

**IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF
THE PILGRIMS
A Fresh Look at the
Mayflower Story**

By

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(Descendent of William Bradford and of the family of
Peregrine White)

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Dedication

We wrote this booklet after extensive research in libraries, parish records, monuments, and museums, in London, East Anglia, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Delfthaven, Holland, and Plymouth (England and Massachusetts) from 2000 to 2002.

We dedicate it to our Grandchildren,

Natalie, Christopher, Jamie, Sasha, Reagan & Parker

that they might know the character of the ancestral stock from which Americans spring, and understand the nature of their heritage.

Chapter I: The Beginnings: Nottinghamshire, England, 1602

The All Saints Parish Church of Babworth was hidden by trees that were dense enough to be called a forest. The narrow path that led from the main road of Babworth would have escaped notice if one did not know it was there. The church was almost full, in spite of its remoteness, and the congregation listened attentively, almost anxiously, to the words of Richard Clyfton, Pastor and Priest of the Church of England. The message he delivered, however, was nothing ordained by the established clergy. The Bishops would have called it heresy.

Pastor Clyfton crafted his sermon from the Book of Hebrews, reminding the congregation that Jesus is the only effective Priest, and cloaked in His righteousness, each person is entitled to stand before God without human bishops, priests, or even a king. He exhorted his flock to continue studying the Bible, which they were blessed to have available. He said it was their obligation to seek the truth from Scripture.

As the service ended and the congregation began to disperse, Pastor Clyfton approached a man of kindly countenance and gentle bearing.

“Mr. Brewster,” asked the Pastor, “will you be joining us in the Rectory for tea and discussion today?”

“Aye, Pastor,” replied William Brewster, “I would not miss those pleasant and informative hours.”

“I have invited a William Bradford to join us,” said Clyfton. “I pray you will not object. Young William is from Austerfield, an orphan living with his uncle. He is only 12 years old, but of a very sharp and inquisitive mind that appears far beyond his years. He has been asking so many questions, that it was of my mind to answer them by allowing him to sit with us at these discussions.”

“I know of young William Bradford,” said Brewster. “I understand that he brings himself here against the will of his uncle. If what I hear of his study of the Bible he found unused in the Austerfield house is true, he will be adding great value to the meetings, not just listening.”

Sweeping changes in the spiritual life of the common man, and of the established Church, had begun in 1382, when John Wyclife (Wycliffe, or Weiler) translated the Latin version of the Bible (the Vulgate Bible) into common English. In 1450 the effect of a common language Bible was magnified when Gutenberg perfected his printing press and made books and Bibles readily and relatively inexpensively available to all.

In 1517 Martin Luther nailed his ninety-five Theses to the church door declaring that Salvation was through faith, and not through works or

dispensation from clergy. William Tyndale completed his translation of the New Testament from the original Greek into English in 1525. Scholars that fled to Switzerland because of persecution under Queen Mary, Queen of Scots, (Bloody Mary) translated both the New and Old Testaments from the original Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek into English to produce the Geneva Bible of 1560.

The Geneva Bible was the version most commonly in use in England and by the Pilgrims during the early 1600s. King James I objected to many of the study notes of Puritan content in the Geneva Bible and authorized his own English translation (The King James Version of 1611). However, personal study of Scripture by the common man was not what the Church or the Crown intended. The King's reasons were political. After all, how could the Church of England claim independence from Rome if the Bible could only be read in Latin? The Clergy and King's view of Scripture was:

"...the people will only know of God's Words that which we want them to hear."

As the after-service meeting in the church rectory began, Mr. Brewster addressed young Bradford:

"Did you learn anything from the sermon today, Mr. Bradford?"

"Aye, Mr. Brewster," replied Bradford. "I always seem to learn a great deal as I listen to Pastor

Clyfton. It is a wonderful thing to have someone explain Scripture. Sometimes the Word of God can be difficult to understand.”

“It is by God’s Grace that we have the opportunity to read and evaluate His word for ourselves,” Brewster said. “Even though the Pastor sheds a wonderful light of understanding on Scripture, do not ignore your obligation to study the Word yourself and reach your own understanding.”

After some reflection, young Bradford added, “You are very right Mr. Brewster. If we do not test every interpretation against the entire Bible, we might be just as misled as those that now lead the Church of England.”

“I recall the services I attended with my uncle in the church at Austerfield,” continued Bradford. “There was not one sermon during all my attendance. I do not think Pastor Waverly ever read Scripture himself, and I doubt if he is capable of preaching on its meaning.”

“A very enlightened observation, Mr. Bradford,” said Brewster. “Many in the Church of England are misled by not being led at all. Many pastors are appointed for political reasons rather for an ability to understand and teach the Word of God. We have tried in vain to persuade the Bishops to insist upon sermons that teach the congregation in the established services. Yet they are content to keep the people ignorant.

“That is why we find it necessary to meet like this, after regular services to educate ourselves. Most non-conformists such as ourselves believe the Church can be purified and revitalized, however, I am becoming more and more convinced that the ills of the Church cannot be cured. Eventually we must establish our own church, based upon the Word of God. Remember what Paul said in I Corinthians 12:28:

“Come out from among them, and be ye separate, said the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.”

The revolutionary events of the age, together with the recognition of wholesale corruption in the established Church of England, had laid the foundation for the Puritan, Separatist, and then the Pilgrim movements. Men were revolting against the arbitrary, authoritarian regulation of Christian worship and were using their own study of Scripture, suddenly made available to them, to establish more Biblical forms of worship.

The changes had started in the Universities, particularly at Christ Church, one of Cambridge University’s colleges, where divinity students studied and discussed the new ideas. As they graduated, these educated men went into the country and reached small groups of believers who were deeply moved by the new insights into religion and devotions, inspired by the old message of Scripture. These small groups met in worship services that included Bible reading and sermons dedicated to

helping the congregation better understand the Scripture now available to them.

Often, the group would try to obey the Crown's law by attending the required Sunday morning service and then meeting again Sunday afternoon to listen to the forbidden sermons about Scripture. They voiced their desire to the clergy for similar messages to be included in the official Church services, but their pleas fell on deaf ears. It was true that many Church of England pastors were incapable of preparing and delivering a coherent sermon.

It is important to understand that the actions of the Puritans, Separatists and Pilgrims were not sudden 'spur of the moment' revolts against the established church and clergy. The roots of the actions can be seen with Wycliff's Bible in English as far back as 1382.

Under the 1562 Act of Uniformity, the Government commanded English subjects to attend church services every Sunday, with no exception save illness, and to take Holy Communion at least three times per year. Intentionally missing Sunday services carried a penalty of £20 sterling (the equivalent of \$2,000 in 2002). Continuing to miss the services merited flogging or six months in jail. The Crown strictly controlled the form of church service, from the time the worship was held, to the hymns, and even to the content of any sermon; the King tolerated no

deviation. No Englishman was excused from these restrictions.

At a meeting early in 1606 of the Babworth Sunday afternoon study group, important issues other than the interpretation of Scripture were discussed:

“Gentlemen, I have some bad news today,” said Pastor Clyfton. “I have just received word that the spies of the Bishops attended our services over the past few weeks. They have reported our nonconformity in worship services, and Scripture study meetings such as this one to the Bishops. It is my understanding that I am to be dismissed from my position as Pastor of Babworth.”

“That is disastrous, Pastor,” young Bradford exclaimed. “How shall we meet and learn if you have to leave?”

“More importantly, my young friend,” said Brewster, “how shall the pastor earn his living, and where shall his family live? If he is dismissed from this post, it is unlikely the Clergy shall grant him another.”

“I would gladly invite the Pastor, and his family, to stay with me in Austerfield,” said Bradford, “however, my uncle would never consent. He has ordered me to desist from even coming to these services, but I cannot obey him and disobey the calling of my Lord, Jesus.”

“There is no recourse,” said Brewster, after reflection. “We could join with Pastor Smyth’s congregation meeting in the Gainsborough Great Hall, but it is a twelve-mile walk from Scrooby, too far for the women and children.”

“There is plenty of room in the Scrooby Manor House, both for our services and for the Pastor and his family. But we all know the house belongs to the Bishop of York, and I only reside there as a requirement of my position as a Government Officer,” continued Brewster.

Mr. William Brewster was reportedly born in Doncaster, Yorkshire, England, about 1566. He attended Cambridge University, but apparently did not stay to take a degree. His studies included Latin and Greek. He was a bright, engaging young man with a reputation for honesty and integrity and so he was entrusted to serve as a “discreete and faithfull” assistant of William Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. He accompanied Mr. Davison to the Netherlands when Davison was appointed Ambassador to that country in 1585.

Brewster’s father had been Postmaster, Bailiff, and receiver of property rents of the town of Scrooby, a way station on the important Great North Road between London and Scotland. Upon the death of the senior Brewster, Mr. Davison and Sir Edwin Sandys intervened to help the young Brewster succeed to his father’s lucrative and important post in 1590. Lord

Sandys sympathized with Separatist philosophy, and later became Governor of the Virginia Company that would grant to the Pilgrims the original patent to colonize Virginia. As Postmaster and Bailiff of Scrooby, William Brewster retained the right to reside in the Scrooby Manor House, the property of the Archbishop of York.

“That is a very gracious and kind offer, Mr. Brewster, but if we should remove ourselves to the Manor House,” said Pastor Clyfton, “we would need to be very discreet. If we were discovered your family would be in great danger, even more than you are now.”

The Church in these early times was legally bound to the Crown and Government. Henry VIII threw the Roman Pope out of England and became the “Pope” of his own church, the Church of England. The organization, worship and clergy of this new church remained essentially Catholic, but without the Pope. This allowed Henry VIII to divorce one of his many wives, Catherine of Aragon, daughter of the Catholic King of Spain. Queen Catherine died in the Tower of London with her neck on the block.

The Church under Henry VIII developed in a Protestant direction until the accession of Mary, Queen of Scots. “Bloody Mary” brought Catholicism and the Pope back to England over the martyred bodies of 300 objecting subjects. Many Protestant preachers fled to Europe for their lives. Here they

experienced the teachings of Martin Luther, including the notion that laymen could read the Bible for themselves, in their own language, after the publications of the Tyndale, the Geneva and later, the King James Bible.

Elizabeth Tudor succeeded Mary and reinstated the Protestant Church of England, but retained the pomp of the Roman mass. Queen Elizabeth delegated even greater civil authority to the Bishops, thus making the Church a civil as well as a spiritual power. The Protestant preachers, who had escaped Queen Mary, began to return from Europe and brought with them the revived teachings of the Bible. The resulting Puritan Movement was based on a desire to “purify” the existing Church and return to the simple structure and worship of the early Christian Age. The Crown vigorously opposed the Puritan movement. The Act of Uniformity was passed making it illegal (punishable with fines, imprisonment, and even death) for any English subject to attend religious services that differed even in the smallest degree from the form dictated by Crown and Clergy.

It was this unity of Church and State that eventually drove the devout Christians of Scrooby from their beloved homeland. It is important to note that they put their spiritual life (their worship assembly) far above the State. From this tradition the Founding Fathers of the United States consciously

drew the First Amendment of the Constitution, decreeing that Congress shall pass no law dictating the manner in which people may worship. The current activist interpretation of this Amendment as “a wall of separation of Church and State” would have been incomprehensible to the Pilgrim Fathers and the Founding Fathers, whose written words and recorded deeds amply record their conviction that, while Government must not legislate worship, God’s laws must be Government’s guide.

When Pastor Clyfton was formally sacked, the congregation retired to Scrooby. Brewster and Clyfton entered into a covenant with the rest of the congregation to establish a separate church, similar to the one led by Pastor Smyth in Gainsborough, to worship God as they felt the Bible commanded. Young Bradford found the change gratifying, and began to spend a great deal of time at the Manor House with the older Brewster, who became Bradford’s secular teacher and mentor, even as he was the congregation’s spiritual Elder.

The Scrooby Manor House still stands today. United States patrons interested in preserving this historic site are currently undertaking its purchase.

John Robinson joined the Scrooby congregation in 1606. Leaving the Gainsborough Church, he became an Elder and teacher at Scrooby. The church organization consisted of “pastors for teaching, elders for ruling, and deacons for distributing ye churches

contribution..." In that same year Bradford, now age 16, was admitted to the congregation as a full adult member.

The new king, James I, made it clear that he would not tolerate these non-conforming Separatists and their illegal Sunday afternoon services. A law called the "Book of Sports" was passed which made it illegal to hold church services on Sunday afternoons on the basis that this was the only time the common man was free to enjoy himself in sport or play. The real goal was to destroy the Separatists, as the king's statement clearly proved:

"I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land."

At a meeting of the elders and interested Scrooby Church members in the later part of 1606 Pastor Clyfton asked:

"Well, gentlemen, what do you hear of our brothers from Gainsborough? I understand their escape to Amsterdam went well, but what of them since?"

Mr. Brewster replied, "My reports indicate that God has watched over them and is encouraging their work. The Dutch kindly endure independence of worship and thought, just as had been reported. Pastor Smyth writes that some Dutchmen are even attending his services and he is engaging in discussions with other local pastors."

Pastor Clyfton said, "We must consider the safety of our own congregation, gentlemen. The Bishops have heard of our meetings here at the Manor House and they will certainly act in the near future. The King will insist upon our conformity, or we will all suffer."

"But we cannot conform," exclaimed young Bradford. "It would be against all that we believe, all that we have learned from God's Word."

"Do not fear, William," replied Pastor Clyfton. "We will not conform. That is why we must plan. The only option is to remove ourselves from our beloved land and travel to a place where it is safe to worship as the Lord directs us. We shall become pilgrims for the Lord."

"Amsterdam is, I think, our best option," said Brewster. "But we must be careful. It is bad enough that we face persecution, and possibly even death for our worship here, but it is also against the law to leave the country without the king's permission. We will face imprisonment and punishment if we try to leave the country without consent, which the Crown will never give."

"That is why we must plan with great care and caution," said Pastor Clyfton. "Is it agreed then that we should endeavor to travel to Amsterdam as new pilgrims in the Lord's work and with the freedom to worship Him as He has taught?"

The response was unanimous, in spite of the many acknowledged dangers.

Chapter II: The First Attempt to Escape

Autumn 1607

Mary Brewster tucked her three-day-old child, Fear, into her rocking crib and hummed her to sleep. The name Fear had been chosen to acknowledge the emotion that had filled the family's life for the past few years. Mary's older daughter, Patience, seven years old, and her son, Jonathan, age 13, were helping her husband William gather and pack the supplies they would need for an unexpected trip.

Her husband, William Brewster, had heard news that the Sheriff's Bailiffs from Southwell were on their way with a prison wagon to arrest the entire congregation that had been meeting in the Scrooby Manor House. He knew discovery had been inevitable, for the Manor House belonged to the Archbishop of York, Brewster's employer, and a rabid enemy of the Separatists, or Pilgrims, as their congregation was soon to be called.

Plans were even then being made for the congregation to emigrate to Holland. However, this news of impending arrest required immediate action. They had to leave before the sheriff's men arrived.

Mary stopped humming her lullaby when it was evident that the child was asleep. She bent her head and prayed that the journey would not be too difficult for the tiny newborn. She joined her husband and urged the older children to get some rest before

morning came and they had to leave. Jonathan, almost defiantly, told his mother that he would rest when his father did. He considered himself a man — well, almost — so he wanted to shoulder his share of the burden.

“I pray that we had begun this trip earlier in the summer,” said Mr. Brewster. “The weather is not going to make this an easy trip.”

“The Lord did not choose to give us an easy trip, William,” Mary said. “Nevertheless, we know He will take care of us. Perhaps we will not be detected as easily in this crisp October weather.”

“Sixty miles to Boston is a long walk with children and all our belongings,” said William. “Traveling by boat would have been much easier, but Pastor Clyfton is right, the danger of detection on the narrow rivers through Boston, or in wagons, is just too great. We must endure the walk.”

The congregation had agreed to meet at Sturton-le-Steeple, the home of John and Brigitt Robinson and their two infant children, about eight miles from Scrooby just south of Gainsborough. They had often met for worship in Gainsborough, before Brewster offered the Scrooby Manor House for services so that those from the Scrooby area would not have so far to walk for Sunday services. The Great Hall at Gainsborough had been the place of assembly for the congregation led by Pastor Smyth.

Young William Bradford, now age 17, arrived at the Manor House from Austerfield early that morning, and helped the Clyfton family load the pushcart with their belongings. Then they waited for the others to assemble before setting off. They arrived at Sturton-le-Steeple to join with the Robinson group when the tide was low, just as they had planned, so that they could safely cross the River Trent by the old Roman Causeway. With this barrier behind them, they set off toward Boston.

William Brewster and young Bradford took the lead. The plan was for Bradford to run back to alert the main group if they observed any danger. They also thought that the main body would be safer if Brewster, who now had a price on his head, were not with them. Bradford might be safe if an arrest were made, simply because of his youth.

The children danced and played as they took part in what they thought of as a great game of “escape.” They lost enthusiasm for the game quickly however, as the seriousness and difficulty of the trek became clear. Those families with children tended to straggle behind, and before long the parade strung out over a half mile. At dusk, the main group waited for the stragglers at Saxilby, where they crossed the bridge over the Fosdyke Roman Canal. Once across, they started to look for a place to camp for the night.

They were in the northern edge of the Great Central Forest of England (which includes Sherwood

Forest of Robin Hood fame) and were much safer from observation than they had been on the roads. Jonathan Brewster was pleased to be the one to find a clearing near Skellingthorpe, next to a small stream from which they could get water for themselves and their small menagerie of chickens and piglets. Jonathan led the rest of the older children in collecting firewood for the night. A steady fire would be needed to insure that the animals would not be lost to foxes or wolves. They slept huddled together in a tight circle, as much for emotional support as for warmth and protection. They prayed for a quiet night, free from rain.

After a night that was far from comfortable, dawn broke all too quickly and they stretched their stiff muscles to continue their journey. Zachariah Clyfton, age 16, tried to entertain the younger children with a running commentary about their surroundings.

“See those two big buildings?” Zachariah asked the children. “That tall one is the tower of the Cathedral at Lincoln Town and the squat one next to it is the Castle of Lincoln. We have to stay away from the town so that we won’t be seen. Now hurry along, we mustn’t dawdle. We have to catch up to the rest so that we can all cross the River Witham together.”

After crossing the bridge over the Witham at South Hykeham, they climbed up the ridge known as the Viking Way and into the barren Waddington

Heath. About halfway across the heaths, their aching limbs demanded a stop. The youngsters could scarcely keep up and they took turns riding on the pushcarts loaded with belongings.

“Where do we camp, Father?” asked Jonathan, as he ran to catch up with his father.

“I guess we must just stop where we are, Jonathan,” replied Brewster. “There’s no shelter close by that I can see, and we can not risk going into Waddington.”

The entire group dropped from exhaustion, throwing off their load of belongings and just collapsing. Young Bradford, Zachariah Clyfton, and Jonathan Brewster gathered the wood to cook the evening meal. The women had to struggle against weariness to cook and serve it. Many were too tired to eat; then the cold set in. There were no trees above to cloak and protect them from the cold, as there had been the previous night. The heath was open, bleak, and barren. The clear October sky seemed to suck the warmth from the earth and from their bodies.

By morning the sky had clouded over, and the frost gradually disappeared, giving way to a swirling mist. The moor became an eerie, mysterious place that frightened the children, many of whom were near to suffering from frostbite. They could not survive another night like this. The men discussed alternatives, but resolved to continue.

As they approached the village of Billingham, the leaders decided to risk taking a meal and some rest in a local inn. While they recovered and fed the children, they sought out a blacksmith to repair the broken wheel of the Clyfton family's handcart.

"Would you know anything about the occupants of Tattersall Castle?" Brewster inquired of the innkeeper. "We were led to believe that they were hospitable."

"Yea, Lord Lincoln is that." Replied the innkeeper. "He is a 'Brownist,' I understand, and sympathetic to wanderers such as yourselves."

Robert "Troublechurch" Browne was a leader of the movement out of which the Pilgrims grew. Tyndale's translation of Scripture into the common English language (immortalized by the almost identical King James Version) made the authority and wisdom of the Bible available to every man.

Based upon the reading of these English translations, Browne advocated drastic changes in the nature of worship and the governing body of the local churches from that prescribed by the Church of England and the Crown. He taught that the local church elders should control the congregation, not a central Clergy. He is known as the founder of Congregationalism, and was eventually hanged for failing to recant his "heresy."

"If that is the case, we shall certainly pay our respects," said Brewster.

And pay their respects they happily did. Lord Lincoln and occupants of the Castle were indeed sympathetic to the Pilgrims' Separatist views and even to their emigration venture. He had heard of the group's meeting in Scrooby Manor House and approved. The middle Pilgrim children, Patience Brewster and Eleazar Clyfton, together with the other youngsters, including the younger Ann and John Robinson, romped around the Castle playing "Knights and Ladies," while young Jonathan, Zachariah, and Bradford joined the men in long discussions with the Lincolns about the meaning of the Bible and the worship of the Lord.

They stayed in the Castle for several days, resting, recovering and enjoying the company of the owners. On the last day, they butchered and dressed one of the piglets as thanks to their hosts. As they started off again the next morning, they could see the "Boston Stump," the tower of St. Botolph's Cathedral, in the distance – marking their destination.

They camped just outside of Boston, not daring to enter the town. Since the men were known and wanted by the authorities, they decided that young Bradford, along with two other adults for protection, should venture into the port town in search of a suitable vessel. Enquires and a survey of the docks led them to the *Crimson Mary*, which appeared ready to sail. Young Bradford approached the Captain, an Englishman, and struck a bargain for transportation

to Amsterdam. Bradford believed that he was dealing with an honest man and paid him with the silver and gold that the congregation had collected.

After dark, with the turn of the tide, the ship sailed the several miles from the city dock down the River Witham (supposedly away from the prying eyes of the town) to a remote point where Scotia Creek joins the river. It was there that the congregation met, and boarded the ship. After carefully stowing their precious personal belongings below, the families were selecting their berths for the trip when tragedy struck.

The deck hatches suddenly crashed shut. The crew drew their pistols and cutlasses. The Captain had planned all along to betray the Pilgrims to the authorities and collect the bounty on their heads for attempting to emigrate without permission. But the reward and the belongings, now securely stowed aboard, were not the only loot to be taken. Every person, even the modest women and small children, were searched unceremoniously and intimately to the skin for coins, jewelry, or other hidden valuables. Only then did the Captain summon the Sheriff in Boston.

The English have erected a stately monument at the exact location of the capture, where Scotia creek glides into the River Witham.

The Pilgrim “criminals” were herded into town, through jeering and heckling crowds, to the

Boston Guild Hall. The congregation was too large for the jail cells in the Guild Hall, so the women and children, young Bradford included, were pushed into the street. The adult men were crowded into standing room-only cells, which can still be seen today in the Boston Guild Hall Museum.

Young Bradford returned to the Guild Hall jail the next morning with permission to consult with Brewster, Robinson and Clyfton.

“What of the women and children?” Brewster asked anxiously. “Where did you take them?”

Bradford replied. “Thank the Lord for God’s people. Not all of the people of Boston are violent, greedy, Crownists. The true Christians here have taken us in. The children and women all have a warm, dry place to sleep, and their bellies are full.”

“Praise our Lord for His blessings and protection!” said Pastor Clyfton. “What do you hear of our fate, William?”

“The court is unsure what to do with you. They have sent word to Southwell and to York for instructions,” said Bradford. “In spite of the crowd that we saw last night, there are many people here who are sympathetic to our cause. They are urging the judges to let you go. We’ll just have to wait and see – and pray.”

Several weeks went by with the court taking no action. Then one morning the Bailiff came into the jail and released all but seven men, including

Brewster, Clyfton and Robinson. Shortly thereafter Young Bradford came hurrying in to consult with the leaders.

“The judges did not want to keep everybody in jail,” said Bradford. “The pressure from the citizens and the cost of feeding this large crowd finally turned the tide. I hear that they are afraid to release the last of you for fear of the anger of the Bishops. They are sending you to Lincoln for trial.”

“The Lord will be with us, William,” said Brewster. “You must now take the rest of the congregation back to their homes. They must not continue to burden our friends here.”

“Yes, I understand,” said Bradford. “I will explain everything to them, and see that they get home safely. Then I shall return and try to be of some help to you.”

The last of the prisoners were taken to Lincoln and after a short time they too were released. When the Bishops of the Church heard of the release, they were furious, first at the failure of the prison wagon to catch the fugitives in Scrooby, and now at their discharge after they had been captured. The Clergy’s position, stature, and authority had been tarnished, and the Bishops vowed revenge.

The Pilgrims were out of prison and home again, but they did not feel free. They certainly were not safe. Their tormentors would surely act again –

and soon. Spring was now melting the ice in the rivers and new plans must be made.

“Praise God for our deliverance, gentlemen, but what do we do now?” asked young Bradford at the meeting of the Elders at Scrooby Manor House, showing the maturity and determination that would later etch his name in the annals of history.

“We must try again as soon as possible,” replied Pastor Clyfton. “The last disastrous attempt to seek a haven in Holland was very hard on the women and children. They cannot make a trip like that again. And we cannot continue to depend upon the kindness and benevolence of our neighbors for food.”

“I feel responsible for the betrayal,” said young Bradford. “It was I who chose the *Crimson Mary* and foolishly paid the fee in advance. Since the death of my uncle, my solicitors have advised me that under the terms of my uncle’s will I will not come into full control to sell the Austerfield house for several more years. However, they tell me that I can borrow against it. This I shall do to replace at least enough of the monies as I was responsible for losing, so that we may charter a safe ship to Holland.”

“Bless you my boy,” prayed Pastor Clyfton over the boy. “I too have been asking questions, and I have learned the name of the ship and Captain, a Dutchman, who carried Pastor Smyth and his flock from Gainsborough safely to Holland last year. We know that this man can be trusted. It is unfortunate

that we were forced to act so hastily last autumn that we could not wait for him. His ship is expected to arrive in Boston within the week.”

“I shall seek him out and make arrangements,” said Bradford. “I am still not on the list of those wanted by the sheriffs, so I can safely travel to Boston.”

“And I shall find a means of transporting the women and children. They cannot survive another such walk,” said Robinson.

Chapter III: The Second Attempt to Escape Spring 1608

True to his word, Bradford made contact with the Dutch Captain and laid plans for the group to again try to escape to Amsterdam by ship. This time they would go north to meet the ship in the estuary of the River Humber, thereby avoiding large cities.

Only the men would be walking from Scrooby this time, since Robinson had kept his word as well. He had arranged for the hire of a small bark (sailing barge) owned by a local, who was sympathetic to the congregation's beliefs, to transport the women and children to the meeting point. They would embark on the River Idle, just north of Scrooby, and sail to the River Trent, which flows north and empties into the Humber Estuary.

Mary Brewster once again settled her infant daughter into her bed and urged the older boys to sleep. She told them they would be leaving in just a few hours. She did not have to remind the boys of the danger they would soon be facing. The trip of last October was still fresh in their minds. They put their hands together as she called for prayer for their father, who had been trudging along the river road for hours in the company of the other men. She asked Godspeed and strength of purpose and the mercy of fair weather. She ended her prayer cheerily, assuring

the children of how glad Father would be when they would all be together again.

Sensing her concern about this strange night, the infant's hands reached up for a comforting hug as Mary reminded the older ones of the playmates that would be going with them on this second great adventure.

"Soon we all will be with your father again," she said, "and our grand adventure will begin. So sleep well." She hummed the soothing sounds of a hymn to lull them to sleep.

But Mary could not think of sleep. There was no one to give her a comforting hug or to reassure her as she tried to banish dark fears from her mind. She was alone with her faith and called to her Holy Father for the strength to submit to His will. In the darkest hour of the night she peered anxiously through a small casement at the moon, glad for how its light would help the men find their way along the riverbank, yet afraid that it might shine too brightly and reveal their position. It was painful to leave her homeland, the land of her fathers and her father's fathers and her husband's people as well. But their tiny village was no shelter from the cruelty of the Crown in the Year of Our Lord 1608. There was no turning back. She stiffened her spine, knowing that now her responsibility to her children meant keeping up her spirits.

Mary reminded herself that all was in God's hands as she waited a few hours before rousing her sleepy children, layering each one in several changes of light clothing. Their sleepy faces peered up at her trustingly and she kissed each one reassuringly as she placed caps on their heads. She reached for a small rucksack and a burlap napkin where she had tucked some cheese for the journey, and then gathered the little girl and the two boys about her. Jonathan was silently angry at having been left behind by his Father to travel with the "children." He, however, had been consoled by his Father's final admonition:

"It is your obligation, Jonathan, to take my place and protect the women and little ones."

Mary slipped stealthily out of their small thatched cottage into the street and walked carefully along the dirt road in the craggy shadows of great oaks, trying to avoid roots or striking pebbles. The children followed making no sound. She already had cautioned them to step only in her footprints and to be as silent as little deer. They were not tempted to disobey, too well trained in silence from hours spent in church trying to concentrate on gospel readings they would answer questions on later in the day. They moved along at a slow pace, too sleepy to be fully aware of their surroundings. Mary marched ahead with eyes and ears alert for any humans stirring around them.

Mary and her little brood came to the river road and walked along the bank of the River Idle. They arrived at the appointed place where a long dark shape appearing out of the glistening water made Mary smile. The boat is what she had been watching for every step of the way. The dark silhouettes milling about were those she has brought her children to join, the faithful women and children of their small band, out and about in the bewitching hour, dangerously breaking the curfew. They stood calmly, greeting Mary silently by clasping their hand over hers, all ears straining for any sign that they were being followed or watched.

One by one they slipped into place on the hard boards of the small bark, squeezing together for warmth from the chill night air, and making room for the last comers to find a space. Quickly an older women took count, careful to include by number each blanketed bundle of life snuggled at its mother's breast, and when she was satisfied that all were aboard, she gave a signal to Jonathan, who was taking his responsibility very seriously. He spoke to the boat Captain, who carefully slipped the oars into the dark river and with steady silent motions pushed the bark until they were well away from their mooring. An old sail was pulled over the passengers, as much to hide them from view as to help keep them warm.

The women's lips moved in soundless prayer as the bark worked its way along the river, parallel to

the pastureland which lines the River Idle, moving beyond familiar landmarks, by the broad sycamores under which their children had played, leaving behind peaceful cow pastures by day, and dark stands of willow trees by night. There were soft sighs as the party saw their homeland receding behind them; hearts were heavy at leaving so many friends forever. But there was only one goal, to escape enemies who would not let them worship God in the way they felt in their hearts He had given them the right to do.

The River Idle is not wide, and it glides silently, except for the occasional sound of a fish snapping at food in the whirlpools. The fugitives persevered, held their children close and still, and kept a wary eye on the banks.

For a time things went well. The countryside was peaceful and they moved apace. But they had not counted on the size and roughness of the River Trent, into which the River Idle flowed. The tide was now running swiftly in the Trent, and with a rising wind, uncomfortable waves began battering the bark. They had now to contend with both seasickness and fear. The little ones were the most susceptible and were hard to distract. Jonathan tried to help by telling stories to keep their minds busy.

The situation worsened as the bark left the Trent and entered the wide Estuary of the River Humber. Traveling east, the waves produced a

motion that became frightening as well as sickening. They eventually turned south and the ride improved as the land blocked the wind. They approached the mouth of Killingholme Creek, where the charter ship should have been waiting. But there was no ship. The women prevailed on the captain of the bark to take the small boat into the creek where it was calm. During the night the tide ebbed and the morning saw the small boat hard aground on a mud bank. They were stuck fast, with the ship now in sight, not more than a half mile away. The engrossing mud made it impossible to gain the shore and walk to the waiting ship.

Meanwhile, the fifty men, unencumbered by women and children, had made good time traveling from Scrooby to the shore of the Humber near Immingham. They had walked twelve hours the first day and camped near the small village of Hibaldstow. As they ate their meal around a smoldering fire, John Robinson voiced the thought that was in the minds of all.

“Should we have separated from the women and children?”

Pastor Clyfton knelt in prayer for the safety of their families and the success of their venture.

The next morning they were up and off early, anxious to be reunited with the children and womenfolk. The last few miles from the village of Killingholme seemed to take forever, leading through

swampy grasslands. At last they reached the shore of the Humber and saw the chartered ship awaiting them. They waved and called for the longboat to bring them aboard. When the first boatload had gained the deck, they realized that something was very wrong. The women were not on board to greet them.

“Where are the women?” Brewster bellowed as he climbed aboard the ship.

The Captain just raised his arm and pointed up river. “There they be, stranded on that mud bank.” He reported.

“Quickly, let us row over there to get them,” shouted Brewster.

“No! No!” said the Captain. “We can not risk losing the longboat. The tide is now rising rapidly, and they will be free shortly.”

As they argued, the sound of shouting and cries of terror swept down to them from the stranded bark. A noisy band of Sheriff’s bailiffs was descending upon the hapless boat filled with frightened women and children and dragging it to the riverbank as the tide lifted it off the bottom. The Dutch Captain and his crew had to restrain the Pilgrim men physically from seizing the longboat to rescue their families.

The Captain knew his ship would be impounded and he would go to prison if the Sheriff caught him with the outlaws. He quickly weighed

anchor and raised sail to escape. The Pilgrim men could do nothing but cry out at the fate of their loved ones. William Brewster shouted instructions to the few men remaining on shore; he sent several to join and protect the women. The rest took flight to avoid arrest so they could be available to provide whatever help they could.

A monument has been erected to commemorate this event at Immingham Dock. The inscription reads:

“From this creek the Pilgrim Fathers first left England in 1608 in search of religious liberty. The granite top stone was taken from Plymouth Rock mass.”

The ship sailed east, past the spit of Spurn Head and out into a wild storm developing on the North Sea. The journey to Holland normally took no more than two days. However, the storm the ship sailed into drove them north, almost to the Arctic Circle. Even the crew of seasoned sailors was in despair for their lives. It was over three weeks before the exhausted and bereaved Pilgrims finally reached Amsterdam.

Back in England, the captive women and children were taken in wagons to the village of Brigg, a short way from the coast, where they were imprisoned. The Sheriff knew he held people wanted by the Bishops and the Crown, but it was the men that were valuable, not women and babies. A plot was hatched, however, as the Sheriff was certain that

the leaders of the outlawed Separatist Group would come back to attempt a rescue. He had the bait he needed to trap the criminals of value. He would capture them when they tried to save their families.

The plot would have worked, except for the delay caused by that fateful storm in the North Sea and the efforts of the small band of men left ashore. Three weeks went by, and the trap was still unsprung. The Sheriff and the judges were growing nervous. There was much pressure brought by the good people of Brigg, at the urging of the small company of men still free, to release the harmless women and children. More importantly, it was costing an alarming sum to feed the renegades. Normally the families of prisoners were billed for the cost of imprisonment, but these costs were being paid out of the local court's funds.

Before the men in Amsterdam could return, the judges succumbed to the pressure of the locals and released their prisoners to the care of the local, sympathetic citizens. But the Pilgrims no longer had homes to return to. They had sold everything they owned to finance the trip to Holland.

Released with the other prisoners, young Jonathon Brewster now joined and took charge of the small band of men that was left behind. Together they visited every Separatist congregation they could find seeking assistance, housing, and food. They arranged

for ships to take small groups to join their men folk in Holland.

They even managed to contact the Captain of the ship that had taken the men to Holland, upon its return to England. After months of difficult negotiations, they, in concert with the leaders in Amsterdam, arranged for the Captain of the ship to complete the task for which he had originally been commissioned. The remaining women and children were carried back to the shore of the Humber, this time in donated wagons, boarded the ship they had missed by such a narrow margin, and rejoined their families in Amsterdam. It was a joyous and prayerful reunion on the docks in Holland.

Pastor Smyth's congregation that had escaped from Gainsborough the year before joined in the celebration of the arrival of the last group of women and children.

"Praise The Lord for His Mercy and protection," prayed Pastor Smyth. "We had almost given up hope for this day of reunion."

"His Mercy is great indeed," added Pastor Clyfton. "Our trials during the storm on the North Sea were bad enough, but the continued separation from our families was more than could be borne."

"I believe that the actions of Mr. Jonathan Brewster during the past months deserves recognition," continued Pastor Clyfton. "He certainly

deserved to be elevated to full adult membership of this congregation.”

The congregation enthusiastically agreed.

Chapter IV: Amsterdam, Holland

Fall, 1608

William Brewster spoke at a meeting of the Scrooby Elders. "It's not to my liking, Pastor Clyfton. Of course Pastor Smyth's congregation has been most helpful in allowing us to join with them and in providing temporary shelter, but this conflict with the local Dutch churches is too much to bear. We must worship as the Book tells us and avoid arguments with other churches."

"I agree," added Mr. Robinson. "We have too many problems to overcome to add these burdens to our load. We should make every effort to abide peaceably with the locals, but we cannot if Pastor Smyth chooses to continue in his actions and arguments."

"There is only one course of action," said young Bradford. "We have endured the hardships of moving from our homeland. Moving a short distance here in Holland should be no great difficulty."

Pastor Clyfton slowly shook his head and said, "I understand your need to move away from these conflicts, but Mrs. Clyfton and I are old and tired. We cannot endure to move again. We shall stay in Amsterdam and try to help smooth the waters here."

"It is but a short distance to Leiden," said Robinson. "The city appears to be friendly and there

is a University in the city which could be a source of employment.”

The congregation did indeed settle in Leiden for the next eleven years, earning their livelihood by working at any employment they could find and gradually being recognized as skillful tradesmen. Eventually Brewster and Robinson earned teaching positions in the University. Pastor Clyfton remained in Amsterdam where he died about 1611.

The assembly at Leiden grew as people visited from England, were impressed with what they saw, and stayed. A few of the more famous individuals to join the Leiden community were: Dr. Samuel Fuller, from Redenhall, who became the Pilgrim’s physician; Edward Winslow from Droitwich (a young man when he joined the group but destined to be the future governor of Plymouth Colony); and Anna (Susanna) and William White, also from Redenhall (the parents of the first Pilgrim child born in the New World: Peregrine White, born on the *Mayflower* in Cape Cod Harbor.) Susanna is believed to have been the daughter of Dr. Fuller.

John Carver, a successful and talented businessman, joined Robinson, Brewster and Bradford as church leaders. Carver would use his talents in future negotiations with the Virginia Company and Merchant Bankers, and become the first governor of Plymouth Plantation. At least two new members of the Pilgrim Church at Leiden,

William Jepson and Henry Hood, were men of substance, who helped to buy property at Green Close.

Green Close was a compound of houses in which the congregation could live together. It was necessary to stay as a group for financial support as they sought employment and for the spiritual support in establishing life in a strange new land. As income was generated, the small dwellings were expanded to meet the needs of the community.

The men sought what employment they could, mostly in the fabric industry. Pastor Robinson was invited to teach at the University and often debated spiritual issues in that forum. Robinson became a well-known defender of John Calvin's views of Christianity.

The Dutch quickly learned that these were reliable, trustworthy men. Credit was freely offered as the Pilgrims proved that they always kept their word and promptly repaid debts.

"William," commented Mary Brewster. "This house is very comfortable, but I do miss the Scrooby Manor House. There is just not as much room here in Green Close."

"I'm sorry that you have so little room here, Mary," said Brewster. "But there are other advantages. Mr. Thomas Brewer has just arranged a lease on the building directly behind this house on Stink Alley. It is perfect for our printing venture."

“Do you believe it is wise to risk a new venture so soon after our trip,” asked Mary?

“I will not give up the income from my teaching of English to the students at the University until the printing business is secure,” reassured Brewster. “Mr. Brewer has the funds to underwrite this venture, and Mr. Winslow has vast experience in the printing business in London. There is a need for a printing and publishing business here, and we can use the press Mr. Brewer has purchased to print tracts and booklets to spread the Gospel of our Lord, Jesus Christ.”

“What is amazing,” continued Brewster, “is that the building Mr. Brewer has leased is not only attached directly behind this house, but also has a passage from the attic of that building into our attic. I can actually go to and from the printing building without traveling outside. It will be a blessing when the weather is bad.”

Mary considered all this, and then said, “Your gift of teaching the English language using the Latin method has indeed worked well, William. I hear that even the German students learn rapidly under your guidance. But an address for a printing shop on Stink Alley is not very respectable. I have seen sewage running down the gutters of the alley and the name is certainly appropriate.”

“You’re right, Mary,” chuckled Brewster. “Mr. Winslow has suggested that we call our business the ‘Choir Alley Press’ and ignore the street name.”

Choir Alley Press became a very successful venture. The quality of the product was such that the press was busy throughout the day with profitable printing jobs. And true to his word, William Brewster frequently used the secret access from his home to the business at night to print religious tracts and booklets. Many of these tracts and books could not be printed in England and were frequently smuggled into England to further the Separatist movement. Some of the publications were direct attacks upon the Church of England’s and the Crown’s authoritarian control of Worship. This secret activity did not escape the notice of the Bishops and King of England.

One day William Brewster and Edward Winslow scuttled hurriedly through the secret passage between the Choir Alley Press and Brewster’s house.

“Is Mr. Brewer going to escape, Edward?” asked Brewster anxiously.

“He was on the first floor when the police arrived,” exclaimed Winslow. “I do not think he had time to reach the stairs. I believe he has been captured.”

Mary Brewster rushed into the attic room and excitedly asked, “What happened? Why have you come through the passage during the day?”

“Our work to spread the true Word of God has stung our country’s monarch, King James I,” explained Brewster. “His long arm is reaching across the North Sea from London to silence our criticism.”

“But how can he do that here in Holland,” asked Mary?

“The King’s ambassador to Holland has brought pressure to bear upon the government here to silence Choir Alley Press,” answered Brewster.

“The ambassador led a troop of local police into the press building and they apparently have arrested Mr. Brewer.”

“I cannot help but be amused at my last sight out of the window,” chuckled Winslow. “There was the King’s august ambassador frantically directing the police while holding his kerchief daintily to his nose and with a look of disgust on his face.”

“Aye,” said Brewster, “Stink Alley will do such things to delicate sensibilities. Thank God for our secret passage or we would all be in custody now. We must send someone to see about Mr. Brewer.”

The king’s ambassador not only had Mr. Thomas Brewer arrested, but he had the printing press confiscated as well. The dread shadow of the Crown frowned over the Separatists even here in Holland.

God had the last laugh, however. The ambassador thought he had the man that his king wanted, William Brewster, but he was confused by

the similarity of the name Brewer. Because of the error, the Dutch judge not only ordered the release of Brewer, but the return of the confiscated press as well.

The episode clearly demonstrated to the Pilgrims that they were not entirely safe from persecution, even in Holland. In addition, the tolerant environment of the Pilgrim's new home was changing – and not to their advantage. Holland had been at war with Spain for 25 years over Spanish Catholic domination. The war had ended in a truce that was to expire in 1621. There was great fear that Spain would invade and that Catholic Spanish soldiers would again roam the Dutch countryside, hunting enemies of the Pope.

The leaders of the Scrooby congregation were also worried that their youngsters were losing their English heritage and language, and that they might be lured from their spiritual foundations. The Separatists knew that they would have to look elsewhere for the freedom to worship as their conscience dictated.

They considered several options. One was Guiana, with a warm pleasant climate and recommended by the writings of Sir Walter Raleigh; but proximity to the Catholic Spaniards and the risk of tropical diseases dissuaded most of them. Virginia in the New World held the most promise. Emissaries, including John Carver, were sent to England to plead for permission to emigrate to Virginia. (At that time the entire East Coast of the new continent, from

Florida to Newfoundland was called Virginia, after the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth.)

After months of difficult negotiations, permission to emigrate was finally granted. The King must have decided that this was a good way to get rid of these problem folk. But God was also at work. In 1619 Sir Edwin Sandys, the same Separatist admirer that appointed young Brewster to succeed his father as Postmaster at Scrooby was appointed Treasurer and Governor of the Virginia Company. Sir Edwin issued a Patent (or Charter) to the Pilgrims to settle the area of the Hudson River, the northernmost part of the coast controlled by the Company.

William Bradford had finally come of age and had settled the estate of his uncle. The sale of the Austerfield property not only provided for his marriage to Dorothy May, a 16 year old from Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, but also helped greatly in the purchase of a small ship, the *Speedwell*, in which the congregation could cross the Atlantic and explore the new coast.

Some Dutch investors made an offer to finance the voyage and accompany the Pilgrims to the Hudson River area. However, a Mr. Thomas Weston convinced them that he, and a group of Merchant Bankers in England, could better provide loans to finance the charter of a larger ship - the *Mayflower* - captained by Christopher Jones and berthed at Rotherhite, near London.

The congregation met in long and intense meetings to determine not only the provenance and means of finance, but also the makeup of the group to make the journey. Many wanted to go, but not all could prepare themselves in time. Some originally planned to join, but preferred to go to Guiana. Others wanted desperately to go, but were just not strong enough and chose to wait for transport after the new colony was securely established.

“Dorothy and I have decided to leave our son John here,” announced Bradford. “His constitution is not strong, and we fear the trials of such a trip would be fatal to him. Pastor Robinson has agreed to take him in and bring him to us when the next group joins us.”

“My son Jonathan has chosen to stay and help Pastor Robinson care for those remaining,” added Brewster. “Mary and I will miss him, but we admire his decision to help.”

And so it was that some stayed under the watchful care of Pastor Robinson and some left on one of the greatest religious adventures since the Exodus from Egypt.

The *Speedwell* was docked in a narrow canal behind a church in Delfthaven. The household goods of the passengers were carefully loaded before the departure day.

“Do you really think it is wise to take this large printing press with us on such a small ship?” asked

William White of Brewster, as they supervised the loading of the awkward machinery into the *Speedwell*.

“This press has helped us spread the Good News of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ all over Europe and England,” Brewster replied. “It will be the tool with which we will do the same in the New World. It must come with us, even if I have to leave some of my personal possessions behind.”

“I wish Pastor Robinson were coming with us,” lamented White. “But I understand the need for someone in authority to stay and care for the very young and the elderly that will join us after we establish ourselves in Virginia.”

Chapter V: The Embarkation

1620

The *Speedwell*, which is reported to have traveled to the New World twice in its commercial life, was crowded, with 66 members of the Leiden congregation on board. The old ship smelled of tar, mold, and sewage in the bilges. In spite of the cramped quarters and the obvious age of the ship, the congregation was in good spirits. Those that would remain behind stood on the dock behind the Delfthaven church (which still stands today) to bless and pray over those embarking on the great voyage. The *Speedwell* could scarcely maneuver in the narrow canal, and the small crew bent at the oars of their longboat, towing her into the main harbor.

William Bradford later described the departure:

“So they left that goodly and pleasant city which had been their resting place near twelve years; but they were pilgrims, and looked not much on those things, but lifted 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 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."

This monumental occasion has been recognized by the people of the world as the start of a nation unique in human history. The scene has been recreated in a painting that hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, DC, and another painting of the "Embarkation" is one of eight famous events of English history enshrined in the corridor of the House of Lords, London, England.

The trip to Southampton took four days and was not difficult. The *Mayflower*, under the command of Captain Christopher Jones, was there to receive them. The two ships were scheduled to cross the Atlantic during the summer months, when the weather would be fine, but circumstances would soon dictate that the trip would be unexpectedly made in the Fall, during hurricane season, placing the Pilgrim's arrival in the New World in the dead of winter.

The re-distribution of passengers and cargo between the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*, plus the loading of additional stores purchased in

Southampton, took a great deal of time. The final negotiations with the Merchant Bankers took much more time. The Bankers demanded last-minute changes in the agreement that were unacceptable to the Pilgrims.

The Bankers insisted that the number of passengers be almost doubled by including people that they thought would help insure the success of the project, and protect their investment. The Pilgrims called the newcomers “strangers” as they were totally unknown to the congregation. These strangers were mostly from London and were generally of questionable character, seeking thrills or easy fortune rather than religious freedom, as were the “saints.”

Although unwanted by the Pilgrims, eventually the strangers had to be accepted, even though the living space aboard the ships was greatly compromised. One of the strangers, John Billington, was to become one of the most outspoken critics of the Pilgrims, particularly of the future Governor Bradford. The fact that Mr. Billington was tried and executed for murder after he left the Plymouth Plantation indicates the character many of the strangers possessed, and why the Pilgrims resisted and resented their company.

The agreement between the Merchant Bankers and the Pilgrims provided for a company in which shares would be owned according to the participating numbers in a family, the supplies the family

provided, or the amount of money invested in the venture. The terms of the agreement were to be in force for seven years (a common duration of indenture at the time.) All items produced of value were to become the property of the company and during the seven years these products were to be shipped back to the Merchant Bankers as payment against their investment. Upon satisfaction of the debt, the assets of the company would be distributed according to individual shares.

The Bankers, however, wanted to add the requirement that the debtors should work seven days a week for the benefit of the debt. They were to fish, plant, trap, and harvest lumber, and return the product of their labor to England to repay the investment debt. The Pilgrim leaders insisted that the workweek be five days for the debt and two days for the benefit of the individual. The discussion became so heated that the Bankers refused to pay the accumulated port charges; requiring the Pilgrims to sell a portion of their supplies, including a large portion of their butter, to pay the bill. The Pilgrims were not expecting profit, but were praying that their efforts would be successful and self-sustaining. Their primary goal was the freedom to worship God as His Word directed them.

One valuable addition to the crew in Southampton was John Alden, who signed on as a ship's cooper (an artisan who made and repaired

barrels and casks.) Bradford said of him that “...being a hopeful young man, [he] was much desired.” The colonists would later invite him to remain with them in the New World.

At a meeting of the Elders aboard the *Speedwell*, Pastor Robinson said: “A Samuel More has approached me with a request I now put before you. It seems Mr. More was married to his third cousin Catherine More. He reports that the marriage was more of a business arrangement to protect the family property than a love match. The divorce was the result of Mr. More’s discovery that his wife has been in an adulterous affair that produced four children. Mr. More assumed that the children were his until his wife informed him otherwise. She has since abandoned the children.”

“In spite of the fact that the children are descendants of the King of Scotland, Malcolm III, Mr. More fears that they will suffer greatly under the humiliation of their illegitimacy. He has asked if we might take these four children with us to provide them with a new start in a new world. He has agreed to pay a fee for their passage.”

“Mary and I could take two,” said Brewster, “but I don’t see how we could manage all four.”

“We could take one,” added John Carver. “Dorothy, Catherine’s maid could help with the care.”

“And Elizabeth and I will gladly take the last,” said Edward Winslow. “This may save them a life of great difficulty and disgrace here.”

On August 5, 1620, the *Speedwell* and *Mayflower* sailed from Southampton, past the Isle of Wight, and Westward through the English Channel. After three or four days of beating against unfavorable winds, the *Speedwell* developed heavy leakage, and both vessels put into Dartmouth for repairs. After repairs, the company again set out, but covered only three hundred miles before the leaks in *Speedwell* reappeared and could not be controlled by the ship’s pumps. Once again they put in for repairs, but this time at Plymouth. It was here that the decision was made to abandon the *Speedwell*. About twelve of the passengers decided to leave the venture and return with the *Speedwell* to London.

William Bradford looked worried. “What will we use to explore the coast where we land, and what will we use for fishing or trading without the *Speedwell*?” he asked. “Captain Jones will never agree to leave the longboat with us.”

“You are right, William,” Brewster replied. “There is only one solution. We must buy a shallop (a small boat suitable for rowing or sailing) to take with us. The only question that remains is where to stow it for the trip?”

“I have performed very badly concerning financial negotiations,” said Bradford. “First I allowed

us to be robbed by the Captain of the *Crimson Mary*, and now the *Speedwell*, that I found, has proved to be a disaster. You must appoint someone else to look for a boat, Mr. Brewster. I do not want to fail at that task as well.”

“Be at peace, William. Those were not really your fault,” said Brewster. “What you can do is discuss the stowage of a shallop with Captain Jones. I don’t know if there is enough room aboard, but we must have a boat with us in Virginia.”

There was great consternation in the congregation when the loss of the *Speedwell* was announced. Fortunately, the citizens of Plymouth were wonderfully helpful and supportive. Pilgrim families were invited to stay ashore while cargo was re-distributed – again. The congregation was even welcomed in the local churches, and the Pilgrim elders were invited to preach there. Finally, the *Mayflower* was loaded, and the families began selecting areas of the hold as their places of lodging for the trip. The deck assigned to the passengers had headroom of only 5½ feet, requiring the adults to stoop uncomfortably.

“Mr. Brewster,” asked John Alden as he struggled with the heavy printing press. “Do you really need this printing press? The space down here is already overcrowded, particularly since we had to disassemble the shallop and store it down here.”

“Yes, John, it will be needed,” replied Brewster. “My own family will travel inside the hull of the shallop to save space. Since it is at my insistence that we take this press, my family and I will suffer the discomfort of the lost space.”

“But Mr. Brewster,” said John Alden, “most of this press is of simple wood construction and can be replaced or rebuilt in Virginia. The only part that cannot be easily replaced is the large iron screw that presses the paper onto the type.”

After careful consideration Brewster said, “You’re right, John, if we take only the screw, and discard the rest, we can save a great deal of space and still reconstruct the press in Virginia.”

Chapter VI: To the New World

September 1620

On September 6, 1620 the *Mayflower* set out alone, heading west. It was with some sadness that the company left their new friends at Plymouth. They had been well treated. In appreciation of that kindness, and hospitality, the Pilgrims would name their new colony after the city, even though not one of the passengers, Pilgrims, Merchant Adventurers, or ship's crew came from Plymouth. The people of Plymouth, England have erected a beautiful dome and rotunda on the city waterfront to commemorate the affection and admiration with which these brave men, women, and children are held.

Almost from the start the ship was battered by the rough autumn gales of the North Atlantic. All 102 passengers and from 30 to 50 crewmembers (the number of crew is not accurately documented) were crammed into a vessel only 90-feet long. Much of the available space was filled with food and stores to support the venture during the voyage and the first year ashore.

After two weeks the passengers were confined to the tiny spaces below deck, as the seas were too rough to permit the opening of the ships hatches. They had to eat, sleep, and try to stretch aching limbs in a few feet of space. Most were very seasick and had to empty their tumultuous stomachs, as well as their

bladders and bowels, into buckets. The atmosphere below decks became putrid quickly, making some remember the terrible jail cells of the Boston Guild Hall with fond nostalgia.

The *Mayflower* was no happy little ship bobbing up and down on a clear blue sea on a joyful holiday. The real *Mayflower* was a stinking, rat infested hull, nearing the end of her sea-faring days, sailing across an uncharted, dark, dangerous, stormy sea in winter, with a cargo of tortured souls, expelled from England by the Church and Crown.

The high seas took their toll on the ship as well as the passengers. On September 27th there was a loud report, sounding as if one of the ship's cannon had been fired. It frightened everyone greatly, especially the children. The bowsprit of the ship had buried itself in a very large wave and the stress imparted throughout the ship was concentrated on the heavy main beam supporting the main deck of the ship. For a time it appeared that they all might sink to a watery grave.

The Captain, Brewster, John Carver (who had been elected as Governor of the voyage), and a few of the crew gathered to study the problem. Some of the passengers, and even some of the crew, cried out in fear, demanding that the ship turn around and sail back to England to save their lives. Captain Jones knew that the return trip to England was farther, and just as dangerous, as continuing to their destination.

“If we could somehow jack the beam back into place, we could reinforce it and continue,” said the Captain. “I know that the ship below the waterline is sound and safe.”

“Captain!” said John Alden. “I remember loading Mr. Brewster’s printing press below. It had a large screw-like mechanism to press the paper against the type set. Maybe we could use that screw as a jack to raise this broken beam back into place.”

The screw was laboriously maneuvered out of its storage area and placed under the beam. As the press mechanism was manipulated under the broken beam, the fractured pieces were gradually raised and squeezed together again. As the beam came together, the bowsprit was again properly positioned and took the stress off the rigging. The masts and the sails were functioning again. The ship’s carpenters positioned new supports under the beam fracture, but the screw was kept where it was to insure that the beam would hold.¹

¹ That the screw used was from Brewster’s printing press is our conjecture. There is no evidence that it was. But there is also no evidence that it was merely part of *Mayflower’s* standard tackle, either. With room scarce on the ship, the Pilgrims would not have taken anything they didn’t need, and construction of the types of houses and tower they built at Plymouth Plantation (of which replicas may be viewed today) did not require a carpenter’s jack. On the other hand, Brewster *was* a printer, and the Pilgrims did not consider their move to America a

“God obviously had more than one task in mind for His printing press when He urged me to take it on this voyage,” exclaimed William Brewster.

The ship was again seaworthy, but not completely repaired. The deck seams had been badly sprung and leaked even worse than they had before. All the food, clothing, and bedding were wet and soggy, adding to the misery of the rough seas.

In this squalor below decks, Dr. Samuel Fuller helped Mrs. Hopkins to position herself more comfortably on the pallet of blankets in the corner of her family’s “living space.” She was in labor and having a difficult time of it.

permanent retreat, but rather a flank attack upon the society of England, which they, with other Reformers, hoped to convert to a more godly body politic. Brewster might well have felt that the Pilgrim colony in America could become a powerful voice in the wilderness but that, without the power of the press, it would have been a muted voice. He may well have planned to send a stream of literature back to England, since ships regularly, if not frequently, crossed the Atlantic. This makes further sense considering that the Reformer refugees from England who went to Geneva behaved in exactly this way – writing and agitating for religious reform of their native land. Their movement was a strong component of the English Civil Wars, in which a Puritan Parliament eventually deposed and beheaded the English King, Charles I.

“Mrs. Carver,” Dr. Fuller asked, “would you kindly hang a blanket around this area so that poor Mrs. Hopkins may have some little privacy?”

“Of course, Doctor. Is there anything else I can do to help?” replied Mrs. Carver.

“When you have managed the blanket you might comfort Mrs. Hopkins, if you please,” said Dr. Fuller. “It will not be long now before we greet the new addition to our congregation.”

Several moments later, with Mrs. Carver’s help, the Doctor delivered a robust male child into the cramped quarters of the small ship.

“We shall call him Oceanus,” sighed Mrs. Hopkins, “for it is upon this mighty ocean that he has been born into this life of trial.”

And a brief life of trial it was. The infant succumbed to those trials and did not survive the first terrible winter ashore.

In the turmoil of storm and fury topside, a man named John Howland tripped and fell overboard. He was able to grab a rope that was dangling from the ship’s rigging, and although he was badly thrashed about by the water, the crew, at great risk and the aid of a boathook, was able to pull him to safety. The congregation prayed in thanksgiving for the sparing of his life.

From the beginning of the voyage the passengers had been harassed by some of the crew. One seaman in particular was extremely abusive, as

he apparently held religious people in low regard. Every day he would scream obscenities at the Pilgrims, shouting that he would see every one of them thrown into the sea as they died on the trip. He yelled that he would enjoy tossing each and every one of them to Davy Jones's Locker after they died a miserable death.

One day this seaman suddenly fell ill and quickly died. It was he that was thrown over the side, committed to the deep, but reverently and with the prayers of the very passengers he abused. The rest of the crew took this as a sign of God's protection of the Pilgrims and thereafter refrained from abusing them.

Dr. Fuller reported to the elders that some passengers were complaining of general feelings of weakness. The Doctor was concerned that these might be the early signs of scurvy. There was little he could do about it, save to recommend the distribution of more beer, which offered some protection against the disease. It was evident to these devout people that their lives were now entirely in God's hands.

After nine weeks on the Atlantic, the first and only death of a passenger (as opposed to crew) at sea occurred. William Button of Austerfield, a servant to Doctor Fuller, passed away and was buried at sea. Weakness from exposure and poor nutrition most likely caused the death.

Two days later, on November 9th, land was sighted. There was joyous celebration and

thanksgiving aboard the ship. The entire congregation knelt in prayer and gave praise for the great blessing of survival God had showered upon them.

“Where do you think we are?” Brewster asked Captain Jones.

“I cannot be certain until I can examine the shoreline more closely,” replied Captain Jones. “But it looks like Cape Cod and not the mouth of the River Hudson, I fear.”

There are reports suggesting that Captain Jones had been bribed by certain Dutch parties (who had plans of their own to colonize the Hudson River area) to take the Pilgrims to Cape Cod rather than further south to the Hudson. It is possible that Captain Jones knew exactly where he was and had planned the wrong landfall.

When they verified that they were indeed at Cape Cod, an attempt was made to sail on to the Hudson. The effort was hindered by an encounter with dangerous shoal waters and severe storms. The ship returned and entered the safe and secure harbor at the tip of Cape Cod, now known as Provincetown.

Before going ashore, the Pilgrims held a meeting of all males, saints and strangers. The strangers had been heard to murmur that upon disembarkation, they planned to leave the group and strike out on their own. Some of the passengers (both saints and strangers) were indentured “servants,” and since the strangers did not consider themselves to be

under the Pilgrims' authority they thought this was an opportunity to breach their indenture. They had agreed to work for a specified number of years in return for the payment of their passage. This was a common practice of the day and was not a form of slavery. The Pilgrims did not tolerate slavery, of whites or Indians, at any time.

The area of Cape Cod was not under any established jurisdiction, either of the Crown or the Virginia Company. The *Mayflower* carried no representative of any ruler, save the Ruler of the Universe, the God the Pilgrims had come to worship.

Chapter VII: The Promised Land

1620

On November 10th, seven days after first sighting of land, and with great relief and joy the battered little ship rounded the tip of the extended finger of Cape Cod and sailed into the calm waters of Cape Cod Bay. A magnificent harbor opened to them at what is now Provincetown. Winslow described it as: *“a harbor within which a thousand sail of ships may safely ride.”* The only drawback was the shallow shoreline that required anchoring the *Mayflower* three-quarters of a mile from shore and landing by longboat.

Captain Jones anchored in the western portion of the harbor and the weary band of adventurers knelt to pray for the blessed gift of survival and a steady deck under their feet. It was Saturday, but only a portion of the day remained. A small band of armed men surveyed the area for danger before the women and children were allowed to go ashore briefly.

“What a wonderful feeling to stretch one’s legs,” sighed Mary Brewster. “And just look at little Fear running up and down the sand bank. You would think it was the first time she had ever run freely.”

“Aye, Mary. It is God’s providence that we have survived to enjoy such a beach,” said Mrs. Carver. “I pray that we can settle ashore very soon now. But for the moment, I intend to find some fresh

water and wash our clothing. I have come to not bear the smell of myself.”

A pond of water was found just off the beach, but it was not entirely fresh, rather more of a collection of rain made brackish with salt from the near ocean. But it did wonders for clothing worn for over ninety days aboard ship. Just the freedom of motion out in the open was a joy, even if it was to wash clothes.

The next day was Sunday and was spent giving thanks to the Lord and preparing the document that would be called the *Mayflower Compact*. Every male member of the passengers finally agreed to the historic document and signed his consent.

A previous group of settlers to the James River area of Virginia had arrived with their laws and institutions shut up in a box – sent with them by King James - not to be opened until they landed. When the box was opened there was not a single decree of popular liberty found in it. The long arm of the king continued to rule every facet of their lives.

The wise leaders of the Pilgrims recognized that God had directed them to an area that had no authority over it, except His. The patent they carried from the Virginia Company was for the Hudson River area of Virginia and was invalid in Cape Cod. The Crown had named none of the passengers, saints or strangers as Governor of the group. A great

opportunity presented itself, and this small band had the wisdom not to miss it. They debated and put to paper the principles, rules, and regulations that would govern their lives in this new land.

The result was a document known today as the *Mayflower Compact*. The agreement, drawn up by John Carver and William Brewster, had to be completed, accepted, and signed before anyone was allowed to go ashore. The Compact placed the responsibility for governing directly upon the shoulders of each colonist. The purpose of the contract was to ensure each man's right of freedom of expression and of worship. It defined the rights of the individual as being granted by God alone. This contract became the foundation of the future American Constitution.

The Greeks invented Democracy, but the Constitution of Athens provided for little more than mob rule. The Pilgrims, with this document, established true government of, for and by the people, for the first time in history, on the shores of the New World. Each individual agreed that he would freely abide by the laws and regulations that the body of individuals should democratically adopt.

With this voyage, and this document, these people had succeeded in establishing:

- A free church, made up of a congregation that acknowledged every member as a “priest,” responsible only to their Lord and God.
- A free society, whose laws and structure every member of the society had to approve. They were free to do as they thought right, unless specifically prohibited by ordinances they themselves decreed, rather than being prevented from acting, unless specifically granted permission by the Crown. It was a quiet revolution that would produce the most influential nation in the annals of man.
- A system of free schools. As soon as their survival was assured, they would establish a free school system to bequeath an understanding of the Scriptures that established their liberty. The Latin School was established in 1637. John Harvard, who came later to the area, and lived only 18 months after arriving, founded Harvard University. He employed his personal fortune to educate the Indians and the settlers in the Word of God. Almost every school in New England would later display the motto, “Education, the debt which the present owes the future.”

The Mayflower Compact

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 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, of Scotland and the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini 1620.

On Monday the dismantled shallop was carefully unloaded and carried ashore. It was found to be in very bad condition, having been taken apart in quarters so that it could be stored below. Then the quarters were badly damaged by the press of bodies sleeping and living within them. It would take the

ship's carpenters all of 16 days to complete the repairs.

While the shallop was being repaired, the longboat took Captain Myles Standish with 16 men to examine the area near what is now Provincetown to seek a suitable location to establish their settlement. Fresh water was found in ponds, but no streams or rivers were in the area. The party stumbled upon an old Indian camp, with graves full of artifacts, and little mounds of soil, beneath which were buried Indian baskets full of corn. In all, they collected ten bushels of corn, and since the seed they brought from England proved useless, and because they had arrived in America so late in the year, they probably would have starved to death if they had not found the Indian's corn to use as seed in the spring. The area, however, was deemed unsuitable for a new colony.

William Bradford suffered the indignation of having his foot caught in an Indian deer trap. The snare jerked him off his feet and he hung upside down while his peers laughed and enjoyed his discomfort. He was released uninjured, but it is a testimony to his self-deprecating character that Bradford recorded the incident in his own journal.

During explorations of the rest of Cape Cod later in the year, the Pilgrims encountered the Indians who owned the supplies that had been appropriated. The Pilgrims explained their actions and made suitable payment for the corn and supplies – to the

astonishment and appreciation of the natives. Such righteous acts by these Godly people helped to ensure the peaceful relations between the newcomers and the natives of the area.

On December 11th the *Mayflower* was still moored in the harbor at the tip of Cape Cod, and everyone was still living in the cramped quarters on board. For almost 14 weeks (96 days) these people had been living in the tiny, wet, cold and putrid quarters of a 90-foot boat. Now that they were in calm waters and the hatches could be opened, the conditions improved greatly. But the passengers still crowded together, and it was taking forever for clothing and bedding to dry in the icy, wet December air.

It was in such quarters that Dr. Fuller was again called to assist in a birth. Anna (Susanna) White gave birth to the first child to be born in the new colony in the dank and musty hold of the *Mayflower*. The male child was named Peregrine (“Pilgrim”), so named for the family’s peregrinations and travels from England to Holland and across the broad Atlantic.

The wicker cradle in which Anna White rocked this child survives to this day and can be seen in the Pilgrim’s Museum in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

When the repairs to the shallop were complete, an exploration party, of which Bradford was a member, sailed around the shore of the cape, looking

for a suitable settlement location. It was winter and a great storm came upon them with wind, ice and snow. They were driven into a harbor 20 miles west of where the *Mayflower* was moored across Cape Cod Bay. The group saved their lives by furiously rowing to the shelter of a small island in the bay, where they spent the night.

The next day they found the harbor suitable for the *Mayflower*, and they discovered the nearby land to be most suitable for the new colony. It appeared that the area had been inhabited and cultivated in the recent past. There was a small brook providing fresh water, a cleared area that could be used for planting, and even a supply of reeds near the shore that could be used as thatch for roofs.

Bradford's joy at locating a suitable location for settlement was dashed when they returned to the ship. To his dismay, he found that his young wife, Dorothy, had fallen overboard and drowned during the night.

Dorothy had been very apprehensive for her infant son that she and her husband decided to leave in Leiden with the Robinsons to spare the child the tribulations of the first year. He was to have joined his parents when the colony was firmly established. She must have been wandering the deck of the ship, pining for her missing child, and either tripped over some ship's gear, or otherwise plunged overboard into the frigid waters. The crew and passengers slept

through the tragedy. They found her in the morning floating near the ship. Her death would not be the last the congregation would suffer.

The *Mayflower* was moved to Plymouth Harbor. The reassembled shallop, loaded with women and children for their first excursion from the ship, went ashore, landing at what would later be called Plymouth Rock. Mary Chiltern, 18 years old, assisted by John Alden, is reported to have been the first to step out of the longboat onto this now famous rock.

The remainder of the first winter was even worse than the voyage. Scurvy and pneumonia took a terrible toll. As spring arrived, only 54 Pilgrims were left, and of this number 21 were under the age of 20. God must certainly have been watching over these people, in spite of their terrible losses, as several other parties, attempting to colonize Virginia, had been wiped out to a man.

The first winter ashore was deadly, even with unexpected help from the native Indians. Even as they sat by their fires discussing their fear of possible attacks from hostile natives, one of these natives stepped out of the darkness before them. As the settlers reached for their weapons, the almost naked apparition spoke:

“Welcome, Englishmen!” he said

Astounded, the men realized he had spoken in English! They learned that this Indian, named

Samoset, had spent some time fishing with several English ships and learned the language. They thanked God for the gift of a friendly native and were further astounded when, several days later, Samoset introduced his friend Squanto.

Squanto spoke English even better than his friend. He had been captured and taken to England for several years, where he learned the language well. Before he could return to his native land, his tribe that had occupied this very spot was decimated by a plague. Squanto could have claimed the land of his tribe and ordered the Pilgrims off. However, he not only did not object to the Pilgrims settling on his old homestead, but he promptly moved in and stayed with William Bradford.

With Squanto's help the Pilgrims were able to negotiate a peace treaty with the Indian chief, Massasoit. During the negotiations Edward Winslow allowed himself to be held as a hostage to ensure the safety of the Chief as he attended negotiations in the settlement with Governor Carver. This treaty lasted for fifty years.

The tribulations of weather, lack of shelter, inadequate nourishment, and weakness from the severe crossing were devastating. Settlers began to die daily, sometimes several per day.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Carver (who had been elected as the first Governor of the colony) "we must bury these poor souls, but Captain Standish has

advised that it would not be wise to mark the graves and give the natives a count of those who perish.

Does anyone have a suggestion?"

Mr. Brewster replied, "We must provide each person a Christian burial, but we should not mark the graves. If we use a field which appears suitable for planting, our activity in digging graves will be seen by the natives as merely tilling the soil. Then if we bury our dead by night, they will not be able to count how many of us survive."

"So it shall be, unless there is objection," said Mr. Carver.

Over the course of the winter almost half of the party was so buried, deep in the soil of a land made free by their suffering. Three of the four Moore children, cared for by three Pilgrim families, were among those that died. Several families were totally wiped out.

After a hot, hard afternoon toiling in the fields, Mr. Carver came into his hut complaining of a severe headache. Before the day was over he had fallen into a coma and died. His wife followed him a few weeks later.

William Bradford was elected as the successor Governor and served faithfully for the next thirty-one years.

In peace, and with Squanto's continued help, the Pilgrims were able to plant an early crop with great success, and they learned to forage for game

and wild food. It was this friendship and the resulting successful harvest that led to the first Thanksgiving, celebrated by Pilgrims and Indians alike.

There were but four women over the age of 20 to prepare this historic meal. All the rest had succumbed to the harsh winter.

They must have felt God's protective hand upon them as they reflected on the string of coincidences that had favored them even in such severe hardship. The *Mayflower* made landfall 400 miles north of its intended destination, but that site had been prepared for habitation and cultivation by a group of Indians who died of illness shortly before the Pilgrims arrived. The sole survivor of that Indian group, who might still lay claim to the site, came to them in friendship, speaking English. It seemed that God's grace had sent this heavenly emissary to help the remaining Pilgrims survive.

Chapter VIII: Thanksgiving Feast

1621

Governor Bradford spoke to the assembled congregation after Sunday Services:

“Friends and neighbors,” he began, “we have endured great tribulations over the past year. We thought leaving England and Holland was difficult, but leaving our friends, and in some cases our family members, seemed more than we could bear. We could not know the hardships the Lord had in store before and during our terrible journey. If those trials were not enough, we watched half of our number succumb to illness in this new land.

“However, even as He tested us, God blessed us. He blessed us with peace between ourselves and the natives. He blessed us with a native helpmate who welcomed us to the land that had once belonged to his tribe and had been his home. With his help and the Lord’s Providence, we have been blessed with a bountiful harvest.

“My friends, let us set aside a time to give thanks to the Almighty for his blessings, to rejoice in them, and to rest for the struggles of the coming winter. The *Mayflower* has departed and we are truly alone to flourish or fail as God wills.

“Let us prepare a celebration and invite Chief Massasoit to acknowledge his assistance to us.”

There were only four women over 20 years of age who had survived the tragic winter. They alone prepared the banquet. They baked pies, kneaded bread, and prepared puddings. We don't have the actual menu from that harvest feast, but we do know there were deer, fowl (probably wild turkey), fish, shellfish, and, of course corn – the staple of the harvest.

The Pilgrims were not priggish, as the later Puritans were. They loved a party with brightly colored clothing and beer. When they needed to sell supplies to pay the Southampton Harbour bill, they sold much of their butter – but they kept their beer!

So we can envision a happy atmosphere as they prepared the feast. Children helped the women, and we can imagine much laughter and song.

Mr. Winslow was the first to detect the arrival of Chief Massasoit and his party. Winslow anxiously told Governor Bradford:

“The Chief's party outnumbered our congregation. There must be at least ninety braves with him! Do you think we will have enough food?”

“Massasoit is a good man, William. He has gained almost as much from our friendship and peace treaty as we have. I will speak to him.”

As a result of the talk between the two chiefs, Massasoit's braves went into the woods and returned with five deer to add to the celebration larder. The feast, songs and games went on for several days, with

a large part of the festivities devoted to praising, worshipping and thanking God for the blessings He had bestowed upon them.

The thanks was not just for the safety of the survivors, the bountiful harvest, or the peaceful relations with the natives, but for God's benevolence in bringing them to Cape Cod rather than to their intended destination at the mouth of the Hudson River.

God's founding the settlement where He did allowed these wanderers to avoid the strict control of the Crown and to establish a "Body Politic," in which they made laws for themselves and willingly agreed to obey them, as the *Mayflower* Compact decreed.

Never in the history of civilization had common folk designed a government for themselves in submission to neither king nor aristocracy, but to God.

YHWH gave Moses laws which the Israelites willfully disobeyed. Their rebellion against God subjected them to kings, who led them into civil war and national annihilation.

Hereditary warlords ruled Assyria, Egypt, Babylon and Persia. They claimed to be the incarnation or earthly representatives of gods. People could never appeal to conscience to oppose them. Submission to heaven and the king, emperor, prophet, sultan, caliph, khan, mahdi or chief were one and the same – which is why the refusal of Shadrach,

Meshach and Abednego to worship
Nebuchadnezzar's statue was punishable by death.

Athens was a democracy, but aristocrats like Solon and Pericles "handed down" the constitution and laws to the people – for whom disobedience meant fines, exile, or death. The Athenian democracy forced Socrates to commit suicide by drinking hemlock for the crime of theology.

Rome was first a monarchy, briefly a republic, and finally an empire. It was a giant mafia run by a few hundred rich families who occasionally took time off from exploiting their subjects to pillage each other. When secular Rome fell, the potentates who had played the roles of Emperor and Senate took to spiritual Rome, assuming the roles of Pope and Cardinals.

The parade of kingdoms in China, Persia, Turkey, Arabia, Africa, Europe, and pre-Columbian America were all gangs run by and for divinely sanctioned warlords.

Royal power eroded through bloody revolutions in Europe, but the final product was either diluted monarchies or republics whose socialist structure made them, like Rome, top-down aristocracies.

The *Mayflower* Compact was a new birth to freedom. The Pilgrims derived their principles from their open study of the Bible. The Founders of the United States took their inspiration from them. They

considered the government the servant of the people and the people, through conscience, accountable only to God.

The Body Politic so born became the greatest in human history – greatest in charity, human welfare, ingenuity, wealth, power, and peace.

The closer any civilization has come to this ideal, the more its people have prospered. The farther any civilization has strayed from this ideal, the more its people have suffered.

The Pilgrims' wisdom, reverence, courage and faith deserve our national and personal Thanksgiving.

Chapter IX: A Government of Freedom and Justice

1627

Unfortunately for the Indians, not all future colonists would be as peaceful and fair as the Pilgrims. Millions of ruthless, greedy, fortune seekers would follow these peaceful settlers and ravage the natives. The white men who came after would break every treaty with the Indians that they swore to keep. But not the Godly Pilgrims. Their treaty with Chief Massasoit was honored and survived.

The original plan of democratic self-government, guided by *Mayflower Compact*, established a Commune, which was essentially socialistic. Each family drew lots for a parcel of land, the size determined by the size of the family. This plot would provide a place to build a house, or shelter, plus a parcel of land to grow enough food to feed that family. After caring for the family plot, every member of the colony was obligated to work the communal land to raise produce to be pooled and sent to England to pay off the Merchant Banker's loans. In 1620 this plan seemed to be fair and equitable.

By 1627, however, this system was producing discontent, because there were no incentives for individuals to work hard. As in any society, some men were more ambitious and willing to work harder than others. But there was no way a man could profit

from his own hard work or extra hours in the fields. The burden of the Pilgrim debt to the Merchant Bankers was still great, and if the colonists were ever to be free of it, something would have to change. The Pilgrims were open minded enough to recognize the problem and wise enough implement a radically different solution.

The change the community chose was to partition the common land among individual families and to allow each family to keep, sell, or barter whatever they could produce. The Pilgrims did what other centrally controlled economies, like the Soviet Union, resisted for decades: they dissolved central control and gave their community complete economic freedom. Essentially, they switched from socialism to capitalism in seven short years. The new order flourished greatly, just as the nation that would follow would flourish under a similar system. Although pirates seized one ship sent to England with goods for payment, and although the Merchant Bankers failed to provide proper accounting (some evidence suggests they cheated the Pilgrims badly), the Pilgrims paid off their debt entirely by 1648.

Chapter X: Farewell

In April 1621 the *Mayflower* was ready to return to England with her crew at half strength. The ship had remained in Plymouth until then for several reasons. First, the weather did not favor a winter return. Second, the settlers needed the shelter of the ship. And third, because the ship's crew suffered the same illnesses and deaths as the settlers, the *Mayflower* was used in January and February as a hospital.

In spite of abuse from the crew, the Godly Pilgrims nursed and cared for the sick sailors. Bradford reports that crewmembers were unwilling to help their own, but the Pilgrims assisted every one.

“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, that 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 a 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 die like dogs.’”

It must have been difficult for the Pilgrims to watch the *Mayflower* sail away - knowing the challenge to survive that they faced alone. Yet not one asked to return with her.

The first few ships to sail West after the *Mayflower* did bring new settlers to replace those lost in the first year, but they arrived without food, extra clothing, or supplies. The hard-pressed Pilgrims willingly provided food, clothing and shelter to these new arrivals.

These reluctant adventurers, the Pilgrims, are true-life heroes from the North Nottinghamshire area of East Anglia, England - the site of Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest. They were steadfast in their determination to serve God as a free people.

Chapter XI: Truth and Myths about the Pilgrims

It is recognized, particularly in England today, that the courage of this small band to risk all for their beliefs and to rely upon the wisdom of the common man for their laws and government, is the foundation, not only of the world's greatest nation, but of the spiritual, political, and economic freedom in Western Civilization.

The Pilgrims and the Puritans were not the same. Both groups had their origins in the non-conformity with the established Church of England.

But the Pilgrims simply wanted to worship God as their study of Scripture directed them. They tried to reform the established Church and restore it to Biblical guidelines, but they found the state-organized religion so unresponsive that separation became their only recourse.

The Puritans wanted to “purify” the Church to apostolic standards, but they enforced their standards with the same viciousness as the Church they were trying to purify.

The Puritans came to the New World after the Pilgrims, and settled in Boston and Salem, not Plymouth. Puritan intolerance of any variation from their dogma resulted in the infamous witch-hunts of Salem. Those later persecuted by the Puritans of

Salem would flee for protection to the tolerant Pilgrim Fathers.

It is a myth that the Pilgrims did not love England and that they abandoned their native country, eager for adventure in a strange land. They loved their homeland, but they loved freedom more. They would not give up beliefs that were born in the mid-1500s, were nurtured at Christ Church, Cambridge, and grew in small home gatherings in Essex, Suffolk, York, and Nottinghamshire. Although their congregations were separated by great distance, they were united in faith. They had no great funds, although those who had gave, and many became impoverished either in the giving, or through punishment meted out by monarchs determined to eradicate dissension.

Another myth is that the Pilgrims were a group from the Southwestern shore of England, Plymouth to be precise, who voluntarily chose to abandon their native land for adventure in the New World. The Pilgrims were residents of North Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and East Anglia. They were hounded out of their beloved country, through Holland, and then to the New World by a domineering, and persecuting Church, King, and Government, who refused to let them worship in their own simple way. While many colonists eventually came from the Devonshire area, they came later than 1620, after the new colony was thriving.

Another misconception is that the Pilgrim Fathers were a group of mainly old men embarking on an adventure with the blessing of their Bishops. The truth is that the group was made up of young families driven out of the land by fines, imprisonments, and threats of death, because they refused to comply with the rules of the established State Church. One-half of those surviving the first winter were under 20 years of age.

The question has often been raised as to the reason for the success of the Pilgrim's settlement, in spite of the great tribulations suffered, and the failure of several efforts to the south in Virginia. Rev. Ferdinand Von Krug, in his speech before the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society in 1920, compared the Pilgrims at Plymouth and the settlers that went south to Virginia and the Chesapeake, as follows:

“The Virginians entered the waters of the Chesapeake unruffled by storm and sailed up the silver streams when spring was wearing all the pleasant trappings of this pleasant season. The Pilgrims landed as shipwrecked mariners, in the depth of winter, on the ice-bound coast of Plymouth.

“The Virginians were vagabond gentlemen, ‘unprincipled young sparks,’ whom their parents were glad to ship off in order to save them from a worse fate at home; discharged servants, fraudulent bankrupts, rakes and debauchees. The Pilgrims were men of good education and

unblemished reputation, and some of them belonged to the intellectual nobility of Europe."

Another mistake is the belief that the Pilgrims were a group of investors bent on exploiting the natives and the New World. The truth is that these simple folk just wanted to survive and to be left alone to worship and live in harmony with each other and with God. They made every effort to meet the natives in peace, and one of their leaders even offered himself as a hostage while the Pilgrims and the Indian Chief negotiated their long-honored treaty.

History owes William Bradford of Austerfield, the young orphan who studied under the tutelage of William Brewster, for the record of the trials, sufferings and successes of these brave people. William Bradford recorded the establishment and history of the New Plymouth Colony, from the dangerous Atlantic crossing through the early deadly years ashore, in his journal, *Of Plimoth Plantation*. He called it his 'scribed writings,' which he 'peeced up at times of leesure afterwards.' This work was never intended for publication, but was handed down from father to son for several generations. It was eventually placed in the tower of the Old South Church in Boston, Massachusetts. It disappeared during the American War of Independence and was eventually discovered in 1855 in the library of the palace of the Bishop of London. In 1897, the manuscript was returned, as a gift, to the State of Massachusetts.

Bradford's character shines from one of his poems:

"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."

(Bradford, Plymouth Plantation, 236)

Poem by William Bradford

The life and character of William Bradford, the young man of Scrooby times, is clearly seen in this poem, which he penned in his old age.

From my years young in days of youth,
God did make known to me his truth
And call'd me from my native place
For to enjoy the means of grace.
In wilderness he did me guide,
And in strange lands for me provide.
In fears and wants, through weal and woe,
A pilgrim, passed I to and fro:
Oft left of them whom I did trust
How vain it is to rest on dust!
A man of sorrows I have been,
And many changes I have seen.
Wars, wants, peace, plenty, have I known;
And some advanc'd, others thrown down.
The humble poor, cheerful and glad;
Rich, discontent, sower and sad:
When fears and sorrows have been mixt,
Consolations came betwixt.
Faint not, poor soul, in God still trust,
Fear not the things thou suffer must;
For, whom he loves he doth chastise,
And then all tears wipes from their eyes.
Farewell, dear children, whom I love,

Your better Father is above:
When I am gone, he can supply;
To him I leave you when I die.
Fear him in truth, walk in his ways,
And he will bless you all your days.
My days are spent, old age is come,
My strength it fails, my glass near run.
Now I will wait, when work is done,
Until my happy change shall come,
When from my labours I shall rest,
With Christ above for to be blest.

Searching for the Footprints of the Pilgrims

As we stood on the bank of the River Witham watching a pebble form a circle of ripples on the swift moving current, I wished ancient rocks and trees could speak of the events on this muddy bank 400 years ago. Here, in 1607, one of several attempts of the Pilgrims to escape persecution by Church and Crown ended when the King's deputies in Boston confiscated their possessions, hauled the men to jail and left the women and children penniless. We can understand how desperate they felt at yet another thwarted escape, but not why the experience failed to dampen their determination to try again. For people as gentle as the Scrooby Pilgrims to defy a brutal and despotic King and put their families in certain danger time and again seems out of character. When they refused to accept the yoke King James I placed on the free exercise of religion, their valiant spirits showed the world that freedom must be bought with courage and often with blood. Clearly they were not simply cardboard characters who deserve only to be remembered as names in a dusty book.

There are ample accounts of the *Mayflower's* crossing and the American experience in the founding of Plymouth Plantation, but we have few details of the Pilgrims' prior lives, no photographs or paintings to help us bring these people to life, and therefore we

tend to think of them as paper doll cutouts in bland grey garb. To most of us their familiar names sprang to life in 1620. We have so little curiosity about where they were born and grew up and how their character was forged, it seems we've lost any real feeling for the folk who founded our nation.

In Southend-on-Sea, England, Professor J. R. Smith, says about his own excellent work, *Pilgrims and Adventurers*: "This is no more than a brief introduction to a fascinating but *under-researched* field." Professor Smith's acknowledgement of the under-researched nature of this field mirrors the curiosity which drew me, a former Professor of Western Civilization, and my husband, an M.I.T. Scientist and Physician with an interest in history, to begin a search for the rest of the story. The lack of detail about these individuals has diminished our understanding of their enormous achievement in bringing freedom, particularly of religion, to America, and indeed to the Western World.

Someone has said that biographers must grapple with evidence, and often the seeming lack of it, so the attempt to unearth what biographical information might still be found four hundred years later would lead us from London to Holland, back to London, and eventually deep into remote parts of the English countryside to grapple with evidence, separate fact from fiction, and search for missing links in the record. Although much of the work entailed

extensive research, and we are very grateful for the links that J. R. Smith and others provided, a great deal of what we found came from the interest and help of the English people. We will have occasion many times to refer to what Kathleen Nolan, Chairman of The Essex County Council, called the strength of these links among the English and their history.

Like many Americans, we had, of course, read accounts of Pilgrim travels, the tortures of the Dissenters in the 15th century, the imprisonments and beheadings of the martyrs, the repeated attempts to escape the King's clutches, the impoverishment endured in Holland, and of the unspeakable hardships aboard the *Mayflower*. We might recall that they lost half their number in the first brutal winter in America from plagues and starvation. I had studied all of it with vested interest growing up in the heart of New England at a time when the memory of the Pilgrims was still cherished. But I always had a sense that something was missing in these shorthand accounts, something about who they were before they landed, battered but unbowed, on our shores. That historic landing was surely not their first defining moment; yet their prior lives were only dimly alluded to. From an early age I had a feeling that there was more to know and that further research about these people would unearth a greater sense of our own beginnings.

For a time there seemed to be few clues to follow Pilgrim footsteps backwards from the Landing, because they had had to scatter all over England to escape the Crown's clutches. Although we hoped originally that we might trace their birthplaces through the names of English towns in New England, such as Boston, Lincoln, Cambridge, Dedham, Needham, Harwich and others, we found that most of these American towns had been named by latecomers, not by Pilgrim Fathers who spent their first years at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Many think, naturally enough, that Plymouth, the City in Devon on the southwest coast of England from which the *Mayflower* set out for the New World, was the Pilgrim's homeland. This is a very appealing region to spend time, and it was here that we were first disabused of the idea that the English didn't care much for these émigrés from their shores, viewing them as ragtag adventurers, as some have attested.

To the contrary, in spite of concerted efforts by the King to denigrate their reputation throughout his realm, the people of Plymouth held the Pilgrims in high regard. At the magnificent Plymouth Dome we learned how warmly the citizenry welcomed these strangers of sincere and courteous ways. To this day they remain proud of their English brethren who came into their lives when the *Speedwell* pulled in for repairs. The *Speedwell* was to accompany the *Mayflower* and stay in the new land after the

Mayflower returned to England, but it was already limping and soon was pronounced unfit for the sea. While attempts at repair were made, Plymouth opened its doors to the Pilgrims and, impressed by their demeanor, even invited these Dissenters to preach in their churches.

The citizens of Plymouth marveled at the way the Pilgrims reacted to the interminable delays which turned a spring crossing into a wintry one. They watched as the transfer of passengers and provisions to the already overburdened *Mayflower* was accomplished, and saw the 90 ft ship crammed with 102 passengers, 67 of whom were not Pilgrims. These were the Adventurers who financed the trip and wanted to be sure their investment was headed in the right direction. In addition, there were at least 30 crew members and many months' provisions to be stowed. The ship was now just about standing room only, but it was still necessary to take a shallop on board. This rowboat with a sail was all they had for exploration of the new lands, and it could not be left behind. It was taken apart to fit in the extremely limited space, and William Brewster and his family offered to sleep in the shell.

Unfortunately, little came to light in Plymouth to reveal personal information about the Pilgrims' past. Apparently there were no known Separatists in Devon; that flame would burn later. But we began a search for letters to family and friends during the

interim in Plymouth. These would surely speak hauntingly of their fears and the determination and faith which triumphed over so many obstacles in their way.

They finally decided to put aside further delays, and on September 6th, 1620 they sailed out of Plymouth Harbor on a 3,000-mile journey into the vast unknown. The citizens of Plymouth marked their leave-taking with a monument which stands on the steps from which they embarked. A sense of adventure no doubt prevailed, but it was soon put to the test as they encountered life-threatening, storm-whipped seas. The tight living conditions the passengers endured as they ran into winter's icy gales and were tossed about by the wild seas are almost unspeakable. Confined for 96 days, the passage did not include any comforts like "cabins" or cabin boys, as one book about the Pilgrims suggests! This is just one of many inaccuracies which can be dismissed by visiting the *Mayflower II* in Plymouth, Massachusetts. The *Mayflower* replica, built by the English for the 350th celebration of the Landing, is now berthed close to Plymouth Rock where one can visualize the crossing and begin to imagine just how miserable conditions were.

Bradford's *Journal*, together with those of Mourt's *Relations* penned by E. W., presumed to be Edward Winslow, combine the earliest records we have of the trip and its aftermath. A great deal of

information that should have been included in history books is in these records. But for centuries Americans were denied the benefit of the very personal nature of Bradford's *Journal*, as it had been secreted in an attic in Boston, Massachusetts and taken to England during the Revolutionary War, possibly by a Loyalist. This left a vacuum of facts from 1630 to 1897, when these documents were finally returned to Massachusetts by a gracious act of Parliament.

There can be little doubt that the Founding Fathers were partly inspired to make the separation from King George, their final act of defiance against tyranny, by the courage of their Pilgrim forefathers; but by the time of the War of Independence much of what had been written about them was already filled with supposition and myths. So much license was taken that early history was given short shrift for decades, and the self-named "Enlightenment" further threatened to discount the value of the Pilgrims' experience. (Eventually in our own day the Founding Fathers of the 1700s would suffer a similar fate.)

Writers seemed too often tempted to make history up out of whole cloth with no facts to sustain them, lumping together Pilgrims with the Jamestown adventurers, or Roanoke Island colonists, or Puritans who came to Boston and Salem after the First Settlers and who were harsh and radical. The Pilgrims were a very different cut, not out of the general bolt at all. They came to an unsettled wasteland expecting no

gain but freedom. But when they reported what they had accomplished they invited others to take advantage of what they had achieved. This is not to take away from those who followed, for many were a sterling addition to the new land. There were certainly no criminals as has been asserted, that inference probably drawn from the experiences of many years of persecution in His Majesty's jails. However, truth be told, the early character of the Founders was not easily matched by any who came in the quest for personal profit as those called the Adventurers did. The Pilgrim example of patient determination was what made them among the very few who could have withstood that first winter of starvation and deadly plagues on enduring faith alone, with few complaints. They were often victims of profiteers who refused to credit the payment of their debts, so it took the Pilgrims twenty-five years' labor to re-pay them in full. Yet in keeping with their principles they added interest to what they owed. Such honor made them unique in their (or any other) time.

However, our search to give them their full due includes the fact that although they tried to live by the Book, they were not always passive. While they re-paid the Indians for the corn they found that first starving winter, a fact rarely reported when cruelty to Indians is asserted, it is also true that Captain Myles Standish protected the Colony by

fending the Indians off with muskets. In England he had been told that natives capture small children and boil them, just like the warlike Caribs that Columbus encountered. The Pilgrims did not hold long to this view, however, and soon formed extremely amiable relations with their Indian brothers. They could hardly have been at odds with those with whom they broke bread on that famous first Thanksgiving to express their gratitude for surviving the winter. And they were vastly outnumbered at that peaceful gathering when Chief Massasoit brought 90 braves to share the Feast. The Chief was very pleased on that occasion when, after admiring Governor Bradford's bright red coat, he became its proud new owner. I think we can deduce from this that the Pilgrims did not disdain color, or consider it the work of the devil, although plain garb was often a sensible choice for their hard labor.

Notable in dealing with the Indians was Governor Winslow's courage when he offered himself as a hostage to Chief Massasoit during negotiation of the Peace Treaty, which both sides kept for fifty years. As regarding the Pilgrim's further views on Indians, The Harvard College Charter, drawn up through the generosity of an amazingly young John Harvard only 17 years after the landing, states it was specifically to be open to colonists and Indians alike. Pilgrims were in favor of public education to teach academic subjects. Brewster himself taught English and Latin in

Holland, and the Roxbury Latin School began only a few years after the Landing. It has long been forgotten that based on the higher standards set in education, public schools in Massachusetts were the best in the nation for many years.

The accusation that the Pilgrims had slaves is also very wide of the mark and shows obvious ignorance of English culture. Their “servants” were indentured helpers who contracted to come with them to learn trades, a beneficial English system of the times, and for many years to come in America. Young lads from families who could not afford to educate them, lived with and were cared for by families who trained them in various trades. The system was based on legal contracts which stated that they were free to leave when the terms expired. Many families still possess indenture documents showing how this wise apprenticeship system was designed. In less formal terms, it still exists today in professional and trade internships. These do not often offer the room and board which was necessary then, but they are still a very real opportunity, without which many could not rise in their chosen professions. As far as slavery is concerned, the Pilgrims would never have countenanced that system. If they had been around for the Civil War it would assuredly have been on the side of Emancipation.

However, information to give the Pilgrims their full due did not come easily to light in published

histories, or in any single compendium, or even in several hundreds of volumes we surveyed. Each tiny nugget to fill in the blanks would take a much broader search. The Pilgrims themselves had been treated as an amorphous group for so long that it became obvious that we would have to go looking for each one by one. As we began to single them out, we were led to the Separatist family of Fuller from 1431 in Droitwich located in the center of England. Following this family's history, we were led to Redenhall Parish in East Anglia near Bury St. Edmunds. There we discovered that their descendent had been the Physician aboard the *Mayflower*, and it gave us hope that research into personal histories of the 1500s was still possible. The dated indenture documents from the 1700s were also not far off the mark in proving how long artifacts can survive.

Then, as it happened, the letters of the daughter of Galileo written in the 1600s had been recently published which further encouraged us. Dr. Fuller, had been a contemporary of Galileo, who also battled the church, and the letters of the great scientist who confirmed that the sun is the center of the solar system, had only recently come to light in a monastery. We therefore believe that the Bradford letters and others of that period may not be the only ones extant, but further visits to England in the eighties were too brief to be fruitful in this regard. We did not however lose sight of the goal. Richard

Holmes, the distinguished biographer who journeyed to Europe looking for the writers marooned in France during the French Revolution, found that William Wordsworth, among others, began “rising with ghostly power” through their letters. We hoped that the ghostly power of our ancient Pilgrims might eventually illuminate our path as well.

By chance, a brief note in an old second-hand book which came to light in Virginia gave us another way to take a backward glance at contemporary life of the Pilgrims before 1620. This clue sent us to Green Close in Bell Alley in Holland where they had last lived in that country. Having finally escaped the King’s clutches, the Pilgrims spent a significant twelve-year sojourn there. We were excited by the idea that we might find more complete information about their previous lives and original hometowns as they passed through Dutch Immigration.

Americans often assume the Pilgrims dropped their bags in Holland and immediately skedaddled for the New World. We too were guilty of not taking enough note of dates, which showed that their arrival in Amsterdam was a full twelve years before they sailed to America. Those missing years were significant ones during which, in spite of hard times, they built their own housing compound, schooled their young, learned trades, and enjoyed very pleasant relations with the Dutch. While it is true that they landed among strangers, unacquainted with the

Dutch language and customs, this was not a brief way-station to the New World. Seeing them through Dutch eyes for such a long period gave us a picture of them as cheerful, hardworking citizens. They enjoyed special status in the eyes of the Dutch for their exceptional honesty in all their dealings. It was said that if they owed a *pfennig*, they re-paid two.

We assumed as well that these Dutch recollections might be more objective than English reports by Church and University elites who had good reason to be fearful of disagreeing with the views of the Crown. Some English writers might also have borne some bias against Dissenters.

However, to set the record straight, in our survey of hundreds of books in and out of print, we were to later confirm that there were few false rumors or myths in English publications. Their native fair-mindedness and respect for history was notable. Those myths about the Pilgrims which had grown up over the years were in America, some in texts, some in fiction and some in popular non-fiction books, such as the New Times Best Seller, *The Making of an American Quilt*, in which pejoratives ran from “selfish,” “greedy,” and “lazy,” and “too good for ordinary work,” to accusations that Colonial women married older men to kill multiple husbands and inherit through their accumulated wills! (A survey of Colonial wills belies this wild assertion.) Wherever we found facts to counter such blatant inaccuracies

we felt motivated to point them out. It was a pleasure therefore to discover that no bias was evidenced in English history. Facts were simply stated, fair and balanced and clearly documented. None gratuitously denigrated the character of the Separatists.

It has been rumored, also by Americans, that the Pilgrims were simple farmers, the word “simple” being implying that there was little honor in farming and that all farmers were by definition illiterate. Records in England confirm that some were actually landowners from prosperous families who sold their land and their sheep to emigrate. But they certainly were not farmers in Holland, for they had no farms. And as there was no welfare they could hardly have been ne'er-do-wells. In order to feed their families they set to and became useful hard-working citizens: artisans, weavers, printers, iron workers and masters of other trades. These were not simple skills and correspondence to and from Holland demonstrates that the Separatists were extremely literate, often poetic. We know they were well read, as this was essential if they were to remain faithful to the most cherished right they fought for, to read and study the Bible in Latin and in English without King controlling their efforts. Even the youngest children were taught to read the Bible.

One wonders how so many misconceptions developed in America, with such a concerted effort to paint the newcomers as wastrels, former convicts,

and, that most dastardly accusation, “not from the noble class.” What is such an undemocratic accusation meant to accomplish but to cast aspersion and paint these folk as too unexceptional to be honored by their fellow Americans? Noble classes were quite content with their status quo, and few had any intention of rocking the King’s boat, or sacrificing their lands as the Pilgrims had for their principles. It is certainly true the Pilgrims had prison records, having been roused from their homes and meeting places for refusing to attend church or conform to royal demands.

At first it was difficult to assimilate in a big city like Amsterdam. They found Leiden much more to their liking and soon felt at home there. Their primary delight in Holland was to be able to worship as they pleased, and the hospitality of the Dutch made their decision to leave in 1620 a difficult one, but in their hearts they still loved their own language and customs. Over time they became concerned that their children were becoming Dutch, subject to the temptation to drift from religious precepts so hard won. They also came under intense pressure when a new Spanish-Dutch War threatened the religious liberty. If the Spanish Catholics recovered power in the Netherlands, they would be as harsh on religious dissenters as King James had been. So the decision was taken to leave in order to preserve the freedom they had gained.

In Delfthaven, we stood in the church just opposite the quay from which the *Speedwell* sailed to Southampton for the historic meeting with the *Mayflower*. We tried to picture them in their somber garb, gathering their few belongings, waving farewell to friends and families who were forced to stay behind. Among those remaining were children too young for the crossing and those too elderly or feeble. Pastor John Robinson, although he had elected to stay behind to care for these others, was one of the great influences of the Pilgrim movement. He is often forgotten today, but his memory was long emblazoned on Pilgrim hearts. Bradford's *Journal* reminds us how influential and beloved he was.

We were grateful for Dutch views of the Pilgrim presence in Holland which had come to our attention by merest chance; we are still waiting for translation of more 16th and 17th century Dutch history. For the most part however, it seems that the Pilgrims had not shared much about their personal lives. The English have always been reticent about matters of a personal nature, and the language barrier could not have been very conducive to sharing the terrors of the past. And it was probably unwise to speak of towns in England where relatives were still undoubtedly worshipping in secret.

After these limited trips to Holland and England, we finally felt ready for an all-out assault on old English bookstores, libraries, research centers,

universities, parish and government records, and old monuments in remote parts of England. Always aware that many details could lie beyond our reach in the mists of time, we remained hopeful that in these ancient nooks and crannies we might feel the Pilgrims come to life, and just maybe, find historical gold.

After more than 400 years however, where to find all the facts necessary for this search? We wanted to compile an accurate list of names, towns, and birth dates, before setting out. Our first thought was to work backward from Boston in the Nottinghamshire town of Scrooby which had turned up as the last town from which the Pilgrims had made their escape to Holland. Because they had gathered from all over England we knew we needed a plan to seek local lore in various counties and try to trace parents and grandparents of the wayfarers back to the 15th century, as we had with Dr. Fuller. We knew from earlier experience there would be Parish records, gravestones, and local histories to help, and we believed that we could find the most accurate clues in Boston where the English Pilgrims joined up and were held captive. But the Boston jail cells were closed for repairs.

So we decided to start at Somerset House in the Richmond borough of London where information is stored, some of which goes back to the Domesday Book. We would also have an address at the Press Club or a hotel to await responses from several

English Counties where it was rumored Pilgrims had lived. Clue by clue we hoped a direction would sort itself out.

London is one of our favorite cities, so it was no hardship to spend time visiting some of sites in the capital. Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, the haunt where Dr. Johnson held court was a great place to meet other visitors taking their leisure with the time to become interested in our search. Ye Olde Mitre was another, where it is said Queen Elizabeth I danced around the cherry tree still standing in the front yard, no doubt celebrating another capture of the resistant subjects she loathed! Surrounded by these ancient reminders of not-so-merry Olde England, we began to feel intuitively that *something* of interest was waiting around the corner, however history might try to elude us. Everywhere we went the English chimed in with their amazing recall of American history to keep us on task.

We were genuinely surprised when pieces of the story began to show up unbidden. We knew that in a London hamlet called Rotherhite, the *Mayflower's* Captain, Christopher Jones, had awaited his instructions to proceed to Southampton where the Pilgrims from Holland would be arriving on the *Speedwell*. It was exciting to look all the way back to 1607 again and feel close to a pivotal character in the Pilgrim saga in the port he called home, years before

he could have foreseen the role he would play in such an historic voyage.

We had not had time to investigate the Jones matter further, however, when, walking in the derelict and notorious East End of London (lured by the prospect of another ancient Pub) a dingy section of the Docklands suddenly opened up into a new and elegant area with Yuppies on their bicycles weaving around us with briefcases dangling. A teacher coming home from school asked if she could help us, and insisted on having us in to tea to see her waterfront garden which she promised held a surprise. As we sat among the roses and looked directly across the Thames we could clearly read *MAYFLOWER* spelled out in large type on a piling! No, it was not the home of a moving company; it was the very dock where the *Mayflower* had been berthed. Of all the places we could have landed wandering around London along the backside of the Thames, what can be said about arriving at this exact view? More of the tale of Christopher Jones was related when her husband, an MI6 scientist, joined in the spirit of the chase.

We crossed the Thames to Rotherhite for dinner at the Mayflower Pub, (a rather modern establishment only a couple of hundred years old) situated on the location we now knew that the *Mayflower* had been moored four hundred years before. As we looked out on the dock a picture formed in our minds of the vessel bobbing at the

quay, readying for the trip to Southampton. During their Dutch sojourn the Pilgrims were still cautiously in touch with their countrymen in England, and twelve years later, they had risked sending someone back to lease the *Mayflower*, in spite of a price still on all of their heads, and probably on any Englishman who dealt with them, Mr. Jones as well. Every new insight into the story which came from our sleuthing was as exciting to us as it would have been to Sherlock Holmes and we managed to dine near 221 Baker Street, on a foggy night, of course.

In Pilgrim days, London was a town of many small villages, Rotherhite and Stepney among them, and some had once been early Separatists strongholds. Such information seemed to come to us as often “by the way” as by scholarly research, and the English people became a kind of library unto themselves, adding bits and pieces worth investigating. In order to follow every clue before leaving London for the country, we took a boat down the Thames to Greenwich, the reference point of GMT (Greenwich Mean Time) and the magnificent former home of the Royal Naval College on the Riverside. We learned here that Greenwich had also been home to some early Dissenters four centuries ago. A closer analysis of the travels of the Pilgrims and a look at the map revealed it was not actually very far from Cambridgeshire in the 1500s where theological disputes at the University began. Still, it was a

remarkable distance considering travel by coach or horseback. We were learning that the search for the Pilgrims is much broader than one supposes; Dissenters were everywhere, but it had been often unwise to advertise their whereabouts. Some of them were forced to move often as the King's agents closed in on them.

On our return to our hotel, the correspondence we hoped for was waiting. With new confirmation of towns and birthplaces, it was time to move out of London for a long trek through East Anglia, a much larger area than it appears on the map. We discovered that researching an area claiming Pilgrim kinship means traveling miles off the beaten track of official or best-known sites to discover some little byway and a fact that may have been neglected. It was common to come to a screeching halt at the sight of a welcome sign in a town bearing the name of a former Pilgrim resident which was not in any guide book. We would find it hard to resist stopping on Pilgrim Street, or for a cup of coffee at a Pilgrim Café, to ask if it bore some relation to the story. It continued to surprise us to find Pilgrims showing up all over England.

A stay at an Inn in Colchester, built circa 1100 AD, was a fortuitous one. It had been a former coach stop on a dirt path between London and York, and a Roman bastion in the first millennium. It also claims to be the birthplace of the Separatist movement because of its proximity to Cambridge where, we

were delighted to learn, famous Separatist fathers studied and taught. Many were erudite, as opposed to crude and untutored, as some have reported. Later we confirmed that almost all of the Pilgrims knew Latin, some German, and of course all were very well spoken in English, especially the preachers. Naturally they learned Dutch, and Brewster taught Latin and English in Holland as well.

At the Red Lion Inn we were enthralled to learn that discussion of the King's marital machinations, and later secret opposition during Elizabeth's reign, were, like the stones in the river, lodged somewhere in the sturdy beams of this ancient hostelry. Some of its secrets came to light at the Colchester Library which turned out to be only a few feet away, and as it was open on Sunday, we were thrilled, perhaps not in the true spirit of Puritanism, to be able to set to work at once. Here scholarly journals which the librarian placed in front of us brought tears to my eyes as I viewed crabbed handwriting of 400-year-old entries about the First Crossing, and the name of each passenger, including the tiny boy who was born in Plymouth Harbor to become the first new Pilgrim American.

I was very surprised at how prolific records were in English libraries. We found much less in America at the time of our first searches and had been very disappointed in our survey of public school textbooks. If it were not for private collections,

notably that of the General Mayflower Society in Boston and Cape Cod, the paucity of data for our purpose would have been daunting. So it was pleasing to see that Colchester contained almost more than we could review in a month of Sundays! It was touching at how involved the librarian became in helping us to see the Pilgrims as real, spending hours with us until closing, then finding us a safe place to leave our notes.

Everyone we met, as we moved from large research centers to tiny crossroads, was drawn by a desire to be involved in the search, from docents who spent days helping us pore over old documents, to a publican who spent three hours praising the Pilgrim vision of freedom and its worldwide influence, and then waved us onward with misty eyes. They remembered the luminaries of the First Colony: John Alden and Priscilla (“Speak for yourself, John Alden”) Mullins, Myles Standish, and Governors Carver, Bradford and Brewster. They recalled that the Indians’ reputation for violence frightened women and children in England at the time, but word had come back that peaceable ones like Somerset and Squanto moved into Plymouth Plantation to live with the Pilgrims; and of course the lovely Pocahontas whose portrait is on the walls of our Congress was a heroine at Court when she moved to London. Bear in mind that in England, history is taken very seriously, mandated in schools, public and private, and most

students know it cold before they graduate. It is this respect for the past which makes us more confident that the English records surpass our own. And it continued to amaze us that the Pilgrims evoked such fresh sentiment here after centuries of being taken for granted in America.

Perhaps if Americans had been privy to the first-hand material in the Bradford's *Journal*, it would have prevented many misconceptions from having a chance to grow up. Bradford's accounts remind us first of a trip that tried men's souls, and of drastically depleted food supplies because of the delay at Plymouth, and the wrangling which began to divide the passengers (not the Pilgrims) over who would get the lion's share. The journal brings to our attention the trials of another passenger born on the rolling seas and named Oceanus. Unfortunately the baby died soon after the Landing, and other children died of plagues in the first few months on shore, so it was a grieving colony which faced the many hardships of that first harsh winter. The original Bradford *Journal* can be seen in the State House in Massachusetts. Viewing it imparts a real sense of the importance of this period in our early history and what it tells us about ourselves.

As we looked for new sources to investigate we were directed to the Essex Family Research Center, a scholastic repository of English history, and we found a treasure trove of materials to guide us,

and a quiet place to study. (We eventually ended up with pounds of paper to ship home.) After several days we met Captain Jones again, in the surprisingly quiet shipping port of Harwich, his home when not at the docks in London. His house is still standing near the waterfront, and wouldn't it be wonderful if he had penned his memoirs? He was quite a young man who must have been a great sailor to steer that overloaded ship in severe winter storms and bring it to safe ground. Many aboard must have wondered if they would ever see land again.

In a kiosk on the docks of Harwich a proud Englishman descending from the Pilgrims displayed artifacts and news clippings of his lineage. How grateful we were for the faithfulness of the English, for every place which yielded fresh confirmation of the facts. Our days were not all work, however, for, important when in England, we located the first fish and chips shop of the trip in Harwich, the meal wrapped in the obligatory edition of yesterday's news.

Thus fortified, we stopped in a small ancient village near Diss, at a very old church where we had been told the Pastor would let us search Parish records. The Pastor was not to be found, but I was happy strolling around church grounds in the rain, examining old moss-encrusted headstones tilted backward by the erosion of centuries. Some were so old that the elements had washed away the

inscriptions, yet we knew this must be the final resting place of the parents and grandparents of Samuel Fuller, the Physician who joined the Pilgrim group in Holland, and whose family we had now traced even farther back to the year 1413. He was destined to become the grandfather of little Peregrine White.

Our journey then took us north through Cambridge where non-conformist ferment took root among divinity students and spread to Nottinghamshire, across Sherwood Forest, to small hamlets, for clues to further presence of Pilgrims. We prowled through old second-hand bookstores unearthing letters and small documents, and drove deep into the English countryside in search of private collections, down roads only wide enough for one small vehicle to take turns. We made friends with the locals having their pints in tiny crossroads like Thaxted, Bawtry, Sturton-Le-Steeple, Snettisham, Chesterfield, Bury St. Edmunds, and many other delightful places. Everywhere we learned something new, and were met with great interest in our research from Town Councilmen to law clerks sharing a picnic.

At Gainsborough we just caught the Sunday opening of Gainsborough Old Hall, where John Smyth pastored a congregation of Separatists in the late 1500s and early 1600s. We were in time to talk at length with the President of the Historical Society that saved the building from destruction. (Not one person

who worked to save this wonderful old edifice from demolition, and who preserve it faithfully now, is related to a Pilgrim.) In one wing were the rooms where the Pilgrims met; another was dedicated to the history of their struggle with King and Church.

From Gainsborough we searched for the tiny town of Babworth, now just an intersection of a side road and a highway. There seemed really nothing at all there, until we wound down a dirt path and discovered a deep wood that surrounded a beautiful old church standing alone in a glen under a grand bower of sycamore trees. It had been the home church of Richard Clyfton, regarded as the Father of the Pilgrim Movement. His name is missing from American rosters, as is that of John Robinson, because Clyfton died so young, and did not make the First Crossing. But in his youth he rocked the church with his Separatist teaching. Indeed, his stand against the tyranny of the Crown got him fired from his position in the Church of England. He was then invited to stay with a young parishioner, William Bradford in Austerfield, whose amazing story we tell elsewhere. That interesting fellow, already a very mature sixteen, who blossomed under the ministry of Clyfton, would soon become a leading light of history.

In England there is a church every few miles, actually more evocative of village life than the great cathedrals, as grand as they are. So it was off to Austerfield, a few miles from Scrooby, to check out

the church in which Bradford was christened. It was very difficult to find, but we did find it. The Baptismal Font in which Bradford was blessed is still there. At last we came to what remains of the Scrooby Manor House where Brewster lived as a government official of the Crown and met with others to discuss their inability to accept continually harsher threats for their faith.

The irony is that this Manor House had indeed once been a forty-room palace which Henry the VIII visited. It belonged to the Archbishop of York, an arch-enemy of Separatism; and yet it was the very incubator of free thought about the separation of Church and State, right under the Archbishop's nose! History comes to life standing on sites like these where such dramas were played out. We had hardly dared hope to find them, yet they do exist. The Manor House has now been recognized as such an important site, efforts are quietly underway by Americans to buy it.

We never found an Englishman who did not express admiration for the Pilgrims. This was certainly demonstrated in a small village named Worksop. It was not on our list, but whenever a library hove into view it was like a yard sale to a housewife in autumn. Often, wearily, we hauled ourselves out of the car, and were richly rewarded to find half the library of this small town filled with elaborate exhibits on Pilgrim history. There was no

reference to a Worksop Pilgrim, but a reproduction of the interior of the *Mayflower* and a marvelous life-size mannequin depicting William Brewster in Pilgrim dress was on display. It was created by sketching Brewster descendants in America; the resemblance to New Englanders we have known centuries later was remarkable. He was portrayed as a peaceful looking man, known all his life for his beneficent personality.

Standing before this image made us feel as though we were really coming closer to the real-life people who established the first free church, the first free schools, the first free commonwealth, and the first free enterprise system in the world. This is the heritage of every American, and the English could not understand why these accomplishments were not better respected in our own country. We tried to explain that when blessings overflow people sometimes forget where they come from. Most of the English we met believed the Pilgrim Fathers, and Mothers, have been greatly shortchanged by viewing them as shadowy figures without any personal traits. They were much more complex than that, as we were discovering.

Beyond Lincoln lay Boston, where the Pilgrims were jailed in the Guild Hall, and cells in which they were held after being betrayed and arrested still exist, although they were under repair and we could not view them. Further evidence that the English give the past its due is a small room set aside just for

American visitors as well as a memorial in the town square of Boston. Once again I thought of how much still exists that to help to make the Pilgrims real to us.

Following a narrow dirt path east of Boston, through cow pastures for a considerable distance, we came to the exact spot at Scotia Creek where, on one of their attempts to escape, the congregation was taken captive by the captain and crew of the very ship hired to transport them to Holland. They were dispossessed of all their belongings, and the modest women searched to the skin before being turned over to authorities for a reward. On a secluded spot on the bank, a group of English admirers have erected an obelisk commemorating the location. Almost every one of our finds was not to be found on main thoroughfares. We are not sure what had led us down so many unpromising, but ultimately rewarding, roads. Happily, many of these places are so remote they haven't been disturbed for centuries, preserved by nature like quiet shrines at which we could still feel the presence of ancient people.

We had come full circle, some twenty years after our first visit to England, deep calling to deep across the centuries, with an urgency to look for historical remnants that would make those who sacrificed safety and possessions to fulfill their dream of liberty real to us. Small in number, decimated by hunger and plague in the New World, they were large in spirit. Not one chose to turn back when the

Mayflower returned to England. And when the second ship arrived, with new settlers but oddly no provisions, hard-pressed Pilgrims cut their meager portions in half to share with the newcomers. Americans know some parts of the *Mayflower* experience, but little of the character and personality of lives too soon buried in crumbling books or forgotten glens.

And what are we to think of the *Mayflower Compact*, that incredible legacy of uncommon wisdom? Providence must surely have guided these men to draw it up before they allowed anyone to leave the ship. The urge to tumble ashore must have been a mighty one, but self-discipline and common sense prevailed. The Pilgrims realized the need for an agreement among all the disparate passengers on board, but whence came this ability to establish an original self-government system such as the world had never known? The document written and signed in the formal English of the day created the first concept of democracy in the West. We may assume due credit to Greek philosophers who were well known at the Universities of the time, but I like to think good old-fashioned common sense guided their pen.

And far from being hidebound radicals, the First Forefathers were wise enough to allow for change as needs arose, when their preference for equality had not taken fully into account the fact that,

unlike themselves, not all humans were hardworking by nature. It soon became clear that some men were slackers, especially some of the Adventurers, who wanted to take their provisions from the common weal rather than earn their keep. And thus the earthshaking concept of free market enterprise was born.

Ordinary folk? Perhaps, but not faceless, feckless farmers as some would have us believe. These were teachers, preachers, merchants, skilled tradesmen, and some, like Brewster, had very responsible government positions in England. Some had been prosperous sheep farmers who preferred hardship and loss to living under political tyranny and were not unlettered as unjustly supposed. They were humble of spirit but strong of purpose, cruelly despised by a King who built special jails to hold them where the axe was always sharp, and sent some to their end in the Tower. Their fears were real enough, still they resisted at great cost, because they loved liberty so well.

And so it was that our trip came to an end in the beautiful Ashedown Forest preparing to board a ship in Southampton exactly where the Pilgrims first left on their difficult journey to the New World. We boarded an ocean liner that would have left them gasping, not only for its size and convenience, but for the celebration of Catholic masses, Jewish Sabbath, and an inter-denominational Seminar in which the

Gospel was presented, unadulterated – a freedom for which the Pilgrims would earnestly have wished.

Shortly after our return, we made one last trip to Plymouth on Cape Cod to re-check materials available there, and to discuss our project with docents in various museums. We enlisted the help of the Librarian of the Mayflower Society to confirm genealogical details. The Society maintains arguably the most beautiful house in America as its Plymouth Headquarters, and the library is open to the public. Nearby, in the Pilgrim Museum one may see the actual Geneva Bible the Pilgrims used, and other artifacts, including the cradle which first rocked Resolved White in Holland. He was clearly born while the Whites were wrestling with the leave-taking. The cradle was brought to Plymouth for Peregrine's birth. We should not neglect to mention another child who was a passenger on the *Mayflower*, born on the rolling seas and named Oceanus.

A visit to these sites on the Pilgrim's home ground should be a goal for every school child, and a delightful one for every American.

APPENDIX A:

Mayflower Passengers and their Fates

The children of the United States deserve to know the true story of the struggle, courage, and principles of their Pilgrim Fathers. It was their faithfulness to their beliefs and principles that laid the foundation for this great nation. Their story must never be distorted or forgotten.

In Bold Italics (listed first) = Pilgrim “Saints”

In Normal Print = “Strangers” joining in Southampton

John Carver, Age About 60, Died in First year

Catherine Carver (W), Age? Died in First year

John Howland, Age 27, Died 1673

Elizabeth (Carver) Howland, Age? Died: ?

Jasper More, Age Boy, Died in First year

Desire Minter, Age 16, Died in First year

Roger Wilder, Age 21+, Died in First year

William Latham, Age 16, Died later

William Bradford, Age 30, Died 1657

Dorothy (May) Bradford, Age 23, Died in First year

Edward Winslow, Age? Died?

Elizabeth Winslow, Age? Died in First year

Edward Winslow, Jr., Age? Died?

John Winslow Age? Died?

George Soule, Age? Died?

William Brewster, Age 54, Died 1644

Mary Brewster (W), Age 51, Died about 1627

Love Brewster, Age 7, Died 1650 Duxbury
Wrestling Brewster, Age Boy, Died? a young man
Richard More, Age 6, Died 1656 Scituate
?? More (brother), Age? Died in First year
Isaac Allerton, Age? Died 1658
Mary Allerton (W), Age? Died in First year
Bartholomew Allerton, Age? Died 1659
Remember Allerton, Age? Died 1655
Mary Allerton, Age? Died 1699
Sarah Allerton, Age? Died?
Samuel Fuller, Age? Died 1633
William Butten, Age? Died aboard Mayflower
William White, Age About 30, Died in First year
Susanna White (W), Age About 25, Died?
Resloved White Age 5, Died?
Peregrine White, Age Born on Mayflower, Died?
William Holbeck, Age <21, Died in First year
Edward Thompson, Age <21, Died in First year
Francis Cooke, Age About 38, Died 1663
John Cooke, Age About 10, Died 1695
Thomas Rogers, Age >30, Died in First year
Joseph Rogers, Age child, Died 1678
Thomas Tinker, Age >21, Died in First year
Mrs. Tinker (W), Age >21, Died in First year
?? Tinker (son), Age? Died in First year
Edward Fuller, Age >25, Died in First year
Mrs. Fuller (W), Age? Died in First year
Samuel Fuller, Age About 5, Died?
John Turner, Age >30, Died in First year

?? Turner (son), Age? Died in First year
?? Turner (son), Age? Died in First year
James Chilton, Age About 40, Died in First year
Susanna Chilton (W), Age? Died in First year
Mary Chilton, Age young girl, Died?
John Crackstone, Age About 35, Died in First year
John Crackstone, Jr., Age About 18, Died 1628
Moses Fletcher, Age >30, Died in First year
John Goodman, Age >21, Died?
Degory Priest, Age 41, Died in First year
Thomas Williams, Age >21, Died in First year
Gilbert Winslow, Age 20, Died?
Miles Standish, Age? Died?
Rose Standish, Age? Died in First year
John Alden, Age? Died 1687
Christopher Martin, Age? Died in First year
Mrs. Martin (W), Age? Died in First year
Solomon. Prower, Age <21, Died in First year
John Langmore, Age <21, Died in First year
William Mullins, Age? Died in First year
Mrs. Mullins (W), Age? Died in First year
Priscilla Mullins (D), Age? Died? Married John Alden
Joseph Mullins (S), Age? Died in First year
Robert Carter, Age? Died in First year
Richard Warren, Age >45, Died?
Stephen Hopkins, Age >35, Died 1680
Elizabeth Hopkins (W), Age? Died 1635
Constance Hopkins, Age About 11, Died 1677
Giles Hopkins, Age About 15, Died 1690

Oceanus Hopkins, Age new born, Died in First year
Damaris Hopkins, Age child, Died 1627
Edward Dotey, Age >21, Died 1655
Edward Leister, Age >21, Died?
Edward Tilley, Age About 30, Died in First year
Ann Tilley (W), Age? Died in First year
Henry Sampson, Age 6, Died in First year
Humility Cooper, Age child, Died in First year
John Tilley, Age >35, Died in First year
Bridget Tilley (W), Age? Died in First year
Elizabeth Tilley, Age 13, 1687
John Ridgdale, Age >21, Died in First year
Alice Ridgdale (W), Age? Died in First year
Francis Eaton, Age About 25, Died?
Sarah Eaton (W), Age? Died?
Samuel Eaton, Age infant, Died?
John Billington, Age >30, Died?
Helen Billington (W), Age? Died?
Francis Billington, Age About 14, Died?
John Billington, Jr., Age About 16, Died?
Edward Margeston, Age >21, Died in First year
Peter Brown, Age? Died?
Richard Britterige, Age >21, Died in First year
Richard Clarke, Age >21, Died in First year
Richard Gardiner, Age >21, Died?
John Allerton, Age >21, Died in First year
Thomas English, Age >21, Died in First year

APPENDIX B:

Eulogy to Barbara Joan Moseley

God gathered Barbara Joan Moseley to her forebears in September 2011. Her husband, co-author of this book, and her children, James, Jonathon and Cameron Randall Phillips, survived her.

She wished to have her ashes scattered at Plymouth, and this wish her family lovingly fulfilled on May 5, 2012. Her son, James, wrote the following to mark the event and to honor her cherished memory.

Plymouth Bay

Mother, here we are again,
Where once through frigid veils of rain
Your forebears one November day
First came ashore at Plymouth Bay.

They risked their all to find a place
To dwell and thrive in simple grace,
Free to worship, free to pray
On the shores of Plymouth Bay.

Their dim and faded footsteps you
And your husband followed through
Shires and shores so far away
From this place at Plymouth Bay.

And in your life you followed, too,
Their dream of freedom to pursue
Every talent Heaven may
Have given you to show or say.

You taught us all to do the same:
To dare, to dream, to fear no shame,
To dedicate each precious day
To following our heartfelt way.

Mother, I remember this:
The sad and silent final kiss
Before you went so far away
Among the saints of Plymouth Bay.

Yet you who live in Christ are free,
These ashes but a memory,
That soft we scatter here today
By Bradford's tomb at Plymouth Bay.

Our duty here this day is done.
You have run your race and won.
We shall again embrace one day
Among the saints of Plymouth Bay.

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Additional Resources:

Plymouth Town Clerk's Office
Plymouth Cemetery Department
Plymouth County Registry of Probate
Plymouth County Registry of Deeds
Plymouth Antiquarian Society
General Society of *Mayflower* Descendants
Pilgrim Society
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