

*Massasoit*

GEN  
INFO  
FILE

When the *Mayflower* sailed into a sheltered harbor across Cape Cod Bay, the Pilgrims didn't know what to expect from the natives of the new land. They had heard various reports from the explorers and traders who had been plying the New England coast for twenty years. Some said the Indians, although terrifying to behold (their bodies oiled and painted, their language unknown), were gentle people who welcomed strangers. But others told stories of sudden ambush and murder.

Glad to be on shore where they could tend their sick, the Pilgrims built shelters against the approaching winter. For the next few months, the Pilgrims knew they were being watched from the dark forests surrounding Plimoth Plantation. But it was not until spring that the first Indian appeared, a smiling man who held up his hand in a gesture of friendship and said, "Welcome, English." He offered to act as an intermediary between the newcomers and the Wampunog Indian chief. It was not long before the chief himself paid a formal visit, accompanied by several tall and forbidding young men, their bodies painted in bright colors.

Sachem Massasoit was "a very lustie man, in his best yeares, an able body, grave of countenance, and spare of speech." He sat down with the Pilgrim leaders, and together they drew up a simple treaty assuring peace and mutual respect. Massasoit promised to send some men to teach the Pilgrims how to farm the rocky soil. They smoked tobacco, shook hands, and parted friends. But the pact was still tenuous: The Pilgrims had muskets, weapons of quick destruction, and Massasoit's men were able to move with stealth through the familiar woods around Plimoth.

If Edward Winslow (later governor of Plimoth) had not "cured" Massasoit of blindness, the colony might have foundered. Winslow was summoned one day by a breathless messenger from Sowams, Massasoit's village, to come and help the ailing chief. Whatever Winslow gave Massasoit—some sticky substance on the tip of a teaspoon—the chief suddenly revived, and to the astonishment of all who were tending him, recovered his sight. From then on, their friendship was firm. In the fall, Massasoit and some members of his tribe, painted and dressed in decorated skin caps, went to Plimoth to celebrate the harvest, an event known as the First Thanksgiving.

Fifty years later, the situation had changed. Massasoit died an old man in 1661, and his son and successor, Metacom, or King Philip, as the English called him, assumed a defiant power over a territory that was rapidly becoming more English than Indian. Settlers' houses cut into Indian hunting grounds; English law exerted control over Indian miscreants, including sachems; and English customs took precedence over Indian ways. Puritan John Eliot of Boston, who was instrumental in setting up communities of Indians converted to the Puritan faith (called Praying Towns), initiated laws that fined Indians for having long hair and going about with bare breasts. In earlier times, King

# CHIEF MASSASOIT'S ROYAL FAMILY

by Stephanie Ocko

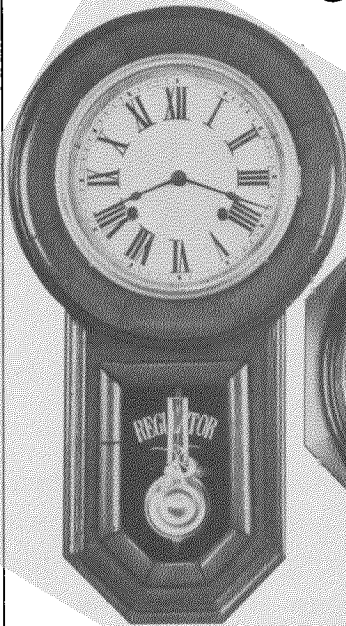
*Mayflower* descendants remember their ancestors, but it is not generally known that Chief Massasoit, who welcomed the starving Pilgrim settlers to the new land, also left descendants—seven generations of people who did not forget their royal ancestry.

*Statue of Massasoit, Plymouth, Massachusetts*

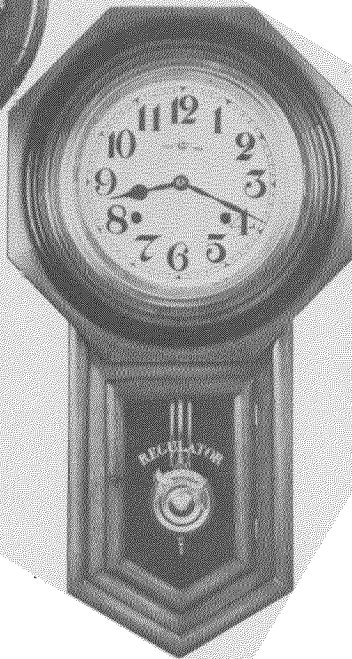
# Four of America's Last Great Antique Buys!

Genuine Circa 1900 Antiques.

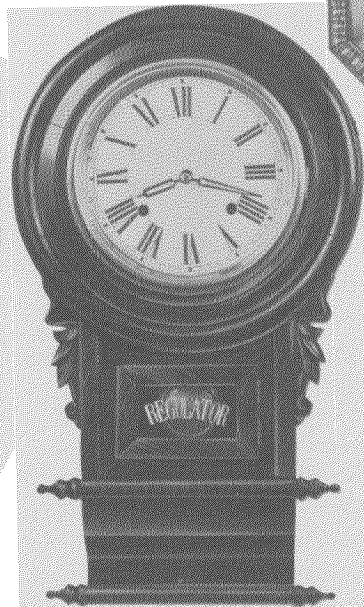
When they're gone,  
they're gone forever.



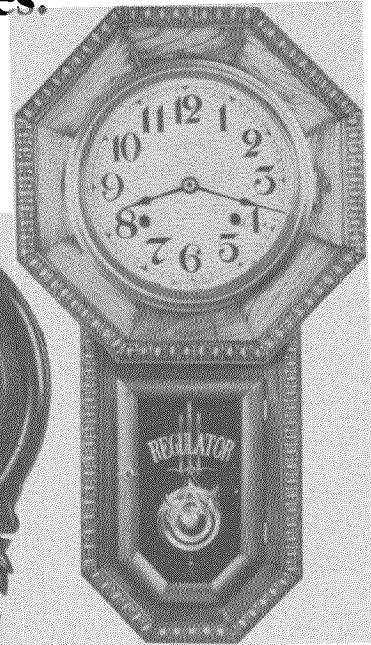
**The Round-Top  
Schoolhouse  
Clock  
(Style 14)**  
\$110.00



**The Ring Octagon  
Schoolhouse Clock  
(Style 13)**  
\$115.00



**The Classic  
Double Scroll Clock  
(Style 15)**  
\$115.00



**The Fancy  
Schoolhouse  
Clock  
(Style 12)**  
\$125.00

We urge you to take heed. These are truly the last of the Great Old Clocks. At our low price, you may never see these values again. Authentic circa 1900 antique school-room clocks, like the kind that once ticked happily away in the front parlours, general stores and one-room schools of America's childhood. Lovingly restored and in 100% running order. Each is unique—yours will be numbered, registered to your family or whomever you designate and accompanied by a handsome Certificate of Age and Ownership (suitable for framing). Order now, to avoid disappointment. When these clocks are gone, they're gone forever.

- Clocks, we believe, will appreciate many times in value in the years to come.
- Certificate of age, authenticity and ownership.
- Fully re-conditioned 8-day keywind movement, brass pendulum, key. Counts each hour in deep, melodic tones.
- Finely polished and carefully restored hardwood case, approx. 22" H, 13" W, 4½" D.
- Sturdily cartoned and shipped to you UPS insured.

## FOR FASTER SERVICE ON CREDIT CARD ORDERS

call (914) 248-7031 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (E.S.T.)

Visit our Showroom, just 1 hour from N.Y.C.



Pony Express System  
2986 Navajo St., Dept. E-320, Yorktown, N.Y. 10598

Gentlemen: Please send me the following clock(s) (state qty.):

- \_\_\_\_\_ The Round-Top Schoolhouse Clock (Style 14) @ \$110.00
  - \_\_\_\_\_ The Ring Octagon Schoolhouse Clock (Style 13) @ \$115.00
  - \_\_\_\_\_ The Classic Double Scroll Regulator (Style 15) @ \$115.00
  - \_\_\_\_\_ The Fancy Schoolhouse Clock (Style 12) @ \$125.00
- (add \$6.00 for each insured delivery.)

If these clocks are to be Gift orders, please attach a separate sheet of paper stating the name the clock is to be registered to, and name and address for shipment. We will enclose a gift card at your request. On multiple orders, be sure to specify who gets which clock.

My check is enclosed for \$\_\_\_\_\_ (N.Y. State residents add 5% tax.)

I prefer to charge my (check one)

☐ American Express ☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge

Account No. \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Mr./Ms. \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Philip said, Massasoit "was as a great Man and the English as a littell Child;" but now, he said, he "had no Hopes left to kepe ani Land."

Of the four children Massasoit had left behind to carry on the leadership of his tribe, two survived: King Philip, to whom the only solution was war against the English; and Amie, who was married to Philip's devoted warrior, Tuspaquin. The war that began in June, 1675, was to leave the Wampanoags defeated and diminished and the English economic resources severely depleted. It was a year of bloody and sporadic fighting: Philip's five hundred warriors burned villages, killed the inhabitants, and slaughtered horses and cattle. English militiamen fired muskets and cannon at bands of Indian guerrillas, and often captured women and children to be held as ransom for the warriors' surrender, or to be sold as slaves in the West Indies.

In June, 1676, King Philip's wife and eight-year-old son were sold into slavery; in August, King Philip was ambushed and shot, his body dismembered, and his head carried on a pole through the town of Plimoth. In September, Amie was captured and held in Plimoth for Tuspaquin to come and rescue. Tuspaquin, who claimed to be invulnerable to English bullets, went to Plimoth to redeem her. He was shot, and Amie was sold as a slave. At this point, Massasoit and his family drop from the history books. But was it the last of the royal family?

Dr. Maurine Robbins, Massachusetts State Archeologist who has dug for twenty summers at an ancient (2000 B.C.) Indian burial site on the shores of Lake Assawompsett in Lakeville, Massachusetts, about twenty miles south of Plimoth, heard stories of three colorful ladies, a mother and two daughters, who lived until 1928 at a place called Betty's Neck on the sandy, pine-filled shores of the lake. They claimed to be Massasoit's sixth-and seventh-generation descendants.

Curious, Dr. Robbins researched the local land deeds and found that Amie and her husband Tuspaquin had once owned extensive acreage around the lake. In the early 1670s they sold some acres to English settlers, and then, mysteriously, a couple of years before King Philip's War, transferred ownership of Betty's Neck to some Praying Indians. Exactly why Amie and Tuspaquin, pledged to fight with Philip, would give land to Praying Indians, whom they considered turncoats, puzzled Dr. Robbins. He theorized that the proximity of the dates of land transfer to the start of the war indicated that it was a calculated risk: If the Indians won the impending war, they would retake the land from the Praying Indians; if the English won, the land would at least remain in Indian hands, because colonists respected land ownership of converted Indians. And if the land were given to the woman called Betty (whence Betty's Neck) with the proviso that she protect Amie's young son Benjamin, Dr. Robbins believes, at least one member of the family would be spared the death and slavery that awaited his parents.

For so it happened. Benjamin grew up under Betty's



Entertaining Passages

Relating to

# Philip's WAR

WHICH

Began in the Month of June, 1675.

AS ALSO OF

## EXPEDITIONS

More lately made

Against the Common Enemy, and Indian Rebels,  
in the Eastern Parts of New-England:

WITH

Some Account of the Divine Providence

TOWARDS

### Benj. Church Esqr;

By T. C.

BOSTON: Printed by B. Green, in the Year, 1716.



*"Benj. Church Esq." filled a number of political offices in Duxbury and Plymouth before he chronicled "the repeated favours of God to myself and those with me in the service," a personal account of his exploits in King Philip's War. Left, the title page of the first edition, published in 1675. Above, Death of Philip.*

care, and married. His son, in turn, married Betty's daughter, and in 1696 when Betty died, Massasoit's great-grandson inherited part of what was once Massasoit's domain. Unknown to most, Massasoit's heirs continued to live on a few acres of good hunting and fishing land called Betty's Neck, not far from the site of their ancestor's peace treaty with the Pilgrims.

If the colonial settlers knew about the family, they hardly considered them a political threat. The defeat of the Wampanoags after King Philip's War was so great—only 400 remained out of an estimated 1500 to 2000—that there was nothing resembling a cohesive tribe. Those who did not join Praying Towns drifted off to join neighboring tribes. Many intermarried with non-Indians because assimilation was encouraged by the local government. A missionary teacher reported in 1794 that the "mixed-bloods" he taught were "more civilized than any other Indians in the Commonwealth."

But although Massasoit's descendants refused to inter-marry, they made concessions to the times. Amie's son Benjamin was, like his father, a warrior. Unlike his father, in the late 1600s, he fought with the English in wars against other Indians. In one battle, part of his jaw was blown off. His three daughters, given the English names Hannah, Esther, and Mary, married Praying Indians and taught at a nearby "Indian College," established by missionaries as a church and school. He died in his nineties, "suddenly, while sitting

in his wigwam," and in a manner characteristic of his people, "after having complained of feeling faint."

After Benjamin, the head of the family was the oldest or most capable woman. Squaw sachems were not unusual in Massasoit's time, but in the 1700s, they became a necessity. None of the women "went out to service," and many were teachers. To preserve their identity, the family took the name Squinn, a corruption of Tuspaquin, and women used it rather than the name of their father or husband.

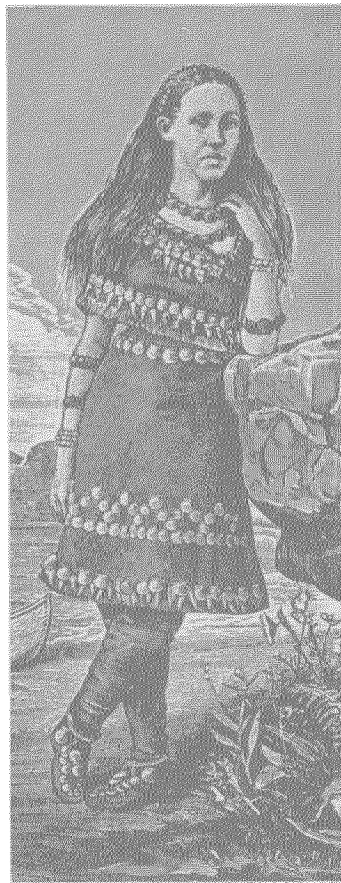
Lydia Squinn, whose life spanned the years of the Revolutionary War, raised a fatherless five children at Betty's Neck after her husband, a sailor, was lost at sea. An unusual woman—as a young girl, she had single-handedly shot a bear as it tried to steal a squealing pig from the barnyard one midnight—she had the strength necessary to keep her family together as her cousins and sons enlisted in the war. Schooled before most non-Indian women were admitted to public school, Lydia became "the chief amanuensis" of her people. She also excelled as a healer, an art formerly reserved for men, and acted as the doctor until one day, when she was in her seventies, she slipped and fell into Lake Assawompsett as she was gathering herbs and berries for her medicines.

Thick fogs form around inland lakes and ponds in chill New England weather, and this may explain the series of drownings and narrow escapes that haunted the life of Lydia's daughter Phebe. Although the family





*Zerviah Gould Mitchell (above), sixth generation descendant of Massasoit, as she appears in the frontispiece of her family history. Zerviah's two daughters, Princess Wootenekanuske (center), and Princess Tewelleema (far right).*



members were skilled at handling boats and were not known as bad swimmers, a family story recounted that one of Phebe's daughters, a good swimmer, narrowly escaped death when a hunter mistook her for a wild duck. Another daughter was prevented from visiting the opposite shore of the lake because Indian ghosts shouted at her from the shore to turn back. Whatever mystic fate was attached to water, Phebe, who became the head of the family in 1812, was familiar with drowning. Her first husband, a Revolutionary War veteran who enlisted as a sailor after the war, was lost at sea. Her second husband, also a veteran, drowned in a local pond while hunting. Of her two sons, one was lost at sea, and the other, after serving aboard the U.S.S. *Macedonia*, drowned in Lake Assawompsett.

Phebe's daughters left Betty's Neck and went away to the city, not only to nearby Boston, but to Philadelphia and New Orleans, to teach and to marry. The last of Massasoit's descendants were women, Phebe's daughter Zerviah Gould Mitchell and her two daughters, unmarried schoolteachers. In the late 1870s, when the first histories of the Pilgrims and of King Philip's War were being written, Zerviah, who had raised eleven children, was grieved to see that her royal ancestor, Massasoit, was all but forgotten. If many of her neighbors were proud of geneologies traced back to the *Mayflower* settlers, Zerviah was prouder of her Indian ancestry. In 1879 she wrote a history of King Philip's War and a compilation of the oral history of her

family. A year later, she and her daughters, then in their seventies and fifties, moved back to Betty's Neck. They built a house, planted the fields, and wove baskets which they sold by the dozens in Boston. Her daughters became Princess Wootenekanuske and Princess Teweleeema.

Writers and artists at the turn of this century found the ladies evocative of a romantic past. Popular and prolific writer Hezekiah Butterworth, who was a frequent visitor, engaged Boston artist Walter Gilman Page to paint Zerviah's portrait. The first time Page traveled to Betty's Neck, he disgruntledly took the trolley. The second time, he arrived by canoe. "What could be more charming," Page wrote, "than this quiet spot in the midst of natural surroundings, listening to the tales of bygone days when Puritan and Wampanoag struggled for supremacy?"

The last princess died in 1931. Today, the houses have fallen and the woods have grown over the fields at Betty's Neck. In 1976, at the recommendation of State Archeologist Robbins, the family burial ground, called the Royal Wampanoag Cemetery, was named a National Historic Indian Site. Of its twenty-two graves, only the names of Lydia Squinn and two of her children are dimly visible on the single remaining stone. They rest under a thick layer of pine needles on a windswept hill, the last of the family of Chief Massasoit, without whose help the Pilgrims might not have survived.





# *“this cordial julep”*

*by Brian McGinty*

**N**either silver nor mint, sugar nor whiskey, are exclusively, or even peculiarly, American products, but the combination of mellow bourbon, sugar, and sprigs of fresh mint served in a silver cup is as distinctively American a drink as any known to the history of liquid refreshment. Mint is an aromatic herb which grows without particular attention in most parts of the United States. Long before the first Kentucky colonel settled in a rosewood rocker on the edge of a shaded veranda, a frosted cup held gratefully in his hands, the name julep was known to Milton, Steele, and Pepys. But the wedding of mint and julep—a wedding so secure that the words are today virtually inseparable—was one of the most felicitous expressions of American invention, an original, altogether inspired contribution to the ancient and gentle art of civilized refreshment.

In the days when the august presence of Henry Clay dominated American politics, when quadrilles and cotillions were the rage in ballrooms from Beacon Hill to

the marshlands of tidewater Georgia, when oil lamps lighted humble homes and stately mansions from the Hudson River to the Alleghenies, tavern keepers typically devoted thirty minutes to the proper mixing of each mint julep. The hectic pace of 20th-century life makes such leisurely preparation impractical, if not unthinkable, today, but a more hurried version of the libation still survives in many barrooms and restaurants. On Kentucky Derby Day in Louisville, when tens of thousands of cheering turf enthusiasts raise chilled julep glasses to their lips (glasses and juleps provided by the management of Churchill Downs), there is no doubt that the potation is alive and still very well.

Like many American traditions, the mint julep borrowed from Old World models, added uniquely New World refinements, and resulted in a product that bore little resemblance to its forebears.

The name julep is known to derive from the Arabic *julab* and the Persian *gulab*, both meaning rosewater. It originally signified any sweet drink—often a liquid