**Walking Tour of Historic Pawtuxet Village**

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These are only some of the scripts available for the Walking Tour of Historic Pawtuxet Village, and many in here are duplicates portrayed in several years. The general concept is to have area students learn to portray what life was like within Pawtuxet in the 19th century.

While most characters are based on actual residents of a small ½ mile area of Pawtuxet Village between the years 1780-1900, there may be much overlap in actual times so as to make a comprehensive presentation.

So, too, the student actors are not professionals, and shorter lines should be used for younger students.

These scripts are only some of the ones we remember. I have also seen popular portrayals of Grave diggers and wailing widows at the graveyard, presentations of the girls finishing school at the Bank Café, and at Ephraim Bowens Still House. A longer walk can include the Rhodes House at the beginning of the Village on Post Road.

**Fishermen *(Nicholas and Samuel Green, and William)***

**Samuel** - Good day. What a fine day it is to go fishing! We have caught many eel this week and have made many good deals, have we not Nicholas?

**Nicholas** - Indeed! We have caught many Buckeye as well. Pardon me, my name is Nicholas Green. This is my brother, Samuel.

**William** - 'Tis a fine catch indeed! I don't like to brag but not only do I fish for crab but I am also a clam digger. I once dug 348 bushels of clams in 30 days.

**Nicholas** - That's nothing! My brother and I dig almost 25 bushels in one day. *(move to crowd and whisper)* Actually, it was 7 days but he doesn't know that!

**Samuel** - We should not argue men! William, do you want to make a deal? I will trade you 5 fine eels for 12 of your clams.

**William** - Fair enough. I will fetch them.

**Nicholas** - What about me?

**Samuel** *-(to William)* We will give you one eel for another clam.

**William** - Fine.

**Samuel** *-(to Nicholas)* Here, take your eel.

We must be on our way. The cook at the Carder Tavern is making her fine chowder today. I know they will buy at least a bushel of clams from us.

**William** - Very well. I must be off also. See you at the docks.

**Eelers *(Henry, Jeremiah, and Rebecca)***

**Henry** - Good day to you.

**Jeremiah** - *(eel wiggling on spear)* Well, that makes 22 Henry!

**Henry** - We catch 25-30 eels an hour down here at Fiddlers Cove. We often use woven reed traps to catch them, but Jeremiah caught this one with his eel spear.

**Jeremiah** - Come winter I have to use an ax to crack a hole in the ice. I take my eel spear and probe deep down into the dark heavy mud until I pull up an eel. They often wiggle and squirm up my arms. I end up with slime up to my shoulders!

**Henry** - We clean them up a bit and sell them to the good folk who live in the Village. They taste mighty fine pitch cocked over the fire, skewered right through their length.

**Rebecca** - Beg your pardon paling men. There is a much tastier way to prepare eel than this. *(turns to crowd)* I am Rebecca and I cook up at the Carder Tavern. I have come to the Cove today to see these paling men so that I might buy some fresh eel to serve for dinner. We often make a stifle, which is potatoes, onions and flour layered with eel in a pot. Salt pork or pork fat is added on top and then covered with water and baked over the fire till the eel is firm but tender. Today though, I have decided to make an eel stew with biscuits.

**Henry** - Sounds like a feast to me!

**Rebecca** - I happen to have my favorite eel stew recipe with me. Let me share it with you. *(hand out recipe, to crowd)*

**Jeremiah** - *(continues to dig)* As well as eels,this deepwater cove is rich in cod, mussels, clams, oysters, crab.......

**Henry** - You better save your breath Jeremiah. It would take a fortnight to list all the creatures we catch in this cove.

**Jeremiah** - Henry! I think I've got another!

**Henry** - That makes 23 Jeremiah! I must take my leave to help my partner with the harvest. (*to crowd)* Good day to you!

**Native Americans *(3 different scripts of different levels)***

**Native Americans *Script #1***

**Mary** - Good day. I am Mary and this is Abigail.

**Abigail** - We are Narragansetts living in Pawtuxet in this year 1757. Many in my family have been captured and sold into servitude.

**Mary** - Every day we are put to work, laboring for our masters.

**Abigail** - Over time the colonists have forced us to take on their ways. We have adopted their dress so as not to stand out. I hope that someday I can be free to live in my own way.

**Mary** - For now, we must return to our chores and hope for better times to come.

**Native Americans *Script #2***

**Natalie** - What Cheer, Netop. In the language of the white man this means "Welcome Friends”. We are part of the Narragansett Tribe.

**Ellen** - Our tribe used to be a population of 7000 Narragansetts who thrived on the southern end of the bay.

**Natalie** - Ever since the King Philip War in 1657 our population has decreased by 20%.

**Ellen** - King Philip brooded over the injustices of the white men settling on Indian land and organized several tribes to help him drive out the colonists.

**Natalie** - I miss the time when we had the land to ourselves.

**Ellen** - The white men take more than they need.

**Natalie** - Yes, this is true. *(both look down)*

**Native Americans *Script #3***

**Native American # 1:** What Cheer, Netop. In the language of the white man this means "Welcome Friends". We are Pawtuxet Indians, part of the Narragansett Tribe.

When the colonist first settled in Warwick, then known as Shawomet, our relations were good, there was much respect between the colonists leader Roger Williams and our chief sachem Miantonomi - he believed there was enough land around the Bay for both our people and the new settlers.

**Native American # 2:** The Narragansett tribe had a population of over 7000 and thrived on the southern end of the bay. Our hunting ground extended west to the Connecticut border and beyond. When the colonists first arrived, we continued to hunt, fish, and plant our corn fields. We even taught the settlers how to fertilize the soil in their garden with seaweed and fish.

**Native American #3:** This Bay furnished our people with a rich diet of fish, waterfowl for eating and feather decoration, and also wampum. Wampum *(show example),* made from quahog shells, was used as a token of peace and a gift of honor among our people. When the colonists arrived the wampum became a legal tender used for trading. The dark shell called Sacki was double the worth of the white shell called: Wompi. It is believed that the largest manufacturer of wampum was centered in Warwick.

**Native American # 1:** The peace that existed between our people and the early settlers did not last. Anger grew toward the injustices of the white men who began settling on the Indian land without agreement or purchase. Chief Sachem of the Wampanoag tribe, King Phillip, believed that war was the only way to save our land.

**Native American #2:** When the fighting was finally over, 2000 colonists had been killed and many of their settlements were wiped out .... but our loss was great ...over 6000 our people were killed, wounded, or sold into slavery, and much of our land was gone.

**Native American # 3:** Yes, and soon we must abandon our native clothing and wear garments of these colonists. Our lives are very changed indeed. It is time for you to learn more about our village and we must return to our labors. Fare thee well!

**Script for Henry Johnson--*The Year: 1873***

How do thee. My name is Henry Johnson and, as you can see from my soiled apron and my soiled appearance, I'm a blacksmith by trade. I'm 41 years old and I first got into this line of work when I was 16 when I apprenticed for a blacksmith across Narragansett Bay in Warren. That was in 1848

I can't say that I enjoyed those eight years as an apprentice. I had to work from dawn to dusk, seven days a week. And you may not know it, but apprentices don't get paid and they still don't get paid today. I should tell you, though, the blacksmith I worked for supported me at the tavern by keeping my beer mug full.

But I did learn a trade. You start by cleaning the forge, starting the fire, keeping it at the proper heat. Of course, there's no end to shoveling soft coal and charcoal that we'd buy from the coal mongers. After a while, you get to make things - first, the easy stuff, hooks, fire pokers, tongs and eventually, more intricate items like carriage wheels.

I should also tell you - apprentices get free room and board and, once a year, a set of clothes. It's also where I got some of my schooling - arithmetic, keeping books, that sort of thing.

Once I hit my 20s, I was ready to strike out on my own. It took me more than 10 years to save enough currency to start my own shop, which is just down Post Road near the bridge next to the Pawtuxet River.

I like having my own shop. It's supporting me and my wife, Hannah, well. But it's not easy. I am paying $80 a year just to rent the land. And when you consider that I charge to make things that's a lot of money.

You may not know it, but I've been a member of the Republican Party practically since the day I was born to Freeborne Johnson on a farm in Exeter. You may not know it, but my father fought in the Revolutionary War

Well I'd better get I'm working on these shoes for one of the Rhodes horses -- Back to work.

I'm getting a lot of help from my apprentice here. Bill Aborn, who joined me years ago. He keeps a good fire and he's got a keen eye getting the iron at the right temperature before striking it. That's very important. Of course, that's also why it's so dark in my shop. Can't see how hot your iron is if the sun's beaming in. Right Bill?

**Bill Aborn**

Well we do need to work these shoes for one of Christopher Rhodes’ horses down the road

In case you're interested, I have a few hobbies and interests, too:

To this day, one of the most exciting moments of my life was taking horse drawn omnibus up to the Providence/train station to see off first Rhode Island troops who went to Washington to help President Lincoln to fight the Confederates. That was in 1861, soon after the attack on Fort Sumter. It still makes me tingle to think that Rhode Island was the first state in the Union to send troops to help keep this country in one piece. It also saddens me to think that of the 23,000 Rhode Islanders who fought in the Civil War, 16,000 never made it back.

I also like to spend a bit of time down at Carder Tavern. That's where I get my best work done for the Warwick School Committee.

I've also got some odd hobbies. Hard to explain, but I've always had an interest in the Pirates who

Fare thee well &

**Henry L. Johnson-Blacksmith**

Good day. My name is Henry Johnson and, as you can see from my soiled apron, I am a blacksmith by trade. I am 41 years old and began this trade at the age of 16 when I apprenticed for a blacksmith across the bay.

I cannot say that I enjoyed those eight years as an apprentice. I worked from dawn to dusk, seven days a week. I was not paid for this service though the blacksmith I worked for supported me at the tavern by keeping my tankard full. I did receive free room and board and, once a year, a set of clothing.

I did learn a useful trade and learned it well. It starts with cleaning the forge, starting the fire and keeping it at the proper heat. Of course there is no end to shoveling soft coal and charcoal which we purchase from the coal mongers. As an apprentice I began making simple objects such as hooks, fire pokers and tongs. Eventually I moved on to more intricate items such as carriage wheels.

As I grew into my 20's I was ready to strike out on my own. It took me more than 10 years to save enough currency to start my own shop which is located just down Post Rd. alongside the Pawtuxet River. I must pay $80 a year to rent the land.

I do like having my own shop. It supports my wife, Hannah, and I very well though it is not an easy life. Now I must return to my work. Mr. Christopher Rhodes has some horses that need shoes, so, fare thee well!

**BLACKSMITHS**

H.L. Johnson Home - 131 Post Road

H.L. Johnson -- Thomas Martin –- James Lawton

**Henry**: Remember, hold the links still while you hit them.

**Thomas**: Yes Sir.

**Henry**: Oh, Good day! Welcome to my home. My name is Henry Johnson. I am a Ferrier and my Blacksmith shop is just down Main Street. I mostly call myself a Ferrier but you may be more familiar with the title of Blacksmith. I live here with my wife Hannah who cares for our 4 children.

**Thomas**: How is this, Sir?

**Henry** That is fine. This is my apprentice, Thomas Martin.

**Thomas**: Good day. I am Mr. Johnson's apprentice. I work from dawn to dusk with Mr. Johnson, and I also get my room and board from the Johnson family. My tasks include cleaning the forge, starting the fire, and keeping it at the correct temperature by shoveling soft coal and charcoal into the fire. Sir, here comes Mr. Lawton.

**James**: Good day, Gentlemen. I have spent the entire morning cutting trees and now the head of my axe has broken off! Can you repair it today so that I may finish this chore?

**Henry**: Lets have a look at that. I think I can have that for you by this afternoon.

**James**: Ah, Thank you! I frequent Mr. Johnsons shop quite often. As well as repairing my farming tools Mr. Johnson makes the shoes for my horses and does a fine job.

**Henry**: Thank you, Mr. Lawton.

**Thomas**: We repair many iron objects such as pot hooks and fireplace racks.

**James**: Also, could you use your tongs on my back tooth here? It has pained me for days!

**Henry**: Because of my tools I am often called upon to pull out bad teeth! Excuse me.

**Thomas** Ugh! Good day to you!

**Jonathan** - Excuse me Mr. Johnson, it looks as if you have customer.

**Henry** - Thank you, Jonathon. Good day, my name is Mr. Henry L. Johnson, and this is my apprentice, Jonathon Newcom.

**Jonathan** - Good day.

**Nathan** – I am Mr. Nathan Absolom, the postrider. I am in dire need of a blacksmith to repair my wagon wheel. My horse was spooked, ran over a rock, and caused my wagon wheel to snap.

**Henry** - Please do not call us "blacksmith. We prefer to be called metalmen or ironsmiths.

**Henry** - I get a lot of calls for broken wagon wheels at my shop down near the river.

**Nathan** - Oh yes, this is Dr. Charles Arnold. He is the local veterinary surgeon and was kind enough to check over my horse.

**Charles** – Actually I board on the top floor of this fine house, Mr. Absolom. And your horse's legs are cut up from the brush but I gave her some herbs and wrapped them. Just give her plenty of food but make she you don't over water her or she'll get very sick.

**Nathan** - Thank you. You and Mr. Johnson have been very kind. How do I ever repay you?

**Henry** - you may barter with us, or we can write you a bill. Let us all discuss payment over a fine lunch.

**Charles** - Yes, let’s

**All** - fair thee well!

Script for 3 people rev March 2010

H. L. Johnson: Mr. Marcaccio Thomas Martin: Spencer Lawson Mrs. James Lawton: Madison Stanley

H.L. Johnson Home

131 Post Road

**Henry**: Remember; hold the links still while you hit them.

**Thomas**: Yes, sir.

**Henry**: Oh, Good day! Welcome to my home. My name is Henry Johnson. I am a Ferrier and my shop is just down Main Street. I mostly call myself a Ferrier but you may be more familiar with the title of blacksmith. I live here with my wife Hannah who cares for our four children.

**Thomas** - *(holding chain up)* How is this sir?

**Henry**: That is fine*. (place hand on boys back)* This is my apprentice, Thomas Martin.

**Thomas**: Good day. I am Mr. Johnson's apprentice. I work from dawn to dusk with Mr. Johnson. My daily tasks include cleaning the forge, starting the fire and keeping it at the correct temperature by shoveling soft coal and charcoal into the fire. I am not paid for this task but I get my room and board here at the Johnson family home.

**Henry**: Ahh young lad, there is no question that the life of an apprentice is hard. But you will learn much from me as I did as a 16-year-old apprentice when I worked for a blacksmith across the Bay. A blacksmith has much to do including making shoes for horses and repairing many iron objects such as pot hooks and fireplace racks.

Thomas: That is true sir, our handles are never idle. Sir, I see Mrs. James Lawton coming up the walk.

Mrs. Lawton: Good day, Gentlemen: My dear husband James has spent the entire morning cutting trees and has broken the handle off his only axe. Can you repair it today so that he may finish his work?

**Henry**: Let us have a look. *(nods head)* I think that we can have it repaired before the sun goes down.

**Mrs. Lawton**: Thank you! My husband will return before our evening meal to pick it up. Perhaps you could have a look at his aching tooth while he is here.

**Henry**: I will come with you and see to your husband now while Thomas works on the repair.

**Mrs. Lawton**: That will be fine, thank you. *(walk off together)*

**Thomas**: Because of his tools, Mr. Johnson is often called upon to pull out bad teeth. I am not sure I am looking forward to that part of the job. *(shudders).* I must get to work on this repair. Fare the well!

**BLACKSMITHS**

H.L. Johnson –

Thomas Martin -

James Lawton -

**Henry**: Remember, hold the links still while you hit them.

**Thomas**: Yes Sir.

**Henry**: Oh, Good day! Welcome to my home. My name is Henry Johnson. I am a Ferrier and my Blacksmith shop is just down Main Street. I mostly call myself a Ferrier but you may be more familiar with the title of Blacksmith. I live here with my wife Hannah who cares for our 4 children.

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**Henry**: Because of my tools I am often called upon to pull out bad teeth! Excuse me.

**Thomas** Ugh! Good day to you! Fare thee well!

**Fishermen**

**Sam** - Good day. What a fine day it is to go fishing! We have caught many eel this week and have made many good deals, have we not Nicholas?

**Nicholas** - Indeed! We have caught many Buckeye as well. Pardon me, my name is Nicholas Green. This is my brother, Samuel.

**William** - 'Tis a fine catch indeed! I don't like to brag but not only do I fish for crab but I am also a clam digger. I once dug 348 bushels of clams in 30 days.

**Nicholas** - That's nothing! My brother and I dig almost 25 bushels in one day. ( move to crowd and whisper) Actually, it was 7 days but he doesn't know that!

**Samuel** - We should not argue men! William, do you want to make a deal? I will trade you 5 fine eels for 12 of your clams.

**William** - Fair enough. I will fetch them.

**Nicholas** - What about me?

**Samuel** *- (to William)* We will give you one eel for another clam.

**William** - Fine.

**Samuel** -(to Nicholas) Here, take your eel. We must by on our way. The cook at the Carder Tavern is making her fine chowder today. I know they will buy at least a bushel of clams from us.

**William** - Very well. I must be off also. See you at the docks.

**FISHERMEN**

**Dillon**: Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't notice you were here!

**William**: My name is William. I became a fisherman and a clammer when my horse came up lame last year. I had relied on my wagon to make deliveries of produce from Christopher Chase's farm. I have been following the shore for the past two years as I have not yet found employment elsewhere.

**Dillon**: This deep water cove is rich with eels, lobster, as well as clams, so our labors are well rewarded. William and I have been digging and hauling clams here all day. When the tide is low, we have been known to collect as many as 2000 lobsters over a week's time.

**William**: In fact, the tide is going out and we had better head out to the mudflats for our day's harvest!

**Captain Benjamin Smith**

Welcome everyone; welcome to Pawtuxet Village... the oldest village in the state and one of the oldest villages in New England. Pawtuxet is an Indian name for “Little Falls".

Pawtuxet Village dates back to when Roger Williams received his grant of land from the Indians in 1636. At that time, the Sononoce Indian tribe, part of the Narragansett Nation, lived on the banks of the Pawtuxet River and used to use Pawtuxet Neck as their feasting ground

Then almost a hundred years ago during Phillip's War ...the Indians raided our village. In 1676, twelve houses and almost every barn in Warwick, Pawtuxet and Providence was burned and some of us here in Pawtuxet died. All our cattle were killed and the rest of us sought protection up in the stockade in Providence Colony. There was hardly a house standing between Stonington, Connecticut and Providence... the Indians had burned them all.

**Captain Benjamin Smith** *(to be split or shortened)*

And welcome to the shipyard. My name is Captain Benjamin Smith and my shipyard runs all the way from here down past the present Pettis boatyard. This is a good place for a shipyard because we can float the logs down the river right up to our sawmill, which is just beyond the bridge on the south side (or Warwick side) of the river.

We can launch the ships and keep them here at Fiddler's Rest until they're fitted out with spars and rigging and cannon.

And we make our own rigging just up the Road at the ropewalk.

Here's the harbor...I think you call it Pawtuxet Cove now...

In 1772, we call it Fiddler's Rest and it's a deep-water harbor and considered the most protected in the colony.

There are quite a few private ship owners here in Pawtuxet Village, and a lot of them got their start in the early 1700's in the "triangular trade". That was when they would transport rum, manufactured goods and grain to South America and the West Indies. They would then trade cargos and return with molasses, sugar, and African slaves. About 200 gallons of rum would purchase an African slave. Sometimes our vessels would sail directly to Africa, but more often they would sail to Barbados and purchase slaves there.

But the really profitable business was in privateering. Now a "privateer" is a merchant ship that is used to go after enemy commerce. When privateering started here in Pawtuxet Village, we were in the King's own service and France was the enemy. You may know that war as the "French and Indian War"

The captain of a privately owned vessel was given a commission by the Governor of the Colony and could then go out to sea and capture enemy merchant vessels.

Yes, in what we call the "old French" war. ten years ago, Captain Abraham Whipple was the most successful privateer in all of Rhode Island. His ship, the *Gamecock*, sailed from this Cove and captured twenty-three French ships twenty-three prizes!!

In those days, the Crown let the captain of a privateer keep nine tenths of the value of a prize. Imagine if you could go out in the morning and capture an oil tanker, and keep 9/10's of the value of it... and then twenty-two more! Why, you'd be rich!

But it's a dangerous business too, why 130 ships from Narragansett Bay were taken or lost at sea during that war!

We use wooden pegs as well as nails for building ships.

Nails are quite valuable since they're made by hand and there is no blacksmith shop here in our Village in 1772.

Did any of you know that the British Navy had the right to come onto anyone's land in England and cut oak trees for the British Navy? Well, ship owners here in Pawtuxet village don't have that privilege, so we make smaller vessels.

Now our vessels are either sloops or brigantines.

Just after the Carder tavern before the cemetery, there's our ropewalk. Do you know what a rope walk is? It is a long wooden ramp; ours is almost a hundred yards long.

Well, the rope is made from hemp fibers that are woven together and then twisted into a long rope using a special machine. Then two men pull the whole thing pulled down a ramp by two men

**James, Martha, and Malachi Rhodes**

**James** - Good day. My name is James Rhodes. I am the co-owner of the Pawtuxet sawmill and gristmill. I own much land and many houses. My wife Martha and I built this house in 1734 and eventually gave half to our grandson Daniel and half to our son Malachi. Malachi has been married twice and had 11 children. Unfortunately, he has only three surviving children today.

**Martha** - Yes, so sad. I am Martha Rhodes. As you can see our house has a two and a half flank gable doorway. The northern portion was added on by Malachi, my son. Here he is now.

**Malachi** - Good day. Meet my son Peleg *(shows newborn-sized doll).* He is but a newborn. Shh, Peleg. I have had 4 children before him, but all of them sadly died. My wife Waite Fenner Rhodes, has struggled through many unsuccessful births. I have high hopes for Peleg. I am praying for a long happy life for him.

**James** - Yes. I would like my grandson to be strong and healthy like his father. By the way Malachi, have you sold your parcel of land?

**Malachi** - Yes father, I sold it for a fair price to Thomas Kininicut, a signalman from Jamestown.

**Martha** - Enough talk of business. Please excuse us as we must take out leave. Enjoy your journey through our village.

**All** - Fare thee well.

**Sylvester Rhodes, James Rhodes, Elizabeth Rhodes, Lydia Rhodes, Malachi Rhodes**

*(James and Lydia practice waltzing together. James messes up by stepping on Lydia's foot. Lydia starts to push James.)*

*(Sylvester is holding Benjamin, Malach)*

**Sylvester--** James, Lydia, stop this nonsense now. You are being disrespectful. I am so sorry for my children's rudeness.

My name is Sylvester Rhodes. I am a proud father of four sometimes lovely children.

**Lydia**-- Good Day. My name is Lydia Rhodes. I turned eight last month. I am so sorry that my mother is not present. She just had my new baby brother, Malachi, named after our great-grandfather.She is inside resting in the keeping room where we keep the sick. Her name is Mary, but some people call her Polly for short.

**James** – Malachi is lucky because many children die at birth.

*(Lydia taps James).*

**James** - Sorry for my rudeness. My name is James Rhodes. I will be turning seven tomorrow.

(*Elizabeth tugs James.)*

**James** - Excuse me, my little sister wants to talk to you.

**Elizabeth** - My name is Elizabeth Rhodes. I am four years old. This is my doll Hannah. I got her from my uncle for my birthday.

**Sylvester** - Good day. I am Sylvester Rhodes and my house here was a wedding present from my father when my wife and I were married in 1770. It was a good thing I was over the age of 21 because only then can a man own property. This is a grand house at a height of two and a half stories. It is three quarter colonial. My grandfather, Malachi Rhodes, originally built this house in 1714.

**Lydia** - Our house has a parlor where I can sew my many simple but beautiful articles of clothing. This room is the largest in the house and has the most recent fixtures because this is where we like to entertain our guests. We have 9 over 9 and 12 over 12 sets of glass windows. Our taxes are high because we are taxed on the amount of glass windows our house has. In this room my father can look out on the landing to see when any thing new is coming in for him to trade.

**Sylvester** - I have a prominent role in this town. I am a sea captain involved in trade, and an original member of the Pawtuxet Rangers. I have been involved in the early Revolutionary War, the early textile industry, the China Trade and many more significant roles in my community. I have worked on the *George Washington,* John Nicholas Brown's boat and I have earned his respect.

**James** - My father does like to brag a little too much sometimes.

**Elizabeth** - Actually, I think he is proud of what he does!

**Lydia** - I agree. After I am done with my share of the cooking and baking I will go down to the landing with James and Elizabeth.

**Elizabeth** - I can't wait until I am able to go to the landing all by myself but Mama says, "More privileges come with more responsibility."

**Sylvester** - Be patient young Elizabeth. Those days will come soon enough.

**ALL**-Fare thee well!

**Carder Tavern**

**Mr. Johnson** *(stagecoach driver)* - Passengers, this is the last stop before Providence. This is the Carder Tavern. The land was purchased from the Indians in 1636, one month before Roger Williams settled Providence. The house was built in 1740 by Malachi Rhodes the Third as his private dwelling but was converted into a tavern by the Carder family in 1760. As you can see it is a spacious post and beam mansion. There are 4 large rooms on each of the first 2 floors. It is warm today but in the colder weather our travelers can warm themselves by of 7 hearths.

**Mrs. Carder**- Gooday Mr. Johnson. I trust you had a pleasant journey from New London.

**Mr. Johnson** - Yes, we made very good time and traveled safely, Though I fear you have some hungry patrons Mrs. Carder!

**Mrs. Carder** - Not to worry, our cook has some fresh eels. She is preparing them now, a most savory eel stew. Her specialty!

**Man1 in tavern** *(to a group of patrons)-* Ladies and gentlemen, we have gathered here today to discuss the ever increasing taxes on our colony!

**Man2** - Yes. It is certainly becoming a very serious situation.

**Man3** - They take our money and give us nothing ín return!

**All**-Hazzah!, hazzah!, hazzah!

**Mrs. Carder-** Kind folks, our brewmaster has some hearty drink to offer. So put your worries aside for a moment and join us in a round of dance!

**Carder Tavern**

**Emma-** Good day and welcome to the Carder Tavern.

**Lizzie-** This tavern dates back to 1740 when it was built by Malachi Rhodes.

**Kara-** Here we serve travelers a hearty meal and give them a comfortable place to rest their weary bones.

**Elizabeth**- Don't forget the ale we get from the stillhouse. It is some of the finest in the colony!

**Emma**- Ah, you are right. It certainly is!

**Taylor**- Alewife, another tankard of ale please.

**Hannah**- We have gathered here today to discuss the ever increasing taxes on our colony.

**Taylor**- Yes it is certainly becoming a very serious situation.

**Kara**- Gentlemen, put your worries aside for today and join with us for a round of dance. *(brief dance)*

**Carder Tavern**

**Mrs Carder-** Ladies and Gentlemen, we have gathered here today to discuss the ever increasing taxes on our colony!

**Cale**- Yes it is certainly becoming a very serious situation. When will they ever give us fair representation. They take our money and give us nothing!

**ALL-** Hazzah!, Hazzah!, Hazzah!

**Mrs Carder-** Kind folks, put your worries aside for now and join us for a round of dance! *(brief dance)*

**James and Malachi Rhodes**

**James-** Good day. My name is James Rhodes. I am the co-owner of the Pawtuxet sawmill and gristmill. I own much land and many houses. My wife Martha and I built this house in 1734 and eventually gave half to our grandson Daniel and half to our son Malachi. Malachi has been married twice and had 11 children. Unfortunately, he has only three surviving children today.

**Martha** - Yes, so sad. I am Martha Rhodes. As you can see our house has a two and a half flank gable doorway. The northern portion was added on by Malachi, my son. Here he is now.

**Malachi** – *(holding newborn doll)* Good day. Meet my son Peleg. He is but a newborn. Shh, Peleg. I have had 4 children before him, but all of them sadly died. My wife Waite Fenner Rhodes, has struggled through many unsuccessful births. I have high hopes for Peleg. I am praying for a long happy life for him.

**James** - Yes. I would like my grandson to be strong and healthy like his father. By the way Malachi, have you sold your parcel of land?

**Malachi** - Yes father, I sold it for a fair price to Thomas Kininicut, a signalman from Jamestown.

**Martha** - Enough talk of business. Please excuse us as we must take ut leave. Enjoy your !ourney through our village.

**All** - Fare thee well!

**Crandall House**

**John Crandall**- Good day. I am Captain-John Crandall. This is my home. Originally this house was built in 1638. It was sailed over from Prudence Island on a barge. Oxen pulled the house up the hill from the shore on logs to its present location. That's quite a feat! My brother Alonzo, who like myself is a clam digger, has suffered quite an accident today.

**Alonzo**- I usually go out to Greene's Island early in the morning at low tide. I can fill this basket 30 times on a good day. As I was opening a clam with my knife I sliced myself. (moan)

John -We are expecting Nathan Cooper, the doctor in the village (aside) who is also a barber! Anyone need a haircut? Ah, Dr. Cooper!

**Dr. Cooper-** Good day Captain. What have we here? Ooh, that's a bleeder. I will have to use vinegar to clean this wound. My apprentice will make a paste. *(to apprentice)* Samuel, make a Horsetail paste to stop the bleeding. *(to the crowd and Alonzo)* Horsetail grows on the moist banks of the Pawtuxet river and looks a bit like asparagus. *(Alonzo moans)* Samuel, go get this man some rum for the pain.

**John**- How many clams do we owe you?

**Dr. Cooper**- One basket will do.

**Alonzo**- Will I be laid up long?

**Dr. Cooper**- At least a week. If its gets infected I will need to bleed you with leeches or my knife.

**Alonzo***- (to crowd*) I pray you to take no more trouble about me.

**ALL**- Fare thee well!

**Sheldon House**

**Mrs. Sheldon** *- (with cold compress)* Dear, where is Dr. Harrison. I do hope he makes haste, your cough is not improving.

**George Sheldon** *- (coughs)* Yes, I know.

**Mrs. Sheldon** - Ah, Dr. Harrison. Please come in.

**Dr. Harrison** - Good day. What seems to trouble you, Mr. Sheldon?

**George** - I noticed my throat became sore yesterday while working at the mill.

**Mrs. Sheldon -** Mr. Sheldon works at the textile mill owned by Christopher and William Rhodes. I gave him a mixture of molasses, vinegar and butter in hopes that it would soothe his throat.

**Dr. Harrison -** That is helpful. I hear you are coughing also. I may need to apply a blistering medication to the throat to draw the inflammation to the surface.

**George** - You won’t have to bleed me will you?

**Dr. Harrison** - Let us try this mustard plaster applied to your chest first.

**Mrs. Sheldon** - Will that help loosen the cough Doctor?

**Dr. Harrison** - Yes. This tea and honey you have brewed will help also.

**George** - I am feeling a bit better.

**Dr. Harrison** - Perhaps the bleeding is not needed then. What is your job at the mill Mr. Sheldon?

**George** - I attend the weaving machine, stopping it when threads are broken or to add more materials when it runs out. My work supports this family Doctor. I cannot miss the income.

**Mrs. Sheldon** - Yes, we do need the money Mr. Sheldon earns. My sewing brings some reward, but we do depend on Mr. Sheldon.

**Dr. Harrison** - No worry. This could be Day Fever, you will be back to work shortly.

**George** - Very well Doctor.

**Mrs. Sheldon** - May I offer you a cup of tea and a biscuit, Doctor?

**Doctor** - Ah, lovely. Thank you, Mrs. Sheldon.

**All**- Fare the well!

**Captain** - (*Usually played by a Pawtuxet Ranger)*

**Samuel Aborn:**

**Recruit # 1:**

**Recruit #2:**

**Recruit # 3:**

**Nurse:**

**Weman:**

**Pawtuxet Armory, Remington Street**

*(Captain puts boys through drills as group approaches*)

**Samuel Aborn**: Captain, our volunteers have arrived.

**Captain**: Ah good. We are always looking for new volunteers to help defend our village.

**Samuel**: Good day all. I am Captain Samuel Aborn and these are a few of my good men. We belong to the local militia called the Pawtuxet Rangers.

**Recruit # 1:** We were chartered by the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations on October 29, 1774. There are many militia companies in New England. In fact, just about every town has one.

**Recruit #2 :** Any free man may join as long as you have your two opposing front teeth. *(taps teeth)* Most of us own our own musket.

**Recruit #3:** We are farmers, merchants, and businessmen. When we hear the town bell ring or the town crier calling, we head to the training field.

**Samuel:** We are a volunteer group and do not get paid. Wealthy merchants sometimes give us money or supplies. We get most of our weapons from the town fathers but for the rest we must put in a request from the colony.

**Recruit #1**: We often practice shooting and loading our muskets. Once I shot a cannonball clear across the bay!

**Recruit #2**: As a member of the militia, we are called on 24 hours a day. We must be ready to fight at a moment’s notice. Sometimes we even sleep with our boots on!

**Nurse Martha:** (*calling out)* Women also serve in the militia. We work loading the cannons or gun powder when needed. We also do a lot of cooking for these hungry soldiers.*(one of the soldiers pats his stomach)*

**Ester:** We have just finished cooking the soldiers' dinner of hasty pudding, which is actually just corn meal stirred into boiling water. Now we are making bandages for the wounded militiamen.

**Nurse Martha**: My husband, Mr. Lambert is one of the militia. My daughter and I volunteered here when we heard the Rangers needed help!

**Ester**: We feel it is our duty to provide for our soldiers, as they do so much to keep our community safe. It really is very tiring, but it's for a good cause, and we don't have to stay all neat and tidy.

**Nurse Martha**: Ester, let's finish up with these bandages, now*. (Ester and her mother continue rolling up bandages)*

**Captain:** Men, lead our new recruits in some drills. Do we have some hearty souls willing to join us*? (Do another drill as crowd departs)*

**All**- Fare thee well!

**Armory**

*(Captain puts boys thru drills as g•oup approaches)*

**Samuel Aborn-** Captain Gilbert, our volunteers are here.

**Capt. Gilbert** - Ah, good. We are always looking for new volunteers to help in our fight for freedom.

**Samuel** - Good day. I am Capt. Samuel Aborn and these are a few of my good men. We belong to the local militia called the Pawtuxet Rangers. We were charted by the colony of Rhode Island and

Providence Plantations on October 29, 1774. There are many different militia companies in New

England. In fact just about every town has one.

**Recruit #1** - Just about anyone, any age may join as long as you have your two opposing front teeth. (taps teeth) Most of us own a musket. We are farmers, merchants, and businessmen. When we hear the town bell ringing or the town crier calling, we head to the training field. Any man signed up for 8 months of service will receive a fine wool coat as a bounty.

**Recruit #2 –** We are a volunteer group and do not get paid. Wealthy merchants sometimes give us money or supplies. We get most of our weapons from the town fathers but the rest we must make a request for from the colony.

**Samuel** - We often practice shooting and loading our muskets. Once we shot a cannonball clear across the bay!

**Recruit #1** - We are on call 24 hours a day. We must be ready to fight in less than a minute\*Sometimes we even sleep with our boots on!

**Recruit #2** - Men are not the only ones who can serve in the militia, women help also. They work loading cannons or gun powder when needed. They also help with nursing those who are wounded in battle.

**Nurse Martha:** (calling out) Women also serve in the militia. We work loading the cannons or gun powder when needed. We also do a lot of cooking for these hungry soldiers. (one of the soldiers pats his stomach)

**Ester:** We have just finished cooking the soldiers' dinner of hasty pudding, which is actually just corn meal stirred into boiling water. Now we are making bandages for the wounded militiamen.

**Nurse Martha:** My husband, Mr. Lambert is one of the militia. My daughter and I volunteered here when we heard the Rangers needed help!

**Ester:** We feel it is our duty to provide for our soldiers, as they do so much to keep our community safe. It really is very tiring, but it's for a good cause, and we don't have to stay all neat and tidy.

**Nurse Martha:** Ester, let's finish up with these bandages, now. (Ester and her mother continue rolling up bandages)

**Captain:** Men, lead our new recruits in some more drills. And as our guests depart, fate the well!

**Christopher Rhodes House**

Christopher Rhodes

Betsy Rhodes

Zach

Mary Rhodes (the eldest Daughter) Astu- тогда

The Sailor from the Nancy

**Christopher Rhodes** - Good day, Sir, Mame. I see you are admiring my humble abode. My name is Christopher Rhodes and I am the owner of this modest home. Allow me to introduce to you my wife Mrs. Betsy Rhodes *(curtsy)* and my eldest daughter Mary *(curtsy).*

**Mary Rhodes -** And this is my doll Sarah, she's like my little sister except she listens to me.

**Betsy Rhodes -** In all creation Mary! I had hoped for more genteel manners learned from your schooling.

**Christopher Rhodes -**Indeed Mrs. Rhodes, for I let the rooms above our new bank for the improvement of our young peoples’ mind and manners.

**Sailor** -Master Rhodes! Master Rhodes!

**Christopher Rhodes -**Here.

**Sailor** -Master Rhodes, your ship the *Nancy* has arrived.

**Christopher Rhodes -**Do tell?

**Sailor-** Aye, and she has weathered her journey well.

**Betsy Rhodes -**Mr. Rhodes, this is good news, is it not. I was under the impression that there was some fine cloth from England aboard, even silk, Sir.

**Mary Rhodes -**And Lace! *(remembering herself)* Beg your pardon.

**Christopher Rhodes** -Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Rhodes, leave it to you ladies to fret over fabrics, but you are right on both counts.

**Betsy Rhodes** --Mr. Rhodes, Mary, We shall make a dashing gown for the fair.

**Mary Rhodes** -And a new dress for Sarah. *(having spoken out again) Pardon*.

**Christopher Rhodes --**There is more to *Nancy's* cargo than the stuff of pretty dresses. We have dry goods of all kinds. Still, with all the cloth that my mills make it is the expensive stuff from abroad that appeals to my women.

**Mary Rhodes** --Where you on the *Nancy*?

**Sailor** -Aye.

**Mary Rhodes -**Where there pirates?

*(the sailor laughs)*

**Betsy Rhodes -**Mary, I'm sure the young man has more important things to do than answer your questions. Mr. Rhodes, he is frightfully young to be about a ship, isn't he?

**Christopher Rhodes** -Mrs. Rhodes, you forget yourself. I was at sea at sixteen, on the very ship the *Nancy* *Price*. which my father had built*.*

*(to sailor)* May you go as far, lad. But now you must take this news to my brother William farther up the road, and tell him our ship has come in, quite literally, and to gather his ledgers, we have much to do.

**Sailor** - Yes, master Rhodes.

**Betsy Rhodes** - Mr. Rhodes would you be so kind as to dine a little before you go. I beg of you, my dear husband/ you must be famished.

**Christopher Rhodes** - Mrs. Rhodes. I still have to go to the mills and then the Store

**Mary Rhodes** -And the bank*. (catches herself speaking out of turn again)* Doubly, beg your pardon.

**Christopher Rhodes -**Well Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Rhodes, maybe I can pause, pause mind you, for some tea.

**Betsy Rhodes -**Kind people, I do beg your forgiveness, but I must **go** prepare. Good day to you all.

**Mary Rhodes -**Good day. *(Curtsy and has the doll curtsy as well.)*

**Christopher Rhodes -** I, too, must leave. It has been a pleasure to make your acquaintance. It would be so kind of you to call on us at another time. *(hands out his card)* Fare thee well!

**Colonel Ephraim Bowen** *(pronounced ef’-rem)*

Welcome-I am **Colonel Ephraim Bowen**, the oldest citizen of Pawtuxet Village, one of its most prominent citizens. During the War of the Revolution I proudly served as Deputy **Quartermaster** General, ferreting out supplies for the Continental Army of American troops. I made a lot of contacts over that time and later entered the manufacture of **distilled spirits**, rum, gin, and hard cider. That rum from my still house and that of many others in Rhode Island was shipped over to Africa to be traded for slaves, then those slaves were traded to sugar cane made into molasses, then the molasses brought back here to be distilled into more rum, hence the awful term, ‘**triangle trade**’

His Majesty’s Schooner, ***Gaspee* was sent** by King George III to Rhode Island waters in March of 1772 to enforce the maritime trade laws and prevent smuggling of contraband-such as molasses. They made no friends amongst the colonists in harassing shipping and delaying, often unjustly, ships that had properly passed custom inspection in Newport.

The latter was the case on June 9, 1772, when the packet sloop *Hannah* left Newport for Providence. When the ***Gaspee* gave chase**, *Hannah's* captain deliberately lured her across the shallows off Namquid Point (now Gaspee Point) and left the British ship hard aground on a sandbar, unable to move until the flood tide of the following day.

Upon arrival in Providence, the event was reported to John Brown, one of the most prominent and respected merchants in Rhode Island, who sent out a town crier inviting all interested parties to meet at Sabin's Tavern to plan the *Gaspee's* destruction. **I was but a young lad of 19** when our small band of patriots rowed eight longboats with muffled oars to the stranded ship. An additional boat was sent over from Bristol, and joining together the flotilla attacked.  The Captain, Lt. Dudingston, was shot and wounded, and his crew were taken prisoner and **removed to Pawtuxet Village here at this very spot,** where they spent the night in the root cellar of the house here, and then released.

Meanwhile, near daylight on June 10th, the Rhode Islanders set fire to the *Gaspee*, burning her to the waterline whereupon her **powder magazine exploded**. I salvaged some spars of wood and **created canes**, one of which I lean on here.

**Efforts of the Crown to learn the names of the culprits were unsuccessful,** although a sizable reward of over 500 pounds had been offered. Public sentiment was in accord with our venture; this spirit of unity soon spread to the other colonies with the formation of the Committees of Correspondence to prevent further threats. It was but a short step from here to the First Continental Congress and eventually the Declaration of Independence.

Now I cannot join thee on your journey today, as it is **hot and am but a ghost at 89 years old**, the last survivor of them as burnt the *Gaspee*. But know that these citizens of Pawtucket Village that you are about to meet represent both **our heritage and our future**. Fare thee well!