that you are from henceforth free, and that if you serve me hereafter, as I trust you will, it will be in love and good will, and for suitable wages." The bondswoman did not at the first comprehend the design of her mistress, but, on hearing it explained once more, she dropped down on her knees, and clasping Rebecca, poured forth her thanks after the manner of her people; whereupon Rebecca, greatly moved, bade her rise, as she had only done what the Scriptures did require, in giving to her servant that which is just and equal.

"How easy it is to make others happy, and ourselves also!" she said, turning to me, with the tears shining in her eyes.

August 8, 1678.

Elnathan Stone, who died two days ago, was buried this afternoon. A very solemn funeral, Mr. Richardson preaching a sermon from the 23d psalm, 4th verse: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Deacon Dole provided the wine and spirits, and Uncle Rawson the beer, and bread, and fish for the entertainment, and others of the neighbors did, moreover, help the widow to sundry matters of clothing suitable for the occasion, for she was very poor, and, owing to the long captivity and sickness of her son, she hath been much straitened at times. I am told that Margaret Brewster hath been like an angel of mercy unto her, watching often with the sick man, and helping her in her work, so that the poor woman is now fain to confess that she hath a good and kind heart. A little time before Elnathan died, he did earnestly commend the said Margaret to the kindness of Cousin Rebecca, entreating her to make interest with the magistrates, and others in authority, in her behalf, that they might be merciful to her in her outgoings, as he did verily think they did come of a sense of duty, albeit mistaken. Mr. Richardson, who hath been witness to her gracious demeanor and charity, and who saith she does thereby shame many of his own people, hath often sought to draw her away from the new doctrines,

and to set before her the dangerous nature of her errors; but she never lacketh answer of some sort, being naturally of good parts, and well read in the Scriptures.

August 10.

I find the summer here greatly unlike that of mine own country. The heat is great, the sun shining very strong and bright; and for more than a month it hath been exceeding dry, without any considerable fall of rain, so that the springs fail in many places, and the watercourses are dried up, which doth bring to mind very forcibly the language of Job, concerning the brooks which the drouth consumeth: "What time they wax warm they vanish; when it is hot they are consumed out of their place. The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing and perish." The herbage and grass have lost much of the brightness which they did wear in the early summer; moreover, there be fewer flowers to be seen. The fields and roads are dusty, and all things do seem to faint and wax old under the intolerable sun. Great locusts sing sharp in the hedges and bushes, and grasshoppers fly up in clouds, as it were, when one walks over the dry grass which they feed upon, and at nightfall mosquitoes are no small torment. Whenever I do look forth at noonday, at which time the air is all aglow, with a certain glimmer and dazzle like that from an hot furnace, and see the poor fly-bitten cattle whisking their tails to keep off the venomous insects, or standing in the water of the low grounds for coolness, and the panting sheep lying together under the shade of trees, I must needs call to mind the summer season of old England, the cool sea air, the soft-dropping showers, the fields so thick with grasses, and skirted with hedge-rows like green walls, the trees and shrubs all clean and moist, and the vines and creepers hanging over walls and gateways, very plenteous and beautiful to behold. Ah me I often in these days do I think of Hilton Grange, with its great oaks, and cool breezy hills and meadows green the summer long. I shut mine eyes, and lo! it is all before me like a picture; I see mine uncle's gray hairs beneath the trees, and my good aunt standeth in the doorway, and Cousin Oliver comes up in his field-dress, from the croft or the mill; I can hear his merry laugh, and the sound of his horse's hoofs ringing along the gravel-way. Our sweet Chaucer telleth of a mirror in the which he that looked did see all his past life; that magical mirror is no fable, for in the memory of love, old things do return and show themselves as features do in the glass, with a perfect and most beguiling likeness.

Last night, Deacon Dole's Indian—One-eyed Tom, a surly fellow—broke into his master's shop, where he made himself drunk with rum, and, coming to the house, did greatly fright the womenfolk by his threatening words and gestures. Now, the Deacon coming home late from the church-meeting, and seeing him in this way, wherreted him smartly with his cane, whereupon he ran off, and came up the road howling and yelling like an evil spirit. Uncle Rawson sent his Irish man-servant to see what caused the ado; but he straightway came running back, screaming "Murther! murther!" at the top of his voice. So uncle himself went to the gate, and presently called for a light, which Rebecca and I came with, inasmuch as the Irishman and Effie dared not go out. We found Tom sitting on the horse-block, the blood running down his face, and much bruised and swollen. He was very fierce and angry, saying that if he lived a month, he would make him a tobacco-pouch of the Deacon's scalp. Rebecca ventured to chide him for his threats, but offered to bind up his head for him, which she did with her own kerchief. Uncle Rawson then bade him go home and get to bed, and in future let alone strong drink, which had been the cause of his beating. This he would not do, but went off into the woods, muttering as far as one could hear him.

This morning Deacon Dole came in, and said his servant Tom had behaved badly, for which he did moderately correct him, and that he did thereupon run away, and he feared he should lose him. He bought him, he said, of Captain Davenport, who brought him from the Narragansett country, paying ten pounds and six shillings for him, and he could ill bear so great a loss. I ventured to tell him that it was wrong to hold any man, even an Indian or Guinea black, as a slave. My uncle, who saw that my plainness was not well taken, bade me not meddle with matters beyond my depth; and Deacon Dole, looking very surly at me, said I was a forward one; that he had noted that I did wear a light and idle look in the meeting-house; and, pointing with his cane to my hair, he said I did render myself liable to presentment by the Grand Jury for a breach of the statute of the General Court, made the year before, against "the immodest laying out of the hair," &c. He then went on to say that he had lived to see strange times, when such as I did venture to oppose themselves to sober and grave people, and to despise authority, and encourage rebellion and disorder; and bade me take heed lest all such be numbered with the cursed children which the Apostle did rebuke: "Who, as natural brute beasts, speak evil of things they understand not, and shall utterly perish in their corruption." My dear Cousin Rebecca here put in a word in my behalf, and told the Deacon that Tom's misbehavior did all grow out of the keeping of strong liquors for sale, and that he was wrong to beat him so cruelly, seeing that he did himself place the temptation before him. Thereupon the Deacon rose up angrily, bidding uncle look well to his forward household. "Nay, girls," quoth mine uncle, after his neighbor had left the house, "you have angered the good man sorely."—"Never heed," said Rebecca, laughing and clapping her

hands, "be hath got something to think of more profitable, I trow, than Cousin Margaret's hair or looks in meeting. He has been tything of mint and anise and cummin long enough, and 't is high time for him to look after the weightier matters of the law."

The selling of beer and strong liquors, Mr. Ewall says, hath much increased since the troubles of the Colony and the great Indian war. The General Court do take some care to grant licenses only to discreet persons; but much liquor is sold without warrant. For mine own part, I think old Chaucer hath it right in his Pardoner's Tale:—

"A likerous thing is wine, and drunkenness
Is full of striving and of wretchedness.
O drunken man! disfigured is thy face,
Sour is thy breath, foul art then to embrace;
Thy tongue is lost, and all thine honest care,
For drunkenness is very sepulture
Of man's wit and his discretion."

AGAMENTICUS, August 18.

The weather being clear and the heat great, last week uncle and aunt, with Rebecca and myself, and also Leonard and Sir Thomas, thought it a fitting time to make a little journey by water to the Isles of Shoals, and the Agamenticus, where dwelleth my Uncle Smith, who hath strongly pressed me to visit him. One Caleb Powell, a seafaring man, having a good new boat, with a small cabin, did undertake to convey us. He is a drolling odd fellow, who hath been in all parts of the world, and hath seen and read much, and, having a rare memory, is not ill company, although uncle saith one must make no small allowance for his desire of making his hearers marvel at his stories and conceits. We sailed with a good westerly wind down the river, passing by the great salt marshes, which stretch a long way by the sea, and in which the town's people be now very busy in mowing and gathering the grass for winter's use. Leaving on our right hand Plum Island (so called on account of the rare plums which do grow upon it), we struck into the open sea, and soon came in sight of the Islands of Shoals. There be seven of them in all, lying off the town of Hampton on the mainland, about a league. We landed on that called the Star, and were hospitably entertained through the day and night by Mr. Abbott, an old inhabitant of the islands, and largely employed in fisheries and trade, and with whom uncle had some business. In the afternoon Mr. Abbott's son rowed us about among the islands, and showed us the manner of curing the dun-fish, for which the place is famed. They split the fishes, and lay them on the rocks in the sun, using little salt, but turning them often. There is a court-house on the biggest island, and a famous school, to which many of the planters on the main-land do send their children. We noted a great split in the rocks, where, when the Indians came to the islands many years ago, and killed some and took others captive, one Betty Moody did hide herself, and which is hence called Betty Moody's Hole. Also, the pile of rocks set up by the noted Captain John Smith, when he did take possession of the Isles in the year 1614. We saw our old acquaintance Peckanaminet and his wife, in a little birch canoe, fishing a short way off. Mr. Abbott says he well recollects the time when the Agawams were wellnigh cut off by the Tarratine Indians; for that early one morning, hearing a loud yelling and whooping, he went out on the point of the rocks, and saw a great fleet of canoes filled with Indians, going back from Agawam, and the noise they made he took to be their rejoicing over their victory.

In the evening a cold easterly wind began to blow, and it brought in from the ocean a damp fog, so that we were glad to get within doors. Sir Thomas entertained us by his lively account of things in Boston, and of a journey he had made to the Providence plantations. He then asked us if it was true, as he had learned from Mr. Mather, of Boston, that there was an house in Newbury dolefully beset by Satan's imps, and that the family could get no sleep because of the doings of evil spirits. Uncle Rawson said he did hear something of it, and that Mr. Richardson had been sent for to pray against the mischief. Yet as he did count Goody Morse a poor silly woman, he should give small heed to her story; but here was her near neighbor, Caleb Powell, who could doubtless tell more concerning it. Whereupon, Caleb said it was indeed true that there was a very great disturbance in Goodman Morse's house; doors opening and shutting, household stuff whisked out of the room, and then falling down the chimney, and divers other strange things, many of which he had himself seen. Yet he did believe it might be accounted for in a natural way, especially as the old couple had a wicked, graceless boy living with them, who might be able to do the tricks by his great subtlety and cunning. Sir Thomas said it might be the boy; but that Mr. Josselin, who had travelled much hereabout, had told him that the Indians did practise witchcraft, and that, now they were beaten in war, he feared they would betake themselves to it, and so do by their devilish wisdom what they could not do by force; and verily this did look much like the beginning of their enchantments. "That the Devil helpeth the heathen in this matter, I do myself know for a certainty," said Caleb Powell; "for when I was at Port Royal, many years ago, I

did see with mine eyes the burning of an old negro wizard, who had done to death many of the whites, as well as his own people, by a charm which he brought with him from the Guinea, country." Mr. Hull, the minister of the place, who was a lodger in the house, said he had heard one Foxwell, a reputable planter at Saco, lately deceased, tell of a strange affair that did happen to himself, in a voyage to the eastward. Being in a small shallop, and overtaken by the night, he lay at anchor a little way off the shore, fearing to land on account of the Indians. Now, it did chance that they were waked about midnight by a loud voice from the land, crying out, Foxwell, come ashore! three times over; whereupon, looking to see from whence the voice did come, they beheld a great circle of fire on the beach, and men and women dancing about it in a ring. Presently they vanished, and the fire was quenched also. In the morning he landed, but found no Indians nor English, only brands' ends cast up by the waves; and he did believe, unto the day of his death, that it was a piece of Indian sorcery. "There be strange stories told of Passaconaway, the chief of the River Indians," he continued. "I have heard one say who saw it, that once, at the Patucket Falls, this chief, boasting of his skill in magic, picked up a dry skin of a snake, which had been cast off, as is the wont of the reptile, and making some violent motions of his body, and calling upon his Familiar, or Demon, he did presently cast it down upon the rocks, and it became a great black serpent, which mine informant saw crawl off into some bushes, very nimble. This Passaconaway was accounted by his tribe to be a very cunning conjurer, and they do believe that he could brew storms, make water burn, and cause green leaves to grow on trees in the winter; and, in brief, it may be said of him, that he was not a whit behind the magicians of Egypt in the time of Moses."

"There be women in the cold regions about Norway," said Caleb Powell, "as I have heard the sailors relate, who do raise storms and sink boats at their will."

"It may well be," quoth Mr. Hull, "since Satan is spoken of as the prince and power of the air."

"The profane writers of old time do make mention of such sorceries," said Uncle Rawson. "It is long since I have read any of then; but Virgil and Apulius do, if I mistake not, speak of this power over the elements."

"Do you not remember, father," said Rebecca, "some verses of Tibullus, in which he speaketh of a certain enchantress? Some one hath rendered them thus:—

"Her with charms drawing stars from heaven, I,
And turning the course of rivers, did espy.
She parts the earth, and ghosts from sepulchres
Draws up, and fetcheth bones away from fires,
And at her pleasure scatters clouds in the air,
And makes it snow in summer hot and fair."

Here Sir Thomas laughingly told Rebecca, that he did put more faith in what these old writers did tell of the magic arts of the sweet-singing sirens, and of Circe and her enchantments, and of the Illyrian maidens, so wonderful in their beauty, who did kill with their looks such as they were angry with.

"It was, perhaps, for some such reason," said Rebecca, "that, as Mr. Abbott tells me; the General Court many years ago did forbid women to live on these islands."

"Pray, how was that?" asked Sir Thomas.

"You must know," answered our host, "that in the early settlement of the Shoals, vessels coming for fish upon this coast did here make their harbor, bringing hither many rude sailors of different nations; and the Court judged that it was not a fitting place for women, and so did by law forbid their dwelling on the islands belonging to the Massachusetts."

He then asked his wife to get the order of the Court concerning her stay on the islands, remarking that he did bring her over from the Maine in despite of the law. So his wife fetched it, and Uncle Rawson read it, it being to this effect,—"That a petition having been sent to the Court, praying that the law might be put in force in respect to John Abbott his wife, the Court do judge it meet, if no further complaint come against her, that she enjoy the company of her husband." Whereat we all laughed heartily.

Next morning, the fog breaking away early, we set sail for Agamenticus, running along the coast and off the mouth of the Piscataqua River, passing near where my lamented Uncle Edward dwelt, whose fame as a worthy gentleman and magistrate is still living. We had Mount Agamenticus before us all day,—a fair stately hill, rising up as it were from the water. Towards night a smart shower came on, with thunderings and lightnings such as I did never see or hear before; and the wind blowing and a great rain driving upon us, we were for a time in much peril; but, through God's mercy, it suddenly cleared up, and we went into the Agamenticus River with a bright sun. Before dark we got to the house of my

honored uncle, where, he not being at home, his wife and daughters did receive us kindly.

September 10.

I do find myself truly comfortable at this place. My two cousins, Polly and Thankful, are both young, unmarried women, very kind and pleasant, and, since my Newbury friends left, I have been learning of them many things pertaining to housekeeping, albeit I am still but a poor scholar. Uncle is Marshall of the Province, which takes him much from home; and aunt, who is a sickly woman, keeps much in her chamber; so that the affairs of the household and of the plantation do mainly rest upon the young women. If ever I get back to Hilton Grange again, I shall have tales to tell of my baking and brewing, of my pumpkin-pies, and bread made of the flour of the Indian corn; yea, more, of gathering of the wild fruit in the woods, and cranberries in the meadows, milking the cows, and looking after the pigs and barnyard fowls. Then, too, we have had many pleasant little journeys by water and on horseback, young Mr. Jordan, of Spurwiuk, who hath asked Polly in marriage, going with us. A right comely youth he is, but a great Churchman, as might be expected, his father being the minister of the Black Point people, and very bitter towards the Massachusetts and its clergy and government. My uncle, who meddles little with Church' matters, thinks him a hopeful young man, and not an ill suitor for his daughter. He hath been in England for his learning, and is accounted a scholar; but, although intended for the Church service, he inclineth more to the life of a planter, and taketh the charge of his father's plantation at Spurwink. Polly is not beautiful and graceful like Rebecca Rawson, but she hath freshness of youth and health, and a certain good-heartedness of look and voice, and a sweetness of temper which do commend her in the eyes of all. Thankful is older by some years, and, if not as cheerful and merry as her sister, it needs not be marvelled at, since one whom she loved was killed in the Narragansett country two years ago. O these bloody wars. There be few in these Eastern Provinces who have not been called to mourn the loss of some near and dear friend, so that of a truth the land mourns.

September 18.

Meeting much disturbed yesterday,—a ranting Quaker coming in and sitting with his hat on in sermon time, humming and groaning, and rocking his body to and fro like one possessed. After a time he got up, and pronounced a great woe upon the priests, calling them many hard names, and declaring that the whole land stank with their hypocrisy. Uncle spake sharply to him, and bid him hold his peace, but he only cried out the louder. Some young men then took hold of him, and carried him out. They brought him along close to my seat, he hanging like a bag of meal, with his eyes shut, as ill-favored a body as I ever beheld. The magistrates had him smartly whipped this morning, and sent out of the jurisdiction. I was told he was no true Quaker; for, although a noisy, brawling hanger-on at their meetings, he is not in fellowship with the more sober and discreet of that people.

Rebecca writes me that the witchcraft in William Morse's house is much talked of; and that Caleb Powell hath been complained of as the wizard. Mr. Jordan the elder says he does in no wise marvel at the Devil's power in the Massachusetts, since at his instigation the rulers and ministers of the Colony have set themselves, against the true and Gospel order of the Church, and do slander and persecute all who will not worship at their conventicles.

A Mr. Van Valken, a young gentleman of Dutch descent, and the agent of Mr. Edmund Andross, of the Duke of York's Territory, is now in this place, being entertained by Mr. Godfrey, the late Deputy-Governor. He brought a letter for me from Aunt Rawson, whom he met in Boston. He is a learned, serious man, hath travelled a good deal, and hath an air of high breeding. The minister here thinks him a Papist, and a Jesuit, especially as he hath not called upon him, nor been to the meeting. He goes soon to Pemaquid, to take charge of that fort and trading station, which have greatly suffered by the war.

September 30.

Yesterday, Cousin Polly and myself, with young Mr. Jordan, went up to the top of the mountain, which is some miles from the harbor. It is not hard to climb in respect to steepness, but it is so tangled with bushes and vines, that one can scarce break through them. The open places were yellow with golden-rods, and the pale asters were plenty in the shade, and by the side of the brooks, that with pleasing noise did leap down the hill. When we got upon the top, which is bare and rocky, we had a fair view of the coast, with its many windings and its islands, from the Cape Ann, near Boston, to the Cape Elizabeth, near Casco, the Piscataqua and Agamenticus rivers; and away in the northwest we could see the peaks of mountains looking like summer clouds or banks of gray fog. These mountains lie many leagues off in the wilderness, and are said to be exceeding lofty.

But I must needs speak of the color of the woods, which did greatly amaze me, as unlike anything I had ever seen in old England. As far as mine eyes could look, the mighty wilderness, under the bright westerly sun, and stirred by a gentle wind, did seem like a garden in its season of flowering; green, dark, and light, orange, and pale yellow, and crimson leaves, mingling and interweaving their various hues, in a manner truly wonderful to behold. It is owing, I am told, to the sudden frosts, which in this climate do smite the vegetation in its full life and greenness, so that in the space of a few days the colors of the leaves are marvellously changed and brightened. These colors did remind me of the stains of the windows of old churches, and of rich tapestry. The maples were all aflame with crimson, the walnuts were orange, the hemlocks and cedars were wellnigh black; while the slender birches, with their pale yellow leaves, seemed painted upon them as pictures are laid upon a dark ground. I gazed until mine eyes grew weary, and a sense of the wonderful beauty of the visible creation, and of God's great goodness to the children of men therein, did rest upon me, and I said in mine heart, with one of old: "O Lord! how manifold are thy works in wisdom hast thou made them all, and the earth is full of thy riches."

October 6.

Walked out to the iron mines, a great hole digged in the rocks, many years ago, for the finding of iron. Aunt, who was then just settled in housekeeping, told me many wonderful stories of the man who caused it to be digged, a famous doctor of physic, and, as it seems, a great wizard also. He bought a patent of land on the south side of the Saco River, four miles by the sea, and eight miles up into the main-land of Mr. Vines, the first owner thereof; and being curious in the seeking and working of metals, did promise himself great riches in this new country; but his labors came to nothing, although it was said that Satan helped him, in the shape of a little blackamoor man-servant, who was his constant familiar. My aunt says she did often see him, wandering about among the hills and woods, and along the banks of streams of water, searching for precious ores and stones. He had even been as far as the great mountains, beyond Pigwackett, climbing to the top thereof, where the snows lie wellnigh all the year, his way thither lying through doleful swamps and lonesome woods. He was a great friend of the Indians, who held him to be a more famous conjurer than their own powahs; and, indeed, he was learned in all curious and occult arts, having studied at the great College of Padua, and travelled in all parts of the old countries. He sometimes stopped in his travels at my uncle's house, the little blackamoor sleeping in the barn, for my aunt feared him, as he was reputed to be a wicked imp. Now it so chanced that on one occasion my uncle had lost a cow, and had searched the woods many days for her to no purpose, when, this noted doctor coming in, he besought him to find her out by his skill and learning; but he did straightway deny his power to do so, saying he was but a poor scholar, and lover of science, and had no greater skill in occult matters than any one might attain to by patient study of natural things. But as mine uncle would in no wise be so put off, and still pressing him to his art, he took a bit of coal, and began to make marks on the floor, in a very careless way.

Then he made a black dot in the midst, and bade my uncle take heed that his cow was lying dead in that spot; and my uncle looking at it, said he Could find her, for he now knew where she was, inasmuch as the doctor had made a fair map of the country round about for many miles. So he set off, and found the cow lying at the foot of a great tree, close beside a brook, she being quite dead, which thing did show that he was a magician of no Mean sort.

My aunt further said, that in those days there was great talk of mines of gold and precious stones, and many people spent all their substance in wandering about over the wilderness country seeking a fortune in this way. There was one old man, who, she remembered, did roam about seeking for hidden treasures, until he lost his wits, and might be seen filling a bag with bright stones and shining sand, muttering and laughing to himself. He was at last missed for some little time, when he was found lying dead in the woods, still holding fast in his hands his bag of pebbles.

On my querying whether any did find treasures hereabout, my aunt laughed, and said she never heard of but one man who did so, and that was old Peter Preble of Saco, who, growing rich faster than his neighbors, was thought to owe his fortune to the finding of a gold or silver mine. When he was asked about it, he did by no means deny it, but confessed he had found treasures in the sea as well as on the land; and, pointing to his loaded fish-flakes and his great cornfields, said, "Here are my mines." So that afterwards, when any one prospered greatly in his estate, it was said of him by his neighbors, "He has been working Peter Preble's mine."

October 8.

Mr. Van Valken, the Dutchman, had before Mr. Rishworth, one of the Commissioners of the Province,

charged with being a Papist and a Jesuit. He bore himself, I am told, haughtily enough, denying the right to call him in question, and threatening the interference of his friend and ruler, Sir Edmund, on account of the wrong done him.

My uncle and others did testify that he was a civil and courteous gentleman, not intermeddling with matters of a religious nature; and that they did regard it as a foul shame to the town that he should be molested in this wise. But the minister put them to silence, by testifying that he (Van Valken) had given away sundry Papist books; and, one of them being handed to the Court, it proved to be a Latin Treatise, by a famous Papist, intituled, "The Imitation of Christ." Hereupon, Mr. Godfrey asked if there was aught evil in the book. The minister said it was written by a monk, and was full of heresy, favoring both the Quakers and the Papists; but Mr. Godfrey told him it had been rendered into the English tongue, and printed some years before in the Massachusetts Bay; and asked him if he did accuse such men as Mr. Cotton and Mr. Wilson, and the pious ministers of their day, of heresy. "Nay," quoth the minister, "they did see the heresy of the book, and, on their condemning it, the General Court did forbid its sale." Mr. Rishworth hereupon said he did judge the book to be pernicious, and bade the constable burn it in the street, which he did. Mr. Van Valken, after being gravely admonished, was set free; and he now saith he is no Papist, but that he would not have said that much to the Court to save his life, inasmuch as he did deny its right of arraigning him. Mr. Godfrey says the treatment whereof he complains is but a sample of what the people hereaway are to look for from the Massachusetts jurisdiction. Mr. Jordan, the younger, says his father hath a copy of the condemned book, of the Boston printing; and I being curious to see it, he offers to get it for me.

Like unto Newbury, this is an old town for so new a country. It was made a city in 1642, and took the name of Gorgeana, after that of the lord proprietor, Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The government buildings are spacious, but now falling into decay somewhat. There be a few stone houses, but the major part are framed, or laid up with square logs. The look of the land a little out of the town is rude and unpleasing, being much covered with stones and stumps; yet the soil is said to be strong, and the pear and apple do flourish well here; also they raise rye, oats, and barley, and the Indian corn, and abundance of turnips, as well as pumpkins, squashes, and melons. The war with the Indians, and the troubles and changes of government, have pressed heavily upon this and other towns of the Maine, so that I am told that there be now fewer wealthy planters here than there were twenty years ago, and little increase of sheep or horned cattle. The people do seem to me less sober and grave, in their carriage and conversation, than they of the Massachusetts,—hunting, fishing, and fowling more, and working on the land less. Nor do they keep the Lord's Day so strict; many of the young people going abroad, both riding and walking, visiting each other, and diverting themselves, especially after the meetings are over.

October 9.

Goodwife Nowell, an ancient gossip of mine aunt's, looking in this morning, and talking of the trial of the Dutchman, Van Valken, spake of the coming into these parts many years ago of one Sir Christopher Gardiner, who was thought to be a Papist. He sought lodgings at her house for one whom he called his cousin, a fair young woman, together with her serving girl, who did attend upon her. She tarried about a month, seeing no one, and going out only towards the evening, accompanied by her servant. She spake little, but did seem melancholy and exceeding mournful, often crying very bitterly. Sir Christopher came only once to see her, and Good wife Nowell saith she well remembers seeing her take leave of him on the roadside, and come back weeping and sobbing dolefully; and that a little time after, bearing that he had gotten into trouble in Boston as a Papist and man of loose behavior, she suddenly took her departure in a vessel sailing for the Massachusetts, leaving to her, in pay for house-room and diet, a few coins, a gold cross, and some silk stuffs and kerchiefs. The cross being such as the Papists do worship, and therefore unlawful, her husband did beat it into a solid wedge privately, and kept it from the knowledge of the minister and the magistrates. But as the poor man never prospered after, but lost his cattle and grain, and two of their children dying of measles the next year, and he himself being sickly, and near his end, he spake to her of he golden cross, saying that he did believe it was a great sin to keep it, as he had done, and that it had wrought evil upon him, even as the wedge of gold, and the shekels, and Babylonish garment did upon Achan, who was stoned, with all his house, in the valley of Achor; and the minister coming in, and being advised concerning it, he judged that although it might be a sin to keep it hidden from a love of riches, it might, nevertheless, be safely used to support Gospel preaching and ordinances, and so did himself take it away. The goodwife says, that notwithstanding her husband died soon after, yet herself and household did from thenceforth begin to amend their estate and condition.

Seeing me curious concerning this Sir Christopher and his cousin, Goodwife Nowell said there was a little parcel of papers which she found in her room after the young woman went away, and she thought they might yet be in some part of her house, though she had not seen them for a score of years.

Thereupon, I begged of her to look for them, which she promised to do.

October 14.

A strange and wonderful providence! Last night there was a great company of the neighbors at my uncle's, to help him in the husking and stripping of the corn, as is the custom in these parts. The barn-floor was about half-filled with the corn in its dry leaves; the company sitting down on blocks and stools before it, plucking off the leaves, and throwing the yellow ears into baskets. A pleasant and merry evening we had; and when the corn was nigh stripped, I went into the house with Cousin Thankful, to look to the supper and the laying of the tables, when we heard a loud noise in the barn, and one of the girls came running in, crying out, "O Thankful! Thankful! John Gibbins has appeared to us! His spirit is in the barn!" The plates dropt from my cousin's hand, and, with a faint cry, she fell back against the wall for a little space; when, hearing a man's voice without, speaking her name, she ran to the door, with the look of one beside herself; while I, trembling to see her in such a plight, followed her. There was a clear moon, and a tall man stood in the light close to the door.

"John," said my cousin, in a quick, choking voice, "is it You?"

"Why, Thankful, don't you know me? I'm alive; but the folks in the barn will have it that I 'm a ghost," said the man, springing towards her.

With a great cry of joy and wonder, my cousin caught hold of him: "O John, you are alive!"

Then she swooned quite away, and we had a deal to do to bring her to life again. By this time, the house was full of people, and among the rest came John's old mother and his sisters, and we all did weep and laugh at the same time. As soon as we got a little quieted, John told us that he had indeed been grievously stunned by the blow of a tomahawk, and been left for dead by his comrades, but that after a time he did come to his senses, and was able to walk; but, falling into the hands of the Indians, he was carried off to the French Canadas, where, by reason of his great sufferings on the way, he fell sick, and lay for a long time at the point of death. That when he did get about again, the savage who lodged him, and who had taken him as a son, in the place of his own, slain by the Mohawks, would not let him go home, although he did confess that the war was at an end. His Indian father, he said, who was feeble and old, died not long ago, and he had made his way home by the way of Crown Point and Albany. Supper being ready, we all sat down, and the minister, who had been sent for, offered thanks for the marvellous preserving and restoring of the friend who was lost and now was found, as also for the blessings of peace, by reason of which every man could now sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make him afraid, and for the abundance of the harvest, and the treasures of the seas, and the spoil of the woods, so that our land might take up the song of the Psalmist: "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth the outcasts of Israel; he healeth the broken in heart. Praise thy God, O Zion I For he strengtheneth the bars of thy gates, he maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of wheat." Oh! a sweet supper we had, albeit little was eaten, for we were filled fall of joy, and needed not other food. When the company had gone, my dear cousin and her betrothed went a little apart, and talked of all that had happened unto them during their long separation. I left them sitting lovingly together in the light of the moon, and a measure of their unspeakable happiness did go with me to my pillow.

This morning, Thankful came to my bedside to pour out her heart to me. The poor girl is like a new creature. The shade of her heavy sorrow, which did formerly rest upon her countenance, hath passed off like a morning cloud, and her eye hath the light of a deep and quiet joy.

"I now know," said she, "what David meant when he said, 'We are like them that dream; our mouth is filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad!'"

October 18.

A cloudy wet day. Goody Nowell brought me this morning a little parcel of papers, which she found in the corner of a closet. They are much stained and smoked, and the mice have eaten them sadly, so that I can make little of them. They seem to be letters, and some fragments of what did take place in the life of a young woman of quality from the North of England. I find frequent mention made of Cousin Christopher, who is also spoken of as a soldier in the wars with the Turks, and as a Knight of Jerusalem. Poorly as I can make out the meaning of these fragments, I have read enough to make my heart sad, for I gather from them that the young woman was in early life betrothed to her cousin, and that

afterwards, owing, as I judge, to the authority of her parents, she did part with him, he going abroad, and entering into the wars, in the belief that she was to wed another. But it seemed that the heart of the young woman did so plead for her cousin, that she could not be brought to marry as her family willed her to do; and, after a lapse of years, she, by chance hearing that Sir Christopher had gone to the New England, where he was acting as an agent of his kinsman, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, in respect to the Maine Province, did privately leave her home, and take passage in a Boston bound ship. How she did make herself known to Sir Christopher, I find no mention made; but, he now being a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and vowed to forego marriage, as is the rule of that Order, and being, moreover, as was thought, a priest or Jesuit, her great love and constancy could meet with but a sorrowful return on his part. It does appear, however, that he journeyed to Montreal, to take counsel of some of the great Papist priests there, touching the obtaining of a dispensation from the Head of the Church, so that he might marry the young woman; but, getting no encouragement therein, he went to Boston to find a passage for her to England again. He was there complained of as a Papist; and the coming over of his cousin being moreover known, a great and cruel scandal did arise from it, and he was looked upon as a man of evil life, though I find nothing to warrant such a notion, but much to the contrary thereof. What became of him and the young woman, his cousin, in the end, I do not learn.

One small parcel did affect me even unto tears. It was a paper containing some dry, withered leaves of roses, with these words written on it "To Anna, from her loving cousin, Christopher Gardiner, being the first rose that hath blossomed this season in the College garden. St. Omer's, June, 1630." I could but think how many tears had been shed over this little token, and how often, through long, weary years, it did call to mind the sweet joy of early love, of that fairest blossom of the spring of life of which it was an emblem, alike in its beauty and its speedy withering.

There be moreover among the papers sundry verses, which do seem to have been made by Sir Christopher; they are in the Latin tongue, and inscribed to his cousin, bearing date many years before the twain were in this country, and when he was yet a scholar at the Jesuits' College of St. Omer's, in France. I find nothing of a later time, save the verses which I herewith copy, over which there are, in a woman's handwriting, these words:

"VERSES

"Writ by Sir Christopher when a prisoner among the Turks in Moldavia, and expecting death at their hands.

1.

"Ere down the blue Carpathian hills
The sun shall fall again,
Farewell this life and all its ills,
Farewell to cell and chain

2.

"These prison shades are dark and cold,
But darker far than they
The shadow of a sorrow old
Is on mine heart alway.

3.

"For since the day when Warkworth wood
Closed o'er my steed and I,—
An alien from my name and blood,—
A weed cast out to die;

4.

"When, looking back, in sunset light
I saw her turret gleam,
And from its window, far and white,
Her sign of farewell stream;

5.

"Like one who from some desert shore
Does home's green isles descry,
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er
The waste of wave and sky,

6.

"So, from the desert of my fate,

Gaze I across the past;
And still upon life's dial-plate
The shade is backward cast

7.

"I've wandered wide from shore to shore,
I've knelt at many a shrine,
And bowed me to the rocky floor
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

8.

"And by the Holy Sepulchre
I've pledged my knightly sword,
To Christ his blessed Church, and her
The Mother of our Lord!

9.

"Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife
How vain do all things seem!
My soul is in the past, and life
To-day is but a dream.

10.

"In vain the penance strange and long,
And hard for flesh to bear;
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,
And sackcloth shirt of hair:

11.

"The eyes of memory will not sleep,
Its ears are open still,
And vigils with the past they keep
Against or with my will.

12.

"And still the loves and hopes of old
Do evermore uprise;
I see the flow of locks of gold,
The shine of loving eyes.

13.

"Ah me! upon another's breast
Those golden locks recline;
I see upon another rest
The glance that once was mine!

14.

"O faithless priest! O perjured knight!"
I hear the master cry,

'Shut out the vision from thy sight,
Let earth and nature die.'

15.

"The Church of God is now my spouse,
And thou the bridegroom art;
Then let the burden of thy vows
Keep down thy human heart.'

16.

"In vain!—This heart its grief must know,
Till life itself hath ceased,
And falls beneath the self-same blow
The lover and the priest!

17.

"O pitying Mother! souls of light,
And saints and martyrs old,

Pray for a weak and sinful knight,
A suffering man uphold.

18.

"Then let the Paynim work his will,
Let death unbind my chain,
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill
The sunset falls again!"

My heart is heavy with the thought of these unfortunates. Where be they now? Did the knight forego his false worship and his vows, and so marry his beloved Anna? Or did they part forever,—she going back to her kinsfolk, and he to his companions of Malta? Did he perish at the hands of the infidels, and does the maiden sleep in the family tomb, under her father's oaks? Alas! who can tell? I must needs leave them, and their sorrows and trials, to Him who doth not willingly afflict the children of men; and whatsoever may have been their sins and their follies, my prayer is, that they may be forgiven, for they loved much.

October 20.

I do purpose to start to-morrow for the Massachusetts, going by boat to the Piscataqua River, and thence by horse to Newbury.

Young Mr. Jordan spent yesterday and last night with us. He is a goodly youth, of a very sweet and gentle disposition; nor doth he seem to me to lack spirit, although his father (who liketh not his quiet ways and easy temper, so contrary to his own, and who is sorely disappointed in that he hath chosen the life of a farmer to that of a minister, for which he did intend him) often accuseth him of that infirmity. Last night we had much pleasant discourse touching the choice he hath made; and when I told him that perhaps he might have become a great prelate in the Church, and dwelt in a palace, and made a great lady of our cousin; whereas now I did see no better prospect for him than to raise corn for his wife to make pudding of, and chop wood to boil her kettle, he laughed right merrily, and said he should never have gotten higher than a curate in a poor parish; and as for Polly, he was sure she was more at home in making puddings than in playing the fine lady.

"For my part," he continued, in a serious manner, "I have no notion that the pulpit is my place; I like the open fields and sky better than the grandest churches of man's building; and when the wind sounds in the great grove of pines on the hill near our house, I doubt if there be a choir in all England so melodious and solemn. These painted autumn woods, and this sunset light, and yonder clouds of gold and purple, do seem to me better fitted to provoke devotional thoughts, and to awaken a becoming reverence and love for the Creator, than the stained windows and lofty arched roofs of old minsters. I do know, indeed, that there be many of our poor busy planters, who, by reason of ignorance, ill-breeding, and lack of quiet for contemplation, do see nothing in these things, save as they do affect their crops of grain or grasses, or their bodily comforts in one way or another. But to them whose minds have been enlightened and made large and free by study and much reflection, and whose eyes have been taught to behold the beauty and fitness of things, and whose ears have been so opened that they can hear the ravishing harmonies of the creation, the life of a planter is very desirable even in this wilderness, and notwithstanding the toil and privation thereunto appertaining. There be fountains gushing up in the hearts of such, sweeter than the springs of water which flow from the hillsides, where they sojourn; and therein, also, flowers of the summer do blossom all the year long. The brutish man knoweth not this, neither doth the fool comprehend it."

"See, now," said Polly to me, "how hard he is upon us poor unlearned folk."

"Nay, to tell the truth," said he, turning towards me, "your cousin here is to be held not a little accountable for my present inclinations; for she it was who did confirm and strengthen them. While I had been busy over books, she had been questioning the fields and the woods; and, as if the old fables of the poets were indeed true, she did get answers from them, as the priestesses and sibyls did formerly from the rustling of leaves and trees, and the sounds of running waters; so that she could teach me much concerning the uses and virtues of plants and shrubs, and of their time of flowering and decay; of the nature and habitudes of wild animals and birds, the changes of the air, and of the clouds and winds. My science, so called, had given me little more than the names of things which to her were familiar and common. It was in her company that I learned to read nature as a book always open, and full of delectable teachings, until my poor school-lore did seem undesirable and tedious, and the very chatter of the noisy blackbirds in the spring meadows more profitable and more pleasing than the angry disputes and the cavils and subtleties of schoolmen and divines."

My cousin blushed, and, smiling through her moist eyes at this language of her beloved friend, said that I must not believe all he said; for, indeed, it was along of his studies of the heathen poets that he had first thought of becoming a farmer. And she asked him to repeat some of the verses which he had at his tongue's end. He laughed, and said he did suppose she meant some lines of Horace, which had been thus Englished:—

"I often wished I had a farm,
A decent dwelling, snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal flowing by my door,
Besides an ancient oaken grove,
Where at my leisure I might rove.

"The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
Have granted this, and more than this,—
They promise me a modest spouse,
To light my hearth and keep my house.
I ask no more than, free from strife,
To hold these blessings all my life!"

Tam exceedingly pleased, I must say, with the prospect of my cousin Polly. Her suitor is altogether a worthy young man; and, making allowances for the uncertainty of all human things, she may well look forward to a happy life with him. I shall leave behind on the morrow dear friends, who were strangers unto me a few short weeks ago, but in whose joys and sorrows I shall henceforth always partake, so far as I do come to the knowledge of them, whether or no I behold their faces any more in this life.

HAMPTON, October 24, 1678.

I took leave of my good friends at Agamenticus, or York, as it is now called, on the morning after the last date in my journal, going in a boat with my uncle to Piscataqua and Strawberry Bank. It was a cloudy day, and I was chilled through before we got to the mouth of the river; but, as the high wind was much in our favor, we were enabled to make the voyage in a shorter time than is common. We stopped a little at the house of a Mr. Cutts, a man of some note in these parts; but he being from home, and one of the children sick with a quinsy, we went up the river to Strawberry Bank, where we tarried over night. The woman who entertained us had lost her husband in the war, and having to see to the ordering of matters out of doors in this busy season of harvest, it was no marvel that she did neglect those within. I made a comfortable supper of baked pumpkin and milk, and for lodgings I had a straw bed on the floor, in the dark loft, which was piled wellnigh full with corn-ears, pumpkins, and beans, besides a great deal of old household trumpery, wool, and flax, and the skins of animals. Although tired of my journey, it was some little time before I could get asleep; and it so fell out, that after the folks of the house were all abed, and still, it being, as I judge, nigh midnight, I chanced to touch with my foot a pumpkin lying near the bed, which set it a-rolling down the stairs, bumping hard on every stair as it went. Thereupon I heard a great stir below, the woman and her three daughters crying out that the house was haunted. Presently she called to me from the foot of the stairs, and asked me if I did hear anything. I laughed so at all this, that it was some time before I could speak; when I told her I did hear a thumping on the stairs. "Did it seem to go up, or down?" inquired she, anxiously; and on my telling her that the sound went downward, she set up a sad cry, and they all came fleeing into the corn-loft, the girls bouncing upon my bed, and hiding under the blanket, and the old woman praying and groaning, and saying that she did believe it was the spirit of her poor husband. By this time my uncle, who was lying on the settle in the room below, hearing the noise, got up, and stumbling over the pumpkin, called to know what was the matter. Thereupon the woman bade him flee up stairs, for there was a ghost in the kitchen. "Pshaw!" said my uncle, "is that all? I thought to be sure the Indians had come." As soon as I could speak for laughing, I told the poor creature what it was that so frightened her; at which she was greatly vexed; and, after she went to bed again, I could hear her scolding me for playing tricks upon honest people.

We were up betimes in the morning, which was bright and pleasant. Uncle soon found a friend of his, a Mr. Weare, who, with his wife, was to go to his home, at Hampton, that day, and who did kindly engage to see me thus far on my way. At about eight of the clock we got upon our horses, the woman riding on a pillion behind her husband. Our way was for some miles through the woods,—getting at times a view of the sea, and passing some good, thriving plantations. The woods in this country are by no means like those of England, where the ancient trees are kept clear of bushes and undergrowth, and the sward beneath them is shaven clean and close; whereas here they be much tangled with vines, and the dead boughs and logs which have fallen, from their great age or which the storms do beat off, or

the winter snows and ices do break down. Here, also, through the thick matting of dead leaves, all manner of shrubs and bushes, some of them very sweet and fair in their flowering, and others greatly prized for their healing virtues, do grow up plenteously. In the season of them, many wholesome fruits abound in the woods, such as blue and black berries. We passed many trees, well loaded with walnuts and oilnuts, seeming all alive, as it were, with squirrels, striped, red, and gray, the last having a large, spreading tail, which Mr. Weare told me they do use as a sail, to catch the wind, that it may blow them over rivers and creeks, on pieces of bark, in some sort like that wonderful shell-fish which transformeth itself into a boat, and saileth on the waves of the sea. We also found grapes, both white and purple, hanging down in clusters from the trees, over which the vines did run, nigh upon as large as those which the Jews of old plucked at Eschol. The air was sweet and soft, and there was a clear, but not a hot sun, and the chirping of squirrels, and the noise of birds, and the sound of the waves breaking on the beach a little distance off, and the leaves, at every breath of the wind in the tree-tops, whirling and fluttering down about me, like so many yellow and scarlet-colored birds, made the ride wonderfully pleasant and entertaining.

Mr. Weare, on the way, told me that there was a great talk of the bewitching of Goodman Morse's house at Newbury, and that the case of Caleb Powell was still before the Court, he being vehemently suspected of the mischief. I told him I thought the said Caleb was a vain, talking man, but nowise of a wizard. The thing most against him, Mr. Weare said, was this: that he did deny at the first that the house was troubled by evil spirits, and even went so far as to doubt that such things could be at all. "Yet many wiser men than Caleb Powell do deny the same," I said. "True," answered he; "but, as good Mr. Richardson, of Newbury, well saith, there have never lacked Sadducees, who believe not in angel or spirit." I told the story of the disturbance at Strawberry Bank the night before, and how so silly a thing as a rolling pumpkin did greatly terrify a whole household; and said I did not doubt this Newbury trouble was something very like it. Hereupon the good woman took the matter up, saying she had been over to Newbury, and had seen with her own eyes, and heard with her own ears; and that she could say of it as the Queen of Sheba did of Solomon's glory, "The half had not been told her." She then went on to tell me of many marvellous and truly unaccountable things, so that I must needs think there is an invisible hand at work there.

We reached Hampton about one hour before noon; and riding up the road towards the meeting-house, to my great joy, Uncle Rawson, who had business with the Commissioners then sitting, came out to meet me, bidding me go on to Mr. Weare's house, whither he would follow me when the Court did adjourn. He came thither accordingly, to sup and lodge, bringing with him Mr. Pike the elder, one of the magistrates, a grave, venerable man, the father of mine old acquaintance, Robert. Went in the evening with Mistress Weare and her maiden sister to see a young girl in the neighborhood, said to be possessed, or bewitched; but for mine own part I did see nothing in her behavior beyond that of a vicious and spoiled child, delighting in mischief. Her grandmother, with whom she lives, lays the blame on an ill-disposed woman, named Susy Martin, living in Salisbury. Mr. Pike, who dwells near this Martin, saith she is no witch, although an arrant scold, as was her mother before her; and as for the girl, he saith that a birch twig, smartly laid on, would cure her sooner than the hanging of all the old women in the Colony. Mistress Weare says this is not the first time the Evil Spirit hath been at work in Hampton; for they did all remember the case of Goody Marston's child, who was, from as fair and promising an infant as one would wish to see, changed into the likeness of an ape, to the great grief and sore shame of its parents; and, moreover, that when the child died, there was seen by more than one person a little old woman in a blue cloak, and petticoat of the same color, following on after the mourners, and looking very like old Eunice Cole, who was then locked fast in Ipswich jail, twenty miles off. Uncle Rawson says he has all the papers in his possession touching the trial of this Cole, and will let me see them when we get back to Newbury. There was much talk on this matter, which so disturbed my fancy that I slept but poorly. This afternoon we go over to Newbury, where, indeed, I do greatly long to be once more.

NEWBURY, October 26.

Cousin Rebecca gone to Boston, and not expected home until next week. The house seems lonely without her. R. Pike looked in upon us this morning, telling us that there was a rumor in Boston, brought by way of the New York Colony, that a great Papist Plot had been discovered in England, and that it did cause much alarm in London and thereabout. R. Pike saith he doubts not the Papists do plot, it being the custom of their Jesuits so to do; but that, nevertheless, it would be no strange thing if it should be found that the Bishops and the Government did set this rumor a-going, for the excuse and occasion of some new persecutions of Independents and godly people.

October 27.

Mr. Richardson preached yesterday, from Deuteronomy xviii. 10th, 11th, and 12th verses. An ingenious and solid discourse, in which he showed that, as among the heathen nations surrounding the Jews, there were sorcerers, charmers, wizards, and consulters with familiar spirits, who were an abomination to the Lord, so in our time the heathen nations of Indians had also their powahs and panisees and devilish wizards, against whom the warning of the text might well be raised by the watchmen on the walls of our Zion. He moreover said that the arts of the Adversary were now made manifest in this place in a most strange and terrible manner, and it did become the duty of all godly persons to pray and wrestle with the Lord, that they who have made a covenant with hell may be speedily discovered in their wickedness, and cut off from the congregation. An awful discourse, which made many tremble and quake, and did quite overcome Goodwife Morse, she being a weakly woman, so that she had to be carried out of the meeting.

It being cold weather, and a damp easterly wind keeping me within doors, I have been looking over with uncle his papers about the Hampton witch, Eunice Cole, who was twice tried for her mischiefs; and I incline to copy some of them, as I know they will be looked upon as worthy of, record by my dear Cousin Oliver and mine other English friends. I find that as long ago as the year 1656, this same Eunice Cole was complained of, and many witnesses did testify to her wickedness. Here followeth some of the evidence on the first trial:—

"The deposition of Goody Marston and Goodwife Susanna Palmer, who, being sworn, sayeth, that Goodwife Cole saith that she was sure there was a witch in town, and that she knew where he dwelt, and who they are, and that thirteen years ago she knew one bewitched as Goodwife Marston's child was, and she was sure that party was bewitched, for it told her so, and it was changed from a man to an ape, as Goody Marston's child was, and she had prayed this thirteen year that God would discover that witch. And further the deponent saith not.

"Taken on oath before the Commissioners of Hampton, the 8th of the 2nd mo., 1656.

"WILLIAM FULLER. "HENRY DOW.

"Vera copea:

"THOS. BRADBURY, Recorder.

"Sworn before, the 4th of September, 1656,

"EDWARD RAWSON.

"Thomas Philbrick testifieth that Goody Cole told him that if any of his calves did eat of her grass, she hoped it would poison them; and it fell out that one never came home again, and the other coming home died soon after.

"Henry Morelton's wife and Goodwife Sleeper depose that, talking about Goody Cole and Marston's child, they did hear a great scraping against the boards of the window, which was not done by a cat or dog.

"Thomas Coleman's wife testifies that Goody Cole did repeat to another the very words which passed between herself and her husband, in their own house, in private; and Thomas Ormsby, the constable of Salisbury, testifies, that when he did strip Eunice Cole of her shift, to be whipped, by the judgment of the Court at Salisbury, he saw a witch's mark under her left breast. Moreover, one Abra. Drake doth depose and say, that this Goody Cole threatened that the hand of God would be against his cattle, and forthwith two of his cattle died, and before the end of summer a third also."

About five years ago, she was again presented by the Jury for the Massachusetts jurisdiction, for having "entered into a covenant with the Devil, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity, the laws of God and this jurisdiction"; and much testimony was brought against her, tending to show her to be an arrant witch. For it seems she did fix her evil eye upon a little maid named Ann Smith, to entice her to her house, appearing unto her in the shape of a little old woman, in a blue coat, a blue cap, and a blue apron, and a white neckcloth, and presently changing into a dog, and running up a tree, and then into an eagle flying in the air, and lastly into a gray cat, speaking to her, and troubling her in a grievous manner. Moreover, the constable of the town of Hampton testifies, that, having to supply Goody Cole with diet, by order of the town, she being poor, she complained much of him, and after that his wife could bake no bread in the oven which did not speedily rot and become loathsome to the smell, but the same meal baked at a neighbor's made good and sweet bread; and, further, that one night there did enter into their chamber a smell like that of the bewitched bread, only more loathsome, and plainly diabolical in its nature, so that, as the constable's wife saith, "she was fain

to rise in the night and desire her husband to go to prayer to drive away the Devil; and he, rising, went to prayer, and after that, the smell was gone, so that they were not troubled with it." There is also the testimony of Goodwife Perkins, that she did see, on the Lord's day, while Mr. Dalton was preaching, an imp in the shape of a mouse, fall out the bosom of Eunice Cole down into her lap. For all which, the County Court, held at Salisbury, did order her to be sent to the Boston Jail, to await her trial at the Court of Assistants. This last Court, I learn from mine uncle, did not condemn her, as some of the evidence was old, and not reliable. Uncle saith she was a wicked old woman, who had been often whipped and set in the ducking-stool, but whether she was a witch or no, he knows not for a certainty.

November 8.

Yesterday, to my great joy, came my beloved Cousin Rebecca from Boston. In her company also came the worthy minister and doctor of medicine, Mr. Russ, formerly of Wells, but now settled at a plantation near Cocheco. He is to make some little tarry in this town, where at this present time many complain of sickness. Rebecca saith he is one of the excellent of the earth, and, like his blessed Lord and Master, delighteth in going about doing good, and comforting both soul and body. He hath a cheerful, pleasant countenance, and is very active, albeit he is well stricken in years. He is to preach for Mr. Richardson next Sabhath, and in the mean time lodgeth at my uncle's house.

This morning the weather is raw and cold, the ground frozen, and some snow fell before sunrise. A little time ago, Dr. Russ, who was walking in the garden, came in a great haste to the window where Rebecca and I were sitting, bidding us come forth. So, we hurrying out, the good man bade us look whither he pointed, and to! a flock of wild geese, streaming across the sky, in two great files, sending down, as it were, from the clouds, their loud and sonorous trumpeting, "Cronk, cronk, cronk!" These birds, the Doctor saith, do go northward in March to hatch their broods in the great bogs and on the desolate islands, and fly back again when the cold season approacheth. Our worthy guest improved the occasion to speak of the care and goodness of God towards his creation, and how these poor birds are enabled, by their proper instincts, to partake of his bounty, and to shun the evils of adverse climates. He never looked, he said, upon the flight of these fowls, without calling to mind the query which was of old put to Job: "Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south? Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?"

November 12, 1678.

Dr. Russ preached yesterday, having for his text 1 Corinthians, chap. xiii. verse 5: "Charity seeketh not her own." He began by saying that mutual benevolence was a law of nature,—no one being a whole of himself, nor capable of happily subsisting by himself, but rather a member of the great body of mankind, which must dissolve and perish, unless held together and compacted in its various parts by the force of that common and blessed law. The wise Author of our being hath most manifestly framed and fitted us for one another, and ordained that mutual charity shall supply our mutual wants and weaknesses, inasmuch as no man liveth to himself, but is dependent upon others, as others be upon him. It hath been said by ingenious men, that in the outward world all things do mutually operate upon and affect each other; and that it is by the energy of this principle that our solid earth is supported, and the heavenly bodies are made to keep the rhythmic harmonies of their creation, and dispense upon us their benign favors; and it may be said, that a law akin to this hath been ordained for the moral world,—mutual benevolence being the cement and support of families, and churches, and states, and of the great community and brotherhood of mankind. It doth both make and preserve all the peace, and harmony, and beauty, which liken our world in some small degree to heaven, and without it all things would rush into confusion and discord, and the earth would become a place of horror and torment, and men become as ravening wolves, devouring and being devoured by one another.

Charity is the second great commandment, upon which hang all the Law and the Prophets; and it is like unto the first, and cannot be separated from it; for at the great day of recompense we shall be tried by these commandments, and our faithfulness unto the first will be seen and manifested by our faithfulness unto the last. Yea, by our love of one another the Lord will measure our love of himself. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The grace of benevolence is therefore no small part of our meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light; it is the temper of heaven; the air which the angels breathe; an immortal grace,—for when faith which supporteth us here, and hope which is as an anchor to the tossed soul, are no longer needed, charity remaineth forever, for it is native in heaven, and partaketh of the divine nature, for God himself is love.

"Oh, my hearers," said the preacher, his venerable face brightening as if with a light shining from

within, "Doth not the Apostle tell us that skill in tongues and gifts of prophecy, and mysteries of knowledge and faith, do avail nothing where charity is lacking? What avail great talents, if they be not devoted to goodness? On the other hand, where charity dwelleth, it maketh the weak strong and the uncomely beautiful; it sheddeth a glory about him who possesseth it, like that which did shine on the face of Moses, or that which did sit upon the countenance of Stephen, when his face was as the face of an angel. Above all, it conformeth us to the Son of God; for through love he came among us, and went about doing good, adorning his life with miracles of mercy, and at last laid it down for the salvation of men. What heart can resist his melting entreaty: 'Even as I have loved you, love ye also one another.'

"We do all," he continued, "seek after happiness, but too often blindly and foolishly. The selfish man, striving to live for himself, shutteth himself up to partake of his single portion, and marvelleth that he cannot enjoy it. The good things he hath laid up for himself fail to comfort him; and although he hath riches, and wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet hath he not power to partake thereof. They be as delicacies poured upon a mouth shut up, or as meats set upon a grave. But he that hath found charity to be the temper of happiness, which doth put the soul in a natural and easy condition, and openeth it to the solaces of that pure and sublime entertainment which the angels do spread for such as obey the will of their Creator, hath discovered a more subtle alchemy than any of which the philosophers did dream,—for he transmuteth the enjoyments of others into his own, and his large and open heart partaketh of the satisfaction of all around him. Are there any here who, in the midst of outward abundance, are sorrowful of heart,—who go mourning on their way from some inward discomfort,—Who long for serenity of spirit, and cheerful happiness, as the servant earnestly desireth the shadow? Let such seek out the poor and forsaken, they who have no homes nor estates, who are the servants of sin and evil habits, who lack food for both the body and the mind. Thus shall they, in remembering others, forget themselves; the pleasure they afford to their fellow-creatures shall come back larger and fuller unto their own bosoms, and they shall know of a truth how much the more blessed it is to give than to receive. In love and compassion, God hath made us dependent upon each other, to the end that by the use of our affections we may find true happiness and rest to our souls. He hath united us so closely with our fellows, that they do make, as it were, a part of our being, and in comforting them we do most assuredly comfort ourselves. Therein doth happiness come to us unawares, and without seeking, as the servant who goeth on his master's errand findeth pleasant fruits and sweet flowers overhanging him, and cool fountains, which he knew not of, gushing up by the wayside, for his solace and refreshing."

The minister then spake of the duty of charity towards even the sinful and froward, and of winning them by love and good will, and making even their correction and punishment a means of awakening them to repentance, and the calling forth of the fruits meet for it. He also spake of self-styled prophets and enthusiastic people, who went about to cry against the Church and the State, and to teach new doctrines, saying that oftentimes such were sent as a judgment upon the professors of the truth, who had the form of godliness only, while lacking the power thereof; and that he did believe that the zeal which had been manifested against such had not always been enough seasoned with charity. It did argue a lack of faith in the truth, to fly into a panic and a great rage when it was called in question; and to undertake to become God's avengers, and to torture and burn heretics, was an error of the Papists, which ill became those who had gone out from among them. Moreover, he did believe that many of these people, who had so troubled the Colony of late, were at heart simple and honest men and women, whose heads might indeed be unsound, but who at heart sought to do the will of God; and, of a truth, all could testify to the sobriety and strictness of their lives, and the justice of their dealings in outward things. He spake also somewhat of the Indians, who, he said, were our brethren, and concerning whom we would have an account to give at the Great Day. The hand of these heathen people had been heavy upon the Colonies, and many had suffered from their cruel slaughterings, and the captivity of themselves and their families. Here the aged minister wept, for he doubtless thought of his son, who was slain in the war; and for a time the words did seem to die in his throat, so greatly was he moved. But he went on to say, that since God, in his great and undeserved mercy, had put an end to the war, all present unkindness and hard dealing towards the poor benighted heathen was an offence in the eyes of Him who respecteth not the persons of men, but who regardeth with an equal eye the white and the red men, both being the workmanship of His hands. It is our blessed privilege to labor to bring them to a knowledge of the true God, whom, like the Athenians, some of them do ignorantly worship; while the greater part, as was said of the heathen formerly, do not, out of the good things that are seen, know Him that is; neither by considering the works do they acknowledge the workmaster, but deem the fire or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be the gods who govern the world.

He counselled against mischief-makers and stirrers up of strife, and such as do desire occasion against their brethren. He said that it did seem as if many thought to atone for their own sins by their great heat and zeal to discover wickedness in others; and that he feared such might be the case now, when there was much talk of the outward and visible doings of Satan in this place; whereas, the enemy

was most to be feared who did work privily in the heart; it being a small thing for him to bewitch a dwelling made of wood and stone, who did so easily possess and enchant the precious souls of men.

Finally, he did exhort all to keep watch over their own spirits, and to remember that what measure they do mete to others shall be measured to them again; to lay aside all wrath, and malice, and evil-speaking; to bear one another's burdens, and so make this Church in the wilderness beautiful and comely, an example to the world of that peace and good will to men, which the angels sang of at the birth of the blessed Redeemer.

I have been the more careful to give the substance of Mr. Russ's sermon, as nearly as I can remember it, forasmuch as it hath given offence to some who did listen to it. Deacon Dole saith it was such a discourse as a Socinian or a Papist might have preached, for the great stress it laid upon works; and Goodwife Matson, a noisy, talking woman,—such an one, no doubt, as those busybodies whom Saint Paul did rebuke for forwardness, and command to keep silence in the church,—says the preacher did go out of his way to favor Quakers, Indians, and witches; and that the Devil in Goody Morse's house was no doubt well pleased with the discourse. R. Pike saith he does no wise marvel at her complaints; for when she formerly dwelt at the Marblehead fishing-haven, she was one of the unruly women who did break into Thompson's garrison-house, and barbarously put to death two Saugus Indians, who had given themselves up for safe keeping, and who had never harmed any, which thing was a great grief and scandal to all well-disposed people. And yet this woman, who scrupled not to say that she would as lief stick an Indian as a hog, and who walked all the way from Marblehead to Boston to see the Quaker woman hung, and did foully jest over her dead body, was allowed to have her way in the church, Mr. Richardson being plainly in fear of her ill tongue and wicked temper.

November 13.

The Quaker maid, Margaret Brewster, came this morning, inquiring for the Doctor, and desiring him to visit a sick man at her father's house, a little way up the river; whereupon he took his staff and went with her. On his coming back, he said he must do the Quakers the justice to say, that, with all their heresies and pestilent errors of doctrine, they were a kind people; for here was Goodman Brewster, whose small estate had been wellnigh taken from him in fines, and whose wife was a weak, ailing woman, who was at this time kindly lodging and nursing a poor, broken-down soldier, by no means likely to repay him, in any sort. As for the sick man, he had been hardly treated in the matter of his wages, while in the war, and fined, moreover, on the ground that he did profane the holy Sabhath; and though he had sent a petition to the Honorable Governor and Council, for the remission of the same, it had been to no purpose. Mr. Russ said he had taken a copy of this petition, with the answer thereto, intending to make another application himself to the authorities; for although the petitioner might have been blamable, yet his necessity did go far to excuse it. He gave me the papers to copy, which are as followeth:—

"To the Hon. the Governor and Council, now sitting in Boston, July 30, 1676. The Petition of Jonathan Atherton humbly showeth:

"That your Petitioner, being a soldier under Captain Henschman, during their abode at Concord, Captain H., under pretence of your petitioner's profanation of the Sabhath, had sentenced your petitioner to lose a fortnight's pay. Now, the thing that was alleged against your petitioner was, that he cut a piece of an old hat to put in his shoes, and emptied three or four cartridges. Now, there was great occasion and necessity for his so doing, for his shoes were grown so big, by walking and riding in the wet and dew, that they galled his feet so that he was not able to go without pain; and his cartridges, being in a bag,—were worn with continual travel, so that they lost the powder out, so that it was dangerous to carry them; besides, he did not know how soon he should be forced to make use of them, therefore he did account it lawful to do the same; yet, if it be deemed a breach of the Sabhath, he desires to be humbled before the Lord, and begs the pardon of his people for any offence done to them thereby. And doth humbly request the favor of your Honors to consider the premises, and to remit the fine imposed upon him, and to give order to the committee for the war for the payment of his wages. So shall he forever pray. . . ."

11 Aug. 1676.—The Council sees no cause to grant the petitioner any relief."

NEWBURY, November 18, 1678.

Went yesterday to the haunted house with Mr. Russ and Mr. Richardson, Rebecca and Aunt Rawson

being in the company. Found the old couple in much trouble, sitting by the fire, with the Bible open before them, and Goody Morse weeping. Mr. Richardson asked Goodman Morse to tell what he had seen and heard in the house; which he did, to this effect: That there had been great and strange noises all about the house, a banging of doors, and a knocking on the boards, and divers other unaccountable sounds; that he had seen his box of tools turn over of itself, and the tools fly about the room; baskets dropping down the chimney, and the pots hanging over the fire smiting against each other; and, moreover, the irons on the hearth jumping into the pots, and dancing on the table. Goodwife Morse said that her bread-tray would upset of its own accord, and the great woollen wheel would contrive to turn itself upside down, and stand on its end; and that when she and the boy did make the beds, the blankets would fly off as fast as they put them on, all of which the boy did confirm. Mr. Russ asked her if she suspected any one of the mischief; whereupon she said she did believe it was done by the seaman Powell, a cunning man, who was wont to boast of his knowledge in astrology and astronomy, having been brought tip under one Norwood, who is said to have studied the Black Art. He had wickedly accused her grandson of the mischief, whereas the poor boy had himself suffered greatly from the Evil Spirit, having been often struck with stones and bits of boards, which were flung upon him, and kept awake o' nights by the diabolical noises. Goodman Morse here said that Powell, coming in, and pretending to pity their lamentable case, told them that if they would let him have the boy for a day or two, they should be free of the trouble while he was with him; and that the boy going with him, they had no disturbance in that time; which plainly showed that this Powell had the wicked spirits in his keeping, and could chain them up, or let them out, as he pleased.

Now, while she was speaking, we did all hear a great thumping on the ceiling, and presently a piece of a board flew across the room against the chair on which Mr. Richardson was sitting; whereat the two old people set up a dismal groaning, and the boy cried out, "That's the witch!" Goodman Morse begged of Mr. Richardson to fall to praying, which he presently did; and, when he had done, he asked Mr. Russ to follow him, who sat silent and musing a little while, and then prayed that the worker of the disturbance, whether diabolical or human, might be discovered and brought to light. After which there was no noise while we staid. Mr. Russ talked awhile with the boy, who did stoutly deny what Caleb Powell charged upon him, and showed a bruise which he got from a stick thrown at him in the cow-house. When we went away, Mr. Richardson asked Mr. Russ what he thought of it. Mr. Russ said, the matter had indeed a strange look, but that it might be, nevertheless, the work of the boy, who was a cunning young rogue, and capable beyond his years. Mr. Richardson said he hoped his brother was not about to countenance the scoffers and Sadducees, who had all along tried to throw doubt upon the matter. For himself, he did look upon it as the work of invisible demons, and an awful proof of the existence of such, and of the deplorable condition of all who fall into their bands; moreover, he did believe that God would overrule this malice of the Devil for good, and make it a means of awakening sinners and lukewarm church-members to a sense of their danger.

Last night, brother Leonard, who is studying with the learned Mr. Ward, the minister at Haverbill, came down, in the company of the worshipful Major Saltonstall, who hath business with Esquire Dummer and other magistrates of this place. Mr. Saltonstall's lady, who is the daughter of Mr. Ward, sent by her husband and my brother a very kind and pressing invitation to Rebecca and myself to make a visit to her; and Mr. Saltonstall did also urge the matter strongly. So we have agreed to go with them the day after to-morrow. Now, to say the truth, I am not sorry to leave Newbury at this time, for there is so much talk of the bewitched house, and such dismal stories told of the power of invisible demons, added to what I did myself hear and see yesterday, that I can scarce sleep for the trouble and disquiet this matter causeth. Dr. Russ, who left this morning, said, in his opinion, the less that was said and done about the witchcraft the better for the honor of the Church and the peace of the neighborhood; for it might, after all, turn out to be nothing more than an "old wife's fable;" but if it were indeed the work of Satan, it could, he did believe, do no harm to sincere and godly people, who lived sober and prayerful lives, and kept themselves busy in doing good. The doers of the Word seldom fell into the snare of the Devil's enchantments. He might be compared to a wild beast, who dareth not to meddle with the traveller who goeth straightway on his errand, but lieth in wait for such as loiter and fall asleep by the wayside. He feared, he said, that some in our day were trying to get a great character to themselves, as the old monks did, by their skill in discerning witchcrafts, and their pretended conflicts with the Devil in his bodily shape; and thus, while they were seeking to drive the enemy out of their neighbors' houses, they were letting him into their own hearts, in the guise of deceit and spiritual pride. Repentance and works meet for it were the best exorcism; and the savor of a good life driveth off Evil Spirits, even as that of the fish of Tobit, at Ecbatana, drove the Devil from the chamber of the bride into the uttermost parts of Egypt. "For mine own part," continued the worthy man, "I believe the Lord and Master, whom I seek to serve, is over all the powers of Satan; therefore do I not heed them, being afraid only of mine own accusing conscience and the displeasure of God."

We are all loath to lose the good Doctor's company. An Israelite indeed! My aunt, who once tarried for a little time with him for the benefit of his skill in physic, on account of sickness, tells me that he is

as a father to the people about him, advising them in all their temporal concerns, and bringing to a timely and wise settlement all their disputes, so that there is nowhere a more prosperous and loving society. Although accounted a learned man, he doth not perplex his hearers, as the manner of some is, with dark and difficult questions, and points of doctrine, but insisteth mainly on holiness of life and conversation. It is said that on one occasion, a famous schoolman and disputer from abroad, coming to talk with him on the matter of the damnation of infants, did meet him with a cradle on his shoulder, which he was carrying to a young mother in his neighborhood, and when the man told him his errand,—the good Doctor bade him wait until he got back, "for," said he, "I hold it to be vastly more important to take care of the bodies of the little infants which God in his love sends among us, than to seek to pry into the mysteries of His will concerning their souls." He hath no salary or tithe, save the use of a house and farm, choosing rather to labor with his own hands than to burden his neighbors; yet, such is their love and good-will, that in the busy seasons of the hay and corn harvest, they all join together and help him in his fields, counting it a special privilege to do so.

November 19.

Leonard and Mr. Richardson, talking upon the matter of the ministry, disagreed not a little. Mr. Richardson says my brother hath got into his head many unscriptural notions, and that he will never be of service in the Church until he casts them off. He saith, moreover, that he shall write to Mr. Ward concerning the errors of the young man. His words troubling me, I straightway discoursed my brother as to the points of difference between them; but he, smiling, said it was a long story, but that some time he would tell me the substance of the disagreement, bidding me have no fear in his behalf, as what had displeased Mr. Richardson had arisen only from tenderness of conscience.

HAVERHILL, November 22.

Left Newbury day before yesterday. The day cold, but sunshiny, and not unpleasant. Mr. Saltonstall's business calling him that way, we crossed over the ferry to Salisbury, and after a ride of about an hour, got to the Falls of the Powow River, where a great stream of water rushes violently down the rocks, into a dark wooded valley, and from thence runs into the Merrimac, about a mile to the southeast. A wild sight it was, the water swollen by the rains of the season, foaming and dashing among the rocks and the trees, which latter were wellnigh stripped of their leaves. Leaving this place, we went on towards Haverhill. Just before we entered that town, we overtook an Indian, with a fresh wolf's skin hanging over his shoulder. As soon as he saw us, he tried to hide himself in the bushes; but Mr. Saltonstall, riding up to him, asked him if he did expect Haverhill folks to pay him forty shillings for killing that Amesbury wolf? "How you know Amesbury wolf?" asked the Indian. "Oh," said Mr. Saltonstall, "you can't cheat us again, Simon. You must be honest, and tell no more lies, or we will have you whipped for your tricks." The Indian thereupon looked sullen enough, but at length he begged Mr. Saltonstall not to tell where the wolf was killed, as the Amesbury folks did now refuse to pay for any killed in their town; and, as he was a poor Indian, and his squaw much sick, and could do no work, he did need the money. Mr. Saltonstall told him he would send his wife some cornmeal and bacon, when he got home, if he would come for them, which he promised to do.

When we had ridden off, and left him, Mr. Saltonstall told us that this Simon was a bad Indian, who, when in drink, was apt to be saucy and quarrelsome; but that his wife was quite a decent body for a savage, having long maintained herself and children and her lazy, cross husband, by hard labor in the cornfields and at the fisheries.

Haverhill lieth very pleasantly on the river-side; the land about hilly and broken, but of good quality. Mr. Saltonstall liveth in a stately house for these parts, not far from that of his father-in-law, the learned Mr. Ward. Madam, his wife, is a fair, pleasing young woman, not unused to society, their house being frequented by many of the first people hereabout, as well as by strangers of distinction from other parts of the country. We had hardly got well through our dinner (which was abundant and savory, being greatly relished by our hunger), when two gentlemen came riding up to the door; and on their coming in, we found them to be the young Doctor Clark, of Boston, a son of the old Newbury physician, and a Doctor Benjamin Thompson, of Roxbury, who I hear is not a little famous for his ingenious poetry and witty pieces on many subjects. He was, moreover, an admirer of my cousin Rebecca; and on learning of her betrothal to Sir Thomas did write a most despairing verse to her, comparing himself to all manner of lonesome things, so that when Rebecca showed it to me, I told her I did fear the poor young gentleman would put an end to himself, by reason of his great sorrow and disquiet; whereat she laughed merrily, bidding me not fear, for she knew the writer too well to be troubled thereat, for he loved nobody so well as himself, and that under no provocation would he need the Apostle's advice to

the jailer, "Do thyself no harm." All which I found to be true,—he being a gay, witty man, full of a fine conceit of himself, which is not so much to be marvelled at, as he hath been greatly flattered and sought after.

The excellent Mr. Ward spent the evening with us; a pleasant, social old man, much beloved by his people. He told us a great deal about the early settlement of the town, and of the grievous hardships which many did undergo the first season, from cold, and hunger, and sickness. He thought, however, that, with all their ease and worldly prosperity, the present generation were less happy and contented than their fathers; for there was now a great striving to outdo each other in luxury and gay apparel; the Lord's day was not so well kept as formerly; and the drinking of spirits and frequenting of ordinaries and places of public resort vastly increased. Mr. Saltonstall said the war did not a little demoralize the people, and that since the soldiers came back, there had been much trouble in Church and State. The General Court, two years ago, had made severe laws against the provoking evils of the times: profaneness, Sabbath-breaking, drinking, and revelling to excess, loose and sinful conduct on the part of the young and unmarried, pride in dress, attending Quakers' meetings, and neglect of attendance upon divine worship; but these laws had never been well enforced; and he feared too many of the magistrates were in the condition of the Dutch Justice in the New York Province, who, when a woman was brought before him charged with robbing a henroost, did request his brother on the bench to pass sentence upon her; for, said he, if I send her to the whipping post, the wench will cry out against me as her accomplice.

Doctor Clark said his friend Doctor Thompson had written a long piece on this untoward state of our affairs, which he hoped soon to see in print, inasmuch as it did hold the looking-glass to the face of this generation, and shame it by a comparison with that of the generation which has passed. Mr. Ward said he was glad to hear of it, and hoped his ingenious friend had brought the manuscript with him; whereupon, the young gentleman said he did take it along with him, in the hope to benefit it by Mr. Ward's judgment and learning, and with the leave of the company he would read the Prologue thereof. To which we all agreeing, he read what follows, which I copy from his book:—

"The times wherein old PUMPKIN was a saint,
When men fared hardly, yet without complaint,
On vilest cates; the dainty Indian maize
Was eat with clam-shells out of wooden trays,
Under thatched roofs, without the cry of rent,
And the best sauce to every dish, content,—
These golden times (too fortunate to hold)
Were quickly sinned away for love of gold.
'T was then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
'Good morrow, brother! Is there aught you want?
Take freely of me what I have, you ha'n't.'
Plain Tom and Dick would pass as current now,
As ever since 'Your servant, sir,' and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, puritanic capes,
Which now would render men like upright apes,
Was comelier wear, our wise old fathers thought,
Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought.
'T was in those days an honest grace would hold
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a-cold,
And men had better stomachs for religion,
Than now for capon, turkey-cock, or pigeon;
When honest sisters met to pray, not prate,
About their own and not their neighbors' state,
During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud
Of the ancient planter-race before the Flood.

"These times were good: merchants cared not a rush
For other fare than jonakin and mush.
And though men fared and lodged very hard,
Yet innocence was better than a guard.
'T was long before spiders and worms had drawn
Their dingy webs, or hid with cheating lawn
New England's beauties, which still seemed to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
'T was ere the neighboring Virgin Land had broke

The hogsheads of her worse than hellish smoke;
'T was ere the Islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin;
'T was ere a barge had made so rich a freight
As chocolate, dust-gold, and bits of eight;
Ere wines from France and Muscovado too,
Without the which the drink will scarcely do.
From Western Isles, ere fruits and delicacies
Did rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces,
Or ere these times did chance the noise of war
Was from our tines and hearts removed far,
Then had the churches rest: as yet, the coals
Were covered up in most contentious souls;
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection.
Then were the times in which our Councils sat,
These grave prognostics of our future state;
If these be longer lived, our hopes increase,
These wars will usher in a longer peace;
But if New England's love die in its youth,
The grave will open next for blessed truth.

"This theme is out of date; the peaceful hours
When castles needed not, but pleasant bowers,
Not ink, but blood and tears now serve the turn
To draw the figure of New England's urn.
New England's hour of passion is at hand,
No power except Divine can it withstand.
Scarce hath her glass of fifty years run out,
Than her old prosperous steeds turn heads about;
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon the fruits of sinnings.
So that this mirror of the Christian world
Lies burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furled.
Grief sighs, joys flee, and dismal fears surprise,
Not dastard spirits only, but the wise.

"Thus have the fairest hopes deceived the eye
Of the big-swoln expectants standing by
So the proud ship, after a little turn,
Sinks in the ocean's arms to find its urn:
Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
Been in an instant from the mother torn;
Even thus thy infant cheek begins to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the Prologue to thy future woe—
The Epilogue no mortal yet can know."

Mr. Ward was much pleased with the verses, saying that they would do honor to any writer.

Rebecca thought the lines concerning the long grace at meat happy, and said she was minded of the wife of the good Mr. Ames, who prided herself on her skill in housewifery and cookery; and on one occasion, seeing a nice pair of roasted fowls growing cold under her husband's long grace, was fain to jog his elbow, telling him that if he did not stop soon, she feared they would have small occasion for thankfulness for their spoiled dinner. Mr. Ward said he was once travelling in company with Mr. Phillips of Rowley, and Mr. Parker of Newbury, and stopping all night at a poor house near the sea-shore, the woman thereof brought into the room for their supper a great wooden tray, full of something nicely covered up by a clean linen cloth. It proved to be a dish of boiled clams, in their shells; and as Mr. Phillips was remarkable in his thanks for aptly citing passages of Scripture with regard to whatsoever food was upon the table before him, Mr. Parker and himself did greatly wonder what he could say of this dish; but he, nothing put to it, offered thanks that now, as formerly, the Lord's people were enabled to partake of the abundance of the seas, and treasures hid in the sands. "Whereat," said Mr. Ward, "we did find it so hard to keep grave countenances, that our good hostess was not a little disturbed, thinking we were mocking her poor fare; and we were fain to tell her the cause of our mirth, which was indeed ill-timed."

Doctor Clark spoke of Mr. Ward's father, the renowned minister at Ipswich, whose book of "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," was much admired. Mr. Ward said that some of the witty turns therein did give much offence at the time of its printing, but that his father could never spoil his joke for the sake of friends, albeit he had no malice towards any one, and was always ready to do a good, even to his enemies. He once even greatly angered his old and true friend, Mr. Cotton of Boston. "It fell out in this wise," said Mr. Ward. "When the arch-heretic and fanatic Gorton and his crew were in prison in Boston, my father and Mr. Cotton went to the jail window to see them; and after some little discourse with them, he told Gorton that if he had done or said anything which he could with a clear conscience renounce, he would do well to recant the same, and the Court, he doubted not, would be merciful; adding, that it would be no disparagement for him to do so, as the best of men were liable to err: as, for instance, his brother Cotton here generally did preach that one year which he publicly repented of before his congregation the next year."

Mr. Saltonstall told another story of old Mr. Ward, which made us all merry. There was a noted Antinomian, of Boston, who used to go much about the country disputing with all who would listen to him, who, coming to Ipswich one night, with another of his sort with him, would fain have tarried with Mr. Ward; but he told them that he had scarce hay and grain enough in his barn for the use of his own cattle, and that they would do well to take their horses to the ordinary, where they would be better cared for. But the fellow, not wishing to be so put off, bade him consider what the Scripture said touching the keeping of strangers, as some had thereby entertained angels unawares. "True, my friend," said Mr. Ward, "but we don't read that the angels came a-horseback!"

The evening passed away in a very pleasant and agreeable manner. We had rare nuts, and apples, and pears, of Mr. Saltonstall's raising, wonderfully sweet and luscious. Our young gentlemen, moreover, seemed to think the wine and ale of good quality; for, long after we had gone to our beds, we could hear them talking and laughing in the great hall below, notwithstanding that Mr. Ward, when he took leave, bade Doctor Thompson take heed to his own hint concerning the:

"Wines from France and Muscovado too;"

to which the young wit replied, that there was Scripture warrant for his drinking, inasmuch as the command was, to give wine to those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more; and, for his part, he had been little better than miserable ever since he heard of Rebecca's betrothal. A light, careless man, but of good parts, and as brave a talker as I have heard since I have been in the Colony.

November 24.

Mr. Ward's negro girl Dinah came for me yesterday, saying that her master did desire to see me. So, marvelling greatly what he wanted, I went with her, and was shown into the study. Mr. Ward said he had sent for me to have some discourse in regard to my brother Leonard, who he did greatly fear was likely to make shipwreck of the faith; and that Mr. Richardson had written him concerning the young man, telling him that he did visit the Quakers when at Newbury, and even went over to their conventicle at Hampton, on the Lord's day, in the company of the Brewster family, noted Quakers and ranters. He had the last evening had some words with the lad, but with small satisfaction. Being sorely troubled by this account, I begged him to send for Leonard, which he did, and, when he did come into the room, Mr. Ward told him that he might see by the plight of his sister (for I was in tears) what a great grief he was like to bring upon his family and friends, by running out into heresies. Leonard said he was sorry to give trouble to any one, least of all to his beloved sister; that he did indeed go to the Quakers' meeting, on one occasion, to judge for himself concerning this people, who are everywhere spoken against; and that he must say he did hear or see nothing in their worship contrary to the Gospel. There was, indeed, but little said, but the words were savory and Scriptural. "But they deny the Scriptures," cried Mr. Ward, "and set above them what they call the Light, which I take to be nothing better than their own imaginations." "I do not so understand them," said Leonard; "I think they do diligently study the Scripture, and seek to conform their lives to its teachings; and for the Light of which they speak, it is borne— witness to not only in the Bible, but by the early fathers and devout men of all ages. I do not go to excuse the Quakers in all that they have done, nor to defend all their doctrines and practices, many of which I see no warrant in Scripture for, but believe to be pernicious and contrary to good order; yet I must need look upon them as a sober, earnest-seeking people, who do verily think themselves persecuted for righteousness' sake." Hereupon Mr. Ward struck his cane smartly on the floor, and, looking severely at my brother, bade him beware how he did justify these canting and false pretenders. "They are," he said, "either sad knaves, or silly enthusiasts,—they pretend to Divine Revelation, and set up as prophets; like the Rosicrucians and Gnostics, they profess to a knowledge of things beyond what plain Scripture reveals. The best that can be said of them is, that they are befooled by their own fancies, and the victims of distempered brains and ill habits of body. Then

their ranting against the Gospel order of the Church, and against the ministers of Christ, calling us all manner of hirelings, wolves, and hypocrites; belching out their blasphemies against the ordinances and the wholesome laws of the land for the support of a sound ministry and faith, do altogether justify the sharp treatment they have met with; so that, if they have not all lost their ears, they may thank our clemency rather than their own worthiness to wear them. I do not judge of them ignorantly, for I have dipped into their books, where, what is not downright blasphemy and heresy, is mystical and cabalistic. They affect a cloudy and canting style, as if to keep themselves from being confuted by keeping themselves from being understood. Their divinity is a riddle, a piece of black art; the Scripture they turn into allegory and parabolical conceits, and thus obscure and debauch the truth. Argue with them, and they fall to divining; reason with them, and they straightway prophesy. Then their silent meetings, so called, in the which they do pretend to justify themselves by quoting Revelation, 'There was silence in heaven;' whereas they might find other authorities,—as, for instance in Psalm 115, where hell is expressed by silence, and in the Gospel, where we read of a dumb devil. As to persecuting these people, we have been quite too charitable to them, especially of late, and they are getting bolder in consequence; as, for example, the behavior of that shameless young wench in Newbury, who disturbed Brother Richardson's church with her antics not long ago. She should have been tied to the cart-tail and whipped all the way to Rhode Island."

"Do you speak of Margaret Brewster?" asked Leonard, his face all a-crimson, and his lip quivering. "Let me tell you, Mr. Ward, that you greatly wrong one of Christ's little ones." And he called me to testify to her goodness and charity, and the blamelessness of her life.

"Don't talk to me of the blameless life of such an one," said Mr. Ward, in aloud, angry tone; "it is the Devil's varnish for heresy. The Manichees, and the Pelagians, and Socinians, all did profess great strictness and sanctity of life; and there never was heretic yet, from they whom the Apostle makes mention of, who fasted from meats, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, down to the Quakers, Dippers, and New Lights of this generation who have not, like their fathers of old, put on the shape of Angels of Light, and lived severe and over-strict lives. I grant that the Quakers are honest in their dealings, making great show of sobriety and self-denial, and abhor the practice of scandalous vices, being temperate, chaste, and grave in their behavior, and thereby they win upon unstable souls, and make plausible their damnable heresies. I warn you, young man, to take heed of them, lest you be ensnared and drawn into their way."

My brother was about to reply, but, seeing Mr. Ward so moved and vexed, I begged of him to say no more; and, company coming in, the matter was dropped, to my great joy. I went back much troubled and disquieted for my brother's sake.

November 28, 1678.

Leonard hath left Mr. Ward, and given up the thought of fitting for the ministry. This will be a heavy blow for his friends in England. He tells me that Mr. Ward spake angrily to him after I left, but that, when he come to part with him, the old man wept over him, and prayed that the Lord would enable him to see his error, and preserve him from the consequences thereof. I have discoursed with my brother touching his future course of life, and he tells me he shall start in a day or two to visit the Rhode Island, where he hath an acquaintance, one Mr. Easton, formerly of Newbury. His design is to purchase a small plantation there, and betake himself to fanning, of the which he hath some little knowledge, believing that he can be as happy and do as much good to his fellow-creatures in that employment as in any other.

Here Cousin Rebecca, who was by, looking up with that sweet archness which doth so well become her, queried with him whether he did think to live alone on his plantation like a hermit, or whether he had not his eye upon a certain fair-haired young woman, as suitable to keep him company. Whereat he seemed a little disturbed; but she bade him not think her against his prospect, for she had known for some weeks that he did favor the Young Brewster woman, who, setting aside her enthusiastic notions of religion, was worthy of any man's love; and turning to me, she begged of me to look at the matter as she did, and not set myself against the choice of my brother, which, in all respects save the one she had spoken of, she could approve with all her heart. Leonard goes back with us o-morrow to Newbury, so I shall have a chance of knowing how matters stand with him. The thought of his marrying a Quaker would have been exceedingly grievous to me a few months ago; but this Margaret Brewster hath greatly won upon me by her beauty, gentleness, and her goodness of heart; and, besides, I know that she is much esteemed by the best sort of people in her neighborhood.

Doctor Thompson left this morning, but his friend Doctor Clark goes with us to Newbury. Rebecca found in her work-basket, after he had gone, some verses, which amused us not a little, and which I here copy.

"Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show
And Autumn in his leafless bowers
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

"I said to Earth, so cold and gray,
'An emblem of myself thou art:'
'Not so,' the earth did seem to say,
'For Spring shall warm my frozen heart.

"I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer sun and softer rain,
And wait to hear the sound of streams
And songs of merry birds again.

"But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,
For whom the flowers no longer blow,
Who standest, blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow.

"No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
Thy winter shall no more depart;
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart."

Doctor Clark, on hearing this read, told Rebecca she need not take its melancholy to heart, for he could assure her that there was no danger of his friend's acting on her account the sad part of the lover in the old song of Barbara Allen. As a medical man, he could safely warrant him to be heart-whole; and the company could bear him witness, that the poet himself seemed very little like the despairing one depicted in his verses.

The Indian Simon calling this forenoon, Rebecca and I went into the kitchen to see him. He looks fierce and cruel, but he thanked Madain Saltonstall for her gifts of food and clothing, and, giving her in return a little basket wrought of curiously stained stuff, he told her that if there were more like her, his heart would not be so bitter.

I ventured to ask him why he felt thus; whereupon he drew himself up, and, sweeping about him with his arms, said: "This all Indian land. The Great Spirit made it for Indians. He made the great river for them, and birch-trees to make their canoes of. All the fish in the ponds, and all the pigeons and deer and squirrels he made for Indians. He made land for white men too; but they left it, and took Indian's land, because it was better. My father was a chief; he had plenty meat and corn in his wigwam. But Simon is a dog. When they fight Eastern Indians, I try to live in peace; but they say, Simon, you rogue, you no go into woods to hunt; you keep at home. So when squaw like to starve, I shoot one of their hogs, and then they whip me. Look!" And he lifted the blanket off from his shoulder, and showed the marks of the whip thereon.

"Well, well, Simon," said Mr. Saltonstall, "you do know that our people then were much frightened by what the Indians had done in other places, and they feared you would join them. But it is all over now, and you have all the woods to yourself to range in; and if you would let alone strong drink, you would do well."

"Who makes strong drink?" asked the Indian, with an ugly look. "Who takes the Indian's beaver-skins and corn for it? Tell me that, Captain."

So saying, he put his pack on his back, and calling a poor, lean dog, that was poking his hungry nose into Madam's pots and kettles, he went off talking to himself.

NEWBURY, December 6.

We got back from Haverhill last night, Doctor Clark accompanying us, he having business in Newbury. When we came up to the door, Effie met us with a shy look, and told her mistress that Mrs. Prudence (uncle's spinster cousin) had got a braw auld wooer in the east room; and surely enough we found our ancient kinswoman and Deacon Dole, a widower of three years' standing, sitting at the supper-table. We did take note that the Deacon had on a stiff new coat; and as for Aunt Prudence (for so she was called in the family), she was clad in her bravest, with a fine cap on her head. They both did seem a little disturbed by our coming, but plates being laid for us, we sat down with them. After

supper, Rebecca had a fire kindled in uncle's room, whither we did betake ourselves; and being very merry at the thought of Deacon Dole's visit, it chanced to enter our silly heads that it would do no harm to stop the clock in the entry a while, and let the two old folks make a long evening of it. After a time Rebecca made an errand into the east room, to see how matters went, and coming back, said the twain were sitting on the same settle by the fire, smoking—a pipe of tobacco together. Moreover, our foolish trick did work well, for Aunt Prudence coming at last into the entry to look at the clock, we heard her tell the Deacon that it was only a little past eight, when in truth it was near ten. Not long after there was a loud knocking at the door, and as Effie had gone to bed, Rebecca did open it, when, whom did she see but the Widow Hepsy Barnet, Deacon Dole's housekeeper, and with her the Deacon's son, Moses, and the minister, Mr. Richardson, with a lantern in his hand! "Dear me," says the woman, looking very dismal, "have you seen anything of the Deacon?" By this time we were all at the door, the Deacon and Aunt Prudence among the rest, when Moses, like a great lout as he is, pulled off his woollen cap and tossed it up in the air, crying out, "There, Goody Barnet, did n't I tell ye so! There's father now!" And the widow, holding up both her hands, said she never did in all her born days see the like of this, a man of the Deacon's years and station stealing away without letting folks know where to look for him; and then turning upon poor Mrs. Prudence, she said she had long known that some folks were sly and artful, and she was glad Mr. Richardson was here to see for himself. Whereupon Aunt Prudence, in much amazement, said, it was scarce past eight, as they might see by the clock; but Mr. Richardson, who could scarce keep a grave face, pulling out his watch, said it was past ten, and bade her note that the clock was stopped. He told Deacon Dole, that seeing Goody Barnet so troubled about him, he had offered to go along with her a little way, and that he was glad to find that the fault was in the clock. The Deacon, who had stood like one in a maze, here clapped on his hat, and snatched up his cane and went off, looking as guilty as if he had been caught a-housebreaking, the widow scolding him all the way. Now, as we could scarce refrain from laughing, Mr. Richardson, who tarried a moment, shook his head at Rebecca, telling her he feared by her looks she was a naughty girl, taking pleasure in other folk's trouble. We did both feel ashamed and sorry enough for our mischief, after it was all over; and poor Mistress Prudence is so sorely mortified, that she told Rebecca this morning not to mention Deacon Dole's name to her again, and that Widow Hepsy is welcome to him, since he is so mean-spirited as to let her rule him as she doth.

December 8.

Yesterday I did, at my brother's wish, go with him to Goodman Brewster's house, where I was kindly welcomed by the young woman and her parents. After some little tarry, I found means to speak privily with her touching my brother's regard for her, and to assure her that I did truly and freely consent thereunto; while I did hope, for his sake as well as her own, that she would, as far as might be consistent with her notion of duty, forbear to do or say anything which might bring her into trouble with the magistrates and those in authority. She said that she was very grateful for my kindness towards her, and that what I said was a great relief to her mind; for when she first met my brother, she did fear that his kindness and sympathy would prove a snare to her; and that she had been sorely troubled, moreover, lest by encouraging him she should not only do violence to her own conscience, but also bring trouble and disgrace upon one who was, she did confess, dear unto her, not only as respects outward things, but by reason of what she did discern of an innocent and pure inward life in his conversation and deportment. She had earnestly sought to conform her conduct in this, as in all things, to the mind of her Divine Master; and, as respected my caution touching those in authority, she knew not what the Lord might require of her, and she could only leave all in His hands, being resigned even to deny herself of the sweet solace of human affection, and to take up the cross daily, if He did so will. "Thy visit and kind words," she continued, "have removed a great weight from me. The way seems more open before me. The Lord bless thee for thy kindness."

She said this with so much tenderness of spirit, and withal with such an engaging sweetness of look and voice, that I was greatly moved, and, pressing her in my arms, I kissed her, and bade her look upon me as her dear sister.

The family pressing us, we stayed to supper, and sitting down in silence at the table, I was about to speak to my brother, but he made a sign to check me, and I held my peace, although not then knowing wherefore. So we all sat still for a little space of time, which I afterwards found is the manner of these people at their meat. The supper was plain, but of exceeding good relish: warm rye loaves with butter and honey, and bowls of sweet milk, and roasted apples. Goodwife Brewster, who appeared much above her husband (who is a plain, unlearned man) in her carriage and discourse, talked with us very pleasantly, and Margaret seemed to grow more at ease, the longer we stayed.

On our way back we met Robert Pike, who hath returned from the eastward. He said Rebecca Rawson had just told him how matters stood with Leonard, and that he was greatly rejoiced to hear of

his prospect. He had known Margaret Brewster from a child, and there was scarce her equal in these parts for sweetness of temper and loveliness of person and mind; and, were she ten times a Quaker, he was free to say this in her behalf. I am more and more confirmed in the belief that Leonard hath not done unwisely in this matter, and do cheerfully accept of his choice, believing it to be in the ordering of Him who doeth all things well.

BOSTON, December 31.

It wanteth but two hours to the midnight, and the end of the year. The family are all abed, and I can hear nothing save the crackling of the fire now burning low on the hearth, and the ticking of the clock in the corner. The weather being sharp with frost, there is no one stirring in the streets, and the trees and bushes in the yard, being stripped of their leaves, look dismal enough above the white snow with which the ground is covered, so that one would think that all things must needs die with the year. But, from my window, I can see the stars shining with marvellous brightness in the clear sky, and the sight thereof doth assure me that God still watcheth over the work of His hands, and that in due season He will cause the flowers to appear on the earth, and the time of singing-birds to come, and the voice of the turtle to be heard in the land. And I have been led, while alone here, to think of the many mercies which have been vouchsafed unto me in my travels and sojourn in a strange land, and a sense of the wonderful goodness of God towards me, and they who are dear unto me, both here and elsewhere, hath filled mine heart with thankfulness; and as of old time they did use to set up stones of memorial on the banks of deliverance, so would I at this season set up, as it were, in my poor journal, a like pillar of thanksgiving to the praise and honor of Him who hath so kindly cared for His unworthy handmaid.

January 16, 1679.

Have just got back from Reading, a small town ten or twelve miles out of Boston, whither I went along with mine Uncle and Aunt Rawson, and many others, to attend the ordination of Mr. Brock, in the place of the worthy Mr. Hough, lately deceased. The weather being clear, and the travelling good, a great concourse of people got together. We stopped at the ordinary, which we found wellnigh filled; but uncle, by dint of scolding and coaxing, got a small room for aunt and myself, with a clean bed, which was more than we had reason to hope for. The ministers, of whom there were many and of note (Mr. Mather and Mr. Wilson of Boston, and Mr. Corbet of Ipswich, being among them), were already together at the house of one of the deacons. It was quite a sight the next morning to see the people coming in from the neighboring towns, and to note their odd dresses, which were indeed of all kinds, from silks and velvets to coarsest homespun woollens, dyed with hemlock, or oil-nut bark, and fitting so ill that, if they had all cast their clothes into a heap, and then each snatched up whatsoever coat or gown came to hand, they could not have suited worse. Yet they were all clean and tidy, and the young people especially did look exceeding happy, it being with them a famous holiday. The young men came with their sisters or their sweethearts riding behind them on pillions; and the ordinary and all the houses about were soon noisy enough with merry talking and laughter. The meeting-house was filled long before the services did begin. There was a goodly show of honorable people in the forward seats, and among them that venerable magistrate, Simon Broadstreet, who acteth as Deputy-Governor since the death of Mr. Leverett; the Honorable Thomas Danforth; Mr. William Brown of Salem; and others of note, whose names I do not remember, all with their wives and families, bravely apparelled. The Sermon was preached by Mr. Higginson of Salem, the Charge was given by Mr. Phillips of Rowley, and the Right Hand of Fellowship by Mr. Corbet of Ipswich. When we got back to our inn, we found a great crowd of young roysterers in the yard, who had got Mr. Corbet's negro man, Sam, on the top of a barrel, with a bit of leather, cut in the shape of spectacles, astride of his nose, where he stood swinging his arms, and preaching, after the manner of his master, mimicking his tone and manner very shrewdly, to the great delight and merriment of the young rogues who did set him on. We stood in the door a while to hear him, and, to say the truth, he did wonderfully well, being a fellow of good parts and much humor. But, just as he was describing the Devil, and telling his grinning hearers that he was not like a black but a white man, old Mr. Corbet, who had come up behind him, gave him a smart blow with his cane, whereupon Sam cried,—

"Dare he be now!" at which all fell to laughing.

"You rascal," said Mr. Corbet, "get down with you; I'll teach you to compare me to the Devil."

"Beg pardon, massa!" said Sam, getting down from his pulpit, and rubbing his shoulder. "How you think Sam know you? He see nothing; he only feel de lick."

"You shall feel it again," said his master, striking at him a great blow, which Sam dodged.

"Nay, Brother Corbet," said Mr. Phillips, who was with him, "Sam's mistake was not so strange after all; for if Satan can transform himself into an Angel of Light, why not into the likeness of such unworthy ministers as you and I."

This put the old minister in a good humor, and Sam escaped without farther punishment than a grave admonition to behave more reverently for the future. Mr. Phillips, seeing some of his young people in the crowd, did sharply rebuke them for their folly, at which they were not a little abashed.

The inn being greatly crowded, and not a little noisy, we were not unwilling to accept the invitation of the provider of the ordination-dinner, to sit down with the honored guests thereat. I waited, with others of the younger class, until the ministers and elderly people had made an end of their meal. Among those who sat at the second table was a pert, talkative lad, a son of Mr. Increase Mather, who, although but sixteen years of age, graduated at the Harvard College last year, and hath the reputation of good scholarship and lively wit. He told some rare stories concerning Mr. Brock, the minister ordained, and of the marvellous efficacy of his prayers. He mentioned, among other things, that, when Mr. Brock lived on the Isles of Shoals, he persuaded the people there to agree to spend one day in a month, beside the Sabhath, in religious worship. Now, it so chanced that there was on one occasion a long season of stormy, rough weather, unsuitable for fishing; and when the day came which had been set apart, it proved so exceeding fair, that his congregation did desire him to put off the meeting, that they might fish. Mr. Brock tried in vain to reason with them, and show the duty of seeking first the kingdom of God, when all other things should be added thereto, but the major part determined to leave the meeting. Thereupon he cried out after them: "As for you who will neglect God's worship, go, and catch fish if you can." There were thirty men who thus left, and only five remained behind, and to these he said: "I will pray the Lord for you, that you may catch fish till you are weary." And it so fell out, that the thirty toiled all day, and caught only four fishes; while the five who stayed at meeting went out, after the worship was over, and caught five hundred; and ever afterwards the fishermen attended all the meetings of the minister's appointing. At another time, a poor man, who had made himself useful in carrying people to meeting in his boat, lost the same in a storm, and came lamenting his loss to Mr. Brock. "Go home, honest man," said the minister. "I will mention your case to the Lord: you will have your boat again to-morrow." And surely enough, the very next day, a vessel pulling up its anchor near where the boat sank, drew up the poor man's boat, safe and whole, after it.

We went back to Boston after dinner, but it was somewhat of a cold ride, especially after the night set in, a keen northerly wind blowing in great gusts, which did wellnigh benumb us. A little way from Reading, we overtook an old couple in the road; the man had fallen off his horse, and his wife was trying to get him up again to no purpose; so young Mr. Richards, who was with us, helped him up to the saddle again, telling his wife to hold him carefully, as her old man had drank too much flip. Thereupon the good wife set upon him with a vile tongue, telling him that her old man was none other than Deacon Rogers of Wenham, and as good and as pious a saint as there was out of heaven; and it did ill become a young, saucy rake and knave to accuse him of drunkenness, and it would be no more than his deserts if the bears did eat him before he got to Boston. As it was quite clear that the woman herself had had a taste of the mug, we left them and rode on, she fairly scolding us out of hearing. When we got home, we found Cousin Rebecca, whom we did leave ill with a cold, much better in health, sitting up and awaiting us.

January 21, 1679.

Uncle Rawson came home to-day in a great passion, and, calling me to him, he asked me if I too was going to turn Quaker, and fall to prophesying? Whereat I was not a little amazed; and when I asked him what he did mean, he said: "Your brother Leonard hath gone off to them, and I dare say you will follow, if one of the ranters should take it into his head that you would make him a proper wife, or company-keeper, for there's never an honest marriage among them." Then looking sternly at me, he asked me why I did keep this matter from him, and thus allow the foolish young man to get entangled in the snares of Satan. Whereat I was so greatly grieved, that I could answer never a word.

"You may well weep," said my uncle, "for you have done wickedly. As to your brother, he will do well to keep where he is in the plantations; for if he come hither a theeing and thouing of me, I will spare him never a whit; and if I do not chastise him myself, it will be because the constable can do it better at the cart-tail. As the Lord lives, I had rather he had turned Turk!"

I tried to say a word for my brother, but he cut me straightway short, bidding me not to mention his name again in his presence. Poor me! I have none here now to whom I can speak freely, Rebecca having gone to her sister's at Weymouth. My young cousin Grindall is below, with his college friend, Cotton Mather; but I care not to listen to their discourse, and aunt is busied with her servants in the kitchen, so that I must even sit alone with my thoughts, which be indeed but sad company.

The little book which I brought with me from the Maine, it being the gift of young Mr. Jordan, and which I have kept close hidden in my trunk, hath been no small consolation to me this day, for it aboundeth in sweet and goodly thoughts, although he who did write it was a monk. Especially in my low state, have these words been a comfort to me:—

"What thou canst not amend in thyself or others, bear thou with patience until God ordaineth otherwise. When comfort is taken away, do not presently despair. Stand with an even mind resigned to the will of God, whatever shall befall, because after winter cometh the summer; after the dark night the day shineth, and after the storm followeth a great calm. Seek not for consolation which shall rob thee of the grace of penitence; for all that is high is not holy, nor all that is pleasant good; nor every desire pure; nor is what is pleasing to us always pleasant in the sight of God."

January 23.

The weather is bitter cold, and a great snow on the ground. By a letter from Newbury, brought me by Mr. Sewall, who hath just returned from that place, I hear that Goodwife Morse hath been bound for trial as a witch. Mr. Sewall tells me the woman is now in the Boston jail. As to Caleb Powell, he hath been set at liberty, there being no proof of his evil practice. Yet inasmuch as he did give grounds of suspicion by boasting of his skill in astrology and astronomy, the Court declared that he justly deserves to bear his own shame and the costs of his prosecution and lodging in jail.

Mr. Sewall tells me that Deacon Dole has just married his housekeeper, Widow Barnet, and that Moses says he never knew before his father to get the worst in a bargain.

January 30.

Robert Pike called this morning, bringing me a letter from my brother, and one from Margaret Brewster. He hath been to the Providence Plantations and Rhode Island, and reporteth well of the prospects of my brother, who hath a goodly farm, and a house nigh upon finished, the neighbors, being mostly Quakers, assisting him much therein. My brother's letter doth confirm this account of his temporal condition, although a great part of it is taken up with a defence of his new doctrines, for the which he doth ingeniously bring to mind many passages of Scripture. Margaret's letter being short, I here copy it:—

THE PLANTATIONS, 20th of the 1st mo., 1679.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I salute thee with much love from this new country, where the Lord hath spread a table for us in the wilderness. Here is a goodly company of Friends, who do seek to know the mind of Truth, and to live thereby, being held in favor and esteem by the rulers of the land, and so left in peace to worship God according to their consciences. The whole country being covered with snow, and the weather being extreme cold, we can scarce say much of the natural gifts and advantages of our new home; but it lieth on a small river, and there be fertile meadows, and old corn-fields of the Indians, and good springs of water, so that I am told it is a desirable and pleasing place in the warm season. My soul is full of thankfulness, and a sweet inward peace is my portion. Hard things are made easy to me; this desert place, with its lonely woods and wintry snows, is beautiful in mine eyes. For here we be no longer gazing-stocks of the rude multitude, we are no longer haled from our meetings, and railed upon as witches and possessed people. Oh, how often have we been called upon heretofore to repeat the prayer of one formerly: 'Let me not fall into the hands of man.' Sweet, beyond the power of words to express, hath been the change in this respect; and in view of the mercies vouchsafed unto us, what can we do but repeat the language of David, 'Praise is comely yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High! to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.'

"Thou hast doubtless heard that thy dear brother hath been favored to see the way of truth, according to our persuasion thereof, and hath been received into fellowship with us. I fear this hath been a trial to thee; but, dear heart, leave it in the hands of the Lord, whose work I do indeed count it. Nor needest thou to fear that thy brother's regard for thee will be lessened thereby, for the rather shall it be increased by a measure of that Divine love which, so far from destroying, doth but purify and strengthen the natural affections.

"Think, then, kindly of thy brother, for his love towards thee is very great; and of me, also, unworthy as I am, for his sake. And so, with salutations of love and peace, in which my dear mother joins, I remain thy loving friend, MARGARET BREWSTER.

"The Morse woman, I hear, is in your jail, to be tried for a witch. She is a poor, weak creature, but I know no harm of her, and do believe her to be more silly than wicked in the matter of the troubles in her house. I fear she will suffer much at this cold season in the jail, she being old and weakly, and must needs entreat thee to inquire into her condition. "M. B."

February 10.

Speaking of Goody Morse to-day, Uncle Rawson says she will, he thinks, be adjudged a witch, as there be many witnesses from Newbury to testify against her. Aunt sent the old creature some warm blankets and other necessaries, which she stood much in need of, and Rebecca and I altered one of aunt's old gowns for her to wear, as she hath nothing seemly of her own. Mr. Richardson, her minister, hath visited her twice since she hath been in jail; but he saith she is hardened in her sin, and will confess nothing thereof.

February 14. The famous Mr. John Eliot, having business with my uncle, spent the last night with us, a truly worthy man, who, by reason of his great labors among the heathen Indians, may be called the chiefest of our apostles. He brought with him a young Indian lad, the son of a man of some note among his people, very bright and comely, and handsomely apparelled after the fashion of his tribe. This lad hath a ready wit, readeth and writeth, and hath some understanding of Scripture; indeed, he did repeat the Lord's Prayer in a manner edifying to hear.

The worshipful Major Gookins coming in to sup with us, there was much discourse concerning the affairs of the Province: both the Major and his friend Eliot being great sticklers for the rights and liberties of the people, and exceeding jealous of the rule of the home government, and in this matter my uncle did quite agree with them. In a special manner Major Gookins did complain of the Acts of Trade, as injurious to the interests of the Colony, and which he said ought not to be submitted to, as the laws of England were bounded by the four seas, and did not justly reach America. He read a letter which he had from Mr. Stoughton, one of the agents of the Colony in England, showing how they had been put off from time to time, upon one excuse or another, without being able to get a hearing; and now the Popish Plot did so occupy all minds there, that Plantation matters were sadly neglected; but this much was certain, the laws for the regulating of trade must be consented to by the Massachusetts, if we would escape a total breach. My uncle struck his hand hard on the table at this, and said if all were of his mind they would never heed the breach; adding, that he knew his rights as a free-born Englishman, under Magna Charta, which did declare it the privilege of such to have a voice in the making of laws; whereas the Massachusetts had no voice in Parliament, and laws were thrust upon them by strangers.

"For mine own part," said Major Gookins, "I do hold our brother Eliot's book on the Christian Commonwealth, which the General Court did make haste to condemn on the coming in of the king, to be a sound and seasonable treatise, notwithstanding the author himself hath in some sort disowned it."

"I did truly condemn and deny the false and seditious doctrines charged upon it," said Mr. Eliot, "but for the book itself, rightly taken, and making allowance for some little heat of discourse and certain hasty and ill-considered words therein, I have never seen cause to repent. I quite agree with what my lamented friend and fellow-laborer, Mr. Danforth, said, when he was told that the king was to be proclaimed at Boston: 'Whatever form of government may be deduced from Scripture, that let us yield to for conscience' sake, not forgetting at the same time that the Apostle hath said, if thou mayest be free use it rather.'"

My uncle said this was well spoken of Mr. Danforth, who was a worthy gentleman and a true friend to the liberties of the Colony; and he asked Rebecca to read some ingenious verses writ by him in one of his almanacs, which she had copied not long ago, wherein he compareth New England to a goodly tree or plant. Whereupon, Rebecca read them as followeth:—

"A skilful husbandman he was, who brought
This matchless plant from far, and here hath sought
A place to set it in; and for its sake
The wilderness a pleasant land doth make.

"With pleasant aspect, Phoebus smiles upon
The tender buds and blooms that hang thereon;
At this tree's root Astrea sits and sings,
And waters it, whence upright Justice springs,
Which yearly shoots forth laws and liberties
That no man's will or wit may tyrannize.

Those birds of prey that sometime have oppressed
And stained the country with their filthy nest,
Justice abhors, and one day hopes to find
A way, to make all promise-breakers grind.
On this tree's top hangs pleasant Liberty,
Not seen in Austria, France, Spain, Italy.
True Liberty 's there ripe, where all confess
They may do what they will, save wickedness.
Peace is another fruit which this tree bears,
The chiefest garland that the country wears,
Which o'er all house-tops, towns, and fields doth spread,
And stuffs the pillow for each weary head.
It bloomed in Europe once, but now 't is gone,
And glad to find a desert mansion.
Forsaken Truth, Time's daughter, groweth here,—
More precious fruit what tree did ever bear,—
Whose pleasant sight aloft hath many fed,
And what falls down knocks Error on the head."

After a little time, Rebecca found means to draw the good Mr. Eliot into some account of his labors and journeys among the Indians, and of their manner of life, ceremonies, and traditions, telling him that I was a stranger in these parts, and curious concerning such matters. So he did address himself to me very kindly, answering such questions as I ventured to put to him. And first, touching the Powahs, of whom I had heard much, he said they were manifestly witches, and such as had familiar spirits; but that, since the Gospel has been preached here, their power had in a great measure gone from them. "My old friend, Passaconaway, the Chief of the Merrimac River Indians," said he, "was, before his happy and marvellous conversion, a noted Powah and wizard. I once queried with him touching his sorceries, when he said he had done wickedly, and it was a marvel that the Lord spared his life, and did not strike him dead with his lightnings. And when I did press him to tell me how he did become a Powah, he said he liked not to speak of it, but would nevertheless tell me. His grandmother used to tell him many things concerning the good and bad spirits, and in a special manner of the Abomako, or Chepian, who had the form of a serpent, and who was the cause of sickness and pain, and of all manner of evils. And it so chanced that on one occasion, when hunting in the wilderness, three days' journey from home, he did lose his way, and wandered for a long time without food, and night coming on, he thought he did hear voices of men talking; but, on drawing near to the place whence the noise came, he could see nothing but the trees and rocks; and then he did see a light, as from a wigwam a little way off, but, going towards it, it moved away, and, following it, he was led into a dismal swamp, full of water, and snakes, and briers; and being in so sad a plight, he bethought him of all he had heard of evil demons and of Chepian, who, he doubted not was the cause of his trouble. At last, coming to a little knoll in the swamp, he lay down under a hemlock-tree, and being sorely tired, fell asleep. And he dreamed a dream, which was in this wise:—

"He thought he beheld a great snake crawl up out of the marsh, and stand upon his tail under a tall maple-tree; and he thought the snake spake to him, and bade him be of good cheer, for he would guide him safe out of the swamp, and make of him a great chief and Powah, if he would pray to him and own him as his god. All which he did promise to do; and when he awoke in the morning, he beheld before him the maple-tree under which he had seen the snake in his dream, and, climbing to the top of it, he saw a great distance off the smoke of a wigwam, towards which he went, and found some of his own people cooking a plentiful meal of venison. When he got back to Patucket, he told his dream to his grandmother, who was greatly rejoiced, and went about from wigwam to wigwam, telling the tribe that Chepian had appeared to her grandson. So they had a great feast and dance, and he was thenceforth looked upon as a Powah. Shortly after, a woman of the tribe falling sick, he was sent for to heal her, which he did by praying to Chepian and laying his hands upon her; and at divers other times the Devil helped him in his enchantments and witcheries."

I asked Mr. Eliot whether he did know of any women who were Powahs. He confessed he knew none; which was the more strange, as in Christian countries the Old Serpent did commonly find instruments of his craft among the women.

To my query as to what notion the heathen had of God and a future state, he said that, when he did discourse them concerning the great and true God, who made all things, and of heaven and hell, they would readily consent thereto, saying that so their fathers had taught them; but when he spake to them of the destruction of the world by fire, and the resurrection of the body, they would not hear to it, for they pretend to hold that the spirit of the dead man goes forthwith, after death, to the happy hunting-grounds made for good Indians, or to the cold and dreary swamps and mountains, where the bad

Indians do starve and freeze, and suffer all manner of hardships.

There was, Mr. Eliot told us, a famous Powah, who, coming to Punkapog, while he was at that Indian town, gave out among the people there that a little humming-bird did come to him and peck at him when he did aught that was wrong, and sing sweetly to him when he did a good thing, or spake the right words; which coming to Mr. Eliot's ear, he made him confess, in the presence of the congregation, that he did only mean, by the figure of the bird, the sense he had of right and wrong in his own mind. This fellow was, moreover, exceeding cunning, and did often ask questions hard to be answered touching the creation of the Devil, and the fall of man.

I said to him that I thought it must be a great satisfaction to him to be permitted to witness the fruit of his long labors and sufferings in behalf of these people, in the hopeful conversion of so many of them to the light and knowledge of the Gospel; to which he replied that his poor labors had been indeed greatly blest, but it was all of the Lord's doing, and he could truly say he felt, in view of the great wants of these wild people, and their darkness and misery, that he had by no means done all his duty towards them. He said also, that whenever he was in danger of being puffed up with the praise of men, or the vanity of his own heart, the Lord had seen meet to abase and humble him, by the falling back of some of his people to their old heathenish practices. The war, moreover, was a sore evil to the Indian churches, as some few of their number were enticed by Philip to join him in his burnings and slaughterings, and this did cause even the peaceful and innocent to be vehemently suspected and cried out against as deceivers and murderers. Poor, unoffending old men, and pious women, had been shot at and killed by our soldiers, their wigwams burned, their families scattered, and driven to seek shelter with the enemy; yea, many Christian Indians, he did believe, had been sold as slaves to the Barbadoes, which he did account a great sin, and a reproach to our people. Major Gookins said that a better feeling towards the Indians did now prevail among the people; the time having been when, because of his friendliness to them, and his condemnation of their oppressors, he was cried out against and stoned in the streets, to the great hazard of his life.

So, after some further discourse, our guests left us, Mr. Eliot kindly inviting me to visit his Indian congregation near Boston, whereby I could judge for myself of their condition.

February 22, 1679.

The weather suddenly changing from a warm rain and mist to sharp, clear cold, the trees a little way from the house did last evening so shine with a wonderful brightness in the light of the moon, now nigh unto its full, that I was fain to go out upon the hill-top to admire them. And truly it was no mean sight to behold every small twig becrusted with ice, and glittering famously like silver-work or crystal, as the rays of the moon did strike upon them. Moreover, the earth was covered with frozen snow, smooth and hard like to marble, through which the long rushes, the hazels, and mulleins, and the dry blades of the grasses, did stand up bravely, bedight with frost. And, looking upward, there were the dark tops of the evergreen trees, such as hemlocks, pines, and spruces, starred and bespangled, as if wetted with a great rain of molten crystal. After admiring and marvelling at this rare entertainment and show of Nature, I said it did mind me of what the Spaniards and Portuguese relate of the great Incas of Guiana, who had a garden of pleasure in the Isle of Puna, whither they were wont to betake themselves when they would enjoy the air of the sea, in which they had all manner of herbs and flowers, and trees curiously fashioned of gold and silver, and so burnished that their exceeding brightness did dazzle the eyes of the beholders.

"Nay," said the worthy Mr. Mather, who did go with us, "it should rather, methinks, call to mind what the Revelator hath said of the Holy City. I never look upon such a wonderful display of the natural world without remembering the description of the glory of that city which descended out of heaven from God, having the glory of God, and her light like unto a stone most precious, even like unto a jasper stone, clear as crystal. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold like unto clear glass. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

"There never was a king's palace lighted up and adorned like this," continued Mr. Mather, as we went homewards. "It seemeth to be Gods design to show how that He can glorify himself in the work of His hands, even at this season of darkness and death, when all things are sealed up, and there be no flowers, nor leaves, nor ruining brooks, to speak of His goodness and sing forth His praises. Truly hath it been said, Great things doeth He, which we cannot comprehend. For He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain and the great rain of His strength. He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know His work. Then the beasts go into their dens, and they remain in their places. Out of the south cometh the whirlwind, and cold out of the north. By the breath of God is the frost given, and the breadth of the waters straitened."

March 10.

I have been now for many days afflicted with a great cold and pleurisy, although, by God's blessing on the means used, I am wellnigh free from pain, and much relieved, also, from a tedious cough. In this sickness I have not missed the company and kind ministering of my dear Cousin Rebecca, which was indeed a great comfort. She tells me to-day that the time hath been fixed upon for her marriage with Sir Thomas, which did not a little rejoice me, as I am to go back to mine own country in their company. I long exceedingly to see once again the dear friends from whom I have been separated by many months of time and a great ocean.

Cousin Torrey, of Weymouth, coming in yesterday, brought with her a very bright and pretty Indian girl, one of Mr. Eliot's flock, of the Natick people. She was apparelled after the English manner, save that she wore leggings, called moccasins, in the stead of shoes, wrought over daintily with the quills of an animal called a porcupine, and hung about with small black and white shells. Her hair, which was exceeding long and black, hung straight down her back, and was parted from her forehead, and held fast by means of a strip of birch bark, wrought with quills and feathers, which did encircle her head. She speaks the English well, and can write somewhat, as well as read. Rebecca, for my amusement, did query much with her regarding the praying Indians; and on her desiring to know whether they did in no wise return to their old practices and worships, Wauwoonemeen (for so she was called by her people) told us that they did still hold their Keutikaw, or Dance for the Dead; and that the ministers, although they did not fail to discourage it, had not forbidden it altogether, inasmuch as it was but a civil custom of the people, and not a religious rite. This dance did usually take place at the end of twelve moons after the death of one of their number, and finished the mourning. The guests invited bring presents to the bereaved family, of wampum, beaver-skins, corn, and ground-nuts, and venison. These presents are delivered to a speaker, appointed for the purpose, who takes them, one by one, and hands them over to the mourners, with a speech entreating them to be consoled by these tokens of the love of their neighbors, and to forget their sorrows. After which, they sit down to eat, and are merry together.

Now it had so chanced that at a Keutikaw held the present winter, two men had been taken ill, and had died the next day; and although Mr. Eliot, when he was told of it, laid the blame thereof upon their hard dancing until they were in a great heat, and then running out into the snow and sharp air to cool themselves, it was thought by many that they were foully dealt with and poisoned. So two noted old Powahs from Wauhkukook, on the great river Connecticut, were sent for to discover the murderers. Then these poor heathen got together in a great wigwam, where the old wizards undertook, by their spells and incantations, to consult the invisible powers in the matter. I asked Wauwoonemeen if she knew how they did practise on the occasion; whereupon she said that none but men were allowed to be in the wigwam, but that she could hear the beating of sticks on the ground, and the groans and howlings and dismal mutterings of the Powahs, and that she, with another young woman, venturing to peep through a hole in the back of the wigwam, saw a great many people sitting on the ground, and the two Powahs before the fire, jumping and smiting their breasts, and rolling their eyes very frightfully.

"But what came of it?" asked Rebecca. "Did the Evil Spirit whom they thus called upon testify against himself, by telling who were his instruments in mischief?"

The girl said she had never heard of any discovery of the poisoners, if indeed there were such. She told us, moreover, that many of the best people in the tribe would have no part in the business, counting it sinful; and that the chief actors were much censured by the ministers, and so ashamed of it that they drove the Powahs out of the village, the women and boys chasing them and beating them with sticks and frozen snow, so that they had to take to the woods in a sorry plight.

We gave the girl some small trinkets, and a fair piece of cloth for an apron, whereat she was greatly pleased. We were all charmed with her good parts, sweetness of countenance, and discourse and ready wit, being satisfied thereby that Nature knoweth no difference between Europe and America in blood, birth, and bodies, as we read in Acts 17 that God hath made of one blood all mankind. I was specially minded of a saying of that ingenious but schismatic man, Mr. Roger Williams, in the little book which he put forth in England on the Indian tongue:—

"Boast not, proud English, of thy birth and blood,
Thy brother Indian is by birth as good;
Of one blood God made him and thee and all,
As wise, as fair, as strong, as personal.

"By nature wrath's his portion, thine, no more,
Till grace his soul and thine in Christ restore.
Make sure thy second birth, else thou shalt see
Heaven ope to Indians wild, but shut to thee!"

March 15.

One Master O'Shane, an Irish scholar, of whom my cousins here did learn the Latin tongue, coming in last evening, and finding Rebecca and I alone (uncle and aunt being on a visit to Mr. Atkinson's), was exceeding merry, entertaining us rarely with his stories and songs. Rebecca tells me he is a learned man, as I can well believe, but that he is too fond of strong drink for his good, having thereby lost the favor of many of the first families here, who did formerly employ him. There was one ballad, which he saith is of his own making, concerning the selling of the daughter of a great Irish lord as a slave in this land, which greatly pleased me; and on my asking for a copy of it, he brought it to me this morning, in a fair hand. I copy it in my Journal, as I know that Oliver, who is curious in such things, will like it.

KATHLEEN.

O NORAH, lay your basket down,
And rest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,
A mighty lord was he;
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And so, in evil spite,
She baked the black bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved the kern,
And drove away the poor;
"Ah, woe is me!" the old lord said,
"I rue my bargain sore!"

This lord he had a daughter fair,
Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing-fires
Of her the gleeman sung.

"As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall;"
So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

"Oh, come to me, my daughter dear!
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your mother's own I see!"

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,
He kissed her forehead fair;
"It is my darling Mary's brow,
It is my darling's hair!"

Oh, then spake up the angry dame,
"Get up, get up," quoth she,
"I'll sell ye over Ireland,
I'll sell ye o'er the sea!"

She clipped her glossy hair away,
That none her rank might know;
She took away her gown of silk,
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town
And to a seaman sold
This daughter of an Irish lord
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,
And tore his beard so gray;
But he was old, and she was young,
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee howled
To fright the evil dame,
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the trees,
And glimmering down the hill;
They crept before the dead-vault door,
And there they all stood still!

"Get up, old man! the wake-lights shine!"
"Ye murdering witch," quoth he,
"So I'm rid of your tongue, I little care
If they shine for you or me."

"Oh, whoso brings my daughter back,
My gold and land shall have!"
Oh, then spake up his handsome page,
"No gold nor land I crave!

"But give to me your daughter dear,
Give sweet Kathleen to me,
Be she on sea or be she on land,
I'll bring her back to thee."

"My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your bride the day
You bring her back to me."

He sailed east, he sailed west,
And far and long sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea.

"Oh, have ye seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland?
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand!"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know
The maiden whom ye mean;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen.

"No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston town,
And met a maiden fair,
A little basket on her arm
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast thou
This young man ever seen?"
They wept within each other's arms,
The page and young Kathleen.

"Oh give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold."
"Nay, not by me," her master said,

"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold.

"We loved her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en;
But, since her heart's in Ireland,
We give her back again!"

Oh, for that same the saints in heaven
For his poor soul shall pray,
And Mary Mother wash with tears
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland;
As you go up Claremore
Ye'll see their castle looking down
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee.
1849.

March 27, 1679.

Spent the afternoon and evening yesterday at Mr. Mather's, with uncle and aunt, Rebecca and Sir Thomas, and Mr. Torrey of Weymouth, and his wife; Mr. Thacher, the minister of the South Meeting, and Major Simon Willard of Concord, being present also. There was much discourse of certain Antinomians, whose loose and scandalous teachings in respect to works were strongly condemned, although Mr. Thacher thought there might be danger, on the other hand, of falling into the error of the Socinians, who lay such stress upon works, that they do not scruple to undervalue and make light of faith. Mr. Torrey told of some of the Antinomians, who, being guilty of scandalous sins, did nevertheless justify themselves, and plead that they were no longer under the law. Sir Thomas drew Rebecca and I into a corner of the room, saying he was a-weary of so much disputation, and began relating somewhat which befell him in a late visit to the New Haven people. Among other things, he told us that while he was there, a maid of nineteen years was put upon trial for her life, by complaint of her parents of disobedience of their commands, and reviling them; that at first the mother of the girl did seem to testify strongly against her; but when she had spoken a few words, the accused crying out with a bitter lamentation, that she should be destroyed in her youth by the words of her own mother, the woman did so soften her testimony that the Court, being in doubt upon the matter, had a consultation with the ministers present, as to whether the accused girl had made herself justly liable to the punishment prescribed for stubborn and rebellious children in Deut. xxi. 20, 21. It was thought that this law did apply specially unto a rebellious son, according to the words of the text, and that a daughter could not be put to death under it; to which the Court did assent, and the girl, after being admonished, was set free. Thereupon, Sir Thomas told us, she ran sobbing into the arms of her mother, who did rejoice over her as one raised from the dead, and did moreover mightily blame herself for putting her in so great peril, by complaining of her disobedience to the magistrates.

Major Willard, a pleasant, talkative man, being asked by Mr. Thacher some questions pertaining to his journey into the New Hampshire, in the year '52, with the learned and pious Mr. Edward Johnson, in obedience to an order of the General Court, for the finding the northernmost part of the river Merrimac, gave us a little history of the same, some parts of which I deemed noteworthy. The company, consisting of the two commissioners, and two surveyors, and some Indians, as guides and hunters, started from Concord about the middle of July, and followed the river on which Concord lies, until they came to the great Falls of the Merrimac, at Patucket, where they were kindly entertained at the wigwam of a chief Indian who dwelt there. They then went on to the Falls of the Amoskeag, a famous place of resort for the Indians, and encamped at the foot of a mountain, under the shade of some great trees, where they spent the next day, it being the Sabbath. Mr. Johnson read a portion of the Word, and a psalm was sung, the Indians sitting on the ground a little way off, in a very reverential manner. They then went to Annahookline, where were some Indian cornfields, and thence over a wild, hilly country, to the head of the Merrimac, at a place called by the Indians Aquedahcan, where they took an observation of the latitude, and set their names upon a great rock, with that of the worshipful Governor, John Endicott. Here was the great Lake Winnipiseogee, as large over as an English county, with many islands upon it, very green with trees and vines, and abounding with squirrels and birds. They spent two days at the lake's outlet, one of them the Sabbath, a wonderfully still, quiet day of the

midsummer. "It is strange," said the Major, "but so it is, that although a quarter of a century hath passed over me since that day, it is still very fresh and sweet in my memory. Many times, in my musings, I seem to be once more sitting under the beechen trees of Aquedahcan, with my three English friends, and I do verily seem to see the Indians squatted on the lake shore, round a fire, cooking their dishes, and the smoke thereof curling about among the trees over their heads; and beyond them is the great lake and the islands thereof, some big and others exceeding small, and the mountains that do rise on the other side, and whose woody tops show in the still water as in a glass. And, withal, I do seem to have a sense of the smell of flowers, which did abound there, and of the strawberries with which the old Indian cornfield near unto us was red, they being then ripe and luscious to the taste. It seems, also, as if I could hear the bark of my dog, and the chatter of squirrels, and the songs of the birds, in the thick woods behind us; and, moreover, the voice of my friend Johnson, as he did call to mind these words of the 104th Psalm: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul! who coverest thyself with light, as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; and walketh upon the wings of the wind!' Ah me! I shall never truly hear that voice more, unless, through God's mercy, I be permitted to join the saints of light in praise and thanksgiving beside stiller waters and among greener pastures than are those of Aquedahcan."

"He was a shining light, indeed," said Mr. Mather, "and, in view of his loss and that of other worthies in Church and State, we may well say, as of old, Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth!"

Major Willard said that the works of Mr. Johnson did praise him, especially that monument of his piety and learning, "The History of New England; or, Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour," wherein he did show himself in verse and in prose a workman not to be ashamed. There was a piece which Mr. Johnson writ upon birchen bark at the head of the Merrimac, during the journey of which he had spoken, which had never been printed, but which did more deserve that honor than much of the rhymes with which the land now aboundeth. Mr. Mather said he had the piece of bark then in his possession, on which Mr. Johnson did write; and, on our desiring to see it, he brought it to us, and, as we could not well make out the writing thereon, he read it as followeth:—

This lonesome lake, like to a sea, among the mountains lies,
And like a glass doth show their shapes, and eke the clouds and skies.
God lays His chambers' beams therein, that all His power may know,
And holdeth in His fist the winds, that else would mar the show.

The Lord hath blest this wilderness with meadows, streams, and springs,
And like a garden planted it with green and growing things;
And filled the woods with wholesome meats, and eke with fowls the air,
And sown the land with flowers and herbs, and fruits of savor rare.

But here the nations know him not, and come and go the days,
Without a morning prayer to Him, or evening song of praise;
The heathen fish upon the lake, or hunt the woods for meat,
And like the brutes do give no thanks for wherewithal to eat.

They dance in shame and nakedness, with horrid yells to hear,
And like to dogs they make a noise, or screeching owls anear.
Each tribe, like Micah, doth its priest or cunning Powah keep;
Yea, wizards who, like them of old, do mutter and do peep.

A cursed and an evil race, whom Satan doth mislead,
And rob them of Christ's hope, whereby he makes them poor indeed;
They hold the waters and the hills, and clouds, and stars to be
Their gods; for, lacking faith, they do believe but what they see.

Yet God on them His sun and rain doth evermore bestow,
And ripens all their harvest-fields and pleasant fruits also.
For them He makes the deer and moose, for them the fishes swim,
And all the fowls in woods and air are goodly gifts from Him.

Yea, more; for them, as for ourselves, hath Christ a ransom paid,
And on Himself, their sins and ours, a common burden laid.
By nature vessels of God's wrath, 't is He alone can give
To English or to Indians wild the grace whereby we live.

Oh, let us pray that in these wilds the Gospel may be preached,

And these poor Gentiles of the woods may by its truth be reached;
That ransomed ones the tidings glad may sound with joy abroad,
And lonesome Aquedahcan hear the praises of the Lord!

March 18.

My cough still troubling me, an ancient woman, coming in yesterday, did so set forth the worth and virtue of a syrup of her making, that Aunt Rawson sent Effie over to the woman's house for a bottle of it. The woman sat with us a pretty while, being a lively talking body, although now wellnigh fourscore years of age. She could tell many things of the old people of Boston, for, having been in youth the wife of a man of some note and substance, and being herself a notable housewife and of good natural parts, she was well looked upon by the better sort of people. After she became a widow, she was for a little time in the family of Governor Endicott, at Naumkeag, whom she describeth as a just and goodly man, but exceeding exact in the ordering of his household, and of fiery temper withal. When displeased, he would pull hard at the long tuft of hair which he wore upon his chin; and on one occasion, while sitting in the court, he plucked off his velvet cap, and cast it in the face of one of the assistants, who did profess conscientious scruples against the putting to death of the Quakers.

"I have heard say his hand was heavy upon these people," I said.

"And well it might be," said the old woman, for more pestilent and provoking strollers and ranters you shall never find than these same Quakers. They were such a sore trouble to the Governor, that I do believe his days were shortened by reason of them. For neither the jail, nor whipping, nor cropping of ears, did suffice to rid him of them. At last, when a law was made by the General Court, banishing them on pain of death, the Governor, coming home from Boston, said that he now hoped to have peace in the Colony, and that this sharpness would keep the land free from these troublers. I remember it well, how the next day he did invite the ministers and chief men, and in what a pleasant frame he was. In the morning I had mended his best velvet breeches for him, and he praised my work not a little, and gave me six shillings over and above my wages; and, says he to me: 'Goody Lake,' says he, 'you are a worthy woman, and do feel concerned for the good of Zion, and the orderly carrying of matters in Church and State, and hence I know you will be glad to hear that, after much ado, and in spite of the strivings of evil-disposed people, the General Court have agreed upon a law for driving the Quakers out of the jurisdiction, on pain of death; so that, if any come after this, their blood be upon their own heads. It is what I have wrestled with the Lord for this many a month, and I do count it a great deliverance and special favor; yea, I may truly say, with David: "Thou hast given me my heart's desire, and hast not withholden the prayer of my lips. Thy hand shall find out all thine enemies; thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger; the Lord shall wallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them." You will find these words, Goody Lake,' says he, 'in the 21st Psalm, where what is said of the King will serve for such as be in authority at this time.' For you must know, young woman, that the Governor was mighty in Scripture, more especially in his prayers, when you could think that he had it all at his tongue's end.

"There was a famous dinner at the Governor's that day, and many guests, and the Governor had ordered from his cellar some wine, which was a gift from a Portuguese captain, and of rare quality, as I know of mine own tasting, when word was sent to the Governor that a man wished to see him, whom he bid wait awhile. After dinner was over, he went into the hall, and who should be there but Wharton, the Quaker, who, without pulling off his hat, or other salutation, cried out: 'John Endicott, hearken to the word of the Lord, in whose fear and dread I am come. Thou and thy evil counsellors, the priests, have framed iniquity by law, but it shall not avail you. Thus saith the Lord, Evil shall slay the wicked, and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate!' Now, when the Governor did hear this, he fell, as must needs be, into a rage, and, seeing me by the door, he bade me call the servants from the kitchen, which I did, and they running up, he bade them lay hands on the fellow, and take him away; and then, in a great passion, he called for his horse, saying he would not rest until he had seen forty stripes save one laid upon that cursed Quaker, and that he should go to the gallows yet for his sauciness. So they had him to jail, and the next morning he was soundly whipped, and ordered to depart the jurisdiction."

I, being curious to know more concerning the Quakers, asked her if she did ever talk with any of them who were dealt with by the authorities, and what they said for themselves.

"Oh, they never lacked words," said she, "but cried out for liberty of conscience, and against persecution, and prophesied all manner of evil upon such as did put in force the law. Some time about the year '56, there did come two women of them to Boston, and brought with them certain of their blasphemous books, which the constables burnt in the street, as I well remember by this token, that, going near the fire, and seeing one of the books not yet burnt, I stooped to pick it up, when one of the constables gave me a smart rap with his staff, and snatched it away. The women being sent to the jail,

the Deputy-Governor, Mr. Bellingham, and the Council, thinking they might be witches, were for having them searched; and Madam Bellingham naming me and another woman to her husband, he sent for us, and bade us go to the jail and search them, to see if there was any witch-mark on their bodies. So we went, and told them our errand, at which they marvelled not a little, and one of them, a young, well-favored woman, did entreat that they might not be put to such shame, for the jailer stood all the time in the yard, looking in at the door; but we told them such was the order, and so, without more ado, stripped them of their clothes, but found nothing save a mole on the left breast of the younger, into which Goodwife Page thrust her needle, at which the woman did give a cry as of pain, and the blood flowed; whereas, if it had been witch's mark, she would not have felt the prick, for would it have caused blood. So, finding nothing that did look like witchcraft, we left them; and on being brought before the Court, Deputy-Governor Bellingham asked us what we had to say concerning the women. Whereupon Goodwife Page, being the oldest of us, told him that we did find no appearance of witches upon their bodies, save the mole on the younger woman's breast (which was but natural), but that otherwise she was fair as Absalom, who had no blemish from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. Thereupon the Deputy-Governor dismissed us, saying that it might be that the Devil did not want them for witches, because they could better serve him as Quakers: whereat all the Court fell to laughing."

"And what did become of the women?" I asked.

"They kept them in jail awhile," said Nurse Lake, "and then sent them back to England. But the others that followed fared harder,—some getting whipped at the cart-tail, and others losing their ears. The hangman's wife showed me once the ears of three of them, which her husband cut off in the jail that very morning."

"This is dreadful!" said I, for I thought of my dear brother and sweet Margaret Brewster, and tears filled mine eyes.

"Nay; but they were sturdy knaves and vagabonds," answered Nurse Lake, "although one of them was the son of a great officer in the Barbadoes, and accounted a gentleman before he did run out into his evil practices. But cropping of ears did not stop these headstrong people, and they still coming, some were put to death. There were three of them to be hanged at one time. I do remember it well, for it was a clear, warm day about the last of October, and it was a brave sight to behold. There was Marshal Michelson and Captain Oliver, with two hundred soldiers afoot, besides many on horse of our chief people, and among them the minister, Mr. Wilson, looking like a saint as he was, with a pleasant and joyful countenance, and a great multitude of people, men, women, and children, not only of Boston, but from the towns round about. I got early on to the ground, and when they were going to the gallows I kept as near to the condemned ones as I could. There were two young, well-favored men, and a woman with gray hairs. As they walked hand in hand, the woman in the middle, the Marshal, who was riding beside them, and who was a merry drolling man, asked her if she was n't ashamed to walk hand in hand between two young men; whereupon, looking upon him solemnly, she said she was not ashamed, for this was to her an hour of great joy, and that no eye could see, no ear hear, no tongue speak, and no heart understand, the sweet incomes and refreshings of the Lord's spirit, which she did then feel. This she spake aloud, so that all about could hear, whereat Captain Oliver bid the drums to beat and drown her voice. Now, when they did come to the gallows ladder, on each side of which the officers and chief people stood, the two men kept on their hats, as is the ill manner of their sort, which so provoked Mr. Wilson, the minister, that he cried out to them: 'What! shall such Jacks as you come before authority with your hats on?' To which one of them said: 'Mind you, it is for not putting off our hats that we are put to death.' The two men then went up the ladder, and tried to speak; but I could not catch a word, being outside of the soldiers, and much fretted and worried by the crowd. They were presently turned off, and then the woman went up the ladder, and they tied her coats down to her feet, and put the halter on her neck, and, lacking a handkerchief to tie over her face, the minister lent the hangman his. Just then your Uncle Rawson comes a-riding up to the gallows, waving his hand, and crying out, 'Stop! she is reprieved!' So they took her down, although she said she was ready to die as her brethren did, unless they would undo their bloody laws. I heard Captain Oliver tell her it was for her son's sake that she was spared. So they took her to jail, and after a time sent her back to her husband in Rhode Island, which was a favor she did in no wise deserve; but good Governor Endicott, much as he did abhor these people, sought not their lives, and spared no pains to get them peaceably out the country; but they were a stubborn crew, and must needs run their necks into the halter, as did this same woman; for, coming back again, under pretence of pleading for the repeal of the laws against Quakers, she was not long after put to death. The excellent Mr. Wilson made a brave ballad on the hanging, which I have heard the boys in the street sing many a time."

A great number, both men and women, were—"whipped and put in the stocks," continued the woman, "and I once beheld two of them, one a young and the other an aged woman, in a cold day in winter, tied to the tail of a cart, going through Salem Street, stripped to their waists as naked as they were born, and their backs all covered with red whip-marks; but there was a more pitiful case of one Hored

Gardner, a young married woman, with a little child and her nurse, who, coming to Weymouth, was laid hold of and sent to Boston, where both were whipped, and, as I was often at the jail to see the keeper's wife, it so chanced that I was there at the time. The woman, who was young and delicate, when they were stripping her, held her little child in her arms; and when the jailer plucked it from her bosom, she looked round anxiously, and, seeing me, said, 'Good woman, I know thou 't have pity on the babe,' and asked me to hold it, which I did. She was then whipped with a threefold whip, with knots in the ends, which did tear sadly into her flesh; and, after it was over, she kneeled down, with her back all bleeding, and prayed for them she called her persecutors. I must say I did greatly pity her, and I spoke to the jailer's wife, and we washed the poor creature's back, and put on it some famous ointment, so that she soon got healed."

Aunt Rawson now coming in, the matter was dropped; but, on my speaking to her of it after Nurse Lake had left, she said it was a sore trial to many, even those in authority, and who were charged with the putting in force of the laws against these people. She furthermore said, that Uncle Rawson and Mr. Broadstreet were much cried out against by the Quakers and their abettors on both sides of the water, but they did but their duty in the matter, and for herself she had always mourned over the coming of these people, and was glad when the Court did set any of them free. When the woman was hanged, my aunt spent the whole day with Madam Broadstreet, who was so wrought upon that she was fain to take to her bed, refusing to be comforted, and counting it the heaviest day of her life.

"Looking out of her chamber window," said Aunt Rawson, "I saw the people who had been to the hanging coming back from the training-field; and when Anne Broadstreet did hear the sound of their feet in the road, she groaned, and said that it did seem as if every foot fell upon her heart. Presently Mr. Broadstreet came home, bringing with him the minister, Mr. John Norton. They sat down in the chamber, and for some little time there was scarce a word spoken. At length Madam Broadstreet, turning to her husband and laying her hand on his arm, as was her loving manner, asked him if it was indeed all over. 'The woman is dead,' said he; 'but I marvel, Anne, to see you so troubled about her. Her blood is upon her own head, for we did by no means seek her life. She hath trodden under foot our laws, and misused our great forbearance, so that we could do no otherwise than we have done. So under the Devil's delusion was she, that she wanted no minister or elder to pray with her at the gallows, but seemed to think herself sure of heaven, heeding in no wise the warnings of Mr. Norton, and other godly people.'

"'Did she rail at, or cry out against any?' asked his wife. 'Nay, not to my hearing,' he said, 'but she carried herself as one who had done no harm, and who verily believed that she had obeyed the Lord's will.'

"'This is very dreadful,' said she, 'and I pray that the death of that poor misled creature may not rest heavy upon us.'

"Hereupon Mr. Norton lifted up his head, which had been bowed down upon his hand; and I shall never forget how his pale and sharp features did seem paler than their wont, and his solemn voice seemed deeper and sadder. 'Madam!' he said, 'it may well befit your gentleness and sweetness of heart to grieve over the sufferings even of the froward and ungodly, when they be cut off from the congregation of the Lord, as His holy and just law enjoineeth, for verily I also could weep for the condemned one, as a woman and a mother; and, since her coming, I have wrestled with the Lord, in prayer and fasting, that I might be His instrument in snatching her as a brand from the burning. But, as a watchman on the walls of Zion, when I did see her casting poison into the wells of life, and enticing unstable souls into the snares and pitfalls of Satan, what should I do but sound an alarm against her? And the magistrate, such as your worthy husband, who is also appointed of God, and set for the defence of the truth, and the safety of the Church and the State, what can he do but faithfully to execute the law of God, which is a terror to evil doers? The natural pity which we feel must give place unto the duty we do severally owe to God and His Church, and the government of His appointment. It is a small matter to be judged of man's judgment, for, though certain people have not scrupled to call me cruel and hard of heart, yet the Lord knows I have wept in secret places over these misguided men and women.

"'But might not life be spared?' asked Madam Broadstreet. 'Death is a great thing.'

"'It is appointed unto all to die,' said Mr. Norton, 'and after death cometh the judgment. The death of these poor bodies is a bitter thing, but the death of the soul is far more dreadful; and it is better that these people should suffer than that hundreds of precious souls should be lost through their evil communication. The care of the dear souls of my flock lieth heavily upon me, as many sleepless nights and days of fasting do bear witness. I have not taken counsel of flesh and blood in this grave matter, nor yielded unto the natural weakness of my heart. And while some were for sparing these workers of iniquity, even as Saul spared Agag, I have been strengthened, as it were, to hew them in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal. O madam, your honored husband can tell you what travail of spirit, what sore trials,

these disturbers have cost us; and as you do know in his case, so believe also in mine, that what we have done hath been urged, not by hardness and cruelty of heart, but rather by our love and tenderness towards the Lord's heritage in this land. Through care and sorrow I have grown old before my time; few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage, and the end seems not far off; and though I have many sins and shortcomings to answer for, I do humbly trust that the blood of the souls of the flock committed to me will not then be found upon my garments.'

"Ah, me! I shall never forget these words of that godly man," continued my aunt, "for, as he said, his end was not far off. He died very suddenly, and the Quakers did not scruple to say that it was God's judgment upon him for his severe dealing with their people. They even go so far as to say that the land about Boston is cursed because of the hangings and whippings, inasmuch as wheat will not now grow here, as it did formerly, and, indeed, many, not of their way, do believe the same thing."

April 24.

A vessel from London has just come to port, bringing Rebecca's dresses for the wedding, which will take place about the middle of June, as I hear. Uncle Rawson has brought me a long letter from Aunt Grindall, with one also from Oliver, pleasant and lively, like himself. No special news from abroad that I hear of. My heart longs for Old England more and more.

It is supposed that the freeholders have chosen Mr. Broadstreet for their Governor. The vote, uncle says, is exceeding small, very few people troubling themselves about it.

May 2.

Mr. John Easton, a man of some note in the Providence Plantations, having occasion to visit Boston yesterday, brought me a message from my brother, to the effect that he was now married and settled, and did greatly desire me to make the journey to his house in the company of his friend, John Easton, and his wife's sister. I feared to break the matter to my uncle, but Rebecca hath done so for me, and he hath, to my great joy, consented thereto; for, indeed, he refuseth nothing to her. My aunt fears for me, that I shall suffer from the cold, as the weather is by no means settled, although the season is forward, as compared with the last; but I shall take good care as to clothing; and John Easton saith we shall be but two nights on the way.

THE PLANTATIONS, May 10, 1679.

We left Boston on the 4th, at about sunrise, and rode on at a brisk trot, until we came to the banks of the river, along which we went near a mile before we found a suitable ford, and even there the water was so deep that we only did escape a wetting by drawing our feet up to the saddle-trees. About noon, we stopped at a farmer's house, in the hope of getting a dinner; but the room was dirty as an Indian wigwam, with two children in it, sick with the measles, and the woman herself in a poor way, and we were glad to leave as soon as possible, and get into the fresh air again. Aunt had provided me with some cakes, and Mr. Easton, who is an old traveller, had with him a roasted fowl and a good loaf of Indian bread; so, coming to a spring of excellent water, we got off our horses, and, spreading our napkins on the grass and dry leaves, had a comfortable dinner. John's sister is a widow, a lively, merry woman, and proved rare company for me. Afterwards we rode until the sun was nigh setting, when we came to a little hut on the shore of a broad lake at a place called Massapog. It had been dwelt in by a white family formerly, but it was now empty, and much decayed in the roof, and as we did ride up to it we saw a wild animal of some sort leap out of one of its windows, and run into the pines. Here Mr. Easton said we must make shift to tarry through the night, as it was many miles to the house of a white man. So, getting off our horses, we went into the hut, which had but one room, with loose boards for a floor; and as we sat there in the twilight, it looked dismal enough; but presently Mr. Easton, coming in with a great load of dried boughs, struck a light in the stone fireplace, and we soon had a roaring fire. His sister broke off some hemlock boughs near the door, and made a broom of them, with which she swept up the floor, so that when we sat down on blocks by the hearth, eating our poor supper, we thought ourselves quite comfortable and tidy. It was a wonderful clear night, the moon rising, as we judged, about eight of the clock, over the tops of the hills on the easterly side of the lake, and shining brightly on the water in a long line of light, as if a silver bridge had been laid across it. Looking out into the forest, we could see the beams of the moon, falling here and there through the thick tops of the pines and hemlocks, and showing their tall trunks, like so many pillars in a church or temple. There was a westerly wind blowing, not steadily, but in long gusts, which, sounding from a great distance through the pine leaves, did make a solemn and not unpleasing music, to which I listened at the door until the

cold drove me in for shelter. Our horses having been fed with corn, which Mr. Easton took with him, were tied at the back of the building, under the cover of a thick growth of hemlocks, which served to break off the night wind. The widow and I had a comfortable bed in the corner of the room, which we made of small hemlock sprigs, having our cloaks to cover us, and our saddlebags for pillows. My companions were soon asleep, but the exceeding strangeness of my situation did keep me a long time awake. For, as I lay there looking upward, I could see the stars shining down a great hole in the roof, and the moonlight streaming through the seams of the logs, and mingling with the red glow of the coals on the hearth. I could hear the horses stamping, just outside, and the sound of the water on the lake shore, the cry of wild animals in the depth of the woods, and, over all, the long and very wonderful murmur of the pines in the wind. At last, being sore weary, I fell asleep, and waked not until I felt the warm sun shining in my face, and heard the voice of Mr. Easton bidding me rise, as the horses were ready.

After riding about two hours we came upon an Indian camp, in the midst of a thick wood of maples. Here were six spacious wigwams; but the men were away, except two very old and infirm ones. There were five or six women, and perhaps twice as many children, who all came out to see us. They brought us some dried meat, as hard nigh upon as chips of wood, and which, although hungry, I could feel no stomach for; but I bought of one of the squaws two great cakes of sugar, made from the sap of the maples which abound there, very pure and sweet, and which served me instead of their unsavory meat and cakes of pounded corn, of which Mr. Easton and his sister did not scruple to partake. Leaving them, we had a long and hard ride to a place called Winnicinnit, where, to my great joy, we found a comfortable house and Christian people, with whom we tarried. The next day we got to the Plantations; and about noon, from the top of a hill, Mr. Easton pointed out the settlement where my brother dwelt,—a fair, pleasant valley, through which ran a small river, with the houses of the planters on either side. Shortly after, we came to a new frame house, with a great oak-tree left standing on each side of the gate, and a broad meadow before it, stretching down to the water. Here Mr. Easton stopped; and now, who should come hastening down to us but my new sister, Margaret, in her plain but comely dress, kindly welcoming me; and soon my brother came up from the meadow, where he was busy with his men. It was indeed a joyful meeting.

The next day being the Sabhath, I went with my brother and his wife to the meeting, which was held in a large house of one of their Quaker neighbors. About a score of grave, decent people did meet there, sitting still and quiet for a pretty while, when one of their number, a venerable man, spake a few words, mostly Scripture; then a young woman, who, I did afterwards learn, had been hardly treated by the Plymouth people, did offer a few words of encouragement and exhortation from this portion of the 34th Psalm: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." When the meeting was over, some of the ancient women came and spake kindly to me, inviting me to their houses. In the evening certain of these people came to my brother's, and were kind and loving towards me. There was, nevertheless, a gravity and a certain staidness of deportment which I could but ill conform unto, and I was not sorry when they took leave. My Uncle Rawson need not fear my joining with them; for, although I do judge them to be a worthy and pious people, I like not their manner of worship, and their great gravity and soberness do little accord with my natural temper and spirits.

May 16.

This place is in what is called the Narragansett country, and about twenty miles from Mr. Williams's town of Providence, a place of no small note. Mr. Williams, who is now an aged man, more than fourscore, was the founder of the Province, and is held in great esteem by the people, who be of all sects and persuasions, as the Government doth not molest any in worshipping according to conscience; and hence you will see in the same neighborhood Anabaptists, Quakers, New Lights, Brownists, Antinomians, and Socinians,—nay, I am told there be Papists also. Mr. Williams is a Baptist, and holdeth mainly with Calvin and Beza, as respects the decrees, and hath been a bitter reviler of the Quakers, although he hath oftentimes sheltered them from the rigor of the Massachusetts Bay magistrates, who he saith have no warrant to deal in matters of conscience and religion, as they have done.

Yesterday came the Governor of the Rhode Island, Nicholas Easton, the father of John, with his youngest daughter Mary, as fair and as ladylike a person as I have seen for many a day. Both her father and herself do meet with the "Friends," as they call themselves, at their great house on the Island, and the Governor sometimes speaks therein, having, as one of the elders here saith of him, "a pretty gift in the ministry." Mary, who is about the age of my brother's wife, would fain persuade us to go back with them on the morrow to the Island, but Leonard's business will not allow it, and I would by no means lose his company while I tarry in these parts, as I am so soon to depart for home, where a great ocean will separate us, it may be for many years. Margaret, who hath been to the Island, saith that the

Governor's house is open to all new-comers, who are there entertained with rare courtesy, he being a man of substance, having a great plantation, with orchards and gardens, and a stately house on an hill over-looking the sea on either hand, where, six years ago, when the famous George Fox was on the Island, he did entertain and lodge no less than fourscore persons, beside his own family and servants.

Governor Easton, who is a pleasant talker, told a story of a magistrate who had been a great persecutor of his people. On one occasion, after he had cast a worthy Friend into jail, he dreamed a dream in this wise: He thought he was in a fair, delightsome place, where were sweet springs of water and green meadows, and rare fruit-trees and vines with ripe clusters thereon, and in the midst thereof flowed a river whose waters were clearer than crystal. Moreover, he did behold a great multitude walking on the river's bank, or sitting lovingly in the shade of the trees which grew thereby. Now, while he stood marvelling at all this, he beheld in his dream the man he had cast into prison sitting with his hat on, side by side with a minister then dead, whom the magistrate had held in great esteem while living; whereat, feeling his anger stirred within him, he went straight and bade the man take off his hat in the presence of his betters. Howbeit the twain did give no heed to his words, but did continue to talk lovingly together as before; whereupon he waxed exceeding wroth, and would have laid hands upon the man. But, hearing a voice calling upon him to forbear, he did look about him, and behold one, with a shining countenance, and clad in raiment so white that it did dazzle his eyes to look upon it, stood before him. And the shape said, "Dost thou well to be angry?" Then said the magistrate, "Yonder is a Quaker with his hat on talking to a godly minister." "Nay," quoth the shape, "thou seest but after the manner of the world and with the eyes of flesh. Look yonder, and tell me what thou seest." So he looked again, and lo! two men in shining raiment, like him who talked with him, sat under the tree. "Tell me," said the shape, "if thou canst, which of the twain is the Quaker and which is the Priest?" And when he could not, but stood in amazement confessing he did see neither of them, the shape said, "Thou sayest well, for here be neither Priest nor Quaker, Jew nor Gentile, but all are one in the Lord." Then he awoke, and pondered long upon his dream, and when it was morning he went straightway to the jail, and ordered the man to be set free, and hath ever since carried himself lovingly towards the Quakers.

My brother's lines have indeed fallen unto him in a pleasant, place. His house is on a warm slope of a hill, looking to the southeast, with a great wood of oaks and walnuts behind it, and before it many acres of open land, where formerly the Indians did plant their corn, much of which is now ploughed and seeded. From the top of the hill one can see the waters of the great Bay; at the foot of it runs a small river noisily over the rocks, making a continual murmur. Going thither this morning, I found a great rock hanging over the water, on which I sat down, listening to the noise of the stream and the merriment of the birds in the trees, and admiring the green banks, which were besprinkled with white and yellow flowers. I call to mind that sweet fancy of the lamented Anne Broadstreet, the wife of the new Governor of Massachusetts, in a little piece which she nameth "Contemplations," being written on the banks of a stream, like unto the one whereby I was then sitting, in which the writer first describeth the beauties of the wood, and the flowing water, with the bright fishes therein, and then the songs of birds in the boughs over her head, in this sweet and pleasing verse, which I have often heard repeated by Cousin Rebecca:—

"While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
A sweet-tongued songster perched above my head,
And chanted forth her most melodious strain;
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wished me wings with her a while to take my flight.

"O merry bird! said I, that fears no snares,
That neither toils nor hoards up in the barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares,
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm.
Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

"The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And, warbling out the old, begins the new.
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee unto a better region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion."

Now, while I did ponder these lines, hearing a step in the leaves, I looked up, and behold there was an old Indian close beside me; and, being much affrighted, I gave a loud cry, and ran towards the house. The old man laughed at this, and, calling after me, said he would not harm me; and Leonard, hearing my cries, now coming up, bade me never fear the Indian, for he was a harmless creature, who was well known to him. So he kindly saluted the old man, asking me to shake hands with him, which I did, when he struck across the field to a little cleared spot on the side of the hill. My brother bidding me note his actions, I saw him stoop down on his knees, with his head to the ground, for some space of time, and then, getting up, he stretched out his hands towards the southwest, as if imploring some one whom I could not see. This he repeated for nigh upon half an hour, when he came back to the house, where he got some beer and bread to eat, and a great loaf to carry away. He said but little until he rose to depart, when he told my brother that he had been to see the graves of his father and his mother, and that he was glad to find them as he did leave them the last year; for he knew that the spirits of the dead would be sore grieved, if the white man's hoe touched their bones.

My brother promised him that the burial-place of his people should not be disturbed, and that he would find it as now, when he did again visit it.

"Me never come again," said the old Indian. "No. Umpachee is very old. He has no squaw; he has no young men who call him father. Umpachee is like that tree;" and he pointed, as he spoke, to a birch, which stood apart in the field, from which the bark had fallen, and which did show no leaf nor bud.

My brother hereupon spake to him of the great Father of both white and red men, and of his love towards them, and of the measure of light which he had given unto all men, whereby they might know good from evil, and by living in obedience to which they might be happy in this life and in that to come; exhorting him to put his trust in God, who was able to comfort and sustain him in his old age, and not to follow after lying Powahs, who did deceive and mislead him.

"My young brother's talk is good," said the old man. "The Great Father sees that his skin is white, and that mine is red. He sees my young brother when he sits in his praying-house, and me when me offer him corn and deer's flesh in the woods, and he says good. Umpachee's people have all gone to one place. If Umpachee go to a praying-house, the Great Father will send him to the white man's place, and his father and his mother and his sons will never see him in their hunting-ground. No. Umpachee is an old beaver that sits in his own house, and swims in his own pond. He will stay where he is, until his Father calls him."

Saying this, the old savage went on his way. As he passed out of the valley, and got to the top of the hill on the other side, we, looking after him, beheld him standing still a moment, as if bidding farewell to the graves of his people.

May 24.

My brother goes with me to-morrow on my way to Boston. I am not a little loath to leave my dear sister Margaret, who hath greatly won upon me by her gentleness and loving deportment, and who doth at all times, even when at work in ordering her household affairs, and amidst the cares and perplexities of her new life, show forth that sweetness of temper and that simplicity wherewith I was charmed when I first saw her. She hath naturally an ingenious mind, and, since her acquaintance with my brother, hath dipped into such of his studies and readings as she had leisure and freedom to engage in, so that her conversation is in no wise beneath her station. Nor doth she, like some of her people, especially the more simple and unlearned, affect a painful and melancholy look and a canting tone of discourse, but lacketh not for cheerfulness and a certain natural ease and grace of demeanor; and the warmth and goodness of her heart doth at times break the usual quiet of her countenance, like to sunshine and wind on a still water, and she hath the sweetest smile I ever saw. I have often thought, since I have been with her, that if Uncle Rawson could see and hear her as I do for a single day, he would confess that my brother might have done worse than to take a Quaker to wife.

BOSTON, May 28, 1679.

Through God's mercy, I got here safe and well, saving great weariness, and grief at parting with my brother and his wife. The first day we went as far as a place they call Rehoboth, where we tarried over night, finding but small comfort therein; for the house was so filled, that Leonard and a friend who came with us were fain to lie all night in the barn, on the mow before their horses; and, for mine own part, I had to choose between lying in the large room, where the man of the house and his wife and two sons, grown men, did lodge, or to climb into the dark loft, where was barely space for a bed,—which last I did make choice of, although the woman thought it strange, and marvelled not a little at my

unwillingness to sleep in the same room with her husband and boys, as she called them. In the evening, hearing loud voices in a house near by, we inquired what it meant, and were told that some people from Providence were holding a meeting there, the owner of the house being accounted a Quaker. Whereupon, I went thither with Leonard, and found nigh upon a score of people gathered, and a man with loose hair and beard speaking to them. My brother whispered to me that he was no Friend, but a noted ranter, a noisy, unsettled man. He screamed exceeding loud, and stamped with his feet, and foamed at the mouth, like one possessed with an evil spirit, crying against all order in State or Church, and declaring that the Lord had a controversy with Priests and Magistrates, the prophets who prophesy falsely, and the priests who bear rule by their means, and the people who love to have it so. He spake of the Quakers as a tender and hopeful people in their beginning, and while the arm of the wicked was heavy upon them; but now he said that they, even as the rest, were settled down into a dead order, and heaping up worldly goods, and speaking evil of the Lord's messengers. They were a part of Babylon, and would perish with their idols; they should drink of the wine of God's wrath; the day of their visitation was at hand. After going on thus for a while, up gets a tall, wild-looking woman, as pale as a ghost, and trembling from head to foot, who, stretching out her long arms towards the man who had spoken, bade the people take notice that this was the angel spoken of in Revelation, flying through the midst of heaven, and crying, Woe! woe! to the inhabitants of the earth! with more of the like wicked rant, whereat I was not a little discomposed, and, beckoning my brother, left them to foam out their shame to themselves.

The next morning, we got upon our horses at an early hour, and after a hard and long ride reached Mr. Torrey's at Weymouth, about an hour after dark. Here we found Cousin Torrey in bed with her second child, a boy, whereat her husband is not a little rejoiced. My brother here took his leave of me, going back to the Plantations. My heart is truly sad and heavy with the great grief of parting.

May 30.

Went to the South meeting to-day, to hear the sermon preached before the worshipful Governor, Mr. Broadstreet, and his Majesty's Council, it being the election day. It was a long sermon, from Esther x. 3. Had much to say concerning the duty of Magistrates to support the Gospel and its ministers, and to put an end to schism and heresy. Very pointed, also, against time-serving Magistrates.

June 1.

Mr. Michael Wigglesworth, the Malden minister, at uncle's house last night. Mr. Wigglesworth told aunt that he had preached a sermon against the wearing of long hair and other like vanities, which he hoped, with God's blessing, might do good. It was from Isaiah iii. 16, and so on to the end of the chapter. Now, while he was speaking of the sermon, I whispered Rebecca that I would like to ask him a question, which he overhearing, turned to me, and bade me never heed, but speak out. So I told him that I was but a child in years and knowledge, and he a wise and learned man; but if he would not deem it forward in me, I would fain know whether the Scripture did anywhere lay down the particular fashion of wearing the hair.

Mr. Wigglesworth said that there were certain general rules laid down, from which we might make a right application to particular cases. The wearing of long hair by men is expressly forbidden in 1 Corinthians xi. 14, 15; and there is a special word for women, also, in 1 Tim. ii. 9.

Hereupon Aunt Rawson told me she thought I was well answered; but I (foolish one that I was), being unwilling to give up the matter so, ventured further to say that there were the Nazarites, spoken of in Numbers vi. 5, upon whose heads, by the appointment of God, no razor was to come.

"Nay," said Mr. Wigglesworth, "that was by a special appointment only, and proveth the general rule and practice."

Uncle Rawson said that long hair might, he judged, be lawfully worn, where the bodily health did require it, to guard the necks of weakly people from the cold.

"Where there seems plainly a call of nature for it," said Mr. Wigglesworth, "as a matter of bodily comfort, and for the warmth of the head and neck, it is nowise unlawful. But for healthy, sturdy young people to make this excuse for their sinful vanity doth but add to their condemnation. If a man go any whit beyond God's appointment and the comfort of nature, I know not where he will stop, until he grows to be the veriest ruffian in the world. It is a wanton and shameful thing for a man to liken himself to a woman, by suffering his hair to grow, and curling and parting it in a seam, as is the manner of too many. It betokeneth pride and vanity, and causeth no small offence to godly, sober people.

"The time hath been," continued Mr. Wigglesworth, "when God's people were ashamed of such vanities, both in the home country and in these parts; but since the Bishops and the Papists have had their way, and such as feared God are put down from authority, to give place to scorners and wantons, there hath been a sad change."

He furthermore spake of the gay apparel of the young women of Boston, and their lack of plainness and modesty in the manner of wearing and ordering their hair; and said he could in no wise agree with some of his brethren in the ministry that this was a light matter, inasmuch as it did most plainly appear from Scripture that the pride and haughtiness of the daughters of Zion did provoke the judgments of the Lord, not only upon them, but upon the men also. Now, the special sin of women is pride and haughtiness, and that because they be generally more ignorant, being the weaker vessel; and this sin venteth itself in their gesture, their hair and apparel. Now, God abhors all pride, especially pride in base things; and hence the conduct of the daughters of Zion does greatly provoke his wrath, first against themselves, secondly their fathers and husbands, and thirdly against the land they do inhabit.

Rebecca here roguishly pinched my arm, saying apart that, after all, we weaker vessels did seem to be of great consequence, and nobody could tell but that our head-dresses would yet prove the ruin of the country.

June 4

Robert Pike, coming into the harbor with his sloop, from the Pemaquid country, looked in upon us yesterday. Said that since coming to the town he had seen a Newbury man, who told him that old Mr. Wheelwright, of Salisbury, the famous Boston minister in the time of Sir Harry Vane and Madam Hutchinson, was now lying sick, and nigh unto his end. Also, that Goodman Morse was so crippled by a fall in his barn, that he cannot get to Boston to the trial of his wife, which is a sore affliction to him. The trial of the witch is now going on, and uncle saith it looks much against her, especially the testimony of the Widow Goodwin about her child, and of John Gladding about seeing one half of the body of Goody Morse flying about in the sun, as if she had been cut in twain, or as if the Devil did hide the lower part of her. Robert Pike said such testimony ought not to hang a cat, the widow being little more than a fool; and as for the fellow Gladding, he was no doubt in his cups, for he had often seen him in such a plight that he could not have told Goody Morse from the Queen of Sheba.

June 8.

The Morse woman having been found guilty by the Court of Assistants, she was brought out to the North Meeting, to hear the Thursday Lecture, yesterday, before having her sentence. The house was filled with people, they being curious to see the witch. The Marshal and the constables brought her in, and set her in, front of the pulpit; the old creature looking round her wildly, as if wanting her wits, and then covering her face with her dark wrinkled hands; a dismal sight! The minister took his text in Romans xiii. 3, 4, especially the last clause of the 4th verse, relating to rulers: For he beareth not the sword in vain, &c. He dwelt upon the power of the ruler as a Minister of God, and as a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil; and showeth that the punishment of witches and such as covenant with the Devil is one of the duties expressly enjoined upon rulers by the Word of God, inasmuch as a witch was not to be suffered to live.

He then did solemnly address himself to the condemned woman, quoting 1 Tim. v. 20: "Them that sin, rebuke before all, that others also may fear." The woman was greatly moved, for no doubt the sharp words of the preacher did prick her guilty conscience, and the terrors of hell did take hold of her, so that she was carried out, looking scarcely alive. They took her, when the lecture was over, to the Court, where the Governor did pronounce sentence of death upon her. But uncle tells me there be many who are stirring to get her respited for a time, at least, and he doth himself incline to favor it, especially as Rebecca hath labored much with him to that end, as also hath Major Pike and Major Saltonstall with the Governor, who himself sent for uncle last night, and they had a long talk together, and looked over the testimony against the woman, and neither did feel altogether satisfied with it. Mr. Norton adviseth for the hanging; but Mr. Willard, who has seen much of the woman, and hath prayed with her in the jail, thinks she may be innocent in the matter of witchcraft, inasmuch as her conversation was such as might become a godly person in affliction, and the reading of the Scripture did seem greatly to comfort her.

June 9.

Uncle Rawson being at the jail to-day, a messenger, who had been sent to the daughter of Goody Morse, who is the wife of one Hate Evil Nutter, on the Cocheco, to tell her that her mother did greatly desire to see her once more before she was hanged, coming in, told the condemned woman that her daughter bade him say to her, that inasmuch as she had sold herself to the Devil, she did owe her no further love or service, and that she could not complain of this, for as she had made her bed, so she must lie. Whereat the old creature set up a miserable cry, saying that to have her own flesh and blood turn against her was more bitter than death itself. And she begged Mr. Willard to pray for her, that her trust in the Lord might not be shaken by this new affliction.

June 10.

The condemned woman hath been reprieved by the Governor and the Magistrates until the sitting of the Court in October. Many people, both men and women, coming in from the towns about to see the hanging, be sore disappointed, and do vehemently condemn the conduct of the Governor therein. For mine own part, I do truly rejoice that mercy hath been shown to the poor creature; for even if she is guilty, it affordeth her a season for repentance; and if she be innocent, it saveth the land from a great sin. The sorrowful look of the old creature at the Lecture hath troubled me ever since, so forlorn and forsaken did she seem. Major Pike (Robert's father), coming in this morning, says, next to the sparing of Goody Morse's life, it did please him to see the bloodthirsty rabble so cheated out of their diversion; for example, there was Goody Matson, who had ridden bare-backed, for lack of a saddle, all the way from Newbury, on Deacon Dole's hard-trotting horse, and was so galled and lame of it that she could scarce walk. The Major said he met her at the head of King Street yesterday, with half a score more of her sort, scolding and railing about the reprieve of the witch, and prophesying dreadful judgments upon all concerned in it. He said he bade her shut her mouth and go home, where she belonged; telling her that if he heard any more of her railing, the Magistrates should have notice of it, and she would find that laying by the heels in the stocks was worse than riding Deacon Dole's horse.

June 14.

Yesterday the wedding took place. It was an exceeding brave one; most of the old and honored families being at it, so that the great house wherein my uncle lives was much crowded. Among them were Governor Broadstreet and many of the honorable Magistrates, with Mr. Saltonstall and his worthy lady; Mr. Richardson, the Newbury minister, joining the twain in marriage, in a very solemn and feeling manner. Sir Thomas was richly apparelled, as became one of his rank, and Rebecca in her white silk looked comely as an angel. She wore the lace collar I wrought for her last winter, for my sake, although I fear me she had prettier ones of her own working. The day was wet and dark, with an easterly wind blowing in great gusts from the bay, exceeding cold for the season.

Rebecca, or Lady Hale, as she is now called, had invited Robert Pike to her wedding, but he sent her an excuse for not coming, to the effect that urgent business did call him into the eastern country as far as Monhegan and Pemaquid. His letter, which was full of good wishes for her happiness and prosperity, I noted saddened Rebecca a good deal; and she was, moreover, somewhat disturbed by certain things that did happen yesterday: the great mirror in the hall being badly broken, and the family arms hanging over the fire-place thrown down, so that it was burned by the coals kindled on the hearth, on account of the dampness; which were looked upon as ill signs by most people. Grindall, a thoughtless youth, told his sister of the burning of the arms, and that nothing was left save the head of the raven in the crest, at which she grew very pale, and said it was strange, indeed, and, turning to me, asked me if I did put faith in what was said of signs and prognostics. So, seeing her troubled, I laughed at the matter, although I secretly did look upon it as an ill omen, especially as I could never greatly admire Sir Thomas. My brother's wife, who seemed fully persuaded that he is an unworthy person, sent by me a message to Rebecca, to that effect; but I had not courage to speak of it, as matters had gone so far, and uncle and aunt did seem so fully bent upon making a great lady of their daughter.

The vessel in which we are to take our passage is near upon ready for the sea. The bark is a London one, called "The Three Brothers," and is commanded by an old acquaintance of Uncle Rawson. I am happy with the thought of going home, yet, as the time of departure draws nigh, I do confess some regrets at leaving this country, where I have been so kindly cared for and entertained, and where I have seen so many new and strange things. The great solemn woods, as wild and natural as they were thousands of years ago, the fierce suns of the summer season and the great snows of the winter, and the wild beasts, and the heathen Indians,—these be things the memory whereof will over abide with me. To-day the weather is again clear and warm, the sky wonderfully bright; the green leaves flutter in the wind, and the birds are singing sweetly. The waters of the bay, which be yet troubled by the storm of last night, are breaking in white foam on the rocks of the main land, and on the small islands covered

with trees and vines; and many boats and sloops going out with the west wind, to their fishing, do show their white sails in the offing. How I wish I had skill to paint the picture of all this for my English friends! My heart is pained, as I look upon it, with the thought that after a few days I shall never see it more.

June 18.

To-morrow we embark for home. Wrote a long letter to my dear brother and sister, and one to my cousins at York. Mr. Richardson hath just left us, having come all the way from Newbury to the wedding. The excellent Governor Broadstreet hath this morning sent to Lady Hale a handsome copy of his first wife's book, entitled "Several Poems by a Gentlewoman of New England," with these words on the blank page thereof, from Proverbs xxxi. 30, "A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised," written in the Governor's own hand. All the great folks hereabout have not failed to visit my cousin since her marriage; but I do think she is better pleased with some visits she hath had from poor widows and others who have been in times past relieved and comforted by her charities and kindness, the gratitude of these people affecting her unto tears. Truly it may be said of her, as of Job: "When the ear heard her then it blessed her, and when the eye saw her it gave witness to her: because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her; and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

[Here the diary ends somewhat abruptly. It appears as if some of the last pages have been lost. Appended to the manuscript I find a note, in another handwriting, signed "R. G.," dated at Malton Rectory, 1747. One Rawson Grindall, M. A., was curate of Malton at this date, and the initials are undoubtedly his. The sad sequel to the history of the fair Rebecca Rawson is confirmed by papers now on file in the State-House at Boston, in which she is spoken of as "one of the most beautiful, polite, and accomplished young ladies in Boston."—Editor.]

"These papers of my honored and pious grandmother, Margaret Smith, who, soon after her return from New England, married her cousin, Oliver Grindall, Esq., of Hilton Grange, Crowell, in Oxfordshire (both of whom have within the last ten years departed this life, greatly lamented by all who knew them), having come into my possession, I have thought it not amiss to add to them a narrative of what happened to her friend and cousin, as I have had the story often from her own lips.

"It appears that the brave gallant calling himself Sir Thomas Hale, for all his fair seething and handsome address, was but a knave and impostor, deceiving with abominable villany Rebecca Rawson and most of her friends (although my grandmother was never satisfied with him, as is seen in her journal). When they got, to London, being anxious, on account of sea-sickness and great weariness, to leave the vessel as soon as possible, they went ashore to the house of a kinsman to lodge, leaving their trunks and clothing on board. Early on the next morning, he that called himself Sir Thomas left his wife, taking with him the keys of her trunks, telling her he would send them up from the vessel in season for her to dress for dinner. The trunks came, as he said, but after waiting impatiently for the keys until near the dinner-hour, and her husband not returning, she had them broken open, and, to her grief and astonishment, found nothing therein but shavings and other combustible matter. Her kinsman forthwith ordered his carriage, and went with her to the inn where they first stopped on landing from the vessel, where she inquired for Sir Thomas Hale. The landlord told her there was such a gentleman, but he had not seen him for some days. 'But he was at your house last night,' said the astonished young woman. 'He is my husband, and I was with him.' The landlord then said that one Thomas Rumsey was at his house, with a young lady, the night before, but she was not his lawful wife, for he had one already in Kent. At this astounding news, the unhappy woman swooned outright, and, being taken back to her kinsman's, she lay grievously ill for many days, during which time, by letters from Kent, it was ascertained that this Rumsey was a graceless young spendthrift, who had left his wife and his two children three years before, and gone to parts unknown.

"My grandmother, who affectionately watched over her, and comforted her in her great affliction, has often told me that, on coming to herself, her poor cousin said it was a righteous judgment upon her, for her pride and vanity, which had led her to discard worthy men for one of great show and pretensions, who had no solid merit to boast of. She had sinned against God, and brought disgrace upon her family, in choosing him. She begged that his name might never be mentioned again in her hearing, and that she might only be known as a poor relative of her English kinsfolk, and find a home among them until she could seek out some employment for her maintenance, as she could not think of going back to Boston, to become the laughing-stock of the thoughtless and the reproach of her father's family.

"After the marriage of my grandmother, Rebecca was induced to live with her for some years. My great-aunt, Martha Grindall, an ancient spinster, now living, remembers her well at that time, describing her as a young woman of a sweet and gentle disposition, and much beloved by all the

members of the family. Her father, hearing of her misfortunes, wrote to her, kindly inviting her to return to New England, and live with him, and she at last resolved to do so. My great-uncle, Robert, having an office under the government at Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica, she went out with him, intending to sail from thence to Boston. From that place she wrote to my grandmother a letter, which I have also in my possession, informing her of her safe arrival, and of her having seen an old friend, Captain Robert Pike, whose business concerns had called him to the island, who had been very kind and considerate in his attention to her, offering to take her home in his vessel, which was to sail in a few days. She mentions, in a postscript to her letter, that she found Captain Pike to be much improved in his appearance and manners,—a true natural gentleman; and she does not forget to notice the fact that he was still single. She had, she said, felt unwilling to accept his offer of a passage home, holding herself unworthy of such civilities at his hands; but he had so pressed the matter that she had, not without some misgivings, consented to it.

"But it was not according to the inscrutable wisdom of Providence that she should ever be restored to her father's house. Among the victims of the great earthquake which destroyed Port Royal a few days after the date of her letter, was this unfortunate lady. It was a heavy blow to my grandmother, who entertained for her cousin the tenderest affection, and, indeed, she seems to have been every way worthy of it,—lovely in person, amiable in deportment, and of a generous and noble nature. She was, especially after her great trouble, of a somewhat pensive and serious habit of mind, contrasting with the playfulness and innocent light-heartedness of her early life, as depicted in the diary of my grandmother, yet she was ever ready to forget herself in ministering to the happiness and pleasures of others. She was not, as I learn, a member of the church, having some scruples in respect to the rituals, as was natural from her education in New England, among Puritanic schismatics; but she lived a devout life, and her quiet and unostentatious piety exemplified the truth of the language of one of the greatest of our divines, the Bishop of Down and Connor 'Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the issue of a quiet mind, the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.' Optimus animus est pulcherrimus Dei cultus.

"R. G."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL ***

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