

NINE MEN'S MISERY.®

Victor Franko

Part One: The Novel

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Dedication

No matter how unusual or crazy the outcome is, how bizarre the situation becomes, or how ironic the moment is graced, everything in life happens for a reason. After researching the event and completing the investigation, I came to accept the fact that there is no such thing as dumb luck or odd occurrences. Having devoted my time and energy in the search and enquire of the event, I had no choice but to honor the event in history by writing this book out of respect for not only the 9 men who the site is named after, but to the hundreds of curious visitors who pay homage to the site every year. Whether good or bad, I hope and pray that it does more than less to its story.

With all my heart and virtues, I'd like to thank the following:

The people and the town of Cumberland, Rhode Island for not only being my backyard for so many years, but for their time and belief in my vision of a storyteller. There is not a home, a street, or a brook in Cumberland that does not have a story.

Bob & Ryan Billington for appreciating the time spent together on the topic and throughout the research. Thank you for your work on the site and its story. I hope the time spent together as father and son on the project will live throughout your lives as some of the best memories held onto.

To Eric Schultz & Mike Tougias and their support. Words cannot describe the pages and pages of knowledge that his book holds for the reader. It stands as one of the best books on references for the King Philip War.

Lester Hilton, for being the first one to show up and to take the struggle seriously. Thanks for showing up and letting the documentary begin. Lester is just one of many local residents who spends endless hours of devotion toward researching the past.

To Norm Beauregard who came out to the cairn that day and recalled all the times he played in those woods as a child. The tears held in that day have a similar connection to the ones that I later shed. The trails in those woods are named after his father who, like his son, admired the story and the site.

Kathleen Schleimer who has the power of telling a story. Her gift has blessed my research and a great deal of this book. What she saw that day at the cairn has touched my heart and the way I have looked at the site. If it all is just a story, it has been one worth telling over and over.

For their time and appreciation I thank Al Klyberg and the Rhode Island Historical Society. John McNiff who has held a love for history and the history of Roger Williams. Thomas Shannahan with his years of devotion and to the Central Falls library. I thank you all.

John Sterling and his tombstones and the long distance phone calls we both made to each other to either ask or answer one of the many questions we had.

Betty Johnson for her time, her patience, and her influence. Like the rocking chair that sits in her parlor, it has held much knowledge that has been shared and experienced by many who have shown interest.

Paul Reice for making the project happen when no others wanted to. One of the earliest learned lessons in production I was forced to realize is getting people interested and getting people to show up. I thank you and give you all the credit for getting the documentary made and shown. It wouldn't have been made if it wasn't for your knowledge and interest.

Dave Balfour for reminding me of the trials I would face and his greatness for reminding me from time to time of being the scholar that I was. With our studies, I hope others will learn, acknowledge, and shed more light on the richness of our history.

Dr. Ella Sekatow for telling me how it is, how it should be, and how it will be. Thank you for making it possible. May your people, our people, and God's people all remain one like we always have been. Only time will tell.

To the Rhode Island Historic Societies Library on Hope Street, the John Brown House in Providence, and the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Massachusetts for having me spend more time at their presence than I needed to do my research. Many of the questions of the past can be answered here.

Father Laurence Bourget and the St. Joseph Abbey for letting us into your home, listening to me rant, and for telling the

world many secrets about the cairn and its story. Thank you for your words of graciousness and of truth. You will be remembered for being the ideal man of God who has given his life to being a true friend to the people of his community.

Special thanks, with honor to my mentors John Cassavettes, Brother Blue, and Prince Caspian for being role models of interest and graciousness figures to follow. I thank them as much as I thank others who made this work possible.

Dedicated to my father Donald P. D'Agostino who passed away on the very same day as the nine men in the story, March 26th. For that reason alone, I have no doubt that the site, the event, and the story, that occurred over 325 years ago, is somehow connected spiritually as well as emotionally to myself. With that, we should begin with page 1.

Introduction

I was introduced to the site by accident in the early summer of 2000. Then looking for ghosts, I found something more real. The woods had an odd feeling. Even the dirt path that led into the heart of the woods would change rapidly from dirt, to rock, into a grassy trail, and back into a rocky hillside trail. The locals told tales of the woods being haunted for generations. Evil spirits and witches on broomsticks would haunt the woods by night.

Shadow lands Haunted Places / Index

www.sjqr.org

Cumberland- Cumberland Monastery

The ghost of a monk has been known to move books or close books when people (in the library) get up to do something. Along the back trail a phantom horse rider, which will come upon you out of nowhere. A third apparition is of a child has been running in the swamp area and along some of the back trails.

It was the only way people could explain its rich and somewhat macabre like history that laid in those woods. The last thing one would expect in the middle of these woods is a marker, let alone a giant secret of a story that many of the locals who knew of the site never liked to tell.

Walking up the slope of the hill from the south end of the marker, I first saw the back part of the cairn. Looking like the history books have described it, a rude pile of cemented rocks, I didn't notice it until later that everything around me was quiet. It added to the oddness of the situation. From the trees to the cool summer breeze that greeted me at the entrance of the woods, nothing moved. The event was timeless. And by that, I mean that nothing moved. I can remember every exact detail that occurred in those few minutes where I repeated the words I read on the cairn over and over to myself and even out loud to the nearby trees that I wished were listening. Thinking back, it had to be motionless because just like most memorable moments, they have to be held higher than the ones we don't recall.

It took me less than a day to go to the Cumberland Library to begin researching the event. I needed to know the story. Since the site sat on the grounds where the Cumberland library was, they had a fair selection of books, news articles, and fliers on the story. I found

this more convenient than uncanny. It's like it was meant to be that the library would be in the same vicinity as the site. It added to my belief that something, or some sort of something was trying to get me to just research the event, let alone write my accounts of the research and a telling of the story in fiction down on paper and into a book. Dumb luck? Maybe. A coincidence? Probably. All I know is that it made it a lot easier for me to begin my research.

The hours passed as I began to search through and begin to understand the story of what the locals still called Nine Men's Misery. The facts and the fiction differed from one book to another. It was a fourteen-month war that was fought throughout New England from June of 1675 to August of 1676 when a series of broken promises and treaties on land disputes, fishing and hunting rights, etc. between the local natives and early European settlers began to occur. The war began like most wars do, with a disagreement that would conclude in the deaths of several early colonial settlers and thousands of Natives (Indians) that lived throughout New England. Including the Nipmunks, Massachusetts, Nausets, Niantics, Mohegans, Pequots, and the Wampanoags whose leader is credited with throwing the first stone in the war that bears his name. (Some may agree that he did mastermind the war, if not just started it. Others feel he didn't, but stood as a symbol to the rebellion against the European settlers.) His tribal name was Metacom (Metacomet) a Sachem warrior who the English addressed as King Philip. The King Philip's War would play as the story's setting as well as its beginning.

Many of the books researched at the Cumberland library told very simple and somewhat similar accounts of the story. Simple, as that the telling of the story only took up two to three pages. The main facts of the event stayed the same with each telling of the story. Still, the similarities differed with the reasons and the explanations leading up and throughout the confrontation. Meaning, after reading all the references that the Cumberland library had to offer, I was left with several of my original questions unanswered and a series of more questions that the research created.

Even the historians through the centuries told versions of the story that differed from their past and future tellers. This was a problem in trying to find one telling of the story because the authors of the historical event have differed for over 300 years. The first (popular) information gathered and documented for readers to research occurred in the early 19th century with accounts written by historians such as John Daggett and Leonard Bliss. Not only did both men forge their findings on pure fiction, they wrote their entire version of history from prior historians who collected their own version of the truth. In time, I had finally read the history written by Hubbard and

Mather. These were the original historians who had not only interviewed and wrote down the stories of soldiers who had fought in the battles, but they too are credited with having been present at many of the scenes of the war. Still, from where I began my research, I was a long, long ways from the original core of the story. Where I had begun, the facts and figures of the event were mere scenery in these articles of history. Many of the chronicles gathered by these historians were also written on mostly fiction. Needing to find more answers, I took my questions to other libraries in the area including Central Falls, Attleboro, Seekonk, Rumford, East Providence, Pawtucket, Providence, and Rehoboth. The more I read and the more research I conducted, I was once again left with questions that had no answers. I began contacting local and state historians with hope that they had the key to this riddle. With fear of there not being an answer waiting at the end of the road, I began facing the sad fact that there might not be an answer to the story. After a good two months of phone calls, long hand written letters, and re-telling of the stories to several librarians, my notes were completed but like I feared, I had a telling of the story with pages and pages of holes that were impossible to fill.

One of the more memorable phone calls that I received was from Dave Balfour, a local historian from the Cumberland area who told me in the most sincere way that the questions had no answers. Like the ghosts I was looking for that day in the woods, I was chasing an endless chase. He added with the fact that fiction is good. Many readers would rather read fiction than facts. Like a telling of the same story over and over again, the storyteller will add to the fable to make it a legend. This will not only add greatness to the story but an interest that will fuel future history seekers for generations to come. It was that same day that I was unofficially named Scholar of the Nine Men's Misery historical department. I don't know who voted me in, but it took only two months to make every local historian aware that I knew more on the event than anyone else in the New England area.

It took me the rest of that summer, fall, and winter to complete production on a small twenty-minute documentary on the event. With help from several historians, the Rhode Island College communication department, the Narragansett Indians, and St. Joseph Abbey, I was able to piece together a rough copy of the story by scratching the surface of what the story was all about. Somewhat of a challenge, I had the remarkable claim to join a complicated journey to battle the taking on of a historical event, which takes up only 2 pages in the history book and then turn it into a twenty-minute video documentary. Conclusion: another incomplete telling of the story with

more unanswered questions. Still, at the very least, it accomplished one simple fact: that the story lives on.

Amazing, I was first introduced to the King Philip War like everybody else in my fourth grade class, at the simple age of eleven. The only sad problem, none of us gave a care. The class and I were given the books, told the story, and even brought to many of the local sites (not including Nine Men's Misery) in the area on fieldtrips. Still, none of us grasped an interest or disbelief when given the chance. We took the telling of the history as just that, history. We had our futures to look forward to instead.

Like the woods that holds the setting for the event, I too have been haunted by the giant pile of notes that has sat on the edge of my desk waiting to be re-read and put in order. The story has yet to be finished. That is, history has yet to be completed. Luckily for me, the following is considered to me a labor of love. The only thing I have to gain from these writings is peace. Peace for not only the nine slain men who lie dead deep in the woods of Cumberland, but to my own heart that has had its moments of misery. I hope to answer every question that visitors to the site have asked to themselves when making their pilgrimage to the site that has sat visited and unvisited for years upon years.

I hope to not only entertain the reader with a story that is closer to them than it is to myself, but to inform the public of the story that has great meaning behind its crude history and its rude monument. You will notice through my struggle for the truth I will hit many dead ends and more unanswered questions. But like history, the story is told in the eyes of the teller. Read each word knowing that it has been written by one who has searched, one who has listened, one that has waited, and one who has been chasing a ghost that will never be found.

Nine Men's Misery is the ending to the story.

Note to the reader:

I take my hat off to those who have walked down the same path I had to in order to research the event. I don't have to explain the obstacles that I had to overcome in order to get the truth told. To those who have hit dead ends in their research, I show the following:

**(The Town of Cumberland, Rhode Island)
Re-Survey
June 1970**

Cemetery #12 NINE MEN'S MISERY: On Diamond Hill Road on Our Lady of Atonement grounds 1/2 mile in front entrance. 100X100. 8 burials. No Veterans. Condition fair, no pole or sign allowed. Owner: Franciscan Order

To find this information, you will have to talk patiently to 3-4 elderly volunteer old women who work 9-5 at the Cumberland town hall. Just like the elderly old volunteer women who worked there before them, they have no clue where any of the records you're looking for are. Also, they will give you information from surveys taken almost 30 years ago by volunteers who took surveys without researching.

The one thing that got my attention from the survey was the number of people who are buried at the site. 8? Ask yourself the question: How many people were buried at 9 men's misery? 8? You'd think it would be a trick question like what color is the old red barn? Then again, the old red barn could have been recently painted blue. 8 people buried at 9 men's misery? What happened to the other man?

This is a perfect example of my research. After getting this survey, there were only two logical explanations:

1, it's a typo

or 2, a survey was done and they found that 1 of the 9 men's bones were missing!

You can imagine the unsuccessful research I held in order to answer that one. But like the writers of the history books 300 and 200 years ago, the author of the 1970 survey is no more. It is a ghost like the one I have been chasing. It is up to the readers of today to read and to answer for our selves.

HISTORY OF DIAMOND HILL ROAD

NINE MEN'S MISERY (1676, early 20th Century): This stone cairn was probably erected in the early twentieth century by Cistercian monks to commemorate nine soldiers killed in the vicinity by Indians on March 26, 1676, during the King Philip's War. The actual massacre and burial sites are not known. The cairn is located on the former Cistercian Monastery property, now owned by the town (see entry above). (1838- "Nine Men's Misery")

The segment was found in a simple chapter of Cumberland history on a chapter devoting its interest on the history of the Diamond Hill Road. Very short and to the point, the 3 sentences above tells very little on the so called "facts" of the event and site of Nine Men's Misery. There is one word that sticks out in my mind like the

number 8 that stuck in my mind on the last survey seen above. It's the word "probably." This stone cairn was "probably" erected in the early twentieth century? I question the author of who ever wrote that. Call me crazy, but I think the war of 1812 was probably fought around the year 1812. Sarcastic, yes I am. My point? The history books are plagued with articles, references, and chapters of writings like the one above. This was written by historians of the past that either took false materials or simple just made up a story that sounded plausible for the reader. In the end, all it has truly accomplished is another dead end for those in search for the truth.

Alongside the truth, one also has to reference articles of nasty earlier columns written by reporters, analysis, and other writers that talk of the event from their own perspective. While I do the same in this book, I attempt to show many sides of what I believe occurred. Unlike several accounts found in libraries across New England, I shed more light than gloom on the event. For example:

(Add picture) **CORNERS & CHARCTERS OF RHODE ISLAND**

November 23, 1925

(Article from newspaper)

NINE MEN'S MISERY

On Sunday, March 26, 1676, there was fought in what is now Cumberland one of the most disastrous battles of King Philip's War. The locality where this engagement took place with the Indians has long been designated as "Nine Men's Misery." The rough monument of fieldstones, which marks the spot, is located about a mile and a quarter northeast of the village of Ashton, between the Diamond Hill Rd. and the road running west from the Union Chapel.

The name, Nine Men's Misery, is derived from the fact that it was this spot where the final stand made by nine men of Capt. Michael Pierces' company of 63 men and 20 Cape Indians, in his desperate encounter with the savages. All the men, including Pierce, were shot down and the remaining nine were captured and tomahawked. Two men, however, escaped, one a messenger, whom Capt. Pierce had sent to Providence and the other a Cape Indian, who blackening his face in imitation of the enemy, made his escape possible at the last hopeless moment

It's words like "Savages" and "Tomahawked" that get under your skin when talking on a historical and factual matter. Even though much of what was written has its element of nonfactual material, it also holds a more powerful opinion of how the writer saw the event. How powerful they wrote how one battle (Pierce Fight) was

seen as a disaster and how another battle (Great Swamp Fight / Massacre) was a glorious triumph.

There have been no more than around 30 historical references of the Nine Men's Misery event. I intend to introduce them all and to tear each one of them apart to find the truth. I had come upon the cairn and its legend back in July of 2000 without realizing its great potential as a moment in our history. A forgotten story, an untold story, the event of Nine Men's Misery has been discussed on several sides of the spectrum. One, the original and most common accounts that have been written in our history books for generations. The other is the untold version through the eyes of the people that the story has affected the most. What you are about to read is the fact and the fiction of what took place, how it affected, why it remains, and why it will stay a story not to be forgotten in our times and in theirs.

BACK OF BOOK:

It is buried deep in the woods of Cumberland, Rhode Island. A story, a local tale, an event wrapped up in legend. A pile of vandalized rocks and the decaying bones of nine dead men are all that remain. This story, the story of Nine Men's Misery has suffered. Not only by its storytellers, but by the generations of listeners. Today, over 325 years later, the story is told. Its story is told once more. It's a story that needs to be told and a story that needs to be heard.

ATTLEBOROUGH GORE

The shoes he had worn that day were not right for the environment that he stepped into. Unlike the concrete sidewalks that hugged his home in his small, but modern city, the dock that he was dropped off on was less than refined. The only thing missing from the train station was the train station. His expectations were far from great. In fact, the station was a mere wooden deck compiled by a series of long sheets of carpenter wood. A dirty dirt path that resembled mother nature laid before him on the outskirts of the station along side a wooden pole that held a sign. Written with what seemed to be a stick or even a block of charcoal was a single word that named the town he had arrived in. Each letter seemed primitive and somewhat childish. A giant space sat between each letter in the word, giving it the relief of being the fledgling land that it was. Ashton was the forest village and his final destination was still unknown. The sound of the smoke exiting from the train's chimney spout could barely be heard from the far distance as he continued on his journey. It was now a two-mile walk to a section of his home state of Rhode Island

that was sometimes still considered Massachusetts by many of the village locals.

Each step was unique as his shoes managed to avoid every harsh element that the woods held. The man who stood in those shoes was a man named James Whitney Esq. and like his shoes, the good Doctor Whitney was too fragile for a two-block walk down to his local drug store rather than the voyage he was in the middle of concluding. Walking down the street sides on what his grandfather called Back Street in the less frantic side of Providence would be considered far from a burden. Compared to the unbearable ground that the locals of these woods called home, the busy commute every morning to receive his morning journal and drink no longer seemed a challenge. How he begged in silence to be placed in a more beloved and less struggle of a world known to his neighbors on the lower east side as the ghetto.

Whitney was a tiny fragment of a man. In both his height and stature, he took pride in his appearance of always looking his best as a gentleman. His neatly trimmed mustache was always manageable to look its finest. Trimmed daily, right after his morning wash and scrub, followed by a secure cleansing of his bi-focal glasses. Even the hat that sat on his neatly combed, gray, and very little hair was delicate and too classic for the walk. Moments later, the derby style hat would find its way off its owner's head and into a soft pile of mud off the path. An unattractive site, it remained on the side of the road as its owner kept ahead. A hat of an aristocrat wasn't needed for today.

Today was a different situation. An average over protective day had to be sacrificed in order to make his remarkably earlier train ride into the unknown. I do say it was a different morning for the Doctor indeed. In general, the out of town lifestyle that Whitney was used to sat on his mind like a helmet. It was all that he knew and could recall.

The walk ahead was much different indeed. A struggle non-the-less, this was the countryside and unlike his native home of Pawtucket, it was far from civilized in the eyes of any English gentleman. Even for the Doctor's standards, the trail was misleading and very empty. By looks, the path was hardly big enough for a farmer's plow to travel down, let alone a horse and buggy.

The shoes were store bought like everything else he owned. Black in color to match the rest of his after hour business attire, they were personally fitted to fit his tender, soft, tiny feet. The shoes definitely told his story. Spending most of his life behind a desk and a roof over his head, he had no use for shoes that would take him places. The secluded lifestyle was a mere necessity for Mr. Whitney's

survival. The task ahead opened up his mind to little and worst things that were never studied or read about.

From where he currently stood, off to the side of the path was a gathered group of recently fallen rainwater that made a giant of a puddle. To his well mannered home on the north side of the tiny city, Whitney was only a good four-five miles from his front door. Still, from his surroundings, you could not tell that he was in the same state let alone the same planet. Even the train ride that took him to his state's capitol and back was a waste of time. The train agreed to make a special stop where usually only special cargo was dropped for local farmers and merchants. The train would travel back to its Pawtucket station so the early morning commuters could be taken to their place of employment in the city below known as Providence or to the borough above simply called Attleborough. Then again, the directions given to Whitney by the telegram mailed a week before had to be followed.

At the old but ripe age of sixty-five, Whitney was beginning his long and lightly anticipated, and hopefully successful career of retirement. It was a new life for the old Doctor. Having given more than half his time in the world to the research of medicine and treatment of illnesses, the thought of the flu, the plague, or even the common cold made the Doctor sick. The remainder of his years would be happily spent in his sideline love of local history. His mind focused now more on the past than ever. The present no longer held any interest for Whitney to enjoy.

Getting back to the shoes, they too were awaiting retirement. A tiny pebble off the path was the first of many irritable moments that the journey entailed. Having the virtue of having smaller feet than his mother, the Doctor's steps were as delicate as many of the steps he had taken in his sheltered life.

Missing one puddle to step into another, Whitney manages to lean on a neighboring tree for support. It was his first true taste of nature. Managing his best, the puddle was just deep enough for his entire foot to enjoy. Making his way down the trail, the path began to dry up as well did his hopes for being rescued by another passing train.

As irritating as an itchy back, the trail continued up a long a windy slope of a hill that made the long journey even longer. The pain between his toes could be felt in his upper shoulders. Holding the straps of his knapsack over the side of his shoulder with both his hands, Whitney began to say a silent prayer to him self to reassure his return by the end of the day to his more civilized world.

The December weather left a small but deadly patch of grayish snow throughout the surrounding woods. It had only snowed

once that winter earlier that month. It was just enough cold to make a fellow traveler crazed. Even the trees that stood in the way of the view that never was, managed to craze Whitney. All together, the light sprinkle of mud and rainwater gave the woods a more adventurous backbone.

A distant winter for New England's standards, a more decent winter would usually give the locals a fight for their sanity. The current weather conditions felt like winter but gave less a struggle. Still, each step taken and each splash of mud and rainwater that would run up and splatter on Whitney's clothes made his eyebrows twitch. Everything learned in his upbringing could not help him. His knowledge of everyday life was less than meaningless from where he stood. The agony of a walk that he knew would only lead to another. The walk seemed endless.

The situation that he had put himself into was by choice. Unlike having to make one of his weekly house calls to an ill and dying patient, or having to walk across the downtown area to return or drop off medical records, Whitney was making this march through the unknown of Northern Rhode Island (possibly Southern Massachusetts) for mere personal enjoyment. His walk would lead him to a guide that he had never met before. Only by letter that Whitney knew of his existence. Never seeing his face, been to his home, or knew anything about the gentleman, or even if he a gentleman, only added to the adventure. Whitney managed to come to grips with his recent choices as he put up with the moment to prove his situation wrong. And with that, he tracked forward.

The path would eventually take him to a local road of the village. Still, the path less taken is usually less assuring as well. The snow could be seen melting off of resting boulders, fallen trees, and the path as well. The early morning sun managed to sneak through several of the openings that the trees allowed into the woods and onto Whitney's face. Like his numb toes, the gnarled branches of the trees managed to curl up like frightened children. This only made his surrounding more defensive, inhumane, and unwelcoming. This was one of many reasons to pick up the pace and to quicken his stride down the path toward the main roads of the village town with one cold foot in front of the other.

POWWWWWWWWW!

What sounded like a gunshot caught Whitney's ear without warning. Only his good ear heard the shot. The other was still fast asleep from old age. Stopping only for a second to gather his wits and to arch his back at attention, Whitney quickly began walking down the path for safety. Seeing the start of another trail ahead, he dashed to the crossing as if it was a finish line. There, he came upon a more

modern and civilized looking sign. Unlike the one that stood at the improper station, this was a street sign, made of wood similar to the quality of his front deck of his home. It sat on top of a long copper pole that had been spiked into the side of a more traveled road.

For it was a road and not a path that made Whitney's mouth arch at both its ends, the journey ahead seemed accomplished. Fixing his hat to also wipe the smelling sweat from his forehead, Whitney began to admire the giant path that seemed much more fitting for his feet. Twice the reassurance, the sign above gave Whitney hope and assurance that he was still heading in the right direction. The name of the road read like a warm smile as he began to walk north up the newly named Mendon Road.

What had been the Old Worcester Road according to the maps at the Historical Society that Whitney studied weeks ahead of time was still nothing more (even to its local villagers) than a path not worth revisiting. For the better of his walk was this trustworthy path where Whitney begged to find more civilized surrounding, as well, and more importantly his host for the rest of the journey Mr. Sprague. He would be his guide for all of his questions and the answer to all of the Doctor's recent prayers.

Once returning home from the war that kept him a soldier from 1862 'til its anticipated ending in 1865, Charles Sprague lived near Hunting Hill where he settled to become a farmer like most of the men in his family. A simple man by looking at his handwriting in the telegrams he mailed, Whitney didn't expect much more than a reasonable guide as he hurried down the road. It was really just a path. Fixing the thin, silk, black tie that hung around his neck, Whitney looked around in wonder if the gunshot sound that he heard wasn't waiting for him at his destination. For what Whitney assumed, it might be a gunshot.

POWWWWWWWWW!

Before he could fix his hair that hung off and over the ridges of his ears, the gunshot sound was heard again. More like a cannon, this time the sound filled the open air around him. The only sound remotely similar to Whitney's ears would be the Noon Whistle at the Foundry that told the entire city that every seat in the local diners would be quickly filled by the factory men. Then again, a gunshot like this one could stop traffic in his rural neighborhood of respectable goers. Ironic, it did nothing to stop the common flow of life where he was standing. While Whitney prepared him self to jump to the side of the road at any second for safety, a gathering of white sparrows sat unharmed and uncaring from the recent exploding sound nearby the quiet hillsides by the path. If the trees that bordered the road were his

fellow associates from his place of work, they would have scattered like rats from the giant exploding sound.

POWWWWWWWWW!

Again, the sound of a musket was heard. Was there a war up ahead, or worse? The trees in the surrounding woods remained still as the sky above Whitney sat motionless like nothing was happening. The clouds stood still as if they were painted onto the early morning baby blue background that made up the sky. The closer Whitney got down the path, the sound became more clearer and much more natural like a gentle barrel of thunder or a simple crackling of a tree?

BUNK! BUNK!

The sound was heard again, this time sounding more like a Fourth of July firecracker or someone smashing a liquor bottle at a brick wall. With no choice but to follow his curious mind, the road led Whitney closer to the sound and through a small patch of tiny, yellow bud like flowers that pollinated on the side of the road (path). An off place for something of that nature to grow where he stood, it was successful in taking the fear of what was to lay ahead off his list of worries. The sight around him remained as real as anything else he had ever come into contact for the first time in his long and unappreciated life.

CRACK! CRACK!

A different sound, more innocent, and less threatening was heard. Sounding like a misfire of some kind, it left out reason. A very unique sound, never heard by Whitney's ears or imagination, it brought more curiosity than fear. Another fork in the road (path) lay up ahead. There, he came upon a "drift way" which sat like a wise man in all his glory on the edge of the two newly found roads. Still, it being unpaved in cement, brick, or stone made Whitney question in the back of his mind that it might not be safe.

In the center of the fork sat a well-sized boulder with a carving in the center. It managed to take place for a sign. AMASA WHIPPLE EST. was carved very deep into the skin of the boulder. If it wasn't written in English, it could have been easily mistaken as a relic of one of the Savage Indians that lived in the woods before Whitney's time or even his father's or father's father. Able to read the knife carved words in the rock, a reassuring nod gave Whitney the go ahead to travel off the path. He had come to the end of his journey, for now.

From the Mendon Road was a giant field of nothing but open land. Miles of open land that looked like the Great Plains of open wilderness, wildlife, and adventure. It took only footsteps for Whitney to find the open valley. There, a farm sat on the edge of a gully. Not a gully that are usually found hanging over a cliff near a giant valley, but a small and more modern one that suited a farm such as the one

Whitney stepped foot onto. No animals or field workers, as far as Whitney could see or hear as he made his way through the farm. It looked like a non-seasonal farming land that closed up throughout the year to maintain bankruptcy. Yes, it was very run down and ruined to even a poor farmer's standards. The field looked promising enough to walk on, but nothing else. The overall feel to the site made Whitney look over his shoulders several times.

In a nearby drift off the way sat a small house with a modern chimney that looked like it just been added. The rest of the house looked routine. It just sat there like the boulder at the fork down by the valley. It had a brown look to it since it was built from trees that once stood in its place. Still, it was not a log house but half a log house. Along side some tree logs that made up its walls, the house held some modern features including one wall made of dark red brick and another covered with cowhide. Only a house made out of ginger bread could look more interesting.

Walking closer to the single room house, Whitney noticed movement coming from the curvy stream from a water brook that hid behind the house. Trailing around to the front of the farmer's home, it gave the character needed to make the home a more livable look and feel to it. The rest of the farm sat wide open from corner to corner with several giant piles of stacked hay that was bundled up for shipment. The autumn work looked to be completed for the year by Whitney's eyes.

CRACK!

Stopping in his tracks, the sound was heard again by Whitney's tender ears, this time coming from behind the house. The investigation began, slowly, as Whitney made his way towards the back of the house with his trusty knapsack hugged in front of his chest for protection from what was making the noise ahead of him. Arriving at the odd home, Whitney acquired a better look at what the walls were made of, To his surprise, he was correct about each wall being made of a different material. To his greater surprise, another one of the walls was made of another different sort. This time, the wall that hugged the east side of the backyard was made from the field that it sat on. It was hardened sod that had been carefully gutted from the lying inners of the heart of the farm. Layer by grassy layer, the grassy wall had become a sturdy addition to the farmer's unique home.

Crossing the bend of the house, Whitney snuck his head over just enough to catch a glimpse at the noise being made. The first thing to catch his eyes, were a pair of cowhide boots that were worn up to its owner's knees. The man wearing the boots had his back toward Whitney. With a giant ax in hand, the man threw the ax up into

the air with both his wide arms and threw them back down to complete the cycle. The ax landed itself into a block of firewood.

CRACK!

The ax made a familiar sound as it separated the piece of fireplace wood from the stump it sat on. The man continued with his business as Whitney looked around to see if anyone else minded. Clearing his throat, Whitney was too busy preparing his greetings to notice someone was minding his attendance. A medium size of a dog managed to sneak up behind Whitney just in time to place himself under the surprised Doctor's left shoulder. Looking up at him with both black eyes, the black dog began to growl like dogs tend to do. The man with the ax turned in time to see his dog let out an announcing bark to get his master's attention. Whitney watched as the dog's dark white teeth glistened from his dark surrounding. All Whitney could do was watch and once again clear his throat for different reasons.

"Blackstone!" Commanded the man with the ax. Whitney remained focused on the animal that managed to only show a small fraction of its lower white fangs. The dog lowered his growls as his master approached. Whitney remained his cool as he was approached by a handheld ax and the hand he held it.

"Good morrow, wouldn't you say," asked the man with the ax?

Tossing the ax over his shoulder, the man attempted to smile with what seemed to be teeth hanging out of his mouth. The smell alone made Whitney forget about the dog guarding him by his feet. They were teeth but they were brown. Years of loving his tobacco had to be the only reason Whitney could conjure up to explain that man's shortcomings. Only stopping for a few seconds to admire his teeth, Whitney was then drawn to the man's head as half of it was missing. For just that short time, it had gone from worse to madness in this simple introduction.

As large and powerful as the double bladed ax that he carried, he was a large man. Like his stench, he had a way about him that wouldn't last a minute if he lived a lifestyle like Whitney. He was unique but not special. The clouds managed to cover his face even when the sun was at its fullest. Clouds could not cover the section of the poor man's head that was absent.

"It's still the morning, isn't it?" said the gruesome man.

The farmer's head looked like he had taken a cannon ball to the side of it years before. The wound that sat on the lower side had healed but only after many years of infections and other minor cuts and bruises. The man began to scratch the side of his dirty face with wonder as he looked at the frightened Doctor.

"Yes, it is," Whitney managed to conjure up. Whitney continued to stare as the man began to take notice.

"Charles Sprague," I own the land you're standing on.

"Mr. Sprague!" Whitney's fears began to vanish as he had found his guide. "I lettered you weeks ahead, I'm Doctor Whitney from Pawtucket."

Sprague remained embarrassed for the giant hole in his head. Reaching into his vest pocket for his winter cap, Sprague hurried to place the cap over his misfortune. "I managed to make it back from Gettysburg, not all in one piece, but I made it back," Sprague said with most of his head raised up.

Whitney gasped again to clear his throat. Looking back up with a friendly smile, Whitney held out an open hand. Sprague hesitated but eventually accepted. Blackstone headed off to lie on a pile of fallen hay, which he made his bed. Near the hat sat an unpleasant stump of candle wax. Confused of its existence, Whitney paid it no mind. Sprague returned to his chores with his hand knitted, green, winter cap tightly placed over the top of his head and most of his giant forehead.

"Fascinating view you have out here," Whitney stated as he looked over the backyard of the house. Several scattered groups of chickens managed to find food between the snowy caps that rested over the grass of the farm. Blackstone began to let out an early morning yawn to set him self at ease. Whitney watched the black dog's ease as he made himself at home.

"He must love all this open space to run and all," Whitney suggested.

Sprague remained busy with his work as he let out an impolite grunt to answer his comment. Whitney gently accepted the grunt as he reached for his hanky to clear the mist off the edges of his bi-focal glasses.

"How far is it to them rocks I'm in search for? That gravesite that is?" Sprague remained focus on his work below. The ax flew up in the air and back down onto the stump.

CRACK!

"You came all this way to see the site," Sprague shook his head. "Not too far, just over the drift way and over them hills." Without pointing in the direction, Whitney was uncertain of his search. Whitney tried to look over the minor plantation to spot some hills that seemed suitable. All Whitney did see was a border of hillsides that surrounded the farm.

As polite as he could, Whitney cleared his throat again, loud enough to get Sprague to turn to face him. He did, hammering the blade of the axe into the stump of the fallen tree that stood as the

splitting block. Wiping the sweat from his hands with his hands, Sprague gave his neck a quick crack before reaching into his pants pocket for his sweat cloth. Wiping the streams of sweat from off his odd face, Whitney couldn't help but notice Sprague's shotgun resting against the edge of his unusual home. Gun smoke from the end of the barrel could still be seen steaming off the edges as it rest on its holster with what seemed to look like three or four mutilated chickens who had the misfortune of being the reaction to the sounds heard earlier by Whitney's ears.

"Well, I never refused to show it to anybody yet, and I guess I won't refuse you," said Sprague as he began walking by the ever so still Whitney. Blackstone quickly rose to join his master as Sprague gave a whistle. "No gravesite though, never has been, Just a lonely pile of fieldstone," Sprague announced as he began to lead toward the respected hillside. Whitney followed.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL PART 1
Wednesday, January 20, 1886

NINE MEN'S MISERY

A vivid name, a desolate legacy and a rude monument-The outlines of an unwritten page of Cumberland history- Le! The Poor Indian in his Aboriginal Fastucsses - Providence -Physician Apprehended at Grave Robbing.

There is some funeral music to this phrase "Nine Men's Misery." Woe and grief are expressed in alliterative consonants and mournful vowels, of which the combined effect can only be appreciated by one who says them him self. And then when thought travels to the deep possibilities of meaning exhibited in the dolefulness of such a name, its striking-ness assails the mind with the force of something either ridiculously sensational or terribly tragic. When one's eyes falls upon the name as it is printed upon all the large maps of the State, its locality in the midst of the hill country of south-central Cumberland, where it would have been impossible for the title of a bracing dime novel to have been woven into the integrity of the New England life, settles the question of its sober meaning. It turns out to really mark an incident whose name is no less striking than what it memorializes. There, in these clever times, while very rarely anything recalls the trials of establishing civilization in America, there remains to memory and sight a spot apparently as primitive and as freshly suggestive as it was to the pioneers who consigned their friends' fate to the name

which is read upon the maps to-day, thus marking their graves in what was then a strange land.

In those days Cumberland was not included in these Plantations, but was reckoned, even down to modern times, within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The region is by no means Illumined with the fine light of civilization to-day. Its rocks and forests abound upon the hills much as they did a couple of centuries ago, although the forests have been cut off many times, and in many places a house takes the eye. Some surprisingly primeval landscapes exist and one is overtaken with the whim that old time has actually rolled backward in its flight, when he looks into simple lives of the farmers. The families, most of them, have lived for generations upon the same homestead estates, and naturally their manners become unconventional and their labors continue simple. Amid such primitive surroundings is placed the scene whereof this sketch relates. Hunting Hill is about ten miles from Providence, as the crow flies, and towards this landmark it is necessary to go to get within the vicinity of the scene. The nearest railroad station is Ashton, upon the Worcester Road, and from here the distance is about two miles. The object of the search will be found between the Attleborough Road, which ascends the hill of the Blackstone Valley from Ashton, and the Mendon road, which runs north from Valley Falls. It is about midway between each, but to it there is no pathway leading, and it is necessary to obtain some guide if one does not wish to search all the hills over and perhaps get lost as well. Between the two roads run a "drift way," and into this it is necessary to turn. The precise location of the name and place is upon the farm belonging to the heirs of the late Amasa Whipple, which estate has not passed from the possession of one family since the ground was first cleared. This land is upon the Mendon Road, but upon the Attleborough Road lives Charles G. Sprague Esq. and as a guide his kindness, and knowledge of the country, make him a most proper person. Several farmers right in the vicinity could not tell where the place was, and it is due this remarkable ignorance to say that it only emphasizes what has been already stated about the remoteness and primitiveness of the spot. Mr. Sprague was found splitting wood in the open air with the easy movements of a farmer in the winter time, when his most serious care is to feed the chickens and keep the fireside good and warm. He started to tell the way to go, but then drove his axe-blade into the block and said: Well, I never refused to show it to anybody yet, and I guess I won't refuse you." After him and his dog down the drift way a course was then pursued, until he left the drift way, and then the course was up and down hill, over rocks, through woods, his big cowhide boots the while looking enviably the

proper sort of feet protector in the snow which had fallen to a depth of two or three inches a few days before.

A RUDE PILE OF ROCKS

The road ahead seemed like a scene out of purgatory. In fact, there wasn't even a road at all. Nothing but miles of emptiness as far as the eyes could see. Not completely empty, but empty of any civilized manner such as pavement, street signs, light posts, and roads. Ever since leaving the snow cleared hay fields on Sprague's farm, Whitney's shoes were once again ready to pay homage to the end of the walk. Once having to climb the second rocky hill, Whitney was ready to protest and forget about what was to lie ahead. The snow that had fallen in the last storm was unharmed by the luck of warmer weather in the prior days. The closure of the woods managed to keep all three inches of snow well intact for Whitney to step into with his already blistered toes.

Blackstone was no stranger to this walk. Following his master once again up the rocky hill that led deeper into the swampy forest was no surprise to him. Sprague walked in silence as only his back faced Whitney for the majority of the travel. Still forcing him self to push up the hill to avoid any snow or dangerous rock, Whitney was unaware of Sprague's disappearance over the hill. Unable to keep up with his guide, Whitney decided it was a better time than any to rest. Using his knapsack to push the frozen snow off a nearby stone that lay big enough to be a seat, Whitney exhaled the tired breath in his lungs as he sat down.

Scratching his head only to regenerate the feeling back in his temple from the harsh climate of the winter, Whitney gazed out into the woods as far as his eye could see. There was no life it seemed, for miles where Whitney sat. It was there, just then, that Whitney looked out over the horizon at a gathering of trees. What appeared to be a man, an elderly man, looking back at him from across the lonely woods, stood against one of the trees, dressed, as what appeared to be, a savage. Taking only a moment to shake his eyes, Whitney looked back to see that what he saw a moment ago was no more.

"Whitney," yelled Sprague!

Still not sure of what he just saw, Whitney turned to acknowledge Sprague and Blackstone standing at the top of the hill. Whitney looked back in the direction of what he thought he saw before getting back on his feet. It only seemed right that he try to spot what he saw to prove to him self that he hasn't gone crazy. Or worse, that there are still savages living in these untamed woods.

"You giving up on me," questioned Sprague?

“ I couldn’t say if it’s the exhaustion from the travel or if I really did see it. That is, if I did see it?”

“See what, city man?”

Whitney tried to hurry back up the hill where Sprague and Blackstone patiently waited. Arriving at the top, Whitney once again fixed his glasses over the bridge of his nose before addressing Sprague.

“ Are there anymore ‘Savages’ living in these woods”, wondered Whitney?

Sprague scratched his three-day-old beard on the side of his face as he tried to smile.

“ No. Not anymore. They all had to leave.” Whitney could notice that Sprague’s face held a quiet secret. Something that couldn’t be answered by just looking, his tired face held the entire story of the site. Having answered his question, Sprague carried on as Whitney’s guide by walking ahead.

Whitney began to question his safety in these woods. The passage from the station had been one thing. The road traveled down was made by the villagers, he thought. Surely the road wouldn’t end at anything unsafe or even deadly. Each step taken in these woods were too innocent to be safe. Whitney worried for his well being. Since Sprague left his giant of a rifle at home to cool down, figured in Whitney’s mind that the woods are safe enough to enter unarmed. Feeling a bit content, Whitney would have felt worse if Sprague did bring the weapon with them on the walk. This would only add to Whitney’s worries that the woods held horrors that needed protection from.

As they walked, the landscape around them began to change. The hike remained the same with passages of hills, rocks, snow, and even muddy-like swamp fields that acted as quicksand. Still, the view began to quickly change for the worse. The mood sat very calm like a low tone painting of one color or less. Gloomy, dead like trees stood throughout the land. The bony arms of the trees hung sadly. Hard to imagine with leaves, the trees looked like they died months ago. Hard to ignore their existence, having no path to follow, Whitney walked in and around several of the limp and somber trees that managed to look back at its passers.

Even the wind handled itself to enter the tiny openings of the woods to sneak in and send its chill into the bodies of whoever entered. The woods gave a haunted feel to it. There couldn’t be any other explanation for the cold Earth below him that didn’t seem real. Even the dead leaves that covered the surface below him tried to tell a story but were shunned in silence. Whitney had to ask.

" I do say! Is it haunted?" Whitney asked his guide who was a good twenty feet ahead of him.

" Don't know, maybe?" Sprague didn't even turn to show his hideous face. Still focused on the terrain ahead, he journeyed ahead with Whitney behind.

Reaching the edge of yet another hill, Whitney stood witness to an odd gathering of swamps in front of him. An arrangement of muddy slopes and gullies of streams and miniature ponds that gave the entire area around it the look of a swamp, the chilly winter weather froze most of it to identify with the dry forest area that surrounded.

Whitney literally began to follow in Mr. Sprague's footsteps in hope of not falling into a muddy bunker of wetness and torment. The land under Whitney's feet began to give up. His fears grew like most fears do. Sprague slowed his pace down so Whitney could catch up to the front.

" My father mentioned a time of a Providence man, like yourself who visited the site back during the Great War," Sprague proclaimed. "He wore clothes that weren't right for the land."

Whitney listened with an interest similar to the one that led him out into the woods. Half his mind still fixed on what he may have thought he saw back below the hill, while the other half was attempting to listen to something that sounded like a primary telling of local history.

"What brought him to the site," Whitney wondered.

"His own two feet," Sprague said without joking. "He was some sort of Doctor of medicine. Came in the night with some of his students that he taught up at Brown." Sprague turned to face the catching up Whitney who still had his attention.

"Brown University," said Whitney?

"They were grave robbers, you see. They were caught somewhere in the vicinity by the local farmers. Their dogs must have heard them digging in the night on land on which they were trespassing."

"They excavated the remains?"

Sprague reached into his coat pocket for a handful of chewing tobacco. Confused at Whitney's question, Sprague paused to chew the mouthful of spit and to gather his wits for Whitney's question.

"They wanted to see if the legend was true. They needed proof to back up the local stories. When caught, most of the bones had been set up and attached to make up the figures they belonged to." Sprague watched the reaction on Whitney's face with his good eye. Looking for a dry place on the ground to spit, Sprague did just that as

he began to lead on. Catching a whiff of Sprague's breath, Whitney recalled the scent from the "whiskey drenched" bar at his cities tavern where he visited regularly where many of the regulars would spill or drop their drinks. His breath had the same appeal with the mixture sent that you get when you attempt to burn wet leaves from off your property.

"An autopsy? Amazing," Whitney said to him self with disbelief.

Walking into the base of a peninsula, which was surrounded by a frozen swamp, Whitney stayed close to Sprague in fear of the unknown. The wind had grown much more heavier and cold. Blackstone's paws only pushed ever so gently through the surface of the muddy earth, while Whitney's burdens stepped completely through the wet ground. His feet reached the bottom of the mud to his ankles. Ready to give up, Whitney's attention grew as he noticed what lay ahead.

Through another series of strangely grouped hills and bunkers throughout the region, Sprague led Whitney over a final hill that sat him face to face with his long awaited ending. It sat on the hill, surrounded by the bleakness that made up the forestland of the village. Very quiet, almost motionless, the weird vegetation that sat below Whitney's feet was without a snow cover. The site looked like it didn't belong. Not longer or further than the eye could see, the small area of ankle high grass with a grouping of weed like plants and herbal like shrubberies. Blackstone carried on with his way as he looked for a place to sniff. Sprague stood next to Whitney so he could point to what stood in the middle of the remarkable land.

By looking at it, it neither stood nor sat. It was just there. A marvel none-the-less, it had nothing but story upon story built within it. No taller than four feet and no longer than around five to six feet, it was built with stone similar to the stones that made up the lose hillsides in the nearby woods. Each stone looked to be blessed with an utter sadness for the site of it alone made it uncomfortable for having noticed.

"It doesn't seem real," said Whitney.

"Dead Men's Bones was the name of the nursery rhyme that told the site's tale."

"Nine Men's Misery? Who named the site?"

Sprague seemed ever more a gentleman once reaching the site. With both hands in his pockets to stay warm, Sprague calmly shook his head.

"Don't know? Maybe Daggett. He named everything else with his history."

Blackstone managed to find something to bite off the branch to chew. His presence added to the site. The dog's tired walk perfected the moment. It all strangely belonged. Minding his curiosity, Whitney walked up to one of the sides of the rock pile to touch. Getting down on one knee out of comfort and respect, Whitney held one of the tight fitted rocks that made up the bunch.

"Another story, not one of Daggett's, I believe named this area Abbott's Run," said Sprague. Whitney remained alert on the pile as he reached out to touch another and yet another one of the rocks. Like a child's discovering, Whitney was enjoying his reward of wonder.

"The story goes that Abbott was one of the men buried here. He tried to run for help as the others yelled: 'Run Abbott, Run.' They yelled in hopes that he would return with help. I guess he didn't make it," said Sprague.

Whitney managed to hear Sprague to get his own word or two in.

"That's one of many fables Mr. Sprague. There's also the story that the area was named after Farmer Abbott after his death in the early 1800's. Then again William Blackstone had a servant named Abbott who took over the land in around the time of the Indian Wars." Blackstone managed to lift an ear as he heard the name that also held.

"Rumors Doctor Whitney," said Sprague. "The books you read and the stories you hear all come from the same source. Rumors."

Whitney let out an agreeing smile as he continued to touch the single fieldstone that held the story he was looking for.

"Even Daggett, went into every pub in Rhode Island to ask the elder drunks questions that their grandparents told them about the history of the land. That was over fifty years ago back in 1835."

Standing back on his feet, Whitney looked around the phenomenon as if it was a gap in history. Reaching for a roll of paper and a pencil, Whitney tossed his knapsack over toward Blackstone. He began to sketch the figure of the pile onto the sheet. Trying his best to capture the look of the site, Whitney tried his best.

"All this way and without a camera," Whitney cursed to himself.

Alongside the drawing came notes piled onto notes. Sprague could do nothing but give his guest time and room to complete his interest. The overall importance of this journey was to answer questions. Among the simple need to see the site with his very own eyes, the need to tell the story would soon follow. Minutes passed as Sprague began to wander with Blackstone to other nearby sites that held chapters in the story that laid buried in the pile of stones at the base of Whitney's feet.

"I'll show you where I was told they were slain. This here is only where their friends buried them," said Sprague.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL PART 2
Wednesday January 20th, 1886

The direction taken was southeast, and at a distance of one-third of a mile he halted upon a hill, which rose above the rest. The woods had been cut off just here a year or so ago, and upon this particular hill there was a similar expanse of rocks that had been passed over on the other hills. It was in fact a bleak region, and the knowledge that it bore any such name as it does added impressiveness to the landscape around and to the sensations, which came as the visitor lapsed into reflection upon the scene.

The individuality of the place, so to speak, rests not upon any one object, which falls upon the eye, but upon the scene, which was enacted here more than 200 years ago. This was in short the killing of the nine men near by. The locality accordingly, rather than any one point of ground, has the doleful name. First shown was the grave where the nine were together buried; a heap of stones in the shape of a section of stonewall, twelve or fifteen long by three feet high and one foot broad at the base being the headstones, which marks their memory. Here they have rested for the two centuries in an almost nameless grave, no Christian symbol of the character of the ground, which long ago became as firm as if wholly untouched above them, striking the eye. No cross, no inscription is present; only the row of dark stones facing the north. But so far removed has the place been from anything approaching to civilization's ravages that the monument has at least for a century and a half preserved its present general form and its intended purpose. The other furnishings to the scene is seventy-five yards distant, in a direction "two points east of southwest," and is a common flat rock, rectangular in shape, and about 12x9 feet in surface measurement by two feet in elevation above the surface of the soil.

When the Whipple estate was in the hands of Mr. Whipple's father-in-law, Elisha Waterman, Esq., a strange incident occurred in relation to the nine men's grave. It was either during, or shortly after the Revolutionary War. Some Providence gentlemen, led, it is said, by Dr. Bowen, went up to the place and dug open the grave. They had already stretched three of the skeletons upon the ground ere they were discovered. When the Cumberland people found out what was going on, a hue and cry being raised, and the farmers assembling from

all around the region round, the cessation of the robbery was compelled, the disinterment being regarded as a first-class outrage. It is not said whether the affair took place at night, by the light of lanterns in the windy forests, but the story is true as it is told, and well illustrates the peculiar place the tradition has in the minds of the Cumberland people. One fact was settled by the disinterment, and that was the identity of the men themselves who were buried. One of the skeletons dug up was of extraordinary size, and by the fact of its having a double set of teeth, was recognized as that of Benjamin Bucklin (Buckland), of Rehoboth. It is assured thus that the men were from other colonies than that of Providence.

THE NEWMAN GARRISON

He was a giant of a man. In the eyes of his fellow townsmen and in his giant of a family, he was a colossal being of a man. Somewhat monstrous in his style and the manner about him, he was of rich English heritage and wealth to boot. His character, somewhat livid and at times odd and strange in manner, the glory of his family's status couldn't hide facts of his physical and mental state in his beloved village of Rehoboth. While the people addressed him as Buckland like his brothers and his father before him, there were a small group of close friends as well as a admired few in his family that from time to time would call him Benjamin.

He walked down the main borough of his village like he did any other day. His head held high up in the air with his giant arms swinging from side to side as he made his way to the garrison to state his presence. Yes, there was a dirt road that ran through the growing village, but on the road sat the village's center, which made up a circle green. Rich green grass that has a touch of frost still covering its surface. The settlers called it the "Circle of the Green" or the "Circle of the town" that was still a village. It was early that Saturday morning as he began the day. The prayer would not be held for a good hour. Still, it was not church nor the good Lord that Buckland had on his mind.

He wore a stylish hat for the time. No gentleman would be complete without one. While your common farmer in the area would put anything on his head that he could find to block the tortures from the sun, a man well mannered as Buckland couldn't be caught wearing such an item without the qualities of taste of good nature. His reputation could become something of terror if he did otherwise. The hat was made of silk. Nothing less would do. The brim of the hat hung out too long to be categorized as simple. It was very fashionable and well to do. The material of the hat and the cloth that wrapped tight

around it was both made from the same silk. The color was the same shade of blue that matched the stain of his winter jacket. The rest of his attire signified that he was a local. The leather shoes, working pants, and common winter jacket were regular for the time period and the fad of his generation.

Buckland's occupation differed like the weather in Rehoboth. Ever since the settlement was established in 1643, a week would not pass without a giant barter in the climate. Some days, the young hamlet would see rain fall early in the morning and be treated by seeing snow fall later that afternoon. With Buckland's work habit, he was from wealth. That is, work never fazed him because it was never a priority during the week. Besides having to attend church services whenever "Meeting" was held, not many responsibilities plagued the elder (yet young at heart) 35-year old Buckland.

His father William moved from Northern Massachusetts in 1652 and settled in lands in Rehoboth which he later claimed ownership. Most of the land that Rehoboth stood on was owned by Benjamin's father and maintained by his older brother Joseph. Being the first born, Joseph held more privileges than Benjamin did. While Benjamin had his share of land that was given to him by his father, there was not much to manage. While the land in his name just sat there, so did Buckland. His home sat on the edge of the village as so did his fathers. A double room house, his wife, at the ripe old age of thirteen, would spend most of her day keeping the home (that she spent most her time in) clean and proper. Most of the good day was spent wandering the settlement and observing the people in it. For today as example, Buckland was very anxious to see if the recent rumors were true of what was about to enter the village that morning. He kept two unsure fingers crossed as he looked around.

For his physical state, Buckland was very unique like his status. A very tall man, there was hardly a one who had to look down at him. Even his father had to look up at his son to put him down. His hands, feet, chest, and head were larger than any other man. Stronger than most, he hadn't the reputation of a brute or a bully. He may have had the personality of a bully from his easy upbringing and slight fascination with laziness, but all and all, he had the persona of an average man. However, he was different than others. His disability, if you would call it that would be his teeth, for Buckland had more than he needed and more than he wanted to have.

The entire family as well as the community knew of his unique quality that Buckland held over his head as a disadvantage. Since childhood, Buckland motivated himself to keep it a secret by not opening his mouth very much. While keeping it a secret, everybody around him knew that Benjamin had two sets of teeth. Two rolls of

teeth sat on the bottom of his mouth while another two hung from the roof. Odder than most, it was kept a secret in his presence for fear of his stature and family background. Still, it was the final touch of the man's character that made him a character.

Even the weather that morning had its own touch of character. It was very still and very bleak, unlike an average March morning. A light pasturing of snow sat on the ground in areas where it decided not to melt. The main road was bare as well as most of the open fields. Still, several neighboring branches on trees and at the base of tree trunks hid snow. The spring has begun on the 20th of that month. Still, a week into the glory of what would become the passing of the cold winter and the brink of a promising re-birth, continued to feel like the end. Back again to the main road of the town, it was a bit busier than usual. A few of the women of the town were busy doing what they did, being seen coming and going from the center shops that made up three houses on the road. Rehoboth wasn't by any means a primitive settlement. Other villages in the area up north in Massachusetts were still unadorned with one-room shacks with no windows and dirt floors that had been standing since they were originally built in the 1630's. The town had features that were very modern and right for their needs. You had your market, which carried what you needed. A beloved asset, being close to the Providence Plantation ports and the ports off the Pawtucket lands, many goods and services were available to the growing town. All in all, the area known as Rehoboth sat on the far edge of Plymouth Law and of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

You also had your brick maker and blacksmith who worked in similar fashions from their homes. The brick maker / layer was new to the area. Very different indeed, he was not of noble blood. That is, according to the people of the land, he emigrated to the village from Ireland. Many called him Beers for it was his last name. Only one person called him Robert and she was his wife. Many talked as many do, overall, his status was a bricklayer and for that reason alone, he stayed as a member of the growing community. Like the women of the town, he too was seen coming and going from time to time and nothing more.

From Buckland's perspective, it wasn't the women in the village that made the road look quite so busy. From the entrance of the road on the southern side, you could see a group of men making their way to the center of the village toward the garrison. Buckland stopped to fix his heel fit snug into his shoe as well as to draw more attention to the sight in front of him. It appeared to be the rumor mentioned at the Garrison earlier that week was true.

The men who traveled in an odd style band marched out of order down the road towards Buckland. They appeared to be soldiers, some dressed like farmers, other dressed in armor and / or an arrangement of helmets, boots, belts, and weapons. They all dressed similarly in one case or another. The helmets worn by half the men were of the same fashion that the Spanish soldiers worn during the time. Each end had a visor that would arch up towards the sky. The end points of the helmet covered a portion of their faces, head, and necks for protection from the sun. Made of a steady, strong metal that weighted more than the soldier's bust, it took a good deal of strength in your neck to wear such an item.

It was hard to say what they were by just looking at them. In a time before there were Patriots or even Minutemen, the angry bunch looked like they had just been let out of a cage. Some of the men looked presentable as most military men are. Holding a look that was all there own, they were something of somewhat special. Then again, it was just a gathering of armed men who had entered the entrance of town.

A sight not so often seen, Buckland admired the group as they made their way down the road like tired school children being recently let out of Sunday bible prayer. They held a noble sense to themselves. Still, they moved somewhat savagely as they carried an arrangement of weapons by their sides and over their shoulders. More and more of the village people's began to take notice alongside of Buckland. From out of the local blacksmith's home stepped out a young man no older than thirteen. At the age, you were considered an adult for all the responsibilities you held in your family. The young man hurried out the front of the blacksmith's home and hurried out to the site in the road. A child, John Read Jr. rushed outside like he would have if he were eleven or twelve years of age. A normal looking lad with the anticipation that any of us had at that age, John hung his head over the top wooden rail of the Blacksmith's fence that bordered his front steps toward the road. Watching the sight march past him John was in total awe as he gawked at the giant spears many of the men carried.

Not all the men carried a single spear. A few of the men carried objects that the young John Read never seen before. Not many of the men in the village owned such weapons for their protection. Being from simple folk, John was familiar with the sight of a sword, a hunting knife, or even a spear that somehow reminded him of the giant fence like beams that he helped his father sharpen before planting them throughout the perimeter of the village. This kept many of the farmer's animals safe from escaping and the local savages from entering. Which wasn't all that true. Most of the farmers didn't have

animals that worked on their lands. If they did, they used a smaller and less defensive fence to keep their animals from escaping. The large and sturdy fence that protected much of the inner town stood close to seven feet tall. The ends were sharpened to a sharp point to keep those who were unwelcome in the area from jumping or climbing over. Before this need of defense, the farmers required a mere trail of piled rocks that made up a series of rows that bordered their farms and the civil lands among them. The land around was still young and was filled with local savages that lived in different ways. Especially for the recent time, the land was unsettled and worries still laid on the minds of the town's elders that the battles that had taken place the year before were far from over. Outlying settlements, including ones like Rehoboth, strengthened their defenses and waited in hopes of reinforcements.

The unknown weapons that less than half the men carried with them looked like a miniature cannon with a trigger. They seemed light enough to carry, but still looked large enough to cause a great deal of damage. These were called flintlocks and they were the most modern weapons available. Most of the men who dressed more like farmers weren't carrying flintlocks, only a spear or two. Only the men, who were well dressed, like Mr. Buckland (who was still watching down the way) held these dignified weapons with them. They were truly a sight.

The mere sight of these confused looking tools drew several deadly images in the minds of ones like John Read who pictured the outcome of the damage these weapons could make. Never seeing these tools nor the men who carried them, the young man could only picture in his mind being one of the group as he imagined his short slick hair above his ears in the length of a ponytail like any of the soldiers in front of him. The young Mr. Read kept busy admiring the new arrivals as he played with his short hair, that he was unable to see his father approach him from behind. A heavy slap to the back of his head from his father's leather glove got his attention. He turned as fast as he could to attend to his father's needs. His father, who held the same name he gave his son was too a Jr. Like his father before him and his father before his father, the Read family had a proud tradition of the name John. Since their arrival in Massachusetts in the earlier century, the Reads remained loyal to their ancestor's name of John.

Nothing unusual for the time, most of the men in the small settlement of Rehoboth had the name John. For it was a proper name and popular as well, many men took the name and had passed it on to their sons as well. The slap to the head was a regular show of affection

from his father. It took only seconds for an order to be given and for the order to be carried through.

"Go fetch the barrel for the wood like you were asked," demanded Read who motioned his son back into the blacksmith's shop with a wave of his hand.

John Jr. quickly ran into the shop only after turning back around to get one final glimpse of the marching men passing by. Leaving Read to himself by the fence, he began to take his son's place by watching the new arrivals head over to the Garrison. Scratching his head like many of the other members of the village, Read put his leather gloves back over his hands to stay warm. His rare curious meddling grew with each step the men took towards the Garrison. They weren't large in number, but the way they marched together out of line and in a cunning formation, the band of soldiers / farmers could not have been more than around of 60 to 65 men.

Before Old man Read could spit again, he noticed something among then men that stood against them. A fearful sight to men like Read, he took great notice in a group within the group that hugged together in the middle. They made up no more than 20 as they marched in a single line between the other 60 men. They wore their hair and clothes differently. Even the weapons that these men carried were atypical. These men were uncommon in color and unlike in distinction. These people were what Read called "Savages" and what the local natives called "Traitors" to the Sachems. Buckland took greater notice in these men for he had never seen one of their "kind" up close let alone in the center of village. While others in the town began to take as much notice, the men that made up the 60 and the 20 minded like they were just passing through.

Among the savagely bunch, was a younger but more wiser Native who led the pack of his men. Appearing to be less dirty and more suitable, he had a lighter hair color than his brothers. While his skin color remained the same tone, his class in the English community and the means that brought him this far from his home in the Cape Islands, made him more approachable and trusted by his fellow militia men who would hold him as spokesperson and diplomat. He went by many names as many people of his tribe did. In his current and latest surroundings, he went by Amos and nothing else.

Out of them all, only one man (besides the savages) stood out to both Read and to Buckland. He walked on the side of the men as he walked alone. His appearance and the way about him differed from the rest of the group. It was that reason that the people watching could tell that he was the one in charge. Besides the fact, he wore a very large hat upon his head. Twice the size of his own head, the hat stuck high up in the air to a point with a circled visor that

surrounded his face and neck from the sunlight. A buckle strap rapped around the gigantic hat to give it the finishing touches to make the hat look more colonial than it really was. His attitude was one of pure prominent ranking, while his figure was not. His height was strange compared to the armed crowd. He was the tiniest in the bunch reaching at best to around five feet tall with his best pair of boots. He wore clothes of importance like most military men do and should when wanting to gain respect from others. His age disagreed with these clothes. He wore the respectable gear for a man of his title, finishing it up with a wonder of a belt that was tightened in the front by a giant of a buckle clip. The clip was made out of two giant silver bones that crossed over each other to form an "X." This covered most of his lower stomach and drew most of the attention away from his age. From off his belt laid a scabbard with a sword planted inside. This completed the dress that him look like local royalty. He was clearly the decision maker and the man in charge. The symbolism of his dress alone pinned him against the main body of his men. If not for his uniform, he could have easily been mistaken for a common farmer among the town.

Being of retired age, the man they called Captain had reached his 65th birthday just weeks before receiving orders from Plymouth. While not too many of the men knew this to be true, the only man among the group who did was the second in command. He held rank as Lieutenant Samuel Fuller and unlike the rest of the men, he knew the Captain as the most recognized and well-mannered Michael Pierce of Scituate. One of his hands was kept free as Pierce held onto a hanky between his thumb and hand. He had made his journey down to Rehoboth during the harsh winter of that March. From time to time, Pierce could be seen wiping the end of his nose to avoid causing a greater and less dignified scene.

With his other hand Pierce kept a good grip on his sword for not only to keep his balance but to also remind himself that the sword was by his side. Not that he had the memory of forgetting where it was. Another simple reason he held a hold onto his sword was for keeping it as a reminder every time the end tip of the sword would tap back against the side of his leg as he marched. The other men did not have this problem as they were without a sword. Then again, Fuller did have a sword resembling the one the Captain had. A bit smaller and less glamour like, Fuller's position was remarkably like his sword. With his required uniform, Fuller held his golden curls on his head without a trace of grayness. A not so clever mustache began to form above his upper lip that blended in with the yellowness of his teeth. All and all, he looked promising enough to hold rank over the men he marched alongside.

Fuller had the honor of joining Captain Pierce on orders sent to him from Plymouth Plantations and the royal magistrate. Unlike the position that Pierce held, Fuller was not as lucky or at ease. He was much younger than Pierce was, being almost half his age. His duties were to do the work that Pierce didn't or weren't able to do. The daily task of keeping the men in order and getting the tasks that lay ahead completed were his main concerns. For they were too the Captain's worry, Fuller was merely the body while Pierce was without doubt the knowledge. The members of the congregation nearby the garrison as well as Read and Buckland watched on as Fuller hurried up and down the line keeping the rough-looking faction in order and proper. Read made sure his fingers were patted gently into place through the leather materials of his gloves before heading back into the shop to attend his son. Buckland remained interested as he slowly made his way toward the men to ask what the matter was.

By the Garrison, Pierce had already taken off his hat to let the remaining hairs on his head breathe. The assembled unit of the men waited willing to disassemble as they awaited Pierce's Order. It never came as one by one members of the group started to place their weapons down to their sides. Other began to pace side-to-side, as they were lost. Noticing the men's need, Fuller motioned to the weary Pierce with a kind, but somewhat tender and orderly touch to his shoulder. Getting his attention, Pierce replied with a nod as he began to wave his stained hanky in the air.

"I will make with word on our arrival," nodded Fuller.

He seemed very tired. More tired than he should have been, Pierce had much more to accomplish before his task was complete. The sweat glistened off the top of his hairless head. With his eyes closed, Pierce let in a yawn as he began to speak.

"Order the men to stay in formation, we will be taking our leave, shortly," said Pierce. The men did as they pleased before Fuller could give out the order.

"Stay within the lines, gentlemen," ordered Fuller. Many of the men dropped where they stood to rest their tired legs from the long walk. Other headed off in directions without worry. It was simple moments like this that worried Fuller more than Pierce. Looking over the men from time to time, Fuller couldn't help but doubt intentions and his own prospect for survival. The majority of these men had seen the inside of the stock in their early days only to be let out for needed labor. This among greater things worried Fuller and gave him crucifying thoughts within his recent days. Like the speeches he was ordered to make in Yarmouth and Barnstable, the word given to the men was passed along with great care and direct patience. Not knowing how the men would react in days to come once they signed

onto the regiment, Fuller was the last to be among a mutiny once they reached the far end of their most respected and prestige Colony. He remained by Pierce as he waited for further orders. Pierce kept busy with his hanky and his sweaty face. Fuller kept one eye on Pierce while he kept his other eye on himself.

Each settlement had a cadre of men to defend itself, for the militia system had long been a part of the Plymouth Colony. The newly arrived men seemed to be the long awaited party that was to visit the fledgling community. If it weren't for the huge fraction of churchgoers who feared an attack by the "Red Faces," the men would currently be among their own villagers protecting their familiar establishment. The company began to admire their surroundings including the Garrison that held the rights of being the biggest attraction of the area. It was a church to most, while it was the safe haven to many others. It was the meetinghouse, the shelter, and their last main stronghold of defense incase of an invasion. Among the band, only Fuller and Pierce acknowledged the recent barrel holes made in each one of the Garrison's shutters. While waiting out an attack, firing slots had now been available to prolong their survival.

CAPTAIN PIERCE AND HIS CORAGIOUS COMPANY

It fell unlucky that this march who's sooner then this appointed time-

To that meroner in they pirating thou Lackst thos muskitters-

And his Experience haynd amongst buccaneers.

Deacon Philip Walker
Of Rehoboth 1676

NOTE:

We begin to look at the story told by many storytellers. Many accounts of the event leading up to the main episode have been discussed and argued for centuries. The outcome that proceeded Nine Men's Misery was the Captain Pierce Fight. It was fought on the same day it occurred: March 26th 1676.

**East Providence / Rumford
Our Heritage
Page 29**

"Plymouth officials sent captain Michael Pierce of Scituate. Massachusetts with fifty soldiers and twenty friendly Indians to the Narragansett Bay area to do battle with the revenge-seeking natives.

KING PHILIP WAR:
Eric Shultz
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Pierce's Fight, Central Falls, Rhode Island

"Pierce, a resident of Scituate, Massachusetts, had gathered in Plymouth a force of Englishmen from Scituate, Marshfield, Duxbury, Eastham, and Yarmouth, supported by twenty friendly natives from Cape Cod. Together, this band marched to Taunton, then along the Old Seacuncke Road (Tremont Street) to Rehoboth. (now East Providence, Rhode Island) There, they were joined by several men from Rehoboth, expanding their total number to sixty-three English and twenty friendly natives.

Reports indicated that a large group of the enemy had gathered in the area of Pawtucket Falls, an ideal location from which to catch alewives, salmon, and shad, and a natural fording spot in the river. Pierce and his men set out in pursuit. On Saturday, March 25, they skirmished with the Narragansett, perhaps north of the falls, where, historian Leonard Bliss concludes, Pierce 'met with no loss, but judged he had occasioned considerable to the enemy.

It is not unreasonable to think that Pierce had skirmished with a small patrol sent intentionally to meet and test English-an exercise broken off by the natives once they had gathered information on the size and strength of their opponent. In any event, Pierce met no other natives and returned for the night to the garrison at Old Rehoboth."

HISTORY OF REHOBOTH OF PLYMOUTH COLONIES VOL.2
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Capt. Michael Pierce Starts Campaign
29 February 1675 /6

Captain Michael Pierce of Scituate had written his will and was ordered by the Plymouth Court to take his men now under press and 20 or 30 Indians from the Cape area and to pursue the Indians under Metacomet or King Philip. The Plymouth record is as follows:

" The council do agree, that the soldiers now under press from the southern towns by at Plymouth on Wednesday, the eight of this instant, in order unto a further march, and with them 20 or 30 of the southern Indians, who, together with the other who are under press, to go forth under the command of Captain Michael Pierce and Leiftenant Samuel Fuller. (Break) The council of war now assembled to command it to the several townships in this jurisdiction to make some payment to the soldiers first sent out against the Indians... Especially to the poorest sort, who need some supply for their families...."

Captain Pierce and his men left Plymouth and headed for the town of Taunton. It appears that the soldiers were not receiving their pay and their families were having a difficult time obtaining the necessities of life, such as food, shelter, etc.

.....Captain Amos, a Wampanoag Indian, who had refused to follow Metacomet, was in command of the Cape Indians and also a guide to Pierce. The troops were composed of Englishmen from Barnstable, Duxborough, Eastham, Marshfield, Sandwich, Scituate, Yarmouth, and later Rehoboth...The Plymouth Colony Company skirmished with a party of Indians that day (March 25th) near Attleborough Gore north of the Pawtucket Falls. They pursued the Indians until dark and then returned to the garrison house. (probably Rev. Noah Newman's) at Seacuncke (Rehoboth) that night.

ORAL HISTORY OF THE NARRAGANSETT
December 27, 2000

"These were the words, these were the words that we heard. That the Great Captain from the Colony of Plymouth, Pierce was to kill all our people. To kill all of us! Like the hundreds of innocent women and children who died by the hands of the English soldiers at the Great Swamp, 'they were to be killed and they were to be burned.'"

Dr. Ella Sekatow
A Narragansett

NOTE:

The King Philip War had originally started in June of 1675 when several bands of Natives began attacking villages and towns throughout New England. It remained a problem to the Plymouth Colonies but did not actually take on the sight of being a war until later that year in December when Massachusetts and Connecticut soldiers marched on Rhode Island land to attack the Narragansett stronghold in Kingstown. Known to many as the Great Swamp, the giant camp

was the home to more than an estimated one thousand Narragansett people. Before the attack on the Narragansett tribe in late that December,

To that point, the estimated (by the English) 3,000 + Narragansett warrior army were not involved in the war as a whole. From July-December of 1675, the Narragansett tribe, were neutral in the war between Philip and the Colonists. Metacomet (a Wampanoag) spent much of the war as a diplomat between the tribes of New England. A campaign to its fullest, Metacomet is said to have spent the majority of the war pleading to Sachems of tribes like the Mohegans, Mohwaks, and the Narragansett to unite as one people to fight the English colonists. While many of the tribes in Connecticut and Massachusetts joined Metacomet's struggle to defeat the English settlers, the Narragansett tribe remained friendly to their neighboring tribes by offering help to their needs, but did not enter the war to fight alongside "Philip's cause".

The main reason the Great Swamp was attacked was because the tribe had taken in Wampanoag refugees that were wanted by the Connecticut and Massachusetts colonies. Before the attack on the camp, Philip's campaign against the English had been very successful in logistics. Although he failed to unite several major tribes in New York and northern New England, it was not until the deadly event at the Great Swamp that the war began to favor the side of the Colonists in warfare. It was the major turning point in the war for both sides when the stronghold of the Narragansett was burned to the ground. The attack of the camp is said by some to have taken days to break through the swamp surrounding base and defeat the Narragansett. Others believe that the Camp was taken in a day's time. Overall, many were killed in the event and it fueled the remaining Narragansett to join the war. For the colonists, they added to the thousands of deaths the Natives endured from hunger, disease, exposure and bloodshed. This included the innocent lives of many women and children who made the Great Swamp their home throughout the winter years. Alongside of the innocent killed, many of the Narragansett elders were lost as well. Leaving a race of people with few leaders to lead. (This according to Narragansett history)

Since it occurred, the history books have named it the Great Swamp Fight for over 300 years. Just recently, with current investigations, the site had been found to have several bodies of young children buried at the site that had been murdered during the ordeal. Also, historical reports show that a large majority of the Narragansett warriors including their 'Sachems' were not present at the Great Swamp. With a war currently being fought throughout their lands, the warriors were needed throughout the state of Rhode Island.

The "fight" at the Great Swamp was fought between English soldiers and civilians (including women, children, and the elders) of the tribe. With this present day knowledge and modern viewpoints, the Fight that many thought occurred is now known as the Great Swamp Massacre.

(Others disagree and believe that Canonchet, the Native Sachem was present at the Great Swamp and fled after the stronghold was about to fall into the hands of the English.)

In the months to follow, the Plymouth feared an uprising from the remaining Narragansett and other tribes in the area. The worry of the Narragansett tribe entering the war added to their fears that the war would continue in greater numbers and that the Narragansett would begin to go on the warpath with more attacks on local towns and villagers. The loss of the Great Swamp caused a lack of supplies for the remaining Narragansett people. Many historical accounts state that many farms and villagers had been attacked by Indian refugees in order to survive the winter months. With word from southern towns in Rhode Island / the Massachusetts Bay Colony and in Eastern Connecticut, Plymouth called upon Captain Michael Pierce to end the threat of a continued war that was dreaded to be heading toward Plymouth. He had the simple task to make aggressive war on the enemy. Pierce being of old age, had experience in warfare including the Pequot Massacre years before. Having fought with Cromwell and Leverett, he had the knowledge and the training of a soldier. He was just what the Plymouth Colonist wanted to send to Rhode Island. He was a British Captain who had the knowledge and the exposure of leading soldiers into battle. Alongside of years of credentials, Pierce took along with him a number of able and willing men from his home of Scituate. Around 14 men accompanied him out of Plymouth and to the neighboring town of Barnstable where he was coincided with Lieutenant Samuel Fuller and five more hired hands.

Pierce continued his march to every approaching town on his way to the northern border of Rhode Island to adjoin more and more able body men to fight. What a lot of people don't understand is that the men that made up the outfit led by Pierce and Fuller were not all soldiers. About 1 out of every 10 men in the company had military training. Most able-bodied men in New England were required, during this time, to participate in training days. The basics of how to defend oneself from a Native attack was taught. While commissioned soldiers were trained in combat and tactics for a profession (militia), others, like local farmers of the towns that Pierce visited and recruited men, had defensive training that was common. Most of which, were unemployed and / or not making ends meet to support themselves or their families. Many of the men who joined Pierce on the march were

not fighting for freedom. They did not know the meaning of the word. Sadly, in the eyes of the pride in American History, these men were fighting for the pay of being a hired hand by the Plymouth Colony. One of the most uttered lies that this story has passed along through the years is the false statement that these men were militia (In the very truest sense of the word). If you deny the gospel that these men became 'soldiers' when they signed their names over on a common deed of war, making them hired men to kill, then they were simply hired guns and Savages themselves. This sits very uneasy in many minds. Especially the local veterans in the Cumberland area who today, still pay homage to these local sites of history on days relating Memorial Day, Veterans day, V-J Day, and the 4th of July by placing American flags at the base of the site. (Many believe that most of the men who joined Pierce to fight believed that God had given the English to improve and to show the noble ways of Christianity to the Natives. Some of the men that fought with Pierce fought to protect their homes and families and they fought with bravery. If that being the truth, they are remembered by Veterans of today for their bond they have in bravery.)

CANONCHET

The Warriors that watched the surrounding of the camp were close to impressive. They blended in with the surrounding of the woods and the mood that flowed within. It was dark for it was night. The only light seen were from the ray glowing campfires that sat under piles of gathered Warriors for the coming battles. Each man sat or knelt next to another with their weapons in hand. Their eyes told a lot. If not tears, blood dripped from them. It was a hard and merciful site to notice. It took peace in the hearts of the men to know they too had the same look in their eyes. It was the simple connection that made the man a mountain. Nothing was said nor spoke outside around the fires. The faces of the Warriors told the story they wanted to tell. For each had their tale. If not the day that ended, the day that would follow would be talked about and spent together. They all differed in one aspect or another, though, they all looked so alike that it gave the impression that they were of one people and one family. The foul irony of it was each man's tale identical identified his brother next to him. There was something of greatness in all of them. Whether it to be from there misunderstood race and nobility or their current misfortunes, it was true in their spirits. They waited and could do nothing else but wait and witness tomorrow.

Among the camp, hidden in the woods, sat a single hut no bigger than the giant maple tree in surrounded itself with. A trail of

smoke exited the top of the hut as voices began to be heard. The men who sat together around a tiny, lit fire spoke words of revenge, words of terror, and images that gave the scene a dark and dangerous resolution. These men wanted blood and salvation for the recent sorrows and misfortunes.

Within the circle sat elders. Many scarred with years upon years of stories of their fore fathers. They held rank over their people for the simple reason of their ages. They had knowledge of the past that had been prolonged to their recent days. Still, among the wise ones, sat younger men, warriors of the people who sat in silence until it was their time to speak. Light clouds of smoke hovered over them like Earth bound clouds. They gazed into the center fire for both warmth and vision. The stage was being set for the days to come.

"They have lightening sticks. They will kill many men before they are to be killed themselves," one of the elders stated. Nods from some of the men followed as others continued to look among each other.

"The 'boom sticks,' matchlocks and flintlocks. I have seen kill many warriors" another elder spoke. "Still, I have seen days of victory of smaller numbers upon larger bands. We have marksmen too"

The younger sort in the circle nodded with eagerness. It was the element needed to convince the wise ones to stage an attack. One of the young ones began to speak louder than he had to be.

"We have walked these places. We have reaped the benefits of the Earth mother. Why are we not allowed there anymore? Why must we die! " The air became heavy among the leaders. The tension only grew as more and more words were angrily spoken within the circle. The night would come to an end and the day ahead was to come shortly. Many in the circle feared the dawn, as it would mean the dusk to many of their brothers and fathers.

"Now we come to the time of great change," said one of the Elders. "They have killed the old ones. They have killed the women and the children of these places. There is death here and there. Everywhere there is death."

The elder-one who had remained quiet throughout the night spoke with the tears of thousands dead from the months before. Unable to no longer look into the flames of the fire or the flames of his brother's eyes, he looked out into the surrounding air of the hut where the smoke gathered into cloud.

"These are not the words of others. It is our words that speak of our truths." The elder reached out to touch the cloud of smoke. His fingers broke through the surface of the giant ball of smoke causing it to break free among the men in the hut. He

motioned his hands through the smoky cloud as trails of lines formed throughout the open air above the men. It was a sight to see as he quickly got the attention of the men and the silence needed to speak.

“ This is the land around us of our people.” With both hands, the wise Chief pointed outside the hut towards south where the Mecca of the English Plantation stood. “They, the ones not of our people, came to this place from across the great salt lakes. The land belongs to no one, but it is put there by the great creator.”

The elder concluded as he re-crossed his arms back into his lap. His peace was said to the circle. Still, to many, it was incomplete. The silence was broken, as much more was to be said to their worries. One of the young ones stood up at the base of the fire, pushing the smoky cloud out of the scene. Louder than the thunder heard the night before, he was in need of the order he wanted to hear.

“What is happening, what is going on,” yelled the young one! “Word will be sent out to kill all our people. They will not stop until we are all dead!” The elders knew that the chance of peace was hopeless. Many of the elders who remained had no wish of peace but hopes of battle and revenge for the lost loved ones. The warriors wanted the respect of their fathers. It was too late for another peace treaty or a meeting with the surrounding tribes. They wanted the task of warfare and the honor of upholding their lands.

The sight of the Great Swamp was still held strong in the minds of the old ones. They could still picture the spirit broke. A mother carrying her dying child for miles to their winter camps for hopes of safety. The near broken and half-dead warrior returning from a fallen battle. Children who had lost their homes. The black smoke from the fires set upon their homes. It was all that many of the elders of the tribe could see. There was no more remorse or salvation in their hearts. All they could see was the blood of both sides being shed. There were few choices and even lesser roads to travel down to stay alive.

“Our brothers are being massacred. A plan must be put in motion,” acclaimed the young warrior. The elders looked at one another with equal looks and mirroring conclusions. A simple nod after another sealed the deal that would take them through the cold winter and into the promise of a bloody spring. All that was left was the arrival of the sun that would see them into tomorrow and hopefully another tomorrow after that. The days to follow, a great weight of blood would be traded amongst the peoples of the land. A doomed prophecy, if acted upon or not, their “pale faced” neighbors would continue to hate them forever. There would not be a winning side.

Outside, the mood was no different. The uncertain wonders among the warriors were as ripe as the winter hibernation

that surrounded them. The smell alone of the mixed fire smog alongside the twilight of the night's air had its moments of praise. That is, it seemed impossible for the moment to lower itself. The day ahead was surely welcomed with much promise and splendid mercy. At the edge of the dark woods drew a path, and on that path came an old face. The plans that were newly planted within the circle needed this "head elder" to complete their tasks. Whether these seeds were of their own destruction, by sun up, the tribe of eager warriors would need this experienced and well skilled veteran of the world around them to overcome the days ahead.

He was no giant that is sure. The men-at-arms who ran aside him into the base of the woods were much more giant than he. He dressed in nothing too spectacular that took attention away from his gray matter. A Sachem of the land and of the people, he was the last remaining true head of the struggle. The crown of all the masters, he stood on top of many hills to rule. He brought the promise of pride that his people once flourished with. In one hand held his bow while the other held his sack of arrows. He had been fighting for days before the circle assembled. Many of the arrows in his sack had already been fired and retrieved time and time again. Although the cruelty of time and the changing of many seasons, he endured his role for the people. The sad fact was miserably authentic that the truly best of their people were already dead. The innocence and the holiest of their youth and all wise was gone forever. What stood before all of them as a tribe was the leftover meat from the bone. A purgatory of sorts none-the-less, if it weren't for Canonchet, the wisest of the remaining elders, the darkness of the night would never have ended.

Sachems of the Narragansett

Howard M. Chapin

1931

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"....Canonchet, alias Nannuntenneu (Nanuntenoo), the son of Miantinomo or Miantonomi, alias Saccohan,....had risen in power and authority....met with King Philip on March 9, the first time since the beginning of the war. Soon after this, Canonchet returned to Narragansett, fell in with a body of English soldiers and Indian allies under Captain Michael Pierce, near Seekonk.

....Many of the Narragansett returned to the island in the Great Swamp during the winter and in January Canonchet carried on guerilla warfare in the vicinity of Warwick, burning houses and barns and capturing the sheep and cattle....Canonicus and his nephew, Canonchet, whom Roger Williams describes as a "very hopeful spark,"

argued that "if there should partiality be showed to him and that money should buy out men's loves, or that one of his men should die for him, then all we young Sachems shall have a temptation laid before us to kill and murder, in hope of the like impunity."

"It was not we who made war upon the English, but the English who made was upon us with out notice."

Canonchet
Narragansett Sachem

The Tragedy of Canonchet
John D. Chaplin
Lecture before the NY Genealogical Society
December 8, 1911
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" Canonchet has now no alternative but to cast his fortunes with Philip... He was received with joy by Philip and the Chiefs who had accepted his leadership, for notwithstanding Canonchet's fearful losses, he brought with him a considerable force, estimated at least fifteen hundred fighting men. But Canonchet himself was Philip's most important acquisition, for his ability and reputation gave him at once a chief place among the adherents of the wily Wampanoag. From that time on he took the lead in every position of danger and, inflamed by hatred, sought revenge against those who had driven him from his country.

NOTE:

By the time Pierce reached Rehoboth, the Narragansett tribe had been in mourning from their great loss at the massacre in North Kingstown for a little more than three months. Since the unannounced attack, the great tribe began their offensive with a series of attacks on small villages in southern Rhode Island. It was not until later that March that the Narragansett began plans for a major offensive in the northern part of the state and its major stronghold in the state's Capitol.

In many of the history books written on the King Philip War, a major falsehood is told on who led these people into battle against the tyranny of the English settlers. Metacom is said many times over of being the "King" of the entire "Indian" race throughout the war. Although the war holds his name, this is further from the truth. Even today, many historians credit Philip with being the mastermind behind several of these attacks on Rhode Island during

the winter years of the war. The fact of the gruesome matter is that none of these historians can prove Philip's whereabouts during the battles. Whether he had even stepped foot in the state of Rhode Island during any of the battles remains a mystery. Another mystery was the whereabouts of the Narragansett's true Sachem during the war. The question of Canonchet's vicinity during the attacks is left unanswered. With all the primary sources from the period studied, no one can place his location during the major attacks from March 25th – March 30th. 1676.

THE RETURN FROM SEEKONK

The only table in the Garrison that could hold a giant gathering of visitors sat at the backend of the garrison, where only thirty of Pierces' men could fit. They took up as much room as the others allowed each other. The shoulder room alone made the site a free for headaches from one side of the table to another. The men drank from a series of small wooden mugs and goblets. Anything that was available in the Garrison was taken and borrowed for the night's stay. A medium size wooden bowl sat in the center of the chaos for the food to be placed in. An arrangement of week old fruit, vegetables, and dry goods was among the feast. A mutilated, half eaten chicken laid half dismembered with most of its bones still intact. The hungry band took turns grabbing any free meat that was in arm's reach.

Except for the candlelight on each of the windowsills and on the table itself, the rest of the backend of the Garrison was in darkness. Some of the men had taken rest in the tight fitted corners of the room. Where it was dark, warm, and cosy enough for their standards. Some of the fighters lade fast asleep. It had been a long day for the entire group. With the long march that began the day, to the continuing march back up north, the men had a full day's adventure that was not yet complete. Most of the men had talk on their mind as many of them knew or recently became acquainted with others in the group. The large body of men from the Scituate area had been talking for days. Many of which were friends long before their departure from their homes. Others remained silent in the shadows of the Garrison for one reason or another. A simple reason was that there was no one to talk to or that they simple did not know their fellow fighters. The small additions from Sandwich and Eastham were all from the same villages but not from the same class or party. Many of them men had their faces covered with hair. A stylish mustache, a giant beard, or just long and untrimmed muttonchops sat on their faces to add to their character. Whether it was their dress, their

manner, or their pose, a clear separation between the Band of brothers were definite. They were of one, but not one with equality.

The bones from the chickens were licked cleaned as so were the bowls they were placed in. The drinks were drunk as the pipes of several of the men began to be packed with the loose tobacco from their packs. The settled aroma of the relaxed pipe smokers entered the minds of the tired group. The fireplace at the end of the giant room was still being worked on by three of the men. The night was getting to its midpoint as less room became available to rest on. Since the winter weather was less than friendly, the shutters on all the windows remained closed. This helped to keep what remaining heat was still in the Garrison from escaping.

The backend part of the Garrison was used for several different things. For starters, it was the town's church where everyone visited as much as their neighbor visited. It was the place to pray and pay homage to God. The backend part of the Garrison wasn't even considered a backend. It stood above ground but was still considered a (basement like) storage area. Most of the town's meetings and ventures were held in the front end of what many people called the Bishop's home. It was also the home to a small handful of servants who worked within and outside the town. These men came and went as they pleased, only returning to spend the night and to sleep. By sunrise, they were back to the fields to work for their food. These men were without names and were called by whatever the town's people wanted to call them. Unlike most of the well kept and paid servants, these men didn't have a surname that they could be called. The only other men who called the Garrison their home were the Deacon and the Reverend of the congregation that took his name. While it was built in the town of Rehoboth, several of the respected and long lasting families of the town called the church after the man who not only ran the Garrison but established it with help from the founding fathers. The church sat at the front end with the Reverend's dwellings and other attachments. The backend that held Pierce's relaxed regiment was also built and used for the unpleasant circumstances of an attack on the town. It held other sites including articles of tools and equipment from local farmers and other attractions of un-built materials for fences. With a dirt floor with a sprinkling of farm hay, the men stayed content as they began to retire for the cold winter night.

As they slept, or at least tried to sleep, four men stayed wide awake as they finished the last touches on the dinner that was made for them. On fancy lead plates on a polished wooden table, each man ate with utensils as they took their time eating their individual chickens. The table was placed on the left side of the front pulpit. During the daily meeting or the prayer service, the section they sat in

was held open for the men of the area. On the opposite side that held a small quarters for Fuller to retire was held for the women. A simple quilt for Fuller's rest was laid out next to a bowl of lake water for him to wash.

Pierce reached for his napkin that sat on his lap. Wiping his tender and already blistered lips, Pierce reached for a sip of wine to wash down his meal. Across from the Captain sat Fuller, who continued to eat what was left on his plate. A much younger man than the others in the room, he had a stronger appetite and a much stronger interest on what was on his plate than on the minds of the people in the room.

To his side sat the honorable Reverend Newman and his shadow, the Deacon of the church, Deacon Walker. While Walker was still a roughly young man in the eyes of Pierce at the age of 51, Newman was far an elder. He stood like importance should. Similar to Pierce, he too had an agenda of status and devotion to a higher power. While Pierce took orders from the Royal Crown and the powers in Plymouth, Newman answered to only one man that he'd pray to on a daily basis. True, Newman was seen as a servant of the people and stood under the law of the Colonies of Plymouth, but he was far from the order in Massachusetts. He was the people's minister and the one who said what was right and law abiding.

Always dressed in the finest of clothes that his home of Rehoboth could offer, he had a fine collection of hats to flaunt among the community. The Deacon Walker made his living within the church (garrison) the way Newman told him. While holding much to his advantage outside the garrison, Walker held his place with Newman as loyal as the next. Having his wealth among his fellow farmers and settlers in Rehoboth, he respectfully stayed in the shadows of Newman whenever it seemed necessary and right. Like Fuller to Pierce, Walker's responsibility was Newman's welfare when inside the walls of the garrison. He dressed in whatever was made available in times of challenging and desperate order. He kept his status higher than others only because of the gentleman he served. A man of God like Newman, he did not benefit as much as his master did. Still, outside his master's reign, Walker held much wealth within and outside the town. It was only here in and around the shadows of the Garrison that Walker knew his lower place behind Newman.

For Newman's appearance, he was no taller than any other man in the land. Of average size and built, it was his status among the community that made him great. A man of God, he dressed as God would want him too. At the very least, Newman dressed in order of what he felt God expected him to. His hat rested off his head and sat on a nearby chair by the entrance of the Garrison. A giant of a hat like

Pierces', it was large and made from rich, black clothe. Darker than the night air that surrounded the shadows of the church benches, the hat took on a presence of its own. It held as much persona as the man who owned it. Around the hat wrapped a belt with a medal ring centered in the middle. A recognized style for its place and time, the cloak that always covered his hidden figure was the same color. It gave Newman the serious look needed to be a man who spoke of the Lord. Any lesser way about him would decrease the manner about him, which was more than holy with his people. His intentions were lesser than respectful but righteous.

From each side of his head hung long gray hair, covering his ears. Well groomed and maintained, it gave Newman a classy look than he may have wanted. It was this feature alongside another than made Newman original. The white brooch that hung around his neck looked like the red Adam's apple of a rooster. Hanging on his chest like the gills of a catfish or a tropical lizard, it stuck out like a rooted crop. The silkiness in his long gray hair added to his classy appeal while this other fashion took away from it.

With a nod and a gesture of his hand, Newman got Walker's attention to clear the table and to fetch the articles of interest. Fuller refused his plate as he was still occupied with one of the wings from his chicken meal. Pierce tended to his lower lip as he noticed the change of scenery. No one had called the meeting, but it was being held the same. Although it was in the back of his mind, Pierce assumed Newman wished to speak of the plans ahead.

"What is there to learn from the recent skirmish with the savages," Newman asked? "Was the account just?"

Fuller knew that answer to the Reverend's question but hesitated to answer. Instead, with his hands still occupying his dinner, the young Lieutenant watched and waited for Pierces' reply.

"There was nothing to profit from the day spent," said Pierce. "Besides the handful of dead scavengers that we encountered, the only good that came from the scouting was the gain of the deaths." Pierce and Newman shared an acute nod as both their eyes wondered into their laps for a shred of nobleness. Fuller quickly took a sip of his wine in order to clear his throat to talk.

"We lost a small handful of the party of Cape Indians," Fuller added. Getting Newman's attention with a touch of interest, Pierce managed to flick a crud of his dinner from off his cheek, which was paying him more mind than the loss of his men. "The only thing just of the entire affair was that both sides lost fighters. I only pray for thanks that less of our blood was shed."

Pierce quickly ignored the amateur remarks in warfare made from Fuller as he conjured up other points of interest to bring

up. "None carried weapons of any danger to us, they carried arrows with them, but nothing came of any danger," Pierce concluded. Fuller looked at both Pierce and Newman to find some sympathy for the few that died.

"The arrows were of danger to the Cape Indians," questioned Fuller. "It is also fact that the Narragansett are with flintlocks, we may face weapons of danger in due time." Whether they had been of English decent or not, Fuller's view of leadership as a soldier, had been hastily shunned by two entirely different men of status. Looking for a moment of remorse for both men, he received only a stern look from Newman.

"It is a nasty and somewhat unpleasant truth to swallow when becoming a soldier," said Newman. "Soldiers usually die a soldier's death." Lost for words, Fuller drew his attention back to his plate as Newman and Pierce awaited for Walker's return. "I have been writing to our honorable Reverend Cotton in Plymouth for many weeks now. He speaks kind words of you and your years of service."

Pierce accepted the Reverend's comment and smiled.

"Address the Lord and he will answer," quoted Pierce.

"In his letter, he notes of a possible invasion from the south," Newman added. Fuller sat quiet for it was his place to. The breaking of bread had ended. The table had been cleared for reason of discussion. Walker returned to the quarters of the room with a rolled up map and Newman's quill and ink jar. All in a small wooden box, Walker placed the box onto the table in front of Newman to open and use to his favor. Opening the box, Newman placed the tiny glass ink jar and his trusty quill on the table, Newman quickly reached for and opened the map in front of him and Pierce to esteem. The local hand sketched map was of the region of Rhode Island and southern Massachusetts. Areas on the map were pointed out with miniature circles that showed areas that were occupied by the local tribes and of the recent settled plantations. The oddly map appeared to resemble the front end of an elephant with its trunk touching the ground. One of the circles that meant to show Rehoboth's station looked more to be the eye of the long-nosed animal. It was a rough drawing, yes, but it did the look of Rhode Island with its islands included just fine.

"The northeastern region of Rehoboth surfaces to be safe," said Newman. "The earlier engagement in the Seekonk lands, were far from being a problem." With his quill already dabbed with ink, Newman began to make sketches of safe havens in and around the northeastern perimeters of the map. Fuller only watched from his up-side-down view from where he sat. Walker stood for the occasion behind where Newman sat. Walker was too silent for he had no place to add or receive comments from the higher discussion. Before he

could agree or disagree, Pierce reached into his vest pocket for his glasses. The reading glasses were as old as he. Looking like they could break any second, both glass lenses and the metal bridge that held them together around the nosepiece looked ancient and overused. Pierce overviewed the map as Newman continued to make his marks like an untrained artist.

“Some of the men who served with Prentice reported smoke signals coming south of Providence from Pawtuxet lands as far back as this January,” explained Newman. “Many scouts from Providence say that the common lands of Warwick on 17th of this March are entirely destroyed. If these reports are correct I see a main force of Indians headed north into the Providence Plantations. Reverend Cotton warned this to be a factor.” Newman arrowed lines coming from the southern portion of the state on the map heading up to Providence. Pierce looked on without comment. Fuller did the same as he watched on with Walker.

“Prentice has captured areas in the islands east keeping the Cape area which you entered yesterday a safe haven.” Dipping his quill into his ink jar, Pierce pulls the map closer to him to view better.

“Prentice, ‘the Trooper’,” smiled Pierce. “He is a good man to have on your side in warfare. Just as good as our most honorable Church.” Newman continues with his map marking as Pierce manages to share an encouraging smile at Fuller. Newman turned toward his shoulder in order to give his fellow Walker a gentlemen-like smile. Walker returned the smile as he felt a better time than any to ask a question.

“Have you been at all in touch with the good Captain Church,” asked Walker? A splendid question to ask, Newman turned his attention back to Pierce with interest in the answer.

“Some would say that I have,” said Pierce. “We parted ways earlier the day before at Taunton.” Re-dipping the elder quill in the tiny ink jar, Newman took his good eye off his doings to address Pierce.

“The Good Captain is in the Taunton region,” questioned Newman? Fuller awaited the answer he already knew from Pierce as he scratched the corner of his blistered mouth with the edge of his fingernail. Pierce took in a chest full of air to address a proper question.

“The Captain was in Taunton,” said Pierce. “His current whereabouts are not of my knowledge. Fuller and I did meet and later present ourselves to Church shortly after arriving at Taunton.” Taking another breath of night air into his lungs, Pierce managed to give Fuller a quick look to see if he was watching.

"I would have less worries if I knew of Church's presence," said Newman.

"He may be just that, Reverend," said Pierce. "Departing from the town on that same day, I ask for his assistance if not his accompany to your fair town." Newman's interest in his map had ceased to exist as he and Walker's full heed was drawn to Pierces' heavily breathed chest.

"Will Church's arrival be soon," wondered Walker?

"I only asked, I did not pass on orders from the Colony," stated Pierce. "What Church had in his possession he could not offer. We departed ways the way we arrived." Somewhat heart broken by Pierce's words, Walker returned silent while Newman slowly returned to his interest in the map on the table.

"That leaves pretty much the northern part of the state open for an offensive on the part of the Savages," Pierce commanded. Newman took a look for himself as he circled the area villagers north and west of the falls and Rehoboth. "Many dwellings have been attacked in the north. Medfield, Lancaster, Groton, North Hampton, Sidsbury, all have been attacked and left in ruins."

"The area west of here is called Many Holes. Several river bends are needed to cross if you intend to make it to the other side," said Newman. Pierce pointed to a northern point of the state where nothing had been marked.

"It's highly sheltered in this region. I expect there to be a winter camp here," said Pierce. Newman questioned the possibility himself as he acted on whether to shake his head or not.

"It is very plausible. Very so indeed," nodded Newman.

"I believe you are right of a major offensive heading toward Providence." Pierce remained interested in the northern region as Newman rambled around the map with his quill. Fuller managed to make eye contact with Pierce, as he had no idea of Pierce's plans for the following day. The current layout was new to Fuller. The design that took up most of the table began to take shape.

"It would make sense for the tribe to hit the center of the state from both sides," Pierce argued. "Their main horde will continue up north into the southern entrance of the paramount. This leaving the element of surprise up north." Reaching over to Newman, Pierce takes the quill from him and begins to draw up his proposed scheme. Drawing what looked to the head and face of an animal, Pierce completes a two-horned bull with its horn tips touching the northern and southern points of Providence.

"The scavengers we overtook at the banks of Seekonk may have been scouts coming from this winter camp," Pierce explained. "As we speak, the ones that got away from today's joust are resting in the

valley north of the falls." With the last remaining of the quill's ink, Pierce circles the upper region of the falls.

"Why not an attack on Rehoboth," questioned Fuller"

"For that is what they think we are expecting," said Pierce. "We are currently well stocked for both an offensive and defensive within the town. The last thing on their primitive minds is an attack on Rehoboth."

"Our dear town has already survived an attack once, why should we wait for them to ravage the borders of our homes again," questioned Newman?

"Edmunds is well stocked to defend the borders of Providence for an attack from the north," said Fuller. "However, if the plantation is taken from both sides, he will surely need reinforcements."

"Edmunds won't need it," said Pierce. Pointed to the southern tip of the plantation, Pierce nods heavily at Newman. "They are waiting for the southern band to attack first."

Standing up from the table, Fuller places his napkin on his plate before walking over to stand behind Pierce. Confused at his plan, he defies his tactics.

"Why would a small band of reinforcements attack first? It's suicide let alone a major sacrifice of fighters," argued Fuller. Pointing to the south of the map, Fuller is sure that the south will be invaded first.

"It's called the "Bull's Attack" Mr. Fuller. The Romans used it throughout their reign of the Empire," said Pierce. "An attack will come from the north. This will not be a major success but it will draw some of their defense away from the south to fight. Once they arrive and defend the borders, a second party will attack from the other side putting them into a two-prong attack." Pierce draws out the entire tactic on the map to show it to both Newman and Fuller. Seeing the potential of this offensive, Fuller begins to see Pierce's worry.

"Once they have accomplished this, what is their next run," asked Fuller?

"The two borders will eventually lose to lack of fighters. The overburden alone to fight a two-sided battle will make their defensive meek. From there, I fear an attack from the west at the head of the bull that completes the ambush." Pierce draws the finishing touches on his artwork as the head of the bull enters the western side of the central land.

"This seems unlikely," stated Newman. "Captain Moseley has total domination of the western region. Unlike Edmunds, Moseley is currently on the offensive and is attacking everything in his way on

his way back to Providence." Pierce lets out a gratifying grunt as he taps his fingers at the land west of the center point.

"Moseley is a pirate like Edmunds," exclaimed Pierce. "Moseley is nothing but reddish works. His evil doings caused the Narragansett to enter the war."

Confused, Newman gave Pierce a look of utter ignorance.

"You can ask the brute yourself, Reverend, the man was present at the Great Swamp. In my eyes, he threw the first stone," said Pierce.

"What occurred at the Great Swamp was a fight, nothing more," said Newman. Pierce shook his head at Newman as he looked into his eyes for openness.

"Mark this, my friend," said Pierce. "These words I hold strong, that Moseley had no order of being in Rhode Island lands that day. None of us from Massachusetts were. Nor he or his men, that were made up of lowly volunteers and convicted pirates, were invited guests by either people. He was under independent command and is seen unfit to be a leader among men."

"Rubbish," coughed out Newman. "Your view of Moseley is odd. Both of you were under joint orders of the Colonies, and I am told that you led the charge into the fort with the courageous Captain. Unless I'm a fool, Moseley has great loyalty from his troops and has an unsavory background when it comes to the enemy. A pirate he is not."

A silence had broken out among the four. Fuller and Walker only watched as Pierce and Newman made contact with their connoisseur-filled eyes of grief. Not a word was spoken as the two men locked visions of their pasts.

"Have you ever been present at an end to a world," asked Pierce. Newman only answered in silence, as his eyes remained locked on Pierce's comment. "It took us the whole of the day to break through their lines. Once we had accomplished this one task, and after losing many lives in doing so, that's when the most morbid of sight could be seen. The fighters of the village had all been killed all that remained were the people. I was there, we destroyed, and the company under Moseley burned their world into ash." Holding his bearings to hide most of his true emotions on his years as a soldier Pierce wiped a patch of moisture that gathered in the corner of his eye.

"The good Captain Moseley has been a strong force for our colonies ever since he left Boston last summer to protect Swansea," stated Newman. "He has records of good praise from all his years spent in the West Indies."

"Captain Prentice too has records of goodness but is still a man of honor," argued Pierce. Feeling his chest weighted from the meal and his strong opinion, Pierce looks down for a moment before gathering his bearings.

"If he does the chore of a proper Captain, the western border should be secure. Then again, the problem up north still remains. The Indians encountered today came from the vicinity up north. An attack on Providence is accurate," said Pierce.

A windfall of terror fell on Newman and Fuller as they looked over the map. Pierce removed his glasses off his thick nose in order to whip the mist off the glass shades. Seeing this as an obvious attack, Pierce remains steady as the others begin to wonder of the possible truth from this. Picking at his teeth with his finger, Newman lets out a reassuring grunt.

"I agree with the Captain," said Newman. Addressing himself to Fuller, Newman runs his dirty finger from Providence up towards Rehoboth and off the map. "Let's not forget for a moment where the attacks are heading. It is the mission of these savages, to push north to Plymouth. Once Providence is left a blaze, the next stop is Rehoboth." The fact of the townspeople who lived outside the community is that the attacks were heading north to the coastline of Massachusetts.

"A marvel it is, a clear and outright plan from history by these heathens," damned Newman. Placing his glasses back into his vest pocket, Pierce lets out a yawn of exhaustion and boredom. Ready to retire for the night, Pierce slowly raises himself to his feet from his chair. Being behind him, Fuller politely helps his Captain by placing his hand under his arm for support.

"We'll send a small group of scouts early next morning," ordered Pierce. "If we can accomplish more by pursuing the enemy instead of waiting them out, by then, we shall head out on the Sabbath and end any chance of a northern attack." Seeing him leave the table, Newman stands to his feet as well to respectfully see Pierce to his chambers.

"Very well indeed," said Newman. "I'll send word out to company a party of men for this mission." Without word of agreement, Newman was left with Walker by the scribble-filled map as Fuller escorts Pierce to his lodgings. The tiny balcony that resembled a storage loft was well maintained for Pierce's privacy. Fuller held his hand under Pierce's arm as he walked him to these chambers. Arriving at Pierce's chamber, Fuller awaited for his respected notice to retire himself from Pierce. Getting his notice in a friendly, and somewhat fatherly tap to the side of his face, Pierce turned to face Fuller.

"If they burned our world, wouldn't we want revenge too," questioned Pierce. Fuller remained speechless as he began to blame the lateness of the day and the fullness the day had had.

"You should get your rest, Captain," told Fuller. Pierce answered with a smile as he turned back around. Fuller watched his Captain walk to the edge of the chamber bed before leaving the scene. His tasks for the day had ended. Walking past Newman and Walker, Fuller gave a respected bow to both men before heading out.

Newman briefly took his eyes off the map to watch the aged Captain retire until morning. From where he stood, Newman could barley make out Pierce lowering himself onto the bed. His sword and hat held tight in his arms as they rested on his chest. It was indeed time to retire. Newman gave Walker his nod to retire himself. It took only seconds for Walker to exit and leave Newman by himself to study the map. The night had made everything around the Garrison quiet. If you listened hard enough, you could hear the sparks from the splitting of the firewood in the lower chimney fire in the basement below. It was there, among the men of Pierce's company that Walker rushed over to a familiar face. With open arms, Walker most happily received a hug from his father's brother's elder son, John Walker. A cousin no doubt, the Deacon had not seen his face for many years. If not from a letter written almost weeks before from his cousin's home in Eastham, he would not have known of his presence. Happy like the young children they once were when they last met, the two men sat near the fire to keep warm and to get a better look at one another. There was much to talk about and in so little time.

Outside, it was a different scene. While things kept quiet, there was still much movement. In a circle of their own, the unwelcomed welcomed party sat close to one another to keep warm. The tiny fire they were allowed to build was small enough that it wouldn't cause others in the community to care. The cold smoke from their lungs flew out their mouths like tiny gusts of icy anger. Each breath tightened the men's body in hopes to keep warm and unharmed by the chilly March winds. The patch of dry grass they found by the Garrison served them well a bed. Each man carried their own quilt or hand woven blankets that they brought with them from their homes in Cape Cod. Even the food they ate was brought from home. The chickens had been scarce enough that none of these servants were given any to enjoy. The corn they kept hidden in their pockets was suitable enough for their current accommodations.

Healing a wound to his lower ankle that he received from the afternoon skirmish, one of the "unwanted ones" applies a piece of codfish liver to the torn muscle tissue. A remedy not yet known by the local settlers, he kept it to himself and to his people. Far

from malnourished, they ate the corn that was available and some hidden vegetables they kept secret since their arrival in Taunton. They did not speak in grief to one another of their predicament. They huddled as one but kept to themselves. The ones in the settlement who had been chosen for guard duty that night had the favor of keeping an eye on them, as the only harm they were causing was simply being there. It wasn't a full moon that hung in the chilly sky above, but for what is was, it lit the scene around and gave light to see the redness of their faces.

DIARY OF KING PHILIP'S WAR
1676-1676
Colonel Benjamin Church
Page 107

Interlude in Rhode Island

"Mr. Church no ways inclining to venture here any longer in those parts, and no arguments prevailing with him, he resolutely set out for Taunton, and many of their friends accompanied them. There they found Captain Pierce, with a command party, who offered Mr. Church to send a relation of his with some other to guard him to Rhode Island. But Mr. Church thanked him for his respectful offer, but for some good reasons refused to accept it."

FLINTLOCK AND TOMAHAWK
Douglas Edward Leach
Pages 166-167

March 26th proved to be a day of multiple disasters for New England. It was a Sunday, and the people were rejoicing in the early signs of the long-awaited springtime. At Longmeadow, just a short distance below Springfield, a small party of settlers was riding up to town to attend public worship, anticipating, no doubt, a pleasantly long sermon and a chance to meet old friends. Suddenly they found themselves beset by the savages, and although most of the group managed to escape with their lives, a man and a girl were killed, and two women, each with a small child, were seized and carried off. Later the Indians, upon being overtaken by a rescue party, killed the children and severely wounded the two mothers before fleeing. On the same afternoon another band of savages fell upon Marlborough at a time when the people were attending worship in the meetinghouse. It is said that the approaching Indians were discovered by the pastor who, because, of the severe pain of a toothache, had left the meeting

for a moment and stepped to the door of the building. The enemy's attack was effective, and this important town was partially destroyed. That night the daring Ephraim Curtis, at the head of a special force of about forty men from Sudbury and Marlborough, came upon the place where the attackers were encamped. In the ensuing melee the Indians managed to make their escape after surrendering an undetermined number of casualties. Most of the inhabitants of Marlborough subsequently abandoned the settlement, but because of its strategic location and its importance as a base the authorities continued to maintain a garrison there. On the night of March 26th, far to the westward, some Indians were amusing themselves by burning the deserted settlements of Simsbury in Connecticut.

The greatest single disaster of that day, however, occurred on the banks of the Pawtucket River about five miles north of Providence. Some days earlier a company of Plymouth Colony men, many of them from the town of Scituate, together with some twenty friendly Indians, all under the command of Captain Michael Pierce, had taken the field in search of the enemy. On the night of March 25th they quartered in Rehoboth. The next morning Pierce, who now had information that a band of Indians was located near the Pawtucket River, assembled his men for what he hoped would be a highly successful mission.

RING OF THE TOWN (SEEKONK COMMON)

The day could not have come any sooner for him. Pierce had looked his finest. Being among his men, he looked even finer, being the only well groomed and cleaned man in his company next to Fuller. Both men stood at the front of the line, facing east as Newman completed documenting a list of the men who stood at attention. There were still flowers in the field. The long winter was coming to an end. In the next couple of weeks, the villagers would have the joy of watching the last patches of snow melt away with the last remaining days of the season. The tiny yellow blooms of the blossoms that swayed in the early morning breeze added a touch of color to the timid morning scene. It sure was a sight to behold.

"We shall turn their plans and make them seek to it," said Pierce. Pierce remained posed and as certain as ever as Fuller turned to recognize him. Pierce's smile grew as Fuller's confusion continued. Reaching into his pocket, the eager Captain pulls out a recently written note to show Fuller. Newman wrote quickly on his written log of the names of each of the hired men. Not only was he hurrying to avoid keeping the men any longer than they had, but to make available time for there to be a departing prayer. Having to exit the border of

Rehoboth was one thing, but to leave early that Sabbath and to miss the church services was another. Newman had risen that morning before any other to dress in his Sunday clothes and to look as presentable as Pierce. The elder Captain may have been six times a greater man in force and creditability, but he was still held high in advantage in the village they were standing.

The men from the towns and villagers of Massachusetts stood in their respecting lines as Fuller and Pierce stood at the head. On the far side of the lined men, the Cape Indians made an un-figured line of their own. Less attractive and far less civilized in the eyes of Newman and Pierce, the savage group held their own as they prepared to depart. Waiting for word from Fuller, they simply waited. Newman wondered through the lined formation of simple men to the front. He was the only movement in the circle until two small batches of men entered the ring. From both ends of the ring that sat in the center of the villager's dirt road came two tight groupings of fighters. What looked more like a squad rather than a group, the first came from behind Pierce and Fuller who were entering the town by its western forest. They hurried to the center with their weapons by their sides. No more than four men, they were all from the village they arrived back to. Newman was the first to spot the scouts who had been sent by he and Pierce the later night before. A tiny patch of perspiration dripped from the men's bodies as the cold chill of the weather's wind cooled their minds as well as their tightly-gripped spears and torches that they held onto. The men that Newman sent out were all farmers, each and everyone. Born and raised with a shovel in the hands, they knew nothing more than the lay of the land and how to live from it. For this reason, as well as their speed and youth, and their loyalty and service to their militia, they were sent out as scouts as far as the land below them allowed. Checking to see if Pierce's prediction was true, their main objective was to spot the enemy. Pierce turned with Fuller to acknowledge the returning men. With the letter still held in his hands, Pierce waited for the men to approach, while he rubbed his glove covered thumb over the candle-marked seal. As they did, the second body of men swept up from behind in the rears as they arrived to join the men in the lines. They too were from the Rehoboth / Seekonk lands and were loyal to the recent militia of the lands and were given the chance to join the mission.

The names of the four scouts who left earlier that morning were Thomas Mann, John Fitch, John Miller, and John Titus. All these men were known among the people as people themselves. They had their lands and worked the fields like any other. Being of young and fit to pursue such detail such as scouting, they did just that. Unlike many others in the area, the majority of these men were

recognized for being born and among the community. If not Newman, then the Reverend before Newman or in the civilization over would recall or have documentation that they were who they claimed to be. Not only that, but they would have factual evidence that they did in fact exist. Besides their own presence, many of the outside farmers and servants of the land had no grounds to prove their existence. Fitch and Miller held their heads high in the town's lines of being from a large family. Titus owned lands and held rank as a promising farmer. Then, there was Mann who unlike the rest had no records or reports. He was one or many who lived within the colonies. A farmer like the rest, he was of young age and was quick on his feet.

From the other bunch stood twice as many men. Like Mann, many had recently received word of the gathering of fighters the night before and took arms as soon as they could. Most grabbed the nearest pitchfork, hammer, or spear they could find and headed for the ring of the town. Their dress was of loathsome sort, mostly something a farmer would wear in the winter conditions. The men wore nothing less than boots with leather or medal straps. The dress differed from a giant cloak made of wool to a simple darkened cape that managed to keep them warm. All from Rehoboth, one of the components of the body was John Read Sr. who was accompanied by his son John Read Jr. Both carried similar weapons that the local barracks had to offer, both stood side to side as they waited for instructions. Most of the men waited with confusion as half their attention was spoiled on the Cape Indians who returned the nasty and cruel looks. The other half was looked up at the head of the lines as Newman and Pierce awaited word from the arriving scouts. With all eyes focused up front, the last arriving volunteer, a familiar face, slowly made his way to join the others. With a polished and well-cleaned flintlock resting on his giant shoulder, the Town's Giant whistled his way to the rear of the line. Dressed in his Sunday clothes, Buckland carefully fixed his hat to block the early morning sun from glaring in his eyes. As he took his spot among the men, they began to take notice. More interested on what rested on his shoulder, the men began to feel awkward as they quietly despised the quality of weapons they carried.

"They lay waiting on the edge of the Pawtucket," said Fitch. "A secure path can only be granted to the edge of the first bend in the river."

"Did you see the camp," asked Fuller? Newman began to roll up the list of exiting men as he listened on to the scout's report.

"None that we could see. From the bends of the river's swamp, the first patch of scavengers lay waiting deep in the surrounding woods in the north."

"A possible scouting party of their own," nodded Pierce. "I recommend we act quickly so we may catch them off their guard." Holding the letter up in the air in front of the four returning men, Pierce looked over the men. "I need a runner with speed."

"I fear for Blackstone's dwellings in them parts," worried Newman. "The Savages may already have burned his collection of books into ashes."

The men waited as they tried as hard as they could to listen to the recent news. The men in the front of the line would receive words first as they began to turn to their sides and whisper the repeated message to the man behind him. The process repeated itself until word got to Buckland and the others in the rears.

Seeing the opportunity to show off his fleetness and rush, the young Thomas Mann took a step toward Pierce. Pierce accepted his persistence by refusing him to talk. The letter was quickly handed to Mann as Pierce pointed his index and middle fingers on his hand at Mann.

"Do not make haste to Providence," ordered Pierce. Rushing the letter under his shirt, Mann used the sweat from his chest to hold tight onto the important message. "The orders are to be given to Captain Edmunds. Captain Andrew Edmunds."

Looking surprised, Newman stood in wonder. Waiting for orders to answer his questions, Fuller grabbed the spear out of Mann's hand and replaced it with a medium-sized sword for an offensive attack. Making it lighter for his run, it also speeded up his departure so Pierce could devote his attentions to Fuller's worries.

"God speed, brother," wished Fuller. With the blessing, Mann rushed off into the woods on the outskirts of the Rehoboth border. The others watched and waited as Pierce fixed the sleeves of his jacket to fit comfortably around his wrists.

"I expect a good-size body waiting for us in the woods ahead," said Pierce. "If not in the same number as us, maybe double." A stern look followed on both Newman's and Fuller's face. "If they are of the same skills of the ones we fought the day before, we will crush them well."

"Then why the word to Edmunds and his men," asked Fuller?

"If they are well defended in a swamp camp, I will not lose men like we did in Kingstown. I need the men to overtake their lines if they are well fortified." Fuller agreed in silence as Pierce fixed his hat tighter around his head. "Once we destroy the camp, half the men will join Edmunds in Providence while the other shall return here to defend the outskirts of the north. Order the men."

Holding his hand out to Newman, Pierce said his departing goodbye as he began to lead his men out of the "Green of the town." Fuller gave the orders with his loud and commanding voice so the entire morning could hear. The remaining scouts retreated to the rear of the lines to join the men. Gathering their supplies and grounds, the men began to march.

Newman took a series of small steps back to watch the men exit. Hurrying to open his bible to a respected and noble sermon for the occasion, Newman spared no time to preach the opening lines of the prayer. Holding his right arm out to bless what ever he could of the departing troops, he held onto his bible with his left as he re-sighted the lines of his most Heavenly Father. Most of the men removed their hats or caps as they marched past the honorable Reverend as he spoke the scriptures. Others of the courageous souls proceeded with their exit as they were ordered. Doing his job and his duties to both his Lord and his people, Newman carried on with his passage until it was completed, starting with the opening verse until its final words, the prayer went as followed:

"How many are my foes, O Lord! How many are rising up against me! How many are saying about me: 'There is no help for him in God.' But you, Lord, are a shield about me, my glory, who lift up my head. I cry aloud to the Lord. He answers from his holy mountain. I lie down to rest and I sleep. I wake, for the Lord upholds me. I will not fear even thousands of people who are ranged on every side against me. Arise, Lord; save me, my God, you who strike all my foes on the mouth, you who break the teeth of the wicked! O Lord of salvation, bless your people!

PSLAM 3 – Confidence Under Persecution
Old Testament

With the closing to his bible, Newman watched the back of the men exit his view. Shutting his eyes, Newman silently says another prayer for the departing party. As he does, the good Deacon Walker watches from behind. On the grounds of the Garrison's entrance, he too closes his eyes to give a prayer. Disagreeing with the chosen Psalm, Walker takes a needed moment to find the right scripture for the early morning journey. Unlike the quietness of Newman, Walker's words exit his mouth and enter the ears of the present emptiness amongst himself. Walker prayed:

"The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? When the

wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear, though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me he shall set me up upon a rock, and now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me, therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy, I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

A Psalm of David / Psalm 25
Old Testament

Captain Michael Pierce – 1 line of decent
Page 2

The story of the Michael Pierce Fight appears in many colonial history books dealing with the Indian Wars. The following account of this fight was abstracted from Narratives of the Indian Wars 1675-1699 edited by Charles H. Lincoln Ph. D.

“Sunday the 26th of March was sadly remarkable to us for the Tidings of a very deplorable Disaster brought unto Boston about 5 o’clock that Afternoon, by a Post from Dedham, viz., that Captain Pierce (of) Scituate, in Plymouth Colony, having Intelligence in his Garrison at Seaconicke, that a Party of the Enemy lay near Blackstone’s, went forth with 63 English and twenty of the Cape Indians, (who had all along continued faithful, and joined with them;) and upon their March, discovered rambling in an obscure woody place.....the enemy.

History of King Philip
Jacob Abbott
1901
page 299

“ On the same say in which Marlborough was destroyed, a very disastrous defeat befell a party of soldiers belonging to the old Plymouth colony. Nanuntenuo (Canonchet), son of the renowned Miantunnonmah, was now the lead chief of the Narragansett. He was fired with a terrible spirit of revenge against the English, and could not forget the swamp fight in which so many of his bravest warriors had

perished, and where hundreds of his women and children had been cut to pieces and burned to ashes in their wigwams. He himself had taken a large share in the fierce fight, and with difficulty escaped. This chieftain, a man of great intrepidity and sagacity, had gathered a force of nearly two thousand Indians upon the banks of the Pawtucket River, within the limits of the present town of Seekonk. They were preparing for an overwhelming attack upon the town of Plymouth.

MANY HOLES

The weather conditions were as tolerable as the obedience of the company. Much of the scene was suffering the needed change of the season. Much snow remained covering the ground alongside many of the trees in the forest. It gave a touch of protection to the open air that morning. Once they left the borders of their safe haven, the sun took no time to add its own touch to the morning. It felt like the early beginnings of spring. One could hardly notice the remaining elements of winter, including the frozen blankets of snow and ice that hung around them on the voyage. The mature march rambled on into the unknown with Fuller ahead up front with the handful of Rehoboth scouts and daytime farmers. Pierce followed on side as much of the men looked around themselves and of the area as it was a sight to take.

The sight had its moments. Once leaving the familiarity of their circle, the band felt a promising disagreement of what laid ahead. Much of the men only admired the path before them that was not covered with wetness. A mere dry spot below their feet was all it took for many of the men to feel promise. Others, who had remained cautious since the very beginning kept on their guards for the very simple of worries, from what they were looking for, to just one unwelcomed guest was all it would take for an uproar of fear among the crew.

Much of the forestland was held higher than the common view. The trees were as giants. Larger as much of the trees of the time, older than anyone of the men's elders, the large gifts of nature hung over and high above the early winter sky. On the fresh path, much of the view was taken around themselves. If not a pond, a tiny swamp, a gully, or just a puddle would take their eye. Most of the walk ahead was un-freshly, that is, not of dry. The path swerved from side-to-side, making the journey one indeed. Much of the men who marched in the middle and in the rears of the pack had to keep a good watch on the soldier feet in front of him. No telling when or where his brother would make a quick jump or turn to avoid something avoidable in his way.

The march went forth for a good 2 miles before Pierce's hand rose in the air above. While the men up front say Pierce's gesture to stop, the others stopped for the simple reason that the men in front had stopped.

"Hold the lines, gentlemen," asked Pierce.

Hearing his Commander, Fuller quickly turned himself around and headed over to his side. Wasting no haste or any opportunity for a problem, Fuller arrived at the needed side of his leader. Not knowing what for, Fuller fixed himself assured of a problem of some sort.

As Fuller stood at command by Pierce, many of the men watched on as wondering children. Most needed assurance at this point. Most of the men who had recently joined the party of men may have been in familiar territory outside their homes, but were in a virgin situation. What was to happen next was feared as much as the next soldier in line. Pierce and Fuller had not only the intelligence but the experience in unknown moments of warfare and soldierly attributes. Titus and Miller were among the new additions who had no care other than the mouth-full of chew they were partaking.

"What do you suppose," wondered Titus? A river of spit flew out of his mouth over by the tiny puddle by his foot. Miller shook his head to the thought.

"Suppose I don't," guessing Miller.

"May be trouble ahead."

Miller let out his liquid chew as he held stuck the end of his spear into the ground below. Holding onto the spear with both hands, Miller scratched his face with the back of his arm.

"You may be right."

Fitch looked around at the men in his company. Most were strangers from settlements he had never heard of. Others were people of his own community that he has never made acquaintances with. None of this seemed to bother Mr. Titus. What did stand out in his worries, stood on the opposite side of his newly joined company. The "friendly bunch" waited for word like the rest of the men. Fixing his mitt over his head away from his eyes, Titus wanted to get a better look at these people. Right in mere sight, the Cape Indians stood together in a line of their own about fifteen feet away from Titus's good and bad eye. Another trail of chewed spit left his mouth, this time lying further from his feet. Amos watched on from the front of his pack as Titus's spit fell by the presence of one of his own.

Miller watched on with his own judgment. Titus followed with a nasty of all hated looks at his recently made attribute. The Indian man who took to Titus's attention raised his head over to Titus like a confused, yet angry consumer. Before any of the two could

react, Amos entered the scene. His arm found itself on his friend's shoulder to get his attention and his wits. Titus let out a confused smile as Miller took his attention as well.

"Let's not add to our enemies, brother, the day is too young," announced Miller. Titus scratched the side of his mouth without any worries as he brought most of his attention back at Pierce and Fuller. Miller watched from a far behind Titus's shoulder as Amos rambled a few lightly spoken words at his friend. With a nod of his head, Amos made his way back to his lead as the moment passed. The only scene stood ahead with the two leaders attempting to lead.

"Why have we stopped," questioned Fuller?

Pierce let out a tiny, but recognized yawn as he addressed Fuller. "Where is this mess leading to?"

Fuller pointed at one of the scouts from the middle of the company along with Amos. Both men made their way to Fuller. Pierce took the given time to admire the melting snowcaps that sat on a surrounding tree branch to his side. With the stopping of the march, Pierce could hear the natural sounds of the forest's heart. The cry of the fledglings in the trees, the dripping of the melting snow in the many puddles, and the sound of a nearby river flowing down its banks ahead.

With his sack of arrows flung over his shoulder with his bow, Amos attended Fuller's need to see him with Fitch by his other side. Fitch, who had joined Pierce and the others earlier that morning, kept an eye on Amos as he waited for Fuller. Seeing him stare at his curiosity, Amos tried to give a supporting nod of friendship and easement but couldn't. Like what stood on the minds of many of the men in the company, the day was too young. Fitch drew more attention to Fuller.

"How much further will this path allow us into the forest," asked Fuller?

Fitch, who only visited this location once or twice before to hunt and familiarize himself with the local, wondered himself how far the path ahead would lead. Resting the given flintlock in his arms, Fitch overhears the same river that got Pierces' attention.

"The river lays ahead," stated Fitch. With hopes if that would answer the question on both men's mind, Fitch gave a confident smile. Pierce kept his mind addressed to the sounds of the forest as Fuller took control of the march. "The river will take us as high north as we want"

"Where is Blackstone's dwellings," asked Fuller?

Using his hands as arrows, Fitch points northwest in the direction of the river's music. With Pierce still drawn to nature, Fuller

looks in the direction to spot the bend of the river in the far distance through the large gathering of trees.

"We need to cross the river and one to two parts."

Knowing of no bridge in the area, the tasks of finding a frozen or shallow end in the river was needed. Gathering Pierce's attention for the ordeal, Fuller places his hand on the elder's shoulder. Fitch remains at his best next to Amos, who sneaks a quick look at himself at his neighbor. Keeping his own guard, Fitch takes a small step to his opposite side to avoid and closeness to his admiring savage.

"We are in Blackstone's vicinity, Captain," said Fuller. Unexpected and somewhat wrong, Pierce smiles at the river's noise. Fuller watches as Pierce slowly turns his head to address the young leader.

"Once we cross the river, keep the men on their guard," demanded Pierce. "Blackstone's home is our destination and our last possible shelter. We'll make our way there and hold up." Fitch and Amos listen on as Pierce turns around to face all his men.

"What of these scouts we saw earlier?"

Fitch points again at the edge of the river's east. "They'll be waiting ahead on their side of the river, I assure," assured Fitch. Fuller looks over at Amos for his reaction. Not getting words, all Fuller receives is a positive and plausible nod.

"How far to Blackstone's quarters," asked Fuller?

"No more than a mile or more," gave Fitch. Before another question could be thought up or asked by Fuller, Pierce had already begun to direct the men with his ordering arm.

"Send a group of the Capes to find a safe passage over the river," ordered Pierce to Fuller. "Steadily!" Pierce gave the order as the company returned to the march as one. Hearing the order from Pierce himself Amos only needed a look from Fuller before addressing a handful of his people to quicken ahead of the men to find a shallow part of the river. Fitch joined sides next to his neighbor Buckland with his flintlock over his shoulder. Most of the men's height fitted their build and their character, Buckland's giant 6'0 plus built and tallness hung over the average minds of the others who had to watch his presence. The men made the way over to the eastern side of the noisy river.

As they marched into the crossing, a site stood above a hilltop far on the western side of the river. No more than maybe 100 rods away from the debate site, a group of eyes watched Pierce's fighters slowly make their way over to their direction. Sheltered in the heaviness of the forest, the young Narragansett Warriors laid on their stomachs on the dry patch of dirt under a tree on the hilltop. Eager hawks preying over a field mouse in their grasp, the Warriors snarled

their teeth over the black war paint that covered their faces. They watched and only hoped for the time to come.

HISTORY OF RHODE ISLAND
The Old Stone Bank Edition
Captain Michael Pierce
1929 pages 24-25

The so-called captain Pierce Massacre was to the State of Rhode Island what the Schenectady Massacre was to New York, the Battle of Bloody Creek to Western Massachusetts, and Custer's Last Stand to the entire nation. A hundred white soldiers made a goodly company in those days over two hundred and fifty years ago. Of those who marched out from Rehoboth to disperse the redskins then gathering along the Pawtucket and Blackstone Rivers, less than a dozen lived to tell the tale. Smarting under their defeat at the Great Swamp Fight in December 1675, the Narragansett, early the following year, began a series of reprisals with the result that Captain Pierce was ordered to proceed against them...

Then occurred what to modern minds seems almost inexplicable and which undoubtedly sealed the doom of the Plymouth Colony troops....Captain Pierce marched his troops swiftly over the frozen swamps and fields to the east banks of the Blackstone, near the heart of what is now Central Falls. Not suspecting and ambush, he proceeded boldly along the bank seeking a place to ford. Hardly had he reached it when from his rear and flanks arose a mighty roar of war whoops as the Narragansett charged upon him...

Report of Committee on marking historical sites in Rhode Island
1913, page 89

...At this point the ford was approached through a ravine having a wide level ground on either side of which rose a wood crowned hill. The hills have long since been leveled. The plan of Canonchet was to draw the colonials into this defile and then attack them from the hills and to cut off the retreat by quickly throwing a strong force in their rear....

Captain Pierce led his company into the ravine and approached the river, probably following the advance party of his men, which had crossed safely. Suddenly the silence was rent with savage cries, and springing from their concealment on the commanding hills, the Narragansett directed their deadly and painfully wounding arrows upon the colonials who were thus entrapped.

THE BED OF HONOR

The gathering of Mayflower descendant kept quiet. Evil thoughts pounded the minds of the wet-footed men. The footings became more wet and muddy as they approached the edge of the unknown. Though it was just a mere damp river the silence of the site adjusted the gathered group's fears to one of a child. The grief and unclarity of what laid ahead made it wrong. Each step taken forward wished for a step back, closer to their last night's stay, and to a more promising and less worried scene.

If not for the unsuitable walking conditions that lay under the men's boots, all attentions would have been drawn to their utter fears of the dark uncharted sight up ahead. It may have been for this reason that only a handful of the men that marched upfront of the others saw what slumped before them all. It was the main attraction of what the men were after. The enemy, the evildoers, and the target were straight ahead in eyesight. The silent moment paused with an inhaling of shock. The moment had come.

"Call To Arms," shouted Fuller!

Their presence was fully known as Fuller commanded the men to prepare. What had been resting on the inner shoulders of every strong man in the unit was slowly lifted into the air and quickly aimed. Heavier than most men, the weapons that weighed over a hundred pounds or more were helped carried by the man behind. While the gentlemen in front held the front of the weapon with his other free hand around the trigger mechanism, the man behind would hold up the heavier portion with both his hands around the butt. Most of the "flints" carried that day were gladly smaller and less of a burden to carry. Still, among the artillery were a small fraction of the greater flintlocks that took 2 to 3 men in the company to help carry, load, and in quick and deadly fashion, fire! Others had the benefit of having a simpler weapon that had a unique feature of a horn like end for its barrel opening. Held lightly in their arms, the weapon only took one to load and fire. The men were ready to attack as they stood on their only guard. Fuller pointed ahead over the bank of the river in case Pierce had not only spotted the site for himself.

With Fuller's announcement, the company had the brief opportunity to see what the enemy was doing. It was not an attack, far from it. The promised site ahead only promised that there was a site to see. Looking in the near distance, Fuller and the others watched the backs of three lame Indians hop off into the shelter of the forest that covered the other side of the river. Fixing his hat away from his eyes, Pierce watched with his good eye in the direction that these wounded Indians were fleeing too. They were a small group of

rambling Indians that appeared to be either wounded or a possible decoy.

"Could be their scouting party," questioned Pierce? "They may be a fraction of the savages we encountered yesterday evening."

"They appear to be wounded," said Fuller. "You may be correct, sir."

"I may be right that their camp lay ahead." Pierce watched with Fuller and the rest as they watched the retreating Indians out of their site. They disappeared as they filled in the darkness of the forest's shield. Left with that, Fuller waited for the next order from Pierce. The company kept their attention far ahead in hopes to see what they missed. Much of the company in the far rear lines failed to notice any site. Their loss only added to their worries. Pierce fumbled with his lower lip as he chattered his teeth to help him concentrate with the question fallen before him. What to do next was the most obvious step in the march.

"They'll form an offensive, that is more than true," stated Pierce. "Once we cross the river, they'll be on their way."

Fuller looked for himself. Trying to picture the empty woods ahead, filled with a large attack, Fuller quickly agreed with his Captain's prediction. If the camp lay ahead, those wandering Indians may have already spread the word of their own arrival. If not from Fuller's earlier announcement, the word from the limp few that vanished before them would tell the tale. The woods grew quieter, the men watched without any motion. Fuller took notice of the surroundings of early spring. The melting nature under and around them added to their disadvantage of being visitors to the land.

"Could they have been an offensive band themselves", questioned Fuller.

"Too few. If it was, they are terribly short in number to have only a handful of wondering attackers," said Pierce.

"Once we cross the bank to the other side we will have our backs against a wall. We may be boxed in?"

Already two steps ahead of Fuller, the elder Captain agreed with Fuller's late exception. Fixing his gloves over and over his tender fingers, Pierce kept his view aimed at the other side of the river in front of them.

"Unless I'm a fool a mere refuge camp lay ahead. They shouldn't be more than twice our number," assured Pierce.

Taking the pre-order to heart, Fuller acknowledged the dirt on his upper boots as he lowered his head in front of Pierce. Taking the time to break eye contact with his leader, Fuller needed to pause for a rest. The fear that grew in many of the men that stood behind

him was also felt. If not also by Pierce, Fuller felt the same. Raising his head up to the early morning time, Fuller regrouped his thoughts.

"We may send a small party ahead," questioned Pierce. "

"If this Blackstone's house lies ahead, it may no longer be standing," wondered Fuller.

"If so, then their main camp must be further ahead. An advance party of spies may be most cunning."

Followed by a series of nods, Fuller agreed with the promising idea. It didn't take much time for Fuller to point out and call up the small group of Rehoboth men that joined the party earlier that early spring morning. Fitch and Miller gave each other a quick and mistaken look as they slowly moved up front. Without any trouble, Titus only let out a defensive sneeze as he started to walk forward. With his son under his forceful hand, Elder Read moved himself and his son to Fuller's call. Buckland was the first, and only one, of the men to smile as he approached the front of the march. Carrying his own weapon by himself, Buckland contented his walk with the reassurance that the morning was looking more promising than his previous morning.

"An adventure may be ahead for sure", Buckland wondered?

Unknown to the recent visitors, an adventure did rest themselves, un-rested, on the other side of the springy bank. The ones that approached their brothers with limp arms and legs quickened their pace in speed and balance as they joined them. They were greeted with prideful smiles from some of their own, while others gave a common salute of brotherhood. Resting against a slumped tree on the edge of the woods, the once lame and somewhat injured withdrawer gathered his hidden tomahawk from under the leafed covered earth below the tree. Getting his revengeful grip perfected on the weapon's holster, the common face of this warrior watched the opening of the forest before him. Having been the bait at the river, they waited patiently for the trout to head up stream and take a bite.

The spot in the river that the company halted at was at low tide. Most of the river that swooped around them was at a high tide. A strong rush of flowing river passed by as much of the surrounding ice that lay upon it was quickly melting. This spot, although, still had a patch of crossable ice still present that reached one side of the river to the other. Not trusting the melting ice, Buckland made his way over the neighboring river of his home over a series of imbedded rocks that sat on the river's floor. Taking each careful step with the balance of his giant weapon over his right shoulder, Buckland took his time as the rest of the waiting company watched. Miller and the others slowly

walked over the patch of ice to the other side. Alongside the ice crossers walked a small few of the outer circle.

The moccasins on their quick and quiet feet made it possible for them to slide on the patch of ice. The metal-platted boots that most of the main company wore denied them this advantage. The solid structure of these, outer boot materials were more than right for battle. Then again, for the march, it was more than uncomfortable, the tight snug in the ankles and the heel of the boot added a prayer for mercy with every step taken. Something a knight in full armor would wear, some of these boots had two coverings of metal, having a shield on the top foot of the boot and a second that covered the entire front of the shin and the lower knee area. If walked quickly enough in these boots, a clanking sound could be heard, by not only the surrounding marchers that day but by the hidden onlookers that watched with both their eyes and ears on the opposite side of the river.

Using their fingers as quills, the young ones with their brothers looking on carved out a plan in the center of them. Sketching the layout of the forest with the bend in the rivers and the curve of the plain, the reddish ones pointed out an attack. Whispers followed to each and every one of the warriors as the plan was laid out.

"This is the word of the sachem, it is to be followed!" ordered the Warrior. "We will give them the bait and they will follow, and fall into our trap."

One by one, the knowledge was passed. It was to be quickly learned and followed as many rushed to get into their positions. Grabbing a hold of a "younger one," the sketcher of what was to become got his attention by shoving his dirt-covered finger in front of his face. Catching both his eyes and his mind to follow, a hand carefully made its way to the child's shoulder.

"Stay next to your brothers, all of them," warned the Warrior. "We are not few, but we are still not many." A nod was all the child could get out of his head. Standing with his father's bow in his arms, he had no a single arrow to carry with him. Giving it his all just to keep himself steady on his feet, the fledgling was without the talents of flight. His sole purpose was to be among the people.

"Today is not your day to die." Letting go of the child's wrist, the sketcher picked up his pack of freshly sharpened arrows and pursued with his tight band to his destination. The child did the same, only with more haste and less motive. He ran in his direction with both his hands held tight on the empty bow. Scavengers seeking their meal ran throughout the shield of the woods. Everything was in movement except for two warriors who watched carefully across the bank of the river below. Resting on top of the hill hidden from the long distance

from Pierce's men, the "Red Ones" watched in interest at Pierce's stature.

"He is the one, the one who leads," said the assured Warrior. His brother looked for himself. Looking at the old man from the long distance only made him look older than he already was. Not as tall or as built as the others in the company, made for disagreement.

"How so?" questioned his brother. Getting his eye contact from a smack to his bare shoulder, the brothers looked on in the direction of the warrior's extended finger. Pointing at Pierce, the warrior used his other hand to pat his own head.

"He is their Sachem, he wears the biggest hat!" Agreed, the two hunters slowly made their way to the desired locations. The stage was being set for the scene to come. All Pierce and his company could do was wait for their call. They did not know it, as Pierce once again fixed the visor on his hat, that they were being surrounded.

With his back to his Captain, Fuller watched the Rehoboth scouts make it safely across the riverbank and onto the opposite side of the unknown. The backs of the scouts were facing Fuller as well. The last thing that he and the company saw of them were the back of their coats and the feathers of the Cape Indians that hung on the back side of their heads. They took the edge of the river without haste. Slowing down to only approach the wood of the forest, they took each step with wonder as they vanished from the site of their company.

"We'll give them a measure of a minute before we shall commence," said Pierce. Giving his hat a final touch of with his index finger to assure the snug, Pierce looked the scene around him again to see what his surroundings were. Fuller watched on ahead at the opposite side of the river. Once you reached the edge of the water, the site included the close sitting forest that made it's way north into a splendid hill that looked over the river that cornered it. Like the shrubbery, the trees grew in length the further away you traveled from the river. Waiting for only a noise of encouragement or disaster, Fuller no longer watched the safety of his scouts since he could no longer see them. The only movement seen from Fuller's advantage was the light breeze of wind that passed along the branches of the leafless trees.

The very early spring season was still much on winter's time. The sight anticipated the coming of a new season but had the lack of its early spring qualities. The same went to the sight of many of the men in the company that morning. Most of the men that traveled with Pierce from his hometown of Scituate had no longer looked the way they did when they left their homes earlier that month. Most if not all of the Scituate bunch only had a single pair of clothing to wear on their journey. With the exception of Pierce, who had in his possession

three changes of clothes, (and a collection of gentlemen- like hats) the company looked in order to end their journey. The bleak and dirty some clothing blended in with the ending of the season. Even Fuller had his disadvantage in his attire. Except for the career sword that hung at his hip, you couldn't tell him among the men as a superior.

The sharpness in their quickness flew through the forest above and below. Like the light breeze in itself, the hunters were eager to appear before their intruding visitors. From the border they left in Rehoboth, the company of Pierce had stepped foot off their known colony. Whether they were to call in Plymouth Colony or the Massachusetts Bay, the ones who laid hidden among the nature of the woods were standing on their home soil. They were in their backyards and their desired home of many years. They were ready to greet the un-welcomed people with as much interest as they did months before at the Great Swamp.

CRACK! CRACK!

A familiar sound to some, it was an accepted sound to Pierce, from one of the Cape's who crossed with the scouts, the sound of two spear handles smacked together gave the Captain safe assurance to begin crossing. Unable to see the men from the other side of the river, Pierce took the sound alone for an answer.

"They have reached the other side unharmed," Pierce announced to Fuller. Fuller tried to look for himself but found no signs except for the earlier sound. "Lets not make haste Lt., order the men over the banks on alert." Pierce fumbled with his gloves over his fingers as he waited for the group to pursue his order.

The first step Fuller took into the river's crossing missed the first rock in the bridge and launched into the icy flow of river water. The water crept up his foot and to his ankle as quick as the water passed down its bend. His second foot assured the first that it would make it to a safer destination than the one before. With his steps, other men in the company began to slowly cross the river with Pierce guiding along, in isolated shelter as he marched in the center of his men across the river.

The time was almost due. The passing of this crossroads brought the men to the other side of the defaced lands that very few have traveled. Exiting off the path that sat on the earth, Pierce led the men straight into the valley in the direction of the retreating bunch. With the group of slopes and heavy brush that covered the river's edge, the men slowly marched north into the first clear opening. The impression of the constant dripping of the fallen snow around them made the day sympathetic to the coming of spring. Particularly, the further they marched together into the unknown, the more and more the area began to change in climate. Deeper into the clearing, less

melting snow caps and puddles of snow water were found. This was very appreciated by the marchers as they came into a medium-size field that sat over the slopes by the river. From the distance from the river to the coming attraction, the men were less than 100 yards from the crossing. Aside the light movement of long blades of yellow grass that flowed in the field ahead, the site was very still, a little too still. On full alert and holding their arms on guard as much as the other could, they waited and looked on at the clearings around them.

Coordinates from Piece's lead led them to this region. The field consisted of over a handful of giant oak trees that gave its local an original feel. The land was seen as a hay field or an open area of settlement. A perfect sight to build a cabin or a farm, the ground was very dry unlike the slopes and the bend that stood south of the area. The company sat on the edge of this clearing, waiting for further orders. Looking around, the foolish arrival led to many questions.

"Where is the company of scouts?" questioned the Lieutenant. Pierce wondered this himself as he looked around the opposite sides of the field in hopes of seeing something from his departed company of seekers. He saw nothing.

"They were heading more on an eastern end of the banks," stated Pierce. "They may be further ahead than we expected." The idea led to more silence as they looked on around them. The entire company, were as high on their toes as they could. Most of the hired men felt an urging fixation, since the touch of the air of the open field was very light, it made the pressure of the current predicament less stressful. The burden of the retreating refuge savages that may have been hidden in the woods ahead was far from their cares. The breeze above could have been seen blowing ever so lightly through on of the feathers that sat wedged in Pierce's hat.

"We have heard nothing of them since they departure," said Fuller. "What of their whereabouts?"

"We will continue with the march, Lieutenant," stated Pierce. Confused, Pierce reassured himself as he recognized his sword by his side. Fuller looked on with great doubt as his Captain gripped his sword with his tender fingers.

"But Captain? We do not know where our forward party rests?"

"We do indeed, Mr. Fuller. They are present in the patch of the distance of our very ears. Hearing nothing of their whereabouts assures us of their safety." Scanning the width of emptiness before Fuller's eyes, the young Lieutenant search for an ounce of disagreement with his Officer.

"The fleeing departure of Savages confirms a camp ahead!"

"Indeed it does, but having heard nothing from our forefront company, assures us that the camp lay not ahead but further away." Silence followed Pierce's answer as Fuller looked on around him. "A sound of a scream or a cry from the decoys would have proved the camp's presence. Instead, it has not. Lead the men onward." Pierce took his steps back as he turned to face the leading body of men of the company. Fuller positioned himself as well, heading the rented soldiers into the open field. Scanning the land, Fuller led the way with heavy footsteps behind him. The eager bunch wanted nothing more than to get through the quiet loam that rested below. No path to guide them, only Fuller and his eyes led the way.

Not even the eyes of a skillful hawk could notice the hidden warrior who rested in the field ahead. Watching Fuller and the others approach, the lonely warrior held a reluctant grip on his weapon, a double-bladed tomahawk. The camouflaged area of high dying grass made it possible for the Warrior to remain unknown to the seekers. Eyes focused on one of the men in the company, familiar words kept playing through his mind.

"He is their Sachem, he wears the biggest crown." Running over and over his mind in certainty, the young attacker knew his desired target. Huddled in a somewhat fetus position, he waited on his lower legs and shoulders as the tip of his tomahawk tapped so ever gently on his chin. The weapon held against in his arms and against his chest like an infant child echoed for blood ever time it tapped his face. He waited for the plan to take effect before he could move. Others in his tribe watched on the outskirts of the open field. Some still moving into their desired and proper positions, most were ready for the offensive as they too waited for the plan to begin.

Fuller saw nothing but the task ahead, to head further north and out of this locale. Although it was a peaceful moment in the quiet field, it did not settle right in his stomach. It was this feeling that went through Fuller when the silence broke and his attention was drawn to his western side. A giant of a scream coming from a single man, an Indian, an attacker, the lone Warrior ran from out of his surrounding woods on the left side of the field. Holding his ax like weapon above his head, the fighter quickly approached Fuller. The entire company took notice of this as they all quickened to aim their weapons at the single attacker. Even Pierce drew his attention to the Indian as both his hands gripped his hidden sword.

"Defend the lines," commanded Fuller! It took only seconds for a large handful of the men, to fire a shot at the Savage. The thunder like sound filled the entire field up with smoke from the weapons barrels. Almost every one of the shots hit the attacking target as the lonely Warrior fell to his death, the tomahawk still held in

his fallen hand. The horrific pile that lay motionless before the men was so gruesome to look at, but too obvious not to! All eyes focused on the fallen death, it was impossible for anyone in the company to see the next approaching Warrior.

From off his knees, the young Warrior raced over to the Company's Sachem like a gust of wind. Unbearable the stench from the early attacker, Pierce turned his face to the opposite side to gather a fresher scent. Doing so, Pierce was at hand to see his final foe. Quickening his speed, it would only take a few more seconds for his tomahawk to leave his hand and enter Pierce's chest. His expression was of sudden surprise, not of fright. The sound of impact was a quick burst of power. Pierce was dead before the weapon took charge. A proud scream exited his body as a group of arrows entered his.

"To our rears," yelled Fuller!

With luck from a group of the Cape Indians from the rear of the pack, Pierce was granted to see the death to his murderer before he noticed the path of blood traveling down his chest. Pierce was undoubtedly the first to fall.

Eyes flashed at Pierce. His legs began to buckle as Fuller ran to his side. The weapon that was launched broke through his chest. Most if not all, of this handmade weapon sat inside him. The other side of the blade was too sharp to grab. Pierce's blood beginning to cover most of the sharpened rock by this time. Holding onto the handle with his spare hand, Pierce made eye contact with Fuller as he began to approach. Unable to feel anything above his wound, Pierce managed to feel his legs leave his body. Determined for his Captain to avoid contact with the ground of the field and wanting nothing more than to be at his place, Fuller was present behind Pierce to catch him. The enormous cloud of gun smoke above Pierce made it even more impossible for him to breathe in any surrounding air. Gasping for any breath his broken lungs could find, Pierce quickened his word in order to have them heard.

"An ambush, no " said Pierce. Fuller and the men hurried to scan the area as they began to reload their empty weapons for an attack. If not for the younger men in the company, the entire pack of Cape Indians knew what was coming. The sight was too rare for it not to happen. If they knew they were being watched by something greater than themselves, they were right. With arrows already at aim, they had no choice but to hold the ground they entered. Fearing the worse, Amos began to talk his tongue to his concerned group. Seeing the gloom of fear in Fuller's eyes as he watched his Captain's final breaths, he knew what was to come. The men hurried with their packs of ammo with their weapons, watching the site around them, the fear grew.

"Re-cross the river, form the men into a tight circle," Pierce exhaled. Having his hat fall off his tired head, Fuller took his eyes off his Captain to watch the overwhelming crown hit the floor of the field. Witnessing this, Fuller was late to look back at Pierce to see the dead in his tear-filled eyes. He was gone.

Drawing their eyes to the unbearable site at the front of the march, the dismay grew among the men, as they were not without a leader. The alarm only grew as the sight of a surrounding horror lade before them. The silence of the scene had ended. The chants of war cries took away the innocence of this virgin site. Open mouths and eyes gawked at the billowing multitude of mass warriors. The world around them was filled with them as the war cries grew. Fuller quickened to pick up Pierce into his arms. Without ordering, the men in the company began to fire at their own will alongside the Friendly Indians. The site of approaching Warriors burned brilliantly. Once their shots were fired, the men slowly began to walk backwards in the direction they came from. Fuller was the first to run forward in this direction. With Pierce carried in his arms, Fuller left his sword on the ground next to where Pierce had fallen.

"Back to the crossing! Hurry!" yelled Fuller. The outgeneraled group ran for their respected lives at they fired at the blood-craved approaching fighters. With Fuller's welcomed order, the men fired their last shots before turning to run. Having hit some of the attacking Warriors, some of the fighters stayed to reload and fire another shot at the savage bunch. Most if not all of the men in the company who had no flintlock to speak of were the first to retreat to the other side of the river. It was this lack of skillful weapons that made them run.

For the offensive, they too acquired the use of similar weapons. Clocking the trigger locks back with their red thumbs, the first lines of warriors hurried across the field. Fuller was the first to find this out as he was the next desired target to be fired upon. Whether it to be fortunate or not, Fuller received his death from the back, unable to see his killers with his own eyes. A series of blood stained holes filled his upper and lower back. Falling to his knees, the young Lieutenant managed to keep Pierce from falling as he fell himself. Both men dead, they laid to rest on the field they entered together. The sight of this drew the uncertain picture of hope in the eyes of the remaining men. A sailing vessel without a compass, the company shook with great loss. Both leaders fallen, the battle had already been lost. It was Amos who began to give the orders to the remaining scared men. The once well led soldiers had quickly lowered themselves to the farmers they were.

More and more triggers were pulled as men fell on both sides. In the rush that followed, more of the attackers fell before the remaining men were finally overrun. Hand to hand combat grew in the Warrior's favor. The flintlocks were found empty. Scattering to a retreat. The first part of the plan folded with great catch, by this time the attackers had reached the fall of Pierce and Fuller. The rush had pushed the pursuers back to the river as the first group of fighters began to take the field. Chants of great, loud, victorious rage filled the hearts of the Warriors. No more than 100 in all, the fighters lost a fraction of now silent men. The praise of their win added to their souls as they stripped the fallen men of their weapons and other belongings. Pierce's prized belt was ripped from his waist as his sword and jacket were taken as well. Others combed the field to the other side as they slowly made their way to the edge of the river. The battle in their eyes was far from over. Half the men approached the banks of the river while the other half did what they pleased with the fallen bunch.

Grabbing the sword that Fuller dropped to his advantage, the roaming Warrior held it high above his head as his victory prize. Remnants of a shallow wind blew violently to conclude the disastrous moment. Scalping was not originally part of the fighting scheme. For this occasion, the mounted lust for it was greatly accepted. With one carving led to another and yet another. Nothing could stop the bloody renewal of their pride.

Fleeing for their lives, the remaining group entered the river to quickly cross. Knowing that they were still alive was all that was needed for them to survive. Making their way back to the path on the opposite side of the river, they were quickly greeted by the second group of Warriors. Hearing their chants before seeing the redness of their faces, the wet company knew what was happening. They were surrounded!

Among the surrounding force was the young child without arrows. He squatted by a giant oak to protect his fears. Being with a number of other people in his tribe, the young Warrior stuck his head over the side of the tree very slowly to see what was ahead. Unable to let out a joyful scream with his brothers, he focused more on his breathing that began to take the best of him. The body that sat in the way of Pierce's broken company was mostly made up of fighters from the same position as the ones from Pierce's body. Not of long termed fighters, but of common people. With a party of no more than fifty, their job was to hold off a retreat while the first body of fighters approached the river.

A success in itself, the second party continued to scream like the Warriors they wanted to be while the formation of a circle began to unfold by the edge of the river. Amos was among the men

who agreed with the outlook. Dripping with river water, the men fitted themselves tight together like Fuller and Pierce's dying wish ordered. While the screams of the attackers were filled with pride, the screams heard from the circle were followed with cries and pleads. The large number of men from Scituate held the strongest as they knew most of one another by their first names. A more familiar unit, the brotherhood from Scituate made their lines up front as they let out the first fire at the second party. Hitting very few of their targets, they found themselves with empty weapons as they welcomed the return of the first group of fighters from across the river. The blood craved Warriors formed their lines on the edge of the river with aimed arrows. Lifting off over the rushing river, many fell in the perimeter of the circle. Reloading their weapons themselves, they welcomed an attack as they began to fire upon their enemies. The fear of the high mortality rates that had already taken place added a dreadful thought of what was to come.

Back and forth, the men fired upon one another in hopes of the end to come. Vanished within the surroundings of their Indian enemies, some began to lose promise as they blackened their faces with gunpowder like the friendly Cape Indians among them. Preparing to retreat, there was soon nowhere to fight, only to run. Others placed their spears and swords by their feet, the ones without modern weapons helped to reload the ones who did. Keeping a steady use of gunfire at the enemy had postponed a quick battle. To confirm their religious principles, multiple prayers were mumbled within the circle. Praying for redemption, praying for hope, and for the most part, praying for help. Fearing the worse that the great outnumbering body of men had them surrounded, many put their prospects in the overheard message that a party from Providence would come to their rescue. John Walker was one of these men who prayed in great silence for the arrival of the Providence Company to their circle.

King Philip's War

George W. Ellis / John E. Morris

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"In vain Peirse, realizing too late the numbers confronting him, fell back to the river bank (1). Unable to draw off across the river, and galled by the fire from the opposite side, he formed his men in a circle, according to some chronicles, or in two lines, back to back, and fought on (2) in the vain hope that Captain Edmunds, whose co-operation he had requested that morning, would come up from Providence, only eight miles distant, and relieve him. But it was Sunday, and while the messenger waited for Edmunds at the church

door, not wishing to disturb the meeting, (3) Pierse, cut off from all retreat, fell, and almost the whole of his command were killed or captured.”(4)

- (1) Mr. Welcome Arnold Greene of Providence, has located the scene of Pierse’s fight at a few rods west of the railroad bridge across the Pawtucket River, just north of Central Falls, R.I. Pierse proceeding from Seekonk marched a few miles in a northwesterly direction, and crossed the river at a wading pace diagonally under the present bridge. His stand was made on the west bank of the river within a few rods of the water. This point is now in the street between two manufacturing buildings. Mr. Greene remembers the spot before it had been touched by the hand of improvement.
- (2) Deane’s History of Scituate, page 121
- (3) Backus Hist. New Eng., Vol. I, page 423
- (4) Letter of Rev. Newman to Rev. John Cotton. Deane’s Scituate.

THE MESSENGER AT PROVIDENCE

The sheer pain of arrows being shot in his heels throbbed all the way from his blistered feet up to his knees. His legs tortured with the handles of grief and dolor! He had not stopped running since he left Pierse’s sight once leaving Rehoboth. The terrain was as dangerous as the hidden scouts who hid in the forest on the edge of the path heading south. Crossing several river bends, streams, rocky hills and other natural burdens on his journey, he finally arrived at his destined end on the front porch of the Providence Garrison. A lonely but giant house, which was used for more things than one, could hold the entire winter population of the Plantation that year. Catching his breath with the remaining air he had in his lungs, Thomas Mann looked around for any signs of help. A farmer, a fisherman, anyone he could talk to would have done.

He saw nothing. No signs of wandering intelligence or of animal life. Even the nearby fenced in coop was without any livestock. Most of what stood during the late winter / early spring year of the small fishing and farming community was less than a quarter of its total population. Much of the settlements were vacant, missing from their empty homes and fields. The prosperous colony was like the village of Rehoboth in many factors. Not including the wooded surroundings on all sides, Providence sat on the coast of the entering bay that led out to the ocean. A fishing community that had a total

residence of around 500, for the time being, Mann witnessed a place of less than 50 residents.

Half the reasons of the empty area fell on the shoulders of the cold winter days, while the other half feared the wartime surroundings. The dismay of savage doings worried many villagers as they fled to the Newport Islands down south. The ones who stayed in the Plantation were mostly farmers who had nowhere else to turn whether it to be nearby Rehoboth or the safe haven in Newport or Jamestown. They stayed at their homes and kept on total watch for the enemy. Just like the remaining few, Mann found himself on watch. He was girdled with the emptiness.

A nearby fence post helped Mann to rest his shoulder on. Falling to his side, Mann took the weight off his swollen foot. The breeze whipped across Mann's tired shoulders. The quick chill awoke his sensors to overhear the strong sound coming from within the village's garrison. It was not heard before, but now, the overwhelming sound of song was heard from Mann's distance. The words sang through the wooden walls and out into the open air. Men and women together, singing the words of the Christian prayer. No guards in the vicinity, no non-church goers walking about, the only sign of life came from the mixed orchestra behind the garrison walls.

Limping to the front entrance of the church-like building, Mann flicked the hair on his head back off his forehead. Catching his breath again, Mann took notice of the front swinging doors of the Garrison. Many of the doors on the surrounding homes were common. Having a single door with a "pinch" style door handle. The monster of a door that leaned against the garrison was far from common. Having two doors to it made it much greater and more important. Shut and locked, the doors held the walls shut from entering or exiting. Attempting to open the doors, Mann found them well locked and unmanned. Pulling at the hook-shaped doorknob, Mann noticed that the sound of pulling at the door didn't interrupt the services held inside. A doorman would have noticed the movement and answered.

The congregation inside paid Mann no mind. His appearance on the front steps of the garrison could not be seen. The shutters were flung open on the sides of the windows, but the windows were held too high on the walls. Unable to see someone like Mann passing by, the windows were present to circulate the air and for sunlight. As far as the chorus knew, Mann did not exist. The preacher stood in front of the remaining villagers with his bible held open in his folded hands. Bibles were as scarce as the windows. Sitting in tight huddles on side benches and single chairs, families shared bibles as they sang the words on the pages.

Accept for the need for assistance, the plot outside was peaceful. Joyful words sang from inside, the importance of Mann's arrival was far from completed. An interruption from his doubts flooded his accounts. Having ran such a long distance the conclusion during the run seemed less dreaded than the meat of the task. The current predicament echoed like fire. Frozen in his tired feet, Mann was faced with a problem. Since leaving Pierce and his home of Rehoboth, Mann had the mere responsibility to arrive at his destination and deliver a message to the Providence Captain. He did not expect any other forms of obstacles let alone a giant door of God that stood in his way. The colossal like door stopped his charge. The size of the hurdle was one thing, what rested beyond the drawback was a greater other. What was to seem to be the much easier chapter in his ordeal mirrored to be the wall in his eyes. Mann's hesitation grew by the second as he looked around again for any signs of assistance that could be found outside the walls of the Garrison's church services.

A pure, shameless guilt mounted upon Mann. Through the long and cruel track, which Mann hurried, rambling words fluttered his sanity. The words from Pierce's mouth, said onto him with the letter that carried the same words. A melodrama to say the least, Mann had played out the scene over and over in his mind of what would happen once he arrived. A dramatic over the top arrival where his, tired body would be caught from falling by a local fisherman. A mob from the center of the settlement would rush to his aid as their curious minds wondered what the news was. From his presence, Mann would become polluted with the verbatim report from Rehoboth. Standing on his bruised feet, Mann would give a speech to important men that would define the outcome of the day. He would be taken as an important pawn, and a necessary part of the recent battles taken place.

Instead, Mann stood stupefied without remorse. A giant pause followed by another, the lame messenger was without a conclusion. His lonely simple march became a riddle he could not answer. His expectations led him to the current reality. Expecting to see a league of waiting soldiers sitting at breakfast at the nearby Inn, or the formation of the soldiers standing in a straight line in the village center, Mann did not expect or bargain for the necessary evil of having to interrupt God's service.

"Men! Your brothers need your help!" Mann erupted in his imagination. Entering the crowded room as dozens and dozens of eyes watch his grand entering. His words were to be glorious and as swift as his arrival. He was not given this scene. "The time for glory is at hand!" Words of a proud and fictional dream clogged his simple purpose in his arrival. The burning of Mann's fuddled and unclear goal

fired his decision. He was motionless, song filled ears, heavy feet, frozen arms, and an empty mouth.

Who in his shoes would stop the singing of God on this Sunday morning? The Lord's prayer was as powerful as any bullet that could be fired that day. Ending the music by his entrance was far from what his Christian soul could burden. How could one dare to break such a sound? A simple molehill of a fuss made into a grand and overpowering conclusion that was about to take fold.

A single step back was followed by another, and yet another. Leaning over to rest on the nearby ground, Mann took seat on his back legs with his back arched against the brace of the wooden fence. The song would soon end? The services had to conclude? Closing his eyes, Mann focused on the darkness under his eyelids to avoid imaging his awaiting Captain. His company amongst him and the battle they were facing. Dreams were all Mann had to picture Pierce still on the march without any sign of the enemy. A moment of minutes, a little longer would not turn the affair into anything but. The singing could still be heard from Mann's seat. Joining the believers inside, Mann found a prayer to believe in. With his prayers and hopes, Mann waited for the time to pass and for his return to be delivered shortly.

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And still further, this being an incident of "King Philip's War," it was not hard measure for the dead to rest where they fell. Of these "times that tried men's souls," connected with the misery of the nine men is the portion of the war-known as "Pierce's Fight." Captain Pierce with sixty Englishmen and twenty friendly Indians came from the colonial regions of Plymouth and Boston to the town of 'Seekonich" on the night of March 25, 1676. Fearing the ambushes of the Indians whom he suspected to be gathered near him in large numbers, he waited till the next—Sunday—morning before starting out. Then he headed for the Blackstone rive, in the vicinity of Valley Falls, which lay at the northern extremity of the Seekonk Plains. It is said he sent word to Providence, prior to starting out for assistance, a saying which it will be seen will bear upon the fate of the nine men. Between Pawtucket and Valley Falls, at a spot known as 'Many Holes,' which is placed today just above the Boston and Providence Railroad bridge over the

Blackstone river, Pierces' party was drawn into an ambush. They were led to cross the river in pursuit of some supposed wounded Indians and once across were surrounded. Attempting to re-cross to the safe side again they found themselves on the other side also by a numerous force. Upon the west side of the river at this point the famous 'Pierce's Fight' then ensued, and before the sun had set the entire band of Pierce, amounting to one-third of the colonial fighting troops, was slain.

There is no doubt of whose work this defeat of the English was, as far as the tribes of Indians are concerned. The Narragansett chief, Canonchet, the son of Miantinomi, afterwards boasted of the prowess of his braves in the fight. It is also said that the spot today employed for picnicking purposes, Quinsnicket, near Butterfly Factory, was the lodging place of Canonchet the night before the struggle. It seems more probable, however, that King Philip himself was present, for Canonchet was thought to be away in Connecticut. However, this may be, there is no reason to suppose it would have made a difference in the fate of the English. Caonchet himself when captured was relating the fight to his braves as he sat in his wigwam, and the fact that this capture was made in the vicinity of "Nine Men's Misery" shows who are to be accredited with the murder of the nine.

AT BLACKSTONE'S HOME

The retreating pack of wolves that ran for their lives numbered greater than nine. While the reserved aftermath would only hold nine, the party of scouts ran from the sound of battle being heard all around them. As they raced downhill, Buckland ran in the lead as Titus, half covered in mud from an earlier fall, helped carry his friend's giant shooting weapon from behind. Fleeing from the possibility of non-glorious battle, the small company scurried away.

Since leaving Pierce at the river, the scouts made their way north like their Captain had intended them to travel. Once crossing the first hillside by the river, the scouts disagreed with the open field that rested ahead. Out of sight from their detachment, they headed eastern around the open field toward the coast of the northern river that ran higher into the unknown territory. Coming to a single path at the eastern base of the surrounded forest near the open field, it was here where one of the friendly Indians among the scouts gave the signal. Tapping two hollow wooden rods together in his hands, the Cape Indian gave word to the men across the river that their location was safe. Coming to this path, the southern end appeared to lead back to the bend in the river where they had originally crossed. Looking around the perimeter, the group found no signs of enemies or friends. This drew most of their attention to the northern end of the path.

The curvy path was full of youth. No bigger for two passengers to cross shoulder-to-shoulder, the passage was forged by common feet. The ridge curved at its sides like a stream without water. It both added and took away the fear of who lived in the land. The Cape Indians that followed Fitch and Miller at the front of the lines did not worry whose path they were traveling on. It did not appear to their eyes that the current route had been made by a tribesmen of the Narragansett. It gathered hope that the trail would lead them to a resident outside of the Colony that was responsible for the path being there in the first place

It was at this point when their thoughts damped their minds with ideas of grand possibilities that shots rang out. They had only traveled up the path no more than 200 yards when they were taken by the sounds of war being fought. Hesitating their next move, half the men began to run into the direction of the gunshots. The other half waited for their legs to regain momentum to join the others. Their concealed emotions flooded their actions as they watched the other half run up the surrounding hill that ran between them and the series of gunshots. At a sharp response of ease, the men stopped half way in their tracks as the gunshots ended. Waiting for a second wave of firing, it was Miller who held up his arm to stop the others from passing him over the hill.

“What?” questioned Buckland.

“Wait!” ordered Miller. Being one of the leads in the party, Miller had taken it upon himself to make sure his opinion was given among the men as long as he remained among the men. By Miller’s side stood Fitch with his spear. Stopping only because Miller had stopped, Fitch waited with Buckland for not only the answer to why they had stopped but for what they were planning to do next. Both of Fitch’s hands were covered with a giant pair of mitten-styled gloves that his wife had woven earlier that winter. Keeping his hands warm from the weather, it made it uncomfortable for him to hold a tight grip on his weapon.

Melancholy eyes roamed the scene around them as they kept their ears hung high for further sounds of battle. Huddled together, hidden in the brush, the moment had quieted for unknown reasons. Afraid to utter a single word, the shots had obviously come from Pierce and his men! If not, the wondering band feared that if it was from a separate party, why did they stop firing? The horror of the enemy having weapons of that destruction crept up their spine in shock. Then again, if the noise from the flintlocks originally came from Pierce, why were only a handful of shots fired and nothing else? A possibility that Pierce found a small number of approaching savages and fired upon them made half the men approach the sounds of war to assist in the battle. What kept the other half still as fallen snow was

the odd of Pierce being surrounded by the enemy or even worse. It had been this aim from some of the men that kept them in awe on what to do next.

“They are firing upon the enemy!” stated Buckland. Removing the giant butt of his weapon off the ground by his feet, Buckland covered his giant hands around the weapon to clock back the gage mechanism. Ready to fire at whatever rested over the hillside to the west, the serenity of the forest around him quenched his need to find out why the shots were fired. Others among the party were pleasant in their need to wait. The chillness of the weather was not as harsh as the stillness of the air. The moment seized to rush by as a separate commodity. All at once, the situation awoke the hearts of the men. A fast, calm silence dulled the act to proceed. Miller took the unclear sounds from the distance as reason to wait out the current quietness.

As the moment began silent, the roars of an unseen thunder corrupted the ears of the missing pack. Frightened by the change, the new sounds ended the possibility of safety in their surroundings. Joyous cries from howling animals, the tenor of the afar over the hillside crippled the men. Back on the path, the noise coming from the outlying woods kept the men frozen with their previous fears. The utter dread of what was now being heard frosted still the minds of the listeners. It was the friendly ones in the group that feared the worse. Even though their color darkened from the others, they were as white as the enemy of their enemies. While the sounds of terror came from above the hillside, eyes began to wonder around the path in fear of an ambush.

The sounds only made Buckland more hungry for battle as he began to walk up the muddy, sleet covered hillside, alone. Unable to reach the top, Buckland only managed to view a quick glimpse as his head peaked over the ridge of the forest. His giant head was all the enemy had to see, as the white of Buckland’s eyes tipped over in site of enemy fire. Miller watched from behind as Buckland made his way over the ridge and Titus ran over to be Buckland’s lonely side. The shots that missed Buckland and hit a nearby crossing of trees and

branches helped Buckland to fall back toward the path and onto his backside. His weapon still in his hands, the sound from the firing made his trigger finger work on its own. If not from the enemy fire, the giant cannon like sound from Buckland's own weapon brought the men to full alert. A tremendous blast of power that shook the giant off his feet, the burst spoke as an avalanche of power. The force made the hillside shake from the manmade quake. Spooked from the giant ball of smoke the weapon created, Titus was the first to lose his footing by finding a pool of mud to lie in. Covered in head to toe with mud, the sight to see was far from the giant of a man fallen on his back. His head lay in a soft pile of snow, Buckland's legs laid in front of him with his arms by his side. Looking straight up gave Buckland the perfect view of his size 24 feet dangling above him on the hill. A giant turtle on his back, it took the assistance of Miller and Fitch to get him back to his feet.

By his time, the rush of blood that ran through their veins tempered their minds. The over siege of destruction before them clogged their aspect of what to do next. The site of Buckland on the ground weakened the present objective. Having not seen who fired the shots at their giant friend, only added to the fear of who knew of their existence in the hidden woods. For all the small party of scouts knew, was that they were surrounded and would soon be attacked. Having mud in between his eyes and surrounding face, Titus was the last to get a glimpse of chaos on the faces of his brothers. Although he was the last to reach his feet, Titus was one of the first to hurry off into a safer direction than the one he had currently been lying in. Leaping off his knees and shoulders to his tiptoes, the frumpy Titus led the way up the path, away from the gun smoke on the hillside.

"We must leave this place!" screamed Titus Reaching his own feet, Buckland's courage managed to flee. Unable to look back over the hillside for a second view, Buckland only had enough time to grab this weapon back into his shaking hands and follow the others. By the time Fitch had even reached Miller's side the help Buckland off the ground, half of the men on the path began to slowly make their way up the path. Being joined by the dirt covered Titus, most of the men had begun running. Dragging the weapon at first, Buckland hurried to pull the heavy burden off from the earth and into his arms. Miller was

too busy making sure Fitch had begun running with him to notice what they were running from. The shots alone gave the men enough commonsense that they were being fired upon and that a retreat was necessary.

From here, we arrive at the beginning, where the gathering faction continue to run along the virgin path in hope of salvation. By this time, the gunfire has consumed most of the sound in the forest. Coming from all directions as far as the men's ears could hear, it was John Read who feared the worse as he managed to drop his weapon in order to pick up speed as he ran alongside his scared Junior. The path quickened as the sight ahead came along another bend in the river. A steady stream that curved ever so much around a rocky coastline in the land, the path that led them men to this spot changed from a dirty mud to a dryer patch of sand and short cut grass. It took only a few seconds for the men to court a man made figure in the short distance.

A tiny farm-like home with a single dwelling with a miniature fence bordering part of house in the rear and a confine area for the farmer's poultry, the land gave off a touch of hope as the men approached. This being their backyard, the men from Rehoboth were just a few miles from their homes. With their attention drawn in a huddle as they broke through the end of the path with the beginning of the dweller's home, they were unaware of the surrounding force of visitors (like themselves) who had arrived to the locale shortly before them.

Arrows being fired at their backsides, the men had no choice but to follow in the footsteps of the friendly Indians in front of them by dropping their arms and raising their own above their heads. Still out of breath and out of alternatives, all the men could do was watch the many Narragansett approach them with fire still burning in their eyes. Among their eyes, the glimpse of a lone Narragansett approaching the single home with a flamed torch caught their eyes. Pointing the fire directly at the wooden frames of the home, the wood took very little time to catch a blaze and begin to burn.

The party was forced together on their knees in the huddle they had created. Their hands placed on the tops of their heads as their pockets were quickly searched, their eyes focused all around them at each of the demanding warriors who took control. The mass of Warriors that surrounded them, the unknown home that began to burn, and the elder Narragansett who began to exit the front doorway of the home caught their attention. Carrying a handful of books in his tired hands, the elder Indian stopped to take notice of the huddled group before him. Everything around the men moved fast and without haste as it had been planned and planned again the night before. Shaking his head, the elder of the Warriors made his way to the recent arrivals. It was Canonchet.

While the Cape Indians who stood on their knees may have known this truth, the others took him for simply being the Indian that was in charge of what they were seeing. He was the only one without a weapon in his hands. The others kept a focused watch on the men and the woods around them. A bow, a tomahawk, or a spear held their position. Canonchet stood quiet among the men with a just a handful of books. Fitch took great interest in the books as he knelt in front of the others. Looking closely he could make out the bottom book was a bible with a red cover. The others seem to be less familiar to both Fitch and the others. The others looked to be either hand written maps or charts, or even an inventory list of cargo. All in all, the books stood out in their minds as why they were being carried by the elder.

Taking their worries off the series of books, the men took interest in seeing the roof of the single home catch fire. It would take little time now for the rest of the dwelling to be in ashes. The back row of men missed this opportunity of seeing the roof burn as their arms were being tied together behind their backs. Rope that had been taken from the farm they knelt on was now being used to end any harm the men could do. Buckland was the first to protest as he tried to stand. He quickly found it would be impossible to stand as his own weapon was used to clunk the giant man on the back of his neck. He hotfoot fell back onto his knees as one of the men helped him from falling over.

"Take the thunder stick and leave them be," Canonchet ordered. The weapons from all the men had been rounded up and put together away from the original owners. Surrounded by a circle of Warriors, the men had nowhere to look without fear but to the ground below. A younger Warrior waited for further order from his Sachem as Canonchet handed the books over to another Warrior for him to carry. What was next heard by the huddle was not understood but greatly heard. In their native tongue, the Sachem spoke to his men. Many of the Indians listened and accepted each word that was spoken from the Elder's mouth. Other began to speak back as their words were taken with others. Not knowing for sure what they were talking about, they knew for certain that 'what to do with the captives' were part of the conversation. It was this simple truth that kept the man out of breath and afraid of what was to come.

The youth began to push the barriers in which they could bend. Tempting their places within the tribe, a band of eager and spry full Warriors disagreed greatly with the Elder among them. A push was returned with a great stare from the musty eye of the Sachem. The fear grew on all sides of the watchers.

An argument erupted between the Elder Indian and a younger, and very angry Warrior. The end result was the breaking of two parties. Half the Indians began to leave the farmland with the Elder among them. Leaving through the woods that sat behind the home, the others stayed among the scouts as they pulled them to their tired feet. Miller watched as the more relaxed Indians who stood proudly by the Elder softly left their sites and left into the hidden forest. The ones that remained around the huddle were the many that had the fire in their eyes. It was they who began to march the men into a single line back onto the path that led back to the river and in the direction of where they last heard from Pierce.

Arms tied behind their backs, the tiny party marched together, surrounded by all sides. What was to happen to them was unknown. The home continued to burn as the giant cloud of black smoke filled the air above. What air was left in the lungs of the men began to pollute their breathing as they left the scene. Unable to see

anything without one of the Warriors looking back, they were surrounded by red. The heat from the hostility and hate from the Narragansett fueled the ambition to keep the captives alive. Each footstep looked darker than the one before.

They had only marched less that a half-a-mile when they approached another group of wild Indians. Just coming from a battle in the area, the tied men knew of their whereabouts and the outcome of Pierce and his company. Kept in a tight formation, the men worried that the end was soon. By the looks of the men that held them as prisoners the price of their own heads were worth more dead than alive. Over-hearing another conversation between many of the Savages, the men were quickly taken off the path and onto another. In a straighter line than the one before, they began to march north, deeper and deeper into the unknown. Unable to see the man behind one another, it was a sad truth, just by hearing, that many of the men were already without hope and began to cry for their salvation.

The History of Rhode Island

Old Stone Bank Edition

Captain Michael Pierce

1929 page 25

“Then as their ranks thinned and their ammunition was exhausted, the Narragansett pressed closer. Clouds of arrows engulfed the whites, tomahawks whizzed through the noon air straight to their

human marks, until with one mighty charge the Indians swept the survivors from their strand.

A few succeeded in breaking through the red ranks and fleeing northward and across the river, possibly hoping to reach the strong house of Mr. Blackstone, which, unknown to them, was already smoldering in ashes. Their flight proved useless, for they were shortly overtaken and ten made captives.

In The Vicinity

Moments passed as often time does by the tick of each tock on Newman's master clock. It was the only timekeeper to speak of in Rehoboth. Something to amuse, many would be caught looking upon it just for the mere amusement of its odd and great character in its wooden frame and metal arms. With each passing minute, the dreadful acceptance on Newman's mind became accepted. Pierce was dead.

The minor possibility of Pierce being safe behind the fortified walls of Providence was the only relief Newman could pray on besides the hope that came with his beliefs in the Lord. His fingers had remained moist from the over rubbing and forceful handling of his praying hands. Wrapped up in a tight fitted ball that rested in his lap, you could barely make out the silver cross that hid behind the shaking hands. The young Deacon who hid behind the worried Reverend hid in the same fashion. Not knowing what to make of the moment, it stayed unreal in his eyes with his own burden of his own family member not returning.

Before either one of the men could say a word that felt right for the time, Newman stood from his rest at the front of his Garrison hall. The lonely light that could be seen by Walker from outside the front window of the Garrison became blocked as Newman stood. His giant black cloak grew among the darkness from the gaining night that began to muster outside as well as in. The torches from outside began to be lit and carried by the remaining men who stayed among the community within the Circle of their home's green. The light was changing into night. Soon the chilly air that escaped from the lungs of the worried could be seen by their nearby guilt.

Walker was already prepared with a solid black ink jar and a half empty binder of fresh paper from the settlement's last shipment from the nearby Plantation. Newman had had his quill with him since he left his quarters to pray in the hall in which he stood. Walker handed him his needed tools as he walked off to give the Reverend the space he would need to write the current tale for many readers in Plymouth and abroad. Forcing his hands not to shake, the black ink began to form on the tip of his quill as he began to write the name of his friend Joseph Cotton. The words began to form as quickly as they left Newman's thoughts. Name by name, Newman took the names he had collected with Walker of the men who departed for the march. One by one, they were added among the list as their recent departed. Walker only watched as he waited for the possibility of one of the men returning from the day's madness. Even the scout that Walker knew of from the settlement had not been seen since he too left that morning. With one more stroke on the clock above Newman's head, the day had ended so quickly as it had begun. The 26th of that impossible day had ended and had made way for the 27th.

All would not be well in the days to come. As Newman concluded with his fresh letter, it was quickly ripped from its binding in the book and taken from his hands and given to a Runner who waited for his time to leave. His departure would be followed with an attack on his home. The Garrison hall that filled only two men that night and was usually used for visitors and holy services would soon be filled with the remaining members of the congregation, fighting for their lives. The women and children helped reload the weapons as the elder men took aim outside the shutter holes at the mass of Narragansett

who continued to set a blaze the homes around them. At its height, Rehoboth had 30-40 homes in the community with no more than 10 that sat on the edge of the Green. With the look from the powder-stained windows of the Garrison, only a small handful of homes remained untouched. The wonder of what homes still stood out of the people's view were treated as being already lost. Only Preserved Abel's home appeared to be unharmed in the far distance from the Garrison. By the home, the remaining fighters of the town watched in shock as they could see the remains of their Irish neighbor. Lying on his stomach on the front doorstep of his work home, the Irish one known as Beers laid dead with a tomahawk resting in his back. It may had been this secular distraction that caused Beers to remain at home as the Savages attacked. Then again, it was home and place of business within the community and it was where he took his final breath before seizing. The giant cloud of black smog bursting from the flames that began to consume his home rushed all around the fallen townsmen. The 'Ring of the Greene' along with his home would soon be laid in ashes.

The Woodcock family was the only settlers in the region. Besides their own, the next house could be found almost a mile away. Surrounded by the vast greatness of wilderness on all sides, the Woodcocks with their older son waited for the sounds to get closer as they watched the entrance to their front farm area ahead. There, they watched as the branches on a nearby tree as the head of a man peaked out from behind it. Making his out of breath way towards the fence of their property, Old Woodcock aimed his flintlock at the arriving man.

The gentleman had been running, which looked like for years. Red in the face, and bleeding from his forehead, the young man appeared to be arriving from a war. Sam Linnet was without a weapon of his own. Having been dropped miles back it was needed in order for him to outrun his attackers. This became obvious to Mr. Woodcock as he could see his empty hands raised above his head as he approached the single dwelling home.

Sam Linnet was one of the lucky ones from where he stood. A survivor none-the-less, he escaped death more than once hours before his arrival. A native of Barnstable, Linnet had been among Pierce's party as far back as Fuller himself joined the regiment from the beginning. Fuller had been one of the reasons Linnet had joined the company in the first place. Like Pierce's picks in Scituate, Fuller had a number of names to drop from his home in Barnstable. A smile could be seen on Linnet's face as he began to approach a stern, but greatly appreciated 'white' face whom he had never met before.

Woodcock kept a tight grip on the weapon as other faces began to appear from behind the forest's green behind Linnet. One was a similar face as the one who led the way. He was dressed in similar clothes with similar shades on stains in dirt, sweat, and blood. It was this face, the face of John Matthews, that did not upset Woodcock. It were the two faces that walked behind him that were covered in red. All three men were from the Yarmouth area, but only one spoke English as his first language. The others were considered the deserters of their own tribe, which had now escaped death twice. Once from departing from their world and another from their recent escape from the deadly ambush. Neither man knew that he was the Captain of his people. Amos, with gun powdered covering his face, dripped tears from both eyes as he managed to walk closer to Woodcock's farm with a battle wound from his upper thigh.

Each man was out of breath and utterly happy from being among the living. In due time, they reached the front of the Woodcock's Garrison at the edge of the unknown lands. They were far from the Plymouth line and even further from their homes. Each man reached the earth with their knees as they gathered the air around them to ease their beating hearts.

The History of PHILIP'S WAR

Commonly called

THE GREAT INDIAN WAR, OF 1675 AND 1676

By. Thomas Church Esq.

1829

pages 72-73

“The scene was horrid beyond description! Some say that all the English were slain, others, that one only escaped, which was affected as follows. A friendly Indian pursued him with an uplifted tomahawk, in the face of the enemy, who considering his fate certain, and that he was pursued by one of their own men, made no discovery of the stratagem, and both escaped. Another friend Indian seeing that the battle was lost, blackened his face with powder and ran among the enemy whom they took to be one of themselves, who also were painted black, then presently escaped into the woods. Another was pursued, who hid behind a rock, and his pursuer lay secreted near to shoot him when he ventured out. But he behind the rock put his hat or cap upon a stick, and raising it up in sight, the other fired upon it. He dropping his stick ran upon him before he could reload his gun and shot him dead.”

In Providence, time had passed as Mann finally walked through the gate of his heaven to pass on the worthy message. Word was given and passed on again and again to action was taken. Mann himself added along with the march, as his swollen feet would forever

be remembered as a sore wound on that dreary day. While there was great deal of events happening on this end of the fair plantation, another event took place on the opposite side of the farming community. On all sides there was movement. The fear of being swallowed up by the roaming many scared even the most eldest and most wisest of settlers in the region.

The truths at Providence took place on this side. He stood on his front door step at his elder age of 77. This early settler had seen many days come and go and had witnessed much in his fulfilled days. Today would be no exception as he stood and watched a horizon filled landscape of approaching Narragansett cover the land before him. The giant clouds of blackened death hovered above the tracking Warriors as the flamed torches they carried lit their way through the darkening of the late evening light. The ending of his civilization was in his fear, their existence before his eyes worried Mr. Roger Williams to the point of certain doom.

He continued to watch as two approaching Warriors made their way to his front lawn, both carrying their weapons to their sides, Williams held his confidence higher in order to let the men approach his beating heart.

“What is happening,” worried William? “What is going on?”

One warrior old as Williams, the other was young like the day had begun. Both stood as stern as the black smoke among them. Each had a message that needed to be delivered.

“The time has come, Mr. Williams,” ordered the young Warrior! “It has finally come, you may see for yourself of the vengeance!” The younger man stood more proudly than the other. The elder one alongside of Williams knew the truth of what war could do to a people. Both men saw the fear of the next day in their eyes as the young men that day ran with what was in their hearts and not their minds.

"I have nothing to do with this happening," said Williams. "The past has not been written by my hands." Without pleading for his life, Williams said his peace as he acted as the wall to guard his tiny home that had sat by the river of his home in Providence for many years. More and more words were said as the scene around him began to catch on fire. More and more Warriors could be seen on the outskirts circling the region, ready to attack. Before the young Warrior could give another doomful remark to Mr. Williams, the elder Warrior finally spoke.

"Canonicus loved you, Mr. Williams," spoke the Elder. Time stopped with the comment from all sides of the meeting. Even the smoke from the recently lit fires somehow froze in the moment as the eyes of the two people connected with the utter truth of the past. Canonicus was the father of Canonchet, Canonchet of the Narragansett. The same man who had escaped the Great Swamp the day the world of his people ended, had also remembered the words of his father, the Sachem and wise man before him. "Not one hair on your head, to be harmed! Those were the words, Mr. Williams. Not a single hair is to be harmed on your head!"

The power in the Young Warriors voice was no more. The message had been given. Williams' worries were not of his life as much as his well being for his family. His commitment as the commitment of his friends with the Narragansett was thankfully still strong. He could not believe the scene before him that added to pieces of the puzzle. Months before, the attackers on the Coventry lands and Weymouth only led the trail of destruction toward them in Providence. Why they did not see this coming boggled Williams' mind like no other. These scriptures that questioned made him right. The path towards Plymouth road right through Providence and into the Massachusetts bay Colony and back into the Great Sea where he and his neighbors had crossed many years before. Still needing to know more of the events that would soon take place, his questions followed as the Elder tried to answer.

By the end of that day, the destruction would rightfully begin. In days to follow much as 100 dwellings would be left in

shambles. 54 homes burned to the ground on which they once stood. By March 28th, it would all be a grave loss. Like the village area of Marlboro north of them-like Rehoboth, Providence would be downright attacked and left for dead. The confrontation on Roger Williams' front lawn would not end without reason. Many question needed to be answered in order for Williams to understand those doings of the day.

"Flee now to your brother in Newport, Mr. Williams," ordered the Young Warrior. "Your protection may be better off by your families' side than here!" Williams greatly understood. As it was apparent that he would need to leave his home. Thoughts of Charles II sitting on his thrown in England clogged his thinking as it made him wonder what other names of the times would take the bleak news of the events taking place in his lands. Even though where Mr. Williams' home stood was considered unknown territory, it was still in the interests of England and neighboring countries.

"Is all I may go is south?" asked Williams. Fearing the worse for the northern armies, Williams questioned if the Narragansett knew of their existence. Looks by both Warriors answered Williams' question. The look was filled with a hidden truth that rested north of his home in Providence.

"You may depart wherever Mr. Williams pleases," ordered the elder Warrior. At first, this answer pleased Williams as it eased his troubles of there being a northern defeat by the Massachusetts Bay Colony. With there being a great deal of bloodshed and black smoke seen from his front door step, a northern defeat would swallow every border Providence neighbored. Williams could only tip his hat to the men that he had word with. He too was ready to write word himself in a form of a letter. To his loved ones in the islands in the south, Williams needed to capture the words said that evening for others to know.

"Unlike the many dead we left at Blackstone's, you may live to see another day," announced the youthful Warrior. These were the words that froze Williams in his boots. With a victorious smirk on

the Young One's face, it had to be said. Even though the Elder one by his side may have disagreed with his choice of words, the day was coming to a close and it was a time that the Warriors needed to fuel their tomorrow of more promise in the war. With that, the Warriors left the home of their respected neighbor to join their waiting brothers in the surrounding woods. Williams too had to leave the front of his home to gather his wits. Entering his home, the first thing he reached for was an available quill and his last sheet of writing paper. He began to write:

Dear Brother,

By my Wife I wrote to you some particulars of the goings of God at Rehoboth. I thought fit to acquaint your dear self and my dear wife and children and friends, with the goings of the Most Highest at Providence...

Departing in the night, moonlight filling, the rescue party that formed in a party of three brave souls, slowly marched north into the darkness of the fears. Holding a single lit torch high in the air ahead of him, the local man from the area lead the way. He was once a resident of these woods. He had made his home with his master for many years. A servant to one of the original settlers in the area, it was his daily task to run and maintain the farming grounds, which laid within these forests' walls. For this reason alone, and his braveness of being a part of a search party, he led the way.

You could still scent the taste of gun smoke in the air. It began to burn their eyes the closer they traveled into the dark woods. Each step was taken with the fear of being forgotten. The darkness gave a clear reminder of their certain death if they did not depart from their surroundings soon. The torch was the only available light among the men. Although it helped them to see their way down the unmade path into the darkness, it worried the men that it would give their presence away to whom-ever waited for them in the area. The weather became colder as their hearts pumped the blood through their veins quicker and quicker. Grouped tight together, their heartbeats could be by one another.

It came quick, as much of the deaths that occurred that day. They could not see what waited for them until they were just a few feet from the disturbing site. A giant pile of death waiting to be discovered, the bodies of men rested upon one another as if it was a monument to be seen. The blood that had been dripping from the wounds of the dead had patched together to form a glue-like patch. It bonded the band of brothers as a whole. His arm began to shake, the torch in his hand flicked in the night causing a series of sparks to lift off the flames and into the sky above. It did not add nor did it take away from the morbid moment. It took away everything holy and right in the world.

Never seeing the men before, the faces told only the story of pain. All they could see was the death of these men and not the life that once filled them. Looking over the pile of dead bodies, the searchers' eyes began to wonder off the pile to avoid having to look upon the reality of Pierces' Fight. Mere feet from the disaster, the smell of the killed approached their senses. It was unbearable and the reason for their leave.

Looking out into the darkness that bordered the pile of dead, the eyes of the scouts began to play tricks on them. If not for their original fears or the scent of death in their minds, it was their imagination of seeing figures in the darkness move that got them to fear what was out there. Returning to the children they once were, the

minds of their innocent days scared them to the point of tears. They began to run back in the direction they came.

“Run Abbott,” one man yelled! “Run!”

They ran from the site to be away from the sight. No man could nor should have to witness such a resolution that lay before them. The woods stayed silent except for the current sound of the men running from their undesired locality. It was the end of their journey and the beginning of their worries. The men ran as far as their legs would take them. The torch was dropped in a patch of mud to avoid any attraction that it would create. The moon would be their only light that they would need. Together they ran for their lives and the possibility of one in days to come.

A Narrative of the INDIAN WARS in New England

William Hubbard, A.M.

1775, pages 121-125

“...It is said also, that being apprehensive of the danger he was in, by the great numbers of the enemy like to overpower him with their multitude, he sent a messenger timely enough to Providence, for relief, but as Solomon saith, ‘a faithful messenger is a snow in harvest, another is as smoke to the eyes, and vinegar to the teeth. This message was not delivered to them to whom it was immediately sent. By accident only some of Rehoboth understanding of the danger, after the evening exercise repaired to the place, but then it was too late to

bring help...spectators of the dead bodies of their friends and to perform the last rights to their loved ones.

...It is worth the noting, what faithfulness and courage some of the Christian Indians, who fought alongside Captain Pierce. One of them, whose name was Amos, after the captain was shot in his leg or thigh, so as he was not able to stand any longer, would not leave him, but charging his gun several times, fired upon the enemy, till he saw that there was no possibility for him to do any further good to Captain Pierce.

...This 26th day of March, being the first day of the week, as the first of the year after our "Fulian" account, seemed ominous as the first, on Sunday accounts, threatening a gloomy time, yet proved in the issue, but as a lowering morning before a lightsome day.

For besides the burning of Marlborough, at least a great part of it, on the same day, a very sad accident fell out the same time at Springfield, as shall be specified hereafter; besides that which befell Captain Pierce, which is related, with whom fell so many of his soldiers on the same day also; yet had the enemy no cause to boast, being forced by the valour of the English, to give so many of their own lives in exchange:

From thence they turned back toward Rehoboth, near Swansea, where on March 28th, they burnt thirty barns, and near upon forty dwellings-houses, thereby as it were threatening the utter desolation of that poor town; and so proceeding on that side the country, they burnt the very next day about thirty houses in Providence, on their way toward Narragansett.

CAMP SWAMP

They were marched north, up a straight dirt path that had been used by the captives' forefathers for centuries before. High Street, what it would be later named, led the unfortunate party to their end. Dried-up blood pasted over the binding of the rope that held the prisoners' arms shackled behind their backs. Led in a straight line, each man was pushed forward, each of their heads dangled under their shoulders, contacting with the ground below. Fear kept them from looking up, afraid of what they would see ahead.

The dismayed flock moved onward up the path with hopes of survival. Each step ahead, each breath taken, only time would tell what would happen to them. If not for the cold that quickened in the weather, their minds would have been kept on the pain that the imprisoned group had from their predicament. Stories told to them as children were the same that Read Junior had been told by his father on what Savages did to the soldiers they kept alive after the battle.

The images from the gruesome thoughts covered their visions. They could sense the heat from the fireplace where they sat close by as children as the stories told by neighbors and their families once knew. They were carried away, taken in battle, and later tortured for sacrifice and / or personal gain. Oh, the images flooded their minds, leading to the tears from some of the men. The tears from the Junior Read alone could have flooded that path they marched on. There was nothing to stop the tears being shed but death itself.

Hearing their fears ahead, most of the captives looked up to see for themselves. They had reached the end of the line. The camp of their current enemy sat in the most unknown of places. If not for their tour guides that carried them to the locality, this place would have remained fiction for the rest of their days. Hidden deep within the woods, the winter home hid behind a fortress of natural walls. Slopes,

hillsides, and most importantly, a swamp surrounded the camp. From all sides, the camp came into view once crossing the swamp.

No bridge, that is, no man made bridge was present. Like the crossing at Blackstone's entrance, the camp had a series of placed stones and boulders that avoided the passing of the mud water that ran through the swamps perimeter. Most remained frozen on all sides. Still a harsh climate for the newly arrived spring, the woods outside the camp stayed frozen. The swamp proved its purpose as protection and safety from their enemies. Being led into the center of the camp, the arrival of the enemy visitors drew the tiny crowd of people who called the woods their home.

It was a winter camp more than a camp itself. That is, these woods not only held recovering Warriors who had returned from battle. It was an area founded and lived upon by its people for generations. Like most in days then and days now, they lived their seasons in the spring and summer months on the coast of the waters in New England. When it got too cold to survive off the frozen waters where they could not fish, they traveled north into the protection of the woods.

The shelter from the giant trees and forest terrain made the winter more amenable to their liking. The empty tree branches above managed to hold back the fallen snow on the outskirts of their home. While some snow did charge through the forests' shields, it only covered the solid ground of the camp. Most of the dirt remained fresh and dry. From the base of this peninsula camp that carried on northward into the higher grounds, the men marched straight into the heart of their enemy's lands. More and more of their people approached the newly arrived guests. Elderly men with their long white hair blowing in the breeze, their wives walking by their side, the children who had witnessed more than they could hold, and the fellow Warriors of the tribe were amongst the captives that day.

Hand in hand, they were led to the middle of the camp. Looking all around them, they took it all in at once. Scared beyond

words, they feared more than they ever had. Shouts rang out from all around them. Words they did not understand in a world they had never been before. Children began to naturally pick up clumps of dirt or pebbled rocks to toss at the prisoners. The elders kept their distance but remained close enough to take part. For what it was worth, the younger Warriors were in charge of the event. It was their celebration and their victory.

The sun that day never reached its high point in its sky. Surrounded by damp clouds and gloomy fog, the sun had its glory covered. By the late afternoon, it was completely gone except for the hidden beam of daylight that led the men deep into the hidden woods. As their end became near, the sun made its exit. As the younger Warriors were ordered to prepare the lit torches, the men were pulled toward the giant rock that rested in the center of the tribe's settlement. It was there, at this rock, that the men were taken by reluctant arms into a tight huddle by the rock's base. Forced to their knees, the group fell like snowflakes on a late spring evening. The giant fire by the rock was quickly worked on by a group of younger men. It was needed for there to be light among the camp. With order by the Warriors, all had to be present and to see the hours pass.

Only Buckland attempted to disagree with their capture's force. Shrugging his giant shoulders at one of the Warriors, he was quickly shown their offensive. The butt of his own weapon, the weapon that was taken from him at Blackstone's, was now used to crack the back of the giant's head. He fell to his knees with the rest of his party before he knew what had happened. On the ground, Buckland's head fell and rested on the side of one of his fellow captives. His eyes closed and head in agony, he could not tell who sat next to either of his sides. The others watched their angry surroundings.

What had become aware to the captives, more than their certain doom, was their surroundings. Not the terrain, but more the people in the camp. Yes, your fighters were present among the remaining elders of the tribe. Still, looking closer, the majority of the camp consisted of broken families. Burdened mothers with the absence of their husbands watched from a distance as their children

took a closer look. These families were the refugees of the present war. Pushed from their homes and their settlements to this camp-like village, these savages were treated as much. They were on the run, in hiding, and craving for an end as much as the captives were. The flock that circled the huddled prisoners were imprisoned themselves. The swamp that surrounded the camp and themselves played as both protection and solitude. On the other side of the swamp sat their home for past generations. All in all they numbered under 100 in all.

Many of the tired faces that the captured looked up upon had once shinned upon the land south of them in "Kingstown". A camp much like the swampy one that laid below them, the Great Swamp was their stronghold and the beginning of their struggles. The ones' who escaped the massacre the December before, rested in these nearby vicinities. Their eyes filled with sights unbearable by even the most hideous visions of pain and suffering. The screams in their eyes could pierce heaven and the hells below.

The fires began to blaze on the torches lit among the camp. All attention was drawn to the center of the camp where the men knelt together, by the rock, a triangle-shaped rock that had been used for years by the tribesmen. Each corner pointed to the three corners of the camp. When a speech had to be made, the rock was used as the platform on which words were given. It was here where the word that night was given. It was announced, cheered, and quickly executed. The men watched as a giant stretch of rope was tossed around the men and quickly tied as one in a ring. Wrapped around the arms of all the men, they sat with their backs against the men who sat behind them. Looking out all around them, the men watched as the last gloom of light vanished from the sky and entered the darkness of their final night.

Dragged together like cattle, the men drew most of their attention to the agony from the grip of the rope against their bare arms to notice the absence of one of their bunch. None of the men knew his name. As far as they were considered since the beginning of the day, that he never had a name to be called. For his difference in his skin color and his appearance, the single remaining friendly Indian

was pulled away from his party and pulled by his wrists up the slope of the rock. There, he was greeted with a sharpened blade made from a rock by one of the Warriors. Dull on both ends, it was sharp enough to cut into the flesh of the bearer's enemies.

It was not until his first scream that the others took notice. The cutting of the skin from his forearm slowly sliced off the bone of his arm, the Cape Indian was first to take part in the torture for matters of importance. Being among the band of captives, he no longer lived among his neighbored race. The tribesmen watched as blood dripped and later flowed down the weakened legs of the deserter. It took mere minutes that seemed like hours for his death to be complete. Looking closer at the base of the rock, it had been stained red for a reason. The blood drenched from the corpse into streams that flowed down off the rock from its cracks. The men watched as the path of blood traveled too there bare feet.

By this time, every possession of the men had been taken. The boots, belts, hats, and their clothing were pothored from them. The mud thrown from the children and the bloodstains from the march covered the naked bodies in the huddle. More and more of the camp began to take part in the event as dance and song took hold around the men. The grunts and outcries from the men could not be heard over the victorious chants of the Warriors who raised their newly acquired weapons high in the air above.

And then there were nine!

The Indian History of Attleboro

Dr. Maurice Robbins

“Nine men were missing when the bodies were counted. Several weeks later they were found a few miles to the north of the border of camp Swamp. Whether they broke through the ring of Indians and fled, only to be overtaken and killed, or whether they were taken prisoner and taken to the spot where their bodies were found, will never be known. This scene of their death is known as “Nine Men’s Misery.”

History of Attleborough

John Daggett

Page 115

“The above account of the existence of “Nine Men’s Misery” was received by the author from tradition, from intelligent persons living in the vicinity, who had been familiar with the locality during their lives, and who were descendants of those who settled and lived near the spot. As to the main fact, he felt there was no doubt, for such an event as the slaughter of nine men in one spot during the Indian war and their burial on the same spot would produce a deep impression on the minds of those living in that locality, and would be transmitted to succeeding generations, especially as some of the victims were their own friends and neighbors. The incident and circumstances attending the event would be liable to uncertainty, but

the existence of the large rock and the artificial mound of small stones would tend to confirm the tradition and indicate the place of burial.”

History of Rehoboth

Leonard Bliss

Pages 198 / 44

“...A company of nine men were in advance of or had strayed from their party for some purpose, when they discovered a number of Indians near this spot, whom they immediately pursued and attacked; but a large number of the enemy rushed out of the swamp and surrounded them. The whites, placing their backs to a large rock near by, fought with desperation till every one of them was killed on the spot. The rest of their party, who were within hearing their guns, hastened to their succor, but arrived too late to render them any assistance.”

Nine Men’s Misery (3)

"The story connected with this spot is almost wholly legendary. It was told first by Mr. John Daggett in 1834, and it has now crept into all the histories, until now it is told with much detail; but all these details are the work of the imagination."

DEAD MEN'S BONES

Searching for help where they could not find it, the men could hardly look at themselves or each other. In the pile, father and son focused on one another with pity. Never before had his son look for him for utter help until now. From his son's eyes, he searched through the sorrow of his tears and found nothing but sorrow. John Read could only nod to his son. Unable to turn for help in any direction, it was apparent to all of them their destiny. Helpless beyond power, the men remembered their blessings as they began to join together in prayer. The visions of this unholy cursed their minds of any shred of hope as they waited for their end to come.

Stubborn to the very end, Buckland refused his fate by not including himself within the circled prayer. Forcing all his strength to the binding rope, Buckland struggled again to move from the huddle and break free. His grunts of anger could slightly be heard over the chants of the tribesman who began to circle around the raging fire at the center of the camp. Pushing himself to his bare feet, Buckland unknowingly stood to be the next victim. He was taken in mid scream as he was pulled from under each arm by two of the surrounding Warriors. Others among the group watched as the biggest man among them was easily picked up off his feet. Realizing the weight of the giant, others arrived by the sides of the carriers to help. In both height and size, Buckland's appearance drew the attention of just about everyone in the camp. His arms alone were bigger than most of the children in the camp.

It took five men to lift Buckland off the ground as the reluctant Warriors hurried to bring him to the top. On the journey, Buckland managed to break free from one or two of his guides. Dropping one of his legs from their care, the Warriors allowed Buckland to be dragged up the ledge, allowing the nails on the ends of his toes to scarp a trail into the skin of the rock. It created a path that led from the huddle to the top of the meeting rock. Head first, Buckland looked up to notice his arrival. Waiting for him at the center was the knife and the one who held it. Being dropped to his chest, Buckland let out a final exit of breath before feeling the edge of the rock-made knife enter his back.

Once being dropped, each of the Warriors retook a section of Buckland's body to brace. They took a knee by his side as each of his legs and arms were tightly held. Removing the blood covered knife from his section, the butcher proceeded to his left arm, where the Warrior placed his hand around Buckland's palm. His fingers vacantly open in the air above him, Buckland turned his head to one side to witness his tiniest of his giant fingers being cut off by the knuckle. Nine more screams followed as each one of his fingers were taken from him.

The blood from his wounds dripped down his arms and into his witnessing eyes. As the sight blinded him, others in the huddled continued to watch on as their prayers hardened with each word spoken. Scream after scream followed as the remaining strength that once belonged to Buckland escaped. Drops of blood covered his face as the pain filled his voice. The torture continued to each part of his body. The screams ended as his legs were taken, but the tortured proceeded until his head was lifted into the air by the knife bearer. For all to see, the incomplete lifeless body of the giant man laid amongst the feet of the festive crucifiers. His head was passed from one Warrior to the next as it traveled around to every eye. More and more shouts of celebration surrounded the camp as others began to join the ceremony of the ending day. Every one was present to partake in witnessing the resolution of the battlefield.

Miller prayed with the others, unable to break away from the base of the rock. There, he focused on the trail of blood from Buckland's wounds continuing to flow into the river the trail created. From his final resting spot on the center top of the rock, traveling to the very bottom, the river made its way into a heart shaped lake that rested only feet away from Miller and the others. Close enough to smell the heat of his neighbor's blood, the site alone could be tasted in their throats.

Palms colliding to their cow hide drums, sticks cracking off the rocks they clang, the night around them raged on. The men waited together for the next one to be taken. Leaving the remains of the last sacrifice, each of the men who carried Buckland up the ramp of the rock walked back down to choose the next victim. Only the "Cutter" stayed behind at the center. Watching the darkness of the red in the blood dripping from both ends of the knife, no one could help but notice its intensity as the blood from the handle end of the weapon begin to dry into a quick paste in and around his red fingers. Together, it absorbed the murder that the knife had taken accustom to on that night and the many of nights and days before.

Fitch was the first to cry out for help. Unable to accept the sight of Buckland being torn apart, the young man shook his head uncontrollably as he fidgeted with his bonds. The sweat from his shoulders had helped soften the ropes that held his wrists together. That, and the giant rope that held him to his brothers, was all that kept Fitch from harm's way. For beyond the ropes surrounded Fitch with eager and blood hungry enemies who had early craved for their blood as well.

All together, the men pushed their backs closer together to form a body of one. In hopes of being further away that the one next to them, he would not be the next to be taken from the group. Pulling in their legs against their chests, none of the men gave anything for their approaching prey to bite. By then, it was too late as the men fixed their appetite on Titus and his appetite for warfare. He was quickly grabbed once the rope around his stomach was lifted over his head. Kicking and screaming followed as Titus struggled with

everything he had in him. To resist being taken up the ledge to his doom, Titus threw himself to the muddy ground as he broke away. Falling on his side, half his body took dark with mud and excrement. It did not stop him for long as Titus was picked up from out of the sheltered dirt and off his feet. Carried like a stubborn log from the forest, Titus was carried to the center with his legs crossed over one another to avoid any more resistance. Continuing to pull his legs toward his stomach only caused Titus more discomfort as each lift tired his body even more.

Being placed with his back against the rock, Titus looked up and the collage of angry faces looking down at him. Being held from each side, nowhere to go, Titus' tears managed to blind his vision enough to occupy his thoughts. His body out of full view from the huddle below, the men could only see the knife being raised high in the air as it aimed for the center of Titus' mud covered chest.

"What is happening?"

If not for a sudden presence among the camp, the knife would have raged on to its destination. Not only did the entire camp seem to stop, movement among the men, the sounds from the tribesmen, even the fire the blazed on, played motionless as everything watch the Elder Sachem march into camp. Arriving with his band of followers who had accompanied him to both the night council and at Blackstone's place, the entire party parted through the blockade of people who circled around the event. Quickening his speed as the Sachem headed to the center of the camp, the Warriors amongst Titus broke away to give the Sachem a look for himself.

The eyes of the damned man and the Elder leader connected. The time given onto Titus' life was appreciated and accepted with more tears. The knife had lowered itself to the side of its holder. Canonchet took in the entire scene around him. Inhaling the fogged air around him to send the smell of destruction and grief, he looked below him at the puddles beyond puddles of blood that began

to soak through the base of the giant boulder. Looking for answers, he got it from one of the younger Warriors who wanted to be heard.

For a moment, it seemed like the end as nothing happened. The mob of the crowd and of the soldiers did nothing but watch and wait for the Elder to react. All eyes from the huddle as well watched the two men begin to talk in their language. Unable to translate what they were saying, the men watched their reactions and facial features. The younger Warrior, like the rest was mad. Appearing to be angry at not only the interruption by the Leader, but the event at hand. His own fists hit his chest with the final words spoke. The Elder one only looked into the Young One's eyes. He could see nothing beyond the hate that the war had caused. Canonchet talked more to the group at the rock and got nothing but the same answers in return, with anger.

If not for Read Junior, Canonchet may have never broken contact with his audience. The young man's fear swept into the Sachem's wonders in the look he had offered. The tears shook down his cheeks and off his face as the cold night began to corrupt their naked bodies. Canonchet nodded as he looked among his people in the camp. The next words given were orders. In both his way of speech and the strength it was given, the orders were given, as well as demanded.

Once spoken, it remained quiet. The crackling from the oak tree that slept in the middle of the fire could be heard throughout the camp. Even the silent prayers from Miller and Fitch could still be overheard from the neighboring ears. It appeared to be the end of it all. Even Titus, who remained out of eyes' view, was no longer of sound. Everything was at peace around the men. All and all, it lasted for the minute it took for each of the men to be killed. One by one, from behind the views of the men, a hatchet, a mallet, a tomahawk, or a handheld log was used to finish the men off.

A quicker death than the one the men was shown to be given, the cracks of the men skulls could be heard by the conscience

of those who watched on. The camp around the huddle began to move, slowly, back to their duties. Titus took a similar crack against the rock. Only a single shot, it was all that was needed for his end. Miller had taken several by the Warrior who led him through the march and into the camp. A more personal treatment than from the others, it was his virtue of being on the opposite end of the weapons' fury than the one the Miller received. Read Junior fell to his side against the body of his father. His eyes were the last to witness the scene before closing them forever. Canonchet watched on, as his orders were complete. It had ended.

Why did this occur? Many in the camp and outside of the camp could have answered that question. Revenge? For what had happened at the Great Swamp the year before, many would agree. For being the enemy of the war would also seem just as right. Then again, for the quick death given to the remaining eight could only be answered by the Sachem himself. Some tribes offer their captives of battle the right to regain their honor by receiving a gruesome death. Then again, the sight of the child that Canonchet was witnessed may have been the final act that pushed the Wise Elder to his decision.

Still, it was far from the end. As the bodies of the men laid bleeding in a rested pile, the camp around them was still active. The giant fire was slowly being put out as much of the camp was being taken down. The wigwams and teepees that made up their temporary homes were taken down. Possessions were being rounded up and packed away. The camp was being evacuated. The war was far from over. Knowing that the men captured today were found in the vicinity, only added to the fear that more would come. Days would pass and more of their enemies would come. The camp was no longer safe. Everything was being taken except for the pile of dead that was to stay. It took mere minutes for a group of wild dogs of the camp to sniff their way toward the pile of dead. From both sides, the site had become one of misery.

Providence Journal part 5

January 20th, 1886

Here, upon the rocks and around it, the corpses of the nine were found by their friends some weeks after their loss. They had been killed and scalped in this little valley, with the hillsides for the amphitheatre of the savages. One landmark further exists in this locality, reminding of the Indians, this, the ground off to the southeast, known as Camp Swamp, and so called from the fact that here was a famous camping retreat, a fastness long secure from the English. Such is the lay of the land and the appearance of the historical objects of the place which bears the sad name at the head of this sketch; out of the way and out of the modern world. It would be impossible to find it from direction, the guide himself saying that while the woods were standing he was obliged to follow certain stonewalls by roundabout places and ways to get there. Doubtless in course of time many roaming hunters come upon the spot and behold the rude monument, but were they unaware of its location they would never be struck with anything there but the natural wildness of the region. It is a great curiosity to-day, when an old grave of the colonial days is found and time is spent over the inscriptions and in imagining forth the life of the personage so long at rest. In this place these nine men became mere clay, and then dust and ashes. Standing upon the hilltop in the cold December afternoon, the dead ground white with snow, the trees dark and bare, a day and a time, perhaps, not unlike the hour when the nine were interred by their friends that March day so long ago, there arose to the meditation an almost internal comprehension of the bitter sensations which pervaded the breasts of those friends as they realized the work of the Indians.

It appears at first an unaccountable fact that this history of the nine murdered men should have come down to this time by tradition alone. When, however, the condition of the times at which the incident occurred is understood, one wonders why even the tradition has remained. Cumberland was then, as said already, in the other Colonies' possessions, and the spot where these men were interred was far away from their homes and from civilization.

CAPTAIN ANDREW EDMUNDS

He was the fighter Plymouth needed to win the war. Half the age of Pierce and twice as knowledgeable and aggressive as his allied Captain Mosley was said to be, Edmunds was the search party asked upon by both the people of Providence and Rehoboth to find the missing men. Captain Andrew Edmunds was more of a hunter than a Captain. At the age of 37, Edmunds had witnessed more bloodshed than half the men who were fighting the war. His stature nor status was not of any great size within his community. He had his home and land like any recognized settler in the region. Except for his wide knowledge of the enemy, and his passion for the war to end, Edmunds was just another soldier. Although he would die before the end of the century at the age of 56, Edmunds' complete legacy, outside his family tree, rest on this single day in these woods. The history books have no other mention of his name.

It had taken weeks for Edmunds to reach the destination at hand that early April morning. The weeks before, Edmunds was at hand to watch the resolution of the destruction at Rehoboth. After he witnessed the aftermath of his home in Providence destroyed, which

resulted in the same faction, he continued his part in the war. Both settlements burned to the ground by the fury of their enemies, the neighbors of the missing men hadn't begun to organize a search, let alone a burial for the men who laid uncovered a few miles outside the Circle of the Green alongside of Pierce and Fuller.

Both Rehoboth and Providence were busy rebuilding their defending walls and their homes within. It may have been this reason that Edmunds only took with him twenty men alongside him to search for not only the missing men, but also the "camp" that was said to be in the area. Each of his men that stood next to him were as eager and cunning as himself. All young and experienced fighters, the party of searchers were Indian Fighters. Meaning, they were not an organized and well functional militarily group. When attacked, they attacked. Each man held a single flintlock weapon that could be carried by a single man. Every shooter had enough ammo as well as a sword / knife by his belt buckle for hand-to-hand combat. By the look of Edmunds' men, they were no strangers to hand-to-hand. Their faces had been hardened by the war they fought so long.

While Mosley's men was said to be made up of pirates, prisoners, and other unusual Englishmen who favored a legion-styled lifestyle, Edmunds' men were all from the Rhode Island region that had experience as soldiers. There were no farmers amongst his lines. Each man aimed and fired his weapon well. Like the good Captain that led them, they fought with a passion.

A ferry boat Captain before the war, Edmunds lived in the region around many of the bays and rivers in that Ocean State. Having been in battle with many Natives in the previous years, Edmunds took with him many skills that deemed necessary to fight the enemy. Edmunds was perfect for being in the boots he was wearing. He was an attacker, a hunter, and the right man for the situation.

He and his men did not march into the perimeter of Camp Swamp. One by one, the trained order of fighters entered the camp as they ran and hid behind trees and scurried into gullies. Avoiding any

possible ways of an ambush by the enemy, a sneak attack was at hand and always possible. None of the men wore fancy hats or clothing of any manner. Each man, almost identical, wore black boots, which they were issued and with the same rugged clothing. Except for the white of their shirts and skin, there was no other attraction to the fighters to spot them out from their surrounding environment.

Crossing the swamp and reaching the inside camp, the men scurried into their marks once Edmunds waved them their orders. Each man flew to their destined spots, circling all sides of the camp. One would run twenty or so feet ahead of the main body of men as another would run in an opposite direction on the other side. Thus protecting the side borders, Edmunds would leave a few men behind to protect the rears as he led the main body of his men through the middle and into the center of the camp. They were the hunters and far from being the hunted.

There was still smoke from the giant fire days before from its dying fire logs that sat in the bed of ash. Besides the leafless tree branches that swayed from the light spring morning wind, the smoke from the dead fires was the only movement in the camp. No signs of life could be found. The camp had been almost completely evacuated. This was Edmunds' first assumption as his men continued to circle the camp's borders and enter the entire base of the land. Each of the men was spread throughout the camp and moving fast. Each hillside of the camp was looked over, every fallen and disassembled hut was searched and kicked through with the butts of the soldiers' weapons. Just about everything within the camp was taken by its owners. Making it almost impossible for Edmund's men to take anything with them for souvenirs.

Edmunds was the only one of his group not running. With his weapon hung low to his side, he walked into the camp as if it was his own. Watching his men run about and control the camp, he knew from the look and feel of the range, it had been abandoned days before. A possible ambush from outside the camp was unlikely. The camp was theirs.

"Watch the borders!" ordered Edmunds. "Don't forget that we are in Savage lands." A few of the younger and inexperienced men amongst Edmunds had to be reminded of their duties. Although much of the men could hold their own, a few were still fighting for the simple reason to fight. Having this liability as a Captain, Edmunds made sure that his own men did not cause his or his other men's demise. The young Captain quickened his pace to the camp's center where the meeting rock stood, empty. Climbing the rock to the very top, Edmunds couldn't help but stand at the rock's center to make his victory of taking the camp complete. He was, in his own way, king of that tiny mountain. Having reached the top, Edmunds only took seconds to admire the empty camp laid below him with only his fighting force present. Each of his men continued to search the camp and protect its borders. Taking it all in, Edmunds looked to his boots to notice the blood stains that the rock had been covered in.

It quickened his curiosity as his eyes traveled down the dried blood trail that led down the rock. His eyes followed the trail to its end, at the very bottom. Both in the trail and his search, the mission had come to its end. Unable to see except from Edmunds position, a decayed body could be seen resting on its stomach from within a narrow cuff of the rock. Covered in its own blood, the body was more pink than whiter than the person was. Having been resting there for days before, the body was waiting for its finder. Without concerning his men, Edmunds slowly approached the dead body with the collar of his sleeve covering his nose. The closer the Captain got, the deeper the smell got. It was the stench that got the attention of most of Edmund's men before he had even announced the body's presence.

The flesh wounds on the person's body became more in focus as he approached. Its backside was cover in dried blood, while the entire rear of the person's head was covered with a coated flooding of blood. The flies circled up and around the body as the smell took on the opposite affect as it did Edmunds and his men. Addressing his men with his free hand, three of the men were ordered to turn the body around to face the sky above. The smell only got worse as traces of a skunk like odor shot from the corpses' being. Half its face was turned upright for all the men to see. While the other half remained missing

along with the person's left arm, and feet, Edmunds accepted the clear truth that this was one of the missing men from Pierce's party.

Although his identity was taken away from him for eternity, the simple fact of his being apart of the missing group was apparent. Edmunds swatted away the gathering of flies the best he could as he noticed a finger laying at the edge of the rock. Unable to ignore the single finger, Edmunds placed it in the palm of his hand to examine. The root of the index finger appeared to be pulled from the owner's hand. It wasn't clear to Edmunds if it was ripped or bit from the person's possession. Then again, it was certain to the Captain that it was not cut. The end root did not have a single cut line, but several scar like rips and tares to the wound. Indicating that an animal, or an animal like torture caused the finger's doom.

"Monsters," whispered Edmunds.

Busy examining the finger, Edmunds was too busy to notice his men beginning to circle around a site on the opposite side of the hillside.

"Andrew!" called one of his men! Edmunds quickly ran over to the site with the rest of his men. Others stood behind to watch the perimeter of the camp as the other three carefully pulled the dead body from its incomplete burial. The finger still in hand, Edmunds hurried to the site. The wonders of their worried imaginations predicted what rested below the feet of the circle of men as they approached. An entrance to the circle was made in order for Edmunds to enter and to see for himself. There, together in a pile, were the other eight missing Englishmen. Not that any of the men could recognize the eight. Then again, like the man they found back at the rock, it was apparent that the search had ended.

The pile consisted of the mutilated remains of the unlucky bunch. Although the men in the circle had witnessed too much in their early lives, nothing could have prepared them for the sight they were

now cast upon at their feet. Not since the Christians were once fed to the lions did an aftermath fit this description. Not one of the bodies was intact. Piles within the pile made up of body parts. The fingers, feet, legs, arms, and finally the heads of the eight were all scattered among one another in the pile. The circle of Soldiers among the pile slowly lost drifted away from the site. One by one, the site took hold of their un-expecting eyes. A few walked away from their post in order to pray.

Edmund didn't remember dropping his found finger, but once he grabbed his face to avoid the smell as well as the site, his hands were found empty. Others in the group began to walk away to catch a fresher breath of air or to even lose themselves. The site was a deliberate message left behind by ones who caused the horror. Although some of the pieces of the bodies fell victim to scavenging animals looking for food, the pile of dead was a work of art made for them to see. It spoke a thousand words that would sit in their minds the rest of their days. Catching his wits, Edmunds' eyes wondered to a nearby hill that rested only a few feet from his own. Taking the walk to excuse himself from the site, Edmunds found himself walking up the hill alone.

It was here on this hill that Edmunds noticed that it was the highest point of the camp. A lot of the hilltop differed from the rest of the swamp. It was a drier soil that rested on the hill. The air was more available than the air by the center rock. No trees covered the hilltop and only a tiny patch of grass managed to find its way through the Earth. It would be the only right place for these bodies to rest. From Edmunds' view, it was the closest point in the vicinity that could reach heaven.

Days before, Rehoboth had reached their fallen friends down by Blackstone's to give them a proper last service and burial. It was the fact by the numbers in the count that ordered Edmunds to find the remaining men. Although it may have been the plot to return the men back to Rehoboth or to the spot where their brothers fell with Pierce, that was far from what Edmund and his men could accomplish. Looking at the site was a challenge enough. To carry these men out of the camp in the same fashion as they were marched in seemed impossible. The region Edmunds and his men stood was still claimed

Indian territory. This added to Edmunds list and gave way for his decision.

Edmunds had expected a fight that day. The camp they stood was on the map and feared to be occupied by the Narragansett army. Instead, it was filled with the souls of these unfortunate dead. Edmunds gave the orders as he began to help dig into the rich soil with the blade end of his knife. The others had the misfortune of selecting a certain piece from the pile and to carry it back to the hole that was being made. One by one the complete unit of bodies were placed in the common grave. Including the one that was still mostly intact, the tomb was complete. Fieldstones from many of the campfires were carried from their circles to cover the fallen men. The pile formed into a marker for future use. If not for a final resting place, the pile could one day be found if loved ones or friends wanted to visit their remains.

Either way, it would mark the mass grave and can be made out from within the camp. On top one another, the fieldstones ranged from good size to giant handfuls that the men found. The pile reached eye level to most of the men once it was completed. As some of the men took a single knee to pray, others disagreed with the entire process all together and remained on guard. Lost for words since he came upon the pile of dead, Edmunds took his second knee and began to pray.

“Good Lord, take thee and protect thee,” Edmunds prayed.

Short and simple, Edmunds removed himself off his knees. Reaching for his weapon off the ground, Edmunds left the hilltop and back to the arch of the swamp that they crossed. His men followed, leaving the pile of fieldstones to itself. The day was complete by their eyes. Edmunds craved for a meal waiting for him at Rehoboth. With hope, the story he would tell to Newman and others interested would leave out some of the gore like details. The war would end in five months, by then a lot was left out of the stories told to generations to come. In time, maybe the story would not be told at all, as much of the war would become, forgotten. -----

Edmunds walked out of the camp the same way Whitney walked in with Sprague leading the way. The same trail leads into the heart of the camp and to the spot know as Nine Men’s Misery. Looking at the pile of fieldstones from his seat on a nearby stump, Whitney got

up from his rest. Reaching out towards the pile of stones, Whitney bent over and got down on one knee to pay his respect. He could only touch the base of one of the stones, silently. Words had become too cheap to speak. Once paying his respects to the site and its story, Whitney returned to his feet and left alongside of Sprague. They walked out of the camp. In time, others would enter.

Time has passed since the creation of the cairn. Much would occur in the years to come. Such as the Nineteen dead in Salem with tales of witchcraft, the borderlines of the states, separating Plymouth from Rhode Island, and the destruction of the "Indian" nations. Centuries of sadness would follow in the region from its original inhabitants. Much bloodshed, empty prayers and wants unanswered, dreams dead. Much of the past happened without answers and much distress.

So now, over 300 years since its formation by Edmunds it remains buried in the woods they were taken and killed. Visited by on goes from time to time the story of the nine, remains to draw an interest. To some, it is an old and untold story that can never be fully discovered. Much of the story told by the original storytellers can only be heard in graveyards throughout Rhode Island. Like their tombstones in the North Burial Ground and the Newman Cemetery, they can hardly be read. The words on the tombstones can no longer be read by the naked eye. Rhode Island's single signer of the Declaration of Independence, Stephen Hopkins, has his spot on a hillside, which gets a handful of visitors every year. Much like his final resting place, it is seldom heard of. The ground that covers their bodies have has unvisited for years. Their last close ancestor, been dead for years themselves, leaving the only visitors to be younger generations searching for a ghost.

The only visitors to this story and theirs is the curiosity of the young, who have approach the burial grounds of the nine men as an unappreciated temple that is there for the taking. They come upon the site and let their childish wonders free. Rumor has it that Joseph Philips, who was one of the men from Marshfield under Captain Pierce, had a visitor at the present day Pierce Park in Central Falls by his 9th generation ancestor in the early 20th generation. Although he was a struggling writer at the time, Howard (H.P.) Lovecraft would go on to have fame from beyond the grave.

-PROVIDENCE-

by H. P. Lovecraft

Where bay and river tranquil blend, and leafy hillsides rise, the spires of Providence ascend against the ancient skies, and in the narrow winding ways that climb over slope and crest, the magic of forgotten days may still be found to rest.

A fanlight's glean, a knocker's blow, a glimpse of Georgian brick, the sights and sounds of long ago where fancies cluster thick.

A flight of steps with iron rail, a belfry looming tall, a slender steeple, carved and pale, a moss-grown garden wall.

A hidden churchyard's crumbling proofs of man's mortality, a rotting wharf where gambrel roofs keep watch above the sea.

Square and parade, whose walls have towered full fifteen decades long by cobbled ways 'mid trees embowered, and sighted by the throng.

Stone bridges spanning languid streams, houses perched on the hill, and courts where mysteries and dreams the brooding spirit fill.

Steep alley steps by vines concealed, where small-paned windows glow at twilight on a bit of field that chance has left below.

My Providence!

What airy hosts turn still they gilded vanes; What winds of elf that with gray ghosts people thing ancient lanes!

The chimes of evening as of old above thy valleys sound, while they stern father's neath the mould make blest they sacred ground.

Written May 1924

----- Much like a forgotten story, in the end the story has its place in history, and nothing more. Then again, the story and its site hold much more than what is written on the single page it is given in the history books. These nine men remain together in their common grave with an empty ending to their story. Locked away, buried as one in a common grave, their voice is shut from the curious ears that come to the site. Their story continues to be told by the few who choose to listen. In the end, hope remains that the cairn itself isn't empty in its moral! Many have believed just that, that this story is just one of many forgotten tales of our country's early history. Pity for this emptiness, but with sorrow, and the hopes of the young wonders, one day will come joy.