

own emancipation, and his slavery too ended with that of the negroes. In nothing did the man so establish himself in the eyes of all, and in his own also, as by the fact that he held General Jessup's "hands" to the soil after they were freed by the result of the war. All around him the slaves escaped in flocks, like blackbirds, from the men who held them in virtue of ownership. John Markham held his serfs in virtue of the only real mastership, that of character. You could see the increasing self-respect of the man with every day of the new era. Besides, owing to his admirable management, the vast indebtedness of the estate was being steadily paid off.

But Katie and myself had got out of all patience with him. I had begun to tell her that at last John Markham's solidity was also stolidity—all ox, and less than I had hoped either of lion or eagle. I remember well that January night of 1868 especially. Self-reliant as Annie Jessup was, she was a woman, and she was beginning to droop. My wife and myself could not but observe it as she sat after supper by the fireside, her eyes on the coals as, with our little Jessup in her lap asleep, she sat thinking, thinking. I was just clinching my fist at the thought of Markham, when he walked in. He had not rung; he did not speak to Katie or myself; he walked up to Annie, handed her a bundle of papers tied with red tape, and said, "There, Miss Annie, you will find the receipt for payment of the last cent your estate owed. I congratulate you!"

A Virginian of two centuries' standing could not have said it better. If he had only said the rest as well! But there he stopped and stammered and hesitated, grew as red as blood, then as white as a sheet: it was pitiful to look on the suffering of the poor fellow. While I was blundering about in my mind what to do, Katie did it. "Oh, Annie Jessup!" she exclaimed, taking our boy from the hands of the startled girl, as she rose to her feet before the trembling overseer—"oh, Annie Jessup, how can you!"

It may have been, as Katie says, "the good blood of her family in her." It certainly was the true womanhood of Annie Jessup, for she recovered herself in a moment, said, as quietly as if he had given her an apple instead, "I thank you, Mr. Markham!" And then, with one steady look at the noble face in such trouble before her, and in virtue of being his born superior, she put a palm on either side of his head and deliberately kissed him, and full upon the lips, like a queen! It was more than the touch of a monarch's sword conferring nobility. The man at once dilated, and grew calm—in his own eyes, too, a gentleman forever.

That was January, 1868, as I have said. I was out at their place yesterday. I can not see in what sense John Markham is not as

thorough a gentleman as any man I ever knew; his wife is satisfied upon that point. I think he has no uneasiness, if he ever thinks of it at all, upon the subject. They have five vigorous children. I suppose with wealth the blood will run out some day in their children's children's children. Meanwhile I do regard, in a purely scientific sense, this whole affair as an instance of the survival of the fittest, and it is on that account that I have written these lines.

GENESIS OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES.*

IN the great days of Queen Elizabeth, when Bacon was pointing all men to a diligent study of nature, and Shakspeare had already begun to exhibit her fairest and sternest traits in living pictures on the stage, a young lawyer of Gray's Inn, of fair estate and honorable lineage, shone in all the gay revels and extravagant dissipation of the time. Henry Barrowe was a courtier, a fine gentleman, a gamester famous for his success in dieing, a vain and dissolute young man, who wasted his gains at the gaming-table in frivolous pleasures, and who was fond of boasting of the favors of fortune, and of the good luck that seemed never to desert him. Gray's Inn had no more dissipated student. Of law he confesses that he had learned little; he seems to have cared nothing for literature; and his gay youth ripened into a manhood that showed no traces of reform. But suddenly Henry Barrowe was missed from his usual place in the tavern and the theatre. His gay companions of the bar and the court told with a smile that he had become a Puritan. To the gallant circle that gathered around the Virgin Queen, to the friends of Raleigh and the followers of Essex, in the midst of their masks and revelries, their wild extravagance, their secret enormities, the conception of the austere and rigid sect who shrank from all the common amusements of the day seemed sufficiently repulsive. Yet it is worthy of notice that Raleigh in his imaginative youth had sighed for the peace of an assured faith, and that Essex in his last stormy days assumed the guise of Puritanism. But there was one class of men in that important period to whom the new sect was singularly odious. The ritualists of the age of Elizabeth, aided by the natural inclinations of the queen, had gained a perfect control in the English Church; the most severe laws had already been passed against the Non-conformists and sectaries; martyrs had already fallen; the prisons were filled with Dissenters; the ritualists pursued their opponents with unrelenting cruelty; and the modera-

* *The Genesis of the New England Churches.* By LEONARD BACON. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

tion which had marked the Church in the days of Cranmer and Edward VI. had been changed to bitter severity. A terrible inquisition—the High Commission for the trial of all ecclesiastical offenses—ruled over England, and watched with constant vigilance for those who refused to employ a ritual that had become tainted with the worst superstitions of Rome. It was before this unsparing tribunal that Henry Barrowe was summoned to appear and defend that faith which had won him from the world.

He was soon arrested. Possibly his influence among his old companions may have been feared, or his reputation at court may have lent him unusual importance. But one day when he had gone to visit a fellow-Puritan, John Greenwood, in his prison, he was himself seized, and detained until a charge could be brought against him. Barrowe and Greenwood, friends in life, united in death, have come down to us as conspicuous martyrs to that Puritan principle which founded the New England churches and planted freedom in the New World. They lay in prison together for six years, while England was filled with memorable scenes, while Mary of Scotland perished on the block, while the Armada was dashed to pieces on the northern coast; and the vain rage of papal Rome might have taught the Elizabethan age the lesson of religious toleration. But no pity nor justice softened the horrors of their dismal cell. When brought before the High Commission, before archbishops and bishops, before Burleigh and Buckhurst, Barrowe would show no unmanly hesitation. The dicer and profligate of an earlier hour now glowed with the ardor of an undoubting faith. "The Church of England," he declared, "as it is now formed, is not the true Church of Christ." The Common Prayer book was "idolatrous, superstitious, popish." Bishops and lawyers for six years strove to refute or to convert him; from his cell he contrived to write and publish a series of remarkable works that spread the knowledge of Puritanism. The two martyrs were confined at last in the Fleet prison, on the spot where now a vast Congregational church has sprung up over the scene of their sufferings. And one morning they were bound together on a cart, and carried to their execution on Tyburn Hill.

The Puritanism for which men began now to suffer and die throughout all England had sprung up naturally from the corruptions of the Church of Elizabeth. Yet it may be traced to the age of Constantine. To restore the purity, simplicity, and fervor of the early Church, its simple rites and fraternal unity, had been the aim of the Cathari and the Vandois, the Albigenes and the Wycliffites, the Hussites, and at last of Calvin and Luther. It was easily discovered

by the least cultivated reformer that the churches founded by Paul and John bore no resemblance to the splendid spectacle presented by the papal or the English liturgy; that haughty bishops and martial popes could be in no sense successors of the Apostles; that the plainness, purity, and humility recommended by Paul had no place in any of the visible churches. In England it is probable that the Wycliffite reforms had never lost their influence upon the people, and that Henry VIII. was the leader of a large party who had long been waiting for the advent of a Luther and a Calvin. But Henry had stopped upon the brink of progress: the people pressed onward, and in Edward VI.'s time had torn down the images from the churches, and trampled relics and croziers in the dust. When Cranmer published his prayer-book the Puritan party already existed in the Church, pledged to a bitter hatred for formalism and ritualism of every degree. Yet the comparative mildness of Cranmer and Ridley had seduced even Hooper to assume the episcopal robes. Under Mary the chiefs of the English reformation perished in the flames, and with Elizabeth the ritualists once more sprang into power. Pomp and outward show entered into the churches. The Host was worshipped at splendid altars, tapers glowed in the queen's private chapel, and the spirit of persecution was again the offspring of a hollow formalism. That barbaric cruelty which it had been the single aim of Christianity to extirpate from among its followers became the ruling principle of the English Church. No dissent was to be tolerated, no neglect of its ritual allowed, no difference in its outward form. There was to be but one Church in the nation, and disloyalty to its doctrines and rites was both heresy and treason. To this theory the Puritans at first gave a perfect adhesion; they never desired to separate from the national Church, nor to countenance a revolt against the laws of Elizabeth; they hoped to reform it from within, and they were prepared to persecute those who refused to submit to the royal ordinances with almost as much rigor as Whitgift or Bancroft. They could scarcely see how a church could exist separate from the state, or a humble congregation constitute an independent ecclesiastical community. But the idea came upon them suddenly. A portion of the Puritans, shocked by the vices of their visible Church, took refuge in congregationalism. They saw that Paul had never founded a national church, nor had the early Christians any other form of church government than that of separate congregations. They began to separate themselves from the English Church. They founded congregations in Southwark or in Scrooby. The hand of the law fell upon them fearfully, yet they still met in secret places and in

lonely forests. They filled the prisons, and they perished on the scaffold; yet no persecution could check that powerful movement, and in the pains and martyrdom of men like Barrowe and Greenwood was laid the foundation of the New England churches.

The chief Puritan congregation was gathered at Southwark, across the Thames, in a poor suburb, on the road that led to Canterbury, and where Chaucer's pilgrims might have preceded the modern processions of Manning and Capel. But the chief members of the Southwark church were soon languishing in Newgate or the Fleet, were decimated by fevers, want, starvation, or had perished by the hands of the legal executioner. The parents of a mighty race that was to number its descendants by millions and tens of millions, and to create a republic in the New World that was to open a new era to man, were now few and disheartened. Yet in their deep misery a refuge was opened to them that led to a memorable deliverance. In the green wet fields of Nottinghamshire, opposite the coast of Holland, and covered up in an atmosphere of rural repose, rose, and still rises, the gray spire of the parish church of Scrooby—a rustic village that has made little advance since the reign of the ritualistic queen. It is a scene sacred to the origin of New England progress. Amidst its meadows and marshes, separated from the ancient village by a moat, now dry, and a patch of garden, stood the Scrooby Manor-house, long the favorite resort of kings and prelates. But in the period of which we speak it was occupied as a tenant by William Brewster, an eminent Puritan, and once a rising courtier. Around Scrooby the people had long cherished a secret Puritanism. Two or three miles from it is the little village of Austerfield, where was born William Bradford, the governor of Plymouth colony, whose discretion and virtue were long the chief reliance of the early New England Church. To Scrooby Manor-house on each Lord's-day the separatists of the neighborhood came singly or in pairs, with careful secrecy, to join in the simple services that might remind them of the church of Colosse or the house of Priscilla and Aquila. William Brewster presided as an elder, but the services of learned Puritan clergymen were engaged to instruct the people. Bradford recalls in his journal the happy influences of the early pastors, and among the teachers who best revived the pictures of the Apostolic days was John Robinson, the pastor of Leyden and of Plymouth colony. Learned, polished, modest, a Master of Arts at Cambridge, a fellow of Corpus Christi, a deacon in the English Church, the young teacher left the ritualistic school in which he had been trained to labor for a modern revival of the church of St. Paul. But at last persecution reached the congregation

of Scrooby and Austerfield. The faithful members filled the country jails. There was evidently no place in England for the new ritual; the tyrant James had succeeded the cruel Elizabeth, and Brewster and Robinson felt that they must fly to a foreign land. Persecuted by the ritualists who ruled at London, and even by the Puritans, who still clung to the royal faction, the separatists saw that in their native land the hope of reform was over.

Across the sea they saw the happy shores of Holland, where religious freedom had been planted in a republican state. Brewster, Robinson, and their associates resolved to leave the green plains of Scrooby and the dangerous fens of Lincolnshire, and transport their whole congregation, the parent of ten thousand churches, to the friendly shelter of the Dutch cities. How they met, prayed, fasted; with what care they selected their company; with what pains they were enabled to gather money to pay for the journey; how men, women, and children were consulting for many days over what part of their household goods they should carry with them and which of their small possessions they should leave behind, history imperfectly relates; yet never was there a more disastrous attempt than was apparently that of the Puritans. A stringent law forbade their emigration. It was apparently treason for a Puritan to attempt to leave England, and the Pharaochs of the Established Church watched carefully the coast from which they were to set sail. Yet Brewster and his faithful followers at last gathered in the friendly town of Boston, and, hidden by the shades of night, embarked in a ship that had been hired to carry them to Holland. But the master had already betrayed them. Scarcely were they on board the ship, and had begun to rejoice in the hope of a swift passage, when the officers of the law appeared to arrest them. They were brought to the shore in open boats, rifled of their property, treated with gross outrages, and driven back to Boston in the midst of a throng of spectators. Boston, it seems, was already a centre of Puritanism, and its magistrates would have set the unlucky Pilgrims free, but the Lords of the Council sent down orders for their detention. The unhappy congregation was imprisoned for a month. Brewster and six others were then detained in prison for trial, and the rest, impoverished and disheartened, were suffered to escape.

Once more, six months later, the pilgrims of Scrooby prepared to fly from England. Men, women, and children, with all their poor possessions, gathered on the unfriendly shore of the Humber, not far from Hull. A Dutch captain, more trustworthy than their countrymen, was ready to receive them, and a part of the company had already enter-

ed the ship, when the officers of the crown again appeared to detain them. Terrible was the spectacle of the weeping women and children seized by the soldiers, who sprang upon them from the inland districts, and kept them from their husbands and brothers, who had already reached the vessel. By an accident they had been detained, and the armed force came upon them just as they were about to rejoin their friends. The Dutch captain, alarmed at the sight of the soldiers, with a fair wind set sail. The Pilgrims were torn from their weeping families, and carried, with nothing to maintain them, to a foreign land. Meanwhile, on the lonely banks of the Humber, the mothers, with their shivering infants, were left in the power of the cruel soldiers, and had no means of providing themselves and their children with food. Their captors soon set them free. Even Bancroft did not care to imprison so feeble and miserable a company. But who provided them in their desolate condition with the means of subsistence has never been told. Their husbands, carried far away into the wild North Sea by a severe storm, were nearly lost on the coast of Norway, and Bradford, then a young man, records the humble and trustful prayers which he and his companions poured forth amidst the raging ocean, and the thankful hearts with which they landed, after a voyage of fourteen days, on the shores of Holland. By no human intervention, the women and children were at last enabled to rejoin their husbands and fathers, escaping at different times and by various means from the eastern coast of England. The church of Scrooby seems to have been united again in Amsterdam. Brewster, impoverished but free, Robinson, Bradford, and their early companions, were all there. But they soon found that violent dissensions were raging among the Puritan exiles in the Dutch capital, and, anxious only for peace, resolved to emigrate once more to busy Leyden. In 1609, on the 1st of May, they set out for their new home. But they would not come as paupers or dependents. They had promised the magistrates to be a burden to no one, and, with New England energy, began at once to learn and practice some industrial pursuit. One became a mason, another a carpenter, another a smith. Bradford learned to weave silk; Brewster, scholar and courtier, maintained his large family by teaching Latin and English, and even became a printer. Several of the Pilgrims were successful merchants; some were weavers and carders; one was a physician. The Dutch treated them with a generous kindness that might well have shamed their persecuting countrymen at home, and in the heart of commercial Leyden the fathers of New England might have lived in prosperous content. Robinson won general favor

by the purity of his character, his learning, and his graceful writings. His essays still deserve notice, and his gentle and pensive spirit, the foe of severity, uncharitableness, cruelty, and pride, might have been renewed in the not dissimilar natures of Buckminster and Channing.

The Puritans, however, had never designed to settle permanently in Holland. Among an alien race, speaking a different language, and educated to a different mode of life, they felt that their church could have no room for expansion, and must at last perish altogether. They had already become attached to a rigid mode of observing the Sabbath, which even in Holland had never been adopted. They knew that if they remained in Leyden their children would intermarry with the natives, and gradually become lost amidst the ruling race. Nor had they ever laid aside the hope that persecution might at last die out in England, and a gentler reign invite them back to their native land. Dear to them were still the lonely fens of Scrooby and the antique streets of Boston, and even Bradford, though he had sold his ancestral estate at Austerfield, must have sighed for the pleasant companionship of his earlier years. But time went swiftly on, and still the prelatical party in England ruled with increasing severity; the Puritans had grown in numbers, but they were ever bitterly oppressed. War, too, seemed about to break out again between Spain and Holland, and Robinson and Brewster, agitated by many apprehensions, fearful lest the congregation which they had founded might be subjected to some sudden disaster, began to discuss the only project that seemed to promise them a lasting rest. The New World offered them a congenial home. A grand idea fixed their attention. Amidst the Western wilderness they might find a settlement where all their persecuted companions in England might join them in a gentle commonwealth, where churches such as Paul had planted and Apollos watered might flourish unobserved by the persecutors, where they might keep their holy Sabbath, educate their children, and perhaps find a nation of Puritans in a country wholly their own. Such were the thoughts which the wise leaders now communicated to the church in Leyden and to their friends and allies in England. Carver, Bradford, Cushman, Winslow, Allerton, and others discussed the important question. Some doubted, some objected. How could they endure, it was urged, the fearful voyage, the perils of the wilderness, the strange climate, the new diseases? how could they escape from the treacherous savages who inhabited that solitary shore? or how could the aged, the feeble, women and children, bear the deprivation of all their usual comforts and conveniences in that

unknown clime? The question was debated at many meetings. The perils of the enterprise were set aside by the reflection that no great project like theirs for the benefit of mankind was ever achieved except by fortitude and courage. It was resolved to go. But whither? Some urged a settlement in Guiana, so recently made famous by Raleigh's brilliant fancy; others proposed Virginia. For Guiana was under the control of papal Spain, and its tropical heats offered no charm to the temperate people of the North. Virginia was preferred, but even in Virginia it was known that the Established Church ruled with its usual severity, and the Pilgrim Fathers could only hope that they might find some desolate spot in the immense wilderness where they might escape the observation even of the English inquisitors. So unhappy was their condition that no part of the world seemed to afford them a safe retreat. They decided to go to Virginia, or rather to the lands held by the Virginia Company, which embraced all the coast below the forty-first degree of latitude. The Plymouth Company possessed the remainder, above that line to the St. Croix, and a singular chance baffled the design of the fathers to settle in the softer climate of the South. The chief men of the Leyden colony now prepared to obtain land for settlement, and permission from the English government to occupy the barren waste. It was ungraciously given. Carver, Brewster, and Cushman found constant obstacles to their plan in the bigotry of King James and the distrust of the ritualistic faction in the Church. Months passed away in negotiation. Almost surreptitiously a patent passed the Virginia Council giving them the necessary title to a tract of land. The grant was made; the people sold their property, and made ready to leave peaceful Leyden; but now some of the adventurers seem to have regretted that they had fallen under the control of the Virginia Company, and longed for a settlement in what was already known as New England. Yet it was too late to change their destination. The *Mayflower*, a fine ship of one hundred and eighty tons, was hired for the voyage. A smaller vessel, the *Speedwell*, was to accompany it. Only the young and strong were to go at first. With prayer and fasting, tears and fond farewells, the congregation of Leyden gathered at Delfthaven to wish godspeed to the colonists who were to precede them to their new home, and in June, 1620, the Pilgrims embarked in the *Speedwell*, which was to carry them to Southampton, where lay the *Mayflower* and the rest of the company. At Delfthaven they heard for the last time the voice of the beloved Robinson; and Brewster, Carver, Cushman, Winslow, and Bradford were parted forever from the guide they

loved so well. Yet the church of Scrooby was not to be divided. It was agreed that Robinson should still remain their pastor, and join them at some happy meeting in the New World.

A fair wind bore the *Speedwell* to Southampton, but delays and trials still intervened. Once they put out, but were forced to return. The *Speedwell* proved unseaworthy, and was left behind. September 6-16 the *Mayflower* set out alone, laden with one hundred and two Pilgrims and all the preparations for the new colony, over the strange and solemn sea. Never vessel bore so rich a freight. The germs of religious toleration and of a primitive Christianity, of republicanism and human equality, of popular education and centuries of progress, were hidden within her feeble walls. Heaven smiled, and the destiny of mankind brightened as she sped on her solitary journey. She passed safely over the dangerous track where now the greatest steam-ships are often tossed and racked by the sea and wind, and sometimes, striking huge icebergs in the mist, perish unseen. But the *Mayflower* slowly pressed forward. Once, in mid-ocean, a fierce storm racked her feeble frame, a main beam gave way, and the vessel would have gone to pieces had not "a great iron screw" been found on board that brought the beam back to its place. One of her passengers, a servant, died; a child was born on the passage, and named by his parents Oceanus. Sixty-six days were passed on the sea, yet the voyage seems not to have been unprosperous. The *Mayflower* played well her important part. Her master and crew were a wild and godless company, whose oaths and ribaldry may have mingled strangely with the prayers and psalms of the Pilgrims, and even among the colonists men had intruded themselves whose characters were in striking discordance with the plans of the expedition. One was to become a murderer, and was afterward hanged; others were immoral, indolent, improvident. But the purer majority soon expelled from its midst its irreclaimable members. Not many of the first congregation at Scrooby seem to have gone on this memorable voyage. Brewster, Bradford, and one or two more can alone be recognized as members of the earlier church. Death had probably borne away many of the Scrooby congregation, and time may have enfeebled the others. At length the land appeared. Carver, Brewster, and Bradford watched with no common interest, we may conceive, the long, narrow strip of sand, projecting far into the ocean, that Providence seems to have designed as their guide to their promised home. It was November 19. The New England autumn, rich with azure skies and golden atmosphere, may yet have lingered later than usual over the des-

olate scene. The sands of Cape Cod seemed to the hopeful wanderers a region of plenty and peace. It was "a goodly land," they said, "and wooded to the brink of the sea." They rejoiced together, and sang hymns of praise, and the *Mayflower* dropped her anchor on the unknown coast.

It was to New Jersey or New York Harbor that the Pilgrims had evidently designed at first to go. What strange chance, miscalculation, or whether the perfidy of their captain, who, it is supposed, was hired by the Dutch to take them farther north, had misled them, or whether they may not have changed their plan at last, and preferred to settle in New England, they now found themselves far beyond the limits of the London Company, from which they had obtained their grant of land at the price of real slavery, and were trespassing on the territory of the Plymouth Company, to which they were wholly strangers. Yet they made no persistent effort to repair the error, or hesitated for a moment what to do; and once only they strove to sail to the southward, but were driven back. With the readiness for self-government which has marked their descendants, whether in Colorado or California, Carver, Bradford, and their associates now met in the cabin of the *Mayflower* and founded a state. It was the first town-meeting in our borders, the original declaration of independence and of the rights of man. The Pilgrims had already formed a Church, and they now planned a Commonwealth. They professed loyalty to the king, yet they pledged themselves to each other to obey the laws they might frame among themselves, and constituted themselves "a civil body politic." Nor did Carver, who was elected the governor of the new nation, or Bradford, who became his successor, ever hesitate to execute the laws with firmness, or doubt that his authority was as real as if it had been sanctioned by a king. The will of the people was to them the natural source of power. Next they landed on the goodly shore. They fell on their knees and blessed the God of heaven who had brought them safely over the vast and furious ocean to the stable land, their proper element.

Nothing is more remarkable in the character of the Pilgrims than the readiness with which they adapted themselves to every change of circumstance, and in all their wanderings maintained their perfect self-control. In Scrooby and Austerfield they had been courtiers, farmers, politicians, husbandmen. In Leyden they had each professed and learned some useful trade. On the wild shores of New England, Carver, Bradford, and the rest easily adopted the manners of explorers, coasted along the chill inlets, slept in their open shallop, bore patiently the storms of snow and sleet, or gathered from

the woods heaps of oily cedar that made an odoriferous flame, and delighted the travelers with its welcome heat. These strong, earnest, and hopeful men, pure, just, and kind, examined for many days the unknown shore, laden with the cares of future ages. They came at length to Plymouth Harbor: its vacant corn fields, a pure running brook and a sheltered site, a great hill that was to be the Acropolis of Plymouth, and abundance of wood, satisfied them that they had found their looked-for home. Frozen with cold, wet, weary, but never desponding, they kept the Sabbath on an island in the bay, and on the 21st or 22d of December landed on Plymouth Rock. Eighteen men, among whom were the chiefs of the colony, had shared in this dangerous and doubtful expedition; and as they slowly climbed from their shallop to the shore the echo of their footsteps resounded through all the centuries of the future. How many myriads were coming to meet them in endless anniversaries! What throngs of orators, poets, and applauding multitudes were to offer a late greeting to the wet and weary wanderers! They now hastened back to their companions, more joyous perhaps than many more prosperous congregations, and described the happy site of the future colony. The *Mayflower* once more unfurled her sails, and bore the colonists to Plymouth Bay. Joy filled all hearts at the sight of their wintry home. Work began at once. The streets were laid out, a common house begun and soon completed, a fortification was built on the top of Burial Hill, the garden plots were measured, and the first New England village sprang up as swiftly as if it were in Kansas or Nebraska. Labor never ceased for Christmas or any saint's day; it was only when the Sabbath came that every axe was silent, every arm at rest, and hymns of thankful joy mingled with the murmur of the sea. The church of Scrooby, Amsterdam, and Leyden held its services on Burial Hill, and religious rites that Paul and John would have approved awoke the silence of the wintry scene.

Toleration does not seem to have marked the first church of the Pilgrims; at least they were unwilling to suffer within their limits the existence of a rival and dangerous sect. Yet the voice of the pastor, Robinson, expressed the first theory of toleration that was heard in the New World. This amiable and virtuous man advanced in liberality as he approached the close of life. For the higher and purer elements in the religious institutions of his ancestors he entertained a lasting regard. The Church of England was still to him the possessor of much unquestioned excellence. He still held all its doctrines, and seems to have revolted only against its "church order and ordinances." Ritualism and the lingering

idolatry of its worship he shrank from with natural alarm. Yet he taught union rather than division, peace rather than ceaseless enmity. He lived in harmony with the wise and pure of all religious sects, and left the world with lessons of toleration on his lips. Ritualism and a bitter persecution, the rage of idolaters as unreasonable as that of the worshippers of Baal or Astarte, had alone driven the Pilgrims from their native land and their national Church; and it was with no spirit of hostility to any sect or creed, or with any desire but that of enjoying their own simple service unharmed by the officers of the High Commission, that the first Congregational assembly met in the wilderness. The ruling elder, Brewster, conducted its worship. Some decent forms were observed. Robinson was still looked upon as its pastor, and Brewster carefully abstained from any interference with his sacred office. But a time was coming when the solitary congregation was to bear such a trial of its faith and resolution as might well have crushed forever any church less devoted and less apostolic.

Famine, disease, the sense of a complete isolation, and of no hope of safety save in the protection of Heaven, came upon the lonely colony. Whether the same deadly malaria which had carried off so many thousands of the natives still lingered around Plymouth Bay, or whether the toils and pains they had already borne had prepared them for a fatal sickness, death descended upon them in the winter months with unprecedented ravages. One-half their number died. Of the survivors only seven remained able to attend upon the sick, or to bear away the dead to their graves amidst the snow on Burial Hill. Two or three sometimes died in one day. Yet the tenderness and assiduity with which the Pilgrims watched over their sick, and performed for them all the kind offices of Christian friendship, touched the hearts even of the rude sailors on the *Mayflower*; and when disease and death came at last on board of the ship, they found that their fellow-sailors shrank from them in their illness and refused to give them aid, and that their only real friends were the Puritans, who came to help them in their distress. Carver died in the spring, and Bradford was chosen in his place. But as summer approached new hope awoke in the breasts of these resolute men, and they saw the *Mayflower* sail away without a wish to abandon their dangerous home. Twenty men, six or eight women, and perhaps twenty children formed the whole population of the solitary hamlet. Nineteen huts or cabins lined the street that led up to the fortified hill. Of the savages they had yet seen nothing in the settlement, but had heard their cries in the forest, and watched the smoke of their wigwams rising over the in-

land district. Bradford's whole army to encounter the unknown hosts of the natives consisted of only nineteen men, commanded by Captain Miles Standish. Yet the Indians proved not unfriendly, and Massasoit welcomed them to New England. Ardent and ever hopeful, the spirits of the Pilgrims once more rose high as the summer came on, as the wild flowers bloomed in the woods, and the forests were covered with verdure. They planted their fields with barley and maize; they wandered on exploring expeditions along the neighboring shores; and late in the season Miles Standish with a detachment of nine men sailed as far as Boston Harbor. They saw its varied islands, the fair entrance to Charles River, and trod the lonely shore where now a splendid city has risen around their path, and watched in the fair moonlight the three mountain peaks now grown illustrious in story and in song.

The church which Robinson had planned, and Brewster, Carver, and Bradford had planted, was now fixed forever in New England. Yet the jealousy or the discretion of the Puritanic faction in England prevented the pastor from ever visiting his flock. Bradford ruled with firm and temperate hand over his growing company, and the example of the Leyden colonists found many imitators. A large emigration of the Puritans took place in the last years of James I. and the opening of the reign of Charles II. Twenty-one thousand in all are supposed to have come to America. The number seems insignificant compared with the vast hosts that in our day annually leave the Old World for the New. Yet no emigration was ever attended by such remarkable results. The descendants of Bradford and Robinson, Winthrop, Cotton, and their companions, have multiplied and enlarged until it is credibly estimated that they number seven millions. They have pierced the continent, and passed from ocean to ocean. Unnumbered Plymouths have sprung up in the forest and the prairie, and their founders have practiced every where the energy and the resolution that brought Bradford and Winthrop to the shores of Massachusetts. Many of the early Puritans were cultivated and accomplished men. Most of them were already at heart republicans. The compact formed in the cabin of the *Mayflower* became the model on which the government of every State from Maine to Oregon has been founded. Our people every where pledge themselves to each other to obey the laws which they have themselves sanctioned, and which derive all their authority from the consent of all the people, but which the people will enforce with their united strength. The moral system which the Puritans held up before mankind has become equally the foundation of our political prosperity. The

Sabbath, which in 1620 was observed in all its strictness probably in Leyden, or perhaps in Plymouth, alone, now follows the Anglo-Saxon race in all its wanderings, and Robinson would approve the sacred and necessary rest that spreads over so large a part of mankind on the peaceful day. Purity, gentleness, discretion, were practiced by Bradford, Carver, and their associates; they melted at the voice of sorrow, and forgot none of the duties of charity; and a natural refinement grew up among them that added to the vigor of the race. But possibly the congregation of Scrooby might have failed wholly to maintain their lasting influence had they not discovered, in an age of dense ignorance, the necessity of universal education. It was upon knowledge and religion that they founded their state. Puritanism has become every where the herald of popular instruction. The school was planted in Massachusetts as early as the church. To teach and to be taught was the chief aim of its ever-progressive people. At length the common-school system of education was perfected and confirmed by the experience of New England; the grand machinery of national instruction was set in motion that now covers the land from sea to sea. Every State has obeyed the precepts of Robinson and Bradford, and Colorado and California found their prosperity on their public schools.

Such are some of the results of the flight

of the congregation of Pilgrims from Scrooby to Amsterdam, to Leyden, to Plymouth, which we have chiefly taken from Dr. Bacon's valuable work on *The Genesis of the New England Churches*. To the States and nations who owe their existence and their prosperity to the strong yet gentle men who fled from their persecutors to a distant land there will always be a singular charm in the story of the first New England church. Dr. Bacon has painted its inner history with novelty and force. He makes us understand more clearly than ever before the perils and the difficulties, the mental and political philosophy, of the New England emigration. It is impossible not to see that, but for the wet and weary landing in Plymouth Bay, the silent Sabbath, the patient courage, the Christian tenderness, of the Pilgrim Fathers, there would have been no hope of progress and moral elevation in the New World; there would have been no free republic opening its generous shelter to the Teuton, the Celt, and the Saxon; and feudalism and religious tyranny would have marred the destiny of another continent. Nor of all our national celebrations is there any in which all our people may more cordially unite than when, in the bleak days of December, the descendants of the Pilgrims gather on the well-known shore, and almost hear the joyous voices of Brewster, Carver, and Bradford, as they leap from their shallop upon Plymouth Rock.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE virtue upon which John Bull has always prided himself is pluck, and he shows it in many ways, but in none more constantly than in his assertion of mental and moral liberty. His cousin Jonathan is, however, of opinion that he is a stouter friend of freedom than John, and points to the snobbishness of his English cousin and to the immense conformity of his whole family as an illustration of his moral cowardice. That conformity is indeed immense. A London correspondent of the *New York World* says in a recent letter that he was looking at a picture of the Ascension with a friend who is a member of the Anglican Church, and that the friend suddenly turned upon him, and asked him how many educated persons in England he supposed really accepted the story as told, and believed the Ascension as they believe that Julius Cæsar once lived. The correspondent replied that he supposed it to be the belief of all English Christians. "You are wrong," said his friend; "very few of them really believe it. The majority of them have never seriously thought about it; many of the minority who have thought about it do not believe it. Very many of the clergy, I know, although they repeat the creed every day, make a mental reservation when they say it. I tell you that the real belief in the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the Ascension scarcely exists

now among us. We say the words, but hosts of us don't believe the facts. There is Dean Stanley, for instance: I haven't the slightest doubt but that he disbelieves Incarnation, Resurrection, and Ascension.' 'But still you call yourselves Christian people,' said I. 'Yes,' he replied, 'so we do; but in that we only follow a fashion.'"

Mr. Gregg, in his articles, "Rocks Ahead," in the *Contemporary Review*, describes the religious faith of England as seriously undermined; and Mr. Emerson, in his *English Traits*, says that when conversation with an English Churchman comes to close quarters upon the subject of religion and its establishment, the prelate politely asks you to take wine. There is no doubt that much of the resistance to the Public Worship Bill at the late session of Parliament sprang from the conviction that if sincere conformity and uniformity were required—in other words, if the opportunity of individual evasion and explanation and sophistication were lessened or wholly destroyed, and men were put strictly upon their consciences—a vast number of clergymen at both extremes, the orthodox and the latitudinarian, would be forced out of the Establishment. This implies, of course, a startling amount of avoidance, to say the least, and seems certainly to show a want of the pluck that we have claim-