

MEMOIRS

Thos. M. Thompson's Book

OF THE

REV. JOSEPH EASTBURN,

STATED PREACHER

IN THE MARINER'S CHURCH,

PHILADELPHIA.

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, JANUARY 30th, 1828.

BY ASHBEL GREEN, D. D.

Philadelphia:

PUBLISHED BY G. W. MENTZ, No. 71 RACE-STREET.

1828.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :

***** BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the first day of May, in the
* L. S. * fifty-second year of the independence of the United States of
* * * * * America, A. D. 1828, JACOB J. JANEWAY, (in behalf of the execu-
***** tors of the Rev. Joseph Eastburn) of the said district, has deposited in this
office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the
words following, to wit :

“Memoir of the Rev. Joseph Eastburn, stated Preacher in the Mariner’s
Church, Philadelphia: who departed this life January 30th, 1828. By Ashbel
Green, D. D.”

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled,
“An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of
Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies
during the times therein mentioned.” And also to the Act entitled, “An
Act supplementary to an Act, entitled ‘An Act for the Encouragement of
Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors
and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,’ and
extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etch-
ing, historical and other Prints.”

D. CALDWELL, *Clerk of the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.*

☞ One half of the profits arising from the publication
of this book, is to be appropriated to the use of the Mariners
Church of Philadelphia.

GIFT
Langford

F158

.44

E3G75

To the founders and supporters of the Mariner's
Church in the city of Philadelphia;

To the Rev. ALFRED H. DASHIELL, who statedly
ministers in that church;

And to the mariners and their families who
attend on public worship there,—

These Memoirs of a man who was exceedingly
and deservedly dear to them all, are most
respectfully and affectionately
inscribed, by

THE AUTHOR.

M890807

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
His Parentage, Education, and first Religious Exercises . . .	1

CHAPTER II.

Remarks on Mr. Eastburn's narrative—his marriage and the character of his wife—his exile from and return to Philadelphia—his bearing arms—his son—is refused to be taken on trials for the gospel ministry, by the Synod of New-York and Philadelphia—his rebaptization	14
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Eastburn enters into partnership—character of his partner—situation of his workshop, and conversations in it—his long and unabated struggle with adverse worldly circumstances—his conduct and sufferings in several seasons of pestilence—his kind attentions to the afflicted family of Dr. Sprout—the way providentially opened for his deliverance from worldly embarrassment, and for his becoming a religious teacher—plan for his services in the Northern Liberties of Philadelphia—he departs from that plan, and remarks on the subject	25
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

Unhappy consequences of Mr. Eastburn's acting as a cate-chist and exhorter without a regular designation; the manner in which the evil was arrested; Mr. E.'s examination and qualified licensure by the Presbytery of Philadelphia	38
---	----

CHAPTER V.

	Page
His license entirely satisfactory to himself—his fidelity and success in the Hospital, Alms-House, and Prison of Philadelphia—his labors, various and incessant, and acceptable to different denominations—he is principally instrumental in forming a congregation—death of his wife, and entire relinquishment of his mechanical business	46

CHAPTER VI.

Continues to preach to the sailors, and in various other places—sickness and death	76
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

Miscellaneous particulars and remarks—Conclusion	107
--	-----

FIRST APPENDIX.

Letters	129
Narratives and Anecdotes, extracted from Mr. Eastburn's Manuscripts	164
Mr. Eastburn's Will	177

SECOND APPENDIX.

A Faithful Narrative of the many Dangers and Sufferings, as well as wonderful deliverances, of Robert Eastburn, during his late Captivity among the Indians	181
---	-----

A
FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

OF

THE MANY DANGERS AND SUFFERINGS,

AS WELL AS

WONDERFUL DELIVERANCES

OF

ROBERT EASTBURN,

DURING HIS LATE CAPTIVITY AMONG THE INDIANS;

TOGETHER WITH SOME REMARKS UPON THE COUNTRY OF CANADA,

AND THE RELIGION AND POLICY OF ITS INHABITANTS;

THE WHOLE INTERMIXED WITH DEVOUT

REFLECTIONS.

BY ROBERT EASTBURN.

*Published at the earnest request of many friends, for the benefit
of the Author.*

WITH A RECOMMENDATORY PREFACE BY THE

REV. GILBERT TENNENT.

PSALM cxxiv. 6, 7.—Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth: Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

PSALM ciii. 2, 4.—Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits: Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

1758.

PREFACE.

CANDID READER,

THE Author (and subject) of the ensuing Narrative (who is a deacon of our Church, and has been so for many years) is of such an established good character, that he needs no recommendation of others, where he is known: a proof of which, was the general joy of the inhabitants of this city, occasioned by his return from a miserable captivity; together with the readiness of divers persons, to contribute to the relief of himself and necessitous family, without any request of his, or the least motion of that tendency!—But, seeing the following sheets are like to spread into many places where he is not known, permit me to say, that upon long acquaintance, I have found him to be a person of candor, integrity, and sincere piety; whose testimony may with safety be depended upon, which gives his narrative the greater weight, and may induce to read it with the greater pleasure. The design of it is evidently pious. The matters contained in it, and manner of handling them, will, I hope, be esteemed by the impartial, to be entertaining and improving. I heartily wish it may, by the divine benediction, be of great and durable service. I am thy sincere servant in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 19, 1758.

GILBERT TENNENT.

KIND READERS,

ON my return from my captivity, I had no thoughts of publishing any observations of mine to the world in this manner; as I had no opportunity to keep a journal, and my memory being broken, and capacity small, I was disinclined to undertake it: but a number of my friends were pressing in their persuasions that I should do it; with whose motion I complied, from a sincere regard to God, my king, and country, so far as I know my own heart. The following pages contain, as far as I can remember, the most material passages that happened within the compass of my observation, while a prisoner in Canada. The facts therein related are certainly true; but the way of representing some things especially, is not so regular, clear, and strong, as I could wish; but I trust it will be some apology, that I am not so much acquainted with performances of this kind as many others, who may be hereby excited to give better representations of things far beyond my knowledge.

I remain your unfeigned well-wisher,
and humble servant,

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 19, 1758.

ROBERT EASTBURN.

NARRATIVE, &c.

ABOUT thirty tradesmen and myself, arrived at Captain Williams' fort, (at the carrying place,) in our way to Oswego, the 26th of March, 1756, who informed me that he was like to be cumbered in the fort, and therefore advised us to take the Indian-house for our lodging. About ten o'clock next day, a negro man came running down the road, and reported that our slaymen were all taken by the enemy. Captain Williams, on hearing this, sent a serjeant and about twelve men to see if it was true. I being at the Indian-house, and not thinking myself safe there in case of an attack, and being also sincerely willing to serve my king and country in the best manner I could, in my present circumstances, asked him if he would take company? He replied, with all his heart. Hereupon I fell into the rear, with my arms, and marched after them. When we had advanced about a quarter of a mile, we heard a shot, followed with doleful cries of a dying man, which excited me to advance, in order to discover the enemy, who I soon perceived were prepared to receive us. In this difficult situation, seeing a large pine tree near, I repaired to it for shelter; and while the enemy were viewing our party, I having a good chance of killing two at a shot, quickly discharged at them, but could not certainly know what execution was done till some time after—our company likewise discharged, and retreated: seeing myself in danger of being surrounded, I was obliged to retreat a different course, and to my great surprise, fell into a deep mire, which the enemy, by following my track in a light snow, soon discovered, and obliged me to surrender, to prevent a cruel death—(they stood ready to drive their darts into my body, in case I refused to deliver up my arms.) Presently after I was taken I was surrounded by a great number, who stripped me of my clothing, hat, and neckcloth, so that I had nothing left but a flannel vest without sleeves,

put a rope on my neck, bound my arms fast behind me, put a long band round my body, and a large pack on my back, struck me on the head a severe blow, and drove me through the woods before them—it is not easy to conceive how distressing such a condition is—in the mean time I endeavored with all my little remaining strength, to lift up my eyes to God, from whom alone I could with reason expect relief.

Seventeen or eighteen prisoners were soon added to our number, one of which informed me that the Indians were angry with me, and reported to some of their chiefs that I had fired on them, wounded one, and killed another, for which he doubted they would kill me. Hereupon I considered that the hearts of all men are in the hand of God, and that one hair of our head cannot fall to the ground without his permission. I had not as yet learned what number the enemy's parties consisted of; there being only about one hundred Indians who had lain in ambush on the road, to kill or take into captivity all that passed between the two forts. Here an interpreter came to me to inquire what strength Captain Williams had to defend his fort? After a short pause I gave such a discouraging answer (yet consistent with truth) as prevented their attacking it, and of consequence the effusion of much blood—a gracious Providence, which I desire ever to retain a grateful sense of, for hereby it evidently appeared, that I was suffered to fall into the hands of the enemy, to promote the good of my countrymen to better purpose, than I could by continuing with them—verily, the Almighty is wise in council, and wonderful in working!

In the mean time, the enemy determined to destroy Bull's Fort, (at the head of Wood creek,) which they soon effected, all being put to the sword except five persons, the fort burnt, the provision and powder destroyed; (saving only a little for their own use;) then they retired to the woods, and joined their main body, which, inclusive, consisted of four hundred French and three hundred Indians, commanded by one of the principal gentlemen of Quebec. As soon as they got together (having a priest with them) they fell on their knees and returned thanks

for their victory; an example this, worthy of imitation—an example, which may make profane pretended Protestants blush, (if they are not lost to all sense of shame,) who, instead of acknowledging a God, or Providence, in their military undertakings, are continually reproaching him with oaths and curses; is it any wonder that the attempts of such are blasted with disappointment and disgrace?

The enemy had several wounded men, both French and Indians, among them, which they carried on their backs; besides which, about fifteen of their number were killed, and of us about forty: it being by this time near dark, and some Indians drunk, they only marched about four miles and encamped; the Indians untied my arms, cut hemlock boughs, and strewed round the fire, tied my band to two trees, with my back on the green boughs, (by the fire,) covered me with an old blanket, and lay down across my band, on each side, to prevent my escape while they slept.

Sunday the 28th, rose early; the commander ordered a hasty retreat towards Canada, for fear of General Johnson; in the mean time, one of our men said, he understood the French and Indians designed to join a strong party, and fall on Oswego before our forces there could get any provision or succours, having, as they thought, put a stop to our relieving them for a time. When we encamped in the evening, the commanding officer ordered the Indians to bring me to his tent, and asked me, by an interpreter, if I thought General Johnson would follow them? I told him I judged not, but rather thought he would proceed to Oswego; (which was indeed my sentiment, grounded upon prior information, and then expressed to prevent the execution of their design;) he farther inquired, what was my trade? I told him that of a smith; he then persuaded me, when I got to Canada, to send for my wife, 'for (said he) you can get a rich living there;' but when he saw that he could not prevail, he asked no more questions, but commanded me to return to my Indian master: having this opportunity of conversation, I informed the General that his Indian warriors had stripped me of my clothing, and would be glad he would be

good enough to order me some relief; to which he replied, that I would get clothes when I came to Canada, which was cold comfort to one almost frozen! On my return, the Indians perceiving I was unwell, and could not eat their coarse food, ordered some chocolate (which they had brought from the carrying place) to be boiled for me, and seeing me eat that, appeared pleased. A strong guard was kept every night. One of our men being weakened by his wounds, and rendered unable to keep pace with them, was killed and scalped on the road—I was all this time almost naked, travelling through deep snow, and wading through rivers cold as ice.

After seven days' march, we arrived at Lake Ontario, where I eat some horse-flesh, which tasted very agreeably, for to the hungry man, as Solomon observes, every bitter thing is sweet.* The French carried several of their wounded men all the way upon their backs, and (many of them wore no breeches in their travels in this cold season; they are strong, hardy men.) The Indians had three of their party wounded, which they likewise carried on their backs—I wish there was more of this hardness, so necessary for war, in our nation, which would open a more encouraging scene than appears at present. The prisoners were so divided, that but few could converse together on our march, and (which was still more disagreeable and distressing) an Indian, who had a large bunch of green scalps, taken off our men's heads, marched before me, and another with a sharp spear behind, to drive me after him, by which means, the scalps were very often close to my face, and as we marched, they frequently every day gave the *dead shout*, which was repeated as many times as there were captives and

* On the Friday before we arrived at the Lake, the Indians killed a porcupine, which is in bigness equal to a large raccoon, with short legs, is covered with long hair intermixed with sharp quills, which are their defence. It is indeed dangerous coming very near them, because they cast their quills (which are like barbed irons or darts) at any thing that opposeth them, which when they pierce, are not easy to be drawn out, for, though their points are sharp and smooth, they have a kind of beard, which makes them stick fast; however, the Indians threw it on a large fire, burnt off the hair and quills, roasted and eat of it, with whom I had a part.

scalps taken. In the midst of this gloomy scene, when I considered how many poor souls were hurried into a vast eternity, with doubts of their unfitness for such a change, it made me lament and expostulate in the manner following:—Oh Sin! what hast thou done? what desolation and ruin hast thou brought into this miserable world? What am I, that I should be thus spared! My afflictions are certainly far less than my sins deserve. Through the exceeding richness of divine goodness and grace, I was in this distressing situation supported and comforted by these passages of sacred scripture, viz. That our light afflictions, which last but for a moment, shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; and that, though no afflictions are for the present joyous, but grievous, yet, nevertheless, they afterwards yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby; and farther, that all things shall work together for good, to them that love God—to them who are the called, according to his purpose. But to return.

I may with justice and truth observe, that our enemies leave no stone unturned to compass our ruin; they pray, work, and travel, to bring it about, and are unwearied in the pursuit, while many among us sleep in a storm that has laid a good part of our country desolate, and threatens the whole with destruction. Oh! may the Almighty awake us, cause us to see our danger before it be too late, and grant us salvation! Oh! that we may be of good courage, and play the man, for our people, and the cities of our God! But, alas! I am obliged to turn my face towards cold Canada, among inveterate enemies, and innumerable dangers! Oh Lord, I pray thee be my safeguard; thou hast already covered me in the hollow of thy hand; when Death cast darts all around me, and many fell on every side, I beheld thy salvation!

April 4th, several French batteaux met us, and brought a large supply of provision, the sight of which caused great joy, for we were in great want; then a place was soon erected to celebrate mass in, which being ended, we all went over the mouth of a river, where it empties itself into the east end of Lake Ontario; a great part of our company set off on foot towards Oswegotchy, while the

rest were ordered into batteaux, and carried towards the entrance of St Lawrence, (where that river takes its beginning,) but by reason of bad weather, wind, rain, and snow, whereby the waters of the Lake were troubled, we were obliged to lie by and haul our batteaux on shore; here I lay on the cold shore two days. Tuesday, set off and entered the head of St. Lawrence in the afternoon; came to late at night, made fires but did not lie down to sleep; embarked long before day, and after some miles' progress down the river, we saw many fires on our right hand, which were made by the men who left us, and went by land; with them we staid till day, and then again embarked in our batteaux; the weather was very bad; (it snowed fast all day;) near night arrived at Oswegotchy; I was almost starved to death, but hoped to stay in this Indian town till warm weather; slept in an Indian wigwam; rose early in the morning (being Thursday) and soon to my grief discovered my disappointment. Several of the prisoners had leave to tarry here, but I must go two hundred miles farther down stream to another Indian town; the morning being extremely cold, I applied to a French merchant (or trader) for some old rags of clothing, for I was almost naked, but to no purpose.

About ten o'clock, was ordered into a batteau, on our way down the river, with eight or nine Indians, one of which was the man wounded in the skirmish before mentioned; at night we went on shore, the snow being much deeper than before; we cleared it away, and made a large fire; here, when the wounded Indian cast his eyes upon me, his old grudge revived; he took my blanket from me, and commanded me to dance round the fire, barefoot, and sing the *prisoner's song*, which I utterly refused; this surprised one of my fellow-prisoners, who told me they would put me to death; (for he understood what they said;) he therefore tried to persuade me to comply, but I desired him to let me alone, and was, through great mercy, enabled to reject his importunity with abhorrence. The Indian also continued urging, saying, you shall dance and sing—but apprehending my compliance sinful, I determined to persist in declining it

at all adventures, and to leave the issue to the divine disposal. The Indian, perceiving his orders disobeyed, was fired with indignation, and endeavored to push me into the fire, which I leaped over, and he being weak with his wounds, and not being assisted by any of his brethren, was obliged to desist. For this gracious interposure of Providence, in preserving me both from sin and danger, I desire to bless God while I live.

Friday morning, was almost perished with cold. Saturday, proceeded on our way and soon came in sight of the upper part of the inhabitants of Canada; here I was in great hopes of some relief, not knowing the manner of the Indians, who do not make many stops among the French, in their return from war, till they get home—however, when they came near some rapid falls of water, one of my fellow-prisoners, and several Indians, together with myself, were put on shore to travel by land, which pleased me well, it being much warmer running on the snow, than lying still in the batteau; we passed by several French houses, but stopt at none; the vessel going down a rapid stream, it required haste to keep pace with her; we crossed over a point of land, and found the batteau waiting for us, as near the shore as the ice would permit. Here we left St. Lawrence and turned up Conasadauga river,* but it being frozen up we hauled our

* The river St. Lawrence, at Lake Ontario, takes its beginning through several islands, by which we are in no necessity of coming within sight of Frontenac, when we go down the river; it is smooth water from thence to Oswegotchy; (or, as it is called by the French, *Legalet*;) but from hence to Montreal, the water is more swift, with a number of rapid streams, though not dangerous to pass through with small boats and bark canoes, provided the steersmen are careful and acquainted with the places. In transporting provision and warlike stores up stream from Canada to Lake Ontario, there is a necessity of unloading batteaux at several of the rapid streams, and hauling them empty through shoal water near the shore, and carrying the loading by land to where the water is more slack—though there be several of these places, yet the land carriage is not very far. The land on both sides the river appears fertile a great part of the way from the Lake to Montreal; but the nearer the latter, the worse—more miry and stony. The timber is white pine, ash, maple, beech, hickory, hemlock, spruce, and from the Lake about one hundred and fifty miles down, plenty of white oak, but none about Montreal of that kind.

batteau on shore, and each of us took our share of her loading on our backs, and marched towards Conasadauga, an Indian town, which was our designed port, but could not reach it that night; came to a French house, cold, weary, and hungry; here my old friend, the wounded Indian, again appeared, and related to the Frenchman the affair of my refusing to dance, who immediately assisted the Indian to strip me of my flannel vest before mentioned, which was my all. Now they were resolved to compel me to dance and sing. The Frenchman was as violent as the Indian, in promoting this imposition; but the women belonging to the house, seeing the rough usage I had, took pity on me, and rescued me out of their hands, till their heat was over, and prevailed with the Indian to excuse me from dancing; but he insisted that I must be shaved, and then he would let me alone; (I had at that time a long beard, which the Indians hate;) with this motion I readily complied, and then the Indian seemed content.

Sunday, April 11th, set off towards Conasadauga, travelled about two hours, and then saw the town, over a great river, which was still frozen; the Indians stopped, and we were soon joined with a number of our own company, which we had not seen for several days. The prisoners, in number eight, were ordered to lay down their packs, and be painted; the wounded Indian painted me, and put a belt of wampum round my neck, instead of the rope which I had worn four hundred miles; then set off towards the town on the ice, which was four miles over; our heads were not allowed to be covered, lest our fine paint should be hid, the weather in the mean time very cold, like to freeze our ears; after we had advanced nearer to the town, the Indian women came out to meet us, and relieved their husbands of their packs.

As soon as we landed at Conasadauga, a large body of Indians came and encompassed us round, and ordered the prisoners to dance and sing the prisoner's song, (which I was still enabled to decline,) at the conclusion of which, the Indians gave a shout, and opened the ring to let us run, and then fell on us with their fists, and knocked several down; in the mean time, one ran before to direct

us to an Indian house, which was open, and as soon as we got in, we were beat no more; my head was sore with beating, and pained me several days. The squaws were kind to us, gave us boiled corn and beans to eat, and fire to warm us, which was a great mercy, for I was both cold and hungry. This town lies about thirty miles north-west from Montreal; I staid here till the ice was gone, which was about ten days, and then was sent to Cohnewago, in company with some Indians, who, when they came within hearing, gave notice by their way of shouting that they had a prisoner; on which the whole town rose to welcome me, which was the more distressing, as there was no other prisoner in their hands; when we came near shore, a stout Indian took hold of me, and hauled me into the water, which was knee-deep and very cold. As soon as I got ashore, the Indians gathered round me, and ordered me to dance and sing, now when I was stiff with cold and wet, and lying long in the canoe; here I only stamped to prepare for my race, and was encompassed with about five hundred Indians, who danced and sung, and at last gave a shout and opened the circle; about one hundred and fifty young lads made ready to pelt me with dirt and gravel stones, and on my setting off gave me a stout volley, without my suffering great hurt; but an Indian seeing me run, met me, and held me fast till the boys had stored themselves again with dirt and small stones, and let me run; but then I fared much worse than before, for a small stone among the mud hit my right eye, and my head and face were so covered with dirt, that I could scarce see my way, but discovering a door of an Indian house standing open, I run in: from this retreat I was soon hauled, in order to be pelted more; but the Indian women, being more merciful, interposed, took me into a house, brought me water to wash, and gave me boiled corn and beans to eat. The next day I was brought to the centre of the town, and cried according to the Indian custom, in order to be sent to a family of Indians, two hundred miles up stream, at Oswegotchy, and there to be adopted, and abused no more. To this end I was delivered to three young men, who said I was their brother, and set forward on our way to the aforesaid

town, with about twenty more Indians, but by reason of bad weather we were obliged to encamp on a cold, stony shore three days, and then proceeded on; called at Conasadauga, staid there about a week, in which time I went and viewed four houses at a distance from the town, about a quarter of a mile from each other, in which are represented, in large paint work, the sufferings of our Saviour, with design to draw the Indians to the Papists' religion; the work is curiously done. A little farther stand three houses near together on the top of a high hill, which they call *Mount Calvary*, with three large crosses before them, which complete the whole representation. To all these houses the priests and Indians repair, in performing their grand processions, which takes up much time.*

Set off on our journey for Oswegotchy, against a rapid stream, and being long in it, and our provision growing short, the Indians put to shore a little before night; my lot was to get wood, others were ordered to get fire, and some to hunt; our kettle was put over the fire with some pounded Indian corn, and after it had boiled about two hours, my oldest Indian brother returned with a she-beaver, big with young, which he soon cut to pieces, and threw into the kettle, together with the guts, and took the four young beavers, whole as they came out of the dam, and put them likewise into the kettle, and when all was well boiled, gave each one of us a large dish full of the broth, of which we eat freely, and then part of the old

* The pains the Papists take to propagate such a bloody and absurd religion as theirs, is truly amazing. This brings to my remembrance the following discourse I had with two French priests in my captivity: one of them asked me, if I was a Catholic? apprehending the Romish religion, I answered, no; he replied, *no bon*. On my relating the above to a fellow-prisoner, he said, I had answered wrong, because by the word *Catholic* he meant a Christian. Some time after I was again asked by the other priest, if I was a Catholic? I answered, yes, but not a Roman Catholic; at which he smiled, and asked, if I was a Lutheran? I replied, no; he again inquired, whether I was a Calvinist? I told him I was; to which he said with warmth, *no bon! no bon!* which signifieth, it is not good, it is not good. Oh! may not the zeal of Papists, in propagating superstition and idolatry, make Protestants ashamed of their lukewarmness in promoting the religion of the Bible?

beaver, the tail of which was divided equally among us, there being eight at our fire; the four young beavers were cut in the middle, and each of us got half of a beaver; I watched an opportunity to hide my share, (having satisfied myself before that tender dish came to hand,) which if they had seen, would have much displeased them. The other Indians caught young muskrats, ran a stick through their bodies, and roasted, without being skinned or gutted, and so eat them. Next morning, hastened on our journey, which continued several days, till we came near Oswegotchy, where we landed about three miles from the town, on the contrary side of the river; here I was to be adopted—my *father* and *mother* that I had never seen before were waiting, and ordered me into an Indian house, where we were directed to sit down silent for a considerable time; the Indians appeared very sad, and my mother began to cry, and continued crying aloud for some time, and then dried up her tears and received me for her son, and took me over the river to the Indian town; the next day I was ordered to go to mass with them, but I refused once and again, yet they continued their importunity several days, saying it was good to go to mass, but I still refused; and seeing they could not prevail with me, they seemed much displeased with their new son.* I was then sent over the river to be employed in hard labor, as a punishment for not going to mass, and not allowed a sight of, or any conversation with, my fellow-prisoners. The old Indian man that I was ordered to work with, had a wife and some children; he took me into the woods with him, and made signs that I must chop, giving me an axe—the Indian soon

* When I was at Oswegotchy, the Indians took notice that I frequently retired alone, and supposing I had some bad design, threatened, if I did not desist, they would tomahawk me; but my fellow-prisoner, who understood their language, told them it would be a pity to hurt me on that account, for I only went into a private place to pray—which was true; the Indians replied, if so, it was good; but being yet suspicious, took pains, by watching, to find out how the case was, and when they satisfied themselves, seemed pleased, and did not offer to interrupt me any more, which was a great mercy; as the contrary would have, in some degree, marred my converse with God.

saw that I could handle the axe : here I tried to reconcile myself to this employ, that they might have no occasion against me, except concerning the law of my God. The old man began to appear kind, and his wife gave me milk and bread when we came home, and when she got fish, gave me the gills to eat out of real kindness ; but perceiving I did not like them, gave me my own choice, and behaved lovingly. Here I saw that God could make friends of cruel enemies, as he once turned the heart of angry Esau into love and tenderness : when we had finished our fence, which had employed us about a week, I showed the old squaw my shirt (having worn it from the time I was first taken prisoner, which was about seven weeks) all in rags, dirt, and lice ; she said it was not good, and brought me a new one, with ruffled sleeves, saying that is good, which I thankfully accepted. The next day they carried me back to the Indian town, and admitted me to converse with my fellow prisoners, who told me we were all to be sent to Montreal ; which accordingly came to pass.

Montreal. At our arrival here, we had our lodging first in the Jesuit's Convent, where I saw a great number of priests, and people that came to confession ; after some stay, we were ordered to attend, with the Indians, at a grand council, held before the head General Vaudriél ; we prisoners sat in our rank, surrounded with our fathers and brethren, but were asked no questions : the General had a number of officers to attend him in council, where a noted priest, called Picket, sat at his right hand, who understands the Indian tongue well, and does more hurt to the English, than any other of his order in Canada (his dwelling is at Oswegotchy.) Here I was informed that some measures were concerted to destroy Oswego, which they had been long preparing to execute ; we in our journey met many batteaux going up stream, with provision and men for an attack on our frontiers, which confirmed the report. The council adjourned to another day, and then broke up. My Indian father and mother took me with them to several of their old acquaintance, who were French, to show them their lately adopted son ; these persons had been concerned with my father and other

Indians, in destroying many English families in their younger days; and (as one standing by, who understood their language, said,) were boasting of their former murders! After some days the council was again called, before which, several of the Oneida chiefs appeared, and offered some complaint against the French's attacking our carrying place, it being their land; but the General labored to make them easy, and gave them sundry presents of value, which they accepted:* after which, I knowing these Indians were acquainted with Captain Williams, at the carrying place, sent a letter by them, to let my family and friends know I was yet alive, and longed for redemption; but it never came to hand. The treaty being ended, the General sent about ten gallons of red wine to the Indians, which they divided among us; after came the presents, consisting of coats, blankets, shirts, skins (to make Indian shoes,) cloth (to make stockings,) powder, lead, shot, and to each a bag of paint, for their own use, &c. After we prisoners had our share, my mother came to me with an interpreter, and told me I might stay in the town, at a place she had found for me, if I pleased (this was doubtless the consequence of my declining to obey her orders, in some instances that affected my conscience:) this proposal I almost agreed to;

* The French in Canada, well knowing the great importance of having the Indians in their interest, to promote their ambitious and unjust designs, use a variety of methods with them, among which the following one is excellent in itself, and well worthy of imitation, viz. They are exceeding careful to prevent spirituous liquors being sold to the Indians, and if any of the inhabitants are proved guilty of it, their temporal interest is quite broke, and corporal punishment inflicted on them; unless the General, on some particular occasion, orders his commissioners to deliver some to them. I may add, that knowing their number is small, compared with the British inhabitants on this continent, and must quickly fall into their hands, in case we united, and entered boldly into the heart of their country with a sufficient force; for that very reason, they choose to keep us continually on the defensive, by sending, when occasion requires, large bodies of regulars, together with great numbers of Indians, upon long and tedious marches, that we may not come near their borders; and especially by employing the latter, constantly to waste and ravage our frontiers, by which we are murdered by inches, and beat without a battle. By what I could learn when I was among them, they do not fear our numbers, because of our unhappy divisions, which they deride, and from them, strongly expect to conquer us entirely, which may a gracious God in mercy prevent.

but one of my fellow prisoners, with whom I had before some discourse, about making our escape from the Indian town, opposed the motion, and said, "pray do not stay, for if you do, we shall not be able to form a plan for our deliverance;" on which I told her I chose to go home with her, and soon set off by land in our way thither, to Lascheen, distant from Montreal about nine miles, where we left our canoes, and then proceeded, without delay, on our journey; in which I saw, to my sorrow, great numbers of soldiers, and much provisions, in motion towards Lake Ontario.

After a painful and distressing journey, we arrived at Oswegotchy, where we likewise saw many batteaux, with provision and soldiers, daily passing by in their way to Frontenac, which greatly distressed me for Oswego. Hence I resolved, if possible, to give our people notice of their danger. To this end, I told two of my fellow prisoners, that it was not a time to sleep, and asked if they would go with me: to this they heartily agreed; but we had no provision, were closely eyed by the enemy, and could not lay up a stock out of our allowance. However, at this time Mr. Picket (before mentioned) had concluded to dig a large trench round the town; I therefore went to a negro, the principal manager of this work (who could speak English, French, and Indian well,) and asked him, if he could get employ for two others and myself, which he soon did; for which we were to have meat and wages. Here we had a prospect of procuring provision for our flight; this, I in some time effected for myself, and then asked my brethren if they were ready, who replied they were not yet, but said, Ann Bowman, our fellow prisoner, had brought one hundred and thirty dollars from Bull's fort, and would give them all they had need of; I told them it was not safe to disclose such a secret to her, but they blamed me for my fears, and applied to her for provision, letting her know our intention, who immediately informed the priest of it; on which we were apprehended, the Indians apprized of our design, and a court called; by order of which, four of us were confined under a strong guard, in a room within the fort, for several days.

From hence, another and myself were sent to Cohewago, under a strong guard of sixty Indians, to prevent my plotting any more against the French, and banish all hope of my escape. However, when we arrived at this place, it pleased that gracious God, who has the hearts of all creatures in his hand, to incline the captain of the guard, to show me great kindness, in giving me liberty to walk or work where I pleased, within any small distance; on which I went to work with a French smith, for six livres and five sous per week; which the captain let me have to myself, and farther favored me with the privilege of lodging at his mother's house, an English woman (named Mary Harris, taken captive when a child, from Dearfield, in New-England) who told me she was my grand-mother, and was kind; but the wages being small, and not sufficient to procure such clothing as I was in want of, I proceeded no farther with the French smith, but went to my uncle Peter, and told him I wanted clothes, and that it would be better to let me go to Montreal, and work there, where I could clothe myself better, than by staying with him, and that without any charge to him, who after some reasoning consented.

Set off on my journey to Montreal, and on my entering the city met an English smith, who took me to work with him; after some time, we settled to work in a shop, opposite to the General's door, where we had the opportunity of seeing a great part of the forces of Canada (both soldiers and Indians) who were commonly brought there, before their going out to war; and likewise all prisoners, by which means we got intelligence how our people were preparing for defence; but no good news from Oswego, which made me fear, knowing that great numbers of French were gone against it, and hearing of but few to defend it. Prayers were put up in all the churches of Canada, and great processions made, in order to procure success to their arms against poor Oswego; but our people knew little of their danger, till it was too late: certainly, if more frequent and earnest application (both in private and public) was made to the God of battle, we might, with greater probability, expect success would crown our military attempts. To my surprise, the dismal news

came, that the French had taken one of the Oswego forts; in a few hours, in confirmation of this, I saw the English standards (the melancholy trophy of victory) and the French rejoicing at our downfall, and mocking us poor prisoners, in our exile and extremity, which was no great argument either of humanity, or true greatness of mind; great joy appeared in all their faces, which they expressed by loud shouts, firing of cannon, and returning thanks in their churches; but our faces were covered with shame, and our hearts filled with grief! Soon after, I saw several of the officers brought in prisoners, in small parties, and the soldiers in the same manner, and confined within the walls, in a starving condition, in order to make them work, which some complied with, but others bravely refused; and last of all came the tradesmen, among whom was my son, who looking round saw his father, who he thought had long been dead; this joyful sight so affected him, that he wept! nor could I, in seeing my son, remain unconcerned!—no; the tenderness of a father's bowels, upon so extraordinary an occasion, I am not able to express, and therefore must cover it with a veil of silence!—but he, with all my Philadelphia friends, being guarded by soldiers, with fixed bayonets, we could not come near each other: they were sent to the common pound; but I hastened to the interpreter, to try if I could get my child at liberty, which was soon effected! When we had the happiness of an interview, he gave me some information of the state of our family, and told me, as soon as the news were sent home, that I was killed, or taken, his mother was not allowed any more support from my wages, which grieved me much, and added to my other afflictions!*

* In the mean time, it gave me some pleasure, in this situation, to see an expression of equal duty and prudence in my son's conduct, who, though young in years (about seventeen) and in such a confused state of things, had taken care to bring, with much labor and fatigue, a large bundle of considerable value to me, it being clothing, &c. which I was in great need of; he likewise saved a quantity of wampum, which we brought from New-York, and afterwards sold here, for one hundred and fifty livres. He travelled with me part of the journey towards Oswego, but not being so far on his way, as I was when taken, he did not then fall into the enemy's hands, but continued free till Oswego was taken, and was then remarkably delivered from the hands of the Indians, in the following manner: fifteen

When the people taken at Oswego, were setting out on their way to Quebec, I made application for liberty to go with them; but the interpreter replied, that I was an Indian prisoner, and the General would not suffer it, till the Indians were satisfied; and as they lived two hundred miles from Montreal, it could not be done at that time. Finding that all arguments farther on that head, would not avail, because I was not included in the capitulation; I told the interpreter, my son must go and leave me! in order to be ready at Quebec to go home, when the Oswego people went, which probably would be soon; he replied, "it would be better to keep him with me, for he might be a mean to get me clear much sooner."

The officers belonging to Oswego, would gladly have had me with them, but found it impracticable; this is an instance of kindness and condescension, for which I am obliged! Captain Bradley gave me a good coat, vest, and shirt; and a young gentleman, who formerly lived in Philadelphia, gave four pistoles (his name is James Stone, he was Doctor at Oswego.) These generous expressions of kindness and humanity, I am under great obligations

young lads were drafted out to be delivered to them (which, from their known custom, it is reasonable to conclude, was to fill up the number they had lost in the battle) among which he was one. This barbarous design, which is contrary to the laws of war, among all civilized nations, the French artfully concealed, under the pretext of sending them to work in the batteaux; but my child taking notice, that all that were chosen were small lads, doubted their real intention was bad, and therefore slipt out of his rank and concealed himself, by which means, under God, he was preserved from a state of perpetual captivity; his place being filled up in his absence, the other unhappy youths were delivered up a sacrifice to the Indian enemy, to be instructed in popish principles, and employed in murdering their countrymen; yea, perhaps their fathers and brethren. O horrible! O lamentable! How can the French be guilty, in cold blood, of such prodigious iniquity? Besides their insatiable thirst of empire, doubtless the pardons they get from their pope, and their priests, embolden them, which brings to my mind, what I saw when among them. On a sabbath day, perceiving a great concourse of people at a chapel, built on the commons, at some distance from the city, I went to see what was the occasion, and found a kind of a fair, at which were sold cakes, wine, brandy, &c. I likewise saw many carts and chaises attending, the chapel doors in the mean time open, numbers of people going in and out, and a board hanging over the door, on which was written, in large letters, **INDULGENCE PLENARY, or FULL PARDON.**

to remember with affectionate gratitude, and if ever it be in the compass of my power, to requite. This money, together with what my son brought, I was in hopes would go far towards procuring my release, from my Indian masters; but seeing a number of prisoners in sore distress, among which were, the Captains Grant and Shepherd, and about seven more in company, I thought it my duty to relieve them, and commit my release to the disposal of Providence. Nor was this suffered to turn to my disadvantage in the issue, for my deliverance was brought about in due time, in another and unexpected way. This company informed me of their intention to escape; accordingly I gave them all the help in my power, saw them clear of the town, on a Saturday evening before the sentries were set at the gates, and advised them not to part from each other, and delivered to Captain Shepherd two pocket-compasses; but they, contrary to this counsel, parted, and saw each other no more. By their separating, Captain Grant and Serjeant Newel, were deprived of the benefit of a compass; the other part got safe to fort William Henry, as I was informed by Serjeant Henry, who was brought in prisoner, being taken in a battle, when gallant, indefatigable Captain Rogers, made a brave stand, against more than twice his number; but I have not heard any account of Captain Grant—was enabled, through much mercy, to continue communicating some relief to other prisoners, out of the wages I received for my labor, which was forty livres per month.

In the latter part of the winter, coal and iron were so scarce, that I was hard set to get any more work; I then offered to work for my diet and lodging, rather than be thrust into a stinking dungeon, or sent among the Indians. The interpreter took some pains (which I thankfully acknowledge) but without success; however, as I offered to work without wages, a Frenchman took me and my son in, upon these terms, till a better birth presented; here we staid one week, but heard of no other place: then he offered me and my son thirty livres per month, to strike and blow the bellows, which I did for about two months, and then was discharged, and travelled about from place to place, having no fixed abode, and was obliged to lay

out the small remains of my cash, in buying a little victuals, and took a hay-loft for my lodging; I then made my case known to the kind interpreter, and requested him to consider of some means for my relief, who replied he would; in the mean time, as I was taking a walk in the city, I met an Indian prisoner, that belonged to the town where my father lived, who reported, that a great part of the Indians there, were just come, with a resolution to carry me back with them; and knowing him to be a very honest fellow, I believed the truth of it, and fled from the town to be concealed from the Indians; in the mean while, schemes were formed for an escape, and well prosecuted, the issue of which was fortunate. General Vaudriel gave me and my son liberty (under his hand) to go to Quebec, and work there at our pleasure, without confinement, as prisoners of war; by which means, I was freed from paying a ransom.

The commissary, Monsieur Partwe, being about to set off for Quebec, my son informed me that I must come to town in the evening, a passage being provided for us; I waited till near dark, and then entered the town, with great care, to escape the Indians, who kept watch for me (and had done so for some time) which made it very difficult and dangerous to move; however, as they had no knowledge of my son, he could watch their motions, without their suspicion (the providence of God is a great deep; this help was provided for my extremity, not only beyond my expectation, but contrary to my design.) In the morning, upon seeing an Indian set to watch for me, over against the house I was in, I quickly made my escape, through the back part of the house, over some high pickets, and out of the city, to the river side, and fled! A friend knowing my scheme for deliverance, kindly assisted me to conceal myself. The commissary had by this time got ready for his voyage, of which my son giving me notice, I immediately, with no lingering motion, repaired to the boat, was received on board, set off quite undiscovered, and saw the Indians no more! A very narrow and surprising escape, from a violent death! (for they had determined to kill me, in case I ever attempted to leave them;) which lays me under the strongest obliga-

tions, to improve a life rescued from the jaws of so many deaths, to the honour of my gracious Benefactor!—But to return, the commissary, upon seeing the dismissal I had from the General, treated us courteously!*

Arrived at Quebec, May 1st. The honorable Colonel *Peter Schuyler*, hearing of my coming there, kindly sent for me, and after inquiries about my welfare, &c. generously told me, I should be supplied, and need not trouble myself for support. This public spirited gentleman, who is indeed an honour to his country, did, in like manner, nobly relieve many other poor prisoners at Quebec!—Here I had full liberty to walk where I pleased, and view the city, which is well situated for strength, but far from being impregnable.

Here, I hope, it will not be judged improper, to give a short hint of the French governor's conduct; even in time of peace, he gives the Indians great encouragement to murder and captivate the poor inhabitants on our frontiers; an honest, good man, named William Ross, was taken prisoner twice in the time of peace; when he was first taken, he learned a little of the French tongue, was after some time redeemed, and got to his place of abode. Yet some years after, he, with two sons, was again taken, and brought to Quebec; the governor, seeing the poor man was lame, and one of his legs smaller than the other, reproved the Indians for not killing him, asking, "what they brought a lame man there for, who could do nothing but eat; you should (said he) have brought his scalp!" However, another of his countrymen, more merciful than his excellency, knowing the poor prisoner to be a quiet, hard-working man, redeemed him from the Indians; and two other Frenchmen bought his two sons. Here they had been slaves more than three years, when

* Saw many houses and villages in our pass along the river St. Lawrence towards the metropolis; and here it may be with justice observed, that the inhabitants of Canada in general, are principally (if not wholly) settled upon rivers, by reason that their back lands being flat and swampy, are therefore unfit to bear grain. Their wheat is sown in the spring of the year, because the winter is long, and would drown it; they seem to have no good notion of making meadow (so far as I had an opportunity of observing) their horned cattle are few and poor, their living in general mean, they eat but little flesh, nevertheless they are strong and hardy.

I first arrived at Quebec ; this account I had from Mr. Ross himself, who farther added, that the governor gave the Indians presents, to encourage them to proceed, in that kind of work, which is a scandal to any civilized nation, and what many pagans would abhor ! Here also, I saw one Mr. Johnson, who was taken in a time of peace, with his wife, and three small children (his wife was big with child of a fourth, and delivered on the road to Canada, which she called Captive) all which had been prisoners between three and four years : several young men, and his wife's sister, were likewise taken captive with them, and made slaves.

Our cartel being ready, I obtained liberty to go to England in her ; we set sail the 23d of July, 1757, in the morning, and discharged our pilot about four o'clock in the afternoon ; after which, we neither cast anchor or lead, till we got clear of the great river St. Lawrence, from which, I conclude, the navigation is much safer than the French have reported ; in twenty-eight days we arrived at Plymouth, which occasioned great joy, for we were ragged, lousy, sick, and in a manner, starved ; and many of the prisoners, who in all were about three hundred in number, were sick of the small-pox. My son and self, having each a blanket coat (which we bought in Canada to keep us warm) and now expecting relief, gave them to two poor sick men, almost naked ! but as we were not allowed to go on shore, but removed to a king's ship, and sent to Portsmouth, where we were still confined on board, near two weeks, and then removed to the Mermaid, to be sent to Boston ; we now repented our well meant, though rash charity, in giving our coats away, as we were not to get any more, all application to the captain for any kind of covering being in vain ; our joy was turned into sorrow, at the prospect of coming on a cold coast, in the beginning of winter, almost naked, which was not a little increased, by a near view of our *mother country*, the soil and comforts of which, we were not suffered to touch or taste.*

* On board the Mermaid man of war, being in a distressed condition, and hearing little from the mouths of many of my countrymen, but oaths and curses (which much increased my affliction) and find-

September the 6th, set sail for Boston, with a fleet in convoy, at which we arrived on the seventh of November, in the evening; it being dark, and we strangers, and poor, it was difficult to get a lodging (I had no shoes, and but pieces of stockings, and the weather in the mean time very cold) we were indeed directed to a tavern, but found cold entertainment there; the master of the house seeing a ragged and lousy company, turned us out to wander in the dark; he was suspicious of us, and feared we came from Halifax, where the small-pox then was, and told us, he was ordered not to receive such as came from thence. We soon met a young man, who said he could find a lodging for us, but still detained us by asking many questions; on which I told him we were in no condition to answer, till we came to a proper place, which he quickly found, where we were used well; but as we were lousy, could not expect beds. The next morning, we made application for clothing; Mr. Erwing, son-in-law to the late General Shirley, gave us relief, not only in respect of apparel, but also three dollars per man, to bear our charges to Newport. When I put on fresh clothes, I was seized with a cold fit, which was followed by a high fever, and in that condition obliged to travel on foot, as far as Providence, in our way to Rhode-Island (our money not being sufficient to hire any carriage, and find us what was needful for support.) In this journey, I was exceedingly distressed! Our comforts in this life, are often alloyed with miseries, which are doubtless great mercies when

ing it difficult to get a retired place, I crept down into the hold among the water casks, to cry to God; here the Lord was graciously pleased to meet with me, and give me a sense of his fatherly love and care; here he enabled me (blessed be his name for ever) to look back and view how he had led me, and guarded me with a watchful eye and strong arm, and what pains he had taken to wean me from an over-love of time things, and make me content, that he should choose for me. Here I was enabled to see his great goodness in all my disappointments, and that afflictions were not evidences of God's wrath, but the contrary, to all that honestly endeavor to seek him with faith and love; here I could say, God is worthy to be served, loved, and obeyed, though it be attended with many miseries in this world! What I have here mentioned, so far as I know my heart, is neither to exalt myself, or offend any one upon earth, but to glorify God, for his goodness and faithfulness to the meanest of his servants, and to encourage others to trust in him.

suitably improved; at Newport, met with Captain Gibbs, and agreed with him for our passage to New-York, where we arrived, November 21st; met with many friends, who expressed much satisfaction at our return, and treated us kindly, particularly Messrs. Livingston, and Waldron.

November 26th, 1757. Arrived at Philadelphia, to the great joy of all my friends, and particularly of my poor afflicted wife and family, who thought they should never see me again, till we met beyond the grave; being returned, sick and weak in body, and empty-handed, not having any thing for my family's and my own support, several humane and generous persons, of different denominations, in this city (without any application of mine, directly or indirectly) have freely given seasonable relief; for which, may God grant them blessings in this world, and in the world to come everlasting life, for Christ's sake!

Now, God, in his great mercy, hath granted me a temporal salvation, and what is a thousand times better, he hath given me with it, a soul-satisfying evidence of an eternal in the world to come!

And now, what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? alas! I am nonplussed! Oh that saints and angels might praise thee, for I am not worthy to take thy name into my mouth any more! yet notwithstanding, thou art pleased to accept poor endeavors, because *Jesus Christ* has opened the door, whereby we may come boldly to the throne of thy grace, praised be the Lord God Jehovah, by men and angels, throughout all eternity!

But to hasten to the conclusion, suffer me with humility and sorrow to observe, that our enemies seem to make a better use of a bad religion, than we of a good one; they rise up long before day in winter, and go through the snow in the coldest seasons, to perform their devotions in the churches; which when over, they return to be ready for their work as soon as day-light appears. The Indians are as zealous in religion, as the French: they oblige their children to pray morning and evening, particularly at Conasadauga; are punctual in performing their stated acts of devotion themselves, are still and peaceable in their own families, and among each other as neighbours!

When I compared our manner of living with theirs, it made me fear that the righteous and jealous God (who is wont to make judgment begin at his own house first) was about to deliver us into their hands, to be severely punished for our departure from him; how long has he waited for our return! O that we may therefore turn to him, before his anger break out into a flame, and there be no remedy!

Our case appears to me indeed very gloomy! notwithstanding our enemies are inconsiderable in number, compared with us; yet they are united as one man, while we may be justly compared to a house divided against itself, and therefore cannot stand long, in our present situation.

May almighty God, graciously incline us to look to him for *deliverance*, to repent of our sins, reform our lives, and unite in the vigorous and manly use of all proper means to this end. Amen.

THE END.