

**MOUNT HOPE; OR, PHILIP,
KING OF
THE WAMPANOAGS: AN
HISTORICAL ROMANCE**

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Mount Hope; Or, Philip, King of the Wampanoags: An Historical Romance by G. H. Hollister

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AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

BY
C. H. HOLLIS.

"Where by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft."
CAMPELL.

NEW-YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS.

1851.

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ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1850, BY  
G. H. HOLLISTER,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF CONNECTICUT.  
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S. ANDRUS AND SON,
HARTFORD.

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TO THE
HON. ROGER H. MILLS,
THIS WORK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY HIS
OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER has had the good fortune to sail along the coast of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, during the months of early summer, among bays clustering with islands and crowned with bold headlands, has lingered, if he has an eye or a soul for the beauties of nature, upon many a spot rich in the associations of years long past, of races of men long swept from the face of the earth, who had thoughts as varied, objects of ambition as eagerly sought, and passions a thousand-fold more tempestuous, than those of their conquerors. It is the object of this work to retræce some of the faded and now scarcely-visible features of those exterminating wars that marked the early settlement of the English among the aborigines of what is now called New England; placing in the fore-ground of the picture a few of those prominent and leading characters who appear, when seen through the distant medium of history, almost as fabulous as the fictions of poets or the creations of an early mythology.

Litchfield, Conn., January, 1851.

MOUNT HOPE;

OR,

PHILIP, KING OF THE WAMPANOAGS.

CHAPTER I.

"Thy twinkling maize-fields rustled on the shore."—BRYANT.

In that lovely archipelago of waters that extends to the south and east of the city of Providence, lying between two bays as bright as ever turned their waves to the sun, is a small neck of land, called, at the period of which we write, Pokanoket, or "the woods beyond the waters." The north portion is low, and in many places interspersed with formidable swamps, while the south-eastern point rises into a bold headland of white flint-rock, the summit of which, commands a view both of land and water for many miles around. It is a spot sacred to the eye of many a traveller, and one that will be sought out through long journeys by various pilgrims to the end of time as the birth-place of true genius, a place consecrated by human suffering, and immortalized by heroic valour.

On the evening of the 15th of June, 1675, there stood upon the rock that thus formed a sort of tower to the summit of this mountain, a solitary Indian, of appearance and feature so unlike that of all other aborigines of that period, that we shall venture upon giving a personal description. The chieftain—for such he seemed—was formed alike

for strength or activity, of a graceful figure and exquisitely moulded limbs. Although the high cheek bones, as well as the angular mouth and chin, betokened the son of the North American forest, yet there was in his face nothing of the eager, and yet suspicious expression, indicative of low cunning, or, at best, of the exercise only of those mental qualities that more readily act in obedience to the passions, which most historians have supposed to belong to that race of men; but the face bore more of the marks of intellect, forecast, and a firm, immoveable purpose, than of the characteristics commonly attributed to savages. This was strongly indicated not only by the breadth and height of the forehead, which was always observed by the English whenever he appeared at their courts or assemblies—but also by the full, dark eye, that was on ordinary occasions steady in its glance as the eagle's whose plumage he wore, but which now flashed fiercely, as if kindling with the recollection of some deep-seated wrong, and which gave to a face otherwise of a majestic and kingly beauty, a painful and agitated expression. Never was that peculiar formation of the head, and that proud moulding of the features which are supposed to be the marks of pure blood and high lineage, more faithfully delineated; nor was it possible that the human countenance should express a greater variety of endowments. He seemed formed alike for thought or action—a stern lawgiver or a swift avenger—but in either capacity a king.

The dress of this elegant savage was in perfect keeping with his appearance and bearing. He wore a light coat of beaver-skin, decorated with blue and white beads, curiously wrought into a great variety of ornaments; buskins of deer-skin, covered with small sea-shells; while a narrow band or belt of wampum, passing around the head, the

ends of which extended down the neck, and met at the shoulders, and which was surmounted at the forehead by the plumes of the gray-eagle, completed his attire. In his right hand he held a large English musket, upon which he leaned idly, as he cast his eye hurriedly over the broad expanse of land and water that lay at his feet. It was his ancestral domain, the country that had known no other sway beyond that of the long line of sachems whose unwritten history dated as far back as the earliest annals of tradition, hundreds of years before the foot of the European had pressed its sod, or the arm of labour had tamed its luxuriant wilds. Nor had civilization yet made any considerable inroads upon its solitudes. Not a white sail was visible in the bay, now called the Bay of Providence, and Mount Hope bay bore upon its bosom many a light canoe, flitting gayly across the waves, freighted with dusky forms. Unbroken woods, their shades now deepening with the approach of evening, covered every hill and valley; and the slender columns of smoke that rose here and there above the trees, ascended only from the wigwam or council-fire of the Wampanoags.

Whatever might have been the nature of his thoughts, the chief was soon interrupted by the approach of two visitors. Just emerging from the shade of a wild grape-vine of immense size, that stood at an angle of the steep and winding pathway, and rolled its black coils like the folds of an enormous serpent around the trunk and branches of a linden-tree, appeared a beautiful young Indian woman, leading by the hand a slightly-formed, dark-eyed boy, of about ten years of age. Nothing could surpass the perfect grace and ease with which this lovely female apparition glided along the tangled and difficult path; now turning to speak a word of encouragement to the child, now removing