

✓F-CHASE, SALLY DAWES

ACROSS THE FIELDS TO SCROOBY

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Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."  
Ours is the fortune.

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And these men were the product of an England which Emerson describes as "an lotus-garden, no paradise of serene joy and peace and music and merriment all the year round, but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open but roses and the virtuous woman." True it is to-day a "cold, foggy, mournful country" much of the year, and most cold, and most foggy, and most mournful in the midlands from which came Bradford and Brewster. But England can smile and quile in such a scientific manner as to make her expatriated sons and daughters, as well as her native sons and daughters, forget the short December days and the long December nights of cold and fog.

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Oliver Herford deplores the fact that God gives us our relatives. Oliver Wendell Holmes somewhere advises that we choose our own ancestors; and Maeterlinck in The Blue-bird presents the idea of selecting one's parents. Granted that we had this power and this privilege, how many of us of Bradford and Brewster descent would care to exchange our God-given ancestors - men who have been described as "the true progenitors of the westward march of the Anglo-Saxon race" - care to exchange such ancestors for any of our own choice? Could we find men with reputations more to our liking?

"Men whom the Lord, and not the King made great;  
And who, themselves, were both a church and state."

And these men were the product of an England which Emerson describes as 'no lotus-garden, no paradise of serene sky and roses and music and merriment all the year round, but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open but robust men and virtuous women.' True it is to-day a 'cold, foggy, mournful country' much of the year, and most cold, and most foggy, and most mournful in the midlands from which came Bradford and Brewster. But England can smile and smile in such a beatific manner as to make her expatriated sons and daughters, as well as her native sons and daughters, forget the short December days and the long December nights of cold and fog.



When we first went up from Lincoln to the locale of our ancestors, described by Bradford as 'sundry towns and villages, some in Nottinghamshire, some in Lincolnshire, and some in Yorkshire where they border nearest together', England was in one of her smiling moods; and well she might be, for we had exhausted our own patience and that of several booking-offices in our effort to learn the best approach. In one booking-office after another blank expressions responded to our questions: From what point can we best reach Austerfield and Scrooby? What is there to see there? How much time should we allow? Can we spend the night there? At York, however, the clerk showed marked intelligence, for he knew that the towns are on the main line to London. Beyond that his intelligence did not go. He did add that we 'must be Americans, for "no one else ever wants to go to those places."' He admitted that his office receives about three requests a season for such information. Apparently three requests are not enough to warrant investigation of the places. So we went to Lincoln. Here with more railroad schedules (an English railroad schedule is a tome not unlike a city telephone directory, but so complicated by cross-references that an Englishman never uses one if he can avoid it) with more railroad schedules, more maps, and more time to exercise our American ingenuity and cross-word puzzle ability, we evolved a travel plan that elicited real commendation when we presented it at the railway office and asked if it were workable. So we went up to Bawtry, to Austerfield and Scrooby -

dropped into the quiet surfaces.



to that bit of England famous since 702 for having been the scene of a great ecclesiastical synod at which the English churches fought against the assumed supremacy of the Bishop of Rome; famous later for Robinhood and his merry men; famous in the days of Elizabeth for its over-whelming majority of Catholics; and still later for its daring men and women who "thanked God that they had been vouchsafed a glimpse of the true light and walked no longer in darkness; that they were separated from that abomination of Anti-Christ, the Church of England.

Even the flat, rather uninteresting country, dominated by church towers, has its attractive, colorful side. Watered as it is by canals and lazy streams - the Idle flows by Scrooby - the broad sweep of the landscape, not frequently interrupted by trees, was fresh and green, the shade of green varying from the lush, rich green of meadowland and grazing field, to the gray-green of cornland, for husbandry was, and still is, the chief means of livelihood in this section. In connection with the name IDLE, which signifies laziness to us, an older writer says that the river had its name from the grain that abounded in the neighboring fields, that ID or YD signifies corn or grain in general, and that IDLE means a granary. The cornland, not corn in the American sense - in England, I am told any growing grain is termed corn, it becomes wheat or rye or oats after it is harvested - the cornland was crimsoned with poppies. The sluggish streams apparently contained fish for contented men and boys sat singly and in groups with lines dropped into the quiet surfaces.



Occasionally we saw a line cast, but we never saw a fish caught.

At Bawtry, according to railroad schedules a more promising town than Scrooby, the very courteous guard agreed to call a taxi for us and disappeared. We were walking the station platform, wondering at his non-return, when there appeared before us as if he had come up through the planking a young man who inquired if we were the ladies who wished a car. He proved a polite and efficient chauffeur, if not intelligent historically; he knew where we wanted to go, but nothing at all about the places, seeming, in this respect, to justify another's statement that "no tradition of the Pilgrims lingers in Austerfield; that few residents have ever heard that anyone ever went out of Austerfield to do anything historical." But he is not alone in his ignorance, for during a year spent mainly in an English manufacturing city I met just one person, aside from teachers of history, who was even slightly acquainted with our ancestors. I was asked by a barrister to explain about 'that Plymouth Rock' which I had mentioned to his wife some days before. At Southampton we were told 'if you forget these directions for reaching the Mayflower Memorial, ask anyone to direct you to the guns. Everyone knows where they are, but they've never heard of the Memorial.' And it was an Englishman who made the statement. In the picture the Southampton Memorial looks far more attractive than it is in reality. The picture, thanks to the photographer, gives it space and does not crowd it under the old city wall, nor does it show too clearly the



ugly prows jutting from each upper corner. The Memorial was unveiled in 1913.

From Bawtry we drove through narrow streets of unpretentious cottages to Austerfield, described by Cotton Mather "as a very Ignorant, profane place, not a Bible to be seen there and with a minister at the chapel who was inattentive and careless". Again it is described as "an obscure village where the people were as unacquainted with the Bible as the Jews do seem to have been with part of it in the days of Josiah". Today it is a typical North Country village with steep-roofed houses of brick or stone. The houses are severely plain, built to withstand the Yorkshire cold and storms. At the end of the straggling village stands the Bradford manor house, more ample in proportions and less severe in line than others in the vicinity, but not in any sense attractive either without or within. Historians say that a house built of brick, a commodity rare in Bradford's time, indicates a family of social distinction. Even so, as a manor house is a disappointment. Standing close to the village street, it lacks the spacious lands that one invariably associates with the term MANOR; yet in the 16th century Austerfield is recorded as a royal manor. From the outside one recognizes instinctively that it could never have had the great hall with panelled walls, dais, and minstrel gallery, the very center of life in a true manor house. If, on the other hand, it is termed a manor house because it is the largest in the village, the name is justified. But this does not make either the house or the approach to it any more attractive.



Alighting from our taxi, we picked our way through dung, mud and rough cart ruts to the gate and were preparing to take a picture when we were halted by the kind-hearted occupant of the front section of the house, for it is now a two-family house. She explained that we wanted the manor house and that was the rear section. In her excitement to save our film and have us take an accurate picture, her language, I think, became confused; by MANOR she probably meant the part in which Bradford is said to have been born.

At the rear of the house, reached through more mud and debris, our arrival was heralded to those within by a barking but not unfriendly dog. Greeted by the lady of the manor, we were ushered under a lean-to into the small kitchen, immaculate though dinner was being served to several men and boys in 'the house' or 'house-place', the only other room on that floor. 'The House' is the name used in Yorkshire for the living-room. Busy as she was, she was exceedingly glad to see us, to receive all Americans, especially Bradford descendants, and to conduct us down the steep, winding stairway to the small white-washed cellar with its tiny window, in which some of the Separatists are reputed to have held their meetings. That they should have held meetings in such a place seems incredible. Why, even with guards posted to announce the approach of the king's troops, they should have secreted themselves in a place with but one means of egress and that a very awkward one, I cannot understand. Had the troopers ever surprised them at their worship, not one of them could have escaped, for though the curve of the stairway gives the fighting



advantage to the person at the bottom, fighting adversaries above one not simple. Again it seems unlikely, persistent saying so to the contrary, that meeting should have been held at this house, for Bradford at 15 to 18 years of age was probably not maintaining an establishment of his own - he did not marry until 1613 - and the yeoman uncles in whose care he had been since his seventh birthday were strongly opposed to his connection with the Separatists. Lastly, Bradford does not mention any meetings in his own home. -- Though we saw only the cellar and the kitchen through which we had entered, with a glimpse of the living-room beyond, we saw enough to tell us that that rear section of the house contained but four rooms at most. Despite the meagreness of the accomodation, the unkept yard, the curious dog, and scratching chickens, it was not impossible to conjure up a picture of those independents who dared brave royal disfavor and imprisonment, assembling silently, perhaps stealthily, from across the broad lands which must once have surrounded the house, and if we accept popular rumor, filing through the house and down those uncomfortable stairs, into the cellar.

In talking with the curator of Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, concerning the likelihood of meetings having been held at the Bradford house, so-called, he replied, 'I doubt the story of meetings there. You know that Austerfield house has never been authenticated.' Mr. C. E. Banks in his recent book questions Bradford's having lived at Austerfield after his early years. He argues that the finding in the Public Record Office, London, of the original Fine, dated 1611, by which William Bradford sold in Bentley, near Doncaster and five miles



from Austerfield, an inheritance consisting of a house, cottage, garden, orchard, and  $9\frac{1}{2}$  acres of land is strong proof that Bradford lived at Bentley and not Austerfield. Bradford makes no mention of this transaction. Whether Bradford lived at Bentley or Austerfield, it is Austerfield today that receives the visitors, and it was at Austerfield that his family lived, for records show that his grandparents on both sides were the only mentioned owners of property in 1575.

After the birthplace one naturally goes to the church, or 'chapellerie' as its 'Register Booke' calls it, the place of William Bradford's christening. Set back from the road and reached by a walk in which weeds and grass were competing, the small stone church, reputed to be one of the smallest in England and dating from the reign of Henry II, is a delight to the eye in its Norman simplicity. The older historians in describing it refer to the fine Norman doorway with its 'compound arch, zigzag, and beak ornament and a dragon carved'. Today this is screened by a modern wooden porch. Within - church was open after the manner of most English churches - quiet dignity of the building, the grace of the arches, and the plainness of the furnishings contrasted strangely with the confusion in the south aisle where, to all appearances, the choir had hastily divested itself of its robes and as hastily departed. It is this south aisle which, according to a tablet in the church, was built in 1897 by the Society of Mayflower Descendants and other Americans in memory of Governor William Bradford, "First American citizen of the English race who bore rule by the free choice of his brethen." Small as the church is to-day, it is



difficult to believe that it was even smaller in the sixteenth century when William Bradford was held up before the oaken chancel rail to be christened; or that at that time one could, according to Eggleston, "see the rafters while shivering with cold in the grotto-like interior"; or that until 1835 the church boasted only a dirt floor. To us, of course, the chief object of interest was the huge stone font, rough in finish and rude in workmanship, crudely dug out in the shape of a thick bowl, and quite large enough for the immersion of any child. This font has undergone almost as many peregrinations as Plymouth Rock. The story goes that because the font long unused and the sexton was ordered to sell all superfluous articles, it became a piece of garden furniture, was later loaned to a church in a neighboring town, and subsequently returned to Austerfield. During the wanderings of this font another was substituted. This second font, so the story continues, was supplied by the resourceful sexton who, when told by the clergyman of the great loss sustained by the church, brought a trough from his farmyard. The north aisle with its miniature chancel is the one employed for services. Returning from church, we paused in the yard to contemplate its shaggy appearance and to wish it might be better kept if for no other reason than to provide a better setting for the church. To keep in condition, however, an English graveyard with its heaving mounds, and irregularly placed memorials is a real task, one that savors of patient work with sickle and clippers, and costs money. We saw nothing in Austerfield that led us to believe that the parish can do more than pay the vicar and maintain regular services.



When Bradford left this church to join the non-conformists - a term still applied in England to one who is not a communicant of the Established Church - he did so, as Hunter says, "daring the derision which would be showered upon him by the clowns of Austerfield". He must have considered the step carefully, for owing to physical weaknesses which made farm work difficult for him, he was a great reader and deep thinker, and was doubtless familiar with the independent thought which was emanating from Cambridge and with the preaching which was going on at Gainsboro, Babworth, and other places near his home. Of the letter here shown the Mayflower Descendant for January 1907 says, "This letter dated 6 February, 1631, old style, is in the well-known handwriting of Governor William Bradford, and on the fourth page was addressed by him as follows: 'To our worshipful good friends Mr. Winthrop Governor of the Massachusetts and the rest of the Counsell there.' It was signed by Governor Bradford, also Capt. Myles Standish, Thomas Prentice (afterwards Governor of Plymouth Colony), Dr. Samuel Fuller, and John Alden. As Thomas Prentice had married Patience, the daughter of Elder William Brewster, and the letter contains references to Edward Winslow (afterwards Governor of Plymouth Colony) and to Richard Church, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of Richard Warren, this document is of especial interest to the descendants of the Bradford, Standish, Brewster, Fuller, Alden, Winslow, and Warren families."

When we had considered of all this - referring to the Austerfield house and church, we went, not like Bradford across the fields to Scrooby, but by the longer highway route. Had time permitted, we



should have found it pleasant to have gone cross lots, cross ditches, by hedges, over stiles, and even have been caught in an unsuspected bit of marshy land. Instead we rode properly in our taxi, peeking out of its curtained windows at the greater prosperity of the countryside. It seems hardly possible that two or three miles could make such a difference; perhaps the difference in the county is responsible: Austerfield lies in Yorkshire, Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, at that point where the shire thrusts up its northern angle like tongue of fenny land into the moors and swamps of lower Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Whatever the explanation, the difference is apparent. Scrooby, though it lies, as Mr. Wallace Nutting so aptly expresses it, "as the crow flies, 19 miles west of Sheffield, representing modern mechanics, and 23 miles northwest of Lincoln, representing an established religion, and 9 miles south of Doncaster, representing the world, the flesh, and the devil", is a neater, far more compact village than Austerfield, though no less sleepy whether viewed at noon on a July day or at mid-afternoon in January from a rapidly moving train - one that is as cold inside as the snowy world looks outside. Perhaps its close connection, past and present with the Great North Road, the main artery between London and Scotland, is responsible for its English trimness, for its immaculate houses with their fragrant gardens perfuming the air from behind hedges; or perhaps it has not forgotten the days when it was a seat of the Archbishop of York and frequently visited by him and his brother bishops; or perhaps it is still glorying in the tradition that Cardinal Woolsey planted a mulberry tree at the manor house, or better yet in the fact that Henry VIII once spent a night there.



It was over this Great North Road, "a mere horse track", we are told, "and not fenced in, so that the traveller needed a guide to prevent his wandering out of the way" that the Archbishop of York was accustomed to travel with his servants, furniture, linen, and plate on his way to the manor house, a hunting lodge, where he would for a time set up his establishment, departing bag and baggage when he pleased, leaving the empty house with its thirty-nine rooms in the care of a receiver. The district, in the sixteenth century, boasted no leisured class, no residents of wealth, birth, or station, and few men of of any education at all. Nevertheless, Scrooby manor is significant as a mark of great expansion, for from it went not only John Robinson, William Brewster, and William Bradford, but also Sir Edwin Sandys and his brother George who devoted themselves to colonial establishment.

At Scrooby, as at Austerfield, the manor house is more commodious than its red-brick, red-tiled companions separated from one another by their green spaces. Here history and the house itself better justify the term MANOR, though the house now standing is not the one for a portion of which William Brewster witnessed this lease on 22 February, 1604 old style. That house, some fifteen to twenty years after Brewster's occupancy, began to be gradually neglected, and was finally suffered to decay until one hundred years later, we are told, it had fallen to the ground. The lease is interesting for two reasons; first, because it contains one of the few known autograph signatures of William Brewster, (others more will be shown), and interesting second, because it illustrates a custom of the period.



Duplicate copies of a lease were written on a single sheet of parchment, one copy being signed by the lessor, the other by the lessee, but both probably witnessed by the same persons. The two leases were then cut apart along an irregular line, the irregularities supplying evidence that they were originally written on a single parchment.

Before looking at the house as it is to-day it may prove interesting to study briefly a plan of it as it is believed to have been in Brewster's time and earlier. Dexter says in explanation of the plan that it was evidently necessary to 'enter by the gate house, cross the great outer court obliquely to left, pass between the house adjoining the hall on the left and the house devoted to chambers, rooms, and offices on right, in order to reach the inner or lesser court. The inner court was bordered by the manor house and chapel which were probably under same roof. The enclosure contained an orchard and two or more fish ponds.

The present house was built at various times and apparently without design. It gives the impression of having been added to at either end to accomodate a growing family. The centre shows more evidence of age, for here the front wall and two windows in the upper floor enclosed in stone frames tell of days and uses long since past. Martin Dexter says that "it is a plausible supposition that the arch in the wall was one end of the old chapel and in some way connected with a gallery." A tall dovecot suggests that the lord of the manor relied upon food derived from pigeons fed without cost. The front of the house, so designated because it opens into a riotous garden and also bears beside the great door the memorial placed there



by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts, is over-grown with vines. Were it not for the garden and memorial, it would be difficult to tell the front of the house from the rear, for one view across a kind of barnyard and dry moat to the railroad tracks, and the other is across the garden to the long barn in which there are richly carved rafters believed to have come from the manor house - that building where the Separatists held their meetings. In this case there can be no question about their having met here, for Bradford in writing of Brewster, says, "They ordinarily met at his house on the Lord's Day, which was a manor of the Bishop, and with great love he entertained them when they came, making provisions for them to his great charge; and continued so to do whilst they could stay in England." In allowing them to meet at his house, a manor of the diocese, while he was acting under the crown, Brewster showed his great courage and willingness to uphold what he believed right.

Though not now answering to the description given by one Leland in 1538 "a great manor place standing within a moat and belonging to the Archbishop of York and builded into two courts, whereof the first is very ample; and all builded of timber, saving the front of the hall, that is of brick; to which one ascends by steps of stone", it is far more pleasing than the Austerfield house. It is neater outside and far more attractively liveable within. The restorations to which Mr. Nutting in his ENGLAND BEAUTIFUL has applied the adjective TAWDRY, did not appeal to me in that way; rather there seems to have been made only such restor-

ations as were necessary to make the house comfortable for a young North Country matron. Since this house is not the one in which Brewster lived and the Austerfield house is not authenticated, Mr. Nutting's question regarding restorations and his suggestion that one or both houses be removed to America, seem irrelevant.

Here at Scrooby William Brewster lived, reading, studying, and observing the variety of life which came to the manor house, for his father, by virtue of his lucrative office as postmaster, was in charge of official transport, and required to "keep in his stable or in readiness three good and sufficient post horses, with saddles and furniture, fit and belonging, three good and strong leather bags, well lined with baize or cotton, to carry the packets of mail in and three horns to blow so oft as company is met or on passing through a town, or at least three every mile." He was further required to supply food and lodging for any travelers in need of it. It is interesting to note that documents dealing with the incumbency as postmaster of William the younger, name his wages as 20d. per diem to 1602 and 2/5 per diem up to 1607.

Where William Brewster obtained his education and his knowledge of Latin is unknown; but that he had both is proved by the fact that he was able to matriculate as Peter House College, Cambridge, and remain there three years. "A knowledge of Latin in Brewster's time implied the being able not only to read and write that language, but to speak it readily, and even more grammatically than the then native English. Brewster showed a mastery of Latin in these particulars", so says the author of the "Life and Times of



William Brewster", as is evidenced by his ready use of it later in Holland as well as from the large number of Latin books in his library." Latin was the diplomatic language of the 16th century, and Brewster was contemplating a career at court. It was at Peter House, recognized as the oldest of the Cambridge colleges, that Brewster was "first seasoned with seeds of grace and virtue", for Cambridge, especially Peter House I believe, was the centre of much free thinking and more free talking. Such mental gymnastics resulted at Peter House, as perhaps at some of the other Cambridge colleges from the activities of the 'Bible clerks', students whose duty it was to read the scriptures aloud at meals', and also from the fact that in 1590 theology was the chief study at the University.

To such an audience as this it is unnecessary to recount Brewster's experiences in Holland as secretary to Davison, Elizabeth's Secretary of State, his connections in London where he was constantly at court as the favored secretary of his chief, his later work as postmaster at Scrooby, and his activity in the non-conformist movement which grew out of his desire to provide church services for his neighbors and by his example to lead them in lives of virtue, doing "good for good's own sake, looking not to worthiness or love". In his OUTLINE OF LITERATURE John Drinkwater says it was a "spirit of argued acceptance that was at the very roots of the whole Puritan revolution in England." Someone else has said, "When God would plant New England, he sifted the whole church to get the Protestants; he sifted the Protestants



to get the Puritans; and he sifted the Puritans to get the Independents." Brewster, I believe, retained his affiliation with the church until King James insisted on conformity when, Bradford, says, "he, and many more of those times, began to look further into things and to see into the unlawfulness of their callings and the burthen of many anti-christian corruptions." The Brewster that emerged from all this is described as that one of the founders of New England "who had had the largest public experience, who had been in closest touch with politics and statesmen, and who had personally known and seen most of the glories of the Elizabethan Age." Dexter says, "In any age and any conditions he would have been a man of mark".

Diagonally across from the manor house, but nearer the village, is the church of St. Wilfred, built of squared blocks of magnesium limestone, and beautiful in the checkered shade of sweeping elms. Here Brewster was once a worshiper. The date of the building is variously given, but it is known that it was "rebuilt throughout in 1380", and, as a recent vicar says, "so-called 'restored' in 1864 but really was entirely modernized, all the distinguishing features being removed." The church, never completed in design as shown by the uneven roof, "consists of chancel, nave south aisle and porch, with west tower, and a tall octagonal spire."

Just as the graveyard without presents a very modern appearance with its levelled graves, carefully trimmed grass, and clipped



edges, so the church within seems modern except for the pew back exquisitely carved in vine tracery, said to date from Brewster's time. The vine bearing fruit, a favorite mediaeval symbol of christianity, seems, says McKennal in his "Homes and Haunts of the Pilgrims" like an irony of time spared in a place where the church was wasted by division and marred with distrust." Another pew back from this church is to be found in Pilgrim Hall.

We viewed the church within and we viewed it without. As we wandered about reading the gravestones we came upon the sexton at work and inquired if any of Elder Brewster's family were buired there. His prompt, affirmative answer and his careful directions sent us hurrying to the other side of the church where we expected to find a moss-grown stone with a 16th or 17th century date. Imagine our surprise when all we could locate was a very new memorial reading "Thomas Brewster, aged 19, died 1900." The elder's family, perhaps, but we had found yet another person not versed in Pilgrim history.

This slide and the next two are reproduced from the Jonathan Brewster book, owned by the Mayflower Society, and show two pages of family records and the two pages of childish drawings which back up to the records. Like many another old record book, this one contains not only family statistics and childish illustrations, but accounts and lists of supplies required by the colonists. Jonathan Brewster was the oldest son of the Elder. Of the names of the Brewster children we are told there was a meaning and a purpose in their adoption. In the earlier days



names were chosen from those of holy men and women honored by the church. Breaking away from the church necessitated the finding of new names. As Puritans they had recourse to the Old Testament, hence Johathan, and such words as fear, love, and patience.

In three hours we had visited Austerfield and Scrooby, and supplemented our fragmentary knowledge of the places with such bits, true and romantic, as we could glean from the occupants of the two houses, and developed a desire for a return visit when we should have time enough to seek out some of the local historians.

Brewster's work in Leyden is attested by the various imprints, an interesting account of which is given in the Mayflower Descendant for July 1921. His marked interest in cultural pursuits is indicated by the inventory of his estate. In this connection no doubt many of you know that when his sons disposed of his books not only was every one included in the sales return, but every one had been sold at a higher than that given in the inventory. Reference to Elder Brewster's inventory brings to mind an experience I had in England. At an historical meeting I was introduced to a titled lady who, learning that I am an American with Pilgrim connections, said she had seen in Shropshire a replica of Elder Brewster's teapot. As the Elder's inventory does not include a teapot and as tea was a luxury in his time and in this country, this is probably a bit of history made to fit some occasion. This same lady, whose son through his father is related to Richard More, inquired if Americans are much interested in things pertaining to the Pilgrims, and if there are many Pilgrim memorials in this country. As her son

was in this country at that time and being diligently escorted to historical places, I trust my account of American enthusiasm and memorials has been corroborated.

Of course there are those in England, and no doubt they are legion IF they can be found, who recognize the progressive spirit of our forefathers and the valuable contribution they made to the Mother Country by daring to leave it. Such an one must have been the speaker announced for a recent meeting of a men's luncheon club in the city of Leeds, for he chose for his topic "William Bradford of Austerfield, a great Yorkshireman."

Whether or not the American pilgrim to England should begin or end his journey at Plymouth is of no moment, but it is important that he should include that town in his itinerary. Except for the beautiful esplanade along the Hoe, with its splendid monument to Drake, its stirring story of Drake's drum, and its wide view of the harbor, the town is a dreary succession of gray-stone houses with steep roofs. At the end of an intricate journey from the Hoe or from the town, in a confusion of dilapidated buildings and piers, one comes upon the barbican into the pavement of which has been set a stone with the simple inscription MAYFLOWER 1620, and in the sea wall of which is a bronze tablet reading,

"On the 6th of September, 1620, in the Mayoralty of Thomas Townes, after being 'kindly entertained and courteously used by divers Friends there dwelling', the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the MAYFLOWER, in the Providence of God to settle in



NEW PLYMOUTH, and to lay the Foundation of the NEW ENGLAND STATES. The ancient Cawsey whence they embarked was destroyed not many years afterward, but the Site of their Embarkation is marked by the Stone bearing the name MAYFLOWER, in the pavement of the adjacent pier. This Tablet was erected in the Mayoralty of J. T. Bond, 1891, to commemorate their Departure, and the visit to Plymouth in July of that year of a number of their descendants and Representatives."

Though it is difficult in the present busy waterfront life of Plymouth to recreate mentally the scene of their final sailing of the Mayflower, a true American can obtain a real thrill from standing on the site of the embarkation. Carefully marked as this site is today, no one need repeat the experience of a friend of mine who inquiring of an old salt along the quays for the pier from which the Mayflower sailed, was asked, "When did she sail?"

And set into this same barbican is another memorial to a group of Americans as intrepid as those English ancestors of ours—Commander A. C. Reade of the United States Navy and his comrades who directed the voyage of the NC4, the first flying boat to cross the Atlantic. This boat made its successful trip in May 1919, and its crew were received by the magistrates of Plymouth on the causeway near the Mayflower Stone.