

The Bradley Family and the Indians

Bill Scholtz

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Introduction

This is the story of Haverhill, MA, the Bradley family and the Indians. I have included some background first. Then I have included the stories of Isaac Bradley (the brother of one of our ancestors), Hannah Bradley (our ancestor and Isaac's sister in law), and Hannah Dustan. Hannah Dustan is no relation, but her story is the most famous Haverhill Indian story.

The Indian Wars

From the time the English arrived in New England there was an uneasy truce with the Indians. For the most part, the English bought all the land they occupied from the Indians. The Indians could afford to sell the land because they had just had a war among themselves that spread smallpox brought by the English. The epidemic wiped out a large portion of the Indian population. The English had little respect for the Indians. The Indians were considered a lower form of life. Many were taken as slaves. This attitude continued into the 19th century. Chase in his "History of Haverhill", 1861, said "The aboriginal inhabitants of New England held a low place in the scale of humanity. . . . They were simple, ignorant, and indolent." The Indians compared unfavorably with the European standard of society. "They had no formal marriage or funeral ceremonies, or forms of worship . . . no temples, no public ritual, nothing which can be called social worship, no order of priests, no machinery of religion." There also was a double standard. Chase criticized the Indians because "Their wars were massacres" but praised the English because in a war with the Pequot "that once formidable nation was nearly exterminated." Chase said about the smallpox epidemic "Thus, as if by special Providence, were the aborigines weakened and scattered, and New England prepared for the reception of civilized and christian immigrants." And yet the English had little understanding for why the Indians did not like them. The historians of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries referred to the Indians as salvages, tawnies (people of red or brown complexion) or heathens. Even the last term was not always accurate. According to Hannah Dustan the French had converted some of the Indians to Catholicism. Her captors prayed three times a day.

Most of the British in New England, especially those south of Boston through Rhode Island, moved to New England for religious reasons. What they were looking for was land. The French, on the other hand, were much less interested in land and more interested in fur trading. The French were taking much less land away from the Indians and they were trading with the Indians with mutual benefit. The English had little interest in the Indians and felt they had a god given right to the land. This is why the French were able to so easily incite the Indians to fight against the English.

Although the Indians did commit many atrocities, they were easily equaled by atrocities the English committed against the Indians and the Blacks. For the most part, when the Indians took prisoners they were either sold to the French (who either put them in prisons or treated them as slaves until either a trade or some other concession with the English could be made) or held as slaves until a ransom could be arranged. The Indians and the French often held captives for two years or more.

New England suffered from three periods of unrest between the English and the Indians; King Phillip's War (1675-1678), King William's War (1689-1698), and Queen Anne's War (1702-1727--the last time Haverhill had Indian problems). King Phillip was the king of the Wampanoag tribe and lived in Mount Hope, RI. He was the grandson of Massasoit who had signed the treaty with the Plymouth colonists. He made an unsuccessful attempt to unite the Indians of New England to remove the English. The war ended in a treaty in 1678 and left Haverhill relatively unharmed.

King William's War was between the French and the English. The French made every effort to inflame a bad situation between the Indians and the English. The Indians claimed that the English were not living up to their part of the treaty of 1678. Haverhill suffered much damage during this dispute.

During the disputes of Queen Anne's War the French and Indians often united to attack settlements in New England.

The Founding of Haverhill

Just as many other towns, Haverhill was settled by the General Court granting the right to start a town to a group of people it felt were good church members and would use the land wisely. The grant was in 1640 but the land was not purchased from the Indians until more than two years later. There were twelve original settlers. They were:

William White	John Robinson	Abraham Tyler
Samuel Gile	Christopher Hussey	Daniel Ladd
James Davis	John Williams*	Joseph Merrie
Henry Palmer	Richard Littlehale	Job Clement

* Father-in-law of Daniel Bradley.

They were all from Newbery or Ipswich, MA. Most of them had already been granted some land but saw this as an opportunity to receive more. The location was originally called Pentucket but was later renamed Haverhill after the birthplace of the first minister. Daniel Bradley did not arrive until between 1662 when he was married in Haverhill and 1664 when he bought land.

Because during the 17th and early 18th centuries Haverhill was on the outskirts of the Massachusetts coastal towns it suffered more than its share of Indian attacks. In 1690 the people of Haverhill set up six garrison houses and four "houses of refuge" (relatively large and sturdy house in town with a few soldiers stationed in each). Each of the garrison houses had a commander with several townspeople assigned to protect it. Most of the garrison houses were on the outskirts of town. Each of the garrison houses and houses of refuge had guards on the lookout day and night.

The fourth garrison belonged to James Ayer, a cousin of our Ayers, and the fifth belonged to Joseph Bradley.

According to Mirick in *The History of Haverhill, Massachusetts, 1832*:

Most of the garrisons, and two of the refuge houses, ..., were built of brick, and were two stories high; those that were not built of this material, had a single laying of it between the outer and inner walls. They had but one outside door, which was often so small that but one person could enter at a time; their windows were about two feet and a half in length, eighteen inches in breadth, and were secured on the inside with iron bars. Their glass was very small, cut in the shape of a diamond, was extremely thick, and fastened in with lead instead of putty. There were generally but two rooms in the basement story, and tradition says that they entered the chamber with the help of a ladder, instead of stairs, so that the inmates could retreat into them, and take it up if the basement-story should be taken by the enemy. Their fire-places were of such enormous sizes, that they could burn their wood sled-length, very conveniently; and the ovens opened on the outside of the building, generally at one end, behind the fire-place; and were of such dimensions that we should suppose a sufficient quantity of bread might have been baked in them, without much difficulty, to supply a regiment of hungry mouths.

It was truly an age of terror with these hardy and courageous men; and their descendants can have but a faint idea of the difficulties they encountered, and of the dangers that continually hung

over their heads, threatening every moment to overwhelm them like a torrent, and sweep them, with those whom they dearly loved, to the silent tomb. Almost every man was a soldier; and many, who lived in remote parts of the town, moved, with their families, into the vicinity of a garrison, or a house of refuge.

Timeline

Below is a timeline of Haverhill's battles with Native Americans specifically as they pertain to the Bradleys.

- 1689 - Start of King William's War.
- 08/13/1689 - Daniel Bradley Jr. (our ancestor) killed by Native Americans while on Parsonage Road.
- 03/24/1690 - Town attempted to come up with a solution to the problems with Native Americans.
- 04/07/1690 - The town decided to set up 6 garrisons and 4 "houses of refuge".
- 04/08/1690 - Town decided to request 40 men to guard the town.
- 08/04/1695 - Isaac Bradley and Joseph Whittaker (ages 15 and 11) were captured while working in Joseph Bradley's corn field. They escaped 7 months later (see below).
- 03/15/1697 - 27 people killed, about 14 captured, and 9 houses burned.
 - Hannah Bradley captured and two of her children were killed (see below).
 - Daniel Bradley Jr (III) killed along with his wife and two children. The other two children (Ruth and Daniel IV) were taken captive and returned only to be killed later.
 - Hannah Dustin and her nurse Mary Neff captured (see below).
- 1698 - End of King William's War.
- 01/17/1699 - Hannah is picked up in Maine by the British along with other captives.
- 1702 - Start of Queen Anne's War.
- 02/08/1704 - Joseph Bradley's garrison was attacked. Hannah Bradley killed one of the Native Americans with boiling soap and was taken captive for the second time. The child she was holding was killed (see below). Several other people were killed and the garrison was burned.
- Early/1704 - Hannah Bradley gave birth to a child in captivity and it was killed shortly after.
- Sum/1706 - Hannah Bradley one of many captives bought back from the French.
 - Within a month of her return the Bradley garrison was again attacked. A Native American was shot and killed by Hannah Bradley while he was trying to get in. The rest of the Native Americans ran away.
- 08/29/1708 - The town was attacked by French and Native Americans and about 40 towns people were killed and many captured. Joseph Bradley collected a small party of men and chased the retreating attackers. They captured the medicine boxes and knapsacks of the attackers. Several of the attackers were killed and many surrendered.
- 07/01/1708 - Ruth Bradley (daughter of Daniel Jr) killed.
- 01/22/1715 - Daniel IV may have been drowned (it is not known for sure that he returned from his capture in 1697).

Isaac Bradley

On September 4, 1695, some Native Americans kidnapped two children, Isaac Bradley (son of Daniel Bradley and Mary Williams, our ancestors) and Joseph Whittaker. They were ages fifteen and eleven respectively. They were working in the cornfield of Isaac's brother Joseph (our ancestor). Below is a description of their ordeal from *The History of Haverhill* by Mirick. According to Peters: "This account is gathered from various persons and is believed to be accurate, as the narrators agree on all essential points, and it has been handed down in these families from father to son. It is not impossible that Whittier received one version from some ancient dame who had it from the lips of Isaac Bradley himself." (Whittier is the actual author of *The History of Haverhill* but he had to leave Haverhill for a time prior to publishing in the 1830s and Mirick published under his name.)

Early in the fall a party of Indians appeared in the northerly part of the town [Haverhill] where they surprised and made prisoners of Isaac Bradley, aged fifteen, and Joseph Whittaker, aged eleven, who were at work in the corn fields near Mr. Joseph Bradley's house. The Indians instantly retreated with their prisoners without committing any further violence and pursued their journey through the wilderness until they arrived at their homes on the shores of Lake Winnipiseoge. Isaac, says tradition, was rather small in stature, but full of vigor and very active, and he certainly possessed more shrewdness than most of the boys of his age. But Joseph was a large overgrown boy, and exceedingly clumsy in his movements. Immediately after their arrival at the lake the two boys were placed in an Indian family consisting of the man, his squaw, and two or three children. While they were in this situation they soon became so well acquainted with the language that they learned from the occasional conversations carried on in their presence between their master and the neighboring Indians of the same tribe that they intended to carry them to Canada the following spring. This discovery was very afflicting to them. If their designs were carried into execution they knew that there would be but little chance for them to escape, and from that time the active mind of Isaac was continually planning a mode to effect it. A deep and unbroken wilderness, pathless mountains, and swollen and almost impassable rivers lay between them and their beloved homes, and the boys feared if they were carried still farther northward that they should never here the kind voice of a father, or feel the fervent kiss of an affectionate mother, or the fond embrace of a beloved sister. They feared, should they die in a strange land, that there would be none to close their eyes—none to shed for them a tear of affection -- none to place the green turf on their graves—and none who would fondly treasure up their memories.

Such were the melancholy thoughts of the young boys, and they determined to escape before their master started with them for Canada. The winter came with its snow and wind—the spring succeeded, with early buds of flowers, and its pleasant south wind—and still they were prisoners. Within that period Isaac nearly died of a fever, but by the care of the squaw his mistress, who treated him with considerable kindness, he recovered. Again he felt a strong desire to escape, which increased with his strength; and in April he matured a plan for that purpose. He appointed a night to put it in execution, without informing his companion till the day previous, when he told of his intentions. Joseph wished to accompany him; to this Isaac demurred and said to him, "I'm afraid you won't wake." Joseph promised that he would, and at night they lay down in their master's wigwam in the midst of his family. Joseph soon fell asleep and began to snore lustily, but there was no sleep for Isaac—his strong desire to escape—the fear that he should not succeed in his attempt, and the punishment that would doubtless be inflicted if he did not—and the danger, hunger and fatigue that awaited him, all were vividly painted in his imagination, and kept sleep or even drowsiness far from him. His daring attempt was environed with darkness and danger—he often revolved it in his mind, yet his resolution remained unshaken. At length the midnight came, and its holy stillness rested on the surrounding forest; -- it passed—and slowly and cautiously he arose. All was silent save the deep drawn breath of the savage sleepers. The voice of the wind was scarcely audible on the hills, and the moon, at times, would shine brightly through the scattered clouds, and sliver the broad lake, as though the robe of an angel had fallen on its sleeping waters.

Isaac stepped softly and tremblingly over the tawny bodies, lest they should awake and discover his design, and secured his master's fire-works and a portion his moose-meat and bread; these he carried

to a little distance from the wigwam and concealed them in a clump of bushes. He then returned and bending over Joseph, who had all this time been snoring in his sleep, carefully shook him. Joseph, more asleep than awake, turned partly over and asked aloud: "What do you want?" This egregious blunder alarmed Isaac and he instantly lay down in his proper place and began to snore as loudly as any of them. Soon, as his alarm had somewhat subsided, he again arose and listened long for the heavy breath of the sleepers. He determined to fly from his master before the morning dawned. Perceiving that they all slept he resolved to make his escape without again attempting to wake Joseph lest he should again be put in jeopardy. He then arose and stepped softly out of the wigwam and walked slowly and cautiously from it, until he had nearly reached the place where his provisions were concealed, when he heard footsteps approaching hastily behind him. With a beating heart he looked backward, and saw Joseph who had aroused himself and finding his companion gone concluded to follow. They then secured the fire-works and provisions and without chart or compass struck into the woods in a southerly direction, aiming for the distant settlement of Haverhill. They ran at the top of their speed until daylight appeared, when they concealed themselves in a hollow log, deeming it too dangerous to continue their journey in the day time.

Their master when he awoke in the morning was astonished to find his prisoners had escaped, and immediately collected a small party with dogs and pursued them. The dogs struck upon the tracks, and in a short time came up to the log where the boys were concealed, when they made as stand and began a loud barking. The boys trembled with fear lest they should be recaptured, and perhaps fall beneath the tomahawk of their enraged master. In this situation, they hardly knew what was best to do, but they spoke kindly to the dogs, who know their voices, ceased barking, and wagged their tails with delight. They then threw before them all the moose-meat they had taken from the wigwam, which the dogs instantly seized, and began to devour it as though they highly relished so choice a breakfast. While they were thus employed the Indians make their appearance and passed close to the log without noticing the employment of the dogs. The boys saw them as they passed and were nearly breathless with anxiety. They followed them with their eyes till they were out of sight, and hope again took possession of their bosoms. The dogs soon devoured the meat and trotted after their masters.

They lay in the log during the day and at night pursued their journey, taking a different route from the one traveled by the Indians. They made only one or two meals of their bread, and after that was gone they were obliged to subsist on roots and bulbs. On the second day they concealed themselves, but traveled the third day and night, they luckily killed a pigeon and a turtle, a part of which they ate raw, not daring to build a fire, lest they should be discovered. The fragments of their unsavory meal they carried with them and ate of them as their strength required, making their dessert on such roots as they happened to find. They continued their journey night and day as fast as their wearied and mangled limbs would carry them. On the sixth day they struck into an Indian path and followed it until night when they suddenly came within sight of an Indian encampment, saw their savage enemy seated around the fire, and distinctly heard their voices. This alarmed them exceedingly; and wearied and exhausted as they were, they had rather seek an asylum in the wide forest, and die within the shadow of its trees, than trust to the kindness of foes whose bosoms had never been moved by its silent workings. They precipitately fled, fearing lest they should be discovered and pursued, and all night retraced their steps. The morning came and found them seated side by side on the bank of a small stream, their feet torn and covered with blood, and each of them weeping bitterly over his misfortunes. Thus far their hearts had been filled with courage, and their hopes grew and were invigorated with the pleasant thoughts of home, as they flitted vividly across their minds. But now their courage had fled, and their hopes had given way to despair. They thought of the green fields in which they had so often played—of the tall trees whose branches had so often overshadowed them—and of the hearth around which they had delighted to gather with their brothers and sisters, on a winter's evening, and listen to a story told by their parents. They thought of these, yea, of more—but as things from which they were forever parted—as things that had once given them happiness, but had forever passed away.

They were, however, unwilling to give up all further exertions. The philosophy of Isaac taught him that the stream must eventually lead to a large body of water and after refreshing themselves with a

few roots they again commenced their journey, and followed its windings. They continued to follow it during that day and a part of the night. On the eighth morning Joseph found himself completely exhausted; his limbs were weak and mangled, his body was emaciated, and despair was the mistress of his bosom. Isaac endeavored to encourage him to proceed, -- he dug roots for him to eat, and brought water to quench his thirst, -- but all was in vain. He laid himself down on the bank of the stream, in the shade of the budding trees, to die, far from his friends, with none for companions but the howling beasts of the forest. Isaac left him to his fate and with a bleeding heart slowly and wearily pursued his journey. He had traveled but a short distance when he came to a newly raised building. Rejoicing at his good fortune and believing that inhabitants were nigh, he immediately retraced his steps and soon found Joseph in the same place and position in which he left him. He told him what he had seen, talked encouragingly, and after rubbing his limbs a long while succeeded in making him stand on his feet. They then started together, Isaac part of the time carrying him on his back, and in this manner, with their naked limbs mangled and wearied with traveling, their strength exhausted by sickness, and their bodies emaciated almost to skeletons, they arrived at Saco fort sometime in the following night.

Thus, on the ninth night, they arrived among their countrymen, after travelling over an immense forest, subsisting on a little bread, on the buds and berries, and on one raw turtle and a pigeon, and without seeing the face of a friend, or warming themselves over a fire. Isaac, soon as he had regained his strength, started for Haverhill, and arrived safely at his father's dwelling, who had heard nothing from him since he was taken, and expected never to see him again. But Joseph had more to suffer—he was seized with a raging fever soon as he reached the fort, and was for a long time confined to his bed. His father, when Isaac returned, went to Saco, and brought home his long lost son, soon as his health permitted.

Mirick was in error about Isaac's father because Isaac's father had been dead for seven years. Saco Fort was in what is now the town of Biddeford, across the Saco River from the town of Saco in Maine about sixty miles up the coast from Haverhill. Saco River runs north-northwest from there.

Hannah Bradley's First Capture

There are only two pieces of evidence relating to Hannah Bradley's first capture by the Indians on March 15, 1697. The first is a sworn deposition she gave in Haverhill on Jun 23, 1739. In 1738 Hannah Bradley petitioned the General Court for a grant of land based on the fact she had suffered from the Indians and her "present low circumstances" (her husband had died eleven years before). Through the end of the 19th century the government owned most of the land and gave often gave some away based on fighting for or suffering from the defense of the territory or country. Hannah Bradley was awarded 250 acres in two lots on the western boarder of Haverhill and in the nearby town of Methuen (just west of Haverhill). Because of her success the son of Mary Neff (Mary Neff was captured with Hannah Dustin and the capture is described later) decided to try to get some land for himself. Hannah Bradley gave a deposition in his defense and it is given below:

The deposition of widow Hannah Bradley of Haverhill of full age who testifieth and saith that about forty years past the said Hannah together with the widow Mary Neff were taken prisoners by the Indians & carried together into captivity, & above penny cook, the Deponent who was by the Indians forced to travel further than the rest of the Captives and the next night but one there came to us one squaw who said that Hannah Dustan and the aforesaid Mary Neff assisted in killing the Indians of her wigwam except herself and a boy, herself escaping very narrowly, shewing to myself & others seven

wounds as she said with a Hatchet on her head which wounds were given her when the rest were killed, and further said not.

her
Hannah X Bradley
mark

Pennycook is now Concord, NH, about 50 miles NW of Haverhill. The second piece of evidence of Hannah Bradley' capture is given in a list of English captives held by the Indians in Norridgewock, ME (North of Augusta) that were returned in what is now Portland, ME. This was January 17, 1698/9, almost two years later. She and several others returned on the Providence Galley on January 24.

Hannah Dustan

While Hannah Dustan was not related to us, I have included her story because it is interesting. The first printed version of Hannah Dustan and Mary Neff's escape from captivity was given by Cotton Mather in his book *The Magnolia Christi Americana*, 1st edition, London, 1702; vol. ii., p. 634. It was as follows:

A Notable Exploit. Dux Faemina Facti.

On March 15, 1697, the salvages made a descent upon the skirts of Haverhill, murdering and captivating about thirty-nine persons and burning about half a dozen houses. In this broil one Hannah Dustan having lain in about a week, attended with her nurse Mary Neff, a body of terrible Indians drew near unto the house where she lay with designs to carry on their bloody devastations. Her husband hastened from his employments abroad unto the relief of his distressed family; and first bidding seven of his eight children (which were from two to seventeen years of age) to get away as fast as they could unto some garrison in the town, he went in to inform his wife of the horrible distress come upon them. E'er she could get up the fierce Indians were got so near that utterly despairing to do her any service, he ran out after his children resolving that on the horse which he had with him he would ride away with that which he should in this extremity find his affections to pitch most upon and leave the rest under the care of divine Providence. He overtook his children about forty rods from his door; but then such was the agony of his parental affections that he found it impossible for him to distinguish any one of them from the rest; wherefore he took up a courageous resolution to live and die with them all. A party of Indians came up with him, and now though they fired at him and he fired at them, yet he manfully kept at the rear of his little army of unarmed children, while they marched off with the face of a child of five years old, until by a singular providence of God he arrived safe with them all unto a place of safety about a mile or two from his house. But his house must in the meantime have more dismal tragedies acted at it. The nurse trying to escape with the new-born infant, fell into the hands of the formidable salvages, and those furious tawnies coming into the house bid poor Dustan to rise immediately. Full of astonishment she did so, and sitting down in the chimney with a heart full of most fearful expectations she saw the raging dragons rifle all they could carry away and set the house on fire. About nineteen or twenty indians now led these away, with about half a score of other English captives; but e'er they had gone many steps they dashed out the brains of the infant against a tree and several of the other captives, as they began to tire in the sad journey were soon sent into their long home; the salvages would presently bury their hatchets in their brains and leave their carcasses on the ground for birds and beasts to feed upon.



Figure 1 - Thomas Dustin escort the children to the garrison (from "Some Indian Stories of Early New England", 1922

However, Dustan (with her nurse) notwithstanding her present condition, traveled that night about a dozen miles, and then kept up with their new masters in a long travel of one hundred and fifty miles, more or less, within a few days ensuing, without any sensible damage in their health; from the hardships of their travel, their lodging, their diet, and their many other difficulties. These two poor woman were now in the hands of those whose tender mercies are cruelties; but the good God who hath all hearts in his hands, heard the sighs of these prisoners, and gave them to find unexpected favor from the master who laid claim unto them.

That indian family consisted of twelve persons, two stout men, three women, and seven children, and for the shame of many an English family that has the character of prayerless upon it, I must now publish what these poor woman assure me; 'tis this, in obedience to the instructions which the French have given them, they would have prayers in their family no less than thrice every day; on the morning, at noon, and in the evening; nor would they ordinarily let their children eat or sleep without first saying their prayers. Indeed, these idolaters were like the rest of their whiter brethren, persecutors and would not endure that these poor women should retire to their English prayers if they could hinder them. Nevertheless the poor women had nothing but fervent prayers to make their lives comfortable or tolerable; and by being daily sent out upon business they had opportunities together and asunder to do like another Hannah, in pouring out their souls before the Lord. Nor did their praying friends among ourselves forbear to pour out supplications for them.

Now they could not observe it without some wonder, that the indian master sometimes when he saw them dejected, would say to them "What need you trouble yourself? If your God will have you delivered, you shall be so." And it seems out God would have it so to be. This indian family was now travelling with these two captive woman (and an English youth taken from Worcester a year and a half before) unto a rendezvous of salvages which they call a town, somewhere beyond Pennacook; and they still told these poor women that when they came to this town they must be stript and scourged, and run the gauntlet through the whole army of indians. They said this was the fashion when the captives first came to a town, and they derided some of the faint-hearted English, which, they said,

fainted and swooned away under the torments of this discipline. On April 30 while they were yet, it may be, an hundred and fifty miles from the Indian town, a little before break of day, when the whole crew was in deep sleep, (Reader, see if it prove not so) one of these women took up a resolution to imitate the action of Jael upon Sisera, and being where she had not her own life secured by any law unto her, she thought she was not forbidden by any law to take away the life of the murderers by whom her child had been butchered. She heartened the nurse and the youth to assist her in this enterprise; and furnishing themselves with hatchets for the purpose, they struck such home-blows upon the heads of their sleeping oppressors, that e'er they could any of them struggle into any effectual resistance, at the feet of these poor prisoners they bow'd, the fell, they lay down; at their feet they bowed, they fell, where they bowed, there they fell down dead. Only one squaw escaped sorely wounded from them in the dark, and one boy whom they reserved asleep, intending to bring him away with them, suddenly waked and scuttled away



Figure 2 - Painting by Julius Stearns - This painting shows three women instead of the correct two woman and a boy



Figure 3 - The escape

hearing of their action, sent 'em a very generous token of his favor.

from this desolation. But cutting off the scalps of the ten wretches they came off, and received fifty pounds from the General Assembly of the Province as a recompense of their action, besides which they received many presents of congratulation from their more private friends; but none gave 'em a greater taste of bounty than Colonel Nicholson, the Governor of Maryland, who

According to Peters, the "English youth" was Samuel Leonardson. She said "he could speak the Indian language, and it is said that Hannah Dustan, having determined to make her escape, told the boy to inquire of one of the Indians where one should strike to despatch an enemy and how to take his scalp: the savage gave the necessary information which was subsequently of much value to Mrs. Dustan and her companions." Also from Peters we have:

The famous tragedy is said to have occurred on what is now called Dustan's Island, a small piece of land at the junction of the Contoocook and the Merrimac rivers, about six miles above the State House in Concord, New Hampshire. A granite figure of this heroic woman has been placed at this spot, upon a pedestal, by the side of the railway track. The two women and the boy are said to have collected all the provisions they could find, to have taken their master's tomahawk and gun, to have scuttled all the canoes but one, and to have started to Haverhill distant about sixty miles, in the canoe. But after having proceeded a short distance they returned to the camp and scalped the dead, taking ten scalps, or what was at the time the equivalent of one thousand dollars, a bounty of one hundred dollars being at the period offered for an Indian's scalp: without doubt the commercial value of the scalps was the cause of their return. The cloth in which the scalps were carried is to be seen to-day in the Historical Rooms, at The Sycamores, in Haverhill, The Historical Society tried in vain to purchase the tomahawk with which the deed was done, and which is still in the possession of a descendant of Mrs. Dustan's, but he emphatically refused, saying that he would as soon think of selling his grandmother's coffin. Thoreau says that the first stopping-place of the party was the house of old John Lovewell on Salmon Brook; Lovewell had been an ensign in Cromwell's army, lived to be one hundred and twenty years of age, and was the father of the famous Captain Lovell, the hero of Lovell's Fight. The party reached Boston (it is said) April 21st, and related their exploits to Cotton Mather who transcribed them in the somewhat grandiloquent language just quoted: probably they reached Haverhill some time before this date.

At this time the bounty on scalps was in abeyance, but it would seem probable that Mrs. Dustan did not know of it, otherwise it is difficult to imagine why she was so foolhardy as to return to the Indian camp and perform such a gruesome deed. A statue has been erected to the memory of her bravery in the City Hall Park in Haverhill: it represents a bronze figure of Mrs. Dustan clad in a loose robe and with flowing hair; one hand grasps a tomahawk, the other is outstretched; a tablet is upon every side of the granite pedestal: On the south side is the capture: two Indians escort two women, one of them barefooted; a portion of a house in flames with smoke issuing from it and an open door appear behind them. Inscription: "Was captured by the Indians in Haverhill, the place of her nativity, March 15, 1697." East side: Thomas Dustan appears upon a horse shielding his eight children (it should be seven according to Cotton Mather) while both he and an Indian take aim at each other with their guns. Ins.: "Her husband's defense of their children against the pursuing savages." North side: "Her slaying of her captors at Contoocook island March 30, 1697, and escape." The interior of a wigwam; two women and a boy holding tomahawks stand over (apparently) thirteen persons—two braves, six women, one boy, and two or three children: the figures are somewhat confused and it is difficult to distinguish them accurately. West side: Her return: A canoe, and in it two women and a boy; one woman paddles.

Hannah Bradley's Second Capture

The following is an account of the second capture and return of Hannah Bradley from Peters. All associated footnotes are also from Peters:

The account of Mrs. Bradley's capture and captivity is to be found in full in the first volume of the Sewall Papers, *Mass. Hist. Soc. Collections; vol. vi., p. 59*:

... A relation of what befell Mrs. Bradley of *Haverly Ab una disce Omnes*.

This Vertuous Woman had been formerly for Two years together a Captive in the hands of the Barbarous Indians; a subject of Wondrous Afflictions, of Wondrous Deliverances, her Husband at length found her out and Fetch'd her home and their Family went on happily for six years together after it. *But the Clouds return after the Rain.*

On February, 6, 1703-4, she with her Sister and a maid or two and some children, a Man¹ being also in the Room, were talking about the Indians, and behold one of the Fierce Tawnies looked in, with a Gun ready to Fire upon them. The Englishman pulled him in and got him down, and Mrs. Bradley took the opportunity to pour a good quantity of scalding soap (which was then boyling over the Fire) upon him whereby he was kill'd immediatly. Another of the Tawnies follow'd at the Heels of his Brother, who stabb'd the Englishman to the Heart. Unto him she dispensed also a quantity of her sope which not killing him she with the other woman and Children ran into the Chamber. The House was fired by the Indians and Mrs. Bradley with her companions found it necessary to retire behind the House. One of the woman² fell into the hands of the Indians, and they that remained were Mrs. Bradley and her sister, each of them having a child of Mrs. Bradlies with her. The Sister was discovered by the Indians who commanded her to come unto them, and threatened that they would else cut her to pieces. Mrs. Bradley very generously bid her sit still and wait for a better time to escape and offered her that inasmuch as the Indians knew of but one there she would be that one, and go out in her stead. She did so, and thereby her obliged Sister and the child with her were preserved; but Mrs. Bradley was no sooner come to the Salvages, but they employ'd a Head breaker on the Child that she brought unto them.

She was now entered into a Second Captivity but she had the great Encumbrance of being Big with Child, and within Six Weeks of her time! After about an Hour's Rest, wherein they made her put on Snow Shoes which to manage requires more than ordinary agility, she travell'd with her Tawny Guardians all that night, and the next day until Ten a Clock, associated with one woman more who had been brought to bed but just one Week before.' Here they Refreshed themselves a little, and then travelled on till night: when they had no Refreshment given them, nor had they any till after their having Travelled all the Forenoon of the Ensuing, and then too whatever she took, she did thro' Sickness throw it up again.

She underwent incredible Hardships and Famine: A Moose's Hide, as tough as you may Suppose it, was the best and most of her Diet. In one and twenty Days they came to their Headquarters, where they stayed a Fortnight. But then her Snowshoes were taken from her, and yet she must go every step above the knee in Snow with such weariness, that her Soul often Pray'd "That the Lord would put an end unto her weary Life!" until they came to another place, where she stay'd, for three weeks together. Here in the Night she found herself ill, and having the help of only one Woman who got a little Hemlock to lay about her and with a few sticks made shift to blow up a little Fire, she was in half an Hour Delivered of an Infant that she had hitherto gone withal. There she lay till the next Night with none but the Snow under her and the Heaven over her; in a misty and rainy season. She sent then unto a French Priest that he would speak unto her Squa Mistress, who then without condescending to look upon her, allowed her a little Birch-Rind to cover her Head from the injuries of the Weather, and a little bit of dried Moose, which being boiled, she drunk the Broth, and gave it unto the Child. In a Fortnight she was again called upon to travel again, with her Child in her Arms; every now and then a whole day together, without the least morsel of any Food, and when She had any, she fed only on Groundnuts and Wild Onions, and Lilly-roots. By the last of May they arrived at Cowesick where they Planted their Corn: wherein she was put to a hard Task, so that the Child extremely Suffered. The Salvages would sometimes also please themselves, with casting hot embers into the Mouth of the Child, which would render the Mouth so sore that it could not Suck for a long time together. So that it Starv'd and Dy'd.³

¹ Jonathan Johnson, the sentry.

² Mrs. Jonathan Eastman.

³ "They [the Indians] told the mother that if she would permit them to baptize it [the child] in their manner they would suffer it to live . . . she complied with their request. They took it from her and baptized it by gashing its forehead with their knives. . . . Before they arrived at their place of rendez-vous she had occasion to go a little distance from the party and when she returned . . . she beheld . . . her child . . . piked upon a pole." -- Mirick, p. 109. This account is from the MS. of the Revd. Abiel Abbot, the

There they staid until they hoed their Corn, but then some of our Friend-Indians coming on them, Kill'd Seven of them whereat away they flew to Canada and never saw their Corn-field any more.⁴ But they made a Forty Days Ramble of it before they reach'd thither, in which, if at any timer her Heart began to faint, her Mistress would be ready to strike the Mortal Hatchet into her Head.

The French being thought more Civil to the English than to the Indians her Mistress thereat Provoked, resolved that she would never sell her to the French. Accordingly she kept her a Twelvemonth with her in her squalid Wigwam; Where in the following winter, she fell sick of a Feavour, but in the very height and heat of her Paroxysms, her Mistress would compel her sometimes to spend a Winters-night, which is there a very bitter one, abroad in all the bitter Frost and Snow of the Climate. She recovered, but Four Indians died of the Feavour, and at length her Mistress also. Another Squa then pretended an Heirship unto her, with whom she lived and saw many more strange Deliverances. They had the Small Pox in the Family, she never had it. She was made to pass the River on the Ice, when every step she took she might have struck through it if she pleased. Many more such Preservations might come into her Story.

At last there came to the sight of her a Priest⁵ from Quebeck who had known her in her former captivity at Noridgwock. He was very civil to Her, and made the Indians Sell her to a French Family for Fourscore Livres, where tho' she wrought hard, She lived more comfortably and contented.⁶ She poured out her Supplications to Heaven: Sometimes Two or Three of her own Sex, would by Stealth come to joyn her in Supplicating to the Glorious Lord. She had her Mind often Irradiated with Strong Perswasions and Assurances, that she should yet *See the Goodness of God.* in the land of the Living. Her tender and loving Husband accompanied Mr. Sheldon in his last Expedition. He found her out, and fetch'd her home a Second time. She Arriv'd with

manuscript being taken from the lips of Mrs. Judith Whiting who lived to be one hundred years of age, and was eight years old at the time of the Haverhill massacre of 1708 when the Revd. Benjamin Rolfe was killed. -- Mirick, p. 121. In 1794, when the Haverhill bridge was completed, she walked over it unaided, as soon as it was a passable condition. She was, at her death, twelve days less than one hundred years of age. -- (Chase's History of Haverhill, p. 459.)

⁴ "About one hundred miles up the valley and near the mouth of Wells river was a tract of pine woods called by the Indians Cowass [meaning a place of pines] and near by many acres of clear meadow. Here a party of Indians located a camp, and planted the meadows with corn, it being a convenient summer rendez-vous from which to sally out the frontier. . . .

"Rumors of the establishment at Cowass reaching the English about the sixth of June, a scouting-party made up of Caleb Lyman and five Connecticut Indians was sent to make an examination. On the 14th they discovered a camp about twenty miles this side of Cowass, which they surprised and killed six men and one woman, while two others escaped, one mortally wounded. Making a hurried retreat they reach home with six scalps in five or six days. . . . When the Indians at Cowass heard the result of this fray they deserted the place in alarm and went off to Canada via French river and Lake Champlain." -- (*History of Deerfield*, by George Sheldon, vol. iii., pp. 319-320.)

The Onion River was formerly called the French river and by the Indians Winooski. It was along this river that the Indians formerly travelled from Canada when they made their attacks upon the frontier settlements on the Connecticut river, says Sheldon in his *History of Deerfield*.

⁵ Probably Father Rasle.

⁶ "In Canada Mrs. Bradley, it is said, was sold to the French for eighty livres. She informed her friends, after her return, that she was treated kindly by the family in which she lived. It was her custom morning and evening, when she milked her master's cow, to take with her acrust of bread, and soak it in the milk; with this and with the rations allowed her by her master, she eked out a comfortable existence." -- (*Mirick: tradition.*)

those of the last Returns from the Captivity; and affectionately calls upon her *Friends O magnifie the Lord with me, and let us Exalt his Name together. . .*”⁷

Excerpt from Peters continues:

Ensign John Sheldon, who was second in command of the garrison at Deerfield, was a central figure in the efforts which were made for the recovery and redemption of the captives from Canada. His first expedition took place Dec. 13, 1704. The second expedition more nearly concerns us: “The Governor (Dudley) and Council could not accept the proposals brought from Vaudreuil by Vetch,⁸ (as to exchange of prisoners) and the whole matter was left to Governor Dudley who was to advise with Lord Cornbury, governor of New York. To forward the business of exchange, Dudley sent forty-seven French prisoners to Port Royal, in December, and on the 17th he received an outfit from the Commissary General at Boston, costing L4 11s 6d and a bill from Lewis Marchant of Quebec for L2 10s, and for John Wells on the same service (he too was of Deerfield) 16s 6d. Joseph Bradley of Haverhill, it seems, got leave to attend the envoy as one of the servants. His wife was now in her second captivity in Canada. January 20th, Sheldon bearing funds to the military chest in the valley, with Bradley and the two Frenchmen, left Boston for Hadley where they arrived the next day. . . .” (*Hist. of Deerfield, Sheldon, p. 332.*)

John Wells joined the party at Deerfield and on the 25th of January, 1706, the ambassador plunged, once more, into the wilderness for a winter journey to Canada. His experience now aided him in battle with the elements and a truce which had been arranged for five weeks, secured him from Indian hostility, and thus enabled him to push on more rapidly and so arrive before its expiration.

1706 April 26 Vaudreuil writes to Pontchartrain enclosing Dudley’s propositions by Capt. Vetch and his own reply with an account of the attempt to arrange a treaty of neutrality. He then adds: “This induced Mr. Dudley to send me a Deputy by land with a letter about a month ago, but as it is not sufficiently explicit, and as Mr. Dudley, according to appearances, is seeking only to gain time, the term I had fixed in my answer to these propositions having, I permitted several small parties of our Indians to recommence hostilities.

(*History of Deerfield, p. 333.*)

This deputy was Ensign Sheldon, but the Revd. John Williams says that the Ensign reached Quebec the beginning of March.⁹ “On his arrival . . . Dudley’s dispatches were not considered satisfactory by Vaudreuil. The Jesuits used their all powerful influence for delay and redoubled their artful efforts to seduce the young captives to popery. The sturdy envoy persisted in pushing his claims to, at least, as many captives as would equal the French prisoners which Dudley had sent to Port Royal, in December, 1705, and he so far succeeded that on the 30 of May, 1706, he, with forty-four English captives, embarked on board the French vessel, La Marie, chartered at the expense of three thousand livres, for Port Royal and Boston. After considerable delay at Port Royal he reached his destination August 2, 1706. In this company came James Adams of Wells, Hannah wife of Joseph Bradley one of Sheldon’s attendants . . .”

(*History of Deerfield, vol. i., p. 332.*)

⁷ Judge Sewall further adds, p. 57, “No English woman was ever known to have any Violence offered unto her Chastity by any of them” [the Indians]. Both Mrs. Mary Rowlandson (Lancaster, 1675) and Elizabeth Hansom (Dover, 1724), as well as Charlevoix in his *Indians of Canada*, confirm this statement.

⁸ “Dudley informed his council of the letter received yesterday from Governor of Canada by a Flag of Truce with forty odd English Prisoners.” -- (*Poconetuck Valley Proceedings*, vol. i., p. 426.)

⁹ “In the beginning of March, 1706, Mr. Sheldon came again to Canada with letters from his excellency our governour at which time I was a few days in Quebec.” -- (*The Redeemed Captive*, by the Revd. John Williams, p. 130. The H. R. Huntting CO., Springfield, Mass., 1908.)

The last who came in numbers between thirty and forty with Mr. Sheldon, a good man and true servant of the church in Deerfield who took this tedious and dangerous journey in the winter from New England unto Canada on these occasions, came aboard at Quebec, May 30, and after nine weeks' difficult passage arrive at Boston, August 1, 1706.

(The Redeemed Captive.)

On Sheldon's return he presented his bill of expenses to the Governor.

An account of what John Sheldon (who was impressed by his Excellency to go to Canada to treat about ye English Captives) hath expended upon the Country's account in Canada for himself and the Captives in General.

	<i>livres sous</i>
By Taylors work in making cloathes	17 00
To Mr. Dubenee (?) cloath for cloathing, for stockins, shoes, a shirt, a hat and a pair of gloves and a neckcloath	106 11
For a Carriall to goe to see the captives at the Mohawk fort	12 00
For a cannoe and men to goe from Quebec to visit Mr. Williams	06 00
More paid to Mr. La count my Landlord at Quebec	38 00
More paid to the Barbour for me and my men and my cloathing	21 10
More paid for washing	08 00
More paid my landlord at Montreal	77 06
More paid for my second visit to the cap's at the Mohawk fort	4 08
More what I laid out for the captives when I came away from Canada and one of the sailers	42 10
For John Wells for a hat 10 livres, for silk, 8 livres, for a pair of stockings, 12 livres; for a shirt, 8 livres 11 sous	44 11
Joseph Bradley for a shirt	8 13
Delivered to Mr. Williams	200 00
Laid out for my deaughter Mary, for necessary cloathing	59 00
More for my darter	15 00
To the doctor for John Wells and for other things for the captives	12 00

	689 9
 Expended at Port Royal for Pocket expenses	
L10-00-00 at 20d pr livre	120

	809

Accompanying the above bill was the following petition Aug. 8, 1706.

To his Excellency, Joseph Dudley, &c, &c,
The Petition of John Sheldon in behalfe of himself, Joseph Bradley and John Wells, humbly showeth

That your Petitioner with the afore mentioned Bradley and Wells were Sent by your Excellency and Council the last winter by Land to Canada to Obtain the Return of the Captives wherein they have so far succeeded, as that on the 2d instant They arrived here¹⁰ with forty-four of the Captives. Your Petitioner entered upon the said service on the 15th day of Janu'ry last, the said Bradley on the 20th day and the sd Wells on the 25th day of the same month. Your Petitioners therefore humbly Pray your Excellency & this Honble Court to Take into your Consideration their service aforesaid and extraordinary Difficulties, Hazzards and Hardships they have undergone & the time spent therein, and Order them such Allowance & Consideration for the same as your wisdom you Shall think meet. And your Petitioners shall ever pray.

John Sheldon.
(Mass. Military Archives, vol. 72, p. 240.)

Wells and Bradley also petitioned in their own behalf:

To his Excellency &c, &c, &c,

The Humble petition of John Wells and Joseph Bradley Showeth that your Petitioners were lately sent by his Excellency to Quebec with Sheldon and in their journey they were necessitated to be at some Expenses and your Petitioner Wells expended above three pounds ten shillings & Bradley forty sh. beside snow shoes and pumps which cost him thirteen shillings, and a Dog fifteen beside there was a gun hired for the voyage valued at 50s. which sd. gun was broken accidentally in ye discharging. Your petitioners therefore humbly pray that may be allowed the Disbursements above mentioned and ye money for the gun.

John Wells Joseph Bradley
Aug. 10, 1706.

Action on these petitions by the General Court: "Oct. 29, 1706. Granted to John Sheldon 35 pounds L; to John Wells 20 pounds and to Joseph Bradley 20 pounds over and above what they had in fitting them out."

(Mass. Military Archives, vol 71, pp. 236-238.)

Mirick in his *History of Haverhill*, p. 109 says: "In March, 1705, her husband [Mrs. Bradley's], hearing that she was in the possession of the French, started for Canada with the intention of redeeming her. He travelled on foot accompanied only by a dog that drew a sled on which he carried a bag of snuff as a present from the governor of this Province to the governor of Canada. The only authority we have for the dog, the sled, and the snuff is tradition which we heard related very minutely by his descendants." It is possible that Joseph Bradley may have started in this manner from Haverhill for Deerfield, but it is evident that the tradition can be no further relied upon.

The Indian troubles did not end. Within a month of the Bradleys return from Canada the Bradley garrison was again under attack. Below is the account from Mirick's *History of Haverhill* with a footnote from Peters. Mirick attributes the source to tradition:

¹⁰ Boston.

Sometime in the summer of this year (1706) the Indians again visited the garrison of Joseph Bradley, and it is said that he and his wife and children¹¹ and a hired man were the only persons in it at the time. It was in the night, the moon shone brightly, and they could be clearly seen silently and cautiously approaching. Mr. Bradley armed himself, his wife, and man, each with a gun, and such of his children as could shoulder one. Mrs. Bradley, supposing that they had come purposely for her, told her husband that she had rather be killed than be again taken. The Indians rushed upon the garrison, and endeavored to beat down the door. They succeeded in pushing it partly open and when one of the Indians began to crowd himself through the opening Mrs. Bradley fired her gun and shot him dead. The rest of the party, seeing their companion fall, desisted from their purpose and hastily retreated.

Two years later in 1708 the Indians returned, this time led directly by the French. The account from *The History of Deerfield* by Sheldon is:

De Rouville had begun his march on the settlements on July 16; to conceal his destination part of the force went up the St. Francis River and the rest up the Sorel to Lake Chaplain. The latter were mostly Mohawks or Macquas over whom Colonel Schuyler had great influence. On the march they met Schuyler's messengers bearing a secret belt, desiring them not to go to war against the English. The Macquas, pretending to the French that some infectious disease had appeared among them, at once turned back and went home. Meanwhile (July-August, 1708) De Rouville had traversed three or four hundred miles of forest and at daybreak on the 29th of August, he surprised the town of Haverhill, killed about forty of the inhabitants, and took many captives. He began his retreat about sunrise, but was pursued by the survivors, who attacked him, killed his brother, took another French officer and seven men, captured a third officer, and rescued a part of the captives.

From Peters:

Mirick states that upon the retreat of the two hundred and fifty French and Indians after the massacre, "Joseph Bradley collected a small party in the northerly part [of the town] and secured the medicine-box and packs of the enemy which they had left about three miles from the village. . . . The French and Indians continued their march, and so great were their sufferings arising from the loss of their packs, and their consequent exposure to famine, that many of the Frenchmen returned and surrendered themselves prisoners of war, and some of the captives were dismissed, with a message that if they were pursued the others would be put to death." The governor in his message addressed to the Assembly says "that we might have done more against them if we had followed their tracks."

(Mirick, p. 125.)

Again from *The History of Deerfield*, vol. iii., p. 365:

In the north part of the township Joseph Bradley, the same who accompanied Ensign Sheldon to Canada, hearing the alarm collected a party and sallied out into the woods. He discovered and secured the medicine chest of the invaders and their knapsacks which they had taken off before making the assault . . .

¹¹ Out of the six children already born to Joseph and Hannah Bradley, one had died in infancy and four of the remaining five had been killed by the Indians; only one, therefore, was alive at this time, and that a little girl, not quite seven; Joseph's brothers, Isaac and Abraham, had married before this and undoubtedly had homes of their own.

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