

servile, to fetch her againe. The old Sachem, Papafiquineo, having this message returned, was enraged to think that his young son in law did not esteeme him at a higher rate than to capitulate with him about the matter, and returne[d] him this sharpe reply; that his daughters bloud and birth deserved more respect than to be so slighted; and, therefore, if he would have her company, hee were best to fend or come for her.

The younge Sachem, not willing to under value himselfe and being a man of a stout spirit, did not stick to say that hee should either fend her by his owne Convey, or keepe her; for hee was determined not to stoop so lowe.

So much these two Sachems stood upon tearmes of reputation with each other, the one would not fend her, and the other would not fend for her, least it should be any diminishing of honor on his part that should seeme to comply, that the Lady (when I came out of the Country) remained still with her father; which is a thinge worth the noting, that Salvage people should seeke to maintaine their reputation so much as they doe.\*

*Of their trafficke and trade one with another.*

ALTHOUGH these people have not the use of navigation, whereby they may trafficke as other nations, that are civilized, use to doe, yet doe they barter for such commodities as they have, and have a kinde of beads insteede of money, to buy withall such things as they want, which they call Wampampeak: and it is of two sorts, the one is white, the other is of a violet colour. These are made of the shells of fishe. The white with them is as silver with us; the other as our gould: and for these beads they buy and sell, not onely amongst themselves, but even with us.

We have used to sell them any of our commodities for this Wampampeak, because we know we can have beaver againe of them for it: and these beads are currant in all the parts of New England, from one end of the Coast to the other.

And although some have indeavourd by example to have the like made of the same kinde of shels, yet none hath ever, as yet, attained to any perfection in the compofure of them,

\* This incident is the subject of Whittier's poem, *The Bridal of Pennacook*; but Adams—see his note in the *New English Canaan*, p. 155—doubts its authenticity.—*Editor.*