

a degree of pride in recollecting, that I belonged to a country whose valor was distinguished, and whose spirit had never been debased by servile submission.

At the age of fourteen, in 1744, I made a visit from Leominster to Charlestown, to visit my parents. Thro' a long wilderness from Lunenburg to Lower Ashuelot, now Swanzey, we travelled two days ; a solitary house was all the mark of cultivation that occurred on the journey. Guided by marked trees, we travelled cautiously thro' the gloomy forest, where now the well-till'd farms occupy each rod of ground : from Ashuelot to Charlestown the passage was opposed, now by "the hill of difficulty," and now by the slough despond. A few solitary inhabitants, who appeared the representatives of wretchedness, were scattered on the way.

WHEN I approached the town of Charlestown, the first object that met my eyes was a party of Indians holding a war dance, a cask of rum which the inhabitants had suffered them to partake of, had raised their spirits to all the horrid yells, and feats of distortion which characterize the nation. I was chilled at the sight, and