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**Rosemary Press
Brochures**

**Old Plymouth Days
and Ways**

*Eighteenth Century Celebrations
of the Landing of the Pilgrims*

BY EDWIN SANFORD CRANDON

**Red Men in *The*
Massachusetts Colonies**

BY CHARLES DANA BUNNAGE

MASSASOIT MEMORIAL AT PLYMOUTH BY CYRUS E. DALLIN



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(INSCRIPTION ON TABLET)

MASSASOIT
PROTECTOR AND PRESERVER
OF THE
PILGRIMS
1621

ERECTED BY THE IMPROVED
ORDER OF RED MEN
AS A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE
1921

ROSEMARY PRESS BROCHURES

OLD PLYMOUTH DAYS
and WAYS

Eighteenth Century Celebrations
of the Landing of the Pilgrims

BY EDWIN SANFORD CRANDON

(Past Vice-President General, National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution)
(Past President of the Massachusetts Society)

RED MEN in the
MASSACHUSETTS COLONIES

BY CHARLES DANA BURRAGE

(Attorney-General of the National Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America)
(Past President of the Massachusetts Society)

Addresses Delivered Before the Attleboro Community Fellowship
September 12, 1921

Each speaker limited to twenty minutes



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THE PILGRIMS' PLYMOUTH

The Mayflower, The Rock, The Landing and Old-time Celebrations

Edwin S. Crandon

I have been asked to write a few "Notes of a Native" on Plymouth and its celebrations of anniversaries of the Landing of the Pilgrims in olden times. Born in the town "where first they trod," but removed at tender age into the greater Boston, my interest has been that of inherited sentiment, but it has become with the years an intense sentiment, leading to devoted study of the men and women of the Past. In the great and general interest taken by our whole country and Commonwealth in the series of celebrations that has marked the Tercentenary of the Landing I have had my full share, but an almost more appealing interest has been that of the well-nigh forgotten records of older days. What did old-time Plymouth do on the anniversaries? Did it begin early to appreciate and to commemorate the great event which transferred so great a part of the working-out of Anglo-Saxon civilization, with political and, ultimately, religious liberty from the old England to the New? We know of the wonderful oration on the Bicentenary by Daniel Webster. Since then, under the auspices of the Pilgrim Society formed that year, orations by America's greatest in eloquence and poems by our sweetest singers have marked various anniversaries of the arrival here, on the year's shortest day, of the little company of expatriated Englishmen and Separatist Christians who brought new light out of an old world well-nigh sunk in deepest darkness, in the oppression of human liberty in thought and in life. Since Webster, the Plymouth orators have included Edward Everett; William H. Seward; Charles Sumner; Robert C. Winthrop at 250th anniversary; William C. P. Breckenridge, at the dedication by the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons of Massachusetts, of the National Monument to the Pilgrims, 1889, when John Boyle O'Reilly was the poet; Senator George F. Hoar at the 275th anniversary, when Richard Henry Stoddard gave the poem, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge at this year's Tercentenary with Le Baron Russell Briggs the poet.

Prior to the middle of the three centuries of Pilgrim and Plymouth history in New England, an occasional sermon or address was delivered at some "meeting house" in the town and from 1774 to 1780, inclusive, addresses were delivered under the auspices of the town, also from 1794 to 1820. In the latter year the Pilgrim Society took the initiative, and has continued in charge of celebrations since then. The Old Colony Club, organized in 1769, gave the first Plymouth celebration, in that year. There was a considerable Loyalist element in this Club which caused it sharply to resent the invitation of the Committee of Safety and Correspondence of the town to hold a joint celebration in 1773. The Club dined by itself on the anniversary of the Landing that year and disbanded on the outbreak of the Revolution. But it held the first celebration in the Pilgrims' town of the Pilgrims' Landing, the date being Friday, twenty-second December, 1769.

James Cole appeared in Plymouth, 1633, and either he or his son built the first house on the bluff overlooking the Rock, ever since called Cole's Hill, where the bodies of many of the Pilgrims who died the first winter—1620-21—were buried. He kept a tavern from 1645 to 1660, and was succeeded in the business by his son, James. A daughter of the latter, Joanna, married Thomas Howland, son of Joseph and grandson of Pilgrim John. A son of Thomas Howland and grandson of James Cole, Jr., Consider Howland, also kept an inn, which was quite noted in the early eighteenth century and his son, Thomas Southworth Howland, followed in the same business, his inn being in North Street, while that of his father and the Coles was in Leyden Street, James Cole, Sr., having bought the house built by Governor Winslow, where he was licensed in 1645 to keep an "ordinary," visited by Judge Samuel Sewall in 1698 and described by him as the oldest house in Plymouth. It was at the inn kept by Thomas Southworth Howland, in North Street, that the first celebration of Forefathers' Day was held. The records of the short-lived Old Colony Club, under date of twenty-second December, 1769, mention the inn as on the site of James Cole's first tavern, which is shown by Plymouth Titles of Estates to be an error. These Club records say:

"On the morning of said day, after discharging a cannon, was hoisted upon the hall [Old Colony Hall, in Market Street, the Club's rooms] an elegant silk flag with the following inscription, 'Old Col-

ony, 1620.' At eleven o'clock A. M. the members of the Club appeared at the hall and from thence proceeded to the house of Mr. Howland, innholder, which is erected upon the spot where the first licensed house in the Old Colony formerly stood [sic]; at half after two a decent repast was served up, which consisted of the following dishes, viz:—

“1, a large baked Indian whortleberry pudding; 2, a dish of sauquetach; 3, a dish of clams; 4, a dish of oysters and a dish of cod-fish; 5, a haunch of venison, roasted by the first Jack brought to the Colony; 6, a dish of sea-fowl; 7, a dish of frost-fish and eels; 8, an apple pie; 9, a course of cranberry tarts and cheese made in the Old Colony.

“These articles were dressed in the plainest manner (all appearance of luxury and extravagance being avoided, in imitation of our ancestors, whose memory we shall ever respect). At 4 o'clock P. M. the members of our Club, headed by the Steward, carrying a folio volume of the laws of the Old Colony, hand in hand marched in procession to the hall. Upon the appearance of the procession in front of the hall, a number of descendants from the first settlers in the Old Colony drew up in a regular file and discharged a volley of small arms, succeeded by three cheers, which were returned by the Club, and the gentlemen generously treated. After this, appeared at the private grammar school opposite the hall a number of young gentlemen, pupils of Mr. [Peleg] Wadsworth, who, to express their joy upon this occasion and their respect for the memory of their ancestors, in the most agreeable manner joined in singing a song very applicable to the day. At sunsetting a cannon was discharged and the flag struck. In the evening the hall was illuminated and the following [fourteen] gentlemen, being previously invited, joined the Club. * * *

“The president being seated in a large and venerable chair which was formerly possessed by William Bradford, the second worthy governor of the Old Colony, and presented to the Club by our friend, Dr. Lazarus Le Baron, of this town, delivered several appropriate toasts. After spending the evening in an agreeable manner, in recapitulating and conversing upon the many and various advantages of our forefathers in the first settlement of this country and the growth and increase of the same, at eleven o'clock in the evening a cannon was again fired, three cheers given, and the Club and company withdrew.”

It does not appear that there was any formal address or poem at this first Plymouth celebration of the anniversary of the Landing. But the "several appropriate toasts" delivered by Dr. Lazarus Le Baron, grandson of the "Nameless Nobleman," Dr. Francis Le Baron, have come down to us and are interesting as showing how the popular political feeling was running in the Old Colony in the years just prior to the American Revolution. These toasts were:

1—To the memory of our brave and pious ancestors, the first settlers of the Old Colony.

2—To the memory of John Carver and all the other worthy Governors of the Old Colony.

3—To the memory of that pious man and faithful historian, Mr. Secretary Morton.

4—To the memory of that brave man and good officer, Captain Miles Standish.

5—To the memory of Massasoit, our first and best friend and ally, of the Natives.

6—To the memory of Mr. Robert Cushman, who preached the first sermon in New England.

7—The union of the Old Colony and Massachusetts.

8—May every person be possessed of the same noble sentiments against arbitrary power that our worthy ancestors were endowed with.

9—May every enemy to civil or religious liberty meet the same or a worse fate than Archbishop Laud.

10—May the Colonies be speedily delivered from all the burthens and oppressions they now labor under.

11—A speedy and lasting union between Great Britain and her Colonies.

12—Unanimity, prosperity and happiness to the Colonies.

The last five are quite significant of the state of the public mind in New England following the Stamp Act of 1765 and its repeal in 1766. Plymouth was on fire with patriotic zeal through the troublous times, up to and through the Revolution. At this first

celebration of the Landing, all present joined in singing "The Liberty Song," by John Dickinson, to the tune, "Hearts of Oak," of which the chorus runs:

In Freedom we're born, and in Freedom we'll live;
 Our purses are ready,
 Steady, friends, steady,
 Not as slaves, but as Freemen, our money we'll give.

A prominent member of the Old Colony Club, Edward Winslow, Jr., fourth in descent from Governor Winslow, was the first orator at a Pilgrim anniversary celebration. At the Club's second celebration, Monday, 24th December, 1770—the 150th anniversary of the Landing, a procession of "grateful youths, as soon as light appeared, paraded our streets and, with cannon and volleys of small arms, aroused the town from its slumbers." Later, the Club "assembled at the house of Mr. Howland, an innholder in Plymouth," and, at noon, with its guests, "after having amused themselves in conversation upon the history of emigrant colonies and the constitution and declension of empires, ancient and modern, were served with an entertainment, foreign from all kind of luxury, and consisting of fish, flesh and vegetables, the natural produce of this colony, after which * * * a number of toasts were drank, grateful to the remembrance of our ancestors, and loyal to those kings under whose indulgent care this colony has flourished and been protected." Mr. Winslow spoke "with modest and decent firmness," a brief oration, and Alexander Scammell followed with the first anniversary poem. Mr. Winslow espoused the British cause in the Revolution and died, 1815, at Frederickton, New Brunswick, the Chief Justice of the Province. Mr. Scammell, a schoolmaster, later was an officer in the Continental Army and was fatally wounded at Yorktown, 1781.

John Faunce came in the "Anne," 1623, and married Patience, daughter of George Morton and brother of Nathaniel Morton, the Secretary of the Colony and author of our first source-knowledge of Pilgrim history prior to the discovery of the Bradford manuscript. John Faunce's son, Thomas, was the third Ruling Elder of the Pilgrim Church, 1699, to his death. Born in 1646 he lived until 1745, and it is to him that we owe the identification of Plymouth Rock.

Dr. James Thacher in his "History of Plymouth," 1832, says:

"The identical rock on which the sea-wearied Pilgrims first leaped from the shallop coming from the Mayflower has never been a subject of doubtful designation. The fact was transmitted from father to son, particularly in the instance of Elder Faunce, as would be transmitted the richest inheritance, by unquestionable tradition. About the year 1741, it was represented to Elder Faunce that a wharf was to be erected over the rock, which impressed his mind with deep concern and excited a strong desire to take a last farewell of the cherished object. He was then ninety-five years old and resided three miles from the place [at Eel River, south of the village]. A chair was procured and the venerable man conveyed to the shore, where a number of the inhabitants were assembled to witness the patriarch's benediction. Having pointed out the rock directly under the bank of Cole's Hill, which his father had assured him was that which had received the footsteps of our fathers on their first arrival, and which should be perpetuated to posterity, he bedewed it with his tears and bid to it an everlasting adieu." Among those present was Ephraim Spooner, a boy in his seventh year. He was fifty-two years Town Clerk and thirty-four years a deacon of the church. In 1817, at the town's celebration of the 187th anniversary of the Landing, the preacher, Rev. Horace Holley, of Boston, observed of Deacon Spooner: "Our venerable friend knew and conversed with Elder Faunce, who personally knew the first settlers; so Polycarp conversed with St. John, the beloved disciple of our Saviour." On this interesting occasion Deacon Spooner officiated by reading the Psalm in the ancient form, line by line.

A few men who knew and talked with Deacon Spooner were in Plymouth in my boyhood and it was my father's delight on our frequent visits to the town to have one of them tell me of Elder Faunce and his identification of the Rock, especially as the Elder was a fifth great grandfather on my mother's side. Thus but three lives separated the Pilgrims' from mine. Elder Faunce was old enough to have heard the story of the Landing from the Mayflower passengers themselves. He was nine years old when Myles Standish died, ten years old when Governor Bradford died, twenty-five when John Howland died, thirty-nine when John Alden died, and he would have been at least likely to have learned from them if the

story of his father were correct. On a map, preserved in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, which belonged to Edward Winslow, Jr., great great-grandson of the Pilgrim and a member of the Old Colony Club formed in 1769, two spots are marked, with marginal notes. One, referring to Clark's Island, says: "On this island the pious Settlers of this Ancient Town first landed Dec'r 8 (O. S.), 1620, and here kept their first Christian Sabbath." The other mark, the site of Plymouth Rock, has this note: "The place where the settlers above mentioned first landed upon the main, Dec. 22 (N. S.) 1620, upon a large rock," etc. Many of Winslow's associates must have been present when Elder Faunce formally identified the Rock.

A brief story of the vicissitudes of Plymouth Rock may be interesting. Dr. Thacher, writing in 1832, says under date of 1774: "The inhabitants of the town, animated by the glorious spirit of liberty which pervaded the Province, and mindful of the precious relic of our forefathers, resolved to consecrate the rock on which they landed to the shrine of liberty. Col. Theophilus Cotton and a large number of inhabitants assembled, with about thirty yoke of oxen, for the purpose of its removal. The rock was elevated from its bed by means of large screws, and in attempting to mount it on the carriage it split asunder, without any violence. As no one had observed a flaw, the circumstance occasioned some surprise. It is not strange that some of the patriots of the day should be disposed to indulge a little in superstition, when in favor of their good cause. The separation of the rock was construed to be ominous of a division of the British Empire. The question was now to be decided whether both parts should be removed, and being decided in the negative, the bottom part was dropped again into its original bed, where it still remains, a few inches above the surface of the earth, at the head of the wharf. The upper portion, weighing many tons, was conveyed to the liberty pole square, front of the meeting-house [Town Square] where, we believe, waved over it a flag with the far-famed motto, 'Liberty or Death.'" On Independence Day, 1834, the severed part, which for sixty years had remained in Town Square, was removed to the front of Pilgrim Hall, Court Street, and enclosed by an iron fence containing the names of the Signers of the Compact. In 1859 the land, on which the remainder of the Rock had continued in its bed after the split and removal of

a part in 1774, came under control of the Pilgrim Society, which erected a granite canopy over it. In 1880 the severed part of the Rock was restored to its old resting place, reunited with its fellow under the canopy. This year (1921) there has been a final, though temporary removal, pending the construction of the new temple that is to enclose it, restored to its original condition and location, as a part of the Tercentenary celebration of the Landing upon it, the symbol of "a Faith's pure shrine," of that which there they found—"freedom to worship God."

In June, 1620, a letter from Robert Cushman in London informed the Pilgrim Church at Leyden that the ship *Mayflower* had been selected for the voyage. This vessel, Thomas Jones, master, was rated at 180 tons, much less than the tonnage of our medium coasting schooners and not a tenth of some of them. Yet she was called "a fine ship" and was larger than most of the vessels then crossing the Atlantic. Drake, in 1577, in circumnavigating the world, had for the largest of his five ships the *Pelican* of 120 tons. Ten years later, in 1587, there were not more than five merchant vessels in all England's fleet exceeding 200 tons. The *Speedwell* intended to accompany the *Mayflower*, rated at sixty tons, and conveyed the Leyden Pilgrims from Delfthaven to Southampton. Today, there is completing at Hamburg for service between Southampton, Cherbourg and New York the world's largest ship, the *Majestic*, of 56,000 tons—more than 300 times the "*Mayflower's*" rating, and carrying 4100 passengers, 1100 crew—5200 in all. The final departure, from Plymouth, England, after the *Speedwell* was abandoned, took place on 16th September, 1620, with 102 passengers. After a stormy voyage, on 20th November [N. S.] land was sighted and the next day the *Mayflower* anchored at Cape Cod. A month was passed in exploration and the shallop's crew—"ten of our men and two of our seamen, with six of the ship's company," entered Plymouth harbor at midnight, Friday, 18th December, passed Saturday and Sunday on Clark's Island, and landed on Plymouth Rock, Monday, 21st December. The "ten of our men and two of our seamen" were Standish, Carver, Bradford, Winslow, John and Edward Tilley, Howland, Warren, Hopkins, Doty, John Allerton and English.

After a rest of four months, enforced by sickness and severe gales, the *Mayflower* sailed on her return, 15th April, 1621, and reached England thirty-one days later. It does not appear that she ever revisited Plymouth, but in 1629 she came to Salem with a company of the Leyden people who were bound for Plymouth and in 1630 she was one of Governor Winthrop's large fleet, landing her passengers at Charlestown. Nothing more is known of her. A ship with the same name was engaged in the slave trade in 1648, but she was a vessel of 350 tons, nearly twice the size of the "*Mayflower of a Forlorn Hope*," as Edward Everett called the Pilgrim ship, and for which the exiles named the delicate arbutus found so plenteously in Plymouth woods and now the State Flower of Massachusetts by vote of its School Children, ratified by the Legislature and made law by the signature of the Governor. The name was not uncommon for English ships. Rev. Joseph Hunter [Pilgrim Collections, 1854] noted no less than nineteen so-called belonging to various ports from 1583 to 1633.

A few years will bring the Tercentenary of Salem and Boston and the numerous towns which very soon followed upon the great Puritan migration led by Endicott and Winthrop. Salem and Boston, Cambridge, Watertown and Newton, Dedham and the other old towns of the Massachusetts Bay Colony will have their orations and poems and pageants and commemorative buildings—world exposition, perhaps—everybody will join in honoring the Puritan Fathers of New England, the builders of the foundations of the United States of America—the twentieth century world-power. But in the Old Colony's Tercentenary year may a son of Plymouth be permitted a moment's tribute to the men and women "of plain country life and the innocent trade of husbandry," who "knew they were Pilgrims, and looked not much on those things, but lifted up their eyes to Heaven, their dearest country, and so quieted their spirits." "Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?"—[Edward Everett.

"Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
 Began the kingdom not of kings, but men;
 Began the making of the world again.
 Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
 A new world reached and raised an old-world link,
 When English hands, by wider vision taught,
 Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought,
 And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
 Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake!
 Here struck the seed—the Pilgrim's roofless town,
 Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
 Where all the people equal-franchised met;
 Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;
 Where human breath blew all the idols down;
 Where crests were nought, where vulture flags were
 furled,

And common men began to own the world!

* * * They were true and brave;
 They broke no compact and they owned no slave;
 They had no servile order, no dumb throat;
 They trusted first the universal vote;
 The first were they to practise and instill
 The rule of law and not the rule of will;
 They lived one noble test; who would be freed
 Must give up all to follow duty's lead.
 They made no revolution based on blows,
 But taught one truth that all the planet knows,
 That all men think of, looking on a throne—
 The people may be trusted with their own!"

—[John Boyle O'Reilly; Dedication of the National Monument to the Pilgrims, Plymouth, 1st August, 1889.

"The word 'Pilgrim' is everywhere a word of tenderest association. There is no blot on the memory of the Pilgrim of Plymouth. No word of reproach is uttered when he is mentioned. The fame of the passenger of the Mayflower is as pure and fragrant as its little namesake, sweetest of the flowers of spring. He is the

stateliest figure in all history. He passes before us like some holy shade seen in the *Paradiso* in the vision of Dante. * * * Wherever the son of the Pilgrim goes, he will carry with him what the Pilgrim brought from Leyden—the love of liberty, reverence for law, trust in God—a living God—belief in a personal immortality, the voice of conscience in the soul, a heart open to the new truth which ever breaketh from the bosom of the Word. * * * The beautiful shadows of the Pilgrim Father and the Pilgrim Mother hover over us now. In that spiritual presence it cannot be that our hearts shall be cold or that our thoughts should be unworthy of our high lineage. Let every return of the Pilgrim anniversary witness a new consecration of his children to the Pilgrim's cause in the Pilgrim's spirit. Let us still remember the Pilgrim's life and the Pilgrim's lesson, Above all, Liberty! Above all, Faith! Above all, Duty!"— [George Frisbie Hoar, 275th Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, Plymouth, 21st December, 1895.

“Measured by the standards of men of their time they were the humble of the earth. Measured by later accomplishments they were the mighty. In appearance weak and persecuted they came, —rejected, despised, an insignificant band; in reality, strong and independent, a mighty host, of whom the world was not worthy, destined to free mankind. No captain ever led his forces to such a conquest. Oblivious to rank, yet men trace to them their lineage as to a royal house.”—[Calvin Coolidge, Vice-President of the United States, 300th Anniversary, Plymouth, 21st December, 1920.

“In all probability they still held to the belief of the ancient world and of the middle ages that our minute planet was the centre of the universe, to which, if I am not mistaken, Francis Bacon, regardless of Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo, still adhered. The earth was all they had, and brief life was here their portion as it is with us. Yet they did not live in vain. They strove to do their best on earth and to make it, so far as they could in their short existence, a better place for their fellow-men. They were not slothful in business, working hard and toiling in their fields and on the

stormy northern seas. They sought to give men freedom both in body and mind. They tried to reduce the sum of human misery, the suffering inseparable from human existence. Whatever our faith, whatever our belief in progress, there can be no nobler purpose for man than thus to deal with the only earth he knows and the fragment of time awarded him for his existence here. As we think of them in this, the only true way, our reverence and our admiration alike grow ever stronger. We turn to them in gratitude, and we commend what they did and their example to those who come after us. While the great republic is true in heart and deed to the memory of the Pilgrims of Plymouth, it will take no detriment even from the hand of Time.”—[Henry Cabot Lodge; Tercentenary Oration at Plymouth, 21st December, 1920.

“Land of our fathers, when the tempest rages,
When the wide earth is racked with war and crime,
Founded for ever on the Rock of Ages,
Beaten in vain by surging seas of time,

Even as the shallop on the breakers riding,
Even as the Pilgrim kneeling on the shore,
Firm in thy faith and fortitude abiding,
Hold thou thy children free for ever more.

And when we sail as Pilgrims’ sons and daughters
The spirit’s Mayflower into seas unknown,
Driving across the waste of wintry waters
The voyage every soul shall make alone,

The Pilgrim’s faith, the Pilgrim’s courage grant us;
Still shines the truth that for the Pilgrim shone.
We are his seed; nor life nor death shall daunt us,
The port is Freedom! Pilgrim heart, sail on!”

*(Le Baron Russell Briggs; Poem at Tercentenary
Celebration at Plymouth, 21st December, 1920.*

RED MEN IN THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONIES

“This little hour of life, this brief today—

What were it worth but for those mighty dreams

That sweep from down the past on sounding streams.”

On a cold, dark and gloomy day in late December three centuries ago, a lonely figure stood, motionless, intent, high on a hill by the Massachusetts Bay, looking, with prophetic foreboding, at the small *Mayflower* sailing toward the coast. With what dire prescience of disaster to his race did that bronze statue view the coming of the white men? For it is certain that the Indian knew they were white, and also knew well the menace of their coming. Not alone did he know them because every Indian tribe had traditions that white men at an early period had appeared on the coast. On the Eastern Coast these ancient legends may have been born with the coming of Viking warriors, such as Lief, the son of Eric the Red, in the year 1000 A. D.

Few indeed the traces remaining of these daring sailors, and the authorities refuse all credence as evidences of their coming to the Stone Tower at Newport; to the strange pictorial inscriptions on the great boulder at Dighton; to the hearth-stones found under a peat bog on Cape Cod; to the amphitheatre and double-stone walls on the banks of the Charles; to the skeleton in armor at Fall River, and to runes carved on various rocks along the coast.

On the West Coast the legends are different, pointing rather to the Mongolian origin of the Indian. The identity of the ancient *Fusang*, described in Chinese books, with Mexico, rests upon the presence of Chinese inscriptions on a Mexican temple; upon the peculiar monosyllabic tongue of a single tribe surrounded by tribes speaking an entirely different language; upon the apparent Asiatic origin of certain very ancient Mexican games; and upon the finding of ornaments of jade in Nicaragua, although that quality of stone is not mined outside of Asia.

There is another curious evidence of the world-wide radius of great migrations in the Swastika, the most ancient symbol used by man. For it was wrought on the breast of Buddha; it is the work of Woden, from whom we have Woden's day or Wednesday; it is found traced on vases in the centuries-buried tombs of Troy; it is engraved on the swords of Vikings, buried by the sea, in Scandinavia; it is depicted on triangular aprons of savage tribes in Brazil, and on the mystic Aztec calendar stone in Mexico; it is found everywhere on the monuments of Egypt, Assyria, India and Peru, and even on prehistoric copper shields from the mounds of the Moundbuilders on the Ohio.

But, laying aside all tradition and legend, that Indian looking at the Mayflower may well have heard stories of, or himself have met, some of those Europeans who had previously visited the New England coast.

It is rather curious that, although the Cabots braved the terrors of the North Atlantic very soon after Columbus' wonderful voyage, then over a hundred years passed, with leaden feet, before the English woke up to the fact that they were lagging behind and losing in the race for control of the American continent through colonies. The Spanish were quick and eager in their mad quest for gold, and their ships thronged the Southern seas, so that the Spanish Main washed no shores save those where flew the flag of Spain. There were 300 ships and 10,000 men engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries, when Drake returned from his three years' world encircling treasure hunt on the Golden Hynd

“With the fruits of Aladdin's garden clustered thick in her hold;

With rubies awash in her scuppers, and her bilge ablaze with gold,”

forty years before the Mayflower sailed; and there were English settlers scattered all along the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts when she arrived. Portuguese sailors roamed everywhere over the seven seas; the French were bending every energy to colonize in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, dreams of empire stirring their hearts. Many ships of many nations harried the Atlantic Coast, seizing prisoners, attacking the natives and arousing lasting hate and fear; Henry Hudson foully attacked and robbed a peaceful

village in Maine; Weymouth of England carried home as prizes five savages from Pemaquid; Capt. John Smith left behind Capt. Thomas Hunt, one of his ship masters, to take a load of dried fish to Spain, who seized also 27 "poor salvages" at Plymouth and sold them into slavery. Rescued by Spanish Friars, one at least, Tisquantum or Squanto, returned to Plymouth, and became the Pilgrims' guide and interpreter. Everywhere the native Indians welcomed the Europeans, even as they had Columbus, only to be repaid, in too many cases, with black and murderous treachery. So much for the Indian's point of view.

Now let us look for a moment, in mental vision, across the centuries, at the stern faced men on the deck of the Mayflower as they watched the shore line approach. It seems to me they must have known far more about America than we may realize.

The story of Columbus startled the world, and stirred the blood of adventure in every land. Stories of travel in the New World were poured out from the printing presses and edition after edition eagerly snapped up.

The Pilgrims, persecuted in England, fled to Holland, to find in Leyden, during the twelve-year truce with the Spaniard, a home under tolerance, most unusual in those days. They feared, however, the ending of the truce—they feared also absorption by the Dutch. As John Fiske well says: "They wished to preserve their English speech, their English traditions; keep up their organization and find some favored spot where they might lay the corner stone of a great Christian State. The spirit of nationality was strong in them; the spirit of self-government was strong in them; and the only thing which could satisfy these feelings was such a migration, as had not been seen since ancient times."

It is clear, from Bradford's history, that the little colony, turned back from rounding Cape Cod by the dangerous sand shoals, must have been familiar with the accounts of the voyages of Gosnold in 1602 and Capt. John Smith in 1614. (Note 1.) The account of Gosnold's voyage was the earliest printed story of New England in English, and the natives are there described as hospitable and friendly and the land fair and fruitful. Capt. John Smith goes much further, for, after a glowing account of the fertility of the soil, and wealth of treasure, including furs, lumber,

and mines of gold, silver and copper, he says, in asking that colonists settle there,

“If hee have any graine of faith or zeal in religion, what can hee doe less hurtful to any, or more agreeable to God than to seek to convert those poor salvages to know Christ and humanitie, whose labors with discretion will triply requite thy charge and paines? What so truly sutes with honour and honestie, as the discovering things unknown? Erecting towns, peopling countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things unjust, teaching virtue; and gaine to our Native Mother-Countrie a kingdom to attend her; finde employment for those that are idle, because they know not what to doe; so farre from wronging any as to cause Posterite to remember thee; and, remembering thee, ever honour that remembering with praise?”

Does not this appeal ring in your ears even as it must in those of the Pilgrims? Do you doubt that they recalled it that bleak December day on the Mayflower? Did they not in their hearts pray even as we during the Great War?

“God of the future and the past,
Whose hand must point the way at last,
In thy long silence still we pray
That through all doubt and pain and wrong
Our lips may know the Victor’s song,
Our feet may keep the only way.”

They too, almost alone among Europeans, took this message to heart and treated the Indians kindly, soon entering into treaty with Massasoit. Thus did the labors of Pocohontas see their fruition. We may well emphasize this, remembering that the Pilgrims settled at the “Plimouth,” so marked on the map of Capt. John Smith; the camp where Champlain stayed sixteen years before, calling it Cap du Port St. Louis, reporting it thickly settled; the village where Martin Pring obtained his cargo of sasafra in 1605; evidently a favorite dwelling place and centre of the Indians for many centuries. The sweeping epidemic two years before cleared the way for the Pilgrims to use the attractive location. In the forceful words of William Bingham,—

“In their intercourse with the Indians they present the same bright example of humanity and justice as in all their public acts. Not a foot of soil was taken from them without their consent nor without the payment of an equivalent. The treaty with Massasoit was most scrupulously observed for half a century, and it was not their fault, nor that of that faithful Sachem, that it was at last violated.”

The seal of the Plymouth Colony therefore properly contains a praying Indian kneeling on one knee offering the flaming heart of zeal.



SEAL OF THE PLYMOUTH COMPANY

(and of the Old Colony, also town of Plymouth)

Legend: "Sigillum Societatis Plimouth Nov. Anglia."

Now turn to a more somber picture. In the first letter from the Massachusetts Bay Company to Endicott and his Council of the Colony at Boston it is said

“We trust not only those of our own nation will be built up in the knowledge of God, but also the Indians may, in God’s appointed time, be reduced to the obedience of the Gospel of Christ.” And in the Charter itself it is averred that “to win and incite the natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of Mankind, and the Christian faith, in our royal intention, and the adventurers’ free profession, is the principal end of this plantation.”

In the oath of the Governor it was therefore solemnly incorporated: “and, likewise, you shall do your best endeavors to draw on the natives of this country, called New England, to the

knowledge of the true God; and to conserve the planters, and others coming hither, in the same knowledge and fear of God." On the earliest seal of the Massachusetts Colony, over the figure of the Indian that still stands there, instead of the present Latin legend quoted fitly from Algernon Sidney, was blazoned that stirring Macedonian cry which Paul had heard amid the ruins of Troy, on the night that followed that memorable day when his eye first caught the summits of Europe, "Come over and help us!"



THE FIRST SEAL OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Legend: "Sigillum Gub. et Societ. de Mattachusetts Bay in Nova Anglia."

Motto: "Come over and help us."

In 1646, immediately on the close of the Pequot war, the General Court of Massachusetts passed their formal act to encourage the carrying of the Gospel to the Indians, and recommended it earnestly to the Elders of the churches to consider how this might best be done. And in 1663, within little more than twenty years after the first printing press, given from Holland, had been set up at Cambridge, the Bible was printed there, in the Algonquin tongue, the current dialect of the New England tribes.

The Boston Colony rich, numerous and powerful, however, from the very beginning almost invariably clashed with the Indians, for finding them humble and easily imposed upon, they soon began to despise them as inferiors. (Note 2.) This arrogance of race still hampers the North American—the white man of the United States—in all his dealings with other races, as in Asia,

Mexico and South America: it nullifies all his fervent protestations of friendship, loses him trade, arouses scorn of hate, and consolidates peoples of diverse tastes and interests against him. This same intolerance by Weston's Colony at Weymouth had previously in 1623 led to the forming of the first Indian plot against the white man in Massachusetts. Sternly repressed by Capt. Myles Standish, leaving seven Indians dead, the same kind of overbearing on the part of the whites caused the Pequot uprising in Connecticut in 1637,—with the same result,—the annihilation of the Tribe in shot and flame. (Note 3.)

It was only the unselfish and self-sacrificing labors of Rev. John Eliot, among the Massachusetts Indians, during many long and heartbreaking years, that influenced a full quarter of all the New England Indians to refrain from joining King Philip, son of Massasoit, in 1675 in his great conspiracy, a last vain attempt to drive the white men into the sea, before their resistless waves of advancing numbers overwhelmed the Indians. Had they joined Philip he might have won. The bitter, cruel and ruthless war cost the English 600 of their fighting men—1/10 of all they had. The facts, that Philip's captured wife and son were sold into slavery in the West Indies, and his own body beheaded, quartered and left unburied, his hands cut off and sent to Boston, his head exposed on a pole at Plymouth for twenty years, attest the violent reaction of the English to the atrocities committed on their women and children by the savages fighting in starving despair.

The hates thus engendered between the white man and the Indian swept far across the continent, everywhere with a harvest of dreadful suffering and woe and sorrow. The Red Men, fighting against the inevitable, the victim of the racial urge and land greed of the Anglo-Saxon, used their time-honored cruelty of torture on prisoners in vain protest. The awful horrors our ancestors suffered at the hands of the Red Men left scars still visible across all our fair land, for the Apache of Arizona and the Comanche of the Plains were as cruel and as merciless as the Pequot or the Narragansett. (Note 4.) Let us listen to a paragraph from the Thanksgiving proclamation at the end of this War,—

“Of these several tribes and parties that have hitherto risen up against us, which were not a few, there now remains scarce a name or family of them in their former habitations but are either slain, captured, or fled into remote parts of this wilderness, or lie hid, despairing of their first intentions against us.”

And yet more than seventeen thousand descendants of many ancient tribes of Indians in the United States fought bravely in France in the Great War for America and the Allies, many hundreds giving up their lives,

“passing out of the sight of men
by the path of duty and self-
sacrifice.” (Note 5.)

All New England Indians were conquered tribes subject to the League of the Iroquois, or “People of the Long House,” otherwise called the League of the Five Nations. This League was a powerful confederacy, occupying the centre of New York State, from the Hudson to the Lakes, and was nearly two centuries old when the first European landed in New England.

To collect tribute and receive homage from these subject tribes, proud Mohawk chiefs paddled without fear, unconcernedly, down the Connecticut, and returned unmolested.

When in 1609, at the head of Lake George, Champlain attacked and defeated a party of Mohawks, he aroused, for all time, the hatred of this great League against the French, a most potent factor in the success of the English, culminating in 1760 in the conquest of Canada. This League was composed of

Senecas “great hill people”
Cayugas “people of the mucky land”
Onondagas “people on the hills”
Oneidas “people of the stone”—
“granite people”
Mohawk “possessor of the flint”

Theirs was a simple religion, they believed in a single God—the Great Spirit.

As Morgan says:

“The fruits of their religious sentiments, among themselves, were peace, brotherly kindness, charity, hospitality, integrity,

truth and friendship; and towards the Great Spirit, reverence, thankfulness, and faith."

So in the words of So-se-há-wă, a great Indian Chief and Prophet,

"May the Great Spirit, who rules all things, watch over and protect you from every harm and danger while you travel the journey of life. May the Great Spirit bless you all and bestow upon you life, health, peace and prosperity, and may you in turn, appreciate his great goodness. Na-hó."

NOTE 1

Verrazano's voyages were very likely known to the Pilgrims, although not directly referred to by Bradford. Verrazano, a Genoese, in the service of Francis I. of France, sailed up the Atlantic Coast from Florida in 1524, after a previous voyage in 1523 when he captured the treasure ship of Cortes. He seized and carried away a young Indian and only released a young girl because she screamed. The first account of his voyages was published at Venice in 1556, later in English, by Hakluyt in 1582. The only copy of this latter edition remaining in private hands was recently (1921) sold for over \$4000.

Martin Pring visited Plymouth in 1603 and wrote a full account of his voyage, but it was not printed until 1625.

George Waymouth also sailed along the coast in 1605 and Samuel Argall in 1609, but the accounts of their voyages also were not printed until 1625. But Bradford evidently knew about Argall and therefore very likely may have known all about his first voyages.

May 8, 1619

Bradford's History, Page 24. "Captaine Argall is come home this weeke" in a letter from London by Robert Cushman, giving the account of the unfortunate Blackwell Expedition.

The Pilgrims were without any doubt entirely familiar with Thomas Hariot's "Narrative of the First English Plantation of Virginia," first printed at London in 1588 (of which only four copies now exist) and later an illustrated edition published at Frankfort by Theodorus de Bry in 1590. The illustrations are of the Indians, showing men, women, chiefs, houses, towns, &c.

NOTE 2

Extracts from the first records of Massachusetts Bay Colony:

Sept 7th, 1630

"ordered that Thomas Morton of Mount Wolliston give satisfaction to the Indians for a cannoe hee unjustly tooke away from them; and that his house, after the goods are taken out, shall be burnt downe to the ground in the sight of the Indians, for their satisfaction, for many wrongs hee hath done them from time to time."

Sept. 28th, 1630

"It is orderéd, that noe person whatsoever shall, either directly, or indirectly, imploy, or cause to be employed, or to their power permit, any Indian to use any peece" (that is, a gun) "upon any occasion or pretence whatsoever, under payne of x £ ffyne for the first offence, & for the 2 offence to be ffyned & imprisoned at the discretion of the Court."

"It is ordered that no person inhabitting within the lymitts of this pattent, shall either directly or indirectly, give, sell, trucke or send away any Indian corn to any Englishe without the lymitts of this pattent, or to any Indian whatsoever, without licence from the Governor and Assistants."

March 1, 1630-1

"It is ordered, that if any person within the lymitts of this pattent doe trade, trucke, or sell any money, either silver or golde, to any Indian, or any man taht knowes of any that soe doe & conceal the same, shall forfeit twenty for one."

"Further, it is ordered, that whatever person hath received any Indian into their ffamylie as a servant shall discharge themselves of them by the 1st of May nexte; & that noe person shall hereafter Intertaine any Indian for a servant without licence from the Court."

March 8th, 1630-1

"Upon a complaint made by Saggamore John & Peter for having 2 wigwams burnt, which, upon examination, appeared to be occasioned by James Woodward, sergant to Sir Richard Saltonstall, it was therefore ordered, that Sir Richard should satisfie the Indians for the wrong done them (which accordingly hee did by giving them 7 yards of cloth) & that his said servant should pay unto him for it, att the end of his tyme, the some of 1s."

May 18th, 1631

Chickatabott & Sagamore John promised unto the Court to make satisfaction for whatsoever wronge that any of their men shall doe to any of the Englishe, to their cattell or any other waies."

Sept. 27th, 1631

"It is ordered that Josias Plastowe shall (for stealeing 4 basketts of corne from the Indians) returne them 8 basketts againe, be ffined V £, & hereafter to be called by the name of Josias & not Mr., as formerly hee used to be & that William Buckland & Tho: Andrewe shall be whipped for being accessory to the same offence."

June 5th, 1632

"Also it is agreed that there shalbe a trucking howse appoynted in every plantation, whither the Indians may resort to trade, to avoid there cominge to several howses."

Sept. 4th, 1632

"Saggamore John &c promised against the nexte year, & soe ever after, to fence their corne against all kinds of cattell."

"It is ordered that Richard Hopkins shall be severely whipped, & branded with a hott iron on one of his cheeks for selling peeces & powder & shott to the Indeans. Hereupon it was propounded if this offence should not be punished hereafter by death. Referred to the nexte court, to be determined."

NOTE 3

Page 223, Bradford History, account battle at the Pequot fort in Connecticut: (1637)

"So they went on, and so ordered their march, as the Indeans brought them to a forte of ye enimies (in which most of their cheefe men were) before day. They approached ye same with great silence, and

surrounded it both with English & Indeans, that they might not breake out; and so assualted them with great courage, shooting amongst them, and entered ye forte with all speed; and those yt first entered found sharp resistance from the enemie, who both shott at & grapled with them; others rane into their howses, & brought out fire, and sett them on fire, which soone tooke in their matts &, standing close together, with ye wind, all was quickly on a flame, and thereby more were burnt to death then was otherwise slain; it burnt their bowstrings, and made them unservisable. Those yt scaped ye fire were slaine with ye sword; some hewed to peeces, others rune throw with their rapiers, so as they were quickly dispatchte, and very few escaped. It was conceived they thus destroyed about 400, at this time. It was a fearfull sight to see them thus frying in ye fyer, and ye streams of blood quenching ye same, and horrible was ye stinck & sente ther of; but ye victory seemed a sweete sacrifice, and they gave the prays thereof to God, who had wrought so wonderfully for them, thus to inclose their enmisse in their hands, and give them so speedy a victory over so proud & insulting an enemie."

NOTE 4

Bradford's History, Page 17. At Leyden before sailing. Noting the various objections raised to the proposed expedition to America.

"And also those which should escape or overcome these difficulties, should yett be in continuall danger of ye salvage people, who are cruell, barbarous, & most treacherous, being most furious in their rage, and merciles wher they overcome; not being contente only to kill, & take away life, but delight to tormente men in ye most bloodie maner that may be; fleaing some alive with ye shells of fishes, cutting of ye members & joynts of others by peesmeale, and broiling on ye coles, eate ye collops of their flesh in their sight whilst they live; with other cruelties horrible to be related. And surely it could not be thought but ye very hearing of these things could not but move ye very bowels of men to grate within them, and make ye weake to quake & tremble."

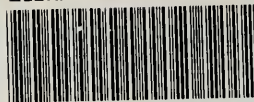
NOTE 5

The Bank of England in London has placed upon the tablet to its employees (over 700) who died in the Great War, the following

"Passed out of the sight of men
by the path of duty and self-sacrifice"



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