

while the tree, loosed from its moorings, hurried on toward the falls.

"This I consider a very respectable adventure," said Mr. Penn, handing over his tin cup for his second pint of coffee, and deliberately separating the rich salmon flakes from the spinal column of a large trout. Deliberately, we say, for Mr. Penn was then on his fourteenth fish.

But all things must come to an end sooner or later. The party were all gathered under the bark roof—some smoking, others conversing in a more quiet and serious tone than had been usual among them. X. M. C. finally spoke out.

"Friends, and fellow-woodmen," said he, "our sojourn in the wilderness is about to end. We have promised to be at Towers' on the 16th. To fulfill this promise we must start homeward to-morrow morning. Owing to the early departure of Mr. Jones, we still have an abundance of provision, and might, if we were so disposed, remain a week longer; but the council seem to have determined on going. Well, let it be so. We have not realized all our expectations on coming out. We have killed neither bear, panther, nor deer. We have not even varied our diet with cat-fish soup—(nodding to Mr. Penn)—but we have manfully carried out the proposed objects of our expedition as far as circumstances permitted. We have explored the wilderness, fished in the Black Fork of Cheat, seen the Falls of the Canaan, surfeited on trout, and braved the unpropitious elements unflinchingly. As for me, the impressions made by this sojourn will never be effaced—never, though I were to live as long as the great hemlock felled by Mr. Dindon."

The return to the settlements was unmarked by any incident worthy of record. Accustomed to the forest, hardened to the toil, the difficulties of the march passed as matters of course; and an occasional unsuccessful shot at a deer, or the discovery of a bear's trail, only elicited a brief comment or a laugh. On the second morning they breakfasted at Conway's, dined at Towers', and, twenty-four hours after, the heroes of the Expedition into Canaan had resumed the dress, and, to all appearance, the habits of ordinary life. Yet by a shrewd observer of character they might still be distinguished from the common herd. There was a certain gallant swagger when they walked abroad, a lighting-up of the face when they met each other, or when the subject of hunting and fishing was introduced; an elevation of ideas, a largeness of speech, an ill concealed disdain of the petty affairs of life, such as law, medicine, or agriculture; and for a long time, whenever they were invited out, even the heavy handed and profuse housekeepers of their neighborhood seemed to have suddenly become close and thrifty, or to have made some unaccountable mistake in their calculations.

In the town of M. were several returned Californians who had made the overland trip, dug gold and starved on the Yuba and Feather rivers, and returned to their homes by the



CALIFORNIANS TRUMPED.

Horn or the Isthmus, with nothing to show for their trouble but a stock of hard earned experience, and the hope of being heroes and storytellers for the rest of their days. Alas! they happened in an unlucky time. Whenever one of them, thinking he had an audience in a bar-room or at a street corner, would commence, *infandum renovare dolorem*, he was invariably trumped with—"Yes, that reminds me of the Blackwater;" and in five minutes the poor Californian stood mute and abashed at supposing that he had ever been hungry in his life, or had ever seen any thing worth talking about.

A PILGRIMAGE TO PLYMOUTH.

BY CALVIN W. PHILLEO.

TWO hundred years ago the colony of Plymouth was one of the most important on the North American continent. Its chief town was the equal in rank with New Amsterdam and Boston. Its governors and magistrates were statesmen whose names are immortal. The acts of its Council, the wars in which it was engaged, the famines and pestilences it endured, and every event that affected its welfare and prosperity, are matters of which we read in the histories of the nation. The classic names of Athens, of Sparta, and even of Rome itself are not more familiar to the memory than is that of Plymouth; and in the time to come there is no spot upon the earth that will possess in the hearts of men an interest more universal and enduring than the Rock at which ended the long and weary voyage of the passengers of the Mayflower. And yet, though we have all heard and read of Plymouth since we began to remember, though we know its early history by heart, and the very mention of its name sounds in our ears like the keynote of a national anthem of liberty, though five millions of us claim to have descended from its early colonists, and pride ourselves accordingly, though there is hardly a day in all the year in which we do not hear or utter an allusion to Plymouth or the Pilgrim Fathers,—either in sermon, oration, speech, or conversation, though we boast of the religion of the Puritans as if we hoped to be saved by the mer-

its of our ancestors, and daily assert—that no one can deny—that the Pilgrim Fathers shaped the model which has given the form to our free institutions and government, though, in fine, we acknowledge the town of Plymouth to have been the birth-place of our nation, great already, and with a destiny of unexampled greatness, there are scarcely fifty thousand of the five million descendants of the Puritan exiles, outside of the ancient county of Plymouth, that could answer correctly the probable questions of an intelligent foreigner, curious to know the present state and condition of a town so celebrated in the history of the country, and of the world as is the town of Plymouth.

A few school-children, fresh from their recitations in geography, might be able to repeat the brief paragraph of “fine print” in their class-book, which informs them of the pleasant situation of Plymouth upon the bay of the same name, about forty miles from Boston; that it was here that the Pilgrims landed in 1620, and commenced the first settlement of New England; that the present town has considerable coasting and some foreign trade, and is largely engaged in the fisheries, and that its population in 1850 was 6026.

We start on our Pilgrimage to Plymouth, from Boston, in the early afternoon of a bright August day. Thrice has our carriage been obliged to halt during the short ride between the hotel and the railroad station, in consequence of a choking up of the narrow and crooked streets. Nevertheless, we have a good ten minutes before the starting of the train, when we draw up at the door of a handsome brick edifice, built in the Italian style, with brown stone cornices and window caps. This is the front of the Old Colony Railroad Terminus.

But we are bound to Plymouth, and have no time to spare for the improvements made in the rival colony of Massachusetts Bay. Let us enter the station-house. Do not be dismayed at learning that your baggage must be consigned to the tender mercies of a man who says that he is the baggage-master, but who, nevertheless, may be an impostor for all that one can tell, inasmuch as he is too much of a republican to wear a badge, and refuses to give us checks for our trunks. There is doubtless an occult method in their system of management on this road, with respect to baggage. Let us have faith, then, in the baggage-master's curt prophecy, that we shall find our trunks “all right” when we shall have arrived at Plymouth.

But what a long train! Seven—eight first-class cars, besides second-class and baggage-cars—and all nearly filled with people. Plymouth Rock, one would think from these indications, must be what it should be—the Mecca of American pilgrims. But the truth is, that there are scarcely twenty passengers in the whole train that are going through with us. We shall arrive at Plymouth with only one first-class car. Of the others, some will have been switched off at the Braintree Junction, and some at the

Bridgewater Junction, and one will have been left at this station and another at that station. The Old Colony Road is a trunk from which diverge several branches, some of which, indeed, are of more importance than itself. Traveling upon this road is much like the journey of life. One starts with a host, but at the end of the course but few remain who have traveled with him all the way. So, although there are several drawbridges to cross, we must take the foremost car, the only one of its class that goes through. We will sit on the left-hand side. The sun comes in the other way, and, besides, there is more to see in this direction.

It is a sterile-looking country we are passing through. There is scarcely enough of the thin soil to cover half the rock with a scanty green mantle, and so great ledges lie bare above ground, and barberry-bushes, loaded with unripe fruit, and sometimes stunted firs, grow from the crevices. But there are some good farms, nevertheless, and fields where heavy crops will be gathered. But such farms and fields have cost much labor and money to make them fertile.

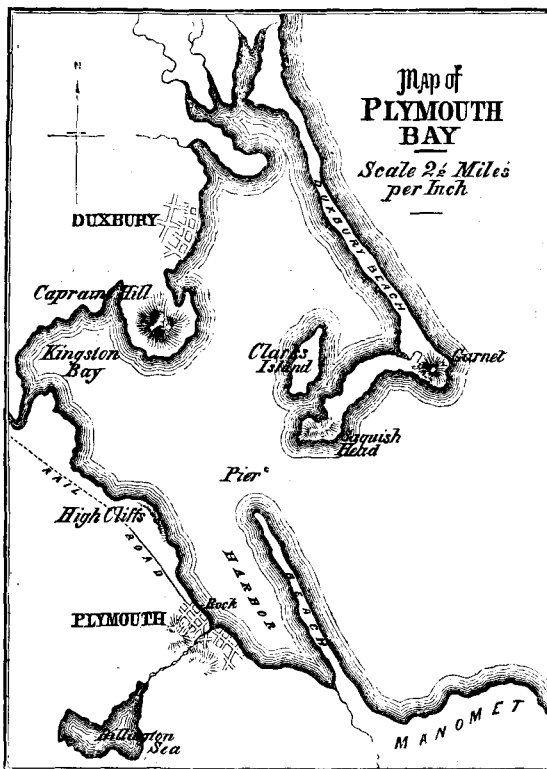
The people have grown rich hereabouts, in spite of the niggardly soil. There is a look about the houses that betokens the thrift of the dwellers in them. The little crowds at the station-houses are composed of well-dressed people. The cattle in the pastures are sleek, well-fed, and well-cared for, and people drive good bits of horse-flesh in easy, handsome carriages.

We are losing cars from our long train at almost every station, as I foretold, and the speed of those that remain is increased.

Kingston Station is the last this side of Plymouth. Here it was that Daniel Webster left the hurry and bustle of the world behind him, as he descended from the cars for the last time in his life. Marshfield lies about seven miles northeast from here.

We are nearing our journey's end. Yonder is the round, smooth summit of Captain's Hill, in Duxbury, that overlooks the whole of Plymouth Bay, and forms a prominent land-mark for vessels. It rises some two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea at its base. It was named after Captain Myles Standish, who, for many of the later years of his life, lived near the foot of it.

And now the train rounds a curve, the wheels ringing as they grind against the rails. A moment more—look now—the cool sea-breeze fans your cheek again, as you gaze for the first time upon the wide and beautiful Bay of Plymouth. It is high water—that is to say, it is full tide, or nearly so—and the extensive flats left bare at low ebb, exposing to view ugly sand-banks and unseemly patches of eel-grass, are now hidden beneath the surface of as handsome a sheet of blue water as ever sparkled in the rays of an afternoon sun. The bay is, you perceive, almost landlocked; and viewing it from this point one might almost imagine it to be a lake instead of



MAP OF PLYMOUTH BAY.

an arm of the sea. On our left, Captain's Hill rears its bald crown between us and the village of Duxbury, which lies concealed behind it, straggling along the shore for miles. Far away to the north, beyond those distant hills ruddy with fields of buckwheat-stubble, is Marshfield and the grave of Daniel Webster. From thence the shore sweeps with a gentle curve to the southward, the hills diminishing in height, until it becomes a low sandy beach, with here and there a clump of cedars crowning a knoll, and dark copses of stunted plum-bushes fringing and tufting the white and sparkling sides of the sand-hills. This is Duxbury Beach—a strip of land, that, averaging scarcely twenty rods in width above high-water mark, stretches from the main-land miles to the southward, interposing its narrow barrier of drifting sand between the thundering surges of the stormy Atlantic and the haven within its protecting embrace.

Half-way between us and the beach lies an island, a mile in length, with an oval outline rising with a gentle slope from the extremities toward the centre; near which stands a large gray rock, that one might, from its size, well mistake for a house, but that its irregular form shows plainly in the rays of the western sun shining straight upon it. The round surface of this island is green to the very brink of the gravelly bluff, against which dash the "waves

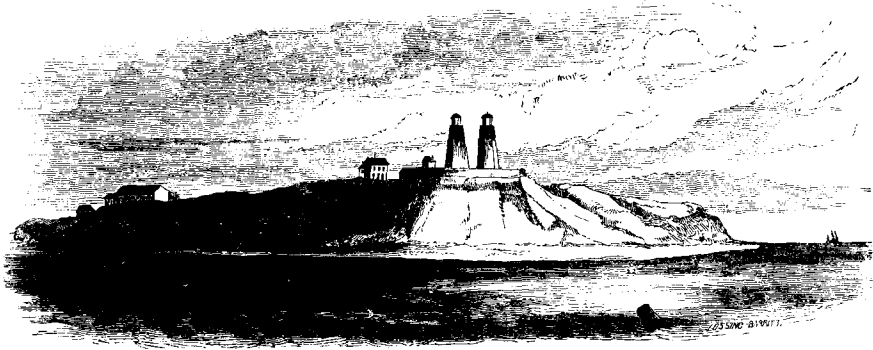
of the bay;" and although upon its western slope there are no trees, except a few solitary and flat-crowned cedars—more ancient, probably, than the settlement of Plymouth—the tops of groves and orchards growing upon the eastern side are visible far above the undulating summit-ridge, with here and there the tapering forms of Lombardy poplars shooting up above the surrounding foliage, like steeples towering aloft among the house-tops of a city.

A few minutes more, and we have reached a point from which we can look straight out to sea. But half-way across the channel—the inlet to the bay, which has grown wider and wider with each instant of our advance toward it—runs a narrow spit of land, upon the extreme point of which stands a small black beacon. This is Plymouth Beach; and the part of the bay inclosed within its sweep, forms the shallow harbor of the town. The dark object in the water, apparently at a little distance from the beacon, is a square pier of granite rocks, erected upon a shoal that is oftentimes bare at very low water. Into the channel, upon the left, extends a small cape with a large, solitary tree grow-

ing near the edge of its bluff point, and a single weather-beaten house, nestling under its western slope as if striving to gain a lee from the cold northeasters, that so often blow here fiercely, for days at a time. This is Saquish Head, the termination of Duxbury Beach, and the few acres of tillable upland and the little wood-colored house, already mentioned, form the homestead of a family of hardy fishermen.

Beyond Saquish and rapidly opening from it, as we glide to the eastward, we observe a high promontory stretching boldly forth into the sea. The two white twin towers standing up on its highest point, in full relief, against the dark blue eastern sky, with flashing lanterns reflecting the dazzling rays of the sun, I need not tell you are light-houses. The promontory is called the Gurnet, and the light-houses the Gurnet Lights. Besides the light-keeper's white dwelling, there is only one habitation upon the lonely cliff. But of the Gurnet more anon, when we make it a visit.

Almost in front of us, forming the southern portal of the entrance to the bay, rises a lofty cape, four hundred feet in height, extending for miles from the mainland into the ocean. The air is so clear to-day that the blue haze of distance is hardly noticeable; and the play of the rosy light upon the heavily wooded sides of the frowning promontory, the different shades of green of the thick foliage, the ruddy tints of



GURNET.

the leaves where autumn has prematurely laid her hand, and the glitter of the sand upon the shore at the foot of the cliff, are distinctly visible, notwithstanding the miles that intervene. Manomet, as this cape is called, forms a magnificent back-ground to the lovely picture upon which we gaze. Beyond it lie the unknown regions of Cape Cod.

The southern shore of the bay and harbor is formed by a range of hills, gradually increasing in height as it extends to the eastward. Upon the northern slope of this range stands Plymouth. Yes, yonder village of old-fashioned, square-roofed houses, built upon the hill-sides and in the valleys between, of queer-looking stores and warehouses, and ropewalks huddled together at the water's edge, with the long ruinous-looking wharf, built upon piles, projecting into the harbor in front, with the square gray turret, and two or three steeples and cupolas just visible above the glaring shingled roofs, is Plymouth—the Old Colony, the home of the Pilgrims, the most ancient town in New England. We hardly have a fair look at it, for we are on the wrong side of the car; but never mind, this is not its best point of view, and tomorrow we will see it from the beach yonder; nay, perhaps this very night, by moonlight, from the bay.

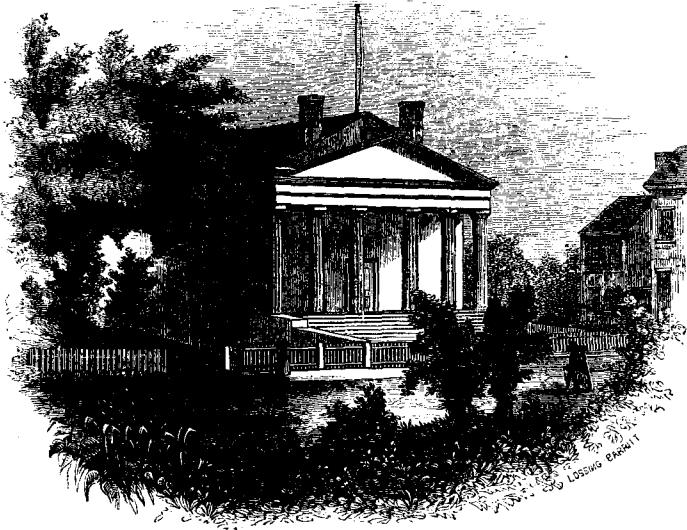
At last the abbreviated train, with ringing bell and sounding whistle, rattles into the station-house. The groaning brakes perform their office. The train stops. Our journey is ended. We follow the few remaining passengers, and descend from the cars. The crabbed baggage-master's prediction has proved true. Our trunks are safe. Nobody but ourselves claims them. They are delivered to us upon demand. Pray, what need is there of checks, then?

A carriage is in waiting to convey us to the Samoset House; but we prefer to walk. The distance is but a few rods. Let the driver have our baggage while we go afoot. The soil is holy, albeit a trifle sandy.

We did not come to Plymouth to talk about hotels; so let us dismiss the Samoset House with a word, while we are on the way to it, and mention it no more. You will find it a very

well-kept hotel—quiet, roomy, cool, and pleasant. You will see few gentlemen there, except on Saturday evening and Sunday. There will be plenty of ladies, however (if of ladies there can ever be a plenty)—the wives and daughters of "solid men of Boston," and lots of happy children. The view of the bay from the long piazzas on the northeastern front of the house is very fine, and in hot weather the cool sea-breeze that plays there during the afternoon, is delightful. A prettier place in which to sit and smoke, and weave after-dinner fancies, read the morning newspaper, and take nice little naps, can rarely be found. Moreover, mine host of the Samoset gives one a good dinner, his wines are fair, and his bills are by no means extortionate. So much for the Samoset.

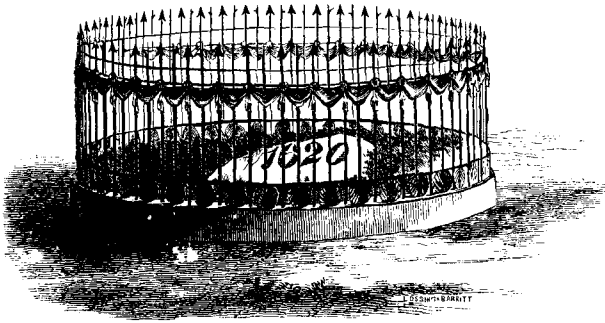
We have two hours before tea. Let us wash the dust from our mouths, and then commence our rambles immediately. The street that leads southeastwardly from the hotel toward the centre of the village is called Court-street. The houses on each side of the way are generally wooden, two-story, square-roofed dwellings, painted dingy white, with faded green blinds, and with scanty little front door-yards, full of dusty shrubbery. A few steps bring us opposite a structure standing a short distance in the rear of the line of houses, on the left-hand side of the street. It is built in the style of a Grecian temple, of rough granite, with a wooden front, and a colonnade of wooden Doric columns, painted in imitation of wrought granite. This edifice is Pilgrim Hall. The corner-stone was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 1st of September, 1824. It is seventy feet long by forty feet in width; and contains a dining-room in the basement, where the Pilgrim Society and their fortunate guests are wont to eat capital dinners, on appropriate occasions, in commemoration of the famines experienced by their forefathers. Truly a most pleasant custom. The hall above is a spacious apartment, fitted up plainly for the reception and preservation of interesting memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers and the ancient times of the Old Colony. All these will we see—but not now—for I am desirous that you have a look at Plymouth



PILGRIM'S HALL.

and its bay, from the summit of Burying Hill, before sunset, and while it is yet high-water. But although we will not at this time enter Pilgrim Hall, let us pause awhile before it. Approach with me to the iron railing within the yard, inclosing a small elliptical space. You

behold a large fragment of a huge granite boulder, split in twain, and the crevice filled with cement, and upon which somebody has painted, in great black figures, "1620." Fear no imposture; you behold a genuine, authentic fragment of the upper surface of the Forefather's Rock.



FRAGMENT OF PILGRIM ROCK.

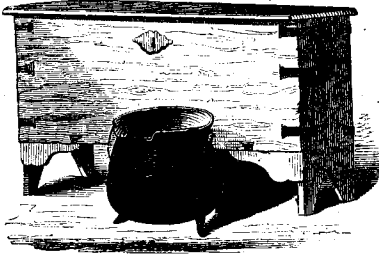
The portion of this celebrated rock which here reposes, and which will here remain for a thousand years after we, who now gaze upon it, shall have crumbled into dust, was removed from its original position at the water's edge, to the Town Square, by some zealous whigs, in the year 1774. It was the intention of these worthy patriots to remove the entire rock, but, in the attempt, it split asunder. An ardent whig, with great presence of mind, seized upon this untoward occurrence, and pronounced it to be a most favorable omen, indicating the speedy, final separation of the colonies from the mother-country. It was finally concluded, however, to lower the base of the rock into its original bed, where it now remains, as we shall see it, just

visible above the surface of the ground. The other portion was drawn by twenty yoke of oxen to the Town Square, and a liberty-pole erected over it. Here it remained until the 4th of July, 1834, when it was again removed to this spot, and inclosed within this iron-railing, which is, you perceive, composed of alternate harpoons and boat-hooks, and inscribed with the names of the illustrious forty-one who subscribed the compact on board the Mayflower, at Cape-Cod harbor, November 11th, 1620.* This compact

* This celebrated compact, which was, probably, the first written instrument of the kind in the world, was as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are under written, the Loyal Subjects of our dread Sovereign

was drawn up and signed, as well-authenticated tradition reports, upon the lid of the sea-chest of Brewster. This chest, together with the iron pot of stout Myles Standish, are now in the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford.



BREWSTER'S CHEST AND STANDISH'S POT.

On our way down the street we pass, upon the right, the Court House—a well-built brick edifice, painted white, with a shady green inclosure in front of it, called, in former times, Training Green, and in these latter days, Court House Square. A few rods further on, we en-

ter Main-street. This avenue may evidently lay a well-founded claim to the distinction of a business street. On the right-hand corner, a showy lantern of stained-glass indicates an oyster and ice-cream saloon of no mean pretensions. Upon the opposite corner a three-story hotel rejoices in the title of the Mansion House. The houses are generally built close upon the side-walks, and the lower stories are occupied as shops and stores. We discover two dry-goods stores, with chintz and calicoes hanging about the doors; an apothecary's shop, with a rusty-looking gilt mortar for its sign; a bookstore; several grocers' shops; a news-room; a daguerreotype saloon, and a barber's pole. One well-built house, moreover, bears upon its front the signs of two banks and an insurance company. There are two printing offices in this street, at each of which is published a weekly newspaper. The Old Colony Memorial is the organ of the Plymouth County Whigs; while its younger neighbor, the Plymouth Rock, rejoices in the publication of the laws and treaties of the United States, "by authority." Of course the "Rock" is Democratic in its politics. From Main-street we turn into Leyden-street. This

Lord, King James, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., having undertaken, for the Glory of God and advancement of the Christian Faith and Honor of our King and Country, a Voyage to plant the first Colony in the Northern Parts of Virginia; Do, by these Presents, solemnly and mutually, in the Presence of God and one another, Covenant and Combine ourselves together into a Civil body Politic, for our better Ordering and Preservation, and Furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by Virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, Ordinances, Acts, Constitutions, and Offices, from Time to Time, as

shall be thought most meet and convenient for the General Good of the Colony; unto which we Promise all due Submission and Obedience.

"In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our Names, at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, King James, of England, France, and Ireland, the Eighteenth, and of Scotland, the Fifty-fourth. Anno Domini, 1620."

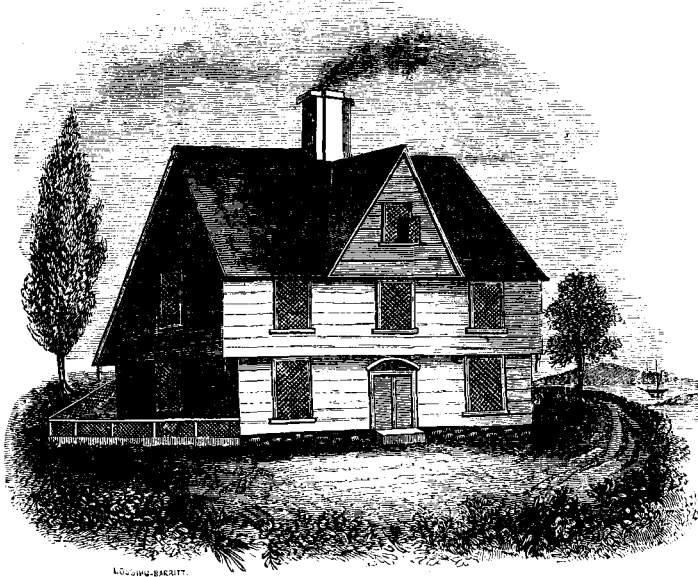
The following are fac-similes of the Handwriting of the Pilgrims, some of whose names were subscribed to the compact; they were copied by Mr. Russell, from ancient documents:

William Bradford	Tho: Prentice
Jos: Winslow	Mathaniell Weston
William Brewster	Thomas Cuykner
Myles Standish	John Wynclov
Isaac Allerton	consent Southworth
John Bradford	Tho: Southworth

is the oldest street in the town. Lots were laid out upon it as early as the 28th of December, 1620, but a week after the landing. In a letter found in the archives of the Hague by J. Romeyn Brodhead, Esq., written by one Isaack De Rasieres, of the colony of New Netherlands, who visited Plymouth, on an embassy, in the year 1627, the following description is given of Leyden-street: "New Plymouth lies on the slope of a hill stretching east toward the sea-coast, with a broad street about a cannon-shot of 800 [yards] long leading down the hill; with a [street] crossing in the middle northward to the rivulet, and southward to the land. The houses are constructed of hewn planks, with gardens, also inclosed behind, and at the sides with hewn planks; so that their houses and court-yards are arranged in very good order, with a stockade against a sudden attack; and at the ends of the streets there are three wooden gates. In the centre, on the cross-street, stands the Governor's House, before which is a square inclosure, upon which four patereros [steen-

stucken] are mounted, so as to flank along the streets." With respect to the length of Leyden-street, the worthy Dutchman must have been mistaken, or else the yard of Holland was not of the same extent as the Yankee measure of that name is now; for the ancient street could not have been more than four hundred yards in length.

Let us go to the left as we turn from Main-street, and walk a few paces down Leyden-street toward the water-side. At the brow of the hill the road forks—one path descending the declivity, and the other keeping upon the edge of the bank, and following its curve. We will choose the latter. At the corner stands the Universalist Church, upon foundations that are higher than even the chimneys of the houses hard by in the next street below. Upon its site, in 1826, stood a house, at that time the oldest in town, but which was, in that year, pulled down to give place to the church. It was known by the name of the Allyn House, and was the birth-place of the mother of James



THE ALLYN HOUSE.

Otis, who was the grand-daughter of Edward Dotey, a Pilgrim of the Mayflower. At the time of its demolition it was at least one hundred and fifty years old; and if it had remained, would now have been fast verging toward its third century. Although the Universalist Church is very respectable in its appearance, we can not help wishing that its place was still occupied by the ancient house that for so many years survived the ravages of time and the elements, and the "march of improvement."

Beyond the church we come upon an open level space, or square, upon the summit of the hill. The green-sward is intersected by irregular foot-paths, leading across it to flights of

steps that afford the means of descent to the level of Water-street. The western side is formed by a row of dwellings facing the bay. On the right, we overlook the roofs and chimneys of the houses built upon the water side, peering up above the edge of the walled cliff. Beyond is the bay, and before us, in the distance, we catch a glimpse of Captain's Hill.

Here, in this square, were buried those who died in the years 1620 and 1621. Here was buried Governor John Carver, and, six weeks afterward, his gentle wife, who could not survive the loss of "so gracious an husband," was laid by his side. Here stood, beside the graves of their wives, dug in the frozen earth, Myles

Standish, Edward Winslow, and Isaac Allerton. Here lie the ashes of fifty of the passengers of the Mayflower, who died of the hardships and the "sore sickness" of that first dreary winter. Fifty out of one hundred and one! So many that their graves were smoothed, that the Indians might not count the number. And here stood the wasted band of survivors, and saw the homeward-bound Mayflower lift her anchor, spread her sails, and put to sea, leaving them, of their own free-will, alone in the wilderness with their dead.

When we have turned to retrace our steps we perceive, standing directly before us, on the southern side of Leyden-street, just where the steep descent of the hill commences, a plain square-roofed, two-story wooden house. It is

eral tools and a plate of iron, seven feet below the surface of the ground. These interesting relics were carefully preserved.

The site of the first parsonage house is on the northern side of the street, near the fork of the roads. It is at this time occupied by the residence of Mr. James Bartlett. The present parsonage of the First Church stands on this street, further west. The land upon which it was built was given to the church in 1664. It is at the present time the residence of Dr. Kendall, the venerable senior pastor of the church, an octogenarian, having been settled in the ministry in the year 1800.

The grocer's shop at the northwest corner of Main and Leyden streets stands upon the ground formerly included within the fortified square inclosure in front of Governor Bradford's house, mentioned in the letter of Isaack De Rasieres. The site of the Governor's mansion is occupied by the next house on Leyden-street, standing opposite the foot of the street, which turns to the left. This building, the lower story of which is used as the Post-Office, is a long, low, wooden house, and is undoubtedly very ancient, but whether it was the immediate successor of Governor Bradford's fortified mansion, even the oldest inhabitant can not tell.

Market-street turns to the north, and leads down the hill and across the town brook, the finding of which in this place probably determined the exploring party sent out from the Mayflower, to select the site which they did for the location of the town. Herrings were formerly taken in this brook by the colonists in such vast numbers that they were used as a manure for the soil; but the dams of the numerous mills, rope-walks, and other manufacturing



HOUSE ON SITE OF THE COMMON HOUSE.

the residence of Captain Samuel D. Holmes, and stands upon the former site of the Common House—the first substantial building erected in New England. It was a frame-building, twenty feet square. In the year 1801, some men, who were digging a cellar in this spot, found sev-



POST-OFFICE BUILDING, ON THE SITE OF BRADFORD'S MANSION.

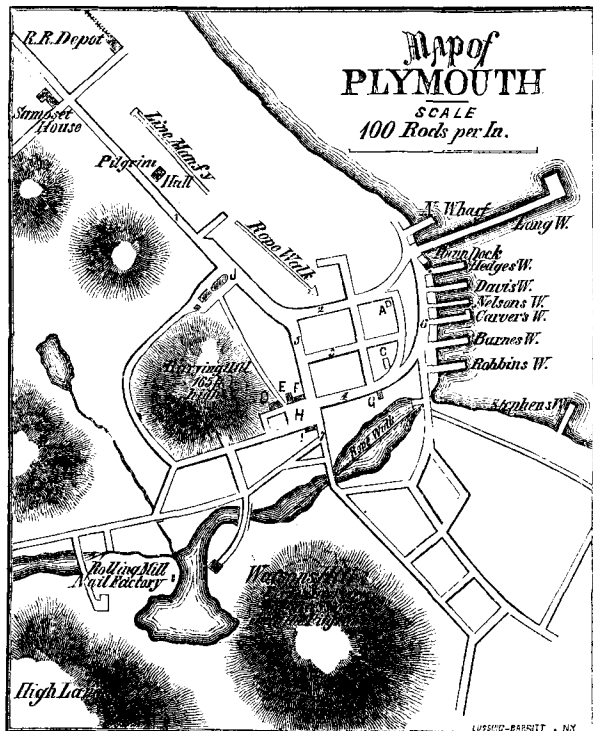
establishments located on the stream, have long since caused it to be forsaken by the shoals of fish that formerly frequented it for the purpose of spawning. It has its rise in a small lake or pond lying in the woods some two miles southwest of the village. This beautiful sheet of water was discovered on the 8th of January, 1621, from the top of a high tree, by honest Francis Billington, who supposed it to be the great western ocean; and a week afterward, with the master's-mate of the ship, actually made a tour of exploration to its shores. These circumstances have given it the name of Billington Sea.

Standing on the corner of Market and Leyden streets, and looking westwardly, the Town Square lies before us. The branches of a grove of noble elms (planted in the year 1783, by the late Thomas Davis, Esq.) meet each other in mid-air, and form with their dense foliage a canopy of green leaves that completely excludes the glare of the sunlight from every part of the square. A prettier spot can not be imagined. On the right, is the ancient house, now occupied as the Post-Office, which, as I have already told you, stands in the place of the Governor Bradford house. West of this building, a little in the rear, is the Church of the Pilgrimage, a plain wooden structure, painted brown, with a low tower. On our left, nearly opposite us as we look across Market-street, is the Town House, formerly the County Court House, an ancient building, erected in 1749, and at that time esteemed one of the finest models of architecture. In front of us, upon higher ground, commanding a view of the whole length of Leyden-street, stands the house of worship of the old First Church, the lineal descendant (so to speak) of the meeting-house in which the Pilgrim Fathers assembled for prayer and praise. It is a handsome edifice, built of wood, in the Gothic style, with a large, square buttressed tower, lifting its four sharp pinnacles above the sun-gilded crowns of the elm trees that surround it.

It is probable that previous to 1622 public worship was held in the Common House. In that year a fort was erected on Burying Hill, a glimpse of which you catch between the two churches, rising steeply behind them. This fort was constructed in such a manner as to combine the means

of defense with accommodations for public worship. This curious edifice is described in the letter of Isaac De Rasieres, a part of which I have already quoted: "Upon the hill," says he, "they have a large, square house, with a flat roof, made of thick sawn planks, stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannons, which shoot iron balls of four and five pounds, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door; they have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the Governor, in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher with his cloak on, and on the left hand the captain with his sidearms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand—and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him: Thus they are on their guard night and day."

Fancy this quaint procession assembled before Captain Myles Standish's door, pausing at the



- A. Joanna Davis House—Cole's Hill.
- B. Plymouth Rock and Wells's Store.
- C. Universalist Church.
- D. First Church.
- E. Church of the Pilgrimage.
- F. Post-Office—Site of Gov. Bradford's House.
- G. Saml. D. Holmes's House—Site of Common House.
- H. Town Square.
- I. Town House.
- J. Court-House Square.

- 1. Court-street.
- 2. North-street.
- 3. Middle-street.
- 4. Leyden-street.
- 5. Main-street.
- 6. Water-street.
- 7. Market-street.

gate of the Governor's mansion to receive the worshipful Chief Magistrate, and then marching solemnly through this very square before us, and up the hill yonder, to the embattled meeting-house.

The present church is the fourth that has stood upon this site. The first meeting-house was erected in 1637, and taken down in 1683, when the second was built in its place, and stood until 1744, in which year it was removed, in its turn, and a third meeting-house erected, which remained until the present modern church was built.

But let us hasten to the top of Burying Hill before the sun shall have declined too far. We will stay there to see him set, and there receive his parting rays. You remember, of course, the verse of Pierpont's Ode :

"The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest :
When Summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go stand on the hill where they lie :
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is east,*
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last."

Crossing Town Square diagonally, we pass through a gateway at the corner of the fence that surrounds the hill, about midway between the two meeting-houses, and commence the steep ascent. Upon the side that we are climbing, near the summit, stood the building mentioned in the letter of De Rasieres, partly fort, and partly meeting-house. Here, from time to time, were erected other fortifications, and a watch-tower, until the death of King Philip, in 1676, relieved the colonists from any further apprehensions with respect to Indian aggressions, when they were sold and removed, or suffered to fall into decay. In those days, therefore, the hill very naturally received, and for a while retained, the appellation of Fort Hill. Let us remember how many dreary nights has the lonely sentinel gazed forth from the tower which formerly stood here, watching and listening intently, lest the stealthy advance of the crafty foe should surprise the sleeping town below, and the little spark of civilization and Christianity, shining with a steady but feeble lustre upon the border of the immense wilderness of barbarism and heathendom, be extinguished in blood. Strive to realize the difference between now and then. You behold at your feet a well built and populous town—yet one that has, in these respects, a thousand equals in the country. The sentinel in 1622 kept watch over a hamlet of a score of rude huts ; yet, withal, the only homes of civilized men in all New England. You carry in your mind the idea of Boston, the dust of whose busy streets still cleaves to your shoes ; of New York, with its seven hundred thousand inhabitants, where you may sleep to-morrow night, if you will, borne thither on cushioned sofas in swift and gilded cars ; of the other great cities of the Union, of the hundreds of smaller cities, the thousands of large towns and villages, and the tens and hundreds of thousands of civilized

dwellings in more isolated situations, scattered thickly over the land. You know that if some great calamity should to-night befall the town before you—a sweeping conflagration, or (if in these days such a thing may be supposed) a sudden invasion of an enemy, before the setting of to-morrow's sun the tidings would be spread throughout the Union, and millions of countrymen would be sympathizing with the sufferers in their distress, or, if need be, promptly devising and providing the means of relief or defense. From the Puritan sentinel, New Amsterdam, Jamestown, and Saint Augustine, the only other Christian settlements on the continent, lay at a distance so vaguely remote—so far beyond unknown seas and trackless forests—that they seemed scarcely nearer than Europe itself. Even the colonists of these settlements were unfriendly to him. New Amsterdam was a Dutch colony. St. Augustine was peopled by Spaniards and Papists ; and the Cavaliers of Jamestown, though Englishmen, bore him a hatred more bitter than that of an alien. He and his fellows were alone, without human aid to help them in their weary struggle for existence. When you turn your glance inland, you look toward a country, lying beyond the chain of hills that forms the western horizon, with which you are familiar. Your notions with respect to its form, extent, character, condition, and other circumstances are distinct, well-defined, and correct. You have a map of it in your pocket, which you consult only for its minutæ. It is a land full of countrymen, kinsmen, and friends. It is your country, your native land, your home. When he directed his anxious, watchful gaze toward the western hills, he beheld, skirting the narrow belt of cultivated fields, the borders of a wilderness, dense, vast, untrodden, of unknown extent, the covert where fierce and dangerous beasts roamed in savage freedom, and built their lairs, and bred their young ; and the congenial home of hordes of crafty and treacherous enemies, more cruel than the beasts of prey. Horrible as were the realities that surrounded him, his imagination peopled the wilderness with terrors still more frightful. Dragons, and monstrous beasts with scaly, impenetrable hides, and forked tongues, and breaths of sulphurous and poisonous flame, were supposed to lurk in the depths of the forest ; and it was shudderingly whispered that demons of extraordinary ferocity and wickedness were the familiar spirits of the Indian magicians, and attended upon the powwows and pagan incantations, celebrated with human sacrifices and revolting ceremonies, in the dark and gloomy swamps and recesses of the solemn woods. The blue expanse of ocean that you behold is covered with the white-winged messengers of commerce. Its coasts, shoals, rocks, and currents are all known, and marked upon a thousand charts. Beyond the horizon, hence only some ten days' sail, is Europe. The great highway of nations that lies between is a crowded thoroughfare. Indeed, a collision with another ship is the peril most to be dreaded by

the traveler, who, borne over the yielding waves in a floating palace, gorgeously furnished and decorated, has scarcely time to weary of his voyage before it is concluded. The stormy ocean that met the Pilgrim's gaze, as he turned from the dismal forest toward merry England, was a trackless waste of dreary waters, a hundred weary days in width. Indeed, there is now no country on earth that lies beyond so broad and dangerous a sea as that which then separated the exiled colonists from the land of their birth. The thought of venturing forth from the sight and knowledge of men into the awful solitude of such an ocean, floating upon a bark so frail as were the slender, ill-built shallops that were then called ships, might well dismay the stoutest heart, and chill the warmest blood.

The place where we stand is indeed holy ground; for the hallowed dust of the Fathers forms the soil upon which we tread. Though Cole's Hill was the ground where the passengers of the Mayflower buried their numerous dead, the loftier elevation upon which we stand was probably used for purposes of interment as early as 1622. There are fewer ancient grave-stones bearing very early dates than one would suppose. But, alas! there were in those dismal times so many graves to dig, and the survivors were obliged to struggle so hard to live, that there was little leisure in which to erect durable monuments over those that died. The white marble monument upon the brow of the hill covers the ashes of Governor William Bradford, but you perceive it is in the modern style, having been erected but a few years since by some of his descendants. His widow, the lovely and celebrated Alice Bradford, and two of their sons, both worthy of their parentage, are buried near this spot. The graves of several others of the early colonists are identified. Those of John Howland and his wife, pilgrims of the Mayflower, are marked by a handsome headstone, erected a few years since by their descendant in the fifth generation, the Hon. John Howland, of Providence. Near the graves of William Crowe, Elder Thomas Cushman, Elder Thomas Faunce, and others, beside the ancient and almost illegible headstones, have been placed white boards, with the names, dates, and ages in black paint. It is to be hoped that ere long each one of these hallowed and venerable graves will be distinguished by a handsome and durable monument, so that the knowledge of where sleeps the sacred dust of the early Pilgrims, that has been preserved to the present time, may be transmitted to future generations and perpetuated. Here, also, not unworthy of a grave among the Pilgrims, repose the remains of the noble-hearted pioneer missionary, Dr. Adoniram Judson.

It is almost sunset, and we must hasten. But, before we go, stand with me awhile by the side of the monument of the stout old Puritan Governor, and look about you beyond the hill upon which we stand. Views finer than that which is visible from this point are but few in number. Looking to the right, over the roofs and chim-

neys of houses, shops, mills, and manufactories standing in the deep and narrow valley through which the hard-working town brook struggles to escape from its numerous task-masters, and gain a brief repose with the quiet waters of the bay ere it seeks the wild freedom of the restless ocean, we see the round, smooth, green summit of a neighboring hill, crowned by a wind-mill of the most picturesque Dutch style. At the foot of its western slope lies, in deep shadow, a little lake, formed by damming the town brook, and behind it rises one of the chain of wooded hills that forms the background of the landscape in the rear of the town.

This is Watson's Hill, that whilome bore the pleasant title of Strawberry Hill, where, on the 22d of March, 1621, the great Sagamore Massasoit appeared, with a retinue of sixty painted warriors, on the friendly errand of negotiating a treaty of peace with the Pilgrims. Yonder stood the band of wondering savages, and in the street below were collected the stern and solemn-visaged Saxles, preparing to make as imposing a display before the eyes of their visitors as their limited resources would allow. Each party distrusted the other. "We," says an eye-witness of the scene, "were unwilling to send our Governor to them, and they were unwilling to come to us." So the brave Edward Winslow went alone to the Indians as a hostage, and Massasoit, being met at the town brook by Captain Myles Standish and an escort of six musketeers, was conducted to an unfinished house, furnished for the occasion with a green rug and three or four cushions. Thither presently came the Governor, in great state, with a guard of musketeers, and followed by a drum and trumpet. The two chieftains saluted and kissed each other, and the Indian was regaled with a draught of strong waters, "that," says the eye-witness historian, "caused him to sweat all the while after." A treaty of peace and alliance was afterward concluded between Massasoit and the colony, and the interview came to an end.

Between this memorable hill and the bay, the village and its suburbs extend for a mile along the bending shore. On the extreme right Manomet, still glowing ruddily in the slanting sunbeams, looms grandly up against the darkening eastern sky, and beyond its farthest point, stretching out into the sea, marking the line where sky and water meet, appear a range of white, sparkling points, the tops of the highest sand cliffs of Cape Cod. On the left Captain's Hill heaves its bare summit high in the air, concealing with its huge bulk a large portion of the gorgeously-tinted sunset clouds, and casting a deepening shadow upon the villages of Kingston and Duxbury and the placid waters of the inner bay. Before us, at our feet, lies the town, sloping toward the waterside, and so showing every one of its hundred gleaming roofs, with here and there among them a steeple with its glittering vane, or the great, round, green crown of an elm, towering aloft above the house-tops.

The breeze has died away, and the surface of the harbor before the town is as smooth as glass. The small craft and boats, with idle sails, float motionless above their pictured shadows in the water, and even the roadstead is disturbed only by the long, regular heaving of the ground swell, that does not break or raise a crest until it suddenly tumbles in upon the shelving beach, with a weltering wash, the sound of which we can hear through the still evening air, even at this distance. Directly before us, beyond the point of the beach, the regular, mound-like form of Clark's Island rises from the middle of the bay, with its green fields and pleasant groves mirrored in the quiet waters that surround its shores. In the far distance, beyond the narrow white ribbon that marks the sweeping curve of the sandy beach, the ocean forms the northern horizon, a narrow verge of the deepest blue, with the sails of vessels upon it here and there visible, some gleaming brightly in the sun, and others, on a different tack, showing dim and gray, and fading into the sky, like ghosts. Even the bleak sand hills of Saquish are clothed with beauty by the magic of the hour, and the western slope of the bold headland of the Gurnet reflects the parting beams of the setting sun, and glows like an emerald flashing in the light. But while we gaze a change comes over the brilliant scene. The rosy light begins to fade from the landscape. The gleaming roofs in the town below us turn pale, and the sparkling windows are suddenly extinguished. A shadow falls upon the bay as the sun sinks below the horizon, and when, a few moments afterward, we again turn from the faded west toward the sea, we behold the lanterns of the twin towers on the Gurnet beginning to twinkle faintly, and to cast two long, flickering wakes of wavy light across the dull, leaden-gray waters of the roadstead.

Thank the propitious gods! (if such a heathenish expression may properly be used within a mile of Plymouth Rock.) The vaticinations of the lady in the cars, who yesterday predicted a northeast storm for to-day's weather, have signally failed. To-day beginneth not the annual August storm, as the lady falsely prophesied; for a brighter, balmier morning never shone on Plymouth Bay. It will be a little hazy in the afternoon, possibly, for the reign of the dog-star is not yet over; but as we stand upon the piazza of the Samoset, and inhale the fresh sea-breeze, we say to each other, over and over again, that it is a fine morning, and a very fine morning, and a very fine morning indeed. When a salt-water bath and an excellent breakfast have prepared us for the heat and fatigues of the day, we resume our explorations among the memorials of the Forefathers. We will first direct our steps toward Pilgrim Hall. Upon entering the vestibule of this building, we turn to the left, and in the ante-room we find the attentive and obliging janitor, Mr. Holmes, of whom, if we are wise, after inscribing our names in the register, we shall buy a little volume that he has for sale, entitled "Pilgrim Memorials and Guide

for Visitors to Plymouth Village." The author is William S. Russell, Esq., a resident of Plymouth, Recording Secretary of the Pilgrim Society, and an enthusiastic and reliable antiquarian. The book contains, you perceive, besides other interesting matter, a catalogue of the antique curiosities deposited in Pilgrim Hall. It will be a better and less obtrusive guide than I can be. Let me, however, point out a few of the most interesting relics of which this place is full. Upon the wall yonder is an ancient deed, bearing the signature of Myles Standish. The faded sampler in another frame was wrought by the fair fingers of his daughter, Mistress Lorea Standish. Let us read the legend embroidered upon it:

"Lorea Standish is my na ñe.
Lord, guide my hart that I may doe thy will;
Also fill my hands with such convenient skill
As may conduce to virtue void of shame;
And I will give the glory to thy name."

A winsome young lady and a pious was Mistress Lorea Standish, and "conveniently skillful" with the needle withal, if the sampler be taken as evidence.

Another deed, framed and glazed, bears the signature of John Alden, who, saith tradition, went a-wooing for the gallant Captain Standish, and won the lady for himself. There is a bond signed Peregrine White, the first native Yankee, having been born in November, 1620, while the Mayflower lay at Cape Cod; and another ancient instrument, the receipt of the heirs of Governor Thomas Prince, containing the signatures of Governor Josiah Winslow and others. The tall clock, decorated with faded gilding and lacquering, which, notwithstanding its great age, still keeps good time, though not itself a memorial of the Pilgrims, is worthy of a place here. It formerly belonged to Governor John Hancock, and was a whig refugee during the occupation of Boston by the British army in the war of the Revolution, having been removed with other valuables from the city-house of its owner to a place of safety in West Bridgewater. The ancient leathern sofa, the form of which is less unfashionable now than it was twenty years ago, also came from the parlor of the same stout-hearted rebel. Adams and Otis have sat together upon its broad cushion and talked treason with Hancock and Warren many a night, I warrant you, until the sound of yonder clock, striking the hour of twelve, warned the trio of visitors to depart.

Upon entering the principal apartment, our attention is at once attracted to the large historical painting of the Landing of the Pilgrims which hangs upon the opposite wall. The scene represented is the disembarkation of the passengers of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock. A dull, gray, cheerless light filters through a stormy sky of heavy, lowering clouds, and falls upon a wintry sea and a rocky shore covered with ice and snow. In the distance is seen the weather-worn Mayflower, lying with furled sails at anchor. The foreground of the picture is almost



LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, FROM SARGENT'S PAINTING.

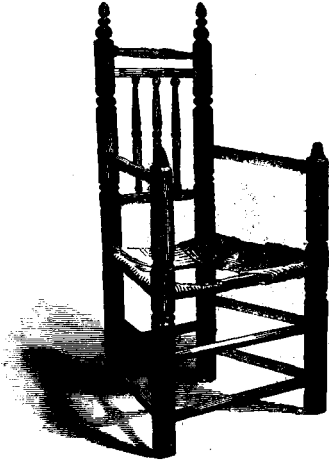
entirely filled by a group of figures of the size of life. In the centre stands the stately form of Governor Carver, sword in hand, in the act of replying to the greeting of an Indian chief (Samoset), who is advancing in an attitude of humility to bid a welcome to the exiles. His wife, shrinking back as the Indian approaches, clings to her husband's side (without whom she could not live, poor lady), and leans trustingly on his shoulder, while at the feet of the father their children, trembling with cold and fear, gaze upward with tearful eyes in wonder and alarm at the savage chieftain. Immediately behind Carver stands Governor William Bradford, over whose left shoulder we catch a glimpse of John Alden's face, that Mistress Priscilla Mullins thought so handsome; and, indeed, it is not a matter of amazement that the discreet and modest, though somewhat frank and adventuresome damsel should have preferred this well-favored youth above the middle-aged widower, Captain Myles Standish, whose sharp features appear in the picture beneath the shadow of a slouching, broad-brimmed hat, his keen eye vigilantly watching the approach of the Indian warrior, and his stout hand grasping the staff of his trusty pike. Near the left of the picture William White is seen bearing in his arms his new-born son, Peregrine (who was to live to see the House of Stuart twice dethroned), and turning as if to speak encouragingly to Elder William Brewster, whose aged limbs seem to totter with the exertion of climbing the steep and slippery bank. On the extreme left, Isaac Allerton stands in an attitude of devotion, and

at his side kneels his wife with clasped hands, offering to God her thanks for having safely preserved them through the dangers of the long and perilous voyage. The upturned face is one of singular beauty, and redeems many of the faults of the picture. The principal figures on the extreme right are those of Governor Edward Winslow and his wife. Near them the face of Rose Standish is partly visible, with a sweet but sad expression, as if she foreboded her impending doom; and, standing in advance of her husband, the wife of Stephen Hopkins recoils upon him with terror at the approach of Samoset, who is, indeed, the object toward whom the eyes of nearly all the group of English are directed.

There is no intermixture of myths and uncertain traditions with the well-authenticated facts of the history of Plymouth Colony. So that it is surprising that a painting, professing to depict one of the most remarkable events of this well-known history, and relying upon no aid that might be derived from allegory, should contain such an error as the introduction of Samoset as one of the most prominent figures upon the canvas. The absence of Mary Chilton from the picture is hardly pardonable; for that sprightly damsel, to say the least, has a fair claim to the honor of having imprinted the first footprint upon the rock that day made so famous, which should not be so entirely overlooked. That Mary Chilton certainly was present at the Landing of the Pilgrims, and that Samoset as certainly was not, one can not help remembering. The picture, which however is a work of considerable

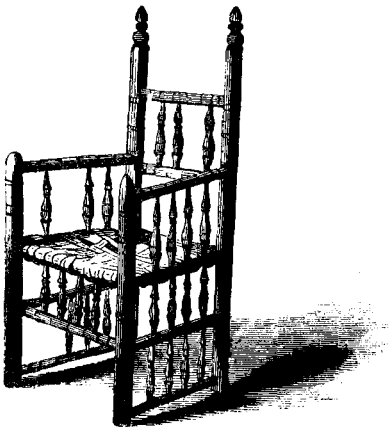
merit, is a gift from the clever and generous artist, Henry Sargent, to the Pilgrim Society. Its size is 13 by 16 feet, and it hangs in a handsome frame and in a bad light upon the eastern wall, so as to face the visitor as he enters the Hall.

In the recesses of the windows, between which this picture is suspended, are placed two ancient chairs, both of which, undoubtedly, came over in



CARVER'S CHAIR.

the Mayflower. The one upon the right belonged to Governor Carver, and the other to Elder William Brewster. Each of these sacred relics had suffered from the pilferings of whittling tourists; and, worse still, a commission to Governor

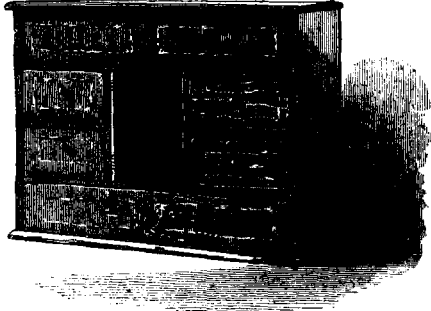


BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

Edward Winslow, dated April, 1654, hanging, in a frame over the Hancock sofa, which formerly bore the signature of Oliver Cromwell, has been despoiled of the autograph that gave it its chief value, by some graceless rogue, whose ears richly deserve to be slit by his own infamous jack-knife.

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In a glass-case in a corner of the room are contained a large number of curiosities, a careful enumeration and description of which are given in Mr. Russell's Guide-Book. There is the spoon of Elder Thomas Cushman, affording the strongest circumstantial evidence of the great capacity of that worthy Puritan's mouth; a cabinet, formerly belonging to Peregrine White,



PEREGRINE WHITE'S CABINET.

inlaid with pearl; a Bible, brought over in the Mayflower by John Alden, imprinted in the old English type in the year 1620, at London, bought undoubtedly by the pious youth just previous to the embarkation; the corsets, against which was wont to heave the gentle bosom of sweet Mistress Alice Bradford; the good sword of Captain Myles Standish, and a pewter dish and an iron pot, both brought over in the Mayflower by the same gallant soldier. Here, also, is the gun-barrel from which sped the ball that pierced the brave, despairing heart of King Philip; and, scattered about in different parts of the room, are other relics, duly labeled, so that he who wanders near them may read, and be enlightened and informed. I pray you look for yourself, until you are wearied, if it please you.

Several portraits grace the walls, among which are one of Governor Edward Winslow, and an other of Governor Josiah Winslow, the first native governor of the colony; both copies by C. A. Foster, from the originals, painted in London in 1651. The originals are the property of Isaac Winslow, Esq., of Boston, and are now in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society in that city.

In an adjoining apartment are deposited a part of the library belonging to the Pilgrim Society, and a collection of marine, Indian, and South-Sea Island curiosities. Among the most noticeable things in the room is a copy of the Indian Bible, translated by the "Apostle to the Indians," John Eliot.

Before we leave this spot, let me not fail to inform you concerning a most pious and praiseworthy custom among the staid Plymotheans. On the evening of each Forefather's Day, as the 22d of December is styled throughout the Old Colony, a ball is held in the large apartment of Pilgrim Hall, and the just-risen generation of

the descendants of the Pilgrims are wont to dance quadrilles and polkas, and whirl around the hall in the giddy mazes of waltzes and schottishes, in honor of the memory of their Puritan ancestors. Meanwhile the elders, full of good things devoured and imbibed in the dining-room beneath the springing floor, look on complacently, and call to mind the good old times when they themselves were light of foot as well as of heart, and used to figure bravely in Hull's Victory, Moneymusk, Virginia Reel, and other sprightly country dances, now, alas, fallen into desuetude!

Let us now, instead of proceeding further along Main-street, as we did yesterday, turn to the left and go down toward the water-side, through the shady avenue of North-street. At the declivity of the hill, as in Leyden-street, the road forks in twain—one path leading to the open space upon the brow of Cole's Hill, which we visited yesterday, and the other rapidly descending to the water. The old-fashioned gable-roofed dwelling that stands upon the curve of the upper path, is called the Joanna Davis House, taking its name from that of a former proprietor and resident. Besides the picturesqueness



JOANNA DAVIS HOUSE.

of its elevated situation, it is remarkable in consequence of the fact that it stands near the centre of the ground where were buried the dead of the winter of 1620. Its foundations were laid among the forgotten graves, and it marks the spot in the stead of the monument that should soon replace it.

Proceeding down the hill, we find ourselves at the head of Long Wharf—a pier of wooden piles, built for the accommodation of the steam-boats that formerly visited Plymouth, but now fallen into a state of ruinous decay—and turn to the right around a corner formed by a range of low-roofed shops, as quaint in outward appearance as any thing ever seen in a picture. Pipes and tobacco, sheath-knives and belts, fish-hooks and lines, fly-specked pastry and confectionery, coarse woolen socks and striped shirts, shriveled onions in strings, and plump new potatoes in their native dirt, seem to be the principal commodities exposed for sale. Groups of shaggy-looking men stand in the

doors, clad in canvas-trowsers, soiled beyond description and the efficacy of soap and water, and Guernsey frocks, or coarse red flannel shirts. Judging from the peculiar odor prevalent in the atmosphere that surrounds these worthies, it is safe to affirm them to be fishermen just landed from a voyage to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

Passing a few rods along the dingy street, we arrive opposite a large store-house, painted of a pale yellow tint, that stands at the head of a well-built and busy wharf. This building, as you perceive by the signs it bears upon it, is occupied as a flour and grain-store. Let us go a few paces down the wharf, the name of which is Hedge's Wharf. That is a good-looking schooner yonder discharging her cargo of corn; and the yacht lying in front of her bows is a handsome little craft. Stop here, and face about! See yonder group of people. They are gathered around Plymouth Rock as it lies in the very place where the Pilgrims landed upon it in 1620,



PLYMOUTH ROCK.

just even with the surface of the ground—so that just now you walked upon it, unconsciously, the soil having been filled in around it when the wharf was constructed. Here for scores of years it has remained a part of the pavement of the street, trodden under foot of man and beast. Often and again, when the mention of its name in the eloquent speech of the orator has been received with acclamations and thunders of applause, it has been lying here, covered with the mud and mire of this obscure street. And let us not ascribe to the people of Plymouth more than their share of this fault. Already they have removed a portion of the rock to a place of safety, inclosed it, and taken measures for its preservation. Fortunately, however, the larger portion was suffered to remain in its original position, where it still marks the spot so distinguished in the history of the nation. Payment for the property in this land, and for the injuries occasioned to private rights and interests by closing these streets and wharves, would require a larger sum of money than a small, and by no means wealthy town, like Plymouth, is able to expend for such a purpose. This sacred soil ought to belong to the American people; and the citizens of each State should contribute its share for the purpose of purchasing this spot, laying it out, and beautifying it as a public ground, and erecting here a noble monument, which, for centuries to come, shall lift its head to the skies above the hallowed spot where first the Pilgrims trod. The Pilgrim Society have taken the first step toward the performance of this pious national duty. It has secured the refusal of the property lying between Leyden and North streets, bordered on the west by the brow of Cole's Hill, including Hedge's Wharf and the Rock, at the price of \$26,000, for a limited time.

It is proposed to clear away the unsightly buildings that encumber this space, covering an area of about half an acre, to lay it out as a public square, inclosing it with a handsome iron fence, and to erect upon the spot where the rock now lies, a monument that shall be worthy of the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, and of the mighty nation which they founded. The town of Plymouth has already subscribed for this object the sum of seven thousand dollars. There is scarcely a town in the Union that does not, as well as Plymouth, contain descendants of the Puritan settlers of New England. Let each of these towns contribute but one-tenth part of its fair proportion, taking the offering of Plymouth as a standard, and a fund would be raised sufficient to make the Monument of the Pilgrims the proudest structure in the land.

But, although we have stood upon Plymouth Rock, we must not consider our pilgrimage finished until we have visited Clark's Island, which lies beyond the mouth of the harbor, on the northern side of the bay, about four miles from the village. Selecting the handsomest of half a dozen neat little sail-boats, kept in the neighborhood for hire, and dispensing with the services of the boatman, we take a short cut through the ruins of Long Wharf, where the waves are popping merrily among the barnacled piles, hoist our sail to the fresh western breeze, and stand across toward the beach, on our first tack. We have a fine view of the town from the harbor. Yonder are the two towers of the First Church and the Church of the Pilgrimage, rising out of and above the elm-tree tops that grow in the Town Square. Behind them is the steep ascent of Burying Hill, dotted with grave-stones and monuments. Beyond the hill is the High-School, from which the shady North-street seems to lead to the head of Long Wharf. A little to the right is the Court House; and further still, the Samoset House and the Railroad Station. The Universalist Church stands between the First Church and the water, overlooking Hedge's Wharf and the Rock. Immediately to the left is the valley of the town brook, beyond which is Watson's Hill and its wind-mill. There—put your helm down—we will go about. The next tack, I reckon, we shall fetch the point of the beach. As I told you—now keep her for the square pier yonder.

We are in the Horse-Market, as it is called—a place where three tides meet, from Plymouth, Kingston, and Duxbury. Though it is tolerably smooth now, sometimes, when the wind is against the tide, there is a very rough sea here. Look out to seaward at the grand view we have of the mouth of the bay, with the Gurnet and Manomet frowning at each other from the opposite sides. Do you see



PLYMOUTH, FROM THE BEACH.

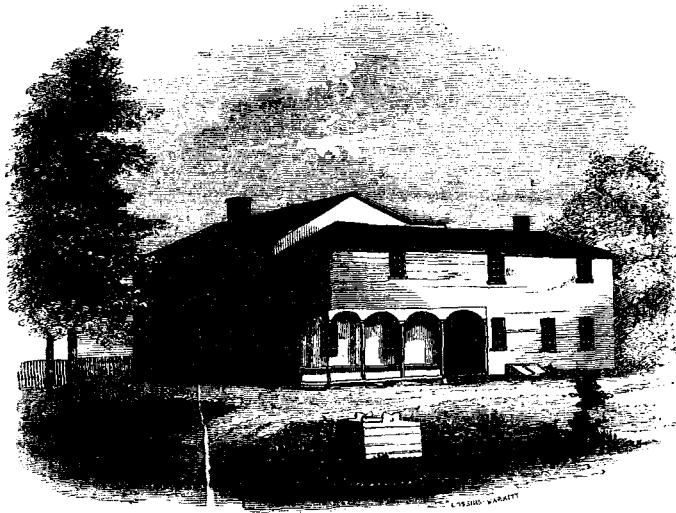
that long line of breakers between? Hark! you may hear their continuous roar above the screaming of the gulls that hover over them in great flocks. They mark a dangerous shoal, of considerable extent, where, two hundred years ago, there was an island with heavy woods growing upon its upland. The settlers gave it the name of Brown's Island, which the shoal, though it is completely submerged at high-water, still retains. It has been the occasion and the scene of several terrible shipwrecks.

At length, Saquish Head gradually shuts by the Gurnet, and we are slowly creeping up the channel against the strong ebb-tide toward the island. Let me take the helm, or we may get aground, and be obliged to wait on the flats until the flood. Now we go through a space of clear water, with the quick current rippling against our bows, where you may look over the gunwale and see the horse-shoes, crabs, and star-fish crawling on the white sandy bottom, and the next moment we encounter a patch of eel-grass, waving and twisting with the tide like myriads of serpents, through which we force our way with a low, hissing sound, like snow drifting against the window-pane. We shall land in yonder cove that indents the southeastern shore of the island, where the little stone pier projects into the deeper water and the boats are at anchor.

There—stand by to lower the foresail—very well indeed. Fend off her bow from the stones of the pier—that's it—and now, here we are ashore.

We follow the path that ascends the gentle acclivity between two rows of ancient balm of Gilead trees, leading to the venerable mansion which was for many years the only dwelling on the island. There is now another house, nearer the centre of the island, where reside the widow and family of the lately deceased brother of Mr. Edward Watson, whose own hereditary mansion stands before us. This island has been in the possession of the Watson family for nearly two hundred years. The father of the present proprietor, the late John Watson, Esq., was one of the founders of the Old Colony Club, in 1769, and was President of the Pilgrim Society after the year 1820 until his death in 1826. Yonder is his worthy successor advancing to meet us. Prepare yourself for a hearty greeting and a warm welcome.

Now, after dinner, as we sit in the cool piazza, shaded from the sun that vainly strives to send his rays through the dense foliage of the chestnuts and the balm of Gilead trees, while we listen to the chirping of the grasshoppers in the open fields hard by, the humming of bees in the garden before us, and the lazy quacking of ducks in the poultry-yard—talking in their naps—and watch, between the boles of the trees, the soft tint of the cloudless sky blending with the deep blue of the ocean; and catch, at times, the breath of the wakening sea-breeze, bringing with it a low, whispering murmur of the surf upon the distant beach, like the sound heard in a sea-shell. Now, while we sit with tilted chairs and unbuttoned waistcoats,



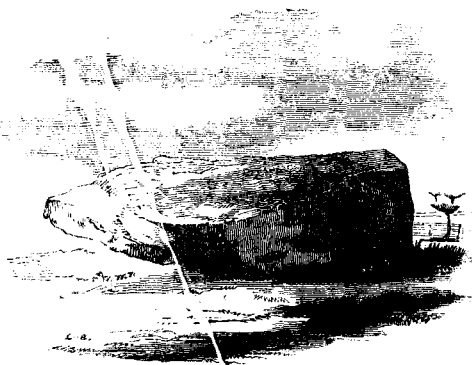
WATSON'S HOUSE, CLARK'S ISLAND.

smoking fragrant Havanas, while our host prepares to accompany us in the projected ramble over his little dominions, let me tell you why Clark's Island is memorable.

On the 6th of December, 1620, O.S. (corresponding to December 16th, N.S.), ten of the pilgrims, among whom were Carver, Bradford, Standish, and Winslow the master's mate of the ship, Mr. Clark the gunner, and several seamen set out in the shallop from Cape Cod, where the Mayflower then lay, on a voyage of exploration. Having coasted Cape Cod Bay for a distance of fifteen leagues, on the afternoon of Friday, the 8th of December, they found themselves at the mouth of Plymouth Bay. A storm of snow and rain begins. The wind and sea rise, and the rudder of the shallop breaks, so that two men are required to steer it with oars. The pilot, however, encourages them, and bids them be of good cheer, saying that he knows the harbor they are approaching. The light of the brief winter's day begins to fade from the lowering sky, and with the darkness the violence of the gale increases. Still, they forbear to shorten sail, desirous to gain the shelter of the harbor while they can yet see. The pitiless storm drenches them to the skin. Wet, hungry, and shivering, they cower under the lee of the gunwale. Their sole earthly dependence is the pilot, who stands in the bows, peering anxiously through the driving snow and rain at the barren, inhospitable shores, dimly visible. Suddenly, a terrific blast comes howling from the north—it strikes them! the boat heels violently—the mast breaks, and with the sail falls overboard. The flood-tide, however, bore them toward the land, until the pilot, in a fright, exclaimed that he had mistaken the place for another,

and that he knew not where he was. The officers were about to run the boat ashore in the cove yonder, between Gurnet and Saquish, among the breakers; but a sailor at one of the steering-oars bade the rowers to put her about; which was done; and after hard labor they weathered Saquish, and came up with the tide, under the lee of this island. The fury of the storm overcame their dread of Indians. So they landed, and with great difficulty kindled a fire; at which they dried and warmed themselves; and here they rested safely through the night. The next morning they found the place to be an island; and having discovered, near the highest land, a large rock, commanding a view of the whole extent of the island and of the approaches to its shores, thus enabling them to prevent being surprised by the Indians, they resolved to stay and keep the Sabbath here.

But here comes our host. He will lead us to this other Plymouth Rock, from whence as-



GREAT ROCK, CLARK'S ISLAND.

cended the first praises to God ever offered "on the wild New England shore." After crossing the orchard we come in sight of it, situated near the ridge on the eastern slope of the island. Its highest point on the down-hill side is at least twelve feet from the ground. This and the southern sides are precipitous, and are partly hidden by a cluster of sumachs. The western side slopes gradually toward the rising ground, thus affording an easy access to the broad summit, from which are visible the bay and its surrounding shores, the island lying in the midst, Gurnet and Manomet and the ocean beyond, and sometimes the far-distant cliffs of Cape Cod. Here was the sentinel stationed, while the remainder of the party, shielded from the cold northerly and easterly winds by the rock, and on the west by the rise of the hill, lay safely under the warm southern lee. So this gray rock was the first shelter the New World gave the Pilgrims. Here they kept the first Christian Sabbath of New England. Here they prayed and exhorted each other to good works; here they sang and

"... shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

I must admit that this place has a greater interest for me than any even in the village of Plymouth.

Our boat, which for a space at dinner-time was left aground by the ebbing tide, is once more afloat. We bid adieu to Clark's Island and its hospitable owner, and with a smart sea-breeze filling our sails stem the coming tide down the channel to Saquish Point. We are bound to the Gurnet. We round the Point, and coast along the shores of the cove where the shallop of the Pilgrims so narrowly escaped shipwreck. A fleet of boats are out to-day fishing for mackerel and perch, and as the breeze freshens they pitch and splash in the growing sea, and pull at their anchors like a young colt at the halter. On we go, the bold headland before us seeming to rise higher and higher from the water, and the white towers upon the cliff growing farther and farther apart. Are you in a mood for marvelous stories of the past, sailing over the bay that the brave Smith and the villainous Hunt explored; the bay plowed by the keel of the Mayflower, with Plymouth in sight astern, and the dim shores of Cape Cod in the distance ahead, where so much of the treasure of the pirate Kidd lies hid? Listen, then:

Once upon a time, nearly a thousand years ago, a man named Thorwald Ericsson, an Icelandic Northman, sailed from Ericsford, in Greenland, a colony of Icelandmen, on a voyage of exploration to a country called Vinland. This country had been discovered a few years before by one Biarni Heriulfson, who, in a voyage from Iceland to Greenland, had been driven from the usual course a great many days' sail to the southwest. Lief, the brother of Thorwald, had also visited this strange shore, sailing south and west from Greenland to find it; had given to it the name of Vinland, and built upon the shores of

a land-locked bay a house, which he named Lief's-booths. Some people, who have given much attention to the subject, think it by no means unreasonable to suppose that Lief's-bay is now known by the name of Mount Hope Bay. Thorwald easily found Lief's-booths, and wintered there two seasons. The second summer of his sojourn in Vinland, he sailed to explore the coasts that lay to the eastward from his habitation. After several days, a violent storm drove his ship upon a promontory extending far into the sea, and its keel was broken. From this unlucky circumstance, and also, as some think, from the peculiar form of this promontory, he gave it the name of Kialarness, or Keel Cape.

Sailing from thence, westwardly across a broad bay, Thorwald and his company discovered another high promontory, covered with forest trees, situated at the entrance of a deep bay. They anchored here, and landed. Then said Thorwald, "This spot is beautiful; here should I like to build myself a habitation." Soon afterward, having wantonly killed several of the natives, they were attacked by a vast number of canoes, filled with warriors armed with bows and arrows, and forced to flee to their ship. In the battle which ensued Thorwald was mortally wounded. While dying, he commanded his followers to bury him upon the promontory, to erect crosses at the head and foot of his grave, and to call the place Krossaness, or Cross Cape; saying, "It may be that I have spoken true, in saying that I should like to dwell yonder." Thorwald died, and was buried as he had commanded. And now many very learned antiquarians pretend to be perfectly certain that Krossaness is no other than the Gurnet, where we shall shortly land. Whether these worthy gentlemen are correct or not, I can not say.

When we have landed, the light-keeper gives us the more modern history of the Gurnet. It has long been a light-house station. The first structure of this kind was erected here by the Province of Massachusetts Bay in 1768, and was consumed by fire in 1801. Two years afterward the United States Government built two towers upon the spot, and ever since, "soon as the evening shades prevail," the Gurnet sends forth the gleam of its twin stars far out upon the sea. During the last war with Great Britain a small redoubt was erected upon the highest part of the bluff, the remains of which are still visible, and a small garrison was set to watch the movements of the British fleet that so constantly hovered near the shores of New England during a greater part of the war.

At our departure, the friendly light-keeper accompanies us to our boat, ceasing not his entreaties to partake still further of his hospitalities, and stay to tea; but if we mean to take advantage of the flood-tide we must be off at once. Again we spread our little sail to the favoring breeze, and ninety minutes afterward we disembark as near to Plymouth Rock as Hedge's Wharf will permit.

“SWEET BELLS JANGLED.”

THERE is a portrait by Wilkie, of Hartley Coleridge, son of the poet and philosopher. It represents him as a boy of six or seven years of age, and the expression is so wistful, sad, and dreamy, that it is never forgotten, but haunts the memory like the image of a young, doubting, half despairing soul, contemplating the chances and the inevitable sorrows of the life upon which it is entering. The look prefigures the fate to which the child was destined. And when the reader closes the memoir and the poems that follow, he is conscious that the fixed wistfulness of that face has accompanied the story, like a mournful undertone in a rapid musical movement, or the deep, sad roar of the sea, heard through all the sounds of a summer day.

It was on the evening after he had left College—and of course within a very few years—that Edward Angelo sat at his window with the book in his hand, and contemplating the portrait. A fascination which he did not care to explain, or which he possibly dreaded to investigate, held his eyes closely to the picture, and excluded from his mind every thing but a vague and sweet sadness. The eyes of the boy Hartley clung to his with a sympathy of sorrow that made his own humid; and all the triumphs of yesterday and the lofty hopes of to-morrow, seemed to him equally vain as he sat musing in the twilight.

When a young man, who is also in good health and circumstances, is sad, there is but one key to the mystery. The young man is in love. Or if not consciously attached to some particular object, there is that mental state of suspense and readiness, which is as near to love as the moment before sunrise to the day. Edward Angelo half knew this. He pleased himself with cherishing his reverie, as an opium-eater slowly swallows the poison; and his heart thrilled with a delight which was sad from its very intensity, as the gorgeous dreams, born equally of love and opium, rose, flattering his imagination. These dreams are glorious in the degree that the dreamer's imagination is delicate and sensitive. And this brow, open and fair as that of the young Raphael, and these eyes, deep, dark, and liquid, and this slight, graceful, gentle form, and this pure complexion, bluely veined as the hands of Helen, were they not all the signs of that exquisite sensibility which saddens the beholder as if they indicated a texture too frail for the rough handling of life?

“Do you see this vase?” Angelo once asked of a friend, pointing to a piece of porcelain, impalpable almost as an egg-shell, and beautifully designed. “I should fear that the finest wine would corrode it. It is too beautiful for use.”

And his friend looked at him as he turned away, and in a low voice echoed:

“Yes, it is too beautiful for use.”

Did Boadicea Fleurry think so, when, at the commencement party, Edward Angelo talked with her for so long a time? Or did she sup-

pose there was any thing noble enough for her, she who was the most stately and beautiful woman within the experience of the young men, or the memory of the old? There was a supremacy in her beauty that could not be resisted. All the details of form and feature would have satisfied a sculptor, the glancing lights in the eye and movements around the mouth would have pleased a painter. But the low, rich voice, and the inaudible melody of her movement, would have inspired a poet. Yet in Boadicea Fleurry all this dower of beauty seemed superficial. It was undeniable and irresistible; but the victim of her splendor was as unsatisfied as the victim of wine. The next morning there was always a doubt and a half dismay. When the Collegians read of Circe they thought of Boadicea Fleurry. Yet every Collegian would have foregone the morning prayers of a whole term for one of her smiles. They would all have risked their academical career for a word of preference from her mouth.

Yet she was called cold. There were more pages of bad rhyme and worse blank-verse written to the Aurora Borealis and “inscribed to Miss B—a F—y,” than there were words wasted upon the regular themes of the *Me* and the *Not-Me*. There was but one *Me* in college. And there was singular unanimity in the students' theories of the *Subject* and *Object*.

Boadicea Fleurry was not flattered by all this boyish homage. Homage was the atmosphere in which she had always lived. She had always breathed that spiced and perfumed air. Her nature was positive and imperial; her character hard and inflexible; her manners simple and direct. Men of the world were confounded by her simplicity. They found the polished armor of convention and elegance was only a clog upon their limbs, when in her presence. Verbal flattery she despised, and no man ever dared to insult her twice with compliment. Her clear, ringing laugh shook to pieces, like a fresh, brisk wind, the thin-spun meshes of flattery in which men sought to entangle her. And if one ventured too far, a firm and direct rebuke humbled his audacity, and heightened his admiration. She was no lover of books, nor was she a sharp observer of men or things. To lead an active life, to eat, sleep, and dress well, to ride a horse of spirit, and be surrounded by a gay, sympathetic society, were the chief wishes of Boadicea Fleurry.

It would be curious to know what women really thought of her. A few were utterly enslaved by her imperious nature, her hearty good-humor, and her frank manners; others allowed that she was “very handsome, but very peculiar, extremely odd;” others sharply criticised her conduct, and were chagrined by her independence; others scoffed more openly, and declared her heartless and calculating, and said naïvely, “Do you really like Boadicea Fleurry?” as if such a pretense were too transparent to push very far. Others said smilingly, “Oh! yes, we all like her for a time. One must have Boadicea