



TO THE READER.

THE subject of this following narrative offering itself to your friendly perusal, relates to the former & later wars of New-England, which I myself was not a little concerned in: For in the year 1675, that unhappy & bloody Indian war broke out in Plymouth colony, where I was then building, and beginning a plantation at a place called by the Indians Sogkonate, and since by the English Little-Compton. I was the first Englishman that built upon that neck, which was full of Indians. My head and hands were full about settling a new plantation where nothing was brought to; no preparation of dwelling-house, or out-houses, or fencing made. Horses and cattle were to be provided, ground to be clear'd and broken up; and the utmost caution to be used, to keep myself free from offending my Indian neighbours all round about me. While I was thus busily employed, and all my time and strength laid out in this laborious undertaking, I received a commission from the government to engage in their defence: And with my commission I received another heart, inclining me to put forth my strength in military service: And through the grace of GOD I was spirited for that work, and direction in it was renewed to me day by day. And although many of the actions that I was concerned in were very difficult and dangerous, yet myself, and those who went with me voluntarily in the ser-