

back and saw their house in flames. The old copper kettle that was thrown into the well at the time was recovered several years after. The farm at "Riverby" remained in the Cole family, and no deed, except the one signed by the Indians giving the place to Mr. Cole, was ever passed until the farm was sold to the present owner, Henry A. Gardner, in 1874.

At "Riverby" the boys also saw a chair that was in the church at Monmouth the day before the battle of Monmouth. The chair was removed the night before the battle, and on the day of the battle, the church, and everything that had been in it, except the chair was burned.

The boys next visited the noted rocks and other points of interest in Swansea, first going to Hiding Rock, where during the Revolutionary war some of the Gardners who lived at Touisset (the old Indian name for "Land of Corn") and the Luthers, who lived at Swansea Center and who were loyal Englishmen, or Tories, hid, as they did not want to fight the rebels, and their wives brought them food while they were hidden. The next rock was where Uncle Jeremy Brown wrote his verses so well known to the men and women of Swansea 200 years ago. He used to go to this rock and compose his poetry standing on its topmost pinnacle, and reciting it in a loud voice; then he would go back to the house and write it. The boys went past the old cemetery, where he, with one of the passengers on the Mayflower, is supposed to lie buried.

Stopping at the home of Mr. Maker who is known all over the country for his herb medicines, they were shown the old house now nearly 225 years old, and in which can be seen the old beams hewn from the oak forest that was then in front of the place where the house now stands. The old brick oven is still there, and the old fireplace, to which yokes of oxen used to draw the logs, yawned at the boys as they did at the Indian visitors 200 years ago. The boys were much interested in the wonderful collection of Indian arrow heads exhibited by Mr. Maker. It is probably the largest one in New England, outside of a museum. Their walk then took them to "Devil's Walk." Here in solid rock can be seen what is said to be the devil's footprints. The boys tried their own feet in them and were surprised to find that they exactly fitted the marks left by his Satanic Majesty. He must have had several feet, judging by the different sizes of footprints. In one place he must have forgotten and shown his real self, for they found a hoof print instead of the human form. A short walk brought them to the "Devil's Table," and while it is immense, one wonders if it were really large enough to accommodate all his followers. These rocks are on very high ground. In one place one can

see the B. M. C. Durfee High School in one direction, and by turning around, the top of the Turk's Head building in Providence may be seen. On account of its height it was used by the Indians, and the soldiers of the Revolutionary war, to flash their messages by bonfires from place to place.

A crawl through the underbrush brought them to "Mag's Cave," immortalized by the story of Hezekiah Butterworth. It was in this cave that Margaret entertained the hunted preacher, Roger Williams, during that long cold journey when he was driven from Salem. To-day there is only a shelving rock, but this rock formed the back of Margaret's home. Mr. Maker acted as guide through the woods, and told the boys how he had found sixty different kinds of wood in this forest, and had made a log cabin of them. After a rough tramp through the woods the boys came to "King's Rock," where they ate their supper on the very spot where the Indians from all over New England came to celebrate their victories. In the quiet fields where a son of Portugal was planting his peas, the boys in imagination saw the victims of war burned at the stake, and passing through all the other tortures which the Indians themselves tell us actually took place at this very spot.

In this rock can be seen the old hollow where the Indian women ground their corn for the feast, and the actual print of their knees as they knelt there for years, can still be seen in the rock. There is also a hole in the rock where it is said that the Indians pounded corn, but fine as the story is, that will have to be attributed to a later date. Another cave, a mile beyond, told the sad story of more recent years. In this cave dwelt a negro and his wife. They were very pious people, and were annoyed at the attitude of the young people at evening meetings. One Sunday night the old man had been unusually severe in his denunciation and the boys, thoroughly angry, set fire to his home. The fire started in front, and as there was solid rock at the back, there was no possible way for them to get out. The last sounds from the cave were the quavering voices of the old couple singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Their walk also led them through a forest of immense oaks sown by Levi Bushee, who has been dead nearly 50 years, and who was over 80 when he died. He used to tell that when he was a small boy he helped to plant the acorns in rows.

Afterwards the boys visited the old oak on the farm of Mrs. A. A. Manchester near Touisset. This oak is the oldest tree in this section and according to folk lore Roger Williams spent a night in the hollow trunk when a storm overtook him on his way from Salem to Rhode Island. The tree stands almost on the boundary between the two states.