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An Account of Anne Bradstreet the Puritan Poetess and Kindred Topics

Edited by
Colonel Luther Caldwell

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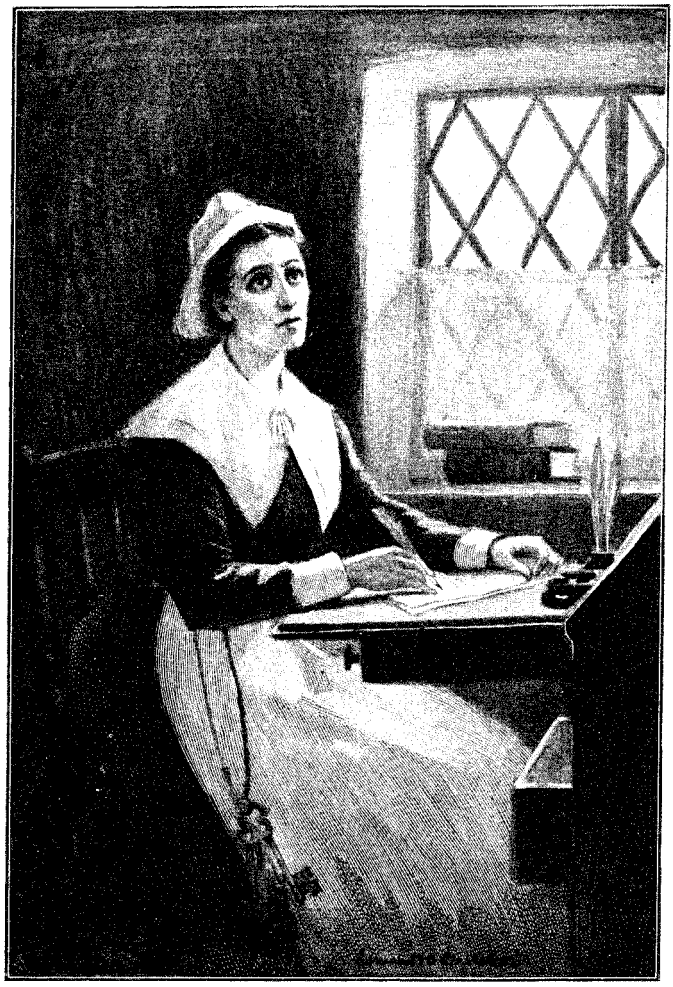

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ANNE BRADSTREET.

(See page 12.)

An Account

of

Anne Bradstreet

the

Puritan Poetess

and

Another Paper

edited by

Colonel Luther Caldwell

Boston
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TO MY UNCLE,

RICHARD SUTTON RUST. D.D., LL.D.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I dedicate this volume, for the love I bear him, and the many acts of fraternal affection and love he has all my life so abundantly extended to me. Both of us born under the same roof, educated at the same schools, and having the same high regard for the old town of Ipswich, of which we are both natives, I take pleasure in associating his name with mine.

LUTHER CALDWELL.

Caldwell Crescent, Lynn, Mass.
1750 Q Street, Washington, D.C.

PREFACE.

THE first woman's club formed in Massachusetts was Ann Hutchinson's Meeting, organized to meet every Thursday morning in Boston to examine the text and criticise the sermon preached the Sunday previous by her pastor, Rev. John Cotton. And almost at the same time Anne Bradstreet was busily at work in Ipswich writing poetry so abundantly, that John Harvard Ellis, in his large quarto edition of her works, takes over four hundred pages to give them all complete. Ann Hutchinson, for her efforts, was tried, convicted, and like another "Hagar," sent into the wilderness. Anne Bradstreet sent her writings to London, where they were printed, and she was praised and eulogized by the same learned and wise men who prosecuted Ann Hutchinson. Mrs. Bradstreet asked no favors, but said:

> "And oh ye high flown quills that soar the Skies,
> And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
> If e'er you daigne these lowly lines your eyes
> Give Thyme or Parsley wreath, I ask no bayes."

In this volume I have had space to give only scanty selections from Anne Bradstreet's writings, and have endeavored to choose some of her best and most harmonious poetry, and took the first thirty-seven paragraphs or sections of her "Meditations." To those who wish to read her larger compositions, her "Quarternions," I refer to Mr. Ellis' quarto work. I desire to extend my thanks to Rev. Augustine Caldwell, the Historian and Genealogist, for many words of advice and encouragement. If this effort of mine, with its text, quotations and illustrations shall create a greater interest in Anne Bradstreet's writings, and of the early Colonial history of Puritan Massachusetts, the object of the undersigned will have been accomplished.

LUTHER CALDWELL.

December 1, 1898.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THIS sketch of the life and selections from the works of Anne Bradstreet does not make any pretense to brilliancy or originality; nor does it claim to be a full and exhaustive narration of her life, or of her poetical writings. The Editor, a native of Ipswich, where the greater part of her literary labors were performed, found no record of her long residence there that identified her and her poems with that old town, which was settled by not only Governor Winthrop the younger, but by Lieutenant-Governor Dudley, and Governor Bradstreet, the father and husband of this lady. I could not, after diligent search, find among all my friends in Ipswich, or in any of its well-equipped libraries, very much of her history, only a line or so of her poetry; all I could learn was, that she and her family lived somewhere on High Street; but whence she came or whither she went no one seemed to know.

I felt it my duty, therefore, to seek abroad for some records giving me an inkling of her life and labors. That faithful and accurate chronicler, the Rev. Joseph B. Felt, in his history of Ipswich, which is a sumptuous collection of dates, names, incidents and brief biographical sketches, and events of every kind and degree, scarcely mentions the name of our poetess. He gives a brief mention of her father, Thomas Dudley, Governor, and of her husband, Governor Simon Bradstreet. Mr. Felt does mention an exciting incident at Ipswich, wherein both Mr. Dudley and

Mr. Bradstreet were concerned; as also the minister, Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, in a dispute about town affairs; when Mr. Dudley, becoming angry, "in a Puritan fit of temper," used this speech to the minister: "Do you think to come here with your eldership to carry matters?" Mr. Dudley was somewhat hard to be convinced that such language was indecorous, but at last confessed it was so, and peace followed.

Before I commenced my readings and study of the life of Anne Bradstreet, she was to me a myth, without form or comeliness, only a name; now she is a living reality, one of my nearest and dearest friends, with whom I am well acquainted, and the more I learn of her and her noble Christian character, the more I cherish and admire this extraordinary woman. Some one says, "An undevout astronomer is mad," but an atheistic, unbelieving, prayerless woman, however well advanced in literature and the sciences, is devoid of one thing needful, the most graceful and important, and lacking in a womanly quality, needed more than all else.

In comparison with such a godless woman, however much she may be sought and petted by society, I prefer even the *devotee*, who counts her beads, and with prayers uncountable in her lonely cell, leads a pious, praying, believing life. When the women of Paris became the followers of Voltaire, and his infidel notions, then came the bloody revolution against society with the horrid work of the guillotine. France has never recovered from the slaughter of the Huguenots, the Puritans of that nation, and the guillotine of the French Revolution was taught and assured by the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

Anne Bradstreet was a devout, religious woman of the most advanced Puritan faith and practice, and had no place in her heart for the modern fashion of being a wife and not a mother; of being proud of a husband, and ashamed of bearing children.

She says, "It pleased God to keep me a long time without a child, which was a great grief to me, and cost me many prayers and tears before I obtained one, and after him gave me many more." Again she writes, "I have had great experience of God's hearing my prayers and returning comfortable answers to me, either in granting the thing prayed for, or else in satisfying my mind without it."

It is the object of this little volume to make the Puritan mother and poetess, the beloved and loving wife, and the Christian woman better known to the people of Ipswich at home or abroad. It is published as a work of love, and not for profit or gain. A small edition not to exceed five hundred will be printed, and then the type distributed; and those readers who wish to learn further of Mrs. Bradstreet or her writings, must seek it in more pretentious volumes.

Anne Bradstreet is not the only woman of Ipswich who has honored this ancient town by a residence and home therein. The names of Zilpah P. Grant, Mary Lyons and Eunice C. Cowles as educators and devoted Christian women, as principals at the head of the Ipswich Female Seminary, are well and widely known; and Gail Hamilton, a writer on social, political and reformatory topics, has a national fame, and as a grandchild, Ipswich claims some right and title to her well-earned reputation.

The Editor gives credit as follows: First, to Mr. John Harvard Ellis for extracts of prose and verse, as also of much information contained in his copious and elegant edition of Anne Bradstreet's works, and begs to recommend that valuable book to every New England Public Library that may be so fortunate as to find a copy. Also to Helen Campbell for valuable aid derived from a perusal of her book, "Anne Bradstreet and Her Time." The "Cyclopedia of Colonial History," "Bancroft's History," "Palfrey's History of New England," and "Felt's History of

Ipswich," have all contributed to assist the Editor of this book in its preparation. As only two hundred and fifty copies of Ellis's book were printed, a copy of it is hard to obtain; Helen Campbell's is more suitable for general circulation, but the great mass of readers need something smaller yet as to price, as well as a saving of time in its reading.

As Anne Bradstreet spent ten years of her active life in Ipswich, as five of her eight children were born there, as she was related by marriage to the General Dennison and the Wade families of that town, and further, as all writers agree, that the most of her literary work was done in Ipswich, I therefore have felt a pleasure to put on record in a compact form, but briefly, something to show to future generations these facts.

One more thought and I 'll close this chapter. It has been suggested that a suitable monument ought to be erected to Anne Bradstreet. She was the earliest New England woman who, in an age and among people where the great majority did not approve of woman taking any public position as either speaker or writer, this woman dared to do the opposite, and live up to her convictions and opportunities. Mrs. Bradstreet said that she

> "Was obnoxious to each carping tongue
> Who says my hand a needle better fits."

The women, the Colonial Dames of Massachusetts, could do no more fitting and graceful act, than thus to honor the pioneer of their sex, who blazed a path to literary fame amid much reproach and distrust. No more appropriate locality for such a mural monument to Anne Bradstreet could be named than Ipswich, where the most of her poetical and literary labor was performed.

CHAPTER II.

Anne Bradstreet and Her Ipswich Home.

AMONG the honorable and notable persons who came to Massachusetts in the good ship *Arabella*, in 1630, and landed at Salem, was Madame Anne Bradstreet, the daughter of one and wife of another of the early Governors of that Colony.

Anne Bradstreet, the Puritan poetess, and the first American author of the Anglo-Saxon descent, either male or female, who wrote poetry, was as talented a prose writer as in versification. According to many able and learned men of her time, she was the most remarkable, level-headed and self-poised intellectual woman of the early Colonial times, and a Christian woman, devout and conscientious, of the loftiest Puritan faith. In liberal ideas and toleration, she was far ahead of her cold, crusty, Puritan surrounding; with her former minister, John Cotton, she gave sympathy to Ann Hutchinson, and was so conservative that among her Puritan friends she openly condemned the beheading of Charles I by the Round Head and Rump Parliament.

At her death honors and laurels were heaped unstintedly upon her name, and laudatory sermons commemorative were preached in all the principal churches of the Colony, funeral elegies and addresses, hours in length, were delivered according to the dearest and dreariest form of Puritan custom.

Among all these elegies, we call attention to that by Rev. John Norton, a nephew of Rev. John Norton, minister of Ipswich, and later of the first church of Boston, which is a sample of many

others. This was a poetical effusion, and with head-lines and blazing titles was published. I copy herewith the headings and titles as they were printed at that time.

A FUNERAL ELOGY,

Upon that Pattern and Patron of Virtue, the truly pious, peerless & matchless Gentlewoman

MRS. ANNE BRADSTREET,
*right Panaretes,**

Mirror of her Age, Glory of her Sex, whose Heaven-born-Soul leaving its earthly Shrine, chose its native home, and was taken to its Rest upon 16th Sept. 1672.

I give herewith a specially selected clipping.

"Grave Matron, whoso seeks to blazon thee,
Needs not make use of witts false Heraldry;
Whoso should give thee all thy worth would swell
So high, as 't would turn the world infidel.
Had he great *Maro's* Muse, or Tully's tongue,
Or raping numbers like the *Thracian* Song,
In crowning of her merits he would be
Sumptuously poor, low in Hyperbole."

Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, writes of Anne Bradstreet and thus introduces her:

"If the rare learning of a daughter was not the least of those bright things, which adorned no less a Judge of England than Sir Thomas Moore, it must now be said that a Judge of New England, namely, Thomas Dudley, Esq., had a daughter (besides other children) to be a crown unto him. Reader, America justly admires the learned women of the other hemisphere. She has heard of those that were witnesses to the old professors of all philosophy.

*Greek, All virtuous.

. . . America now prays that into the catalogues of authoresses as Beverovicius, Hottinges and Voetries have given unto the world, there may be a room now given unto Madame Bradstreet, the daughter of our Governor Dudley, and the consort of our Governor Bradstreet, whose poems, divers times printed, have afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marble."

Rev. John Rogers, of Ipswich, son of Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, of that town, and for a time President of Harvard College, wrote a poem of nine verses, wherein he classically and enthusiastically extols and commends Anne Bradstreet's writings to the learned men of that day. I herewith insert two stanzas.

Cotton Mather says, "He was one of so sweet a Temper, that the title of *Deliciæ humani Genevis* might have on that score been given him, and his real Piety set off with the accomplishments of a Gentleman, as a *Gem set in Gold.*"

"Madam, twice through the Muses Grove I walkt,
Under your blissfull bowres, I shrowding there,
It seem'd with Nymphs of Helicon I talkt:
For there those sweet-lip'd Sisters sporting were,
Apollo with his sacred Lute sate by,
On high they made their heavenly Sonnets flye,
Posies around they strow'd, of sweetest Poesie.

"Your only hand those Poesies did compose,
Your head the source, whence all those springs did flow,
Your voice, whence changes sweetest notes arose,
Your feet that kept the dance, alone, I trow;
Then vail your bonnets, Poetasters all,
Strike, lower amain, and at them humbly fall,
And deem yourselves advanc'd, to be her pedestal."

Nathaniel Ward, minister of Ipswich, we summons to speak next, which he does in his caustic and quaint style. He refers to

the French Du Bartas, whom Anne Bradstreet is supposed to have made her *beau ideal.*

> "Mercury shew'd Appollo, Bartas Book,
> Minerva this, and wish't him well to look,
> And tell uprightly which did which excell,
> He view'd and view'd, and vow'd he could not tel.
> They bid him Hemisphear his mouldy nose,
> With 's crack't leering glasses, for it would pose
> The best brains he had in 's old pudding-pan,
> Sex weigh'd, which best, the Woman or the Man?
> He peer'd and por'd & glar'd, & said for wore,
> I 'me even as wise now, as I was before;
> They both 'gan laugh, and said it was no mar'l
> The Auth'ress was a right Du Bartas Girle,
> Good sooth quoth the old Don, tell ye me so.
> I muse whither at length these Girls will go;
> It half revives my chil frost-bitten blood,
> To see a Woman once, do aught that 's good:
> And chode by Chaucer's Book, and Homer's Furrs,
> Let Men look to 't, least Women wear the Spurrs."
>
> *N. Ward.*

Anne Bradstreet lived in Ipswich for ten years, from 1634 to 1644. Her active intellectual labor was at this town, and the memory of that residence added new fame and reputation to this ancient place.

Helen Campbell, in her life of this lady, says, "It was before the final change from Ipswich to Andover, that the chief part of Anne Bradstreet's literary work was done, the ten years after her arrival in New England being the only fruitful ones."

Though the manuscript of the first edition of Anne Bradstreet's poems was nearly complete before she removed from Ipswich, some years elapsed before it left her hands, and was taken to London where it was published in 1650.

THE

TENTH MUSE

Lately ſprung up in AMERICA.

OR

Severall Poems, compiled

with great variety of VVit

and Learning, full of delight.

Wherein eſpecially is contained a compleat diſcourſe and deſcription of

The Four { *Elements*, *Conſtitutions*, *Ages of Man*, *Seaſons of the Year*.

Together with an Exact Epitomie of the Four Monarchies, *viz.*

The { *Aſſyrian*, *Perſian*, *Grecian*, *Roman*.

Alſo a Dialogue between Old *England* and New, concerning the late troubles.

With divers other pleaſant and ſerious Poems.

By a Gentlewoman in thoſe parts.

Printed at *London* for *Stephen Bowtell* at the ſigne of the Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650.

TITLE PAGE, FIRST EDITION, LONDON, 1650.

(*See page 8.*)

While Mrs. Bradstreet had steadily pursued her studious, literary work, there is no sign that for all those years of labor at Ipswich she sought any recompense by the publication of her poems, either for profit or to satisfy a laudable ambition. No doubt her near friends were aware of her learning and her poetic genius. Nathaniel Ward, her Ipswich minister, and John Cotton, the minister of Boston, both men of culture and acquirements and near and intimate friends of hers, were made cognizant of many of her best efforts. But Anne Bradstreet seems to have been perfectly indifferent to the applause of the multitude, she lived with her family and for them only. Not till her relative, Rev. John Woodbridge, urged upon her the importance and the desirability of their publication, did she consent thereto, and then most doubtfully and reluctantly. As Mr. Woodbridge was in 1647 about to return to England, a copy of her poems for publication was committed to his care. After many delays they were printed and published at London in 1650, and a *fac simile* copy of the title page of the first edition is presented to the readers of this volume.

She moved to Ipswich before she was twenty-two years of age, her husband's and her father's family being among the first settlers of that town, the church of Ipswich being the ninth church of the Colony. One writer says as to this Ipswich home, "The loneliness and craving of her Ipswich life, had forced her to composition as a relief, and the major part of her poems were written before she was thirty years of age." If this statement be true, that the loneliness of her Ipswich life, whether caused by the long absence of her husband from home, or because Ipswich was at that time particularly exposed to attacks from the hostile Indians, and therefore she was forced to seek relief by study and composition, it agrees with the melodious utterances of Cicero in praise of literature, "that other occupations do not belong alike

to every time, or age, or place. These instruct our youth, delight our age; they adorn prosperity, they bestow a refuge and solace in time of adversity." The absence of her husband, Governor Simon Bradstreet, on public business at Boston, Newe Towne or Cambridge, was a severe trial to her, and she writes several pieces thereon, some parts of which we copy in this publication. These four lines we insert here.

> My head, my heart, mine eyes, my life, my more,
> My joy, my magazine of earthly store,
> If we be one, as surely thou and I,
> How stayest thou there whilst I at Ipswich lie?

There were other things which perhaps she may have objected to in Ipswich. It was a frontier or border town, and by land and water liable to invasion from the Indians. The ocean on the east rolled three thousand miles away to her English home and friends, the north and west was a wild wilderness stretching away to Canada, only enemies in that direction; no roads or drives, an Indian trail led away out of Ipswich through these primitive forests. The prowling wolves and dashing bears, venomous rattlesnakes and lurking red man in ambush everywhere. Even her servants were in many instances the native Indian women from the neighborhood. The deer and moose, as also the wild turkeys and other such game, furnished abundant food, while fish in great quantities were in every stream, river and inlet.

From her rude home on High Street she could look south on a fair and rich landscape, no doubt with many cultivated fields.

> "The river moving on its ceaseless way,
> The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,
> And the blue hills that bound the sylvan scene."

In 1614 Captain John Smith visiting this place, called then Agawam, says of it, "Here are many rising hills, and on their

tops and descents are many corne fields and delightfull groves. There are also okes, pines, walnuts, and other woods to make this place an excellent habitation, with many faire high groves of mulberry trees."

Anne Bradstreet was among friends at Ipswich, her father and mother lived here. It had many leading officials residing there; General Daniel Dennison married her sister, Governor Winthrop the younger must have been well known to her, Governor Symonds lived at the Argilla district, Nathaniel Ward, the author of the "Simple Cobbler of Agawam," and the first settled pastor of the Ipswich church, was a friend of her father's, as also of her husband, and her minister, as well as a very learned teacher, and one who could give to Anne, intellectual as well as religious and spiritual aid. The Ipswich settlement was full of wise, learned and genial men and women.

Cotton Mather, speaking of Ipswich in 1638, says, "Here was a renouned church, consisting mostly of such illuminated Christians, that their pastors, in the exercise of their ministry, might in the language of Jerome, 'perceive that they had not disciples so much as judges.'"

Johnson remarks, "The peopling of this towne Ipswich is by men of good rank and quality, many of them having the yearly revenue of large lands in England."

Many comfortable associations made it a home desirable. In the epitaph which was placed upon her father's grave, among other things it is said of him that he was

> "A table talker rich in sense,
> And witty without wit's pretense."

To entertain at the table must have been a favorite gift, even among the Puritans, a sort of an "Autocrat of the breakfast table." Perhaps Oliver Wendell Holmes, who descended from

the Dudleys and Bradstreets, also inherited that popular quality, "A table talker rich in sense."

In moving away from Ipswich to Andover, Anne Bradstreet went deeper into the wilderness, among beasts, reptiles and Indians. A log house was erected at Andover, consisting of four large rooms, where the Bradstreets resided till their new large house was ready to receive them, then the log house was sold to one Richard Sutton, a name not unknown to Ipswich, where Richard Suttons have long and for successive generations been known. I know not if this Sutton who bought the log house be ancestor to the Ipswich Suttons.

ANDOVER HOUSE.

Gen. Bradstreet's and Anne Bradstreet's home at North Andover, erected on the site of the one burned on July 10, 1666.

(See page 15.)

CHAPTER III.

Anne Bradstreet as Lover and Wife.

BORN in 1612, married at sixteen, in 1628, emigrated and sailed for America on April 8, 1630, in the ship *Arbella*, or often spelled *Arabella*, a ship of goodly size for those times, being three hundred and fifty tons burden; with Governor Winthrop, Sir Richard Saltonstall, Isaac Johnson, author of "Wonder Working Providence," and his wife, Lady Arbella, sister of the Earl of Lincoln, her father and mother and her husband, with others of fine education and culture, as passengers on the same ship. Lived in Charlestown, Newtowne or Cambridge, and Boston from the time of her landing till the removal to the settlement of Ipswich in 1634. Resided ten years in that town, and in 1644 or 1645 removed to North Andover, where she lived till her death in 1672.

In 1633 Anne Bradstreet gave birth to her first-born, Samuel, who graduated at Harvard College in 1653. He was likely born at Cambridge, before the removal to Ipswich. Five children following the first were born at Ipswich. She writes, "It pleased God to keep me a long time without a child, which was a great grief to me, and cost me many prayers and tears before I obtained one, and after I obtained one, and after him gave me many more of whom I now take the care." Dorothy came next, 1635, born at Ipswich.

Anne Dudley no doubt received careful training, as was the custom of such families. She studied the Scriptures at six and seven, and writes that, "In my young years, about six or seven, I

began to make conscience of my ways, and what I knew was sinful, as lying, disobedience to parents, I avoided."

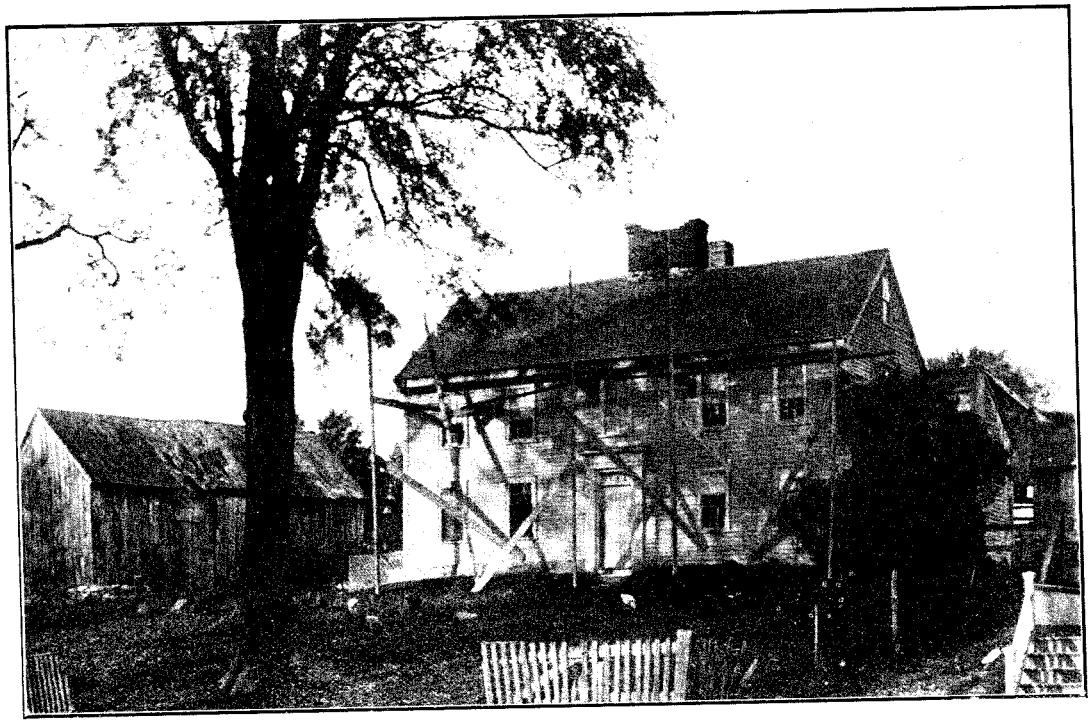
"In a long fit of sickness which I had on my bed, I often communed with my heart and made my supplication to the Most High, who sett me free from that affliction." Again she writes of herself, just before her marriage and after she had recovered:

"But as I grew up to bee about forteen or fifteen I found my heart more carnall and sitting loose from God, vanity and the follys of youth take hold of me.

"About sixteen, the Lord layd his hand sore upon me and smott mee with the small-pox. When I was in my affliction, I besought the Lord, and confessed my Pride and Vanity and he was entreated of me, and again restored me. But I rendered not to him according to ye benefit received."

Here is the only hint as to personal appearance. "Pride and Vanity, are more or less associated with a fair countenance, and though no record gives slightest detail as to form or feature, there is every reason to suppose that the event, very near at hand, which altered every prospect in life, was influenced in degree, at least, by considerations slighted in later years, but having full weight with both." That Thomas Dudley was a "very personable man," we know, and there are hints that his daughter resembled him, though it was against the spirit of the time to record mere accidents of coloring or shape. But Anne's future husband was a strikingly handsome man, not likely to ignore such advantages in the wife he chose, and we may think of her as slender and dark, with heavy hair and clear, thoughtful eyes.

She makes an entry in her journal or diary after reaching Boston, New England: "After a short time I changed my condition and was married, and came into this country, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose. But after I was convinced it was the will of God, I submitted to it and



IPSWICH HOUSE.

(See page 43.)

joined the church at Boston." She was only sixteen when married, and it was not unusual at that time to be married at so early an age, especially among the Puritans, for of them it was said, "They married early and often," if occasion gave opportunity. So long as they lived at Cambridge her husband was at home constantly. The General Court was a legislative body, as well as a Court of Record, and the court of last resort and final appeal for all judicial matters. The official duties of Governor Simon Bradstreet, and as a magistrate, were numerous and exacting; it required all his time, but being near his home and wife, she was never long left alone, but continuously enjoyed her husband's society. They lived in the central and business part of the Colony, but when her father and husband removed to Ipswich, far away from the center of the Colony, their duties took them away from their Ipswich home. Her family was increasing, five children were born at Ipswich, and this was the time when she was most fruitful with her poems and poetry. Daniel Dennison, of Ipswich, had married Anne Bradstreet's sister; he was appointed Captain of Ipswich by the General Court, the troops to train eight times a year, the pay to Captain Dennison £24, 7s. as their military leader.

Her mother, Dorothy Dudley, was living at Ipswich near the Bradstreet home, for their homesteads were adjoining each other on High Street. The two houses it is supposed were located near the head of Mineral Street, one-half mile from the Meeting House, the farthest distance allowed therefrom for dwelling houses, by a law passed in 1635 by the General Court, as a precaution against Indian raids.

The three families so closely related, the Dudleys, the Dennisons, and the Bradstreets, thus living not far apart, gave a sense of security, with all their "hired help" and attendants, which they would not otherwise have felt.

When Anne moved to Ipswich she was twenty-one or two years old and had been married six years. Her husband, manly in form and of a noble, loving, generous nature, their lives ran smoothly and happily along. Any husband might well be proud of a wife who could address him as she did in the following lines:

A POETICAL LOVE MISSIVE.

"*To my dear and loving Husband:*

If ever two were one then surely we,
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me ye women if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole Mines of Gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that Rivers cannot quench,
Nor aught but love from thee give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay,
The heavens reward thee, manifold I pray.
Then while we live in love let's so persevere,
That when we live no more, we may live ever."

Again, the "Letter to her husband absent upon some public business," away at Boston or Cambridge, was not printed in her first edition, being regarded as too personal to be made public during her life.

EXTRACT OF LETTER TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

Return my Dear, my joy, my only love
Unto thine Hinde, thy mullet and thy Dove,
Who neither joys in pasture, house nor streams,
The substance gone, O me, these are but dreams.
Together at one tree oh let us browse,
And like two Turtles roost within one house,
And like the Mullets in one river glide,
Let's still remain but one till death divide.
Thy loving Love and Dearest Dear,
At home, abroad, and every where. *A. B.*

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Anne Bradstreet's Children.

"MULTIPLY and replenish the earth," was a command the Colonial Puritans did not fail to obey; they had a gift for marriage and large families. Governor Winthrop married three times, and not long time for mourning allowed between; "he could not live alone." One of his daughters was the mother of eighteen children. Sir William Phipps, a leading Puritan, was one of twenty-one children, all boys; Benjamin Franklin was one of seventeen children. Population was sparce, work was plentiful and so was food. The Puritan household of the early Colonists was one full to overflowing. The Psalmist's appreciation of many children was theirs, "As arrows are in the hands of a mighty hunter, so are the children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

Mrs. Bradstreet was the mother of eight children, all but one, Dorothy, were living at the time of her death in 1672. They were:

First, Samuel, her first-born, who was born at Cambridge, and graduated at Harvard College in 1653. He practiced as a physician in Boston many years. He was twice married. He had three children living when he died in 1682, who afterward lived with their grandfather, Governor Bradstreet.

Second, Dorothy, born in Ipswich, and married Rev. Seaborn Cotton, who was son of Rev. John Cotton, and born on the ocean during a stormy voyage, hence his Sea-born; his father was a dear friend of Mrs. Bradstreet and a famous preacher.

Third, SARAH, born in Ipswich and married Richard Hubbard of that town, a brother of the historian. Mrs. Bradstreet refers to this marriage in her "Bird's Nest" *simile*. Aurora means Ipswich.

Fourth, SIMON, was born in Ipswich, September 28, 1640, and graduated at Harvard. He was a minister and author, and pastor of a church in New London, Conn. It would appear from the following extract from his diary that he was prepared for college at Ipswich by Ezekiell Cheevers, 1651. "I had my education in the same town — Ipswich — in the free School, the master of w'ch was my ever respected friend Mr. Ezekiell Cheevers."

Fifth, HANNAH, born in Ipswich and married Andrew Wiggins, of Exeter, N. H., died 1707.

Sixth, MERCY, born in Ipswich and married Nathaniel Wade, of Ipswich, who afterwards moved to Medford, where his father, Jonathan Wade, owned large tracts of land, and divided equally with his son. There was quite a controversy between Governor Bradstreet and Jonathan Wade of Ipswich, as to dower or endowment of Nathaniel before the marriage was consummated. It was at last amicably settled.

Seventh, DUDLEY, 1648, born in Andover, held various public offices. In 1698 he and his family were captured by the Indians at North Andover, and were held captives but a short time.

Eighth, JOHN, was born in Andover, July 22, 1652, and resided in Topsfield, where he married the daughter of Rev. William Perkins.

Among the descendants may be counted many celebrated scholars and divines: Dr. William E. Channing; the Rev. Buckminster, of Portsmouth, and his accomplished son; Richard H. Dana the poet, and his son, the eminent lawyer. Also Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet and humorist; Wendell Phillips the orator, who bore a striking resemblance to the old Simon Bradstreet,

so long time the Governor, whose portrait is given herewith from the picture in the Senate Chamber at Boston.

While Anne Bradstreet continued to study and write very copiously, and had no thought of abandoning her literary labors, yet she was aware that the men of her society looked with almost as great distrust upon her poetry as they did upon Mrs. Hutchinson's afternoon services, in rehearsing the previous Sunday's sermons. Nathaniel Ward was on record as calling women offensive epithets, and comparing women's brains to "squirrel's." It was regarded as a great surprise that a woman could compose or write poetry, and her neighbors severely, it is said, criticised her passion for poetry. In her Prologue she writes of these harping critics,

> "I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
> Who says my hand a needle better fits,
> A Poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
> For such despite they cast on female wits;
> If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
> They 'l say its stolen, or else it was by chance."

Three years after her death, Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton the poet, has this brief notice of Anne Bradstreet in his Theatrum Poetarum, wherein he calls her a New England Poetess:

"Anne Bradstreet, a New England Poetess, no less in title; viz., before her Poems, printed in Old England anno. 1650, then the Tenth Muse sprang up in America; the memory of which poems, consisting chiefly of Descriptions of the Four Elements, the Four Humours, the Four Ages, the Four Seasons, and the Four Monarchies, is not wholly extinct."

Mrs. Bradstreet's grave is unknown, and no portrait of her is in existence. Her character is known to us by her works and all the graces of a most beautiful life; as a dear mother, a faith-

ful wife, and a devout Christian who believed in the efficacy of prayer, and who made her prayers and vows to the Lord, and when answered she gave praise to God, and if not answered, she ascribed to her Heavenly Father's love, whose wisdom knew what to give and what to withhold.

Anne Bradstreet, when a little over thirty, had five children, absorbing much of her thought and time, three more being added during the first six years at Andover. When five had passed out into the world and homes of their own, she wrote, in 1656, a poem which is really a family biography; we here insert it in full.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

"I had eight birds hatcht in one nest,
Four Cocks there were, and Hens the rest;
I nurst them up with pain and care,
Nor cost, nor labour did I spare,
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the Trees, and learned to sing;
Chief of the Brood then took his flight
To regions far, and left me quite;
My mournful chirps I after send,
Till he return, or I do end;
Leave not thy nest, thy Dam and Sire,
Fly back and sing amidst this Quire.
My second bird did take her flight,
And with her mate flew out of sight;
Southward they both their course did bend,
And Seasons twain they there did spend;
Till after blown by Southern gales,
They Norward steer'd with filled Sayles.
A prettier bird was no where seen,
Along the beach among the treen.

I have a third of colour white
On whom I plac'd no small delight;
Coupled with mate loving and true,
Hath also bid her Dam adieu;

And where Aurora first appears,
She now hath percht, to spend her years.
One to the Academy flew
To chat among that learned crew;
Ambition moves still in his breast
That he might chant above the rest,
Striving for more than to do well,
That nightingales he might excell.
My fifth, whose down is scarce yet gone
Is 'mongst the shrubs and bushes flown,
And as his wings increase in strength,
On higher boughs he 'l pearch at length.
My other three, still with me nest,
Untill they 'r grown, then as the rest,
Or here or there, they 'l take their flight,
As is ordain'd, so shall they light.
If birds could weep, then would my tears
Let others know what are my fears
Lest this my brood some harm should catch,
And be surpriz'd for want of watch,
Whilst pecking corn, and void of care
They fish un'wares in Fowler's snare;
Or whilst on trees they sit and sing,
Some untoward boy at them do fling;
Or whilst allur'd with bell and glass,
The net be spread, and caught, alas.
Or least by Lime-twigs they be foyl'd,
Or by some greedy hawks be spoyl'd.
O, would my young, ye saw my breast,
And knew what thoughts there sadly rest,
Great was my pain when I you bred,
Great was my care when I you fed,
Long did I keep you soft and warm,
And with my wings keep off all harm;
My cares are more, and fears than ever,
My throbs such now, as 'fore were never;
Alas, my birds, you wisdome want,
Of perils you are ignorant;

Oft times in grass, on trees, in flight,
Sore accidents on you may light.
O, to your safety have an eye,
So happy may you live and die;
Mean while my dayes in tunes I 'll spend,
Till my weak layes with me shall end.

In shady woods I 'll sit and sing,
And things that past, to mind I 'll bring.
Once young and pleasant, as are you,
But former boyes (no joyes) adieu.
My age I will not once lament,
But sing, my time so near is spent.
And from the top bough take my flight,
Into a country beyond sight,
Where old ones, instantly grow young,
And there with Seraphims set song;
No seasons cold, nor storms they see,
But spring lasts to eternity;
When each of you shall in your nest
Among your young ones take your rest,
In chirping language, oft them tell,
You had a Dam that lov'd you well,
That did what could be done for young,
And nurst you up till you were strong,
And 'fore she once would let you fly,
She shew'd you joy and misery;
Taught what was good, and what was ill,
What would save life, and what would kill?
Thus gone, amongst you I may live,
And dead, yet speak, and counsel give;
Farwel, my birds, farewel, adieu,
I happy am, if well with you.

A. B."

The "Chief of the Brood," refers to her oldest, Samuel, and describes his life; and so she goes on making in succession a

family biography of them all, in a way that a proud mother and a fond parent would view the success of their progeny.

Cotton Mather in his "Magnalia" says of Mrs. Bradstreet, "The cares of married life would not appear to have interrupted Mistress Bradstreet's acquisitions, for she was married at the age of sixteen, and her poetry was written in the early part of her life. As she had eight children, and addressed herself particularly to their education, her reading, well stuffed with the facts of ancient history, was no trifle for the memory." She must have been a good classical scholar, versed in all pagan and heathen mythology, as her poems very plainly indicate.

Alluding to her life and labors, Professor C. E. Norton paints her picture in these words: "It is the image of a sweet, devout, serene and affectionate nature, of a woman faithfully discharging the multiplicity of duties which fell upon the mother of many children, in those days when little help from the outside could be had; when the mother must provide for all their wants with scanty means of supply, and must watch over their health with the consciousness that little help from without was to be had in case of even serious need."

CHAPTER V.

Thomas Dudley.

THOMAS DUDLEY, Governor, and the father of Anne Bradstreet, was a gentleman of character and position. There is a tradition among the family of Dudley, that he was descended from John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. There is a doubt upon this point. Much of family pedigree among the early settlers was lost to vision when they left their native land. Thomas Dudley was an only son of Captain Rogers Dudley, who was killed in battle about the year 1577. After pursuing Latin studies and then a clerkship in the office of a kinsman, who was a sergeant-at-law, he was made a captain in Queen Elizabeth's army. He was sent to aid Henry IV of France in the Spanish war against Phillip II of Spain, after whom the Phillipines were named. Captain Dudley was at the siege of Amiens in 1597, and was mustered out of the service, only then barely of age, having already acquired distinction as a brave and skillful soldier.

But the polish and learning acquired by a residence abroad, associating with army officers, learning the French language, with the grace and gentlemanly manners thereof, gave a new stamp to young Dudley, which, — with his sterling honesty and courage, were the foundations of his character, — became a part of his practical life. He was soon married to "Dorothy a gentlewoman, whose extract and estate were considerable." No record of her maiden name is given. Puritanism had not yet an established name, but

the seed had been sown which after became so strong and vigorous as to overthrow the English monarchy.

Thomas Dudley listened to the ardent preaching of well-known Puritan and non-conformist teachers, and soon became an earnest opposer of the ancient and established forms of church worship and creeds. Dudley, with eleven others, in August, 1629, signed an agreement, whereby they pledged themselves to emigrate to New England by the next March. Their object was not so much to flee from oppression, but to form a government according to their own ideas and "the order of the gospell."

In pursuance of this plan they sailed the twenty-ninth of March, 1630, and landed at Salem on June 12, and on going ashore "supped with a good venison, pasty and good beer." Winthrop and Dudley soon became the master and ruling spirits of the Colony. When one was not governor the other was likely to be, or their influence decided who should be. And in one way or another the Dudleys have been important factors in controlling New England affairs in its government, its religion and its literature.

Bancroft says that, "Dudley had hardly reached this country before he repented that he had come; the country had been described in too favorable light."

It would appear that Governor Dudley must have been a book-worm and a "diner out," as also a "table talker" full of wit, from the following epitaph that Mather translates:

"In books a prodigal, they say
A living Cyclopedia:
Of histories of church and priest,
A full compendium at least:
A table talker, rich in sense,
And witty without wits pretence."

JOHN G. PALFREY'S OPINION OF GOVERNOR DUDLEY.

"In the year 1653, July 31, the days of Thomas Dudley were numbered and finished. Dudley was fifty-four when he came to New England in 1630, which made him seventy-seven years old at his death. He had been twice governor, deputy-governor thirteen times, and major-general of the militia in other years. His well-known capacity, experience, and scrupulous fidelity to every trust, made him an object of implicit confidence and respect. His integrity was unimpeachable; his superiority to influences of human blame or favor was above question; the fear of God was an ever-present and deciding motive to him; no man, in public action, had a more single eye to the public welfare. But Dudley's was one of those characters in which virtue does not put on her gracious aspect. He belonged to the class who are commended, confided in and revered, but not loved. If hasty, he was not revengeful; he never meant to be unjust, and he did sincerely mean to be magnanimous, but he wanted the qualities to conciliate and win. He was positive, prejudicial, undemonstrative, austere. When he was gentle and generous, it seemed to be more from conscience than from sympathy; so that even benefits from him won approval rather than affection. It might be expected of such a man, that he would find it hard to tolerate a difference of religious opinion, and it is recorded of Dudley, that after his decease, some lines expressive of that form of narrowness were found in a pocket of his dress. The lines, twenty in number, were preserved by Mather. Magnalia, Book II, Chap. V, § 1."

THOMAS DUDLEY'S LINES.

Dim Eyes, deaf Ears, cold Stomach, shew
My dissolution is in view,
Eleven times seven near liv'd have I.
And now God calls I willing Die,

VIEW OF HIGH STREET, IPSWICH.

From front of President Rogers' House, looking West.

(*See page 18.*)

My Shuttle's shot, my Race is run,
My Sun is set, my Day is done.
My span is measured, Tale is told,
My Flower is faded and grown old.
My Dream is vanish'd, Shadows fled,
My Soul with Christ, my Body Dead,
Farewel dear Wife, Children and Friends,
Hate Heresie, make Blessed Ends,
Bear Poverty, live with good Men;
So shall we live with Joy agen.
Let men of God in Courts and Churches watch,
O're such as do a Toleration hatch,
Lest that ill Egg bring forth a Cockatrice
To poison all with Heresie and Vice.
If Men be left and otherwise Combine,
My epitaph 's I DY'D NO LIBERTINE.

Thomas Dudley was a staunch defender of the Puritan faith, and so received the hatred of all its dissenters in the Massachusetts Colony, including the Roger Williams Baptists, the Quakers and Ann Hutchinson's followers, some of whom openly rejoiced over his death and looked upon it as an act of Providence. It was his boast that he condemned toleration, that toleration itself was an *heresie*. He was of a nervous, excitable disposition, and as occasion seemed to him to require, outspoken and plain in expressing his opinions and denouncing his opponents. For some reason, not clearly apparent, he at first was not in favor of closing Mrs. Hutchinson's mouth and forbidding her Boston meetings. His friend, Rev. John Cotton, advocated the weekly meetings for examining and criticising the Sunday sermons of their different ministers. Mrs. Hutchinson's meetings seem to have been of a natural outgrowth from the men's meetings. The men of the Boston churches came together every Thursday morning to go over the text and sermon of the preceding Sunday, of which the members had taken notes, and made criticism either favorable or

adverse. This was in the presence of the minister. No women were admitted to these meetings, much less would they have been permitted to speak their opinion.

But after awhile the women thought it equally right and instructive for their own sex to have a meeting from which the men should be excluded. Ann Hutchinson, by general consent, was seated in front and allowed herself to be questioned. Her lovely life and her works of charity gave immense power to her words. Dudley had made careful inquiries as to her religious standing, and was satisfied; the most religious and influential among the people of the Colony paid unusual attention to her. All Boston admired and believed in her, and her administrations at sick beds gave her unusual popularity, and had she been content, when opposed, to have abandoned her public meetings, she still would have been a useful and honored woman. In the meantime the men had broken down all barriers, and entered without opposition the women's meetings but not allowing women to enter theirs. John Cotton, the ablest and most powerful minister in the Colony, gave at first strong and decided support to the women's meetings. Three-fourths of the ministers and elders of the Colony, however, were utterly opposed to women holding forth as teachers to the flock of Christ, even to their sex. The tide after awhile was everywhere against Ann Hutchinson and her teachings, for she clashed on doctrinal points as well as in methods and teachers. Winthrop, Dudley and Bradstreet joined the ministers in support of the old Puritan faith, as they believed it, and against the new lights and women teachers and Antinomianism.

In this fight against the Antinomian doctrines the Colony became nearly unanimously on the side as against the new doctrine, except Boston, and that was veering around toward the popular breeze and tidal current. The power of the ministers and magistrates was potential and victory was theirs. Ann was sent into

the wilderness, another "Hagar and Ishmael," along with Roger Williams and the Quakers.

Rufus Choate in New York in "the forties" on "Forefathers' Day," gave the toast, "Our Pilgrim Fathers: they founded a church without a bishop, and a State without a king." He might have added, "They had a minister for every church, who was both bishop and king."

So complete was the victory for the Puritan church, that for over a century no opposition appeared within their own borders. In the opprobrium attached to the expelled ones, all Antinomians and women advocates shared largely. It was not till twenty years after that Anne Bradstreet suffered her works to be printed, and then in London, and even her name not attached thereto. How changed now is the Puritan church. Women are being "set apart," and ordained as ministers and pastors in the Congregational churches all over New England. In Elmira, New York, Rev. Dr. Thomas K. Beecher, "the last of the Beechers," has an associate pastor in the person of a Rev. Mrs. C. L. Eastman, who is able, popular and effective; who performs marriage ceremonies, baptismal rites and sacramental services. The Independent or Congregational organization allows each church and society to select either a man or woman as minister, and the one thus selected is ordained with all ministerial prerogatives and powers.

The Unitarians, Universalists and Baptists have the same independent form of church government, and women are being or may be ordained in all of them, except the Baptist, where a woman minister could baptize by immersion with great difficulty, if in many cases at all. In the Episcopal churches, including the Methodist Episcopal, the hand of the bishop is a cold one, and no woman as yet has been ordained as a Conference preacher, with all the privileges accorded to men. Ann Hutchinson was "suppressed" over two hundred years ago, but if alive to-day she could

be ordained a minister and serve whenever wanted in the Puritan church from which she was driven.

In this view of those times, Professor Norton, of Harvard College, in his Introduction to the volume of Anne Bradstreet's works, published by the Duodecimal Club, which is claimed as the seventh edition of her works, makes the following statement: "What value her verses have received for her depends rather on the rare circumstances of a woman's writing them at the time she did, and in the place where she lived."

This notice of Governor Thomas Dudley would be incomplete, if some mention was not made of his son, Joseph Dudley, a child by his second wife, and therefore half brother to Anne Bradstreet. He was deputy-governor, succeeding Governor Bradstreet, when he was removed from that office by Sir Edmund Andros, at the time when the old charter of the Colony was abrogated by that troublesome official of King James II.

Joseph Dudley was the most talented of all the Dudleys known in America, and so loyal to the king that he was a subservient tool to do the bidding of that tyrant, Sir Edmund Andros.

Randolph and others were comparatively strangers in the Colony, and not so much expected of them, though their names were execrated and held in contempt everywhere, yet Dudley was to the manor born, of good Puritan lineage, and better things were expected of him. He brought a taint upon the name of Dudley, which all the services and sacrifices of generations cannot efface.

> "But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
> However, mighty in the olden time;
> Nor all that heralds rake from coffined clay,
> Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme;
> Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime."

Of the Star Chamber Judges, Joseph Dudley was the chief or presiding judge, who tried the Ipswich patriots, John Wise, John

Appleton, Robert Kinsman, William Goodhue and Thomas French, immortal names, and Ipswich the only town in its corporate capacity, taking positive action against Andros.

Chief Justice Joseph Dudley must have well known every one of the Ipswich men, as General Dennison was his brother-in-law, and Major Nathaniel Wade married his niece, and these men on trial, or their fathers, settled the town with his father, Governor Thomas Dudley, who when he died had large interests there.

Joseph Dudley disgraced himself and his office when he said to Rev. John Wise, who claimed the privilege of an English subject, "*he had no more privilege left him, than not to be sold for a slave.*"

We shall treat more fully of Andros and his tyranny and sudden downfall in our next chapter, while giving a notice of Governor Bradstreet.

CHAPTER VI.

Simon Bradstreet.

SIMON BRADSTREET, son of a non-conforming minister, was born March, 1603, at Horblin, Lincolnshire. His father died when he was fourteen years old, and he was committed to the care of Thomas Dudley for eight years following. He spent one year at Emanuel College, Cambridge, pursuing his studies amidst various interruptions. Leaving Cambridge, he resided in the family of the Earl of Lincoln, as his steward, and afterward lived in the same capacity with the Countess of Warwick.

He, with Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Dudley, and others, agreed to emigrate and form a settlement in Massachusetts; and being appointed an assistant, he with his family and others went on board the *Arabella*, March 29, 1630, and anchored June 12, near Salem, going on shore soon after.

In the spring of 1631 commenced at Cambridge. He moved to Ipswich in 1634, one of the first settlers of that town, where he resided for ten years. Mr. Bradstreet then moved to Andover, where he held large landed interests. He was the first secretary of the Colony, a magistrate, and held public office for nearly sixty years. He was deputy-governor from 1672 to 1679, when he was elected governor, and continued in office till the charter was abrogated by Sir Edmund Andros, 1686. He steadily opposed Andros and his rule.

The wife of Simon Bradstreet, Anne, died September 16, 1672, a sore affliction to him; he had been married for forty-four

GOVERNOR SIMON BRADSTREET.

(*See page 46.*)

years, having born to them eight children, all living at the time of her death except one, Dorothy, who had been the wife of Rev. Seaborn Cotton, a son of Rev. John Cotton, the great Boston preacher. The new large house erected at North Andover was burned to the ground, a total ruin, with all of its contents, including manuscript work of Anne Bradstreet, which was never rewritten. Another house was soon built in which Mrs. Bradstreet resided for a few years; this is the house shown in this book.

After Mrs. Bradstreet's death, her husband married June 6, 1676, the widow of Captain Joseph Gardner, of Salem, who was killed in the Narragansett War. The picture of their house is printed as the "Bradstreet house," in this book. She is said to have been "a Gentlewoman, of very good birth and education, and of great piety and prudence." She inherited a fine estate, and a notice of her Salem home is given in another chapter, where the Governor lived after his second marriage and where he died.

Simon Bradstreet, during the time of the persecutions of the Quakers, was in public office, and it is said he meant to be moderate and tolerant, yet he was charged by the Quakers as being active against them. In an address to the king, the Quakers make the following summary of their wrongs: "Twenty-two have been banished upon pain of death. Three have been martyred, and three have had their right ears cut. One hath been burned in the hand with the letter H. Thirty-one persons have received six hundred and fifty stripes. One was beat while his body was like a jelly. Several were beat with pitched ropes. Five appeals made to England were denied by the rulers of Boston. One thousand, forty-four pounds' worth of goods hath been taken from them (being poor men) for meeting together in the fear of the Lord, and for keeping the commands of Christ. One now lieth in iron fetters condemned to die."

The latter years of Simon Bradstreet's life were the most

glorious of all. The part he took in opposing Sir Edmund Andros and his horde of retainers, even though his brother-in-law was one of the most active and conspicuous of them, entitles him to the remembrance of every Massachusetts patriot. He was indeed "the Nestor of New England," and "the Grand Old Man," of the closing years of the seventeenth century. We prize the few words in which the Labadist missionaries describe Simon Bradstreet, "An old man, quiet and grave, dressed in black silk, but not sumptuously."

The crimes committed by Andros in the name of King James the Second, against the American Colonies, were many and atrocious, taxing their homes without justice or law, and if not paid, their homes and lands sold from under them to the highest bidder. The farms and lands had been duly entered under the first charter, duly granted by the Home government. Under such registry the settlers had cleared the lands and built their homes, and in many cases they descended through the probate office to the children of the earliest settlers. Andros demanded a new registry, at a large expense, to be paid to the government, on the plea that the first was irregular, and claimed that the crown owned all the land. If not paid, the lands and houses were sold and title transferred, and the owners at once dispossessed and ejected from their hard-earned possessions.

The press was muzzled, magistrates appointed by the Governor were alone permitted to solemnize marriages, and no marriages allowed until bonds with sureties were given, to be forfeited if any lawful impediment should afterward appear. No one could remove from the country without the consent of the Governor. Probate taxes were excessive. General taxes were imposed by the governor-general and the council, and the people taxed had no voice in making the levy; if they complained, they were liable to fine and imprisonment for traducing the Governor, and treason to the king.

The act that went direct to the Puritan heart, was the policy adopted by Andros seizing Puritan churches, or as called "meeting houses," for the use of a few priests of the Church of England, wherein to hold ritualistic services, who with surplices and broad phylacteries read their prayers and performed their religious ceremonies. Andros first seized their homes and demanded quit-rent; secondly, controlling and taxing marriage rites; and now demanding the keys of their houses of worship for Episcopal service.

Home, Marriage and Church used for taxation and oppression, and an alien and strange religious ceremony! There were not a hundred Church of England worshippers in the Colony, outside of the British naval, military, and civil service. These acts created an animosity and hatred against the British which were never effaced, and made the name of "Red-coat" detested so, that even the boys on the streets hooted and yelled after them, "Lobster soldiers!" The seed was then sown which brought forth the harvest of the Revolution seventy-five years later. After two years of such rule, the light of relief was near, nearer than the most hopeful could dream. April 4, 1689, the great news of the flight of King James the Second from England, and the landing of the Prince of Orange, with his assumption of the crown, reached Boston. The "amazing news did soon fly like lightning," and not only Boston, but all the towns of New England were astir. On the morning of the eighteenth the clans began to gather; every man, woman and child in Boston was on duty. A regiment of armed men gathered in Charlestown. Andros was in hiding; his officials were everywhere sneaking and fearful. The "boys were parading the streets with clubs," and not "olive branches," crying, "Down with Andros and Randolph!"

The streets around the public building were packed with an angry and excited crowd. The ministers and leading men of

Boston and the large towns, having seized "the Archives and State Building," were holding a council, and had sent to Salem for Governor Bradstreet. Sir Edmund Andros and fifty of his officials were arrested and cast into prison, and Massachusetts was *free!* Without doubt Rev. John Wise and John Appleton of Ipswich were present, aiding and advising by their wisdom and patriotism. It must have been a gala day in Ipswich; the relief they had prayed for was come. It was a Revolution! It was in violation of law, except the law of self-protection and self-preservation. It was not a peaceable revolution; it was a forceful one, but a bloodless one. Nevertheless, it was mob-law, it was the people who had taken the rule into their own hands, and in the twinkling of an eye changed the *personnel* of the government. Bancroft the Historian says of this day's work: "Just then the Governor of the Colony, in office when the charter was abrogated, Simon Bradstreet, glorious with the dignity of four score years and seven, one of the early emigrants, a magistrate in 1630, whose experience connected the oldest generation with the new, drew near the town-house, and was received with a great shout from the free men. The old magistrates were reinstated, as a council of safety; the whole town rose in arms, with the most unanimous resolution that ever inspired a people."

Oliver, the Conservative Historian, writes thus: "The enthusiasm was complete when a long declaration, prepared by an elder of Boston, defending the insurrection as a *duty to God and the country*, was read from the balcony of the town-house." Again, another says, quoted by Palfrey, "The country people came armed into Boston in the afternoon, in such rage and heat that it made us all tremble to think what would follow, for nothing would satisfy them but that the Governor (Andros) should be bound in chains or cords, and put in a more secure place." Again, "Andros came near affecting his escape. Disguised in

women's clothes, he had safely passed two centries, but was stopped by a third, who observed his shoes, which he had neglected to change."

The revolution had been done so quietly and effectively, that the excitement soon died out and everything was restored to its former and normal condition.

The General Court at once assembled, and the grand old man, Simon Bradstreet, again called to the chair of State. No successor was named to supersede Governor Bradstreet till 1692, when Sir William Phipps was sent over to take his place. Governor Bradstreet retired to his Salem home, where he continued full of years and honors till 1697, when at the ripe old age of ninety-four he died.

The Assembly was in session on the day of his death and, "in consideration of the long and extraordinary service of Simon Bradstreet, late Governor, voted £100, toward defraying the charges of his interment."

They buried him in Salem where his tomb may still be seen in the old Charter Street burying-ground. "He was a man," says Felt, "of deep discernment, whom neither wealth nor honor could allure from duty. He poised with an equal balance the authority of the King, and the liberty of the people. Sincere in religion and pure in his life, he overcame and left the world."

CHAPTER VII.

PURITAN — PILGRIM.

WHAT word shall we use to define the "a Pilgrim" "a Puritan;" which name shall be applied to our first New England settlers? Do the words represent two different orders or sects, or shall it be a compound or hyphenated word? Do not the two words have a meaning each for itself and differing one from the other? Is not the term "Cavalier," as applied to the adherents of Charles the First, a misnomer as used to designate the leaders of the early Virginia settlers? Many of the settlers, with Endicott as well as with Winthrop, would have been in the South, "Virginia Cavaliers." The Pilgrims never thought of fighting at home, in England. They fled to Holland and then to America, and created no revolutions. But the Puritans were "fighters." They fought to purify the church, purify the government, and to punish their enemies, outside of their creed or circle. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," was in the Puritan faith as well as in that of the Scottish covenanters. The Puritans were *fighters*, with a musket, a religious cudgel or a civil warrant, always ready to do battle.

The Pilgrims were comparatively free from the delusions of witchcraft, and rarely persecuted the Baptists or Quakers, and contented themselves with simply defending their homes and minding their own pursuits. The Puritans thrived, and their numbers doubled and trebled under trials and warfare. England was glad to be rid of them; but the more they emigrated

the more they increased in England, till they finally deposed the King, sending Charles the First to the beheading block.

The New England Puritans had brains, education and culture. In an age when Spain produced the Jesuits and the Inquisition, the English reformation brought forth Cromwell, the Puritans and Plymouth Rock. While the Jesuits sent their teachers everywhere, they kept their converts in ignorance, with the church and its showy ceremonials far ahead of the civil power of the State. The Puritan Colonies educated all, and taught obedience to God and due respect for magistrates.

> "Nor dread the blinded bigot's rule,
> As near the church spire stands the school."

Not only the common school, but Harvard College was founded at once, and they taxed themselves to establish and support the college as well as the district school. The following from Felt's History of Ipswich shows how that town taxed itself to support Harvard College in its beginning, which is a fair sample of the other towns of the Colony.

"1644. The Deputies and Elders of all towns are desired to use their influence, so that every family allow one peck of corn, or 12d. for this University."

"1652. The General Court request, that for raising up suitable Rulers and Elders, a person in every town solicit subscriptions to aid charity scholars at Cambridge."

"1664. The rate of Ipswich for the College is £7, 6s., 7d., and the same next year."

"1677, May 23. The General Court send a letter to this town (Ipswich), desiring them to subscribe for the new brick building at the College, begun two years ago, but not finished during the war for want of money; the old edifice being partly fallen down."

"1681. A committee are to gather up what was behind for the College. £19, 15s. in grain is put on board John Dutch's sloop, namely, seventy-eight bushels and a half of corn, and thirty-one and three-quarters of malt for Cambridge."

The same power that hired the minister and paid him, also selected and paid the school master. If they compelled attendance at church and the observance of the Sabbath, they also commanded all children to attend school, and faithfully to be catechised by the minister.

Harvard College was established and opened in 1638, and within a few years had a faculty of teachers as brilliant and able as Cambridge or Oxford in England, and its *alumni* within thirty years of its opening, boasted of scholars, writers and philosophers equal to any college.

The New England Puritans came to establish a firm, stable and Christian government, and they were far-seeing enough to know that such a nation must have for its foundation stones Religion and Education.

They were ready to pray and also to fight; they had the French and Indians on their northern, western and eastern borders. These Puritan soldiers were at the siege and downfall of Louisburgh. They were at Quebec with Wolf, and under the flag of England conquered Canada for the British. The first battles of the Revolutionary War were in the Puritan Colony of Massachusetts; they threw the tea into the Boston Harbor; the massacre of 1770 was in Boston, on Kings Street; the battles of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill were all within the central limits of Puritan Massachusetts.

The first great victory in the War of the Revolution was when the New England yeoman soldiers, Puritans all, under the wise generalship of Washington, drove the British naval and military forces out of Boston and forever!

Webster, in his great speech in reply to Haynes, pictures American liberty as born, nurtured and sustained in Massachusetts. We close this chapter by copying a brilliant passage from his peroration:

"I shall enter on no encomiums upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia, and there they will be forever.

"And Sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint shall succeed in separating it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it, and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin."

CHAPTER VIII.

Editorial Miscellany.

Anne Bradstreet's Portrait: a Fancy Picture.

AT THE dedicatory exercises of the Ipswich Historical Society of their home, the Rev. John Calvin Kimball, in his address on that occasion, brought the question of the Saltonstall-Whipple house to a sudden halt. He stated that a woman employee of his sister, who lives just beyond that house, in passing it shortly before, saw two or three of the Saltonstall women sitting at "the window binding shoes," as we suppose, or with bobbins and pillows making lace. The story seemed incredible, but being told by a minister we believed it, especially as the Rev. Mr. Waters, the worthy President of the Historical Society, stood by without a word of objection.

A similar experience occurred to me in taking the picture of the Dudley-Bradstreet house, so called, on High Street, near the head of Mineral Street. Mr. Dexter, the Ipswich photographer, had his camera all focused and fixed for a picture of the Captain Hodgkins house; just then an Ipswich witch, a cousin of mine, came along and halted near me. Her mother was a witch before her, and had bewitched me in days when I was susceptible thereto. I said to the witch, "My dear cousin, is this the Bradstreet House?" Without sticking any pins into my arm, as Ipswich witches in olden times were wont to do, but with a punch under my ribs with her parasol, she said, "Why yes; there sits Anne Bradstreet at the window, pen in hand. Do n't you see her?"

We all answered in the affirmative except the photographer, who, pulling his head out from under the camera cloth, said, as he turned to my cousin, the witch, "My answer to your question is a *negative*." The witch at once responded, "Then develop it." Just then a chanticleer, who was parading his harem of hens over the lawn, as can be seen in the picture of the house, lifted up his head and gave a most uproarious crow, which startled us and attracted our notice. When we looked again at the witch by my side and Anne Bradstreet at the window, lo, and behold, they had vanished into thin air out of view, quickly and noiselessly as witches and ghosts are wont to disappear.

However, the negative of the photographer remained, and with the aid of a Boston artist of credit and renown, Mr. Edmund H. Garrett, an author as well as artist, the picture of Anne Bradstreet was made. It may not be all that fancy could picture it, but it is a real, ideal "fancy picture," and as such we present it to the readers of this book. Whether you believe in the affirmative or negative of this sketch and story, we give this picture as a veritable frontispiece.

Ipswich and North Andover Houses.

The house now standing at North Andover and shown in this book, took the place of the one burned to the ground in July, 1666, but duplicated as nearly as possible at a very short notice. The two houses herewith presented, one at Andover and the Ipswich house, are very nearly alike in architecture as to size and long descending roof, from the ridge-pole to the back, only a few feet high. Two full stories in front, and sloping to one short story in the rear. It seems that the house burned at Andover was similar to its successor, and both like the Ipswich house, only the latter has not been kept in such good repair as the other.

What we claim for the Hodgkins and Lummus house in

Ipswich is that it may have been the Dudley or Bradstreet house. It is supposed that the houses where they lived while in Ipswich were located near or upon the site of the house shown in the picture. The "View up High Street," shows that old and famous street from the front of the house, formerly the house of President Rogers of Harvard College, up to and in front of the supposed home of the Dudleys and Bradstreets.

Anne Bradstreet: Unknown Grave, No Portrait.

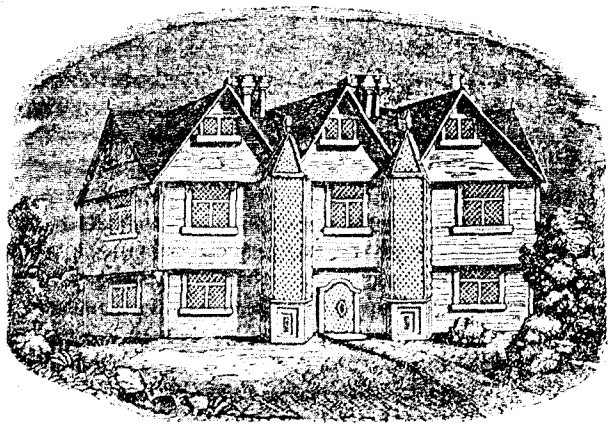
As no portrait of Anne Bradstreet is known to be in existence, the reader will have to contemplate her image in her works, where she will reveal to him all the graces of a loving mother, a devoted wife and a devout Christian.

The place of her burial is not known; no stone is known that marks her grave. Some have surmised that she was buried at Roxbury in her father's tomb, but no record exists showing this to be so.

Neither portrait nor grave of Anne Bradstreet is found, but she has given to posterity her poems, meditations and famous descendants, with a good name and literary fame, and a pure Christian character.

The Salem House.

The Bradstreet House, represented on another page, was torn down in 1750, and stood on the site of the late Francis Peabody's residence, next west of Plummer Hall, in Salem. It was built by Emanuel Downing, the father of Sir George Downing. The date of its erection is not known, but it was conveyed to his daughter Anna, the wife of Captain Joseph Gardner, in 1656. After the death of Captain Gardner, who was killed at the great swamp fight in the Narragansett War, in 1675, his wife married Governor



THE SALEM HOUSE (*from an old print*).

The Bradstreet House, represented on this page, was torn down in 1750, and stood on the site of the late Francis Peabody's residence, next west of Plummer Hall, in Salem. It was built by Emanuel Downing, the father of Sir George Downing. The date of its erection is not known, but it was conveyed to his daughter Anna, the wife of Captain Joseph Gardner, in 1656. After the death of Captain Gardner, who was killed at the great swamp fight in the Narragansett War, in 1675, his wife married Governor Simon Bradstreet, and thus the house became known as the Bradstreet House. Governor Bradstreet, the last of the Colonial Governors under the first charter, died here March 27, 1697.

Simon Bradstreet, and thus the house became known as the Bradstreet House. Governor Bradstreet, the last of the Colonial Governors under the first charter, died here March 27, 1675.

The Dudley and Bradstreet Houses at Cambridge.

The Dudley House stood on the west side of Water Street, near it southern terminus at Marsh Lane, at the corner of the present Dunster and South Streets. This was so richly made that Governor Winthrop reproved Dudley for setting so extravagant an example in building his home, as the Colonists could ill afford to follow his example.

Bradstreet's house was at the corner of Braynton and Wood Streets, where the University book store now is on Harvard Square, at the corner of Brighton Street. Dudley's lot was half an acre; Bradstreet's measured "about one rood."

Fore-Ordination and Election.

That Anne Bradstreet was a Puritan believer in the doctrine of fore-ordination and the "great worke of election and Reprobation," is evidenced by paragraph LXVII, which we copy in full without note or comment.

LXVII.

All the works and doings of God are wonderfull, but none more awfull than his great worke of election and Reprobation; when we consider how many good parents have had bad children, and againe how many bad parents have had pious children, it should make us adore the Soverainty of God who will not be tyed to time nor place, nor yet to persons, but takes and chuses when and where and whom he pleases: it should alsoe teach the children of godly parents to walk with feare and trembling, lest they,

through unbeleif, fall short of a promise: it may also be a support to such as have or had wicked parents, that, if they abide not in unbeleif, God is able to grasse them in: the upshot of all should make us, with the Apostle, to admire the justice and mercy of God, and say, how unsearchable are his wayes, and his footsteps past finding out.

The Portrait of Governor Bradstreet.

The portrait of Bradstreet, which we print in this book, is, as has often been stated, a copy of the one in the Massachusetts Senate Chamber. But where did it come from and how old is the picture?

I have had a good deal of trouble to find out its history; it has been an interesting search, and I've run it back to the old State House at the head of State Street. Its history goes as far back as the symbolical "cod fish" now hanging in the House of Representatives at Boston. This likeness of the old Governor Bradstreet was in 1770 hanging in the council room in the Kings Street State House.

John Adams, the ex-President of the United States, in a letter to William Tudor, describes the visit of Samuel Adams at the head of a committee appointed at a Boston town meeting, demanding the removal of the British troops outside of the town, on the morning after the Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770. Mr. Adams' letter was written in 1818, and describes a picture he suggested to have painted by the National Government, representing the appearance of Samuel Adams before the Royal Governor and Council. We copy John Adams' letter, printed in his correspondence in the "Novanglus," page 258.

"Now for the picture; the theatre and the scenery, the same glorious portraits of King Charles II and King James II, to which might be added, and should be added, little, miserable likenesses

of Governor Winthrop, Governor Bradstreet and Governor Endicott, hung in obscure corners of the room."

The portraits of the two Kings were full length, and mounted in elegant frames and conspicuously hung. John Adams in a scornful, sarcastic manner refers to the Kings' pictures as "glorious," and as the Colonial Governors were plainly painted and hung in the corners, he refers to them as "little, miserable likenesses." The royal personages were no doubt taken away when Boston was evacuated, but Governors were left and were removed to the State House on the hill, with the cod fish and other archives, in 1798.

"Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, Commander-in-Chief in the absence of the Governor, must be placed at the head of the Council table. Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's military forces, taking rank of all his Majesty's councillors, must be seated by the side of the Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province. Eight and twenty councillors must be painted, all seated at the council board. Let me see; what costume? What was the fashion of that day in the month of March? Large white wigs, English scarlet cloth coats, some of them with gold-laced hats, not on their heads, indeed, in so august a presence, but on a table before them. Before these illustrious personages appeared Samuel Adams, a member of the House of Representatives and their clerk, now at the head of their committee of the great assembly at the Old South Church.

"Thucydides, Livy or Sallust would make a speech for him, or, perhaps Bota, if he had known anything of this transaction, one of the most important of the Revolution, but I am wholly incapable of it; should not dare to attempt it. Samuel Adams demanded that the regular troops should be removed from the town. Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson said, 'He had no authority over the King's troops.'

"Mr. Adams instantly appealed to the charter. That the Governor 'was Commander-in-Chief of all the military and naval power in its jurisdiction.' So obviously true was this that the point was withdrawn. Hutchinson and Dalrymple, after consulting, said they might withdraw one regiment to the castle if that would satisfy the people.

"With a self-recollection, a self-possession, a self-command, a presence of mind that was admired by every man present, Samuel Adams arose with an air of dignity and majesty of which he was sometimes capable, stretched forth his arm, though even then quivering with palsy, and with a harmonious voice and decisive tone said, 'If the Lieutenant-Governor or Colonel Dalrymple, or both together, have authority to remove one regiment, they have authority to remove two, and nothing short of the total evacuation of the town by all the regular troops will satisfy the public mind or preserve the peace of the Province.'

"These few words thrilled through the veins of every man in the audience, and produced the great result."

High Street.

High Street is an old English name for the principal or business street of a town or city. If not so now in any English town, it was such when the name was given to it. It was formerly of the same meaning as "Main Street" in our Western cities and large towns. Main Street in American cities was intended to be the business street thereof. High Street, in Leicester, England, was formerly the principal street of that place. Upon that street is the old Roman House with its tessellated pavement, where you descend one story to reach what was on the level of the street and once the front hall and ante-room, which contains the oldest specimen of an old Roman tessellated pavement to be found in England.

"PURITANE ONE."

"At Banbury came I oh! profane one,
Where I saw the Puritane one! . . . ."

(*Copy of Picture in British Museum.*)

(*See page 19.*)

The Puritan.

The picture of the Puritan hanging his cat on Monday for killing a mouse on Sunday, is a copy of the one in the British Museum, London, and shows the animus of a certain class of Englishmen towards that sect.

The Puritans were bitter enemies of the stage and all connected with it, and their dislike was reciprocated most heartily by the playwrights and players.

Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, speaking of the treatment of the Puritans, says: "Every stage and every table and every puppet play belched forth profane scoffs upon them, the drunkards made them their songs, all fiddlers and mimics learned to abuse them, as finding it the most gameful way of fooling."

The scene depicted in the picture is from the play of "Drunken Barnaby's Tour."

> "At Banbury came I oh; profane one,
> Where I saw the Puritane one;
> Hanging of his cat on Monday,
> For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

This cartoon is an *extravaganza*, and of course not literally true or even supposed to be, by any one. Nevertheless, this is a very English picture, and like many English attempts at wit or humor, makes a very weird ending, or else a silly, meaningless one.

CHAPTER IX.

Selections from Her Works.

Extracts from Contemplations.

THE verses under this head was one of her latest efforts before her death, and one of the best. The scene is laid near the falls of the Merrimac River, which now furnishes the water power that runs the factories of the city of Lawrence, and she says in referring to the great dam,

> "I markt, not crooks, nor rubs that there did lye
> Could hinder aught, but still augment its force."

Nine of the verses of "Contemplation" are here inserted, as choice samples of all.

> Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm,
> Close sate I by a goodly River's side,
> Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;
> A lonely place with pleasures dignifi'd.
> I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
> Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
> And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

> While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,
> Which to the longed for Ocean held its course,
> I markt, not crooks, nor rubs that there did lye
> Could hinder aught, but still augment its force.
> O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy race
> Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
> Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is 't enough that thou alone may'st slide,
    But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet,
So hand in hand along with thee they glide,
    To Thetis house, where all invite and greet:
Thou emblem true of what I count the best,
O could I lead my Rivolets to rest,
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye fish which in this liquid Region 'bide,
    That for each season have your habitation,
Now salt, now fresh where you think best to glide,
    To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
In Lakes and ponds you leave your numerous fry,
So nature taught, and yet you wonder why,
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air,
    Then to the colder bottome streight they dive,
Eftsoon to Neptun's glassie Hall repair,
    To see what trade they great ones there do drive
Who forrage ore the spacious, sea-green field,
And take the trembling prey before it yield,
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
    Sings merrily, and steers his Barque with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
    And now become great master of the seas;
But suddenly a storm spoiles all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
    And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet tongu'd Philomel percht ore my head,
    And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judg'd my hearing better then my sight,
And wisht me wings with her awhile to take my flight.

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,
    That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, no cruciating cares
    To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm.
Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is everywhere,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,
Reminds not what is past nor whats to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
    Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
So each one tunes this pretty instrument,
    And warbling out the old, begin anew,
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better Region,
Where winter's never felt in that sweet airy legion.

Reminiscences of Anne Bradstreet's Childhood.

In her poem entitled "In Honor of Du Bartas," she makes a pleasant allusion to her English life, quite different from her Ipswich home life, where in 1641 she probably wrote it.

My muse unto a child I may compare,
Who sees the riches of some famous Fair,
He feeds his eyes, but understanding lacks
To comprehend the worth of all those knacks:
The glittering plate and jewels he admires,
The Hats and Fans, the Plumes and Ladies' tires
And thousand times his mazed mind doth wish
Some part (at least) of that brave wealth was his,
But seeing empty wishes, nought obtain,
At night turns to his mother's cot again,
And tells her tales, (his full heart overglad)
Of all the glorious sights his Eyes have had;
But finds too soon his want of Eloquence.
The silly pratler speaks no word of sense;
But seeing utterance fail his great desires,
Sits down in silence, deeply he admires.
Thus weak brain'd I, reading thy lofty stile
Thy profound learning, viewing other while.

Winter and Spring.

May 11, 1657, I had a sore sickness, and weakness took hold of me, which hath by spells lasted all this Spring till this 11, May, yet hath my God given me many a respite, and some ability to perform the Duties I owe to him, and the work of my family.

Many a refreshment have I found in this my weary Pilgrimage, and in this valley of Baca many pools of water. That which I now chiefly labour for is a contented, thankful heart under my affliction and weakness, seeing it is the will of God it should be thus.

Who am I that I should repine at his pleasure, especially seeing it is for my spinter all advantage? for I hope my soul shall flourish while my body decayes, and the weakness of this outward man shall be a meanes to strengthen my inner man. Yet a little while and he that shall come will come and will not tarry.

The Coming Spring.

As spring the winter doth succeed,
    And leaves the naked Trees doe dresse,
The earth all black is cloth'd in green;
    At sunshine each their joy express.

My Sun's returned with healing wings,
    My Soul and Body doth rejoice
My heart exults, and praises sings
    To him that heard my wailing Voice.

My winter 's past, my storms are gone,
    And former clouds seem now all fled;
But, if they must eclipse again,
    I 'll run where I was succored.

I have a shelter from the storm,
    A shadow from the fainting heat;
I have access unto his Throne,
    Who is a God so wondrous great.

O! hast thou made my Pilgrimage
Thus pleasant, fair, and good;
Blessed me in Youth and Elder Age,
My Baca made a springing flood?*

I studious am what I shall doe,
To show my Duty with delight;
All I can give is but thine own,
And at the most a simple mite.

The Author to Her Book.

Thou illform'd offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after death didst by my side remain,
Till snatcht from thence by friends, less wise than true
Who thee abroad, expos'd to publick view,
Made thee in raggs, halting to th' press to trudg,
Where errors were not lessened (all may judg)
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print,) should mother call,
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
Thy Visage was so irksome in my sight;
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could:
I wash'd thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.
I stretcht thy joynts to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobling than is meet;
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save home-spun Cloth, i' th' house I find
In this array, mong'st Vulgars mayst thou roam
In Critick's hands, beware thou dost not come;

---

* Psalm lxxxiv: 5, 6. Baca seems to have been a sweet and favorite word with Anne Bradstreet. The old "Bay Psalm Book" renders the verse,

"Who as they passe through Baca's Vale,
doe make it a fountaine;
also the pooles *that are therein*
are filled full of raine."

And take thy way where yet thou art not known,
If for thy Father askt, say, thou hadst none;
And for thy Mother, she alas is poor,
Which caused her thus to turn thee out of door.

Anne Bradstreet's Last Poem.

With 1669 she had become a hopeless and almost helpless invalid, longing to die, yet still held by the intense vitality which must have been her characteristic, and which required three years more of wasting pain before the struggle could end. In August, of 1669, she had written one of the most pathetic of her poems.

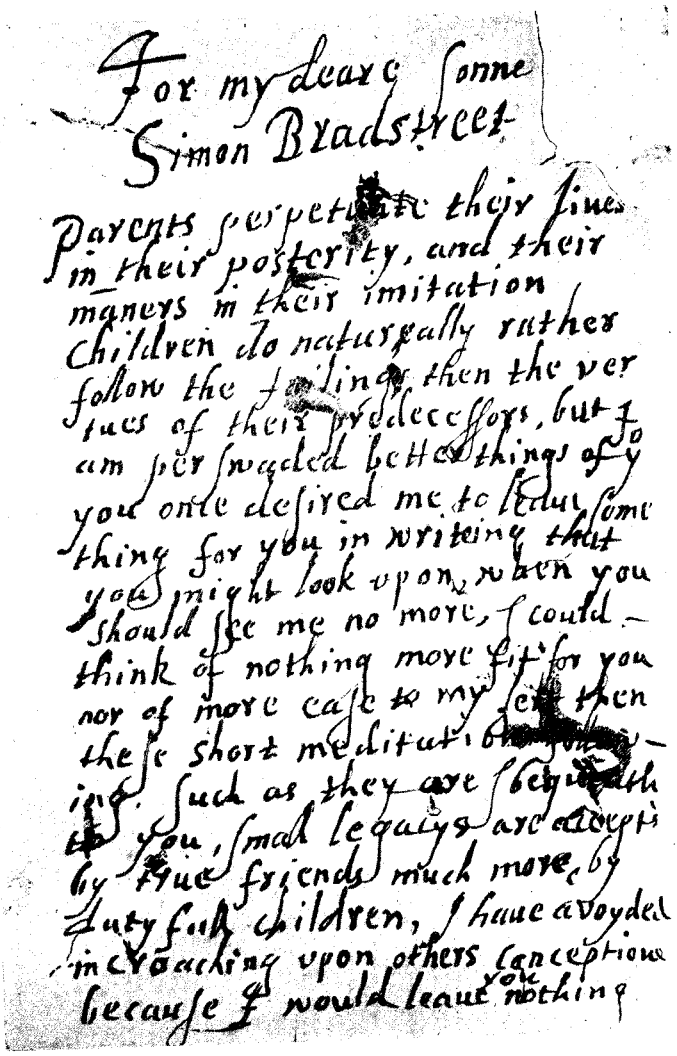
Aug: 31, 69.

As weary pilgrim now at rest,
Hugs with delight his silent nest
His wasted limbes now lye full soft
That myrie steps have trodden oft.
Blesses himself to think upon
his dangers past, and travails done.
The burning sun no more shall heat
Nor stormy raines on him shall beat.
The bryars and thornes no more shall scratch,
nor hungry wolves at him shall catch
He erring pathes no more shall tread
nor wilde fruits eate, instead of bread
for waters cold he doth not long
for thirst no more shall parch his tongue.
No rugged stones his feet shall gaule
nor stumps nor rocks cause him to fall.
All cares and feares, he bids farewell
and meanes in safity now to dwell.
A pilgrim I, on earth, perplext,
Wth sinns wth cares and sorrows vext
By age and paines brought to decay.
And my Clay house mouldring away
Oh how I long to be at rest
and soare on high among the blesst.

This body shall in silence sleep
Mine eyes no more shall ever weep
No fainting fits shall me assaile
nor grinding paines my body fraile
Wth cares and fears n'er cumbred be
Nor losses know, nor sorrows see
What tho my flesh shall there consume
it is the bed Christ did perfume
And when a few yeares shall be gone
this mortall shall be cloth'd upon
A corrupt Carcasse downe it lyes
A glorious body it shall rise
In weakness and dishonour sowne
in power 't is rais'd by Christ alone
When soule and body shall unite
and of their maker have the sight
Such lasting joyes shall there behold
as eare ne'r heard nor tongue e'er told
Lord make me ready for that day
then Come dear bridegrome, Come away.

The long waiting ended at last, and her son, Simon Bradstreet, wrote in his diary:

"Sept. 16, 1672. My ever honoured & most dear Mother was translated to Heaven. Her death was occasioned by a consumption being wasted to skin & bone & she had an issue made in her arm bee: she was much troubled with rheum, & one of y^e women y^t tended herr dressing her arm, s'd shee never saw such an arm in her Life, I, s'd my most dear Mother but y^t shall bee a Glorious Arm.

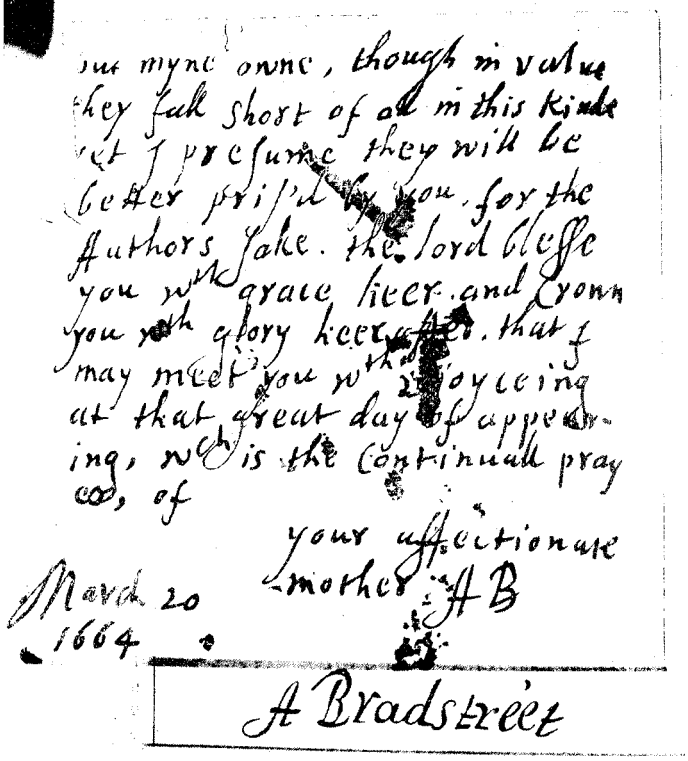


For my deare sonne
Simon Bradstreet

Parents perpetuate their lives
in their posterity, and their
maners in their imitation
Children do naturally rather
follow the failings then the ver
tues of their predecessors, but I
am perswaded better things of y
you once desired me to leave some
thing for you in writeing that
you might look upon, when you
should see me no more, I could
think of nothing more fit for you
nor of more ease to my self then
these short meditations follow-
ing. Such as they are I bequeath
to you, small legacys are accepts
by true friends much more, by
dutyfull children, I haue avoyded
incroaching upon others conceptions
because I would leaue you nothing

AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF ANNE BRADSTREET.

(See page 57)



out myne owne, though in value
they fall short of all in this kinde
yet I presume they will be
better pris'd by you, for the
Authors sake. the lord blesse
you wth grace heer. and crown
you wth glory heer after. that I
may meet you wth 2 joyceing
at that great day of appear-
ing, wch is the continuall pray
ee, of

your affectionate
mother AB

March 20
1664

A Bradstreet

AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE OF ANNE BRADSTREET.

(*See page 57.*)

CHAPTER X.

Meditations, Divine and Morall.

WE SELECT the first thirty-seven of her meditations or proverbs and *similes*, which go to show that in prose she was equal to her versification. They appear to have been addressed "To My Dear Children," and she claims in a letter to them that they are original with her, and not any of them copied. This assertion is qualified by paragraph xxiv.

Preceding these selections the autograph copy of a letter of Anne Bradstreet to her son Simon is given, together with the English print of it, as also a copy of her autograph signature, which is one of only two known to be in existence.

For my deare sonne Simon Bradstreet.

Parents perpetuate their lines in their posterity, and their mañers in their imitation. Children do naturally rather follow the failings than the virtues of their predecessors, but I am persuaded better things of you. You once desired me to leave something for you in writing that you might look upon when you should see me no more. I could think of nothing more fit for you, nor of more ease to my selfe, than these short meditations following. Such as they are I bequeath to you: small legacys are accepted by true friends, much more by dutiful children. I have avoyded incroaching upon others conceptions, because I would leave you nothing but myne owne, though in value they fall short of all in this kinde, yet I presume they will be better

priz'd by you for the Author's sake. The Lord blesse you with grace heer, and crown you with glory heerafter, that I may meet you with rejoyceing at that great day of appearing, which is the continuall prayer of

Your affectionate mother, A. B.

March 20, 1664.

MEDITATIONS.

I.

There is no object that we see; no action that we doe; no good that we injoy; no evill that we feele or feare, but we may make some spiritu(a)ll, advantage of all: and he that makes such improvement is wise as well as pious.

II.

Many can speak well, but few can do well. We are better Scholars in the Theory than the practique part, but he is a true Christian that is a proficient in both.

III.

Youth is the time of getting, middle age of improving, and old age of spending; a negligent youth is usually attended by an ignorant middle age, and both by an empty old age. He that hath nothing to feed on but vanity and lyes must needs lye down in the Bed of Sorrow.

IV.

A ship that beares much saile, and little or no ballast, is easily overset; and that man whose head hath great abilities, and his heart little or no grace, is in danger of foundering.

V.

It is reported of the peakcock that, prideing himself in his gay feathers, he ruffles them up; but, spying his black feet, he soon lets fall his plumes, so he that glorys in his gifts and adornings should look upon his Corruptions, and that will damp his high thoughts.

VI.

The finest bread hath the least bran; the purest hony, the least wax; and the sincerest Christian, the least self love.

VII.

The hireling that labors all the day, comforts himself that when night comes he shall both take his rest and receive his reward; the painfull Christian that hath wrought hard in God's vineyard, and hath born the heat and drought of the day, when he perceives his sun apace to decline, and the shadows of his evening to be stretched out, lifts up his head with joy, knowing his refreshing is at hand.

VIII.

Downny beds make drosey persons, but hard lodging keeps the eyes open. A prosperous state makes a secure Christian, but adversity makes him Consider.

IX.

Sweet words are like hony, a little may refresh, but too much gluts the stomach.

X.

Diverse children have their different natures; some are like flesh which nothing but salt will keep from putrefaction; some again like tender fruits that are best preserved with sugar: those parents are wise that can fit their nurture according to their Nature.

XI.

That town with thousands of enemys without hath not been able to take, hath been delivered up by one traytor within; and that man, which all the temptations of Sathan without could not hurt, hath been foild by one lust within.

XII.

Authority without wisdome is like a heavy axe without an edge, fitter to bruise than polish.

XIII.

The reason why Christians are so loth to exchange this world for a better, is because they have more sence than faith: they se what they enjoy, they do but hope for that which is to come.

XIV.

If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant; if we did not sometimes tast of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome.

XV.

A low man can goe upright under that door wher a taller is glad to stoop; so a man of weak faith, and mean abilities may undergo a crosse more patiently than he that excells him, both in gifts and graces.

XVI.

That house which is not often swept, makes the cleanly inhabitant soone loath it, and that heart which is not continually purifieing itself, is no fit temple for the spirit of God to dwell in.

XVII.

Few men are so humble as not to be proud of their abilitys; and nothing will abase them more than this — What hast thou, but what thou hast received? Come, give an account of thy stewardship.

XVIII.

He that will undertake to climb up a steep mountain with a great burden on his back, will finde it a wearysome, if not an impossible task; so he that thinks to mount to heaven clog'd with the Cares and riches of this Life, 't is no wonder if he faint by the way.

XIX.

Corne, till it has passed through the Mill and been ground to powder, is not fit for bread. God so deales with his servants: he grindes them with grief and pain till they turn to dust, and then are they fit manchet for his Mansion.

XX.

God hath sutable comforts and supports for his children according to their severall conditions if he will make his face to shine upon them: he then makes them lye down in green pastures, and leads them beside the still waters: if they stick in deepe mire and clay, and all his waves and billows goe over their heads, He then leads them to the Rock which is higher than they.

XXI.

He that walks among briars and thorns will be very carefull where he sets his foot. And he that passes through the wilderness of this world, had need ponder all his steps.

XXII.

Want of prudence, as well as piety, hath brought men into great inconveniencys; but he that is well stored with both, seldom is so ensnared.

XXIII.

The skillfull fisher hath his severall baits for severall fish, but there is a hooke under all; Satan, that great Angler, hath his sundry bait for sundry tempers of men, which they all catch grēdily at, but few perceives the hook till it be too late.

XXIV.

There is no new thing under the sun, there is nothing that can be sayd or done, but either that or something like it hath been both done and sayd before.

XXV.

An akeing head requires a soft pillow; and a drooping heart a strong support.

XXVI.

A sore finger may disquiet the whole body, but an ulcer within destroys it: so an enemy without may destroy a Commonwealth, but dissentions within overthrow it.

XXVII.

It is a pleasant thing to behold the light, but sore eyes are not able to look upon it; the pure in heart shall see God, but the defiled in conscience shall rather choose to be buried under rocks and mountains then to behold the presence of the Lamb.

XXVIII.

Wisedome with an inheritance is good, but wisedome without an inheritance is better than an inheritance without wisdome.

XXIX.

Lightening doth generally preceed thunder, and stormes, raine; and stroaks not often fall till after threat'ning.

XXX.

Yellow leaves argue the want of Sap, and gray haires want of moisture; so dry and saplesse performances are symptoms of little spirituall vigor.

XXXI.

Iron till it be thoroughly heat is incapable to be wrought; so God sees good to cast some men into the furnace of affliction, and then beats them on his anvile into what frame he pleases.

XXXII.

Ambitious men are like hops that never rest climbing soe long as they have anything to stay upon; but take away their props and they are, of all, the most dejected.

XXXIII.

Much Labour wearys the body, and many thoughts oppresse the minde: man aimes at profit by the one, and content in the other; but often misses of both, and findes nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit.

XXXIV.

Dimne eyes are the concomitants of old age; and short-sightednes, in those that are eyes of a Republique, foretells a declineing State.

XXXV.

We read in Scripture of three sorts of Arrows — the arrow of an enemy, the arrow of pestilence, and the arrow of a slanderous tongue; the two first kill the body, the last the good name; the two former leave a man when he is once dead, but the latter mangles him in his grave.

XXXVI.

Sore labourers have hard hands, and old sinners have brawnie consciences.

XXXVII.

Wickedness comes to its height by degrees. He that danes say of a little sin, is not a little one? will are long say of a greater, Tush, God regards it not!

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