

Stories of
The Pilgrims

FREEDOM SERIES

ROLAND G. USHER • BASIL MATHEWS
WILLIAM BRADFORD

Stories of the Pilgrims

Includes:

The Story of the Pilgrims for Children

Roland G. Usher

The Argonauts of Faith

Basil Mathews

Excerpts from
Of Plymouth Plantation

William Bradford

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Stories of the Pilgrims

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Publisher's Note

Most of the stories that have been preserved of the Pilgrims can be traced to one source—William Bradford's personal recollections recorded in what came to be known as "Of Plymouth Plantation". The manuscript was held by family members until the Revolutionary War when it mysteriously disappeared. It resurfaced again in England around 1850. For nearly fifty years, efforts were made to have this priceless diary returned to the States. Finally, in 1897, among much celebration and fanfare, Governor Roger Wolcott accepted the manuscript with these words:

"There are places and objects so intimately associated with the world's greatest men or with mighty deeds that the soul of him who gazes upon them is lost in a sense of reverent awe, as it listens to the voice that speaks from the past…

"On the sloping hillside of Plymouth, that bathes its feet in the waters of the Atlantic, such a voice is breathed by the brooding genius of the place, and the ear must be dull that fails to catch the whispered words. For here not alone did godly men and women suffer greatly for a great cause, but their noble purpose was not doomed to defeat, but was carried to perfect victory. They established what they planned. Their feeble plantation became the birthplace of religious liberty, the cradle of a free Commonwealth. To them a mighty nation owns its debt. Nay, they have made the civilized world their debtor. In the varied tapestry which pictures our national life, the richest spots are those where gleam the golden threads of conscience, courage and faith, set in the web by that little band. May God in his mercy grant that the moral impulse which founded this nation may never cease to control its destiny; that no act of any future generation may put in peril the fundamental principles on which it is based, --of equal rights in a free state, equal privileges in a free church and equal opportunities in a free school…

Publisher's Note

"In this precious volume which I hold in my hands … is told the noble, simple story "Of Plymouth Plantation." In the midst of suffering and privation and anxiety the pious hand of William Bradford here set down in ample detail the history of the enterprise from its inception to the year 1647. From him we may learn 'that all great and honourable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages.'

"The sadness and pathos which some might read into the narrative are to me lost in victory. The triumph of a noble cause even at a great price is theme for rejoicing, not for sorrow, and the story here told is one of triumphant achievement, and not of defeat …

"I express the thanks of the Commonwealth for the priceless gift. And I venture the prophecy that for countless years to come and to untold thousands these mute pages shall eloquently speak of high resolve, great suffering and heroic endurance made possible by an absolute faith in the over-ruling providence of Almighty God."

Our sincerest hope is for more of today's young people to become familiar with this "priceless gift", and be inspired to safeguard that which was obtained with so much hardship.

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The Story of the Pilgrims for Children

Roland G. Usher

FOREWORD FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

I have tried in this little book to write an accurate history of the Pilgrims and to limit myself to incidents and facts which could be vouched for by the unimpeachable authority of Bradford's History and Winslow's narratives. The basis for this account can be found at large in my *Pilgrims and their History*. But it has seemed to me that the events must be personalized for small children and that the story must be told for them directly, with conversation and description, rather than by indirect discourse. I have therefore described certain scenes in words for which we find no literal warrant in our authorities, but I have tried to make the general impression accurate and to base conversation and descriptions directly on the ideas and personalities of the characters as contemporary evidence reveals them.

I have omitted a number of familiar stories, because they cannot be supported by the evidence of contemporaries. As explained in the larger book — a fact long familiar to critical students — these represent the ideas about Plymouth generally accepted before Bradford's History was recovered. They are mostly inconsistent with his narrative and I see no reason why they should still be told even to children. The loss of the picturesque tale about Priscilla and John Alden would be regrettable, if we were not now able to substitute for it a new Miles Standish, and thus do a too long delayed justice to one of the greatest of Pilgrims. Indeed, as commonly told, the story leaves the child with a vivid impression of people, who, though entirely admirable and noble characters, cannot now be shown to have played any vitally important part in the history of the Pilgrims either at Leyden or in America; and does this at the expense of leaving in the child's mind a hazy and indefinite notion of the men to whom the greatness of the Pilgrim achievement is due. A tale therefore which stresses the part played by Alden at the expense of throwing Bradford, Brewster, and Winslow into the background and of making Standish ridiculous lacks the first attribute of historical accuracy. I have therefore selected the incidents in which Bradford, Brewster, Winslow, and Standish played important parts and have felt it essential to emphasize their part by devoting less to the other characters and incidents.

Roland G. Usher, PhD

Chapter 1
The Pilgrims in England

Ever so many years ago, long before your fathers and grandfathers were born — yes, long before your great-grandfathers were born — this country was settled by English people who came across the ocean from England. Some few went to Virginia in those first years, but the great majority, for quite a long time, came to what we still call New England. This story is about the first people who came to New England, the first to attempt to found homes here in America. In a way their coming was responsible for the fact that you are here now, that you speak English, and that our law is English law.

You will be glad to know something about these people who showed the others the way. They were interesting people, and the story about how they came to leave England and how they came to America is really fascinating. Before they came to America, these people were living in England in two little villages called Scrooby and Austerfield.

Scrooby and Austerfield would look like funny towns to you, if you could have seen them. There was just one street, and along it on either side were built houses, either all of stone or of timber with plaster in between the big beams. The roofs were not made of shingles or slate like ours, but were made out of straw and sticks woven together until very thick and called thatch. Often dirt was put on to fill up the cracks in the thatch, and then grass and flowers grew on the roof!

Inside most of these houses there was only one big room. The floor was sometimes of tile or big stones; but was often just the ground, trampled hard by walking on it. On one side was a big fireplace, so big that a great many children could all get into it together and big enough for grown-ups to stand up straight.

Here, the mother of the family cooked the meals over an open fire. The pots were hung over it on long iron rods called cranes. Sometimes an oven of brick was built at one side. The mother heated the oven first by making a big fire of wood inside of it. Then she raked out the ashes and the red-hot snapping embers with a little iron rake. She next put the dough into the hot oven, and closed the iron door. The fire had made the bricks so hot that the heat they gave off baked the bread! But it was not a very nice or clean way to bake bread, was it — right on the place where the dirty coals had been?

You see, they were poor people and had no better houses or ways of cooking. They had no fine clothes, and had to work very hard to earn their livings. They were farmers and raised wheat or oats in the fields around the village.

The landlord was a great man of the time, called the Archbishop of York. He did not live at Scrooby, and so he hired a man to collect his rents for him and look after his business at Scrooby. This man was named William Brewster. He did not work in the fields, and was quite the most important man in the village. He and his wife had three children, one boy of about fourteen, named Jonathan, and two girls, both much younger, named Patience and Fear.

Mr. Brewster was better off than the rest of the people. He also lived in a better house, a big red brick house that belonged to the Archbishop. It had several large rooms, a garden around it, and around the whole a ditch of water called a moat. Over this there was a little bridge, called a drawbridge, which they could let down and draw up. This moat was to protect the house from bad men who might try to steal the Archbishop's things.

Mr. Brewster and a good many of the people at Scrooby did not like the Church which the law established in England at that time. The ministers were appointed by officers called Bishops, who were

appointed themselves by the King. They told the ministers what to do and say. A book had been printed with prayers and parts of the Bible in it, and the Bishops ordered the ministers to read it to the people every Sunday. The law also said that all the people must come and hear the minister read the book.

Mr. Brewster and his friends objected to this. They wanted to read the Bible itself, and talk about it with each other. They wanted to choose their own minister, and not have the Bishop appoint someone they did not know, and perhaps someone they did not like. So they had disobeyed the law, and had been holding meetings of their own, where they had not read the book which the Bishops had issued. They had elected John Robinson as their preacher.

All this was against the law, and for doing it they might be punished. But they were so sure God wanted them to read the Bible in their own way that they felt ready to go to prison, if the Bishops or the King should arrest them. In the year 1607, they had been afraid for some time that the officers would come to arrest them.

Chapter 2
Hiding

One day Jonathan Brewster came running down the street at Scrooby, cap off, hair flying, shouting at the top of his lungs, "Father! Father!"

At the end of the street there appeared on the steps of the great brick house, and on the other side of the moat of water, his father, a man about forty years old.

"Father! Father! They arrested him," shouted the boy. "They arrested him and they are coming for you."

Mr. Brewster stood still for a minute, and then said quietly: "So the time has come."

He turned and entered the house, the boy following at his heels. He called to his wife and said:

"They have learned at last about our meeting. They mean to act and will arrest us."

"But they will not arrest us," said Mrs. Brewster, "for worshipping God and reading the Bible."

"You will see," said Mr. Brewster, "they will not hesitate. We must fly and promptly."

He then turned to the boy: "Run to Mr. Robinson and bring him here. Someone must also let Johnson know. Another must go to Austerfield and tell Bradford. Someone must warn Mr. Jessop. He too is named. All are to meet here at the manor house tonight, and go as arranged to Sherwood Forest."

"To Robin Hood's wood where Friar Tuck and Maid Marion lived, father?"

"Yes, yes! Hurry now! Run!"

All the afternoon there was much bustle and excitement. Visitors were coming and going to and from the house — both men and women.

When night came, Jonathan and his sisters found themselves bundled off up the ladder, to bed in the attic. There they lay on their stomachs and peeped through the cracks in the floor and watched what went on downstairs.

They saw their father and other men come in, clad in long black cloaks and carrying bundles. Women came bringing bundles and weeping and crying. They all knelt and prayed together. Then the men stole out carefully and presently they heard the ring of horses' hoofs on the road as they dashed away.

It was weeks before they saw their fathers again, and some of them did not come home for months.

The warning had been only too true, for the officers came down from the city of York the next day. They stayed a long time, hunting here and there. Some would sit out by the roadside, hour after hour, and watch the houses. Others they could hear creeping around outside the windows after nightfall.

It was the duty of the boys to watch and tell the mothers when the officers had gone. Then they stole out with food and clothes along the road to Sherwood Forest, and left the bundles in hiding places.

So it went on for a long time, and the children wondered very much what it was all about.

At last there came a meeting of people at the manor house, as they called it. It was not like a church meeting, held in broad daylight, with the sun streaming in through the great windows over the tile floor. This was held at night with only candles here and there, which threw great shadows on the walls and frightened the children. The great oak beams of the ceiling gleamed mysteriously in the black darkness of the roof.

There was at this meeting much praying, much talking, and a good deal of crying. The children, as they listened upstairs, learned that they were all going away.

They were going to leave Scrooby. They were even going to leave England.

The children were not sorry. For a long time many of the other children in the village had refused to play with the Brewsters. When they came outdoors they called "Puritan, Puritan" at them, and sometimes threw stones and mud. When the father and mother walked in the village they were pointed at and made fun of. People walked on the other side of the street so as not to meet them. They turned their backs upon them, and some even spat upon them. They called them long names which the children could not remember, but which made the mother cry, and the father bite his lips and clench his fists.

So they were glad to go away. Some of the reasons they understood. Most of the people preferred to leave England rather than take the risk of being put in prison. Many complained that they were not happy at Scrooby. Mr. Robinson and Mr. Brewster declared the Church in England was wicked and could not be made better, and that it was not well for them to stay in so wicked a Church.

They were to go to Holland, and the children wondered where that was. But there, they learned, everything would be better. There they would find friends and live with people who thought as they did and have good times once more.

Chapter 3
The Flight

They began at once preparations to leave. Parents and children all worked to gether packing up clothing and books. They did not have a great many possessions, so there was not a great deal to pack. Of course they had to leave behind them houses, heavy furniture, fields where the fathers had grown the grain, cows, horses, and dogs, that they had all known and loved. They were leaving what had been their homes, and they knew they would not be able to come back. This made them very sad, even though it was not a large village, nor were their homes handsome or beautiful houses. They had been poor at Scrooby, most of them; but it was home and they loved it, and were sorry to leave and go to a strange country about which they knew little, and to live with people they had never seen.

Jonathan and his sisters enjoyed the long journey across the country to the seacoast. They walked slowly and by short stages on account of the little children, so

the older children, like Jonathan, had ample time to run about and play in the fields.

They did not go near towns lest they should be discovered. The fathers felt it necessary that they should keep their journey secret so that the police should not interfere with them. People in those days were not allowed to leave England without permission, and they knew that in their case they would not be allowed to go, if their journey were known.

It was summer time, and the weather was pleasant. The sun shone and the birds sang, and while sometimes it rained, it was easy walking through the fields. Finally they came to a town called Boston, after which Boston in Massachusetts is named. They did not go into the town, but turned aside to the seacoast where there was a beach.

"The ship will meet us here," said Mr. Brewster to the rest of the party. "We must be quiet and not make any noise, for fear they may discover us from the town."

Night fell and the stars came out. After a long time, Jonathan saw across the water the lights of the ship. Presently he heard the noise of the boats as they were lowered over the sides, and saw lights bobbing up and down on the water as the boats came to shore.

"Now then, quickly," said Mr. Brewster and Mr. Bradford. "No noise; we must embark quietly."

They clambered into the boats by the light of lanterns and torches, and rowed up, boatload by boatload, to the ship. In the morning they were much surprised to find that the captain had betrayed them to the police, and that the officers had come on board. Jonathan and the rest were forced to climb down over the side and get into the boats again and see their goods and bundles thrown down after them.

On the shore they were searched for money and for jewels, and the fathers and mothers became extremely angry at the rough way they were treated. Then they marched from the beach into the market-place of the town, escorted by officers. Men and women came out and stood on the side of the street and stared at them. Children laughed and jeered and called out to Jonathan, "Puritan," just as the little boys and girls had at Scrooby.

In the market-place, they had to stand a long time waiting for the judges to come. It was hot and Jonathan became tired and faint, for he had had no breakfast.

When they came into court, long proceedings took place and long documents, which Jonathan did not understand, were read. In the end they were all sent to prison. Prisons in those days were not nice places, but big cold rooms of stone, with hardly any light and damp and dirty. Prisoners were given no food, so that Jonathan was hungry in prison.

They did not stay long. They were soon released and, much to the fathers' and mothers' dismay, many of them were sent back to Scrooby. Some had escaped and got away in a ship to Holland, but most of them had to go back.

Very soon Mr. Brewster, Mr. Bradford, and others made arrangements all over again. This time they put all the women and children on boats, which floated out down one river into another, and finally out on the sea itself. Meanwhile, the men walked overland a long distance from Scrooby to a place on the seacoast, where there were no towns.

When the boats came out on the ocean there was a high wind, and the waves were rough and the boats pitched and tossed, and the women and the children, like Jonathan, became very sick. So the boats put into a little river that flowed into the sea nearby, in order to get out of the way of the wind. There in the middle of the river they stayed all night. It was dark and cold, and Jonathan and his sisters huddled together as close as they could to keep warm.

In the morning as soon as it became light, they had their breakfast, and pretty soon Jonathan saw a ship come up the coast. The men, too, arrived, and wished to put the women and children on the ship first. But the tide had gone out, the boats were stuck fast in the

mud, and could not be moved until the tide came in again. So to save time, the men embarked.

After a good many had gotten on board the ship, Jonathan saw coming over a little hill some ways off a great crowd of men. The news had spread that people were escaping, and these men had come to arrest them. They were carrying guns, bows, arrows, pitchforks, and clubs. They were shouting, hallooing, and running toward the shore.

The captain of the ship was frightened and hoisted the anchor and sailed away. He carried part of the men with him, and left part on the shore. The women and children were still on the boats stuck in the mud of the river. A great cry went up from the women and from the children, and the men on the shore and on the ship shouted to each other, as soon as they saw the ship leave.

A few of the men fled up the beach, but most stayed behind to take care of the women and children. With the help of the crowd that had come down from the town, they got the women and children out of the boats and onto the shore. Then all together they went back quite a long way into the country where the town was. Here they spent several days with much talking, sending of messages, and a great deal of wondering by children, like Jonathan, as to what was to happen.

Finally they were released, and soon after this, another ship was found.

They got safely on board this time, and sailed to a large town in Holland named Amsterdam. They reached here in the year 1608. There they found the men who had sailed away with the Dutch captain on the ship. One of them told Jonathan that they had had a dreadful voyage. A great storm of wind had come up, with much thunder and lightning. The ship had been driven a long way off shore. For a whole week they had seen neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars. Even the captain and sailors did not know where they were, and were frightened. Great waves, bigger than the ship, threatened to sink her, and the wind blew so hard that they were sure, she would turn over.

The Pilgrims fell down on their knees, and prayed very hard to God to save them, and after a time the storm passed over. The sun came out, and, when they had repaired the ship, they got safely to harbor.

So all the people who left England were brought together in Holland, thankful that they had escaped safely.

Chapter 4
A Strange Land

Jonathan did not stay long at Amsterdam, because his father and the company journeyed to a city named Leyden. This was a large town in those days, with a great many houses and people in it, with a famous university and many churches and industries. The country of Holland looked very strange to Jonathan and his sisters. Where in England the cities had streets, in Holland there were waterways, called canals, and instead of walking in the streets people went on boats. The canals, too, stretched a long way out into the country between the fields. Much of the land was below the level of the sea, and in order to keep out the water, they had built great mounds of earth called dikes. Along these dikes were planted rows of poplar and willow trees.

To keep the land dry enough to plant the water that ran in had to be pumped out, and so the country was dotted with windmills, the big arms of which waved round and round whenever the wind blew.

So Jonathan journeyed down to Leyden on a canal boat, sailing through the fields, seeing windmills on either side of the boat, the green fields down below him, and long avenues of poplars and willows and in the distance.

At Leyden, he found brick houses with funny looking roofs. They were much better houses than those they had left in England, just as this city was much larger than the village they had come from.

Here, Jonathan found many streets as well as canals. The streets were paved with great cobble stones, and, as almost all people there wore wooden shoes, when they walked along the streets, they made a very great deal of noise.

About one hundred men, women, and children had come from England with the Brewsters in this little church, as they called it. They expected now to live together in this Dutch city and to worship God in a new way. They had left England because the officers proposed to arrest them for worshiping in that way, and they were glad to know that in Holland the police would not arrest them, however they worshiped God.

They soon bought a brick house, which they called The Great House, and in it Mr. Robinson, the minister, lived. There they held, on Sundays, and sometimes on week days, services at which Mr. Robinson preached, and the people sang hymns and listened to the reading

of the Bible. Behind the Great House was a big garden, and in this they built very soon a number of little houses in which a good many of them lived. But Jonathan's father and other men hired houses near by.

They all now had to go to work in order to earn their livings. In those days, things were not as they are now, and many of the things we make now were not made at all.

Cloth today is often made in one great building where the raw wool just as it comes from the sheeps' back is brought in at one end, and leaves the other as finished cloth. In those days there were many processes of making cloth, and in the city of Leyden a great deal of cloth was made.

The Pilgrims found work in its various processes. Some of them washed the wool, for it came from the backs of the sheep very dirty. Others combed it so as to get the tangles out of the long hairs. Others still spun it into thread with a queer old spinning wheel worked with the foot. Still others, mostly men, wove this thread into cloth on what were called looms.

Mr. Brewster became a printer and set up type and printed books which were sold in England. They were so poor and had so little money that almost all the children except the littlest had to work.

In those days hours for work were very long, every day. Most people began as soon as it was daylight and worked until it became too dark to see. This Jonathan found hard. There was no time to go to school, and little time to play. When he grew up, he had to work still harder. So some of his playmates ran away from home, and went to sea as sailors from neighboring ports, for Holland was a country owning many ships.

Some learned the Dutch language and married Dutch girls, for they found that, if they would only become Dutch citizens, they could get much better work to do and make a great deal more money. This, however, Jonathan's father did not wish him to do. Mr. Brewster did not wish to go to the Dutch church, nor to become like the Dutch, nor to speak only the Dutch language. He and the other men wished to remain Englishmen, and live in a country where they could speak English and live like English people. They did not like to have their children run away to become Dutchmen.

Many of them thought that the children should not work at all, and they felt that they themselves worked too hard. They did not earn, they felt, enough money, and could not buy the kind of clothes they wanted to wear and the sort of food they ought to eat. They did not have good enough houses to live in. So they all became very much dissatisfied in Holland.

They had been in Leyden nearly ten years and Jonathan had grown up into a man, was married, and had a little boy of his own.

Chapter 5
The Departure for America

Meetings began in the Great House to discuss what to do and there was much talk about a new country.

Mr. Brewster brought a Dutch sea-captain, who had seen many peoples and countries, to talk to them.

"I sailed one year," he said, "to the south where there were many islands and the air was warm and pleasant. All sorts of things grew in the fields and it was easy to get a living. There were, besides, many things there which are valuable here. There were spices growing on the trees and easy to pick. There also grew in the field a kind of reed out of which came a sweet sap which is called sugar. There, too, fine tobacco can be grown. All of these things sell for much money in Europe and if you should go there you would become very rich. "

"Is not the country full of Indians and Spaniards?" asked Mr. Bradford.

"You are quite right," said the sea-captain. "The Indians there are fierce and cruel. They scalp men with tomahawks, they burn some at the stake and torture them dreadfully. Some of them too are cannibals and roast men before fires and eat their flesh."

"The Spaniards there," he went on, "are still worse. An old man told me that quite a long time ago some good French people came there to settle. They built a fort and began to cultivate the ground. One night came the Spaniards, marching through the swamps and rivers, and surprised them. "

"A great shout went up 'arm, arm.' But already the flames were bursting from the fort and from some of the houses which the Spaniards had set on fire. As the people ran out of the flames, they were shot by the Spaniards. Those who escaped being burned or shot were cut down with swords. The ground fairly ran with blood. I would not advise you to settle among the Spaniards."

The children, sitting on their little stools in the rear of the room, huddled together very much afraid and hoped that they should not go among the Spaniards.

"Another year," continued the captain, "I sailed to the north and came to a beautiful country with tall trees, green fields, and broad rivers. Here were only a few Indians."

"Are there white men there also?" asked Mr. Robinson.

"Only in the summer," he replied. 'The winters are cold and few things grow which men can eat. There are no spices to be found there and it is not so easy to make a living. Many ships do come from England and Holland in the summer to catch fish. The cod are so numerous that they fairly fill the water and block the passage of ships. Others come, chiefly French, to hunt the beaver, fox, and deer, and bring back the skins, which they sell in Europe for a great deal of money. The salt fish also command good prices here. I have myself gotten very rich from this trade. "

"Would it not be easy," Mr. Brewster asked, "for us to buy a ship and settle there? Then we also could catch fish, hunt the beaver, send back the salt fish and skins to England, and buy with the money food, clothes, furniture, and such other things as we should want in that new land. We should not have to depend on what we could raise on it. We should be sure of our food and necessities."

"I do not see why you could not do that," answered the captain. "It should be a very simple scheme."

And so after a long talk, they concluded that such a journey to this northern country was possible. They were too poor, they found, to buy or hire the ship to carry them from Holland or to procure the supplies

which they should need before they could go. They did not for a time know how they could get this money, but soon after came another visitor to the Great House, an Englishman named Weston. He too spoke to those who met together to hear him.

"I have heard of your plan," he said, "to go to this new country and I want to help you."

"We thank you," said Mr. Brewster. "We wish only to borrow a little money for a little while. We will be able to repay you by the profits of the enterprise."

"I believe you," said Mr. Weston. "I have great confidence in you and trust you. I wish you to know that you shall not want for anything. I and many others in London believe this new land to be a great country and valuable to England, but thus far all who have gone have returned discouraged. Some must go now and try to settle this new land and see if it be possible for English people to live there. I believe you are the men to do it."

"Have no fear," declared Mr. Brewster, "We are not as other men but have courage answerable to the occasion. We shall not return. We are determined to found homes in this new land or die in the attempt."

He looked very fine and solemn as he said it and all the other men nodded approval. So it was settled that Mr. Weston should provide such money and goods as

the Pilgrims needed. They signed papers stating just how the money should be repaid.

The Pilgrims promised that for seven years they should regard everything they had, both food and clothes, and everything they raised or obtained, as a common store. This they and the merchants were to own together and at the end of seven years it should be divided among them.

And now they began to fit out a ship. It was not possible in those days, as now, to buy a ticket to be carried across the ocean, and then go down to the shore and find some one there with a ship. The people who went must, in most cases, themselves prepare their ship. This could not be done at Leyden, for it was not on the sea. At a town not far away the ship they had bought was repaired. Thither a good many of the children went with their fathers, and watched the work. They saw the ship tipped far over on its side on the beach, with men pounding rope soaked with tar between the planks to make her water-tight. Here and there they put new planks on, and scrubbed and cleaned the hull.

Tall masts were put into the ship. Great sails of heavy cloth were made, and long ropes were fitted so that these sails could be pulled up and down.

At last all was ready, and good-byes were said to the friends at Leyden who were to stay behind. Mr.

Brewster was to go as leader of the new Church and colony. Mrs. Brewster went with him; but Jonathan and his sisters, all of them now grown up, were to stay behind. Why we do not know. Mr. Robinson, too, was not to go, and the larger part of the people at Leyden had voted to stay with him. But Mr. Bradford and his wife, Mr. Allerton, his wife and children, Mr. Carver, Mr. Winslow, and many others were going — thirty-five in all, including the children.

Carrying their bundles they walked through the streets to the canal, and there boarded the boat. Thence they floated down the canal, through the green fields, past the windmills to the ocean, where they found the ship Speedwell.

After Mr. and Mrs. Brewster had taken leave, with much crying and kissing, of Jonathan and his sisters, they went on board, with the rest of those who were going. Mr. Robinson, the minister, knelt on the deck, and they around him. He prayed that they might safely reach the other land, might live there prosperously, and succeed in the great undertaking. Then he came back on shore.

So with much weeping and shouting of farewells, the sails were hoisted and the voyage began.

After a time, they came to a town in England called Southampton, where they found a ship prepared in London as the *Speedwell* had been in Holland. This was

called the *Mayflower*. On it were people who had come from London and other parts of England, and who were to go with them to the new country.

Among them was Captain Miles Standish, who was to be their soldier. Among the young girls who came on board, with her father and mother, was one called Priscilla. At Southampton, too, a young man embarked, named John Alden. He was to make barrels and casks.

So the two ships sailed down the Channel together. After they had gone down a little way, a great cry arose on the *Speedwell* "a leak, a leak." The sailors and passengers rushed down to the hold of the ship, and there found water pouring in. They turned the ship around and made for the nearest port. After they had plugged the leak and made all tight again, they started out once more, but had not gone far when the same dreadful cry arose, "a leak, a leak." This time, after much thought, they sent the *Speedwell* back for good. Many of the people and much of the baggage was transferred from her to the *Mayflower*. This ship at last sailed out on the great Atlantic alone.

Chapter 6
The Voyage

If you were to look at this famous ship on which these people came to America, you would see that she was quite a small ship. She measured about ninety feet long and twenty-four feet wide. If you will measure this off on your school building or in the street somewhere you will see how small a ship she was. Think of crossing the ocean, three thousand miles, in so small a boat! She was for that time, however, quite a large ship.

There were at both ends of the ship a sort of large house built up high, which they then called a castle. In the one at the front of the ship, called the bow, the crew lived, and it was called the forecastle. On the other end there was a similar house, somewhat larger, and in between was a sort of open space where there was a deck much nearer water.

There were also three masts, two of which carry a sort of square sail, and the third of which has a different kind of a sail, called a lateen rig, such as is still used by small boats around Italy.

The *Mayflower* was, for those days, a large, roomy, comfortable, safe ship and a good sailer. There were about fifteen or twenty men in the crew, and one hundred and two passengers. Only thirty-five of these came from Leyden in Holland. The rest came from England direct. Forty-four were men, nineteen were grown women, mostly wives of the men, and thirty-nine were boys and girls. Many of these children were quite small. You will be interested to know that a good many of the Pilgrims were therefore children no older than those who read this book.

For all of the fact that the ship was quite a large one for the time, they were quite crowded in it. In the house at the front of the ship lived the crew, and in the castle at the stern, or rear end of the ship, lived the passengers. They slept in small cabins on shelves which were called berths, one above the other, sometimes three or four in a tier.

The ceilings of the ship were all so low that the tall people had to be very careful not to knock their heads as they passed along.

In the middle of the ship there was quite a big space both inside and on the main deck which was open to the air. It was not as large however as most good sized schoolrooms. This was filled chiefly with a long boat which they were taking over with them and

which they expected to put together when they got there.

They carried no cows or horses, though perhaps hens, chickens, and some goats. We know there were two large dogs and one little dog on board. They all lived for two whole months on the ship.

They did not have as nice food to eat at sea as we have now. They had bacon, and large, hard, dry biscuits, and very salty beef, quite tough, and a small smoked fish called herring, and cheese. For luxuries they had butter, vinegar, and mustard. Think, if you can, of a time when those things were luxuries. For very great luxuries, especially for those who were sick, they had lemons or prunes. Think of that!

They did not sit down at table on shipboard, and have a nice hot meal, because there was no table large enough for them all and no place to put it if they had had one. The food was given out once or twice a day and was eaten by the people, sitting or standing wherever they could. Very little of it was hot food.

Cooking had to be done over a big box of sand or gravel, in the middle of which they kindled a small fire of wood, for they did not have coal in those days. Over this fire, on a rod, or iron frame, they hung a kettle and so made porridge or soup. They could also hold over the fire on long forks, small pieces of bacon and thus

toast them. They did not however do a great deal of cooking on shipboard in those days.

So in this kind of a ship, with just this kind of food to eat, all of these people started across the wide ocean straight to America. The weather for many days was fine, and the sea quite smooth. They enjoyed themselves very much despite the fact that whenever the waves dashed at all high, a great deal of water ran over the sides in the waist of the ship.

In the middle of the ocean, however, a great storm came up. The wind blew hard and the rain came. The lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. The waves tossed the ship about so much that a great beam right in the middle cracked with a great noise. It sprang forward somewhat out of place, and they thought for a while that the mast was going to fall. After a great deal of hurrying and bustling, they brought a great iron screw out of the hold. This they placed under the beam, and, with much pulling and hauling and hard work, with stamping and shouting, they pushed the beam into place once more. They tied it fast with ropes and put in big nails and screws so that it should not come out again.

Not much else happened on this voyage. It will interest you to know that a little baby was born at sea, who was named Oceanus, after the Latin word for sea.

After two whole months, eight long weeks at sea, they finally came in sight of land, in November, in the year 1620. The sailors called it Cape Cod, after the fish which were found so plentifully near it. For a time they sailed south from this land, but found the ship presently among many great shoals with big rocks sticking up in the water around them. They were frightened and turned the ship around and came back. Finally they anchored in the safe harbor now known as Provincetown, Massachusetts.

Chapter 7

Explorations

Here they all went ashore. Because the ship lay quite a way from the beach, they went in small boats. The water was very shallow near the shore, so that all were obliged to get out and wade a long way in water quite to their knees. But they all got ashore somehow. During the first few days the women washed clothes in the ponds near by, and the children ran up and down the beach, playing with each other, while the men explored the country.

Because they did not know whom they might meet, they went well armed with iron breastplates and helmets and carried large guns called muskets. They found the district low and flat — mostly sand, marshes, ponds. They were looking for a place where they could live and this they saw would not do at all. Some set to work at once to get out the long boat which they had brought with them. They began to put it together and make it ready to sail. Meanwhile, others, led by Captain

Standish and Mr. Bradford, marched down the shore to find out what there might be near them.

Here and there they saw deer running away in the distance. They found little mounds of earth which contained pots of corn. They came upon Indian wigwams and fields planted by the Indians. They also found a rude house, made out of planks of a ship that had once been wrecked, and a great iron kettle, which others who had come from Europe must have brought with them. But they found no town, no large fields, no place where they might live.

As soon as the boat was ready, they sailed still further down this coast. Now, as it was November, the weather was cold. Snow fell: the rowers in the boat were chilled to the bone; and were soon covered with ice from the spray blown over the side by the wind. Although they sailed a great distance along Cape Cod, they found only more woods, sandbars, and places on which they could not live. So they saw they must go a much longer distance from Provincetown if they were to find a place to live.

Again they started out, and having sailed quite a long way down the coast in the long boat, they landed for the night. First they built a little hedge of bushes around the camp and then lay down to sleep, quite frightened as to what might happen in so strange a country. In the middle of the night they heard a great

and hideous cry, and the sentinels who were watching cried out "Arm, arm." They all jumped to their feet, took their guns, and got ready to fight. But nothing happened.

In the morning they got up as soon as it was light. Some were carrying things down to the boat and others were beginning to get breakfast, when there came a great shouting and yelling. The dreaded cry rang out — "Indians, Indians!" Then arrows came flying out of the trees.

The men ran together as fast as they could and Captain Standish, a good soldier, Mr. Bradford, and two or three others stood firm with their guns and held off the Indians for a few minutes, while the rest ran off to find their own guns.

The Indians yelled dreadfully and jumped about among the trees in a way which surprised the Pilgrims very much. One tall Indian came very near them and shot arrows at them from behind a tree. They shot back at him and at length hit the tree over his head. He gave a great shriek and ran away, followed by the rest of the Indians. They pursued them some little distance but the Indians ran very fast and the Pilgrims soon gave up the chase. This they called the First Encounter, the first battle, and they felt very glad that no one had been hurt in it, and that they had been able to drive off so many Indians.

They now got into the boat and steered along the coast toward a high hill which they saw some distance ahead. Snow began to fall, the sea became rough, and the waves very violent. One struck the boat so heavily as to break the rudder. Then two men had to steer with oars.

Finally the sailor by the bow of the boat called out that he saw a harbor. They hoisted up the sail and tried to get into the harbor before it should become dark. But the wind blew harder than ever; the mast split in three pieces; the sail went overboard; and the boat almost overturned.

With the oars they worked very hard and managed to pull into the harbor. Here they found themselves again among breakers which were dashing upon a great sandbar there. One of the sailors shouted out "Pull sharply. " They pulled very hard; the boat turned around; came out of the breakers and soon ran into calm water near a large island.

It was now very dark; it was also cold and a heavy rain had begun to fall. They went on shore and in a little sheltered place kindled a fire. And there all that night they stayed, their first night in Plymouth Harbor, in the place where they were in the future to live.

Chapter 8
At Plymouth

It was not until the third day after, on December 21, 1620, as we now reckon dates, that they left the island and went over to the shore of what we now call Plymouth Harbor. It was a mild, beautiful day. The sun shone, the ground was not frozen, the grass was green, the birds sang in the trees, and they were very much pleased with the country. There were no Indians to be seen and no proof that any had lived there.

Only eighteen landed at this time at Plymouth in what is generally called the Landing of the Pilgrims. They were all men. The women and children had been left at Provincetown on the *Mayflower* and only half of the men who now went ashore were those whom we now call Pilgrims. The rest were sailors from the ship. The Pilgrims were Captain Miles Standish, William Bradford, John Carver, Edward Winslow, John Howland, John and Edward Tilley, Arthur Warren, Steven Hopkins, and Edward Dotte. They decided that here was the place where they would live.

You must know something about this place that is so important in the history of this country. There was a big harbor, much of which was quite shallow water, but all around the shore were fine beaches and green fields through which little rivers ran down into the harbor. A good deal of the land had no woods growing on it, particularly at the southern end of the harbor. Here was quite a little hill, leading up from the water to a very much steeper hill, which they afterwards called Fort Hill. At one side of this hill a river ran, which they called later the Town Brook, through a deep ravine.

This they felt would protect them on one side. The hill itself would protect them on another, the harbor on a third, so that they would have only one side on which they would need to defend themselves. There were here a good many acres of open fields on which they saw they could plant corn.

And because the harbor was so fine, and there was so much good water and so much clear land, and so much good wood which they could cut down out of which to make houses, they decided to live there and make it their home.

The long boat with the men returned accordingly to the *Mayflower* at Provincetown and they all sailed over in the ship. December 27 was the first day which the whole company spent at Plymouth. They stayed on board the ship way out in the harbor and not on shore,

for the day was Sunday. Elder Brewster read the Scripture, prayed, and preached a sermon. They all sang together hymns of rejoicing that they had reached the new land safely.

The next day they all began at once to build houses by cutting timber in the woods. You must remember they could not buy beams and boards all ready to use but had to make them with axes and saws. They went into the forests and there cut the trees down with the branches on them. After lopping off the branches they had a big log, too thick to use and too long. They must cut boards and beams out of it with axes or saws.

They dug a great pit in the ground called a saw pit. Then they put the log over it with the ends of the log resting on the sides. One man then stood on the log and pulled the saw up and another stood below in the pit and pulled the saw down. In that way they cut the log into boards. This was hard work and took a long time.

They had then to carry the boards and beams on their backs into Plymouth, a long distance, and there fit them into place on one of the houses which they were building. It was interesting work to them and they liked it, but it was very hard work. First they built what they called a Common House, in which they were to store the provisions and hold meetings for a while. They put

on it a roof of grass and twigs, such as they had known in England, called thatch.

One Sunday morning, soon after they had finished it, the men who were watching from the *Mayflower* in the harbor, noticed that the new house was on fire. A great burst of flame with thick smoke was seen. They wished to go on shore to help put it out but the tide was so low that they could not launch the boats. The house on shore was filled with men sleeping, some of them very sick; but all fortunately got out of it in time. This was the first fire at Plymouth; the first fire in the United States of which we are told anything.

About the middle of January, 1621, there was the first general meeting on shore of the whole company at one time. We cannot say until this time that the Pilgrims really had landed. You see they first went ashore at Provincetown way out on the end of Cape Cod. Some of them then coasted along and landed at a good many places before they reached Plymouth, and they perhaps all had been on shore at one place or another before this. It was not until January the whole company of Pilgrims were permanently on shore in America.

One day two of the men went out to work in the forest with one of the dogs. He was a big dog, but out in the woods he met two wolves and was so much frightened at them that he ran away. The men too were

frightened and did not know what to do. They were afraid the wolves would attack them. They were very much surprised when the wolves merely sat down on their haunches and grinned!

By this time a great many had fallen sick. They had not been accustomed to as cold a climate as Plymouth was, even though the winter in this particular year was mild. They had also waded through the cold water a great deal and had many times gotten very wet. A great many got colds and others seem to have gotten what we call consumption. For two months and more they were all very sick. Not more than six or seven at a time were well, and only two were not sick at all. In all, forty-six died, nearly half of all who came.

It was difficult to take care of the sick people, to get food for them, and make them warm; to make their beds for them and nurse them as they should be nursed. All who were well at all did what they could, although they had to work very hard. One of the most important things to remember about the Pilgrims is their devotion to each other; how hard they were willing to try to make each other well and happy.

It was surprising that in this great sickness nearly all the older women, the mothers, died, while almost all the boys and girls survived. The boys and girls who came on the *Mayflower* really became the Pilgrim

fathers and mothers from whom so many people in America today are descended.

The man who seems to have done the most was a man whom you must remember, William Bradford. He was quite a young man and seems to have been tall and well-built, though perhaps not very strong. But he was a very able and kind man and to him the Pilgrims owe more than to any other one man.

Chapter 9
Indians

They had now been in the new country some three months and the children were most curious about the Indians of whom before they left they had been told so much that frightened them. Some were seen in the first explorations; you will remember also the battle they fought with the Indians just before the first party reached Plymouth. Some few Indians had been seen since then in the woods around Plymouth, but had not molested or attacked them. But they were still not a little afraid for fear they should presently be really in peril.

Imagine therefore with what astonishment, surprise, and fear they looked out one day from the Common House to see walking down the street in Plymouth — an Indian! He wore only a leather breech cloth about his waist and carried a bow and two arrows. He was a tall, straight man, with black hair, very long behind. They came out to meet him, for he meant to

enter the house. Then he said to them in English, "Welcome."

They were as surprised as if the stones or trees had spoken to them. They learned presently that his name was Samoset. He spoke quite a little English, which he had learned from the fishermen, who came to the coast of Maine where he lived. Far from being a terrible visitor he asked them for biscuits, butter, and other English food which they gave him. He ate it as if he were accustomed to it.

He told them a good deal about the place where they lived. The Indians, who had lived there, had died four years before of a great plague and there were none left. All that afternoon he talked with them, and then, when it grew dark, they would have been glad to get rid of him. They tried to carry him on board the *Mayflower* but finally lodged him during that night with one of them, and watched him carefully.

The next day he went away and came again presently with five other tall Indians, everyone clad in deer skins and the chief wearing a wild cat's skin. They wore, for it was winter time, long leggings and a kind of shirt, both of skins. Their hair was very long around their shoulders and had been cut in front so as not to fall into their eyes, and each had a feather stuck into it. One of them had a fox's tail tied to his head.

These too were not frightened at them and they soon saw that they had nothing to fear from the Indians. They ate the English food, danced, and sang and one of them showed them some tobacco he had brought. They had their faces painted from the forehead to the chin in one great band four or five fingers broad. They brought skins with which to trade and talked a great deal. After a while they departed.

After two or three days, Samoset returned bringing with him another Indian, Squanto who was the only survivor of the Indians who had lived at Plymouth. He had been carried away to England by an English captain with some others and had lived in London for a long time. He spoke English very well and knew English ways. He was not afraid of them and they saw he would be a very good friend to them.

The two brought news that the great chief of the district was coming to Plymouth to see them. Presently the Indians arrived, some sixty of them, on top of the hill opposite Plymouth. You must remember that there were at this time in Plymouth no more than about thirty white men, so that sixty Indians were a good many, and they may well be excused for being a little afraid of what might happen.

One of these Pilgrims, whose name you must remember, was Edward Winslow. He went to meet the Indians all alone. It was a brave thing to do. He wore a

steel breast-piece and helmet, heavy leather boots, and carried a long heavy gun in his hand. He climbed down one bank of the Town Brook and up the other and then marched up the hill. Presently, those watching from the town saw the Indians completely surround him. He took to the king a pair of knives with some kind of jewel set in them. For the king's brother he had a knife and earrings. He gave them both biscuits and butter. He also made a speech, saying to the king that he saluted Massasoit as a friend and ally, and that the Governor of Plymouth wished to speak with him and make a treaty. Massasoit listened to what he said, although he did not seem to understand it all, for you must remember, although the Indian spoke some English and the Englishman had learned some Indian words from Samoset, neither of them could speak the other's language very well.

Presently Massasoit came down to the brook with some twenty men. Captain Standish and Mr. Allerton met him with some half a dozen men, carrying muskets. They fired off their guns in salute, and, after he had crossed the brook, paraded with him through the street of Plymouth to a house, where they had placed a green rug and three or four cushions.

The king, Massasoit, was a very large man, tall and strong, and wore a kind of a chain of white beads, made of bone, about his neck, and also a little bag of tobacco.

His face was painted deep red, like the color of mulberry, and he was oiled from head to foot, so that the Englishmen thought he looked greasy. Some of the Indians had their faces painted black, some red, some yellow, and some white. They were all tall men and seemed strong and fine.

Then came Governor Carver down the street with a man beating a drum and another blowing a trumpet before him. Behind came other men carrying guns. The drum the Indians were familiar with but the trumpet astonished them very much. Massasoit attempted to blow it but could not make any noise. After that they offered the Indians something to eat and then they made a treaty together. The Indians and the Englishmen agreed not to injure each other. Neither were to steal things from the other nor make war upon them, and, if any trouble came, they were to aid each other.

After they had stayed a long time they went back across the brook to the rest of the Indians. Then Mr. Winslow, who had stayed with them as security for the king's safe return, came back to Plymouth. For some two or three days they stayed near Plymouth and became very good friends with the Pilgrims. Squanto now decided to live with them, of which they were glad, for he showed them, as you will presently learn,

how to plant the Indian corn, how to catch fish and eels, and a great many other things useful to know.

Chapter 10
The Visit To Massasoit

Now that the Indian chief had visited them, it became necessary for one of them to return the courtesy of his visit. They also wanted to find out exactly how many Indians there were near them and see what the country was like. They had hitherto worked so very hard and so many of them had been sick, that they had not explored the district.

Edward Winslow was appointed by the Governor to go with Steven Hopkins and Squanto. They started across country and passed through a good many small settlements of Indians who treated them very kindly. Most of them wished to follow them. They offered them bread and fish to eat and were much astonished at the sight of their guns. The Pilgrims surprised them very much by shooting a crow at some eighty yards.

They crossed quite a number of rivers and brooks and were astonished that the Indians should offer to carry them across and to carry all of their luggage, particularly their guns which, as Mr. Winslow says in

his account, they did not allow them to carry for fear they should carry them too far.

At length they came to Massasoit's town, as it was called. It was really a number of small huts of skin and bark. They fired their guns in salute, which frightened the Indian women and children extremely, but not Massasoit. They presented him with a coat of red cloth, decorated with lace, and a copper chain to wear about his neck. He put both on and seemed very proud of them, strutting up and down for a long time. The other Indians gathered around the fire and sat upon their heels, smoking and grunting. Massasoit then delivered a long speech and said that they were welcome and that he would keep the treaty, but that he was a very great chief. "And am I not commander of this country? " All the Indians grunted and said he was. "And am I not then commander of this town?" And all the Indians grunted, and said, yes, he was. And so, as Mr. Winslow tells us, he repeated this question about thirty or forty times, and this was his speech.

When it was over, they smoked together and talked of England and the English king and also something of the French whom he had seen. It grew late, and as they had not had any supper, the Pilgrims became hungry. Massasoit offered them no supper for as they learned later there was nothing to eat.

He did offer them a part of his bed, which was made of boards, laid on sticks so as to raise it about a foot from the ground. It had a little thin mat of grass upon it, and no blanket or cover of any sort. Massasoit and the two Pilgrims lay down upon it and presently two or three Indians came and crowded on it too, so that they slept badly that night.

The next day they had no breakfast. The king went out in the morning, and, after much trouble, shot two fish with arrows in the stream. Though they were big fish, the Pilgrims had very little to eat for dinner, because some forty Indians beside themselves shared the fish. They determined to leave because the bed was so hard and there was so little to eat. The savages howled at night, and kept them awake, and the mosquitoes bit them night and day. They started back again, and reached Plymouth safely, but very hungry and tired.

Soon after this one of the Pilgrim boys went out from the town to pick berries in the woods. He wandered too far and got lost, and for five days he was in the woods, with nothing but berries to eat, and nowhere to sleep but on the ground. At night he was very much frightened because of the wolves which howled around him. On the fifth day he was found by some Indians who took him to their town quite a little distance from Plymouth. He thought he was captured

by the Indians and would never see his father and mother again. But the Pilgrims sent out an expedition to find him and brought him home safely.

Chapter 11
Planting

And now spring had come and the weather was warm. The frost was all out of the ground, the birds were singing in the woods, and Squanto told them it was now time to plant the Indian corn, or maize. They had not known this corn in Europe and did not understand what to do with it. It was the food the Indians chiefly lived on in America and the Pilgrims soon found they too must depend upon it.

The *Mayflower*, which had stayed with them during the winter months, now sailed back to England and they were left truly alone upon the coast. They had expected to bring enough food for the first year, so that they should not be dependent upon their harvest. But when the *Speedwell* leaked and had to go back, a great deal of the spare food and tools had to go back with her, because the *Mayflower* could not carry so much. The result was that the food was low in the spring and they must raise corn during the summer or starve.

Now, too, they found a new leader. Mr. Carver, their first Governor, became very sick in the fields from what we call a sunstroke. Of it he died and in his place they elected William Bradford, quite a young man, but a very able and fine man, who was for thirty-six years a very important figure of Plymouth life.

He now undertook to direct the planting of the fields and the work of the little colony in general, a very hard task indeed. Squanto showed them now how to plant the Indian corn. They dug with a hoe or stick a hole some few inches deep. Into the hole they dropped two fish, which they caught in the Town Brook, called alewives, a sort of fish which thronged the stream in spring. The planter then kicked a little dirt upon the fish with his foot, and dropped in three or four kernels of the Indian corn. He then filled in the hole with his foot or with a hoe and the planting was done.

It was not much work, you will say to yourself, to plant one hill, and that is very true; but there were many hills to plant and there were not many of them to do the work, at this time only twenty men and six boys. The rest of the children were too young to do such heavy work, and most of the older women had died of the sickness. Besides, after they had planted the corn, it was necessary for some of them to sit up every night to keep the wolves off of the cornfield, otherwise they would dig up the fish and the corn with them.

Someone had to watch during the day that the birds should not come and dig up the corn and the fish.

They also continued to cut lumber in the woods. This they carried into Plymouth and stored in piles so that it might be sent back to England when the ship came back. In those days trees were not plentiful in England and wood was therefore scarce and expensive.

At all of this the children worked too. And so passed the summer and the fall. The corn had grown well and they reaped in the fall, after Squanto's directions, an abundant harvest, which they stored in the common house.

By this time there was quite a little town. There was one long street which led straight up from the beach through the fields to the foot of the steep hill, which they called Fort Hill, and upon which they had mounted two cannon. On either side of this street were the houses. First came the common house, in which they held their services for a while, a good big house of plank with a thatched roof, and a large chimney, made out of sticks plastered with clay.

Other houses on either side of the street were dwelling houses, in which some of the families lived, each man and his wife taking in some of the bachelors and young boys so that the latter might have some place to sleep. Then about halfway to the hill at right angles to the street was another street and beyond that

were more houses. One of these plots of land, a very large one, was held by the Governor, Mr. Bradford.

Beyond was one in which many people have been interested because it was owned together by Captain Miles Standish and John Alden. Mrs. Standish had come to America with the captain but died in the sickness and very soon the captain married again. At about the same time John Alden married Priscilla, one of the young girls who had come with them. They all continued to live here at Plymouth in close companionship and some years later when Captain Standish moved out to a new town, John Alden and his wife went with him.

So you can imagine what Plymouth was like at the end of this first year by thinking of some seven or eight plank houses, not log houses, with big roofs made out of straw and thatch and grass, with low but broad chimneys. The windows were of oiled paper and there were not very many of them. The furniture inside was made out of heavy boards which they had cut and made themselves. They had some pewter dishes and spoons which they brought on the *Mayflower*; kettles of iron, a good many tools for carpentry, but no china dishes, no forks, and no nice furniture or beds at this time.

They were very thankful however for the town, for the houses, and particularly for the abundant harvest of

corn. They made up their mind in November to celebrate by a great day of Thanksgiving. And this first Thanksgiving Day we still celebrate in order to remind ourselves of all that these first settlers went through trying to make homes here in America. On that day they held a service of prayer with a sermon and singing of psalms and hymns. They had a plentiful dinner of wild turkey, venison, which they had shot in the woods, cornbread, or hastypudding. Cranberries, mince pies, and other things were not known at that time. So passed the first Thanksgiving.

Chapter 12
Starving

Not many days after they celebrated their first Thanksgiving, a ship came from England with thirty-five new colonists, the first aid to reach them. But alas, these men and women brought with them no food to keep them until the next harvest, no clothes except those they wore, and had not even tools with which to work in the fields or to cut wood.

Shortly after they came the Governor called a council. When it met Mr. Bradford spoke:

"A greater problem is now before us than the one we thought we had solved. We felt ourselves fortunate that the harvest of this year had taken care of our needs. Now we find the mouths to be fed are nearly two-thirds as many more than before, and the food which would have kept us in comfort until next year's harvest will now do little more than last us into the fair weather of next summer."

“It was a shame," cried Winslow, "to send these people without anything they needed to help them. Do

the merchants think this country a garden where food grows without work? Do they think these new men can plant without tools or seed, or cut lumber without axes, or live without food? Where is it to come from? I have the best will in the world to feed them, but with what shall I do it?"

"We shall share our crusts with these our brethren," said Bradford gravely.

"But," replied Allerton, "can we share with them crusts we do not possess? Will there be anything to eat?"

"Somehow we shall keep alive," replied Bradford. "We must eat less bread and more of other things."

And after argument, so it was decided. They should make the corn go as far as they could and they should then get along with such other things as could be had. They did not always grind the corn into meal and then make bread from it. Sometimes they parched it in a pan over a fire, something like pop corn that did not pop, and ate it as it was.

Long before summer the corn was entirely gone. The children went out into the woods and picked strawberries, and as the summer passed they picked huckleberries. But on many tables there was nothing to eat but clams or oysters, and water to drink. You must remember that they had no cows and therefore no

milk. Some goats they had and they may have had goats' milk, but they do not mention it. So far as we know, though they had hens and chickens, they did not get many eggs. They became so weak from lack of food that, although none of them died, men were seen staggering around the streets at noon absolutely exhausted. They lived but had no strength.

Many have wondered why they did not do more hunting and fishing. They do not seem to have known how. In England and Holland they had neither hunted nor fished and they brought with them nets intended for small fish, but too weak for the great cod and mackerel which they found in the bay. The hooks they brought were too large even for the cod, and many have wondered what sort of fish they thought they were going to catch.

It is not difficult now-a-days to kill game and rabbits with a shotgun, but the guns of that day were very inaccurate. While some of the Pilgrims were able to shoot birds and game, none of them could hit a moving animal with any certainty. For some reason or other the Pilgrims did not use much game or eat much fish even at this time. They preferred bread.

Bradford conducted now several expeditions to buy corn from the Indians and so tided the colony along from week to week. He urged the Indians to plant more corn and promised to buy it as soon as it

was ripe. The Indians had never seen glass beads, although they had themselves made beads of shells. The new glass beads were much better and prettier and the Indians much preferred them and called them "wampum." Strings of these beads, or the beads unstrung, brought a high price from the Indians in corn or skins.

Before the white men came, too, the Indians had no iron kettles or hatchets, and it was a great effort to cut down a tree with a stone tomahawk and easy work with an iron hatchet. It was also very hard for the Indian to do much cooking by dropping heated stones into a pot, and it was easy to cook soup or stew in an iron kettle. So that the Indians were very glad to get these new things, and were anxious to give all the corn and skins they could get for them. The difficulty the Pilgrims had in getting more corn for food was that the Indians themselves did not have it.

During this spring and summer, there came two bodies of men to them, one small and one large, both from their friends in England. Despite the fact that they did not themselves have enough food, and that these men were disorderly and otherwise objectionable, they took them in and very generously shared with them what they had.

"They are far from any help," said Bradford, "and have nothing. They are men and shall we treat them like wolves and drive them into the woods to starve?"

But they did not treat the Pilgrims as finely as the Pilgrims treated them. They broke down the young corn upon which the Pilgrims were depending, if another winter like the last was to be avoided. They demanded better food than the Pilgrims themselves had, and threatened violence when they did not get it.

Many wished to turn them out since the good weather had come, but Bradford refused. "They are entrusted to us by our friends," he said, "and we must keep the trust, even though they prove faithless."

By this time the clothes of the Pilgrims were worn to rags and their shoes were either full of holes or had gone to pieces entirely. They did not bring with them new clothes and the one ship which came after the *Mayflower* brought no supply for them. They now looked so ragged and forlorn that everyone who saw them pitied them. They made clothing of skins which they tanned and made soft, as Squanto and other Indians showed them how to do. They made moccasins or slippers out of skins. After the second year they must have presented a very queer appearance, dressed partly in skins, and partly in ragged European clothes.

The harvest in the second year was good but not good enough to feed as many extra mouths as they had had guests during the year, and to keep themselves in plenty.

In the third year they were again in great want and saw that long before the new harvest, bread would be entirely gone. Governor Bradford summoned a council of important men and told them how serious the situation was.

"We came over here," he said, " in debt to the merchants who loaned us the money for our tools and expenses. We agreed to work and live in common for seven years so that we might pay that debt."

"What has been the result? The lazy do not work because they know that their food depends upon the common store and that we shall not be cruel enough to deprive them of their food because they do not work. The diligent, therefore, must work hard enough to provide for the lazy as well as for themselves. Besides, the women and children grumble at working in the fields, and the fathers have felt, quite naturally, that they did not wish their wives and children to work in order to support the slackers."

"The trouble," said Winslow, "lies with the system itself; with the common stock, the agreement to put all of what we raise and own into one store from which everyone shall be supplied and fed."

"I agree with you," said Bradford.

"And I!" "And I!" came from various voices around him.

"There is a solution," declared Bradford, "and only one. We must stop working the land together. Each man shall have as many acres as it seems possible he can plant and tend. He shall then have whatever he can raise on it for himself and his family and no one else shall be fed from it. The lazy will also be given fields and they will understand that if they do not work they will not eat."

"Yes," said Mr. Allerton, "I am sure that will please many. The women and children will then be able to work on their own fields. We shall not only find that those who are now lazy will work, when they are afraid that they will otherwise have no food, but we shall also get work from many people who now do not do any for other and better reasons."

So the land was divided, each family getting a large piece, and each single man getting as much as he could till. And they all worked very much harder than they ever had before and saw clearly that this was a good solution. The moment they devoted all of their attention to raising food they saw that they would raise enough.

Two new ships presently came from England bearing ninety-seven new people. They found the colony now in good courage and good spirits, anxious to work and fight. The old colonists were afraid that the newcomers would now eat all of the new harvest as the newcomers had before. The newcomers, who had this time brought their own food, were afraid they would have to share it with the colonists. To them the latter looked so ragged and miserable that they were afraid they would all starve. So the old planters agreed to keep what they were raising, and the newcomers were to eat what they brought, and all were pleased.

Soon after this other ships came and brought cattle, and within a year or two all of the real difficulties of the colony had been solved.

Some of these new people who came in these ships you must remember.

Mrs. Alice Southworth landed at this time and soon after married Governor Bradford.

Captain Standish's wife, Rose, who was a very fine woman, had died in the first year, and on one of these ships came a woman named Barbara, who became the second Mrs. Standish. Her last name we do not know.

Edward Winslow married a lady who came in the *Mayflower* and whose first husband had died in the first year. She was a Mrs. White, the mother of the first

English child known to have been born in America, Peregrine White.

John Winslow, the brother of Edward, married Mary Chilton. Priscilla and John Alden had been married for a year or two and in the end lived much longer than all these other people.

Chapter 13
The Conspiracy

In the first year after they came to Plymouth, word was brought that the Indians were plotting against them. Squanto and another friendly Indian, called Hobomok, went to find out the truth. Presently Hobomok ran in with the news that Squanto had been captured.

"I saw them in the wigwam of the chief," he said. "He was sharpening his knife to kill him. He said that Squanto was your tongue and that if he were dead you would no longer be able to speak. I broke away from them and escaped, and as I ran, I looked back and saw the chief holding a knife at Squanto 's heart."

"We must go at once," said Captain Standish; "it will never do to allow the Indians to think we are afraid."

"But," said Mr. Allerton, "they are many and we are few."

"For that very reason," said Standish, "we must go promptly and must show all courage. If they think us afraid, they will kill us with ease. I must have ten men and we must start at once. "

They marched rapidly and surrounded the town. When the savages discovered them, they rushed around in great confusion and fear. The chief was not there, but Squanto they found in a wigwam, quite safe. So, firing a couple of volleys to frighten the inhabitants, they returned to Plymouth.

In the second year at Plymouth a rattlesnake skin, stuffed with arrows, was brought into the town and left by an Indian. They were much at a loss to know what it meant.

"Squanto," said Mr. Bradford, "what can this mean?"

"It means war," said Squanto: "he challenges you to fight him. He is a great chief. His people are the Narragansetts and they live far from here, but they are very many, as many as the sands on the shore," and he pointed to the beach; "or the leaves on the trees," and he pointed to the forest.

"Nevertheless," said Captain Standish, "we must not show fear, however many they may be. Our only chance is to let them think we are not afraid and they will then not attack us."

So Mr. Bradford stuffed the snake skin with powder and bullets, tied it up firmly, and sent it off by messengers, to the chief of the Narragansetts.

The Indians were very much frightened at it and thought it was some great magic. They passed it from hand to hand; the chief was afraid to keep it; and after some little time it came back to Plymouth again. Captain Standish had been right: the Indians would not attack them so long as they saw they were not afraid.

But the Pilgrims thought it best to erect a barricade around the village. On the west Fort Hill protected them with its cannon; on the south was the Town Brook; on the east was the ocean, so that there was only the north to protect. They dug deep holes all along the northern side of the town and filled them with posts, so as to make a palisade for about half a mile from the ocean to Fort Hill. In it they made four bastions (or bay windows), which stuck out beyond the line of the palisade, so that they should be able to shoot the Indians, if they should creep up and try to set fire to it.

Captain Standish arranged the men in four companies, each with an officer. He taught them how to drill and how to shoot. One squad was drilled as a fire battalion to put out fire from the fire-arrows which they thought the Indians might shoot. Having built the

palisade, they finished the fort, which they had begun the year before. This they built of heavy logs on the hill above the town and in it they put the cannon and the powder.

Meanwhile they had had some little trouble with Squanto. He had become aware of his power and importance and had attempted to frighten the other Indians and make them give him presents. He told them that the Pilgrims kept the plague buried in the storehouse, and that, if he wished, he could get them to let it loose. If the Indians did not make him presents, he would have them eaten up, he said. Despite this, which was not true and which made trouble with some of the Indians, the Pilgrims were very sorry when Squanto died in 1622, of some disease which they did not understand.

Early in the winter of their third year, Captain Standish found the Indians becoming more and more bold. He had gone alone on an expedition to certain Indians whom he believed dangerous, and you will now see how courageous a man he was. At this chief's village, the captain was seated around the fire with various Indians. One of them began to boast of the number of English and French he had slain.

"They were weak men," he said, "and died crying, making sour faces like children." "Here," said he to the chief, "is a dagger which has drunk much blood."

"Do you see it?" said he to Standish. "Look at it, for it looks at you. It is thirsty now and will presently wish to drink."

Standish understood quite clearly that the Indian expected to kill him that night, but was not at all afraid when the Indian came and lay down near him. He got up and began to walk back and forth in front of the fire.

"Why do you not sleep?" asked the chief.

"I do not know," said Standish, although he knew very well that if he lay down to sleep the chief would kill him. He himself did not wish to fight with the chief, for fear he should stir the Indians to revolt and cause an attack upon Plymouth.

So all night he walked back and forth in front of the fire. The Indian, at times sitting and at times lying, always watched him, and every moment was ready to stick the dagger into him if the captain should be forgetful for an instant. The next day Standish left and came safely back to Plymouth.

And now came news that Massasoit was very ill. Mr. Winslow with another gentleman started at once to see what could be done to help him. As they marched along, Indians came and told them that Massasoit was already dead, but when they reached his village he was still alive. There in the middle of the

town from a large hut came a tremendous beating of drums, and the shouting and yelling of Indians.

When the Pilgrims got to the house, it was so crowded that they did not at first get in at all. In the middle, on the couch, was Massasoit, very sick. Some six or eight women were rubbing him hard. Around him stood the medicine men, beating drums and shouting at the top of their lungs to drive away the wicked spirit who was giving him the disease.

Winslow managed to get rid of the medicine men and the Indians and to get the poor sufferer a little air and a little quiet. Then he gave him a simple but powerful medicine which he had brought. Massasoit's mouth and tongue were so swollen with the disease that he had not been able to swallow anything for some days.

They were all very much surprised, therefore, when Mr. Winslow succeeded in getting some medicine down his throat. He began to get better at once, and soon was quite well. He and all the Indians were convinced that the Pilgrims were all very great men indeed, especially Mr. Winslow.

Ever after he was a true friend of theirs. He showed it at once by revealing to them a great conspiracy against them by other Indians, in particular by those chiefs who had tried to murder Standish.

The plan was to kill all the English then in Massachusetts and thus rid the land of them and return it to the Indians. One of the chief causes of it was not the wrongs done to the Indians by the Pilgrims, for they had always acted very well toward them, but things done by another colony of Englishmen a little way up the coast. These had at first been bold, had beaten the Indians, taken their clothes away from them, and forced them to work hard. So the Indians had come to hate them.

Then as the winter had passed, the food of these Englishmen had given out. They had become afraid of the Indians, who had come to know that. It was now the Indians' turn to abuse them. They would come to the village at mealtime and take the food right out of the mouths of the Englishmen. When the latter were asleep, the Indians would snatch the blankets off of them and would wrap themselves in them. They beat them with sticks and held knives at their breasts, and the English were so frightened that they did not know what to do. On these the Indians planned first to take revenge, and then to come to Plymouth and kill the Pilgrims. With this news, Mr. Winslow returned to Plymouth. Captain Standish and Mr. Bradford saw at once how serious this news was and how important it was that this conspiracy should be put down. There were many hundred Indians and only a very few white

men. If the Indians once came to know their strength, they would have certainly little difficulty in killing all the white men.

"But it is a dangerous thing," said Mr. Bradford, "to try to rescue the colony at Weymouth, which the Indians mean first to attack. They are but a few there and cowards; they will not fight. If we go to rescue them, we shall have to send men from here. If the Indians then attack us at Plymouth, we shall have none to resist them."

"Leave it to me," said Standish; "they are many; that is true. But they too are cowards, and, if we are but bold and skillful, they will run from us. Eight men will be sufficient for me. More will arouse their suspicions and will also weaken our force here, so that you will not be able to defend the town." You will realize how brave a man Captain Standish was to attempt such an expedition with so few men.

They started in a boat, nine all told, and rowed around to this settlement of Weymouth, which was some little distance up the coast. They found it entirely unguarded, and, if they had not come, everyone in it might have been killed.

The Indians too learned of the arrival of Standish, and, seeing probably what it meant, came over to the town to find out what could be done. One of them, a chief named Pecksuot, a very tall, strong, and bold

savage, told Hobomok, the Pilgrims' friend, who had come with Standish, "I see the captain has come to kill us all. Tell him that we know it, but are not afraid of him. Neither will we run away. Let him begin, then, when he dares. We shall be ready for him."

The next day Pecksuot came back, bringing other Indians with him. They squatted down on the ground before Captain Standish and began all of them to sharpen their knives.

One of them said, "How fine a knife is this. See how sharp it is. ... At home I have another and a better. With that I have killed both French and English. ..."

And Pecksuot then stood up and said to Standish:

"You are a great captain, but you are a little man. I am not a chief but I am a man of great strength and courage."

Standish, who knew well what he meant, kept his temper and waited. The next day he induced Pecksuot and the other chief, ... with some other Indians to go into a hut together. He then went in himself with two or three of his own men. He shut the door tight, and locked it, and then threw himself upon Pecksuot. The Indian drew his knife and leaped to meet him. Standish was too quick for him, caught his wrist, twisted his knife from his hand, and after a desperate struggle

killed him with it. The other Indians were killed by Standish 's men.

Hobomok, who had remained outside the hut, came in when it was all over, and said to Standish, "Yesterday Pecksuot bragged of his own strength and size. He said you were a great captain but you were a little man. Today I see you are big enough to lay him on the ground."

With the death of the leaders ended the conspiracy. Some few Indians appeared the next day marching in file, but when Standish and his men shot at them, they ran away. The others came in and promised to be peaceable and obedient.

Chapter 14
Spies and Traitors at Plymouth

One reason we remember the Pilgrims is because they were such brave and generous men. Mr. Brewster read frequently from the Bible to them in church: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, forgive those that sin against you, treat kindly those that do you wrong." The Pilgrims believed these commands and tried to live just as God wished them to. People have felt since that they were the kind of men and women whom we were glad to think of as our ancestors.

Many of the early comers to America were wicked men and some of them now came to trouble the Pilgrims. The first of these had been their first friend, Mr. Weston, who procured for them the money to hire the *Mayflower* and start on their journey. He had quarreled with them just before they sailed and attempted soon after to found a colony of his own. He had sent over men who came and lived at Plymouth. The little colony of men Captain Standish saved from

being murdered by the Indians was Weston's. The Pilgrims had therefore done him much good.

Now he himself came back, but, for fear of his other enemies, he was disguised as a blacksmith. He was very poor, had lost all of his money, and asked them to loan him some so that he might get a new start. They loaned him a good deal of material to trade with the Indians, and soon after that he betrayed them to people, who hated them and had told lies about them. Then came men from England to arrest him and he fled to Plymouth. They again did him good for evil and protected him.

About four years after they first came, there landed at Plymouth a Mr. John Lyford, a minister, and one John Oldham. They brought with them plans to wreck the colony and destroy the Pilgrim Church. They were spies and traitors and began at once to make trouble. They did what they could to pry into corners, to listen under windows, and to find out something bad.

They whispered to the people all sorts of evil things about the Governor, Mr. Brewster, Mr. Winslow, and others. They got up secret meetings to protest against the Government, at which they made wicked speeches. They wrote letters to England to the merchants, so that no more supplies of food or money should be sent to the Pilgrims.

You will see how very mean and wicked they were, when you learn that all this time they were eating the Pilgrims' food, living in their houses, smiling upon them, and telling them how much they loved them. Treachery and treason are the real names for this kind of wickedness.

But Mr. Bradford discovered how evil these men were and learned that they had written letters to England. He went in the ship that took the letters and got the captain to give them to him. When he read them, he saw how bad these men were and then came back to Plymouth in a small boat.

He called a meeting of all the people presently, which caused a great deal of curiosity to know what was to happen. Oldham and Lyford were both there, very bold, smiling, and ready to make trouble.

"I think it right," said Mr. Bradford, "that all should know what a few have known for a long time. We have spies and traitors here. There are those who kiss us on one cheek and smite us on the other. They came to us as friends, and have eaten our bread, and lived in our houses as guests, but they have plotted against us and paid us in ill coin. What have you to say to this, John Oldham? And you, John Lyford?"

"It is false," said Lyford, turning very red in the face.

"It is a lie," said Oldham, "you are a dirty traitor yourself."

"The members of this company will be interested then to hear these letters," said Mr. Bradford calmly. And he read the letters, full of wicked stories about the colony, talking about the various members of the colony, in a very sly and evil way. All the men present knew that these letters were false. Lyford was thunderstruck and turned pale. Oldham was not to be beaten so easily.

"How now my masters," shouted he, "you denounced this Bradford loudly enough in secret. Have you nothing to say in public? You promised to help me arrest him and his supporters and send him back to England. Come! let us do it! We are many and they are few. If they will fight, let us up and at them!"

Captain Standish laid his hand on his long sword, and Allerton and Alden made ready their guns; Mr. Brewster, too. But Bradford stopped them all.

"One moment," said he solemnly, "if they have blamed us in private, they shall acknowledge now whether they had good reason. Let all who are gathered here, judge who are honest men, we or these. Let them tell us of their own free will whom they will follow and obey. We will have no slaves here. We are all free men and will so remain. You are all free to choose

now. Speak, John Billington, you are a ringleader of this crew."

Billington shuffled his feet on the floor and stammered, "I did not understand them. They deceived me; I want no change; I will be loyal."

"And you," said Bradford pointing to another man.

"I too!" "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" came from all sides.

"Come, come," shouted Oldham excitedly, "will you desert me thus and put the yoke upon your necks, when you can have freedom for the asking? Vote now against him, and show yourselves men."

But they all turned their backs upon him and refused to listen.

"Call your followers," said Bradford quietly, "call them louder. Perhaps they do not hear you."

Oldham began to shout and rage and swear and then drew a knife. Captain Standish now arrested him and put him in prison under guard and so the conspiracy failed. They decided that he should be expelled from the colony and forced him to go down to the boat which was to carry him away, through two long files of men. As he passed through, each of them hit him a heavy blow with the butt of his musket. Thus they made him run the gauntlet in Indian fashion.

Chapter 15
A Bad Neighbor

About six years after the founding of the colony, a man named Thomas Morton settled further along Massachusetts Bay with some partners and laboring men. They expected to catch fish, trade for furs, and till the soil. The laboring men had been brought over to work for them. Morton was a wicked man. He cheated his partners and drove them out of the little settlement and got the laboring men to work for him only.

He now began to collect furs from the Indians. He also did what all white men agreed was very dangerous. He gave the Indians guns and powder and taught them how to shoot. There were so few whites in New England and so very many Indians, that the chief defense of the whites had been their guns. These were so much superior to the Indian bows and arrows that a few whites were really as good in a fight as a great many Indians. But if the Indians were to be armed also with guns and were to learn how to use them, there was

great danger that the whites would all be destroyed by the Indians.

Morton also gave the Indians much liquor and got them very drunk. Bad white men also came to live there with him, and bad Indians. They called it Merrymount, because on that little hill they had such merry times. It became a settlement dangerous to Plymouth and the other little settlements on the coast.

The Pilgrims talked to Morton and tried to get him to behave, and at least to stop selling the Indians guns and powder. But he would not listen to them and mocked at them and called Captain Standish, "Captain Shrimp."

The small settlements along the coast, of which there were several, now called upon for help, and Captain Standish led a body of men to arrest Morton. They went in a boat up along the coast and landed some little distance from his village.

They saw him in the woods, pursued him, caught him, and took him to a hut nearby. Here, as it was now getting dark, they had a hearty dinner, with a great deal of rejoicing because they had caught the wicked man. They tied him up, put men on guard, and went to sleep.

Morton worked hard at the ropes which tied his hands and feet, and in the middle of the night got them loose. He stood up quietly and saw that the sentry was

asleep. He stepped carefully over the bodies of Standish and others who were sleeping on the floor, got to the door, opened it softly and went out.

Just as he went out, the wind caught the door from his hand and slammed it hard. This roused all the Pilgrims inside. They jumped up in great fear of an Indian attack, and then discovered that Morton was gone. They fairly butted each other in the dark trying to find him, shouting out, " O, he has gone, he has gone; he has gotten away."

They started out in pursuit, but the woods were so dark that they soon lost him and they had to give up and wait until morning. They then went aboard the boat and came to his village, where Captain Standish thought he would find him.

In this he was quite right. Morton had gone back and had started to arm his men. But they had all gotten very drunk with liquor, trying to make themselves bold enough to fight. The Pilgrims landed and drew up in a line on the beach, ready to attack. Morton and a few of his men came out of the principal house, carrying guns, but they were too drunk to be able to shoot them off.

Standish walked right up to Morton, pushed his gun aside with one hand, took him by the collar, and shook him as a dog would shake a rat. The other bad men and Indians were soon arrested. There was no fight. They brought them back to Plymouth and sent

Morton back to England on a ship. They broke up the village and stopped these evil practices.

Chapter 16
The Success of the Pilgrims

By this time the colony was a success. They had now plenty of food and clothes and knew that so long as they worked hard they could be sure of comfortable homes at Plymouth. That was the most important thing they did. The Pilgrims proved that men and women could live here in comfort from what they could raise in the country.

You see people before had not been able to live in New England without being fed and clothed from Europe. Before many people could come here to live, they must know that they could get along on what they could raise here themselves. It would not be much of a home, if they could not live in it without help.

The Pilgrims' success proved very clearly that good homes could be had here for people who were willing to work. The Pilgrims, you see, had struggled against every possible disadvantage, and it became clear to others in England that few colonies would ever have to

struggle against so much as the Pilgrims had. If they could live here, others would have very little trouble.

They had come practically without anything. They did not bring enough food to carry them through the first year, nor enough clothes to last until they could make or buy more. They came in debt to the merchants for the clothes on their backs, the shoes on their feet, and the little food they did possess. They started out with nothing of their own.

Sickness then came and many of them died. More people came and they had to feed them and take care of them. Enemies bothered them and ate their food and made trouble with the Indians. Everything was as bad as it could have been and yet somehow they got along. They showed that willing hands could make comfortable homes in the New World. That was what people wanted to know and at once thousands of English men and women came over to New England.

When the Pilgrims came in 1620, there was no settlement of English people in New England. In the next years a few people founded little villages here and there, so that there were soon at least a dozen little settlements, all smaller than Plymouth, and all in a measure dependent on it.

Then there came what is known as the "great emigration" of Puritans to Boston. Several thousand people came, bringing many cattle, plenty of food,

plenty of clothes, and all sorts of tools and supplies. Where the Pilgrims brought nothing, the people who came to Massachusetts brought everything.

They soon founded many towns the names of which you know: Boston, Charlestown, Cambridge, Newton, Brookline, Dorchester, and others. Soon Rhode Island and Providence were founded, and towns in Connecticut and in New Hampshire. You see how many people came to New England because of the success of the Pilgrims, how many people were convinced by what they had done that good homes were to be found here.

That is why the Pilgrims are called the Pilgrim Fathers. That is what made this great country here. Of course, many thousands had to come for a great many years after to make as many people as we have here now. But the first who came did the really brave thing, and the really important thing, and those were the Pilgrims.

You will remember that they had to borrow money to hire the ship and to buy such few things as they did bring. This had not been paid by the time the success of the colony was clear. They did not see how to pay it.

Now eight of the leaders, Bradford, Standish, Allerton, Brewster, Winslow, Prence, Alden, and Howland agreed to pay the debt if the colony would let them have the right to trade with the Indians. It was a

brave and generous thing to do. It was brave because most people did not think they could pay the debt. It was generous because they agreed to take the responsibility for such a heavy burden and thus set free the colony.

They expected to trade with the Indians and pay the merchants in England with the furs they would send back. They succeeded and sent back many shiploads of furs. But they made a mistake. They thought the merchants in England were as good as they were themselves and could be trusted to deal honestly with them.

The merchants cheated them. After they had sent twice the amount of the debt, the merchants declared that they still owed them much money. This of course was not true, for the merchants had stolen the furs. But you will see how generous and forgiving the Pilgrims were. They sent over more furs and paid the debt again.

Chapter 17
Life at Plymouth

After the founding of Massachusetts and other New England colonies, Plymouth had a very quiet and successful life. Not a great deal happened there in which you would now be interested.

The days of hard times were over. They had now plenty of food and all kinds of it. They had enough now to buy little luxuries in England and have them brought over, but they chiefly ate food which they raised themselves. Baked beans with pork and brown bread were eaten at Plymouth in these first days. So was hasty pudding, made of corn meal, and all sorts of corn breads. Soups of peas and beans were made. They had, too, wild turkeys and fish, which they caught in the bay, but they did not have in those days pie or plum pudding, or cranberry sauce.

They wore rags now no longer, but had good clothes, though not what you would call very fine ones. The founding of Massachusetts had given them a market in which they could buy and sell. Though they

had proved they could get along without bringing things from England, they now found they did not have to do so.

Many things they made themselves. They had molds of iron or tin into which they poured wax and made candles. The children and women combed wool, spun it into thread, and then wove it into cloth. The men, in the long winter days, made stools, chairs, and tables, and much of the simple furniture that they needed.

But they bought in Boston things which had been brought from England like looking glasses, silver plates, books, shoes, and all sorts of good clothes.

You may think it funny to learn that they did not buy things with money as you do. Money was not much used at Plymouth at that time. If some one wished to buy a pair of shoes, he would be very likely to pay for them with some bushels of corn, or with a package of shingles, which he had cut in the woods. Or perhaps he would give a gallon of tar which he had made by boiling down the sap of pine trees. Where large purchases were to be made, they used cattle, or land, or houses. If one man wished to buy another's house, he would have to give him a great many cattle for it. This was because they did not have money, not because they were poor.

Games were played at Plymouth and they had a jolly life there, but they did not play the kind of games that children and adults play now. The boys did not play baseball, or football, or marbles, or tops; but the children played hide and seek, and perhaps such games as London Bridge and tag.

Men played a funny game called bowls, and a game called pitching the bar, where they threw a heavy iron bar at a mark. No cards were allowed at Plymouth, nor was dancing permitted. Men smoked in the house but were not allowed to smoke on the street. If a young man wished to call on a young lady, he had to get her father's permission, and, if he asked her to marry him without first speaking to the father, the Governor would fine him and perhaps put him in prison.

But everybody at Plymouth was very good and police were hardly needed there. They did have courts and people were tried and punished for all sorts of things, but there perhaps has never been in America a place where so many people lived who were so good so much of the time.

The children went to school and learned how to read from such funny books as horn books. They were a piece of wood or horn, on which a printed paper had been pasted.

On Sunday everyone went to church both in the morning and in the afternoon. The services were very

long, lasting three or four hours each. The seats and stools were without cushions and hard, and the church was very cold most of the time, for there was no way to heat it, even in winter. After a while, though, they had at Plymouth, as elsewhere, foot-warmers which your grandmothers and grandfathers will tell you about perhaps. These were small boxes lined with tin or brass, into which they put some red coals or burning wood that would give out heat for quite a time.

There was an officer in church to keep the children in order. He had a long staff and at the end of it a hard ball of ivory or bone. He would reach over and rap on the head a little boy or girl who was not behaving. If any of the men or women went to sleep, he would walk down and wake them up by rapping them on the head.

Instead of walking to church as we do, the Pilgrims marched to church very formally. First there came a drummer, and then a man playing on the trumpet, both in uniform. Then marched the Governor, clad in a black gown, and on one side of him marched Elder Brewster, or the minister, also in a black gown, and on the other side of the Governor marched Captain Standish with all his armor on, carrying a musket and a sword. Behind marched the men of Plymouth with their helmets and guns, the drum and bugle playing meanwhile. Each man placed his gun near him in

church, so as to be ready for any attack which might come from the Indians or from others.

Chapter 18
The Pilgrims in the United States

The last years at Plymouth were long, peaceful, and uneventful. There was no more danger from Indians although some few wars did occur and one of them, in which a fierce chief named Philip fought very hard, threatened for a while to injure the colony.

Quakers came to Plymouth but were not ill treated as they were in Massachusetts and other colonies. At the same time they were very promptly put over the boundary line and expelled. Sometimes they had to stand for hours in the pillory or sit a long time in the stocks.

You may have heard of witches at Salem in Massachusetts and of trials in which poor innocent people were killed because others thought they were witches. There was only one case of witchcraft at Plymouth and in that case the woman accused as a witch was acquitted. Besides these facts and the visits of some officials from England, very little happened at

Plymouth except the steady, peaceful life of the Pilgrims.

Those who had come on the *Mayflower* as very young children grew up and became men and women. They married and had children of their own, and so grandchildren and other descendants down to the present day. Many thousands of people in this country can now trace descent from these first settlers.

In 1691, a long time after coming here, about the length of a person's ordinary life, Plymouth became a part of Massachusetts. The two colonies had grown up together and had become, as years went on, more and more like each other.

The church in Massachusetts had come to be what the Pilgrims thought a church ought to be. The government of the towns at Plymouth had become what Massachusetts men thought that kind of government should be, so that when the two were united they were both quite the same. Hereafter the influence of Massachusetts in this country, especially during the American Revolution and Civil War, is in considerable part the influence of Plymouth as well.

The great fact to be remembered about the Pilgrims after the early years and after the death of the first settlers, is the migration from Plymouth into the other states of this country. This second migration was by individuals. One man from Plymouth moved here;

another moved away and went to some other place. Other people moved from some of the other colonies and went to Plymouth. All over Massachusetts, all over New England, indeed, were to be found very soon people from Plymouth, carrying with them all the ideas which had grown up there.

By the time of the American Revolution, when George Washington took command of the American troops at Cambridge, there were descendants of the Pilgrims in all his regiments, for the descendants had by this time become pretty well scattered.

Then after the Revolution had been won and the Constitution of the United States made, there came the great settlement of the Mississippi Valley. Among the people who pushed over the mountains down into the Ohio River valley were many descendants of Pilgrims. And so too of those people who pushed on farther and farther across the Mississippi itself, out into the great plains of Kansas and Nebraska, and out still farther west across the Rocky Mountains into California. There were among them many descendants of Pilgrims.

That is why the whole country now is interested in Plymouth. There is hardly a town to be found where there is not someone whose ancestors came in the *Mayflower*. Many of the little boys and girls who read this book are descended from these Pilgrims, many

even whose names are not English. The little boys and girls who left Holland and England and landed at Plymouth on that twenty-first of December, 1620, became, in a sense, the fathers and mothers of the American nation.

The Argonauts of Faith

Basil Mathews

HIS PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Foreword

by Viscount Bryce, O.M.

Three centuries ago, in 1620, a little band of English people men, women, and children to the number of about one hundred, sailed from Plymouth in a ship called the *Mayflower* to settle on the bleak and then almost unknown coast of North America.

There they landed at a spot where a huge stone, one of those ice-borne boulders that strew the low shores of Massachusetts Bay, is said to mark the place at which they stepped ashore, now become a place of pilgrimage to which many come from all over the United States, visiting it with reverence. There this storm-tossed and sea-weary company built their huts and a wooden blockhouse for defence against the native Indians, and prepared to cultivate the soil.

Not long before an English settlement had been planted in Virginia, and other English colonists came a few years later to another part of the New England coast, where is now the town of Salem. But this Plymouth Settlement (for that was the name they gave it) was the most remarkable of the three, just because it was the smallest and weakest, carried out with the

least official favour, least noticed by the world of its own day.

The Pilgrims were humble men, none of them persons of any consequence or influence. But the historical significance and moral dignity of an event are not to be measured by the power or honour, or rank, or wealth of those who bear a part in it.

This was one of the great events in the annals of the English race. It was the second migration of that race. The first was made in warships coming from the mouth of the Elbe, manned by fierce heathen warriors, who came as plunderers and conquerors, and took nearly three centuries of fighting to complete their conquest of South Britain (except Wales). This second migration from the Old England of Angles and Saxons, across a far wider sea, to the New England in America marked the beginning of a nation which was to increase and multiply till it overspread a vast continent. It was a peaceful migration. But the Plymouth Pilgrims had the qualities which belong to the English race. They had courage, constancy, loyalty to their convictions. They stamped these qualities upon the infant colony. They gave that distinctive quality to the men of those northeastern American colonies which has told upon and determined the character of the whole American people.

It was by their faith in God's help and blessing and by the courage with which they bore hardships and faced dangers that the men who sailed in the *Mayflower* won undying fame. The memory of what they were

and what they did is today one of the strongest links that bind America and England together. They set a noble example for the youth of England as well as for the youth of America to remember and to imitate. It is an example in which the present generation, now called upon, as it reaches manhood, to make good the losses of the war, may find stimulus and cheer.

A time has now come again, as it came three centuries ago, in which, faith and courage and constancy, and the hopefulness which trust in God and courage give, must have their perfect work.

TO ROAM ACROSS THE OCEAN

How sweet it is to ride upon the surges, and to leap from wave to wave, while the wind sings cheerful in the cordage, and the oars flash fast among the foam! How sweet it is to roam across the ocean, and to see new cities and wondrous lands, and to come home laden with treasure, and to win undying fame!

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS

Prologue

The Adventure of the Golden Fleece

In the old days of long ago, Greek sailor-boys of Corinth and of the ports by the laughing Ægean Sea used to sit in the sunshine on the harbour-side, leaning against the posts to which the ships were warped, listening to the stories of the sailor-men who had voyaged in strange waters. Of all these stories the favourite was the tale of Jason, the son of Æson, who sailed through perilous adventures in Quest of the Golden Fleece.[1]

The tale they heard was a very long one; but this is the heart of it.

There was a boy named Jason whose father took him to the cave on Mount Pelion where Cheiron the centaur lived. He was half man and half horse, and the wisest of all created beings. On the mountainside he trained Hercules, and many other mighty and skilled men. Cheiron's cave was a school of heroes.

Jason grew up to be wonderfully strong a man

[1]The story is told in Charles Kingsley's *The Heroes*, and Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales.*

with a valiant spirit, powerful muscles and a clear, quick brain. He learned that all the fair land away to the South was really his; but that he could not have it because Pelias the Terrible held it in his grip.

At last Jason decided that he would try to win back the land for himself. As he went forth wise old Cheiron said to him, "Jason, promise me two things before you go."

"I will promise," said Jason.

"Speak harshly to no soul whom you may meet, and stand by the word which you shall speak."

So Jason strode down the mountainside into the world of adventure. He soon learned at the court of Pelias that he could only gain his kingdom if he brought back from a far country the Fleece of the Golden Ram that had carried off on its back Pelias' own children.

So Jason's heralds went far and wide, and cried out:

"Who dare come on the adventure of the Golden Fleece?"

In answer to the challenge there came Hercules the Mighty, with his lion's skin on his back and his knotted club in his hand; wise Mopsus, who knew the speech of birds; Argus, the most skillful of the builders of ships; Tiphys, the unrivalled steersman; Idmon, who could foretell things to come; and other splendid heroes. They were indeed, with Jason, a glorious

company of old school-fellows, who had been trained to great deeds by the wise centaur, Cheiron.

The Fleece of the Golden Ram was nailed to a tree far, far away across the Euxine Sea[1] near the Caucasus Mountains. To secure it they must not only encounter many and great dangers, but they must also sail farther than men had ever dared to venture on the dark waters.

So the heroes with their axes felled the giant pines, on Mount Pelion and with the timber they built, to the designs of the craftsman Argus, the first long ship that ever dared the greater seas. Fifty oars she had – one for every hero. And they gave to the good ship the name of *Argo* in honour of Argus, who designed her. The crew were, therefore, called the Argo-sailors or, as we say, the Argonauts.

When she was built, however, she was too heavy for the heroes to launch. So Orpheus, the sweetest of all singers, played upon his harp and sang a song of magical power.

"How sweet it is," he sang, "to ride upon the surges, and to leap from wave to wave, while the wind sings cheerful in the cordage, and the oars flash fast among the foam! How sweet it is to roam across the ocean, and see new cities and wondrous lands, and to come home laden with treasure, and to win undying fame!"

As the ship *Argo* heard the words the story tells us a great longing came upon her to breast the waves and scatter the spray from her gleaming bows; so she

[1]The Black Sea.

surged forward from the sand to the rollers, and plunged swiftly into the waiting sea.

For years upon years the Argonauts sailed the seas and took what adventure came their way. Tempests drove them into unknown oceans; the sun scorched them and tanned their faces; the Sirens sought to lure them to death by their songs; the icy blasts of the north froze them; enemies plotted and fought against them; but nothing could turn them back or strike any fear into their stout hearts.

At last Jason and his fellow Argonauts fought and ploughed their way through the perils that surrounded the Golden Fleece. By the help of the witch-maiden Medea and the golden-singer Orpheus, Jason overcame all dangers and tore the Golden Fleece from its tree.

Seizing the Fleece, he went aboard the *Argo* in triumph, and, at length, after so many adventures that a big book might be filled with the story of them, he at last came back and won his kingdom and reigned there. Always in his course Jason had remembered his promises to Cheiron that he would not speak harshly and that he would stand by his words. And because of this kindness and loyalty, even more than by his strength and skill, he had triumphed.

. . . . .

This tale of the Argonauts of ancient Greece speaks of heroes long ago in the dim dawn of history. But it is a story that we always like to hear, because

something in us thrills (as the timbers of the *Argo* herself did) to the Orpheus song of adventure in quest of some good prize that is hard to gain.

All through the story of man we find brave Argonauts launching into strange seas: some are Vikings seeking battle and booty; some, like Prince Henry the Navigator and Columbus, Cabot and Captain Cook, search for new lands across uncharted oceans: others, like Damien and John Williams and Livingstone, sail away and penetrate untrodden places, not to bring away treasure, but to carry the Treasure of Life to other men; – they go, I say, for differing reasons, but they all are ready to risk everything and to take what adventure may befall them.

Three centuries ago a ship sailed out of England into the unknown, with a company of Argonauts not men only, but women also, with boys and girls. They went out across the Atlantic Ocean in a little ship of only a hundred and eighty tons, in the Quest – not of a Golden Fleece – but of Liberty. What they sought in America, they – after adventures with Red Indians and many hard knocks – found at last. And the freedom that they found they afterwards fought for in America, the land that had now become their own; they have now helped to win freedom for the world of our day, if that world will only share their heroic spirit and risk all else to keep that pearl of great price.

In these chapters that follow boys and girls are going to listen to the story of those hero-Argonauts who lived in England when Elizabeth was Queen, and,

having striven for freedom in their own land till after James I was on the throne, voyaged across strange waters to the lands of the Red Men and made a New England in the West.

THE DANGEROUS WAY OF THE PILGRIMS

Valiant-for-Truth: The most dangerous way in the world, said they, is that which the pilgrims go.

Greatheart: Did they show you wherein this way is so dangerous?

Valiant: Yes, and that in many particulars.

Greatheart: Name some of them.

Valiant: They told me of the Slough of Despond, where Christian was well-nigh smothered. They told me that there were archers standing ready in Beelzebub Castle, to shoot them who should knock at the Wicket-gate for entrance. They told me also of the wood and dark mountains; of the Hill Difficulty; of the lions; and also of the three giants, Bloody-man, Maul, and Slaygood. They said, moreover, that there was a foul fiend haunted the Valley of Humiliation; and that Christian was by him almost bereft of life. Besides, said they, you must go over the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the hobgoblins are, where the light is darkness, where the way is full of snares, pits, traps, and gins. They told me also of Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle, and of the ruin that the pilgrims had met with here. Further, they said I must go over the Enchanted Ground, which was dangerous; and that after all this, I should find a river, over which there was no bridge; and that that river did lie betwixt me and the Celestial Country.

. . . . .

Greatheart: And did none of these things discourage you?

Valiant: No; they seemed but as so many nothings to me.

BUNYAN, *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Chapter 1
On the Great North Road

I

The iron gate of a dungeon in London swung back on its creaking hinges in the last night of March in 1593, in the black hour before dawn. The flickering light of a candle-lanthorn fell on two men, who lay chained on the damp floor. Their names were Barrowe and Greenwood.

The warders ordered the men to rise. They brought them out of their dungeon. Then with hammer and chisel they struck off the iron shackles that bound the captives. The gate of the Fleet Prison swung open. Barrowe and Greenwood were led out.

The uneasy waters of the Thames tide, running in the narrow channels of the Fleet River between Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, lapped against the prison walls. The breeze of a chill spring morning caught the men as they mounted a cart that stood in the narrow road that led up from the river to Holborn. As the cart lurched up to Holborn the first grey light of dawn

showed against the eastern sky the soaring spire of old St. Paul's Cathedral.

Barrowe and Greenwood knew what was happening. They were going out, not to freedom, but to die. They had, only eight days earlier, been tried in the Old Bailey; and they had been convicted and sentenced to death.

Some strayed reveller, as he saw the well-known prisoner's cart rolling along Holborn westward to the place of execution might wonder what crime these felons had committed to bring them to the scaffold. Their crime was that they had written and published books, arguing that a man ought to be free to worship God in the way that seemed right to him. They held that the Army of Jesus Christ (that is, His Church) was made up of men and women who had enlisted freely to serve Him; and that the Church was not and could not be an Army of Conscripts of all kinds of folk ordered to go to worship. For such a Church included thieves and murderers, and every sort of evil man and woman. They said that Jesus Christ alone was the true Head of the Church, and not Queen Elizabeth or any governor, and that the people who really did worship Jesus Christ and desired to live pure lives should separate themselves into a Church. For thus "devising seditious books," as the judge called it, and for actually meeting for worship in private houses with other men who

believed the same things, they were solemnly tried and condemned to death.

Barrowe and Greenwood, as they went to the gallows and looked back at the spire of old St. Paul's, may well have remembered for their comfort that St. Paul himself, in his day, had been thrown into prison and chained and beaten, and had at last been executed at Rome, because he preached that Jesus Christ was high above all principalities and powers.

At last the lumbering cart brought them to the place of execution called Tyburn. The gallows on the scaffold stood up gaunt and horrible. A crowd had gathered about the foot of the scaffold some out of curiosity; others because they sympathised with Barrowe and Greenwood. A noose of rope was placed about the neck of each of the prisoners. They spoke a few words of cheer and farewell to their friends about them. The order for execution was about to be given.

Suddenly came a shout and the sound of horses' hoofs on the road. The crowd divided.

"A messenger from the Queen," the cry went up. Then "A reprieve! A reprieve!"

The crowd cheered and rejoiced as they saw Barrowe and Greenwood brought from the scaffold. The news spread like wildfire. As they were taken back in the cart to the prison, people leaned out from the

windows of the houses and cheered, and the crowds hurried from the roadway.

Queen Elizabeth's messenger, however, had only brought a reprieve, and not a pardon. Barrowe and Greenwood were not set free; they were simply sent back to prison in the dark cell. Within a week [1] they were again taken out from the dungeon and put on the cart and carried to Tyburn once more and for the last time. No messenger came bringing reprieve to the foot of the gallows. They died as true martyrs to win freedom for all of us who have come after them.

II

In those times Royal Messengers rode every day up the Great North Road from London to Scotland, bearing the King's orders in their saddle-bags, and carrying on their lips the news of the doings in London town.

The Messengers rode on horseback from London northward from one post-house to another. In the summer they must travel at seven miles an hour; in the winter they were not expected to do more than five because of the snow and mud. Post-houses were fixed at intervals of a number of miles apart all along four great roads from London one by the Great North Road

[1] April 6th, 1593.

to Scotland, one to Ireland by Beaumaris, one to Europe by Dover, and one to Plymouth, i.e. to the Royal Dockyard.

There were two horses kept at every post-house for the Messengers. A man would ride a horse from one post-house to another (say Doncaster to Scrooby) and then take a fresh horse from Scrooby towards London. The next Messenger going northward would ride the Doncaster horse back from Scrooby to his stable at Doncaster. From his saddle swung two leather saddle-bags lined with baize to carry his letters dry and safe, and over his shoulder hung a horn which he blew three or four times a mile, and as often as he met any other traveller on the road.

So the Messenger going north up the Great North Road early in April 1593, would be full of the story of how two brave men, Barrowe and Greenwood, had been executed on the gallows at Tyburn that very morning. As he rode out of London up the northern heights he would tell his story at post-house after post-house as the ostlers changed the horses and he took his flagon of ale.

The road all the way was rough, as all roads were in England in those days. They were covered with deep mud in that early spring weather. No coaches or wagons could go on the road without the wheels

sinking into the mire almost to the axle-trees. A man on horseback had to pick his way carefully.

At last, however, after travelling for days, the Messenger would be glad to see ahead of him one of the best post-houses in all England. Splashing through the ford of the stream below the water-mill, with the clump of fir-trees showing against the evening sky, and the fresh yellow of the early gorse-blossoms reflecting the after-glow, the messenger would trot his horse into the village of Scrooby. He would pass the Church among its dark trees, the cottages with the blue smoke of wood-fires curling from the chimneys, the cows lurching along the lanes to the milking, the plentiful rabbits scuttling back to the warren as the messenger sounded his horn and startled them at their evening feeding, the shouting group of boys playing "touch" on the green.

All these he would pass without taking much notice of them. But his eyes would lighten with pleasure as he saw the great comfortable roof and massive timbers of the Manor House of Scrooby standing alone within the circle of its dark moat filled with water; yet with its windows gleaming at him, and the heavy old door thrown open on its sturdy hinges to welcome him as he crossed the drawbridge.

III

In the doorway at the top of the stone steps of Scrooby Manor [1] stood a young man of between twenty-six and twenty-seven years of age. The Messenger would know him well. For William Brewster was the King's Master of the Post at Scrooby Manor, as his father and grandfather had been before him. He was responsible for taking care of the horses that carried the Post-Messengers on their backs.

The Messenger, as he went up the steps, would pull from his bag the book in which were written down the times when he had reached the post-houses all along the road. William Brewster would then get his quill and ink-horn and write down in the Post Book the time at which the messenger had arrived.

William loved the old Manor House, for he had grown up under its great timbered roof. He had played on its lawns and by its moat. He had fished as a boy in the river Idle near by. He had seen great knights and fair ladies from the Court of the Queen ride over the bridge to sleep in the Manor House; and anxious Secretaries of State, battered soldiers and travel-stained

[1] "Scrooby Manor House," said Leland the Antiquary, who was there in 1541, "is builded in two courts, whereof the first is very ample and all builded of timber, saving the front of the house that is of brick, to the which ascenditur per gradus lapideos. The inner court building . . . was of timber and was not in compass past the fourth part of the outer court."

– pedlars for people of all degrees stopped at the post-house as they journeyed north or south on the Great North Road.

William Brewster, indeed, thirteen years earlier, when he was a boy, had left the old Manor House, and had gone south-eastward across the fen-land – perhaps by barge on the river, perhaps by pony on road and path – probably by both – till his eyes saw the pinnacles and towers of the wonderful University of Cambridge. He had lived there as a student in the oldest of all the colleges at Cambridge – Peterhouse. He had matriculated there as a student though he was only a fourteen-year-old boy on – December 3rd, 1580. The brave John Greenwood (who was hanged at Tyburn with Barrowe) was, when William Brewster entered Peterhouse, still a student at Corpus Christi. And William Brewster at Cambridge drank in those same ideas of liberty that John Greenwood had. There was another young student at Cambridge at the very same time named John Robinson, who, we may be sure, knew John Greenwood and William Brewster. We shall hear more about John Robinson later on.

Stranger things than this experience at Cambridge, however, had happened to William. For when he was only about seventeen years old (probably when he was home from Cambridge at the Manor House at Scrooby for the vacation) a great Secretary of State, who was in

the service of Queen Elizabeth, came to stay at the Manor.

His name was William Davison. He took a liking to the young Cambridge student, William Brewster, and asked him if he would like to enter his service. So William Brewster, without waiting to take his degree at Cambridge, agreed to be Davison's helper, and rode with his new master all up the Great North Road to London to the court of Queen Elizabeth. Then they sailed across the North Sea to busy Antwerp in the Netherlands, where Davison was the Queen's ambassador; and young William saw ships and strange sailors from all the countries of the wide world, and would meet men from far lands like Spain and Italy, and even from Constantinople and India.

In Antwerp, William Davison and William Brewster went together to the Puritan English Church. It was in that Church and in talk with Davison that William Brewster grew to follow the great Quest of Liberty that he had first seen at Cambridge when he was about sixteen years old.

Young Brewster found great favour in his master's eyes. Davison thought William "so discreete and faithfull as he trusted him above all others that were aboute him, and only employed him in all matters of greatest trust and secrecie; he esteemed him rather as a sonne than a servante; and for his wisdom and

godliness he would converse with him, more like a friend and familier, than a maister." He even gave William Brewster a gold chain of honour that he was to wear when they came home all the time as they rode through England.

William Davison, however (like poor Sir Walter Raleigh, who had risked his life a hundred times for England, but was cast into prison by Elizabeth), fell under the great Queen's displeasure, and was thrown out of office. So William Brewster lost his master and went riding back along the Great North Road to Scrooby Manor, where at last in 1590 he was made Postmaster when he was still only twenty-three.

He had been Master of the Posts at Scrooby for three years when the Messenger came that evening trotting on horseback over the bridge to the gates of the Manor House with the news of the execution of brave Barrowe and that Greatheart Greenwood.

As the Messenger sat eating his supper in Scrooby Manor that night in April 1593, by the flickering candle-light, he would be able to tell William Brewster, the Postmaster, all the news of London.

We can well believe that William would be stirred to anger and to sorrow when he heard that young John Greenwood (who had only left Cambridge two years before he himself did) had been foully hanged as though he were a criminal, simply because he had

wished to worship God freely in the company of like-minded men. It may be, too, that William's young face looked stern and almost grim as he wondered whether he himself would some day have to face the scaffold. For his mind was beginning strongly to have thoughts like those that had brought Barrowe and Greenwood to their deaths at Tyburn.

The Messenger went to his bed; and in the morning William Brewster wrote in the Post Book the hour of his starting. The horse came round, and the post-rider trotted away. William Brewster was left with his thoughts.

IV

The years went on; and news came continually by traveller and Post-Messenger to the Manor House on the Great North Road. A baby who was born in a village called Austerfield – only three miles from William Brewster's home at the Manor– began to grow into a boy who loved to be with William Brewster. This Austerfield boy's name was William Bradford.

Together on a Sunday morning the two Williams, boy and man, would walk twelve miles past Scraftworth, Everton, and Gringley-on-the-Hill down to the ferry-boat that took them across the Trent towards Gainsborough.

They walked all that way to hear the preaching of a good man named John Smyth a man who was so kind-hearted that he would give up his cloak to be cut up and made into clothes for some man who was too poor to buy any for himself to keep out the cold. John Smyth in Gainsborough was doing just what Barrowe and Greenwood had been killed for: he wrote books to defend liberty to worship God in separate gatherings, and he himself was minister to such a separate Church in Gainsborough.

At last there were so many people going from the villages round Scrooby to Gainsborough on Sundays that they felt it was unnecessary to walk every week so far across the country to Gainsborough. They could form a little Church themselves. They believed that if two or three were gathered together in Christ's name to worship Him there was the Church. So William Brewster, about the year 1600, asked the friends to come and meet under his roof at the Manor House at Scrooby.

This was very brave of Brewster; for Archbishop Whitgift was driving to prison men who dared to worship in this way. At any hour he might find himself robbed of his home and his living, and carried away to a dungeon and even a scaffold. But that did not stop him.

Their leader was a fine old white-bearded prophet-preacher named Richard Clyfton. He was helped by the young Cambridge man – who (you remember) was about William Brewster's age – named John Robinson. As a young clergyman in Norwich, Robinson had already been thrown into prison for gathering people in worship and for declaring their freedom to meet as they desired.

So on a Sunday morning the men and women came with their boys and girls from the farmsteads and the villages round about to the Manor House. We do not know whether they held their service in the big hall of the Manor, with its heavy timbered roof, great open fireplace, and cavernous chimney. It is more likely that they worshipped in the cosy barn, with its warm, thatched roof, its dim, cobwebby great beams and its piles of straw and hay and sacks of corn. Sometimes, maybe, they worshipped in the stable, where the words of the prayers would mix with the sound of the post-horses eating their corn.

Sometimes they had warning that the Queen's officers would arrest them if they worshipped there. That week they would arrange secretly to meet in some other place close by in another village. But in one place or another they did meet, in spite of everything.

It was strange to know, while you were singing a Psalm or hearing a lesson read, that before it was

ended, you might be made a prisoner; or that, when you lifted your head from prayer, you might see the muskets of soldiers at the open door, pointed at you, and hear the clank of the shackles that were to be rivetted on your wrists and ankles.

OUTWARD BOUND

Dear Earth, near Earth, the clay that made us men,
The land we sowed,
The hearth that glowed –
O mother, must we bid farewell to thee?
Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall comfort then
The lonely hearts that roam the outer sea?

Gray wakes the daybreak, the shivering sails are set,
To misty deeps
The channel sweeps –
O mother, think on us who think on thee!
Earth-home, birth-home, with love remember yet
The sons in exile on the eternal sea.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

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Chapter 2

The Stormy Passage

I

William Brewster and John Robinson and their friends in Scrooby and the country round about were at last forced to see very clearly that they could not stay in England any longer. If they did remain, they knew that they would be hunted from pillar to post, and, at the worst, die of fever in some dark dungeon in those foul gaols, like the Fleet or Brideswell or in the fœtid cells of Boston Prison.

The boy, William Bradford, who was now seventeen years old, in a book that he wrote later, told how they were "hunted and persecuted on every side; so as their former afflictions were but as flea-bitings in comparison of these which now came upon them. For some were taken and clapt up in prison, others had their houses besett and watcht night and day, and hardly escaped their hands, and ye most were faine to

flie and leave their houses and habitations and the means of their livelehood."

They were driven at last in 1607 to leave the homesteads where they had been born; the old meadow by the river Idle, where they had played and fished; the smithy where their fathers' and grandfathers' and great grandfathers' horses had been shod. They must sail into a strange land; and they would never see the wild duck fly over their native meadows again.

As William Bradford said:

"To goe into a countrie they knew not (but by hearsay), wher they must learne a new language, and get their livings they knew not how, it being a dear place and subjecte to ye misseries of warr, it was by many thought an adventure almost desperate, a case intolerable, and a misserie worse than death."

They hated to go; for they loved England, though they felt that her government treated them harshly. Indeed the boys who lived then loved England as people had never done in all her history. For at last she had become really one land and one people. She had passed through terrible perils. A boy -- like William Bradford – would listen at night by the fire in the Manor House at Scrooby, with his chin in his hands, while he was told the story of how, only two years before he himself was born, the Great Armada of Spain

had sailed to destroy England, and how Drake had "drummed them down the Channel."

Fancy hearing the story of the great victory over the Armada from the very lips of a sailor who had fought in the greatest naval battle! The boy might even possibly have read Sir Walter Raleigh's book *The Fight About the Azores* and his *Discoveries,* and perhaps Hakluyt's wonderful *Voyages and Discoveries,* of which the last volume had only been published seven years earlier in 1600. And only a few years before that there had come into print for the first time those words of the love of England written by a man William Shakespeare, who in those very days walked the streets of London Town – words that have set the blood of three centuries of boyhood in a tingle.

. . . This little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England.[1]

These men did love their own land which had so narrowly escaped with its life from the Armada of Spain. Yet England tried their love sorely and wore out

[1] *King Richard II,* Act II, Sc. I, published 1597, nine years after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

their patience. They were men who knew that "patriotism is not enough"; – they had gone to prison for disobeying the law of their country in obedience to what was – they were sure in their own minds a – still higher law. They could say to England what the soldier-poet said to his lady-love:

"I could not love thee, Dear, so much,

Loved I not Honour more." [1]

So they sat by the chimney-corner in the Manor at Scrooby talking of how they must leave England.

They thought of only one land where they might find freedom, the land that we call Holland, which was then usually named the Netherlands, or the Low Country. Many of the Dutchmen from Holland in those days came across the seas to England on business. Some of them actually lived not far off in Norwich, where you could hear the " click-clump, clickety-clump" of the looms at which they worked at the worsted-making.

Other of the Dutch countrymen would come from time to time to the Post-house at the Manor of Scrooby on the Great North Road. They told of the freedom of their native land of Holland, where – they said – in spite of the threats of the Spanish king, they

[2] Richard Lovelace, *To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.*

held freely opinions like those for which their friends in England were thrown into prison and persecuted in other ways. William Brewster the young Postmaster, who (as we know) had lived in Holland himself for years, would nod his head in agreement with what they said.

In such talks as these the Pilgrims began to think of sailing over the seas to the freedom of Holland to escape from the tyranny of the rule of England.

How could they escape? The King's officers locked them up in prison in England for disobeying the law; yet they would not let them leave the land. No one could sail away from England without a licence from old Lord Treasurer Burghley. And he refused to give licences to the Pilgrims. So, if they went at all, they must by hook or crook go in stealth by secret ways, like smugglers.

If they decided to run the gauntlet and try to escape, how were they even to reach the coast? There were no good roads; indeed only a few rough tracks crossed the land, and even the tracks were sloughs of mud in wet weather. And, of all places in England in that day, the flat land of the undrained fens of Norfolk and Lincolnshire was the most desperately hard to cross.

There were shaky paths across bottomless morasses and over quaking bogs.

To be caught in the darkness of night on one of the narrower paths across that land was to have little chance of seeing the morning alive, save by remaining quite still through the cold and wet of the long black hours. For a single footstep might throw a man into the horrible, dragging, choking slime against which not even a Hercules could fight. So evil were the paths that, in those days, on the old tower of the church at Boston every night a great lantern was lighted so that its beams across the fens might by chance lead the feet of some lost travellers from the bogs to the firm streets of the town.

In spite of perils of King's officers and of bogs and fens, however, they decided to go to Holland – pilgrims in search of freedom.

II

We do not know by what ways many of them ever reached the coast, or, having reached it, were able to sail to Holland. Here are two stories, however, of the perilous journeys of the parties of Pilgrims, told by young William Bradford, who was in the adventures.

Some of the Pilgrims went by stealth down to the coast. They secretly arranged with the British captain of a ship to take them aboard under cover of the darkness, and to sail with them across the North Sea to

Holland. All went well till they reached the sea. Then they rowed out in boats and climbed aboard the ship. They soon stowed themselves away below deck, and waited, expecting to hear the anchor weighed and the sails hoisted. But no such thing happened.

They heard instead the "clunk" of oars; men climbed aboard. There were the voices of these men on deck.

"Who are they?" questioned the Pilgrims.

They were not to stay long in doubt. The dastardly captain, having taken their money to convey them to Holland, had betrayed them to the King's officers, who were now on board. The officers ordered the Pilgrims on deck, drove them – men, women, and children – into open boats, rowed them back to the coast and cast them into prison in Boston, where they were brought before the magistrates, and finally sent back to their homes in the depth of one of the most dreadful winters of snow and ice that England has ever known.

Their desperate attempt had failed; but they were not daunted.

> There's no discouragement
> Shall make him once relent
> His first avowed intent
> To be a pilgrim. [1]

[1] John Bunyan, *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Near by Scrooby ran (you remember) the sluggish river Idle, a shallow and slow stream. Down the river went flat-bottomed boats, half-punt, half-barge. The women and the children were put aboard some of these boats, and with them were the packages holding their clothes and the clothes of the men, together with the things they valued. They steered slowly down the lazy stream till the Idle ran smoothly into the broader waters of the Trent. This bit of country is where King Canute used to live, and they say that it was on the bank of this tidal river that the King's courtiers urged him to command the tide to stop. King James in these very days was trying to stop the tide of freedom from flowing in the world. We shall see how his attempt fared.

On the Trent there waited for them a little sailing barque. In secret and quietly men carried the baskets of food, casks of water, and other goods and stowed them into this little ship. Then the women and the children came and walked timidly across the plank into the boat. Some of the boys and girls went aboard with eyes sparkling at this strange new adventure of travelling across the seas. But some of the younger ones were rather frightened, and stared about them with eyes wide open. One or two babies lay happily asleep on their mothers' breasts. The mothers were brave, but very sad. For they were leaving their little homes

behind them and the land that they loved, and were going out over the sea into a strange world among people of quite other ways than theirs.

Two or three sailors came aboard. There was the creaking of the pulleys as they hauled on the ropes and hoisted the sail, which filled to the wind. The little barque slowly gathered way, tacking down the river Trent till she at last went dipping and bobbing out into the sea.

The Pilgrims had planned that this barque should sail with the women and children and with the goods to rendezvous off a lonely bit of coast between Grimsby and Hull, where a Dutch shipmaster from Hull had promised to meet them with his large sea-going ship.

The men, meanwhile, did not go in this little barque to meet the big ship, but walked all across the land from Scrooby and the other places out to a wild heath between Grimsby and Hull, overlooking the sea. They knew that if they had all gone aboard the little barges and travelled down the Idle to the barque on the Trent, they would have been suspected of flight, and would have been captured and thrown into prison. It was arranged that when the Dutch ship hove in sight and took the women and children aboard, the men would come down to the beach, and put off in boats to join the women and children on the ship.

The little barque with its cargo of women and children sailed bravely to the place of meeting. The Dutch ship was not there. The wind rose and began to moan through the rigging of the barque. The sea grew rough, and the rolling waves pitched the boat up and down and tossed her about till the boys and girls who had looked forward to the adventure were very sea-sick indeed.

The women could not endure the agonies of sickness in the boat.

"Can you not run her back into that creek?" they asked the seamen. "We should be quiet there and hidden, and could get over our sickness."

So the good-hearted sailors turned her about and ran for the creek, where the barque lay aground at low water. There they stayed through the hours of the night, some sleeping, some waking, but all cold in the sharp night-air of the early spring-time. At last the first touches of cold, grey, morning light across the sea began to break the power of the darkness.

The sharp wind from the eastern seas drove wisps of cloud over the high common on that spring morning. On the moorland the cold breeze caught the group of men who were waiting there looking anxiously out to sea. Under their frowning brows they looked out to the grey dawn that came cheerlessly over the ocean.

"When will the ship come? Will the Dutchman betray us as the English captain did? Will the King's officers come and find us and take us to prison before we can get away?"

These were the questions the men would ask one another as they stood there waiting, waiting.

"The Dutch captain said we were not to fear," one might reply. "He said that he would do for us what we wished."

"Yes," another would answer, "but that is what the English captain said; yet he betrayed our people, and they were made a sight and a shame in the eyes of all Boston, and were brought before the magistrates. The Dutch ship was to be here yesterday; and now the night has gone and here is another dawn, but still she is not here."

"Sail ho!" cried a third, and, sure enough, from the Hull direction came the sight of the square-rigged Dutch ship that they expected. They signalled to her and a boat was let down to fetch off the men. But to their dismay the women in the barque could not move. She was stuck fast in the mud at low tide. The water would not be full enough in the creek to get them off till noon. They knew that every minute lost was full of danger that they could be caught; yet they were helpless.

The Dutch ship-master sent off his boat to the shore, and as many of the men as the boat would hold crowded into her, and with all speed pulled for the ship. They reached her and climbed aboard.

The boat was putting off again, when suddenly the ship-master swore a round oath, and ordered her to stop. He pointed ashore. The men, looking, saw horses galloping toward the shore. A whole company of armed men, horse and foot, were hurrying up. The country- side was roused.

It was the old story all over again. The Government of England would not let the people stay in peace in their own land to worship God as they desired, and yet would not let them leave their land to worship according to their own conscience in other lands.

The ship-master – as William Bradford, who was on board, tells us – "swore his countries oath 'Sacramente!' – and having ye wind faire, waighed his ancor, hoysed sayles and away!"

III

We must leave them for a while and ask what happened to the women who could not be rescued and were left behind in the barque stranded on the mud.

"Pitifull it was [wrote William Bradford] to see ye heavie case of these poore women in this distress; what

weeping and crying on every side, some for their husbands, that were carried away in ye ship as is before related; others not knowing what should become of them, and their little ones; others again melted in teares, seeing their poore little ones hanging aboute them, crying for feare, and quaking with could." [1]

The children cried as the rough soldiers came riding and running on foot down to the creek, to take them prisoners. Some of the men who had been left on the shore when the boatload escaped dashed off in flight across the moor and escaped. The prisoners were hurried to Hull and Grimsby and other places.

Nobody knew what to do with the prisoners, even now that they had captured them. They had sold their homes; they had given up their trades. The cost of keeping the people in a prison was charged on the rates of the town where they were. So nobody wished to have them in their jails. The constables got dead tired of moving the prisoners about from place to place; the captives, too, were quite worn out. At last it was decided to let them go out of England across the seas to Holland – not through any feeling of mercy for them, but simply because the magistrates found themselves in a position where they simply could do nothing else.

[1] Quotations of William Bradford are from *History of Plymouth Plantation*.

So the Pilgrim-exiles went aboard ship, – the men who had been captured, the mothers and their boys and girls. They sailed away out of sight of the shores of England. For two hundred miles the slow sailing-ship butted her way across the North Sea day and night in sun and under cloud; in rain and gale till at last she came in sight of the long, flat, low Dutch coast.

Then she turned and sailed along that coast for fifty miles till she came to the opening into the lagoons and winding narrow channels of the Zuyder Zee. Entering these channels, she crept along, tacking hither and thither by tedious ways, till she found the mouth of the River Y. Entering that river she went up on the tide till at last the roofs and spires and towers of the great city of Amsterdam came in sight, and with many shoutings of the sailors the ship was moored safely by the wharf and the Pilgrims trooped across the gangway to dry land again.

In Amsterdam they found the men who had escaped in the Dutch ship off the coast between Grimsby and Hull, and they heard the story of the voyage. William Bradford (you remember) was among these, and he would tell them of the horrors and adventures of that journey, much as he wrote them down in later years in his story of their adventures.

"Ye poore men which were gott abord [he said] were in great distress for their wives and children,

which they saw thus to be taken, and were left destitute of their helps; and themselves also, not having a cloath to shifte them with, more then they had on their baks, and some scarce a peney aboute them, all they had being abord ye barke. It drew tears from their eyes, and anything they had they would have given to have been a shore againe; but all in vaine, ther was no remedy, they must thus sadly part."

"The ship [he would tell them] sailed into the ocean. But a great storm came and smote us. Day and night the sky was covered with thick clouds. We did not see the sun, or the moon, or the stars for seven long days and nights. The storm raised a great sea, and we were tossed about terribly. At last we were driven right out of our course and found in front of us the cliffs and fiords of the coast of Norway. Even the hardy sailors on board were terrified at the greatness of the waves that swept over the ship.

"But even then we did not lose faith. For when the waters of the waves that broke over the ship were running into our mouths and ears, and the mariners cried out in their terror, 'We sink, we sink,' we cried out, 'Yet, Lord, Thou canst save! Yet, Lord, Thou canst save.'

"And even as we cried the gale abated, the waves grew less terrible, the storm at last ceased, and we came

into port all battered, with spars broken, sails torn, yet safe, to the astonishment of all who beheld us."

WHO WOULD TRUE VALOUR SEE?

Who would true valour see
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.
Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have I right
To be a pilgrim.
Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN, *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Chapter 3
The Land of Threatening Waters

I

As the ship came to rest at the wharves of Amsterdam, the boys and girls, leaning against the bulwarks, gazed with wide-open eyes on such sights as they had never dreamed to exist. And their fathers and mothers were as full of wonder as the children.

For nearly all the Pilgrims had lived in England in farm-houses or villages with wide lands stretching all around, where white sheep and red cows grazed and the corn yellowed in the sunshine. We can imagine, then, how full of wonder they were as they saw the busy docks of Amsterdam, with the sailors from England and France, from Italy, even Turkey and Africa, and from the fiords of Scandinavia, shouting and pulling at ropes and thumping great bales of wool and baulks of timber down on the wharves. Chattering in half the languages of Europe they bore on their backs jars of wine, bales of silk, and cases of spices, coffee, and tobacco.

Still stranger, and more like a fairy-story to them, were the thick and high walls of the city with the sturdy towers pierced with narrow slit-openings through which the Dutch soldiers could shoot when their city was attacked; and on the walls were the men-at-arms on "sentry go" with hauberk and corselet, pike and musket.

When the ship was warped in to the dock the Pilgrims crossed the gangway and went in search of their friends who had gone before them. Going in under the shadows of the grim gateways through the thick walls, they came into streets more busy than any they had ever seen. Porters were carrying heavy sacks on their broad shoulders. Sturdy Dutch merchants in thick it coats, knee-breeches, woollen stockings, and clumped shoes were bartering and bargaining with one another; while their brisk, clean, buxom wives, whose comely, rosy faces looked shrewdly out from under the spotless linen caps that framed them so neatly, were sitting at their stalls in the market-place selling cool slabs of fresh butter.

They found their friends who had gone to Amsterdam before them; and on Sunday they all met together for worship in the English Church of the Separatists there. Among the people in the Church at Amsterdam there was one dear old widow who used to nurse any children who were ill. But when they were

well again they used to take care how near to her they sat in church, for – William Bradford tells us – "She usually sat in a convenient place in the congregation with a little birchen rod in her hand, and kept little children in great awe from disturbing the congregation."

The best and most wonderful thing of all, in the eyes of the Pilgrims, about Amsterdam and the other cities of Holland was not so much the strange sights that could be seen in the streets or on the city walls or on the wharves, but the spirit that was in the people. Most of all, the Pilgrims felt it as strange as it was good that the people there were ready to let them worship God in the way that they themselves believed to be best.

II

We may ask why there was this desire to have and to give freedom. There were many causes, but of these two were the greatest. These two causes of the love of liberty a boy or girl can well understand – they were the Sea and the Spaniard.

The Sea has always looked as though it were going to swallow up the land of the Dutch people and drown it altogether. For Holland lies low, without protecting cliffs or any mountains. Many, many miles of it are

indeed lower than the level of high tide. Only by building and keeping strong, great dykes and making massive sea-gates to hold back the tides could she keep much of her land from being swallowed up in the sea, and reclaim still more that was once sea-marsh and fen. On that land, kept from the sea by the strong, protecting dykes and drained by the many canals that cut across it, were many sheep and cows and horses, with nice little farms and big windmills.

If once the sea broke through those dykes, it would have rushed over all that land, drowned the cows, horses, and sheep, flowed over the clean, white, sanded floors of the farms, and ruined all the crops. The story that we learn about the boy – "the Hero of Haarlem" – who saved his country by holding his finger in the little hole in the dyke so that the water should not make a big hole and then break through, is a Dutch story of an adventure that happened to a boy between Amsterdam and Leyden.

This very sea, however, held back by the dykes, brought into the harbours of the Netherlands (like Amsterdam) many ships from all places in the known world. The sea also led the Dutch to build more ships than indeed perhaps any country in the world of that day. You could see in Amsterdam, not only men of all the peoples of Europe, but of other races like African

negroes. The great Rembrandt, when he lived there, painted an African in a picture.

The Dutch sailors and merchants and their wives travelled in all the oceans in their ships. They knew the ways of other peoples away in the Indies of the East, on the coasts of Africa, in the ports of the Mediterranean Sea, on the cold shores of the Baltic, in Britain, in France, in Portugal and Spain and even on the wild shores of America. This made them broad-minded. Just as the harbours of Holland lay open to the flow of the sea, so her mind was open to the flow of new thoughts.

The sturdy sailors of the Low Countries therefore knew and desired the freedom that they learned on the Seven Seas. But they hardly knew how much they loved this liberty till the Spanish galleons and armies tried to rob them of it. Not many years before the Pilgrims sailed to Amsterdam the arrogant galleons of the Spanish Armada had – as we know – come swooping up the Channel to destroy the strength and freedom of England. In the same way, but in a far worse degree, the ships and the armies of Spain had tried to hold the Dutch people in slavery. They had ruled them, indeed, with a rod of iron. When the Dutch desired to worship as they would, the power of Spain had tortured them with horrible thumbscrews, with the vile rack that dragged a living man's joints apart, with the

iron boot, having nails in it that were driven right into a man's foot till he fainted in agony. There is no more horrible story in the world than Alva's persecution of the Dutch people for their religious independence.

At last, however, the Dutch, by their courage and grim determination, had, for the time being, beaten off the rule of Spain. But they were still in dread of what the Spaniards would do. In that very spring when the English Pilgrims reached Amsterdam the States-General (as the Dutch Republic called itself) signed a Truce with the King of Spain (on April 9th, 1609) thus ending the Twenty-five Years' War. But it was only a truce – not a lasting peace. The very fact that they still might lose their freedom made them love it all the more; and it meant, too, that they would not deny that same freedom to any of the guests inside the walls of their cities.

So the Sea and the Spaniard had together taught the men of the Netherlands the great lesson of freedom; and into the fresh air of that liberty our brave Pilgrims sailed.

III

In Amsterdam the Pilgrims had to face what young William Bradford called the "grime and grisly face of povertie coming upon them like an armed man, with

whom they must bukle and encounter." For many reasons they thought that a better town in which to live would be the neighbouring curious and beautiful city of quiet streams called Leyden.

One great reason why they decided to go to Leyden was that the people who had gone from England to Amsterdam before them, and had formed what they called the Ancient Separatist Church there, used to argue and even quarrel over trifling things that did not matter at all. For instance, they divided into two quarrelling parties over the question whether the ephod that Aaron wore was green or sky blue! The new Pilgrims wanted to be more peaceful than that, and more sensible. Their young pastor, John Robinson, was a man who hated quarrelling, though he would rather die than be a coward and surrender to what he knew was wrong. So he encouraged his Pilgrims to go away to Leyden.

Nevertheless, we ought not to laugh at the Ancient Separatist Church at Amsterdam. If they did squabble about Aaron's ephod, and if they were dreadfully upset because the pastor's wife wore a "schowish hat topishly set," and a velvet hood, still they were brave men and women. As William Bradford said – and he knew them at Amsterdam – "They had few friends to comfort them, nor any arm of flesh to support them; and if in some things they were too rigid, they are rather to be

pitied, considering their times and sufferings, than to be blasted with reproach to posterity."

Having decided to go from Amsterdam to Leyden, how did the new Pilgrims travel? Boats went to and from Amsterdam and Leyden every day. So the Pilgrims would take places on some of those boats in the May of 1609. They would go along between the banks of the Haarlem Canal. The boys and girls in the boat could look across the flat fields, where the plump black-and-white Dutch cows grazed, to the farm-houses where their rich milk was made into the loveliest butter in the world.

The boats came to a dam, where they were obliged to stop. All the people got out on to the bank and walked over the dam, while the boat was lifted right out and carried across.

As the boys and girls stood there, they could see stretching out in front of them a great lake of shining water called Haarlem Meer. The boat was floated on this lake, beyond which were the very dykes that the boy-hero of Haarlem saved by pushing his finger into the hole through which the sea was making its way. They clambered back into the boat, and for five miles no sound was heard, save the regular "chunk" and thud of the oars or the cry of a wild-duck.

At last the sun began to sink low in front of them. They saw against the evening glow the slowly revolving

arms of a giant windmill. They slid out of Haarlem Meer into the narrow waters of a canal, and from this into another, until at last they found themselves in the sluggish stream of the Old Rhine.

In front of them rose the walls of the dream-city of Leyden, which was kept sweet and wholesome by the fresh waters of Haarlem Meer.

This city, they could see, was different from any in the world though it was something like Venice. All round the strong broad walls ran the lazy stream of the Old Rhine. No one could go into the city at all except on those waters by boat or across them by bridge. On the south side of the city, and on the east side, great stalwart stone bastions of the wall pushed out into the stream, and on the bastions were sturdy sentinels and grim iron cannon. At two corners of the walls rose high, strong, round towers from the tops of which men could see across the fields and windmills to the dykes and to the open sea by Delftshaven to the north. Here and there the waters of the Old Rhine ran through low bridges in the walls into the city itself.

The barges with the Pilgrims in them passed through the water-gate under the walls into the city. They found that canals ran along between the houses somewhat as they do in Venice. On the narrow roads between the canals and the houses were tall, graceful poplar-trees with their leaves shivering in the cool

breeze, strong limes giving shade on hot days, and willows that leaned over to trail their slender fingers in the water of the streams.

The Pilgrims, tired with their travel, were come to their journey's end. The barges were moored, and they stretched their cramped legs as they walked on the streets that were on the canal banks. So they went to the houses where they were to live, and were soon asleep.

THE HOUSE BY THE WAY

They drew near to a house which stood in the Way, which house was built for the relief of Pilgrims. . . . Christiana knocked, as she had done at the Gate before. Now when she had knocked, there came to the door a young damsel, and opened the door. . . .

Then said the damsel to them, With whom would you speak in this place? Christiana answered, We understand that this is a privileged place for those that are become Pilgrims, and we now at this door are such; wherefore we pray that we may be partakers of that for which we at this time have come; for the day, as thou seest, is very far spent, and we are loth tonight to go any further.

JOHN BUNYAN, *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Chapter 4
The House with the Green Door

I

The Pilgrims found much that was strange in the houses in Leyden. They were mostly strong and fair to look at, with clean windows and their doors and shutters nicely painted. Arched brick passages led into bright courtyards and into gardens where tulips and daffodils and other flowers grew.

In the kitchens the tables were scrubbed as clean as sand and water and brushes could make them; the floors were sprinkled with dry, white sand. The kitchen walls were covered with cool, clean, white tiles, having blue patterns on them. The tile-patterns were pictures of windmills, ships, countrymen and women and plump Dutch boys and girls.

In the gardens they could see the young Dutch mothers in their gowns of black with lovely neckruffs of spotless muslin and over their heads a coif of fine white

linen. The little children ran about and played; and the girls had on their heads little linen caps something like their mothers. Most of them looked plump, and this was partly because, for two of their meals in the day, they ate simply butter and cheese. The Pilgrim children soon got to know some of these Dutch boys and girls; but, to a large extent, they kept to themselves.

On the top of some of the chimneys the Pilgrim boys and girls would be sure to see the heavy nests of the storks. As the Pilgrims came to Leyden in the early spring, they would see the long-legged storks come flying to the city from far countries. The mother stork laid her eggs in the old nest, while the father stork stood on one leg on "sentry go" on the roof or stalked stiffly up the street, looking as proud as though no mother stork had ever laid an egg before. The people thought one was very lucky if a stork made a nest on one's house. The Pilgrim boys and girls soon learned that no one must ever throw a stone at a stork or touch a stick of his nest. Very funny was it, some weeks later, to see the quaint, long-legged baby storks trying to fly. And the father stork would be very busy then hunting on the banks of the canal for frogs with which to feed his family.

When the Pilgrims were in Leyden a little boy with a mop of curly hair lived in the big mill-house on the Western Rampart of the city on the river-bank by the

White Gate. There two strange Gothic towers stood up for all the citizens to see, dark and silent against the setting sun.

The boy's name was Rembrandt of the Rhine.[1] His mother, who loved the little boy, used to tell him stories out of the big Dutch Bible that rested on her knees. He listened on his little stool with elbows on knees and chin in hands, with his wonderful clear eyes looking right up at her soft cheeks, and her round, smiling face.

This boy is very important for us because he can do for us today what no one else in the world can perform. He can show us Leyden as it was when the Pilgrims were there.

For when he became a young man Rembrandt painted as no man has painted before or since. He was to the picture what Shakespeare was to the drama, and it is a wonderful thing that both of these great men were living at the very same time, and that our Pilgrims lived in both their lands.

Rembrandt painted again and again the face of his old mother. We can see her today in his pictures with the lovely wrinkles on her cheeks like the wrinkles on a pippin at Christmas; and her face breaking into a quiet smile, or looking patiently sad. He painted the

[1] Born in Leyden, 1605.

stories that she told him out of the Bible. She must have told them wonderfully, for he painted them so really that you seem to see the very stories come alive again.

But he painted, too, the very things that the Pilgrim boys and girls saw as they went about the streets – the beggars whining on crutches from door to door, the cosy housewives in the market-place buying food; the meandering Old Rhine River creeping along between its strong banks; the steeples where the bells clanged on festival day; the network of canals up and down which the barges slowly nosed their way; the low, far-stretching land covered with thin grass; the waving arms of the windmills turning in the misty, amber-coloured air; the gale blowing the storks about the cloud-strewn sky, driving too the ships that scudded wildly by the shore in search of harbourage.

II

If any of the Pilgrims waked in the night when the great clocks struck the hours, they would hear the sound of a trumpet clamouring across the house-tops of Leyden. There was a watchman or sentry on top of one of the towers on the walls, and each hour he sounded his trumpet to say "All's Well," and to tell any of the citizens who might be awake that they might sleep securely, for no enemy was in sight.

The children would wonder at the sound of the trumpet, and still more at the great noise that was made on October 3rd through all the city. The bells pealed as though they had gone mad with joy, till the very towers seemed to rock with laughter. The guard of the city went marching proudly down the streets, armed with pike and gun and wearing their most brilliant gala uniforms. The women and men and boys and girls all put on their finest clothes and went in boats up and down the canals waving their hands to their friends and having a lively time all during the fair, which lasted for ten whole days.

The trumpet at night and the joyful fair were caused by the same adventure which had made Leyden famous for ever – the great siege which had made Leyden a better home of freedom and light for the Pilgrims than any other city in the world of those days. That siege, which is one of the greatest events in the history of the world, had happened some thirty-five years earlier when the fierce Spanish General Valdez had come with his armies against the city. His soldiers camped all round Leyden. No one could come in to help them or bring them food, and they had not enough soldiers in the city to sally out and fight the Spanish army.

At the fair the people acted scenes from this siege in the open-air. The Pilgrim boys and girls, who were able

to get to the fair, would in that way learn the things that had happened.

Some of the scenes from the siege are as follows: The food had become less and less, and a plague broke out, killing many people. Some of the men of Leyden were so down-hearted that they wanted to give up the fight. So they went to the head man of the Town, Burgomaster VanderWerf, and said to him, "You must surrender to the enemy." They even threatened to kill him if he did not.

"No," said he, "I will not give in. I can but die once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. . . . Your menaces do not move me; my life is in your hands. Here is my sword, plunge it into my breast and divide my flesh among you. Take my body and appease your hunger. But expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

So the Leyden men plucked up courage.

"You call us rat-eaters," they shouted at the Spaniards from the walls, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear a dog bark or a cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. When all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will eat our left arms, keep our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion against the foreign Spanish tyrant."

At last one day some pigeons came flying across the country from the sea and over the Spanish army into Leyden. The pigeons settled on the city walls, and the soldiers took them and found a message written on very thin paper, and rolled up and put into little quills that were tied under the wings of the pigeons. The message said that Dutch ships were coming to their rescue with soldiers and with food.

How could the ships come? It was done in this way. The navy broke down the dykes, flooded the land on which the Spaniards were encamped with the waters of the sea. This swamped the Spanish army. Then the Dutch fleet came sailing in with food and all manner of good things.

So the good Netherlander of Leyden showed how they could hold out bravely to defend their freedom to live and to worship as they desired, and set the world an immortal example of brave endurance for liberty. Learning of these brave deeds for freedom of the men of Leyden would make the Pilgrims more determined than ever that they too would put everything to the hazard for liberty.

III

The Pilgrims earned their living by doing many things while they were at Leyden. William Bradford

was a vastijnwerker (i.e. a fustian-worker – fustian is a strong, coarse, cotton stuff). Others wove baize, made serge, carded wool, knitted stockings, engraved pictures, constructed trunks, cast metal into bells, or hammered gold into rings and brooches. They manufactured twine and string, chiselled stone and built it into houses, worked with chisel and saw and hammer and screwdriver at the carpenter's bench. William Brewster, being a scholar from Cambridge, taught the Dutchmen, Danes, and Germans to speak and write the English language, and was so clever at doing this that many men sent their boys to him. He taught the sons of the great men of the State.

Then William Brewster did something; that was of still greater importance. It made King James I of England stretch out his arms across the sea, and try to imprison him even though he lived in another land. Brewster bought a printing press and set it up in a house in the Choor-steeg – Choir-lane, as we should say. A friend named Thomas Brewer helped him in this. So they printed and sent home to England books defending their wish to worship God in freedom – books such as were not allowed to be printed in England. But the King of England failed to get William Brewster into his clutches, though he sent messengers over to Holland to take him prisoner.

The Pilgrims lived mostly in houses near the New University that had been founded by William of Orange. The University was chosen by the people as William's gift in commemoration of the siege.

The most famous of the houses that the Pilgrims had in Leyden was called "The House with the Green Door." It stood in the Klooksteeg (that is, Bell Lane) near the Pieterskerk (St. Peter's Church). It was a big house with a garden and a large piece of ground by the side. In the upstairs rooms of the house lived John Robinson, the wise and good pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims.

He knew that men who loved liberty as his people did were often ready to fight for it over trifling things. He was a very learned man, and knew the great books of ancient Greece and Rome, and Christian writers of all the centuries. Yet his heart was simple and kind. The boys and girls loved him, and they thought of him with reverence. We can well believe that the reason why the people in the Church of which he was the minister quarrelled very little was due more than anything else to the gentle, brave spirit of good John Robinson. Under his leadership they certainly were a "happy band of Pilgrims." A man who joined them when they were at Leyden (Edward Winslow of Droitwich) said, "I persuade myself never people upon earth lived more

lovingly together and parted more sweetly than we the Church of Leyden did."

He was to these Pilgrims what the Interpreter in The Pilgrim's Progress was to Christian, Christiana, Mercy, and the boys and girls. So his House with the Green Door could well be called "the Interpreter's House" of these new Pilgrims.

Here are some words of John Robinson's which may – or may not – be too hard for us to understand while we are boys and girls; yet they ought to be set down in this book so that we may read them again and again, and be able to show them to people – if we meet such – who say that the Pilgrims were quarrelsome people.

"I believe with my heart and profess with my tongue [wrote John Robinson] . . . that I have one and the same faith, hope, spirit, baptism and Lord which I had in the Church of England, and none other; that I esteem so many in that Church ... as are truly partakers of that faith . . . for my Christian brethren and myself a fellow-member with them of that one mystical body of Christ scattered far and wide throughout the world; that I have always, in spirit and affection, all Christian fellowship and communion with them.

On Sunday morning the men and women of tho Pilgrim Church at Leyden used to come to the House with the Green Door. They would walk to the door quietly, and, lifting the latch, enter the large room on

the ground-floor which was their meeting-room for worship. John Robinson, as he sat in the minister's seat, would see the people he loved and whose lives he knew come in and take their places.

Here was young William Bradford with his strong, serious face – only just twenty-one years old, a fustian-worker, yet a student and a good organiser. William would not for long be able to keep his eyes from straying over to the place where Dorothy May sat in her black gown with the neat collar of white lawn and the close-fitting cap just failing to keep in order her rebellious curls. John Robinson married William Bradford and Dorothy May to one another in 1613.

Then came the sturdy and clever William Brewster, who taught "great men's sons" in Leyden to speak English and learned from them how their land was governed. The strong, stalwart figure of Captain Miles Standish would fill the doorway, for he cast in his lot with the Pilgrims while they were in Leyden, though he did not join the Church; and Miles and his wife would take their places in the room. Standish was a great fighter; a soldier of fortune who took part in many a tussle in the Netherlands, and whose sharp sword and strong arms were known far and wide, and were feared by the Spaniards. For he had a quick temper that flamed up into anger, yet a warm heart that made him a good friend. He was so brave that he did not know

what fear was, and was always at his best in a tight corner and in a stiff fight, for he could cut or contrive a way out when nine men out of ten would fail.

Behind him (in the later years at Leyden) would come the very different face of Edward Winslow of Droitwich, the man of letters who had travelled much and had read many books and who even wrote some. These, with good Dr. Samuel Fuller, the physician, Robert Cushman, the business man, Isaac Allerton, the merchant (who married Fear Brewster), and many others, filled the great room of the Interpreter's House with the Green Door.

So happily did they live together in Leyden that many others were drawn to join them. People in England living in Kent and Essex, Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, went out to Leyden to escape persecution in their own land. After some years, the community had grown from just over a hundred to as many as three hundred. And so honest and straight were they in their dealing that, after living in Leyden for twelve years, the magistrates of the city could actually say, " These English have lived among us these twelve years, and yet we never had any suit or accusation against any of them."

IV

The Pilgrims were thankful, in many ways, that they could live in Leyden in freedom. But Leyden was not and never could be really home. They desired strongly to be in England, which was their real home. That, however, could not be, for the Government there still persecuted men and women for wishing to be free in worship. So their thoughts roamed the world in search of some place where they could make a New England that would still be attached to the Old Country and under its King, yet might be free, and might, become a new home. John Robinson's thoughts often ran westward across the Atlantic Ocean to the West Indies the islands off the coast of America and to the other lands to which Raleigh and Drake had sailed with the sea-dogs of Devon.

Those, however, were hard lands to live in. There was dreadful fever in many of them; and fierce Red Indians in some; and in none was there any settled, ordered and secure life. If they sailed west it would certainly mean that the older people and the weaker ones could not go, but must stay at home.

Their sons, however, were growing up, and the adventurous ones were joining the army of the Netherlands, or were sailing the world in Dutch merchant- ships, or were seeking to marry Dutch wives. The mothers and fathers wished very strongly that

their children should go to a land where they would not be drawn away into a foreign life, but would build up one of their own. They desired above all to make their life where their boys and girls might grow in body and soul, breathing the air of a generous and bracing freedom.

Their eyes turned across the ocean to the west. They knew how Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh of Devon had "singed the Spaniard's beard" in the Western Ocean, and how that dauntless adventurer Captain John Smith faced perils among Indians and on the high seas to found in America a settlement that would be the beginning of a New England across the waters. At last they determined that they too would go and seek in the wilds a place where, at whatever cost to themselves, they could build a home. They felt the call that came to the Argonauts to go out and take whatever adventure might fall to them, to capture the Golden Fleece of the free life of the soul. They were in spirit

"Sea-rovers, conquerors, builders in the waste."

John Robinson himself, their loved pastor, greatly wished to go. But he was not as strong in body as he was adventurous in his spirit. So it was determined that he must stay in Leyden and still lead the Pilgrims (and they were in the majority) who stayed on there. As he wrote to those who were leaving: "God knows how

willingly ... I would have borne my part with you in this first brunt, were I not by strong necessitie held back for ye present."

They decided to send to England to ask King James for a charter to allow those who could endure the hardships of the voyage and of the difficult and dangerous life to go across the Atlantic and settle on the east coast of America. To get that charter settled and then signed by the King was more difficult than winning any obstacle race. There were the hurdles of religious persecution to get over; the slippery pole of jealousy to clamber along; the pond of greed to jump, and the gorsebushes of prejudice to force. But at last, through a band of Merchant-adventurers – called the London Virginia Company – they received their charter in June 1619. They had permission to settle in America close by the estuary of the river Hudson.

It took another year to arrange to raise the needed money for getting ships and buying provisions. The old friends, William Brewster of Scrooby and William Bradford of Austerfield, were to be the captains of the expedition.

At length, in 1620, they secured a sixty-ton pinnace with the promising name of *Speedwell*. She was bought in England. Then she sailed across the sea to be fitted in Holland, and was brought to harbour at Delfshaven, – the seaport for Leyden.

Early on a bright midsummer morning in July 1620, the Pilgrims all met together in the great room which was the meeting-place of the Pilgrim Church in John Robinson's House with the Green Door. There the Interpreter preached to them the last sermon that they ever heard from his lips.

Then they passed out of the shadow of the room into the open street to the Nuns' Bridge, opposite to Robinson's House. Barges were moored near the bridge by the street side. All who were sailing in the *Speedwell* – as well as some like John Robinson himself who were travelling as far as Delfshaven to see them off – went down into the barges; mothers and fathers, young men and women, boys and girls, and one or two babies who would blink unconcernedly at the sunshine and not know at all that they were going out into a life that was as new as themselves.

The barges were loosed and started. Those who were left behind waved farewell from the bank – though, indeed some of them could not see for the tears that blurred their eyesight. The barges crept quietly along into the Vliet, the canal that runs from Leyden to Delft.

First they passed between the houses inside the city; then they came to the water-gate that guarded Leyden so that no enemy might be able to enter. In front of them rose the northern walls of the town. The

barges passed under the shadow of the tunnel through the walls and out into the open country. Looking back, they could see the turrets standing above the Cow-gate and the glitter of the helmet of a sentry. It was their last look at Leyden.

"They lefte," says William Bradford, "the goodly and pleasante citie which had been ther resting-place near twelve years; but they knew that they were pilgrimes ..."

V

Out across the low pasture lands they could see the quiet cows and sheep grazing and the windmills lazily turning in the breeze of the summer morning. For nine miles the barges butted their way through the waters of the canal, till they came to a bend to the left under the Hoorn Bridge by the Hague. Then for five miles the canal-boats went on till they came to the city of Delft. Going in under the walls, they passed through the centre of the city. Over them, they saw the tall tower, leaning out of the straight, of the Old Kirk of Delft. Opposite to it was the red-tiled house in which the great soldier and statesman of freedom – William the Silent – had been assassinated by the dagger of Balthazar Gerard.

Again the shadow of the city walls fell upon them and the barges passed through the western watergates

of Delft, out of the Vliet into the Schie and at last – at the village of Overshie – into the Delfshaven Canal. For full ten miles from Delft to Delfshaven the rippling wake of the barges lapped against the canal banks. The fathers would have to explain to the boys and girls that, although the canal was between banks that stood above the level of the fields, yet, all the time, they were themselves really below the level of the sea, which was kept from rushing in by the great dykes and the sturdy seagates.

They came, as evening was falling, to the end of the canal. Sluice-gates swung slowly open. The barges went into a great lock. The gates were closed again, and the sea-water was let into the lock. So they rose and rose as the lock filled, and then the second gates of the lock opened, and they moved onward. But still they were below sea-level, and had to enter another lock, where again the water poured in and lifted the barges still higher till at last, when the gates opened, the boys and girls saw a big pool where large vessels could float. From this pool the barges went into the outer harbour.

Imagine the excitement of the boys and girls as they spelt on the bows of a little ship that lay moored by the wharves the word *Speedwell*.

This was the ship that the Pilgrims had bought. On her decks they were to sail from Holland to England,

and start on their great adventure across the ocean to the strange Western World of their dreams.

THE PILGRIM WHO TURNED BACK

Then said Pliable, Ah, neighbour Christian, where are you now?

Truly, said Christian, I do not know. At this Pliable began to be offended and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave' country alone for me! And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the Slough which was next to his own home; so away he went and Christian saw him no more.

A LOFTIER ARGO CLEAVES THE MAIN

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

. . . . .

A loftier Argo cleaves the main;
Fraught with a later prize.

SHELLEY'S *Hellas.*

Chapter 5
The Ship of Adventure

I

Few of the Pilgrims went to sleep in that short July night. They talked of the adventure that lay before them, and gave their last messages to the men who were staying behind. Even the boys, if they slept under the stars by the harbour, must have dreamed of sailing on deep waters, and of storm and shipwreck and perilous landing on strange shores.

Dawn came up in a bright, clear sky on the wings of a favourable breeze across the harbour. The tide was rising; when it should come to the full they must sail.

So they went aboard the *Speedwell* with their friends. [1]

They did not know how to part from one another. For they had lived for twelve years together. Fathers were saying "Good-bye" to their sons and mothers to their daughters. William Bradford tells us:

[1] Bradford describes the farewell as taking place on board. Edward Winslow says that the farewell occurred on the quay. I adopt Bradford's record.

"Truly dolfull was the sight of that sadd and mournfull parting; to see what sighs and sobbs and praires did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches peirst each harte; that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood on the key as spectators could not refrains from tears.... But the tide (which stays for no man) called them away that were thus loath to depart."

John Robinson fell upon his knees and asked for God's blessing on all the Pilgrims. The friends went ashore. The sails were hoisted. The sailors cast loose the ship. The *Speedwell* swung away from the quay-side. There was a crack and a blaze, followed by a hollow roar. The men on the ship fired a volley from their muskets into the air; three of the ship's five cannon then boomed a salute.

Soon the fluttering of kerchiefs on the quay-side grew less and less. The little ship began to feel the heave and fall of the swell of the tide in the open sea. She ran southwest through the Channel between Dover and Calais, and, passing the harbour of Folkestone and the long flats of Rodney Marsh, was driven by the fair wind westward under the summer sky until, sighting the Isle of Wight, she ran in the narrow channel past Portsmouth to Southampton.

Ahead of the *Speedwell,* another vessel had sailed there from London. She came past the mouth of the

Medway and down Channel to Southampton a ship of one hundred and eighty tons. She was to become perhaps the best-known boat in all the story of the world – the *Mayflower*.[1] Having reached Southampton ahead of the Speedwell, she was riding easily at anchor off the West Quay when the Pilgrims arrived from Leyden. She had brought with her from London other – folk men who sympathized with the Leyden Pilgrims, and wished to share their adventure across the ocean.

Through the last days of July they all stayed in Southampton. They were kept there into the beginning of August. The delay was partly due to the fact that a man whom they had trusted with their arrangements had made alterations in their agreement, of which they did not approve. So the contract with the Merchant Adventurers remained unsigned; in consequence money was not advanced to them, and the Pilgrims were forced – before they could sail away – to pay their harbour dues out of the money they had with them. They sold sixty pounds' worth of their provisions on board ship to pay the dues before leaving. They were in difficult straits after reducing their provisions; but they were not daunted.

[1] But, curiously enough, no record written by any one who sailed in her gives her name. The first mention of her name as the *Mayflower* comes in Nathaniel Morton's *New England's Memorials*, published in 1669, forty-nine years later on. And, as it is quite certain that a ship called the *Mayflower* sailed to bring more Pilgrims from Leyden in 1629-30, there may have been confusion.

"We have," they wrote on August 3, 1620, "scarce any butter, no oyle, not a sole to mend a shoe, nor every man a sword to his side, wanting many muskets, much armoire, etc. And yet we are willing to expose ourselves to shuch eminente dangers as are like to insue, and trust to the good providence of God rather than His name and truth should be evill spoken of for us."

The delay of those days seemed of very little importance; but, as we shall see, it came perilously near ruining the expedition.

II

At length all arrangements were clear. The *Speedwell* took thirty of the Pilgrims; ninety were placed aboard the larger ship, the *Mayflower*. On August 5th, 1620, the larger and smaller ship started together, and tacked down Southampton Water and through the Solent. Leaving the Needles of the Isle of Wight astern, they started westward. But the delay had cost them dear; for the fair breeze had dropped and the wind was now against them.

They beat down the Channel for three or four days, making but little progress. The captain of the *Speedwell* ran up a startling message. He said that she had sprung a dangerous leak.

"We must," he declared, "put into Dartmouth for repairs."

So they sailed in between the lovely headlands of the river Dart. The tanned old Devonshire sailor-men on the harbour side gazed curiously at the Pilgrims as they came ashore. The beautiful steep hillsides that towered above each bank of the river Dart, covered with the green thick woods that came down till the very leaves dipped in the waters of the river itself, must have seemed wonderful to the Pilgrim boys and girls. For in their homes in Eastern England and in Leyden all the canals and rivers that they had ever seen ran through flat lands that hardly had even tiny hills to relieve their endless levels.

The grizzled shipwrights of Dartmouth set to work on the *Speedwell* and overhauled her from stem to stern, till they declared that she was seaworthy, and could face the gales of the Atlantic Ocean itself. So the Pilgrims went aboard her again, and once more sails were hoisted and the two ships went careering out into the open sea.

They sailed along past the coast of Devon and Cornwall. The boys and girls, standing in the stern, strained their eyes to catch the last glimpse of the warm-brown rocks of Land's End. At last they were out in the full swing of the Atlantic. For day after day they

sailed till they had put over three hundred sea-miles between themselves and Land's End.

Then Captain Reynolds of the *Speedwell* came to the Pilgrims with an announcement that frightened some of them and grieved them all.

"The ship has sprung a serious leak again," he said. "I can only keep her afloat by having the men at the pumps day and night."

They signalled the *Mayflower* to tell her what the captain said. We can never be quite sure whether there was a bad leak in the *Speedwell* or not; for some of the Pilgrims felt sure that the ship was really sound enough, but that, as one of them said, "a leak had sprung in the captain's courage," and that Reynolds pretended that there was a leak because he was frightened to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and in so small a ship to sail to a strange and savage land.

In any case, there was nothing for it but for both ships to turn in their tracks and beat their weary way back again. They sighted Land's End once more, and, running eastward, sailed in to Plymouth harbour again, where they landed at the Old Barbican. These delays took the heart out of all but the bravest and most determined of the Pilgrims. They were in the Slough of Despond. Eighteen of them like Mr. Pliable in *The Pilgrim's Progress* – were so discouraged that they decided not to go at all. They turned back. As William

Bradford, who was among the valiant ones who would not turn back, said, "Like Gedion's armie, this small number was devided, as if the Lord by this worke of His providence thought these few to many for the great worke He had to doe."

So it was decided not to take the little *Speedwell* with them at all. The Pliables and their captain went aboard her, and she sailed back along the coast of Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent up the estuary of the Thames, and so to inglorious safety at London Bridge. The Greathearts and Valiants determined to sail in spite of all. The good, stout-hearted Devon folk of Plymouth were very kind to the brave Pilgrims who were going forward, and helped them to stock their ship for the voyage. The Pilgrims, many years after, spoke of that kindness done to them in their dark time.

So they walked for the last time on Plymouth Hoe where Drake had played his game of bowls. The twelve extra Pilgrims left over from the *Speedwell* went aboard the *Mayflower*. There were now one hundred and two men, women, boys, and girls on board the ship. Thirty-four of them were grown men. Eighteen were wives. There were twenty boys on board and eight girls. Nineteen of the travellers were men-servants, and three were maid-servants.

III

On September 6th all was ready. Sails were hoisted to a good breeze that was with them. They swung out to sea, and, with their bows toward the sunset, went bowling merrily and swiftly into the west. For day after day in fine weather and with a strong favouring wind they ran on their journey. They looked forward to reaching their journey's end without further adventure.

But their delays had brought them to the time of the equinoctial gales. These are the storms that come each year at the time in September when in Britain and North America the days and nights are equal in length.

The wind began to whistle through the cordage. “White horses" crested the waves. The seamen went aloft to furl the sails. The waves were lashed into fury by the wind, which grew more and more violent till a gale was raging. The gale increased to a tempest.

The great Atlantic rollers swept seething and hissing across the streaming decks of the little ship. She shivered from stem to stern as the waves struck her. She climbed the giddy heights of one wave only to be slung dizzily down its slopes into dark chasms of water that threatened to swallow her up and sink her into the depths.

The Pilgrims were crowded down in the stifling air between decks. The hatches of the deck were closed.

The boys and girls were flung about as the ship rolled and tossed in the waves. 'The gun port-holes were screwed tight. The dim yellow light of a lantern that hung from a beam, shone fitfully on the Pilgrims. Many were ill. The close air and the stench were poisonous. Yet the hatches could not be opened.

The Pilgrims heard the *Mayflower* creak and groan in every timber as she reeled before the storm. The sea crept in through the straining planks, and washed sullenly across the floor, soaking their clothes and their luggage. Then there was a silence among them all as they heard a wrenching sound, as though the very ship herself were breaking up.

The main beam of the ship had been bowed and cracked by the storm. The beam was amidships. The captain examined it. He and his seamen could see at once that there was serious danger of the ship breaking up if her beam were wrenched so that it could not hold out the sides of the ship and keep her taut, and help her to resist the battering of the waves.

As the captain with serious face talked it over with his officers, Brewster and Bradford and some other Pilgrims joined the group.

"Would it not be better even now to turn back and sail for home?" suggested one of the Pilgrims.

"No," replied the captain, "that would be of no use. We are half-way across the Atlantic now. It is as far to go back as it is to go on. We must get this beam in her place again."

It was fortunate that one of the Pilgrims – who must have been a man of strong good sense – had brought with him a powerful jack-screw. They placed this under the beam and, pulling at the lever that turned the screw, they at length forced the bent main-beam straight again. Having thrust the great timber back into its place, in order to make it doubly secure, they got a strong post; this they stood upon the lower deck, and forced the top end in under the cracked beam and lashed it into place.

They found, however, that the severe wrenching of the ship had opened cracks in her timbers through which the sea was leaking into the hull. They soaked oakum in tar and caulked the timbers with it – that is, they rammed the tarred oakum firmly in between the edges of the planks to keep the water from rushing into the ship.

They felt safer now; but their troubles were not at an end. The wind sank for a little; but it soon began to rage again. They dared not spread an inch of sail. Night followed day and day night, yet still they scudded before the tempest under bare masts. The wind shrieked continuously through the rigging. Wave after

wave came chasing across the ocean, like wolves hunting the little ship, and then flung themselves greedily over her as though to swallow her up. But the dauntless *Mayflower* shook herself free again and again, and plunged away westward.

In the midst of all this din and turmoil one day there mingled strangely with the roar of the seas the first cries of a little baby boy. He was born there between the upper and lower deck of the *Mayflower*. His mother was the wife of Stephen Hopkins. They baptized the baby, giving him the name Oceanus, because he was born on the Atlantic.

One of the Pilgrims could not endure the closed-in life cramped between the decks where a man could hardly stand upright and no fresh air came. His name was John Howland. He climbed the steps and passed through the gratings on to the top deck. An enormous wave, sweeping over the ship at the very moment, caught him up as though he were a wisp of straw and flung him overboard. Half stunned by the blow, gasping for breath and almost blinded by the spray, he gave himself up for lost. At that moment a cord lashed across him. The topsail-halyards had been torn by the storm and one end was trailing in the sea. He snatched at this cordage – like a drowning man clutching at a straw. He caught it and held on – the waves swinging

him into the height and then down into green, cavernous, horrible depths.

The sailors, peering over the bulwarks, saw to their astonishment that he was alive and was hanging on to the rope. They themselves – though each succeeding wave threatened to sweep them overboard too – hauled at the halyards till inch by inch they drew John Howland up the slippery sides of the ship and he was once more, to his own and every one else's amazement, safely between decks. We can imagine the boys sitting round him with open eyes and ears afterwards as he told the story of his adventure.

IV

Eight weeks had now gone by since they had sailed for the second time out of Plymouth Harbour. For many days they had been battened below hatches crowded close together in a little wooden ship far too small either for their number or for the perils of a journey across the Atlantic. Then one of the men (William Butted) a servant of Samuel Fuller, fell ill. He swiftly became worse and died. They buried him at sea, in the midst of the tossing waters. The Pilgrims felt as though everything was against them; and some even of the bravest began to lose heart. "Being pestered nine weeks in this leaking, unwholesome ship, lying wet in

their cabins; most of them grew very weak, and weary of the sea." [1]

Three more days passed by. They were now able to be on deck. Suddenly the cry came from one of the clearest-sighted sailors, "Land ho!"

Immediately the Pilgrims rushed to the bows and strained their eyes westward. There, sure enough, was land. It was flat, like the country to which they had been accustomed. But it was covered with trees.

"What bit of coast is this?" the Pilgrims asked Captain Jones.

"I think," said he, "that this is the eastern side of Cape Cod."

The faces of some of the leaders among the Pilgrims would grow serious when they heard this, for they were hoping to land on a far better part of the coast called Manhattan, by the river Hudson. Cape Cod was some distance north of Manhattan. [2]

The captain headed the ship round. He said that he was going to turn her towards the Hudson River at the mouth of which Manhattan Island stands. But, after tacking and going about for hours and hours, the *Mayflower* was in the midst of dangerous shoals on

[1] Amber's edition of *Captain John Smith*, p. 260.

[2] The Dutch did establish a trading city at Manhattan, which they called New Amsterdam; but later it became what it is now New York.

which she might run aground at any moment. Dangerous currents swept through narrow channels between the shoals through the night.

The captain and the leader of the Pilgrims consulted together as to what they should do. This was the dilemma.

The narrow channel through the shoals southward to the Hudson was in the direction that they wished to take, for it led to Manhattan. But that channel was dangerous and was long; and darkness was coming on. The Hudson was to windward, and it was difficult to beat a way southward in shoal water against a stiff November gale.

What is more, some of the Pilgrims were falling ill with scurvy and other diseases, through being cramped so long in between decks, and through lack of fresh vegetables and other food and water. They must quickly get to land.

They decided, therefore, to sail round the "crook-handle" head of Cape Cod. They could anchor there in shelter, and, with the help of their ship's boat, and a shallop that was stowed in the hold in sections, could explore that headland to see what kind of land it concealed, and whether they would be wise to settle there. The ship was turned about again; with sails spread she ran safely round the headland. With a splash the anchor was dropped. The Pilgrims fell on their

knees and said their prayers of thanks to God who had brought them safely over the vast waste of waters through the tempest. They had been sixty-five days crossing the Atlantic Ocean. It was the evening of November 19th, 1620 and the dawn of a new day for freedom in all the world.

The great crossing was ended. But the end of the voyage was only the beginning of the adventure.

FRESH AND STRONG THE WORLD WE SEIZE

All the past we leave behind;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier
World, varied world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize,
World of labour and the march,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!
Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call hark!
how loud and clear I hear it wind;
Swift! to the head of the army! swift!
Spring to your places,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

WALT WHITMAN.

THE RED INDIAN'S VISION

I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Gabun.
"Gitchi Manito," the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.

LONGFELLOW, The Song of Hiawatha.

Chapter 6
The Adventures of Scouting

I

The Pilgrims, as they looked out from the deck of the *Mayflower* to the coast, were glad because the perils of the tempest were over, and the horrors of the long voyage in the dark between decks had passed.

The boys, gazing out over the bulwarks, saw that their ship was floating safely on the quiet waters of a splendid natural harbour. There was room for all the navies of the world of that day to come to anchor in Cape Cod Harbour. Outside glittered the wider waters of Cape Cod Bay running away south and west as far as eye could see.

Suddenly a boy saw a curious fountain of water rise from the sea in a white spray, and fall back into the water; then another and another went up.

"The whales are spouting," said the sailors.

The Pilgrims and the sailors were very sorry that they had no whaling harpoons with them, for they

could have hunted and killed some of the giant whales and boiled down the blubber. Thus they could have made oil to send home to England – enough to pay over and over again for all the cost of the voyage in the *Mayflower*. They reckoned that the whales that they saw then would have brought them over three thousand pounds' worth of oil.

As they talked of the future, one man said that they must do this thing, and one man another; some were for going off on their own account and dividing up. But, as the leaders heard this talk, they knew that in a wild land, in which savage Indians lived, it would be death to divide. They must stay together; and they must work together. Therefore, they said to one another, we must have a government.

But what government could they have – just a hundred people, and only thirty-four of them grown men? King James and his Government were three thousand miles away across the trackless ocean. So they made up their minds that they would themselves form a government in which all would freely join together. It was simple and easy to do this; yet the hour when, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, the heroic thirty-four men signed the paper to say that they joined in one commonwealth was a great birthday of what men call "democracy" – "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

These are the words to which they signed their names:

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread Soveraigne Lord King James by the grace of God, of great Britaine, France, and Ireland king, defender of the faith, etc. Having undertaken, for the glorie of God, and advancemente of the Christian faith and honour of our king and countrie a voyage to plant the first colonie in the Northeme parts of Virginia, Doe by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God, and one of another; covenant and combine ourselues togeather into a civill body politick; for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame shuch just and equall lawes, ordinances, Acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete and convenient for the generall good of the Colonie. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witnes whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap Codd the 11 of November in the year of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord King James of England, France, and Ireland the eighteenth and of Scotland the fiftie fourth Anno Domini 1620."

Just as in a scout troop or a football or baseball team there must always be some one who is in authority, and can tell the others what to do as the captain of a team can – so the Pilgrims knew that,

having joined themselves freely together by this solemn document, they also must have one man to be head of them all. So they elected John Carver their Governor for the first year.

"But hear," as William Bradford says, "I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poore peoples presente condition. . . . Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles . . . they had now no friends to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weather-beaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to repaire too, to seeke for succoure. It is recorded in scripture[1] as a mercie to the apostle and his shipwraked company, that the barbarians showed them no smale kindnes in refreshing them, but these savage barbarians, when they mette with them (as after will appeare) were readier to fill their sides full of arrows then otherwise. And for the season it was winter."

As they went up on to the deck and looked out again over the land, the most important question to decide was this: "Is this land, by the shore of which we are now anchored, a good land for us to live in, or must we sail on to find a better place?"

The boys looked at the shore, and wondered whether the Red Indians, of whom they had heard, were lurking, tomahawk in hand, in the woods. For the

[1] Acts 28.

woods came right down to the water's edge. There were spreading oak-trees now dropping their acorns in the soil; tall, straight pines with dark green needles and brown pine-cones; there were also junipers and many shrubs that would make a scent when they burnt – like sassafras.

The sound of the whizzing of many thousand wings filled the air. Great flocks of wild-duck and other wild-fowl flew round and round in the air; more than could ever be counted, wheeling and forming and reforming like regiments in the sky.

The boys and girls on the *Mayflower* looked at the birds with excitement and joy. But the leaders of the expedition looked serious; for the flying of these myriads of wild-birds from the north toward the south meant that the winter was coming, and such winter as the Pilgrims aboard the *Mayflower* had never known in all their lives.

There was no time to be lost if they were to make a settlement and have some roof over their heads before the icy winter swooped down upon them from the north. If winter came, and they were unprepared, none of them would live till the coming of the spring.

Captain Jones of the *Mayflower* said to them, "You must decide at once. I have only just enough provisions for the voyage back to England, without any more delay."

There was the even more insistent power ordering them to make haste – the power of the grip of winter. Already, as we have seen, the wild-birds had flown south crying out that the ice and snow were hunting them ever southward.

The leaders of the Pilgrims asked Captain Jones to cruise about along the shore in search of the best place for settling.

"No," said Captain Jones, "I will not do that. You have your little sailing-boat on board. You must put her together and the men must explore the coast for themselves. Then I will sail to the place you choose, and put you all ashore."

II

It was a Saturday. So they decided to start on the Monday to put together the shallop – a small sailing-boat of from twelve to fifteen tons.

Without waiting for that, however, sixteen of the men decided to go ashore on that very day for a few hours to explore. They did not know what Red Indians there might be lurking among the trees on the shore; so they all armed themselves well, with corselet and hauberks and muskets.

The boys would want to jump into the ship's boat and go with the men in this scouting party, but that was

not allowed. So they watched the boat-load of armed men as they rowed across the water. The scouting party beached the boat. Then they leapt out on to the sandy shore, walked up the beach and disappeared among the trees.

Hours passed, and the afternoon wore on. No one on board the *Mayflower* knew what had come to the men who had gone into the woods to explore. At last, as the shadows were lengthening, they began to become anxious; but soon they saw the party of explorers come out from the trees, all the sixteen of them safe. They jumped into the boat and rowed back to the *Mayflower,* to tell of their experiences.

"The land is all hills of sand," they said, "like the dunes in the Low Country of Holland. The woods are not like the copses in England, full of bushes. They are like a park or a grove, where you can walk easily with no undergrowth. We did not see any sign of men at all."

So they all went to their rest, and on the next day – Sunday – they joined quietly in worship on the ship, thanking God for having brought them through the tempest and over the waste of waters to their desired haven.

On Monday morning the carpenters and some others of the men began to fit together the shallop.

"We shall have her ready for taking the water in a few days," they said.

They were mistaken. The rolling and tossing in the tempest and the wrenching and grinding of the timbers of the *Mayflower* had strained the sections of the shallop, and had twisted many of the parts out of shape. With chisel and saw, hammer and screwdriver, they went to work day after day. Yet still the shallop was far from being ready to sail.

Some of the hotheaded among the men, of whom the fiery Captain Miles Standish was one, grew very impatient. "We will go and explore the land without the shallop," they said.

Some of the older men shook their heads and said that was very dangerous. But all the Pilgrims thought that they were brave men to be ready to go off in a small party without the bigger boat. So it was decided to let them go.

Captain Miles Standish, who had fought in many a tussle with the Spaniards in Holland, and was the finest soldier of them all, was made captain of the Pilgrim Scouts. There were sixteen of them. Each was armed with corselet, musket, and sword.

The older men, however, with the governor, said that Miles Standish must have some wiser heads alongside his brave spirit. So they sent young William

Bradford, Stephen Hopkins, and Edward Tilley with the scouting expedition.

It was Wednesday, November 15th, when Miles Standish and his men tumbled from the deck of the *Mayflower* into the boat, and rowed to the shore. Leaping from the boat to the beach, they began to walk southward along the shore.

Suddenly they all came to a halt. Ahead of them on the beach were other men. There were six of them. They had a dog with them. They were Red Indians.

The Pilgrim Scouts pushed on, hoping to be able to find out from the Indians what kind of land they were in. But, as they went on, the Red Indians turned and ran. They disappeared among the trees and were soon lost in the woods. Miles Standish led his men in pursuit; not to hunt the Indians, but to find their settlement, and try to make friends with them.

They pushed through the woods on the trail in Indian file up hill and down dale for mile after mile; but the Indians always kept well ahead of them. The sun came near the horizon. They had followed the trail for ten miles into the woods. Around them was the silence of the mysterious forests in which the Indians were hidden. Their friends in the ship were now far from them. They could not return to the *Mayflower* that night: nor did they wish to do so, for they desired at all

risks to discover swiftly the lie of the land, and whether they could live in it.

Captain Miles Standish gave some orders. They unslung the axes that they had carried and hewed some trees down. Then they built up a barricade of logs around them. This made a little fort. In the centre they lighted a fire of the branches. The leaping flames of the fire threw grotesque, jumping shadows on the background of trees.

At the edge of the barricade Captain Standish placed some of the men as sentries. They had supper over the campfire, talking over the events of the day, and making plans for tomorrow. At last they lay down on the ground under the autumn sky, with the sough of the wind in the trees whispering in their ears and the stars glittering through the branches. They slept the sleep of tired men.

The sentries kept the fire going, for it was cold in the November night. As the first pink flush of light came up in the sky from the Atlantic they woke. After grilling their breakfast on the fire, they started out on another day's exploration.

The "going" was very hard. Dense thickets of bushes grew between the trees. The bushes were so thick and close together that the tough branches actually caught their armor and wrenched it away from their bodies.

Then the thickets grew less dense. They caught sight of greyish-brown moving forms among the trees, and then antlers. The frightened eyes of deer stared at them, and then the creatures scampered away along the deer-paths. Following these paths Miles Standish and William Bradford with the others, at about eleven in the morning, came to places where bright fresh springs of water bubbled out of the ground, and ran down in rivulets toward the sea.

They knew now that there was some food and water in the land; but they wished to know what seed would grow in the soil.

They turned west, and strode rapidly and easily down through coppices to the beach. They had made a great semicircle and were only four miles from the *Mayflower*. It had been arranged that, if they were safe and within reach, they should signal by fire to ease the minds of their wives and boys and girls on the ship. So they gathered together sticks, branches, shrubs and bushes, and built up a heap. Then they lighted it, and the whole stack roared up into a splendid bonfire the flames of which could be seen right across the water by the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower*.

Then they turned from the coast of the bay, and penetrated the woods again. Soon they saw light through the trees.

"It is an Indian clearing," said one as they came out on to land that still had in it some of the stumps of the trees. They could see too that some of the land had been sown with corn. At one side, too, they saw some graves of Red Indians.

They pushed on farther: there they found in a clearing the stubble of that year's corn. This showed that the soil would grow corn, and that there were settled Indian tribes in the country.

They pushed down toward the beach, and saw what looked like a ruin. It was, in fact, the ruin of a house, and by it they discovered, to their surprise, a great iron kettle. This showed quite plainly that some ship's crew from England or Europe had lighted on this spot.

They passed along, and saw some heaps of sand piled up. They felt certain that under these heaps something must be hidden. So they dug in the sand. And, as William Bradford tells us, to their joy they discovered "diverse faire Indian baskets filled with corne, and some in eares faire and good, of diverse collours, which seemed to them a very goodly sight."

They took what they could carry, making up their minds that they would pay back the Indians when they could come upon them. The rest of the corn they buried again in the sand. So they took to the boat again, laden with corn, and rowed back to the *Mayflower*. So (as William Bradford said) they, "like

the men from Eshcoll, carried with them of the fruits of the land, and showed their breethren; of which, and their returne, they were marvelusly glad, and their harts incouraged."

All the Pilgrims were glad that they had found that corn would grow in the land, and that there were deer that could be hunted in the woods for venison.

III

At last the twelve-ton shallop was ready and in the water. She hoisted her sail, and, with the long boat of the ship for company and for getting to the heach when they wished "some thirty men" of the Pilgrims sailed down the coast. Autumn was now fast turning to winter. There was no time to waste. In fact, they were already in peril of cold.

Miles Standish was not captain of this second expedition. For, as it was a voyage by water, Captain Jones of the *Mayflower* was made commander. The wintry storms broke soon after they had started. Violent headwinds blew in the teeth of the shallop, and she had to tack hither and thither to try to beat up against the gale. Heavy seas broke over her and drenched the men, and the icy wind almost froze them as they stood dripping in the little vessel.

They set out to land. The boat was tossed about in the boiling surf. On reaching the beach they could not get right up to the sand, and were forced to wade ashore. As they started to wade a blinding blizzard of snow swept down upon them, blotting out land and sea. They suffered agonies in the freezing blasts of the wind, and under the drenching drive of snow and surf.

Little did the Pilgrim Scouts on the expedition find to repay their dreadful sufferings. One day the gaunt ribs and broken planks of a French fishing ship jutted out of the water ahead of them. Then they saw above the beach a group of Indian wigwams. But the Indians had left. Worst of all, they nowhere found a good place in which to settle and build houses.

They went farther on into the Pamet region and there they found a good little protected harbour for small sailing-boats. There was cornland, too, above the shore. Fish teemed in the water and whales could be seen spouting fountains that flashed back in glittering spray. But there were no springs of fresh water, nor was there any harbour in which large ships could come to anchor.

They knew that, even if they were to settle there, and build houses, they would be forced very soon to dismantle their homes and leave their new houses to rot. So they decided that they would not establish themselves in that bay.

On the following Thursday they sailed back to the *Mayflower*. There was great excitement on board, for, while they were away, the very first English baby to be born after they reached New England – the first real native of the new Pilgrim colony – had come to her parents on board the *Mayflower*. She was called Peregrine White.

IV

The case of the Pilgrims was becoming desperate. Winter was closing in upon them; yet they seemed to be as far as ever from finding a place in which to build homes for themselves and to spend their lives. So, on the following Wednesday, December 6th, ten men were chosen from a number who volunteered for active exploration of the whole of the great bay. With the ten Pilgrims there went five of the crew of the *Mayflower* – three sailors, with the mate Clarke and the pilot Coppin.

For hour after hour they coasted southward down the west coast of the Cape; that is, they explored thoroughly all that long, narrow neck of land which runs from Cape Cod. They sailed and walked for over twenty miles in this way.

"The weather," says William Bradford, "was very could, and it frose so hard as the sprea of the sea

lighting on their coats, they were as if they had heen glased; yet that night betimes they gott downe into the botome of the bay[1] and as they drue nere the shore they saw some 10 or 12 Indeans very busie aboute some thing."

They landed that night about a league or more from the Indians. It was very difficult to get to the beach, as the sea by the shore was very shallow. It was now growing dark. As swiftly as possible in the twilight they hewed down some trees and arranged the logs in a barricade.

One man was set as sentinel. The others lay down to rest. The sentinel as he looked along the beach "saw the smoake of the fire the savages made that night."

On the next day they went on a different plan. Some of the Pilgrims went ashore and walked along by the shore or on the higher ground. The others stayed in the shallop. The little vessel sailed along hugging the coast; those on land tried to keep in sight of her, while, at the same time, exploring as much as they possibly could of the country.

The party on shore "came to the place wher they saw the Indeans the night before, and found they had been cutting up a great fish like a grampus, being some 2 inches thike of fate like a hogg."

[1] They passed to the south of Billingsgate Point and landed near the present Eastham, where they passed that night.

So they called this Grampus Bay.

All day long they walked along in the woods. They did not meet with any Indians that day, though it is certain that the Indians were watching them.

"When the sune grue low," Bradford, who was with the party, tells us, "they hasted out of the woods to meete with their shallop, to whom they made signes to come to them into a creeke hardby, the which they did at high-water; of which they were very glad, for they had not seen each other all that day, since the morning.

"So they made them a barricade (as usually they did every night) with loggs, stakes, and thike pine bowes, the height of a man, leaving it open to leeward, partly to shelter them from the could and winde (making their fire in the midle, and lying round aboute it), and partly to defend them from any sudden assaults of the savages, if they should surround them. So being very weary they betooke them to rest.

"But aboute midnight they heard a hideous and great crie, and their sentinell caled 'Arme, arme'; so they bestired them and stood to their armes, and shote a cupple of muskets, and then the noys seased.

"They concluded it was a companie of wolves, or such like wild beasts; for one of the sea men tould them he had often heard such a noyse in Newfoundland."

They then lay down and went to sleep again. At five in the morning the sentinel woke them, for the seamen had to be aboard the shallop at high water to get her out of the creek. It was still dark. So they woke and had prayer. Then they began to prepare breakfast. Some carried their muskets down to put them aboard the shallop, but the water was not yet high enough to cover the mud. So they lay the muskets on the bank and came back to breakfast.

They were settling down to breakfast when "all on a sudan they heard a great and strange crie."

At once they knew that these were the voices that they had heard overnight.

One of the men who had wandered beyond the barricade came running back to them.

"Men," he shouted, "Indians, Indians."

Even as he shouted a shower of arrows came flying among them. The men snatched up their guns. Captain Miles Standish fired the first musket. Then another raised his piece and shot at an Indian's head that appeared.

"Do not fire," said Standish to the other two, "until you can take full aim."

Meanwhile the first two charged their muskets again with all speed; for there were only four had guns with them. The other men, with their coats of mail on

and cutlasses in their hands, dashed off down to the creek to get the guns that they had left on the bank. Instantly, the Indians wheeled round to shoot their arrows at them.

Seizing their guns; the men turned on their assailants and began to fire at the Indians, who turned tail, except one "brave." Of him William Bradford writes:

"Yet ther was a lustie man, and no less valiante, stood behind a tree within halfe a musket shot, and let his arrows flie at them. He was seen shoot 3 arrowes, which were all avoyded. He stood 3 shot of a musket, till one taking full aime at him, and made the barke or splinters of the tree fly about his ears, after which he gave an extraordinary shrike, and away they wente all of them."

Leaving a few men to guard the shallop. Miles Standish and the rest ran shouting for a quarter of a mile, firing a few shots, and then returned.

Quietly the Pilgrims stood while one of them spoke a prayer of thanks to God for delivering them.

They gathered up a bundle of arrows to send home to England. They named that place "The First Encounter,"

Almost immediately afterward the wind stiffened from the south-east. As the wind rose to a gale the sea

became rougher and wilder. The skies darkened to a leaden grey. The enemy that they were learning to fear far more than the Red Indians swept down upon them – blizzards of driving snow that blinded their sight, and made the rigging stiff with frost and coated the bulwarks with snow. The rudder broke, and it was as much as two men could do to steer her with oars. The mast broke in three places; the sail went overboard into the sea.

The winter night began to come on. They would perish if they stayed out in the open.

The man who was piloting them said, "Be of good cheer; I see the harbour," for he had been there on an earlier voyage as a seaman.

Then suddenly he shouted, "Lord be merciful to us; my eyes never saw this place before." He lost his head, and was going to row into a cove full of great breakers, where they would have been smashed to bits.

But a steadier sailor who had the oar in his hand steering shouted, "About with her if you are men, or you will be cast away."

They pulled with a will, and were soon under the lea of a small island, although they did not know, till the morning light came, that it was an island. [1]

[1] There were two islands. They had no name then; but they are now called Clarke's Island and Saquish Head.

They were in a quandary. Drenched with the snow and with the spume of the sea, and half-frozen with the biting wind that still drove round them from the south-west, they were in misery and in danger of freezing to death on the defenceless shallop. Yet to land in the storm in the darkness of an unknown coast that might be infested with Indians seemed madly dangerous.

Clarke, the mate, however, was both a skilful seaman and a daring fellow. He determined, with a few others, to risk the landing. So they tumbled into the longboat and, tossing in the darkness on the waste of waters, rowed toward the dark mass of the island. Clarke, who was in the bows of the boat, leapt ashore. So the island was named after him, Clarke's Island. He and the others gathered sticks and branches together, and, striking flint upon steel, they managed to get a fire glowing.

The gleam of the fire cast fitful rays through the darkness of the storm. The men aboard the shallop were freezing. As the hours drew on toward midnight the cold grew more and more intense. At length, unable longer to endure the agonies of the wet and cold, the other men from the shallop put out over the midnight sea toward the fire that leapt invitingly on the shore. They landed safely.

There, through that stormy night, with what shelter they could make from the cold, they shivered and slept

fitfully till dawn. The storm had by this time gone down. They went out aboard the shallop and repaired her where the raging seas and winds of the day before had roughly handled her.

"Though this had been a day and night of much trouble and danger unto them," Bradford comments, "yet God gave them a morning of comforte and refreshing (as usually he doth to his children), for the next day was a faire sunshininge day, and they found themsellves to be on an ilande secure from the Indeans, wher they might drie their stufe, fixe their peeces, and rest them selves, and gave God thanks for his mercies, in their manifould deliverances."

It was Saturday. They decided to rest there on the Sunday. So they spent the day in making such shelter as they could. "On the Sabbath Day we rested," wrote Morton in his journal of the exploration.

On Monday morning they set to work in earnest. Some sailed about the harbour and took soundings of the depth of the water. They found that there was good harbourage for large ships. Others walked away from the shore inland. They came upon fields where they could still see the stubble of the year's corn harvest reaped by the Indians.

They also discovered little running brooks of fresh water.

They came to the great decision that they would recommend to the company of the Pilgrims on the *Mayflower* to settle here, "which did much comforte their harts." This was the harbour that they called Plymouth Harbour, naming it after the great Devon port from which they had sailed. And, as they set foot upon the great boulder by the side of which the boat was beached, they called it Plymouth Rock.

THE WORD OF MANITO, THE GREAT SPIRIT,
TO THE RED INDIAN TRIBES

"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,

. . . . . .

Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hurt each other?
I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward
And as brothers live together."

LONGFELLOW, *The Song of Hiawatha.*

Chapter 7
A Clearing in the Waste

I

The Pilgrim-scouts joyfully turned the bows of the shallop northward to go back from the bay that they had discovered to the *Mayflower*. She lay at anchor twenty-five miles away.

The Pilgrims on board her kept an anxious look-out for the return of their men. William Bradford, looking out from the shallop as she ran toward the mother-ship, would try to catch the wave of her kerchief in the hand of his wife – Dorothy May – whom he had married (you remember) at Leyden seven years before. But he could see no wave of her hand. He and the others climbed aboard the *Mayflower*. Then one of the Pilgrims took him aside and told him how, during the storm while he had been away, she had fallen overboard. They had been unable to rescue her; and she had drowned.

William Bradford could say at that hour what Oliver Cromwell was later to say of the loss of his son.

"It went to my heart like a dagger; indeed it did." But he took strong grip of himself, and gave his whole life to the great enterprise of clearing the waste for the Pilgrims and in that waste building the life of New England.

The tale of that clearing and building, and the adventures that came in carrying it through, make up the rest of the story of the Pilgrims.

The *Mayflower* weighed anchor and sailed for Plymouth Harbour. She had been smitten by gale and swept by the league-long rollers of the Atlantic. She was weather-beaten, and had but hardly escaped wreck. But she had at last reached her desired haven.

She dropped anchor in Plymouth Harbour by Clarke's Island, and the boys and girls aboard her looked with excitement toward the shore where they were to live for the rest of their days.

They had started in the *Speedwell* from Delfshaven (you remember) in July. They had hoped to have settled and built their new houses before winter. But the delays through the leaky *Speedwell* and the tempests had thrown them back. So that it was within a week of Christmas when they all set foot on the shore. [1]

[1]It was actually December 18th, 1620, on the old reckoning, i.e. they landed on what we should call December 28th.

On Monday, December 18th, the men from the *Mayflower*, guided by the scouting party, went into the woods and explored the country round about. Then, on the following day, they walked northward. [1] The whole body of them gathered together when they returned, and it was decided to settle on the spot by the Bay now called Plymouth.

That afternoon twenty of the men with axes started to build a barricade of logs and tree-trunks, so that the Pilgrims could stay on shore after their long months on the *Mayflower*.

Darkness fell before any covering could be built under which they could sleep. They lay down under the open sky to rest through the night-time. As they went to rest the wind rose. It swept down upon lie harbour in wild fury. The sea was lashed into great waves. One after another the three anchors of the *Mayflower* were dropped by the sailors who had stayed on board, but the tortured ship wrenched at her cables till they feared that even the three anchors would give.

Icy rain that stung like a whiplash swept along on the tempest. It beat down upon the men and women and boys and girls on the shore. For hour after hour they crouched there through the long December night,

[1] Toward where Kingston now stands.

drenched to the skin with the rain, frozen with the cold; unable to build a fire or get food.

Dawn came, grey and without cheer. The storm raged on. The food that they had brought ashore was all eaten, and the shallop could not put out in the boiling waters to get more supplies. At last, however, as the day drew on, the tempest began to get less wild. The shallop put out to the *Mayflower*. Food was put into that smaller vessel, and every man or boy who could work tumbled into her to come ashore and hasten on with the building.

Very quickly they set to work. Some of the strongest made the shore ring with the sound of their axes, and the grinding crash of falling trees. Others in parties lopped and dragged the timber to the building place.

Twenty men stayed ashore that night on guard. The others went back to the *Mayflower*. The next day was Sunday. They all rested. The men ashore stayed on guard. As they waited and watched they heard a hideous yelling. Indians in the forest were raising a war-cry. They hoped to frighten the Pilgrims away from their land. But no attack followed the outcry.

It was Christmas Eve.

Christmas Day dawned; but no man thought of rest or holiday. The threat of the Indians and the horror of

the cold and rain in the tempestuous night told them that unless they wished to perish from the earth they must at once have shelter from the winter, and protection from the savage Red Indians.

On the top of the hill they levelled a space on Christmas Day – Monday. On it they built a timber gun platform. They brought out in the shallop a cannon from the *Mayflower,* and with much toil dragged it up the hill and placed it on the platform to awe the Indians, who – they could feel though they could not see – were watching them closely from the covert of the forest.

All this time the work of building went rapidly forward. They decided first to put up a common house that all could use as shelter till each had his own separate home. This common-house they decided to use afterwards as a meeting-place – such as the House with the Green Door had been at Leyden.

A stream ran down to the harbour. They decided to make that stream determine the line of their one street.[1] In order to keep the number of houses as low as possible all the Pilgrims were divided up into nine-teen families. The unmarried men were attached to different households. Each family had to build its own house.

[1] The stream is now called Townbrook; the street is called Leiden Street, and runs from the beach, and Plymouth Rock to the hill of the gun-platform.

The plots for the houses and gardens were arranged down each side of the street by the stream. Exactly which family should have which plot of land was determined by drawing lots. Soon they were all at work with a will. They hewed down trees with their axes; lopped the branches from the trunks with hatchets; sawed the trunks into logs of the right length, and split the logs into thick rough planks. They also brought down the withes for thatching the roofs. In four days from beginning to build, the timber-work of the common-house was finished, and a half of the roof was thatched.

II

Then began the darkest of all the days of the Pilgrims. First one and then another fell ill with a strange and terrible sickness. For months they had lived on the very poor food that could be carried on ship. They could, in fact, get no fresh food, save the fish they might catch, until the next year's harvest. They had been crowded in the evil-smelling closeness of the under-deck of the *Mayflower*. The tempests had drained their remaining strength. Many of those who fell ill died.

Through January and February 1621 this dreadful pestilence swept them down. At one time, out of the hundred in the company, only six or seven could crawl

about to take food to the others. The little heroic band in its Pilgrim's Progress was passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

The strong, rough soldier, Captain Miles Standish, in this time of plague became like the tenderest nurse. He and stalwart Brewster escaped the pestilence, and were great pillars of strength to all the others.

Quietly and in the darkness they carried those who died up the hill[1] and buried them there. They raised no monument then over the graves. They were even obliged to flatten the earth, so that no eye could tell that any one lay there. For they knew that, if they left the mounds of the graves visible, the Indians would come by stealth, and, counting the graves, would thus discover how many of them had died. That would have shown the Red Indians that by March, out of the hundred who had reached that land, barely fifty remained alive. The others had died, mostly from the pestilence and scurvy, and, of those who still lived, some were women and children. So there would be few indeed for an armed force of Indians to swoop down upon, overcome, and wipe out of existence.

In the night the boys and girls were sometimes wakened by the howling of hungry wolves in the winter night. The sentinels on the hill-fort saw the skulking forms of the wolves in the moonlight prowling among

[1]Burying Hill. It is now called Colea Hill.

the tree-trunks. The wolves even dared to show their fangs by day; and no child dare go far beyond the barricade for fear of these wild beasts. The wolves became so daring and dangerous that a reward was given to every man who killed one. He was to cut off its head, nail the head to the side of the meeting-house, and proclaim aloud what he had done.

Far more terrifying, however, than the wolves were the swift and silent Indians who slipped along the forest trails like shadows.

Captain Miles Standish went out one day hunting. As he crept through the forest he found, to his surprise, a deer lying dead with its antlers cut off. It had been slain by the Indian hunters. In the very next week another of the Pilgrim Colony was out hunting, and had hidden himself to wait for the passing of the deer. As he stood there he saw dusky shapes stealing silently through the trees not deer, but men Red Indian warriors. They were prowling along in the direction of the plantation.

One day Miles Standish and Cooke, when they had ended their work of cutting down trees in the wood, left their tools. In the morning the tools had been carried off. On the opposite side of Townbrook, on the crest of the hill, two Indians suddenly appeared. Miles Standish and Stephen Hopkins went forward making signs of peace and trying to signal that they wished to

talk with them. The Indians raced off at once, like the flying shadows of cloudlets on a hill-side.

The Pilgrim colonists could see that life or death for them might hang on the sureness of their power of defence. They, therefore, out of their small numbers, bound the able-bodied men together in a little corps of warriors to defend their women and children. The five cannon from the *Mayflower* were dragged up the hill to the fort-platform. Captain Miles Standish, who was placed in command, set the five cannon there facing in different directions, so that every line of approach from the woods or the shore to the houses was covered.

III

The sunshine now began to be warm at noon, and the songs of the birds began to sound in the woods, William Bradford tells us in his story of these days.

The Pilgrims saw light at the end of the steep path leading out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

The winter had passed. The pestilence had gone. Spring had come.

As the month of March was on the point of giving way to the sun and showers of April, a lonely and strange figure came out of the woods over the hill and down by the side of the stream between the houses. He was an Indian brave. His black hair was cut short over

his brows, but hung long over his shoulders. He had no beard. His only clothing was a broad leather belt with a hanging fringe about his loins. His swarthy, copper-coloured skin shone in the morning sunshine. In one hand he gripped a bow; in the other two arrows. From one of the arrows the tip was broken.

Miles Standish, John Carver, William Bradford and some others stood before the common-house waiting his coming. He strode forward without fear. He made as though he would go straight into the house. They, however, were suspicious that he might have come to spy upon them. So they kept him outside.

Then he spoke to them, and to their astonishment his words were English. The pronunciation was strange, and the words sometimes curious; but they understood him. This is what he told them in his broken English:

"I am Samoset. I do not live in this part of the land. I am a chief of the tribe upon Monhegan. Monhegan is an island between two rivers the Kennebec and the Penobscot. English men come there in ships to fish in the seas. They have taught me your English language.

"I have been in this country last year," he went on. "I was with an English man named Captain Dermar. The name of this harbour where you live is, in the language of the Indians, Patuxet. That means 'the Little Bay.' Nearly fifty moons ago a plague came on this

place. The men who lived here were slain by it. There was not one left of all who were there at that time.

"The nearest people to you on the side of the setting sun is the tribe of Massasoit. His warriors are sixty. On the side of the rising sun are the Nausets. These are the people who shot arrows at your men in the winter days."

The Chief Samoset had come in peace. Darkness fell and he stayed in the little colony, and slept there that night.

In the morning he spoke with them again. "I go," he said, "to the Wampanoags. I will bring men of their tribe to you. We will bring to you skins of the beaver."

Samoset departed as silently and swiftly as he had come. On the next day, which was Sunday, he came again. The boys and girls were tingling with excitement as they saw him come down to them with five more Red Indians – braves of the Wampanoag tribe. They were tall men, but broad of shoulder too; powerful warriors with sinews like steel cable and eyes like hawks. Down the faces of some of them a band of black was painted from forehead to chin, the width of a man's hand. The faces of all were painted in different colours in stripes and curves. Their black hair, like Samoset's, was short over the forehead and long over the shoulders. Each wore over his shoulders a deer-

skin, and on his legs were long mocassins of deer-skin reaching to the thighs.

Over four hundred yards from the houses they put down their bows and arrows. They also carried in their hands the very tools that Miles Standish and Cooke had left in the woods in February. They brought the tools back to show that they wished to be friends.

To show how friendly they were they said that they would sing and dance in the Indian way. But as it was Sunday the Pilgrims said that they did not wish it, for they gave that day to the worship of God. When the Red Indians offered to sell to them some beautiful silky beaver-skins, the Pilgrims gave the same reply. Then Samoset and his friends left the Pilgrims to the quiet of their Sunday worship in the common-house.

Three days passed. On the fourth the now familiar form of Samoset came swinging down the street. With him was Tisquantum, the only man alive of all the tribe that had lived in the Little Bay. He was alive because he had been far away across the seas when the pestilence wiped out his tribe.

The eyes of the Pilgrims opened in amazement as they heard the story of Tisquantum. "Seven years ago," he told them, "an Englishman named Thomas Hunt captured me and twenty-three other Indians to sell us as slaves in Spain. I escaped. I went on another ship to England. There in London I became a servant to Sir

Ferdinando Gorges. I left him and went to serve a merchant. I know all the streets of London, for I lived there for years. Then Captain Dermar took me on his ship and brought me back to the land of my tribe. When I came here, nine moons ago, they were not. They had all been slain by the pestilence. I only am left of them all."

Samoset and Tisquantum explained that they had come with a message from Massasoit,, the great chief above all the chiefs of the tribes of Pohanoket.

"Massasoit and his warriors are near at hand," they said. "He desires speech with you."

John Carver, William Bradford and the rest saw at once that all their future might hang upon the feelings toward them of the great chief Massasoit.

"If he becomes a friend to us," they said to one another, "then all the tribes that are under him around the shores of this great bay will be our friends."

Less than an hour later the Pilgrims saw Massasoit and his three-score braves on the crest of the hill that rises to the south of the Townbrook.[1] Tisquantum came forward before the others.

"Will you send a messenger over who shall speak with Chief Massasoit?" he said.

Edward Winslow, the man of travel and the scholar,

[1] This is now known as Watson's Hill.

who had joined the Pilgrims in the later years at Leyden, said that he would go. He knew that it might be a perilous journey; but he blithely set out. He wore his cuirass and his sword and pistol. He also carried gifts for the chief.

The boys and girls and all the other Pilgrims watched Edward Winslow with bated breath as he went down by the stream, walked across the ford, climbed the hill to its crest, and then disappeared, engulfed by the crowd of Indian warriors.

Winslow offered his gifts to the chief. Massasoit stretched out his hand and fingered Winslow's sword and his breastplate. He desired to buy it from him.

"My sovereign Lord, King James of England," said Winslow, "salutes you with peace and good-will. The governor of our colony desires to speak with you. He would join in a treaty of peace with you, and desires that he and you should have trade with one another."

"I will go and speak with your governor," said Chief Massasoit.

The chief told Edward Winslow to stay behind on the hill with forty of his braves while he, accompanied by twenty of his warriors, all armed, went down to the village to meet with Governor Carver there. Winslow was to stand as hostage for Massasoit.

Captain Miles Standish, with Alderton and six other Pilgrims as musketeers, walked down to the stream, and, standing by the ford, saluted the chief as he came down and crossed the brook. This "guard of honour" then turned and marched up the street with Massasoit and his braves to the council-house.

The boys and girls as they gazed at them, saw which was the chief, because he had round his neck a big gleaming necklace of white bones. Round his neck also was a cord from which hung the chief's hunting and scalping-knife.

Massasoit' s dark face was painted red. He and his warriors were all tail, strong men with grave faces. His braves had their faces painted also, all in curves and straight lines and crosses of white and black, red and yellow. Over the shoulders of some of them hung skins of deer or wolves or beaver. But some of them wore nothing, and the boys could see the splendid muscles of their arms and legs, strong as whipcord under the gleaming copper skin.

So the Indians came to pow-wow with the White Men from across the sea.

In the common-house the Pilgrims had spread such carpets and cushions as they had with them. Governor John Carver welcomed Massasoit and his men. They entered and sat down to eat with Carver and his council.

When the meal was done they sat down together to talk of their relations with one another. These three things they agreed.

First, they would not fight or hurt one another in any way; secondly, if other people attacked either, then the other would come to his help; thirdly, if they differed from one another, they would come together in conference and come unarmed.

It was the first treaty of the new Commonwealth that had been founded in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. It was a treaty of peace. And it was a peace that was never broken in the life-time of the white and red brothers who sat down in the council house that day in the spring of 1621, by the shores of Plymouth Bay.

VENTURING THE UNKNOWN WAYS

Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go, then unknown ways,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!
We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we, and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, and the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! Pioneers!

WALT WHITMAN.

Chapter 8
Builders in the Waste

The frosty rime and the icicles had long ago melted from the rigging of the *Mayflower*.

Her captain (you remember) had wished to sail her back to England in the winter. But he had been stopped from doing this; for the tempests had battered the ship's hull and torn her rigging, so that she needed much repair to make her seaworthy. Then the dreadful pestilence had smitten his crew; the bo'sun, the gunner, the cook, three quartermasters, and several seamen had died of it. It was now spring-time, however, and the tempests were past; the ship was refitted; the pestilence had disappeared; the Pilgrim had made a settlement and built themselves homes; the treaty of peace had been signed with the Indians.

One day all preparations for starting were complete. The Pilgrims all came down to see the *Mayflower* heave anchor and set sail for England. They were, indeed, very sorry to watch her making ready to leave them. They had no ship of their own, beyond the

little shallop. They were just a few white folk on a narrow plot of land in a vast waste of forest peopled with Red Indians. To walk to their nearest white neighbours would take about a month. For there was no one save themselves between the French Settlement in Nova Scotia and the English Settlement in Virginia a thousand miles of coast-line on which they formed the only tiny outpost of white men from across the seas.

The captain gave his order; the sailors with a "Yo-heave-ho" raised the anchor. The sails were hoisted. The *Mayflower* began to gather way. Kerchiefs fluttered; last messages were shouted.

The Pilgrims left the beach and climbed the little hill by the community-church. They gazed and gazed, with eyes half-blurred with reluctant tears, till the glimmer of her sails had gone and their last link with the homeland was snapped. It was April 5th, 1621.

In that same month, when all were busy in the fields, ploughing and harrowing the soil, and sowing the seed, John Carver, the Governor, came in one day from the corn-field.

"I have a great pain in my head," he said.

His wife, Katherine, bade him lie down to rest. He lay down. He never rose from his bed or spoke again. He was buried a few days later on the high ground

looking out over the sea. His wife loved him so dearly that she could not live on without him; she died six weeks later.

The "little colony of Pilgrims must at once have another Governor to succeed John Carver. Who should it be? William Brewster, round whom they had gathered in the old days at Scrooby, was their elder and teacher; he could not take on his shoulders the burden of being Governor as well. His younger friend, William Bradford, who had stood by Brewster's side from the beginning, and who was a brave man of wisdom, decision, and resource, was chosen by the vote of all to be Governor. On his broad shoulders, for those great first years, lay the burden of building in the waste a strong colony. Isaac Allerton became his assistant.

Meanwhile they were all as busy as bees in the fields. Tisquantum, their Red Indian friend, told them how to sow the seed and manure and tend the young plants.

"When the young leaves of the oak-tree are just as big as the ears of a mouse," he said, "you should sow the Indian corn. When the plant begins to grow you go out into the bay and catch the little fish [the fish is called "ale-wives" [1]] and put them in the ground by the roots of the maize. Then the plant will grow well."

[1] The Indian word is really "aloofe." The fish is about a foot in length and is like a shad, common on the east coast of North America.

While most of the Pilgrims were sowing the seed, others with their axes were felling the trees in the woods and building houses of the logs. Every now and then a few went off into the woods with muskets and powder-horns to hunt deer for their food. Others went out with nets in the shallop, and in the great bay would catch fish for the housewives to cook for them.

There were only twenty-one men and six sturdy boys remaining alive after the pestilence. But by working hard they were able to prepare and sow twenty-one acres with Indian corn; six acres were planted with wheat, barley, and rye. And each house had its own little garden for flowers and vegetables.

II

William Bradford now between the planting and the harvest determined to carry further his understanding with the Red Indian tribes round about the colony. He asked Edward Winslow, the scholar and traveller, and Stephen Hopkins, the man whose baby Oceanus was born in the *Mayflower* on the voyage, to be ambassadors. Tisquantum was to be their interpreter.

They started out one day in the direction of the villages of Chief Massasoit, with whom they had signed the treaty earlier in the year. They walked through the

woods and over the hills, when they came by the rapids of a river. There they saw on the bank an Indian village called Namasket.

The Indians in this village treated them as friends and gave them food. Refreshed by this rest on the way, they started again up the river-bank and walked along by the rolling waters for a further five miles. There they saw more canoes on the water and wigwams on the shore belonging to the same tribe as the village of Namasket.

It was now sunset; so they slept there that night.

Starting out again in the morning, they walked on through the forenoon until in the early afternoon they came into the lands over which Massasoit ruled. This was the land of the Wampanoag tribe. By the time sunset had come again, Winslow and Hopkins had trudged many miles through Massasoit's territory. They came at last, as darkness fell, to his principal village, called Sowams. [1]

Chief Massasoit and his braves welcomed the white ambassadors among their wigwams. Winslow and Hopkins were placed by his side, and the three sat facing the circle of Indian faces, with the keen but inscrutable eyes of the braves lighted up by the campfire.

[1] Now Warren, on the shore of Narrangansett Bay.

The two white men brought out from their bundles a bright-coloured soldier's coat from England, trimmed with lace. They also held in their hands a copper chain beautifully ornamented. A medal hung from the chain.

"Dress yourself in this coat," they said to Massasoit, "and put the chain about your neck."

Massasoit at once put on the gay coat and gleaming copper chain. His braves stood round with their faces aglow with wonder and admiration.

Chief Massasoit then made a long speech. The braves grunted their applause. Tisquantum translated the speech into English for Winslow and Hopkins. Then they all sat down together and the chief with his English friends smoked the pipe of peace together through the evening.

As they talked Winslow said to the chief:

"When we landed on the shore last winter we found corn buried in the sand.[1] We wish to find out who owned that corn so that we may repay him for it."

The chief nodded and said that he would find out for them.

At last the time came for going to bed. To their astonishment and dismay Hopkins and Winslow found that they had to try to sleep on the ground on the same bed with the chief, his wife, and two of his principal

[1]See Chapter 6.

braves. The bed was made of rough boards on which a mat was spread. Winslow, writing about this experience, said:

"I was more wearied with the bed than with the journey."

They stayed with Massasoit through the next day and the following night. He asked them to stay longer still; but they decided that it was time for them to turn their faces toward Plymouth Bay. So they said their "Farewells" to the chief and his men, and, turning their backs on the wigwams of the Wampanoags, they plunged into the forests on the long trail homeward. In order to see the country thoroughly, they came back over a different route.

They were filled with horror, as they passed under the broad-spreading branches of the forests of chestnut and oak, beech and walnut trees, and by the banks of the beautiful streams, to see the bones of thousands of Indians whitening in the spring sunshine. The pestilence that had slain scores of the Pilgrims in the previous winter had carried off thousands of the Indians all across the land.

At last, all weary with long travel on foot, Winslow and Hopkins came over the ridge of the hill at Plymouth and strode down to the stream by the banks of which their own log-houses were built. They were as glad to be home, where they could rest, as their friends

were to welcome them back from the perils of wandering among strange tribes of red men.

One day, about this same time, the cry went out that a boy was missing. The son of one of the settlers, he had wandered away from the little town and lost himself in the forest. He tried to find his way home, but all round him stood the trunks of thousands of trees. He had not learned, like the Indians, to guide himself through the woods by watching the sun for his direction. He did not know that the moss only grew on one side of the trees. So he went on and on. He cried out, but no voice answered save the call of a bird in the woods. The sun set; the darkness came down; he was tired and hungry and frightened. He took some berries from a bush and ate them; and then, in sheer weariness, he lay down on the ground and slept.

In the morning he woke and ate some more berries. All day he wandered trying to find his way home; but he did not meet any man red or white. He begun to feel that he would never see home or friends again. It seemed as though the whole world was covered with trees. Darkness fell again, and again he slept through the lonely night, with only the sough of the wind in the trees to talk to him if he waked and all around him the silence and solitude of the trackless forests.

For five days the boy wandered on; for four nights he slept under the boughs beneath the open sky. At last

he saw a gleam of blue sea and yellow sand through the tree-trunks. In a few moments he was out on the beach, with the sea stretching away before him in the spring sunshine.

But, even now, he did not know where he was, or how he could get back to his home; for all the beach was strange to him. He was though he did not know it twenty miles away from home, at the head of Buzzard's Bay. He wandered on again. Then he saw moving forms. They were men.

At last he saw that they were Red Indians. Would they scalp him; would they torture him by fire at the stake as a prisoner? In any case, it was useless to run. They surrounded him and took him with them to their wigwams.

The Indians were of the Nanset tribe. They had not signed any truce with the Pilgrims as Chief Massasoit had. But they were kind to the boy. They took him and fed him and he slept in one of their wigwams.

The great chief of the Nansets was called Aspinet Word passed from him along the forest tracks to Massasoit that the boy was in his tribe. Massasoit sent the news on to William Bradford at Plymouth.

At once Bradford consulted with his friends, and they decided to send ten of the younger men of the Pilgrims to rescue the boy. They fitted out the shallop

with provisions and armed themselves with muskets, corselets, and the rest. The shallop set sail for Buzzard's Bay. The little ship scudded across the water and anchored off the land near the home of Aspinet, the great-chief of the Nanset tribe.

Landing, but leaving a guard on the boat, they plunged up the beach into the woods till the smoke and the wigwams of Aspinet came in sight through the trees. The chief had already, through his scouts, heard of their coming. He waited gravely for the white men. Around him were a full hundred warriors his body-guard of braves. The boy was in the midst of them.

Aspinet was friendly to them. His squaws had fed the boy. Now he hung round the boy's neck great necklaces of coloured beads. Then he led him to the white men. They were full of joy at having found the son who was lost. We can imagine how excited he himself was as he trudged back with them to the beach, answering their thousand questions about his adventures; and how his mother would be waiting by the shore at Plymouth for the shallop to come back. The other boys would envy him his adventures, as he told them the story of the days and nights in the woods and among the Indians. But we do not hear that any more of the boys went and lost themselves in the lonely, pathless forests.

III

The spring of 1621 passed on to summer, and the time of harvesting. In August strange and disturbing news came to William Bradford and his counsellors at Plymouth.

"Corbitant," said the rumours, "who is the high-chief of the Pocasset Indians, is making himself an enemy to us. He has captured Massasoit. He is trying to win the tribes around to be the enemies of the white man.'

“We must send Tisquantum to Namasket," said Bradford, "in order to find out whether the stories are true."

So Tisquantum set out with another Indian named Hobomok to discover what had really happened. The two dusky forms glided swiftly out of Plymouth and struck the trail for Namasket. They had gone a good way on their journey when other Indians suddenly leapt out from ambush and took them prisoners. These were Corbitant's braves.

Tisquantum and Hobomok were led into the village of Corbitant. The chief knew that Tisquantum was the white men's interpreter. It was through him that the treaties were signed with Massasoit. Chief Corbitant stood up and drew his hunting-knife. He walked towards Tisquantum.

"This man is the tongue of the white men," he said. "When he dies they have lost their speech."

He held the knife at Tisquantum's breast. Every eye was turned on the chief and the prisoner. It was Hobomok's opportunity. He slipped silently as a shadow away from his guards, and, before an alarm could be sounded, leapt into the woods and fled back along the trail to the Plymouth Settlement.

He told the story to Bradford, who sent messages hurrying to call a council of war. Bradford and Miles Standish knew at once what must be done.

"If we stand by our ally Massasoit," they argued, "then the Indians will know that we mean what we say. If we desert him, no other tribe will ever ally itself with us."

It was late: nothing could be done that night.

Miles Standish called together ten of the Pilgrims. By morning they had provisioned and armed themselves. They started. Their orders were that if Chief Corbitant had slain Tisquantum, he should be beheaded. Yet they were only eleven men going to face a tribe which numbered many hundred braves. Miles Standish and his men marched forward through the forest trails, led by Hobomok. At last they came to the outskirts of Corbitant's village. They boldly walked

forward among the wigwams. The chief had fled. And Tisquantum came out unharmed to greet them.

This courage and the firm good faith of William Bradford and Miles Standish and the others had a wonderful and immediate effect. The news spread far and wide along the Indian trails from tribe to tribe. Aspinet (who had given back the white boy to his people), Canacum of Manomet, and six other chiefs at once sent in saying that they wished to be allies with the Pilgrims. They all signed treaties saying that they would be faithful subjects of King James. Even Chief Corbitant asked the other Indians to make his peace with the white men.

Bradford's wise and energetic mind looked farther afield still. Northward lay the rich land of the tribes of the Massachusett Indians. So he again sent men aboard the shallop to sail northward. They came to a lovely harbour with forty-seven islands in it. As the shallop tacked her way to and fro between these beautiful islands with their wooded shores,[1] the Pilgrims almost wished that they had settled here rather than in the smaller and less protected harbour of Plymouth.

The men on the shallop had been warned that the Indians in this region were enemies. So they were prepared for treachery or for war. But when they

[1]Afterwards called Boston Harbour.

landed and met the Indians they were friendly. The Pilgrims bought soft dark-brown beaver-skins from them; these were to he sent home to Britain.

So they put out once more in the shallop full of content. Their wise Governor Bradford (they could tell one another) had led them to build the strongest defence in the world – friendship with the peoples round about. Nearly all the Indians for many, many miles were now the allies of the brave Pilgrims. So Governor Bradford was building in the waste places by his wise, strong, free government, the first rough beginnings of a new commonwealth.

Night fell on the little ship, but not darkness. For the full, round, yellow harvest moon rose above the water and the islands, and shone upon them as they went sailing over the enchanted seas back to the little settlement of log-houses that they called home.

In the silence of the night, with only the whisper of the water lapping the moving bows of the shallop, they would be sure to sing some of those chanted melodies of theirs to the quaint words that we find in the book they had from the days of Amsterdam onwards. Under the harvest moon, as they thought of how they had come, through tempest and want, to calm and harvest and the friendship of the Indians, they might

[1] Psalm 65 (lxv.). *The Booke of Psalmes; collected into English meeter*, by Thomas Stemhold, John Hopkins, and others.

well sing praise to God.

The swelling seas thou doest asswage,
and make their streames full still:
Thou doest refrayne the peoples' rage,
and rule them at thy will
Thou deckst the earth of thy good grace,
with fayre and pleasaunt crop:
Thy cloudes distill their dew space,
great plenty they do drop.

Whereby the desert shall begyn,
full great increase to bryng:
The little hilles shall joy therein;
much fruite in them shall spryng.
In places playne the flocke shall feede,
and cover all the earth;
The vallyes with corns shall so exceede;
that men shall sing for myrth.

GREATHEART AND GIANT DESPAIR

"So Mr. Greatheart, old Honest, and the four young men went to go up to Doubting Castle, to look for Giant Despair.

"When they came at the castle gate they knocked for entrance with an unusual noise. At that the old giant comes to the gate, and Diffidence his wife follows. Then said he, 'Who and what is he that is so hardy, as after this manner to molest the Giant Despair? Mr. Greatheart replied, 'It is I, Greatheart, one of the King of the Celestial Country's conductors of pilgrims to their place; and I demand of thee that thou open thy gates for my entrance. Prepare thyself also to fight, for I am come to take away thy head, and to demolish Doubting Castle.'

"Now Giant Despair, because he was a giant, thought no man could overcome him; and again thought he, Since heretofore I have made a conquest of angels, shall Greatheart make me afraid? So he harnessed himself, and went out. He had a cap of steel upon his head, a breast-plate of fire girded to him, and he came out in iron shoes, with a great club in his hand. Then these six men made up to him, and beset him behind and before; also when Diffidence the giantess came up to help him, old Mr. Honest cut her down at one blow. Then they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought down to the

ground, but was very loath to die. He struggled hard, and had, as they say, as many lives as a cat; but Greatheart was his death, for he left him not till he had severed his head from his shoulders. Then they fell to demolishing Doubting Castle, and that, you know, might with ease be done, since Giant Despair was dead."

JOHN BUNYAN, *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Chapter 9
Greatheart, Mr. Standfast, and Valiant-For-Truth

I

The harvest moon, under which Miles Standish and his men sailed home, waned to a silver sickle of light in the sky, and late summer turned to early autumn. The Pilgrims brought in their sheaves to the barns, they sang their chants of harvest thanksgiving, they rested for a little after the long toil of sowing, tending, and reaping.

They called in some of their Red Indian friends to share their gladness. Chief Massasoit came with ninety of his counsellors and braves, and rejoiced with the Pilgrims for three days. They danced some of their war-dances to amuse the boys and girls and men and women of the settlement. Captain Miles Standish paraded his men and fired his cannon to entertain – as well as to impress – their Indian guests. They hunted in the woods. The Indians and white men together slew

five deer to help the provisioning of the people for the winter.

The autumn glided on: it was now a year since the *Mayflower* had dropped anchor in Plymouth Bay.

The Pilgrims were gradually being led past their difficulties and perils. Just as, in *The Pilgrims Progress*, Greatheart, Mr. Standfast, and Valiant-for-Truth lead the Pilgrims over perilous paths, fight with Giant Despair, and break down Doubting Castle, so the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* at Plymouth were led by their Greatheart, William Bradford, their Mr. Standfast, William Brewster, and their Valiant-for-Truth, Captain Miles Standish. They had already come, through their Valley of the Shadow of Death, the pestilence; they had also climbed the Hill Difficulty; yet dangers and adventures still lay before them.

II

One day in November an Indian of the Nanset tribe came running through the woods into the street of Plymouth. He sought Governor Bradford, and said to him:

"There is a ship from over the seas sailing in from the ocean round Cape Cod."

In a moment all was excitement. They were not expecting any ship from England till after the winter

should have passed and the spring come again. They remembered that France was fighting in war against England. Was this a French ship – come, perhaps, as an enemy against them?

The hollow roar of a cannon broke the silence. Captain Miles Standish had at once given the order to fire one of the guns of the battery as a signal to call the people in from the fields. Each man in the tiny force of the Pilgrims shouldered his musket and peered out to catch the first glimpse of the approaching ship.

At last a cry went up that she flew the English flag. The muskets were put aside. The Pilgrims crowded down the street to the shore to watch her come in. Soon the boys could see the word Fortune painted on her bows. William Brewster caught sight of the face of a boy who was very dear to him. His own eldest son was aboard. Edward Winslow saw his brother John standing on deck. The Fortune had brought in all thirty-five new Pilgrims; so there was great rejoicing.

The Pilgrims were very sorry, however, that the Fortune had not brought them supplies of seed and other stores. Edward Winslow wrote a long letter to go back in the ship to England. In it he asked his "loving and old friend" George Morton to be sure that, when the next vessel came out, each settler should bring with him bedding, stout clothes to wear, a musket or a fowling-piece "long in the barrel," much gunpowder

and shot, and stout paper and linseed-oil for making windows (for there was no glass to be got). The people in England seemed to forget, when sailing out to the new world, that the nearest shop to the Plymouth Settlement was five hundred miles away, and that every piece of cloth or thread or gun or book must come across the seas from England.

Nor were all the men who had come aboard the Fortune of the sort that helped the colony. Some came just burning for adventure, hating all control over their rough wills, restless rovers; as Bradford said, "most of them were lusty yong men, and many of them wild enough, who litle considered whither, or aboute what they wente."

"So," Bradford goes on, "they were all landed; but there was not so much as bisket, cake or any other victialls for them, neither had they any beding, but some sory things they had in their cabins, nor pot, nor pan, to drese any meat in; nor over many cloathes. . . ."

Governor Bradford got his people together and they packed beaver and other skins, sassafras and seasoned boards "as full as she could stowe," in the hull of the Fortune to take back with her on her homeward journey. So she hove anchor and hoisted sail and, turning her bows Eastward, made her course for England.

She sailed for many days, and at last the coast of England could be seen by a sailor from the mast-head. But just then a fast-sailing French ship came racing through the water. She soon overhauled the Fortune, which had to heave to and let the French officers come aboard.

All the ship's company of the Fortune found themselves prisoners of war. In a fortnight the ship and her crew and passengers were set free to go home to England. But the cargo – the beaver-skins and all the rest for which the Pilgrims had toiled and sailed and bargained – was taken by the French and never seen again. So the money that was to have come from the sale of the cargo in order to pay the debts of the Pilgrims to those who had equipped them at the first was lost.

III

The winter passed, and the spring of another year – 1622 – came with the song of birds and the bursting of the little buds of oak-leaf and the chestnut blossom and the sowing of new seed in the earth.

One day, however, in April, an Indian brave came loping down the trail from the Narragansett tribes. In his hand was a sheaf of arrows. Round the arrows was

the skin of a rattlesnake. The Indian brave was brought before the young Governor Bradford.

"What does this mean?" Bradford asked Tisquantum, his Indian interpreter.

'The rattlesnake and the sheaf of arrows mean that Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, threatens you with war," said Tisquantum.

Governor Bradford's face grew stern.

He took the rattlesnake skin and stuffed it full with shot.

As he tells us, he "sente the sneake skine back with bulits in it."

"Take that to the chief," he said to another messenger, "and with it take this letter."

The letter, Bradford tells us, was "a round answere, that if they had rather have warre than peace, they might begine when they would; they had done them no wrong, neither did they fear them, nor should they find them unprovided."

The letter warned Canonicus of the dire trouble that would come upon him if he dared to try to make war upon the Plymouth Settlement.

The messenger carried the rattlesnake to his chief and the letter; but Canonicus was terrified of the white man's message and his "bulits," He would not receive

them. So the messenger went back with it at last to Bradford himself.

While this was happening dreadful news came up from Virginia in the south, where English men had made a settlement when Queen Elizabeth was on the throne. It was called Virginia after her, for she was named "the Virgin Queen." The Indians there had come in stealthily with tomahawks, bows and arrows and knives upon the unsuspecting British and had massacred all save one of the three hundred and forty-eight men and women, boys and girls.

Bradford was (as we have seen) a strong man of decisive action; alongside him was that courageous and wise warrior, Captain Miles Standish. Immediately they decided that – even if the sowing of the seed were delayed – they must have protection against the plots of the Indians. The men went out with axes and hewed down trees, cutting them up into thousands of logs and making spiked bars.

For day after day they laboured till even their strong arms were weary with the hewing and sawing, and their broad backs ached with the labour of log-bearing and driving the stakes into the ground. But in five weeks there ran a strong, high, firm pallisade from the shore, all round by the north, past the crest of Fort Hill and down to Town Brook. Four bastions jutted out, from the points of which the Pilgrims could direct a fire on

the flanks of any Indians who might be trying to burn down or attack the pallisade.

About this time Bradford and Miles Standish began to fear that Tisquantum was playing them false. This wily Indian, it appears, discovering that the tribes round about thought that he had great influence with Bradford, would tell the chiefs like Aspinet or Corbitant, that Bradford and Standish were going to make war upon them. The chiefs would then offer to give him presents if he would persuade the Governor of Plymouth and his Captain not to attack them. Tisquantum would promise to do this, and – as Bradford had never intended to attack them at all – the Indian interpreter would soon be able to say that he had made peace and would ask for the present to be given to him.

Another wicked work that Tisquantum did was to make trade out of the ignorance of the Indians by declaring that the white men could send plagues upon them.

'These pale-faces," he would say to a village of Indians, "have magic. They have buried the plague under their store-house. Without moving a step from their home they can bring forth the plague and send it upon people and sweep them all away to death."

"Ugh! Ugh!" the listening braves would grunt and give to Tisquantum presents of beaver or wolf skin so that he should stay the plague of the palefaces.

One day Tisquantum told the other Indian named Hobomok who lived in the Plymouth Settlement that a hole in the ground in the Governor's house was the place where the plague was buried.

Hobomok went to one of the settlers to ask if this were true. "No," said the truthful Pilgrim, "we have not the plague at our command." Hobomok was very angry to know how Tisquantum had lied, and so were the settlers. Massasoit and Hobomok wished to have Tisquantum put to death: but William Bradford did not wish them to be so hard upon him. Bradford with difficulty kept him from being slain by Massasoit.

Massasoit came to Bradford "mad with rage," says Winslow, asking for Tisquantum to be killed. He offered Bradford many beaver-skins if he would kill Tisquantum. Bradford said that it was not the manner of English people to sell people's lives.

Massasoit went away very angry. He sent his knife by a messenger saying that it was to be used for cutting off Tisquantum's head and his hands, which were to be sent to the chief.

Tisquantum learnt his lesson: he became faithful, and started to "walk more squarely, and cleave unto the

English till he died," which he did in the next year in the autumn of 1622, after an illness in which Governor Bradford nursed him tenderly. Tisquantum asked Bradford to pray for him that his soul might go to the God in heaven, whom the pale-faces worshipped.

IV

The alarms about the Indians and the busy hours of building the pallisade and of training a troop of defenders of the Pilgrim Settlement crowded the springtime of sowing and planting with more work than the colonists could well compass.

In the next five months creeping calamity came relentlessly upon them. In the winter (you remember) the thirty-five new colonists had come on the Fortune without bringing provisions from England. This made thirty-five new mouths to feed from the all too scanty stores locked up in the common storehouse of the community. As though this were not enough, a man named Weston in England, who had grumbled terribly at the Pilgrims in a letter that he sent on the Fortune, now despatched seven more men in a shallop that belonged to a fishing vessel that he owned, with another grumbling letter. This brought still lower their meagre provisions.

"All this," said Governor Bradford, "was but could comfort to fill their hungrie bellies." And he added, with humorous anger, "Put not your trust in princes (much less in marchants)!"

The young corn was springing in the fields, but it would be months before it could be reaped. The log-houses where the corn of the last harvest was stored were nearly empty. So they could not make bread. They had no meat. The wild-fowl had gone north. They had no strong nets for the deeper fishing that, would have caught the cod in the bay or the bass that swam in the outer harbour. There were no vegetables. Practically their only food that summer was shell-fish.

Even with this dreadful shortage there came a further scourge in the form of a gang of sixty men whom Weston sent from England on two emigrant ships. Some of them were wild desperadoes. None of them were of the type of men who would brook control.

They were hungry; they saw in the fields the green ears of the corn that was to feed the Pilgrims through the coming winter. So they went into the fields and robbed them right and left, roasting the green ears of corn and eating them greedily. Governor Bradford had some of the men soundly whipped publicly for this; but still the thieving went on.

The Pilgrim-colony would have been starved to death had not the two emigrant-ships by good fortune come back and taken away most of these sixty wretches. They left behind some of their men who were ill, the devastated fields, and the memory of a scapegrace crew.

Still deeper suffering was to come through these wastrels. They sailed away from the Plymouth Settlement to Wessagusset, on Boston Bay, farther north on the same coast, to make a colony there.

They had a Governor, but they did not obey him. They had no Greatheart or Standfast or Valiant to lead them. Each man lived for himself. They did not know that the only true liberty is the ordered freedom of men who agree together to obey just laws. They did not fear or love God, or obey man, or work together. So, as we shall see, they would surely have perished under the tomahawks of the Indians, had not the Pilgrims' Greatheart and Valiant-for-Truth come to their rescue.

They not only ate up all their stores, they even fed on their seed-corn, so that there was none to sow in the ground for the next harvest. So these wild settlers grew more and more hungry till at last some of them, even went and hired themselves as servants to the Red Indians. You would see a white man with ragged clothes hanging about his gaunt, half-starved body, carrying water and chopping wood for the Redskins.

An Indian would put into the white man's cap a few handfuls of corn as wages for this work.

'They are squaws," one Indian brave would say to another.

"Ugh!" would come the grunt of agreement.

Then some of the wild settlers crept out secretly and raided the Indians' corn. The Indians were very angry and refused to let them have corn, even if they worked for it.

One night, when the settlers had promised that no more robbing of the Indian fields should take place, a white settler went quietly out into the fields and began to steal the corn. Unseen by him, shadowy forms crept up and suddenly leapt upon him. The Indians had captured the thief.

Mad with rage, they dragged him hack to their village, and in the morning took him to the white settlement at Wessagusset.

The Indians were so angry that the white men had to take their own companion – the thief – and hang him.

"They became," says William Bradford, "contemned and scorned of the Indians, and they began greatly to insulte over them in a most insolente maner; insomuch, many times as they lay thus scatered abrod, and had set on a pot with ground-nuts or shell-fish,

when it was ready the Indeans would come and eate it up; and when night came, whereas some of them had a sorie blanket, or shuch like, to lappe themselves in, the Indeans would take it and let the other lye all night in the could, so as their condition was very lamentable."

These desperate men were at last at the extremity; they must, it seemed, either fight the Indians for corn or starve to death.

Giant Despair had them in his grip. They turned to Greatheart to know what he would do. They sent a messenger to Governor Bradford for advice and for help.

"A small pack" of Indians went after him to try to slay him on the way, so that the message should never reach Bradford. "Though he knew not a foote of the way, yet," Bradford tells us, "he got safe hither; but lost his way, which was well for him, for he was pursued, and so was mist."

Bradford called all the Pilgrims together for counsel in the log-house on the hill, which was their tiny Senate-house. Bradford himself had very little corn left, for those Wessagusset settlers – you remember – had eaten much of it. They were living to a large extent on nuts and shell-fish.

The Pilgrim Council meeting sent a message back to Wessagusset to say that if the settlers robbed the

Indians they would surely suffer, for the corn that they stole would last a very little time, and when it was eaten they would simply starve, surrounded by enemies. The settlers by this time had sold most of their clothes to the Indians. Half-naked, half-starved, a pitiful picture of misery and contempt – they crept wearily along the beach looking for shell-fish among the rocks.

While they were in this strait, secret plots were being woven among the Indian tribes.

"The pale-faces are weak," said one chief to another. "Let us slay them all and keep the land for the red man – we will kill the men here at Wessagusset and also the Pilgrims at Plymouth."

They decided that they must kill the Pilgrims as well, because they felt sure that the "pale-faces" would stand by one another in any case.

Seven tribes leagued with the Neponset Indians to slay the white men. They then sent a messenger to Chief Massasoit, the friend of Bradford, to ask him to join in the plot.

Now it so happened that at this very time Massasoit was ill. Bradford had heard of his sickness and sent Edward Winslow again to visit him.

Winslow went with Hobomok, the Indian interpreter, along the Indian trail through the woods till he came to Massasoit's village. As he came near the

great chiefs wigwam Winslow heard (as he says) "such hellish noise as distempered us that were well, and therefore unlike to ease him that was sick."

Massasoit lay on the floor in his wigwam on his mat-bed. The powahs (or witch-doctors) pranced round yelling fiendish incantations and charms to ward off or frighten away the evil spirits. The noise itself was almost enough to kill the sick chief. For two days Massasoit had not slept. All the sight had gone from his eyes. It seemed certain that he would die.

Massasoit, however, weak as he was, could understand that Winslow had come. He asked for him to be brought into the wigwam. Winslow came in; he drove out the wild, shrieking crowd and commanded quiet.

He gave the Indian chief a dose of one of the simple medicines that he had brought with him. Gradually Massasoit dropped off into a quiet sleep. For hours he lay in slumber, while Winslow made the people remain quiet in the village. At last he woke; his sight returned; he was better. In a short time Massasoit rose from the bed which he had never expected to leave till he died.

"Now I see," said he, "the English are my friends and love me. While I live I will never forget this kindness that they have shown to me."

The sun had only set once before Massasoit repaid in full all the kindness that he owed. Winslow and Hobomok were just leaving the wigwams of the tribe to go back to Plymouth when Massasoit took Hobomok aside.

"I tell you now," said he, "something that you must tell the pale-face English friend as he walks with you."

Hobomok grunted his assent.

"The tribe of the Neponsets," went on Massasoit, "have joined with seven other tribes to massacre all the pale-faces both at Plymouth and at Wessagusset. They have asked me to join with them. This is my word to the men of Plymouth – that they go to Wessagusset to the Neponset tribe – for they are the men who have made this plot – and seize and slay the braves there. If they do not do this all the sixty pale-faces at Wessagusset will be scalped, and then the Indians will come against you also."

As Hobomok and Winslow walked back along the forest-trail homeward the Indian told his friend the story. They quickened their steps to hurry with the warning to Plymouth. They told Governor Bradford of the Indian plot. He called together the men of all the town.

"You remember," he said, "how the Indians massacred the English at Virginia last year. It is certain,

from the words of Massasoit, that they wish to do the same to us. My judgment is that Captain Standish must go with our men armed in the shallop to Wessagusset. They must go as traders. But they must go prepared to strike at the chief Indian conspirators."

To this all agreed.

Captain Standish chose his men, and in the morning the shallop hove anchor; sail was run up, and soon she was nosing her way again among the many islands of the great harbour.

They sighted the white settlers' ship, *The Swan*, swinging idly at anchor, with not a soul on board. They landed. The careless wild settlers were scattered in the woods. Indians came in and out of the village, and even entered their houses. No one suspected anything.

Standish at once told them how they stood in instant peril of their lives. The white men were called in. Standish ordered them to stay within the village and held the fear of death over them.

An Indian spy came into the village. He carried furs for sale, but only as a pretence. His real aim was to see how the land lay. At once he saw that the secret was out, so he went back and told the other conspirators. These Indians came into the village.

They drew their newly whetted knives; then they stood round Standish and began to threaten his life. He

went with some of his men into a log-house; he wished to be where the other Indians from the woods could not shoot their arrows at them. In the house were Indian braves, knife in hand, thirsting for his blood.

The Red Indian conspirators knew well enough that here was the really dangerous enemy of their plot. If they could slay him they could overwhelm the rest by sheer numbers.

Standish's eye never left their faces, nor quenched its fire of courage. Suddenly he uttered a sharp word of command, and sprang at the nearest Indian. The log-house was a whirl of knives and swords. The sounds of the heavy breathing of men in desperate hand-to-hand fighting, of the sickening thud of falling bodies, and of the clash of steel on steel filled the place. Then the white men stood back. On the ground lay the Indians.

Standish, Winslow tells us,[1] "gave the word to his men, and the door being fast shut, began himself with Peksuot, and, snatching his knife from his neck, though with much struggling, killed him therewith, the point whereof he [i.e. Peksuot the Indian] had made sharp as a needle and ground the back also to an edge. . . . But it is incredible how many wounds these pineses [braves] received before they died, not making any fearful noise, but catching at their weapons and striving to the last."

[1] Winslow, *Good Newes*, pp. 37-45

Night fell; guards were set; but no Indian came within sight or sound of the sentries.

When dawn came up the Indians tried to secure the crest of a hill, from which either the settlement or the edge of the woods could be commanded. Standish and his men, however, were too strong for them.

The Indians hid behind trees, and, thus protected, shot flight after flight of arrows at the pale-faces.

Then Hobomok did an act of great daring. He knew that the Red Indians believed him to be a wizard who could call up evil spirits against his enemies. Suddenly he stood forward, flung his coat from him, and ran naked toward them. Smitten with the horror of evil spirits, the Indians turned and fled for their lives through the trees. Nor were they seen any more.

The white settlers, who had drawn all this trouble on themselves by their wild, lawless ways, were sick and tired of the labour and the famine diet. They carried all their goods down to the beach, rowed it out in the boat to the *Swan* that lay at anchor in the bay, and sailed off never to return again.

"This was the end," Bradford sums it up for us, "of these that some time bosted of their strength (being all able, lustie men) and what they would doe and bring to pass, in comparison of the people hear [i.e. at Plymouth], who had many women and children and

weak ones amongst them; and said at their first arivall, when they saw the wants hear, that they would take another course, and not fall into such a condition, as this simple people were come too. But a mans way is not in his owne power; God can make the weake to stand; let him also that standeth, take heed least he fall."

Standish, with his men and with Hobomok, went aboard the shallop and sailed back to Plymouth Harbour. He set to work there to strengthen and finish the fort-church on the hill which – Bradford declared – was "strong and comelie."

On the flat roof cannon were placed and sentinels watched there day and night.

Within the fort was the meeting-place for worship and the place where they held their town-meetings.

Captain Standish – their Valiant-for-Truth – was the Commander of the fort. William Bradford – their Greatheart – was the wise and courageous Governor of the Council-meetings. William Brewster – their Mr. Standfast – was the leader of their worship. In the just and pure leadership of those three men, and in the quiet worship, the wise counsel, and the sure defence that centered in that log-building on the hill lay the strength of the Pilgrims – these "builders in the waste" – as they laid the foundations of new life in the wild new world.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bow and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke up-wreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for sheathing.
And amid the clamours
Of clattering hammers,

He who listened heard now and then
The song of Master and his men:
"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

LONGFELLOW.

Epilogue

The Building of the New "Argo"

After these adventures many strange and stirring happenings came upon the Pilgrims. But these are the beginning of a new story.

For there came sailing to the harbour at the Plymouth Settlement, away there in the west, other men and women from England as colonists. The *Little James*, a pinnace of forty-four tons, the ship *Anne*, and then the ship *Charity* brought new faces to the colony. Gradually the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* grew older and some died, while more and more new settlers came to the little town.

Yet for thirty years William Bradford was every year re-elected as their Governor, for none was so wise and firm and kind as he. Brave Captain Standish, while he grew less fierce as he got older, was still the head of the defence of the settlement in face of enemies.

At last the call came for Captain Miles Standish, the Pilgrims' Mr. Valiant-for-Truth.

And we can say of him what John Bunyan wrote in *The Pilgrim's Progress*:

"Then Mr. Valiant-for-Truth said, I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the troubles I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder.

"When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the riverside, into which as he went he said, 'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper, he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?'

"So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

The cheerful, strong face of William Brewster was with the Pilgrims for over twenty years, till in 1643, with his white hairs and his mellow face, honoured and loved by all the people, he died.

Old William Brewster was indeed a Mr. Standfast; he had been the first to call the Pilgrims together to worship in the Manor at Scrooby. He took the brunt of

the persecution in England. He led them across to Amsterdam and Leyden. He was their chief at the sailing of the *Mayflower*. For more than thirty-six years he faced with them exile and tempest, the arrows of the Indian and famine and pestilence on the soil of America. He led the Pilgrims, old and young, sinner and saint, into the presence of God.

When William Brewster had come to be a white-haired old man four colonies of Englishmen had grown up on that coast of America; they were Massachusetts, New Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven. Within ten days of William Brewster's death, these four colonies joined themselves together into one body.

They declared in their Articles of Confederation that all four colonies were founded with the same end, "to advance the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to enjoy the liberties of the Gospel in purity with peace," the confederacy to be called the United Colonies of New England – "a league of friendship."

That day saw the beginning of the union of states which was to become, in the dim distance of the years that were still hidden behind the mists of the future, the great republic – the United States of America, that noble *Argo* of which Longfellow wrote:

"Sail on, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

. . .

We know what Master laid thy keel,

What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel."

That keel was laid when the Pilgrims (you remember) "in the presence of God and one of another," in the dim light between the decks on the *Mayflower* as she swung at anchor off Cape Cod, took up, one by one, the quill-pen from the captain's table and signed the covenant that made them one united body of free men. [1]

They laid, I say, in that hour, the keel of a new *Argo*, a more glorious ship of adventure for freedom in all the world.

The Pilgrims, the Argonauts of Faith, had dared the rage of the gales of the Atlantic in their little ship, the *Mayflower*, in order to seek and to take the Golden Fleece. To them the quest was for liberty to worship in the way that seemed most fitting the God whose they were and whom they served.

For that sacred prize they faced the fury of tempests, the bitter cold of freezing gales on a shelterless coast, the tomahawks and arrows of Red Indians, the dreadful scythe of plague, and exile for life from the home of their fathers.

[1] Chapter 5.

On the shores of America, then, they laid the keel of the new *Argo* of freedom – the ship of the New Commonwealth. Gradually as colony after colony grew up on that shore and spread from north to south, the first rough timbers of the hull of the ship were shaped and fixed. So, for year after year through three long centuries, the grandsons of the Pilgrims and multitudes of others have built America.

The Mother-land in Britain across the Atlantic loved her child across the seas; but a King of England – a foreigner, who hardly knew even the language of his own subjects, together with some of his heavy-handed Ministers of State, tried to spoil the free lines of liberty on which the ship of America was being shaped. So the American builders, for love of liberty, defied the King – George III. America rebelled. The War of Independence began. That the heart of England was not truly with its King is shown by many things, among them the astonishing fact that great British generals – trained in the life of obedience – did a thing almost unheard of in military history: they refused to obey the desire of their own King to go out and fight against the freedom of their brothers in America.

The noblest sons of the Pilgrim settlers in the New World gave their lives in the fight for freedom. That daring and wise soldier-statesman, George Washington, led his people on from triumph in the

battle-field to victory in the rebuilding of the world of America after the War of Independence.

The new ship was being built. Her ribs were shaped on the great word: "All men are born free and equal." On the planks of her decks was written the decree that, Government "derives its just powers from the consent of the governed"; and that the people who have made the Government have the right to abolish it and to create a new Government.

The sons of the Pilgrims who left England for love of Liberty had thus through two centuries and a half wrought their will; but in the Southern States of America men of other minds had built up a great order of life, founded on the slavery of the negro.

Then there rose the greatest leader that America has ever seen – a tall, gaunt backwoodsman, over six feet three in his moccasins, a man having a strong, seamed face, with a nose like a snow-plough, and a chin of granite – Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln, with his face livid with anger, came out from the slave-auction room where he had seen girls sold like pigs in a market – came out grinding his teeth with wrath and declaring, "When I get the chance to hit slavery, I'll hit it hard." "This nation," he said later, "cannot go on half slave and half free."

The Civil War began. So the banner of freedom was again fluttering at the head of the armies of liberty; and

after long and dreadful agony the battle of freedom was again won. "Government of the people, by the people, for the people," did not perish from the earth.

The battle was won and the Ship of Union was finally launched upon the waters of time, though, even as she was launched, her Captain, Abe Lincoln, was shot and his hand dropped from the tiller of the mighty vessel. In that day Walt Whitman sung, above the prostrate body of that man who stands with the few greatest of the heroes of men in all history:

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red!
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

The Captain had fallen, but the ship survived. It was of her that Longfellow sung:

. . . Sail on, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,?
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fail to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee are all with thee! [1]

[1] Longfellow, *The Building of the Ship*.

II

The years went by, and at last there broke on the world the greatest of all its battles for freedom – the War in which the nations and the races of the earth were locked in one tremendous conflict. In that war, the old land from which the Pilgrims were exiled and the New World to which they sailed were brothers.

The war was won, but the old order of the world was shattered. As with the *Mayflower* on her tempestuous journey, so with the new ship of the life of the English-speaking peoples in the war: the timbers were strained, the sea leaked in-yes-even the mainbeam was wrenched from its place.

Now on the shores of this new world of ours, after the war, all who have that spirit of adventure and of freedom and faith which were in the old Pilgrims are called to build a ship of a greater Union even than that of the "United States of America – a greater Union than even that of all the English-speaking peoples in the earth – a Union of all men of all races everywhere joined in a common life of ordered freedom.

They are called to build and to launch an *Argo* of Brotherhood sailing adventurously the waters of time under the spreading skies of the world-wide Fatherhood of God.

That *Argo* will only be built and sail the seas to win the Golden Fleece of Freedom for all humanity if we who are her shipwrights and sailors are prepared to endure hardness, to live simply, and to act with courage as did the Argonauts of Faith, the story of whose deeds in England, Holland, and America has now been told.

As we look back over that story, especially we of the English-speaking peoples, whether of America or of the British Commonwealth of Nations, it is good to call to mind the brave words of William Bradford:

Our faithers were English men which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this willdernes, but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie. Let them therfore praise the Lord, because he is good, and his mercies endure for ever. Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord, shew how he hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressour.

When they wandered in the deserte [and] willdernes out of the way, and found no citie to dwell in, both hungrie, and thirstie, their sowle was overwhelmed in them.

Let them confess before the Lord his loving kindnes, and his wonderfull works before the sons of men.

THE END

Excerpts From

Of Plymouth Plantation

(1620-1647)

William Bradford

Of Plymouth Plantation

And first of the occasion and inducements thereunto; the which, that I may truly unfold, I must begin at the very root and rise of the same. The which I shall endeavour to manifest in a plain style, with singular regard unto the simple truth in all things; at least as near as my slender judgment can attain the same...

The one side labored to have the right worship of God and discipline of Christ established in the church, according to the simplicity of the gospel, without the mixture of men's inventions…

…as the Lord's free people joined themselves (by a covenant of the Lord) into a church estate, …to walk in all His ways made known…according to their best endeavors, whatsoever it should cost them, the Lord assisting them. And that it cost them something this ensuing history will declare…

…they could not long continue in any peaceable condition, but were hunted and persecuted on every

side, so as their former afflictions were but as flea-bitings in comparison of these which not came upon them. For some were taken and clapped up in prison, others had their houses beset and watched night and day, and hardly escaped their hands; and the most were fain to flee and leave their houses and habitations, and the means of their livelihood…

Yet seeing themselves thus molested, and that there was no hope of their continuance there, by a joint consent they resolved to go into the Low Countries, where they heard was freedom of religion for all men…

OF THEIR DEPARTURE INTO HOLLAND AND THEIR TROUBLES THEREABOUT, WITH SOME OF THE MANY DIFFICULTIES THEY FOUND AND MET WITHAL. ANNO 1608

Being thus constrained to leave their native soil and country, their lands and livings, and all their friends and familiar acquaintance, it was much; and thought marvelous by many. But to go into a country they knew not but by hearsay, where they must learn a new language and get their livings they knew not how, it being a dear place and subject to the miseries of war, it

was by many thought an adventure almost desperate; a case intolerable and a misery worse than death. Especially seeing they were not acquainted with trades nor traffic (by which that country doth subsist) but had only been used to a plain country life and the innocent trade of husbandry. But these things did not dismay them, though they did sometimes trouble them; for their desires were set on the ways of God and to enjoy His ordinances; but they rested on His providence, and knew Whom they had believed. Yet this was not all, for though they could not stay, yet were they not suffered to go; but the ports and havens were shut against them, so as they were fain to seek secret means of conveyance, and to bribe and fee the mariners, and give extraordinary rates for their passages. And yet were they often times betrayed, many of them; and both they and their goods intercepted and surprised, and thereby put to great trouble and charge, of which I will give an instance or two and omit the rest.

There was a large company of them purposed to get passage at Boston in Lincolnshire, and for that end had hired a ship wholly to themselves and made agreement with the master to be ready at a certain day, and take them and their goods in at a convenient place, where they accordingly would all attend in readiness. So after long waiting and large expenses, though he kept not

day with them, yet he came at length and took them in, in the night. But when he had them and their goods abroad, he betrayed them, having beforehand complotted with the searchers and other officers to do; who took them, and put them into open boats, and there rifled and ransacked them, searching to their shirts for money, yea even the women further than became modesty; and then carried them back into the town and made them a spectacle and wonder to the multitude which came flocking on all sides to behold them. Being thus first, by these catchpoll officers rifled and stripped of their money, books and much other goods, they were presented to the magistrates, and messengers sent to inform the Lords of the Council of them; and so they were committed to ward. Indeed the magistrates used them courteously and showed them what favour they could; but could not deliver them till order came from the Council table. But the issue was that after a month's imprisonment the greatest part were dismissed and sent to the places from whence they came; but seven of the principal were still kept in prison and bound over to the assizes.

The next spring after, there was another attempt made by some of these and others to get over at another place. And it so fell out that they light of a Dutchman at Hull, having a ship of his own belonging

to Zealand. They made agreement with him and acquainted him with their condition, hoping to find more faithfulness in him than in the former of their own nation; he bade them not fear, for he would do well enough. He was by appointment to take them in between Grimsby and Hull, where was a large common a good way distant from any town. Now against the prefixed time, the women and children with the goods were sent to the place in a small bark which they had hired for that end; and the men were to meet them by land. But it so fell out that they were there a day before the ship came, and the sea being rough and the women very sick, prevailed with the seamen to put into a creek hard by where they lay on ground at low water. The next morning the ship came but they were fast and could not stir until about noon. In the meantime, the shipmaster, perceiving how the matter was, sent his boat to be getting the men aboard whom he saw ready, walking about the shore. But after the first boatful was got aboard and she was ready to go for more, the master espied a great company, both horse and foot, with bills and guns and other weapons, for the country was raised to take them. The Dutchman, seeing that, swore his country's oath sacremente, and having the wind fair, weighed his anchor, hoised sails, and away.

But the poor men which were got aboard were in great distress for their wives and children which they saw thus to be taken, and were left destitute of their helps; and themselves also, not having a cloth to shift them with, more than they had on their backs, and some scarce a penny about them, all they had being aboard the bark. It drew tears from their eyes, and anything they had they would have given to have been ashore again; but all in vain, there was no remedy, they must thus sadly part. And afterward endured a fearful storm at sea, being fourteen days or more before they arrived at their port; in seven whereof they neither saw sun, moon nor stars, and were driven near the coast of Norway; the mariners themselves often despairing of life, and once with shrieks and cries gave over all, as if the ship had been foundered in the sea and they were sinking without recovery. But when man's hope and help wholly failed, the Lord's power and mercy appeared in their recovery; for the ship rose again and gave the mariners courage again to manage her. And if modesty would suffer me, I might declare with what fervent prayers they cried unto the Lord in this great distress (especially some of them) even without any great distraction. When the water ran into their mouths and ears and the mariners cried out, "We sink, we sink!" they cried (if not with miraculous, yet with a

great height or degree of divine faith), "Yet Lord Thou canst save! Yet Lord Thou canst save!" with such other expressions as I will forbear. Upon which the ship did not only recover, but shortly after the violence of the storm began to abate, and the Lord filled their afflicted minds with such comforts as everyone cannot understand, and in the end brought them to their desired haven, where the people came flocking, admiring their deliverance; the storm having been so long and sore, in which much hurt had been done, as the master's friends related unto him in their congratulations.

But to return to the others where we left. The rest of the men that were in greatest danger made shift to escape away before the troop could surprise them, those only staying that best might be assistant unto the women. But pitiful it was to see the heavy case of these poor women in this distress; what weeping and crying on every side, some for their husbands that were carried away in the ship as is before related; others not knowing what should become of them and their little ones; others again melted in tears, seeing their poor little ones hanging about them, crying for fear and quaking with cold. Being thus apprehended, they were hurried from one place to another and from one justice to another, till in the end they knew not what to do

with them; for to imprison so many women and innocent children for no other cause (many of them) but that they must go with their husbands, seemed to be unreasonable and all would cry out of them. And to send them home again was as difficult; for they alleged, as the truth was, they had no homes to go to, for they had either sold or otherwise disposed of their house and livings. To be short, after they had been thus turmoiled a good while and conveyed from one constable to another, they were glad to be rid of them in the end upon any terms, for all were wearied and tired with them. Though in the meantime they (poor souls) endured misery enough; and thus in the end necessity forced a way for them.

But that I be not tedious in these things, I will omit the rest, though I might relate many other notable passages and troubles which they endured and underwent in these their wanderings and travels both at land and sea; but I haste to other things. Yet I may not omit the fruit that came hereby, for by these so public troubles in so many eminent places their cause became famous and occasioned many to look into the same, and their godly carriage and Christian behaviour was such as left a deep impression in the minds of many. And though some few shrunk at these first conflicts and sharp beginnings (as it was no marvel) yet

many more came on with fresh courage and greatly animated others. And in the end, notwithstanding all these storms of opposition, they all gat over at length, some at one time and some at another, and some in one place and some in another, and met together again according to their desires, with no small rejoicing.

OF THEIR SETTLING IN HOLLAND, AND THEIR MANNER OF LIVING, AND ENTERTAINMENT THERE

Being now come into the Low Countries, they saw many goodly and fortified cities, strongly walled and guarded with troops of armed men. Also, they heard a strange and uncouth language, and beheld the different manners and customs of the people, with their strange fashions and attires; all so far differing from that of their plain country villages (wherein they were bred and had so long lived) as it seemed they were come into a new world. But these were not the things they much looked on, or long took up their thoughts, for they had other work in hand and another kind of war to wage and maintain. For although they saw fair and beautiful cities, flowing with abundance of all sorts of wealth and riches, yet it was not long before they saw the grim and grisly face of poverty coming upon them like an armed man, with whom they must buckle and

encounter, and from whom they could not fly. But they were armed with faith and patience against him and all his encounters; and though they were sometimes foiled, yet by God's assistance they prevailed and got the victory....

Being thus settled (after many difficulties) they continued many years in a comfortable condition, enjoying much sweet and delightful society and spiritual comfort together in the ways of God... such was the true piety, the humble zeal and fervent love of this people (whilst they thus lived together) towards God and His ways, and the singleheartedness and sincere affection one towards another, that they came as near the primitive pattern of the first churches as any other church of these later times have done...

And first, though many of them were poor, yet there was none so poor but if they were known to be of that congregation the Dutch (either bakers or others) would trust them in any reasonable matter when they wanted money, because they had found by experience how careful they were to keep their word, and saw them so painful and diligent in their callings. Yea, they would strive to get their custom and to employ them above others in their work, for their honesty and diligence....

SHOWING THE REASONS AND CAUSES OF THEIR REMOVAL

After they had lived in this city about some eleven or twelve years … and sundry of them were taken away by death and many others began to be well stricken in years, … those prudent governors with sundry of the sagest members began both deeply to apprehend their present dangers and wisely to foresee the future and think of timely remedy …

For many, though they desired to enjoy the ordinances of God in their purity and the liberty of the gospel with them, yet (alas) they admitted of bondage with danger of conscience, rather than to endure these hardships. Yea, some preferred and chose the prisons in England rather than this liberty in Holland with these afflictions. But it was thought that if a better and easier place of living could be had, it would draw many and take away these discouragements …

Secondly. They saw that though the people generally bore all these difficulties very cheerfully and with a resolute courage, being in the best and strength of their years; yet old age began to steal on many of them; and their great and continual labours, with other crosses and sorrows, hastened it before the time. So as it was not only probably thought, but apparently seen, that within a few years more they would be in danger

to scatter, by necessities pressing them, or sink under their burdens, or both…

Thirdly. As necessity was a taskmaster over them so they were forced to be such, not only to their servants but in a sort to their dearest children, the which as it did not a little wound the tender hearts of many a loving father and mother, so it produced likewise sundry sad and sorrowful effects. For many of their children that were of best dispositions and gracious inclinations… were oftentimes so oppressed with their heavy labours that though their minds were free and willing, yet their bodies bowed under the weight of the same, and became decrepit in their early youth… But that which was more lamentable, and of all sorrows most heavy to be borne, was that many of their children, by these occasions and the great licentiousness of youth in that country, and the manifold temptations of the place, were drawn away by evil examples into extravagant and dangerous courses, getting the reins off their necks and departing from their parents. Some became soldiers, others took upon them far voyages by sea, and others some worse courses tending to dissoluteness and the danger of their souls, to the great grief of their parents and dishonour of God. So that they saw their posterity would be in danger to degenerate and be corrupted.

Lastly (and which was not least), a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto, for the propagating and advancing the gospel of the kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world; yea, though they should be but even as stepping stones unto others for the performing of so great a work.

These and some other like reasons moved them to undertake this resolution of their removal; the which they afterward prosecuted with so great difficulties, as by the sequel will appear.

The place they had thoughts on was some of those vast and unpeopled countries of America, which are fruitful and fit for habitation … This proposition being made public and coming to the scanning of all, it raised many variable opinions amongst men and caused many fears and doubts amongst themselves … .besides the casualties of the sea … the length of the voyage … the miseries of the land which they should be exposed to … it would require greater sums of money to furnish such a voyage and to fit them with necessaries than their consumed estates would amount to. Also many precedents of ill success and lamentable miseries befallen others in the like designs were easy to be found, and not forgotten to be alleged; besides their own experience, in their former troubles and hardships

in their removal into Holland, and how hard a thing it was for them to live in that strange place, though it was a neighbour country and a civil and rich commonwealth.

It was answered, that all great and honourable actions are accompanied with great difficulties and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages … and all of them, through the help of God, by fortitude and patience, might either be borne or overcome … their ends were good and honourable, their calling lawful and urgent; and therefore they might expect the blessing of God in their proceeding. Yea, though they should lose their lives in this actions, yet might they have comfort in the same and their endeavours would be honourable.

(From a letter written by John Robinson and William Brewster)

1. We verily believe and trust the Lord is with us, unto whom and whose service we have given ourselves in many trials, and that He will graciously prosper our endeavours according to the simplicity of our hearts therein.

2. We are well weaned from the delicate milk of our mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange and hard land, which yet in a great part we have by patience overcome.

3. The people are, for the body of them, industrious and frugal, we think we may safely say, as any company of people in the world.

4. We are knit together as a body in a most strict and sacred bond and covenant of the Lord, of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we do hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's good and of the whole, by every one and so mutually.

5. Lastly, it is not with us as with other men, where small things can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again.

I have been larger in these things … that their children may see with what difficulties their fathers wrestled in going through these things in their first beginnings; and how God brought them along, notwithstanding all

their weaknesses and infirmities. As also that some use may be made hereof in after times by others in such like weighty employments.

OF THEIR DEPARTURE FROM LEYDEN, AND OTHER THINGS THEREABOUT; WITH THEIR ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON, WHERE THEY ALL MET TOGETHER AND TOOK IN THEIR PROVISIONS

At length, after much travel and these debates, all things were got ready and provided. A small ship was bought and fitted in Holland, which was intended as to serve to help to transport them, so to stay in the country and attend upon fishing and such other affairs as might be for the good and benefit of the colony when they came there. Another was hired at London … and all other things got in readiness. So being ready to depart, they had a day of solemn humiliation, their pastor taking his text from Ezra 8:21: "And there at the river, by Ahava, I proclaimed a fast, that we might humble ourselves before our God, and seek of him a right way for us, and for our children, and for all our substance." Upon which he spent a good part of the day very profitably and suitable to their present occasion; the rest of the time was spent in

pouring out prayers to the Lord with great fervency, mixed with abundance of tears. And the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of the city, unto a town sundry miles off called Delftshaven, where the ship lay ready to receive them. So 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 those things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits.

When they came to the place they found the ship and all things ready, and such of their friends as could not come with them followed after them, and sundry also came from Amsterdam to see them shipped and to take their leave of them. That night was spent with little sleep by the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day (the wind being fair) they went aboard and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting, to see what sighs and sobs and prayers did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each heart; that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood on the quay as spectators could not refrain from tears. Yet

comfortable and sweet it was to see such lively and true expressions of dear and unfeigned love. But the tide, which stays for no man, calling them away that were thus loathe to depart, their reverend pastor falling down on his knees (and they all with him) and with watery cheeks commended them with most fervent prayers to the Lord and His blessing. And then with mutual embraces and many tears they took their leaves one of another, which proved to be the last leave to many of them.

Thus hoising sail, with a prosperous wind they came in short time to Southampton, where they found the bigger ship come from London, lying ready, with all the rest of their company.

OF THE TROUBLES THAT BEFELL THEM ON THE COAST, AND AT SEA, BEING FORCED AFFTER MUCH TROUBLE TO LEAVE ONE OF THEIR SHIPS AND SOME OF THEIR COMPANY BEHIND THEM

Being thus put to sea, they had not gone far but Mr. Reynolds, the master of the lesser ship, complained that he found his ship so leaky as he durst not put further to sea till she was mended.... She was... thoroughly searched from stern to stern, some

leaks were found and mended, and now it was conceived by the workmen and all, that she was sufficient, and they might proceed without either fear or danger. So with good hopes from hence, they put to sea again, conceiving they should go comfortably on, not looking for any more lets of this kind; but it fell out otherwise. For after they were gone to sea again above 100 leagues … the master of the small ship complained his ship was so leaky as he must bear up or sink at sea, for they could scarce free her with much pumping. So they came to consultation again, and resolved both ships to bear up back again and put into Plymouth, which accordingly was done. But no special leak could be found, but it was judged to be the general weakness of the ship, and that she would not prove sufficient for the voyage. Upon which it was resolved to dismiss her and part of the company, and proceed with the other ship. The which (though it was grievous and caused great discouragement) was put into execution.

So after they had took out such provision as the other ship could well stow, and concluded both what number and what persons to send back, they made another sad parting … Those that went back were for the most part such as were willing so to do, either out of some discontent or fear they conceived of the ill success of the voyage, seeing so many crosses befall,

and the year time so far spent. But others, in regard of their own weakness and charge of many young children were thought least useful and most unfit to bear the brunt of this hard adventure, unto which work of God, and judgment of their brethren, they were contented to submit. And thus, like Gideon's army, this small number was divided, as if the Lord by this work of His providence thought these few too many for the great work He had to do.

But here by the way let me show how afterward it was found that the leakiness of this ship was partly by being over-masted and too much pressed with sails; for after she was sold and put into her old trim, she made many voyages and performed her service very sufficiently, to the great profit of their owners. But more especially, by the cunning and deceit of the master and his company, who were hired to stay a whole year in the country, and now fancying dislike and fearing want of victuals, they plotted this strategem to free themselves; as afterwards was known and by some of them confessed.

OF THEIR VOYAGE, AND HOW THEY PASSED THE SEA; AND OF THEIR SAFE ARRIVAL AT CAPE COD

September 6. These troubles being blown over, and now all being compact together in one ship, they put to sea again with a prosperous wind, which continued divers days together, which was some encouragement unto them; yet according to the usual manner, many were afflicted with seasickness…

After they had enjoyed fair winds and weather for a season, they were encountered many times with cross winds and met with many fierce storms with which the ship was shroudly shaken, and her upper works made very leaky; and one of the main beams in the midships was bowed and cracked, which put them in some fear that the ship could not be able to perform the voyage. So some of the chief of the company, perceiving the mariners to fear the sufficiency of the ship as appeared by their mutterings, they entered into serious consultation with the master and other officers of the ship, to consider in time of the danger, and rather to return than to cast themselves into a desperate and inevitable peril… But in examining of all opinions, the master and others affirmed they knew the ship to be strong and firm under water… So they committed

themselves to the will of God and resolved to proceed…

…after long boating at sea they fell with that land which is called Cape Cod, the which being made and certainly known to be it, they were not a little joyful…

Being thus arrived in a good harbor, and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of Heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element…

But here I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader, too, when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before), they had now no friends to welcome them nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies; no houses or much less town to repair to, to seek for succour…And for the season it was winter, and they that know the winters of that country know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of

wild beasts and wild men—and what multitudes there might be of them they knew not… If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. If it be said they had a ship to succour them, it is true; but what heard they daily from the master and company? But that with speed they should look out a place … Yea, it was muttered by some that if they got not a place in time, they would turn them and their goods ashore and leave them …

What could now sustain them but the Spirit of God and His grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: "Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voice and looked on their adversity," etc. "Let them therefore praise the Lord, because He is good: and His mercies endure forever." "Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord, shew how He hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressor. When they wandered in the desert wilderness out of the way, and found no city to dwell in, both hungry and thirsty, their soul was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the

Lord His lovingkindness and His wonderful works before the sons of men"

SHOWING HOW THEY SOUGHT OUT A PLACE OF HABITATION; AND WHAT BEFELL THEM THEREABOUT

Being thus arrived at Cape Cod the 11th of November, and necessity calling them to look out a place for habitation (as well as the master's and mariners' importunity); …Whereupon a few of them tendered themselves to go by land and discover those nearest places… they found where lately a house had been, where some planks and a great kettle was remaining, and heaps of sand newly paddled with their hands. Which, they digging up, found in them divers fair Indian baskets filled with corn, and some in ears, fair and good, of divers colours, which seemed to them a very goodly sight (having never seen any such before)…

There was also found two of their houses covered with mats, and sundry of their implements in them, but the people were run away and could not be seen. Also there was found more of their corn and of their beans of various colours; the corn and beans they brought away, purposing to give them full satisfaction when

they should meet with any of them as, about some six months afterward they did, to their good content.

And here is to be noted a special providence of God, and a great mercy to this poor people, that here they got seed to plant them corn the next year, or else they might have starved, for they had none nor any likelihood to get any till the season had been past, as the sequel did manifest. Neither is it likely they had had this, if the first voyage had not been made, for the ground was not all covered with snow and hard frozen; but the Lord is never wanting unto His in their greatest needs; let His holy name have all the praise.

The month of November being spent in these affairs, and much foul weather falling in, the 6 th of December they sent out their shallop again with ten of their principal men and some seamen, upon further discovery, intending to circulate that deep bay of Cape Cod. The weather was very cold and it froze so hard as the spray of the sea lighting on their coats, they were as if they had been glazed…

After some hours' sailing it began to snow and rain, and about the middle of the afternoon the wind increased and the sea became very rough, and they broke their rudder, and it was as much as two men could do to steer her with a couple of oars. But their pilot bade them be of good cheer for he saw the

harbor; but the storm increasing, and night drawing on, they bore what sail they could to get in, while they could see. But herewith they broke their mast in three pieces and their sail fell overboard in a very grown sea, so as they had like to have been cast away. Yet by God's mercy they recovered themselves, and having the flood {tide} with them, struck into the harbor. But when it came to, the pilot was deceived in the place, and said the Lord be merciful unto them for his eyes never saw that place before; and he and the master's mate would have run her ashore in a cove full of breakers before the wind. But a lusty seaman which steered bade those which rowed, if they were men, about with her or else they were all cast away; the which they did with speed. So he bid them be of good cheer and row lustily, for there was a fair sound before them, and he doubted not but they should find one place or other where they might ride in safety. And though it was very dark and rained sore, yet in the end they got under the lee of a small island and remained there all that night in safety. But they knew not this to be an island till morning, but were divided in their minds; some would keep the boat for fear they might be amongst the Indians, others were so wet and cold they could not endure but got ashore, and with much ado got fire (all things being so wet); and the rest were

glad to come to them, for after midnight the wind shifted to the northwest and it froze hard.

But though this had been a day and night of much trouble and danger unto them, yet God gave them a morning of comfort and refreshing (as usually He doth to His children) for the next day was a fair, sunshining day, and they found themselves to be on an island secure from the Indians, where they might dry their stuff, fix their pieces and rest themselves; and gave God thanks for His mercies in their manifold deliverances. And this being the last day of the week, they prepared there to keep the Sabbath.

On Monday they sounded the harbor and found it fit for shipping, and marched into the land and found divers cornfields and little running brooks, a place (as they supposed) fit for situation. At least it was the best they could find, and the season and their present necessity made them glad to accept of it. So they returned to their ship again with this news to the rest of their people, which did much comfort their hearts.

On the 15th of December they weighed anchor to go to the place they had discovered, and came within two leagues of it, but were fain to bear up again; but the 16th day, the wind came fair, and they arrived safe in this harbor. And afterwards took better view of the place, and resolved where to pitch their dwelling; and

the 25th day began to erect the first house for common use to receive them and their goods.

THE *MAYFLOWER* COMPACT

I shall a little return back, and begin with a combination made by them before they came ashore, being the first foundation of their government in this place. Occasioned partly by the discontented and mutinous speeches that some of the strangers amongst them had let fall from them in the ship: That when they came ashore they would use their own liberty, for none had power to command them, the patent they had being for Virginia and not for New England, which belonged to another government, with which the Virginia Company had nothing to do. And partly that such an act by them done, this their condition considered, might be as firm as any patent, and in some respects more sure.

The form was as followeth:

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

Having undertaken, for the Glory of God and advancement of the Christian Faith and Honour of our King and Country, a Voyage to plant the First Colony in the Northern Parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one of another, Covenant and Combine ourselves together into a Civil Body Politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal Laws, Ordinances, Acts, Constitutions and Offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King James, of England, France and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Domini 1620.

After this they chose, or rather confirmed, Mr. John Carver (a man godly and well approved amongst them) their Governor for that year. And after they had provided a place for their goods, or common store… and begun some small cottages for their habitation; as time would admit, they met and consulted of laws and orders, both for their civil and

military government as the necessity of their condition did require …

In these hard and difficult beginnings they found some discontents and murmurings arise amongst some, and mutinous speeches and carriages in other; but they were soon quelled and overcome by the wisdom, patience, and just and equal carriage of things, by the Governor and better part, which clave faithfully together in the main.

THE STARVING TIME

But that which was most sad and lamentable was, that in two or three months' time half of their company died, especially in January and February, being the depth of winter, and wanting houses and other comforts; being infected with the scurvy and other diseases which this long voyage and their inaccommodate condition had brought upon them. So as there died some times two or three of a day in the foresaid time, that of 100 and odd persons, scarce fifty remained. And of these, in the time of most distress, there was but six or seven sound persons who to their great commendation, be it spoken, spared no pains night nor day, but with abundance of toil and hazard of their own health, fetched them wood, made them fires,

dressed them meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, clothed and unclothed them. In a word, did all the homely and necessary offices for them which dainty and queasy stomachs cannot endure to hear named; and all this willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least, showing herein their true love unto their friends and brethren; a rare example and worthy to be remembered. Two of these seven were Mr. William Brewster, their reverend Elder, and Myles Standish, their Captain and military commander, unto whom myself and many others were much beholden in our low and sick condition. And yet the Lord so upheld these persons as in this general calamity they were not at all infected either with sickness or lameness. And what I have said of these I may say of many others who died in this

General visitation, and others yet living; that whilst they had health, yea, or any strength continuing, they were not wanting to any that had need of them. And I doubt not but their recompense is with the Lord.

But I may not here pass by another remarkable passage not to be forgotten. As this calamity fell among the passengers that were to be left here to plant, and were hasted ashore and made to drink water that the seamen might have the more beer, and one in his sickness desiring but a small can of beer, it was

answered that if he were their own father he should have none. The disease began to fall amongst them also, so as almost half of their company died before they went away, and many of their officers and lustiest men, as the boatswain, gunner, three quartermasters, the cook and others. At which the Master was something stricken and sent to the sick ashore and told the Governor he should send for beer for them that had need of it, though he drunk water homeward bound.

But now amongst his company there was far another kind of carriage in this misery than amongst the passengers. For they that before had been boon companions in drinking and jollity in the time of their health and welfare, began now to desert one another in this calamity, saying they would not hazard their lives for them, they should be infected by coming to help them in their cabins; and so, after they came to lie by it, would do little or nothing for them but, "if they died, let them die." But such of the passengers as were yet aboard showed them what mercy they could, which made some of their hearts relent, as the boatswain (and some others) who was a proud young man and would often curse and scoff at the passengers. But when he grew weak, they had compassion on him and helped him; then he confessed he did not deserve it at their

hands, he had abused them in word and deed. "Oh!" (saith he) "you, I now see, show your love like Christians indeed one to another, but we let one another lie and die like dogs." Another lay cursing his wife, saying if it had not been for her he had never come this unlucky voyage, and anon cursing his fellows, saying he had done this and that for some of them; he had spent so much and so much amongst them, and they were now weary of him and did not help him, having need. Another gave his companion all he had, if he died, to help him in his weakness; he went and got a little spice and made him a mess of meat once or twice. And because he died not so soon as he expected, he went amongst his fellows and swore the rogue would cozen him, he would see him choked before he made him any more meat; and yet the poor fellow died before evening.

INDIAN RELATIONS

All this while the Indians came skulking about them, and would sometimes show themselves aloof off, but when any approached near them, they would run away; and once they stole away their tools where they had been at work and were gone to dinner. But about the 16th of March, a certain Indian came boldly amongst them and spoke to them in broken English,

which they could well understand but marveled at it. At length they understood by discourse with him, that he was not of these parts, but belonged to the eastern parts where some English ships came to fish, with whom he was acquainted and could name sundry of them by their names, amongst whom he had got his language. He became profitable to them in acquainting them with many things concerning the state of the country in the east parts where he lived, which was afterwards profitable unto them; as also of the people here, of their names, number and strength, of their situation and distance from this place, and who was chief amongst them. His name was Samoset. He told them also of another Indian whose name was Squanto, a native of this place, who had been in England and could speak better English than himself.

Being, after some time of entertainment and gifts dismissed, a while after he came again, and five more with him, and they brought again all the tools that were stolen away before, and made way for the coming of their great Sachem, called Massasoit. Who, about four or five days after, came with the chief of his friends and other attendance, with the aforesaid Squanto. With whom, after friendly entertainment and some gifts given him, they made a peace with him (which hath now continued this 24 years) in these terms:

1. That neither he nor any of his should injure or do hurt to any of their people.

2. That if any of his did hurt to any of theirs, he should send the offender, that they might punish him.

3. That if anything were taken away from any of theirs, he should cause it to be restored; and they should do the like to his.

4. If any did unjustly war against him, they would aid him; if any did war against them, he should aid them.

5. He should send to his neighbours confederates to certify them of this, that they might not wrong them, but might be likewise comprised in the conditions of peace.
6. That when their men came to them, they should leave their bows and arrows behind them.

After these things he returned to his place called Sowams, some 40 miles from this place, but Squanto continued with them and was their interpreter and was

a special instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation. He directed them how to set their corn, where to take fish, and to procure other commodities, and was also their pilot to bring them to unknown places for their profit, and never left them till he died. He was a native of this place, and scarce any left alive besides himself. He was carried away with divers others by one Hunt, a master of a ship, who thought to sell them for slaves in Spain. But he got away for England and was entertained by a merchant in London, and employed to Newfoundland and other parts, and lastly brought hither into these parts by on Mr. Dermer, a gentleman employed by Sir Ferdinando Gorges and others for discovery and other designs in these parts …

But to return. The spring now approaching, it pleased God the mortality began to cease amongst them, and the sick and lame recovered apace, which put as [it] were new life into them, though they had borne their sad affliction with much patience and contentedness as I think any people could do. But it was the Lord which upheld them, and had beforehand prepared them; many having long borne the yoke, yea from their youth …

THE *MAYFLOWER* DEPARTS

They now began to dispatch the ship away which brought them over, which lay till about this time, or the beginning of April. The reason on their part why she stayed so long, was the necessity and danger that lay upon them; for it was well towards the end of December before she could land anything here, or they able to receive anything ashore. Afterwards, the 14th of January, the house which they had made for a general rendezvous by casualty fell afire, and some were fain to retire aboard for shelter; then the sickness began to fall sore amongst them, and the weather so bad as they could not make much sooner any dispatch… The master and seamen likewise, though before they hasted the passengers ashore to be gone, now many of their men being dead, and of the ablest of them … and of the rest many lay sick and weak; the master durst not put to sea till he saw his men begin to recover, and the heart of winter over.

Afterwards they (as many as were able) began to plant their corn, in which service Squanto stood them in great stead, showing them both the manner how to set it, and after how to dress and tend it. Also he told them, except they got fish and set with it in these old grounds it would come to nothing. And he showed them that in the middle of April they should have store

enough come up the brook by which they began to build, and taught them how to take it, and where to get other provisions necessary for them. All which they found true by trial and experience. Some English seed they sowed, as wheat and pease, but it came not to good, either by the badness of the seed or lateness of the season or both, or some other defect…

They began now to gather in the small harvest they had, and to fit up their houses and dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength and had all things in good plenty…

[The Arrival of the Fortune]

In November… there came in a small ship to them unexpected or looked for, in which came… thirty-five persons to remain and live in the plantation; which did not a little rejoice them. And they when they came ashore and found all well and saw plenty of victuals in every house, were no less glad; for most of them were lusty young men, and many of them wild enough, who little considered whither or about what they went till they came into the harbor at Cape Cod and there saw nothing but a naked and barren place. They then began to think what should become of them, if the people here were dead or cut off by the Indians. They

began to consult … to take the sails from the yard lest the ship should get away and leave them there. But the master, hearing of it, gave them good words and told them if anything but well should have befallen the people here, he hoped he had victuals enough to carry them to Virginia … which gave them good satisfaction.

So they were all landed; but there was not so much as biscuitcake or any other victuals for them, neither had they any bedding but some sorry things they had in their cabins; nor pot, or pan to dress any meat in; nor overmany clothes, for many of them had brushed away their coats and cloaks at Plymouth as they came … The plantation was glad of this addition of strength, but could have wished that many of them had been of better condition, and all of them better furnished with provisions. But that could not now be helped.

In this ship Mr. Weston sent a large letter to Mr. Carver, the late Governor, now deceased; full of complaints … about … the keeping the ship so long in the country, and returning her without lading, etc.,

(Part of Mr. Weston's letter)

"That you sent no lading in the ship is … worthily distasted. I know your weakness was the cause of it,

and I believe more weakness of judgment than weakness of hands. A quarter of the time you spent in discoursing, arguing and consulting would have done much more, but that is past, etc. If you mean, bona fide, to perform the conditions agreed upon, do us the favour to copy them out fair and subscribe them with the principal of your names. And likewise give us account as particularly as you can, how our moneys were laid out. And then I shall be able to give (the Adventurers) some satisfaction, whom I am now forced with good words to shift off. And consider that the life of the business depends on the lading of this ship … I promise you I will never quit the business, though all the other Adventurers should."

Your very loving friend,
THOMAS WESTON

(Part of Bradford's reply)

"You greatly blame us for keeping the ship so long in the country, and then to send her away empty. She lay five weeks at Cape Cod wilst with many a weary step (after a long journey) and the endurance of many a hard brunt, we sought out in the foul winter a place of habitation. Then, we went in so tedious a time to make

provision to shelter us and our goods; about which labour, many of our arms and legs can tell us to this day, we were not negligent. But it pleased God to visit us then with death daily, and with so general a disease that the living were scarce able to bury the dead, and the well not in any measure sufficient to tend the sick. And now to be so greatly blamed for not freighting the ship doth indeed go near us and much discourage us. But you say you know we will pretend weakness. And do you think we had not cause? Yes, you tell us you believe it, but it was more weakness of judgment than of hands. Our weakness herein is great we confess, therefore we will bear this cheek patiently amongst the rest, till God send us wiser men. But they which told you we spent so much time in discoursing and consulting, etc., their hearts can tell their tongues they lie. They cared not, so they might salve their own sores, how they wounded others. Indeed, it is our calamity that we are, beyond expectation, yoked with some ill-conditioned people who will never do good, but corrupt and abuse others…"

This ship (called the Fortune) was speedily dispatched away, being laden with good clapboard as full as she could stow, and two hogsheads of beaver and otter skins which they got with a few trifling

commodities brought with them at first, being altogether unprovided for trade…

(From a letter dated April 10)

Mr Bradford:

The Fortune is arrived of whose good news touching your estate and proceedings I am very glad to hear. And howsoever he was robbed on the way by the Frenchmen, yet I hope your loss will not be great, for the conceit of so great a return doth much animate the Adventurers, …As for myself, I have sold my adventure and debts unto them, so as I am quit of you, and you of me for that matter….

Your loving friend,

THOMAS WESTON

After the departure of this ship, which stayed not above fourteen days, the Governor and his assistant having disposed these late comers into several families as they best could, took an exact account of all their provisions in store and proportioned the same to the number of persons, and found it would not hold out above six months at half allowance, and hardly that;

and they could not well give less this winter time till fish came in again. So they were presently put to half allowance, one as well as another, which began to be hard, but they bore it patiently under hope of supply…

Now in a manner their provisions were wholly spent, and they looked hard for supply but none came. But about the latter end of May, they spied a boat at sea (which at first they thought had been some Frenchman), but it proved a shallop which came from a ship which Mr. Weston and another had set out fishing… forty leagues to the eastward of them, where were that year many more ships come afishing. This boat brought seven passengers and some letters, but no victuals nor any hope of any. Some part of which [letters] I shall put down.

Mr Carver:

In my last letters by the Fortune… she departed hence, the beginning of July with 35 persons, though not over-well provided with necessaries, by reason of the parsimony of the Adventurers. I have solicited them to send you a supply of men and provisions before she come; they all answer they will do great matters when they hear good news, nothing before. So faithful, constant and careful of your good are your old

and honest friends, that if they hear not from you, they are like to send you no supply, etc.

I am now to relate the occasion of sending this ship … Mr. Beauchamp and myself bought this little ship and have set her out, partly if it may be, to uphold the Plantation, as well as to do others good as ourselves, and partly to get up what we are formerly out … This is the occasion we have sent this ship, and these passengers, on our own account. Whom we desire you will friendly entertain and supply with such necessaries as you can spare, and they want, etc. And among other things, we pray you lend or sell them some seed corn, and if you have the salt remaining of the last year, that you will let them have it for their present use …

Your loving friend,

THOMAS WESTON

All this was but cold comfort to fill their hungry bellies … And as they were now failed of supply by him and others in this their greatest need and wants, which was caused by him and the rest who put so great a company of men upon them as the former company were, without any food, and came at such a time, as they must live almost a whole year before any could be

raised, except they had sent some. So upon the point they never had any supply of victuals more afterwards (but what the Lord gave them otherwise), for all [that] the company sent at any time was always too short for those people that came with it…

Yet they took compassion of those seven men…

(Weston sent three ships of his own—The Charity, the Sparrow and the Swan. Bradford was warned about the kind of men on board):

"The people which they carry are no men for us; wherefore I pray you entertain them not, neither exchange man for man with them, except it be some of your worst… It is like he will plant to the southward of the Cape… I fear these people will hardly deal so well with the savages as they should. I pray you therefore signify to Squanto that they are a distinct body from us, and we have nothing to do with them, neither must be blamed for their faults, much less can warrant their fidelity…"

Yours,

ROBERT CUSHMAN

On the other side of the leaf, in the same letter, came these few lines from Mr. John Peirce:

"Worthy sir, I desire you take into consideration that which is written on the other side, and not any way to damnify your own colony, whose strength is but weakness, and may thereby be more enfeebled … as for Mr. Weston's company, I think them so base in condition (for the most part) as in all appearance not fit for an honest man's company; I wish they prove otherwise … "

All these things they pondered and well considered; yet concluded to give his men friendly entertainment, … partly in compassion to the people, who were now come into a wilderness (as themselves were) and were by the ship to be presently put ashore (for she was to carry other passengers to Virginia, …) and they were altogether unacquainted and knew not what to do. So as they had received his former company of seven men and victualed them as their own hitherto, so they also received these (being about sixty lusty men) and gave housing for themselves and their goods. And many being sick, they had the best means the place could afford them. They stayed here the most part of the summer till the ship came back again from Virginia. Then, by his direction or those whom he set over them, they removed into the Massachussetts Bay … Yet they

left all their sick folk here till they were settled and housed; but of their victuals they had not any, though they were in great want, nor anything else in recompense of any courtesy done them, neither did they desire it, for they saw they were an unruly company and had no good government over them…

Now the welcome time of harvest approached, in which all had their hungry bellies filled. But it arose but to a little in comparison of a full year's supply; partly because they were not yet well acquainted with the manner of Indian corn (and they had no other), also their many other employments; but chiefly their weakness for want of food, to tend it as they should have done. Also, much was stolen both by night and day before it became scarce eatable, and much more afterward. And though many were well whipped, when they were taken for a few ears of corn; yet hunger made others, whom conscience did not restrain, to venture. So as it well appeared that famine must still ensue, the next year also if not some way prevented, or supply should fail, to which they durst not trust. Markets there was none to go to, but only the Indians, and they had no trading commodities…

So they began to think how they might raise as much corn as they could, and obtain a better crop than they had done, that they might not still thus languish in

misery. At length, after much debate of things, the Governor (with the advice of the chiefest amongst them) gave way that they should set corn every man for his own particular, and in that regard trust to themselves; in all other things to go on in the general way as before. And so assigned to every family a parcel of land, according to the proportion of their number, for that end, only for present use (but made no division for inheritance) and ranged all boys and youth under some family. This had very good success, for it made all hands very industrious, so as much more corn was planted than otherwise would have been by any means the Governor or any other could use, and saved him a great deal of trouble, and gave far better content. The women now went willingly into the field, and took their little ones with them to set corn; which before would allege weakness and inability; whom to have compelled would have been thought great tyranny and oppression.

The experience that was had in this common course and condition, tried sundry years and that amongst godly and sober men, may well evince the vanity of that conceit of Plato's and other ancients applauded by some of later times; that the taking away of property and bringing in community into a commonwealth would make them happy and flourishing; as if they

were wiser than God. For this community (so far as it was) was found to breed much confusion and discontent and retard much employment that would have been to their benefit and comfort. For the young men, that were most able and fit for labour and service, did repine that they should spend their time and strength to work for other men's wives and children without any recompense. The strong, or man of parts, had no more in division of victuals and clothes than he that was weak and not able to do a quarter the others could; this was thought injustice. The aged and graver men to be ranked and equalized in labours and victuals, clothes, etc., with the meaner and younger sort, thought it some indignity and disrespect unto them. And for men's wives to be commanded to do service for other men, as dressing their meat, washing their clothes, etc., they deemed it a kind of slavery, neither could many husbands well brook it. Upon the point all being to have alike, and all to do alike, they thought themselves in the like condition, and one as good as another…

But to return. After this course settled, and by that their corn was planted, all their victuals were spent and they were only to rest on God's providence; at night not many times knowing where to have a bit of anything the next day. And so, as one well observed,

had need to pray that God would give them their daily bread, above all people in the world. Yet they bore these wants with great patience and alacrity of spirit; and that for so long a time as for the most part of two years…From these extremities the Lord in His goodness kept these His people, and in their great wants preserved both their lives and healths. Let His name have the praise. Yet let me here make use of [Peter Martyr's] conclusion, which in some sort may be applied to this people: "That with their miseries they opened a way to these new lands, and after these storms, with what ease other men came to inhabit in them, in respect of the calamities these men suffered; so as they seem to go to a bride feast where all things are provided for them."

(More passengers arrive on the Anne)

[The Anne] brought about 60 persons for the General, some of them being very useful persons and became good members to the body; and some were the wives and children of such as were here already. And some were so bad as they were fain to be at charge to send them home again the next year. Also, besides these there came a company that did not belong to the General Body but came on their Particular and were to have lands assigned them and be for themselves, yet to

be subject to the general government; which caused some difference and disturbance amongst them, as will after appear…

These passengers, when they saw their low and poor condition ashore, were much daunted and dismayed, and according to their divers humors were diversely affected. Some wished themselves in England again; others fell a weeping, fancying their own misery in what they saw now in others; other some pitying the distress they saw their friends had been longing, and still were under. In a word, all were full of sadness. Only some of their old friends rejoiced to see them, and that it was no worse with them, for they could not expect it should be better, and now hoped they should enjoy better days together. And truly it was no marvel they should be thus affected, for they were in a very low condition; many were ragged in apparel and some little better than half naked, though some that were well stored before were well enough in this regard. But for food they were all alike, save some that had got a few pease of the ship that was last here. The best dish they could present their friends with was a lobster or a piece of fish without bread or anything else but a cup of fair spring water. And the long continuance of this diet, and their labours abroad, had something abated the

freshness of their former complexion; but God gave them health and strength in good measure …

I may not here omit how, notwithstand all their great pains and industry, and the great hopes of a large crop, the Lord seemed to blast, and take away the same, and to threaten further and more sore famine unto them. By a great drought which continued from the third week in May, till about the middle of July, without any rain and with great heat for the most part, insomuch as the corn began to wither away though it was set with fish, the moisture whereof helped it much. Yet at length it began to languish sore, and some of the drier grounds were perched like withered hay, part whereof was never recovered. Upon which they set apart a solemn day of humiliation, to seek the Lord by humble and fervent prayer, in this great distress. And He was pleased to give them a gracious and speedy answer, both to their own and the Indians' admiration that lived amongst them. For all the morning, and greatest part of the day, it was clear weather and very hot, and not a cloud or any sign of rain to be seen; yet toward evening it began to overcast, and shortly after to rain with such sweet and gentle showers as gave them cause of rejoicing and blessing God. It came without either wind or thunder or any violence, and by degrees in that abundance as that the earth was

thoroughly wet and soaked and therewith. Which did so apparently revive and quicken the decayed corn and other fruits, as was wonderful to see, and made the Indians astonished to behold. And afterwards the Lord sent them such seasonable showers, with interchange of fair warm weather as, through His blessing, caused a fruitful and liberal harvest, to their no small comfort and rejoicing. For which mercy, in time convenient, they also set apart a day of thanksgiving.

This ship [the Anne] was in a short time laden with clapboard by the help of many hands. Also they sent in her all the beaver and other furs they had… By this time harvest was come, and instead of famine now God gave them plenty, and the face of things was changed, to the rejoicing of the hearts of many, for which they blessed God. And the effect of their particular planting was well seen, for all had, one way and other, pretty well to bring the year about; and some of the abler sort and more industrious had to spare, and sell to others; so as any want or famine hath not been amongst them since to this day.

Those that came on their Particular looked for greater matters than they found or could attain unto, about building great houses and such pleasant situations for them as themselves had fancied; as if they

would be great men and rich all of a sudden. But they proved castles in the air…

[The settlers] began now highly to prize corn as more precious than silver, and those that had some to spare began to trade one with another for small things… for money, they had none, and if any had, corn was preferred before it….

Also the people of the Plantation began to grow in their outward estates, by reason of the flowing of many people into the country, especially into the Bay of the Massachussetts. By which means corn and cattle rose to a great price, by which many were much enriched and commodities grew plentiful. And yet in other regards this benefit turned to their hurt, and this accession of strength to their weakness. For now as their stocks increased and the increase vendible, there was no longer any holding them together, but now they must of necessity go to their great lots. They could not otherwise keep their cattle, and having oxen grown they must have land for plowing and tillage. And no man now thought he could live except he had cattle and a great deal of ground to keep them, all striving to increase their stocks. By which means they were scattered all over the Bay quickly and the town in which they lived compactly till now was left very thin and in a short time almost desolate.

And if this had been all, it had been less, though too much; but the church must also be divided, and those that had lived so long together in Christian and comfortable fellowship must now part and suffer many divisions …

ANNO DOM: 1642

Marvelous it may be to see and consider how some kind of wickedness did grow and break forth here, in a land where the same was so much witnessed against and so narrowly looked unto, and severely punished when it was known, as in no place more, or so much, that I have known or heard of; insomuch that they have been somewhat censured even by moderate and good men for their severity in punishments. And yet all this could not suppress the breaking out of sundry notorious sins … especially drunkenness and uncleanness. Not only incontinency between persons unmarried,..but some married persons also …

I say it may justly be marveled at and cause us to fear and tremble at the consideration of our corrupt natures, which are so hardly bridled, subdued and mortified; nay, cannot by any other means but the powerful work and grace of God's Spirit. But (besides this) one reason may be that the Devil may carry a

greater spite against the churches of Christ and the gospel here, by how much the more they endeavour to preserve holiness and purity amongst them and strictly punisheth the contrary when it ariseth either in church or commonwealth; that he might cast a blemish and stain upon them in the eyes of [the] world…

Another reason may be, that it may be in this case as it is with waters when their streams are stopped or dammed up. When they get passage they flow with more violence and make more noise and disturbance than when they are suffered to run quietly in their own channels; so wickedness being here more stopped by strict laws, and the same more nearly looked unto so as it cannot run in a common road of liberty as it would and is inclined, it searches everywhere and at last breaks out where it gets vent.

A third reason may be, here (as I am verily persuaded) is not more evils in this kind, nor nothing near so many by proportion as in other places; but they are here more discovered and seen and made public by due search, inquisition and due punishment; for the churches look narrowly to their members… more strictly than in other places….here they are, as it were, brought into the light and set in the plain field, or rather on a hill, made conspicuous to the view of all…

… it may be demanded how came it to pass that so many wicked persons and profane people should so quickly come over into this land and mix themselves amongst them? Seeing it was religious men that began the work and they came for religion's sake? I confess this may be marveled at, at least in time to come, when the reasons thereof should not be known; and the more because here was so many hardships and wants met withal. I shall therefore endeavour to give some answer hereunto.

1. And first, according to that in the gospel, it is ever to be remembered that where the Lord begins to sow good seed, there the envious man will endeavour to sow tares.

2. Men being to come over into a wilderness, in which much labour and service was to be done about building and planting, etc., such as wanted help in that respect, when they could not have such as they would, were glad to take such as they could; and so, many untoward servants, sundry of them proved, that were thus brought over, both men and womenkind who, when their times were expired, became families of themselves, which gave increase hereunto.

3. Another and main reason hereof was that men, finding so many godly disposed persons willing to come into these parts, some began to make a trade of it, to transport passengers and their goods, and hired ships for that end. And then, to make up their freight and advance their profit, cared not who the persons were, so they had money to pay them. And by this means the country became pestered with many unworthy persons who, being come over, crept unto one place or other.

4. Again, the Lord's blessing usually following His People as well in outward as spiritual things (though afflictions be mixed withal) do make many to adhere to the People of God, as many followed Christ for the loaves' sake and a "mixed multitude" came into the wilderness with the People of God out of Egypt of old. So also there were sent by their friends, some under hope that they would be made better; others that they might be eased of such burthens, and they kept from shame at home, that would necessarily follow their dissolute courses. And thus, by one means or other, in 20 years' time it is a question whether the greaer part be not grown the worser?

ANNO DOM: 1643

I cannot but here take occasion not only to mention but greatly to admire the marvelous providence of God! That notwithstanding the many changes and hardships that these people went through, and the many enemies they had and difficulties they met withal, that so many of them should live to very old age!...

What was it ... that upheld them? It was God's visitation that preserved their spirits ...

God, it seems, would have all men to behold and observe such mercies and works of His providence as these are towards His people, that they in like cases might be encouraged to depend upon God in their trials, and also to bless His name when they see His goodness towards others. Man lives not by bread only. It is not by good and dainty fare, by peace and rest and heart's ease in enjoying the contentments and good things of this world only that preserves health and prolongs life; God in such examples would have the world see and behold that He can do it without them; and if the world will shut their eyes and take no notice thereof, yet He would have His people to see and consider it. Daniel could be better liking with pulse than others were with the king's dainties. Jacob, though he went from one nation to another people and

passed through famine, fears and many afflictions, yet he lived till old age and died sweetly and rested in the Lord, as infinite others of God's servants have done and still shall do, through God's goodness, notwithstanding all the malice of their enemies…

ANNO DOM: 1644

Many having left this place (as is before noted) by reason of the straitness and barrenness of the same and their finding of better accommodations elsewhere more suitable to their ends and minds; … Many meetings and much consultation was held hereabout, and divers were men's minds and opinions. Some were still for staying together in this place, alleging men might here live if they would be content with their condition, and that it was not for want or necessity so much that they removed as for the enriching of themselves. Others were resolute upon removal and so signified that here they could not stay; …

And thus was this poor church left, like an ancient mother grown old and forsaken of her children, though not in their affections yet in regard of their bodily presence and personal helpfulness; her ancient members being most of them worn away by death, and these of later time being like children translated into

other families, and she like a widow left only to trust in God. Thus, she that had made many rich became herself poor.

(On a separate page, in Bradford's old age, he wrote:)

O sacred bond, whilst inviolaby preserved! How sweet and precious were the fruits that flowed from the same, but when this fidelity decayed, then their ruin approached. O that these ancient members had not died or been dissipated (if it had been the will of God) or else that this holy care and constant faithfulness had still lived, and remained with those that survived, and were in times afterwards added unto them. But (alas) that subtle serpent hath slyly wound in himself under fair pretences of necessity and the like, to untwist these sacred bonds and ties, and as it were insensibly by degrees to dissolve, or in a great measure to weaken, the same. I have been happy, in my first times, to see, and with much comfort to enjoy, the blessed fruits of this sweet communion, but it is now a part of my misery in old age, to find and feel the decay and want thereof (in a great measure) and with grief and sorrow of heart to lament and bewail the same. And for others' warning and admonition, and my own humiliation, do I here note the same.

(Bradford's diary ends simply:)

ANNO 1647. AND ANNO 1648.

* * * * * * * * *

Thus out of small beginnings greater things have been produced by His hand that made all things of nothing, and gives being to all things that are; and, as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone unto many, yea in some sort to our whole nation; let the glorious name of Jehovah have all the praise.

Passengers of the *Mayflower*

The names of those which came over first, in the year 1620, and were by the blessing of God the first beginners and (in a sort) the foundation of all the Plantations and Colonies in New-England; and their families.

Mr. John Carver; Kathrine, his wife; Desire Minter and 2 man-servants, John Howland, Roger Wilder; William Latham, a boy; and a maid servant and a child that was put to him, called Jasper More.

Mr. William Brewster, Mary, his wife; with 2 sons, whose names were Love and Wrestling; and a boy was put to him called Richard More, and another of his brothers. The rest of his children were left behind and came over afterwards.

Mr. Edward Winslow; Elizabeth, his wife and 2 men servants, called Georg Sowle and Elias Story; also a little girl was put to him, called Ellen, the sister of Richard More.

William Bradford and Dorothy, his wife; having but one child, a son, left behind, who came afterward.

Mr. Isaac Allerton, and Mary, his wife; with 3 children, Bartholomew, Remember and Mary; and a servant boy, John Hooke.

Mr. Samuel Fuller, and a servant, called William Butted. His wife was behind and a child, which came afterwards.

John Crakston, and his son, John Crakston.

Captain Miles Standish, and Rose, his wife.

Mr. Christopher Martin, and his wife, and 2 servants, Salamon Prower and John Langemore.

Mr. William Mullins, and his wife, and 2 children, Joseph and Priscilla; and a servant, Robert Carter.

Mr. William White, and Susana, his wife, and one son, called Resolved, and one born a shipboard, called

Peregrine; and 2 servants, named William Holbeck and Edward Thomson.

Mr. Steven Hopkins, and Elizabeth, his wife and 2 children, called Giles and Constanta, a daughter, both by a former wife; and 2 more by this wife, called Damaris and Oceanus; the last was born at sea; and 2 servants, called Edward Doty and Edward Litster.

Mr. Richard Warren, but his wife and children were left behind, and came afterwards.

John Billington, and Ellen, his wife; and 2 sons, John and Francis.

Edward Tillie, and Ann, his wife; and 2 children that were their cousins, Henry Samson and Humility Cooper.

John Tillie, and his wife; and Elizabeth, their daughter.

Francis Cook, and his son John. But his wife and other children came afterwards.

Thomas Rogers, and Joseph, his son. His other children came afterwards.

Thomas Tinker, and his wife, and a son.

John Rigdale, and Alice, his wife.

James Chilton, and his wife, and Mary, their daughter. They had another daughter, that was married, came afterward.

Edward Fuller, and his wife, and Samuel, their son.

John Turner, and 2 sons. He had a daughter came some years after to Salem.

Francis Eaton, and Sarah, his wife and Samuel, their son, a young child.

Moses Fletcher, John Goodman, Thomas Williams, Digerie Preist, Edmond Margeson, Peter Browne, Richard Britterige, Richard Clarke, Richard Gardener, Gilbart Winslow.

John Alden was hired for a cooper, at Southhampton, where the ship victualed; and being a hopeful young man, was much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay when he came here; but he stayed, and married here.

John Allerton and Thomas English were both hired, the later to go master of a shallop here, and the other was reputed as one of the company, but was to go back (being a seaman) for the help of others behind. But they both died here, before the ship returned.

There were also other 2 seamen hired to stay a year here in the country, William Trevor, and one Ely. But when their time was out, they both returned.

These, being about a hundred souls, came over in this first ship; and began this work, which God of his goodness hath hitherto blessed; let his holy name have the praise.

* * * * * * * * *

And seeing it hath pleased him to give me to see 30 years completed since these beginnings; and that the great works of his providence are to be observed, I have thought it not unworthy my pains to take a view of the decreasings and increasings of these persons, and such changes as hath passed over them and theirs, in this thirty years. It may be of some use to such as come after; but, however, I shall rest in my own benefit.

I will therefore take them in order as they lie.

Mr. Carver and his wife died the first year; he in the spring, she in the summer; also, his man Roger and the little boy Jasper died before either of them, of the common infection. Desire Minter returned to her friends, and proved not very well, and died in England. His servant boy Latham, after more than 20 years stay in the country, went into England, and from thence to the Bahama Islands in the West Indies, and there, with some others, was starved for want off food. His maid servant married, and died a year or two after, here in this place.

His servant, John Howland, married the daughter of John Tillie, Elizabeth, and they are both now living,

and have 10 children, now all living; and their eldest daughter hath 4 children. And their second daughter, 1, all living; and other of their children marriageable. So 15 are come of them.

Mr. Brewster lived to very old age; about 80 years he was when he died, having lived some 23 or 24 years here in the country; and though his wife died long before, yet she died aged. His son Wrestle died a young man unmarried; his son Love lived till this year 1650 and died and left 4 children, now living. His daughters which came over after him are dead, but have left sundry children alive; his eldest son is still living, and hath 9 or 10 children; one married, who hath a child or two.

Richard More, his brother died the first winter; but he is married, and hath 4 or 5 children, all living.

Mr. Edward Winslow, his wife died the first winter; and he married with the widow of Mr. White, and hath 2 children living by her marriageable, besides sundry that are dead.

One of his servants died, as also the little girl, soon after the ship's arrival. But his man, George Sowle, is still living, and hath 8 children.

William Bradford, his wife died soon after their arrival; and he married again; and hath 4 children, 3 whereof are married.

Mr. Allerton, his wife died with the first, and his servant, John Hook. His son Bartle is married in England, but I know not how many children he hath. His daughter Remember is married at Salem and hath 3 or 4 children living. And his daughter Mary is married here and hath 4 children. Himself married again with the daughter of Mr. Brewster and hath one son living by her, but she is long since dead. And he is married again, and hath left this place long ago. So I account his increase to be 8 besides his sons in England.

Mr. Fuller, his servant died at sea; and after his wife came over, he had two children by her, which are living and grown up to years; but he died some 15 years ago.

John Crakston died in the first mortality; and about some 5 or 6 years after, his son died; having lost himself in the woods, his feet became frozen, which put him into a fever, of which he died.

Captain Standish, his wife died in the first sickness, and he married again, and hath 4 sons living, and some are dead.

Mr. Martin, he and all his died in the first infection not long after the arrival.

Mr. Mullins and his wife, his son and his servant died the first winter. Only his daughter Priscilla survived, and married John Alden, who are both living and have 11 children. And their eldest daughter is married and hath five children.

Mr. White and his 2 servants died soon after their landing. His wife married with Mr. Winslow (as is before noted). His 2 sons are married, and Resolved hath 5 children, Peregrine two, all living. So their increase are 7.

Mr. Hopkins and his wife are now both dead, but they lived above 20 years in this place, and had one son and 4 daughters born here. Their son became a seaman and died at Barbados; one daughter died here, and 2 are married; one of them hath 2 children; and one is yet to marry. So their increase which still survive are 5. But his son Giles is married, and hath 4 children.

His daughter Constanta is also married and hath 12 children, all of them living, and one of them married.

Mr. Richard Warren lived some 4 or 5 years, and had his wife come over to him, by whom he had 2 sons before died, and one of them is married, and hath 2 children. So his increase is 4. But he had 5 daughters more came over with his wife, who are all married, and living and have many children.

John Billington, after he had been here 10 years, was executed for killing a man; and his eldest son died before him; but his second son is alive and married and hath 8 children.

Edward Tillie and his wife both died soon after their arrival; and the girl Humility, their cousin, was sent for into England, and died there. But the youth Henry Samson is still living, and is married and hath 7 children.

John Tillie and his wife both died a little after they came ashore; and their daughter Elizabeth married with John Howland, and hath issue as is before noted.

Francis Cooke is still living, a very old man, and hath seen his childrens children have children; after his wife came over, (with other of his children,) he hath 3 still living by her, all married, and have 5 children; so their increase is 8. And his son John, which came over with him, is married, and hath 4 children living.

Thomas Rogers died in the first sickness, but his son Joseph is still living, and is married, and hath 6 children. The rest of Thomas Rogers [children] came over and are married and have many children.

Thomas Tinker and his wife and son all died in the first sickness.

And so did John Rigdale and his wife.

James Chilton and his wife also died in the first infection. But their daughter Mary is still living, and hath 9 children; and one daughter is married and hath a child; so their increase is 10.

Edward Fuller and his wife died soon after they came ashore; but their son Samuel is living and married and hath 4 children or more.

John Turner and his 2 sons all died in the first sickness. But he hath a daughter still living in Salem, well married and approved of.

Francis Eaton, his first wife died in the general sickness; and he married again and his second wife died and he married the third and had by her 3 children. One of them is married and hath a child; the other are living, but one of them is an idiot. He died about 16 years ago. His son Samuel, who came over a sucking child, is also married and hath a child.

Moses Fletcher, Thomas Williams, Digerie Preist, John Goodman, Edmond Margeson, Richard Britteridge, Richard Clarke. All these died soon after their arrival, in the general sickness that befell. But Digerie Preist had his wife and children sent hither afterwards, she being Mr. Allerton's sister. But the rest left no posterity here.

Richard Gardiner became a seaman, and died in England or at sea.

Gilbert Winslow, after diverse years abroad here, returned into England, and died there.

Peter Brown married twice. By his first wife he had 2 children, who are living and both of them are married, and the one of them hath 2 children; by his second wife he had 2 more. He died about 16 years since.

Thomas English and John Allerton died in the general sickness.

John Alden married with Priscilla, Mr. Mullins' daughter, and had issue by her as is before related.

Edward Doty and Edward Litster, the servants of Mr. Hopkins. Litster, after he was at liberty, went to Virginia and there died. But Edward Doty by a second wife hath 7 children, and both he and they are living.

Of these 100 persons which came first over in this first ship together, the greater half died in the general mortality; and most of them in two or three months time. And for those which survived, though some were ancient and past procreation, and others left the place and country, yet of those few remaining are sprung up above 160 persons, in this 30 years, and are now living in this present year, 1650, besides many of their children which are dead, and come not within this account.

And of the old stock (of one and other) there are yet living this present year, 1650, near 30 persons.