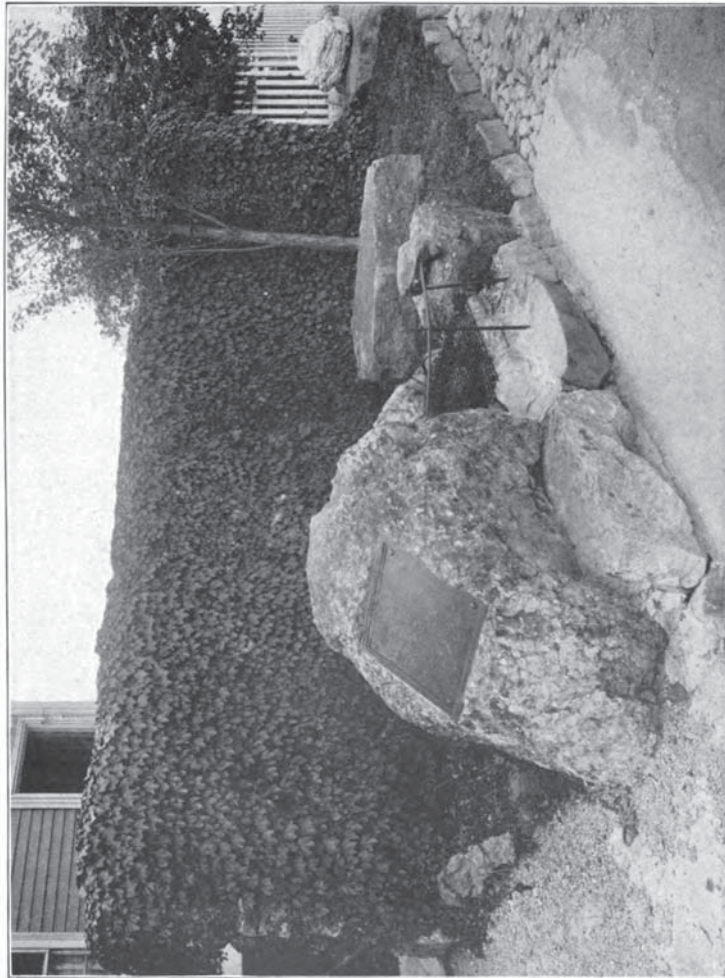


THE EXERCISES AT MASSASOIT'S SPRING, WARREN, OCTOBER 19, 1907

The dedicatory exercises of the Massasoit Memorial, according to the program, commenced at the appointed time with an address by Professor Wilfred H. Munro, as follows:

Acting for the State of Rhode Island, I have the honor, as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Rhode Island Historical Society, of transferring to the custody of the Massasoit Monument Association this tablet. Placed beside the gushing water known for many generations as Massasoit's Spring, it commemorates the great Indian Sachem whose name it bears. May its presence steadily incite to a more intelligent patriotism! May the people of Warren, ever mindful of the prominent part their ancestors played in the early history of this nation, strive always to prove themselves worthy sons of those conscientious and valiant sires! . . . I have the pleasure of calling upon two of the descendants of Massasoit to unveil the tablet . . . and I now place it in charge of Colonel Abbot, the President of the Association.



MASSASOIT'S SPRING, WARREN

THIS TABLET
 PLACED BESIDE THE GUSHING WATER
 KNOWN FOR MANY GENERATIONS AS
 MASSASOIT'S SPRING
 COMMEMORATES THE GREAT
 INDIAN SACHEM MASSASOIT
 "FRIEND OF THE WHITE MAN"
 RULER OF THIS REGION WHEN THE
 PILGRIMS OF THE MAYFLOWER
 LANDED AT PLYMOUTH
 IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1620

The tablet having been unveiled the President of the Association thus responded; "Mr. Chairman, and members of the Committee for Marking Historical Sites: In behalf of the Massasoit Monument Association, and I believe I am justified in saying, all the citizens of Warren, I thank you most sincerely for this tablet of enduring bronze in honor of him, who was ruler of this region in 1620 when the white man came to it, and what is of vastly more importance, who became the friend of that white man. In accepting this tablet I am moved more deeply than I can express, because standing beside it, as our honored guests, are two in whose veins flows the blood of him for whom this memorial has been erected. Two hundred and eighty-six years ago men of our race came to this spot, and Massasoit welcomed them. We feel it to be a great honor that you, Charlotte and Alonzo Mitchell,

are here to-day, and to no other hands than yours would we have entrusted the sacred duty of unveiling this tablet.

EXERCISES IN THE TOWN HALL.

The committee and guests then adjourned to the town hall where at three o'clock the exercises were continued according to the Program. After the rendering of Eichberg's most inspiring hymn, "To thee, O Country, the President spoke as follows:

In 1620 this place was the capital of a nation, and he in whose honor we have gathered was the ruler. He was a native American, and it would have been more to our credit if we had not allowed nearly two hundred and fifty years to elapse, since his death, before erecting a memorial to him. To whom the credit for the idea should be given no one can tell. That Norman G. Burr, a former townsman, was the first to contribute for the purpose is a matter of record. Zachariah Allen, then president of the Rhode Island Historical Society, was the second donor, and the two sums lying by for many years in our savings institution formed a substantial nucleus for further funds. The Thalia Club, a local dramatic society, largely through the influence of our present secretary, Eugene A. Vaughan, gave an unique and pleasing entertainment on February 8, 1893, for the benefit of the monument fund. Governor D. Russell Brown evinced great interest, and delivered an address. Our distinguished and lamented townsman,

Hezekiah Butterworth, to whose heart the idea of a memorial was very dear, spoke of Massasoit of Sowams in Pokanoket. The poem of George Henry Coomer to be read this afternoon, was on the program, as also one from the pen of Frederick Denison. Pleasing musical numbers by local talent were interspersed, and the occasion was a great success in every way, adding a considerable sum to the fund. Other contributions followed, and the plan gained a substantial financial footing, but it seemed difficult to secure an unanimity of opinion on a site, and the interest gradually waned, not to be revived until last fall, when at the request of a few of the surviving members of the Association, the chairman and secretary of the State Committee for Marking Historical Sites, representing the entire body, visited the site of the Spring, and as a result a bronze tablet to be placed on a suitable memorial at that place was promised. Meetings of the Association were held, the membership increased from about twenty to over a hundred, a constitution adopted, new officers elected, and an executive committee chosen to conduct affairs. In the meantime Abby A. Cole, a lineal descendant of Sergeant Hugh Cole, who was the friend of Metacomet, Massasoit's younger son and ultimate successor, offered a boulder from the land formerly her ancestor's and the appropriateness of this gift was a direct appeal for action. The practical skill of Cornelius Harrington was necessary for the successful moving of the eight-ton conglomerate from its ancient to its modern bed.

The artistic taste of John DeWolf from our neighbor town on the Mount Hope lands was invoked, and the greater part of August spent in erecting the memorial. The town did its share by authorizing the improvement of the street, and the energy of our highway commissioner, James A. Seymour, has borne fruit therein. The Association has now been incorporated in order that it may legally hold property, and has admitted to membership fifteen of the wives and other female relatives of the male members, realizing full well the interest which women have in all such matters, and that their enthusiasm is a most potent factor for success. The interest of the owner of the property about the memorial, Frank W. Smith, has been of great assistance and has culminated in a most generous gift to the Association of the spring site, to have and to hold forever. It is my privilege and pleasure in behalf of the Association to tender its sincere thanks to all who have assisted in any way, by contribution of money, or work of head or hand to the successful accomplishment of the memorial, and the dedication thereof, to the first citizen of this town of whom there is any record, the great Indian Sachem, Massasoit. And especially do we greet and render thanks to you, Alonzo and Charlotte Mitchell, for returning to the home of your fathers to honor us with your presence.

But the Association does not stop its work here. Its by-laws provide that it shall promote any enterprise, the design of which is the improvement of physical and

esthetic conditions in the community. It has made a beginning of such work by the decoration of the surroundings of the railroad station, accomplished through the generosity of one of its members. It does not mean to interfere with the duty of the town council, or encroach upon the prerogatives of the Business Men's Association, or any other body. It has neither political nor sectarian affiliations. It is made up of representative citizens of this town who in accepting membership have signified their interest in something which stands for an uplifting above the ordinary conditions of life. A public park where leisure hours may be happily spent; the planting of trees to replace those which formerly arched our streets from end to end; a monument to the patriots who have borne arms in all the wars of our beloved country are some of the things which the Association hopes to accomplish in the future.

What more potent inspiration for all good works could we have than the words of our revered poet-historian, whose cup of happiness would, we believe, be full to overflowing could he have been spared to be with us to-day:

"Warren! where first beside the cradled Nation
The old chief stood, we love thy storied past.
Sowams is pleasant for a habitation—
'Twas thy first history—may it be thy last."

The "Indian March" was spiritedly played, after which the President introduced Professor Munro in the following terms: As far back as 1880 the historian of our

neighbor town to the south was sufficiently impressed by the value of tradition to give public expression to his belief that the spot which we honor to-day was Massasoit's Spring. I feel that it does not detract from the honor due to all the members of the Committee for Marking Historical Sites to say that to the chairman more than any other, are we indebted for the tablet beside the gushing water. It is therefore with profound feelings of gratitude that I introduce Professor Wilfred Harold Munro.

Professor Munro spoke, informally, in part as follows:

Under primitive conditions of life the three principal necessities for existence are water, food and shelter. This is true whether we live in solitude or in communities. The first necessity for a settled abode would seem to be a never failing supply of water. Food can be obtained in many places: water that is not contaminated must always be sought at its source. In the earliest days of Monasticism in Egypt a spring, a palm tree and a cave were regarded as the necessary "plant" for those who wished to lead a life of solitude and of contemplation. Water was the first requisite, then came the date-palm with its food, the cave in that perfect climate was sought for only as a shelter from the wild beasts. By the end of the fourth century the region known as the Thebaid was filled with men living in this primitive way. These monks had reverted to the simple life of the savage. The natives our ancestors encountered when they landed upon the continent had never passed beyond that simple life.

They sought for living springs as prerequisites for their temporary habitations. But there were no trees or shrubs to afford them food throughout the year and the wild animals were too insignificant and too few in number to furnish a food supply. In this region therefore they pitched their rude wigwams near the shore where they could without much difficulty secure fish, wild fowl, clams and oysters. The waters of Narragansett Bay were then more plentifully stocked with fish than now. Ducks, geese and other wild fowl must also have been much more abundant. The Indian *shot* both fish and fowl.

Near the spring we have marked to-day was unquestionably an Indian village in the year of our Lord, 1620. As a historical student I wish we might always have as reasonable grounds for connecting names with physical features as we have in this case. If ever a fact was firmly established by tradition the fact of Massasoit's connection with this spring is. Jedediah Morse, "Father of American Geography," caught the story from the lips of the children of those who had lived in the days of Massasoit and transferred it to his American Gazetteer in 1805. For more than a hundred years the tradition has been perpetuated upon the printed page. It is seldom that a story can be so easily substantiated. Not far away, at Mount Hope, in Bristol, is a shallow well which has been known ever since the founding of the town in 1680 as "King Philip's Spring." You would be amazed to learn how infrequent in manuscripts and books is the

mention of this famous spring. I can find hardly a reference that is more than seventy-five years old, none as old as Morse's reference to Massasoit's Spring. The story has simply been passed down by word of mouth from generation to generation and no man has ever been rash enough to question its truth. This is all the more remarkable because on the other side of Mount Hope is another spring which gushes forth not far from the spot where King Philip was killed.

May I in the short time at my disposal endeavor to set forth the life the Indians and our ancestors lived in our earliest Colonial days! Of what kind of structures did the villages of the Indian consist? They were very rough and uncomfortable places of abode, not entirely unlike those you may see to-day in the "Indian Country" of our western states and territories, and yet much ruder than are the wigwams, of to-day. The Indian we know has profited somewhat from his nearness to civilization.

When the Plymouth representatives paid their first visit to Massasoit they found the Chief occupying a wigwam a little larger than those of his subjects. But when night came Massasoit and his wife occupied as a bed a platform of boards raised a little from the ground and covered with a thin mat. On this bed the Indian Sachem also placed his visitors with himself and his wife, "they at one end and the Englishmen at the other, and two more of Massasoit's men pressed by and upon them, so that they were worse weary of the lodging than of the

journey." The accommodation could hardly be called luxurious.

The Indians were "lusty" men. The word "lusty" was then used as we use the word "husky" to-day in speaking of our football players. All our players are "husky" men though many of their fellow students are not. They are so because they are physically the best men that can be picked out from hundreds of undergraduates. The Indians were all "lusty" men from a different reason. As with the Zulus of South Africa it was with them, a case of the survival of the fittest. It was because all the weakly children died that our ancestors had such a race of athletes for their antagonists.

The weapons they used were not of much account as compared with those the colonists carried, but they were so skilled in the use of them that they proved to be most formidable foes. The white men were rarely as "lusty" men as their opponents though their weakest died quickly in the terrible early years of the Plymouth Colony. But in weapons and equipment they far surpassed the savages. Our ancestors whom Massasoit saw were armed with muskets and swords. They wore helmets and corselets of metal. When metal was lacking they wore quilted corselets stiff enough to protect from Indian arrows. The Indian sachem and his men soon learned the superiority of the English equipment and governed their conduct accordingly.

The earliest habitations of the Colonists were hardly more comfortable than were the wigwams of the Aborigines.

Study the accounts given of the first houses in Plymouth and you will be convinced of the fact. Those log huts were built in a very rude way. Shelter only was sought for, luxury was not dreamed of. The chimneys were on the outside. No bricks were used in their construction because no bricks were made in the country. The very wide fireplaces were lined with stone, but the flues above were ordinarily built with what we might call light cordwood set in clay and plastered with the same material. Under such conditions it is hardly necessary to say that constant vigilance was necessary to prevent these primitive structures from taking fire. Dwellings like those our ancestors used may be seen to-day as you pass through the State of South Carolina on the railway trains. As far as comfort goes the negroes who inhabit them are much better off than the Plymouth colonists were.

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THE HISTORICAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY COLONEL HIGGINSON.

Colonel Higginson read as follows:

MASSASOIT.

The newspaper correspondents tell us that when an inquiry was one day made among visitors, returning from the recent Jamestown Exposition, as to the things seen by each of them which he or she would remember longest, one

man replied, "That life size group in the Smithsonian building which shows John Smith in his old cock-boat trading with the Indians. He is giving them beads or something and getting baskets of corn in exchange" (Outlook, October, 1907). This seemed to the man who said it and quite reasonably, the very first contact with civilization on the part of the American Indians. Precisely parallel to which is the memorial which we meet to dedicate and which records the first interview in 1620 between the little group of Plymouth Pilgrims and Massasoit, known as the "greatest commander of the country" and sachem of the whole region north of Narragansett Bay (Bancroft's United States, i, 247).

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate" says the poet Pope and nothing is more remarkable in human history than the way in which great events sometimes reach their climax at once, instead of gradually working up to it. Never was this better illustrated than when the Plymouth Pilgrims first met the one man of this region who could guarantee them peace for fifty years and did so. The circumstances seem the simplest of the simple.

The first hasty glance between the Plymouth Puritans and the Indians did not take place, as you will recall, until the new comers had been four days on shore, when, in the words of the old chronicler "they espied five or six people with a Dogge coming toward them, who were savages; who when they saw them ran into the Wood and whistled

the Dogge after them." (This quadruped, whether large or small, had always a capital letter in his name, while people and savages had none, in these early narratives.) When the English pursued the Indians "they ran away might and main." (E. W. Peirce's *Indian History*.) The next interview was a stormier one; four days later, when those same Pilgrims were asleep on board the "shallop" on the morning of December 8, 1620 (now December 19), when they heard "a great and strange cry" and arrow shots came flying amongst them which they returned and one Indian "gave an extraordinary cry" and away they went. After all was quiet, the Pilgrims picked eighteen arrows, some headed with brass, some with hart's horn (deer's horn), and others with eagles' claws" (Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, 158), the brass heads at least showing that those Indians had met Englishmen before.

Three days after this encounter at Namskeket—namely on December 22d, 1620 (a date now computed as December 23)—the English landed at Patuxet, now Plymouth. Three months passed before the sight of any more Indians, when Samoset came, all alone with his delightful salutation "Welcome Englishmen," and a few days later (March 22, 1621), the great chief of all that region, Massasoit, appeared on the scene.

When he first made himself visible with sixty men, on that day, upon what is still known as Strawberry Hill, he asked that somebody be sent to hold a parley with him. Edmund Winslow was appointed to this office, and went

forward protected only by his sword and armor and carrying presents to the sachem. Winslow also made a speech of some length bringing messages (quite imaginary, perhaps, and probably not at all comprehended) from King James, whose representative, the Governor, wished particularly to see Massasoit. It appears from the record written apparently by Winslow, himself, that Massasoit made no particular reply to this harangue, but paid very particular attention to Winslow's sword and armor and proposed at once to begin business by buying them. This, however, was refused, but Winslow induced Massasoit to cross a brook between the English and himself, taking with him twenty of his Indians who were bidden to leave their bows and arrows behind them. Beyond the brook, he was met by Captain Standish, with an escort of six armed men, who exchanged salutations and attended him to one of the best but unfinished houses in the village. Here a green rug was spread on the floor and three or four cushions. The governor, Bradford, then entered the house, followed by three or four soldiers and preceded by a flourish from a drum and trumpet which quite delighted and astonished the Indians. It was a deference paid to their sachem. He and the governor then kissed each other, as it is recorded (we have no information as to whether the governor enjoyed it) sat down together and regaled themselves with an entertainment. The feast is recorded by the early narrator as consisting chiefly of strong waters, a "thing the savages love very well" it is said "and the

sachem took such a large draught of it at once as made him sweat all the time he staied." (Thatcher's *Lives of Indians*, i., 119.)

A substantial treaty of peace was made on this occasion, one immortalized by the fact that it was the first made with the Indians of New England. It is the unquestioned testimony of history that the negotiation was remembered and followed by both sides for half a century; nor was Massasoit nor any of the Wampanoags during his lifetime convicted of having violated or attempted to violate any of its provisions. This was a great achievement! Do you ask what price bought all this? The price practically paid for all the vast domain and power granted to the white man consisted of the following items: a pair of knives and a copper chain with a jewel in it, for the grand sachem; and for his brother, Quadequina, a knife, a jewel to hang in his ear, a pot of strong waters, a good quantity of biscuit and a piece of butter." (Thatcher's *Lives of Indians*, i., 120.)

Fair words, the proverb says, butter no parsnips, but the fair words of the white men had provided the opportunity for performing that process. The description preserved of the Indian chief by an eye witness was as follows: "In his person he is a very lusty man, in his best years, an able body, grave of countenance, and spare speech; in his attire little or nothing differing from the rest of his followers, only in a great chain of white bone beads about his neck; and at it, behind his neck, hangs a

little bag of tobacco, which he drank, and gave us to drink—(this being the phrase for that indulgence in those days, as is found in Ben Johnson and other authors). His face was painted with a sad red like murrey (so called from being the color of the Moors) and oiled both head and face that he looked greasily. All his followers likewise were in their faces, in part or in whole, painted, some black, some red, some yellow, and some white, some with crosses, and other antic works; some had skins on them, and some naked; all strong all men in appearance.” (Young’s *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, 194.) All this Dr. Young tells us would have been a good description of an Indian party under Black Hawk which was presented to the President at Washington as late as 1837 and also, I can say the same of one seen by myself coming from a prairie in Kansas, yet unexplored in 1856.

Lane tells us that in oriental countries smoking is called drinking and the aim of all is bring the smoke into the lungs. (Young’s *Chronicles of Plymouth*, 188.)

The interchange of eatables was evidently at that period a pledge of good feeling, as it is to-day. On a later occasion Captain Standish, with Isaac Alderton, went to visit the Indians, who gave them three or four ground nuts and some tobacco. The writer afterwards says, “Our governor bid them send the king’s kettle and filled it full of pease which pleased them well, and so they went their way.” It strikes the modern reader as if this were pease and peace practically equivalent, and as if the parties needed

only a pun to make friends. It is doubtful whether the arrival of a conquering race was ever in the history of the world marked by a treaty so simple and therefore noble.

"This treaty with Massasoit" says Belknap, "was the work of one day," and being honestly intended on both sides, was kept with fidelity as long as Massasoit lived. (Belknap's *American Biography*, ii, 214.) In September, 1639, Massasoit and his oldest son, Mooanam, afterwards called Wamsutta, came into the court at Plymouth and desired that this ancient league should remain inviolable, which was accordingly ratified and confirmed by the government, (Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, 194 note), and lasted until it was broken by Philip, the successor of Wamsutta, in 1675. It is not my affair to discuss the later career of Philip, whose insurrection is now viewed more leniently than in its own day, but the spirit of it was surely quite mercilessly characterized by a Puritan minister, Increase Mather, who when describing a battle in which old Indian men and women, the wounded and the helpless were burned alive said proudly, "This day we brought five hundred Indian souls to hell." (Pierce's *Indian Biography*, 22.)

But the end of all was approaching. In 1623, Massasoit sent a messenger to Plymouth to say that he was ill, and Governor Bradford sent Mr. Winslow to him with medicines and cordials. When they reached a certain ferry, upon Winslow's discharging his gun, Indians came to him from a house not far off, who told him that Massasoit

was dead and that day buried. As they came nearer, at about half an hour before the setting of the sun, another messenger came and told them that he was not dead, though there was no hope that they would find him living. Hastening on, they arrived late at night. "When we came thither" Winslow writes, "we found the house so full of men as we could scarce get in, though they used their best diligence to make way for us. There were they in the midst of their charms for him, making such a hellish noise as it distempered us that were well, and therefore unlike to ease him that was sick. About him were six or eight women who chafed his arms, legs and thighs to keep heat in him. When they had made an end of their charming, one told him that his friends the English were come to see him. Having understanding left, but his sight was wholly gone, he asked who had come. They told him Winsnow, for they cannot pronounce the letter l, but ordinarily n in place thereof. He desired to speak with me. When I came to him and they told him of it, he put forth his hand to me which I took. When he said twice though very inwardly, Keen Winsnow? which is to say, Art thou Winslow? I answered Ahhe, that is Yes. Then he doubled these words, Matta neen wonckanet nanem, Winsnow: that is to say, O Winslow, I shall never see thee again! Then I called Hobbamock and desired him to tell Massasoit that the governor hearing of his sickness, was sorry for the same; and though by many businesses he could not come himself, yet he sent me with such things for him as he thought most likely to do good in this extrem-

ity; and whereof if he be pleased to take, I would presently give him; which he desired, and having a confection of many comfortable conserves on the point of my knife, I gave him some which I could scarce get through his teeth. When it was dissolved in his mouth, he swallowed the juice of it; whereat those that were about him much rejoiced, saying that he had not swallowed anything in two days before." (E. W. Peirce's *Indian History*, 25, 26.)

Then Winslow tells how he nursed the sick chief, sending messengers back to the governor for a bottle of drink and some chickens from which to make a broth for his patient. Meanwhile he dissolved some of the confection water and gave it to Massasoit to drink; within half an hour the Indian improved. Before the messengers could return with the chickens, Winslow made a broth of meal and strawberry leaves and sassafras root which he strained through his handkerchief and gave the chief who drank at least a pint of it. After this his sight mended more and more, and all rejoiced that the Englishman had been the means of preserving the life of Massasoit. At length the messengers returned with the chicken but Massasoit "finding his stomach come to him he would not have the chickens killed, but kept them for breed."

From far and near his followers came to see their restored chief who feelingly said "Now I see the English are my friends and love me: and whilst I live I will never forget this kindness they have showed me."

It would be interesting were I to take the time to look into the relations of Massasoit with others, especially

with Roger Williams, but this has been done by others, particularly in the somewhat imaginative chapter of my old friend, Mr. Butterworth, and I have already said enough. Nor can I paint the background of that strange early society of Rhode Island, its reaction from the stern Massachusetts rigor and its quaint and varied materials. In that new state as Bancroft keenly said, there were settlements "filled with the strangest and most incongruous elements . . . so that if a man had lost his religious opinions, he might have been sure to find them again in some village in Rhode Island."

Meanwhile "the old benevolent sachem, Massasoit," says Drake's Book of the Indians, "having died in the winter of 1661-2," so died a few months after his oldest son Alexander. Then came by regular succession, Philip, the next brother, of whom the historian Hubbard says that for his "ambitious and haughty spirit he was nicknamed 'King Philip.' " From this time followed war-like dismay in the colonies ending in Philip's piteous death. To-day as a long deferred memorial to Philip's father, Massasoit, with his simple and modest virtues, this memorial tablet has been dedicated. It may be said of Massasoit's career in the noble words of Young's "Night Thoughts,"—

"Each man makes his own stature; builds himself.
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids:
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."

DRUM ROCK

Address by William B. Weeden, May 30, 1908

The ground where we stand was conveyed to Samuel Gorton and ten others, for 144 fathom of wampumpeage, January 12, 1642. The deed describes "a parcell of lands, lyinge upon the west side of that part of the sea called Schomes Bay from Copassnetuxet, over against the outmost of that next of land called Shawhomett upon a straite line westward twenty miles." It is signed by Myantonomey the suzerain, with the significant statement "possession given with the free and joynt consent of the prisint inhabitants, being natives, as it appears by their hands." In another column are the signatures of Totonomans, Pumham Sachem of Showhomet and Jano. When Pumham acted thereafter, Soccononocco generally appeared with him. I think he must have been either Totonomans or Jano, though I have not been able to trace the connection. The document is given by Judge Staples in his edition of Gorton's "Simplicity's Defense."*

Roger Williams, in another connection said, "I had not only Meantanomey and all the Coweset sachems my friends but Ousamaquin (a Wamponoag) also." Induced

*R. I. Historical Colls., 2 p. 253.



DRUM ROCK, APPONAUG

by the Arnolds, Pumham and Soccononocco went to Boston in 1643, and submitted to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. Cuchamakin, a Massachusetts sachem, testified to the General Court, that Pumham was as independent as himself.

Samuel Gorton was one of the strongest individual minds Rhode Island ever had among her citizens. Judge Brayton in his defense of Gorton said, there "was no independent sachem between the Wampanoags and the Narragansetts. Pumham and Soccononocco were Coweset sachems."* Mr. George T. Paine, a careful student of Indian lore, defined Cowekesit, Cowekesuck or Cowesit to be the shore between Apponaug and Greenwich villages, thence westward to Crompton, and to mean "the place of the young pines."

Drum Rock, that we commemorate, is a very large boulder partially sunk in the earth. Probably by glacial action or by frost, a large flat fragment estimated at two and one-half tons was broken off, lifted and nicely balanced on one edge of the cavity. Standing on the upper stone and throwing one's weight on either foot, it easily rocks to and fro and drums on the boulder. The sound reverberates at a distance, and in the stillness of prehistoric time it must have penetrated much farther, with more solemn effect.

According to tradition the upper stone was disturbed and moved by vandals about 1837. The villagers of

*R. I. Historical Tracts, No. 17, p. 101.

Apponaug with considerable effort restored it, but were unable to bring back the old delicacy of balance; since then the sound has not extended so far.

This statement would not have touched or impressed the native when Gorton and his companions settled at Shawomet. Whatever the facts his inductive convictions reached him differently. He knew nothing of glaciers or glacial action. He lived in close contact with nature, but not as we view her. His religion prompted him to worship sun, moon or stars; and he readily defied a great visible force, and in a sort of idealization of the bear or panther. Any pronounced manifestation of nature—especially if unusual—was to him supernatural, as we call it. Any marvel like Drum Rock fired his imagination at once, and gathered traditions about it, as time went on. Hence, this reverberating sound—fascinating to-day—was even more bewitching three centuries ago. Our tablet was literally true.

“Drum Rock, a trysting signal and meeting place of the Coweset Indians and their kindred Narragansetts.”

The Shawomet tribes were a branch of the Narragansett nation, as the Niantics were on the west toward the Pequots. “All do agree they were a great people,” said Roger Williams, and let us glance at his reports of their aboriginal life. There were many villages, possibly a dozen in twenty miles travel, and nowhere were they more teeming than by Coweset and along the Pequot path

by Sugar Loaf Hill and the little island of Nahnygansett in Point Judith Pond. The wigwams were covered without and lined within with mats of bark or skins; a hole for smoke at the top. "Those filthy smoakie holes" in the words of the narrator. But any house of the seventeenth century was not very agreeable in a northeast storm. Their implements were appropriate to the stone age, arrow heads, hatchets, mortars for beating corn, and chisels.

The making of canoes excited Williams' highest admiration; they were for three or four, sometimes for forty men. A native went into the woods with a stone hatchet and a basket of corn, built a hut and felled a chestnut tree. He continued "hewing and burning, lying there at his work alone," until in ten or twelve days he had finished and launched his boat. He then ventured to fish in the ocean. With their fleets of canoes the Narragansetts held Block Island in subjection. This fact alone would show the relative superiority of the Narragansett nation. The manufacture and sale of wampum had brought wealth from the interior, as far as the Mohawk country. They were beginning to be commercial and had risen above mere hunting tribes, as Columbus with his caravels ranked above a Castilian baron bent on hunt or foray. Hubbard says they were more civil and courteous than other natives. And Gookin, the enlightened superintendent of the Massachusetts Indians, said the Narragansetts were an "active, laborious and ingenious people."

In due season there was "wonderful plenteous hunting," and the women planted and tended corn with the clam-shell hoe. They gathered the crop and beat it in a mortar. They "barned" the reserved; in Philip's war, when our Indians were driven into interior Massachusetts, they occasionally foraged back for the corn cached in hollow trees and caves. "It is almost incredible what burthens the poore women carry of corne, of fish, of beans, of mats and a childe besides." We must not regard these divisions of labor by sex from our point of view. The Indian had faults enough, but he was not idle or dissolute until alcohol ruined him. There are two systems of labor; ours is regulated and continuous; the barbarian's is spasmodic and exhaustive. The Indian brave carried a little parched corn on the warpath or hunting tramp, tightening his belt as hunger increased. He exhausted all his strength in these masculine efforts; his squaw did the rest and did it cheerfully.

Williams was more and more impressed by "their active and industrious habits" though the braves would do no agriculture except to raise tobacco. They used this moderately, and it served a symbolic function in their great smoking councils. One of these meetings for deliberation gathered nearly one thousand persons.* Johnson, the great Puritan, in 1637 was much impressed to "see how solidly and wisely these savage people did consider of the weighty undertaking of a war, especially

*Roger Williams, *Key*, p. 62.

old Canonicus, who was very discreet in his answers." Canonicus was one of the greatest aborigines history has recorded.

Among themselves they were great gamblers, and there was a seamy side seldom lacking in their intercourse with whites. Their notions of property were very crude, and friendly as they were to Williams, they stole his goats from Prudence Island. After Pumham and Socononocco had intrigue with the authorities of Massachusetts, Gorton said they were no better than cattle thieves. In conveying land, doubtless they meant to give up what they did not want for themselves. The "common sort" of Indians planted at Providence and Warwick without permission; they "mingled fields" with the English, and this made trouble. By the second generation, either race would be rid of the other. Canonicus gone, the brave but rash Canonchet joined in Philip's injudicious war, and the Narragansetts were nearly exterminated.

Yet in their own living, their system worked not badly. Williams said *"the sachems have an absolute Monarchie" over the people "though they consulted and persuaded their constituents." Under such rule, vice and crime were not as scandalous as in Europe. "Commonly they never shut their doors day or night, and 'tis rare that any hurt is done."

Tribal custom stood in place of ordinary law and active public opinion. Ultimately this must yield to organized

*Key, p. 62.

government. Meanwhile, from the aboriginal point of view, there was little to be desired in the English system of government. We must remember the natives saw on one side the treacherous murder of Miantinomi, inspired by the petty state craft of the Boston Puritans; on the other they were oppressed by the jail and the whipping-post. In the religious life, the evolution was no better. Respect as we would the kindly labors of Williams and the apostolic sacrifices of Eliot, the actual results were meagre and almost nugatory. Goodkin said "the time of the great harvest of their (the natives*) in gathering is not yet come, but will follow after calling of the Jews." But Williams, charitable toward all Christian belief shows his naive and unseeing comprehension of the great sources of religion in this wise: "I durst never be an eyewitness, spectatour or looker on (at Indian ceremonies) lest I should have partake of Sathan's inventions and worships," as forbidden in Ephesians.

The great romancer Fenimore Cooper exaggerated the nobility of the Indian, as Walter Scott overdrew the heroic qualities of his gillies and their Highland chieftans. We need not depreciate in our turn. Having immensely wider knowledge of racial conditions, we ought to be wiser than they were in the early nineteenth or the seventeenth century. Let us be just to a race living well in its own time.

Inevitably, the Indian left few permanent monuments. Even in these small districts he was migatory, flitting from

winter quarters to "summer fields." He laid no corner stones, reared no columns or pyramids. Let us preserve and cherish this interesting memorial of his actual living. The moving rock sounds across the centuries and brings back the friendly owners of the soil.

WILLIAM B. WEEDEN.