

CHAPTER VII.

Plymouth, Massachusetts.—Plymouth Beach.—Marine Shells.—Quicksand.—Names of Pilgrim Fathers.—Forefathers' Day.—Pilgrim Relics.—Their Authenticity considered.—Decoy Pond.—A Barn Traveling.—Excursion to Salem.—Museum.—Warrants for Execution of Witches.—Causes of the Persecution.—Conversation with Colored Abolitionists.—Comparative Capacity of White and Negro Races.—Half Breeds and Hybrid Intellectuals.

Oct. 15, 1845.—AFTER spending a day in Boston, we set out by stage for Plymouth, Massachusetts, thirty-eight miles in a southwest direction, for I wished to see the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers landed, and where the first colony was founded in New England. In the suburbs of Boston we went through some fine streets called the South Cove, the houses built on piles, where I had seen a marsh only three years ago. It was a bright day, and, as we skirted the noble bay, the deep blue sea was seen enlivened with the white sails of vessels laden with granite from the quarries of Quincy, a village through which we soon afterward passed.

When we had journeyed eighteen miles into the country I was told we were in Adams-street, and afterward, when in a winding lane with trees on each side, and without a house in sight, that we were in Washington-street. But nothing could surprise me again after having been told one day in New Hampshire, when seated on a rock in the midst of the wild woods, far from any dwelling, that I was in the exact center of the town.

“God made the country, and man made the town,”

sang the poet Cowper: and I can well imagine how the village pupils must be puzzled until the meaning of this verse has been expounded to them by the schoolmaster.

On the whole, the scenery of the low granitic region bordering the Atlantic in New England preserves a uniform character over a wide space, and is without striking features; yet occasionally the landscape is most agreeable. At one time we skirted a