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| I believe, there never was a poor Plantation, more pursued by the wrath of the Devil, than our poor New-England. . . . It was a rousing alarm to the Devil, when a great Company of English Protestants and Puritans, came to erect Evangelical Churches, in a corner of the world, where he had reign' d without control for many ages; and it is a vexing Eye-sore to the Devil, that our Lord Christ should be known, and own 'd and preached in this howling wilderness. Wherefore he has left no Stone unturned, that so he might undermine his Plantation, and force us out of  |
| our Country. First, the Indian Powawes, used all their Sorceries to molest the first Planters here; but God said unto them. Touch them not! Then, Seducing spirits came to root in this Vineyard, but God so rated them off, that they have not prevail' d much farther than the edges of our Land. After this, we have had a continual blast upon some of our principal Grain, annually diminishing a vast part of our ordinary Food. Herewithal, wasting Sicknesses, especially Burning and Mortal Agues, have Shot the Arrows of Death in at our Windows. Next, we have had many Adversaries of our own Language, who have been perpetually assaying to deprive us of those English Liberties, in the encouragement whereof these Territories have been settled. As if this had not been enough; the Tawnies among whom we came have watered our Soil with the Blood of many Hundreds of Inhabitants. . . . Besides all which, now at last the Devils are (if I may so speak) in Person come down upon us with such a Wrath, as is justly much, and will quickly be more, the Astonishment of the World…. Wherefore the Devil is now making one Attempt more upon us: an Attempt more Difficult, more Surprising, more snarl''d with unintelligible Circumstances than any that we have hitherto Encountered. . . . An Army of Devils is horribly broke in upon the place which is the center, and after a sort, the First-born of our English Settlements: and the Houses of the Good People there are fill' d with the doleful shrieks of their Children and Servants, Tormented by Invisible Hands, with Tortures altogether preternatural.  |
| **Source:** Cotton Mather, 1692.  |