

PELHAM AND PILGRIMS. THE WANDERINGS OF PELHAM AROUND PLYMOUTH.

"Not as the Conqueror Comes, They, the True-hearted, Came"—A Church Without a Bishop, a State Without a King"—Curious Epitaphs at Burying Hill.

Question. "Why did the old pilgrim fathers come to this country?" Answer. "In order to worship God in their own way and make everybody else do the same."

Perhaps this is putting it a little too strongly, but there is a very prevalent belief that, while the dear old forefathers fled from religious intolerance in England, they themselves brought quite a good share of it to their new home with them. Be this as it may, "the soil where first they trod" must ever be an interesting and well nigh a sacred spot to very many people. It may be that the evil deeds wrought by bigotry and narrow-mindedness are all chargeable to the puritans of Salem and Boston and not to the Plymouth pilgrims. So I am willing to believe as I make my pilgrimage to another historical spot in the state of Massachusetts—the old town of Plymouth. Massachusetts may be said to possess a sort of monopoly of early United States history. To it came these first old pilgrims and puritans and hewed out homes for themselves and killed off the redmen. A century and a half or so later, the men of Massachusetts resisted the unwise measures of Great Britain, by force of arms, and fired the first shot of the revolutionary war. In all moral and intellectual progress this old state has ever played an important part. Why, did not the "loyalists," who founded the good city of St. John, come from Massachusetts!

But about Plymouth and the Pilgrims. It must have been high-water when the Mayflower, or the shallop of the Mayflower, found her way into Plymouth Harbor; because the harbor, when the tide is out, bears very much the appearance of the Courtenay Bay "flats" in St. John under similar circumstances. It is a beautiful harbor, it is a lovely bay—with the long, thin streak of Plymouth Beach running out and forming a natural breakwater. Landlocked and safe from winds and waves, there is only one thing lacking—water. The U. S. government, however, has had a channel dug so that vessels of light draft can be got up to the wharves, even at low tide.

I differed from the early pilgrims in making my entry into Plymouth, as I came by land and by such an essentially modern conveyance as an electric car, which I took at Kingston. The electric road is one of that singular kind where the car-conductor comes around and collects a separate fare every mile or so. You pay as you go. Looking out over the Bay as one approaches the old town the panorama is quite a fine one. At the near left, across the Bay, is seen Captain's Hill, so-called from its having been the home of Captain Miles Standish. At its highest point is a monument in honor of the pilgrim warrior, surmounted by a statue of him fourteen feet in height. This is a prominent object from sea or land. It would be like, for instance, a tall monument to the St. John loyalists erected on the topmost crag of Fort Howe hill. Farther along the shore is seen Rouse's Hummock, the American terminus of the French Atlantic Cable. The next prominent object is Clark's Island, where the pilgrims spent their first Sabbath in Plymouth and inaugurated "A church without a bishop, A state without a king."

Next to this is the headland of Saquish, and beyond is the Gurnet, with its twin lighthouses. Opposite these, the bold bluff of Manomet thrusts itself out into the Bay, while nearer inland the long thin Plymouth Beach stretches out its projecting arm. The whole formed a most pleasing sight as I rode into Plymouth one fine bright day and set my feet upon that rock where two hundred and seventy-four years ago the Pilgrims from across the ocean had set theirs. Our feet were probably quite similar. But, our heads! Ah, there are a good many different ideas in heads now—a days from what there were in the craniums of those dear old pilgrims. Are the ideas better or are we any better? Religious liberty there certainly is. But what about that beautiful fiction that all men are born equal and that precious birthright of government by the people and for the people! To what extent have these ideas been realized? The old pilgrims could not foresee or even dream of these latter days of giant syndicates and ruthless and all-powerful money-kings!

The old Plymouth Rock is now enshrined beneath a handsome stone canopy, near the shore where the landing was made. The rock has quite a history. In 1775, during the first enthusiasm of the revolution, in endeavoring to raise it from its bed on the shore, the rock was broken in two. The upper part was taken to Town Square, where it was deposited at the foot of a liberty pole, from which waved a flag bearing the motto, "Liberty or Death." This part remained there for fifty-nine years, when, on a fourth of July, it was carried in procession to Pilgrim Hall, deposited in the front area and enclosed by the iron fence, which now surrounds the tablet with the compact, near the same spot. Here it laid for forty-six years more, when, in 1880, it was carried back to the waterside

and the two parts cemented together, as they now lie, beneath the granite covering. I have always been told that the footprints of the pilgrims could be seen upon this rock, but I was not able to find any traces of them. I believe there is no doubt, though, but that this is the right rock. The date of the landing, 1620, is cut upon it, but I do not think the pilgrims did that. I had the pleasure of being presented with a small fac simile of the rock before leaving the locality.

Right opposite this most distinguished rock is a hill, which is now ascended by a broad flight of steps. This is Cole's hill. Here, during that gloomy winter in which they landed, the Pilgrims buried half their little band. To quote "Mourt's Relation," written by one of the actors in the drama: "This month (March) thirteen of our number die. And in three months past dies half our company; the greatest part in the depth of winter, wanting houses and other comforts, being afflicted with the scurvy and other diseases, which their long voyage and unaccommodate condition brought upon them; so as there die sometimes two or three a day. Of a hundred persons scarce fifty remaining; the living scarce able to bury the dead; the well not sufficient to tend the sick, there being, in their time of greatest distress, but six or seven, who spare no pains to help them. But nothing daunted the heroic little band. They buried their dead on this hill, levelled the graves, and in the spring following planted corn above them, that the Indians might not know the extent of their losses.

"Not winter's sullen face, Not the fierce tawny race, In arms arrayed; Not hunger shook their faith, Not sickness' baleful breath, Not Carver's early death, The souls dismayed."

Even up to the present time some of these remains of the Pilgrims are occasionally unearthed. Of course they killed off a great number of the Indians. But there was no tongue or pen to sound praises of the heroism with which the red man defended his home and his country against these (to him) intruders.

Our concern, however is with the Pilgrims. Here these stern men endured all manner of hardships and contended against adverse circumstances of all descriptions. They fought, bled, suffered and died. For what? For what they considered their spiritual rights and their spiritual liberty. Tell us never again then, in the face of such a bright and shining example as this, that the world is all—bread—and—butter.

Leaving The Rock and wandering up the old town, by way of Leyden Street (the first street laid out by the pilgrims), I took a look at many of the interesting buildings and memorial churches, etc. Almost everything has Pilgrim to it here. There is quite a fine court house, where in the Registry of Deeds office, the historian can find much of interest. Here are the earliest records of Plymouth Colony. Here is the handwriting of the pilgrims—some of it queer and crumbed, some plain and legible. On these pages rested the hands, fresh from handling the sword or tilling the soil, of Bradford, Breescher, Standish and others of the brave band. Here are the simple and wise rules laid down for the government of the little colony. Here is the will of Standish; the order establishing jury trial, in Governor Bradford's writing; the order for the first customs law; the division of cattle into lots, one cow being divided into thirteen lots. Dividing the milk of one cow among thirteen parties must have been a pretty nice affair.

Here, also, with its great wax seal, engraved for the purpose, is the original patent to the company, from the Earl of Warwick; and here are such things as ancient deeds, written in the Indian language, as put in form by Eliot and Mayo, with signatures which are almost of as much interest as those of the pilgrims themselves. These signatures are not in words, but in signs of bows and tortoisoes, of reptiles and animals. They represent the names of some of the original owners of the land—some of the race of the red men which has wasted away, before the incoming of its stronger white "brethren," like dew before the rising sun. A few steps from the court house is a building with a Doric portico, standing a little off from the street. This is found to be Pilgrim Hall. It is full of all descriptions of "Pilgrimiana." It was erected in 1824 by the Pilgrim society and rebuilt in 1880 in a fire-proof manner. On entering, one can take the correct time from a clock once owned by Governor Hancock and still doing its duty at nearly two hundred years of age. On the wall hangs a commission from Oliver Cromwell to Governor Edward Winslow, as one of the arbitrators between Great Britain and the United Provinces of Holland. It has a contemporaneous portrait of the Lord Protector in the upper left hand corner and had his signature, but it was torn off by some autograph fiend and its place is now supplied by a copy. Among the portraits and pictures the most striking and the most valuable is the large painting of the Embarkation by Charles Lucy. This picture is said to have taken first premium of a thousand guineas at an exhibition in England. There is also a fine large painting of the Landing, thirteen by sixteen feet, by Henry Sargent, of Boston. Near this Sargent picture are a couple of cases full of interesting things. One contains many

reminders of Speak For Yourself John Alden—his bible, printed in 1620, his halberd, and also many ancient documents with his signature. I do not see anything, though, about Priscilla Mullins. The other is the Standish case, in which is the famous Damascus sword of the pilgrim captain, besides many other articles which belong to him, some of which were found not so very long ago in the cellar of the Standish house at Duxbury. Here is a piece of embroidery, worked by the daughter of Capt. Standish, at the bottom of which is wrought the following verse:

Lorea Standish is my name, Lord guide my heart that I may do Thy will; Also fill my hands with such convenient skill As will conduce to virtue void of shame, And I will give the glory to Thy name.

Near this Standish case is one of the most interesting relics in the hall. It is the first patent granted to the Plymouth colonists by the New England company and is the oldest state paper in existence in the United States. This was given in 1621. It bears the seals and signatures of the Duke of Lenox, the Marquis of Hamilton, the Earl of Warwick, Sir Ferdinando Gorges and one other which is not decipherable. Various are the other relics. Such for instance, as the famous long shot Thompson gun, the gun barrel with which King Philip was killed, and a copy of Eliot's Indian bible. Last, but not least, I must not forget to mention the good old British coat-of-arms which, in colony times, hung over the Judge's seat in the court house, now the old Town house, of Plymouth. This has been on a trip to Shelburne, Nova Scotia, where it was carried by a band of loyalists, when the revolution broke out, and whence it was returned, some years ago, to its present resting place in Pilgrim hall. There must be some kinship between this coat-of-arms and that which is deposited in Trinity church, St. John.

Now let us take a walk up Burying hill, consecrated from the earliest years of the colony as a place of sepulture. Here rest the ashes of most of the Pilgrims who survived the winter. On this hill, also, was the fort of the little colony situated—certainly a well-chosen spot for it. Here a marble obelisk in memory of Governor William Bradford with a Latin inscription which may be translated to say: "Do not basely relinquish what the fathers with difficulty attained."

I should like to give many of the most interesting inscriptions, such, for instance, as that over John Nowland, "the last man that was left of those that came over in the ship called the Mayflower, that lived in Plymouth." This would take up too much space for an article of this nature. A few odd ones, though, I will transcribe. To a child aged one month:

He glanced into our world to see A sample of our misery.

Martha Cotton, 1796: Many years I lived, Many painful scenes I passed Till God at last Called me home.

F. W. Jackson, aged 1 year 7 days: Heav'n knows what man He might have made. But we He died a most rare boy.

Fannie Crombie: As young as beautiful and soft as young, As gay as soft! and innocent as ray.

Only one more, o'er Tabitha Plasket, 1807, written by herself and breathing a fine spirit of defiance to the world:

Ah! vain world, I've seen enough of thee; And I am careless what thou say'st of me; Thy smiles I wish not, Nor thy frowns I fear, I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here.

But we who are not yet at rest must "keep moving," though the words of Tabitha Plasket's last defiance ring in my head and seem to keep time to the steps of my feet, as, taking a parting look at the fine view from the top of the old Burying hill I start off to see that crowning glory of Plymouth—the national monument to the Pilgrims. The top-piece, a statue of Faith, has already been seen at a distance, but now a closer inspection is to be had.

"O welcome pure of old Faith, white handed Hope, Thou hovering angel, girl with golden wings." This figure is said to be one of the largest and finest pieces of granite statuary in the world. It is thirty-six feet in height and of large proportions, the outstretched arm, for instance, being nineteen feet ten and a half inches from shoulder to tip of finger. The base is forty-five feet high, making the total height of the monument, from the ground to the top of the head of the statue, eighty-one feet. One foot of Faith rests upon the Plymouth rock, not the original rock down in the tower, it will be understood, but a representation thereof; in her left hand she holds a Bible; with the uplifted right she points to Heaven. She is surrounded by figures representing Morality, Law, Education and Freedom. Upon the base are represented various scenes from the history of the pilgrims, and the general inscription is: "National monument to the forefathers. Erected by a grateful people in remembrance of their labors, sacrifices and sufferings for the cause of civil and religious liberty."

The "grateful people" intended to have this monument more than double its present size, but sufficient funds were not forthcoming and it was reduced to its present proportions, which are still striking. The corner stone of this monument was laid in 1859, but it was not finally completed and dedicated until thirty years later. The orator upon this last occasion was that well-known upholder of morality, etc., the Hon. Wm. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and the poet was John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston.

These notes have relation only to historic Plymouth, but it may be mentioned that the present commercial Plymouth is not to be despised. Here are extensive manufacturers of cordage, cotton duck, woolen cloth,

boots and shoes, etc. The duck for the sails of the crack yachts and international racers is made here. Showing that the place though only seven or eight thousand inhabitants, is not without commercial enterprise, it might be well to make a note of the fact, even in St. John, that a large building for a boot and shoe factory was erected by a subscription of citizens and presented as a free gift to the company who established the business there. The land was given by a railroad corporation. However, old Plymouth, or new Plymouth, as the Pilgrims called it, will, I suppose, always derive its fame from the fact that there first came these old forefathers, and as I leave the little town, not forgetting a visit to the curio shops, I feel satisfied that the dear old heroes will never be forgotten. That their history and reputation are safe—quite safe. PELHAM.

The Great Siberian Railway. A correspondent of a Russian newspaper gives an interesting account of the Siberian railway, which was opened for traffic lately. On the frontier between Russia in Europe and Russia in Asia is a huge granite obelisk, on one side which is inscribed "Europe," on the other "Asia." Not a house is to be seen, and the first station eastwards is three kilometres on the Asiatic side of the boundary. The engineers had great difficulties to contend with owing to the geological formation of the country; and the line deviates in places for miles in order to avoid the expense of tunnelling. Six hundred and fifty tons of dynamite were used for blasting purposes over the entire distance, and the workmen had frequently to be lowered in baskets to lay the rails at the foot of the inaccessible precipices. A swamp of eighty miles long was drained and both engineers and workmen had to live for weeks in mud huts built on rafts which only could be reached by boat. The mosquitos swarmed to such an extent that the men could only work in masks, and had in addition to carry a fumigating apparatus on their backs to keep off the flies. And the cost of these three hundred miles of railway in money and lives nobody knows. These are figures which are not given to the world for they are not intended for publication. The line was built for military purposes, which simply means increasing facilities in the matter of mobilising troops. Meanwhile the condition of the people in the struggle to maintain peace is scarcely a whit more prosperous than if the country were actually at war.

A Bull in a Hunt. A strange incident is recorded in the last issue of Black and White:—The hounds came full cry, hard after a fox, on the Cotswolds, across a field where oxen were ploughing headed by a big bull. The bull was instantly in a state of mad excitement and took off the plough and oxen amongst the tail hounds at a tremendous pace, ran across several fields with the hunt and stopped at last before a high stone wall.

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