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V.

EARLY AMERICAN POETRY

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SOME IMPROVEMENT OF  
VACANT HOURS

1725

*One Hundred numbered Copies, and ten unnumbered, printed  
on Hand-made paper, and one copy marked A.*

No. 87.....

V.

EARLY AMERICAN POETRY

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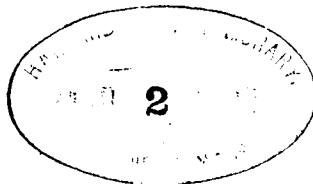
THE POEMS  
OF  
ROGER WOLCOTT, ESQ.  
1725



BOSTON  
THE CLUB OF ODD VOLUMES  
1898

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## SOME IMPROVEMENT OF VACANT HOURS, 1725.



**T**HIS Club, reproducing Early American Poems as nearly as practicable in the order in which they appeared, reaches, for the Fifth Volume, the first book of Poetry printed in Connecticut. It was published at New London in 1725. A prose introduction, by the Reverend John Bulkley of Colchester, that fills fifty-six pages, would not properly be a part of the present series, and the reproduction here begins with the verse, all of which is given, page for page and line for line, according to the original. The type is set directly from a copy owned by our associate, Mr. Sumner

Hollingsworth, who has kindly loaned it for this use.

The poet 'was an honored member of one of the most distinguished families in New England, one remarkable for high character and for eminent position.

Henry Wolcott, its American founder, came from Somersetshire in 1630, and settled at Dorchester, Massachusetts. In 1636, he made his home at Windsor, Connecticut.

Roger, his grandson, author of the poems, was a major-general at Louisburg in 1745, then chief judge of the Superior Court, and, from 1750 to 1754, Governor of Connecticut. He died May 17, 1767, aged eighty-eight.

Oliver, his son, Yale 1747, was a captain in the war with the French, for fourteen years high sheriff of Litchfield County, a member of Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, through ten years Lieutenant-Governor, and, in 1796, Governor of Connecticut. He died at the age of seventy-one.

Oliver, his son, was, from 1817 to 1827, Governor of Connecticut. Thus three generations of the family occupied the highest official position in their native State. Continuing through war and peace prominent in many positions and relations, the family was, among these, also eminent in business affairs.

Frederick, brother of Oliver, twice refused nomination as governor, and for more than thirty years was judge of probate. His son, J. Huntington (1804-91), became a partner in the widely known house of A. A. Lawrence & Co. of Boston. During the Civil War he was active in the New England Sanitary Commission. Noble in person, as in character, he was long distinguished in society and in finance.

Roger, his son, was born in Boston, July 13, 1847. Class orator at Harvard, member of the City Council, and of the Legislature, officer in a great number and variety of organizations, he became Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts in 1894, and in 1896 Governor, by one of the most

magnificent votes ever recorded in the old Bay State.

Look the world around and it will be hard to find another poet whose race has, through five generations, rivalled in good qualities and in position that of Roger Wolcott.

The earlier poets of New England were not Miltons or Drydens, and are to be compared, not with them, but with fellow colonists. If compared with the reverend and learned men who wrote most of our primitive American verse, it will be found that, whatever he lacked in merit, Roger Wolcott stood in poesy relatively as he stood eminent officially among the people around him, and that his work forms a notable part of the earlier literature of our country.

His miscellaneous poems show the religious nature and thought prevalent in his time and region. His chief work relates to the early history of his native colony, especially war with the Indians, and to the Honorable John Winthrop's services in procuring a Charter from Charles II., a long interview with whom is fully described.

While reproducing an early example of what might be called Secular Poetry published in our country, a correction is made in regard to the earliest. On page 15 of the Introduction to this series (vol. i.) it was stated by supposed authority, that "a little 12mo issued at Cambridge in 1673" may be the first. Since writing the passage the writer has been able to examine the only copy of the work known to him — possibly the only one that exists. It was issued as stated, but it does not contain poetry as he had been led to suppose.

The earliest specimen of secular poetry published in our land, yet seen by the writer, is in a small pamphlet belonging to the American Antiquarian Society, and entitled —

MDCLVI | AN | ALMANACK | FOR THE YEAR OF |  
OUR LORD | 1656. | . . . Calculated for the Longitude of  
315 | gr: and 42 gr: 30 *min* of N. Lat: | and may Gener-  
ally serve for | the most part of | *New England*. | By T. S.  
Philomathemat: | CAMBRIDG | Printed by Samuel Green 1656.

At the foot of each of twelve pages is a stanza of eight lines supposed to be applicable to a month described above it.

In volume two, on page 6, another correction should be made. There is the statement that the Reverend William Morrell, author of "Nova-Anglia," 1625, spent about a year at Plymouth. The Honorable Charles Francis Adams informs us (Episodes of Mass. Hist., 153-4) that he was at Wessagusset not far away, but another place.

In the first volume it was stated that no original title page had been found of the edition of "New England's Crisis" there reproduced, and after this lapse of time none has yet been discovered by the writer.

JAMES F. HUNNEWELL.

*June 10, 1897.*

POETICAL  
**Meditations,**  
BEING THE  
IMPROVEMENT  
OF SOME  
**Vacant Hours,**

By ROGER WOLCOTT, *E/q;*

WITH A  
**P R E F A C E**

By the REVEREND  
Mr. Bulkeley of Colchester.

NEW LONDON,  
Printed and Sold by T. Green

1 7 2 5

To the R E V E R E N D

*Mr. Timothy Edwards.*

S I R,  
**A** T sight of this you scarcely will Excuse  
 My broken Numbers should affront your Muse,  
 Whose single Elegance outdoes the Nine;  
 And all their Off'rings at Apollo's shrine.

But, Sir, they come not to Affront, but are  
 Trembling before your awful Seat to bear,  
 From you their Sentence that's definitive,  
 Whither they shall be kill'd, or sav'd alive.

Yet when you Censure, Sir, don't make the Verse  
 You pin'd to Glover's venerable Hears, e,  
 The standard for their Trial: nor Enact  
 You never will acquit, what's Left Exact.

Sir, that will never do; Rules so severe  
 Would ever Leave Apollo's Altars bare,  
 His Priests no service: All must starve Together  
 And fair Parnassus Verdant tops must wither.

Sure that was not the purpose nor design,  
 Of the fair Sisters when they did Combine  
 Themselves in your Assistance: no their mind  
 In that great Work was otherwise Design'd.

B

*They*



*They having often to their Trouble seen  
Many bold Poets Launch on Hipocrene;  
Men that might have a handsom Voyage made  
Had they but kept them to the Coasting Trade.*

*But Ranging far upon those swelling Seas,  
Came home with broken Lines and Voyages:  
Griev'd at those Losses and Miscarriages,  
A Council met at Hipocrenidees.  
They Vote a Remedy which to Effect  
That their Herculan Pillar did Erect,  
And to advise Adventurers once for all,  
Writ ne plus ultra on it's Pedestal.*

*Since which there's none that dare presume to go  
Beyond that wonder then set up by you,  
No nor attain it in their Navigation,  
That sacred work is not for Imitation!*

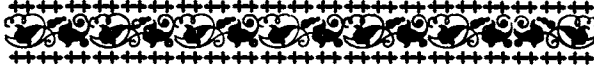
*Conscious of this, you see my Muse ne're soars  
To Hiblas top nor the Aonian shoars,  
Nor doth pretend to Raptures that might sute,  
Pindarus Muse or great Apollo's Lute.*

*Then weigh them Candidly, and if that you  
Shall once pronounce a Longer Life their due:  
And for their Patron will your self Engage,  
They may perhaps Adventure on the stage:  
But if deny'd, they blushing back retire  
To burn themselves in their own funeral Fire!*

*Windfor, January 4th.*

*I 7 2 2, 3.*

**R. W.**



*Some Improvement of vacant Hours,*

By **Roger Wolcott, Esq;**

---

*MEDITATIONS on Man's First and  
Fallen Estate, and the Wonderful Love  
of GOD Exhibited in a Redeemer.*

**O**NCE did I view a fragrant Flower fair,  
Till thro' the *optick windows* of mine Eye  
The sweet discoveries of its beauties rare  
Did much affect & Charm my fantasie,  
To see how bright and sweetly it did shine  
In Beauties that were purely Genuine.

But Lo, the dire Effects of baneful Pride;  
A weed whose favour was Pestiferous  
Did vie with this fair flower Qualify'd  
With many Vertues Odoriferous.

This fragrant flower which to affect the sense  
Had Beauties, Grace, and Vertues Excellence.

B 2

Not

Not being Content unworthily to stand  
In the dark Corner of some mead obscure,  
Or in some rough uncultivated Land  
Which th' painful Husbandman did nev'r manure;  
Or in some dismal wood where Mischief Lyes  
And Ravens croak their fatal Auguries.

But by a bold Insulting Disposition  
Presumes into a famous Garden fair  
And more to Manifest it's bold Ambition,  
Vies with the fairest flowers that were there;  
And by it's growth the flowers so overtops  
That it bereaved them of Heavens drops.

Collecting of the Nutrimental juice  
That's of the Earth it did Monopolize  
The same to it's own benefit and Use,  
Also the benediction of the Skies.  
Thus to it's Baseness makes subservient,  
Earth's fruitfulness and Heaven's dews descent.

The Flowers thus Injurioufly ov'r-topt  
Began to darken perish fade and dye,  
Their beauty Lost & all their Grace was Cropt  
Their Savour soon became unfavoury;  
For having Lost the Suns sweet Influence  
They with it Lost their Grace and Excellence.  
Nor

Nor were they in this Deplorable state  
Able to work their Liberty and Ease  
None but the Gardiner can Extricate,  
Them from their Bondage and give them release.  
Many instructions may from hence arise  
If on this embleme we do Moralize.

I'll take occasion hence to Contemplate  
Fair Paradise in it's prime Excellence  
But most of all the Glorious Estate,  
Of our first Father in his Innocence.  
Who was the flower of that Garden, and  
A Garden in which many flowers did stand.

His body with such Comeliness was deck't  
As did declare this famous Faberick  
Was of no ordinary Architect,  
But the Almighty's Glorious work-manship,  
Being fearfully and wonderfully made,  
By him that needed not a foreign aid.

His parts proportion and rare Simmetrie  
Shew'd forth his Glorious uniformal Grace  
His pleasant and yet awful Majestie,  
Appeared in the figure of his face :  
Where ruby ruddiness did beautify  
The lily white with a Vermilion dye.

Behold him there made Mifne Lord of all  
The whole Creation that was fublunary  
And all the Creatures made that fo they fhall  
Unto his Comfort be Contributory,  
    He was to take their Tributes and again,  
    Offer them up unto his Sovereign.

His understanding was fo Excellent  
That he was able by his Knowledge Great  
Names to all Creatures in his Government  
To give: Ev'n fuch as were moft adequate,  
    Unto their Inclinations Natural,  
    O wondrous wifdom Philofophy call.

But was that Knowledge and difcerning Skill  
The Sole perfection of this noble Nature?  
O no; he was poffeffed with a will,  
Able to Love and ferve his great Creator.  
    To apprehend him as his Chiefeft Good,  
    And prize him more than his appointed food.

He was Commiffionated to remain  
In this Eftate to perpetuity  
Here might he Live rejoyce in God and Reign  
Throughout the Ages of Eternity.  
    And of all the Delights and fruits of Eden,  
    Only the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden.

But

But Lo, the dire Effects of baneful Pride  
Man being made in Honour thus to flourish  
Did not a night in that Estate abide  
But soon became like to the beasts that perish.  
    Abusing of his Liberty of will  
    Against his Sovereign Lord he did rebel.

For casting off that Reverential awe  
He ow'd unto God's Sacred Majestie  
Against the Comminations of his Law,  
He did rebel, and in rebellion he  
    The Sacramental Tree of Life neglected,  
    And eat of that which God had Interdicted.

And for endeavouring to Equalize  
The Lord's Omniscience: is quite ruined  
And hath his Soul in all its Faculties  
Strangely Befotted and Infatuated:  
    For having once rebell'd against his duty,  
    Opacous Sin soon blasted all his beauty.

Now we have Lost Ability to Climb  
The steps of Providence unto Gods Throne:  
Our Souls (alas) are now to Insublime,  
To Seat and Settle our Affections on  
    The Pinnacle of all Perfection,  
    Whose Vision Satisfys th' Affection.

B 4

But

But through a Poisonous Impetuous Rage,  
Our Minds we to these Earthly Objects glew :  
And tho' we find they can't our Thirst allwage,  
The more we're Dis-appointed, we pursue.  
Thus do we prostitute our vast affection,  
To yield to our Inferiours subjection.

But when we sunk under this misery  
And all help failed us on every side  
No Creature could find out a way whereby,  
Justice Offended might be Satisf'd :  
To do that work our Saviour undertook  
As it was writ i'th' Volumn of the book.

The Love that gave him, Oh ! 'twas Infinite ;  
The Person suffering was most Excellent  
The Pains he suffered were most Exquisite ;  
And Glorious was the blessed Consequent.  
With wonderment and Ravishing surprize,  
The Angels Contemplate these Mysteries.

A N D

When I behold th' Heavens wond'rous frame  
The Sun and Moon shining in Beauty bright  
Which thou hast made to Magnify thy Name  
By thy Almighty power Infinite  
And View the Stars in their celestial ranging  
Not Jostling in all their inter-changing.

Oh

Oh what is man that thou shouldest allow  
Him to Inherit thy divine compassion?  
What is the sinful Son of man that thou  
Should'st grant to him thy Spirits visitation?  
And suffer thine Eternal SON to dye  
To Reconcile thy stubborn Enemy.

---

Proverbs XVI. 18.

*Pride goeth before Destruction.*

**P**Ride goes before Destruction  
and haughtiness before a fall,  
Whoever pines his Merits on  
shall be Endangered there withal.  
Whoever vaults himself on high  
in Contemplating his own worth  
Shall find his wings soon melt thereby  
and down he'll tumble to the Earth:  
Have I got wit and memory  
and can my tongue freely dispence,  
To Charm the silent standers by  
torrents of moving Eloquence.  
Beauty sets Throned in my face  
and my sweet Symmetry of parts  
Yields such an uniformal Grace  
as wins all Eyes and wounds all hearts.

And



And hath my birth Ennobled  
me of a noble Pedigree  
From whence many fair Branches spread  
more to adorn and cover me :  
An Education liberal  
has been bestowed me upon,  
Have I to Crown these Blessings all  
an healthy Constitution ?  
The Earth with her abundant store  
yields me the greatest Confluence,  
So that from her can be no more  
to pamper and Indulge the sense.  
Doth pleasure with her balmy hand  
proffer to flood me on her streams  
And subject unto my Command  
whatever carnal sense Esteems ?  
Doth honour with her Courtly breath  
invite me to her Turrets high  
To rule and Govern on the Earth  
whilest Thousands fore me prostrate ly ?  
To what a pleasing topick now  
think I my fortune hath me rais'd,  
Tis sweet to see whole Thousands bow  
whilest by them every one I'm prais'd.  
Now hard it is not to grow proud  
and over others Tyranize  
And think because I'm thus Endow'd  
my self I well may Idolize.

Or

Or in a mirror when I look  
on the sweet feature of my face  
*Narcissus* like I soon am took,  
a Captive and confin'd the place.  
O me to see my youthful blood  
now in its prime activity  
Comes Rushing like a ruby Flood,  
the Lily skin to beautify.  
When tempted thus at any time  
then O my Soul don't thou forget  
That these Endowments are not mine,  
but for them all I'm still in Debt.  
These are but Talents in my hand  
of which I only have the use  
And he that gave them gave Command,  
they should be us'd without abuse.  
The Man that gave them is Austere  
and Reapest where he hath not strow'd  
That is, He's dreadfully severe,  
Exacting all he hath bestow'd.  
My Talents all are Registred  
in his book of Remembrance  
And he has set a time to plead,  
his book and take his recompence.  
There's no vain action, no vain word,  
nor vain Imagination  
That ever in my heart hath stir'd  
since there the vital Spirits run.

Tho'

Tho' unobserv'd, tho' multiply'd  
    so that all numbers they surmount  
The smallest of them shall not hide,  
    nor be forgot in that account.  
And in that awful Reckoning Day  
    escape his Vengeance shall not I  
Unless exactly I repay  
    each Talent down with usury.  
If it be so : say how shall I  
    improve those gifts he hath bestow'd ?  
He says, with men deal equally,  
    and walk thou humbly with thy God :  
Serve him with awful Reverence  
    'tis thus thou must thy gifts Improve  
And if I fail thro' Impotence,  
    the Law may be fulfil'd by Love.  
For tho' He's Just, He's good also  
    the one doth not confound the other ;  
His Justice and his goodness too,  
    both set on equal Thrones together.

---

Prov.

Proverbs XXXI. 10.

*Who can find a Vertuous Woman, for her Price  
is far above Rubies.*

**V**ERTUE's a Babe, first born in Paradiſe,  
And hath by birth priority of Vice.  
Vertue is all that's good we brought from thence  
The dear remains of our firſt Innocence.  
Vertue ſtill makes the Vertuous to ſhine,  
Like thoſe that Liv'd in the firſt week of time.  
Vertue hath force the vile to cleanſe again,  
So being like clear ſhining after Rain.  
A Kind and Conſtant, Chearful Vertuous Life,  
Becomes each Man, and moſt Adorns a Wife.

But ſuch a Vertue, ah, where ſhall we find,  
That's Bright, eſpecially in Woman kind?  
If ſuch an one had been on Earth, no doubt  
Searching King *Solomon* had found her out.

But ſtay my Muſe, nor may we thence Conclude,  
There is not One in all their Multitude:  
For tho' it be too True, that *Solomon*  
Amongſt a Thouſand found not ſuch an one;  
It follows not at all but ſuch an one  
Amongſt an Hundred Thouſand may be ſhown;  
Which if ſhe may, her Price beyond Compare,  
Excels the Price of Rubies very fair.

---

Pſalm

Pſalm LXIV. 6.

*The Heart is Deep.*

**H**E that can trace a Ship making her way,  
Amidſt the threatening Surges on the Sea;  
Or track a Towering Eagle in the Air,  
Or on a Rock find the Impreſſions there  
Made by a Serpents Footſteps. Who Surveys  
The Subtile Intreagues that a Young Man lays,  
In his Sly Courtſhip of an harmleſs Maid,  
Whereby his Wanton Amours are Convey'd  
Into her Breaſt; 'Tis he alone that can  
Find out the Curſed Policies of Man.

---

Proverbs XVIII. 14.

*A Wounded Spirit who can bear?*

**M**oney answers every thing,  
But a Guilty Conſcience Sting,  
Whoſe Immortal Torments are  
Quite Inſupportable to bear,  
Nor the Silver of *Peru*,  
Nor the Wealth the  *Eaſt* do ſhew,  
Nor the ſoſteſt Bed of Down,  
Nor the Jewels of a Crown,

Can

Can give unto the Mind a Power,  
To bear its Twinges half an Hour.  
When GOD's Iron Justice once  
Seiseth on the Conscience,  
And in fearful ample wise  
Lays before the Sinners Eyes,  
His Lifes Horrible Transgressions,  
In their dreadful Aggravations ;  
And then for his greater aw,  
In most ample forms doth draw  
All the Curses of his Law ;  
Then the Worm begins to gnaw,  
And altho' it every hour  
Doth the very Soul Devour,  
Yet it nothing doth Suffice ;  
Oh ! this Worm that never Dies.  
Oh ! the Multitude of thought  
Into which the Sinner's brought ;  
Looking up he sees GOD's Power  
Through his Angry Face doth Lour ;  
And hath for his ruin Join'd  
Ten Thousand Chariots in the Wind :  
All prepar'd to Glorify,  
The Strong Arm of the most high.  
By Inflicting Punishments  
Equal to his Vengeance.  
Looking Down he amply seeth  
Hell rowling in her Flames beneath ;  
Enlarg'd

Enlarg'd to take his Soul into  
Its deep Caverns full of Wo :  
Now the Sinners Apprehension  
Stretcheth Large as Hells Dimenſions,  
And doth Comprehenſively  
Fathom out Eternity.  
The moſt extream and Vexing Senſe  
Seiſeth on the Conſcience.  
Fill'd with deepeſt Agony,  
He maketh this Soliloquy.  
View thoſe Torments moſt extream  
See this torrid Liquid Stream  
In the which my Soul muſt fry  
Ever, and yet never Dy.  
When a Thouſand Years are gone  
There's ten Thouſand coming on :  
And when theſe are over worn,  
There's a Million to be born,  
Yet they are not Comprehended,  
For they Never ſhall be Ended.

Now Deſpair by Representing,  
Eternity fill'd with Tormenting,  
By Anticipation brings  
All Eternal Sufferings,  
Every Moment up at once  
Into actual Sufferance,

Thus

Thus those Pains that are to come,  
Ten Thousand Ages further down ;  
Every Moment must be born  
Whilest Eternity is worn  
Every Moment that doth come,  
Such Torments brings ; as if the sum  
Of all God's anger now were pressing,  
For all in which I liv'd transgressing.  
Yet the next succeeding Hour,  
Holdeth forth his Equal power ;  
And succeeding with it brings,  
Up the sum of Sufferings.  
Yet they are not Comprehended,  
For they never shall be Ended.

For GOD Himself He is but One,  
Without least Variation :  
Just what He was ; is, is to come  
Always entirely the same.  
Possessing his Eternity  
Without succession instantly,  
With whom the like proportion bears,  
One Day as doth a Thousand Years.  
He makes the Prison and the Chain,  
He is the Author of my pain.  
'Twas unto Him I made Offence ;  
'Tis He that takes the Recompence.  
C 'Tis



'Tis His design my Misery  
Himself alone shall Glorify ;  
Therefore must some proportion bear  
With Him, whose Glory they declare.  
And so they shall, being Day and Night,  
Unchangeable and Infinite.

These very Meditations are,  
Quite Insupportable to bear :  
The fire within my Conscience,  
Is Grown so fervent and intense,  
I cannot long its force endure,  
But rather shall my End procure.  
Grievously Death's pale Image lies,  
On my Ghastly piercing Eyes.  
My hands made for my life's defence,  
Are ready to do violence  
Unto my life : And send me hence,  
Unto that awful residence.  
There to be fill'd with that Despair, }  
Of which the Incipiations are, }  
*A Wounded Spirit none can bear.*

But, Oh ! My Soul, think once again, }  
That there is for this burning Pain, }  
One only Medicine Sovereign. }  
CHRIST's Blood will fetch out all this Fire,  
If that God's SPIRIT be the Applyer.  
Oh !

Oh! Then my Soul when Grief abounds,  
Shroud thy self within these Wounds:  
And that thou there may'st be Secure,  
Be Purified as He is Pure.

And, Oh! my GOD, let me behold thy SON,  
Impurpled in his Crucifixion,  
With such an *eye of Faith* that may from thence }  
Derive from Him a Gracious Influence, }  
To cure my Sin and Wounded Conscience. }  
There, there alone is Healing to be had:  
Oh! Let me have that Balm of *Gilead*.

---

Matthew X. 28.

*And fear not them that can kill the body, but  
are not able to kill the Soul: But rather fear  
Him, which is able to destroy both Soul and  
Body in Hell.*

**A**ND is our Life, a life wherein we borrow  
No not the smallest respite from our Sorrow?  
Our Profits are they but some Yellow Dust;  
Subject to Loss, to Canker-eat and Rust:

C 2

Whose

Whose very Image breedeth ceaseless Cares  
In every Mind where it Dominion bears.  
And are our Pleasures mainly in Excess?  
Which genders Guilt, and ends in Bitterness.  
Are Honours fickle and dependent Stuff?  
Oft-times blown furthest from us by a Puff.  
Doth pale-fac'd Envy wait at every Stage,  
To bite and wound us in our Pilgrimage?  
Is all we have, or hope for, but Adventure?  
Then here's nought worth our stay, let us encounter  
The King of Terrors bravely, un-dismay'd,  
As gallant *Aria* to her *Pætus* said.

And so might be my Choice, but that I see  
Hells flashes folding through Eternitie;  
And hear damn'd Company, that there remain  
For very Anguish gnaw their Tongues in twain.

Then him for Happy I will never Praise,  
That's fill'd with Honour, Wealth, or length of Days:  
But Happy he, though in a Dying Hour,  
O're whom the Second Death obtains no power.

---

A

A Brief ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
AGENCY

Of the HONOURABLE  
**John Winthrop, Esq;**  
in the COURT of  
King CHARLES the Second,  
*Anno Dom. 1662.*

When he Obtained for the Colony of *Connecticut* His Majesty's Gracious *CHARTER*.

**T**HE Night is Past, & Civil Wars o're-blown,  
And the *right Heir* advanced to the Throne,  
A general Joy runs thro' Great-Britanny,  
At the appearance of His Majesty:  
Loud Canons from the Ships upon the *Thames*,  
And from the Batteries fill'd the Air with Flames:  
Whilst from *the Tower* such mighty Thunders went  
As shook the Islands, Seas, and Continent.

C 3

The

The Rich, the Poor, the Old, the Young, agree,  
To Celebrate a joyful Jubilee :  
And to the utmost all themselves Employ,  
To make free Demonstrations of their Joy.  
Some quaff full Goblets of the Richest Wine ;  
And others make the blazing Bonfires shine :  
Whil'ft the Devout their Prayers to Heaven sent,  
For Blessings on the King and Government.

These happy Tidings soon found out their way,  
Unto the *English* in *America* ;  
Who join with *Britain* in the Celebration,  
Of their just Princes happy Restauration.  
The Sages of *Connecticut* do meet,  
To pay their Homage at their Princes Feet ;  
To whom they seek to hasten an Address,  
To shew their Duty and their Joys Excess.  
Learned *WINTHROP* then by general Consent,  
Sat at the Helm to sway the Government ;  
Who prudently the People doth Advise,  
To ask the King for CHARTER Liberties.

All like his Counsel well ; and all reply,  
Sir, You must undertake our Agency :  
For there is none but You we may expect,  
Can make the thing you Counsel take Effect :  
Your Serving us in this Important Thing,  
And Personating Us before the KING,

Will

Will sure Endear a *WINTHROP*'s Memory  
To Us, and to our Last Posterity.

His Mind, vast as the Heavenly Spheres above,  
Was all bespangled with the Stars of Love ;  
And Zealous Care for their Posterity,  
Of all his Acts the *Primum Mobile* ;  
Led on by these bright Stars kind Influence,  
He hastens to the Palace of his Prince ;  
There waiting for an Opportunity, \_\_\_\_\_

E're long, Great CHARLES was in his Council sat  
With some Choice Nobles of his Cabinet :  
His Royal Mind Intent on his Affairs,  
He thus Unbosoms to his Counsellors ;

*What News, My Lords? How go Affairs Abroad?  
What more Remains to do for Englands Good?  
Do distant Parts of our Dominion  
Want farther Help or Favour from the Throne?*

At this arose one of the Lords of Trade,  
And to His Majesty this Answer made,  
An Agent from *Connecticut* doth wait,  
With an Address before your Palace Gate.

*Let him come in, says CHARLES, and let us Hear,  
What has been done, and what's a doing there?*

C 4

*Winthrop*

*Winthrop* brought in before his Princes Feet,  
Prostrates himself with Reverence, the *King* to Greet;  
And thanks His Majesty for his Access:  
Then for his People offers this Address;

‘*GREAT SIR*, Since Reconciled Heaven Restores  
‘YOU to the Throne of Your High Ancestors,  
‘See how each Subject Emulating tries,  
‘To Express our National Felicities:  
‘The Joy of Your Accession to the Throne,  
‘Is like the Lustre of the Morning Sun;  
‘Which from the East Salutes the Western Shores,  
‘Still trampling under foot Nights horrid Powers:  
‘So the loud Accents of this boundless Joy,  
‘Ecchoing in our Ears from *Britanny*,  
‘Gave Light & Gladness where-so’ere it came,  
‘And fill’d our joyful Hearts with equal Flame.  
‘The sad Remembrance of those days of Wo,  
‘Which in your Absence we did undergo,  
‘Transports our present Joys to that Excess,  
‘As passeth all Expressions to express.  
‘May Heaven preserve Your Majesty, and Bless  
‘Your Reign with Honour, & with Length of Days;  
‘And in Your Line the Regal Power extend,  
‘Until the Suns last Revolution end.

‘And since we are at Mighty *Cæsar*’s Feet,  
‘O may He Pardon us, while we Entreat,  
‘Your

‘ Your Royal Favour in the thing we want ;  
‘ T’ Incorporate us by Your CHARTER-Grant.  
‘ The Land we’ve Purchas’d, or Subdu’d by Fight,  
‘ And Bought of *Fenwick* what was *Warwick*’s Right,  
‘ And all at the Endeavour of our Own,  
‘ Without the least Dis-burshment from the Throne.

*Rise up, Quoth Charles; My Liberal Hand Supplies,  
All needful Help to every One that Cries ;  
Nor shall I be Illiberal to You :  
But, Prithee, Winthrop, Please to let me Know,  
By whom it was your Place did first Commence,  
Your Patriarchs that Led your Tribes from Hence ?*

‘ If to declare their Worth, is what You ask,  
‘ Then I must beg Your Pardon. That’s a task,  
‘ So Worthy due Performance, and so Great,  
‘ As goes beyond my Utterance and Concept :  
‘ But Vertue never fails, succeeding Days  
‘ Shall much regard their Merits, and shall Raise  
‘ Men of bright Parts and moving Oratory ;  
‘ Who shall Emblazon their immortal Glory.

‘ But if You ask to gain Intelligence,  
‘ What were the *Reasons*, why they went from hence,  
‘ What *Straits* they met with in their *Way*, & *There*?  
‘ These Facts I think I’m able to declare.

‘ RELI-



‘ *RELIGION* was the Cause ; *Divinity*  
 ‘ Having declared the Gospel shine should be,  
 ‘ Extensive as the Suns Diurnal Shine ;  
 ‘ This mov’d our Founders to this Great design,  
 ‘ And sure the Holy Spirit from above,  
 ‘ That first did Quickning on the Waters move,  
 ‘ Inspir’d their Minds & fill’d them with Intent,  
 ‘ To bring to pass such Glorious Events.  
 ‘ And now they wholly to this Work devote,  
 ‘ Mind not the Country they are going out :  
 ‘ Their Ancient Homes they leave to come no more.  
 ‘ Their Weeping Friends & Kindred on the shore  
 ‘ They bid adieu, and with an aking Heart  
 ‘ *Shake Hands*, ’tis hard when *dearest Friends* must part.  
 ‘ But here they part and leave their Parent Isle,  
 ‘ Their whilome Happy Seat. The Winds a while  
 ‘ Are Courteous and Conduct them on their way,  
 ‘ To near the midst of the *Atlantick* Sea,  
 ‘ When suddenly their Pleasant Gales they Change  
 ‘ For dismal Storms that on the Ocean Range.  
 For Faithless *Æolus* Meditating Harms,  
 ‘ Breaks up the Peace and Priding much in Arms,  
 ‘ Unbars the great *Artillery* of Heaven  
 ‘ And at the fatal Signal by him given,  
 ‘ The *Cloudy Chariots* Threatning take the Plains ;  
 ‘ Drawn by *wing’d Steeds*, hard pressing on their reins.  
 ‘ These Vast *Battalions* in dire Aspect rais’d,  
 ‘ Start from the Barriers-night with *Lightning blaz’d*  
 ‘ Whil’st

‘Whil’ft *clashing Wheels* resounding Thunder cracks,  
‘Struck Mortals deaf, & Heaven astonished shakes.

‘Here the *Ship Captain* in the midnight Watch,  
‘Stamps on the *Deck* & thunders up the *Hatch*;  
‘And to the *Mariners* aloud he Cries,  
‘Now all from Safe-recumbency arise :  
‘*All Hands aloft*, & stand well to your Tack,  
‘*Engendring Storms* have cloath’d the Sky with black,  
‘Big Tempests threaten to Undo the World :  
‘*Down Top-sail*, let the *Main-sail* soon be furl’d,  
‘Haft to the *Fore-sail*, there take up a Rief :  
‘’Tis time, Boys, now if ever to be brief :  
‘Aloof for Life ; lets try to stem the Tide,  
‘The Ship’s much Water, thus we may not Ride :  
‘Stand roomer then, let’s run before the Sea,  
‘That so the Ship may feel her Stearage-way :  
‘*Steady at Helm* ! Swiftly along she Scuds,  
‘Before the Wind, and cuts the foaming Suds.  
‘Sometimes aloft she lifts her Prow so high,  
‘As if she’d run her Bowsprit thro’ the Skie.  
‘Then from the summit Ebbs and hurries down,  
‘As if her way were to the Center shown.

‘Mean while our Founders in the Cabbin sat,  
‘Reflecting on their true and sad Estate.  
‘Whilst holy *Warham’s* Sacred lips did treat,  
‘About GOD’s Promises, and Mercies Great.  
‘Still

‘ Still more *Gigantick Births* spring from the Clouds,  
‘ Which tore the tatter’d Canvis from the Shrouds,  
‘ And dreadful Balls of *Lightning* fill the Air,  
‘ Shot from the Hand of the *Great Thunderer*.

‘ And now a mighty Sea the *Ship* or’e rakes,  
‘ Which falling on the Deck the Bulk-head breaks ;  
‘ The Sailors cling to Ropes and frighted Cry,  
‘ *The Ship is Foundered, We dy ! we dy !*

‘ Those in the Cabbin heard the Sailors Screech,  
‘ All rife and Reverend *Warham* do beseech,  
‘ That he would now lift up to Heaven a Cry,  
‘ For Preservation in Extremity.  
‘ He with a Faith sure bottom’d on the Word,  
‘ Of Him that was of *Sea* and *Winds* the LORD.  
‘ His Eyes lifts up to Heaven, his hands Extends,  
‘ And fervent Prayers for deliverence sends.  
‘ The Winds abate, the Threatning Waves appease,  
‘ And a sweet Calm fits Regent on the Seas.  
‘ They blefs the Name of their Deliverer,  
‘ Who now they found a God that heareth Prayer.

‘ Still further *West-ward* on they keep their way,  
‘ Plowing the Pavement of the briny Sea.  
‘ Till the vast Ocean they had overpast,  
‘ And in *Connecticut* their Anchors cast.

‘ Here

‘ Here came *Soheage* and told the Company,  
‘ The Garden of *America* did Ly,  
‘ Further up Stream near Fifty Miles from hence,  
‘ Part of which Country he himself was Prince.  
‘ Much ask’d o’th Soil, much of the Government,  
‘ What Kings werethere? the Land of what Extent?  
‘ All which by his free answers when they knew,  
‘ They or’e his back a Scarlet Mantle threw.

‘ And now invited with fresh Southern Gales,  
‘ They weigh their Anchors & they hoise their Sails,  
‘ And Northward for th’ Expected Country stood,  
‘ Upon the smiling Pavement of the Flood.  
‘ At length they Entered those awful Streights,  
‘ Where the Stream runs thro’ Adamantine Gates.  
‘ Twas strange to see the Banks advanc’d so high,  
‘ As if with *Atlas* they bore up the Sky.  
‘ But when those dismal Streights were pass’d thro’,  
‘ A Glorious Country opens to their view,  
‘ Cloath’d all in *Green* and to the Eye presents,  
‘ Natures *best Fruits* and Richest *Ornaments*.

‘ Chear’d with the sight they set all Sails a-trip,  
‘ And rais’d the *English Ensign* on their Ship.  
‘ Brave Youths with eager Strokes bend knotty Oars,  
‘ Glad shouts bring chearful Eccho’s from the Shores.

‘ As

‘ As when the Wounded Amorous doth spy,  
‘ His Smiling Fortune in his Ladys Eye,  
‘ O how his Veins and Breast swell with a Flood,  
‘ Of pleasing Raptures that revive his Blood ?  
‘ And grown impatient now of all Delays,  
‘ No longer he Deliberating stays ;  
‘ But thro’ the Force of her resistless Charms,  
‘ He throws him Soul & Body in her Arms.

‘ So we amazed at these seen Delights,  
‘ Which to fruition every sense Invites,  
‘ Our eager Mind already Captive made,  
‘ Grow most Impatient now to be delay’d.  
‘ This most Delightful Country to Possess,  
‘ And forward with Industrious speed we press  
‘ Upon the Virgin Stream who had as yet,  
‘ Never been Violated with a Ship ;

‘ Upon the Banks King *Aramamet* Stood,  
‘ And round about his Wondering Multitude,  
‘ Greatly Amazed at such an uncouth show,  
‘ What is’t they Cry’d ? Some say, A great *Canoe*.  
‘ Others, a *Bird* that in the Air doth Fly,  
‘ With her Long Bill, and Wings up to the Skie.  
‘ But other some, whom Fear did Terrify  
‘ Cry’d, tis some Ill Prefaging *Prodigie*.  
‘ Nothing on Earth more Impetuous we find,  
‘ Than Terror when it Seizeth on the Mind.  
‘ Dreadful

‘ Dreadful Effects of this did soon Appear,  
‘ The Multitude Surpriz’d with chilling Fear ;  
‘ With Looks Distracted, & out-staring Eyes,  
‘ Each Scares himself and others Terrifys ;  
‘ Only the *King* who had within his Breast,  
‘ A Heart which foolish fear could not Infeet ;  
‘ Perceiv’d the Matter, and the Ship he hails,  
‘ Now drop your Anchors, and unbend your Sails;  
‘ And if for Peace and Friendship you are come,  
‘ And do Desire this Land thou’d be your Home ;  
‘ Let some of your Chief Leaders come to Land,  
‘ And now with Me join their right *Hand* to *Hand*.

‘ Sails lower amain, nor Oars now touch the Flood,  
‘ Down drop the Anchors deep into the Mud.  
‘ Their Chiefs Repair to Land, & with them bring  
‘ Obliging Presents for the *Indian King*.  
‘ Majestick *Aramamet* with his Lords,  
‘ Steps forth to meet those Guests without his Guards  
‘ Meeting he paus’d, astonish’d at the sight,  
‘ Such Men, such Airs with Countenances bright,  
‘ He ne’er had seen, nor now to see Expecting ;  
‘ Amaz’d he stood ! a while, but recollecting,  
‘ His Scattered Intellect, he crys, Who’s there ?  
‘ Whence come you ? Seek you with us *Peace* or *War* ?

‘ *Brittons* you see, say they, and we are come,  
‘ From *England* happiest Seat in *Christendom*,  
Where

‘Where Mighty *CHARLES* Obligeth *Sea & Land*  
‘To yield Obedience to his Sceptred Hand,  
‘Nor came we here to Live with you in Wars,  
‘As He knows best that made Sun Moon & Stars,  
‘But rather here to Live with you in Peace,  
‘Till Day and Nights Successive Changes cease.  
‘This we propose, and this if you approve  
‘And do Respect our Neighbourhood and Love,  
‘Then Sell us Land, whereon we *Towns* may Plant,  
‘And join with us in Friendly Covenant.

‘What you propose, (quoth he,) is Just & Good,  
‘And I shall e’re Respect your Neighbourhood ;  
‘Land you may have, we Value not the Soil,  
‘Accounting Tillage too severe a Toil.

‘Then he his own Right hand to theirs doth join,  
‘Of his sure Friendship the undoubted sign,  
‘Then brings them to his House, & from his Boards  
‘Feasts them with what his Country best affords,  
‘Whilst here they stay at *Aramams* Court,  
‘Hither the Neighbouring *Indian Kings* resort,  
‘And join with them in Articles of Peace,  
‘And of their Lands make firm Conveyances,  
‘And being now by Deeds and Leagues Secure,  
‘Their *Towns* they *Build*, their *Purchas’d Land Manure*.

Thus

Thus far he said ; Then said His Majesty,  
*Methinks, I have a Curiosity,*  
*To know this Country, that for Ages Past,*  
*Lay hid and you have now found out at last ;*  
*This New-found River, Is it Fresh and Fair ?*  
*What Land adjoins to it ? Has't a Pleasant Air ?*

Learn'd *Winthrop* bow'd with humble Reverence,  
 T' Express his Loyalty unto his Prince.  
 And then these His demands to Satisfy,  
 He with a Chearful air made this reply ;

' This Your Desire, *Great Sir*, bears me in mind,  
 ' What in the Ancient Register we find.  
 ' Of the first King in *Jesurun* from whose breast,  
 ' Such vast and ample thoughts themselves exprest,  
 ' That they have by the World been held e're since,  
 ' Of Truth and Wisdom clearest Evidence.  
 ' This mighty Man desired of his GOD  
 ' That he before his Lifes last Period,  
 ' Might be Permitted once to look upon  
 ' The Land, that goodly *Mount* and *Lebanon*,  
 ' Which his desire was thus Accomplished,  
 ' After his Charge was done, then he was led  
 ' Up to the top of *Pisgah* and his Eye,  
 ' From thence was well enabled to Discry  
 ' The Land of Promise in its full extent,  
 ' And all things in it that were Excellent.

D

' Long



‘ Long did he Feast his hungry Eyes and gaz’d  
‘ Upon those Objects, until all amaz’d  
‘ And Ravisht with the sight thus to him given,  
‘ His vast Capacious Soul flew up to Heaven.  
‘ But thus to view fine Countrys from a far  
‘ Must still remain that Man’s Peculiar ;  
‘ And tho’ I think, our Land is near as Good  
‘ As that which then was unto *Moses* shew’d,  
‘ Yet may it not from me be now expected  
‘ It’s worth should be so amply Dissected,  
‘ Yet will I do my best to satisfy  
‘ What is Demanded by Your Majesty.

‘ This gallent *Stream* keeps running from the Head  
‘ Four Hundred Miles ere it with *Neptune* bed,  
‘ Passing along hundreds of *Rivolets*,  
‘ From either bank its Christial waves besets,  
‘ Freely to pay their Tributes to this Stream,  
‘ As being Chief and Sovereign unto them,  
‘ It bears no torrent nor Impetuous course  
‘ As if ’twere driven to the Sea by force.  
‘ But calmly on a gentle wave doth move ;  
‘ As if ’twere drawn to *Thetis* house by love.

‘ The Waters Fresh and Sweet, & he that swims  
‘ In it, Recruits and Cures his Surfeit Limbs.  
‘ The *Fisherman* the *Fry* with Pleasure gets,  
‘ With Seins, Pots, Angles, and his Tramel-nets,  
‘ In

‘ In it Swim *Salmon, Sturgeon, Crap* and *Eels*,  
‘ Above fly *Cranes, Geese, Duck, Herons* and *Teals*;  
‘ And *Swans* which take such Pleasure as they fly,  
‘ They Sing their Hymns oft long before they Dy.

‘ The Grassy Banks are like a Verdant Bed,  
‘ With Choicest Flowers all Enameled,  
‘ O’re which the winged *Choristers* do fly,  
‘ And Wound th’ Air with wonderous Melody.  
‘ Here *Philomel* high Perch’t upon a Thorn,  
‘ Sings chearful Hymns to the approaching Morn.  
‘ The Song once set, each Bird Tunes up his Lyre,  
‘ Responding Heavenly Musick through the quire.  
‘ Within these Fields, fair Banks of *Violets* grows;  
‘ And near them stand the Air Perfuming *Rose*,  
‘ And Yellow *Lilies* fair Enameled,  
‘ With Ruddy Spots here Blushing hang the Head.

‘ These Meadows serve not only for the sight,  
‘ To Charm the Eye with wonder and delight,  
‘ But for their *Excellent Fertility*,  
‘ Transcends each spot that ere beheld Sol’s Eye.  
‘ Here Lady *Flora*’s richest Treasure grows,  
‘ And here she bounteously her Gifts bestows.  
‘ The *Husband-Man* for all his Diligence,  
‘ Receives an ample Liberal *Recompence*,  
‘ And Feasting on the Kidneys of the Wheat,  
‘ Doth soon his Labour and his Toil forget.

D 2

‘ After

‘ After the *Meadows* thus have took their Place,  
 ‘ The Champion Plains draw up to fill the space.  
 ‘ Fair in their Prospect, Pleasant, Fruitful, Wide,  
 ‘ Here *Tellus* may be seen in all his Pride.  
 ‘ Cloud kissing Pines in stately Man groves stand,  
 ‘ Firm *Oaks* fair *Branches* wide and large extend.  
 ‘ The *Fir*, the *Box*, the *Balm-Tree* here stand mute,  
 ‘ So do the *Nut-Trees* Laden down with Fruit.  
 ‘ In shady Vales the Fruitful *Vine* o’re whelms,  
 ‘ The Weaving Branches of the bending *Elms*.

‘ Within the Covert of these shady Boughs,  
 ‘ The Loving *Turtle* and his Lovely Spouse.  
 ‘ From Bough to Bough in deep Affection move,  
 ‘ And with Chast Joy reciprocate their Love.  
 ‘ At the Cool Brooks, the *Beavers* and the *Minks*  
 ‘ Keep House, and here the *Hart* & *Panther* Drinks.  
 ‘ And *Partridges* here keep in Memory,  
 ‘ How to their Loss they soared once too high.

‘ Within these Spacious Forests, Fresh & Green,  
 ‘ No Monsters of Burn *Africk* may be seen.  
 ‘ No hissing *Bassalisk* stands to affright.  
 ‘ Nor *Seps*, nor *Hemorhus* with Mortal bite,  
 ‘ The Lybian *Lyon* n’er set Footing here,  
 ‘ Nor *Tygers* of *Numedia* do appear.  
 ‘ But here the *Moose* his spreading *Antlers* sways,  
 ‘ And bears down Stubborn standels with their *sprays*,  
 ‘ These

‘ These sport themselves within these *Woods* & here  
‘ The Fatted *Roe-Buck* and the *Fallow Deer*,  
‘ Yield Venison as good as that which won  
‘ The Partriarchial Benediction.

‘ Each Plain is bounded at its utmost Edge  
‘ With a long Chain of Mountains in a ridge,  
‘ Whose Azure tops advance themselves so high  
‘ They seem like pendants hanging in the Skie.  
‘ Twenty Four Miles, Surveyers do account  
‘ Between the *Eastern* and the *Western* Mount ;  
‘ In which vast Interspace, Pleasant and Fair,  
‘ *Zephyrus* Whispers a Delightful Air.  
‘ These Mountains stand at Equi-distant space,  
‘ From the fair Flood in such Majestick Grace.  
‘ Their looks alone are able to Inspire  
‘ An Active Brain with a Mercurial Fire.  
‘ The Muses hence their ample Dews Distil,  
‘ More than was Feigned from the twy topt Hill.  
‘ And if those Witty Men that have us told  
‘ Strange Tales of Mountains in the Days of Old,  
‘ Had they but seen how these are Elevated,  
‘ We should have found them far more Celebrated,  
‘ In the Fine Works that they have left to us,  
‘ Than high *Olimpus* or long *Caucassus* ;  
‘ Or *Latmos* which *Diana* stops upon,  
‘ There to Salute her dear *Endimion*.

D 3

‘ Hither



‘ When Great *Sasacus* rose in Impious Arms,  
‘ And fill’d the Land with Mischiefs and Alarms.

‘ But since I’ve mention’d Great *Sasacus* Name,  
‘ That Day so much a Terrour where it came :  
‘ Let me in Prosecuting of my Story,  
‘ Say something of his Pride and Kingdoms Glory.  
‘ Of the brave *Pequot* Nation he was Head,  
‘ And with such Conduct had their Armies led,  
‘ That by the Power of his Martial Bands,  
‘ He had Subjected all the Neighbouring Lands.  
‘ Upon the Vanquish’d he would Exercise  
‘ The most Inhumane Acts of Cruelties.  
‘ By which, and by his often Victories,  
‘ He grew so dreadful to his Enemies  
‘ That weaponless they fell before his Feet,  
‘ For Pardon and Protection to Intreat.

‘ Great was his Glory, greater still his Pride,  
‘ Much by himself and others Magnify’d.

‘ He hears the *English* in the *Eastern* Parts,  
‘ Are of such Stoutness and Resolved Hearts,  
‘ That they will do no Homage to the Throne  
‘ Of any Sov’reign Prince, except their own.  
‘ This suiteth not with his Ambitious Breaſt,  
‘ He’ll have their Homage too amongst the rest.

D 4

‘ And

‘ And Such of them as fall within his Power,  
‘ He like an Hungry Lion doth Devour.

‘ He *Norton, Stone,* and *Oldham*, doth Surprise,  
‘ Then Murthers them and all their Companies ;  
‘ Seifeth their goods, and them for Presents sends,  
‘ At once to Comfort and Confirm his Friends.

‘ Their Death’s the *Massachusetts* doth Refent,  
‘ And *Endicott* is with an Army sent ;  
‘ Who tho’ he Wifely did the War Pursue,  
‘ And did what a brave General could do :  
‘ Yet he return’d again without Success,  
‘ And *Pequots* kept Insulting Ne’rtheless.  
‘ So Great a Work, and Mighty was it found  
‘ To fix Your *English* on that distant Ground.

‘ Mean while the *English* of that Colony,  
‘ On whose account I’m here in Agency,  
‘ Entred the River and Possess’d the same,  
‘ Paying no Deference to his dreadful Name.

‘ This high affront the Tyrant deep Refents,  
‘ And Vows to Ruinate their Settlements.  
‘ His Priests, his Captains, and Great Men of War,  
‘ He calleth to Consult on this Affair,  
‘ Who being met, the Case to them Relates,  
‘ And thus the Wretch on us Recriminates.

‘ My

‘ My Noble Captains and Wise Counsellors,  
‘ You know how that of Old our Ancestors.  
‘ By their know Liberties and Ancient Laws,  
‘ Were well allow’d to Marry many Squaws.

‘ Their way of Worship was to Dance and Sing,  
‘ By the Religious rules of *Powawing*.  
‘ Their Gods always accepted their address,  
‘ And Crown’d their Arms with Glorious Success.  
‘ Then was the *Pequot* name Greatly Renown’d,  
‘ And terrible to Neighbouring Nations round.  
‘ These Rules and their Estate so prosperous,  
‘ They handed down unblemished to us :  
‘ And we have been as prosperous in our days,  
‘ In following their long approved ways.

‘ But there’s of men a most Audacious Brood,  
‘ Lately come hither from beyond the flood,  
‘ Who teach us other Doctrines to believe,  
‘ Than ever our Fore-fathers did receive.  
‘ These tell the *Indians* they have got no Eyes,  
‘ But as for they themselves are very Wise.

‘ They Preach there is no other God but One,  
‘ Him whom your Fathers Worshipt, he is none.  
‘ Their way of Worship was a Curfed way,  
‘ They serv’d the Devil in their Antick Play.

‘ ’Tis





‘Tis very like they now are all in Hell,  
‘ Where they in Fire & Brimstone Roar & Yell.  
‘ And you for following the steps they tread,  
‘ Are like enough so to be Punished.  
‘ Unless for what is past you soon Repent,  
‘ And turn you from those ways to full Intent.  
‘ You must not have so many handsome Wives,  
‘ That don’t consist with Mortified lives.  
‘ And we allow no such Pluralities,  
‘ Therefore forsake them, pity not their Cryes.  
‘ The Sabbath you must keep, yea Fast and Pray,  
‘ And watch your *Wicked* hearts both *Night & Day*.  
‘ And when all this is done you must complain,  
‘ All stands for nothing till you’r Born again.

‘ Now shall we all at once be rul’d by them,  
‘ And so our Fathers and our Gods Contemn ?  
‘ Shall we at once forsake our pleasant Wives,  
‘ That so we may live Mortified lives ?  
‘ Shall we yield them the Empire we command,  
‘ And humbly wait upon them Cap in hand ?  
‘ Or shan’t we rather curb them now betimes,  
‘ And make them feel the folly of their crimes ?

‘ *Speak freely.* On the Honour of a Prince,  
‘ I’ll hear as freely and without Offence.

‘ Then

‘ Then an old *Panime* rose to ease his breast,  
‘ And thus his deep resentments he Exprest ;  
‘ Such Horrid words such sayings Blasphemous,  
‘ Comes from no Tongue but the most impious.  
‘ All Nations yet have ever Honoured,  
‘ The sacred Name and Mem’ry of the dead.  
‘ No men till these dare ever yet despise,  
‘ And trample on Immortal Deities,  
‘ No Strangers yet; Till conquest gave them cause,  
‘ Dare once Prescribe to *Native* Princes Laws.  
‘ Which shews their Blasphemy and Insolence,  
‘ Is Great and doth Surpass all Presidents.  
‘ Our Laws, our Empire, and Religion too,  
‘ Are safely, *Sir*, deposited with you.  
‘ And you have kept them safely hitherto,  
‘ As ’tis your duty and your praise to do.  
‘ Suffer them not to keep Insulting thus,  
‘ Nor put such Impositions upon us.  
‘ But arm your Warriours, Let us try the odds,  
‘ ’Twixt them and us, ’twixt theirs and our Gods.  
‘ For much I fear Impending Vengeance,  
‘ Will ruin us unless we drive them hence.

‘ This said, One of his Chiefest Warriours rose,  
‘ And thus his Mind did to his Prince disclose ;  
‘ If they are so Audacious while a few,  
‘ When grown a Multitude what will they Do ?  
‘ Therefore

‘ Therefore ’tis my advice to Arm and Try,  
‘ The Quarrel with them in their Infancy.  
‘ Sure now if ever we may well Succeed,  
‘ Whilst Warlike *Safacus* doth us Lead :  
‘ Whose very Name and Martial Policy,  
‘ Has always Gain’d us half the Victory.

‘ To what he said they all agreed as one :  
‘ Now is the Trumpet of Defiance blown  
‘ War with the *English* Nation is Proclaim’d.  
‘ (Their *Priests* their *Martial* men greatly Enflam’d)

‘ A Bloody Host is sent to *Say-Brook* Fort,  
‘ To Plunder, Kill, and cut the *English* short.  
‘ Where they Arriv’d and Diverse Murdered,  
‘ Then round the *English* Fort Beleaguered.

‘ Another Army Cross the Land is sent,  
‘ With Fire and Sword to kill the Innocent.  
‘ At *Wethersfield* they lay an Ambuscade,  
‘ And a sad Slaughter of the People made.  
‘ Others they took and them in Captive Led,  
‘ Unto their Forts there to be Tortured.

‘ Thus from our Peace most suddenly we are  
‘ Wrapt up in the Calamities of War.  
‘ So have I sometimes in the Summer seen,  
‘ The Sun ascending and the Skie serene.

‘ Nor

‘ Nor Wind nor Cloud in all the Hemisphere,  
‘ All things in such a perfect Calmness were.  
‘ At length a little Cloud doth up arise,  
‘ To which the nitrous sulphury Vapour flies.  
‘ Soon a dark mantle over Heaven spread,  
‘ With which the Lamp of day was darkened.  
‘ And now the Clouds in tempest loud contend,  
‘ And rain and dreadful Lightning downward send.  
‘ With which such loud and mighty *Thunders* broke  
‘ As made Earth tremble & the Mountains smoke,  
‘ And the Convulsive world seem drawing on,  
‘ Apace to her own Dissolution  
‘ The awfulness of which amazing Sight,  
‘ Greatly did Earths Inhabitants affright.  
‘ Ev’n so those Halcyon days that were with us,  
‘ Were soon turn’d into Times Tempestuous.  
‘ Mischief on Mischief every day succeeds,  
‘ And Every Mischief Greater Mischief breeds  
‘ The Numerous Nations all the Country ore,  
‘ Who had appeared Friendly heretofore,  
‘ Seeing the *Pequots* had the War begun,  
‘ And well Succeeded in their carrying on.  
‘ Calling to mind their former Victories,  
‘ The *English* Men grew Abject in their Eyes.  
‘ Some at the first the *Pequot* Armies joyn’d  
‘ And all the rest but of a Wavering mind.  
‘ Waiting but for an opportunity,  
‘ To Murder us by Force or Treachery.

‘ No

‘ No Confidence in any we repose,  
‘ Our seeming Friends we find our real Foes.  
‘ Fears never to behold the morning Light,  
‘ Encumbered our Natural rest each night.  
‘ Nor had we place of Refuge to Repair,  
‘ Only to the Most High in Heaven by Prayer.  
‘ To whom was offered up the Sacrifice,  
‘ Of Broken Hearts and Penitential Cries.

‘ A Council met at *Hartford* who Conclude,  
‘ We must Subdue the Foe, or be Subdued.  
‘ And that the Gangreen still would further stray,  
‘ ’Till the Infected Limb be cut away.  
‘ And thereupon they Ordered and Decreed,  
‘ To raise our utmost Forces with all Speed.  
‘ This Resolution publisht and declar’d,  
‘ *Ninety* brave Combatants in Arms appear’d.  
‘ This was the Sum of all our Infantry,  
‘ Yet scarce a Tithe unto the Enemy.  
‘ But what they wanted in their Multitude,  
‘ ’Twas hop’d their Resolution would make Good.

‘ These were the Men, this was the little Band,  
‘ That durst the force of the new World withstand,  
‘ These were the men that by their *Swords made way*,  
‘ For Peace and Safety in *America*.  
‘ And these are those whose *Names fame hath Enrol’d*  
‘ Fairly in brightest Characters of Gold.

The,

‘ The Army now drawn up. To be their Head  
‘ Our Valiant *Mason* was Commissioned.  
‘ (Whose Name is never mentioned by me,  
‘ Without a special Note of Dignity.)

‘ The Leader March’t them to the River side,  
‘ There to Embark his Army on the Tide ;  
‘ Where lay our little Fleet to Wait upon  
‘ Our Army for their Transportation  
‘ (Going on board Oraculous *Hooker* said,  
‘ Fear not the Foe, they shall become your Bread.)

‘ ’Twas here that *Uncas* did the Army Meet,  
‘ With many stout *Mohegans* at his Feet.  
‘ He to the General goes, and doth Declare,  
‘ He came for our Assistance in the War.

‘ He was that *Sagamore* whom great *Sasacus*’s rage  
‘ Had hitherto kept under Vassalage.  
‘ But weary of his great Severity,  
‘ He now Revolts, and to the *English* fly.  
‘ With Cheerful Air our Captain him Embraces,  
‘ And him and his Chief Men with Titles Graces;  
‘ But over them Preserv’d a Jealous Eye,  
‘ Left all this might be done in Treachery.

‘ Then down the *River* with their *Fleet* they flood  
‘ But stranding often on the Flats and Mud.  
‘ *Uncas*

‘ *Uncas* Impatient of such long delays,  
‘ Stood forth and freely to the General says,  
‘ Suffer me and my Men to go on shore,  
‘ We are not us’d to Shipping, Sails and Oar.  
‘ I’ll Range the Woods to find the Enemy,  
‘ Where they in their close Ambushments may lie.  
‘ And unto you at *Say-Brook* will repair  
‘ And so attend your further Orders there.

‘ Consented to, they Land Immediately,  
‘ And Marching down soon met the Enemy :  
‘ And Showers of Arrows on them he bestows,  
‘ Swifter than ever flew from *Parthian* Bows.

‘ At length the *Pequots* left the Field and Fled,  
‘ There Leaving many of their Fellows Dead.

‘ The News of this our Forces greatly Cheers,  
‘ And turn’d to Confidence our Jealous Fears.  
‘ Coming to *Say-Brook*, *Uncas* on them Waits,  
‘ Whose good Success our Men Congratulates.

‘ Here Captain *Underhill* with our Army join’d  
‘ And being favoured with a Lucky Wind,  
‘ All haft on Board, and soon forfake the Shoar ;  
‘ With the rough Winds, both Sails & Tackle roar,  
‘ Their *Oaken* Oars, they in the Ocean sweep,  
‘ And Cuff the foaming Billows of the deep.  
‘ Swiftly

‘Swiftly thro’ Tides & threatning Waves they scud,  
‘Plowing the pavement of the briny Flood :  
‘So fetch’t about a Compass on the Sea,  
‘And Landed in the *Narragansetts*-Bay  
‘And marching thro’ that Country soon they met,  
‘The *Narragansett* Prince, proud *Ninegrett*.

‘To whom the *English* says, We Lead these Bands,  
‘Arm’d in this manner thus into your Lands,  
‘Without design to do you Injury,  
‘But only to Invade the Enemy,  
‘You who to the Expence of so much Blood,  
‘Have long time born their evil Neighbourhood,  
‘Will bid us welcom ; and will well Excuse,  
‘That we this way have took our Rendezvouze.

‘Quoth *Ninegrett*, Your War I well approve,  
‘And so your March Souldiers I alway Love :  
‘But sure *Sasacus* is quite unknown to you,  
‘Else had you never hoped with so few,  
‘One of his smallest Captains to Suppress,  
‘Much less to storm him in his Fortresses.  
‘Never believe it : In these Castles are,  
‘Brave Captains and Courageous men of War.  
‘All men have found it so that yet have try’d.  
‘To whom the *English* thus in short reply’d ;  
‘Their Strength & Courage doth not us affright,  
‘Tis with such men we use and chuse to Fight.

E

‘Our





‘ Our Army Marching unto *Nayantick* goes,  
‘ Lying juſt in our Progreſs towards the Foes.

‘ The news of this our march Fame doth tranſport,  
‘ With ſpeed to great *Miaantinomohs* Court.  
‘ Nor had that penſive King forgot the Loſſes,  
‘ He had ſuſtain’d thro’ *Safacus’s* Forces.  
‘ Chear’d with the news, his Captains all as one,  
‘ In humble manner do addreſs the Throne,  
‘ And preſs the King to give them his Commiſſion  
‘ To join the *Engliſh* in this Expedition.  
‘ To their requeſt the chearful King aſſents,  
‘ And now they fill and form their Regiments,  
‘ To War: a *Co-hort* which came marching down  
‘ To us who lay Encamp’d before the Town.

‘ Their Chiefs go to our General, and declare  
‘ What’s their Intention and whoſe men they are.  
‘ We come, ſay they, with heart and hand to join,  
‘ With Engliſh men upon this brave deſign;  
‘ For *Pequots* pride allows them no Content  
‘ Within the ſphere of their own Government:  
‘ Without Effays to wrong their Brethren  
‘ And raviſh Freedom from the Sons of men,  
‘ Which makes this work moſt needful to be done,  
‘ To ſtop their meaſureleſs Ambition.  
‘ But ſure the War that you intend to make  
‘ And manage thus muſt come from your miſtake.  
Can

‘ Can these Un-arrowed White men, such a few,  
‘ So much as hope the *Pequots* to Subdue ?  
‘ Yes hope you may while fatal Ignorance,  
‘ Keeps back the knowledge of their Puissance.  
‘ But if you come to be Engaged once,  
‘ You’ll Learn more wit by sad Experience.  
‘ But happy you : who thus your selves Expose,  
‘ To be the Prey and Triumph of your Foes.  
‘ Thrice happy you to be preserved thus,  
‘ From your Destruction and such Deaths by us :  
‘ And since our Numbers and our Features show,  
‘ Us men, as well & better men than you,  
‘ We hope it will offend not you nor yours,  
‘ The chieftest Post of Honour should be ours.

‘ *Mason* Harrangues them with high *Compliments*,  
‘ And to confirm them he to them Consents.  
‘ Hold on bold Men, says he as you’ve began :  
‘ I’m Free and Easie, you shall take the Van.

‘ And in this order Marching on they went  
‘ Towards the Enemy till the day was Spent.  
‘ And now Bright *Phæbus* had his Chariot driven,  
‘ Down from the Lofty Battlements of Heaven,  
‘ And weary put his tired steeds to rest,  
‘ Chearing himself on blushing *Thetis* breast.  
‘ But lest the horrid Darknes of the Night,  
‘ Should quite Eclipse the Glory of his light :

E 2

Fair

‘ Fair *Cynthia* towering up did well Embrace,  
‘ Her Brothers light into her Orbed face.

‘ The *Indians* still kept up their boasted flame,  
‘ Till near the Enemies Fortresses they came.

‘ But as we always by Experience find,  
‘ Frost bitten Leaves will not abide the wind.  
‘ Hang Trembling on the limbs a while they may,  
‘ But when once *Boreas* roars they fly away,  
‘ To hide themselves in the deep Vales below,  
‘ And to his force leave the exposed bough.

‘ So these who had so often to their harms,  
‘ Felt the great power of *Safacus*’s Arms,  
‘ And now again just to Endure the fame  
‘ The dreadful sound of great *Safacus*’s Name,  
‘ Seem’d every Moment to attach their Ears  
‘ And fill’d them with such heart amazing fears,  
‘ That suddenly they run and seek to hide,  
‘ Swifter than Leaves in the Autumnal Tide.  
‘ The *Narrhagansetts* quite the Service Clear,  
‘ But the *Mohegan* followed in the Rear.

‘ Our Men perceives the Allies all are gone,  
‘ And scarce a Pilot left to lead them on :  
‘ Caused an *Alta*, and then from the Rear,  
‘ Summon’s such *Indians* as were there.

‘ At

‘ At last after long waiting for the fame,  
‘ Up Trusty *Uncas* and Stout *Wequash* came,  
‘ Of whom the General in strict Terms demands,  
‘ Where stands the *Fort*, & how their *Judgment* stands,  
‘ About the Enter-prize? And what’s the Cause,  
‘ They left their Post against all Martial Laws?

‘ To which we had this Answer from a Prince,  
‘ The Enemies Fort stands on yond Eminence;  
‘ Whose steep Ascent is now before your Eyes:  
‘ And for my Judgment in the enterprize,  
‘ Fain would my willing Heart hope for Success,  
‘ Fain would my eager Tongue such hopes express.  
‘ But Knowledge of the Foe such hope deny’s,  
‘ And Sinks my Heart in deep Despondencies.  
‘ You cannot know the Danger of your case,  
‘ Not having yet beheld a *Pequots* Face.  
‘ But sad Experience hath Instructed me,  
‘ How Dreadful and Invincible they be.  
‘ What mighty Battles often have they won,  
‘ And cut down Armies like the Grass that’s Mown.  
‘ And my Heart rues this day because I fear,  
‘ Those Lions will your Lambs in pieces tear.  
‘ When once they are Engag’d, ’tis hard to get,  
‘ A Dispensation from them to Retreat.

‘ *Sir*, be Advis’d before it be too late,  
‘ Trust not too far your Evil-boding Fate.  
E 3 ‘ Great

‘ Great pity tis to lose so brave an Host ;  
‘ And more that such a General should be lost.  
‘ Then steer another course : thrust not your selves  
‘ To certain ruin on these dangerous shelves :

‘ Here stop’t, and on the English fix’d his Eye,  
‘ With care Expecting what they would reply.  
‘ Brave *Mason* who had in his breast Enshrined,  
‘ A Prudent and Invulnerable mind ;  
‘ Weighing the case & ground whereon they stood,  
‘ The Enemy how hard to be subdued :  
‘ How if the Field should by the Foe be won,  
‘ The *English* Settlements might be Undone.  
‘ His little Army now was left alone,  
‘ And all the *Allies* Hopes and Hearts were gone.  
‘ These and all other things that might Dissuade,  
‘ From an Engagement having fully weigh’d :  
‘ But looking on his Cheerful Soldierly,  
‘ True Sons of *Mars*, bred up in *Brittanny* ;  
‘ Each firmly bent to Glorify his Name  
‘ By Dying bravely in the Bed of Fame,  
‘ In his New Countrys Just Defence, or else  
‘ To Extirpate these Murtherous Infidels ;  
‘ This rais’d his Thoughts his Vital Spirits Clear’d,  
‘ So that no Enemy on Earth he Fear’d.  
‘ And now resolv’d the City to Invade ;  
‘ He to the tho’tful Prince this Answer made ;  
‘ You

‘ You say, My Men han’t yet a *Pequot* seen ;  
‘ Tis true, yet they e’re now in Wars have been,  
‘ Where mighty Captains & brave Men have shed,  
‘ Their Blood, while roaring Canons Ecchoed,  
‘ Yet they Undaunted Resolute go on  
‘ Where *dying springs* make *Sanguine Rivers* run.  
‘ Out-braving Danger mount the highest Wall,  
‘ Yea Play with Death it self without appal :  
‘ Nor turn the Back till they have won the Day,  
‘ And from the mighty torn the Spoils away.  
‘ And do you think that any *Pequots* face  
‘ Shall daunt us much, or alter much the case ?  
‘ The Valour of our Foes we always prize,  
‘ As that which most our Triumph Glorifies.  
‘ Their Strength & Courage but allurements are,  
‘ To make us more Ambitious of the War.  
‘ Then don’t Despair, but turn you back again  
‘ Encourag’d, & Confirm your Heartless Men,  
‘ And hinder them in their Intended Flight ;  
‘ Only to see how *English* Men will Fight  
‘ And let your Eyes themselves be Judges then  
‘ Twixt Us & *Pequots*, which are better Men.

‘ Down bow’d the Prince, down bow’d this  
    trembling ‘Squire ;  
‘ Greatly the Gen’rals Courage they Admire.  
‘ Back to the Rear, with speedy hast they went,  
‘ And call the Captains of their Regiment ;

E 4

‘ To

‘ To whom the Prince doth in *short terms* declare,  
 ‘ *English* or *Pequots* must go and hunt white Deer.  
 ‘ No Counsel can the General’s wrath assuage,  
 ‘ Nor calm the fury of his Martial rage.  
 ‘ His men are all resolved to go on,  
 ‘ Unto the *Pequots* Ruin, or their own :  
 ‘ Then we our selves will stand in fight and see  
 ‘ The last Conclusion of this Tragedie.  
 ‘ Mean while the General his Oration makes,  
 ‘ And with his Army thus Expostulates ;

‘ There’s such a Crisis now in Providence,  
 ‘ As scarce has been since time did first Commence.  
 ‘ Fate has determin’d that this very Day,  
 ‘ Shall try the Title of *America* :  
 ‘ And that these hands of ours shall be the hands,  
 ‘ That shall subdue or forfeit all these Lands.  
 ‘ If this days work by us be once well done,  
 ‘ *America* is for the *English* won :  
 ‘ But if we faint and fail in this design,  
 ‘ The numerous Nations will as one combine,  
 ‘ Their Countries Forces and with Violence  
 ‘ Destroy the *English* and their Settlements.

‘ Here we are Strangers, and if we are beat,  
 ‘ We have no place for Safety or Retreat.  
 ‘ Therefore our Hands must be Preservatives,  
 ‘ Of our Religion, Liberties and Lives.

‘ I

‘ I urge not this as Motives from Despair,  
‘ To which I know you utter Strangers are.  
‘ Only to shew what great Advantages,  
‘ Attends your Valour urging the Success.  
‘ Mov’d with Despair the coward Fights & Storms,  
‘ But your brave Minds have more Angelick forms  
‘ Your high born Souls in Brighter orbs do move  
‘ And take in fair Ideas from Above.  
‘ Minding the Laurels that the Victor wears,  
‘ And great Example of your Ancestors.  
‘ I know you can’t their Mighty acts forget,  
‘ And yet how often did they them repeat?  
‘ What did that ever famous Black Prince do,  
‘ At first at *Cressley*, after at *Poitou*?  
‘ Bravely he led the *English* Squadrons on,  
‘ Bravely they Fought till they had took King *John*.  
‘ Bravely he did his Fathers Message bear,  
‘ To save his Life and Honour in the War.  
‘ For in that Fight he rais’d the *English* Fame,  
‘ Above the *Grecian* or the *Roman* Name.  
‘ And with what Force and Martial Puissance.  
‘ Did great King *Henry* claim the Crown of *France*  
‘ He like a Gamester play’d his tennis Balls,  
‘ Like Bolts of Thunder over *Paris* Walls.  
‘ How Lion-like he led his *British* Bands,  
‘ Tho’ few in number through the *Gallick* Lands.  
‘ To *Agin-Court*, then Fac’d his mighty Foe,  
‘ And gave his Multitude the overthrow;  
‘ Where





‘ Where e’re his Generals came they did Advance  
 ‘ The *English* Ensigns on the Towers of *France* ;  
 ‘ Until that Nation rendered up to him  
 ‘ Their Heirefs and Imperial Diadem.  
 ‘ And when of late King *Philip* did Attempt,  
 ‘ Quite to Subvert the *British* Government ;  
 ‘ And for that end sent out his mighty Fleet,  
 ‘ Whom *Howards, Seymore, &* bold *Drake* did meet,  
 ‘ And meeting took or sunk into the main  
 ‘ The *wealth, the hope, the power & pride* of *Spain*.  
 ‘ By such Exploits, the *English* Glory went  
 ‘ Throughout from *Britain* to the *Orient* :  
 ‘ And there too soon ’twas bounded by the Seas  
 ‘ And limited from the *Antipodies*.  
 ‘ Nought of their *worth* in the *new world* was told,  
 ‘ Nor more could be expressed in the Old.  
 ‘ Then Fame it self dull and inactive grew  
 ‘ For want of other Buſineſs to Pursue.  
 ‘ But Fate which long hath Deſtinated you,  
 ‘ To prove the Stories of *th’ old World i’t’h’ New*,  
 ‘ Shipt you on Board & with full gales hath sent  
 ‘ You forth from *Britain* to this Continent ;  
 ‘ And by this Foe gives Opportunity  
 ‘ Here to evince the *English* Bravery.  
 ‘ And give the World Assurance that we be,  
 ‘ Sons of thoſe mighty Men of *Britannie*.  
 ‘ ’Tis true, our Enemies are hard to tame,  
 ‘ The more the Danger is the more’s the Fame.  
 ‘ But

‘ But they are Strong, Immur’d, a Multitude :  
‘ The more’s the Honour when they are Subdu’d.  
‘ But they are Valiant, us’d to overthrow,  
‘ What Glory ’tis to Conquer such a Foe ?  
‘ Their very Name hath made our Allies run,  
‘ Oh how will this adorn the Field when won !

‘ Leave the Success to *Him* whose boundless *Powers*  
‘ Will doubtless bless so just a War as ours.  
‘ Then let’s not give the fence of Danger place,  
‘ But Storm the Enemies Fortrefs in the face.  
‘ So shall the Line of your high Praises run  
‘ The same in time and Circle with the Sun :  
‘ And Happy *Albeon* shall for ever Glory,  
‘ Her distant Sons did here make good her Story.

‘ No more he said, then thro’ the Regiment  
‘ Was heard a softly Murmur of Consent.

‘ *Amen*, Our Forces said, and then on high  
‘ To the Worlds Arbiter, lift up their Eye,  
‘ And with an Humble Air of Earnestness  
‘ Unto His Majesty made this Address,

‘ O Most Divine Eternal Majesty,  
‘ Whose Thrones Exalted far above the Sky ;  
‘ Where thou by spotless Spirits art Ador’d,  
‘ As their, and our and every things Great Lord.

‘ *Yea*



' Yea so Exalted is thy Majesty,  
 ' So Infinite is thy Divinity :  
 ' That what the best and utmost Praises be,  
 ' Once to behold is Humbleness in thee,  
 ' Yet albeit thou art Exalted so,  
 ' Thou hast a kind Respect unto the Low :  
 ' And from thy most Exalted Stations there,  
 ' Viewest what's Acting on thy Footstool here.  
 ' Thou in thy Word dost oft' and oft' declare,  
 ' Thy Peoples Good is thine Especial Care.  
 ' And hast more often in thy Providence,  
 ' Made good that Word in their Deliverance :  
 ' So that their Motto hitherto hath been,  
 ' In the Mount of the Lord it shall be seen.  
 ' Look down from thy Immense Sublimities,  
 ' To view our Troubles and to hear our Cries.  
 ' Our Eyes are unto thee who canst Subdue  
 ' A Multitude, and Victors make a few.  
 ' Mind Lord, it was thy Power and Right-hand  
 ' Hath bro't us to and set us in this Land.  
 ' 'Twas for thy Sake that we left Britannie,  
 ' And our Enjoyments there ; Here to have thee.  
 ' But how the Heathen Rage, and how their Kings  
 ' Against thee, and thy Christ speak Evil things ?  
 ' For sure the Truth of their Intentions be,  
 ' By Driving us from hence to Banish Thee.  
 ' If thou art Silent and allow'st the same,  
 ' What wilt thou do unto thy Dreadful Name ?  
 ' Thy

‘ *Thy Promise to thy Son hast thou forgot,*  
‘ *That thou wilt give the Heathen for his Lot :*  
‘ *And of the Earth the utmost parts thereon*  
‘ *To be to Him for His Possession.*  
‘ *We hop’d of this to’ve seen th’ Accomplishment,*  
‘ *Yea and ourselves to help on the Event.*  
‘ *Then Lord arise and to our help incline,*  
‘ *And shout as mighty Men shout after Wine.*  
‘ *Let the Proud Dwellers of the Nations see*  
‘ *There’s none that is Invincible but thee.*  
‘ *So shall the Wrath of Man Honour thy Name,*  
‘ *And this shall their remaining Wrath restrain :*  
‘ *And this thy Peoples Thankful Hearts shall raise*  
‘ *To Celebrate thy Name with endless Praise.*

‘ *After Devotions thus to Heaven Paid,*  
‘ *Up to the Enemy Our Armys led,*  
‘ *Silent as the Riphean Snow doth fall,*  
‘ *Or Fishes walk in Neptunes spacious Hall.*

‘ *Now Lucifer had just put out his Head,*  
‘ *To call Aurora from old Tithon’s bed.*  
‘ *Whereat the Troops of the Approaching light,*  
‘ *Began to beat the Reg’ments of the Night.*

‘ *But Morpheus with his unperceived Bands,*  
‘ *Had closed the Pequots Eyes & chain’d their Hands.*  
‘ All

‘ All Slept secure save one Sagacious Wretch,  
‘ Whose turn it was to stand upon the Watch.  
‘ His weighty Charge with Diligence he applies,  
‘ And Looking round with fierce, *Lyncean* Eyes.  
‘ At Length our Avant Couriers he Espy’d,  
‘ Straining his Lungs aloud, *Auwunux* Cry’d.

(*Auwunux*, said our King, *What doth that mean?*  
It signifies, said *Winthrop*, *English Men*)

‘ The startling News doth every Souldier rouse,  
‘ Each Arms and Hastens to his Rendezvouze.  
‘ Mean time the *English* did the Fort Attach,  
‘ And in the same had opened a Breach.  
‘ Through which our brave *Aleides* Entred first,  
‘ In after whom his valiant Souldiers thrust.

‘ Before the breach an Unappalled band,  
‘ Of *Warlike Pequots* with *Bow & Arrows* stand.  
‘ With Chearful Accents these themselves Confirm  
‘ To dy like Men or to outface the Storm.  
‘ Then Gallantly the *English* they assail,  
✓ ‘ With winged Arrows like a shower of Hail  
‘ These ours Endure; and with like Violence,  
‘ Sent Lead and Sulphur back in Recompence.

‘ And now the fight grew more & more Intense,  
‘ Each violent Death Enflames the Violence.  
‘ Charge

‘ Charge answered Charge, & shout reply’d to shout  
‘ Both parties like Enraged fury’s fought.  
‘ Till Death in all its horrid Forms appears,  
‘ And Dreadful Noise keeps Clamouring in our Ears.

‘ Now as some Spacious Rivers in their way,  
‘ By which they Travel onwards to the Sea.  
‘ Meet with some mighty Precipice from whence,  
‘ Enrag’d they throw themselves with Violence.  
‘ Upon the Stubborn Rocks that ly below,  
‘ To make Disturbance in the way they go.

‘ Here tho’ the Fury of the fray doth make  
‘ The near Adjacent Rocks & Mountains quake.  
‘ Still the Remorseless Stream keep on its course,  
‘ Nor will abate a Moment of its force,  
‘ But rather hastens by Impetuous Facts  
‘ To throw itself into those Cataracts.

‘ And so it happened with our Soldiers here,  
‘ Whose Fortune ’twas to Travel in the rear.  
‘ The Combatings of these within the Breaches,  
‘ With Dreadful noise their listening Ears Attaches,  
‘ And from their Foes and from their Bretheren,  
‘ Loud Crys of Fighting and of Dying Men.

‘ Sense of the Danger doth not them Affright,  
‘ But rather proves a Motive to excite,

‘ The

‘ The Martial Flame in every Soldiers Breast,  
‘ And on they like enraged Lyons preſt.  
‘ Determined upon the ſpot to Dy,  
‘ Or from the Foe obtain the Victory.

‘ Now Fortune ſhews to the beholders fight,  
‘ A very Dreadful, yet a Doubtful Fight.  
‘ Whilſt Mighty Men born in far Diſtant Land,  
‘ Stood Foot to Foot engaging Hand to Hand.

‘ As when ſome Mighty Tempeſt that ariſe,  
‘ Meet with Imbattled Fury in the Skies :  
‘ Fire balls of Lightnings & loud Thunders Rend,  
‘ And Tear the Raging parly’s that contend.

‘ So did the Fury of theſe mighty Foes,  
‘ With which they did each others force oppoſe,  
‘ Bring on ſuch ruins as might daunt with fears,  
‘ The Hearts of any Men ; Excepting Theirs.

‘ Never did *Pequots* fight with greater Pride :  
‘ Never was *Engliſh* Valour Better try’d.  
‘ Never was Ground ſoak’t with more Gallant blood  
‘ Than the *Aceldama* whereon we ſtood.  
‘ Sometimes one Party Victory ſoon Expect,  
‘ As ſoon their eager Hopes are Countercheat.  
‘ And thoſe that ſeem’d as Conquered before,  
‘ Repel with greater force the Conqueror.

‘ Three

‘ Three times the *Pequots* seemed to be beat :  
‘ As many times they made their Foes retreat.  
‘ And now our hope and help for Victory,  
‘ Chiefly Depended from the Arm on High, ‘

‘ As when Euroclydon the forest rends,  
‘ The bigger Oaks fall down the Lesser bends ;  
‘ The beaten Limbs and Leaves before him scour,  
‘ Affrighted and Enforced by his Power ;  
‘ To some huge Rock whose Adamantine brow,  
‘ Out braves the Fury of all Winds that blow ;  
‘ There hoping to be hid from the high Charge,  
‘ Of Fierce pursuers by his Mighty Verge.  
‘ The Winds in pressing troops Demand Surrender,  
‘ Of the pursued & boisterous Storm & Thunder :  
‘ But he brow-beats, and Masters all their pride,  
‘ And sends them roaring to the Larbord side.

‘ So *Mason* here most strongly Drest in arms,  
‘ Re-animates his men, their Ranks Reforms,  
‘ Then Leading on thro’ Deaths & Dangers goes,  
‘ And beats the thickest Squadrons of the foes.

‘ Prince *Mononotto* sees his Squadrons fly,  
‘ And on our General having fixt his Eye.  
‘ Rage and Revenge his Spirits quickening,  
‘ He set a Mortal Arrow in the String.

F

‘ Then



‘Then to his God and Fathers Ghosts he pray’d,  
 ‘*Hear, O Immortal Powers, hear me, he said ;*  
 ‘*And pity Miftick, Save the tottering Town,*  
 ‘*And on our Foes hurl dreadful Vengeance down.*  
 ‘*Will you forsake your Altars and abodes,*  
 ‘*To those Contemners of Immortal God’s ?*  
 ‘*Will those Pay Hecatombs unto your Shrine,*  
 ‘*Who have deny’d your Powers to be Divine ?*  
 ‘*O favour us ; our hopes on you are Built*  
 ‘*But if you are Mindful of our former guilt,*  
 ‘*Determine final ruin on us all ;*  
 ‘*Yet let us not quite unrevenged fall.*  
 ‘*Here I Devote this of our Enemies*  
 ‘*His precious Life to you a Sacrifice.*  
 ‘*Nor shall I Covet long to be Alive,*  
 ‘*If such a Mischief I might once Survive.*  
 ‘*But O Indulgent, Hearken to my Prayer ;*  
 ‘*Try us once more ; this once the City spare :*  
 ‘*And take my Gift, Let your acceptance be*  
 ‘*An Omen we shall gain the Victory.*

‘That very Instant *Mafon* did Advance,  
 ‘Whereat rage Interrupts his utterance ;  
 ‘Nor could he add a Word to what was said,  
 ‘But drew the winged Arrow to the Head :  
 ‘And aiming right Discharged it, whereupon  
 ‘Its Fury made the Piercing Air to Groan.

‘ But

‘ But wary *Mason* with his active Spear,  
‘ Glanc’d the Princes Arrow in the Air :  
‘ Whereat the *Pequots* quite Discouraged.  
‘ Throw down the Gauntlet & from Battel fled.

‘ *Mason* swift as the chased Roe on Foot,  
‘ Out strips the rest in making the Pursuit :  
‘ Ent’ring the Palace in a Hall he found,  
‘ A Multitude of Foes, who gathering round  
‘ This mighty Man on every side Engag’d  
‘ Like Bears bereav’d of their Whelps enrag’d.

‘ One finding such Resistance where he came,  
‘ His Mind, his Weapons & his Eyes stroke Flame.  
‘ Their Boldness much his martial sprite Provokes,  
‘ And round he lays his deep inveterate strokes.  
‘ Making his Sword at each enforced blow  
‘ Send great Soul’d *Heroes* to the shades below.

‘ But as when *Hercules* did undertake,  
‘ A doubtful Combate with the *Lernian* Snake ;  
‘ Fondly propos’d if he cut off her Head,  
‘ The Monster might with ease be Vanquished :

‘ But when he the Experiment did make,  
‘ Soon to his hazard found his dear mistake ;  
‘ And that as often as he cut off one,  
‘ Another Instantly sprang in its room.

F 2

‘ So

‘ So here, tho’ *Mason* laid so many Dead,  
‘ Their number seemed not Diminished ;  
‘ And Death the Umpire of this Martial Fray,  
‘ Stood yet expecting *Mason* for his Prey.

‘ But Fate that doth the rule of Actions know,  
‘ Did this unequal Combate Disallow.  
‘ As too severe to force one Man alone,  
‘ To Beat an Army, take a Garrison :  
‘ Or if he failed in the Enterprize,  
‘ To fall a Victim to his Enemies ;  
‘ Sent *Heydon* in, who with his sure Steel’d Blade,  
‘ Joining the General such a Slaughter made,  
‘ That soon the *Pequots* ceased to Oppose,  
‘ The Matchless force of such Resistless Foes.

‘ After so many Deaths and Dangers past,  
‘ *Mason* was thorowly Enflamed at last :  
‘ He Snatcht a blazing Bavin with his Hand,  
‘ And Fir’d the stately Palace with the Brand.  
‘ And soon the trowing & Rapacious Flame,  
‘ All hope of Opposition overcame.  
‘ *Eurus* and *Notus* readily Subjoin,  
‘ Their best Assistance to this great Design ;  
‘ Drive Pitchy Flames in vast enfoldings down,  
‘ And dreadful Globes of Fire along the Town.

‘ And

‘ And now the *English* Army Marched out,  
‘ To Hemn this Flaming City round about ;  
‘ That such as strived to escape the Fire,  
‘ Might by the Fury of their Arms Expire.

‘ But O what Language or what Tongue can tell,  
‘ This dreadful Emblem of the flames of Hell ?  
‘ No Fantasie sufficient is to Dream,  
‘ A Faint Idea of their Woes Extream.  
‘ Some like unlucky Comets do appear,  
‘ Rushing along the Streets with flagrant hair :  
‘ Some seeking safety Clamber up the wall,  
‘ Then down again with Blazing fingers Fall.  
‘ In this last Hour of Extremity,  
‘ Friends and Relations met in Company ;  
‘ But all in vain their tender Sympathy,  
‘ Cannot allay but makes their Misery.  
‘ The Paramour here met his amorous Dame,  
‘ Whose eyes had often set his heart in flame :  
‘ Urg’d with the Motives of her Love and Fear,  
‘ She runs and Clasps her arms about her Dear :  
‘ Where weeping on his bosom as she Lies,  
‘ And Languisheth on him she sets her Eyes ;  
‘ Till those bright Lamps do with her life Expire,  
‘ And Leave him Weltering in a double fire.

‘ The *Fair & Beauteous* Bride with all her Charms,  
‘ This night lay Melting in her Bridegrooms arms.  
‘ This

‘ This Morning in his bosom yields her Life,  
‘ While he dyes Sympathizing with his Wife.  
‘ In Love relation and in Life the same,  
‘ The same in Death, both dy in the same Flame,  
‘ Their Souls united both at once repair,  
‘ Unto their place appointed thro’ the air.

‘ The Gracious Father here stood looking on,  
‘ His little Brood with deep affection,  
‘ They round about him at each quarter stands,  
‘ With piteous looks, Each lifts his little Hands  
‘ To him for shelter, and then nearer throng,  
‘ Whilst piercing Cries *for help flows from each Tongue*,  
‘ Fain would he give their miseries relief ;  
‘ Tho’ with the forfeiture of his own life :  
‘ But finds his power too short to shield off harms,  
‘ The torturing flame Arrests them in his arms.  
‘ The tender Mother with like Woes opprest,  
‘ Beholds her Infant frying at her breast ;  
‘ Crying and looking on her, as it fryes ;  
‘ Till Death shuts up its heart affecting Eyes.

‘ The Conquering flame long *Sorrows* doth prevent,  
‘ And Vanquish’d Life soon breaks Imprisonment,  
‘ Souls leave their Tenements gone to decay,  
‘ And fly untouched through the flames away.  
‘ Now all with speed to final ruin hast,  
‘ And soon this Tragick scene is overpast.

‘ The

‘ The Town its Wealth high Battlements & Spires,  
‘ Now Sinketh Weltring in conjoining Fires.

‘ The General Commands the Officers with speed,  
‘ To see his Men drawn up and Martialed,  
‘ Which being done, they Wheel the ranks,  
‘ And *Kneeling* down to Heav’n all gave *Thanks*.

‘ By this *Aurora* doth with Gold adorn,  
‘ The ever Beauteous Eylids of the Morn ;  
‘ And Burning *Titan* his Exhaustless rays,  
‘ Bright in the Eastern *Horizon* Displays :  
‘ Then soon Appearing in Majestick Aw,  
‘ Makes all the starry Deitys withdraw ;  
‘ Veiling their Faces in deep Reverence,  
‘ Before the Throne of his Magnificence.

‘ And now the *English* their Red Crofs Display,  
‘ And under it march bravely toward the Sea ;  
‘ There hoping in this needful Hour to meet,  
‘ Ample Provisions coming with the Fleet.

‘ Mean time came Tidings to great *Safacus*’s Ears,  
‘ That *Mystick*-Town was taken unawares.  
‘ Three Hundred of his Able Men he sent,  
‘ With utmost hast its ruin to Prevent :  
‘ But if for that they chance to come too late,  
‘ Like Harms on us they should Retaliate.

‘ These

‘ These with loud Out-crys met us coming down  
‘ The Hill, about three furlongs from the Town ;  
‘ Gave us a Skirmish and then turn’d to gaze,  
‘ Upon the ruin’d City yet on blaze.

‘ But when they saw this Doleful Tragedy,  
‘ The Sorrow of their Hearts did close their Eye :  
‘ Silent & Mute they stand yet breathe out Groans ;  
‘ Nor *Gorgons* Head like this transforms to Stones.  
‘ Here lay the Numerous Body’s of the Dead ;  
‘ Some Frying, others almost Calcined :  
‘ All dolefully Imprison’d Underneath  
‘ The Dark and Adamantine Bars of Death.

‘ But mighty Sorrows never are Content  
‘ Long to be kept in close Imprisonment,  
‘ When once grown desperate will not keep under,  
‘ But break all Bands of their restraint asunder.  
‘ And now with *Shrieks* the Ecchoing Air they *Wound*,  
‘ And Stamp & Tore & Curse the Suffering Ground.  
‘ Somewhile with their hands tore off their Guiltless Hair,  
‘ And throw up dust & cinder in the Air  
‘ Thus with strange Actions & Horrendous Cries,  
‘ They Celebrate these Doleful Obsequies  
‘ At length Revenge so Vehemently doth Burn,  
‘ As caused all other Passions to adjourn.  
‘ *Alas*! they rave and rate them in the ear,  
‘ O Senseless Cowards to stand blubbering here !  
‘ Will

‘ Will Tears revive these Body’s of the Slain,  
‘ Or bring their Ashes Back to Life again,  
‘ Will Tears Appease their mighty Ghosts that are,  
‘ Hoping to be Revenged, hovering here ?  
‘ Surely expecting you will Sacrifice,  
‘ To them the Lives of those their Enemies :  
‘ And will you Baffle them thus by delay,  
‘ Until the Enemy be gone away ?  
‘ O Curfed Negligence ! And then the Strips,  
‘ And Jerks & Stings them with her *Scorpion Whips* ;  
‘ Until with Anger & Revenge they Yell,  
‘ As if the very Fiends had broke up Hell.  
‘ That we shall Dy, they all Outragous Swear ;  
‘ And Vomit Imprecations in the Air ;  
‘ Then, full speed ! with Ejulations Loud,  
‘ They follow us like an Impetuous Cloud.

‘ *Mason* to stop their Violent Career,  
‘ Rally’s his Company a New to War ;  
‘ Who finding them within a little space,  
‘ Let fly his Blunder-busses in their Face.  
‘ Thick *Sulphurous Smoke* makes the *Sky* look black,  
‘ And *Heaven’s* high *Galleries* *Thunder* with the crack,  
‘ Earth Groans & Trembles & from underneath,  
‘ Deep Vaulted *Caverns* horrid Eccho’s Breathe.

‘ The Volley that our Men First made,  
‘ Strook down their Stout File-leaders Dead.

G

‘ To



‘ To see them fall a Stupifying Fear,  
‘ Surpris’d and Stopt their Soldiers in the Rear :  
‘ The numerous Natives stopt, and fac’d about ;  
‘ Whereat the Conquering *English* gave a shout.  
‘ At which they start & through the Forrest Scour,  
‘ Like Trembling Hinds that hear the Lions roar.

‘ Back to great *Safacus* they now return again ;  
‘ And of their Loss they thus aloud Complain,  
‘ *Sir*, ’tis in Vain to Fight : The Fates Engage,  
‘ *Themselves* for those with whom this *War* we Wage.  
‘ We *Mistick* Burning saw, & ’twas an Awful Sight ;  
‘ As Dreadful are our Enemies in Fight :  
‘ And the loud *Thunderings* that their *Arms* did make,  
‘ Made *Us*, the *Earth*, yea *Heaven* itself to shake.

‘ Very unwelcome to great *Safacus*’s Ears,  
‘ Were these Misfortunes and his Subjects Fears :  
‘ Yet to his Men, the *English* he Contemns,  
‘ And Threats to ruin us with Stratagems.  
‘ And now his tho’ts *Ten Thousand* ways Divide,  
‘ And swift through all Imaginations Glide.  
‘ Endless Projections in his Head he lays,  
‘ Deep Policies and Stratagems he Weighs.  
‘ Sometimes he thinks, he’ll thus the *War* maintain,  
‘ Reviews the Scheme & throws it by again :  
‘ Now thus, or thus, Concludes tis best to do ;  
‘ But neither thus, nor thus, on the Review.

‘ And

‘ And thus his mind on endless Projects Wanders,  
‘ Till he is lost in Intricate Meanders.  
‘ At last gives up the Case as Desperate,  
‘ And Sinks, Bewailing his Forlorn Estate.

‘ He and his People quite Discouraged,  
‘ Now leave their Seats, & towards *Monhattons* fled.  
‘ But in his way the *English* sword o’re takes  
‘ His Camp, and in it sad Massakers makes.  
‘ Yet he Escap’d and to the *Mohawks* goes,  
‘ Where he to them keeps Reckoning up his woes :  
‘ And they to cure the Passions of his breast,  
‘ Cut off his Head, and all his Cares releas’d.

‘ Thus great *Sasacus* ! and his Kingdom fell,  
‘ Who in their time so greatly did Excel.  
‘ So frail and full of Mutabilities,  
‘ Are all Times Adjuncts, underneath the Skies.

‘ Since this fair Towns have spread the *Country* o’re,  
‘ Both on the River and along the Shore :  
‘ All which with *English* names Your Subjects stile,  
‘ In dear remembrance of our Parent Isle.

‘ The Land thus either *Purchas’d*, or *Subdu’d*,  
‘ ’Twas our Intent then Early to have sued,  
‘ Unto the *Throne*, where your Illustrious Father sate,  
‘ That he would Graciously Incorporate

G 2

‘ Us

‘ Us, by his Royal Charter, with such Liberty,  
‘ As I Petition from Your Majesty.

‘ But soon those Cloudy Days came on,  
‘ (Ripen’d for Ruin and Destruction)  
‘ Wherein the Subjects in Rebellion rose,  
‘ Drowning their Sovereign & Themselves in woes.

‘ Till nothing could Appease the Multitude,  
‘ Less than that Blessed Martyrs Royal Blood.  
‘ Nor yet Content; Their Rage Inveterate,  
‘ Together with his Life Seize on the State.  
‘ Neither could that Extinct the hateful Flame,  
‘ Without Endeavours to destroy his name.  
‘ And all his race to ruin to Consigne,  
‘ For being Branches of the Royal Line.

‘ But here my Tongue does falter, Spirits sink,  
‘ And my Heart bursts asunder once to think,  
‘ That such a King the Glory of his age,  
‘ Should fall a victim to the Popular Rage.  
‘ And that such Miserys should fall on them,  
‘ That were Descendants of the Royal Stem.

‘ But God who dwelleth in Approachless light,  
‘ And whose wise counsel doth surpass our fight,  
‘ As far as Heaven doth the Earth in height,  
‘ In his Un-erring Counsel Infinite.

‘ Covers

‘ Covers sometimes the Footstool of his Throne,  
‘ And makes thick Darknefs his Pavilion.  
‘ And as we fondly Guefs by the Event,  
‘ Laughs at the Tryal of the Innocent.

‘ Yet He by Ways and Means that seem to us,  
‘ The clean Contrary and Preposterous.  
‘ Bringeth about the Good He did Decree,  
‘ In His wife Counsel from Eternity.  
‘ He having fet His Love Transcendantly,  
‘ Upon your Father from Eternity.  
‘ The Restlefs Motions of his constant Love,  
‘ Ne’er ceas’t to Act but in his Interest strove.  
‘ That he should be Prepar’d to sit on High,  
‘ In some Especial feat of Dignity.

‘ Surely ’twas this that led him to and fro,  
‘ Along those Pathlefs Labyrinths of Wo,  
‘ And made his Life as ’twere a Tragedie,  
‘ Concluding in that sad Catastrophe.

‘ Being thus Conformed to the King of Kings,  
‘ Who was made Perfect thorow Sufferings.  
‘ He took him from his Kingdom Transitory,  
‘ And fet him on a throne of Endlefs Glory.

‘ And then to shew the Good he did design,  
‘ Unto that Blessed Martyrs Royal Line.

‘ Ac

‘ Accomplished your Happy Restauration,  
‘ And fet you safely on your Fathers Throne.

‘ From whence your liberal *Hand* doth freely *pour*,  
‘ Most Royal Bounty’s like an Heavenly shower.  
‘ Distilling on the Grafs that’s newly Mown,  
‘ And we your Supplyants before the Throne,  
‘ Beg leave to hope while all your Favours Taft,  
‘ *Connecticut* will not be overpast.

Great CHARLES who gave attention all the while,  
Looking on *Winthrop* with a Royal Smile,  
Until that of his Fathers woes he speaks,  
Which drew the Chrystal Rivers down his Cheeks.  
But seeing *Winthrop* his Address had clos’d,  
The King his Mind and Countenance Compos’d  
And with as bright an Air of Majesty,  
As *Phæbus* shews when he Serenes the Sky,     }  
Made this Resolve upon the Agency,

*Be it so then, and WE OUR SELF Decree,*  
CONNECTICUT *shall be a COLONY :*  
*Enfranchis’d with such Ample Liberties*  
*As thou, Their Friend, shalt best for them Devise ;*  
*And farther know Our Royal Pleasure thus ;*  
*And so it is Determined by US ;*  
*Chief in the Patent WINTHROP Thou shalt stand,*  
*And Valiant Mason Place at thy next Hand.*

*And*

*And for Chief Senators end Patentees,  
Take Men of Wealth and known Abilities;  
Men of Estates and Men of Influence,  
Friends to their Country and to US their Prince.*

*And may the People of that Happy Place  
Whom thou hast so Endeared to My Grace;  
Till times last Exit, through Succeeding Ages,  
Be Blest with Happy English Privileges.  
And that they may be so, bear thou from hence  
To them these Premonitions from their Prince.*

*First, Let all Officers in Civil Trust,  
Always Espouse their Countrys Interest.  
Let Law and Right be Precious in their Eyes,  
And hear the Poor Mans Cause when e're he Crys.  
Preserve Religion Pure and Understand,  
That is the Firmest Pillar of a Land:  
Let it be kept in Credit in the Court,  
And never fail for want of due Support.*

*And let the Sacred Order of the Gown,  
With Zeal apply the Business that's their own.  
So Peace may Spring from th' Earth & Righteousness,  
Look down from Heaven, Truth and Judgment Kifs.*

*Then, Let the Freemen of your Corporation,  
Always beware of the Infination,*

*Of*

*Of those which always Brood Complaint and Fear,  
Such Plagues are Dangerous to Infect the Air :  
Such Men are Over-Laden with Compassion,  
Having Mens Freedom in such Admiration :  
That every Act of Order or Restraint  
They'll Represent as matter of Complaint.  
And this is no New Doctrine, 'tis a Rule  
Was taught in Satans first Erected School.  
It serv'd his turn with wonderful Success,  
And ever since has been his Master-piece.  
'Tis true the sleight by which that field he won,  
Was argued from man's benefit alone.  
But these outdo him in that way of Evil,  
And will sometimes for God's sake play the Devil.*

*And Lastly, Let Your New English Multitude,  
Remember well a bond of Gratitude  
Will Lye on them and their Posterity  
To bear in mind their Freedom came by Thee.*

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F I N I S.

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# E R R A T A.

**I**N the Preface, Pag. 1. l. 12. *for That read The.* pag. 5. l. 5 *read Hypothesis.* pag. 7. l. 1. *for on read in.* l. 9. *read account.* pag. 8. l. 20. *for that read the.* pag. 9. l. 11. *for with read by.* pag. 11. l. 5. *read Notices.* l. 11 *for Noble read Honourable.* pag. 15. l. 13, 14. *read Perfections.* l. 23. *dele it,* pag. 16. l. 15. *read Phrase.* pag. 25. l. 22 *read Property.* pag. 28. l. *ult* after *tho't,* *add & said.* pag. 32. l. 16 after Subordination, *add* here p. 33. l. 17 *for often read sometimes* pag. 36 l. 20. *read these.* pag. 37. l. 18. *read Cornes.* l. 24. *for they read that* p. 40- l. 7 *dele in* pag. 42, l. 15. *for Now read No.* l. 24 *for terms read Tenures:* pag. 47. l. 17 *dele also* p. 49. l. 16 *read Atawanhoods*

In the Dedication, Pag. 2 l. 8 *for at read of.*

In the Poetical Meditations, Pag. 21. l. 5 *for Posterity, read Prosperity* pag. 22. l. 2. *for the King to Greet, read,* as 'twas meet pag. 29. l. 20 *for with read such.* pag. 36 l. 15 *for own read owe.* pag. 42. l. 4. *for Warlike read Fortunate.* pag. 45 l. 15 *for that Saggamore, read a Prince.* pag. 47 l. 17 *dele quite.* pag. 48. l. 13. *for War read near* pag. 49 l. 1. *read thus,* Can these white liver'd men, &c but a few, pag. *ibid.* l. 12. *for men read more.* pag. 50 l. *ult after* Summons's *add up* pag. 58 l. 3 *for the read their.* pag. 59. l. 17 *read As* silent as pag. 60. l. 16. *for Bow & Arrows, read in bright Armour.* pag. 63 l. *ult for in* *read on* pag. 64 l. 10 *dele are.* l. *ult. read Pierced* p. 68. l. 22. *for Vanquish't, read Bankrupt* pag. 69 l. 3 *for The general, read MASON.* l. 5. *read Wheel about* their Ranks. l. 6 before *Kneeling add Humbly.* l. 19 *dele great.* pag. 71. 21 *for makes read maketh* l. 25 *read 'The Bolts that this first clap of Thunder shed,* pag. 72 l. 7. *dele now.* l. 11, *dele Burning* l. 15, *dele great* pag. 74. 1, *dele Royal* l. 3, *after Days, add of Wo.* pag. 76. l. *ult read thus, And Valiant MASON next at thy Right Hand.*

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