ANNUAL DINNER OF NEW ENGLANDERS

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the famous Democratic Wilson in congress. Mr. Dayton got a royal reception when President Sanderson introduced him as "the man who 'beat' Wilson in the south." He was not at all disconcerted by the lavish plaudits which accompanied his introduction. He entered at once into the spirit of his toast response "The Yankee in the South." He said:

The country has laughed from one end of it to the other over that distinguished member of congress who got lost in the mazes of his own speech and pathetically called on Speaker Reed to tell him "Where he was at." I do not care upon such an occasion as this to run any risk of acquiring an undue notoriety in the same way and I also well remember that all words purely devoted to the descriptio personae are classed as pure egotism, nevertheless, I will risk enough to say that there is a good deal of trouble in defining just where I stand in relation to the two most important elements that have made up our country's civilization the one starting with the stern and fanatical Puritan at Plymout Rock, the other with the gay and rollicking cavalier at Jamestown, and which two elements have not always lived together in that sweet peace that brigatens and blesses, and in consequence, in one period of our interesting history, were very well known as Yankees on the one side and Johnny Rebs on the other. To explain:

OF GOOD STOCK.

I was born of a good Massachusetts mother who went south, like many northern girls did back yonder, to help educate it. My father was a Connecticut millwright by trade and the son of a tanner, who "studied law at nights," got a license and about 1847 struck south and hung out his shingle, married the Massachusetts "school ma-am" and started up at Philippi—so many people in this world's history, you know, have "met at Philippi"—and there, "Down in Ole Virginny," I was born less than three years "befo' the wah, sah." And there I have lived for the forty-one years that I have been permitted to watch the earth's moon's change. Now, if that does not constitute me a Simon pure, unadulterated "Southern Yankee," in the name of reason "where am I at," anyhow, and where would you find anywhere else a better specimen of that anomalous article?

I feel very much, tonight, facing as I am my New England cousins here, like comparing myself to a very worthy and able local Methodist minister who down in my country deemed it very properly his duty to take a hand in the political affairs of the country, and was pretty generally recognized as "a powerful talker on the stump." On one occasion, when a very heated campaign was on, he was sent to proclaim the tenets of his party to a community composed of very staid old Irish farmers who were very much "sot agin" his political views. None of that faith had dared to tackle that community before and the question at once arose whether he should be permitted to speak or not. A division of opinions arose, but one old "son of Erin" was very much determined that he should not, and when the time, the people and speaker all came, he arose and, in an unmistakably loud and emphatic tone, proclaimed: "Joseph, Joseph Tayther, I say, ye cannot spake here today. Ye have no right to spake to us, for ye are nayther a Dimmyerat nor Irishmon."

Teter, however, was equal to the emergency and, whirling on him, said: "I will speak here today. I do have the best of right to speak to you, and while I am no Demberat, I am a better Irishman than you." "Ye can't prove it." "Yes, I can, and I will. You see, my mother was a full-blooded Irish woman, that makes me half Irish, does it not? Then my father's mother was an Irish woman, full blooded, that made him half Irish and me a quarter so, then I married an Irish woman of the full blood. The Scripture says the wife is the better half of the man—" Just then in another quarter of the crowd arose another burly, solemn-visaged member of the race and, pointing his long, bony finger at the first object, cried out like a blast from Gabriel's trumpet: "Sit down, Paddy, sit down or o'll make ye. Why, he's a full-blooded Irishmon and a quarter, as sure as ye're born."

TO THE SOUTH.

I would not, Mr. Chairman, respond to a single tingling sensation of the blood that runs in my veins if I were not loyal and true to the kith and kin who stamped their personality upon the cold, sterile rocks and hills of dear old New England; nor would I respond to a single throb of that love of home and past association, around which clings all the sweetest memories of life, if I were not equally loyal and true to the West Virginia hills, and the glad fields of "cotton and of cane" that dot the "Dixie" land—the fair and sunny south. I am therefore, it seems, peculiarly qualified to criticize both—for I love both. Types of mankind run into each other, for all men eat and sleep, and sneeze and die, without very many material improvements being made, as the years go by, in the mere form of doing so.

It will therefore not surprise you when I say that our New England people are very much alike our southern people in many ways—and it will be at once granted that the two are very much unlike in many other ways. It is also undoubtedly true that even yet there is much, entirely too much, misunderstanding between both as to the true character of the other. You send a New Englander down south today to "size up" its people and make a superficial survey of the situation and he will often in his sententious way render his verdict in a single word, "shiftless." He gets off at a southern depot, sees a goodly number of "darkeys" and whites, too, "leaning around" with nothing apparently to do; he goes to his hotel and is simply annoyed by the profuse offers of attention from the landlord down to the porter; he makes an engagement for 9.30 and at 10 is consumed with impatience because the man he is expecting is standing down street engaged in a political discussion and forgot that time with the northener is always of "the essence of the contract;" he drives out in the country to see its side; responds, in a quick, jerky way, to every man's—white and black—drawling salutation of "good mawnin," passes everybody, perspires profusely, constantly wonders how long it takes people in that country to "skoot along" and get anywhere; his spleen turns, against "the toothless hound stretched before the cabin door" and the ragged pickaninnies basking in the sun and when, to cap the climax, he runs across two natives perched upon a rail fence with knives and sticks in hand, "chawin' good old home-made and whittlin'" and "jawin'" over a "hoss" trade, he concludes there is nothing but "shiftlessness" in the south. And then he hears on all sides that every southerner is a fire-eater, will fight "at the drop of a hat," has pickayunish corns on every toe, hates Yankees worse than "the devil is supposed to hate holy water" and he goes home in absolute disgust.

A DIFFERENCE.

On the other hand, send the typical southern man up north. Now he will discuss the event several months before hand with his family. He will talk it over with his friends. He dreams of standing in old Boston common, on the old State House steps, of entering the old South church, of standing at the base of Bunker Hill, of watching the waves "beat on the stern, rock-bound coast" at Plymouth Rock; his mind is filled with the history, the beauty, the poetry of it all. He usually ends up by taking his wife with him. From the moment he gets aboard and leaves New York, things begin to change, his train, a long one, is crowded with men and women coming, going, always moving. They look neither to the right, nor left, nor out the window. If they have a minute's time between stations they bury themselves in a book, a newspaper, or a brown study. They seldom speak even when knowing each other, and when they do the words come out like the crack of small arms, sharp, quick, incisive for a few seconds and cease. The railroad conductor goes through the train as if shot from a catapault at the rear, snatching, punching, punching and snatching tickets and by the time he gets through the train slows up, he and the brakeman appear simultaneously at the doors of the car and like a pistol crack announce the station and what the next one will be, then crack goes the doors (they never bang doors up north, the action is too quick for that—they crack them) and that is all there is of it. At the station dozens pile off and dozens pile in the same old way—at last a lady finds herself without a seat—the southern man sitting by his wife sees it, looks around, no other man stirs, he arises, lifts his hat, gives way, the lady gives him a second's stare, drops down into the seat like lightning, and that's the end of that. So it goes until our friend begins to think about the change of cars he has to make, he can't understand a word of the official announcements, he studies the time-card, he finds it like man, "fearfully and wonderfully made," and its mysteries past finding out, too many lines, cross lines, connections, counter-connections and different routes apparently going to the same place, and at last he summons up courage to stop the mad career of that conductor through the car with, "Say, Captain—" He is frozen to death right then and there. That conductor takes less than a second to yell out, "I'm no captain," and shoots on through.

MORE CONFUSION.

Somehow, goodness only knows how, he gets off somewhere, and in getting off he is almost pushed on to his nose, his wife's dress, hat and clothing generally are crumpled, mussed, she is frightened half out of her wits, and he feels oh, so lonesome! Before he gathers himself the train has gone, the crowd has gone. He asks information, no one stops to give it but jerks out some unintelligible gibberish walking right ahead at a 2.40 gait. He goes to a hotel, registers, the clerk hardly waits until the name is down, gives him and his wife a mere glance, rings a porter up and in a shorter time than it takes to tell it, he is bolted into a room in the third or fourth story and then—why then he is forgotten. Now that poor fellow came there to visit the North with his wife, and the prospect is slightly chilly. She may cry a little, but he encourages her by saying that they must have arrived at a very busy time, yet in his secret heart he cannot see why everybody should be going to a fire every day in the year, especially in a moderate sized town of 17,000 or 20,000 inhabitants. Just before noon he asks his wife to remain inside while he goes out to reconnoitre. He lights a cigar, and therein he makes a mistake for no one smokes, and he soon feels he is trespassing on good manners and starts.

Things are comparatively quiet; no man looks at him for a moment, but every one shoots past him, going to that everlasting fire: he walks on to the business center, a prolonged whistle sounds, then, in a second, like an avalanche, out of the gates vast armies of human beings, men and women, pour down upon him, push him to one side, sweep past him, leave him in the gutterway and are gone before he realizes that the world has not come to an end but only the shops have shut down for dinner. He musters up courage after days to try to talk to some one. It's a sorry venture. He is met with "yes" and "no" replies to two or three questions and then "Where you from?" "From the South, sir." "The South! The South's no good. I lost $500 on one man to whom I sold whips down there" and that's the end of that.

It is needless to say that this is a mere imagination, that a countryman will feel the same in any large city or business town anywhere. I know this is not true and I think I can speak from both observations and experience. There is a "set" jaw, a "cast" in the eyes and a "twist" in the walk and gruff "ring" in that voice that repels and makes a southern man in their midst wonder if ever, ever one of them did for a single moment yield even in thought to something else than the hard, practical, austere struggle, largely for money, which seems to be the universal destiny. Ah, if he could only "break in" and find how, beneath that awful crust, true and brave and honest and tender and self reliant hearts beat there. Nine times out of ten the southern man never finds this out. He sees Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock it's true, but he goes back home feeling much like the poor fellow who wouldn't visit the fair maiden at the "Peach Blow farm" any more, me."

YANKEE PUSH.

"She said she wouldn't love me,
And out the door she shoved me."

Do you wonder that when he goes back home he tells his neighbors wonderful stories about how the Yankee has built up vast industries; how he has made a land so poor, naturally, that grasshoppers would groan as they walked over it, blossom like a rose, and has invented everything under the sun. Yet, he notwithstanding is content to remain in the land with the "toothless hound" and the pickaninnies basking in the sun."

What is the cause of the difference? Come with me and let us see if we cannot find a common plane. With me, my New England cousin, if you will, to the sunny south. Take things easy for the time. Remember the temperature is naturally too hot down here to go all the time like you were shot out of a gun, and then remember it does not require near so much exertion here to live. This element of climate has much to do with it all. If you are a farmer, remember that you scratch the back of Mother Earth and the grain grows, without so much attention from the compost heap. Remember, too, that wealth is a relative thing and that money cannot buy all things. Note how the "common tie" of humanity is recognized here. You scoff at our "first families" of the south, and yet if the lines have not fallen in pleasant places, but on the contrary have brought misfortune, is it not better to have your people around you say, "Well, Jones has failed, and it's a great pity. He was a grandson of old 'Squire Smith that lived down at Cross Roads and a son-in-law of old Joe Brown that lived on the hill, and all-round he comes from one of the good old families hereabouts. We really do not know how, but we will have to help him if we can."

And in some way, in somehow, after everybody has been talking that way for a long time, Jones gets a little "lift" here and another there and at last "pulls out," no one hardly knows how. Would not our New England people help each other in the same way? Yes, if they would only stop long enough to think. But let us on. We find that our southern people are ambitious, too, but in different ways. I never knew a northern man attend a political meeting in the south of the most immaterial character but what he was impressed with the number of those who could hold their "end of the string" in debate, and many a southern country school house has listened to a "local light" in politics who talked like a statesman and reasoned like an Aristotle. Then, too, we yield to none in the high attainments acquired by both the ministry and the bar of the south.

The North may work harder, accumulate more, live better in a material sense, yet we in the South are far better equipped in those lighter, untangible things that make up life than we get credit for.

SMALL DIFFERENCE.

And here a strange distinction exists between the two sections. The South is proverbial for its hospitality, the North is not considered so. There is much less difference than is supposed. I would not detract one whit from the south's reputation in this particular, only add to that of the north which is much misunderstood. It is a difference of method. The southerner, frank, genial, demonstrative, yes, effusive almost, will seek openly to express to you his good will. All he has is yours while you are his guest. If he has one room and one bed in the mountains, he will turn himself out and turn you in, and he will insist on it and you will hurt his feelings if you don't accept. If he has a palace it's the same thing and the latch string is always out—come in. All will show you everything they do and how anxious they are to do for your comfort and entertainment. You thank them profusely and frankly and that is all they want, they have enjoyed your company and they have done their best for you and all things are even.

If you visit a whole score of relatives, each one, rich and poor, must have his turn at you. When you get at the bottom of the northern character you will find his hospitality of just as admirable but different a character. There is a secretive element in it. He wants you to be well cared for without your knowing just how its done. He slips around and adds little touches here and there and if you catch him at it he protests he was doing nothing and walks away. If you try to thank him he looks aggrieved and stops you with "Ah, that's nawthin." If he's poor and ill prepared to care for you he quietly sees that you are at "Brother Johns" for he has a bigger house; not because you are not welcome at his own, but simply because you will be more comfortable there. He will explain all this in the most matter-of-fact way, and when you have gone you feel, Oh! how deeply you feel, how good and kind and true; how honest and conscientious and self-sacrificing our New England cousins are—God bless them—when you truly know them!

I have talked already too long. This is a great land of ours and it has been made so, north, east and west, largely by the pioneers that have gone out from England. I regret that not many have come from there to the south. Can the people of the two sections meet and mingle? Yes. Here tonight, standing as we do at the threshold of the twentieth century, I want to make a prophecy. I turn my eyes homeward to my beloved southland and I say to you that the first quarter of that century will be glorious for our common country and much of its history will be devoted to the story of the development of the south. When the Nicaragua canal is built, as it will be in a very few years, she will cease her shipments of raw cotton, increase wondrously the looms that have already started there and ship the finished product both to occident and the Orient.

Her timber, coal iron, oil and other minerals will be carried to the four quarters of the world and she will realize what is to be the richest spot on earth. In this development New England will have a large part and before that quarter of a century ends mark the words, that the southern Yankee will be not ' ' ger an anomaly on the face of the earth.

Mr. Dayton's expression of fealty to the south, following as they did his pledges of pride in Yankee blood, were not lost on his hearers. They applauded him to the echo on these interpolations. The applause was deafening when he referred to "the little hero (General Wheler) who climbed Santiago's hills and then climbed the tree." He made frequent reference to the gratification of north and south in the burial of sectional differences and none of these was lost on the company assembled. There applaus was a spirited, loud and patriotic accompaniment to all he said.

Rev. I. J. Lansing, pastor of the Green Ridge Presbyterian church, was a typical Dutch-Pilgrim descendant according to President Sanderson's introduction. Mr. Lansing was on the card to respond to the toast "The Pilgrim and the Dutchman." He was said by President Sanderson to be the only Dutch-Puritan available for the occasion. Mr. Lansing said:

AT THE BEGINNING.

To understand the forces which threw the Pilgrims upon the shores of Massachusetts in 1620, a brief survey of the political and religious activities of the age is necessary. At that time, and for a hundred years, Spain had been the chief political power in Europe and America. Indeed, that nation might be characterized as the Goliath of the world, to which the Netherlands proved to be the David. For thirty-five years, until 1554, Charles V. had governed, from his Spanish throne, the principal part of Europe; Philip II. succeeding him, died in 1598, about the time that the Pilgrims removed from England to the Netherlands. The ruler on the Spanish throne in 1520 was Philip III. Spain had made a mighty effort to subjugate to Romanism the whole of Europe, and her naval power had been broken against the cliffs of Albion, her military power against the dykes of Holland. Elizabeth of England, after a rule of forty-five years, died seventeen years before the Pilgrims landed here, and her successor, James I., lived until five years after the settlement of Plymouth. The England of Elizabeth contained about 4,000,000 of people, and while it had been successful in destroying the Spanish armada, had, for kindred causes, lent some aid to the Netherlands in their struggle with Spain. William the Silent, the great Stadtholder, dying in 1584, had left Maurice, his son, a worthy successor of a noble father, who as a military leader and civil ruler held his place until his death in 1625.

The politics of these countries can only be understood from the religious standpoint, since the movement of the times, whether of states or armies, was in entire subordination to religious purposes. Elizabeth, like Henry VIII., her father, was as bigoted as the pope, whom they resisted. She held the most oppressive attitude toward all attempts at freedom of worship and raved against dissent as her father had raved against Rome. James I., from whom better things was expected, in 1604 issued that fierce edict of Conformity which gave all who did not worship according to the forms of the State and Church of England the alternative of conformity or exile. The whole power of Philip II., as all the world knows, was against any manifestation of religious life outside the Church of Rome, and this brought the Spanish power into conflict with the Netherlands, where equal toleran was extended to the Reformers and to the Romish worship, while all other believers, unmolested, could exercise their right of worship in a private manner.

THE DUTCH FLEE.

On account of the persecutions in England against religious freedom, as early as 1593, the English were fleeing to Amsterdam, and in 1607 we know that a Scotch Presbyterian church was founded in that city. In vain attempt to destroy the Christian faith during eighty years of war, which began in 1568 and ended in 1648, Spain had buried 250,000 of her sons and allies in the ooze of the Netherlands. All the frightful terrors associated with the persecutions under Alva, by which it is believed that at least a hundred thousand Protestants were sacrificed in the Netherlands alone, belonged to this period. Netherland, so called, means the "beneath land—the land under the sea;" while by the "Netherlands" we mean the Netherland and its colonies. This interesting little country to which our fathers fled, and to which they owed so much, is about one-half the size of South Carolina, or one-third that of Ohio; its extremest length of land and water being scarcely 180 miles, its greatest width a little more than 140. To make it tenable to man, more than ninety lakes have been drained, and the land above water increased from less than 8,000 to something more than 12,000 square miles. Who would have supposed that such a country as this would have been the home of the bravest of the brave? the theatre of the greatest and most successful struggles for liberty in the annals of mankind?

At the beginning of the Christian era, Hermann, the liberator, turned back the armies of Rome from this territory which never could be subjugated to the Roman sway. Yet, even today, no fortifications stand between the Dutch and any enemies, save the brave hearts of her sons. The people are of the same race as those occupying the British isles. From their near vicinity came the Saxons, Anglo-Saxons, Frisians and Danes. The Frisian's language is more like the English than any other; the kinship of the peoples, very close. Of the Netherland provinces, Holland was the richest, paying at one time nearly half the national taxes, while the other six provinces paid the other half. Here was not only Amsterdam, but Antwerp, the scene of the Spanish fury, and Leyden a rich and prosperous centre of trade and manufacture; famous for centuries for its noble university. From 1609 to 1621, a brief period of twelve years, there was a truce between the Netherlands and Spain.

IN 1572.

As early as 1572, England had given some aid to the Netherlanders. Elizabeth having sent her soldiers under the command of her favorite, Leicester, with Sir Philip Sidney, who met his death in that country, for which soldiers and service she had taken in bond three Netherland cities as a guarantee of payment. Such, in briefest outline, is the Netherland to which the Pilgrims fled. Who were these Pilgrims? We know that they landed at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620. Who were they, and whence came they, before that time? Before the end of the sixteenth century, through their desire to worship God intelligently, according to their conscience, there had arisen a little band of Christians on the borders of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Nottinghamshire, centering in the small country town of Scrooby.

They were called at first "Separatists," sometimes "Brownists." They were an humble folk, mostly agriculturalists, not used to trades and traffic. Persecutions were poured out upon them, though their only offence was in their mode of worship, and purity of life. They were exceedingly fortunate in having for their ministers, William Brewster and John Robinson, both scholars of Cambridge university, who taught them the faith to which they held. Suffering beyond endurance and trying in vain to hide themselves from the soldiers of James I., in 1607 a company of them resolved to try to reach Holland. Their design was frustrated by the treachery of the sea captain who had agreed to transport them. They were arrested, robbed, and imprisoned. Undaunted, in 1608, a second company endeavored to embark from the Common between Grimsby and Hull. When a part of them, mostly the men, were on board the vessel, the remainder were attacked by the soldiers of the king, and so the vessel sailed away, leaving behind the wives and children, and some of the men on shore. These, after suffering much, for they had no homes to which to go, and nothing on which to subsist, were at length sufficiently fortunate to reach Amsterdam about 1609. To this prosperous city they went, intending to settle where they might enjoy worship unmolested. The Netherlands alone of all so-called civilized nations offered them freedom to worship God. William the Silent had declared in a letter to the Dutch magistrates in 1577, "We declare to you that you have no right to interfere with the conscience of anyone, so long as he does nothing that works injury to any person, or a public scandal." No other deliverance of this character, from any ruler at that time, is recorded.

AID FROM THE DUTCH.

When the Pilgrims arrived at Amsterdam, and during their sojourn there, the Dutch finding them honest, freely trusted them, and it is said that none of them were ever before a magistrate for any misdemeanor. At the end of a year they resolved to change their residence from Amsterdam to Leyden. The cause of their intention being found in the fact that such differences existed in the church at Amsterdam as threatened schism, which they wished to avoid. They therefore took their way to Leyden, where they found a friendly refuge, and set up a church of their own. That we may know what the Pilgrims brought from Holland, it is necessary for us to inquire what they found in Holland? First of all they found a government, almost republican. The United States of Netherland were the first example of a confederated republic with a written constitution, dating from 1579, when the union of seven states was formed at Eutrecht. They, like the English, had their Magna Charta, but the Dutch Magna Charta meant more freedom and liberty to the common people than that of the English. With them this dated from the middle of the sixteenth century, and among other things it declared the congress of the states to be supreme—that no command of the king could prevail against the churches of the towns, and that there should be no taxation without representation.

AMERICAN BATTLE CRY.

This afterward became the battle cry of the American colonies in their struggle for independence. When Philip II. violated their charter in 1581, they deposed him from the kingship of the Netherlands, and issued their declaration of independence. This was a hundred years before the English revolution of 1688, and nearly two hundred years before the American revolution of 1776. Spain had recognized the Dutch republic as early as the 12th of April, 1609, after forty-one years of desperate war, so that the very year in which the Pilgrims landed in Holland, the Dutch were rejoicing over the recognition of their nationality by Spain. They were not the only English in the Netherland, for between 1580 and 1640 at least 12,000 English were found there. In twenty-three towns of the Netherland there were churches of English-speaking people—the Reformed and Roman Catholic churches were supported publicly by the state. But these English churches, and other dissenting churches, received no state support, holding their worship in private or unchurchly houses, and yet were never molested.

They founded in the Netherland public schools sustained by state taxation. Before the reformation of Luther, between 1340 and 1385, Gerhardt Greote, a noble minister who had been deposed from the priesthood by the bigoted Roman Catholic church, founded the "Brotherhood of Common Life," for the purpose of educating the children and the people. This good man created an intense enthusiasm throughout the Netherlands for learning, so that families often boarded poor students without cost to help them in seeking an education; and when at length assisted by the impulse of the Lutheran Reformation, and by the more powerful impulse of the Dutch struggle for freedom, these schools were adopted by the state, the poor people received their education without cost, while the children of the burghers paid a small sum for their teaching. The Netherland was the chief printing office of Europe. They far excelled the English in this art. Paper had been invented by the Germans probably about 1319. The Pilgrim Brewster, and those associated with him, printed fifteen books, in thirty-three months, between October, 1616, and June, 1619, among which were those containing severe strictures on the course of James I. in his relation to the church, which put him in a great rage. The Pilgrims also found in Holland no small develonment of the industrial arts. Weaving had been carried on in Leyden to a high degree of excellence, and many of the names afterwards borne by distinguished sons of New England were taken from the weaving trade as carried on in Leyden.

CLOSER UNION.

Of the soldiers who came over with Lester and Sidney, some had settled in the Netherland, and these were intermarrying more or less with the Dutch, so that there was a tendency to closer union between the two peoples. Finding then religious liberty and secure shelter in the land of the Dutch, the question might arise as to why the Pilgrims left Holland. Fortunately, these reasons are plain. William Bradford in his wonderful history (begun about the year 1630), which is now in the archives of the state of Massachusetts, gives us four of the reasons directly. The first, that they sought to change their residence on account of the great hardship of getting a livelihood in Leyden; second, that some of them were getting old, and yet greatly desired to find a permanent home, and so thought they had best fly now while they were yet able.

It is pathetic to read the third reason, as Bradford designates it, that the children endured great hardship through poverty, so great that they scarcely grew to their natural size, and had, beside, many temptations from which their parents would fain shield them. Among these temptations was that of the violation of the Sabbath, which the Dutch did not keep with sufficient strictness to satisfy the Pilgrims. While the fourth, and great moving reason for their seeking another home, was a desire to propagate the gospel in the remote parts of the world. Yet other reasons are very manifest for their removal to America. In 1619, a fierce struggle was going on between Maurice, the Stadt-holder of the Calvinists, on the one side, and John Barneveldt, with the Armenians, on the other. The Armenians were struggling for full religious liberty. The Calvinists would restrict it. The Armenians were against colonization, while the Calvinists strongly favored it, and in this struggle John Barneveldt suffered death at the hands of the elector. The Pilgrims would fain escape from participation in such a strife.

Moreover, the printing press and types of Brewster had been seized under the threats of James I., who had been roused to the highest pitch of irritation and fury by the strictures which had been made upon himself, and although printing was free in the Netherland, Maurice did not wish to forfeit the friendship of James, but rather therefore took away the privileges of the Pilgrims. Moreover, the Pilgrims desired to hasten their departure, because the twelve years truce which had existed since 1609, the time of their arrival, would end in 1621, and again the Netherland and Spain would be involved in the fierce struggles of war. The younger men of the Pilgrims would naturally be drawn into the army, and so the strength of the colony would be greatly weakened.

RISKED THE PERILS.

They thought of America, of which they had much information, and a just few of the perils that awaited them in case they should cross the sea; but Bradford says: They thought the Spaniards, if they remained, might treat them as cruelly as would the savages in America, if they should seek that land. And so moved by these considerations, knowing full well the dreadful dangers which awaited them, they resolved to brave the perils of the deep, and seek their homes in the wilderness. The merchants of Amsterdam, knowing their desire, offered the Pilgrims free passage to America, if the Dutch government would furnish a convoy to protect them from the warships of Spain.

This the states generally declined to do for two reasons. They could not afford, they thought, to send away any of their warships, since they might need them in the coming struggle with Spain, and then, beside, they feared to offend the English court, which was now seeking the Infanta of Spain as a wife for Charles I. The Pilgrims therefore being poor, began to negotiate with English folks for the means to make their voyage; the "Merchant Adventurers," so-called, of England, demanded as a condition of furnishing supplies that the colonists should work for six days, resting the seventh, and for seven years put all their earnings into a common fund, which should then be divided, one-half going to the "Merchant Adventurers," and one-half to the Pilgrims.

These hard conditions, variously modified, they resolved to accept, paying sometimes fifty to seventy-five per cent, for the use of moneys, and at length they bought the Speedwell, a little vessel of sixty tons, not so large as a canal boat, and resolved to take their way from Leyden to England and from England to America. It is interesting to know that they found a friend in Sir Edmund Sandys, son of the Bishop of York, who had persecuted them at Scrooby. Sir Edmund loaned them three hundred pounds, on very favorable terms. The king of Great Britain would not promise them religious liberty ere they sailed, and they went away in dread lest it should finally be denied them. Crossing to Southampton they found the Mayflower of 180 tons, which was to accompany them with the rest of their party, and these two vessels sailed from Southampton on the 5th of August, 1620. They had gone but a little way before the unseaworthiness of the Speedwell compelled them to return to Dartmouth. Here they remained for some time refitting, and again sailed forth, but the evil purpose of the master of the Speedwell and his determination not to cross, compelled them to seek the port of Plymouth, where they remained until the 16th of September, 1620.

PILGRIMS SAIL.

As the Speedwell could not go, many of those who had purposed the passage to America gave it up until, as Bradford says, "Like Gideon's army, they had been sifted," or as Longfellow puts it, "God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting, then had sifted the wheat, leaving the seed of a nation." Great, indeed, were the hardships of the voyage, the vessel was small, not very seaworthy, loaded with sundry provisions, and containing 102 persons. The decks were leaky, and in stormy weather, when the women and children were shut in between decks, they were often wet for days together, and suffered much from the cold.

When in mid-ocean a break in one of the main beams threatened to compel their return, but a Dutch jackscrew, which was found on board, was used to brace it up, and they proceeded. Land was first seen on the 9th day of November, 1620. It proved to be Cape Cod, and indeed, for nearly six long weeks they lay off the shore in as secure anchorage as they could find, while the strongest of their men in the pinnace explored the coasts, seeking a suitable place for landing and settlement. Some baser spirits had found their way on board, who threatened, because the Pilgrims had no patent for New England, that they would not obey any jurisdiction, and would do as they pleased. Thereupon, before landing, the men of the Mayflower drew up a solemn compact of the basis of their colony, which they signed in the cabin of the Mayflower; and being ready now to land, at length on the 20th day of December, they took up their residence on shore.

The subsequent history of the colony we do not propose to trace, but we ask, ere we anticipate their enormous influence in American civilization, what did they take from Holland, where they had temporarily sojourned for the space of eleven years? Really, their heritage from the Dutch was among the richest portions of their equipment. Of thirty-four men, heads of families, who came on the Mayflower, all but four were from Leyden, and had resided there.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

They brought with them what they never had learned in England, a knowledge of manufactures and trades which were of the greatest importance in securing and strengthening the new colony. Their children had attended the Dutch free schools, and the fathers brought to Plymouth colony the germ of the free school system which up to that time was unknown in England. They also carried with them from Holland the idea and the practice of free printing, or freedom of the press, which has always been known since that time in this country. They had learned in the confederated republic of Holland, as that was formed and expressed in a Protestant government, the true principles of American national union. Long before they went to Holland, it had been customary in many of the cities of the Netherland to gather the freeholders into the public square by the ringing of the bell, where civic matters were discussed and decided by vote. The town meeting, therefore, which is the germ of the free election system of the United States, was brought with them from the Low Countries. They made good use of the principle of taxation based on representation, and so thoroughly infused this idea into the Pilgrim and Puritan colonies that it was made fundamental in the principles of the Revolutionary struggle.

Our coinage, the red, white and blue of our flag they also brought with them. We cannot dilate on their hardships. Those hardships cannot be told—yet we should not come to our concluding sentences without reminding ourselves that this, the first winter of 1620 brought them terrible sufferings. Before April was ended, a full half of those who came in the Mayflower had died almost wholly from quick consumption and diseases incident to exposure, eighteen wives in the company, sixteen died. Of twenty-four households four were wholly obliterated. At times only six or seven persons were wholly well and able to help the rest. When they were in their greatest extremity, the crew of the Mayflower treated them with great cruelty, refusing to help the Pilgrims when they were sick, and even refusing to help one another. When, after a time, some of their own ship's company sickened, then the Pilgrims, whose kindness and gentleness breathe through all their words and deeds, rendered good for evil, and cared for the crew of the Mayflower, when otherwise they would have perished for want of care. The relationship between the Netherland and the infant nation, which has now developed to seventy-five millions of people, is peculiarly close—we may say, closer almost than that between this country and the one usually known as the mother country. When our Revolutionary struggle came along, George III. demanded men and money from the Netherland government on the ground that they had pledged themselves to support the succession of the House of Hanover; but the states general refused them a man or a dollar, and this, although it brought down upon them the hatred of the British government. Their warm regard for Americans in the Revolutionary war was the result of their love of liberty, and desire for its general diffusion. This is in contrast with the motive of the French, though they acted as our allies, but probably it was more out of hatred to England, their hereditary foe, than out of good will toward us. They thought to embarrass Great Britain by aiding the American colonies.

DUTCH AID.

The Dutch helped us for love of freedom alone. Dutch merchants loaned our young government at that time $14,000,000. The first salute to the American flag, after it had been adopted by the United States, was given by the Dutch governor of St. Eustacheus in the West India islands—Johannes DeGraef—on the 17th of November, 1776. That flag indeed was given us by the Dutch. At first the colors of the Dutch republic were orange, white and blue. The orange, a combination of red and yellow, meant to them, symbolically, the union of blood and gold; but after they had passed through the ter-

[Continued on Page 10.]

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DIED.

CALLAHAN.—In Scranton, Dec. 22, 1898, George Callahan, 31 years of age. Funeral Saturday afternoon. Interment at the Cathedral cemetery.

COLLINS.—In South Scranton, Dec. 22, 1898, Miss Mary Collins, 23 years of age, at the residence, corner of Hemlock and Irving avenue. Funeral Saturday morning. Interment at Cathedral cemetery.

HOLLERAN.—In South Scranton, Dec. 22, 1898, Florence, the 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Holleran, of 235 Cedar avenue. Funeral announcement later.

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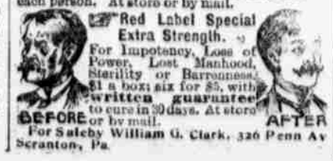

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