

NEW-ENGLAND WARS.

KING PHILIP.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

PERHAPS no portion of the inhabited part of our extensive country, is so little known as Plymouth county, in Massachusetts; there is, indeed, but little to invite the cupidity of the avaricious, or turn the votaries of pleasure to this isolated tract. But the historian, the poet, and the antiquarian, it invites to a feast beyond the ability of any other equal extent of our Union, to furnish. Yet, how few have thought their labour would be repaid by searches in this field of real adventures.

The place consecrated by the arrival of our forefathers, and in which their descendants yet bear their names, and retain much of the simplicity of their manners, must be interesting to all.

This, too, with its vicinity, is the scene of many wars which were carried on with the aborigines of the country; and there is scarcely a field that does not bear some mark of its former owners' occupation. How frequently have I followed the plough, to collect the heads of arrows, and pieces of pottery, which once belonged to the *real* "lords of the soil,"—they have been swept away with the besom of civilization, it is true, but every field, and almost every rock, is eloquent in praise of their ingenuity, perseverance and courage. I remember, as a number of labourers were employed in a field near Plymouth, raising, by means of levers, a large rock, they discovered beneath the ponderous object of their exertions, a complete cabinet of Indian implements of war and domestic use—flat stone spades, curiously wrought for digging; stone hatchets; large pois, made of a peculiar argillaceous earth, and filled up with spear heads; bows of different sizes, now nearly decayed, and large bundles of arrows, rendered useless by time and the humidity of their place of deposit. In the progress of their labours, several of these cabinets were discovered, one or two of which I yet retain in my possession.

As I was exhibiting these specimens of Indian skill, in the evening, to several visitors, the conversation naturally turned towards the beings who had once rendered themselves so formidable by the use of these weapons; and the usual number of anecdotes of Indian warfare were related. "There is one story," said an old man, who had, in deference to his betters, as he said, previously held his peace, "which, I remember, was current in my boyish days, and which has a distinct and immediate relation to neighbour * * * whose cider we are now drinking."—"Fill this pitcher again," said my father, to a boy in attendance. My mother despatched a girl to hear the prayers of two small children, and having counted off the stitches for a pair of substantial stockings, set herself to an evening's work. Having drunk a quart of cider at a single draught, and followed it with his usual apologetic epilogue, "I was amazingly dry," the historian of the evening narrated the following simple tale, which has little to recommend it, but its truth.

"Not long after the settlement of this part of the state, by our forefathers, the white inhabitants became embroiled in several quarrels with the Indians, who charged the Christians with encroachments upon their territories. As these charges were not made in any regular or legal form, nor indeed in the hearing of any of the superiors of the English, but only emitted in occasional growls, or given vent to by some inebriated son of the forest, the colonists could not, of course, employ, with those dissatisfied savages, any of that

species of argument for which they were so famous, and that they drew from the sacred writ, which they conceived authorised the dispossession of the Indians from their land, by the professors of gospel truth, as much as it did the followers of the Mosaic dispensation, in their successful encroachments upon the idolatrous Canaanites. Not being able, I say, to quote chapter and verse of the great commission to their dingy neighbours—who might have even doubted the application of Jewish invasion to their own particular case, on account of some trifling discrepancy in time and place, our venerable forefathers thought themselves authorised to use other means of convincing their squalid brethren of the forest, which means, too, they thought, were equally authorised by the canons of their faith.

"In such a situation of affairs, with much cause for mutual recrimination, it is not strange that things went from bad to worse. The increase of the white population, who always clung to the seaboard, necessarily excluded the natives from a free exercise of their rights of fishing—a privilege the more necessary to them, as the forest afforded but little game—many of the large streams near the bays were dammed up for mill sites, thus excluding the regular ascent of the migrating fish, shad and herring—the salmon did not frequent their streams. Rum had also been introduced among the savages with its accustomed effects. Some of their best warriors, from an habitual use of this deleterious liquor, had become listless and stupid, when not under its influence; and when intoxicated, which a single glass would effect, they were ripe for every species of madness, and as ready to turn their weapons against a friend as an enemy—this last was a fruitful cause for disputes among the red and white men of Plymouth colony. The necessity for punishing these outrages appeared obvious to the whites, and summary vengeance was again taken by the Indians. In this state of things the natives became wholly alienated from the whites, and seemed only to seek opportunities to avenge themselves of the injuries which they believed themselves suffering by the encroachments of the colonists. The latter found it necessary to guard against their bloody neighbours, by the *best means* in their power; and, accordingly, those who lived at a distance from the chief settlements associated themselves, built a single house, large enough for their several families, and barricading it with a high palisade fence, were generally able to resist the attacks of their enemies—although their fields of corn and even their cattle were exposed, and often fatally, to the miserable vengeance of their foes—nor was this all—whoever was beyond the limits of the *garrison*, as they called their fortified house, was hourly exposed to the most imminent danger from the Indians, who have been known to lay a whole day, concealed in a thicket, for the sake of scalping a child who might pass that way in search of the cattle. So that scarcely a week passed without some family being called to bewail a father, son, or daughter, butchered by the cold vengeance of their insidious enemy.

"In a house, garrisoned as I have already described, about three miles north-west of what is now Plymouth, and about half a mile from the *shores of the bay*, dwelt several families, descended from the early Pilgrims. The names of all but one are yet borne by their numerous descendants, who now either till in quiet the

fair and somewhat fertile fields which were then undivided parts of an interminable forest, or extend their course of fish flakes along a shore, which, at that time, was claimed by people who could show neither charter nor deed for their wide possessions.

"The Brewster family consisted of the father, Micajah, the mother, and five or six young children. The Cooks' were the father, mother, three daughters, and a son, David. Mr. *Joselyne's* family consisted of himself and one daughter, named Mahala.

"The produce of their fields, meadows, and cattle, afforded a comfortable support to the garrisoned tribe, particularly when added to the plentiful supply of scale and shell-fish, which they might every day take from the neighbouring stream, or gather from the shores of Plymouth bay. The cultivation of the lands, the nourishment of the cattle, and other out of door duties, were at the time to which we allude, attended with no inconsiderable degree of danger, owing to the system of vengeance which the Indians had adopted. To avoid this danger, it was usual to place one or two children on some eminence to watch the approach of the savages, and to give notice so timely, that all might be enabled to retreat to the garrison.

"Living within the same enclosure, educated by the same person, and perhaps from the same books—subject to the same fears and the same hopes, and feeling a community of interest, it is not strange that David and Mahala should experience likewise a reciprocity of affection. I stop not to describe the course of their love from its origin—that it was pure and lasting is certain, and no doubt their affection was brightened by a knowledge that every day, each was compelled to make some sacrifice to the other.

"The manly form of David was often seen beyond the clump of trees in the vicinity of the house, reconnoitering the ground, while the object of his affection was following her duties among the corn, beyond the pale of the garrison. She too, her household affairs attended to, would often place herself upon some eminence to watch the approach of Indians, while her lover was engaged in the business of the field.

"David and Mahala were peculiarly useful to their families, in the character of instructors of children—a task which they fulfilled with assiduity and success, and thus secured to themselves not only the thanks of the heads of families, but likewise the unchanging gratitude of their little pupils. For to a New England parent, there is scarcely a more powerful desire than his wish to educate his offspring; and with the children, perhaps no principle is more fixed than those of gratitude and respect for their teachers.

"About the time of which we treat, the Indians, in the vicinity of Plymouth, had received some severe check, and had, apparently, returned towards the Narragansett tribes, being about fifty miles south west of Plymouth, a few only of these men were seen, and no danger was apprehended of any attack; the inhabitants of our garrison and those of its vicinity, ventured to visit Plymouth, of a Sunday morning, to attend public preaching, a privilege which had been for some time denied them, and no new cause of alarm appeared to exist. The good people of Tinicum settlement (now Kingston) attended preaching every Sunday, and left their garrison in the care of one or two children. This was a privilege, indeed, to those who sighed after spiritual food, and they acknowledged it with becoming gratitude to that Being, who strewed these grapes in their way through the wilderness of life.

"In the enjoyment of this confidence, it was more customary to leave the garrison in care of two or three of the older inhabitants, who could attend to the small children and keep an eye upon the cattle, who were by no means scrupulous of gathering a few corn tops in the field, of a Sabbath; and, if David and Mahala were not averse to this change, no one could say that

they neglected the duties of the day, in the absence of their friends, or forgot the eye that was on them when those of their parents were withdrawn.

"This consciousness of the presence of God is, to the good not merely a hindrance from the commission of sins, but, it is also an abundant cause of confidence in danger. Hence, our two friends found means to pass the time of their family's occasional absence in innocence and peace. Meanwhile, affection, encouraged by these golden opportunities, ripened; and calculations were apparently made on a final union, although not a word was said upon this consummation.

"On a Sunday, the first in August, the members of Plymouth church assembled for the sacred purpose of breaking the sacramental bread. This season, which with them occurred but twice a year, was regarded as a time of unusual solemnity. Weeks were spent in preparation for this solemn festival, by occasional protracted fasting and prayer, and above all, by a settlement of all disputes and differences which might have crept in among the professors of the Old Colony. So solemnly was this commemoration regarded, that something of superstition might be detected among the less informed; and even to this day, I believe there may be found among the descendants of the pilgrims, some who, for want of particular instruction, regard the elements of this festival in a light not far removed from transubstantiation. Hence, resulted that careful examination of heart, and that apparently effectual repentance, which denoted and characterised this seldom repeated sacrament. On such a Sunday the heads of the family of our garrison were of course at Plymouth. David and Mahala were left in the charge of two or three children and the cattle.

"The venerable clergyman had finished a truly christian discourse from, the text, 'He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to his own soul,' and entered upon the more solemn duties of the morning. While the communicants were indulging in that solemn silence which occurs between the distribution of the two elements, a pause in which silence almost hisses on the ear, the door of the building was suddenly thrown open, and a young man burst in upon the congregation, breathless, and exhausted with running. He was only able to articulate 'The Indians,' and sunk insensate upon a seat. This appalling sound lost none of its terrors, from the uncertainty in which the people were, whether their enemy was distant or near at hand, and the strictness even of a puritan principle yielded to the circumstances so far as to close the services with a short prayer, in which the petitioner did not neglect to solicit a freedom from such dangers as they were then threatened with; he closed an impassioned appeal to the God of hosts that, 'He would watch round their little Israel, and in his own due time, when he had chastened their impieties, and driven the heathen before them, like the smoke of a flame, he would no longer hide his face from them, but give them to sit under their own vine and fig-tree, having none to molest or make them afraid.' The congregation being dismissed, was not long in ascertaining that a party of Indians, supposed to belong to their old enemy Philip, a warlike chief, had made an attack upon the defenceless garrison of Tinicum, and had exercised the extent of their savage cruelty upon the unsuspecting inmates; the messenger had fled at the commencement of the attack, and believed that, like an older messenger—he only escaped alone to tell the deed.

"Habituated to alarms, the colonists were in a moment resolved upon the mode of operation. The females and children were left at the Plymouth settlement, while the men armed themselves at the public armoury, mounted the few horses they had, and proceeded with all haste to the rescue (if possible) of the children and property.

"When the company had arrived at the settlement, they found that it had experienced the full extent of the vengeance of their enemies; 'whose tender mercies are cruel.' Every garrisoned house was burned, the corn nearly destroyed, and 'worst of all, and most to be deplored,' of the several young children left in the care of David and Mahala, not one was found alive, nor could any trace of their guardians be discovered. Two or three small children were at length found beyond the garrison limits, lifeless and scalped. The work of vengeance had been complete.

"All, in the emphatic language of scripture, 'lifted up their voices and wept'—all, but the father of Mahala. Joscelyne was a man of firmness of purpose, and feeling; bowing to the dispensation of Providence, he had felt a species of hallowed pride, in saying, as he followed to an early grave the last of five sons:—'Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me'—and when his wife, 'a goodly person and a chosen vessel,' as he was wont to call her, closed her earthly testimony in giving birth to Mahala, the smitten husband bowed and kissed the rod! But, in Mahala, whom, in the energetic language of the time, he was wont to call the posthumous blessing—the fallen mantle of his ascended Rachel—he had wrapped up the unsounding but intrinsic sum of all earthly affection. In the memory of his departed son she had a species of sanctified glory. 'Think you it a small thing,' said the pilgrim, as he one day replied to the soothing voice of friendship; 'Is it a small thing to have nurtured angels for heaven?' To the memory of Rachael, though humanity paid the frequent tribute of a sigh, religion pointed his feelings to her higher and glorious habitation, 'where thieves break not through and steal.'

"But all earthly love, all thoughts of felicity, all dreams of the quiet of age, were centred in his only living daughter. In her infancy he had been her nurse; in adolescence her teacher; and now when she had approached the years of womanhood, he was her friend. All his cares, all his anxieties, all his watching, were more than repaid by the devotion of her love, attention, and time, to his coming age. Every gray hair upon his sainted head, and watchings, fasting, and grief, bring them early and thick, was a new call for tenderness, love, and obedience from his daughter. If in infancy he had stood the firm and vigorous trunk, round which she had twined in lively and lovely dependence, years had given her a thicker guardian foliage to shield and defend him against those storms to which he was now becoming more and more sensible. She had arisen from the sportive dependant upon his exertions, to the able and welcome confidant of his gravest counsels. While she knew, and others acknowledged, that long experience and a strong and well cultivated mind, gave him a just ascendancy in all public deliberations, he himself felt, that the excellence of her understanding, the saint-like disposition which she inherited from her mother, now chastened by religion, and a strength of intellect called forth by perfect confidence, gave her a just right to a portion of the praise which he so liberally shared.

"I stop not to inquire into the cause for that species of affection which exists betwixt father and daughter; its reality is obvious, and of all earthly love, this is perhaps the purest and most delightful. A mother loves with a stronger, but a father with a more discriminating passion.

"Towards a mother, the child looks with gratitude for a thousand benefits, and affection for maternal feelings. But he soon learns that acquaintance with life will at last make him her equal in knowledge and experience. To the father, the daughter ever looks with dependence and awe. Grateful for that care which has nurtured her infancy, she feels, while she nurses his declining life, that his years give him the

experience that commands her service, and the sacrifice of his former enjoyment, asks her gratitude and love. A man, accustomed to enquire, might say, that much was owing to the system of education which so early placed the younger branch of a family on an equality with the mother.

"The mother loves with a steady purpose the objects of her affections; if placed above her in riches, she gazes, admires and loves; if reduced to abject poverty, she divides her loaf, and she shares her meal and oil; honoured, she reverences with fondest awe; smitten, she binds up and heals; guilty, she pities, weeps and pardons.

"But the father cherishes with a different love; he gazes and guards; he impresses lessons with an authority, from whose impressions, neither elevation nor years can free the daughter. Is she honoured? he glories in his own work—unfortunate, he guards and protects—poor, he provides—traded and slandered, he supports and defends—vicious, he—curses her and dies.

"Whatever there is of strength and purity in paternal and filial affection, was reciprocated by Joscelyne and his daughter; and when the old man returned to the smoking desolation of his home, and sought amid its smouldering ruins, (but sought in vain) at least the ashes of his daughter, he felt that the bitterness of wo was upon him. While others bending beneath their misfortune, mourned, and softened their grief with tears, the widowed and childless Joscelyne, stood silent and motionless, (if indeed it was not the swelling of his bosom that agitated his dress.) The group of mourners as they poured out their lamentations and vented their sorrow in tears, appeared to him like the shrubbery and lesser trees that surrounded them, which bend to the violence of the tempest, and when its fury has passed, shake off the weight of the storm and stand upright. 'While I,' exclaimed *mentally* the agonized mourner, 'alone and solitary, am like yonder smitten and scathed oak, whose tender branches are decayed, and whose stock waxeth old in the ground, and which, not even the scent of waters can revive.'

"The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away,' said he, when at length he found power to speak, 'nor shall human grief and human weakness hinder me from saying, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"Those who were not personally concerned in the losses and destruction of the day, endeavoured to awaken the feelings of the sufferers to the duties which they owed the survivors; 'Those whom we find here,' said the leader, Captain Partridge, 'are indeed dead, but those whom we miss may be yet alive, although in dreadful captivity; our enemies cannot be yet at a distance, let us pursue them with slaughter, or seek them out to redeem the captives.' The thought that his daughter might be yet among the living, awakened Joscelyne to his wonted activity; he urged, while he confessed to the council the selfishness of his plea, the policy of attempting to treat with the Indians for an exchange of prisoners, for some privileges, or perquisites, and he doubted not but they would be able to track the savages so as to come up with them in a short time, for his part, he would be the one to venture into the host of the enemy, and offer the terms at any risk.

"This proposal was accepted by the council, and the search immediately commenced, under the direction of Mr. Joscelyne. The party left the ruins of their village, and pursued a track of feet along the edge of a stream (now known by the name of Smelt Brook.) which crosses the main road, about three miles from Plymouth. As they ascended, they discovered other tokens of the Indians, in pieces of furniture and other things, once their own, which were occasionally dropt, along the edge of the brook.

"Having arrived at the head of the stream, which opens into a beautiful lake called 'Smelt Pond,' the

party discovered, on a mountain beyond the lake, a light smoke ascending, as if there was a small fire there—this, Joscelyne believed a sufficient indication of an Indian camp; he, therefore, determined to cross the lake, if possible, and enter upon his business. As they had no boat, it was thought best to construct a raft from the remains of some canoes, and thus attempt a passage, wholly unarmed, as the appearance of any weapons might entirely frustrate his mission. Having provided something which would convey two men across the lake, Joscelyne, with a near neighbour, essayed its strength; it answered their utmost wishes, and, having directed their comrades to conceal themselves among the bushes on the easterly side of the lake, and by no means to discharge a musket, they commenced their voyage, and having in a short time arrived within a few rods, from the western shore that washes the almost perpendicular side of a mountain called Monk's Hill, they discovered a party of Indians watching their movements, and apparently ready to give them a reception which would not greatly facilitate the object of their journey.

"Joscelyne who was on the bows of the raft, directed the man who propelled him to stop, while he held a parley with the Indians on shore. Having satisfied them that he and his comrade were unarmed, they laid down their guns and bows. On arriving at the shore, Joscelyne was informed that these Indians were a part of King Philip's force; that the Sachem himself and a large part of his warriors were on the mountain, to whom Joscelyne and his friend were conducted.

"Before introducing my readers into the presence of Philip, it may be well to make them acquainted with a little of his history and character.

"As early as the year 1630, (and even much earlier) the English of Plymouth colony, had contrived to form a treaty with Massasoit, chief Sachem of all the Narragansett tribes, which said treaty bound the poor chief, who was not skilled in that species of diplomacy, to certain conditions, which, in the present day, would be considered by an independent prince, as contrary to the dignity and majesty of his empire; and accordingly, after the death of old Noosamequen, or Massasoit, (I give my readers a blessed choice in names) his two sons Alexander and Philip, although in his lifetime assenting, refused to be governed by the conditions, and endeavoured to shake off the trammels, which their father's more yielding disposition had imposed upon them.

"Alexander, after committing some hostilities upon the English, was by stratagem taken; and while the party was conveying him to Plymouth, he was suddenly taken ill, and shortly afterwards died. The Indians laid his death to the poison of the English. The English imputed it to a haughtiness of spirit, which could not brook his bondage.

"Philip now became chief of the tribes, under the title of Chief Sachem of Pankanoket; and hating the English, not less for the encroachments, which they had made upon his territories and the customs of his subjects, he totally disregarded the treaty, made by his father, and one or two of a more recent date, which, to free himself from some sudden embarrassment, he had himself signed, with no very serious intention of keeping sacred.

"Philip, like most of the Sachems of his tribe, could read, and had been well instructed in some of the leading doctrines of the Puritan's faith. He had an Indian Secretary, too, who could read and write with fluency, being the schoolmaster of the tribe, placed there by the colonists, in that spirit for disseminating useful learning, which has ever since been a characteristic of their descendants.

"Such was the high-handed rebellion of Philip against his Sovereign Lord, King CHARLES, and the honourable, the Council of Plymouth, that the said

honourable council found it necessary, not only to stir up other tribes against this Godless heathen, but also to send out sundry drafts of pious settlers to endeavour to effect a total destruction of their most deadly enemy.

"The most effective force ever sent against Philip, was conducted by Master Church; by this appointment a captain, who like Cæsar, became the historian of his own great deeds.

"Captain Church had kept up so close a chase upon King Philip, in the woods and waters of his possessions, that his ochre-coloured majesty deemed it best, in order to effect a diversion, to evacuate 'MOUNT HOPE' and retreat towards the sea shore. This he did, and had scarcely been three hours within the limits of the Plymouth possessions, before a party under an inferior Sachem, called Moonka-punchunt, had effected the destruction of the Tinnicum settlement, to an extent we have already described. Knowing that the Elders would be at Plymouth, this host of savages rushed in upon the different garrisons, fired the houses, dragged out the defenceless inhabitants, murdered some, and carried the rest to the camp of Philip, situated, as I have said, on the summit of Monk's Hill, at which they arrived before sunset on Sunday evening. Among the prisoners were David and Mahala, who had contrived to secure the lives of one or two others. No peculiar demonstration of joy marked the arrival of the prisoners. They were placed under a guard in the wigwam, and fed with such provisions as are common in an Indian camp.

"Early on Monday morning, it was announced to the Sachems in council, that a party of the outer guard were conducting two Englishmen towards the camp, and that the guard displayed the belt of peace upon their guns.

"Philip immediately ordered the prisoners into the rear of the wigwam, called around him his Sachems, and awaited the approach of the ambassadors. In a few minutes, Joscelyne and his companion were seen approaching the place, under the guidance of the Indians, whom they had met at the shore of the lake. As the company entered the hastily constructed hovel, Joscelyne was struck with the grim features of those around him, which seemed to promise any thing rather than mercy. Too much, however, depended on his mission, for him to permit the least distrust to appear in his manner. The venerable patriarch shook the dew from his gray locks, which hung in profusion over his shoulders, and according to an intimation from the chief Sachem, he seated himself upon a log, that lay near the front, or opening of the tent.

"Philip raised himself slowly from his seat, and stood erect among his counsellors. In front, a little to the left, sat Sausaman, his secretary and public schoolmaster, provided with pen, ink and paper, or birch-bark, to record whatever it might please his master to direct.

"Joscelyne was struck at once with the commanding figure of his enemy. As the great Chief stood among his lesser Sachems, he was taller than they all 'from the shoulders upwards.' The elegant proportions of his majestic limbs were nicely displayed by close pantaloons, and a vest, composed of red broad-cloth, gorgeously trimmed with gold lace. A cloak, somewhat in the hussar fashion, was depending from his shoulder, as he leaned upon a rifle held in his right hand. His features were regular, if we except the slight projection of the cheek bones, and a consequent sharpness of his chin. A forehead of a form peculiar to his nation, was shaded by the raven hair, which depended at an enormous length. His appearance, in general, was what some writers would call, the dignity inherent in a king; but, was rather that ease, which springs from a consciousness of superiority, or from a conviction that whatever is done will be considered as correct.

“Englishmèn,” said Philip, ‘what message has the Council for the Paukanokets? We have neither breath for words, nor time for delay.’

“Philip,” said Joscelyne, rising, ‘I bring a message of especial import, from the Council of Plymouth.’

“There may be a white man’s craft in this,” said Philip to his Sachems; ‘Let our scouts beat the thickets, lest we have a host of English on our backs, while we are parleying.’

“Having sent out extra sentinels, with the most positive orders, Philip resumed his seat, and directed the whiteman to continue his *talk*.

“The first impulses of Joscelyne were those of a father. He longed to inquire for Mahala, and to secure her ransom; but he had been entrusted with the feelings of other parents, and with the peace and dignity of the colony, of which he was an honoured and a useful member. The zeal of the times might have taught him to seek for reparation for a breach of the Sabbath, and a violation of sanctuary seasons and privileges. He, therefore, merged the father in the feelings of the patriot.

“During the previous night, Joscelyne had arranged in his mind the sum of the charges, which he had received from the Council, in order that he might be prepared to urge, with the greater force and perspicuity, the charges and claims, which he was empowered to make.

“Sachems of the Narragansetts,” said Joscelyne, with a slight inclination of his head. ‘The different chiefs directed their eyes towards Philip, as if to inform the speaker, that their chief Sachem was alone to be addressed.

“Philip, of Mount Hope, I am the bearer of a message to you, since your chiefs disclaim a part in it, from my brethren, the counsellors of Plymouth; who again protest against your breach of faith, and violation of solemnly ratified treaties. It is known to you, and to many of your counsellors around you, that the English, within three months from their arrival upon these shores, entered into a solemn compact with your father, Massasoit, and other chiefs of these parts, wherein they acknowledged the right of our possession, and yielded allegiance to our sovereign, King James; to which said covenant and compact, you, yourself, have at two several seasons, given your signature and oath of observance. Nevertheless, being instigated doubtlessly by Satan, you have at divers times, not only violated this covenant, by slaying sundry persons of the said colony, privately, and from ambushes, but you have also assembled your chiefs and made open war upon us, burnt our houses, destroyed our corn and cattle, and murdered numerous of the colonists, seizing, torturing, and burning the defenceless wives and children of those to whom you were bound in covenant of faith. For these crimes, high handed and awful, I demand of you, in the name of the Colony of Plymouth, the best reparation in your power, and ample and full security against future aggressions; or I menace you with the sudden vengeance of the English!’

“The Sachems, startled at the boldness and arrogance of the white, sprung from their seats, as if to revenge this insult. Philip, however, vaved to them to be quiet, and signified, by a slight inclination of his head, that the speaker should proceed.

“Our people,” continued Joscelyne, addressing himself immediately to Philip, ‘have in no instance, neglected your welfare, to the promotion of their own good. Pious and godly men have been sent to instruct you in the way of salvation; and bring you out of the abomination of worshipping strange gods. Your allegiance to the King of England, has entitled you to the protection of mild and equitable laws; and your submission to the governor of Plymouth, would have secured you from the danger of attacks from your enemies of the neighbouring tribes; while the vicinity of

those, who worship the true God in spirit and in truth, would doubtlessly have procured upon you, as well as them, the smiles of Heaven, favourable seasons and abundant harvests. Yet, regardless of all these things, you have despised the proffers of our religious instruction. You have scoffed at our gospel ministers, you have blasphemed our Sabbath, and chosen the season of our most sacred convocation to exercise to the extent, the fury of your devilish malice. For these things, Sachem of Mount Hope,’ said Joscelyne, pale and trembling with the feelings, which the recital of these manifold aggressions excited, ‘for these things, Philip, the vengeance of heaven shall not sleep, but shall pursue you to irremediable destruction: those whom the sword spares, pestilence and famine shall waste, till your tribes shall, for your wickedness, be driven from the earth, and your name only remembered with curses and execrations.’

“Joscelyne paused from intensity of feeling, rather than an exhaustion of his subject, and as he resumed his seat, Philip stilled the commotion, which was rising among his counsellors, by gently waving his hand. Having, for a moment, sat in silence, Philip rose, and addressed Joscelyne: ‘Is the end of your mission accomplished, when you have satisfied the Paukanokets that they have at times drawn the bow with a steadier hand than their neighbours? Do you wish only to inform me that my foot has been close upon the heels of the English?’

“Brothers,” said he, turning to his Sachems, ‘what answer shall we send to our trusty friends the English?’

“One of the Sachems, named Misposki, arose, at the intimation of Philip, and observed, that the person of the ambassador being sacred, it could not be supposed that he was actuated by fear, in withholding the remainder of his *talk*. Yet it was evident, that something remained to be proposed. He ventured to hope that the chief would, after hearing the white man, answer him after the manner of the Indian nations.

“Philip seated himself, and signed to Joscelyne to proceed.

“I should, perhaps,” said Joscelyne, ‘do my errand more justice, were I to omit that, which was the immediate cause of this embassy, as being so personally interested in the consequence of the unholy aggression. You, or some of your party, did yesterday, in the absence of all defence, assault our garrison, burn our houses, destroy our corn and cattle, murder our infants, and lead, as we have reason to believe, some of our young men and women into a captivity, scarcely to be preferred to death. For this base and cowardly act of wanton barbarity, the colony of Plymouth claims ample restitution for property, and the persons of the perpetrators of the deed to satisfy justice. The mother sits among the ruins of her habitation, and asks of heaven vengeance upon him, who has made her lone and wretched; an outraged community is preparing to wreak full and satisfactory vengeance upon your tribe. The widowed and the childless father, made childless by your murdering hand, while he implores with a father’s feeling, the return of all that rendered life supportable, yet menaces you, the authors of his misery with full retributive justice.’ Joscelyne flung himself upon his seat, and wrung his hands in the bitterness of his agony; but recollecting the presence in which he was, he hushed his feelings and lifted his eyes towards Philip. Some cloud had passed over the mind of the chief; and some believed that a tear was lingering in his eye; if so, it was the *first* and *last*, that Philip ever shed; he had known joys, and their deprivation had taught him vengeance. The Sachem, however, checked these feelings, and prepared to reply to the charges and demands of the Plymouth ambassador.

“Philip rose slowly from his seat, and walked towards the front of his wigwam, or tent. The whole

eastern front was open, and faced upon the expanse of what is now called Plymouth bay.

"For a moment, the chief appeared intent on watching some objects that were moving slowly before him; but, turning suddenly, he beckoned to his chiefs to be seated near him.

"White man," said Philip. Joscelyne approached, and followed with his eye the direction of Philip's hand.

"It was, and perhaps is now, a goodly sight to look eastward from Monk's Hill, at or near sunrise. The delightful expanse of the bay lay before the view, quiet and placid as the breast of innocence. The mists, which night engenders, had rolled off before the influence of an August sun, and a gentle breeze. The fair islands, which then decorated the waters of Plymouth bay, dotted its surface with an inimitable green. Brown's island, White islands, and a vast number of eminences, now unknown, peered above the wave, and gave a beauty and richness to the scene, that the eye, fond of nature, would delight to rest upon.

"We sometimes mourn the change of manners, and wish that the productions of art, which afford us happiness, were as lasting as those of nature. Alas! all that gives delight on earth is fading and evanescent; those very islands, which imparted such beauty to the scene, have passed away. The winds and rains beat vehemently against them, and they have fallen. The lofty height of Monumet, the opposite eminence of what is now Duxbury—Saqquish and the Garnet are only left, if we except the lingering and consumptive Beach, which, like a faithless guard, seems just retiring from its place of duty, leaving the capital of the Old Colony exposed to the buffets of the angry billows.

"Do you mark the bay?" said Philip. "On that island the red men held their councils—there, to the right did Massasoit keep his feast of peace. Every island is sacred to the Indian for some feast, some sacrifice, or some enjoyment. All these broad shores, fertile in their abundant productions, to the right, beyond a white man's gaze, even to the extremity of that cape, whose blue point looms in the easterly wind; to the left, as far as Piscataqua, and back to the country of the Mohawks. All this fair territory and its teeming coasts, did the Great Spirit, whom you call God, give to the red men, and bade them be brothers. On this soil have we lived, since the sun first rose from the great waters. Here have we married our wives. Here taught our sons their father's arts, and seen them share their father's toils. No disease wore down their bodies. No white man's poison enervated their minds. Our youth gloried in their strength. The hoary head was revered for wisdom and experience; and the Sachem was honoured, because the Great Spirit who conferred on him rank, gave him strength of mind and body to support it. Such were the Narragansetts, the Pequods, Nashaways, and Cononcutts, which though different tribes, all met round one council fire, all hunted in one forest, and all adored the same Great Spirit.

"What are we now? You English have come among us; and, like the curse of the Great Spirit for some unrepented crime, you have brought pestilence and famine, discord and war among us. You gave our Sachems the liquid fire from your bottles; and, when you had burned their brains, you forced them to treaties, which, sober, they would never ratify; and, being dead, their sons could never fulfil. And what is your great Sachem, James, that we should obey him? If he is good, why have his warriors left him? Until the white man came, no Indian forsook his chief.

"You have seized our fairest territories, destroyed our fisheries; you have, by bribes lured our weak, you have sheltered our offenders. You have weakened and vitiated our warriors by rum. You have driven

us from our mountains, our fields, our islands, and our shores, to become denizens of swamps and caves. You have hunted us like otters and bears; driving us from our air and our sun; and then you ask why we war? Who gave you our coast, or by what right do you hold our possessions?

"But you charge us," said the chief, lowering his voice, which had attained a frightful pitch, 'with burning your fields. Look at Mount Hope. There's not a wigwam on my fair hill, where I may trust women and children; and there is not an ear of corn, even now in the midst of summer—not one blade ripens in all my fields—and are we in fault? We built our houses on the southern slope. We planted our corn in its season, and the sun beamed bright, and the wind blew fair upon it; but the foot of the English has been on the land of the Pankanoket, and all is desolate, and you ask "why we war?"

"What virtue have you in regarding the treaties which you have made with us? You formed them at your pleasure, to suit your desire. You possess yourself of our fairest lands by them. You cheat our Sachems with articles which they cannot read, and bind us by them to destroy ourselves, in order to gratify our enemies. The child, even of a white man, would laugh at such a semblance of justice, and sneer at a compact which was made for the benefit of one party, at the expense, and in the absence of the reason of the other.

"You say that you have sent us religious teachers, that we may learn your God. The Indian despises the religion of no man; nor does he treat the god even of a Mohawk, with irreverence. It may be, that the Englishman's God is greater than ours; for, you, who worship him, have weakened and wasted us. It may be, that he is the same; and that ye abuse his will.

"White man, you tell me, that had we submitted to you, we should have shared the smiles of your God. The Great Spirit when he formed these hills and plains, gave them to the Indians for fields and hunting ground; and when we had gathered our harvest, he breathed over us his southern breath, and gave us a new summer for the chase. But your coming has changed it all. Who sees now the Indians' summer?—'tis cold and freezing as the white man's welcome. And what have your missionaries done? They have led the Indian from his squaw and children. They have made him pray and drink. They have taught him to betray his own chief into the hands of the white man, and become the murderer of those who drew their life from him. The influence of your missionaries has destroyed our tribes, and sunk the Indian warrior to the slave of the Englishman. Yes, you have taken from the red men the fear of their own gods, and taught them only a distrust of yours. Instead of the men who strung their sinews at the gush of the mountain stream, you see our youth destroyed by the draughts of your poisoned bottles. The huntsmen of Narragansett chased the deer, when eighty winters had scarcely chilled their blood. Now the Indian warrior, at thirty, halts in the pursuit of the otter. And you ask us why we war?

"You charge us with cruelty to our captives. You who are counsellor of a colony, need not be told, that there is not a tree within your garrison, but has borne an Indian. Every point upon the palisades of your forts, has been capped with a red man's head. You have tortured our warriors. You have starved, burnt, murdered them, in every form. And you ask us why we war?

"But to the object of this present mission—Your garrison has been destroyed, your Sabbath violated, and your children killed or made captives. White man, you have made us what we are. Your leader, Church, has hunted us from our last retreat, and we have fled hither for safety and revenge. His fire is

destroyed our habitation. His sword has widowed us, and made us childless. And you ask us why we war?

"But you say, (and your feelings would have otherwise betrayed it,) that our attack has made you childless.

"Hear me, Englishman. The Sachem of Paukonoket scorns a complaint. But the heart of an Indian may feel, though his eye must not be moistened.

"Two moons since, I sat in my dwelling. A wife and a son made me feel that I clung to life for a noble purpose. I taught my boy the deeds of his fathers, and bade him be like them. I saw his hand grasp the bow of Massasoit, and the blood mount to his boyish cheek, as his strength failed to bend it. The eye of the mother glistened at his young ambition, and I felt that I was a chief, a husband, and a father. Four days since, Church, and your men of Plymouth, set upon my habitation, slayed hundreds of my unarmed men, killed my son and murdered my wife, even in the trying moments of a mother's pains. I escaped with this little band. My country depopulated, a Sachem without warriors, a man, and none to reverence or obey him; widowed—widowed, and childless! And you ask me why I war? Go, white man, to your council fire—tell your chief, tell Winslow, that he has dug up the hatchet from beneath the tree of peace, and it shall not be buried again while Philip has a hand to grasp it, until the English be driven from our borders, or the Paukanokets be swept away, like yon wreath of mist, that is rolling from the bosom of the lake."

"After a long pause, Joscelyne ventured to propose to the council a ransom for their prisoners. It was in vain—Philip refused to treat with him. 'We are,' said he, 'a scattered race. Of what use would be to us the white man's gold? Let us keep their children, and we hold them by stronger ties.' Whatever might have been the feelings of Joscelyne, he found it dangerous to linger. He was, therefore, conducted to his raft, and having joined his companions, they departed immediately for the council of Plymouth, who ordered that a reward of £250 be given to any man, that should bring to them the head of Philip. In the mean time a new levy was made, and Captain Partridge started with an hundred soldiers to track the Indians.

"Having dismissed the ambassador, Philip ordered an immediate retreat towards the fastnesses of Mount Hope, at which, the next day, they arrived. During the day following, David and Mahala with the younger captives were left under the guard of a single Indian, who had been wounded in a former skirmish, and was unable to go out with the others. It occurred to David that he or Mahala might escape from him—and if either of them should meet some of Captain Church's men, the whole of Philip's party might be surprised and cut off. This he mentioned to Mahala, and urged her to make the attempt, and leave him to take the chance of the Indian's anger. This, Mahala would by no means consent to, as she should not be so well able as he, to make her way out of the swamp, in which they were, or elude the search of other Indians, who might go in quest of him. After some deliberation, it was concluded that David should make the attempt. Accordingly, in a few hours, watching an opportunity when the head of their guard should be turned, David started from the ground and passing by the Indian, flew through the door of the slender fortress. The guard gave a loud yell, to call to him the assistance of others, but perceiving that David was likely to get beyond his reach, he placed an arrow in his bow, and drawing the string firmly with a hand, that for twenty years had not once failed, he was preparing to let the arrow have its course, which would have put a period to the flight of David, when Mahala struck the bow string with a small sword, that lay near, and the arrow fell harmless at his feet, and springing beyond his reach,

she awaited the coming of the other Indians, who, on learning the flight of their prisoner, prepared for an immediate chase.

"David had the start of them by five minutes. He flew with the swiftness of a bird, and his pursuers followed with a rapidity that boded no good to his hopes.

"Meantime, Philip and his warriors returning, learned their prisoner's flight, and knowing the danger to which they should be exposed, if he finally escaped, they resolved to break up their camp, and disperse in different parties. This was accordingly done, Philip taking Mahala and the children with him.

"My readers need be under no apprehension of any outrage upon Mahala, as among all the charges brought against the New England tribes, I do not remember of hearing that of lust urged by the whites; that being, as an Indian whom I once questioned on the subject, told me, a white man's trick, not proper for an Indian.

"David pursued his course, with some advantage over his pursuers, as they were encumbered with heavy arms, and in less than an hour, he found himself in an open plain, and consequently but little exposed to the chase of his pursuers. He, in a short time, arrived breathless and faint at Captain Church's camp.

"The reader will readily conceive, that in that age, and under the then existing circumstances, no great exhibition of military pomp was made by Captain Church, as a leader of the Plymouth hosts, consisting at most of from 1 to 300 men, many of whom were, except in mere military grade, his equals: yet there existed, at that time, in the New England colonies, and its influence has been felt even in subsequent years, a dignity of office and calling, which exhibited itself in the department of all officers, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, which, while it invited approach, effectually guaranteed against encroachments; it cherished confidence, but chilled familiarity; in short, it was what is usually denominated old fashioned manners, the loss of which as a general habit is so justly deplored, and which can now scarcely be found, except in a few of the old clergy or some ancient judge, in New England; yet, if I were in Plymouth now, I could point out a living instance, even though perhaps the venerable Spooner is no more, of a Judge of probate, who can blend the dignity of a judge with the feelings of a man; who, while the widow and the fatherless look to him as a protector and friend, can teach them also to respect him as the just and upright magistrate. Those who know the venerable Thomas, will understand the manners to which I refer, those who do not, will understand that in the Old Colony, the people have even been simple enough to believe that they were not deficient in respect to themselves, by paying all becoming deference to a man who had been thought worthy to be placed over them.

"Under the influence of a profound respect for a man who was sacrificing his valuable time, and risking his life for his brethren, David made his approach toward Captain Church, not wholly unconscious of the importance which his knowledge of the Indians' retreat naturally gave him.

"As he passed the various sentinels, or small groups of men off duty, a friendly nod of recognition, or a short inquiry distinguished his immediate acquaintance, and a look of doubt or solicitude, satisfied him that his recent captivity was wholly unknown in the little camp.

"His guide exchanged words with the last sentinel, and left David to make his bow to the captain. The door of a deserted cottage opened, and exhibited Church in the act of reading his book of orders, it was a massy volume, strongly bound, and exhibited evident symptoms that its owner, like a true soldier, had well examined his instructions. Church closed the Bible on his entrance, and rose to receive with cordiality his

visitor, with whose family he had an intimate acquaintance.

"The full form of the Puritan leader, lost none of its beauty from being covered with what, in these days would be considered a Quaker garb, if we except the semblance of an epaulette upon his shoulder; and a well secured sword at his thigh. A hat lay upon the table, which in those days was *en militaire*, but in these refined times, would be considered a little better than a 'cock and pinch.' The dignity of Church was in his looks, his form, and manners, and a stranger who had seen him mingling with his men in the common dress and common labours of a camp, would have instantly recognised him as the chief.

"David, the first salutation passed, related in a few words, the destruction of the garrison, the murder of a part of its inhabitants, and the captivity of the remainder; he also stated what little he knew of Joscelyne's unsuccessful mission, and then recounted his own escape, without neglecting to press upon his auditor's mind, the imminent danger in which he had left Mahala. 'Has Philip then returned,' said Church, in a tone that did not seem to require any answer; 'my friend, the news you bring is painful; but the Lord has undoubtedly suffered the heathen to afflict us for our own manifold transgressions. I, however, think I discover that his providence is about working our deliverance, and then we shall soon, by its gracious aid, drive out these godless heathens from the land; meantime, it is necessary that you refresh yourself. Sergeant Washburn,' said the Captain, as he hastily opened the door—Washburn was at once in his presence. 'Let the men be called instantly upon parade; and despatch a man with my respects to the officers and chaplain, and request their immediate attendance.'

"The council was soon formed, and a prayer was made by that pious and godly personage Adoniram Washburn. My limits prevent the insertion of this piece of abjurgatory eloquence, but it was such as the strong mind of a highly educated Puritan would pour forth, when he felt the enemies of the Lord had prospered, and that the faithful failed from among the 'children of war.'

"The council, or rather board of war, concluded that it would be best to divide the company into small parties, and to send them into the neighbouring swamp, in which David had left Philip, with orders to kill every Indian that they should meet; this order was communicated to the men without, who were immediately told off into sections of ten, and despatched in search of the common enemy. David solicited to be permitted to share in the expedition. This, however, Captain Church refused, alleging as a reason that his fatigue would not permit him to keep up with the party, and that he might thus hinder rather than promote the object of their expedition.

"The men were accordingly dismissed, leaving only a small guard for the house. During the night, David obtained permission of Captain Church, to take with him a friendly Indian, and go a little way into the forest, promising to be back by the following noon. Having furnished themselves with a small quantity of provisions, with powder and ball, and two muskets, David and his Indian companion, Ninigret, set out in search of the common enemy. About four o'clock in the morning, our two champions reached the edge of the swamp, from which David had made his escape, and bent their course, as nearly as they could judge, to the wigwam, in which Mahala had been left. Having arrived at a considerable plain, in the body of the wood, or swamp, upon which the 'moon spread her mantle of light,' discovering only a few elevated rocks, and the thick undergrowth of sweet fern, whose leaves glistened, as they trembled in the moonlight, from the weight of the morning dew, and scattered a delicious

and invigorating fragrance, David observed that they could not then be far from Philip's den.

"'Hush ye, man,' said Ninigret, 'Philip is not the Indian to rest on his wigwam when a prisoner has escaped; every rock around you may conceal a Pankanoket; and—whist, what do I see beyond that horn-beam.'—David cocked his gun.—'Nay, it's but a deer, and the first I have seen for these two seasons; 'tis strange how scarce the game is since you English came, and yet you cannot kill it—I sometimes think Philip is right, and that the white men have no right to our forests.'

"David looked with suspicion at his comrade.—'But you do not, Ninigret, consider the advantage which you all may possess by submitting to us, and sharing in the benefit which civil life offers; and above all, the inestimable blessing of the Christian religion.'

"'I do not believe,' said Ninigret, 'that your white man's life is good for Indians; nor would I have adopted it, had not the too free use of rum, made a quarrel between my tribe and me. As for your religion, Father Eliot said, it brought "peace on earth and good will to men," those were the very words he taught me—and yet, has the white man's sword been sheathed since his arrival? and when I read about the moving of landmarks, which we Indians never dared do, Father Eliot said, that it meant that we must not now notch the pines, nor change the brook, so that more corn may grow in our field than in our neighbour's. But where are the fields of corn in Plymouth which the Indians planted?—where their fishing grounds and oyster beds?—but hush, is there not a light streaming through the chinks of those rocks?'—David watched attentively, and confessed at last, that he believed there was fire there. In a low whisper, Ninigret communicated to David, his belief that some of the chief Sachems were lodged there, perhaps Philip himself; and expressed a wish, that one or both might approach near enough to ascertain the character of those who had 'fled to the rocks.'

"On approaching the place, they soon ascertained, by the clinking noise within, that the Indians were there, and that some of them were engaged in grinding or pounding parched corn between stones. Under favour of this noise, David and Ninigret approached the very side of the rock, which covered a large cave with an entrance on the opposite side; as the pounding ceased, they stopped, and renewed their advance with the industry of the domestic millers within. By this means they were soon enabled to hear the conversation which was held between them.

"'What of the day?' said a strong voice.

"Ninigret applied his mouth close to the ear of David, and whispered, 'tis he, Philip.'

"'What of the day?' asked Philip again, 'what says our Pawwaw?'

"'I have sought the inspiration,' said the Priest, 'a Pawwaw, in sleep but it has not come—I have stretched myself upon the fern in the moon-light but I was alone—I have asked of the Great Spirit, but no answer has come—I have burnt the torches by the spring this night, but no face was in it—I saw, indeed, on the mist a form like Massasoit, but his face was blanched like the white man's—I asked him for the words of the war-song, and the breeze from the English fields scattered him in air.'

"'Sachem of the Pankanokets, thy hand has been mighty in war, and thy hatchet red with thy enemies' blood—thou hast been mighty, but the mightier have come—we were the eagle that sheltered among the pines and nestled upon the crags of the sea; but the white heron hath stolen his prey, and the king of birds must find his game beyond the mountains.

"'Thou wast once, Philip, glorious as the moon; but the moon now sinks beneath the hills of the west, and

a broader and a stronger light is springing from the waters.'

"As the priest was speaking, David could see his shadow projected beyond the mouth of the cave, trembling upon the bushes and fern, as if the speaker was in violent agitation.

"I trow well," said Philip, 'that it is dark—the smoke of my wigwams shall be seen no more. But why should I complain—lonely and solitary, I have no wife to serve me at my council fires—I have no son to lead forth my warriors, and avenge my death—my own hand that once was strong upon the foe, is like yonder English girl's.'

"David started—surely Mahala was there.

"Let our fires be extinguished, lest the English trace us; and prepare to start, for there's no safety here. Church and his men will be upon us, as soon as the English fugitive shall report our return.'

"David and his companion slipt from the rock, and retired behind a strong clump of bushes, about fifty yards distant from the cave, and awaited the appearance of Philip, determined at all hazards to kill him and take their chance with the rest.

"As the sun approached the horizon a thick mist or fog rose from the humid soil, and covered the plain to the thickness of nearly six feet. The spies could only see the top of the rock from which they had descended. 'Is your gun well primed?' said David—'yes,' replied Ninigret, 'and I took the precaution to try its certainty before I started—but hist.' The Indian pointed towards the top of the rock, above which was just discernible the head of an enemy. If it should prove to be Philip, each was solicitous of the honour of destroying the great and cunning foe. At length the person raised himself, and appeared to be looking round to see whether he was watched; they could distinctly hear him say to some one below, 'The dew is disturbed—the English are about us.' David and Ninigret agreed that when he again showed himself, they should both fire at once, at a signal to be given by the latter—the figure again appeared, and as he turned towards them, exhibited the strongly marked features of Philip—both took a deliberate aim. 'Fire at the word three,' said Ninigret. The Sachem raised his whole body above the rock—'mark now,' said the Indian—'one—two—three,'—both drew with certain aim, and the King of Mount Hope rolled a lifeless corpse at the feet of his followers.

"Both started towards the cave to save the white prisoners from the anger of the surviving Indians, charging their guns as they went. David primed his piece, and on pouring the powder into the muzzle of the gun, found to his inexpressible mortification that he had only burnt his priming, the ball and powder being yet in the gun.

"The screams of those who were in the cave, compelled the two to hasten their movements, so that Ninigret was not able to charge with ball. David, fearing every thing for Mahala, flew with the speed of lightning, and arrived in front of the cave just as an old Indian, the priest, had seized a hatchet, and was aiming a blow at the head of Mahala. There was no time to rush between them, David levelled his gun and sent a ball through the heart of the Pawwaw, and blessed God, as the cave echoed with the report of his piece, that he had not shared in the honour of Philip's death.

"Ninigret was immediately at his side; and when the smoke had subsided, they discovered the body of Philip on the spot where it had fallen. The old priest lay stretched upon Mahala, and a few children belonging to the Tinnicum Settlement, were sitting in mute horror in a corner of the cave. David dragged the priest to one side, and carried Mahala into the air, where she soon revived.

"They learned that, immediately on the death of

Philip, two Indians had escaped in the mist; the priest being old and unable to run, had attempted to revenge the death of his chief by killing Mahala, in which he was prevented by the timely arrival of David.

"In order to satisfy their friends, our two successful warriors determined to carry the body of Philip to the camp, a task of no inconsiderable difficulty, considering the weight of the man and the difficulty of the way.

"Having cut down two stout poles with the Indian's hatchet, and lashed the body of the chief to them, by the aid of his belts, they rested the ends of the poles upon their shoulders, and took up the line of march, the children, with Ninigret carrying his gun, and Mahala at the elbow of David with his musket upon her shoulder.

"I am thinking," said the Indian, after they had got beyond the woods, 'that I never heard a better fire than we made—why there really seemed but one report.'

"David reached his head a little one side to see whether his fellow porter was in earnest in the compliment, or whether he had not some suspicions that only one gun had been discharged. 'Why you know, Ninny, (as he was near the camp he did not think it necessary to call him brother Ninigret), why you know we fired by word, like captain Church's men.'

"Yes' said the Indian, in his drawing tones, 'and then who would have thought that you could have charged so soon again David,—why you were at the cave long before me, and I had scarcely time to get my powder and wad down. I'll be hanged, if I don't think my old musket will have to bear the blame of Philip's death, and I don't believe she will shoot well afterwards.'

"If you really think so, Ninigret,' said David, 'you can even take mine, and I will settle the bargain by giving you both powder-horns.'

"Ninigret consented, and though more than an hundred years had passed, I remembered that I once had just cause to regret the exchange; for the old musket, being preserved in our family, one thanksgiving day, attracted my observation, and seemed to offer itself as a suitable means of exploding a few ounces of powder which I had by some favour obtained. As I was puffing a coal of fire, and applying it to the priming, the whole charge found a ready evacuation *par derrier*, and sadly singed the holiday clothes of myself and little companions.

"Having exchanged guns, the procession moved slowly towards the camp, at which they arrived about 11 o'clock, A. M.

"On inquiring for captain Church, David was informed that he was in council with the officers of a new company which had just arrived from Plymouth.

"What news from Philip,' said captain Church, with a smile at the early return of David.

"May the enemies of Plymouth be like him,' said the youth, bowing—all started as if to inquire further. "The body of King Philip lays at the door."

"As they moved in a body towards the place, David caught the sounds of a voice which seemed exerting itself to articulate some inquiry—he turned, 'twas the aged Joscelyne—David rushed into his arms.

"And—and—Mahala—surely, when my country is safe, I may inquire—am I childless?"

"She is alive, and with us.'

"The old man, overpowered by the excess of his feelings, sunk back upon the seat.

"The officers soon returned, accompanied by Ninigret, satisfied that their work was finished. As they were announcing the rich reward, David's eye caught the form of Mahala, entering—he trembled for the consequence of the interview—she sprung into the arms of her father, who, as he folded her to his heavy bosom, raised his streaming eyes to heaven and

faintly uttered, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou me depart in peace.'

"The feelings of Joscelyne having a little subsided, Ninigret related to the officers the history of their morning's expedition, in which he took care to place the action of David, in rescuing Mahala, in its fairest light. The eyes of Joscelyne gleamed with the fire of youth—which was quenched, however, with the tears of parental pride, when he learned from one of the children present, that Mahala had saved the life of David when he was escaping from the Indian encampment.

"The reward offered by the Governor and Council of Plymouth," said Church, 'will be sufficient to place both champions in a fair way of decent competence.'

"For the matter of that," said Ninigret, 'the old Indian can live without much wampum, nor will his age be greatly sweetened by remembering that it is supported by the price of a brother red man's head. I'll e'en make my baskets and brooms,—let the white women buy them. I trow, little Davy, there, will have more need of money than I: it may help him to a wife; but for me, I cannot marry. What squaw will have a red man that has killed his Sachem; and no English woman can wed an Indian. Only, if I have done you service, do not, when poor Ninney is drunk with your rum, do not lock him up in your wooden jail—or thrust his feet into your hateful stocks—for that which you, yourselves, have taught him to do.'

"Captain Church having heard the Indian, rose and declared the money offered as a reward for Philip's head, should be divided equally between David and Ninigret, who had both had an equal share in his death.

"David felt a gush of joy as he learned that the liberality of the Colony would now give him a right to claim the hand of Mahala, with a knowledge that he should not make her condition worse by joining her fate with his. But his happiness was soon chilled by the recollection that he really did not have a share in killing Philip.

"He therefore stated to the officers the circumstance, exactly as it stood, and added, that although he felt himself deprived of the share of reward, he was more than repaid in the knowledge that his charge of powder and ball was providentially reserved to preserve the life of Mahala. All were struck with the candour of David, and turned towards the Indian—"Why, I thought," said he, 'that two bullets would make more than one wound, though I would say nothing to the prejudice of David.'

"A movement of Joscelyne attracted the attention of the company,—'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,' said the venerable father, as he placed the hand of the blushing Mahala in that of the trembling David—and loving favour than silver or gold. Take her, my son, she is thine—and may God make her all to thee, that the sainted Rachel was to her father, saving her early death.' David looked with a filial reverence, which spoke all of gratitude that his tongue could not utter.

"The eyes of Ninigret glistened with joy as he rose to say, that if David would share the reward, he would live with him as a friend. Things were easily settled to the satisfaction of all parties. David and Mahala, after receiving the thanks of the Council of Plymouth, were duly published and married.

"In a short time, the fear of the Indians having subsided, David built a small house in Kingston, nearly a mile north of the old garrison, which, I believe, is yet to be seen as 'thou goest down by the way of Jones' River.'

"Here Ninigret spent his days, and some of his nights; a greater part of the latter, however, were occupied in catching eels in the neighbouring stream, or chasing animals over the hills—nor did any one presume to

meddle with the poor Indian, though he should have been twice a week as drunk as a Lord.

"If any one should ask what became of Philip, I can only say, that it is probable that he was buried near Church's camp; but, before that rite took place, a swaggering fellow borrowed the corporal's sword, and cut off the dead Sachem's head.—And this courageous hero's descendants have lately deposited this sword (which it would seem he never returned) in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as a memorial of their ancestor, who so heroically decapitated a dead Indian.

"Joscelyne lived among his brethren, revered and beloved, 'till he was gathered unto his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe.'

"Mahala lived to be the mother of many children—David was respected by all around him—his descendants have not been remarkable for any very particular virtues, if we except short memories and long stories."

BALSAM OF MECCA.

THE balsam, balm, or balsam of Mecca, (*Balsamodendron Opobalsamum*), belonging to the family *Burseraceae*, is a native of the eastern coast of Abyssinia, especially at Azab, and as far as the strait of Babel Mandeb. Bruce says, it is a small tree above fourteen feet high, with scraggy branches and flattened top, like those which are exposed to the seaside blasts; the appearance is consequently stunted, and the leaves are besides small and few. He supposes that it was transplanted to Arabia, and there cultivated at a very early period. This was the *Balsamum Judaicum*, or Balm of Gilead of antiquity and of the Sacred Writings, it being supposed at one time to be produced only in Judea. It seems, however, to have disappeared from that country, and the supply to have proceeded from Arabia. Many fables are connected with it. Tacitus says, that the tree was so averse from iron that it trembled when a knife was laid near it, and it was thought the incision should be made with an instrument of ivory, glass, or stone. Bruce was told by Sidi Ali Taraboloussi, that "the plant was no part of the creation of God in the six days, but that in the last of three very bloody battles which Mahomet fought with the noble Arabs of Harb, and his kinsmen the Beni Koreish, then pagans, at Beder Hunein, Mahomet prayed to God, and a grove of balsam trees grew up from the blood of the slain upon the field of battle: and that with the balsam which flowed from them he touched the wounds even of those that were dead, and all those predestined to be good Mussulmans afterwards, immediately came to life." To return to the balsam tree: the mode of obtaining it remains to be described. This, according to Bruce, is done by making incisions in the trunk at a particular season of the year, and receiving the fluid that issues from the wounds into small earthen bottles, the produce of every day being collected and poured into a larger bottle, which is kept closely corked. The smell at first is violent, and strongly pungent, giving a sensation to the brain like that of volatile salts when rashly drawn up by an incautious person. The natives of the East use it medicinally in complaints of the stomach and bowels, as well as a preservative against the plague; but its chief value in the eyes of oriental ladies, lies in its virtue as a cosmetic; although, as in the case of most other cosmetics, its effects are purely imaginary.

If refined sense and exalted sense, be not so useful as common sense, their sanity, their novelty, and the nobleness of their objects, make some compensation, and render them the admiration of mankind: as gold though less serviceable than iron, acquires from its scarcity, a value which is much superior.