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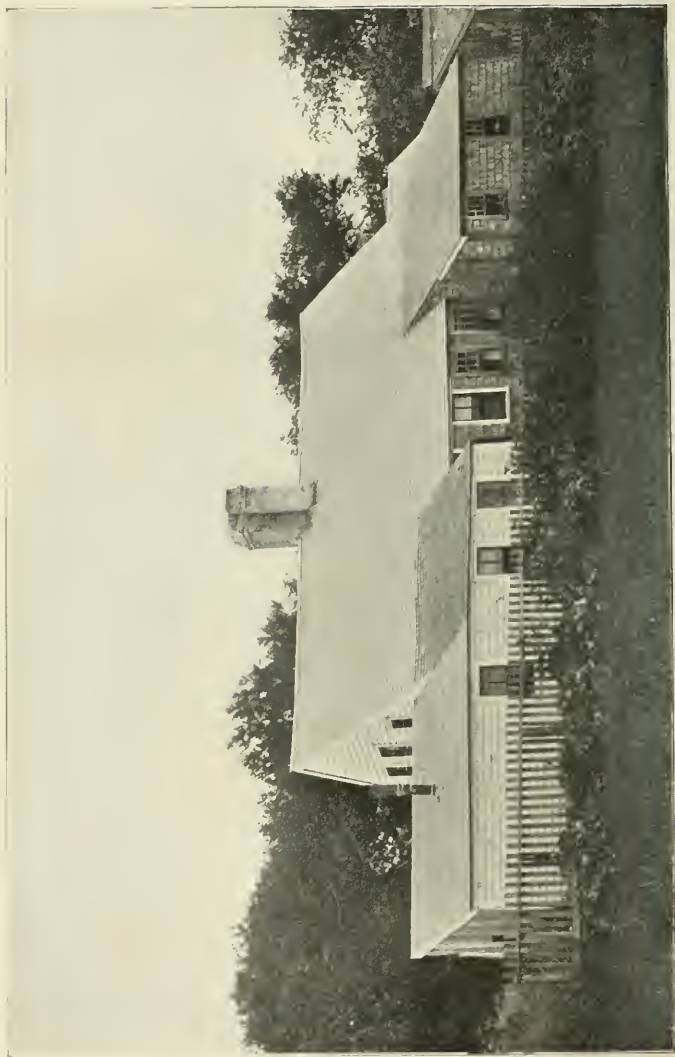
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The Doten House, Oldest in Plymouth.

ON PLYMOUTH ROCK

BY

SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE
"

"Here was the Pilgrim Land"

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS

10 MILK STREET

1897

15

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ON PLYMOUTH ROCK

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PREFACE

THERE are some things which the young people of this country should know by heart. Foremost among them is the simple, yet noble, story of the Pilgrim Fathers. How much this story transcends all others was lately emphasized by the high honors paid to the ancient manuscript history of Plymouth Colony, written by Governor Bradford, upon its return to its rightful owners, in this country. Nobody can read it without being deeply moved. It takes us back, along the deep-flowing river of time, to the very fountain-head of our national life. It is a story to be proud of. Not to the book alone, but to the grand heroism it tells us of, the sterling character it reveals, were these high honors paid. To the faint-hearted there is a strengthening power in its pages. To the strong it is a splendid example of serene fortitude, of high resolve.

Holding these views, I have given as much of Bradford's own story as possible in the following pages, interwoven with the relations of Mourt and Winslow, to which Bradford himself makes frequent reference. Regarded merely as showing the steps by which our first New England colony was founded, it is both valuable and instructive. I do not try to go beyond the reach of young minds. My chief object has been to infuse the true spirit of the ancient narratives into my own. But let the story speak for itself.

JULY, 1897.

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ON PLYMOUTH ROCK

I

THE LAND AND THE SHIP

IN a certain barren corner of New England, on a bleak November day of the year 1620, a little weather-beaten ship gently rose and fell on the long ground swell that swept on past her to the shores beyond. Her rusty anchor was down, her stiffening sails furled. Like some solitary sea bird, blown to a strange coast, she, too, had silently folded her weary wings, and gladly settled down upon the quiet waters of a thrice-welcome haven of rest.

November 11,
1620.

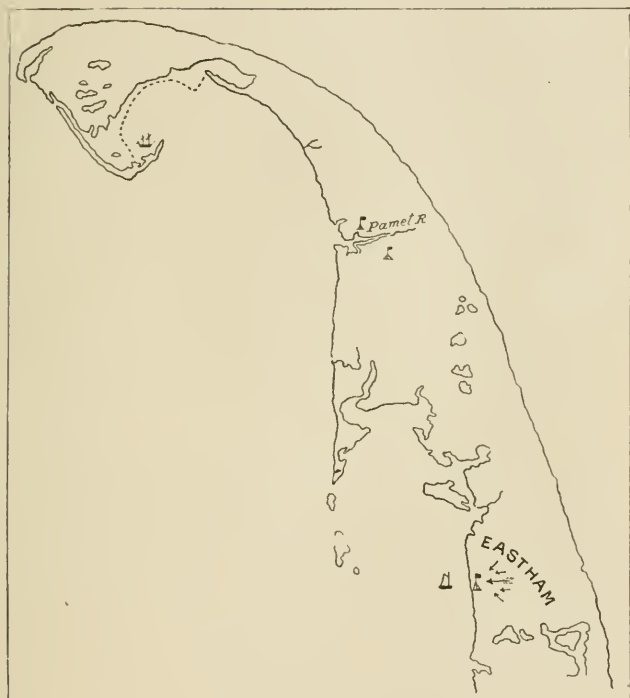
But why has the strange ship battled with storm and tempest to reach this distant coast? What seeks she in this lonely spot? Why comes she here?

On board this ship were a hundred and two men, women, and children, who, with one heart and mind, now knelt down, and gave heartfelt thanks to God, for having brought them safely over the wide and stormy ocean at last. And now they eagerly look about them, to see what manner of land this is before them.

What could they see but a lonely wilderness of drifted sand hills, streaked with fresh-fallen snow, and half hid beneath a shaggy coat of bare woods and thickets, which their fears peopled with wild beasts or savage men? Truly, it was enough to send a shiver through the stoutest frame. Here were no friends to welcome them, no inns to refresh them, no towns or houses in which to find shelter. Except the gulls screaming above their heads, not a living creature was in sight. Yet here they meant to make their home, God willing; and their full hearts could go up in praise to Him, at the sight even of this desolate spot.

It was the good ship "Mayflower," two months out of England, with people from Holland and England, come to begin a colony by themselves and for themselves, where man's cruelty and

oppression could not reach them. They were exiles from home and country. Not without



Outline Map, Cape Cod.

(The flags show the limits of successive explorations.)

many tears had they parted from dear friends and kindred, but one and all believed that God himself

was leading them on, and their simple faith was stronger than all the world besides.

Yet all was not as it should be with them. The ship had been hired to take them to a place much farther south, of which they had heard good report, but after a vain attempt to double the cape before them, the captain had put back here, declaring that he would go no farther. This land, stretching far and away around them, under the chill November sky, was Cape Cod — a desert place, beaten upon by the winds and waves. But as the captain would no more budge an inch than his anchor, the poor colonists had to make the best of a bad bargain.

Besides playing them such a scurvy trick, the master, a rude, blunt sailor, made no secret of his wish to be rid of them; for the voyage had been long, the season was getting stormy, and with so many mouths to feed, he was afraid, or pretended to be, that the ship would run short of victuals for the voyage home.

So there was really no time to lose, for even should the hard-hearted captain relent, frost and snow could not be put off by prayers or entreaties.

Therefore, the need to be up and doing was most urgent, as all could see for themselves.

Yet there were worse things in the way than rough weather, or a captain who treated them as if they were only so much freight, to be tumbled on shore as soon as possible. By landing them here he would leave them in a sad predicament, because they knew that they could have no right to a foot of ground, except in the place for which they had a writing, or patent, from England. It was really too bad that after so much time and money spent in getting it, their patent should be only so much waste paper. Yet so it was.

It was bad again, because, under it, John Carver already had been chosen governor; so that whenever the colonists should step on shore, their civil government would be instantly in force. But now one man was just as good as another; and certain unruly ones among them had not hesitated to say so. This was anarchy.

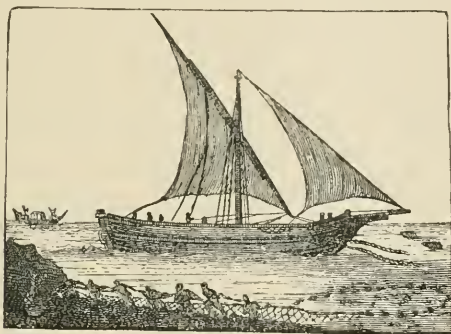
This being so, the wise ones said they would not set foot on shore until some new plan of government was agreed upon, to take the place of the

old, as now they had none at all; and that would never do. So a writing was drawn up
The Compact. in the cabin, binding all to obey such laws as they themselves should make in future. Then, on this very eleventh day of November, all the male colonists were called upon to sign it. As John Carver's name heads the list, we may suppose the pen was first handed him, as the one most looked up to among them.

How can we help respecting men who showed such respect for the law? True, at this time they did not make any laws that we know of; but power had been given to make them as they should be needed, and a curb put upon those who had fancied that they were to be their own masters. John Carver was chosen, or rechosen, governor, and things being now once more in the right road, the work before them was quickly taken in hand.

That no time should be wasted, on this same day some fifteen or sixteen well-armed men
First Landing. went on shore to explore the ground round about them, and also to see if any of the native inhabitants could be met with; for as yet no human being had been

seen there, which was thought to be a strange thing. Yet it was important to know whether these people would be friends or foes, as upon that knowledge their own peace and safety much depended, if they were to live as neighbors.



A Fishing Shallop of the Time.

Some others also went to fetch firewood, there being none left in the ship; so that the first work was done under the protection of an armed guard. They said that the place was nothing but sand hills, covered over with a crust of black earth, and wooded with many such trees as grew in Old England. We do not think that they half liked the looks of the place.

Nobody worked on the next day, because it was the Sabbath, and these were a pious people. But Monday was a busy day; for, after being cooped up so long in the ship, the colonists were all impatient to set foot on dry land again. They had brought with them a large sail boat, called a shallop, which could go into shallow water where the ship would run aground. As the shallop needed repairing before she could be used, she was now taken on shore for the carpenter to go to work upon.

Most of the company also went on shore, including the women, who, it may well be supposed, were only too glad of a chance to do their washing where there was plenty of elbow-room. The lonely beach was soon turned into a picture of life and activity, the like of which has not been seen there from that day to this; for, no doubt, the wash was a large one, and such rubbing, and scrubbing, and pounding,¹ with the sound of so many merry voices, must have made the wild woods ring again.

¹ The teacher should explain that a wooden bat was then used to beat the clothes with. As this was Monday, it may, not improbably, have fixed that day as the regular washing-day in New England.

II

EXPLORING CAPE COD

EVERY day the master grew more and more impatient; and even the sailors were heard muttering among themselves that, if the passengers did not make haste, they and their goods would be put on shore to shift for themselves. So utterly selfish do men sometimes become in the presence of possible hardship or privation!

The colonists were as eager as anybody could be to get settled somewhere before cold weather should set in. Not a man of them but knew that every moment was precious. Therefore, while the shallop was being mended, a strong party set out on foot to look for a better place than the one they were now in, for this was quite too barren; and besides they could find no water fit to drink there.

The party went armed to the teeth, thinking they might have to fight with the Indians. Besides

carrying a sword and gun, each man wore a breastplate over his coat, and carried a knapsack strapped on his back as if going to war. Myles

Standish was captain. They were to be
November 15. gone two days, and were to let their friends know where they camped by lighting beacon fires at their camp grounds. So off they started across the wet sands, with all the world before them to choose from, as one might say.

When they had trudged on a mile or so, who should they see but five or six men, with a dog, coming toward them. At first, the explorers thought they might be some strolling sailors from the ship, until, all of a sudden, the
First Indians. strange men whistled to their dog and ran away as fast as their legs would carry them. They were then known to be savages, sure enough.

The white men pushed on after the runaways as fast as they could, but soon found out that they were no match for such nimble-footed fellows as these. After a long, hard chase through the woods, the savages were lost sight of entirely. Perhaps they had heard of the strange ship, and

were on their way to it when discovered. But it puzzled the white men to know why the Indians should be so afraid of them.

After tracking the runaways by their footprints, where they had run out of the woods and along the sands, the weary explorers gave up the chase for the time, and went into camp for the night, meaning to try again in the morning. So some watched, while the others slept, and thus passed their first night ever spent on shore.

As soon as it was light, the track was again followed through hill and dale, until the pursuers found themselves entangled among thickets so dense and so wiry that not only was
November 16. the path lost, but the white men were so torn, and bruised, and scratched that they were ready to drop before they could force their way out. It really seemed as if the wily savages had purposely led them astray.

They soon chanced upon some clear springs of water, by the side of which they threw
First Spring Water. themselves down, and with gladness drank great draughts of the first New England water they had yet tasted. Long they

loitered over their new-found treasure, but having at length got fully rested, they first marched down to the beach to build a signal-fire, as was agreed upon, and then struck off toward a river, of which glimpses had been caught from the ship.

While tramping along on their way to this river, they stumbled upon some old cornfields, and beyond these again they found where a wigwam had stood, with some old planks and a ship's great kettle lying on the ground about it. Plainly, this had been the summer resort of some Indian family,

who, after gathering in their corn, had
Indian Dwell-
ing. gone back to their own village again.

But the white men did not then know the habits of these barbarians, and could only wonder at what they saw. But where in the world could that great kettle have come from? From some wreck, perhaps.

Upon searching further, a low mound of sand was found. It was seen to have been made with hands, because there were the finger-marks, where the sand had been patted down hard and smooth. What, then, could it be for? Some hidden treasure, perhaps. The explorers agreed to dig and see.

So after forming a ring, to hide their doings from prying eyes, they went to work upon the mound with their swords, for other tools they did not have.

A treasure, indeed, it proved. To their great wonder and delight, they found it filled with as much as three or four bushels of Indian corn, in baskets, — the first of this kind of grain that these Englishmen had ever seen in their lives. They

then saw that these mounds were the
Indian Barns. Indians' barns or granaries, into which their corn was gathered, after harvest, to be kept through the winter; and it showed that even such rude people had some ideas of their own, as well as white men.

It was agreed to take away as much of the corn as would do for seed by and by, and to leave the rest just as it was found. So the big kettle was filled heaping full, each man crammed his pockets with the yellow kernels, after which the mound was covered up as before. The kettle was then slung up on the shoulders of two men, and not without guilty thoughts, we may suppose, the party moved off again to the river, promising themselves

to pay the owners of the corn whenever they should be found. In this case we must admit that the white men did not do exactly as they would be done by.

In going to the supposed river they passed along by an old palisade, or rude fort, which looked as if it might have been built by Europeans; but nobody was there. Upon getting to the river they also found two Indian canoes lying on the banks, one on one side and one on the other, showing that the natives were in the habit of travelling this way from time to time, this place being their ferry. If only we could have listened to the conversation

among the white men, as they talked
Indian Ferry.

over the things seen thus far in their travels, how glad we should be! It was all so new and strange to them! But we are fortunate even to know what they did; for how could these men suppose that, some day, the whole world would be talking about them?

After looking over this place a little, which was Pamet river, the explorers turned back as they were ordered. A wet time they had of it that night in the woods, crouching under a heap of

brushwood, with the wind moaning in the tree-tops, and the rain beating down upon them so pitilessly. And in the morning their guns were so damp that they would not go off until they had been well cleaned and dried; so that every man bestirred himself to put his arms in order, as there was no knowing how soon the owners of the corn might try to fall upon them unawares.

After starting off again for the ship, the explorers lost their way in the woods. While wandering about to no purpose, some of them ran across a sapling, bent down to the ground, with some acorns strewed underneath it. Stephen

Hopkins said it was a deer-trap. Will-

Indian Deer-
trap.

iam Bradford,¹ who was behind, also

came up to have a look at it, and was turning away, when, with a sudden jerk, up went the sapling in the air, and up went Bradford's leg, caught in it. With many a laugh at his expense, no doubt, the way in which the Indians took the wild deer was now fully explained.

The explorers afterward started three fine bucks, but, as one of them slyly said, they would much rather have had one of them. Three brace

of partridges, and great numbers of wild ducks and geese, were also seen by the way, before the weary explorers got back to their ship, to tell their adventures around the cabin fire.

¹ The same who wrote the great history.

III

SECOND SEARCHING PARTY

AS soon as the shallop was made ready, another party sailed in her to explore the river spoken of before. As this was to be a sea voyage, Jones, the master, was given charge of it. Rough water and head winds beat them back to the shore for shelter that day, but, not to lose their November 27. time, most of the party landed, and marched some six or seven miles farther on, while the rest kept in the shallop. It blew and snowed all day and all night, and froze also, so that all the party suffered much from exposure, and some caught colds, of which they afterward died.

The next day, the wind being fair, the shallop came and took off the landmen, and sailed on to the river, for which they were bound. We can guess why they called it Cold harbor, because all day long they were tramping up and down in

snow six inches deep, until Master Jones himself was glad to call a halt. So they built a roaring fire, under some pines, on which three fat geese and six juicy ducks were soon merrily roasting.

Not liking the looks of this place, on the next day the party took the canoe, found here before, and ferried themselves across to the place where the corn was dug up. If the Indians had suspected

More Corn
Taken.

the use to which their canoe was being put, we think it would have been hid away where no white man could have found it. Not only was the rest of that corn dug up again, but enough more was found to make up ten bushels, though the diggers did not get it so easily, as the frozen ground now had to be hacked and hewed away with cutlasses.

On the next day the shallop took this corn, with some of the men who had given out or fallen sick, back to the ship, while the sound men reso-

lutely went on with the search. By and
November 30. by they came to what looked like a grave, covered over with boards. Suspecting there might be more corn hid away, some of the party went to digging it up. The diggers

first came to a braided mat. After taking this out, they next found a neatly made bow and then another mat, with a board under it, on which something like a crown was handsomely carved. There were also some bowls, trays, and dishes placed between the two mats.

A White
Man's Grave.

The diggers might have stopped here with a good conscience, as their own judgment must have told them it was indeed a grave that they were thus desecrating; but they seem fully bent on unravelling the mystery to the end.

On going still deeper, two bundles were brought to light, one larger than the other, and, strange to say, the larger one was done up in a sailor's canvas frock and a pair of cloth breeches. In it were the skull and bones of a man, mixed up with a quantity of fine red powder, giving out a very pungent smell, like some kind of aromatic bark. The smaller bundle held the remains of a little child, done up with more of the same strong-smelling powder. It suddenly broke upon the wondering lookers-on that this must be the Indians' way of embalming their dead. Still the cruel search went on.

Around the dead child's shrunken limbs some strings of small white beads were tied, and a child's little bow, with a few other knick-knacks, lay beside the lonely little stranger. Upon looking again, a knife, a pack-needle, and two or three old iron things were found in the larger bundle. Here was a discovery indeed! Here was proof that one white man, at least, had lived here before them, for the explorers could scarcely doubt that what they now saw were the perishing remains of one of their own race and color. Also, articles of clothing, such as sailors wore, and things of European make, such as sailors used. The man, too, had yellow or sandy hair, while all Indians have black hair.

The explorers were puzzled most of all to understand how a white man should have ended his days so far from his native land. Yet they could not doubt the evidence of their own eyes. Some thought the Indians might have slain him. As they could make nothing of it, after taking out some of the prettiest things the grave was carefully filled up again.

Although the white men knew that ships had

been there before them, they did not then know that ships had been cast away among the treacherous sands of this far sea-cape. Yet such was the fact. And it might well be that mere accident had now revealed the sad fate of some poor shipwrecked sailor, whose after life had been spent in slavery among the cruel savages, till death came to set him free.

Still more graves were found, but no more corn. But while two sailors were strolling about they came across two Indian huts, or wigwams, which seemed only just deserted. Having taken what they fancied, the thievish sailors hastened to their comrades with the news, and all then went back to the huts in a body.

They were made of several long saplings, stuck in the ground at both ends, in a circle, and covered over, inside and out, with thick-braided rush mats, to keep the weather out. At the top, a round hole was left for a chimney, and at the bottom, another hole for a door. By lifting up the mat, which closed it, and stooping low, one could enter this ingeniously built dwelling, which, of course, could be put up or

Indian Wig-
wam.

taken down very quickly indeed. In fact, wherever saplings and rushes grew, there the Indian could build his house.

Inside were more mats for the people to sit or sleep on, such as the Chinese use to this day; and



Mode of Building a Wigwam.

in the middle shallow pits were dug for making fires in, either to cook their victuals, or for warmth. When sleepy, the Indian just stretched himself out on his mat, with his feet to the fire. His bed was always made.

The unbidden guests did not ask leave to enter

and make themselves at home, but examined and handled everything they saw with genuine curiosity, so strong was the desire to know the habits and manners of this strange people. Besides wooden bowls, trays, and dishes, there were earthen pots, and hand-baskets made of crabs' shells, besides several other sorts, very fancifully worked in black and white, which were much admired. So we see that the art of basket-making, in which the Indians excel to-day, was very early acquired, and is proof of their having taste as well as skill.

For food, there were some baskets of parched acorns, some pieces of fish, and some of stale venison, which seemed to be plenty enough, by the number of horns and feet stuck up around the walls of the wigwam, as trophies of the chase. It was a lesson to the explorers, that these people, at least, could live there on what the sea and land would afford. Give them the necessities of life, and they would do without the luxuries.

The visitors helped themselves to what they liked, and as it was then growing late, they hastened on board their shallop, with their plunder, and

so back again to the ship. And this was the end of their second discovery. They had taken what they liked from the Indians, but had not yet paid their reckoning. Between ourselves, we do not think that the white men had gone the right way to work to make friends of these Indians.

IV

THIRD AND LAST SEARCH

ALMOST a whole month had now been as good as wasted, and yet nothing settled. What had been seen was disappointing. Yet the colonists knew that they must decide upon something, and quickly too, if they would not see their hopes utterly defeated. But what a set-back it would be, should they settle down in some place they did not half like, and then have to remove to some other! So after talking the matter over, it was concluded to try once more.

Some of them, who had heard of a place called Agawam,¹ some twenty leagues off, wanted to go there. But Robert Coppin, a pilot, gave them such a glowing account of another harbor, much nearer, where he had once been himself, that it was concluded to pay it a visit. Indeed, on any clear day, the high headlands of this harbor might easily be seen from the ship. To people

devoured by impatience, this seemed something real, something tangible; so in the end a third party was made up to continue the search as far as this harbor, but no farther.

On the day before they were to set out, a terrible calamity was narrowly averted. It chanced that while his father was out of the way, a mischievous boy got his hands on a loaded gun, and as if prompted by the Evil One himself, shot it

A Mischie-
vous Boy.

off right in the cabin, where a barrel of gunpowder was kept. It was the luckiest thing in the world that the ship's deck was not blown up, many killed, and the voyage ended, then and there; for sparks were scattered right and left. As it was, no great harm was done before the fire was put out; but such a narrow escape caused a great fright, as well it might. That Billington boy was not the first, or last, of his kind, who has put other people's lives in peril by fooling with gunpowder.

Another accident, though of a different kind, had a no less fortunate ending. Every day, in fair weather, great whales came and sported around the ship without fear. One day, when

the sun shone out bright and warm, a great lazy fellow lay sunning himself above the
Cruel Sport. water, as if sound asleep, within half a musket-shot of the ship. Two bad men of the company thought it would be rare sport to shoot bullets into him, just to see if he would feel it, and what he would do. The first musket fired burst in twenty pieces, yet the one who fired it was not hurt at all. When the whale had his nap out, he gave a snuff and sheered off.

On Wednesday, December 6, the new party put off in the shallop. It was a bitterly cold day; the sea was very rough, and very soon the men's clothes, wet by the flying spray, were frozen as stiff as coats of iron. After buffeting the waves for some hours, but making slow headway, the shallop was steered for the shore. As
December 6. she was nearing it, some Indians were seen running to and fro, about some great black thing stretched out on the sands, though what it was, or what the Indians were doing there, could not be made out. Camp was pitched, sentinels posted, and a strict watch kept throughout the night, for fear of a visit from these queer-acting people, but no more was heard of them.

In the morning the party divided, part sailing along the shore in the shallop, part marching along the sands. In this way the shallop carried



Black-fish on the Beach.

the food for the whole party, and when hailed from the shore could join company again.

When the footmen came to the place where the Indians had been seen, the black object proved to be a dead grampus, or black-fish, from which they

were stripping off the outside fat, or blubber, when frightened away by the sight of the shallop.

They were tracked on the sands to where they had struck off into the woods. Still pursuing them, the explorers fell into a plain path, which led them first to an old cornfield, and then to a very great burial-ground, thick with graves and fenced about with saplings, higher than a man's head. If this did not show that the
Indian Grave-yard. Indians were living about there, it is hard to see what would. Yet the careless white men seem to have thought little of it.

Presently some four or five wigwams were discovered, all deserted. After digging in several places for corn, and finding nothing but parched acorns, the white men turned back to the shore again, and as the sun was getting low, the shallop was hailed to come in to them. So here a rude brushwood shelter was thrown together, in which to pass the night; but the shallop had to haul out into deep water again, where she could ride at anchor, though within hailing distance of the camp.

At dead of night, when all around was as still

as the grave, the sleepers were suddenly waked by loud and hideous cries, like to nothing ever heard before from the throat of man or beast. Instantly the voice of their sentinel was heard calling out "Arm! Arm!" The white men

A Night
Alarm.

sprang to their arms, and fired one or two random shots toward the spot where the noises had come from, when they suddenly ceased. As all seemed quiet, it was thought to have been a false alarm, caused by some wolves prowling about the camp; so the tired people lay down to sleep again.

They were stirring again, in the early dusk of the morning, some trying their muskets, to make sure they would not miss fire, others carrying their things down to the beach, ready to be put on board the shallop as soon as the tide would let her come in to them. They then had prayers, for wherever they might be, night or day, this was one thing that these people never neglected.

After prayers they began to think of their breakfasts, for long tramps make sharp appetites. While busied about this frugal meal, again those

unearthly yells burst upon their ears, out of the forest; and again the sentinel came running at the top of his speed, crying out to them as he ran, "They are men! Indians! Indians!" And before a weapon could be drawn, the deadly arrows came humming thick and fast.

Never were men more completely taken off their guard. The moment for attack had been seized with surprising quickness, when the white men had laid aside their arms and the shallop was

at a distance. Standish, however, with
Shore Party
Attacked. two or three more, who had their muskets ready, boldly stood their ground, while their comrades were running to their arms and the shallop was hastening to the rescue. Meantime, the Indians kept up their noisy shouting and shooting from behind trees, where the white men could not get a fair shot back at them; and besides, the woods were still dark, while the white men stood out in the open light. So Standish bade them not to waste their powder.

Presently, two or three guns went off from the shallop, showing that she was now taking part in

the fray. Then those on shore called out to ask how it was with them, and quickly the cheering cry came back, "Well, well, every one!" Then they, in their turn, called out for fire to light their matches with,² as there was none on board the shallop. Upon this, one bold fellow snatched up a burning brand out of the camp-fire, and waded off with it to the shallop, quite heedless of the many arrows shot at him.

Failing in their sudden onset, and afraid to stand the hot musketry fire, the Indians gave up the fight. After following them for a quarter of a mile, the white men sent a parting volley after them to hasten their flight, and they were seen no more.

None of the white men had been hurt. After giving thanks for their deliverance from this danger, all went on board the shallop, which soon left the inhospitable shore behind.

For a time all went well; but as the day wore on the wind rose, the air grew thick with snow and sleet driven before it, and the sea so rough that the rudder was unshipped. Darkness, too, was shutting in fast. In this sad plight

they were crowding all sail to gain the wished-for harbor, when with a quick snapping noise, down came mast and sail, with a crash, upon their heads. If they had not rowed for their lives, all must have perished. As it was, when they did get into smooth water the pilot confessed that he did not know the place at all.

Yet, as any harbor was better than shipwreck, with thankful hearts the party passed the night where fortune had cast them, until daylight showed them where they were.

It proved to be an island lying well out from the mainland. They explored it. The next day being the Sabbath, nothing was done; but on the next they crossed the harbor to the main shore, sounding it as they went. Here they saw plenty of cleared land and running brooks, with which they were so well pleased that all were agreed no better place would be found. And now that the question, which so long had plagued them, was set at rest, no time was lost in carrying the glad tidings back to the ship that a home had been found at last.

Escape
Shipwreck.

A Home
Found.

Two things had happened while the " Mayflower " lay at Cape Cod, one bringing joy, the other sorrow. A son had been born to William and



Peregrine White's Apple-tree.

Susannah White, quaintly christened Peregrine ; and Dorothy, the beloved wife of William Bradford, had been drowned while her husband was absent looking for a home for her. For him, alas !

the joyful returning was changed to mourning; and to all it brought home the sober lesson that time and eternity had begun for this little colony almost at the selfsame hour.

¹ Now Ipswich, Mass.

² The rude firearms of that day had to be discharged by means of a lighted slow-match, which each man carried about him for the purpose.

V

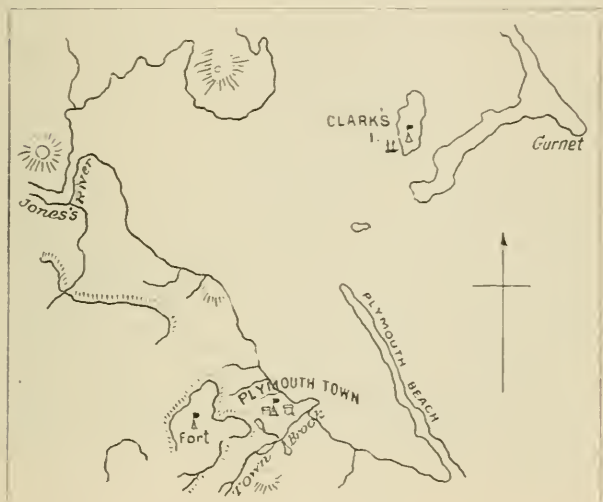
BUILDING THE TOWN

ON Friday, December 15, the "Mayflower" lifted her anchor to go to the new harbor across the bay; but the day proved as unlucky for the voyage as it was generally supposed to be; and she was forced to put back again. But
December 16. on Saturday she tried it once more, with better success, and now dropped her anchor in the desired haven.

Many wistful looks, no doubt, were cast around the silent shores, as if to read the future in those whitened hills and darksome woods that stretched around them; but no answering word came back, no sign of life was there. It was to be a battle between the forces of nature and the forces of man.

On Monday a party landed to explore the place. They were to decide where to build their town. No signs of any inhabitants were seen except some

old planting grounds here and there, with which the explorers were now familiar. They
 December 18. tried the soil, looked at the trees, drank from the brooks, took note how the land lay, and at dusk went off to the ship, still undecided.



Plymouth Bay and Town.

On Tuesday the search was continued still farther into the land. We can fancy
 December 19. them peering cautiously through the thickets, pointing this way and that way, like

men uncertain of their route, or stooping over some withered plant which lay in their path and reminded them of home.

After comparing notes, the majority favored building at the foot of a small hill, where the ground was ready cleared to their hands, and where a fine, clear brook ran under the hillside. Some demurred because the woods were a long way off; but really this was not half so bad as having to hew away the forest to get room to plant and build upon, and far better than to have the Indians always lurking at their doors. Besides, if the Indians must be treated as enemies, it would be good policy to keep them at a distance.

This decision was reached on the 20th, and an armed guard left to hold the ground until the following day, when it was agreed that all should come on shore and begin the work of building in earnest. It rained hard all that night, and blew a gale the next day; so that there could be no passing between ship and shore, without danger, for two days more; but on the 23d, the weather having cleared, all who were able

A Site
Chosen

December 20.

to work came off to the place agreed upon, and from that day forward some part of the company was always on the ground.



Forefathers' Rock, 1875.

So we see that the choice of any one day to specially designate the landing of the Pilgrims is a wholly arbitrary thing, some people celebrating one day and some another. The only day on which formal possession of the ground

was taken (20th December) is not celebrated at all.

This first landing has always been a matter of the greatest interest, because it is inseparable from the great events of which it was the humble beginning. Not all the armies of the world, marshalled for battle, would begin to possess the meaning that clings to this weak handful of peaceable colonists, drawn up on that lonely beach, with their mattocks and spades. Though they did not know it, they were making an epoch.

There is an old tradition, much prized by all the women of the land, that it was a young girl who first sprang from the boat to the shore; and a certain rock or boulder, half buried in the sand, has always been pointed out as the spot that her daring foot first pressed.

Forefathers'
Rock.

We know this cannot be true of the first party, because they were all men; yet it is not improbable that women may have been permitted to accompany the first working party, if they so desired, and there is no proof to the contrary. At any rate, the tradition goes back more than a hundred and thirty years, and comes direct

to us from the lips of those who knew more about it than we do. Some well-informed people think the tradition a made-up story. Simple-minded creatures! They do not understand that it is as firmly imbedded in history, as is the venerated rock in the shore itself.

Now the westward march of the nations begins as one by one the people jump on shore. Some are of middle age, steady and deliberate; some young, eager and impatient to be up and doing. Do not imagine that they are dressed, as the artists dress them, in brand-new hats and freshly starched collars and cuffs. They stand there in their every-day working clothes, threadbare enough, no doubt, with the wear and tear of a long sea voyage, or those hard marches among the Cape Cod thickets. Mattocks and spades, beetles and wedges, axes and hoes, ropes and tackling, are tossed out on the beach, and each man

Going
to Work.

taking something, the whole move off to their allotted work. Some go to clear away the ground for their storehouse, for that must be the first thing built; some to fell and hew timber for it, in the woods; and soon

the sharp ring of busy axes is echoing far and wide in the land.

At the close of the day most of the people went off to the ship, which must still be their dwelling-place for some time to come. Monday was Christmas day; yet they went to work the same as on any other day. The Sabbath, alone, was kept holy. There were no Christmas carols, no gifts, no rejoicings, yet it was a most notable day in their calendar, for on it they raised the frame of their

Christmas
Day.

first house. It was a storehouse, twenty feet square, and as its frame was lifted to view, those on the ship could see that their town was no longer a dream, but a reality. That night Master Jones gave them beer to drink, in honor of the day.

Yet, with one day fair and the next foul, the work of building went on but slowly. The ship, too, was so deep in the water that she could not come within a mile and a half of the shore, and even the boats had to wait for the tide before they could land their people at the beach. Much time, therefore, was lost in going back and forth in these short days. These things had not been fore-

seen, but could not be helped now, or so long as this passing to and fro should be necessary. But we shudder to think what would have become of them if the master had put them on shore at Cape Cod, when his crew threatened to do so. They must have perished, every one.

One little fright from the Indians caused the people to look to their means of defence without more delay. This had been in their minds ever since choosing their town site, where a hill overlooked all the approaches, far and near. They now planned to fortify this hill-top with cannon, brought in the ship, and as soon as possible

Laying Out a
Town. enclose this hill with their town plot, all in one strong fence or palisade. So, on

Thursday, the 28th, some went to work levelling off a place on the hill, while others began staking out the ground below in house-lots. This proves that they dared not trust themselves in an open village, for fear of the Indians breaking in upon them.

Two more stormy days came to discourage them; and from the ship Indian smokes could be seen curling up in the distance, to still further

trouble the timid ones. Some of the men, sent out to cut thatch, saw fires too, yet no Indians came near them. If friends, why did they hold themselves thus aloof? If foes, they must be looked to; for what could the people do, should the Indians fall upon them when scattered about at work?

To live in such fear was not to be borne. Work could not go on prosperously as long as one eye had to be kept on the forest and the other on the work. So Captain Standish went out, with five men, to see if he could find any of these Indians, yet could meet with none, but in coming home an eagle was shot, on which they dined with much relish.

And now, first one and then another of their weakly people began to fall sick and die.

Even fear of the Indians could not prevent some drones, who would rather do anything than work, from strolling off into the woods to hunt or pass away the time. While out with one of the seamen, Francis Billington discovered a large pond, or lake, which he magnified into a sea, and it was called after him Billington sea, and was, so far as known, the first place here to get an English name. These

two adventurers also came across several deserted wigwams. What could all these signs of former inhabitants mean? It was a real mystery.



Leyden Street.

(The first to be built upon.)

The ninth day of January deserves to be marked with a white stone, for on this day the people began to build two rows of houses where the ground had

been staked out. Enough land for a garden was set off to each house-lot, those men having the largest families getting a larger garden-plot; and in order to build fewer houses, all the company was divided up into nineteen families, single men being assigned to some family. Each head of a family was to build his own house. By following this plan it was thought that everyone would do his very best.

The storehouse being now completed, all except thatching and daubing, men were sent out to cut flags for thatch, while others were plastering the crevices between the logs with clay mortar. In four days more, this first building was ready to receive them and their goods. The chimney, we take it, was what was called a rung-chimney, made of sticks laid up cross-wise, one upon another, and well plastered with clay inside and out. Bricks are nowhere mentioned.

Odd adventures befell those who wandered far from the seashore. One day two thatch-cutters, John Goodman and Peter Brown, took two dogs with them into the woods. One of these was a big mastiff, the other a spaniel. At dinner-time the men took

their meat in their hands, to walk about a little while. Presently, the dogs started a deer, and gave chase, in full cry, with the men following after. Excited by the chase, they followed so far that they could not find their way home; so they had to pass that night and all the next day in the woods before they could get the bearings of the settlement. That night they got back to it half frozen and nearly famishing for want of food, but to the great relief of their friends, who had given them up for lost. Goodman's shoes had to be cut from his feet, they were so swollen with the cold; and it was a long time before he was able to walk about again, let alone chasing deer. The two dogs spoken of were the only domestic animals that came over in the "Mayflower."

It had been agreed that the first Sunday after the storehouse was finished should be kept on shore, because most of the people were now staying there. This fell on the fourteenth day of the month. But those on the ship who were up early in the morning saw, with dismay, their great new storehouse all on fire. It put them in great fear, because it was supposed that the Indians had set

Lost in the
Woods.

it, until found to have caught by accident. Luckily, the thatch burned off the roof without
Storehouse
takes Fire. injuring the frame-work; but some sick people, who were in the house at that time, narrowly escaped being blown up by gunpowder. It was a great fright, well over with.

After this a few fair sunshiny days put new spirits into such of the company as were still in good health, though, alas! the number of hands was every day growing fewer and fewer. The next thing completed was a shed to store the company's goods in; but, from one and another cause, it was near the end of the month before the ship could begin unlading her cargo. And now we first hear of a little house being used as a hospital for the sick, of whom it is sad to read that there were far too many. No doubt their good doctor, Samuel Fuller, had his hands full from this time forth, tending his suffering patients, and we grieve to think of so many dying off before the houses built for them were made ready; or of the little funeral procession following the body of Captain Standish's wife, Rose, to its lonely grave, hard by the rippling waters of a foreign strand.

VI

THE GREAT SICKNESS

FEBRUARY, the worst month of winter in New England, came in cold, wet, and rainy. Those who lay sick and helpless suffered much for want of nourishing food; for though there were wild

February. fowl on the water and deer in the woods, none could be spared to go out hunting. It was, therefore, a godsend when the master shot five geese, which he gave to the sick people. But when he also told them of scaring away a wolf from the carcass of a dead deer, that old bugaboo, of prowling Indians, rose up to plague them again.

One fine day, when a settler had gone a mile or so out of the village to shoot wild fowl, who should come tramping by him but
More
Indians. twelve stout Indians. They were heading straight for the unprotected village. In great fear, he lay stock-still until they passed

him, undiscovered, and then ran home in a fright, to give the alarm. Those men who were away at work in the woods were quickly called in; and all made ready to defend themselves. But the savages did not molest them at this time, except by stealing the tools that Myles Standish and Francis Cook had left behind, in their haste.

So, on the next day, February 17th, all the company met together to adopt military rules and plans for action; and Standish was chosen captain over them, by general consent.

While they were busy about these things, two more Indians showed themselves, in plain sight, on top of a hill a quarter of a mile off. They beckoned to the white men to come to them, and the white men answered by beckoning in their turn. As the Indians stood still, two white men went out toward them, without arms, in sign of friendship; but before they had gone far the two Indians took to their heels, and from the strange noises heard as they went the white men judged there must be many more near at hand, ready to have fallen upon them.

Plainly, the Indians were growing bolder. To

be ready for them when they should come, the people now began the hard work of mounting



The Town Square, in 1874.

(Governor Bradford's house stood where the one is shown at the right.)

their cannon on the hill. Master Jones brought
his sailors on shore, to help haul these
heavy guns up to the spot where they

Cannon
Mounted.

were to be placed in position; and when this had been done, sailors and settlers shared their victuals together in right friendly sort, for before this we think there had been no love lost between them.

Though the shortest month of the year, this was the darkest in the annals of the settlement. No less than seventeen persons had died of the scurvy since the month came in. Fourteen had died

Death is
Busy.

before, making thirty-one deaths in all during the three months of December, January, and February; and the end was not yet. On some days two or three had died. With death stalking, unchecked, in their midst, and death lurking in ambush abroad, these afflicted people showed a fortitude and strength of purpose nothing short of heroism. Trust in the God above sustained them; and in their deepest misery they meekly bowed to the will of Him who giveth and who taketh away.

And how touching is the story of brotherly love told by one of the survivors! In the time of greatest distress, when there were not more than seven well persons left in all the company, with

hazard of their own lives — for the disease was contagious — these thrice fortunate ones fetched wood to the sick, made their fires for them, cooked their meat, made their beds, dressed and undressed them, and even washed their loathsome clothes, like the Good Samaritans that they were. And all was willingly and ungrudgingly done. Was not this true Christian heroism?

One of the noble seven was Standish, whose iron constitution seemed to defy every hardship, though he had borne his full share of it with the rest. Another was Elder Brewster, to whom the sick and the dying did not look in vain for pious consolation in this hour of trial. Surely their names should be written in letters of gold upon the tablets of history.

March
Comes.

March came in "like a lamb," as the homely proverb has it, and very pleasant to the people were the sweet songs of birds now heard in the woods around them. These signs of coming spring led them to sow some garden seeds, much too early; for the weather soon again grew as raw and blustering as ever.

About the middle of the month, it being a fair,

warm day, the people came together again to finish the business which had been so suddenly broken off by the appearance of the two savages some time before. Again they were strangely interrupted. To the amazement of every one, an Indian, naked to his waist, and straight as an arrow, suddenly stalked in among them. Without showing any signs of fear, he kept straight on, through the one little street, until he came to the storehouse, where the people were consulting together. Here they stopped him. They were still more astonished when he said in very good English, "Welcome, Englishmen!"

Samoset
Comes.

As this was the first savage they had been able to get speech with, great was their curiosity to find him so free and fearless; and greater still that he could talk with them. He told them his home was many a long league from there, where the ships from Old England came every year to fish for cod; and how he had learned to speak their tongue, from friendly association with the people. Tall and straight he was, and beardless, with hair black as a coal, cut short before, but

left long behind. He carried no weapons, except a bow and arrows.

The white men made this strange visitor welcome. He asked for beer, but, as they had none to give him, he drank off a draught of strong waters instead. They saw he had learned to do as the Englishmen did, even to drinking a dram now and then. Then, to show their hospitality, they set some biscuits and butter, cheese and pudding, before him, of which he ate with a good appetite, and quite at his ease.

And now, in requital of their good cheer, this Indian cleared up many a mystery over which the whites had long pondered. He told them that the place where they were now living was called Patuxet.¹ Some four years back all the native inhabitants had died of a strange and fearful plague. Then the meaning of so many deserted fields and wigwams was seen, and the white men were right glad to know that they had done the Indians no wrong in taking up their abode here.

Long they plied this Indian with questions. And still they would not trust him, so deep had

that first fight sunk into their minds. For all his fair words, he might be a spy. When night came, they hoped he would go away; but as he showed no signs of doing so, they put him in Stephen Hopkins' house and set a watch over him.

The next day Samoset,² for that was the Indian's name, departed to the people from whence he came. They were, he said, sixty strong. He knew of the fight that the explorers had fought with the Nausets, who, he said, numbered a hundred strong; and he also told his listeners what men had stolen their tools, and why Englishmen were so hated and feared.

It was not a pleasant story to hear, and when told, no one could blame the Indians for feeling so revengeful. It seems that one Thomas Hunt, master of a fishing ship, after having very wickedly enticed some twenty Indians, in this very place, on board his vessel, under pretence of trading, had carried them off to Spain, where they were sold as slaves. Some of the Nauset men, too, had been served in the same way. Who can wonder at the Indians for dogging these colonists about to kill them, or help feeling ashamed of that cruel Cap-

tain Hunt, who had made it so much harder for them to gain the good-will of their savage neighbors? Now it was all out. Now it was the turn of the white men to hang their heads.

To show their good-will, the colonists gave Samoset a knife, a bracelet, and a ring when he went away. He promised to come back within a day or two, with some of Massasoit's men, who, he said, would bring their beaver skins to trade with the English.

Right glad were they to have thus secured, at once, a mediator and an interpreter, through whom they could talk with their red neighbors.

True to his word, Samoset came back on the appointed day, which happened to be Sunday, with five more tall, proper men in his company. The careful whites made them leave their bows and arrows outside the village. These visitors

Indian
Visitors. had on long leggings reaching to the thigh, and above that a leather waist-cloth. Every one, also, had a deer-skin thrown over one shoulder. But what made the white men stare hardest was the way that these fellows wore their hair and painted their faces.

It looked as if they must have got themselves up for the visit, with unusual care. Some wore their snaky locks trussed straight up, like a cock's comb, with a fox's tail dangling down from it; some had blackened their faces from forehead to chin; and still others had daubed their faces across in streaks of black and white, or black, red, and white, so as to make themselves look very fierce, as indeed they did, for the white women could not bear to look at them.

After eating heartily of the food set before them, the visitors sang and danced for the white men; although the odd ways in which they twisted their bodies about, and wagged their heads to a sort of droning song, must have made it hard for the white men to keep sober faces.

These men brought back all the stolen tools. They also brought a few skins, for which the white men would not trade on that day, but told them to go and get more, which they willingly promised to do; and presently went away, seemingly well pleased with their reception. To Samoset the Englishmen gave a hat, a shirt, and shoes and stockings, as a reward for his faithfulness so far. To each of the others some trifles were given.

Monday and Tuesday the people were busy digging their grounds, and sowing their garden seeds. On Wednesday they met together, for the third time, to settle upon their civil laws, as was needful; yet again they were interrupted by the appearance of two or three savages on the hill over against them, who whetted their arrows and rubbed their bowstrings, as if daring the white men to combat. But when Standish and two or three more went out to meet these fellows, they quickly took to their heels, and were seen no more.

This day is remembered as the one on which the last of the company were brought on shore from the "Mayflower." We judge, therefore, that up to this time sufficient house-room had not been got ready to accommodate all the people. So, thanks to their perseverance under so many difficulties, families were again united, under their own roofs, in a town built by their own labors.

¹ It is not easy to say just when the name of Plymouth, or New Plymouth, was adopted. Not until July, 1621, do I find it in any written account. Patuxet is used both before and after this date.

² We are not told how Samoset came to be there; his presence shows that the Indians were in the habit of making long journeys on foot from tribe to tribe. His home was at Pemaquid, Me.

VII

THE COMING OF KING MASSASOIT

THURSDAY, the 22d of March, was a very fair, warm day. About noon, the people met again on the public business, or, as we should now say, in town-meeting. They had been scarce an hour together when Samoset came to them again,

Squanto
Comes.

bringing with him another Indian, called Squanto, a native of this very place, and the only one now living. Strange to say, his life had been saved when his liberty was lost; for he was one of those very Indians carried off by that wicked Captain Hunt, of whom Samoset had told them, so escaping the plague.

These men were come to tell the Englishmen that Massasoit himself, the great Sagamore, was near at hand and would presently pay them a visit. In the course of an hour Massasoit and all his train of warriors came in sight, on the top of the nearest hill. There they halted.

The white men were in a quandary. Fear of treachery still lurked in their minds, although everything seemed so fair and open. As neither party seemed willing to make the first advances, Squanto went again to Massasoit, to know what he

desired. All that Massasoit asked was

Massasoit

Visits Them.

that some one be sent to talk with him

who should stay as a hostage, while he himself went to the Englishmen's town. The chief, we see, was just as much afraid to trust himself among the white men, without some pledge for his safe return to his own people, as the white men were to trust him.

To give and take hostages in such a case as this was, indeed, a very old custom with all civilized nations; and so it is not surprising to find it practised even among savages. So Edward Winslow was chosen to go to Massasoit, both to know his will and to let him know that the Englishmen wished to have peace with him.

Winslow took with him some knives, a

Winslow a

Hostage.

copper chain, and some other gifts for

Massasoit and his brother, who was

also present. These things were graciously

received; after which Winslow did his errand in a speech, which the two Indian interpreters repeated after him as well as they could.

Like a true envoy, Winslow had his armor on and his sword by his side, and must have looked very grand. As he had just said that his countrymen hoped to have friendly trade with their neighbors, Massasoit took him up on the spot by offering to buy his breastplate and sword. This was more than Winslow had bargained for, so the first attempt at trading fell through.

The first steps being thus pleasantly settled, Massasoit now came to the town with twenty men, all leaving their bows and arrows behind them. Captain Standish, with some half-dozen musket-

Massasoit's
Reception.

eers, escorted them to an unfinished house, where a green rug and some cushions were placed for his copper-colored majesty to sit upon. Then came Governor Carver, attended by a drummer beating his drum, and a trumpeter sounding his loudest, and a few more musketeers. After gravely kissing one another's hands, the ruler of the soil and the ruler of the colony sat down together, side by

side. Then the governor called for a cup of strong waters, which he first quaffed to Massasoit's health, in the good old English fashion, and then passed to the chieftain, who innocently drank off so much of it that it made him sweat all the time he was there.

A treaty of peace was made on the spot, which was no less binding because it consisted of so few words. Indeed, as the Indians would have to commit it to memory, the fewer words the better. And once their word was given they seldom broke it, except under strong provocation. Because it was so brief, this treaty may be easily repeated. Both parties agreed to do each other no hurt, to begin with. If an Indian should hurt a white man, however, the offender was to be sent to the English for punishment. If any Indian should rob the English, or any Englishman an Indian, each party agreed to see that the stolen property was restored. This was a rather sharp reminder of the theft of the tools. Each also promised to aid the other in case of war; also that when visiting each other, the visitors should always come unarmed. Massasoit

Treaty with
Massasoit.

was to notify all of his red neighbors, so that they, also, should do the English no wrong.

Business being thus dispatched, each party had time to look the other over. As for Massasoit, he was a big, stout man, in the prime of life, grave in his looks, and sparing of speech. His face was smeared all over with dark red paint.¹ His dress differed little from that of his followers, except that he wore a long chain of bone beads around his neck, as a mark of rank. Yet big as he was, either fear, or the strong waters, or both, made the great Massasoit tremble all the time he was there.

When Massasoit took his leave, some of his men were left as hostages for Winslow. Six of them, we find, were considered to be worth no more than one white man. After Massasoit came Quadequina, who, being also a prince of the blood, the same ceremonies paid to the king, his brother, had to be gone over with again. Their followers were like little children, filled with wonder at every new thing they saw. Having heard the trumpeter sound his trumpet, they also would try it. We can guess what a wretched piece of work they made of it.

Upon the return of this party to their friends, the hostages on both sides were dismissed. Samoset and Squanto stayed all night in the town; while Massasoit's party lay out in the woods near by. Ever watchful, the white men kept good guard that night; but there really was no occasion for it.

Massasoit having gone away, on Friday, the twenty-third day of the month, the colonists once more met together to make an end of the public business, so often put off before. This time they were allowed to finish it without hindrance, and having done so, they again chose John Carver to be their governor for the year following.

Now, from this time forth the colonists kept this 23d day of March as their annual court-day, as it was called, because they had then first established a few laws and an annual election-day. We do not know what rules they had been living under before. Nobody has told us. But we do know how impatient and anxious they were to have some laws laid down which all should know and live up to; and now, at last, this had been

Town-meeting Day.

done. And there is no doubt whatever that all the law-abiding people went away from that meeting feeling much easier in their minds, and that they had done the best day's work yet. And well they might. They had founded the simplest form of civil government ever begun by Englishmen in America.

There was little danger of these people being governed too much, as the saying is, for, so far as we know, they had chosen but two executive officers, a governor and a military captain. But behind them was the majesty of the law upheld by the majesty of the people. Few indeed they were; but the vital laws are the same for half a hundred as for a hundred thousand, as anyone can understand by reading the Ten Commandments.

While the people were thus occupied about affairs of state, Squanto had gone fishing for eels. At night he brought home as many live ones as he could lift with one hand. He had caught them by treading them out of the mud with his feet. If the white men were wise in their own conceit,

they had found that even a poor despised Indian, like Samoset, could bring about a peace when they could not, or, like Squanto, teach them how to catch eels without either pots, or hooks, or bait. It was like going to school again, this starting in life in a new country.

¹ Probably his color-mark of royalty, like the purple robes of an Eastern prince.

VIII

A JOURNEY TO POKANOKET

• ALTHOUGH the fatal sickness had much abated, by the end of March it had carried off half the original company; yet of those left, many who had been sick were fast getting well again. When we remember that scarce half the survivors were grown-up men, we realize how near this colony had come to sharing the fate of the poor plague-stricken Indians.

But things were now brightening every day. During the sickness the "Mayflower" herself had been but a plague-ridden ship; for her people had not escaped the infection any more than the colonists. Her master's hurry to be gone was therefore of no avail. If she had sooner sailed away, the last hope of the colonists would have gone with her. But so long as she could be seen riding out in the bay, one hope was still left them.

Now that their minds were lightened of this

load, and fear of the Indians no more oppressed them, the "Mayflower" lifted anchor
 "Mayflower"
 Sails. and sailed away, leaving many a heavy heart behind her. Long they watched her, and when she had faded from their sight, who shall tell what a feeling of loneliness came over the little band of lookers-on? Now, indeed, they felt themselves alone.

Planting time having come, all who were able to work now went to putting their first seed-corn in the ground. Squanto showed them how. He told them that the Indians always dropped a fish in each and every hill of corn, and that unless they did so too, these old worn-out fields
 Planting
 Corn. would yield but poorly. Then he showed them where to take all the alewives they would want right at their own doors. But without the help of either horses, oxen, or ploughs, digging over the sodden ground with a spade was certainly slow, hard work.

While they were busy about their planting, no well man or boy being excused, Governor Carver, who was at work like the rest, was taken suddenly ill, and went home. He grew rapidly

worse, fell into a deep stupor, and, after lingering a few days in this way, he died. Thus
Governor Carver Dies. to lose their governor was a most grievous blow to all. He was buried with military honors as befitted the highest among them, though no man knows just where. A handful of soldiers tenderly bore the body to the grave; and when it was covered they fired a volley over it, and all was over.

The colony being now thus left without a head, William Bradford was chosen governor.
Bradford Chosen. As he was not yet well of a dangerous illness, Isaac Allerton was chosen his assistant or deputy. And now we have three colony officers, a governor, an assistant, and a military captain.

Within a few short weeks, Governor Carver's wife, a weakly woman, followed her husband to the grave.

Something now happened to turn men's minds away from such gloomy events as these — something tending to restore confidence, not break it down. A widower and a widow, each made so by these sad afflictions, were joined in marriage. The



The Allene House, Cole's Hill.

groom was Edward Winslow and the bride Susanah White, mother of little Peregrine. It was no long courtship. Winslow's first wife had died only some seven weeks before, and Mrs. White's husband a month earlier. It was a civil
Winslow's
Wedding. marriage, performed, we suppose, by the governor, they having no minister of their own. Although there was no ringing of bells or bringing home of the bride in state, yet if this happy event did not banish every other thought from the minds of the women-folk, we are much mistaken.

While the corn was growing and there was little to do, it was thought fitting to return Massasoit's visit. Naturally, there was much curiosity about this chieftain who had eaten and drank with them. What sort of a place did he live in? How did he keep his dusky court? And was his friendship still as warm as when he sweat so freely, after drinking the Englishman's health?

Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins therefore, started off for Massasoit's town, taking Squanto as their guide. It was a bold thing for these two men thus to trust themselves alone among the

savages ; but they went as freely and fearlessly on their long road as Samoset had come to them.

A well-beaten forest path brought them first to an Indian town, called Namasket,¹ whence, after a short halt, they kept on to a river, where more

Indians were fishing for bass. This
July, 1621.

being only a fishing resort, and not a village, the travellers slept in the open fields, like the Indians, who told them that this river would take them to Massasoit's town.

In the morning they again set out along the river, followed by half a dozen of their new acquaintances, who did not wait for an invitation, but stuck to them like wax. After going some miles the Indians halted on the bank, for here the river must be forded, they said.

Stripping to the waist, the party waded out into the river, only to be suddenly brought to a stand, when half-way across, by the appearance of two Indians on the opposite bank, who came rushing down to the water's edge, yelling and bending their bows as if to drive the travellers back. As soon as it could be explained who and what they were, these guardians of the ford gave way to the

strangers, who, no doubt, felt as much mortified at being stopped by two men with bows and arrows, as by the sorry figure they had cut standing out there in the water, half-dressed.

Having rested themselves a little, for it was a very hot day, the party set forward again. When they came to any small stream their Indian companions would insist on carrying them across on their backs, or when the white men grew tired offered to carry their muskets for them; showing, in this way, their gratitude for any little acts of kindness done them.

Thus the travellers came at length to Pokanoket,² Massasoit's town. Massasoit himself was not then at home; so a messenger was dispatched for him. When the chieftain drew near, Squanto asked the Englishmen to fire off their muskets in his honor; but on seeing one of them take up his gun to do so, all the women and children instantly ran away in a fright, so great was their dread of the Englishmen's firearms.

At Poka-
noket.

Massasoit welcomed the ambassadors kindly, took them into his wigwam, and made them sit

down beside him. A Christian prince would have asked them at once to what he owed the honor of this visit. Much more polite was the savage's way of waiting in silence for his guests to speak.

If the envoys were not embarrassed how to begin, we do not know what could have embarrassed them. However, they said their errand in their own tongue, leaving Squanto to put it into Indian for them; and that, no doubt, made it all the easier for them.

They began by requesting that peace and goodwill might continue between them. "But," they went on to say, "we must ask your majesty to keep your subjects from coming to our town without leave or license; for they expect us to feed them at all times, which, indeed, we have done, although we are afraid that they will eat us out of house and home." Scant hospitality this seems! But the poor colonists had to draw the line somewhere.

Then they tempered the sharpness of this request somewhat, by saying that of course Massasoit himself, or any of his messengers, should be

always welcome; and in order that his messengers might be known, the English governor had sent him a copper chain, both as a present and a token that the wearer should pass freely. Then the chain was put round Massasoit's neck, where he sat grimly listening.

Having thus freed their minds, the envoys next asked that those who had skins to sell should bring them to the English town. It is not at all surprising that the colonists should wish to start a trade with the Indians, because it was the only way of paying what they owed for their passage and supplies. For this purpose they had brought with them some cheap trinkets and small wares; such as the fishing ships paid for skins with; and they very well knew that both Dutch and French ships were in the habit of trading along these very coasts, for their goods were seen among the Indians.

One thing more the envoys hastened to relieve their minds of. We remember how the exploring party had dug up and carried away corn that did not belong to them. This act had laid heavily upon their consciences ever since. Massasoit was

now asked to let the owners know that the white people wished to pay for what had been taken, in whatever they had to give. The chief readily promised to be their mediator in this affair, and the interview closed with the envoys' putting a showy red coat, trimmed with lace, on Massasoit's back, at which he and his chief men were not a little puffed up.

After this Massasoit made a long speech to his own men. It was made up of questions, such as, "Am I not Massasoit, lord of all the country round about? Is not such a town mine, and the people of it?" Then he named over as many as thirty places, one by one, and every time he paused for an answer, one and all loudly shouted out their approval. Having shown his authority in this manner, Massasoit signified his will that his people should bring all their skins to the English town. And his will was their law.

This done, pipes were lighted. It grew late, but Massasoit did not offer his guests anything to eat, although they were very hungry indeed. Seeing they would get nothing to eat, they asked leave to go to bed. The chief made

them lie down on his own bed, they at one end, he and his wife at the other.

In Massa-
soit's Bed.

It was only some planks raised a foot from the ground, with a thin mat spread over it. Two more lusty fellows, who also slept there, crowded upon them so closely that they declared they were more weary of their lodgings than of their journey.

News of the strange white men being there having spread abroad, a great many Indians flocked in to see them. These people presently fell to gaming among themselves, for skins and knives, while the white men looked on. It was no new thing to them, except in the kind of games that were played, for gambling was commonly practised in the Old Country at fairs, as well as on most holidays. But these games were new to them.

Seeing so many skins changing hands, Winslow and Hopkins offered to shoot at a mark with the Indians, for skins, as our country people do to-day for turkeys. They wanted the skins, too, and believed that they could easily beat the Indians at this game. But the Indians could not

be persuaded to try it, though their skill at shooting with the bow and arrow was truly wonderful, because they really believed gunpowder to be a kind of devil, who had power to kill them in the twinkling of an eye.

Instead of making a match, the Indians asked the white men to fire at a mark. Willing to gratify them, one of the visitors loaded his gun with small shot, took aim, and fired. Great was the astonishment of the natives when they saw the mark so full of shot-holes.

It was after noonday when Massasoit brought in two great fishes, that he had either shot or speared while out looking for a dinner for all these guests of his. With nice calculation these two fishes were made to go round, among at least forty hungry mouths; so that while everybody had a mouthful, nobody had a full meal. And the two envoys declare, with much feeling, that this was their first and only meal for two days and a night past.

What with fasting and want of sleep, the envoys were in no mood to trespass on Massasoit's hospitality longer. They did not then know that,

with savages, it was always either a feast or a fast; and if they had known it, the knowledge could make little difference to men afraid they would not have strength enough to get home again. So, on a Friday, before sunrise, the envoys took their leave of Massasoit, who kept Squanto, but gave them another guide in his place.

Winslow and Hopkins had now made what may be called a commercial treaty with Massasoit. A treaty of peace had been already made. But best of all was the act of restitution for the corn. It could not fail to show that the white men were honest folk, and not thieves and robbers. And as even Indians could understand this, the colonists now went among them as fearlessly as they would have walked in the streets of London itself.

¹ This was what is now Middleboro', Mass.

² Mount Hope, in Bristol, R.I., was the royal seat of Massasoit.

IX

A VOYAGE TO NAUSET

IN this same pleasant summer month, a lad named John Billington, brother of him who had so nearly blown up the "Mayflower," strayed away into the woods and was lost. So some people went, in the shallop, in search of him. The boy was supposed to have wandered off somewhere to the south, because Massasoit's people had looked everywhere else for him in vain; and, if so, it was feared that the youngster had fallen into the hands of the bad Indians down that way.

Billington
Lost.

The searchers took Squanto and another Indian along, to talk with their own people who might be met with. In fact, nothing could be done without Squanto.

Toward night they put into a shallow bay for a harbor, dropping anchor well out for more safety. At low tide the shallop lay aground, and presently

some Indians were seen hunting the sands for lobsters. So the two friend Indians went to see if these men could give them any news of the boy. They at once said that he was at Nauset, of all places the very one where the explorers had been so sharply attacked the winter before.

When told to have no fears, as the white men would not hurt them, the strange Indians invited the shallop's people on shore to eat with them, which was done as soon as the shallop floated again. But four Indians stayed in her as hostages, while six of the party went on shore. These
Ianough. were taken before Ianough, chief sachem, or ruler of this place, who turned out to be a very young and very gentle sort of savage. So courteous, indeed, was he that the visitors were quite charmed with him.

There was a very aged Indian woman, near a hundred years old, who, out of curiosity, came to see what an Englishman was like, never having laid eyes on one before. But the moment she looked at these strangers she broke out crying and weeping as if her very heart would break. The Englishmen were much surprised, and de-

manded to know the meaning of it. They were then told that the scoundrel Hunt, of
Childless whom I told you before, had carried
Mother. off two of this poor woman's sons, leaving her both childless and inconsolable in her old age.

This was quite enough to make the white men wish themselves anywhere else than there, for they could now well understand why the Indians of these parts should think all Englishmen were like cruel Hunt. And so it is that the innocent must sometimes suffer for the guilty. However, they said they were sorry; that Hunt was a bad man, whom everybody condemned; but that they themselves were good men, whose only wish was to be at peace with all the world. They then gave the bereaved woman some small gifts, which somewhat quieted her outcries.

After dinner the searching party set sail for Nauset, Ianough, with two of his men, going with them. Here, again, the tide being too low to bring the shallop to the shore, Ianough and his men, with Squanto, went off to explain the reason of their being there.

This was no sooner done than the Nauset savages came off in great numbers to the boat,

William Bradford

Jno. Benson
William Brewster

Myles Standish

Francis Allerton
John Bradford

Autographs of the Pilgrims.

begging the Englishmen to land there; yet considering how they were set upon before, it was thought best to stay at a safe distance. So they

stood upon their guard, suffering only two of the natives to come on board, one of whom, strangely enough, proved to be the owner of some of the very corn that the explorers had dug up. He was promised the full value of what he had lost, if he would come to Patuxet; and he said that he would come.

After sunset Aspinet, sachem of Nauset, came down to the beach with not less than a hundred of his people following him; and with them was the long-lost Billington boy. One of Aspinet's

The Boy
Found. men then waded off to the boat, with the lad on his back. Half of the warriors came off to the shallop with him, unarmed, while the other half stood on the beach, with their bows and arrows, ready to shoot at the least appearance of treachery.

Aspinet. Then and there Aspinet delivered up the boy to his friends, who, in return, gave Aspinet a knife and another to the Indian who had taken care of Billington. Then and there the English made peace with these old enemies, after which each party went its own way, well satisfied with the other.

This, certainly, was a good day's work, as by it the colonists had much strengthened their hold upon the Indians, besides greatly enlarging their own field for trade. Even during their short stay at Nauset the party had picked up a few skins to show to their friends at home. And thus this good-for-nothing Billington boy proved a means of bringing about some good when least expected.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that if these war-like Nausets had killed and wounded some of the explorers at the time of the assault, the rest would have been frightened away? It would seem so. But they know better than to try to revenge themselves; and by behaving toward the Indians like prudent, sensible men, had now passed the danger point safely.

X

A SEARCH FOR CORBITANT'S HEAD

UPON their return to Patuxet, the searching party heard bad news. It seems that the great Narragansetts, who lived over against Massasoit, had driven him out of his habitation.

Bad News. Word was also brought to Patuxet that one of Massasoit's chief men, called Corbitant, had rebelled against him, and was now at Namasket, trying to draw those Indians into his plot.

In truth, this looked serious, for the English knew that Corbitant would be only too glad to see them driven out of the country, or else all killed. For this very purpose he had been secretly working upon the Narragansetts, who had now taken up the quarrel, as has just been said.

Now, we remember that the colonists had agreed to aid Massasoit against his enemies, as he had to aid them against theirs. The time had

now come for them to do so. Indeed, it was really more their quarrel than Massasoit's, because, by making friends with the English, he had made enemies among his own people; and therefore the English were all the more bound to help him.

But what most provoked the English was the way that this Corbitant taunted and defied them. And their wrath rose still higher at hearing how

he had tried to stab a friend Indian of
Corbitant. theirs, who happened to be at Namas-
ket when Corbitant was bringing his plot to a
head. This man, Hobomock, however, being a
very stout man himself, broke away from Cor-
bitant's grasp, and came running to Patuxet, leav-
ing his companion, Squanto, in Corbitant's hands.

The English quickly resolved either to rescue Squanto, their fast friend, or, if a hair of his head had been harmed, to teach his murderers a lesson they would long remember. They, however, feared the worst, for Corbitant had sneeringly said that if Squanto were dead, then the English would have lost their tongue.

Accordingly, ten well-armed men, under Captain Standish, started off early the next morning for

Namasket, taking Hobomock with them, as it was meant to surprise the village in the night; and Hobomock alone knew just where Corbitant was to be found.

March to
Namasket.

The party marched all day in the rain, until come within three miles of Namasket, when they turned off the path, and lay hid in the woods till midnight.

They then groped their way through midnight darkness, once getting lost, but finding the path again, until Hobomock let them know that the place they sought was near at hand.

When each man had thrown off his knapsack and everyone had blown his match to a bright red glow, the little band silently went on to the house where Corbitant lay, and as silently surrounded it. First giving strict order to his men to let no one pass out, Standish, with one or two more at his back, boldly entered the low door of the wigwam.

It was pitch dark there, yet the wigwam seemed full of people fast asleep. Raising his voice, Standish sternly demanded of the sleepers if Corbitant was there. Getting no answer, Standish

charged them on their lives not to stir, as Corbitant alone was wanted and none else should be hurt; but their fright was so great that some broke out in spite of this warning, only to run upon the weapons of the guards, who drove them back howling from the smart of their wounds.

Standish, who seems never to have felt fear, now ordered his prisoners to strike a light, so that he might see who was there. Those who were huddled together in craven fear were now worse frightened than ever by the stern looks and gleaming weapons of the Englishmen, as the fire-light brought them into view. The women clung crying around Hobomock, entreating him and calling him their friend, while the place was being searched for the traitor, Corbitant; and even the boys, upon seeing that no harm was offered to the women, kept bawling out, " Me woman — me woman, too ! "

But the cunning Corbitant was nowhere to be found. After Hobomock's escape, the crafty fellow had taken the alarm in season to leave the place with his followers. By so doing he kept his head

on his own shoulders; for the English had orders to bring it back with them to Patuxet.

Meantime the English had fired off a musket or two, to let their friends know that they were come to the rescue. This threw the silent little village into a strange uproar. Then Hobomock got on top of a house, and called out to Squanto and Tokamahamon, by name, in a loud voice, and presently these two came to the spot, with many more, some armed, some unarmed. Those who had brought their weapons were disarmed, but given their liberty, as they could then do no harm.

The English kept possession of the house first taken until morning, when only it was possible to tell friends from foes. They then marched into the middle of the village to breakfast, at Squanto's house. Here came all the well-disposed Indians

to them, to whom the English now made known their purpose in coming there in arms, as they had. Indeed, all of Corbitant's faction had fled to the woods. But the Indians were told that no place should be safe for Corbitant, while he continued breathing defiance to the English, or offering harm to their friends;

The Revolt
Put Down.

for sooner or later they would have him, dead or alive.

Those who were wounded were told that they had only themselves to blame for it; yet they might go home with the English, and have their wounds healed, if they so desired. So two or three went, as they were invited, besides many more, who wished to show their friendship in this way.

By this bold act Corbitant's rebellion was nipped in the bud, and he himself became an outlaw and a fugitive, not daring to come within sound of an English musket for a long time after. It showed what ten resolute men could do against a multitude, by simply putting a bold face upon it.

Now had the few and feeble colonists paid their debt to Massasoit, with interest, and again was he lord of his own. For as the news was spread abroad among the neighbor tribes, even those who before had breathed out nothing but threatenings and slaughter were now the first to profess themselves the good friends and allies of the white men.

XI

A VOYAGE TO MASSACHUSETTS

OFF to the north of Plymouth, not many leagues, lay the country of the Massachusetts, of which these colonists had heard much, but knew little. By all report it was a very fine country; but Squanto said the people there did not like the white men; although, in some sort, they were subjects of Massasoit, the white men's friend.

It was decided, however, that some of the company should go to Massachusetts, to see the country and make friends with the people, who, it was known, sold their skins to passing ships at a very cheap rate.

Let no one suppose that the minds of these poor colonists were wholly bent on getting rich. They owned nothing in the wide world except a little household stuff and the clothes they stood in; perhaps not even these were paid for. But poor as they were, a load of debt sorely oppressed

them; and every glossy beaver skin was as good as gold in England.

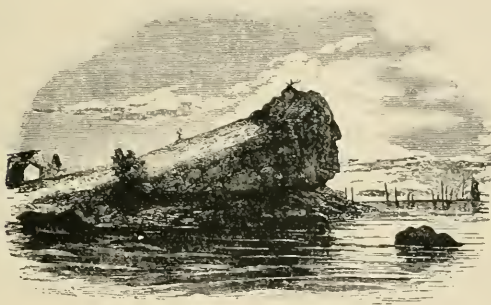
With this intent ten Englishmen, with three Indian interpreters, set sail for this undiscovered country. The entrance to it led between many great and small islands, some bare, some covered with woods, into a broad bay, with a group of blue hills rising finely in one corner of it. These hills gave the country its name — the Massachusetts. Indeed, it was all most fair to look upon; but save for some screaming sea-gull, no sound broke the deep stillness on land or sea.

Night having overtaken them, the shallop let go her anchor at the head of the bay. Next morning the people went on shore. The first thing they saw was some live lobsters lying on the beach, where somebody had left them. Seeing a breakfast provided, as if by magic, the hungry explorers were soon as busy with the toothsome lobsters as if they had been their own.

At this place a rocky cliff bulged out overhead.¹ One man stood guard on the top of it, and three more were left in charge of the shallop;

while the rest started off to look for the inhabitants. They soon met a native woman, coming back after her lobsters, whom they paid for what they had taken, and then questioned about her people.

Squantum
Head.



Squaw Rock, Squantum, Mass.

This woman having told them where to look, Squanto went off ahead, on foot and alone; all the rest turning back to bring the shallop round to the right place.

Upon getting to it, they were made welcome by the grave sachem, Obatinewat, who soon grew quite confidential. Among other things, he told them he dared not live long in any one

place for fear of the robber Tarratines, who came down upon him every now and then out Obatinewat. of the east, like vultures pouncing upon their prey. Like Massasoit, he too wanted protection. His next neighbor, the Massachusetts queen, was also his enemy. Glad are we to know that it was not the white man who had taught them thus to tear and rend one another.

The shrewd whites quickly saw how they might turn Obatinewat's fears to their own advantage. He was easily persuaded to own himself a true subject of King James, in return for a promise to defend him from his enemies. He then went with his visitors across the bay, where the shallop again anchored for the night.

In the morning, all but two men took their arms to march up into the country. After going some three miles, as they thought, they came to a place where the corn had been newly gathered in and a wigwam pulled down, showing that people had very lately been there; but whether frightened away or not could not be guessed.

A mile or so farther on, the explorers came to a very curious Indian house, built at the top of

a hill, yet quite unlike any they had ever seen before. Their Indian guides said it was the spot where King Nanepashemet had formerly lived, but that he was now dead and buried. Instead of being built on the ground, like other houses, this one stood on a scaffold, or platform, resting on poles; so that from a secure place the savage monarch might sit there and look out over all his broad domains quite at his ease.

The party then went to see the place where Nanepashemet was buried. They thought that it must be intended for a fort, because the hut, where the body lay in state, was fenced round

with poles thirty or forty feet high,
His Grave. with a ditch dug both inside and out.

But we fancy all this was done to keep the wolves away, and that it was really a mausoleum. At any rate, it showed that even savages paid the same respect to their dead and gone great ones as was paid to the ashes of the great Napoleon.

Still farther on, the explorers came to the place where Nanepashemet had been slain, though by whom we are not told. Thus far the people had

fled before them in a panic. The party, therefore, came to a halt here, sending two of their Indians after the inhabitants to quiet their fears, as following them about in this manner was worse than idle.

These two Indians soon fell in with a parcel of squaws, left in charge of some ripe corn, hurriedly brought here to prevent its falling into the white men's hands, and poured in heaps upon the ground. In some places the timid people had even pulled down their wigwams, showing that they must have been watching the white men's every motion. Very likely, too, they had heard of the way their neighbors had been served at Namasket. But were they not brave men to run away, and leave their women to protect their corn?

Warriors
Run Away.

Seeing by the white men's looks and actions that they meant no harm, the women took heart again. It would not be surprising if the unwelcome visitors should even have thrown themselves flat on the ground, and gone to fanning themselves with their broad-rimmed hats, as other men do after a hot and tiresome march.

By and by one of the Indian men ventured back, though he shook with fright from head to foot. But he, too, grew bolder when told what the white men came for. As they could not make out from him where his queen then was, the purpose to see and make peace with her was frustrated for the time being.

Squanto now showed his Indian nature to the life. He wanted his white companions to rob these defenceless creatures of their furs, because, as he declared, they were a bad people who had often threatened the whites. To their honor, the white men would not hear of it, and they gave Squanto a sharp scolding for proposing such a thing to them.

The day being far spent, the party now marched back to their shallop, many of the Indian women trooping after, all eagerness to trade off their furs for such things as the white men had brought with them. They would even sell the beaver coats off their backs. Quite a parcel of skins was got in this way, the white men promising to come again, and the squaws agreeing to keep their furs for them.

With this understanding the white traders were more than content, because, even so long ago, they knew that if once the women-folk should set about looking for bargains, business would be brisk there.

This little speck of a shallop was the only thing made by Christian hands, floating that day on the broad waters of Boston bay. And when the bright moon rose out of the sea, to guide the travellers homeward, it shone upon the cradle of a great city yet to be.

The explorers warmly praised the country they had been to see, and much regretted that the colony had not settled there. But it was not given them to know that a still greater colony would soon occupy the land they coveted.

¹ This is supposed to be Squaw rock, at Squantum.

XII

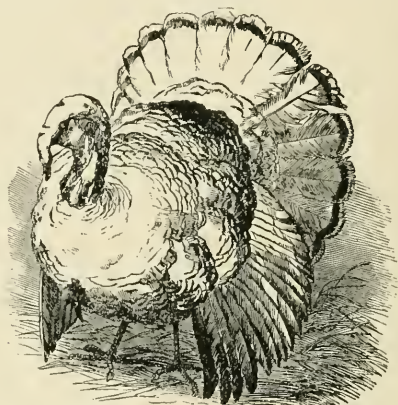
HARVEST HOME

It was now the harvest season, when bountiful Nature rests from her labors. Her work was done. Not so with the colonists. Every man and boy must now to the field with the rising sun, until the precious crop should be safely garnered for the winter.

As all the men-folk went to work in a body, there must, we think, have been some known signal to bring all together, such as the winding of a horn or the tap of a drum. Nobody was allowed to shirk. The governor himself led the way and led the work.

Being now once more all in health and strength, the work of reaping, binding, and carrying to the granary went cheerily on, until the welcome call to dinner was heard. Nor had the women-folk been idle all this time. And as with sharpened appetites bread and meat quickly disappeared before the

hungry ones, many a shrewd guess would be made of the size of the yield, or of what their friends over the sea would say if they could look into little Plymouth then, itself but a seed dropped in wilderness ground, at that happy moment.



Spreading Himself for Thanksgiving.

Of course there were drones among them, who, while shirking work in the field, would be constantly looking up at the sun to see how soon it would be dinner-time; but drones there are in every hive, great or small, who indolently sip the honey brought to it by the willing workers. When one

of these human drones was caught idling away the time, a task would be set for him, with the warning that if it was not done, perhaps a whipping might do him good.

The harvest over, the men-folk began fitting up their rude cabins better against the winter. With the autumn, multitudes of wild ducks, geese, and brant swarmed in the woods and waters about them. Four men were chosen to go out fowling, who, in one day, brought home enough to feed the whole company for a week. Besides.

*A Season of
Plenty.*

water fowl, wild turkeys, partridges, and deer were taken in great plenty; and either cornmeal or Indian corn was now regularly served out to each family, so that those who so lately had seen want staring them in the face were now feasting upon the very fat of the land.

In this happy season time was found for recreation also. Among other ways the men-folk turned out for military drill, as their prudent little captain would not let them neglect that. And Massasoit came again, with a train of ninety men, whom the colonists entertained and feasted

for three whole days together; and the Indian hunters brought in five deer, as their contribution to the general festival time.



What the Hunters Brought In.

This has been called the first Thanksgiving, the real beginning of all observance of this time-honored harvest festival. That there was much

baking, boiling, and stewing going on, in those seven little houses, at this time, we may well believe. And if the women-folk were not beside themselves with plucking fowls, turning the spit, or spreading the tables for so many hungry mouths, then we are much mistaken.

First Thanks-
giving.

Does not this first real happy event, which had come as a reward to their labors, teach us that these colonists were by no means the sour, crabbed, pleasure-hating folk that some would have us believe? But their trials were not over with yet.

A still more important event fell out at this time. One day word was brought to Plymouth, by some of the Cape Indians, that a big ship had put into the same harbor in which the "Mayflower" had first cast anchor, just a twelvemonth before.

A ship! How that word must have thrilled the hearts of every man, woman, and child in that lonely place! What an excitement it must have caused, as it quickly flew from mouth to mouth! A ship! "Now, God be praised, we shall have

news from home!" If they did not say so aloud, the thought must have looked out of many a moistened eye; and many a gentle goodwife, too, may have let the bread burn in the oven, while she stood gazing out at her window upon the hopeful sea.

But very soon the first excitement cooled off. No ship was expected. Who, then, could the stranger be? Perhaps it might be a Frenchman, and if so, they had best stand upon their guard, until it should be known whether she came as a friend or foe. So a big gun was fired from the hill-top to bring home all who might chance to be abroad; for should there really be an attack, every man would be needed to defend the town.

Fancy the Sabbath-like stillness of a fair autumn day suddenly broken by this warning peal! Imagine it rolling sullenly out over the quiet waters of the bay, and echoing back among the silent hills! Boom! Boom!

Soon the loud summons brought all the scattered townfolk together. We can almost hear the eager questions and short replies passing to and

fro, while the speakers dart little impatient glances across the water, as if to clear up the mystery in that way. We can almost hear the hurried dialogues taking place in the cabins, such as: "Mercy me! what's the matter?" and the short answer, "Goodwife, my corselet; goodwife, my sword!"

Soon every man, yes, and every boy too who could handle a musket, was ready to resist to the death, if what they feared came true.

The
"Fortune"
Sails In.

But their fears proved groundless. The ship came in. It was the good ship "Fortune," bringing thirty-five persons

to join them.

Then, indeed, there was rejoicing. And when these newcomers had landed, and found every house supplied with food in plenty, they too were all gladness; for truly their hearts had sunk within them at the sight of that dreary, desolate, sandy cape.

Most of this company were wild young fellows, who cared little enough where they went, until their eyes saw that gray old wilderness, stretching its two lean and withered arms around them.

and then they said to themselves, "What if our friends are all dead? What if they should have been cut off by the Indians? What will become of us?"

All this they told their friends, and more. They said that rather than be put on shore there, as the sailors cruelly said they would be, they had made up their minds to take the sails off the ship, so that she could not leave them to perish. But the captain, honest fellow, told them that if anything had happened to their friends here, he would surely carry them to Virginia; which promise of his set things right again between them.

The old colonists were secretly much troubled, however, by this unexpected addition to their numbers. And it would be hard to say whether they were more glad or sorry, when it turned out

that their friends had brought not even
More Mouths
than Food. a pot or a pan of their own, or any
thing but the clothes they stood in;
and as some of the reckless ones had even
sold the coats off their backs before sailing, they
were but scantily clad for a cold New England
winter.

Speaking in all soberness, these recruits were quite like those sent to a beleaguered fortress, in which there is barely food enough to feed the mouths already there. For present wants it is true that the colony had enough and to spare, but people who have been nearly starved once are apt reckoners of the quantity of food it takes to keep the wolf from the door. They know to a spoonful.

So we may safely say that, while the first-comers were glad of this addition to their strength, they also feared it might add to their weakness. Worse still, they did not think that some of the rude young fellows would turn out well in the end. Yet these things could not be helped then.

By this ship the governor received a letter, sharply scolding the colonists for not sending back some freight in the "Mayflower." They now began to see that an importunate creditor may be more
Fault-finding. cruel, even, than savages. It was hard to be thus taxed with shiftlessness, when so much had been endured in the bare effort to keep body and soul together. This ship, however,

was not sent back empty. In a few weeks' time she was full loaded with hand-made clap-boards, besides two hogsheads of beaver and otter skins got in trading with the Indians; and as the ship did not have victuals enough to take her home, she was also furnished with corn of their own growing.

A Cargo
Shipped.

And this ends the story of a year.

XIII

MORE COLONISTS ARRIVE

THE "Fortune's" passengers were soon settled in their new home, as comfortably as the limited amount of house-room would admit of. Like the old colonists, they also were divided up into families. Immediately upon their landing a little boy baby had first opened his wondering eyes upon this strange scene; so that his young life began with an event firmly fixed in the memory of his mother, Goodwife Ford.

The New
Colonists.

To people thus thrown together in a strange land, no ceremonious introductions would be necessary. They met as old friends. Perhaps some of the newcomers felt disappointed when they saw how raw and mean everything looked; but if so they kept their thoughts to themselves. One man only has let us into his confidence. It was William Hilton, who seems to have got hold of the true animating spirit of his new-made

Hilton's
Letter.

friends. In a letter which he wrote home at this time, he speaks of them in words of warm praise. "Our company," he says, "are, for the most part, very religious, honest people; the word of God is sincerely taught us every Sabbath; so that I know not anything a contented mind can want here."

As the supply of food on hand must be carefully husbanded, a strict account was now taken of what they had in store. It was found that it could only be made to last till spring, even by putting each family on half the usual allowance. The wild water fowl had gone, the land birds migrated, and the food fishes gone off to warmer climes with them. It is true that they could delve about the shores for clams or mussels, or dig eels out of their brook; but this, it must be admitted, was, at best, very uncertain living. Yet it was the only way of eking out the homely every-day meal of corn meal, boiled into hasty pudding or baked into a coarse bread on the embers.

On Short
Allowance.

Now while busy about their household chores something happened to disturb them greatly. One day a strange Indian, daubed and feathered

in savage fashion, stalked in among them, unbidden and unannounced. With him came one of Massasoit's men, and in his hand he carried a bundle of arrows wrapped up in a rattlesnake's skin. He asked for Squanto, but Squanto was not there to talk with him, so that what he wanted, or why he came, nobody could tell. All they could well make out was, that he had brought a message of some sort for them; and though plainly ill at ease among so many stern-looking men, he was too proud to show it. When offered food he would not touch it. This made it plain that he did not come there as a friend; for a friend would never have refused to break bread with them. Besides, as soon as he learned that Squanto was absent, he flung down his arrows and started to leave without more ceremony.

But the chief men had no idea of letting this proud fellow go away before they should have learned his errand, for as yet they were little skilled in Indian customs. So Captain Standish was given charge over him until Squanto's return.

A War
Token.

As soon as Squanto saw the arrows he said that it was a challenge to fight, from the great Canonicus.

This made the colonists thoughtful, as
Canonicus
Defied. all knew the Narragansetts numbered
a great many warriors. Yet it would
never do to show fear. If they should, all other
Indians would soon fall away from them. So the
snake-skin was sent back filled with powder and
ball — symbol for symbol, defiance for defiance.

When his defiance was thus thrown back in his face, the proud Canonicus was both humbled and enraged. It was indeed a bold thing for a mere handful of white men thus to beard him. He would not touch the snake-skin, for fear some direful charm lay hidden in it. Though dumb, the warlike token said as plainly as if it had spoken, "You sent us arrows, and we return you powder and ball. Now come on!"

No doubt Canonicus had heard terrible stories about the white man's deadly powder — how, with a flash of fire, it could strike the bounding deer dead, or bring down the soaring eagle in an instant. So he hastened to pack off the loathed thing, back to whence it came; and it was passed

on from hand to hand, no one daring to keep it long, until back it came to Plymouth.

Then we think it was the colonists' turn to laugh at Canonicus, and laugh they did, there is no doubt. Yet all felt how unwise it would be not to take warning in season, as their village still lay quite open to attack. They therefore went diligently to work enclosing it within a stout paling,

Plymouth

Made Strong.

in which there were three gates for passing in and out, and four flankers on the outside, to be manned, in case of an alarm, by musketeers. In a regular fortification, these flankers would be called bastions; but this was only a rude imitation of one, yet a strong defence enough against Indians.

This labor kept the colonists busy until the beginning of March, and when completed they could lie down to sleep in peace and quiet once more; for at night the gates were barred, and a watch set to guard against surprise. All the men

Plan of

Defence.

were divided into four companies, each having its own part of the stockade to defend; so that in case of an alarm every one would know his place and keep it. Guards

were also appointed, who, in case a fire broke out, had orders to surround the burning house, and stand ready to protect those engaged in putting the fire out, much as our policemen do to-day. It was thought not improbable that some lurking savage might set a fire on purpose to create a confusion, during which he might let in his companions and begin a general massacre. But the colonists meant to be ready for everything.

From this time onward we are to think of Plymouth as a fortified village. It was too bad that the "Fortune's" men should have brought no arms with them, as the Indians, who came and went, knew to a gun just how many muskets were in the place; but, at any rate, the men without arms could relieve those who had them from other duties, if nothing more.

Although this speck of war came to naught, it sowed a distrust, between Indians and whites, hard to remove. And, though breathing nothing but threats, the Narragansetts still held back from attempting to execute them.

In another place it was said that the old colonists, or those who had belonged to the Leyden

church, treated Christmas just as they would any other day of the week. They knew of no warrant for making it a holy day, still less for turning it into an occasion for merry-making on that account.

On this last Christmas day, when the people were called out to work as usual, most of the "Fortune's" men objected that it went against their consciences to work on that time-honored holiday. So the governor excused them. But when the rest of the people came home from work at noon, lo and behold! the conscientious ones, who could not work because it was wicked, were found at play in the street, pitching the bar, playing at stool-ball and other outdoor sports, quite unconcerned. Seeing what they were about, the governor went to them and took away their playthings, telling them that it went against his conscience that they should play while others worked. If they made the day one of devotion, well and good; they should then stay indoors; but there must be no gaming or revelling in the streets. And there was none.

XIV

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS

WE remember that when the exploring party left Massachusetts in the autumn they promised to come back in the spring. It being March, 1622. now March, the people began to get ready for that voyage. But, as if to spoil all, Hobomock, who lived with them still, began to raise strange objections, saying he feared that the Massachusetts were leagued with the Narragansetts; and, if so, it would not be safe to go there.

Hobomock also urged that if so many stout men were to go away, the Narragansetts would surely seize the chance to fall upon the town while thus weakened; but they were still more surprised, as well as grieved, at hearing that Squanto, their trusted Squanto, was in the plot against them. It was almost beyond belief.

But Hobomock stuck firmly to his story, and he

insisted that they would find it all true if they went off on this trading voyage with Squanto.

Squanto
a Traitor.

Then he told them of his having seen Squanto holding secret talks with strange Indians, besides other suspicious acts in proof of Squanto's treachery.

At hearing these things, told in a straightforward way, the chief men were much perplexed; for if Squanto was false, in whom could they put trust? Had he not as good as saved all their lives by his readiness to help them when they were in danger of starving? How, then, could this thing be true? they asked themselves.

For all Hobomock's suspicions, it was thought best to go to Massachusetts just as if nothing had happened. To do so best suited their purpose to show no fear of the Indians, were they few or many. Besides, they knew they could not live much longer upon the little left in the storehouse, and when that was gone grim want would be back again. After all, that was the enemy most feared.

So Standish, with ten more besides Hobomock and Squanto, set out in the shallop. They had scarcely got out of the harbor when one of

Squanto's family came running to some of the white people, who were abroad, with his face all covered with blood, calling out to them to get back home as quick as possible.

Squanto's
Plot.

He kept looking back like a man pursued, saying that many of the Narragansetts; besides their supposed friend Massasoit and their known enemy Corbitant, were come together at Namasket, with design to fall upon the white men's town in the captain's absence, just as Hobomock had said they would.

Finding danger so near, the governor ordered the alarm guns to be fired, in order that the captain's party might know they were wanted at home, provided they were not out of hearing. Fortunately, they heard the signal in time to put back, all getting ready for action as they sailed, and expecting no less than to find the town beset, even as Hobomock had predicted.

But when they heard what the fugitive Indian had reported, Hobomock flatly declared it to be all false. He warmly defended Massasoit's loyalty to the whites, and loudly scouted the idea of any such plan being on foot without his knowing it.

The governor did not know what to think. To make an end of these conflicting stories, he caused Hobomock to send his wife off to Pokanoket, to find out the truth of the matter. She found no sign of warlike movement, or of any intended. But when these rumors reached Massasoit's ears, he was very angry with Squanto, and he let the governor know how much it grieved him to be so wronged while keeping faith as he did.

Little by little, it now leaked out that the cunning Squanto had contrived all this turmoil for his own gain, not caring who was the sufferer, so his own ends were compassed. But this time he had overreached himself. By pretending that he could set the whites upon them whenever he liked, which they believed, Squanto had gained such influence over the neighbor Indians that they were only too glad to buy his good-will with large gifts. Now and then he would tell them that the whites were coming to kill them, putting them in such fear that his power was become like that of some favorite at a king's court, whose nod or frown makes all the people tremble.

In short, Squanto had become so puffed up in

his own conceit, that he had contrived this plan of a false alarm, hoping it would lead the colonists to march against Massasoit, and so break off the peace between them. Then Squanto, and not Massasoit, would be the great man of all that country, as Squanto thought.

All this had been planned with the skill of a politician, used to make men his dupes; and but for faithful Hobomock the plan might have succeeded.

Much less would have justified the hanging of Squanto from the highest limb in Plymouth, traitor that he was. Yet, besides the debt of gratitude that the colonists owed him, he was of too much use to them to be treated as he deserved. So he was let off with a sharp rebuke, for which he probably cared not a penny. Care was taken, however, to let all the Indians know how Squanto had deceived them; so that where he had lately been courted he was now scorned.

But Massasoit was not so forgiving. He came to Plymouth, full of wrath, to seize Squanto. But the governor somehow managed to put him off. Then Massasoit sent his messengers to

demand Squanto as his subject, whom he had doomed to die by the hands of these same messengers; and in token that he had so decreed, Massasoit had sent his own knife to cut off Squanto's head with.

Massasoit
Angry.

Though unwilling to lose Squanto, the governor dared not refuse. To do so would be violating the treaty with Massasoit. So Squanto was brought in; yet not a sign of fear did he betray, although he knew his executioners stood before him.

But before the fatal word could be spoken, a strange boat was seen crossing the harbor. Alert to every sign of danger, the governor told the

A Strange
Boat.

Indian emissaries he must first know what that boat's errand was, before he could deliver up Squanto into their hands. Being mad with rage at this answer, they left in a great pet; and we may well believe that the governor was only too glad of an excuse to be rid of them, although his conduct was not agreeable to Indian justice, or to white justice either. Probably the governor thought that if he could pardon Squanto, Massasoit could afford to do so too.

More of Squanto's villany came presently to light. It seems that to possess his silly countrymen with the more fear of the English, he told them, very mysteriously, that the white men kept the dreaded plague buried in their storehouse, and could send it to whatever place or people they wished to destroy, without stirring a step from the town. He had even made Hobomock believe the silly tale, until that inquisitive savage asked one of the English if it was true, and then the falsehood was exposed.

This occurred at about the end of May, in the year 1622. By that time the store of provisions was wholly exhausted, and the people were again living from hand to mouth. Some idea may therefore be formed of the sensation which the appearance of a strange sail caused among the dispirited settlers.

XV

THE FISHERMEN'S GIFT

THE strange boat, to which Squanto thus owed his life, proved to be a shallop belonging to a fishing ship called the "Sparrow," which had brought out six or seven passengers, but no provisions. It was learned that the "Sparrow" was fishing at Damariscove island, not far from the place Samoset had told them of before. To Damariscove, then, it was resolved to send for a boat-load of provisions, and when the "Sparrow's" shallop went back the colony boat went with her.

Of this expedition Edward Winslow took charge, as the one, perhaps, best qualified for such a mission, or for any mission where a steady head and a brave heart were wanted. He met with a true

Edward
Winslow.

sailor's reception. Instead of taking pay, the honest captains freely gave him all they could well spare, saying they were only sorry it was not more, and sending him

on his way rejoicing, as all the company must have rejoiced when, from the fort on the hill, the long-wished-for sail came bounding over the waves like



J^{no}. Winslow

a messenger of glad tidings. We may rest assured that that shallop was quickly unloaded.

The supply came none too soon, for the colonists were much weaker than when Winslow had left them, they having gone for the first time

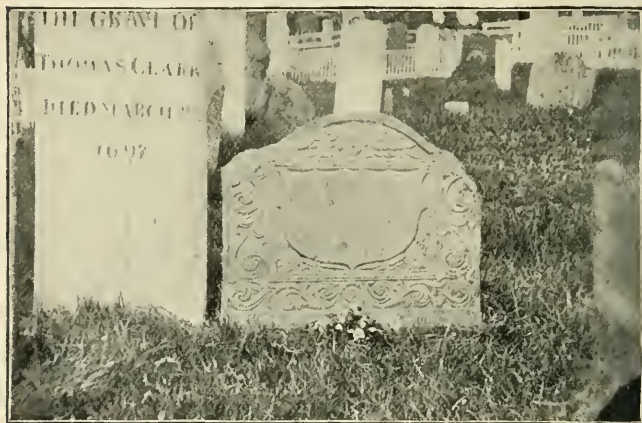
without bread to eat. Though it was not much among so many, yet with great care the fishermen's gift was made to last until harvest. But had it not been for such shell-fish as could be taken from the sands and shores, they plainly saw they must have perished.

But how could this be so, when on both land and sea there was such a great abundance of birds and fishes? Where were the hunters? What had become of the fishermen? There were the guns all ready — why did they not use them? And the boat and fishing tackle — why not go off to the fishing grounds, instead of going hungry?

Alas! the land birds had all flown away in the autumn, and the last of the sea birds winged their way southward in March. Worse still, for want of proper care, their lines and seines were found to be rotten when most needed; so that fish could not be taken, even if the sea had been swarming with them. Thus we see that the early months of spring were their season of pinching want.

And now, with the gaunt and hungry wolf at the door, as men say when famine threatens them,

comes again the human wolf, the lurking savage, with stealthy step and murderous purpose, seeking to destroy them, mocking them, and giving out how easy it would soon be to cut them off.



The Graves of Burial Hill (on the "Mount," as first called).

Even Massasoit held aloof from them, neither coming nor sending to them as of old. So whichever way they looked, the downcast colonists seemed to have not one friend left.

Yes, one they had, and in Him they put their trust, for well they knew that He would not for-

sake them; and though the cowardly savages might loudly threaten, they knew that many of them would bite the dust, should they dare to strike the first blow.

To show that they did not mean to be frightened away, the colonists now began building a timber fort on the Mount, as the hill above them was commonly called. In this fort, even a few men might easily keep a host of Indians at bay. So everyone went willingly to work upon it, although it took them away from their planting and hoeing much of the time.

As this was much the greatest piece of work that the colonists had yet done, we cannot blame them for feeling quite proud of it. It was a square building with a flat roof, made of thick planks, like the deck of a ship, with raised bulwarks, as also in a ship. Upon this roof their few light cannon were mounted; and there the sentinel paced his round, keeping watch and ward over the little puny settlement below.

Fort and
Church.

We read that the religious houses of feudal times were also strong fortresses, as was needful when the strong preyed upon the weak. With like

purpose, these colonists now fitted up the great room of their wooden castle as a meeting-house, to which they all marched in grave procession every Sabbath, and, after holding their simple service of song and praise, returned home again as they went. Save the sick or decrepit ones, nobody stayed away from meeting; for this day was wholly given up to the service of the Lord.

XVI

MASTER WESTON'S COLONY

LATE in June, or early in July, two ships came in from England. They belonged to Mr. Weston, a London merchant, who, at first, had been a partner with the Plymouth people, but had left them to start a colony of his own. These two ships now brought some sixty men to begin a town for him.

Although the Plymouth people did not half like this way of throwing so many strangers upon them without leave or license, they were treated with all kindness. House-room was furnished them; the sick were taken care of; and the well had nothing to do but kill time, until a place should be found to their liking.

These people stayed at Plymouth all summer. They were a very mixed sort indeed — good, bad, and indifferent. Pretty soon some of them were caught stealing corn in the cornfields, and were

Weston's
Men.

well whipped, as they deserved to be. So the Plymouth people were not to blame for thinking some people's room better than their company any day.

A place having been found to their minds in the Massachusetts, called by the Indians "Wessagus-
cus," Weston's well men went there,
Settle at
Weymouth. leaving their sick behind. What with
the trouble they had made in one way
or another, it was good riddance to bad rubbish,
no doubt.

Now we think of it, should this new colony succeed, it would cut off the Indian trade, in that quarter, from Plymouth. To that extent, then, it would be setting up an opposition, and be hurtful. That was one thing. On the other hand, it would also make all the English stronger against the Indians. Probably all the *pros* and *cons* were talked over, and turned over, at Plymouth firesides.

When this company had departed, it was found that the harvest would not last another year. Again the old story was being repeated. Something was always happening to upset their calcula-

tions. Besides, the things with which they might buy corn of the Indians were all gone. Luckily a trading ship came in just then, having some of the things they most needed; and though the master charged extortionate prices, through his means they were once more set upon their feet.

Corn was getting scarce at Wessaguscus too; so Weston's men proposed to the Plymouth people to buy corn of the Indians, in partnership. To this the Plymouth men agreed. Weston's people had a small ship to range the coast in, and the Plymouth people fitted out their shallop. Squanto was to pilot them round Cape Cod, to places where corn was said to be both plenty and cheap.

After various delays the party set out, in November. When the ship was among the dangerous shoals of Monomoy, the master got frightened and put the ship about. Squanto then piloted her through a crooked channel to a safe anchorage.

That night some of the party went on shore. **Buying Corn.** At first the inhabitants kept out of

sight, but by and by they came forth from their hiding places, and made the visitors welcome with venison and other victuals to refresh them. Still, they were very suspicious; so much so that more than once, while the white men stayed there, all of a sudden the Indians would be gone bag and baggage.

Through Squanto's means, eight hogsheads of corn and beans were got here, which gave good encouragement to proceed still further, Squanto still insisting that he could take the ship through the dreaded shoals in safety.

But poor Squanto was nevermore to pilot ship or shallop, or be the Englishman's tongue, as he had been. He fell sick of a fever, of which he presently died, hoping he might go to
Squanto Dies. the Englishman's heaven, and after bestowing his things among his white friends as remembrances of his love.

This put an end to the trading for the present, as no man of the party knew more than a few words of the Indian tongue. So Squanto's loss was, with much reason, greatly deplored by all.

From here the traders sailed back, with a fair

wind, for Massachusetts, where the savages had planted much corn for the Plymouth people, by request. But now a great sickness, not unlike the plague, had broken out among these Indians. Moreover, they came loudly complaining of the new colony, seated by them; saying they were bad people, who stole corn, and in other ways abused them. Worse still, it was found that the new colonists had ruined all chances for further trading in that place, by paying extravagantly for everything. So, for once at least, competition proved the death of trade.

Disappointed here, the party then went to Nauset, where the head man used them very kindly, and where they bought eight or ten hogsheds more of corn and beans. Then to Mattachiest (Barnstable), with the like success.

During the time of the trading here, such a violent storm set in that the ship was in great danger of being cast away, and the shallop was actually driven upon the shore. As there was now no means of carrying the corn out to the ship, the governor caused all of it to be heaped up in one great stack, covered it up with Indian

mats, and then put it in the care of an Indian man of that place, promising him a reward if he kept it safely. The shallop being found buried in the sand, she was turned over to the sachem for safe keeping; after which nothing remained but to trudge back to Plymouth on foot — a good fifty miles of swamps, woods, and thickets.

The corn being fairly divided among them, Master Weston's company went back to their own plantation with their share, it being further agreed that they should return at once with their carpenter to mend the stranded shallop, and then fetch away the rest of the corn.

At their return Captain Standish took another shallop and went for the corn, which was found all safe as it had been left. The injured boat was also got afloat again, but as luck would have it, another storm came on, in the height of which both shallops had to be cut adrift from the ship, and were blown on shore, but found again after the gale was over.

To go back a little, while the English were at Nauset a thievish Indian stole some beads and other trifles out of the shallop, when nobody was

looking on. When the articles were missed Standish went straight to the sachem and sternly told him, in so many words, that either the stolen property must be given up or else there would be trouble between them. With that he left him.

On the very next day the sachem came, with a great train, to the spot where the Englishmen made their camp. Approaching the fiery little captain in a fawning manner, the sachem first shook hands as the English did, then thrusting out his tongue as far as he could, and bending low, he licked and slavered the wondering captain's hand all over like a whipped spaniel. All the rest of the sachem's men followed suit, though in so rude and awkward a fashion that the white men could hardly keep from laughing outright.

After thus showing their entire submission to the captain's will, the stolen articles were delivered up to him, with the assurance that the thief had been soundly beaten for his wrongdoing. The sachem then caused his women to bake bread and bring it to the Englishmen, in token of his joy at being friends again.

By acting just as he did, Standish won the respect of the Indians, who, in general, seemed to think less of stealing than of being found out.

More corn was bought at Namasket, and still more at Manomet, some of which was brought all the way to Plymouth in baskets by the Indian women, and some by the colonists themselves. In this way they became acquainted with a short cut overland, from their own bay, into what is now known as Buzzard's bay.

Not long after this, Standish went again to Mattachiest for corn. The weather was now grown so cold that the shallop was frozen up in the harbor on the same night she entered it. The Indians here appeared friendly, and brought in their corn freely; yet only with a secret purpose to kill the English, after throwing them off their guard. But through the sleepless vigilance of Standish that plan fell through.

In the month of March Standish went again to Manomet. The name of the sachem of this place was Canacum. Standish had been only a little while in Canacum's cabin when in

stalked two stout Massachusetts warriors. One was Wituwamat, a hardened wretch, who openly boasted of having dipped his hands in the blood of both English and French people, and who would hugely enjoy telling how his victims had died crying and making sour faces, more like children than like men, he said.

Plot to Kill
the English.

Wituwamat took from about his neck a dagger, which he had got from Mr. Weston's people, and handed it to Canacum, with a long speech, the meaning of which the Englishmen could not well make out, although they had their suspicions. For Wituwamat was cunning, and he had the art to hide his purpose from them, although to Canacum the meaning was clear.

Wituwamat,
the Braggart.

Later on, they found out what he came for. Wituwamat's tribe felt themselves strong enough to destroy Weston's colony alone, but were afraid to begin, unless the other tribes around them would agree to fall upon the Plymouth people too, whom they justly feared would quickly revenge the death of Weston's men upon their

murderers. In short, a general rising against the handful of Englishmen was being actively, though secretly, urged, throughout Massasoit's dominions.

XVII

A GOOD DEED NEVER GOES UNREWARDED

WHILE Standish was gone to Manomet, as just related, news came to Plymouth that Massasoit lay on his death-bed. It was also said that
 Massasoit Falls Sick. a Dutch ship lay stranded right before Massasoit's dwelling-place.

The colonists, therefore, felt that it would be no more than right for some of them to go to Massasoit, to proffer help if he was still living, or friendly sympathy should he be dead.

But besides this, they had strong reasons for wishing to get acquainted with the Dutch people, who were known to be beginning a settlement at Manhattan, and of whom the Indians had often spoken. This was having two strings to their bow.

Now, because Edward Winslow had once before been to Pokanoket, and could speak some Dutch besides, he was chosen as the most fit man to send on this double errand; and after having provided

himself with some cordials for the sick man, he took for a companion one John Hampden, and, with the trusty Hobomock for a guide, set out for Pokanoket without delay.

Winslow Goes
to Him.

Upon reaching Corbitant's country, the party heard that Massasoit was dead and buried, and, further, that the Dutch vessel had been hove off the ground unharmed, and would be gone before they could get there.

At this news the travellers were in doubt whether to go on or return to Plymouth. Hobomock said, decidedly, return.

But after having come so far, Winslow decided to finish the journey, thinking it would show their good-will, if nothing more. So they went on.

As they went along, poor, faithful Hobomock would every now and then break out into wild lamenting for his dead and gone master. "Oh, my loving sachem! my loving sachem!" he would sorrowfully cry. "Many have I known, but never one like thee!" Then he would tell Winslow that he would never see Massasoit's like again among the Indians;

Hobomock's
Sorrow.

“for,” said Hobomock, “my sachem was no liar, nor bloody or cruel, like other Indians.” Indeed, the poor fellow’s grief was so violent that the two white men were themselves much moved by it.



A Street in Plymouth.

It was after dark when the messengers drew near to Pokanoket. To their great joy, Massasoit was still alive. The Dutchmen had sailed away on that very afternoon.

Upon going into the place where the dying chieftain lay, it was found so crowded with his

men that the messengers could scarce squeeze through the throng. A hideous uproar of many voices told them that the medicine-men were striving to charm away the disease, as if it were something that would yield to sweatings, howlings, and contortions of the body. Indeed, so great was the noise, so fetid the air, as to make the visitors themselves feel sick, let alone the wretched Massasoit.

Squatted around his couch were several women, who constantly chafed his limbs to keep warmth in his feeble body. His sight had already left him, but his hearing still remained. When told that his friends, the English, had come to see him, he feebly asked who was there. They said to him, it was Winslow. Then the dying man, feeling blindly for Winslow's hand, which he took in his own, said in a faint voice, "Keen Winsnow?" ("Art thou Winslow?") To which Winslow answered, "Yes." Then the sick man spoke these words: "Oh, Winslow, I shall never see thee again!"

Then Winslow called Hobomock to him, and bade him tell Massasoit that although the governor

of Plymouth could not come himself, yet he had sent some things such as the white men made use of when sick, hoping they might do his friend and ally good. Massasoit desired that they might be given to him.

All this ceremony was most necessary to quiet the suspicions of those who stood about the sick man's bedside, swallowing every word and look with eager attention.

Winslow then went to work upon his patient. It was no pleasant task, but alas! Winslow had seen too many of his own friends in the grasp of death to shrink at the sight before him now. Taking a little confection on the point of his knife,

Winslow gently forced it between the sachem's teeth, for he could not open

his mouth, through weakness. As the sweet morsel dissolved in his mouth, he swallowed it, and all who stood about him were much rejoiced, saying it was the first thing he had swallowed for two whole days.

Then, with gentle hand, Winslow cleansed the sachem's feverish tongue and mouth, and when his sense of taste was thus restored, more of the

soothing confection was given him. Little by little the sachem's sight began to return, as Winslow worked over him; and by and by his appetite came back to him, insomuch that he begged Winslow to make him some broth, such as the English were in the habit of giving to those who were sick.

Winslow was nonplussed. Neither he nor Hampden knew anything about cooking. Yet, as it was to ransom a king's life, the two men laid their heads together, and with the help of an Indian woman they made out to prepare a dish of warm gruel, seasoned with a bit of sassafras root, which Winslow strained through his handkerchief. When it was given him, Massasoit drank off at least a pint at one draught, and said it was good; and immediately his sight came back more and more.

Being now himself out of danger, Massasoit begged Winslow to go out among the other sick people of his town and wash their mouths also; and like a Good Samaritan Winslow did so, although the stench and filth of the wigwams was something dreadful.

So Winslow continued ministering to Massasoit's wants, and even to his caprices; for as the sachem's appetite returned to him he would have Winslow go out and shoot ducks and geese to make broth with, until, one bad day, the greedy savage ate so much that he fell into a relapse. Winslow was greatly in fear that his headstrong patient would surely die; and everyone else now gave him up also, yet he astonished them all by getting well again.

Upon his full recovery, Massasoit broke out in unstinted praise of his friend and savior, Winslow. "Now," he exclaimed to those about him, "I see that the English are my friends and love me, and while Massasoit lives he will never forget the kindness they have showed him!"

Does all this seem like a trivial thing? Wait and see.

When Winslow was going away, Massasoit took Hobomock aside and secretly made known to him the wicked plot to destroy the English, already spoken of, but of which they were then ignorant. He said that the people of Nauset, Pamet, Succonet, Mattachiest,

Massasoit
Unfolds a
Plot.

Manomet, and Agawam were all joined in the conspiracy. He himself had been urged to join the league, but had held back. "Now," said Massasoit, "my advice is to kill those Massachusetts men, who are the ringleaders in this plot. If your English friends say they will not strike a blow till they themselves are struck first, tell them that when their countrymen at Wessaguscus are all dead, it will be too late."

On the way home the party stopped over night with their old enemy Corbitant, who treated them kindly. Seeing them ask a blessing both before and after eating, he demanded the reason of it. When they told him, he gravely listened like one lost in wonder. He then asked about their custom of receiving visitors at the muzzles of their guns, when these visitors came to Plymouth. To this they replied that it was honoring their guests to receive them in that manner. But Corbitant shook his head, saying he liked not such honors; and to be plain, we do not think the white men were quite frank with him.

Mindful of what Massasoit had charged him with, Hobomock unfolded it to Winslow by the way.

If this tale did not put vigor into their footsteps, we do not know what would ; for now life and death were in their haste.

Upon their report, an Indian, who had been hanging round the town to spy out their movements, was sent packing home. Truly they were hedged about with enemies.

XVIII

WESTON'S COLONY BREAKS UP

MEANWHILE the Wessaguscus people had fallen into such shiftless ways as to be at the mercy of the savages whenever the plot was ripe for action. They were now in a fair way to die of starvation, even if the savages should let them alone.

During their own pinching times, when starvation had threatened them so near, the Plymouth people had all hung together as one man, and all shared alike, keeping up their own courage bravely, while still holding the savages in a wholesome fear of them.

But these other people acted quite differently. Things had gone from bad to worse with them, until it was every man for himself and nobody for his neighbor. When food grew scarce, they sold the clothes off their backs to the Indians for corn, as prisoners sometimes do to their guards, to get

something to eat; and when they had put away
all they had to sell, they roamed about
the seashore, cold, ragged, and hungry.

Starving
Time.

One of these poor creatures, while gathering shellfish to keep body and soul together, was found dead, stuck fast in the mud where he stood. Nor was he the only one who died miserably of cold and hunger.

Indeed, so intent were these famishing colonists upon this one effort to live from day to day, that they might almost be said to be digging their own graves. Some would cut wood and fetch water for the Indians for a capful of corn. Others, more reckless, stole it outright, which made the Indians so angry that one of the thieves was hung, as an example to the rest.

And these were the sort of men with whom Master Weston was going to show the Plymouth people how a colony ought to be carried on! Like a badly built house, it was already falling to pieces.

At last most of the settlers were forced to leave their cabins, the better to range the woods for ground nuts or the shores for clams, only a few

keeping together in any one place. Seeing them brought so low, the Indians insulted and bullied them shamefully without their daring to resent it; and now indeed was their degradation completed.

Seeing no other hope left, one man packed up what few things he could carry, and with great difficulty — for he did not know a step of the way — made out to get to Plymouth, half dead with fatigue. An Indian followed him to kill him, but luckily lost the track in the woods.

This man's story was about what has been already told. He said that he dared stay no longer, for fear all of them would be knocked in the head. The Plymouth men clearly saw that if they were going to do anything at all, now was the time. So the yearly Court-day being come round again (March 23), war was declared against the Massachusetts Indians.

Accordingly Standish, with only eight men besides himself and Hobomock, started off for Wessagusset. The reason that no more went was because a larger number would be likely to create suspicion, and Standish did not mean to let the Indians know what he came

Court-day,
1623.

Standish Goes
to the Rescue.

for, until he could get them where he wanted them. As the Indians had often practised deceit to kill him, so he now meant to set a trap for them, as cunning as he knew them to be.

We have no right to condemn Standish. At this very day it is considered all fair for a general to deceive his enemy by writing false dispatches. Even George Washington did this thing, and nobody has blamed him for it. True, the Indians had not yet declared open war; but they were only biding their time, and to wait for them to begin would be, as Massasoit truly said, a terrible mistake.

So, when Standish came to Wessaguscus, he took care to hide his real purpose from the Indians. But like all who know their own guilt they were wary, suspicious, and kept themselves out of Standish's way. Finding the settlers ignorant of the plot, Standish told them to call in their men, and waited for his own plans to work themselves out.

By and by a solitary Indian came in, as if to trade, and soon went away again. Then another, who was called Pecksuot, plucked up heart and

came also. Finding Hobomock there, Pecksuot told Hobomock to tell the captain that the Indians knew he was come there to kill them, but that they neither feared him nor would shun him. "Tell him to begin as soon as he likes," said the boastful Pecksuot, "he will find us ready for him."

Standish kept quiet. As he did so, little by little the Indians began to show themselves more freely, and presently the arch villain of them all, Wituwamat himself, walked boldly into Standish's trap. Once there he began his old game of bragging and threatening, as if the English had been all so many cowards to be frightened by big words. Growing bolder, he would play with the handle of his knife, saying "by and by it should see; and by and by it should eat, but not speak." Not to be outdone, Pecksuot told Standish, to his face, that "although he was a great captain, yet he was but a little man," while he, Pecksuot, "though no sachem, was a man of great strength and courage." Indeed, he was doing his best to pick a quarrel.

Standish let them talk. At last, having got Wituwamat and Pecksuot, with two more, in a

room with some of his own men, Standish gave the word; the door was quickly shut, and he and his followers threw themselves upon the Indians Slain. Indians, before they had time even to draw a weapon. A terrible struggle took place, hand to hand, no mercy being given or expected. Death blows were dealt and received without a cry being raised or a word uttered. Standish singled out Pecksuot. A fierce tussle ensued for the possession of Pecksuot's knife. Standish tore it from the savage's grasp, and stabbed him to the heart. Wituwamat and one more were also slain on the spot. The fourth Indian, a mere youth, was presently hanged.

Hobomock had been merely a looker-on. After the affray was over he said to Standish, "Yesterday Pecksuot bragged of his own strength and stature, but to-day I see that you are big enough to lay him on the ground."

Two or three more Indians were slain after this, but the body of them, being now alarmed, escaped to the woods, where it was useless to follow them farther.

Standish now offered to take the Wessaguscus

people back to Plymouth with him, if they so desired. But they chose rather to go away, in their own ship, to the fishing grounds of the eastern coast, hoping to get a passage to England from there. So Standish helped them off on board their ship, gave them all the corn he could spare for their voyage, and when he had seen them sail away, he and his followers returned to Plymouth, bringing with them the head of Wituwamat, as they were ordered.

These acts struck such terror among the Indians that, from far and near, they hastened to make their peace with the redoubtable Englishmen, who could deal such terrible blows upon their enemies.

The Place
Abandoned.

XIX

THE GREAT DROUTH

THE month of April having come round again, all hands began to get ready for planting. There was just enough corn left in the granary for seed, and no more. We have seen that from April, 1623. one or another cause, the people, hitherto had not raised enough for their own support. All were fully agreed that it was high time to put an end to this way of living from hand to mouth. Therefore every other kind of work was to be put off until planting was done.

Now, after a fair trial, the chief men were forced to admit that the old way of all working for all was a failure. The wisest men are those who see their own mistakes and profit by them. So, now, the wise men of Plymouth saw that more and better work would be done by letting each man plant for himself, because every one would then do his best to lay up a store for his own family;

whereas, under the old plan, only a few were willing workers, while drones and honest toilers shared all alike. This was unjust.

This simple statement contains the whole philosophy of what is called communal government. These colonists, having tried it to their sorrow, now resolved to let every man enjoy the fruits of his own toil, as God had meant he should. To each man, therefore, a certain piece of ground was set off to work for himself; only a tithe or toll being taken from what he should raise, for the support of the public officers, or such as were employed in the public service.

By the time that planting was done, there was no more food left in the town; so that it was well said by one of them, that above all the people in the world, they had need to pray that God would give them their daily bread.

To keep them through the summer, all the men took turns in going out fishing in the shallop. As soon as one gang came in, another immediately went out again; nor did they return until they had caught something, no matter if it kept them out a week at a time; as they knew how it would

discourage the people to see them come back empty handed. If the boat stayed away a long time, all hands would go to digging clams at low tide. This was the way they lived all summer.¹

Yet after taking so much pains and practising so much self-denial, they were put in great fear of losing their crop of corn from drouth. Was there to be no luck in anything they attempted? It really seemed so. For six weeks after planting it hardly rained at all; so that the stunted corn began to send forth the ear before the stalk was half grown. Of some that was planted later, both blade and stalk were burning up. And now was all the joy, with which the harvest had been looked forward to, turned to mourning.

And then, to heighten their distress, they heard of a supply ship sent out to them, which twice had put to sea and twice been beaten back, by gales, to the home port.

We do not need to be told that there were heavy hearts in Plymouth. We can easily fancy the blank looks with which this last news was listened to. Would neither land nor sea afford them relief? If not, where should they seek it?

Did they fall to cursing and reviling, as men sometimes do in desperate straits? Not they. Nothing could shake their simple faith in the power of One above to hear and help them in this their hour of trial. They believed that every syllable of the Bible was the actual Word of ^{Prayers for} God. And now it was remembered ^{Rain.} how the Prophet Elijah had obtained rain by prayer and supplication to the Lord, from the top of Mount Carmel; and so they, too, went up to their mount, to spend the day in fasting and prayer for rain.

No work was done on that day. And who shall say that their prayers were not answered? For although in the morning, when they first met together, the skies were bright and cloudless, yet after some hours of prayer, slowly the clouds began to gather and the sun to abate his scorching heat, and on the very next morning the prayed-for rain was falling fast. Then were their drooping spirits and drooping corn brought to life again.

Poor, ignorant Hobomock was amazed. Seeing all the people going up to their church, and on a

week-day too, he asked a boy to tell him what it meant. The lad told him. Even Hobomock could understand this; for his people were in the habit of invoking their god also, in a time of drouth. But when the rain did come, this Indian was lost in wonder.

So the day of fasting and prayer was quickly followed by one of thanksgiving and praise; for these truly pious people did not forget in the hour of rejoicing how lately they had been supplicants for the thrice-blessed rain from heaven.

Much at the same time Standish returned from a coasting voyage, bringing with him one David Thompson, newly settled at Piscataqua, a place many leagues up the coast.

In the latter part of July, two ships, with about sixty passengers, sailed into the long-deserted harbor. All were in health, as well as all on shore. The larger ship, called the "Anne," was sent home with a cargo of clapboards and beaver, and in her went Edward Winslow, as their agent, to settle their affairs with their merchant partners in England; for, truth to say, their affairs were in much

More Ships
Come In.

disorder. The lesser ship was built for the use of the colony.

When the new-comers saw the poor condition of the people on shore, some being in rags, some little better off, and all looking pale and thin, there was a curious scene. Some wished themselves back in England; some burst into tears, thinking that they themselves could expect to fare no better than what they saw before them. The best the colonists could set before their new and old friends (for some were old Leyden friends) was a lobster or a piece of fish, without either bread, vegetables, or anything else but a cup of clear, cool spring water to wash it down with.

But this supply of men, women, and children, with such goods as they had brought over, so strengthened this weak colony that fears for the future could now safely be laid aside. By the coming of the "Anne," parents and their children, who had lived apart all these years, were once more united. Some of the new-comers, also, were well-to-do people, for the times. Long and vainly the old colonists had looked for help from



Bradford's Monument, Burial Hill.

across the ocean. It had come at last; but not before the lesson of self-help had been well learned, and the victory won.

By the time that the "Anne" was ready to

sail, harvest time had come again; and now instead of famine the pious Bradford says that "God gave them plenty, and the face of all things was so changed, that no general want or famine hath been among them to this day."

¹ Samuel Adams had this in mind when he said of the Pilgrims, "The heroes who first trod on your shore fed on clams and mussels, and were contented."

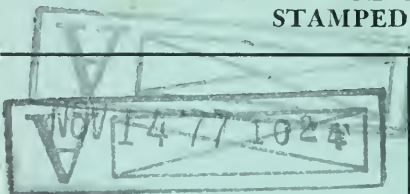
The story is all told. What remains is only the calm course of uneventful years. True, the colony did not grow great or rich, or overspread the land; but in its humble way it laid the cornerstone of this great republic; not in blood or conquest, but all in simple faith and honor. For seventy years it has a history of its own. After that it was absorbed by the greater Massachusetts colony. "May God, in His mercy, grant that the moral impulse which founded this nation may never cease to control its destiny; that no act of any future generation may put in peril the great principles on which it is based, of equal rights in a free State, equal privileges in a free church, and equal opportunities in a free school."

These noble words were spoken by Governor Wolcott upon receiving the venerable Bradford manuscript from the hands of Mr. Bayard. None could more truly breathe the spirit of a lofty, broad-minded patriotism.

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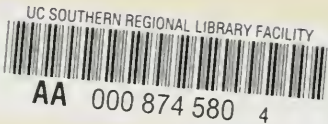
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