

THE PLANTING OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I.

FROM SCROOBY TO PLYMOUTH.

IN 1606, about the time that King James was providing with regulations, but not with bread, the forlorn little colony that made the first permanent settlement in Virginia, a movement was in progress in one of the obscurest villages of his kingdom, without the king's knowledge, and in defiance of his commands, which was fraught with the highest significance for America. In Scrooby and the adjacent parts of Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire, New England was germinating in Old England. The men in big wigs—Kings, lord-archbishops, and such divinely appointed guides and guardians of English advancement—had no hand in the most notable development of English life and thought in their time. Only by their grinding and vexatious despotism did they contribute to awaken that Saxon stubbornness which planted in New England the spirit of democratic equality, and leavened with it the whole of the present United States. So that Brewster, the master of the post at Scrooby, and Bradford, a yeoman of the neighboring hamlet of Austerfield, who never, to the day of their death, had, in their following more than a few hundred artisans and laborers, have come to stand for more in human story than James and all his court. The divine right of fact and outcome is greater than that of Stuart pedigree.

Since the secession, in the time of Henry VIII., of the Anglican Church from the Roman, there had been two manner of people within her, and Jacob and Esau were striving for precedence. The conservative party, which included many devout people, wished to make few changes and to preserve ecclesiastical dignities, impressive ceremonies, and traditional usages. The extreme Protestant or Puritan party cried out against the retention of any rag of Romanism. They wished to revert to a primitive equality among ministers, and to assimilate modes of worship to those of the reformed churches of the continent, while they sought also to introduce a severe ecclesiastical discipline and a Scotch rigor in Sabbath observance. Each party strove to gain the ascendancy, each was ready to oust

and persecute the other. In the reign of Elizabeth many ineffectual compromises were attempted, and some of the more moderate Puritans were tolerated. But the Queen, with a calculated and worldly policy, sought to put down Puritans with one hand and Papists with the other.

When, in 1603, James VI. of Scotland, who among his Scotch subjects had shown himself an ardent Presbyterian, succeeded to the English throne as James I., the hopes of the Puritans were raised to the highest pitch. They met the king in his progress southward with a petition signed by nearly eight hundred clergymen. But when James was once freed from the "Scot's presbytery," as he called it, his opinions, so often vaunted, underwent a rapid change. Like Dickens's Bagstock, however, the king was openly and ostentatiously sly. After frightening the cringing bishops with a threat of doing away with their order, he summoned four Puritan divines to meet with nine bishops and seven deans in conference before him at Hampton Court. He delighted as much in the recreation of a puttering theological debate, as some of the Roman emperors did in gladiatorial slaughter. The Puritans found to their surprise that the real antagonist whom they had to meet was James himself, who started with the maxim, "No bishop, no king," and declared that he would "have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion in substance and in ceremony." He promised that he would "make the Puritans conform, or harry them out of the land, or else worse." Whereupon the courtiers, like good claqueurs, pronounced James a Solomon. The aged Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, thought that the king spoke "by the special assistance of God's spirit." Bancroft, the Bishop of London, fell upon his knees, crying: "I protest my heart melteth for joy, that Almighty God, of his singular mercy, has given us such a king as since Christ's time hath not been." And indeed the bishop was partly right; it would be hard to find the like of King James, who may have furnished to the great poet of his reign the happy conception of a man unconsciously wearing an ass's head. The king wrote to a friend, when the conference was over, that he had "peppered the Puritans soundly," and the Puritans were no more able to dispute

his victory than was the lamb in the fable to reply to the cogent arguments of the wolf.

During the later years of Elizabeth's reign, and at the accession of James I., there dwelt at Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, one William Brewster, who had seen the great world in his time, having been in the service and friendly confidence of William Davison, the queen's ambassador to Holland,—the same Davison who was later the unfortunate secretary of state on whom Elizabeth was pleased to throw the blame for the execution of Mary of Scotland. Brewster seems to have had some property, and he held the office of "Post" or master of the post at Scrooby. Brewster, like Davison, was a man of deep religious feeling and strong Protestant convictions. Desiring a reformation of the church by the abolition of those ceremonies which he considered to be of human invention and savoring of Romanism, he took especial pains to secure incumbents of his own way of thinking for the neighboring parishes. But when these revered men were silenced by episcopal authority, and their devout followers vexed with persecutions, Brewster, like many others, came presently to believe that "the lordly, tyrannous power of the prelates ought not to be submitted to." He thus passed from Puritanism to Separatism, and became what in that day was called a Brownist. And so, as one after another, the Puritan clergymen who officiated among the hamlets and wheat-fields about Scrooby were silenced for non-conformity, there grew up among those who had been influenced by their preaching, a Separatist congregation, meeting for the most part in the large old house of Brewster, which was a bishop's manor, surrounded by a moat. Here assembled all those scrupulous spirits who could not worship where the parson wore a surplice, read prayers from a book, and made the sign of the cross in baptism. These were trifles to fall out about, but they stood for more than they do now; they were outward signs of the great conflict between the middle age and modern life, priestly domination and human advancement. However slight the ground of scruple may be, the human conscience is no trifle; the strict Separatist defied king and bishop for what he deemed to be duty, and thus ennobled his life in joining the long line of martyrs and patriots. Turning his back every Sunday upon the picturesque and venerable churches of his forefathers, the humble husbandman took the foot-path that wound through lovely fields and along hawthorn hedge-rows until it brought him to Scrooby, to the house of the post-master, revered by him as the Ruling Elder of the true believers who had separated themselves

from the corrupt Babylon of the bishops, with all its "base, beggarly ceremonies," which in his eyes were "monuments of idolatry." Here the worship was conducted with apostolic plainness. There was no reading of "stinted prayers" out of a book, but good, long, exhaustive petitions delivered extemporaneously. Even the psalm must not be read by the minister before it was sung, though, in after times, out of pity for one good brother, who loved to sing, but did not know letters, the elder was allowed to read it line by line, yet not until the minister had first expounded it.

Among those who assembled in this forbidden conventicle in "the mean townlet of Scrooby," was a young yeoman, who every Sunday walked some miles from the Yorkshire village of Austerfield. This was William Bradford, or Bradfurth, afterward the famous governor of the first New England colony. Though but a youth, he was of a contemplative spirit, and had probably already begun that self-instruction by which he came in his busy after-years not only to speak French and Dutch, but to read Latin and Greek, while he studied Hebrew more than all, because "he would see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in their native beauty."

The most memorable of all the men in the Scrooby church, and its most influential teacher, was one of its preachers who arrived late. Of a modest and conciliatory spirit, a man of charity and far-seeing liberality, John Robinson seems hardly to belong to those times of partisan bitterness. After he had been silenced we find him living in Norwich as "a man worthily revered of all the city for the grace of God in him." But when those who resorted to his house "to pray with him" were vexed and persecuted, he drifted, slowly and reluctantly, into a separatism that was never bitter, and that was softened and modified as he mellowed with years and experience. He became pastor to the Scrooby Separatists—a Moses who was to lead the pilgrims in their wanderings, but who was doomed never to see the promised land even from a mountaintop. It was he, no doubt, who gave to the Scrooby congregation a unity and affection rare among the aggressive spirits of the time; it was Robinson who held them firmly together in their exile; and, after their second emigration and his death, it seems to have been the influence of his character and teachings that made the Plymouth pilgrims more tolerant than the harsher Puritans of Massachusetts Bay.

Badgered on every side by that vexatious "harrying," which, according to promise, King James and his ecclesiastics kept up, the little congregation at Scrooby resolved to flee into Holland, where they would be strangers to

the local speech and means of gaining a livelihood, but where they might worship God in extemporary prayers without fear of pursuivants or prisons. That which is most honorable to the Dutch Provinces from the standpoint of history, namely, that they were places of refuge for oppressed consciences, was thought ridiculous and abominable in the seventeenth century. The Dutch capital was called "a cage of unclean birds"; an English prelate denounced it as "a common harbor of all opinions and heresies," and Edward Johnson, the somewhat bloodthirsty Massachusetts Puritan, inveighs against "the great mangle-mangle of religion" in Holland, and like a burlesque prophet, shrieks: "Ye Dutch! come out of your hodge-podge!" All the hounds of bigotry stood baying at Amsterdam, a refuge wherein those upon whom they would prey were safe from their fury.

To this asylum, the Scrooby Separatists resolved to fly. They found themselves "hunted and persecuted on every side," vexed with fines, arrests, and imprisonments, having their houses watched "night and day," so that all their sufferings in the previous reign "were but as flea-bitings in comparison." But the tyranny which made England intolerable, did its best to render flight impossible. The Dutch captains who were to carry them were paid to betray the fugitives, so that in various essays to escape they were arrested and stripped of their valuables, and their leaders were cast into prison for months at a time. In one attempt to take ship secretly at a country-place, it happened that the greater part of the men were taken aboard during low water, to save time, while the women and children waited the turning of the tide. Seeing an armed company approaching, the Dutch captain swore the customary oath of his class "by the sacrament," and heartlessly set sail, carrying off the men, who were in the greatest anxiety, and leaving the women and children to the mercy of the officers. The constables, for their part, knew not what to do with so many helpless and innocent people crying after their husbands and fathers, and shivering with fear and cold. These guiltless culprits were dragged from magistrate to magistrate; to imprison women for wishing to go with their husbands was unreasonable and even difficult, when once the pity of the populace had been excited. It was equally unreasonable to bid them return to their homes since they had disposed of their houses and livings. So there was nothing for the perplexed magistrates but to get rid of them at last by letting them escape to their friends, who, meantime, had well-nigh perished in a storm which drove them to the coast of Nor-

way and kept them out of port for fourteen days. But at length, this battered little community, which had attained increased solidarity by common sufferings, met together with joy in Amsterdam. Here they soon saw "the grim and gristly face of poverty coming upon them." To make matters worse, the English Separatists who had preceded them to Amsterdam were in bitter strife among themselves about some scruples on the subject of high-heeled shoes and bodices with whalebones. Robinson valued peace above phylacteries, and the Scrooby people, to avoid the contagion of discord, struck their tents once more and removed to Leyden, where their opportunities for gaining a livelihood were even less than at Amsterdam. Their occupations were of the humblest sort. Even the learned and famous puritan Dr. Henry Ainsworth, who had gone to Amsterdam from London, had found no work more congenial to his scholarly tastes than that of carrying knowledge upon his back as a book-seller's porter. Young Bradford apprenticed himself to a refugee Huguenot to learn silk-dyeing, and Elder Brewster, whose property had been wasted by the troubles attending the emigration of his large family and the assistance he had given to others, set up as a teacher of English; and though, like the young man in Goldsmith's story, he might have found it hard to teach the Dutch to speak English, since he himself knew no Dutch, yet as Leyden was a university town, where Latin was a common tongue of the learned, he succeeded well, and became prosperous in a small way, by writing a grammar of English in the Latin tongue, stretching the rather grammarless Saxon upon a Roman frame. Later, by the help of friends, he set up a printing-office, and published puritan books that could not have been printed in England. With one hard shift and another, guided by Robinson's talent for affairs, the country-people from the north of England succeeded in winning their bread "by continual labor and toil," while they lived together "in single-heartedness and sincere affection."

Robinson's erudition and gifts brought him into some credit among the learned in Leyden in 1615, and he was admitted to the University. This freed him from the control of the magistrates, and gave him another inestimable privilege of learned Dutchmen,—that of receiving every month half a tun of beer and ten gallons of wine, free of town and State duties. He took part with distinction in the unhappy debate between the Gomarists and Arminians, which culminated in the persecution of the latter; but he lived and died in poverty, the Dutch authorities not giving him any preferment, from fear of offending



OLD PARISH CHURCH IN AUSTERFIELD.

the English king, who could not let the victims of his petty spite find rest even in Holland.

When the little Separatist congregation had dwelt in a foreign land ten years, they began to grow dissatisfied. They had ceased to increase, and the life in Leyden was so hard that many even preferred English prisons to liberty at so high a price. It is not in the nature of things that a sect whose members hold their opinions with warmth should be content to dwindle, and it seemed probable that this little church could not long keep together against the pressure of adverse circumstances, and with the prospect of a renewal of the war between Spain and the Low Countries. It pained them to see their children growing prematurely decrepit under the weight of hard and incessant toil, "the vigor of nature being consumed in the very bud." Some of their young people were drawn aside by the licentiousness of the city, some entered the Dutch army, others made long voyages at sea, and fell into habits very foreign to the strictness of their parents. There could be no doubt about the result of a contest between the spirit of the lax and merry Hollander and the severity of Puritan discipline. Human nature, indeed, will not stand at too high a pitch; all strenuous movements are softened by time. There could be but one hope of holding the posterity of the pilgrims to their rigid religious principles, and that was in isolating them. Inter-marriages with their Dutch neighbors had already begun, and this opened before the Separatists the prospect of losing in the next generation their language, their religious principles, and their very existence as an English community. Then, too, Puritanism was in its very nature aggressive, even meddlesome; and it was not possible for a church with Puritan principles, that held such men as Robinson, Brewster, Carver, Bradford, and Cushman, to remain content where language and national prejudice prevented the

exertion of a positive influence. They were captivated with the idea of planting a new state, where, according to their declared intent, they "might, with the liberty of a good conscience, enjoy the pure Scriptural worship of God without the mixture of human inventions and impositions; and their children after them might walk in the holy ways of the Lord." There was much discussion in the Separatist church in Leyden, of the wisdom of the proposed migration, and much debate as to the direction of their removal. Guiana, so highly praised by Raleigh, tempted them with its perpetual spring, but it was too near to the cruel Spaniard, who had so recently tormented the Protestants of the Low Countries, and from whom Leyden itself had suffered so fearfully. There were tedious negotiations with the Virginia Company, which were broken off because King James refused to offend his conscience, or, perhaps, feared to wound his reputation for orthodoxy, by granting toleration to the Separatists in their new colony. He would connive at their worship if they carried themselves peaceably, but to give them a formal guaranty of toleration under the broad seal of England—never! They now turned to the Amsterdam Company, trading in the Hudson River, which gladly offered them a free passage to New Netherlands, and proposed to supply them with the necessary cattle, but could not secure from the States-General a guaranty of protection from King James's royal arguments against heresy. But before this decision was reached, the eyes of the pilgrims seem to have been turned again toward England, by the proffers of a co-partnership in their enterprise from certain London capitalists or "adventurers," as investors were then called. On mature reflection they thought it better to form an English colony, even without the guaranty under the broad seal, reflecting that "a seal as broad as a house-floor" would not hold a king to his promise if he desired to evade it.

In their application for toleration they had laid before the English privy-council a somewhat diplomatic statement of their religious principles, urging at the same time, in well-chosen phrases, their fitness for planting a successful colony, since they were "well weaned from the delicate milk of their own country, and inured to the difficulties of a hard and strange land," and since their people were, "for the body of them, industrious and frugal as any people in the world," and knit together in the care of one another under a sacred bond, and since they could have no temptation to return to the persecutions of England or the poverty of Holland.

They procured a patent from the London



EDWARD WINSLOW. [BY PERMISSION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.]

or Virginia company, to settle in the neighborhood of Hudson's River, a geographical phrase which, in the vague state of knowledge at that time, meant nothing very definite. The colonists saw plainly that the battle would be a severe one, and there were those among them whose hearts failed. The younger and stronger were sent before, and only the willing-hearted. Some prudently left their wives and children behind until the first rude brunt should be over. More than half were willing to go, but not quite half could get ready in time, and so it fell to Robinson's lot to stay with the larger number, as had been agreed, while the ruling elder, Brewster, embarked with the smaller division.

As the time drew on for one of the most memorable leave-takings in human history, a day was appointed for humiliation and prayer. With the true hardihood of men inured to religious services, they continued the exercises the livelong day. A good part of this time was occupied by the pastor's excellent discourse—the rest with many tearful prayers. It was, perhaps, on this occasion that Robinson gave the never-to-be-forgotten farewell advice, which shows him to have been a man of rare moral exaltation, and one of the most liberal minds of the seventeenth century. Thinking it possible he might never see them again, he charged them “before God and his blessed

angels to follow him no farther than he followed Christ, and if God should reveal anything to them by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it as ever they were to receive any truth by his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light to break forth out of His holy word. He took occasion also miserably to bewail the state and condition of the reformed churches who were come to a period in religion, and would go no farther than the instruments of their own reformation.” The Lutherans he censured for refusing the truth of the Calvinists, and these for sticking where Calvin had left them,—“a misery much to be lamented.” It would be hard to find at that day any other professed theologian or teacher of any kind, who understood as he did the progressive nature of truth as apprehended by the human intellect. He declared it “not possible that * * * full perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.” He exhorted them to shake off the sectarian nickname of Brownists, to

avoid separation from godly people of the Church of England, and “rather to study union than division.” He bade them not to be loth to call another pastor or teacher, “for that flock which hath two shepherds is not endangered, but secured by it.” Admirable man!—free from pettiness and egotism! Fortunate man, who, working in one of the obscurest corners of this jostling world, succeeded in training and sending out a people that expanded and diffused his teachings into the institutions and habits of thought of a great nation! It matters nothing that the poor remainder of his people in Leyden, five years later, could only afford for this great and learned man the fourth part of a hired tomb costing but nine florins. Nor does it matter that, at the end of seven years, his body was removed with the others and cast into some common fosse. He who plants the seeds of new and better institutions may well have his place of sepulture as obscure as that of Moses.

The last night of the stay of the pilgrims in Leyden was passed almost without sleep. Those who were to remain gave a feast to the “removers” in the large house of the pastor, where, it seems, their services were usually held. Here the night was spent in such social enjoyment as became people of their severe habit. For the last time they sang together the rugged verses of those psalms that were associated with all the intimate brother-

hood of many years in Scrooby and Leyden. Governor Edward Winslow, a quarter of a century afterward, looked back fondly to that parting Puritan feast, and professed that there was the most delightful music he had ever heard. In the hearts of emigrants the quaint psalms were answered by the pathetic melody of a fellowship to be sundered forever, and the heroic strains of brave souls ready to venture all in the execution of a high resolve.

"And so," says Bradford, as if writing a new sacred Scripture, "they left that goodly and pleasant city which had been their resting-place near twelve years; but they knew they were pilgrims, and looked not much on these things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

Their friends from Leyden accompanied them fourteen miles to Delft-haven, where their little ship, the *Speedwell*, awaited them. Some of the Separatists of Amsterdam came likewise to the port, and here there was another feast. Then followed the indescribable parting, the Dutch spectators on the quay shedding tears at the sight. Words were few. "They were not able to speak to one another for the abundance of sorrow," says Winslow. But at length Robinson's voice was heard in prayer, and around him they all knelt for the last time while he commended the emigrants to the keeping of God. Like true Englishmen, the pilgrims did not forget the proprieties of a public occasion; those on board the shabby little *Speedwell* fired a volley of small shot as a farewell to the friends on shore, and, with this beggarly show of ceremony, one of the most important migrations of the world's history set forth, in July, 1620.

On the English coast they were joined by others, and by the greater of their two ships, the *Mayflower*. There were many vexatious delays, and the leakiness of the *Speedwell* forced them to put back twice, and finally to abandon her. Whereupon, leaving behind all the discontented and faint-hearted, the one hundred who adhered to the enterprise crowded themselves and their most necessary supplies into the *Mayflower*, a ship of a hundred and eighty tons, whose bad condition came near putting an end to the whole expedition. These were huddled together so densely that even the shallop on the deck was damaged by being used for a sleeping-place. They had a stormy and wretched passage. They were wet almost continually, lived upon spoiled provisions, and were out from Plymouth, their last English port, more than sixty tedious days, falling in with land in November, not within the limits of the Virginia Company, from whom they held their charter, but among the embarrassing shoals of

Cape Cod. They essayed to sail to the southward but the captain seemed not to be able to find his way through the shoals. The voyagers were sick of the discomforts of the ship and the perils of the sea; the women and children could not understand why one wilderness was not about as good as another. Here was land, with none to forbid the taking of it, and the clamors to be put ashore were irresistible. So they turned about and dropped anchor in Cape Cod Harbor, and thus it chanced that Puritanism, instead of planting itself in fertile lands farther to the south, was driven by rough winds to the shores of New England, where the austere creed, the reluctant soil, and the rugged climate contributed to form that remarkable people who have had so large a share in shaping the character and history of the United States.

II.

THE PLANTING OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

THE pilgrims were not the first who had essayed to plant the coast of New England. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's fatal expedition of 1583 would no doubt have made an attempt here, had not a succession of disasters reduced its strength from five ships to two, of which but one reached England at last. In 1602 Captain Gosnold, the same who afterward projected the Virginia colony, planted a little company for a few weeks on the island of Cuttyhunk, to the south of Cape Cod. He not only chose an island, but, to make safety more secure, an islet in a lake in the midst of the island was selected, and thus, doubly surrounded by water and land, the colonists built a sort of fort, and a common house large enough for twenty men, with their necessary stores. But, unfortunately, the ship took on a rich cargo of sassafras and cedar-wood, and the eleven men who were to remain suspected that the ship's captain, Gilbert, did not intend to bring them supplies the next year. They believed that, with the cruel dishonesty which was often found in the half-piratical mariner of that time, he proposed to leave them with six weeks' provision, and to appropriate the results of the voyage. The eleven men, therefore, hastily resolved to go back to England with him, that they might share in the profits from the sassafras. The coast of Buzzard's Bay was seen by them at the loveliest season of the year, and with six hours' fishing they "so pestered" their ships with codfish that many were thrown over again. Their good report of the land, with the account given by Captain Weymouth, who sailed up the Kennebec in 1605, and kidnapped five

savages for the glory of God, were no doubt chief influences in moving Sir John Popham, Lord Chief-Justice, "honorable patron of virtue," and hard-hearted persecutor of Puritans, to send out a plantation in 1607, into what is now the State of Maine. But the governor of this colony died, and the ships which brought supplies the year following brought also intelligence of the death of the Chief-Justice, and news of another death which made Raleigh Gilbert, the new governor, inheritor of large estates. No mines had been found, and the colonists were homesick and discouraged by

England winter, and their nearest civilized neighbors were five hundred miles away. "All things stared upon them with a weather-beaten face," says Bradford. The mariners reminded them of the wasting provision and muttered threats of putting them off and leaving them, if they did not soon find a place.

When they had come to anchor, the men went ashore to refresh themselves, while the women took this first opportunity to wash the clothes, "of which they had much need." There is no surer sign of civilization in a race, than the waging of continual war against



GOSNOLD'S ISLAND, CUTTYHUNK.

the frightful severity of the winter of 1607-8, in which they had suffered "extreme extremities." They therefore returned to England, carrying hard reports of the climate, and of a land so forlorn as not to possess gold-mines, to pay the charges of colonization.

"For any plantations there were no more speeches" for a long while after. The indomitable Captain John Smith tried to found a colony with sixteen men in 1615, but was captured by a French privateer, and after many adventures landed in France. There were other attempts, and many disastrous voyages of one kind and another, so that a belief became current that the Indian conjurors, who were known to be the devil's own, had laid a spell on the coast to keep the whites away. It is probable that the enchanted region would long have lain waste, if the pilgrims, seeking Hudson's River, had not hit upon Cape Cod.

Safely anchored in Cape Cod Harbor, the weary voyagers gave solemn thanks for their arrival. But how much better was the wild land than the wild sea? They had "no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weather-beaten bodies." They were homeless at the beginning of a New

dirt. Since the world began, New England had never known a race that kept sacred a wash-day; and the well-washed linen of the pilgrims, fluttering on the bushes of Cape Cod, was the banner of approaching civilization.

Sometimes on foot, sometimes in a little shallop, a company of about sixteen explored the coast for a place of settlement, sleeping at night with no shelter but a barricade on the windward side, in such exposure to an unaccustomed climate as planted the seeds of death in the enfeebled bodies of some of them. It is a strange picture we get of them, sailing or marching about the creeks and bays, overloaded as they were with heavy armor, and carrying for the most part cumbrous matchlock guns, which could not be set off without access to fire, or the continual bearing of a lighted slow-match while on the march. They looked with fresh and child-like eyes on the novel objects which this virgin world offered to their curiosity. The cunningly built canoes of birch-bark, and the deserted wigwams which they found filled them with wonder, as did the fresh, sweet spring water of the country, so superior to any they had known in Europe, and the



ARMOR WORN BY THE PILGRIMS IN 1620.

wild geese, which they ate "with soldiers' stomachs." Buried in an Indian hiding-place, they found, to their delight, the yellow, red, and blue-speckled ears of Indian corn, and pronounced them beautiful. They carried off as much of it as they could, intending to pay for it when they should find the owners, as they afterward did; the rest they conscientiously replaced in the subterranean granary. The corn thus procured served them for seed the following year, and since they would probably have perished without it, they set down its discovery as one of God's wonderful providences: so, indeed, they regarded all that befell them, good or bad. In spite of the dire extremity of their situation, they kept the Sabbath rigorously, nor did they omit their accustomed worship in any comfortless camp. They were once set upon by Indians, but they fought and routed them.

Lighting on Plymouth Harbor, they ac-

cepted it as a place suitable for planting, and here, on the twenty-fifth day of December, 1620, Old Style, while England was making merry over boars' heads and plum-puddings, they began to build, not even remarking in their journal that it was a holy day, for Christmas had been put away with all other popish superstitions and idolatrous observances.

In the old days of national self-laudation, now happily passed away, American writers were prone to make much of the compact signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower* as the foundation and beginning of all government "with the consent of the governed." The facts are that the Pilgrims found themselves so far to the north as to make their patent from the Virginia company of no avail, and one or two evil spirits having "shuffled into their company" in England, some mutinous speeches were heard. The emigrants took the only common-sense road out of the difficulty by signing a mutual

agreement to form a body politic. Without having any profound or fine-spun theories, the Pilgrims put in force the divine right of common sense. Republican institutions in America were merely the result of the application, first and last, of practical shrewdness to the wants and circumstances of the people.

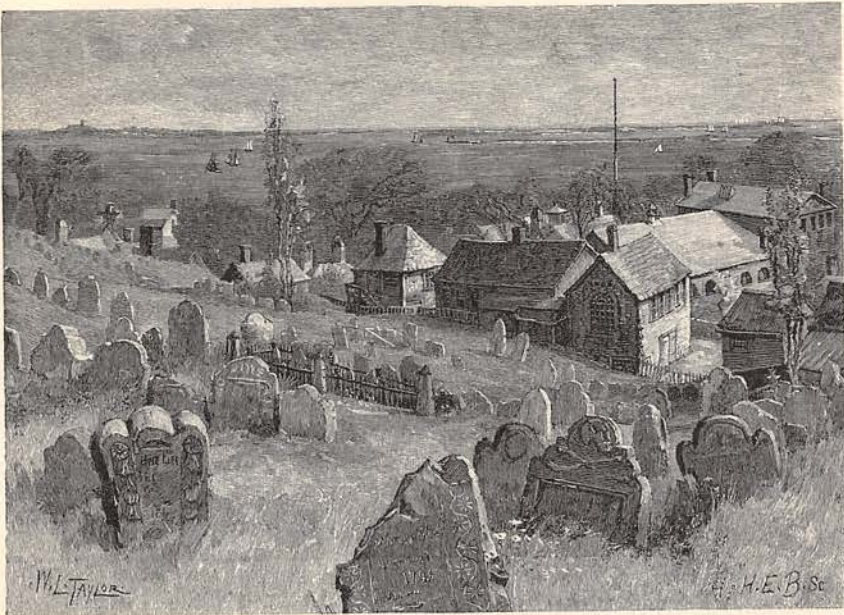
Those enthusiastic writers who will have it that the pilgrims from Leyden were the real founders of the English dominion in America, wrong the brave men, Gosnold, Smith, Percy, De La Warre, Dale, and others, who carried to success the ill-starred colony at Jamestown, failing which costly attempt there might not have been another English plantation in a century. In such an event the northern coast, which was

ica was the democratic spirit. The equality of man to man in affairs civil and ecclesiastical was sown broadcast in the church government, the land system, and the town-meetings of New England. With them Democracy was not primarily a political doctrine, but an unforeseen result of their notions of ministerial parity and Christian brotherhood.

III.

THE VAN-COURIERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE fiery furnace of their afflictions was lighted from the day of the pilgrim landing. The beef and pork they had eaten at sea was tainted, "their butter and cheese corrupted"



PLYMOUTH AND PLYMOUTH HARBOR FROM BURIAL HILL.

accounted in England "a cold, rocky desert," might easily have been occupied by the French, who claimed and tried to settle it as part of Canada, or by the Dutch, who had, in 1614, explored the shore to a point beyond Boston harbor, and included it in their chart of New Netherland. The Spanish imagination pushed their Florida indefinitely to the northward,—certainly to the Chesapeake, of which they were probably the first discoverers. But the dawning prosperity of the James River Plantation turned the eye of the pilgrims toward Virginia, and led them, while fearing their old Church-of-England enemies at Jamestown, to take a patent for a separate settlement under the same company. What the pilgrims did bring to Amer-

and "their fish rotten." In going to and from the land at Cape Cod they had been often wetted, some had endured storms in explorations, and their houses, their clothing and their bedding were quite insufficient to repel a New England winter. Neither the sick nor the sound had at any time during the winter a sufficient diet. Forty-four of the one hundred died before the winter was over, and quite one-half of all who landed had been buried before the supply-ship arrived at the end of a year. Lest the Indians should discover this mortality they leveled every grave, and set their maize and beans on the ground planted already with the bodies of half their colony. At one time there were but six or seven well persons, and these toiled incessantly for the sick, of whom

sometimes two or three died in a day. It was the Jamestown horror repeated.

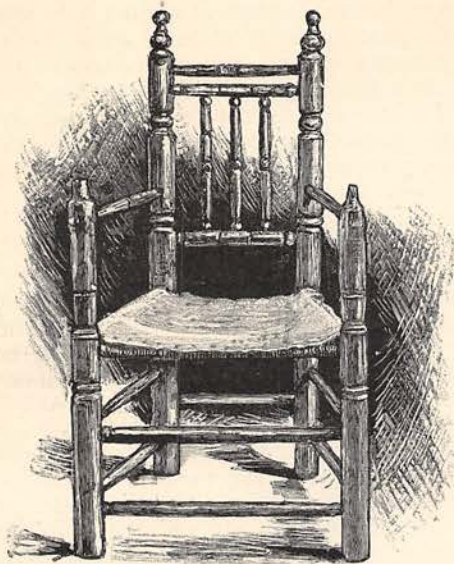
But even this cruel mortality, according to Cotton Mather, is to be set down as a marvelous providential interference in their behalf. "If disease had not more easily fetched so many away to heaven," as he glibly says, there would not have been provision enough, and so all must have died before supplies arrived. But when Robinson, their pastor, heard of the death of so many, it wrung his heart, and he did not so cheaply explain the calamity, but, after expressions of the deepest sorrow, he bravely and philosophically reminded them that, "in a battle it is not looked for but that divers should die."

The crew of the *Mayflower* were sick of the same scurvy, and the ship lay at anchor the entire winter. But, when she sailed for England in the spring, after a winter so terrible, none of the colonists offered to return. There was not a family that had escaped loss: they compared themselves to the Egyptians after the death of their first-born. Nearly all of the leaders had lost their wives, and most of them had suffered cruelly in their own persons. But the new element of religious exaltation had come into the work of colonizing the continent. These were not covetous traders, nor dumb cattle to be held in place by military law. They willingly laid down their lives that they "might be stepping-stones to others," as one of them expressed it.

It was fortunate for the pilgrims that the Indian tribes of the vicinity had been almost exterminated three or four years before their coming, by a cruel epidemic, which had destroyed nineteen in twenty of the savages, and had quite exterminated the inhabitants of the village of Patuxet, on whose site Plymouth was built, leaving the cleared corn-ground for the use of the English. The Indians who remained in the neighborhood were bitterly hostile to all white people, and their "powows" or medicine men had held a three days' conjuration in a dark swamp, to persuade the evil spirits to work harm to the Plymouth settlers. This enmity came from the act of one Hunt, a despicable sea-captain of the sort so common at that time, who was engaged in a fishing and trading venture under the lead of Captain John Smith, in 1614. After Smith had returned to England in a bark laden with fish, Hunt be-thought him of a new method of making money on his own account. The savages at Patuxet had maintained friendly relations with Smith and his party, and Hunt easily persuaded twenty of them to board his ship, whereupon he sailed away. Capturing seven others at another place, he set out for Spain,

where he sold some of them. But some benevolent monks of Malaga, hearing of his treacherous dealing, seized the rest of the Indians for the purpose of instructing them in Christianity. A number of these captives were by some means carried to England, and among them was Tisquantum, a native of Patuxet. He may have been a village or subordinate chief; at least, he contrived to figure as some great body among the English, and was sent out with an expedition to Newfoundland, whence he was carried back to England, to aid in an expedition under Captain Dermer, which was intended to make peace and reopen trade with the Indians whom Hunt had rendered hostile. On coming to Patuxet, after a five years' absence, Tisquantum, or Squanto, as the English called him, found it wholly deserted. Every member of his band remaining after Hunt's capture had died of the epidemic of 1616 and 1617. He led Dermer to the village of Namasket, fifteen miles to the westward. Here the savages were so hostile to all men of Hunt's complexion, that Squanto had trouble to save the life of the captain who had brought him home. Squanto was, perhaps, afraid of a new captivity, since he did not venture into Plymouth until three months after his old home had been occupied by the Pilgrims, nor was he then the first to come. On the sixteenth of March, Samoset, a sagamore from the eastern coast, walked boldly and alone into Plymouth, and would have entered the large "common house" if the people had not prudently objected. He greeted them with the words: "Welcome, Englishmen!" speaking such limited and broken English as he had picked up in contact with fishermen on the Maine coast. Having been kindly treated, he next brought with him five messengers from Massasoit, the nearest head-chief, and afterward three others; with these last came as interpreter, Tisquantum or Squanto, who, finding the English seated on the corn-field of his own extinct band, stayed with them,—partly, perhaps, from that attachment to place so characteristic of the aboriginal American, and partly from a reviving affection for the English people, among whom he had lived so long, and among whom he would again have that importance so much desired by Indian vanity.

Squanto encouraged Massasoit's band to maintain friendship with the whites, by telling them that the white men kept the epidemic disease buried in the same magazine with the gunpowder. "Thus the tongue of a dog became serviceable to poor Lazarus," says Mather. It was he who taught the English how to manure their Indian-corn, by putting one

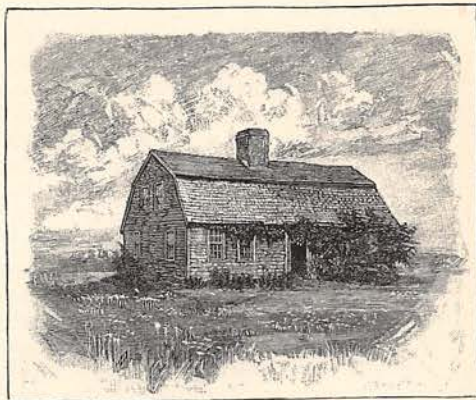


CHAIR OF CARVER, FIRST GOVERNOR OF PLYMOUTH COLONY.

or two herrings in every hill, and how to plant it as the Indians did, when the white-oak leaf was as big as a mouse's ear. He taught them to take fish in waters he had known from infancy, showing them where to get and how to use that which land and water afforded, and where to sail on trading voyages. When the settlers languished with scurvy for want of fresh meat, he got a good mess of eels by treading them out of the brook with his feet, and catching them with his naked hands. As guide, interpreter, and instructor of the English in their new environment, he was, as they phrased it, "a special instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation." He was not lacking in Indian cunning. By boasting of his influence with the whites, and the dangerous character of gunpowder and the epidemic which were their weapons, he sought to gain an influence in Massasoit's band that should quite supplant the chief's authority. To this end he endeavored to excite in Plymouth suspicions of Massasoit's fidelity, but he was thwarted by the Indian Hobbamok, a friend of that chief, who had also come to live and die with the English. The Pilgrims saved Squanto from Massasoit's vengeance, and, thereafter made a shrewd use of the jealousy between him and Hobbamok. Governor Bradford affected to trust one of the Indians, while the military leader, Captain Standish, would listen only to the other. In this way they protected themselves from the craft of either. Two years after the landing of the Pilgrims, while on a trading voyage with Bradford, Squanto was seized with an Indian fever

and died. He maintained his affection for the white people to the last, desiring to go to the Englishman's God in heaven, and bequeathing sundry things to friends in the colony "as remembrances of his love." "Of whom they had great loss," adds Bradford.

The neighboring chief, Massasoit, possessed that sort of undefined, fast-and-loose authority over his band which one sees to this day among the Indians, with a general ascendancy, or influential precedence, among the several bands that composed his nation or tribe. He had strong motives for friendship with the colonists, in his fear of powerful tribes against whom, since the epidemic had reduced his followers to a handful, he was no longer able to cope. His alliance with Plymouth put him under shelter of their dreaded firearms. He seems to have been an Indian of a somewhat exceptional character, in a measure free from the falsehood, cruelty, and treachery that are almost universal in the red race. "O my loving sachem! my loving sachem!" broke out Hobbamok when he heard that Massasoit was dying. "Many have I known, but never any like thee!" and then, addressing Winslow, he added: "While you live you will never see his like among the Indians. He is not bloody and cruel like other Indians. When angry he is easily reconciled with those that have offended him; he is reasonable, and will listen to the advice of obscure men. He governs better with few



THE MYLES STANDISH HOUSE, DUXBURY, MASS., BUILT BY HIS SON, 1666.

strokes than others do with many, and he is a true friend to those he loves."

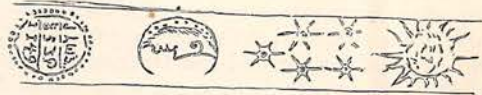
The iron hand of the colony in dealing with the Indians, and with evil-doers along the coast, was their intrepid captain-general, Myles Standish, a small man, who was sneeringly dubbed by one who had felt the weight of his authority, "Captain Shrimp." He was agile, indomitable, and hot-tempered.



POT AND PLATTER OF MYLES STANDISH. [NOW IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH.]

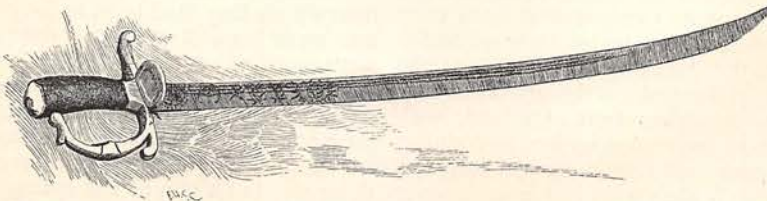
A Yorkshireman of a gentle family, he had been a soldier in the Low Countries, where he fell in with Robinson's congregation. Liking them, he settled in Leyden, without joining the church. He came to New England in the *Mayflower*, and led in all the military operations of the colony, going foremost in every dangerous undertaking. He was quick of decision, and prompt to act. He terrified Courbitant's hostile faction in Massasoit's tribe by surrounding a village in the night and taking all the inhabitants prisoners. A merchant named Weston having planted a colony of reckless English on the site of Weymouth, who had rendered themselves hateful to the Massachusetts tribe, some of the latter conspired to destroy Plymouth colony and Weston's settlement with the same blow. Massasoit gave information of the plot to the English, and even directed who must be executed by a sudden surprise, in order to cut off the heads of the conspiracy, and so prevent the attack. The danger was imminent, and Standish set out for Weston's colony under color of trading, though some of the Indians reported that the little captain was evidently angry inside. In the insulting carriage of the Indians Standish easily saw their intention to surprise and cut him off. Pecksuot, a stalwart chief, had

sharpened his knife on the back as well as on the edge. "This knife," said he, "has a woman's face on the handle. I have another at home; it has a man's face on it, for it has killed an enemy. After a while the two shall get married." Standish and his men fell suddenly on some of the defiant ringleaders, whose names Massasoit had given, and killed them with the knives which the Indians wore about their own necks. The little captain, with his own hand, stabbed to death, after a desperate struggle, the powerful and insolent Pecksuot. The measure was a harsh one, but the peril was very great, and Standish had few men. The mode of execution was that by which the Indians were accustomed to deal with such offenders: it was what Pecksuot intended, no doubt, for Standish and his companions. It is to be remembered, too, that the slightest reverse would have brought the whole power of the savage tribes upon the English. Robinson, in Leyden, was deeply grieved at this slaughter, and wrote: "Oh, that you had converted some before you had killed any." Standish carried the head of one of the Indians back to Plymouth, and stuck it up as a barbarous trophy. In extenuation, it is necessary to remember that, more than a hundred years later than this, Temple Bar, in London, was decorated with

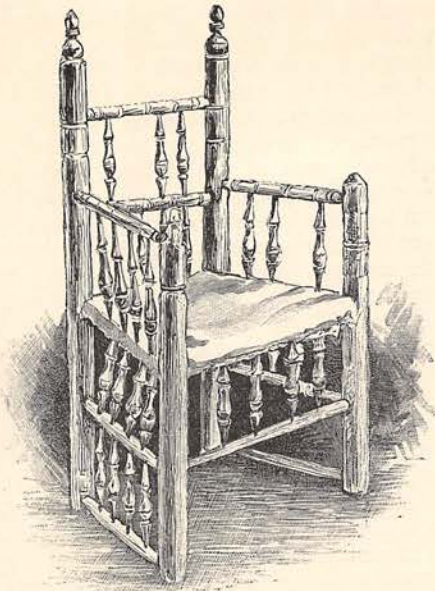


INSCRIPTION ON SWORD-BLADE.

human heads. Weston's company immediately afterward left the country, and the Massachusetts tribe were so demoralized by this sudden assassination that they dared not stay in one place long enough to plant corn, but kept moving to and fro, not able to find a messenger willing to go and sue for peace



SWORD OF MYLES STANDISH, OF ANCIENT PERSIAN MANUFACTURE. [IN PILGRIM HALL.]



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR [IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH, MASS.]

among the English, whom they had now named in their tongue "The Stabbers."

For the rest, the pilgrims got on well with the savages from this time until the Pequot war, and drove a thriving trade for beaver-skins up and down the coast, establishing posts at length as far to the eastward as the Kennebec, and as far westward as the Connecticut River. So eager did they find the Indians for their trinkets, that to obtain them the women would sometimes strip off and sell the beaver coats that covered them, fastening boughs of trees about their bodies for modesty's sake.

While the Pilgrims did not at any time starve outright, as did the Jamestown people, they were plagued with almost continual scarcity and fear of famine during their first three years at Plymouth. They escaped starvation now by a good catch of fish, again by the abundance of water-fowl; sometimes they rejoiced in corn bought of the Indians, and once famine was staved off by the kind intervention of some fishing-captains on the eastern coast, who made a general contribution sufficient to give a quarter of a pound of bread to each person daily, until the green corn should be ready, some months later. The scarcity came at first from their inexperience in raising maize, their enfeebled health, and the necessity for fortifying; the famine was prolonged by the arrival of fifty lusty young colonists from England, with good appetites, and no provision, and almost without clothes; and later the green corn was stolen by the lawless wretches brought over to plant Weston's miserable and short-lived

colony at Weymouth. At one time Plymouth had neither bread nor corn for four months together. Having but one boat left, the men were divided into companies, six or seven going at a time with a net to fish. These never returned empty-handed, for there was nothing for them at home. It was sometimes necessary to stay out five or six days, in which case those at home would leave their cornfields and go to digging clams. One or two ranged the woods for deer, of which they now and then got one, dividing it among all. In the winter, besides water-fowl, they had also the little ground-nuts which the Indians ate.

In all this scarcity they were cheerful, and the few who were delicately bred bore hardships with the rest. Elder Brewster, whom we have seen acquainted with the great world at Elizabeth's court in his youth, ruled the church, as Bradford governed the State, but he took his turn with the rest in standing guard. "His bible and his sword were alike familiar." When he had nothing to set before his family but the tiresome shell-fish, without bread, or any other food, he would devoutly give thanks over these breakfasts, dinners and suppers of clams and cold water, that they were "permitted to suck of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasure hid in the sand."

In the summer of 1623, the colonists having planted corn each for himself, there was prospect of a good crop; but they were still living on sea-food, without bread or beverage, when the ship *Anne* arrived with a company of immigrants. Those who had come to them before were all from England, but this vessel brought also some of their old friends from Leyden. The new-comers were dismayed when they beheld the tattered and even half-naked state of some of the Plymouth people, and saw their sunburnt and weather-beaten faces, their bodies meager and in some cases swollen from a diet of animal food only. Some bewailed the fate that had brought them to such a country, and wished themselves in England once more; some "fell a-weeping, fancying their own misery in what they now saw in others"; some broke out in pity for the distress their friends had endured for three years; but others rejoiced to see those from whom they had been so long separated, and were hopeful of better days now they were together. Among the new-comers were wives and children of some of the first colonists, who now had nothing better to feast their newly arrived friends with than "a lobster, a piece of fish without bread or anything else but a cup of fair spring water." It is the governor, Bradford, who writes thus

feelingly, and among the newly arrived was the lady whom he was to marry and whom he now probably welcomed by a breadless dinner of lobster and water.

In the spring of 1624, the pernicious system of communistic farming, which had been forced upon them by their arrangement with the London merchants, was wholly done away with, and permanent allotments were made of small parcels of land, lying in a compact body for safety's sake. As at Jamestown, so here, the disappearance of want was simultaneous with the establishment of individual interest. Though the colony, deserted by the disappointed mercantile company in England, had to buy goods in 1625, for their Indian trade, at an interest of forty-five per cent., and had to borrow a thousand pounds in the following year at thirty per cent., the energy and financial skill of the leaders brought them honorably out of all their money troubles. Some of the chief men, Bradford in particular, afterward acquired competence by trading in furs on private account.

In 1626, an ambassador from New Amsterdam visited the English at New Plymouth, as the place was then called. He has left us a very fair description of the outward appearance of the little plantation. There was a broad street "about a cannon-shot of eight hundred yards long, leading down the hill with a rivulet." The houses were constructed of hewn planks, and neat gardens were about each house. The whole was surrounded by a stockade, in which there were three gates. The governor's house stood at the crossing of the streets in the middle of the town, and in front of this was a square inclosure, on which four guns were mounted, so as to sweep the streets in all four directions. On the hill, now known as "Burial Hill," was a large square house of thick sawed plank on a frame of oak-beams. The flat roof of this building held six four or five pounders, which commanded the country about. The lower part of this rude fort was the church of the militant Puritans. At beat of drum, on Sunday morning, the men came to the captain's door, with "their cloaks on," and each bearing a musket or matchlock. Three abreast they walked to church, led by a sergeant. In the rear came the governor, in a long robe; on his right, wearing a cloak, Elder Brewster, who acted as preacher; on the governor's left, Captain Myles Standish, who also wore a cloak and side-arms, and carried a small cane as a sort of baton of authority, perhaps; "and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him." Thus they were "constantly on

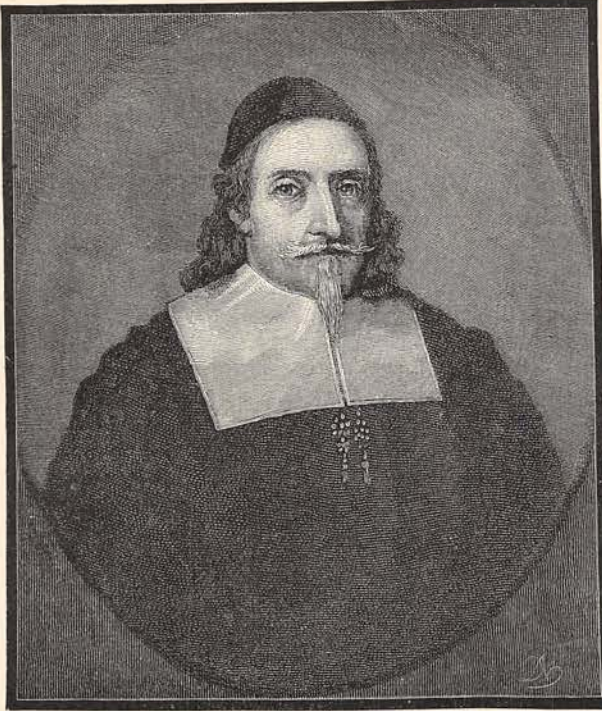
their guard night and day," worshipping with loaded fire-arms, and with six cannons on the meeting-house roof.

IV.

THE PURITANS IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE settlement at Plymouth brought a new force into English planting in America. The hope of immediate commercial profit from colonies had proved illusive. It was, besides, a motive of slight persistency for so difficult a task as the transplanting of the home-loving Englishman of that time into a savage and almost unknown land. "We English are known to the world as loving the smoke of our own chimneys so well, that hopes of great advantages are not likely to draw many of us from home," said John White, of Dorchester, in 1630. Captain John Smith, who boasted that he was not so foolish as to believe that any man would ever plant a colony for anything but pecuniary profit, lived long enough to admire the fortitude and courage, while he laughed at the "humorous ignorances," of "about a hundred Brownists," who had planted where he had tried in vain to persuade merchants to make a beginning. Once the religious motive was introduced, it became a most powerful factor in peopling the American wilds. Puritans, Huguenots, Salzburgers, Anabaptists, Moravians, Presbyterians, followed in the path to religious freedom opened by the example of the "hundred Brownists," whose sufferings for scrupulosity's sake seemed ridiculous enough to men of worldly sagacity like Smith. When the pilgrims had set their feet firmly on the coast of New England, they became "stepping-stones to others," as they had foreseen,—and not to religionists alone, but to traders and fishermen. The savages were put in awe by the prowess of Standish, and their confidence was won by the just and kindly dealing of Bradford and the diplomacy of Winslow. Other comers might now inhabit the coast. Fish-drying and fur-buying settlements began to appear as early as 1622 and 1623, on the banks of the Piscataqua and the coast to the eastward. These were germs of Maine and New Hampshire, the only lands on the New England coast that were settled at first from other than religious motives.

The intrepid little colony at Plymouth by 1624 had come to number a hundred and eighty persons, and its fame had been spread abroad in England in the writings of Captain John Smith and in the published journal of its leaders. At the same time the fisheries and the fur-trade were rising in importance; forty vessels went a-fishing on the New Eng-



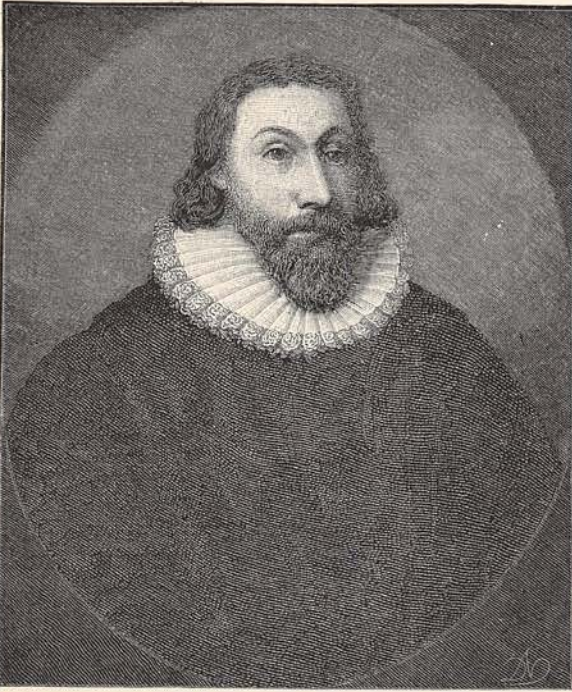
GOV. JOHN ENDECOTT, FROM A PAINTING BY SMIBERT AFTER AN OLD DRAWING FROM LIFE. [BY PERMISSION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.]

land coast in 1623. Some men of Dorchester made an attempt to unite fishing with colonization the next year. A colony was set down on Cape Ann, which should grow maize for provisioning the fishing-vessels, and in the season of fish lend a hand on the ships, and thus save the carrying of double crews. But it was a case of seeking red-herrings in the wood, and strawberries in the sea, for farmers were but lubbers when it came to cod-fishing, and seamen were equally clumsy in growing Indian-corn. But when the unprofitable colony broke up, Roger Conant, its governor, who had been a Plymouth settler, removed with two or three others to Naumkeag, where Salem now stands, and waited for a new colony to come to them from England.

Besides these settlers at Salem, there came isolated pioneers to other parts of the region afterward covered by the Massachusetts charter,—men who had come no one knows how or when, but who, curiously enough, were of the several types so generally represented on the border-line between savage and civil life. On an island in Boston Harbor was the solitary and adventurous Scotchman, whose like can be found in almost every out-of-the-way place in the wide world. The first settler of the peninsula on which Boston stands was, appropriately enough, a scholarly recluse, a clergyman by the name of Blackstone or Blaxton. True to

the instincts of his class as we find it on the frontier at the present time, Blaxton departed farther into the wilderness when new neighbors came. He said to the Puritans: "I came from England because I did not like the lord-bishops, but I cannot join with you lest I should be under the lord-brethren." The libertine and rollicking scoffer, always found in such a refuge from authority, had more than one representative, but the chief was old Thomas Morton, who got possession of a fortified house in what is now Braintree, which he called Merrymount. Here he welcomed renegade bond-servants, and sold fire-arms to the Indians. He broke the commandments with delight, consumed a great deal of "strong waters," wrote licentious songs, devised May-dances, in which he taught the saturnine Indian women to participate, and laughed at the prim and pious brethren of Plymouth and Salem in the ribald verse of a coarse and clever college man.

After the coming of Endecott, this devil in the Massachusetts paradise was, with the general consent of all the occupants of the coast, captured by Myles Standish, and sent to England, while Endecott, a sturdy fighter of imaginary Apollyons, marched to Merrymount, and, in God's name, solemnly chopped down the "idol,"—as a May-pole was called in Puritan parlance,—and ordained that the place should no longer be called Merrymount, but Mount Dagon, in memory of the Philistine image that fell down before the ark. Even sober-minded people of our time may join in the laugh of the reprobate Morton at a zeal so much of the color of Don Quixote's chivalry. One other primitive and isolated settler at "The Bay" will be recognized as belonging to a class of pioneers common in many western wilds. This was Samuel Maverick, who established himself very early on Noddle's Island, where now is East Boston. One traveler in New England declared that Maverick was the only hospitable man in the colony. The preservation of rigid Puritan habits of worship, fasts, and a becomingly irksome method of Sabbath-keeping was not consistent with the indiscriminate entertainment of strangers. But Maverick, whose house was open to all comers, was no Puritan, and seems to have bothered himself little about any of the anise and cummin of



JOHN WINTHROP, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY. [FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATE CHAMBER.]

The people who settled Massachusetts Bay were not Separatists like the followers of Robinson who had planted Plymouth. Agreeing with the Separatists in the severe Calvinism of their theologic system, and in the unrelenting austerity of their moral code, they yet refused to follow them into independency. Persecutions, fines, prisons, and the fires of martyrdom had failed to drive them from the National Church. They hated "the popish ceremonies" of the prayer-book, the surplice of the minister, the communion of the wicked, and the lordly domination of the bishops. But they proposed to deliver the Church from her oppressors and to winnow the chaff from the wheat; and woe to the chaff which they should cast into the fire! Yet this hope of seeing a church without spot or wrinkle, prayer-book or bishop, died under the reactionary tyranny of the Stuart kings, and many came to look with favor on a project, whose full import was only whispered in the ear, to found in the wilds of America

religion. Yet, when the Indians perished by whole villages from small-pox, he was foremost in caring for those who had been deserted of their own kindred, and in burying their dead.

In describing the contact of these "old planters," as they were called, with the new authority of the colony, we have anticipated the Puritan settlement of Massachusetts Bay, which began in 1628. The Puritan party in the Church of England was by this time smarting under the persecutions which sprang from the growing influence of Laud, "the Father of New England," as a colonial historian wittily calls him. As the cloud over the heads of the non-conforming clergy and their people grew blacker, the petty free state of New Plymouth, settled by a persecuted people on the margin of a continent all but boundless, shone like a distant pharos in their eyes, inviting them to plant a Puritan church in a new state, which should embody their biblical ideals.

John White, a clergyman of Dorchester, advocated this migration as Hakluyt had that to Jamestown. But White's writings belong to a new epoch from those of Hakluyt. The romantic age of Elizabeth had utterly passed away; we no longer read of golden ornaments and strings of pearl, and of commerce with rich Cathay; it is now only a matter of homely corn-fields, cod-fisheries, and the beaver trade.

"a particular church" as they phrased it,—a new church with the right of priority and backed by state sanction.

In its outward seeming the company that proposed to colonize Massachusetts was a commercial corporation. It professed a desire for the conversion of the heathen, but so also did all others who received grants and charters. Religion was used for decorative effect in the mercantile undertakings of that day; the very bills of lading were devout, and it was common enough to exchange rum and glass-beads for beaver-skins under color of promoting Christianity. The most serious deliberations of the new company were secret, and some of the horseback journeys for consultation were made in the night.

In 1628, John Endecott, at the head of less than a hundred people, was sent over to Salem, where Roger Conant, of the old Cape Anne colony, was holding the ground. The next year an excellent minister, Francis Higginson, came with about three hundred, mostly servants of the company and of individuals, and bringing a supply of "rother beasts," or neat cattle, and some horses. Higginson, who had been dyspeptic, recovered his health for a time under the influence of a new climate, novel scenes, and active life. He wrote and sent to England a rather imprudent tract, praising New England, as enthusiastic new-comers have ever been wont to praise a new home. A

country in which one could live in health on a simple diet and without beer was a marvelous land to the Englishman of that time, and its advantages were set forth strongly; a lad of twelve could grow more Indian-corn than was necessary for his sustenance, said the good clergyman. This letter had much to do with raising the great migration in the following year.

The leaders of this movement had shown great cleverness in planting a new church without exciting premature suspicions. They presently began to debate a master-stroke of policy. Their charter was not very different from that under which Virginia was so long and so badly governed from London—the charter of a trading and colonizing company, having the right to govern the territory covered by their monopoly without regard to the liberties of the settlers. Those whom the company made “freemen,” or members of the corporation, elected the officers, who made laws for the distant colony. But, either by accident or by some clever foresight and management, no place had been specified for the holding of the “courts” or meetings of the company. These might assemble in London, Dorchester, or elsewhere. A far-reaching plan was now broached to take advantage of this vagueness, by carrying the

charter, governor, courts, and all the machinery of the company, to Massachusetts Bay, where, by electing settlers to franchises and offices, a non-resident commercial autocracy would be changed into a system of local popular government. A paper of “General Considerations,” on the subject, was drawn up and circulated in manuscript among the leaders of the Puritan, or popular party, urging among other things that “The Church hath no place left to flie into but the wilderness.” At a private conference of some gentlemen of birth and culture, held in Cambridge less than six months after the issue of the charter, they signed a paper pledging themselves one to another to migrate to Massachusetts Bay, if the government of the company should be transferred to America. Accordingly, in 1630 a fleet of fourteen sail set forth, carrying eight hundred and forty persons of all ages and conditions of life. These colonists were under the leadership of John Winthrop, a wise and modest man, who had been chosen governor, and who carried with him the patent for their lands, and the king’s charter to the corporation. The adroit use of this charter was the first Yankee trick; by it local and constitutional self-government was founded in the mother colony of New England under the broad seal of Charles I.



MANSSION BUILT AT MEDFORD, MASS., IN 1634, FOR GOVERNOR CRADOCK OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COMPANY.