A COLONIAL TRILOGY

The Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Ohio

Presents

"Lord Dunmore's War"

by

Prof. Michael J. Voris

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"The Colonial Colleges"

by

Dr. Phillip R. Shriver

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"Howland's Relation"

by

Frank G. Davis, Esq.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

We in the Ohio Society have been too long remiss in the publication of the many talks we have been privileged to hear at our Courts. To help right this wrong we offer you "A Colonial Trilogy".

In 1969 Nathaniel Claiborne Hale, past Governor General, noted historian and - above all - friend wrote in The Gazette, "It was the Colonial Americans who created this American Way of Life; and it is to the perpetuation of the memory of these men and the historic events in which they participated that we are dedicated. The Founders of our Society and their successors in office have all agreed that in this way we can best call public attention to the value of our heritage and thereby insure its preservation."

Further, it was James Anderson who once wrote, "There is nothing that solidifies and strengthens a nation like reading the nation'shistory."

We take great pride in submitting the following papers.

Richard Thayer, Editor

LORD DUNMORE'S WAR

Michael J. Voris Esq.
Instructor of History
University of Cincinnati

According to one historian, "Dunmore's War was a most important event . . . no work with which I am acquainted does the subject justice. It was truly a great event both in respect to the parties engaged and the consequences growing out of it. It has been passed over too slightly by historians." Another writer observes: that the war was a needless occurrence and could easily have been avoided but for the land- hungry Virginia colonials. Included in the latter category was the governor of Virginia -.John Murray, alias the Fourth Earl of Dunmore, Viscount Fincastle, Baron of Blair, of Melin and of Tillimet. I'll let you decide where the issue should be resolved.

Let us now look at the parties involved. Certainly Dunmore was one of the leading actors in the story. Born in Scotland in 1732, and member of the Royal House of Stuarts, he came to the colonies to enhance his personal for- tune. He was colonial governor of New York and the last colonial governor of Virginia. Other, though less official, titles that he received were: African Hero and Conspirator. I found some verse about this controversial little governor. It goes:

> "Great Dunmore our General valiant and bold,
> Excelles the Great Heroes -- the Heroes of Old.
> When he doth command we will always obey,
> When he bids us fight we will not turn away."

Dunmore was destined to become the first full-fledged villain to step from the wings as the Rev. War unfolded. But this is getting a little ahead of the story. Let's turn to some of these thrilling events of yesteryear leading up to what has been called the first battle of the American Revolution (especially by West Virginia historians).

For a number of years prior to 1774 conflicts between red man and white on the western frontier were occurring with greater frequency. Many peaceful whites and reds were killed during these hostilities. At issue were a number of factors. One was a border conflict. Where was the rightful border of Virginia? Of Pennsylvania? What land belonged to the 'numerous tribes and Nations of Indians of the Ohio country? The Pennsylvania colonials were primarily interested in carrying on the fur trade with the Indians. The Virginians were interested in trade but also settlement -- settlement in areas where boundaries were vague. The westward-moving Virginians met varying degrees of resistance as they moved into what is now West Virginia and Kentucky. Dunmore him- self was anxious to get as much land as he could. In 1770 he had petitioned the Board of Trade for a personal grant of 100,000 acres. As Governor of

Virginia, his thirst for land did not abate. Through his agent and surveyor, Dr. John Connolloy, Dunmore continually pressed for more land. Dr. Connolloy was well-suited for his task. He repaired the dilapidated Ft. Pitt and renamed it Ft. Dunmore. While in the west, Connolloy seized upon any excuse to inflame the settlers against the red man. He certainly didn't want to see the Pennsylvanians succeed in their lucrative fur trade and if open war erupted, he and his Lord and master would be sure to increase their holdings.

By the spring of 1774, things were warming up fast along the border. When a rum-runner named Daniel Great- house lured 10 friendly Indians to his camp for a shooting match, plied them well with his rum and slaughtered them all -- you might say the war was on. Since his brother and sister were killed there, the great Mingoe leader, Chief Logan, long a friend of the whites, took his revenge. Before his rampages ended, he had collected over thirty white scalps as he had promised.

The Settlers and frontiersmen of the border regions looked to Governor Dunmore of Virginia for help. Now the Virginia House of Burgesses thought that this was a good idea and authorized the governor to raise troops. They wanted to impose an excise tax on imported slaves, but Dunmore vetoed this and began to raise troops out of his own money. He envisioned a force of 3,000 to go to the Shawnee towns on the Pickaway Plains and end this brutal warfare in the back country. He viewed it as a kind of 'police action'. He was very practical, though not very diplomatic in his dealings with the British Government through the Colonial Officer, Lord Balti- more. The Home Office rebuked Murray for his activities in the west and his eagerness for land. Also, in the momentous Quebec Act, April, 1774, the British government had extended the boundary of Quebec province to the Ohio River. Dunmore, however, knew well the spirit of the frontiersmen and he indicates this in a letter to Lord Baltimore: "I have learned from experience that the established authority of government in America and policy of government at home, are insufficient to restrain the Americans; that they do and will remove as their avidity and restlessness incite them. They acquire no attachment to place: but wandering about seems engrafted in their nature -- they are ever hungering for lands still farther off -- still better."

So, he made ready for battle. Dunmore was to raise 1500 troops and one Andrew Lewis to raise another 1500. Each force was to march by separate routes and to join forces at or near the mouth of the Big Kanawa River. Once there the forces would march to the heart of the Indian villages (actually in Canada). En route, Dunmore discovered a shorter way, up the Hocking, and sent word to Lewis who had arrived at a triangular point of land bordered by the Ohio and Kanawa Rivers and named by his men Camp Point Pleasant.

Meanwhile, back at the Indian towns, the great leader and Shawnee, Cornstalk, had been unsuccessfully playing the role of Dove. Out voted on the war issue (his personal feelings aside) he decided to lead one thousand warriors against the white troops. Well aware of the progress of both forces toward his homeland, he knew he had to hit one of the colonial

groups before they joined forces. On Sunday evening, October 11, 1774, he and his warriors crossed the Ohio on rafts. At just before daybreak the next day, a couple of disgruntled soldiers were out hunting for a little turkey,' after accusing Lewis of being unfair in his distribution of beef rations. One was shot and killed when they stumbled upon what the survivor described to Lewis as "some five acres of Indians about two miles from the campsite." Lewis calmly lit his pipe and prepared to do battle. It was just day-break when the battle began. The fighting was 'hot' until noon, then after a short lull, it was on again. Lewis knew that to win with his back pinned between two rivers, he had to drive Cornstalk's men back from the point. As he drove them back, their line, now about one-half miles long, would get thinner and be easier to break through. Cornstalk's plan, absent the element of surprise, was to drive Lewis' men into the rivers and off the point. In the late afternoon Lewis succeeded in getting some men around the flank of the Indians and the Indians retreated to safer ground thinking it was reinforcement. Estimates of the strength of the Indians vary from 800 to over 1,000. Dunmore's force was about 1,200. The Indians left that night not being able to achieve their objective. Since they didn't return in the morning, Lewis' group were victorious in a sense. Even then a head count was important. By a count of the dead it is questionable, however, as estimates of the colonial dead range from 40 - 80 with considerable numbers wounded. The accounts of the Indian dead run from 20 to over 300.

Dunmore and his men had arrived near Chillicothe and established what was named Camp Charollette. He began peace negotiations with the Indians. When he received word about the victory of Lewis' men in the Battle of Point Pleasant, as it was later to be called, his negotiating position considerably improved. Lewis and his men arrived soon fresh from their victory, and they were ready to search and destroy the Indian towns. Dunmore had a time calling them off and sending them home, but he succeeded. Though there was some rumor of an assassination attempt on the governor, he was also successful in negotiating a treaty with the Indians that was of major significance. It provided that the Indians would not molest any white man on the Ohio River, and allowed the settlers to move into the dark and bloody ground across the river. Another result of this treaty was that the Ohio tribes were generally peaceful during the first two years of the Revolution. This released men to fight in the east and relieved the pressure of a bloody second front in the west.

The fact that Dunmore changed his plan to meet Lewis at Point Pleasant and that he was so liberal in his treaty of Camp Charollette started the conspiracy theory about him. According to this theory, he was actually conspiring with the crown to let Lewis and his motley band of border men get wiped out by Cornstalk or to at least teach these men what would happen if they rebelled against the mother country. Historians have dismissed these tales, but note that the Lord had holdings in Kentucky which would be increased in value by the treaty, and of course the treaty was negotiated on Canadian soil.

Within the year, the Rev. War was on. Dunmore remained loyal to the crown, as did all of the other colonial governors. Though he returned home from the back country a great

hero there, he soon left Virginia fearing for his safety. Before leaving, he tried to get the Negroes to revolt and join the British -- he even issued a proclamation to free them if they joined in the fight against the rebels. In the west, Dr. Connolloy, his faithful agent, was trying, unsuccessfully, to get the Indians to declare war against the Americans.

Dunmore was finally chased from Virginia by General Andrew Lewis, his former subordinate officer. Dunmore died in 1809 after a few years as governor of the Bahamas.

If not the first battle of the American Revolution, then Dunmore's War certainly opened up the west -- especially the settlement of Kentucky. It established a base of operations for the Illinois campaigns of G. R. Clark. While we may not be speaking French, or English with a different accent, had not Dunmore's victory been achieved there, certainly the development of the west would have been much delayed and maybe taken a different course.

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Cincinnati, Ohio
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1971 Spring Court
Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Indiana
Indianapolis, Indiana
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THE COLONIAL COLLEGES

Dr. Phillip R. Shriver

President

Miami University

It is a pleasure for me to participate in the annual Winter Court of The Society of Colonial Wars in The State of Ohio, for it provides me an opportunity to talk to you tonight about a subject which is close to my heart, "The Colonial Colleges," for I am an alumnus of three of them.

Just before the outbreak of the American Revolution, England's colonies in America were supporting no fewer than nine colleges, all nine reflecting to a greater or lesser degree the universities of the homeland, notably Oxford and Cambridge. These nine were the vanguard of the host of colleges and universities we have in America today, now nearly 2,800 in number!

The nine colonial colleges -Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Columbia, Brown, Rutgers, and Dartmouth -reflected the certain conviction of Englishmen throughout time that, like four o'clock tea, cultural influences of the mother country must be perpetuated wherever they and their countrymen were to be found.

Certainly foremost among the cultural influences inherited from the mother country was the religious impulse. The medieval union of education and religion was not dis- solved when the colonies were founded. To the clergy of the thirteen colonies, more than to any other group, was assigned the task of preserving and encouraging learning in the wilderness of the New World. Most colonists subscribed to the belief that an educated ministry was necessary if the scriptures were to be fully understood by men who must be competent to read the original records in Hebrew and Greek. Addition- ally, they felt it necessary that the clergy master the mysteries of nature that the ways of God might be made known to man. As a consequence, with but one exception, all of the colonial colleges were founded primarily to provide an educated and informed clergy.

HARVARD 1636

According to an early history of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, *New England's First Fruits,* "After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided nessaries for our lievelihood, reaered convenient places

for God's worship and settled the Civil Government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust."

In 1636, the general court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony voted 400 to establish a school or college in the likeness of Cambridge, the English university where some seventy of the leading men of the Colony had been educated; the township (Newtown) where the college was to be founded was thus renamed Cambridge in 1638. That same year, a young thirty-one-year-old Puritan minister, John Harvard, on his deathbed in Charlestown, Massachusetts, left to the new college half his estate, nearly £800, as well as his library of 260 books. The college was then named Harvard in his honor in 1639.

The new school almost did not survive its beginning. Its first professor, Nathaniel Eaton, was dismissed in disgrace when it developed that his predilection for flogging extended not only to his scholars but to his assistant as well, making him, as one observed, "fitter to have been master of a house of correction than an instructor of Christian youth." For nearly a year after this false start, Harvard had neither faculty nor students. Fortunately, in 1640 Henry Dunster, a recently arrived Cambridge graduate, was named president and the college began to function properly. Its first class was graduated in 1642.

Dedicated both to "the advancement of all good literature, arts, and sciences" and "the education of the English and Indian youth in knowledge and godliness," Harvard accepted a number of Indians as students, but the record reveals that only one received a bachelor's degree, one Caleb Cheeshahteammuck. Nonetheless, one of the first two campus buildings, constructed in 1654, was called the "Indian College." A third building, constructed in 1720, was called Massachusetts Hall and is still in use as a dormitory.

WILLIAM AND MARY 1693

Although the idea of a college under Church of England auspices had been under discussion in Virginia since the earliest days of that colony, and a subscription had actually been taken as early as 1619 to establish one until an Indian attack had removed most of the subscribers from the scene, it was not until 1693 that James Blair obtained a charter for an institution to be named William and Mary in honor of the reigning monarchs of that day. Blair brought back to Virginia not only a charter but also an order for £2,000 and plans drawn by the celebrated architect, Christopher Wren, for a fine academic building in the Renaissance style. To support the venture, both the British and Virginia governments assigned modest tax revenues to the school. Though in its initial years it was more an academy than a college, by 1729 there were six professors giving a variety of courses to some forty students, most of them of collegiate grade.

William and Mary achieved a high point of influence during the generation preceding the American Revolution. Advantageously located at the end of the Duke of Gloucester Street in Williamsburg, the colonial capital of Virginia, the college was the focal point of a highly cultured community. A significant number of its graduates became prominent Anglican ministers, lawyers (it had the colonies' first law school), and plantation aristocrats, including such great Virginians as Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and John Marshall.

The original building of William and Mary, the Wren Building constructed in 1695, still stands in Williamsburg as America's oldest remaining college building.

YALE 1701

Yale was chartered in 1701 partly as a protest against the growing religious liberalism of Harvard, partly to meet the demands of the wealthy citizens of Connecticut for a college of their own. Supported by ten prominent Congregational ministers of the Colony, it soon became the stronghold of orthodox Calvinism.

Though classes were held initially at Killingsworth, Connecticut, from 1702 to 1707, they were conducted thereafter in several other nearby towns by local tutors until 1717, when consolidation was effected in a move to New Haven, the principal settlement of the colony of Connecticut.

In 1718, Elihu Yale, a Bostonian then living in London who had once been governor of Ft. St. George, Madras, India, donated personal books and goods worth 562.12s to the school, as a consequence of which the trustees voted to name it for him.

Connecticut Hall, built in 1756, is still in use as the oldest of Yale's present buildings.

PENNSYLVANIA 1740

A non-denominational meeting house and "charity school" was chartered in 1740 in Philadelphia, with a board of trustees which included Benjamin Franklin. In 1749, Franklin published a celebrated pamphlet entitled "Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania," which led directly to the

designation of the "charity school" as "the Public Academy in the City of Philadelphia," with Franklin as president of the board of trustees.

The academy opened in January, 1751, after the city had appropriated £200 for completion of its building.

In 1755, the charter was changed to permit the instruction of college students as well. Two years later, the first college class was graduated.

In 1791, the name was changed to the University of Pennsylvania.

PRINCETON 1746

The College of New Jersey was founded by "New School" Presbyterians in 1746. It was housed initially in the home of its first president, Jonathan Dickinson, in Elizabethtown, New Jersey. After Dickinson's death, it moved to Newark, where its second president, Aaron Burr, was serving as a minister. In 1752, it became permanently established at Princeton and eventually (1896) became known by that name.

More evangelical than either Harvard or Yale, it drew students from all parts of the colonies.

Work was begun in 1754 on the first building, Nassau Hall, which became the largest academic building in the colonies and which still stands; it was named in honor of William of Nassau, William III of England.

COLUMBIA 1754

This institution was founded as King's College in New York City in 1754. Though founded by Anglicans, the charter granted by King George in 1754 made possible the service of ministers of no less than five different denominations as governors ex officio.

During the revolution, the college suspended operations. After the war, it resumed under the name of Columbia, inasmuch as it would never do to perpetuate the name of the King.

BROWN 1764

This institution was founded in 1764 in the town of Warren, Rhode Island, as "Rhode Island College" by a group of Baptists of Philadelphia, who wished to establish a college where no student would be excluded on religious grounds. The colony of Rhode Island, founded by Baptist Roger Williams a century earlier, seemed to them the best site for such a college. In 1769, the first class of seven students was graduated. A year later, the college moved to Providence and the cornerstone of its principal building, University Hall, was laid. Closed from 1776 until 1783 because of the Revolutionary War, Rhode Island College was subsequently renamed Brown University in 1804 in honor of Nicholas Brown, a leading citizen of Providence, who had contributed significant sums to its early development.

RUTGERS 1766

If the Baptists could establish a college in Rhode Island, the Anglicans colleges in Virginia and New York, and the Congregationalists colleges in Massachusetts and Connecticut, then the Dutch Reformed could see no reason why they could not have a college in New Jersey. Thus, Queen's College at New Brunswick came into being in 1766.

DARTMOUTH 1769

The ninth and last of the colonial colleges was founded in 1769, when Dartmouth College was chartered as yet another Congregational Church venture.

Named after the Earl of Dartmouth, who had served as president of the board of trustees of a fund of £10,000 raised in England and Scotland for the education of Indians, the college evolved from an Indian charity school founded by one Eleazar Wheelock in 1750 at Lebanon, Connecticut. After it was moved

to Hanover, New Hampshire, and there endowed as a collegiate-level school, ostensibly still for Indians, its mission was soon diverted to the education of colonists' sons. Its original building -- Dartmouth Hall -- was twice destroyed by fire and rebuilt.

ADMISSION REQUIREMENTS

A Harvard record dating from 1643 set forth the admission requirements of that institution quite succinctly: "When any scholar is able to understand Tully or such like classical Latin authors extempore and make and speak true Latin in verse and prose...and decline perfectly the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue, let him then, and not before, be capable of admission into the college."

(N.B. As recently as 1940, when the writer applied to Harvard and Yale for admission, he had to present competency in Latin -- three years of it -- evidence of the stubborn endurance of this particular requirement.}

STUDENT BODY

All were male. Most were quite young -- boys were often admitted between 11and 14 years of age.

Because of their youth, discipline was a real problem in the colonial colleges and was necessarily handled at a more juvenile level than would be the case today.

DISCIPLINE

As far as the colonists were concerned, the nurture of intellect required the strictest of discipline, which at Harvard until 1718 meant the flogging of wrongdoers. Flogging was displaced in that year by the more genteel practice of "boxing," in which an erring student was made to kneel at the feet of his tutor, who then proceeded to cuff him sharply on the ears. This custom happily was finally suspended at Harvard in 1755 and omitted from the college laws altogether in 1767.

FACULTY

Since only Pennsylvania was non-denominational, most of the faculty were drawn from the clergy for the colonial colleges.

Typically, faculty were paid in produce plus a monetary pittance.

CURRICULUM

The course of instruction in the colonial colleges did not differ basically from that of the medieval universities. Although subjects such as arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy were included in the curriculum, the chief emphasis was placed upon the classics, including Hebrew. At Harvard, a degree requirement was the ability to translate both the Old and New Testaments from the original Hebrew into Latin, and to "resolve them logically."

At Harvard as well as elsewhere, all instruction was in Latin. Indeed, most textbooks were written in Latin. All lectures were delivered in Latin.

The subjects in the curriculum included:

1. Greek and Hebrew grammar
2. Rhetoric
3. Logic
4. Divinity
5. Aristotelian physics

Despite this predominance of the classical tradition, the environment of the New World inevitably strengthened the practical, secular, utilitarian influence in thought at the expense of the spiritual. Concern with the physical aspects of survival in a new world was imperative. Moreover, the strange aspects of life in America intensified the curiosity of men about the natural world. It was inevitable that a school would be established which would depart at least to a degree from the traditional. Ben Franklin was its mentor, Philadelphia its locale.

Only the Philadelphia Academy (Pennsylvania) paid any marked attention to English and the sciences, including social sciences, because of Franklin's insistence. Franklin argued that any man who wanted to prepare for other than the ministry should know science, history, literature, geography, and political economy. His was a voice in the wilderness. All the other colleges with rare exception followed the

classical tradition until the Revolution.

LIBRARIES

Most of the colonial colleges had small libraries of a few thousand volumes, most of these written in Latin. Books as well as money were included in the college endowments, for many of the earliest settlers brought their libraries with them.

By 1750, colonial book dealers were advertising in the public press; the first public library was in Philadelphia in 173i.

TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF A COLONIAL COLLEGE

5:00 a.m.	all students arise
5:00 8:00 a.m.	study hours
7:00 8:00 a.m.	first recitation
8:00 9:00 a.m.	breakfast
9:00 a.m.	prayer
After prayer until 12:00 noon	second recitation
12:00 noon 1:00 p.m.	lunch
1:00 2:00 p.m.	recreation
2:00 5:00 p.m.	study hours
5:00 6:00 p.m.	dinner
6:00 8:00 p.m.	study hours
8:00 9:00 p.m.	prayer
9:00 p.m.	lights out -- to bed

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

It has been estimated that, as of 1775, probably no more than one out of every one thousand colonists had been to college, aggregating at that time a total of perhaps 3,000 living graduates of all nine American colleges in all thirteen colonies! Yet, the colleges were significant far beyond the small numbers of their students as molders of thought and educators of men, men who would provide political, religious, and social leadership.

It would be the legacy of the American Revolution to expand the outreach and with it the influence of the American colleges through liberalization of the curriculum and a broadening of educational opportunity. But that is a subject for another time and another day.

77th Annual Court

Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Ohio

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ROWLAND' S RELATION

Frank G. Davis, Esq.
Honorary Governor,
Society of Colonial Wars in The State of Ohio

Unlike the first and second papers, which are entirely factual, this paper, although in accord with the presently known facts, is largely fictional. It is an effort to create a credible biography (in autobiographical form) for the author's ancestor Pilgrim John Howland of the Mayflower, from the sparse and often conflicting evidence. F. G. D.

I am an old man now, and though, as the Psalmist says, by reason of strength I have come to fourscore years, they are become a labor and sorrow to me. Psalm 90. My good Bess having lately persuaded me to set my Last Will in order, whereby I have made such disposition of my earthly goods as seems just to me; and being still of perfect remembrance praise be to God, I have bethought me to make also some like disposition of the chattels as it were of my mind and memory. Which by God's mercy being laid up over a long life may indeed be of more worth and true instruction to my heirs than the bequest of 3 porringers, 2 pair of pillowbeers, a red waistcote, etc.

So though I be but rude in speech as the apostle says (2 Corinthians) I shall assay to set down here some relation of those events which have brought me to my present state and condition, which may serve as instruction to those who come after. For though we be depraved and corrupted beyond all man's remedy, yet as good Tindall tells, whosoever flieth to Christ Jesus can neither hear nor receive of God anything save mercy. To which end I shall commence my relation at the beginning, as it were, and so move forward to this day, hoping not to be shifted off more than need be with false wit and wisdom along the road.

Imprimis: I was born, as I have been told, (for no man knows his beginning more than he shall know his end) in the 34th year of the reign of our good Queen Bess, which is to say the year of Our Lord 1592, at Fen Stanton in the shire of Huntingdon. My father was a yeoman of the place, with lands in freehold hard by the Great North Road; which circumstance put us more into the great world than out of it, though to the northeast by but a few miles the Fens stretched out unbroke to Ely and beyond. In which damp places men lived who had never been to market at St. Ives or walked an upland furrow. Yet by a strange turn the Fens and the Road combined to bring my father some small fortune, for in my child- hood, driven by the vile wet and filthy fog

of those years, he turned ever more to the breeding and sale of horses, which pastured well along the Fenland. For with the cornlands all out of heart through the constant dearth of sun and the soaking wet, the grass grew marvellous well in the meadows, and with such hay as could be got from the uplands served well to keep the mares in health and spirit. Pasturage in the Fens ran late in the year, and so my father brought strong stock to the autumn fairs at Huntington and even Peterborough for trafficing on the Great North Road from London to York and beyond. By my seventh year or thereabouts though it pleased God to return the weather to more near its natural state, my father continued in his way of raising horses together with his farm crops, and I have heard him say that even Mr. Pickford, the goods carrier of Lancashire and York came down to buy our horses.

So through my boyhood I remember with rare longing the late summer weeks when with my brothers Arthur and Humphrey and a horseherd or two we kept the horses at pasture in the Fens, where I learned to draw the bow and hunt the bustard and mallard and the world was half wind and half water, and reeds and cloudy reflection.

My father was a big man, whence my own great size and strength was given, and my mother, a proud woman of some learning, made much of it that he was cousin to Richard Howland, Bishop of Peterborough. But I think my father took more pride in his friendship with Squire Hinchingbrooke, who leaned heavy on him and some few others for management of our parish of Fenny Stanton when he was at the Parliament in London. Indeed, for father's labours as Surveyor of Highways, the Squire presented him a great silver plate, which stood on our sideboard for all his life, making the pewter sad gray beside it. This Squire Hinchingbrooke was uncle and namesake to Oliver Cromwell our late Lord Protector, and our window into the great world, for the noble and powerful passing north on the Great Road from London would stop at Hinchingbrooke House for cheer, and one April when I was eleven or twelve King James himself was entertained there with a great feast, and we lined the road up to the great house to see the new King jog by, smiling a little and nodding to us all.

But already I have run on before myself. Some few years before King James came to Hinchingbrooke's my mother put me to petty school with our poor old vicar, for she had herself some learning, and often said to us "better unborn than untaught". So for what seemed to us an endless time (for so time draws out in our salad days when we are young and green) my brothers Arthur and Humphrey and I went with our hornbooks to the vicarage where we learned the secretary hand, the art of reading, and some ciphering I suppose, though my father early showed us the ciphering, who being greatly taken with it himself said it was the white magic which brought wealth and power. And so in a way I suppose it was.

In due time I was sent on to Dr. Beard's school at Huntingdon where to my spelling and reading was added yet more of the arithmetic and some Latin (which I never could digest) and a great deal of scripture and the psalms. Thomas Beard was a harsh man but righteous, whence we learned a true fear of God, and that right living and God's grace brought rewards in this life and the next. It was at the Huntingdon Free School that I came by my first book, where mother gave me Foxe's Martyrs, which I have by me to this day with John Tindall's works, etc. But alas I was no great scholar, being minded to read more from Foxe than from Ovid, and finding the rides into the fens more to my liking than the rides into Huntingdon to Dr. Beard's.

And so, my brothers George and Simon coming of an age to help father and Arthur with the horses and the fields, I was sent off after my brother Humphrey to London for an apprentice. Humphrey had been put to a draper whose name I have forgot, but I went to Mister John Carver, a man known to both my father and Dr. Beard as righteous and prosperous though with Brownist leanings.

Father arranged with a carrier of Huntingdon that I should go with a company of his carters to London, for a green youth by himself was like to be cozened or beaten or worse by rogues or priggers or some other of the rabblement on the roads. We were three days on Ermine Street going up to London, the roads being very noisome and tedious but the inns pleasant and cheerful enough for a country lad. Arrived at last in London I made my way to Carver's, where I was kindly received by my new master and mistress, and given a room to share with the kitchen boy.

For some two years I worked in Mr. Carver's counting- house, starting as helper to a senior prentice: filling the string-ball, cutting quills, and so to the petty cash books, copying the letters into the books of copies, etc. It was here I changed my old Secretary hand for the fine Italian, which is a fair style enough, and yet the Secretary having come first to me has stayed with me to this day in some measure. My master and mistress being as I have related inclined toward the Brownists, kept a strict household, with prayers said for all and much reading of the bible; yet John Carver was a gentler man and more loving than Dr. Beard, and for love of the Carvers rather than for fear of God or master I suppressed the high spirits of youth and bore myself straitly during all my stay with them. Thus as good Tindall says, the heart being overcome with kindness begins to submit to the laws of God, to learn them and to walk in them.

Yet the temptations of London town were great, and as Tindall says also, we are bound to do evil as the serpent is bound to bite, and from time to time I would out with the other prentices on one or another execrable enterprise as to the bear baiting at Paris Garden in Sutherk or some tavern in Cheapside, so that I was in no rude ignorance of the devilish evils at large in London, although for the most part

remaining discreet and studious as I have said. Mr. Carver maintained a house in Leyden in the Netherlands, where he often absented himself about his affairs, and indeed when I had been with him for about three years he proposed to remove himself there altogether; one Mr. Robinson, a noted Brownist and gossip of my master's being also in the Low Countries, who havin removed there with some of his fellows thought to practice their faith without let by the archbishop or council. The Carvers urged me to accompany them in this removal, as they proposed to close up their London house and leave their affairs there in the hands of Thomas Weston and others. But having been once to Leyden with Mr. Carver to compare the books and having taken a strong dislike to the miserable place I would have none of it, so by the agreement of all I was bound over to Mr. Weston to continue my apprenticeship at London. This Weston was of the Ironmongers Company, but had his hand in many a pot, and I was to learn much in his counting house of large affairs.

Mrs. Carver at leaving presented me with a Great Bible which I still have by me, but in the merry household of Tom Weston I was soon shifted off by Mr. Hakluyt's books of Voyages and Discoveries which Mr. Weston kept in the house and that I conned with delight. I was turned eighteen when I came to Mr. Weston, who urged me on to read as much of the wide world as I could see, to which end he took me often to the booksellers in Paul's Walk to cheapen for books. Mr. Weston being of sanquine complexion and a lover of this world's goods was less arduous in his persuit of the true religion than my former master, and less strict also in his accounts, so that as a young man will I drifted from the path, and as good Tindall says in his great answer to More: in temptation, tribulation and adversities I perished daily, and as soon as I was delivered out of one temptation another was set before me. For while in Mr. Carver's house the motto was "Love, and Condemn not", Weston's rule was that "an ounce of mirth is better than a pound of sorrow", and all was at odds and hurly-burly. So with all the comings-in and goings-out in Mr. Weston's business I was left much to my own devices, and as None of us Liveth to Himself (Romans XIV), I fell in with the other prentices and out of all doubt soon reached the vilest estate of my whole life. Now the most devilish and mischievous face of sin, which the devines and preachers all shift off from, is the joy which the sinner finds in his viciousness, and the pleasures of the theater, the bear pit, and the tavern grew upon me like a miserable pestilence till I became as Foxe says depraved and corrupted beyond all man's remedy. We would go out to shoot ducks at Islington ponds or Moorfields, a sport which I had learned in the Fens, and return in the red dusk to the Mitre in Cheapside and carouse into the night. Or we would off to the Globe for the Merchant of Venice or some such bawdy play, shouldering among the groundlings and hieing off presently to the George for another carouse, running like mad dogs in the streets, all insolence and unpeacable fury.

When I had done my apprenticeship to Tom Weston, I stayed on with him as a journeyman clerk, and seeing at close hand the ways of the merchants, and that if ever I was to rise in the world I must plant my wages where they would likely grow tallest, I set about to take shares in such joint stocks or adventures as Mister Weston showed me. Who indeed having ever an eager eye for profit came near onto disaster more than once for trading with the Dutch in contempt of the Merchant Adventurers of London. And so I went on for some few years in this vile estate, debauching in the taverns and worse by night, seeking ever a ready and unearned fortune by day, until in the year 1618 word came to our counting house of Mr. Francis Blackwell and his company, who being Brownists (or Puritans at most) of Amsterdam had got them a patent from the Virginia Company for a particular plantation in Virginia. Now, says Mr. Weston, a plantation must needs have ready and willing planters, as Captain Smith and others saw to their sorrow in the early days of Jamestown. And where better to find honest labor and modest perserverance than in a company determined to make a new place for their life and worship? For though I afterwards heard it said that Blackwell had declined from the truth in Amsterdam, and indeed later betrayed and accused certain godly men in London; yet was his company ready enough to brave the perils of the seas and the dread afflictions of an unknown land. Mr. Weston and Mr. Sherley and sundry other adventurers whose pursuit of the treasures of this earth something exceeded their pursuit of the true and lively doctrine of Christ Jesus, took shares in this false Blackwell's voyage; and I, wicked and depraved as I was, took such shares as I could then buy up. Further, bemused by the glittering tales of Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Hakluyt of the riches of the fair New World, I fell so far out of my wits as to borrow upon my slender credit to the same end.

Then in the bright May of 1619 was my bubble broke, and the fruits of wickedness harvested in full measure; Captain Argall returns from Virginia with the wretched news: Mr. Blackwell's ship is carried out of its course, and of 180 persons in the ship 130 are lost of the flux and want of fresh water, and Blackwell himself turned up his heels and died. There were repinings amongst the adventurers, saying too many were packed into the ship, etc., but the bitter end was that the venture had come to naught, and many of us ruined altogether. So here I was, scarce ventured upon the sea as it were and my bark already on the rocks, and my name like to be read out on the Exchange for a defaulter.

Here at the ebb of my slight fortunes came my old master, John Carver, back from Leyden with a Mr. Cushman as agents for yet more Brownist adventurers bound for Virginia. Tom Weston indeed had broached some plan or other to them, and helped in the matter of a patent through Sir Edwin Sandys of the Virginia Company. Which Company then being in a great schism and like to fall in bits and pieces and could offer but 300 pounds for the voyage, Mister Weston made stir among the

merchants for a joint stock, seeing his chance with these sober Saints to win back his losses in the Blackwell disaster. For myself, being still determined that fortune lay in those newly-discovered parts which Hakluyt and Raleigh had shone forth in so clear, nay so golden a light, I made shift to indenture myself once again to good Mister Carver. If for want of fortune I could not be a merchant adventurer in London, thought I, I should be a planter in Virginia, for no man having put his hand to the plough and then looking back is fit for the kingdom of God (Luke VIII).

Mister Carver took me with him into Hampshire and Southampton to make provision for the voyage, leaving Mr. Weston charged with the raising of the moneys, and for near a year I was in the south country, cheapening for com and butter, seeing to the hauling and grinding and brewing and churning and all the wearisome tasks of provisioning, for we must needs feed the whole company not only on the crossing, but in Virginia itself until we could make our own provision there. In all this time we heard naught but a flowing stream of complaint and abuse from the Leyden company: Tom Weston and Cushman had changed the agreement, Carver should make provision in London instead of Southampton where we would cast off, Christopher Martin, one of the London agents, was of insolent carriage and ignorant bold- ness and would ruin all, some would go to Guiana and not Virginia, etc.

At last, despite all, we were all met at Southampton in the summer of 1620, where I saw for the first time the Leyden leaders; Mr. Brewster, Edward Winslow, Mr. Bradford and Isaac Allerton, a merchant I had seen before at Weston's. Brewster, then in hiding from a charge of issuing seditious books from his printing press in Leyden, was the elder of the Leyden flock, a discreet and studious man of great wisdom and gentleness, who would thereafter teach me the true way of Jesus Christ, give me the freedom of his library and council me like a very father. His assistant, Edward Winslow, was a man of biting wit and lively mind, a few years my junior but out of all doubt the brightest light of the company. Bradford, a man of melancholy complexion and bilious humour, was the iron clamp that held all together and in truth made the plantation survive by his powerful faith and force, but it is strange how God worked his will through such a wrangling and exposulating spirit, as will be seen more hereafter.

The Leyden saints had come over in the Speedwell, a ship much condemned by Weston and others as overmasted and unanswerable, as indeed she proved, and was at last abandoned at Plymouth in a near sinking condition, and many of company, with poor Robert Cushman, left behind.

So when at last we stood out to sea scarce forty of our company of one hundred were of Leyden, the others being from London and other places. We were

crowded in enough, and in rough weather all below decks and out of harm's way were indeed like herring in a cask.

On one such wretched morning, feeling the foul airs of the Cabin insufferable, and although forbidden to it by Captain Jones, I slipped up onto the open deck, and was there struck by a great gale of wind, howling through the ship from side to side. The sun was struggling with a thin gray murk, so that I scarce cast a shadow as I staggered down the deck to the starboard rail. Clinging there with my inward parts all in turmoil, I could look straight down into the spume rushing alongside, and being on a sudden taken up with a gust of the tempest or a sudden retching, I know not which, I was lifted as it were by a great hand and flung headlong over the side. I seemed to fall out and down for all eternity, my breath snatched out of me by the wind, and then I was fathoms deep in the sea, looking down into a great pale darkness where I thought there must sure be no bottom. Then the horror of Hell closed over me, and I felt myself damned to fall through that freezing murk forever, and I cried inwardly in great terror for God's help and mercy, while the bitter chill sucked all the earth's heat out of my body. But suddenly I heard above and behind me, and yet it seemed within my own head too, a clear, hard voice, like a distant horn, saying "Look you up then, John Howland." And look up I did, kicking and twisting back from the murderous deep. Above was green dimly glowing, splattered with sparks and bubbles, and there, trailing down out of some invisible place above, a dark line sweeping toward me in a slow twisting curve. I laid hands on it with a will, and found it a good halyard or line, pulling upon which with all my failing strength and somewhat assisted by its speed through the water, I dragged my head and upper parts back into God 's own air, and drew in such a breath as I think no man ever took before. Still looking up as I was enjoined to do, I saw above and beyond me the poop deck of the Mayflower, and the line I held trailing down from the yard arm, and looking down over the rail a face contorted into one great mouth, shouting some passionate words to me; but they were blown away by the gale, and the face worked violently and the mouth twisted soundlessly, and as it seemed to me to no purpose. Nevertheless was I drawn up into the ship like a great fish, though I remember nothing after that shouting face, and taken below and wrapped in rugs and possetted somewhat and so came back to health in a few days.

My first words were with Elder Brewster, whom I acquainted with my salvation at the hands of God, and I spoke of the great rejoicing in my heart at the said salvation, and protested my determination to follow His word thereafter with a high heart. "In truth" said he "we well know your high heart and lusty spirits, and we thank God that He has elected you to serve Him with joy and gladness." For they that go down to the sea in ships saw the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. They

cried unto the Lord in their trouble and He brought them out of their distress. Psalm 107.

I will pass over our landfall at Cape Cod and our early times thereabout with scant notice, seeing that others have told the tale better than I might do: how it fell out that Captain Jones being wary of coasting down to Virginia so late in the year, the first men among us thought to plant in New England, and after some hot words we so agreed and drew up our articles accordingly; how we chose John Carver governor of our company, how we set out our shallop and cast about, setting finally on New Plimouth, as Captain John Smith had called the place; how the great sickness fell upon us in our misery, so that some cried that the place was accurst, seeing that the savages who had lived thereabouts had all been struck dead some few years before; and how God strengthened us and lift up our hearts and brought us who survived safe through that bitter time.

Some few things I still see in my mind's eye as clear as yesterday: rowing the shallop in the bitter sleet along Cape Cod till our boat cloaks were cased as it were in ice; the how- ling of the savages when they broke onto our barricado at dawn as if the earth was broke open and all the devils of Hell loose; the endless chopping and sawing in the wet murk of Plimouth. I remember how on that cold morning when the savages attacked I whipped up my snaphance musket, which kept the priming dry and fit for use even in the rain, and lodged a ball into a tree hard by the head of their sagamore, so that he ran off yelling into the woods. I was sinfully proud of that piece, it being given me by Tom Weston when we parted, only Captain Standish of the whole company having one its equal. I used it much that first winter to bring down fowl and deer, and once on a later time, God forgive me, for a try bigger game.

I must likewise pass lightly by, the matters being too near my heart for idle words, how good John Carver came in out of the field the next spring, spoke of a great pain in his head and died straightaway, leaving me and Mrs. Carver to manage his household; and she, poor soul, wasted away and died in the summer, charging me with all, and the guard of her ward Bess Tilley, whose father and uncle had been taken off in the great sickness. Whereby I came into all the fortune of the Carvers, and a good wife besides. For with the needs of the household, and of the fields, and some work by way of counting in the storehouse I was sore beset to keep all in order. So I concluded to marry, for as the saying is "if the pilot would both hold the stern, and hoist up the sail, and be upon the hatches, and labor at the pump, and do all himself, it must needs go ill with the ship." And strange to say, for all dear Bess was starved down like a wet kitten, with her grey eyes sunk in her head and her gown and kirtle all patches, still she kept her dark hair all smooth and ordered and she seemed to me more beautiful than any wench I had known in London.

It was about the time we married, for though we had no pastor yet good Elder Brewster entered us in the records as husband and wife, that I became embroiled in the wretched affairs of the plantation and the London adventurers. Will Bradford, our new governor after Mr. Carver, was ever in contention with Isaac Allerton and the London company; knowing little of the exchange or merchant's affairs, he looked with suspicion on the Londoners, thinking prayer and upright thought a fit substitute for a knowledge of trade. Soon seeing how that wind blew, I slunk off from the counting house, for I knew that no accounts kept a two months' journey from the London treasurer and at the whim of an innocent could bring the account-keeper ought but grief . And so it proved for Edward Winslow's young brother, who being later brought over to set all in order fell presently afoul of the governor, and fared little better than Isaac Allerton himself.

The root of the trouble was the Plantation would not stand by the undertakings of their agents sent back to Lon- don, and especially Allerton, whom they ever charged with trading for his own particular. So, when Allerton buys the ship White Angel, and James Sherley the treasurer at London charges it upon the general account of the Plantation, they at Plimouth make great outcry that they are much put upon, and run about wringing hands. In truth the error was at London, for Weston, like Sir Ferdinando Gorges and others of the Council for New England, thought only of the fishing, and pressed hard to make New Plimouth another Damaris- cove, all fishing stages and salt pans. Which the governor and others saw would be well nigh fatal to the plantation, and sought to shift off to trade with the savages.

To which end, after the harvest of 1625, I went with Mr. Winslow and others in a shallop with a cargo of corn some 40 leagues northeastward to a river called the Kennebec, and thence brought home some 700 pounds of beaver. Which river the sagamore Somoset had made known to us, he being a savage of the Abnaki tribe and ever a good friend to us.

About this time also some few of us undertook to discharge the debt of the plantation to the London adventurers, getting in return the particular right to trade with the savages, the Dutch and others, and having the whole stock of trading truck then in store. We then through Mr. Allerton procured a patent from the Council for New England for a trucking house on the above said Kennebec, which we built and stocked with coats, shirts, rugs, biscuit, pease, corn, hoes, axes, etc. to trade with the savages for beaver.

This place came into my charge in due time, and here keeping my own accounts free from the meddling of others, and exchanging and comparing the same with Mr. Sherley in London when occasion offered, I wrought well for the Under- takers with God's help for some years, until the fatal meeting with the Piscataqua men.

One day in the year 1634 up the Kennebec comes a bark from Piscataqua, a plantation a little east of the Merrimac river which the Lord Saye and Sele, Sir Ferdinando Gorges and some other great persons had a hand in. This bark would go up the river above us and so intercept the trade, contrary to our patent. I warned them off, but Hocking, their captain, and a man of insolent carriage, sets himself in a rage, rates me as though I had been a dog, bids us do our worst and anchors above our house. I in turn send out Moses Talbot and another in a canoe who cut their cable, but Hocking takes up his musket and shoots poor Talbot through the head, so he fell dead. Whereupon I, and as I think some others of our company, let fly with our muskets and there is Hocking dead likewise.

There was a devilish to-do when this affair was bruited about, and the meddling fools from the Massachusetts Bay took John Alden who had been there with me upon his bark returning from Kennebec and clapped him in prison, thinking thereby to ease the ire of Lord Saye and Lord Brooke. But Tom Prence, who was then our governor, sent Miles Standish to the Bay and procured John's release, and the whole matter was laid to rest when the true story was shown to their Lordships.

It was thought best that I leave the Kennebec house; and so I came back at last to my first way of life, the farm and the breeding of horses. In 1635 I served my seventh and last year as governor's assistant, and though I have been a Deputy to the General Court almost ever since, my greatest pride was serving a year as surveyor of highways. I received no silver plate such as my father had of Squire Hinchingbrooke for his labors, but I had the joy of the task well done, which is God's greatest gift, after all. I have found joy, too in Mrs. Carver's Great Bible and the Works of Mr. Tindall, given me by Elder Brewster, who led me far on the path of salvation. It is near thirty years since he died, but I feel him near me still.

I have become a gentleman, and been blessed with much land, rich crops and many cattle, and have bred the finest horses in this Colony by common consent, yet my true blessing has been the high heart God gave me, and the will to look up which he taught me in the dark waters, and in the love of my good Bess and our children, for without these an abundance of goods is but an abomination. Thus is seen God's glory and the true mercy of Christ Jesus, who out of his love has given me such undeserved blessing.

Two things remain which I may speak of more fully at another time, which cast a shadow on my heart. I have read Mr. Wilson's work on the conversion and salvation of the savages inhabiting this country, yet I have seen things of late which make me keep my musket still ready by the fire. Massasoit was a great sachem and a powerful leader, and his son called Alexander a godly man, but his son Philip has the eye of a traitor. The savages unsaved are devils still, and I doubt Mr. Wilson or a

dozen Mr. Wilsons can bring them all to Christ before they break forth like the Pequots into some fiendish mischief.

The other shadow touches me more nearly: my brother Arthur, who came here after me, is become a base and profane Quaker, professing an inner light within him which alone will bring him salvation, whereas the true faith shows that we are saved by faith alone and not of our own impotency. That arrogant inner light is but vile self pride, and I pray God Arthur will see the true light presently. My younger brother Henry died in this perverse and malicious faith but a year past; can ever God's mercy save him now?

But even these shadows are become pale in the light of Christ's mercy, for though my fourscore years be labor and sorrow, it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Psalm 90.

I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. 2 Timothy IV, 7.

AFTERWORD

"The 23d of February 1672, Mr. John Howland, Senior, of the town of Plymouth, deceased. He was a godly man and an ancient professor in the ways of Christ: he lived until he attained above eighty years in the world. He was one of the first Comers into this land and proved a useful Instrument of Good in his place and was the last man that was left of those that came 'over in the ship called the May Flower that lived in Plymouth. He was with honor interred at the town of Plymouth on the 25 of February 1672."

-- Plymouth Colony Records.

The Literary Club Cincinnati, Ohio October 7, 1968

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