

Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapped in vision prophetic, Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth Said, 'Let us pray,' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them Bowed and whispered the wheat on the field of death, and their kindred Seemed to wake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered. Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean, Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard ; Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of returning."

We make no apology for quoting so fully from Longfellow's truthful account of the Pilgrims. We have carefully compared his poem with Governor Bradford's Journal, and other contemporary documents, and have been struck with its marvellous fidelity to historical fact, both in minute details and even in the speeches of its principal characters.\*

But their sufferings were not yet ended. At the beginning of the following winter came an arrival of new emigrants, not only unprovided with food, but the very ship that brought them had to be provisioned for her return voyage out of the scanty harvest of the colony. During that cruel winter the entire population was put upon half allowance. "I have seen men," says Winslow, "stagger by reason of faintness for want of food." "Tradition declares," says Bancroft, "that at one time the colonists were reduced to a pint of corn, which being parched and distributed, gave to each individual only five kernels; but rumour falls short of reality; for three or four months together they had no corn whatever." They were forced to live on mussels, ground nuts, and clams, which they dug up on the shore, and returned thanks to God who gave them, as to Zebulon of old, "of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand." (Deut. xxxiii. 19.) They found also certain subterranean stores of Indian corn for which there was no claimants. A severe pestilence had shortly before desolated the entire New England seaboard, sweeping away whole tribes. Thus, as the Pilgrims devoutly believed, God had cast out the heathen and planted them, and of the food which they had not planted did they eat. Indeed, had it not thus been providentially exempted from hostile attack, and, as it

\*Longfellow does not give the full name of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as perhaps unsuited for poetic uses. It was Priscilla Mullins.