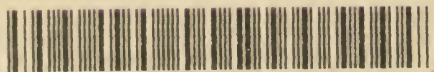


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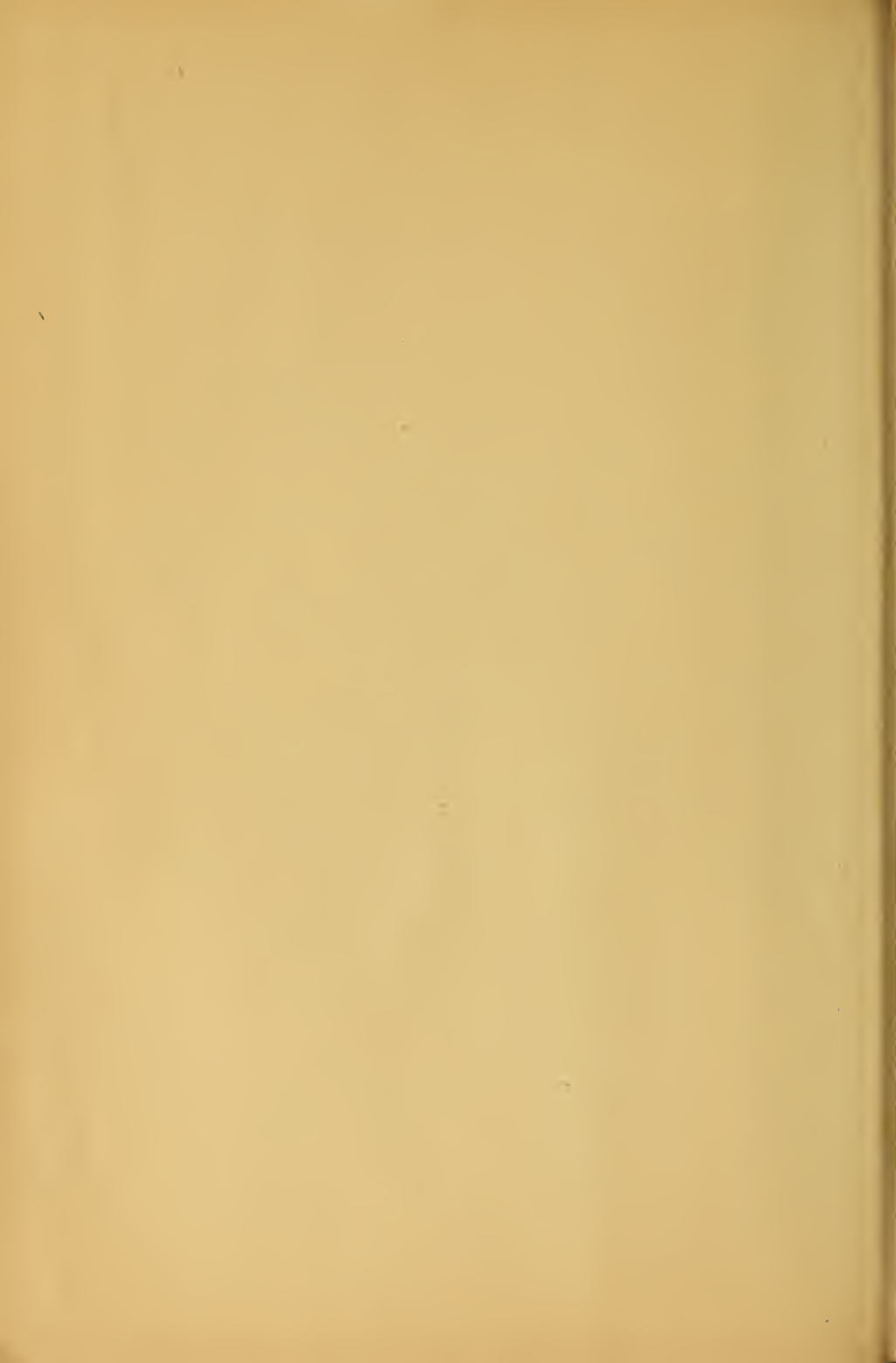
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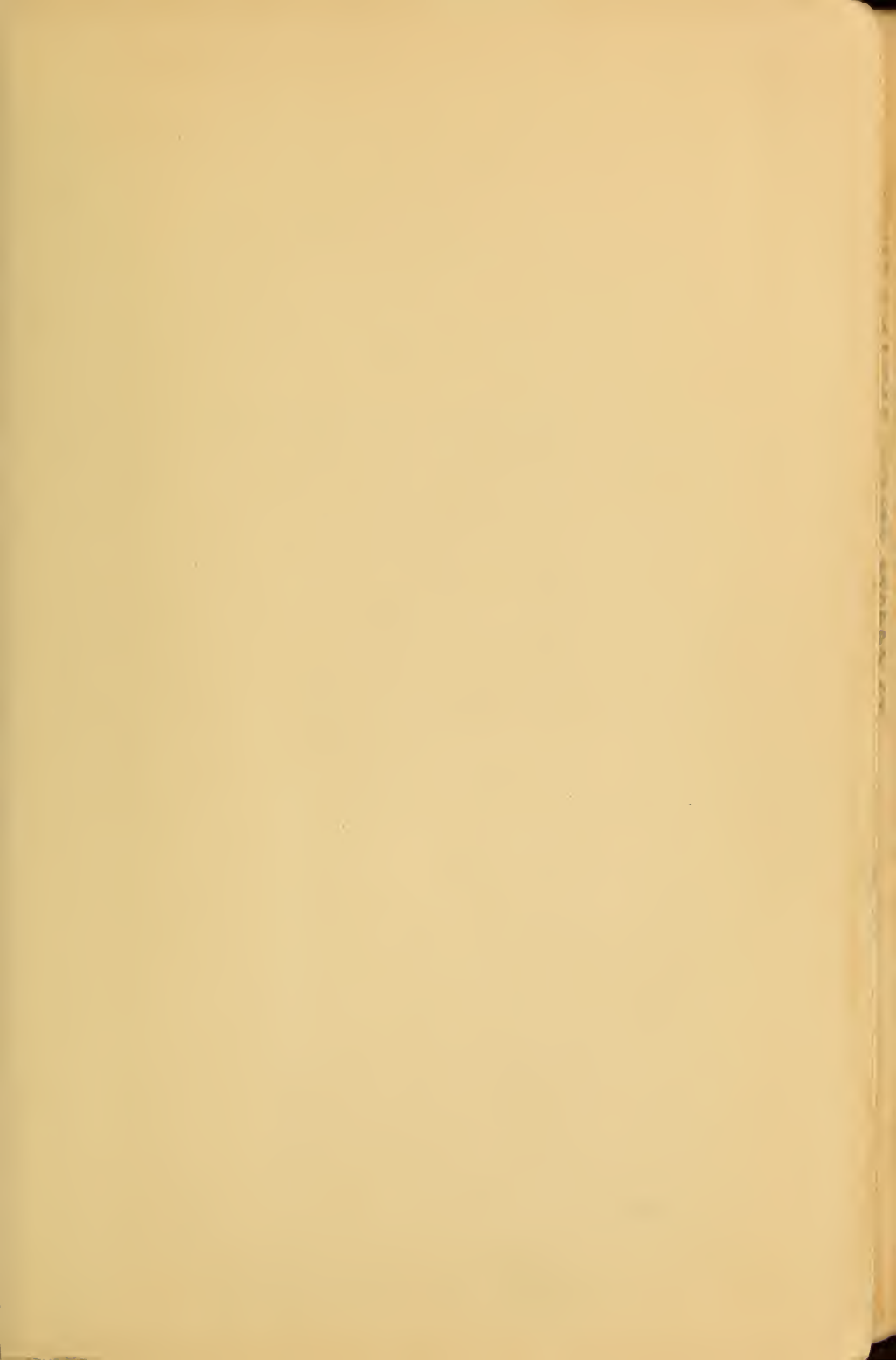



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An American Jezebel

American Biography

EDITED BY PHILLIPS RUSSELL

JOHN SMITH—
ALSO POCAHONTAS
by John Gould Fletcher

THIS MAN ADAMS
by Samuel McCoy

ANDREW JACKSON
by David Karsner

AN AMERICAN JEZEBEL
by Helen Augur





Cyrus Dallin, Sculptor

MONUMENT TO ANNE HUTCHINSON
BEFORE MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE

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1954

An American Jezebel

THE LIFE OF ANNE HUTCHINSON

by

Helen Augur



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To
Elizabeth and
Charles Augur

12/2/69

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An American Jezebel

THE LIFE OF ANNE HUTCHINSON



Chapter One

THE young vicar's voice came from the high pulpit of Boston Church in Lincolnshire, down the vaulted nave to a girl sitting beside her husband. It was May in 1615, and the breeze coming in from the fens was warm and silky like the voice that read:

"I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey."

Delicious intimations there were in Solomon's Song for the ruddy preacher of thirty, born to be praised and loved. Delicious, too, for the listening girl, who had ridden from Alford the day before through sheep-pastures smooth as felt, the red earth blurred with early sunshine. How pleasant to sit there in farthingale and modest Stuart ruff, and hear the famous Mr. John Cotton read the Canticle of Canticles:

"My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."

*“For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
“The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the
singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is
heard in our land.”*

John Cotton's voice was beautiful. It was warm and silky. Strained through those cool Gothic spaces, it reached Anne Hutchinson as an essence too subtle to be of the senses. Strained through her fine perceptions, the ancient cadences were rousing a sweet disturbance, the apprehension of something too profound to plumb. Between reader and listener Solomon's Song was weaving a spell that was to bind them together through every change, a spell unguessed perhaps, but going on as a force stronger than death or betrayal.

St. Botolph's was crowded with listeners that morning. As Anne and William Hutchinson had walked to the great church they had met neighbors from every part of the Wash; people from Saleby, from Old Leake on the sea-dyke, from Spilsby, from Swineshead, from Wigtoft, from Little Hale, all hurrying to hear Mr. Cotton preach Puritan ideas from the pulpit of the Established Church. When they passed the market-place they averted their heads at the sight of the rabble busy at its Sunday amusements, at the "sweete pastime of beare-bayting," at bowling, dice, and cock-fighting.

Excitement of a headier sort awaited them at St. Botolph's, for the young vicar had just announced his intention of casting off the Romish trappings which still clung to the Established Church. Mr. Cotton's steady progress from Conformity had reached a crisis. He had decided to defy his bishops, and become a Nonconformist to the extent of dropping all the ceremonies of the Church that had no express warrant from Scripture. With absorbed dread, his audience would see him preaching without the surplice, and sit through a service shorn of the sign of the cross at baptism and kneeling at communion. These things, Cotton insisted, were devices of the Pope, who was Antichrist; and the fact that the great body of the clergy still cherished them showed that they were becoming more Catholic every day, sliding back to the days of Bloody Mary. For his part, he would take his ordinances from the Word of God. This was a terrifying decision; but his parishioners were devoted, and would stand by him no matter if the Primate descended in person to punish them for their defiance. What was the fear of prison to the pleasure of hearing Mr. Cotton expound the Canticles, the First and Second Epistles of John, and the Parables, as was his weekly practice?

The members of St. Botolph's prided themselves on

having captured John Cotton from Cambridge, where as head-lecturer and dean of Emmanuel College he had been conspicuous for learning and eloquence. Cambridge was the fountain-head of the young Puritan movement; John Harvard, Thomas Hooker, William Brewster, John Wheelwright, and Oliver Cromwell were nurtured there; and Cotton, son of a Derby lawyer, had been caught up by the current. He had taken his Master's degree at Trinity College, which could not, however, appoint him a Fellow, because it was temporarily out of funds. So God's Providence, the Boston congregation felt, had caused his appointment to Emmanuel, then the most Puritan college in the University, and swept him away from Conformity. He had astonished the crowds swarming to hear him at the University Church by changing without warning from his usual "elegant and oratorious" style to a plain and forthright delivery. His cheated listeners pulled their shovel-caps over their faces, folded their arms, and sat out the sermon grimly. He had lost many admirers at Cambridge by his Puritan leanings, but had attracted the attention of north-countrymen with similar ideas. So at twenty-seven, three years before, he had climbed into the pulpit at St. Botolph's, a brown-haired, stocky, ruddy-faced young man with the tongue of an angel.

There had been a struggle to get so conspicuous a rebel appointed to an important post in the Church. Unlike many livings, the vicarate was in the hands of the city corporation instead of an individual landlord. The corporation had voted him in by a bare majority; and then softened the heart of the Bishop of Lincoln with an appropriate gift in order to have the appointment confirmed. Once safely installed, young Cotton developed his Nonconformist tendencies, and the Bishop's Court had swooped down upon him and silenced him for a time. But the faithful parishioners had got the Earls of Dorset and Lincoln on their side; and the golden preaching was allowed to go on.

With the tact that marked all his actions, the young vicar had accepted the wife chosen for him by a leading member of his flock. The women of the church shook their heads when two or three of them were together, deploring the fact that Mistress Cotton showed no signs of crowning her husband's felicity with children; but then, the ways of Providence were unaccountable.

And Mr. Cotton seemed happy enough in the devotion of all Lincolnshire, and appreciated his generous salary. At a time when many of the Conformist clergy were scrimping on two or three pounds a year, the stronger Puritan-minded congregations rewarded their minis-

ters with sixty or seventy. The thin ranks of the Non-conformist clergy were swelled by this means, and Puritan preaching was a hazardous occupation meriting reward. The corporation of Boston made Mr. Cotton gifts in addition to his salary, for not only was St. Botolph's growing enormously, but the population and prestige of the market-town throve on his fame.

Mr. Cotton deserved these favors. He was a light of learning in a country where many of the clergy could not even recite the Ten Commandments, nor give the churches their quarter-sermons. Queen Elizabeth, and James Stuart after her, had allowed the Church to become lax and slovenly; in the strictly Conformist ranks there was little discipline and less energy. But Mr. Cotton was industry itself; he was in the pulpit four or five hours Sunday morning, in the afternoon he "went over thrice the whole body of divinity in a catechistical way," his Thursday lectures were a feast of theology, and he preached also Wednesday and Friday mornings and Saturday afternoons. For those who desired more light, he held a daily lecture at his house, which was full of young scholars, some of them from Germany, whom he instructed in his spare time. He fed his mind on the Church Fathers, on the Schoolmen, but above them all he preferred John Calvin.

Cotton was purifying his church of every taint of Rome. He sniffed here, sniffed there, and where he found the poison of Antichrist, he cut out the gangrene. He had little sympathy for those who left the Church to her fate, and established independent congregations. The Separatists to the north, who had founded little churches at Scrooby and Gainsborough, had been forced to leave England seven years before, and re-establish their congregations in the hospitable Netherlands. Better to stay inside the Church of England, and cleanse her of every trace of her Papist past. There was plenty of excitement in that for the vicar, today standing in the pulpit, a plain man who had shaken off the Romish vestments of his Church. Plenty of excitement for his people, to whom nothing in the world mattered so much as religion.

The English Bible had been in the hands of the people less than a hundred years, but in that time it had possessed the imagination and molded the thought of the nation. Since its first publication by Tyndale, it had gone through one version after another, reaching its full perfection four years before in the Authorized Version of King James. To the English people it was incomparable, the book of books. They were swept by the waves and torrents of the ancient script; the Battle

of Jericho seemed a triumph as great as the destruction of the Armada, and David's Psalms seduced the ear more subtly than flute or madrigal.

To no one in Boston Church had the Bible brought a keener challenge than to young Anne Hutchinson. Rebellion ran in her blood. Her mother, Bridget Dryden, came of an influential family with Puritan leanings. Her father, the Rev. Francis Marbury, had spent his youth in hot rebellion against the laxity of the Church. In 1578 he had been tried before the High Commission for accusing the bishops of ordaining ministers unfit for their calling. Bishop Aylmer of London had called him "an overthwart proude puritan knave," and sent him to prison for his defiance. Puritan Marbury was not, but proud and high-spirited he certainly was. He made his peace with the Church, and was appointed preacher of Alford parish twenty-five miles from Boston. But when Anne, his fifth child, was baptised in Alford on July 20, 1591, he had again been silenced, and for the next fourteen years lived in Alford as a private gentleman until the Church, probably influenced by his titled relatives, gave him a London parish. Francis Marbury, that dauntless purifier of his Church, remained a loyal Conformist, but the daughter, so like him in temperament, was

to create for herself a new heaven and a new earth.

Francis Marbury sent his sons to Brasenose College, Oxford, where they were safe from the Puritan epidemic, and taught his daughters to read and write, perhaps as a concession to their evident curiosity about subjects having nothing to do with spindles and stitchery. The children of Marburys and Drydens were gently bred; they were descended in heraldic lines from Charlemagne and Alfred the Great. Anne's mind was filled with echoes of her great ancestors, the Counts of Guisnes of Normandy, the Aragon lords of Ayala, and the glamorous Blounts. Spain and France and England were in her arched brows and her arrogant small head.

Serenity wrapped itself around Anne's vivid mind. Every spring she watched the hawthorne blossoms spill over the lanes, and the sheep spill over the great hills, smoothly green. In the hollows of the hills were round five-sailed windmills and gray manors; Alford itself was a pocketful of trees and houses dominated by her father's church, set on a modest knoll. She loved the church, cool on a bright morning, and the birds singing loudly on the graves outside. The sea was very near; it sent a breeze saturated with mist and sunshine, a brooding fine element permeating everywhere.

Life was serene; England lived under the smooth

hand of the great Queen, basking in its own greatness. In Lincolnshire the sheep came out to the hills, and were clipped, and their fine wool kept the cloth-mills busy and the people prosperous. Gentry like the Marburys, disregarding the pressure of the new middle-class created by the Spanish wars, lived graciously in their stone manor-houses, and looked out of mullioned windows upon a world pleasant to every sense. In 1603 the northern towns had been stirred by beating drums and the cries of throngs rushing out to see James Stuart come down from Scotland to assume the sphere and sceptre that had fallen from the smooth stubborn hands of the Queen. And then life had gone on as before.

When Anne was fourteen, her father was called to London, where he was successively rector of St. Martin's Vintry, of St. Pancras, and of St. Margaret's in New Fish Street. Her mind was disturbed with new impressions; coaches rattled, street-vendors cried, good-wives rushed to see hangings, there were festivals on the Thames, and great assemblies at Court, and everywhere there was shameful want and filth. London glistened, but it reeked, too. She was homesick for Lincolnshire, homesick for an old playmate the crowded London years could not make her forget.

ANNE HUTCHINSON

Her father died in 1611, and the next year she married her old playmate William Hutchinson, and went back with him to Alford. In marrying William she was marrying the serenity and confidence of Lincolnshire. He seemed part of the country; reticent, warm, faithful, sensitive. Anne was high-strung, he was calm; she was intoxicated by ideas, he felt her intoxication, but himself remained sober. He enveloped her perturbations with an element as steadfast as the sunshine.

The Hutchinsons were a Lincoln family, quite good enough even for a Marbury. William's ancestors had been mayors, aldermen, high sheriffs, and justices of the peace in the great cathedral city, but his father had left Lincoln and settled down in Alford with comfortable means. William was five years older than Anne, and had come into a respectable estate.

Once settled in the traditional frame of family life, Anne Hutchinson began to swing free from tradition. She had been reared in unshakeable Conformity, but questions poured in on her mind, and the old anchors loosened their hold. Here in the north she was in a tempest of religious controversies and excitements which had scarcely stirred the London air. She read the Bible,

and found herself in a universe of new ideas, enthralling and mysterious.

She was impelled to understand the Puritan movement, and when her neighbors told her that the famous preacher, John Cotton, had decided to take a firm Puritan stand, she was seized with curiosity. She must hear him at once, she would go to Boston for the very next Sunday. Her hands trembled when she mounted her mare, and when she and William gained the last hill and looked down on familiar Boston, she urged her horse into a sudden gallop, inexplicably relieved at the sound of pounding hoofs.

Sitting that morning in Boston Church, an influence worked in her, obscure and sweet. Her vivid mind, wrapped round in serenity, burst its coverings. She glanced at William beside her, and he seemed far away. Even her two infant sons at home were more like a dream than this reality, these persuasions of Solomon's Song. The world had narrowed down to a warm and silky voice, reading:

"The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

"My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at

the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

*“Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart
upon the mountains of Bether.”*

Chapter Two

ANNE HUTCHINSON was working in her garden. She had passed between the borders of marigolds and blessed-thistle, glancing at the succory and fennel, the gilly-flowers and cole-cabbage, but she did not pause until she came to the herb-garden. There she gathered wormwood and betony, elderflowers and hyssop, bending over the plants that in her skilful hands had strange powers of healing.

Medicine was a passion with her, and except for the greater passion of speculation, it was her chief delight. She loved to dry the leaves of tansy or sage, to distill medicines, to mix ointments and powders. Her still-room was a marvel of remedies, old and new. Even dearer to her than this homespun pharmacy was the rôle of nurse to her family and neighbors. In this rôle she had remarkable powers, and in the ten years since her marriage she had become famous all over her part of Lincolnshire as the woman who could cure the case the barber-surgeon or midwife had given up in despair.

In an age when medicine was a poor affair, as apt to kill as to cure, her success appeared mysterious. But she was a sound herbalist, her hands were clever, her brain was acute, and moreover she possessed two qualities without which the physician is at a loss—she had a marvellously sensitive power of entering into the minds of people, and indubitably she had magnetism. She would administer to the ailing goodwife an appropriate brew of herbs, a touch of sympathy, a dash of wry wit, instill in her a perfect belief in the powers of Mistress Hutchinson, and in a few days the goodwife would be singing about her work again. Anne Hutchinson was learning in those years something she was to use later in another field; she could sway people, exhilarate them, she could even transform them.

Medicine was to Anne Hutchinson a release of a vitality too restless to be absorbed even by the ardors of seventeenth-century domestic life. The activities of housekeeping, child-bearing, and neighborliness were in those days such as to leave Satan little apparent room to sow his tares. She saw that the pewter shone on the oaken dressers; that the feather-beds were shaken; the barley-corns made into malt for brewing the family beer; bread baked into bannocks and jannocks; hemp and flax soaked, dried, spun, and woven; the foul linen

mended every week and washed a few times a year in a paroxysm of laundry, then spread on lawns and hedges and watched against the Prygman, the man who steals the wash. She set the dairymaid at her churning; looked out spices and musk for the mutton roast; nursed her babies; ordered candles dipped, ashes sifted for soap, neck-ruffs starched and pleated; called on her neighbors; planted her flower-garden, her rows of vegetables. The maids were to be kept from wrangling and at their spinning; fur sewed on wheel-farthingales; snapped stays replaced in bodices; goodwives comforted in child-labor; letters sent with the post for the Marburys in London; a fat goose turned on the spit.

And yet with all this Anne Hutchinson's energies were not absorbed. She lived a full-blooded, happy life; she loved her husband and her active children; but her emotions were not completely discharged. While her mind coped suitably with every small domestic detail, it was made for exploration in a more abstract field. Finally, she possessed a streak of pure mysticism, a mysticism that enhanced rather than conflicted with her supreme femininity, but which nevertheless had disturbing claims of its own.

Since the day when she had first heard John Cotton preach, her preoccupation with religion had become in-

tense. Living in a period when religious thought was in a state of flux, and where there were few set points of reference, the mystery of man's inner nature required a great deal of thinking about. She read the Old Testament; she followed the People of Israel through century after century of suffering and bondage and bewilderment. They were bowed under Adam's curse, even God's promise to Abraham that his seed should save the world brought little confidence. Then Moses came and bound them under the law, and they believed in the law, and thought it would save them from Adam's sin. But the ancient hope of the Messiah burst through the clouds in dazzling lightnings of prophecy.

She read the New Testament. The ancient hope was fulfilled, the Messiah came, but Israel was still bound under the law of Moses. Then came Paul. He told the people that Christ had saved them from the law, His resurrection had made them free. And not the Jews alone—all the world was free. Little churches spread around the Mediterranean, churches without priest or sacrament, groups of people sitting together waiting for the Holy Spirit to speak with them. On this man, that man, the Spirit would descend, and they would speak with tongues, and prophesy, and perform miracles. Any-

one could be an apostle, no man was set higher than another. All were members of God's holy church, a people apart. In Corinth, in Ephesus, in Galatia, the people listened to Paul the missionary. He told them that man was flesh, subject to death. But through union with Christ he became a spiritual being and gained immortality. Christ Himself would soon return to be with His people. Men lived in communion with divinity, and in the expectation of the divine presence itself.

In the first century men communed with divinity. The tremulous expectancy, the wonder of those days, possessed Anne Hutchinson's imagination. Why had the wonder faded, the expectancy dulled? Was man no longer capable of experiencing the presence of the Holy Spirit? She felt within herself an intuition of divinity, but did this intuition argue the indwelling of divinity?

The question was answered for her in a cataclysmic way. Amidst skewers and spindles she had brooded over her problem; with a child at her breast she had pored over the Bible. The mystery was still cloudy. Then, without warning, illumination came. She was reading the Song of Solomon:

"The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."

She heard the beloved voice, the voice of God. Her whole being broke into flame. It was like her garden bursting into spring, it was like first love. To her transformed self the world was new, the voice interpreted experience to her in fresh terms. Now she had her own clues to the truth; she had revelations.

Sometimes the voice came to her directly; sometimes in a verse of the Bible. One day she was suddenly confronted, as by a spoken challenge, with a verse from the First Epistle of John:

“And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world.”

Now, what did this mean—he that denies Christ to be come in the flesh is Antichrist—for even the Papists believed that Christ had been born a man, and yet the Pope was Antichrist? Were the Turks then the only Antichrists? No; the verse must mean that Christ is born in us, in our flesh. It must mean, as Paul and John taught, that the Holy Spirit lives within man.

She spent the next year wrestling with her problem, and praying for more revelation. Her ponderings led her to the awful conclusion that the ministers of the

Established Church were Antichrist. That meant that her father had been Antichrist, and that all the Conformist ministers were preaching a lie. They denied the intrinsic divinity of man, the divinity which saved him from death; they preached that the church and the sacraments of the church alone could save him. But could she, an uninstructed woman, denounce the ministers of England? She felt her conviction to be impious, but the conviction held. The Established Church was still Roman Catholic in essence, and like the Catholic Church robbed the individual of the right to find salvation within himself, and transferred salvation to priests and sacraments.

Mrs. Hutchinson found herself estranged from the church in which she had been bred. If there had been a Separatist congregation in England she would have joined it, but Separatism was in exile. The Nonconformist ministers who remained in the Established Church as reformers could not satisfy her new standards. Her spiritual isolation would have been complete but for John Cotton. He alone of all the ministers she had heard—and she had ridden many miles over the Lincolnshire hills and fens to listen to ministers—seemed to echo her private meditations. Through him alone the beloved voice spoke, as it spoke to her.

“The Lord did discover to me all sorts of Ministers and how they taught,” she told the General Court of Massachusetts Bay fifteen years later, “and to know what voyce I heard, which was the voyce of Moses, which of John Baptist, and which of Christ; the voyce of my beloved, from the voyce of strangers.”

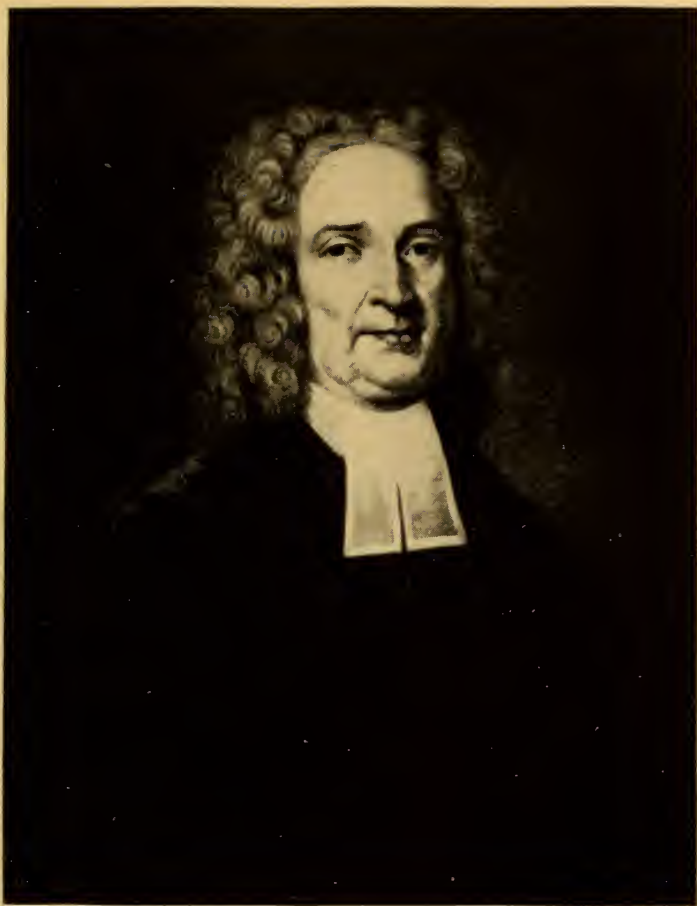
Finding Mr. Cotton in harmony with her convictions was steady. The distress and shock of her early explorations gave way to an equilibrium. She was sure of herself now, rooted and unshaken in the midst of the whirlwind of her revelations. God spoke to her from the whirlwind, from the burning bush, and every word beat in her mind like a flame. When Mr. Cotton spoke from the pulpit, every word seemed to her the faithful reflection of the flame of truth.

Another young preacher whose words were faithful like Mr. Cotton's, if not winged and shining, came in 1623 to Bilsby village near-by. John Wheelwright, heir of a prosperous neighbor of the Hutchinsons, returned from a brilliant career at Cambridge to assume the vicarate of the church near his father's demesne. At the university Wheelwright had been a champion at wrestling and football; and years after Oliver Cromwell remarked of his old friend, “I remember the time when I was more afraid of meeting Wheelwright at football,

than I have been since of meeting an army in the field, for I was infallibly sure of being tripped up by him." Wheelwright tripped up Cromwell at football, but agreed with him on religious questions, and at Bilsby he steadily defied the Establishment. He was intimate with the Hutchinsons, and later married William's sister Mary. Anne Hutchinson confided some of her ideas to him, and he eagerly absorbed them. Often as she sat in Bilsby church she heard her own ideas repeated in John Wheelwright's faithful heavy phrases.

Even with Wheelwright near at hand, Mrs. Hutchinson made the long ride to Boston as often as she could to hear the ravishing Mr. Cotton. Her farthingale and ruff had been cast aside with the ministers of Antichrist, and now she walked into St. Botolph's in kerchief and hood, her tight-bodiced gown falling in scantier folds about her feet.

An intimate relationship grew up between the great preacher and Anne Hutchinson. Mr. Cotton was fascinated by her. She was so eminently all that a woman was expected to be in those days, but so much besides. He was caught by the sharp barbs of her wit, caught and held in her charm. But what made him most her captive was her adoration of him, not the easy admiration of his other women parishioners, but the yielding of tribute



JOHN COTTON



from a woman proud almost to arrogance. He felt the flattery of her deference to him when she was so plainly able to think for herself, so critical of people in high places.

Anne Hutchinson set up Mr. Cotton as the prophet of her secret faith. With the exaggeration of her devotion she imputed to him a perfect harmony with her beliefs, and read her own meanings into his phrases. Indeed, it was no wonder that she sometimes confused his thought. Mr. Cotton was so learned, so elaborate in his disquisitions, and forced into such caution by his precarious position, that he must at times have been confusing even to himself. But to her it was a delicious confusion; what she felt was the ardor, the grace, the honey, of his temperament. And in a generation responsive to beauty she felt Mr. Cotton's comeliness. His forehead emerged round and fine from his brown curls. Under the sensitive irregular eyebrows the dark eyes were far apart and sparkling. In his mouth and his full chin lay more than a suggestion of the sensuous. Urbanity, intelligence, satisfaction with himself and the world, were in that face.

Mr. Cotton might well be satisfied. By the middle twenties of the century he was a national figure, and the accepted leader of the Puritan movement in the

pulpit. His prodigious labors with the Bible, the patristic writers, and Calvin had made him an authority on church-organization. The Puritan idea was to ignore completely the development of the Church under the popes, and to re-establish the "pure church" on the rather shadowy model of the first congregations around the Mediterranean. If Mr. Cotton had dared, he would have made over St. Botolph's into a first-century church; but this was of course impossible. But he did gather a little group of his more advanced parishioners into a secret body whose avowed purpose was to "serve God in the purity of His worship." Mr. Cotton spent much time and thought upon his small chosen congregation of "pure" worshippers; and it was here that he worked out principles that were soon to be developed into Congregationalism.

Mr. Cotton was daring in those days; he believed in revelations, of a sort. In this he went beyond Calvin and the strict Puritans. To Calvin, all inspiration had ceased with the first century. He taught that the writers of the Scriptures were the sure and authentic amanuenses of the Holy Spirit; these men had conferred directly with divinity, and had set down divine truth once and for all. After the first century the Deity had retired into an unbroken silence. Nothing remained after

that but to trace out the scheme of salvation as revealed, sometimes darkly, in the Bible. Calvin had traced out this scheme with bitter finality, and the strict Puritans accepted Calvin's interpretation and sought no further light.

Cotton rebelled at this slavish deference to Calvin's thought. While he agreed that direct inspiration had ceased and that final truth was sealed up in the Bible, he felt that Calvin had perhaps not discovered all the truth. New meanings might suddenly burst from the pages of Scripture; new interpretations of the Bible were to be invited. To his fecund and sensitive mind the Scriptures offered a wealth of interpretation. He preferred the more poetic and cryptic parts of the Bible: the Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, the Epistles of John, Revelation.

Infused with the dark currents of Hebraic mysticism, his sermons flowed, a tide of prophecy. The emotion behind his sermons was something very like Anne Hutchinson's emotion, for he was young, and religion was to him the soul's adventure among mysteries. But he did not venture as far as she did along this road. When he spoke of revelations, he meant the sudden perception of new meanings and relationships in texts of the Bible; he did not mean direct revelations such

as came to Mrs. Hutchinson. Though they were close friends, she never dared to tell him of her overwhelming experiences. Mr. Cotton believed in interpretative revelations, she believed in immediate revelations; but neither recognized their disagreement on this point. Mrs. Hutchinson wanted to believe that she and her teacher were speaking the same language. When he spoke of truth that came flying on the wings of the spirit, did he not seem to put into a welcome phrase her own experiences? And did not other Puritans have revelations? She heard that the famous Mr. Thomas Hooker, then a refugee in Holland, had preached one Sunday that he had had a sure revelation that England would be destroyed. She felt less lonely after this.

Indeed, it seemed that England might be destroyed for its persecution of the Puritans. A new atmosphere of danger was in the air; official England shook itself out of the pleasant apathy that had followed the Tudor regime, and began to prepare another paroxysm of religious intolerance. Rumbblings of peril grew louder and louder in Anne Hutchinson's ears. She felt the precarious position of the Puritan group.

Rebel religion was a dangerous business, but daily life too was coming to be a difficult affair. Poverty, and with it a general restlessness, was invading peaceful

Alford. The cloth industry which was the backbone of all the region around the Wash had started on a sharp decline. Mrs. Hutchinson found that her poorer neighbors were increasingly in need of doles from her generous larder; and even the gentry to which the Hutchinsons belonged were hit as well by hard times. They were embarrassed by heavier and heavier taxes, and the steadily mounting cost of living.

Outwardly, life was full of problems; Anne and William began to wonder if their tall young sons Edward and Richard and the other children were going to find life as simple to manage as they had found it. And yet nothing definite had occurred; the air was sultry, that was all. A certain foreboding heaviness hung about Mrs. Hutchinson as she worked in her still-room, or sat with her Bible in her lap. As before a storm, she almost longed for a sudden thunder-clap to split the brooding air, and bring on the torrents.

Chapter Three

ONE October day in 1627 Anne Hutchinson was riding home from Boston through the Lincolnshire fog. She let her horse plod through the cold drizzle, for the despondent day suited her mood. Her long foreboding was realized; the Puritan church was in peril. Mr. Cotton had privately told her and a few friends that he feared the worst; the King might any day pounce upon St. Botolph's, and silence him. The general persecution of the Puritan movement was marching nearer and nearer to its stronghold in the north. If the "pure church" was to be maintained, it would have to take refuge in another country.

With the accession of Charles I the Puritans' period of security was over. James Stuart had with his own hand stayed disaster from St. Botolph's, for he admired Cotton's learning, and decided to ignore his position as leader of the Nonconformists. But Charles Stuart was of a different temper; he proposed to eliminate the Puritans. Parliament favored the Puritans, but Charles

could put Parliament in his pocket. The rebels were only a small minority in the Church, and Charles set himself to weed them out, one by one. He sent the pursuivants of the High Commission padding softly about the kingdom, listening for treachery against the Church of England. Puritan ministers were being haled before the High Commission Court, fined, imprisoned, silenced.

Mr. Cotton told his friends that he had just come from Sempringham, the house of the young Earl of Lincoln, where he had taken counsel with a group of north-country Puritans. They had agreed that emigration was necessary, and had begun to lay definite plans. Where could they go? A few years before they could have taken refuge in Holland. But the Netherlands was unsettled, her truce with Spain had ended, and the old tradition of hospitality to religious refugees had come to an end. The Separatists from Scrooby who had smuggled their Pilgrim church to Holland had seven years before left in the *Mayflower* for Plymouth. The Continent was closed, but a new air blew, fresh and savage, from the western ocean. The Sempringham meeting had decided that the Puritans would have to follow the Pilgrims to America.

Anne Hutchinson and the others had cried out with

dismay at Mr. Cotton's news. Was he going to leave his church to the false ministers of the Establishment, leave them without a leader? Mr. Cotton reassured them. He himself might never go to America; perhaps Providence would intervene and soften the King's heart. At the worst, he would stay as long as he was allowed to preach. But the "People Israel," as he loved to call the Puritans, must have a place of refuge prepared for them. The Earl of Lincoln had friends with strong influence at court, friends with unsuspected Puritan sympathies. They would get a grant of land in America from the Council for New England, the company of lords and gentlemen dominated by the ambitious merchant-adventurer, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, upon which James had bestowed the greater part of America in a generous moment. Neither King nor Council would be allowed to suspect that the grant would be used by Puritans; for Puritans were forbidden to leave the country.

Mrs. Hutchinson came home with her heavy news. She could not endure the thought of losing Mr. Cotton, but the thought of his being imprisoned was even worse. As the months went by, she saw the circle tightening around the Puritans, as her teacher had predicted. William Laud, their bitterest enemy among the prelates,

became Bishop of London, and was evidently grooming himself for the Primacy. With Charles and Laud joined in a systematic campaign against the Puritans, Mr. Cotton would not be safe much longer.

She was almost glad to hear the next March that a patent for a tract in New England¹ had been issued to the secret allies of the Puritans. They organized as the Massachusetts Bay Company, ostensibly a trading concern whose purpose was to supply England with fish and furs, and to exploit the gold and diamond mines popularly supposed to abound in still-fabulous America. By summer the first boats were off for Massachusetts Bay, carrying indentured servants under John Endicott to prepare the wilderness for the great Puritan leaders. Anne Hutchinson anxiously awaited news of these first colonists. The migration of the People Israel was being carried forward by a little clan of Mr. Cotton's friends and parishioners; and some of her humbler neighbors, thrown out of work by the closing of the cloth-mills, had joined the Endicott expedition. Sad

¹ The territory granted covered everything within three miles to the north of the Merrimac and to the south of the Charles, and also everything within three miles south of the southernmost part of Boston Bay. The grant ran "from the Atlantick and Western Sea and Ocean on the East Parte, to the South Sea on the Weste Parte." The precise bounds could not possibly be fixed, but at their narrowest they included the northern half of the present Massachusetts, together with a strip of the same width running across the continent to the Pacific.

news enough she heard; the colonists, who founded Salem, were struggling with famine and pestilence. But on May Day, 1629, the Company sent out Francis Higginson with six more vessels full of eager people.

For affairs were serious. Charles had dissolved Parliament, and announced his intention of ruling without it; and Parliament had been the Puritans' only refuge. The great Puritan leaders, and perhaps Mr. Cotton himself, would soon have to leave for the wilderness, plague-stricken though it was. In July Mr. Cotton hurried up to Sempringham for an emergency meeting at the Earl of Lincoln's house, and to this meeting was summoned the man destined to lead the People Israel into the Promised Land, John Winthrop of Groton Manor in Suffolk. If Cotton was the Moses of the migration, then Winthrop was the Aaron. The two had been together at Trinity College, but Winthrop at seventeen had thrown up learning for a profitable marriage. Now fate brought them together again, infant Church and infant State conferring.

Winthrop's nature was perfectly balanced between piety and calculation. He came of a London tradesman's family, which two short generations before had acquired a manor-house and gentility. In John Winthrop there

was a blend of elaborate Calvinist sanctitude and worldly wisdom; of ambition for wealth, titles, honors, and preferment, and ability to get and keep these blessings. His pride was easily touched, because it was only two generations old; his acquisitiveness was strong, because it was rooted in so many shop-keeping generations. How could such a temperament be beaten, considering his sagacity, his warm family affections, his lack of embarrassing scruples?

The July meeting decided to organize a large party of emigrants to go to Massachusetts Bay the next spring. The leaders would be Puritans, but the mass of the colonists would be drawn from the middle and lower classes of the eastern counties, people with little or no religious preoccupation. They were to give a neutral color to an expedition that dared not display its Puritan intent, and provide the labor-power for building up the new country.

Winthrop was delighted to hear that the Earl's sister, the Lady Arbella, would go with her husband in the first fleet; moreover Thomas Dudley, the Earl's steward, and Sir Richard Saltonstall and a group of wealthy north-countrymen were joining the expedition. Winthrop's snobbishness was touched; and he saw an opportunity for escaping from certain financial stringencies

that had lately been troubling him. He agreed to join the migration, and a few months later accepted election as governor in New England of the prospective colony.

The Massachusetts Bay Company had obtained from the King a charter confirming its grant of land, and setting up regulations for the administration of the concern. But the Winthrop group felt insecure, even though the legality of their grant had been given the royal seal. As in the case of all trading companies, their government was supposed to remain in England; but now one of the leaders made the bold suggestion that the entire administration, and the charter itself, be transferred to New England, and the charter be used as a charter of government—a proceeding of doubtful legality. The prospective colonists intended to set up a Separatist church as soon as they were safe in America; and feared that if the government and charter were in easy reach of the King, he might interfere with their actions, and even seize the charter as soon as he discovered their apostasy. Moreover, their title conflicted with a private prior claim of the bellicose Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and they expected trouble from him as well. Altogether, it seemed best to have government and charter safe across the Atlantic.

Anne Hutchinson heard little now but news of the

great push to America; more of her neighbors prepared to leave, and Mr. Cotton was absorbed in plans for the great enterprise. He kept his promise; he was not planning to leave England so long as he could preach undisturbed. But his great ambition for the establishment of a "pure church" was about to be realized. Not a suspicion of Separatism must reach the ears of Laud or Charles; but once the Atlantic was crossed, the *émigrés* would cast off the Church of England, and set up a church on the primitive model. There in the wilderness they would establish the pure church, and thus, said Mr. Cotton, fulfill the ancient exhortation in the Bible, "Come out of her, my people." When the church was set up, final battle would be joined with Antichrist, the Pope; and wicked England and the still more wicked Continent would vanish in a puff of smoke. The pure church was the remnant that alone would be saved.

Anne Hutchinson could never withstand Mr. Cotton's prophetic moods. When he described to his trusted friends the great clashing battle to be waged with the legions of Antichrist, and the final triumph of the true church, her personal apprehensions became nothing. Mr. Hooker had had a direct revelation that England would be destroyed; and when Mr. Cotton pointed to

passages in the Bible that predicted Christendom's final convulsion, she was almost swayed into conviction. She herself had had no revelation of the kind, but a profound sense of insecurity possessed her mind.

In March, 1630, eleven ships were riding in the Downs, ready to take the emigrants to the New Canaan. Many of them were members of St. Botolph's. Mr. Cotton went to Southampton to give the *envoi* to the Puritan fleet. His sermon, "God's Promise to His Plantations," had a striking text: "Moreover, I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and I will plant them, that they may dwell in a place of their own, and move no more." The sermon caused a great stir; and Winthrop, in order to silence any official suspicions against the *émigrés*, sent off from Yarmouth a document entitled "The Company's Humble Request . . . to the rest of their brethren, in and of the Church of England." The brethren were asked to pray for the success of the colony, but especially to busy themselves in calming rumors of the founders' intentions. The Church of England, said Winthrop, was their dear mother, from whom they could not part without many tears, "ever acknowledging that such hope and part as we have obtained in the common salvation, we have received it in her bosom, and sucked it from her breasts.

We leave not therefore as loathing that milk where-with we were nourished there . . . but shall always rejoice in her good."

Not until the Atlantic separated them from the pursuivants of their "dear mother" did these prudent men become Separatists, and even then they frantically dissembled the situation.

The colonists thought longingly of Mr. Cotton all through the tedious voyage, and when they settled the site of their town, they called it Boston in his honor, with the hope that he would soon come and minister to them in the wilderness. Their preacher, the mealy-mouthed Mr. John Wilson, lacked the tact and grace they so loved in their old minister.

However, Mr. Cotton still considered himself secure, and the Hutchinsons made their pilgrimages from Alford to Boston as before. But within a year St. Botolph's was thrown into consternation; Mr. Cotton and his wife were both stricken with an ague. Mr. Cotton lost the wife who, to be sure, had borne him no children, but who had been a model of piety. His own recovery was slow, and he was invited to rest at the great house of the Earl of Lincoln. Here was plenty of news from the Bay, and most of it depressing enough. The Earl was mourning the death of his sister Arbella

and of her husband in the plague that had carried off scores of colonists soon after they landed. Thomas Dudley, the Earl's former steward, wrote dreary letters telling of pestilence, hardship, loss of stock-animals and investments, and of English plots against the peace of the infant settlement.

With such reports from the Promised Land, Mr. Cotton climbed back into the pulpit of St. Botolph's, resolved to stay comfortably in England. He promptly took a new wife, the widow Sarah Hankridge.

In 1632 calamity fell. A malevolent Bostoner denounced him as unorthodox to the High Commission, and he was summoned to appear before the Court. If he obeyed the summons, he knew it meant "scorns and prison." And scorns and prison were not in his line. He was born a preacher, not a martyr. In vain Cotton's friend the Earl of Dorset interceded for him with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dorset advised the minister to flee. When his congregation insisted, Mr. Cotton reluctantly consented to go. He changed his name and disguised his person, and started off alone for London. Anne Hutchinson heard that when Mr. Cotton left, the lantern in the beautiful tower of St. Botolph's mysteriously went out. Portents always accompanied Mr. Cotton.

With Mr. Cotton gone, the world seemed to her dark indeed. Now there was only John Wheelwright left to whom she could listen. Then the High Commission pounced down upon Wheelwright, and forbade him to preach. She was left without a true ministry. Mr. Cotton was safe in hiding in John Davenport's London house; when summer came he would go to America. But what of herself? Through the long winter she sat bereft.

A revelation came, with more force and terror than any had come before. The beloved voice spoke through Isaiah:

“And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers.”

“Thine eyes shall see thy teachers.” That meant that she was to follow John Cotton into the wilderness. But why was this command coupled with a warning of suffering? Her mind was clouded with foreboding, but she must obey. She must follow Mr. Cotton, but in America she would be persecuted and suffer much trouble. She tried to comfort herself with other texts: “Fear thou not, O Jacob my servant, saith the Lord:

for I am with thee; for I will make a full end of the nations whither I have driven thee: but I will not make a full end of thee." Then there was the place in Isaiah, where the Lord "spake to her with a strong hand," and told her not to walk in the way of this people, nor to fear with their fear. She felt that these texts had a special meaning for her; but still she was dismayed. In her travail she had a vision of the Lord of Daniel sitting in majesty with thrones and judgments cast down before Him. The Lord had delivered Daniel from his peril. Why should she be afraid?

William Hutchinson sometimes had revelations; he implicitly believed his wife's revelations, and accepted the command laid upon her as final. They decided to send their son Edward, just turned twenty, with Mr. Cotton to make preparations for receiving the family in Boston. William's brother Edward agreed to go with his young namesake on the difficult voyage.

In July, 1633, the two Edward Hutchinsons boarded the little three-hundred-ton *Griffin* as she lay off the Downs. By elaborate strategy Mr. Cotton and his wife were smuggled aboard, escaping the pursuivants of the High Commission who had come to arrest him. The boat was full of Mr. Cotton's parishioners, and he and his fellow-ministers delivered three sermons a day dur-

ing the eight weeks' voyage. Sarah Cotton triumphantly bore her husband his first child as the ship toiled its way, and the grateful father called his son Seaborn.

Mrs. Hutchinson filled the long interval of waiting for news from Edward with preparations for the voyage. As winter relaxed, she sorted household goods and linen, and prepared medicines against seasickness and scurvy. William sold his estate, his house, his goods; for the two Edwards had finally sent word that the new Boston was freed from plague and famine, and could offer them accommodation of sorts. When Alford was at its loveliest moment of spring, Anne Hutchinson said farewell to her house and her garden, and bent for a moment over the graves of two daughters and a son buried beside the beautiful little Perpendicular church where her father had preached.

The Hutchinsons went to London to obtain their passage. It was a large family to arrange for; there were nineteen-year-old Richard, Faith, two years younger, then Bridget, Francis, Samuel, Anne, Mary, Katherine, William, and the baby Susanna, born the November before. In London Mrs. Hutchinson added to her charge her youngest sister, Katherine Marbury, then twenty-four, and an ardent Puritan.

Why, thought Anne Hutchinson, as the familiar

clamor of London disturbed her senses, should she have been given a promise that was also a warning of trouble? "The bread of adversity, and the water of affliction"—would that be her fare in the wilderness, and her childrens' food? Was she taking her husband and children and her brilliant young sister to disaster? Or would they find in the new world the settled prosperity that was slipping away from them in England? England would be destroyed; so Mr. Hooker had prophesied, so Mr. Cotton seemed to believe. Perhaps she was saving her family from Christendom's final convulsion, saving them by going to New England where Mr. Cotton was setting up the true church. "Thine eyes shall see thy teachers." For that she was really going, to see John Cotton, and hear him preach fearlessly at last. She was going to help him build up his dream, to set up in the wilderness a church like those congregations in Corinth, in Ephesus, in Galatia, where all men had been apostles. Filled with that thought, the menace in her text faded and became nothing. She would see her teacher again.

By the middle of the summer of 1634 the *Griffin* again lay off the Downs, and with her husband and her children Anne Hutchinson climbed aboard, and set her face to the wilderness.

Chapter Four

ON September 18, 1634, the little *Griffin* tacked her way into Boston Harbor, bringing trouble of two sorts for the "People Israel." The first calamity was immediately evident; it was a notice that the Privy Council had revoked the Bay charter, and that a governor-general would presently arrive to enforce the authority of the King and the Established Church. The second complication was not at all apparent; merely a charming woman with a clever tongue come to settle among them.

Thomas Dudley, who had that year replaced Winthrop as governor, heard both pieces of news at once. The two ministers who had shepherded the *Griffin* flock across the Atlantic rushed to him with their bad news. He was prepared for the Council's notice, for warnings of trouble had been seeping across on earlier ships. Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who to a great extent dictated England's policy toward the new colony, and who regarded New England as his personal investment, had successfully attacked the Massachusetts

charter, and was himself coming over as governor-general in a great ship being specially built to carry him and a thousand soldiers of the Crown.

Governor Dudley was too worried at the news to give much attention to the other warning of trouble, though John Lothrop and Zachariah Symmes seemed to take it more seriously than the Council's roarings. "Have a care," said Mr. Symmes, "of Mistress Anne Hutchinson, who is come, so she says, to sit down at Brother Cotton's feet. It seems clear that she is come instead to broach heresies here among us. In the great cabin where we were together, she stirred up everyone against our preaching. She seemed to agree with Brother Lothrop and myself, yet there was a secret opposition to the things we delivered—" and so, on and on, Brother Symmes vented his pique.

There was nothing Governor Dudley loved better than sniffing out heresy, but he was too busy to go into the Hutchinson matter just then. The fall General Court was in session, and he hurried out to tell them that they must prepare for war. Military preparations had in fact been under way for some time; for the colonists had decided to resist to the death the coming of an envoy from their "dear mother," the Church of England.

But the real enemy to Dudley's peace was already safe inside the fortifications. She had to take what comfort she could in her reunion with Mr. Cotton, for her heart sank at her first sight of Boston. She had rooted up her family from their substantial Tudor house and bright gardens; they had endured three thousand miles of seasickness in the reeking little boat, to reach—what? A miserable rabble of huts sheltering a thousand souls, cabins sprawling disconsolately over the three hills above the harbor. The streets were cow-paths overrun with swine, most of the houses were hovels thatched with grass from the marshes, or roofed with boughs. What a pathetic little haven was Boston, a strip of humanity between the savagery of the ocean and the terrors of the wilderness stretching all around, full of snakes, wolves, Indians. Mrs. Hutchinson felt sorry for herself and her children; sorry for John Cotton, who had exchanged one of the loveliest churches in England, a great structure only less proud than a cathedral, for Boston Church, a one-story cabin without so much as a belfry.

The meanness of Boston reflected the spiritual poverty she had encountered on the *Griffin*. She had hoped a great deal more of the Puritan refugees than she had found in the reverend brothers Lothrop and Symmes.

There were a hundred people on the ship who, like herself, had given up every familiar sight and sound of home in order to find something better in the new world. Some of them were coming for land, some were hopeful of quick wealth, but many of them were coming solely for the privilege of practising their religion in peace. If Mr. Lothrop and Mr. Symmes were typical of the New England preacher, then all these people were basely cheated. For the two men had nothing to offer these hungry people but the scriptural stone.

Mrs. Hutchinson was coming to America to sit at Mr. Cotton's feet, not herself to teach. Such an idea had never entered her head. But her disagreement with the preaching of the two ministers had been too violent to keep to herself. Following the practice usual on these curious voyages, they had chosen a set theme to develop in their daily sermons; and this theme, "the evidencing of a good estate," they had expounded in a way she found excruciating.

She had listened while they lumbered through the Calvinistic story of man and his fate. Created without sin, the disobedient pair in the Garden of Eden brought upon themselves and their seed the pestilence of sin and damnation. God was wroth, but in time relented, and made a concession to mankind. An elect few would

be saved from hell-fire; these few were predestined to salvation by an inscrutable decree of the divine will. The mechanism of salvation was effected by Christ, who by His crucifixion assumed the sins of the elect and raised them to immortal life. Upon those predestined to be saved God sent the Holy Spirit, which had the special office of uniting them to Christ, and prompting them to join the church, Christ's visible body.

There were two streams of thought running in unacknowledged conflict through Calvin's thesis: the mystic stream of the secret operation of the Holy Spirit within man, and the legalist stream of the external machinery of salvation, obedience to the church and to the letter of the Scriptures. Lothrop and Symmes were legalists; they were temperamentally unable to accept Paul's assurance that Christ had released man from the law of Moses, and had invited him to live instead in union with Godhead. To them union with Christ's body, the church, had supplanted union with Christ's spirit.

"Having a good estate," as Mr. Lothrop and Mr. Symmes put it, meant the assurance of being saved from the lakes of Hell; to them the "evidence of a good estate" was external evidence: obeying the Ten Commandments, prayer, charity, joining the church. Anne Hutchinson strenuously opposed this conception; to her

the evidence of a good estate was internal: it was a communing with Christ, a direct rousing of the soul to a recognition of its own divinity. The ministers believed in the church; she believed in a living Christ. The church was to them the mechanism of salvation; it caught hold of certain people who considered themselves elect, and stamped them as immortal, without a sign on their part of fervor, anguish, or rapture. To Anne Hutchinson these emotions mattered supremely, because they were the sign of the soul's union with Christ. Not in the supplicating hands, the lips muttering prayer, not in the offices of the church, but in secret communion with divinity by means of the divinity within the self—that was salvation, as she understood it.

Lothrop and Symmes believed in the law; she believed in the spirit. There was no bridging the chasm. Her conflict with the ministers was a fundamental battle between established authority and the spiritual independence that challenges it. It expressed the perennial conflict between two types of temperament and thought. Anne Hutchinson's revolt against the ministers' philosophy had a terrific instinctive force behind it.

Intense as her feeling was, her opposition had been of the quietest, most tactful sort. In the discussions that followed the sermons, she asked questions, and Mr.

Lothrop and Mr. Symmes were confounded, and unable to answer them. She seemed to turn texts the wrong side up, so that they held an unfamiliar meaning. Also, she talked to her fellow-passengers by twos and threes, and since the subject in all minds was the evidencing of a good estate, she talked about that.

What did it mean to have a good estate? Simply to have Christ, she said. Christ was come in the flesh—in the flesh of every believer, uniting with his very being, transforming him, making him a new creature. Once the believer was lifted into the new life, sealed with the seal of the spirit, he performed a symbolic act by uniting with Christ's body, the church. But he was not saved by joining the church; he was saved by Christ, and Christ alone. Both the Catholic Church and the Establishment had fallen into the fallacy of letting priest and sacrament come between man and his God. Now the Puritans were building up the true church, in which every man and woman might live in communion with divine beauty. But—and here Anne Hutchinson's voice trembled with misgiving—even the Puritans were in danger of repeating the evil of the church they had cast off. People joined the church, and believed themselves implicitly saved; once within the fold, they settled down and closed their minds forever. That was the

church's peril; it was open to people of no inner experience, to self-righteous people, even to hypocrites. Perhaps some of her fellow-passengers who did not belong to the church possessed Christ more surely than church-members who had never heard the beloved voice. Unless Christ came to live in the very flesh, all works of piety were nothing.

Anne Hutchinson's persuasive logic and her magnetism had enthralled everyone but the self-righteous ministers. By the time the voyage was over the passengers had been drawn to the Lincolnshire woman, and the ministers felt a cold stream of antagonism running against them. And yet there had been no open dispute, no attack. She did not challenge them; she merely stole their flock.

But now that she was at John Cotton's side, she became once more the humble, receptive pupil. Her triumph on the *Griffin* seemed nothing; the real triumph was the long journey accomplished, reunion. Here was the man who could save New England from false religion. The ministers on the boat had traduced the Puritan faith as she had learned it from Mr. Cotton; she hoped that they would go to hear his sermon the next Sunday, and learn that New England had something better to offer than their shabby doctrine.

The sunset bell on Mrs. Hutchinson's first Saturday in Boston ushered in the Sabbath of delights. It was two years since she had heard Mr. Cotton preach; for this old anticipation she had come to the New World.

All labor ceased at the bell, for one of the earliest statements in Genesis, "And the evening and the morning were the first day," had set the Puritan Sabbath from sunset to sunset. A dead calm settled over Boston. In every house the floors had been freshly sanded, the fires built up high, Sunday's food ranged on the shelves. Masters and men, newly shaven, assumed their solemn Sabbath faces; the women put by their spinning-wheels, and opened Psalm-Books with pious hands. From Boston's narrow windows came the meagre glow of pitch-pine torches, and the drone of prayers and catechism.

Boston was rung out of bed early the next morning by the town-crier, that fabulous creature that needed no one to wake him, that being set apart from the common animal drowsiness, inexorable like Calvin's God. A hurried cold breakfast, family devotions, and then, shortly before nine, the thin procession of worshippers dribbled down the cow-paths to the meeting-house. Boston Church was a sorry tabernacle, a square one-story cabin of rough-hewn logs, thatched with marsh-grass and sealed with mud. As she entered the dark little

building, Anne Hutchinson thought again of St. Botolph's, which Mr. Cotton had relinquished, St. Botolph's with its exquisite tower, its carved choir, its pure soaring arches.

The "seating of the meeting" expressed the snobbishness which had already grown up among the People Israel. The colony was divided into three classes, clergy, gentry, and commonalty; and the church reflected this division. In the highest seat beside the pulpit sat the ruling elders; behind them, a little lower, were the deacons; behind them again, in the "foreseat of honor," the magistrates. The rest of the gentry was ranged according to wealth and position back of them, and the rear seats were assigned to the common people, indentured servants, Indian or negro slaves, and restless boys. The meeting was also divided by sex; the men sat on one side, the women on the other, with their smaller children on stools beside them. Rich and poor, the congregation sat on benches hard as the wrath of God, their feet resting on the sanded floor.

Above the congregation soared the pulpit, where sat, in Geneva cloaks and black skull-caps, the Rev. Mr. Wilson and the Rev. Mr. Cotton. Mr. Wilson was the preacher, Mr. Cotton the teacher. For three years Mr. Wilson had ruled alone, but when the far more famous

Cotton arrived, the Boston elders had gratefully remembered Calvin's recommendation that churches have both a preacher and a teacher, and were saved the embarrassment of shelving the unlovely but steadfast Wilson. He retained his place; and Mr. Cotton was added as the pride of New England theology, the acknowledged dean of the colony clergy. Wilson was Discipline and Catechism; Cotton was Scholarship, golden Eloquence. Mr. Wilson's career had always suffered through his lack of natural gifts, particularly charm and imagination. He was harsh, vituperative, inflexible, and bigoted; the milder side of his nature was displayed only to his family and the few friends he possessed.¹

Mr. Wilson rose and stretched out his hands, and the congregation stood with bowed heads. For the next half-hour he conferred with the Jehovah of the Pentateuch about the sins of the People Israel, and the considerations for overlooking them. Then Mr. Cotton read and expounded a chapter of Scripture, yielding at length to the ruling elder, Mr. Thomas Leverett, who

¹ Mr. Wilson's one relaxation was, oddly enough, in word-games. Cotton Mather, historian of the Bay divines, noted in *Magnalia Christi Americana*:

"His care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
By words, work, prayers, psalms, alms, and anagrams."

proposed the Fifty-Eighth Psalm. With forefinger sternly rising and falling, Elder Leverett read out each line before it was intoned in dreary unison by the people:

*O God break thou their teeth at once
 Within their mouthes throughout;
 The tusks that in their great jawbones
 like lions whelpes hang out.¹*

Then, while the great hour-glass at his elbow was three times turned, Mr. Wilson preached, as Lothrop and Symmes had preached on the ship, something that seemed to Anne Hutchinson a monstrous doctrine. He was more lost in the lying externals of religion than the ministers of the *Griffin*, she thought in consternation.

¹ This was the version given in the Sternhold and Hopkins Psalm-Book of King David's malediction, "Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth: break out the great teeth of the young lions, O Lord." This Psalm-Book was familiar to the colonists, for it had been permitted in the Established Church at home. General dissatisfaction with the old psalmody was soon to lead to the first Bay enterprise in poesy. The Rev. Richard Mather and two others were commissioned to make a new and "pure" arrangement of the Psalms, and their effort, the Bay Psalm Book, was published by Stephen Daye at his Cambridge press in 1639, the first book printed in the colonies. Whether Mr. Mather did better with Oriental poetry than Sternhold may be judged from his version of the Twenty-Third Psalm:

*The Lord to me a shepherd is
 Want therefore shall not I
 He in the folds of tender grasse
 doth cause me downe to lie.*

This was the preacher of the leading church in the Bay, Mr. Cotton's colleague, the minister she had heard praised as the true Puritan. Was it possible that his doctrine was the accepted religion of the Bay? She disliked Mr. Wilson almost as much as she disliked his sermon. With her keen judgment of character, she put him down at once as a coward and an unconscious hypocrite. Nothing but cowardice could make a man wallow so in the terrors of the Last Judgment; only innate hypocrisy could make him wallow so in the mean joys of self-righteousness. His heart had never been quickened by the living warmth of religion; yet he was leading the people.

The unendurable sermon was over at last, and with Mr. Cotton's closing prayer and benediction in her ears she stumbled out into the September sunshine. All through the hurried cold meal with her family she sat silent and thoughtful.

By two the Bostoners were back in the meeting-house again. Impatient at the long preliminaries that put off the delicious moment of Mr. Cotton's sermon, Anne Hutchinson looked around at her new neighbors. They did not seem to enjoy worshipping the Lord for so many hours. The tithing-man rapped snoring men on the head with the knob-end of his pole, and then, twist-

ing it like a drum-major as he passed to the female side of the congregation, he tickled the chins of sleepy sisters with the fox-tail fastened at the other end. Dogs sniffed their way in the door looking for their masters, and were diverted into fights with other dogs; and the squirrels and swallows in the rafters were noisy, and the boys noisier still. Little girls, sound asleep, fell off their stools; and babies bawled to be changed or fed; and even the magistrates in the foreseat of honor fidgeted.

But when Mr. Cotton rose, the tired congregation stirred. Anne Hutchinson felt a thrill of pride to see how these people responded to the charm of Mr. Cotton's delivery, how they drank in his mellifluous periods. But she herself was looking for the thought that underlay his shapely phrases. Unconsciously she was listening to him with a more critical ear than she had in Old Boston. In New England, the Promised Land, Mr. Cotton could preach with complete freedom, with never a thought of spies from the High Commission Court—so she had thought before Mr. Wilson's sermon. But that sermon had made her doubt that this was the Promised Land, the place of freedom. Spies there were none; but there was Mr. Wilson in the pulpit, there were the elders, and the deacons, and the magis-

trates. Was Mr. Cotton still hemmed about with misunderstanding, perhaps with jealousy and malice? His sermon did not reassure her. He was still the poet, the winning kindly presence, but his sentences were cloudy, his meaning wrapped round with ambiguities.

A vague disappointment chilled her mind. Had something gone awry with Mr. Cotton's great dream of setting up the "pure church" in America? Was it for this he had risked imprisonment, and suffered exile—to preach cautiously, always with an apprehensive ear? Perhaps he did not dare preach the downright antithesis to the morning sermon. Could the Wilsons and the Dudleys dictate to Mr. Cotton? Filled with misgiving, she took in absently the baptism, the contribution, and the endless church-business that followed the devotional part of the service.

It was black night outside when meeting was over; Sabbath had taken more than its Biblical due. She saw the weary people going home to build up their gray fires, and exchange neighborly calls. She saw the gayety come back to them once they were out of the church. Religion was all they lived for, but it brought them no refreshment.

Chapter Five

GAINING admission to the Puritan Church was almost as difficult as winning the gates of Paradise. To the Puritan mind it was in fact very much the same thing; once the church was gained, Heaven was thought to be won as well. The church was made up of those predestined to be saved, its congregation embraced God's elect. Its members were the Bay's elect also; only communicants were given the suffrage and the social prestige that went with it. Citizens of the Bay were citizens of Heaven.

A few days after her arrival Anne Hutchinson applied for membership in Boston Church, but for none of the usual reasons. She did not share the current belief that membership in the church gave her a passport to Heaven, nor did she long to be one of the Bay's socially elect. She wanted to belong to the church because it embodied her dream of the pure congregation, and John Cotton's dream. She had come three thousand miles to sit at her teacher's feet again, and help him

build up in the wilderness a church like the first churches, that had listened to Paul the apostle; and her misgivings at her first Puritan Sabbath had not been strong enough to shake her desire.

She knew that winning membership in the church was a formidable business, a privilege granted only with extreme reserve. She would have first to undergo a meticulous examination by the elders, who would make sure that she had received the "call" which God gave those predestined for eternal glory, that she was doctrinally sound and well-grounded in the articles of the Puritan faith, that she accepted the church's dictates and the guidance of its officers. Then, if the elders were satisfied with this first anxious scrutiny, she would be proposed to Boston Church, and would have to make public confession of her faith in a long speech. The Bay had adopted the Congregational system of church-government initiated by Plymouth colony, and under this system all church action had to be taken unanimously. One dissenting member could block her admittance. She knew that four-fifths of the population of the little colony remained outside the church, either because they were considered unfit to share its privileges, or because they were too discouraged by the difficulties ever to attempt joining.

In Mrs. Hutchinson's case, the usual difficulties were complicated by the incidents on the *Griffin*. She suspected that Mr. Symmes had already advertised to the elders his doubts of her soundness, and she went to the church-officers' meeting resolved on discretion. With her husband and sons, Richard and Francis, she arrived at Mr. Wilson's house; Edward and his uncle had some time before won church-membership and the freedom of the Bay. The officers of Boston Church greeted the Hutchinsons with the deference their place in society demanded, but also with a certain reserve. For Mr. Symmes had been very busy; he was sitting there now in Mr. Wilson's parlor, ready to testify against her.

William Hutchinson was examined first; he seemed sound enough. As John Wheelwright later remarked of the Hutchinson men, "The genius of that family hath not much inclined to subtleties, scarce any of the Hutchinsons have been Sectaries, unless indirectly." The elders failed to find in him the "narrowness and corruptness" of opinion which Mr. Symmes had imputed to his wife, and accepted him for proposal to the Boston congregation.

In their catechism of Mrs. Hutchinson, however, the elders became cautious. They had been warned that she was a subtle and dangerous woman, and in their heavy

way they tried to be subtle and dangerous as well. Mr. Symmes testified first. He declared that on the ship Mrs. Hutchinson had made remarks with a blasphemous flavor; she had said that when they came to Boston he would see that there was something beyond the things he preached; she had even borrowed Christ's phrase, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." Moreover, she appeared to dispute the unassailable tenet of the "evidencing of a good estate" by outward manifestations of piety.

Mr. Cotton made short work of Mr. Symmes. With Anne Hutchinson's help he was able to quiet most of his objections. But the matter of what constituted a good estate was a serious one, and the elders wanted to thresh it out to the last grain. The earnest winnowing went on until late at night, and the elders had to set another evening to finish their task.

The final result was characteristic. The clergy reduced to a quibble the difference between themselves and Mrs. Hutchinson, though that difference was fundamental. It was the old argument of the *Griffin* over again, but now Mr. Cotton was there to support her point. He told the elders he considered Anne Hutchinson's position sound, and Mr. Wilson, quite won over

by her brilliant exposition of doctrine and her knowledge of the Bible, agreed with him. Moreover, Mr. Cotton praised her so highly that even Mr. Symmes had to abandon his objections. Mr. Cotton said he had known Mrs. Hutchinson and her husband for years in Lincolnshire, she was a wonderfully kind neighbor and nurse, she took religion very deeply, and stirred up other women to do the same. No woman could more enrich the church, he said, thinking with real gratitude of their years of friendship. All difficulties vanished, and the elders voted to propose her to the church.

On November 2, 1634, a week after her husband, Anne Hutchinson was admitted as a member of Boston Church. Richard and Francis, whose examination followed that of their mother, were accepted a week later. Suffrage followed on church-membership, and at the Court of March, 1635, William and his sons were made freemen of Massachusetts Bay.

Boston received the Hutchinsons cordially. Winthrop and Dudley rejoiced when people of substance joined the colony, and the Hutchinsons were invited to settle in the choicer part of Boston, opposite Winthrop's house and the town spring. They built a house of the

more comfortable sort that was beginning to appear among the Boston huts.¹

By the time Anne Hutchinson had settled in her new house, her early pangs of homesickness were forgotten. She unpacked her chests of herbs and medicines, and took up her old rôle of nurse, winning the prompt devotion of William Dinely the barber-surgeon, and the town midwife Jane Hawkins. Her neighbors responded gratefully to her skill, and in return taught her secrets of frontier housekeeping, how to plant maize in mounds fertilized with fish, and how to eke out the sometimes scanty Bay diet with the fabulous abundance of unfamiliar sea-food.

Mr. Wilson and the Boston congregation appeared to forget completely that there had ever been any criticism of the Hutchinsons. The freemen of Boston, in the annual election of May, 1635, chose William Hutchinson as deputy to the Court, where he sat for five quarters. He consolidated his position among the gentry by buying a six-hundred-acre farm at Mount Wollaston (Quincy); and by sending his son Samuel to Mr.

¹ The Hutchinson house stood at the corner of School and Washington Streets; their land extended up School Street to City Hall lot. Next door to the Hutchinsons was William Aspinwall, whose land stretched back to Boston Common.

Philemon Permort's Latin School which had just opened in the lot to the back of the Hutchinson house.

The arduous details of life in the wilderness once settled, Anne Hutchinson began to look around her at the little commonwealth in which she lived. Everywhere she looked she saw a curious uniformity; church and state worked together to cast everything into a common mold.

The church dictated to the people how they should spend their time. In fact, it consumed all the time left over from the endless drudgery of life in a raw world. The exhausting Puritan Sabbath took the place of a weekly day of rest, but religion was not allowed to relax during the rest of the week. Hell as a figure of speech and Hell as an eternal future home are very different things; active terror kept the colonists busy placating a mortally offended Deity. Thursday was market-day, and in the afternoon Mr. Cotton delivered to Bostoners and farmers a long lecture on the Book of Revelation, followed by a church-meeting. There was a weekly meeting of the men of the congregation to discuss the current sermons; there were elders' conferences, and calls at private houses by the elders and deacons. Whenever a minister from another town came to Boston it was a signal for a special sermon. Then there were

frequent fast-days set apart, when the whole population of the Bay left plowshare and mill, and joined in the general prayers for forgiveness for the general sins.

The church, in its fantastic pursuit of uniformity, had not even allowed the days and months to keep their individual names. The "pagan" name, Sunday, gave place to "first day"; and March, which began the year, was known simply as "first month." That is how the days and months were, one after another, one after another, without variation. Holidays, the great escape-valve of the English temperament, had been abolished; even Christmas and Michaelmas, and the traditional sports and festivals that went with them had been abandoned as well.

→ The church dictated to the people how they should dress and how they should behave. Sober cloaks and plain linen and shaven heads were the Geneva ideal for men; sobriety in apparel was proof of piety. Women were to be demure as doves in long stuff dresses, non-committal kerchiefs and hoods. Mrs. Hutchinson saw few furbelows, for the Bay was going through a very somber period. The General Court, on pressure from the elders, had just passed a law forbidding the purchase of any garment trimmed with lace, on pain of forfeiture of the garment. The Court had also forbidden the use

of tobacco in public, or even in company with another, and had tried to cut down the number of personal servants in each household. Drinking was harder to curb; beer, cider, and rum were consumed in enormous quantities, but toasting at table was considered vain. In general, the people were required to conduct themselves "soberly and lovingly," to avoid disputes and discussions, and to be obedient in all things to the ministers, whether they were church-members or not.

The people read what the church dictated. The Bible and the Psalm-Book were the library of the ordinary household. Literature had bloomed like a century-flower in England, but none of its fragrance bewildered the closed mind of the Puritan. Shakespeare, Jonson, Bacon, and Shelton's Cervantes were Devil's tares. Mr. Cotton must have read George Herbert, who exalted him in his poems as the spirit of the true church, but it was with Calvin that Mr. Cotton "sweetened his mouth" every night before he went to bed. The ministers forgot the classics of their Cambridge days, and pored over the patristic writers.

True, Mr. Winthrop had a library, but it was a strange one. Little brown books from Frankfurt, the hot-bed of magic, books in Latin and German about the Philosopher's Stone, alchemy, well-divining, the trans-

mutation of metals, astrology, Chaldean, Assyrian, and Babylonian Mysteries, were on his shelves. The pre-occupation with wonders, natural and unnatural, which was to develop in his son John into a genuine scientific interest, was in the elder Winthrop a *mélange* of nonsense, observation, and downright superstition. An admixture of cramped sexual curiosity added a sinister element. Mr. Winthrop kept a journal, and in it, side by side with affairs of state, stood details of adulteries, sexual perversions, and obstetrical misadventures occurring in the Bay. The salty Elizabethan had become the pornographic Puritan.

But Mr. Winthrop's strange library was only another proof of the dominance of the Puritan atmosphere; superstition had dictated his choice of books, and superstition, under its pious name of Providence, was cherished by the Bay. Everything was providential. A Bostoner worked an hour into the Sabbath trying to keep the town mill-dam from being washed away by the autumn rains; the next night one of his children was drowned in a well. A mouse fought with a snake in full view of the Watertown congregation, and finally killed it; which in Mr. Wilson's interpretation meant "That the snake was the devil; the mouse a poor contemptible people, which God had brought hither, which should

overcome Satan here, and dispossess him of his kingdom." The crowning superstition was the general anticipation of the downfall of Antichrist, and the destruction of his kingdom, an event to be expected at any moment.

The church dictated to the people every detail of what they should believe. No deviation from the strict Puritan line of thought was permitted. As the Rev. Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich said, "Poly-piety is the worst impiety of the world. It is said, that Men ought to have liberty of their Conscience, and that it is Persecution to debarre them of it. Let all the wits under Heaven lay their heads together and find an assertion worse than this, and I will petition to be chosen the universal Ideot of the world."

The dictation of the church extended to the government. Massachusetts Bay was a complete theocracy; church and state, mutually interpenetrating, perfected a system based on religious instead of civil principles, its law the Bible. Spiritual guidance of the Bay's political affairs was yielded to the ministers, since they alone could interpret the Bible with authority. As far as it dared, the Bay ignored English common law, and in the absence of any written statutes, used Scripture. A feverishly growing colony of four thousand freeborn

Englishmen was crushed into the mold of a Mosaic state.

The state was the bulwark of the church, upholding its authority and prestige. The ministers' salaries were underwritten by the government. The March after the Hutchinsons arrived, the General Court ordered every inhabitant to attend church under penalty of fines or imprisonment. But the state kept a check on the church by supervising the organization of new congregations, and by ruling that no member of a church set up without the magistrates' approval could be a freeman of the Bay. Since church-membership and suffrage were synonymous, this was a necessary safeguard.

According to the Bay charter, suffrage was to be granted all freemen of the company. But the charter had suffered a sea-change; as soon as the Atlantic was safely crossed, the Massachusetts Bay Company transformed itself illegally into a state, and limited the franchise to male church-members. Under the watchful eyes of their ministers, the freemen met every May to elect their magistrates: the governor, deputy-governor, and six or more assistants; and each town, in other words, each congregation, chose two or three deputies to represent it as law-makers. The colony was ruled by the governor and his handful of assistants; four times a

year these magistrates met with the deputies in General Court, the joint legislative body of the Bay.

The legislative power was originally reserved to the deputies, but the magistracy under Winthrop continually encroached on their prerogatives. The May before the Hutchinsons arrived there had been a popular revolt against Winthrop, who during his four years as governor had been the chief oligarch in the little oligarchy which ruled the Bay. The deputy-governor, Thomas Dudley, had shrewdly used the popular dissatisfaction with Winthrop to swing himself into the governorship.

Winthrop was personally moderate, kindly, and generous; but politically he was a born autocrat. His despotism was that of a patriarch; he was founder of Boston, father of the Bay. He felt that he alone knew what was good for the people. But the people did not agree. They resented his arrogant assumption of the pomp of a monarch; when he was governor he never stirred out unless attended by sergeants carrying halberds. While the commoners cried for more land for pasturage, Winthrop impaled for himself hundreds of grassy acres. He built a shallop, *The Blessing of the Bay*, and carried on private trade. Not satisfied with the dominance of the Bay, he was forever casting a calculating eye on



JOHN WINTHROP

Connecticut, the Narragansett region, and the wastes to the north of the Merrimac.

Temperate by nature, Winthrop stood midway between the people, with their suppressed instinct of democracy, and the strict theocrats; and suffered criticism from both sides. The rigid Puritans resented his moderation toward offenders against the law; his accommodating nature blocked their efforts to establish perfect uniformity, and they proceeded to transform his nature. Winthrop's face expressed his constant struggle to keep his balance in the alternating currents of democracy and theocracy. His narrow face, made longer by his pointed beard, was asymmetric, his mouth twisted in a testy line, and his eyebrows raised with a suggestion of his perpetual inner dilemma.

Thomas Dudley, on the other hand, almost perfectly represented the Puritan ideal—hard in public life, severe and shrewd in private. While Winthrop appeared in Boston Church in a worldly neck-ruff, Dudley worshipped in the Newtown (Cambridge) congregation in pious Geneva falling-bands. He was almost sixty, but his Nestorian age was belied by his raw censorious spirit. Born in a military family, he had spent his early life as a soldier, but then finding that his genius lay in business management he had gone as steward first to

the Earl of Northampton, and then to the Earl of Lincoln. His business acumen was accompanied by a love of gain,¹ and Winthrop had accused him publicly of usury. Dudley retaliated by complaining that Winthrop was too easy-going with delinquents in doctrine. There was a smoldering feud between them, though they were connected by their children's marriage.

John Cotton's situation was in many respects parallel to Winthrop's. Mild and tolerant by nature, Cotton was politically a theocrat, just as Winthrop was an autocrat. He was blinded by the vision of a perfect church set up in anticipation of the Second Coming of Christ, just as Winthrop was blinded by the vision of a perfect state. Both men became the pawns of their own ideals. The Puritan brethren appropriated the rigid outlines of their philosophy, but lost its warmth and subtlety.

As John Winthrop had his antitype in Dudley, so Cotton had his in Wilson. Wilson was the perfect Puritan, sharing with Dudley the aplomb and the persecuting spirit of the man who is always in the right. Winthrop and Cotton usually found it difficult to decide what was right; they suffered from misgivings, ter-

¹ Dudley's character is perfectly hit off in Governor Belcher's epitaph:
"Here lies Thomas Dudley, that trusty old stud.
A bargain's a bargain, and must be made good."

giversations; from making mistakes, and then bitterly repenting them. But Wilson and Dudley had no such *chiaroscuro* in their natures. They never made mistakes.

The spirit of the Bay was created by the smaller men like Wilson, Dudley, Symmes, and Endicott, because these men were single of purpose and were not debauched by doubts. They were the Puritan type, and imposed their rigid mold on freer spirits like Winthrop and Cotton. Men of less intelligence and far less humanity than their own were slowly turning Winthrop into a despot, and Cotton into a theocrat resigned to the narrow path. It was the spirit of these lesser men which spread over the Bay, smothering the natural enjoyment of the people, filling them all, even little children, with terror and brooding. These men held up the tablets of stone to the people. Perfect obedience to law and perfect regimentation of thought were, they insisted, the very conditions of life to the colony. Everyone must be forced to think and believe and act alike.

The Bay eliminated people alien to its spirit. When the first Puritans came, they made short work of Thomas Morton, a happy pagan who for several years had lived at Mount Wollaston. Morton traded rum and guns to the delighted Indians, to be sure, but what scandalized the Puritans were reports of his famous May-Day

festival at the Mount. For three days his men had danced about an enormous May-pole with Indian "lassies in beaver coats," carousing on beer and rum, and singing Morton's hymns to ancient and not very respectable gods. The Bay magistrates set Morton in the bilboes, confiscated his property, deported him, and as a final touch, burned his house at the Mount so that he could see it smoking as he sailed down the harbor. The magistrates punished another earlier settler, Phillip Ratcliffe, for criticizing the Puritan Church; his ears were clipped, and he was deported. Other less troublesome spirits withdrew of their own accord. William Blackstone, who had come to New England several years before the Winthrop fleet, and lived alone on Boston Common, could not breathe the Puritan air. He had left England to escape the Lord-Bishops, he said, now he must go away to escape the Lord-Brethren. He mounted his tame bull, and went off to the Narragansett wilderness to the south, where he planted an apple-orchard, and pored over his books in glorious solitude. Another pioneer, Samuel Maverick, a cultivated and hospitable member of the Church of England, sniffed suspiciously at the Puritan air, and then isolated himself on Noddle's Island out in the harbor, spreading his

kindly nets to catch refugees from the Bay's inhospitality.

Homogeneity had been won for the Bay. It obtained the unity so essential to a little colony beset with dangers from England, and from Indian, Dutch, and French neighbors. But this unity that was the physical life of the colony was its spiritual death.

Anne Hutchinson felt the protest that was continually seething under the heavily-oiled surface of the theocracy. The same popular sentiment that had turned against Winthrop was evident in the church, and she was quick to sense it. Most of the people wanted religious expression more than anything in the world, but most of the people were not in the church. The church had purposely made itself inaccessible to all but those who considered themselves elect. The church was proud and formal, it had caught the proud and formal people. But what of the others, the humble people? With the democracy possible only to the true patrician, Mrs. Hutchinson put the goodwife beside the fantastically bonneted lady from London, the ferryman beside the magistrate. Christ, and the sweet awareness of Christ, might be in the ferryman Thomas Marshall, and not in Magistrate Winthrop. Sometimes she was tempted

to believe that those who gained the higher places often shut themselves off from the suggestions of the spirit. But she was not a demagogue. Let Winthrop have his chance, but at Thomas Marshall's side, not lifted up in a foreseat of honor above him. She objected to the seating of the church, its snobbishness and disregard of reality. Winthrop, and the elders, too, put themselves in places of honor in the church, and with this symbol of their preferment they implied that they were the undeniably elect.

A wretched little bond-maid that had come to the townspring for water, and had fainted before her door, seemed to her to have more intuitions of the spirit than Mr. Wilson had ever dreamed of. To the little maid she had been nurse and priest, too; she had talked to her gently of the indwelling Christ, and the girl, who had thought religion an affair only for those who could read and understand long words, had comprehended everything she said. Anne Hutchinson went back happily to her young maize-garden, but the little maid walked home in a dream. She had become aware of a Christ, sweet and naked, a Christ revealing Himself without reservation or polysyllable to her in secret, in silence.

Chapter Six

A GROUP of Boston women was gathered in the kitchen of Mistress Mary Dyer's house, waiting for her child to be born. In the next room Anne Hutchinson was helping the town midwife, queer Jane Hawkins. Mrs. Hutchinson came out presently to make one of her famous herb-drinks over the kitchen fire, and as she waited for it to steep, she listened to her neighbors at their chatter. These traditional meetings of women at the travail of a neighbor were called "gossipings"; and as she listened to the tales of obstetrical exploit, the cautious little scandals, and the exchange of domestic advice, Mrs. Hutchinson thought they were gossipings indeed.

She herself felt inspired on such occasions, stirred to contemplation. Communing with life's first mystery, she became sensitive to life's ultimate mystery. She felt the excitement in the voices around her, the intimacy and portent of the moment. Quietly, with her eyes on the herb-pot, she began to talk about things really intimate and portentous.

Life, perhaps death, too, was stirring in the next room. A new soul was coming. The ministers said that the soul of a baby was a pestilence in the eyes of God, that this little handful of flesh bore within it the stench of Adam's sin, and its own. If the baby died before it was rushed to the church for baptism it would burn in Hell forever—so the ministers said. Did her neighbors believe that? Could they believe that their own dead babies lying in the common burial-pit of the newborn were condemned to eternal torment?

The ministers had forgotten something, perhaps. They had forgotten that Christ had taken on Him man's sin, released him from Eve's curse, freed him from the law of Moses. Christ's spirit came to every soul that would receive it; the believer shared Christ's divinity. But the ministers did not confidently believe that the spirit had destroyed the law; they were still turning back to the weak and beggarly elements of their bondage.

She went out with her steaming herbs, and the women talked on about the questions she had raised. Long after they heard the piping cry of Mary Dyer's baby they sat about the fire, enthralled by discussion, forgetting their own children and suppers at home. The new baby was washed and admired in the warm kitchen,

Mistress Dyer was congratulated, and still the women gathered around Anne Hutchinson asking questions. She told them they must listen carefully to Mr. Cotton, for he preached the spirit and not the letter of the gospel. But what they wanted was to talk about their own problems. Some of them felt that they had never understood religion at all, and perhaps were not saved. They began to feel concerned about their beliefs, and asked Mrs. Hutchinson if they might talk to her privately. She invited them to come to her as often as they liked.

When the women went in at last to say good-bye to Mary Dyer, they found her radiant. "Our neighbor Hutchinson preaches better gospel than any of the black-coats that have been at the University," she exclaimed. "I truly believe that since the apostles' time no one has received so much light from God." And simple Jane Hawkins, who had been refused admission to the church, repeated after her, "Like the apostles she is, the sweet lady."

To her own amazement, Mrs. Hutchinson was becoming a power in Boston. At first she had only followed her daily practice in Lincolnshire, nursing the sick, giving English stores to people whose bins were empty, exchanging visits with her neighbors. But grow-

ing up in her mind was something less a creed than a new bent and inclination of thought, something utterly at variance with the official religion of the Bay. She felt impelled to share her convictions, and, as the rapid intimacy of frontier life permitted, she did share them. She found everybody eager to talk about religion, the one subject ever seriously discussed in the colony. She talked to William Dinely the barber-surgeon, to John Winthrop's wife Margaret, even to Thomas Leverett, ruling elder of Boston Church. What she said was always sincere, but always tempered by her canny sense of what could be said under given circumstances. People liked her, her popularity was universal; even Mr. Wilson enjoyed her medicinal wit, and was glad she was in his congregation. Mr. Cotton was right; she enriched the church. On every hand he heard of kind things she had quietly done, and he approved of good works.

In a short time the news travelled around the small community that Mistress Hutchinson could solve spiritual problems, problems that had evoked from the ministers and elders only a long series of texts and the admonition to pray. People in trouble of conscience began to knock at her door; she helped them through their difficulties, and instilled in them a desire to go

farther in the delectable regions of the spirit she opened to them. Religion as preached from the pulpits was an unintelligible concoction which the people had to swallow, recognizing only the pervading flavor of brimstone. But Mrs. Hutchinson had a way of making the inexplicable clear. When her visitor was an un-schooled man or woman, she talked as she talked to her children, and evoked the same grateful response. But if William Coddington, treasurer of Massachusetts Bay, was her caller, she became brilliant and epigrammatic, she infused forgotten texts of the Bible with a sudden flash of meaning, she suggested with exquisite satire the weak points in a minister's sermon.

She knew the ministers' weak points. During her first months in the Bay she anxiously studied the colony clergy. Many pastors came to Boston on church-business, and were invited to "exercise" in the meeting-house; others she heard in their own pulpits in near-by towns. It was a discouraging survey; they were all of a piece with Mr. Wilson in temperament and belief. Only Mr. Cotton escaped from the general rigidity, and preached a warmer doctrine.

With unconscious craftiness, Mrs. Hutchinson gathered up the ministers' foibles and failings as arrows in her quiver. Unconsciously she was preparing to chal-

lunge the preachers of the Bay. At the moment, she knew only that she was in profound disharmony with them all, except Mr. Cotton, and even Mr. Cotton sometimes puzzled her. In Lincolnshire she had been twenty-five miles away from her teacher; now it was only a few steps between their houses. But in the new intimacy she sometimes could not see her friend as clearly as she had when they were far apart. He seemed not quite the John Cotton she had built up in her imagination. And he had changed subtly since coming to Boston. Between them there sometimes fell like a veil his position as leader of the ministers.

It was his position, she felt sure, that caused him to take part in the shocking persecution of Roger Williams. This rash young Cambridge divine had come to the Bay three years before her. At first Cotton had been much taken with the charming stubborn young man, but now he contemptuously called him "a haberdasher of small questions." Mrs. Hutchinson saw Mr. Cotton turn from friendship with Williams into inexplicable enmity. Cotton fomented the official persecution that finally sent Williams rushing off to his friends the Narragansett Indians for refuge. She herself set Williams down as an inveterately kind, rather than a tolerant, man; and sympathized with his insistence that

the Indians were the rightful owners of the land, and with his desire for freedom of conscience, encumbered though his expression was with "haberdashery." She could not understand Mr. Cotton's turning upon his friend as soon as he had incurred the magistrates' displeasure; and the affair of Roger Williams was something she avoided discussing with her teacher.

But though Mr. Cotton was at times difficult to understand, her great devotion remained. He alone preached the spirit instead of the law; the other ministers were misleading the people. She would hold him up to the people as the true preacher; she would bring all the Bay to his feet. A double impulse moved in her: to exalt Mr. Cotton, and to express certain ideas that she could no longer keep to herself and a few friends.

These ideas had been precipitated by her contact with the Bay ministers. She pierced straight to the heart of her disagreement with the Puritan preachers, and found that this disagreement was sixteen hundred years old. Running through the primitive church were two streams, one flowing conspicuously on in organized religion through the Catholic Church, the Established Church, and now in the Puritan creed; the other flowing underground, in mystics, saints, and obscure creeds.

The underground stream was the Covenant of Grace, Christ's immanence. Twelve men who had plodded through the dust of Galilee at Christ's side helped create the primitive church under the impulse of a presence still vividly with them. John and Paul, seeing more clearly than the others the implications of Christ's doctrine, were the first preachers of the Covenant of Grace. Under their influence the primitive congregations lived in the new covenant, casting off circumcision and Mosaic law, and living as free men, men half divine, because Christ had entered into tangible union with them. All men were apostles, to all the Holy Spirit spoke with the beloved voice. Divine truth came to them by immediate revelation. That was the real primitive church, which believed in the Covenant of Grace, salvation through mystic union with Christ.

The Covenant of Works was a much older stream. It flowed down from Moses, who had bound men under the law until Christ should come to free them. But no sooner were the people free than some of them began to be afraid. They were afraid of freedom, afraid of universal inspiration, afraid even of the Holy Spirit. They wanted priests and laws again, they wanted authority. The little primitive churches were torn with jealousies, one man envied another man his inspiration. Many

kept on in the new covenant, the Covenant of Grace, but most of them crept back into the shelter of the law. Where in the first churches there had been no priest, no sacrament, there were now set up bishops, and presbyters, and deacons. Authority was set on this new priesthood which traced its succession from Paul and the Twelve. Authority was set upon the New Testament as a final creed. The fountain of truth was sealed; there were no new apostles, no new revelations. The people no longer united with the living spirit of Christ; they united with His body, the Church. The Church became the sole ark of redemption, and there grew up the belief in salvation through outward performance—the Covenant of Works.

Mrs. Hutchinson decided that all the ministers of the Bay except Mr. Cotton walked in the 'Covenant of Works. But she could not say so openly; it was the last thing that the ministers would have admitted about themselves. Paul said to the Galatians: "A man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." But the ministers did put their trust in the works of the law, in the church and its ordinances; and works could not save them. To say that they walked in the Covenant of Works was to say that they were

damned. And yet she believed this was true. Though they did not clearly preach the Covenant of Works, it was implicit in their thought, and certainly they failed to preach the full Covenant of Grace. Mrs. Hutchinson's desire was to make the people realize that Mr. Cotton alone was preaching the true covenant; and to preach it herself.

Before she had been in Boston a year her desire was fulfilled, with hardly a move on her part. It was the town practice for the men of the church to gather every week in some member's house for the discussion of the Sunday and Thursday sermons. While they were off spinning out theology in tenuous webs, the women sat at home and minded the children. There had been some attempts to start a similar meeting of women, but theology was something the Boston housewives did not take to as naturally as their husbands, and the meetings had degenerated into the gossipings of half-a-dozen restless women. But Mrs. Hutchinson could make theology palatable, even delectable. A little group began to gather every week at her house; every week the group was larger, more enthusiastic; and suddenly Mrs. Hutchinson found herself talking to seventy or eighty women. But her success did not stop there; the women brought home such reports of Mrs. Hutchinson's re-

markable lectures that their husbands became curious, and asked to be included in these enthralling gatherings. So she was forced to provide two evenings of talk, one for the women alone, and another for men and women. Members of Boston Church came, then people who were outside the church, then people from neighboring towns. The Hutchinson meetings became the sensation of the Bay.

Mr. Wilson suddenly found that his congregation had come alive. The women especially lost their parrot-like piety, and "set themselves to examining their estates" with a zeal pleasant to see. The Boston pastor found Mrs. Hutchinson doing work he could not do. Women were always difficult to reach, but the newcomer had rare gifts of winning confidence and arousing interest. The other Bay ministers felt as Mr. Wilson did. Though it was unprecedented for a woman to lecture, they could not disapprove. Had they realized, however, that Anne Hutchinson's influence was reaching their male parishioners, their jealousy would at once have been aroused.

Mrs. Hutchinson was discreet enough to follow the practice set by the men's meetings. She began by reviewing Mr. Wilson's Sunday sermon, and Mr. Cotton's Sunday afternoon and Thursday lectures, a pro-

digious feat of memory. The traditional analysis and criticism which followed gave her the opportunity she needed. How better could she illustrate the antithesis between Mr. Wilson's Covenant of Works and Mr. Cotton's Covenant of Grace than by analyzing their sermons? She was very careful to tone down her criticism of the pastor, but to bring into strong relief Mr. Cotton's teachings. She felt that in this informal gathering she could express her friend's meaning for him with more point than he dared to use in the pulpit. And without ever a direct word, she diffused the idea that Mr. Cotton was the Bay's one true apostle.

Mr. Cotton knew of this persistent adulation, and he was all approval. He had an enormous appetite for praise, an enormous talent for believing praise of himself merited. If he felt any danger in being singled out to the disparagement of the rest of the Bay ministers, he did not allow himself to recognize it. He loved to see the admiration of all the Boston women concentrated upon him, he loved to feel his personal power over Anne Hutchinson.

Mr. Cotton had not been altogether happy in the Bay. He was deferred to everywhere, his advice in affairs of state had almost the weight of Scripture; but he was living among people who by temperament were

unsympathetic to him. Yet his desire for universal approval had made him trim his public utterances, to his own private dissatisfaction.

Then Anne Hutchinson arrived, the woman who always transformed him in his own eyes. She swept him off his feet, made him forget caution and expedience, made him once more the mystic and the poet. She loved the self in him that he also loved in secret, she brought it out, nurtured it. He began to look forward hungrily to her visits. Day after day as he sat in his upstairs study, he would be pleasantly stirred at the sound of her voice at the door, her foot on the stairs. Down would go his laborious notes on Revelation, and whirling around in his chair, he would stretch out his hand to the woman standing there, so vivid, so eager to talk to him of her latest doctrinal problem. John Cotton loved to instruct a pupil flattering in her attention and humbly receptive of his judgment. He knew that Anne Hutchinson sensed her superiority to everyone in their world but him, to him alone was she the humble pupil.

But in a sense he was her pupil as well. He absorbed her impetuous new ideas, his mind caught fire from hers, and in that fire there dissolved a certain rigidity that had been growing up in him under the influence of the Dudleys and Wilsons of the Bay. She liberated in

him old impulses toward a freer, more transcendent faith. Hemmed about by an alien atmosphere, hemmed yet closer about by the intense repressions of their own natures, the two could still find release in the encounter of their minds.

But when young Henry Vane came to live in his house, Mr. Cotton almost wished that Anne Hutchinson were not so persuasive in her ideas. Vane, the very flower of the young Puritan movement, he loved like a son, but Vane was more drawn by Mrs. Hutchinson's teachings than by his own. He was almost jealous of the vivid accord between the newcomer and his most gifted disciple.

Young Vane had arrived in Boston in October, 1635, a year after the Hutchinsons. With John Winthrop, Jr., he had been given a commission from Lord Say and Seale and Lord Brooke to start a colony in Connecticut; but Vane decided to leave this task to young Winthrop. For himself, he found Boston, what with Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Cotton, too fascinating to leave. As for the Bostoners, this magnificent boy with his almost fabulous prestige of family and position was as refreshing as their first New England spring. They would have given him the whole Bay on a golden platter if they could. His father was a Privy Councillor and more

intimate with the King than any man except Strafford; but the Bay's delight at his coming was not solely snobishness, it was a direct response to his enchanting nature. He was irrepressibly high-spirited and gay, he was generous, candid, and gallant. Also, he was indiscreet, rash, over-sensitive, and so blinded with new theories as to be tactless at crucial moments. In short, he had all the charm and all the faults of youth, and these qualities were the more conspicuous because youth was a stage few Puritans went through. Born middle-aged, they recovered in actual maturity certain infantile traits to round out the picture. But Harry Vane was young, something remarkable in itself, something almost to worship.

Sir Henry Vane, a man more boisterous than intelligent, had been puzzled by his son. Himself high in the King's household and conspicuous in the diplomatic service, he expected his heir to fill a resounding career in home and foreign courts. He sent young Harry to Westminster School in London, and then to Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he neither matriculated nor took his degree, but was long remembered for his inventive mischief. Then came an apprenticeship to the British ambassador in Vienna, where the boy had every opportunity to learn the game of intrigue, personal and po-

litical, in the spot where it was then most highly developed. Diplomacy was his birthright, and he loved the finesse of statecraft, but Vane was bored at the polite depravities around him. Something deeper in his nature was released in Geneva, where he was soon transferred. He was drawn to the somber Calvinists thronging the Swiss capital; the Cavalier became a Puritan, though the curling brown hair still rioted on his shoulders.

Sir Henry was overwhelmed when his son returned to England. The brilliant youth with positively any career at court open to him, the gay irresponsible Harry, had become a Puritan. He scoffed at the Church, he turned up his nose at the Court. However, the despairing father brought his fledgeling up to London. "Leave him to Laud," suggested the King. So there was a long interview between the little choleric Archbishop and the grave-browed boy. At the end of it, Laud fled down the long corridors of Lambeth, every argument he had advanced tied into knots by that youngster. He refused any further attempt to bring young Vane to his senses.

Finally Harry Vane settled matters himself by deciding to go to New England "for his conscience sake." King Charles gave him an express license for departure, and the Connecticut concession was put into his

hands. He left his father with a tender respect and regret that did little to calm the horror in court circles at this political and social suicide. At twenty-three he had cut short his career. On shipboard he won everybody by his friendliness, though one of the passengers ventured to write him a long letter suggesting that since he had honored God so far as to shorten his hair somewhat upon his arrival in England from Geneva, he should undergo a complete reformation by "bringing it to the primitive length and form." But it was no shaven-pated lordling that now sat by Anne Hutchinson's fireplace, drinking in her words. He had, fortunately, kept his brown curls.

Settled in Mr. Cotton's house, Vane responded affectionately to the great divine's efforts to instruct him in the mysteries of the Puritan faith; but he very much preferred to listen to Anne Hutchinson. To him, her new religion was a godsend. He had sacrificed his own and his father's ambitions for the sake of an ideal; and he found that Mrs. Hutchinson alone expressed that ideal in a pure form.

Vane was the bright planet in the curiously assorted group that met every week in Mrs. Hutchinson's house. With his highly-individualized beauty and grace, he might have walked out of a love-sonnet of Shake-

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speare's, but he was one day to be the grand and lonely figure in a sonnet of Milton's, instead.¹ Beside him in the low-raftered room sat Jane Hawkins, the Boston midwife, whose adoration of Mrs. Hutchinson was deep and unquestioning. The barber-surgeon William Dinely was there with his wife Alice. There was the pretty milliner from London, Mary Dyer, and her husband William, and Richard Dummer and his wife. There was Mrs. Hutchinson's next-door neighbor William Aspinwall, who had come in Winthrop's fleet, and was a magistrate and a deacon of the church. His curious turn for mysticism went along with qualities that made him one of the pillars of the Bay. Even solidier, even more a man of wealth and influence, was William Coddington, treasurer of the Bay. John Coggeshall, a Boston deputy, sat beside illiterate Richard Gridley, and

¹ Vane, young in years but in sage counsel old,—
Than whom a better Senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,—
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
Then to advise how war may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage!—besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

the Charles River ferryman Thomas Marshall beside snobbish John Winthrop's wife Margaret.

Anne Hutchinson was pleased with her audience. That was what she wanted, rich and poor, lord and bond-servant, elder and layman, sitting side by side, forgetting that the next morning they would take their places as housewife or magistrate, master or goodman. Her family was all there, and there were Thomas Savage and John Sanford, who were courting her daughters Faith and Bridget, and Richard Scott the shoemaker who was to marry her sister Katherine Marbury. She smiled at them from her chair in the midst of the crowded room, and smiled at Captain John Underhill, who somehow always seemed to lose his dapper frivolous air when he came to her house, and to become sincere and charming.

Captain Underhill was Lord Underhill, of an honorable Warwickshire family, but he preferred his military title. He had served with the Prince of Orange in the Low Countries, and there had declined an invitation to join the Plymouth colonists. Instead, he came over with the discriminating Winthrop as head of whatever military force might be organized in the Bay. He proved to be a genius at the difficult business of frontier warfare, and wherever he went in his uneasy career, he

seemed to be in the nick of time to save white colonists from destruction. He was thirty-five, married, and treasured by the Bay for his military brilliance, but deplored for his congenital tendency to trifle with the Seventh Commandment. Poor Captain John, brave, bawdy, and loyal, he was trying to live in a country where adultery was punishable with death, where a cloud of witnesses was forever peering in dim corners hopefully looking for lechery. His ebullient nature fared hard in Boston Bay; when Anne Hutchinson came he joyfully attached himself to her circle, and espoused her views promptly and without understanding. Born a buffoon, and forced by the general censorship to adopt a hypocritical apology for the joys of the flesh, he distorted the Hutchinson philosophy to suit his needs.

Every sort of temperament was in that circle; noble, somber, wanton, simple, cautious, precipitate, cold, fiery—and Anne Hutchinson swayed them all. To the Puritan world about which the walls of Judaic finality had frozen she brought an exuberant hope. The God of the ministers was the Old Testament Jehovah, an unrelenting judge watching man's every action and insisting on the letter of the law. The ministers' Deity could be appeased only by the multiplication of good works, and

by clinging to the church as a desperate refuge. Anne Hutchinson revolted against such heathenish terror.

She told her circle of the Christ who spoke to the soul with the beloved voice, of the Holy Spirit that lived in complete union with the soul, begetting in the renewed person a divine life. Why this insistence on the laws of Moses? Had not Christ come since Moses to take over man's burden of sin? Christ was born in us, in our flesh. Certain ministers seemed to forget the New Testament, which had reversed the law of the Old. "A company of legal professors lie poring on the law which Christ hath abolished," she exclaimed.

Forget the slavish brooding of the Israelites, she urged. Man is free now, and more, he is innately good, not intrinsically damned. The damned soul is one which refuses to accept its own divinity. Once the soul is united to Christ, it lives its own life of contemplation and worship. To urge a man to pray and read the Bible and go to church is false. If he has already received the seal of the spirit, the impulse to worship comes from himself. If he is unregenerate, what meaning is there in gesticulations of piety? An unregenerate man in the church is a Pharisee, a hypocrite. He is pretending to partake of something he cannot understand.

The law of Moses was written upon tablets of stone,

but the law of Christ was written on the heart: "Forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ . . . written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart."

If men looked into their hearts, they could find there divine truth written for each one of them. The church might be destroyed, but this truth remained: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Upon her circle as she talked there descended an atmosphere of tremulous expectancy, of hope, like the atmosphere that enveloped the worshippers on the Mediterranean sixteen hundred years before. Captain John listened to her, and suddenly his body became sweet to him, and he threw off his hypocrisy. Mary Dyer trembled with the surges of a great emotion, and even staid Mr. Coddington was moved. The soldiers, the housewives, the farmers, sat as under a transforming light. Anne Hutchinson talked on while the fire grayed, almost forgetting the promise to her about the water of affliction, but talking on, preaching to New England the Covenant of Grace.

Chapter Seven

A CLOUD, small as a hand like Elijah's cloud, was spreading over the sky of Massachusetts Bay. So small it was in the bare overarching vault that most people took no notice of it. But Anne Hutchinson watched it grow and spread, feeding on the parched plains of the sky.

Now the cloud cast a grateful shadow on the earth, and there were other watchers by Anne Hutchinson's side. There were her husband and sons, and Harry Vane, and Mary Dyer, and Captain John, and Coddington. Even Jane Hawkins paused to watch the cloud feed on the glistening plains of the sky. They all knew that this cloud was the answer to their prayers, it was bringing refreshment to a parched and hungry people.

The ministers and magistrates were blind to this spreading portent. Secure in their places, they did not sense the tremulous hope that had seized the people. Before their unseeing eyes the Bay was being divided into two groups, two faiths. They were insensible to

the premonitions of storm about them; only the lightning and the roar of thunder could rouse them.

The secret excitement was everywhere. Little was heard at family tables, or town-meetings, or the gathering of neighbors, or the drilling of train-bands, but the Covenant of Grace, and the new apostle. Glorious light, gospel truth, the naked Christ, sweet assurance: these phrases were carried like live coals from house to house during Anne Hutchinson's second winter in Boston.

Fifteen months before she had talked modestly to the passengers on the *Griffin*; now she was the most enthralling preacher in the Bay, Mr. Cotton not excepted. Sitting alone at her window in Alford she had — created a faith to satisfy her own needs, and now she found that this faith was what New England wanted. She had labored to bring the Bay to Mr. Cotton's feet, and she brought it to her own instead. She was the focus of Boston's emotional life; more people came to her for guidance than to the ministers and elders combined. Her circle was no longer an audience, it was a group of active disciples.

Her disciples called on the people who had come on the crowded summer boats; they won them as Mrs. Hutchinson had won Boston, by kindness and hospitality. They unconsciously adopted her discretion as

well; instead of violently proselyting, they dropped here a small word, there a hint. But the general exuberance was irresistible; in that cold winter the live coals were welcome. The newcomers were soon added to Mrs. Hutchinson's circle.

During most of 1635 Mr. Wilson had been in England, and Boston Church was dominated by Mr. Cotton and Mrs. Hutchinson. By the time the heavy-witted preacher returned, an astonishing change had come over his flock; except Winthrop and a few others, the entire congregation was absorbing the new faith. But Mr. Wilson had no perception. He laid the changed atmosphere at Mr. Cotton's door, and resolved to take his flock in hand more sternly than ever.

With its roots cleaving the earth beneath Boston Church, the new faith was growing quietly underground, reaching out to Dorchester, to Roxbury, to Newtown. Men and women plowed through snowdrifts, and crossed the frozen Charles, and even dared the winter sea, to come to Boston and listen to the new apostle.

Mrs. Hutchinson felt the need of more Covenant of Grace in the pulpit, for the summer contingent of new ministers had been disappointing, and Mr. Cotton was still alone in the midst of Wilsonite preachers. She and

William had written John Wheelwright, who since his "silencing" had been preaching to private groups of Lincolnshire Puritans, urging him to come to Boston. Wheelwright was needed, for what had started as an impulsive gesture on Mrs. Hutchinson's part was growing into a strong movement. She was the magnet that attracted all the freer elements of the colony, but the support of John Cotton and of young Vane was giving her movement new weight and impetus.

Mr. Cotton had, almost involuntarily, become the spiritual patron of Anne Hutchinson's group. Chilled by the arctic currents of the Bay's Puritanism, he was grateful for the warm tide of Anne Hutchinson's ideas, and buoyed up by the adulation of her disciples. His adherence to her group was necessarily cautious; the dean of the colony clergy must not lend himself to factions. But as yet Mrs. Hutchinson's group was not suspected of being a faction, so tactful was her work, and so complete the discretion she imposed. It was not fitting for him to attend her meetings, and he knew little of what went on, but the result of her work was comforting to his self-esteem. She exalted him, and he lent his prestige to her doctrines.

With the adherence of Henry Vane, Mrs. Hutchinson's group began to take on the color of a political

party. Since church and state were one, it was inevitable that the new faith should have its reverberations in the government. Mrs. Hutchinson's group fairly represented the democratic element in the Bay; and Vane, far ahead of his time in political ideals, had only to look around him at the Hutchinson meetings to find ready at hand a political constituency. The same impatience with the Mosaic oligarchy that made the people throng around the new apostle prompted them to adopt Henry Vane as their political hope.

Vane's conquest of Boston was immediate. A few weeks after his arrival, the citizens at a public meeting voted that none of them would sue another at law "before that Mr. Harry Vane and the two elders have the hearing and deciding of the cause, if they can." Pushed into the rôle of peacemaker, the indiscreet boy even tried to resolve the old smoldering feud between Winthrop and Dudley, based on Dudley's insistence that Winthrop was too lenient with offenders against the law. Zealous for the public peace, Vane called a private meeting of certain magistrates and ministers to discuss the situation. The two wranglers, united in a desire to snub the officious peacemaker, were forced into a reconciliation. Winthrop finally admitted that Dudley and the other magistrates were right in insisting that severity

was necessary in a raw state; and promised to be more strict in future. The magistrates, with some obscure premonition of danger, voted to strengthen their front and make their authority absolute. This encouragement of intolerance was of course the last thing Vane could have wished; in all innocence he had forced the easy-going Winthrop into the extremist camp, and forced the extremist camp into even greater rigidity. His quixotic attempt was to prove a boomerang.

But Vane had captured the people's hearts. The impetus generated by the meetings in Anne Hutchinson's house was sweeping him into power. The tremulous hope the new apostle released grew into confidence; the plain people were learning to assert themselves. In the May, 1636, election they chose Vane governor, and Winthrop was put into the excruciating position of deputy to a youth of twenty-four. There were fifteen ships riding in the harbor on election-day, and at the news of Vane's victory they gave him a volley of great shot, "because he was son and heir to a privy counsellor in England," as Winthrop remarked bitterly in his journal. But the great booming salute from the ships was not in deference to Vane's position in England; it was the jubilant announcement that the people had set up as their leader a young man who expressed their po-

litical ideals, and who was the confidant and disciple of the enchanting Mrs. Hutchinson.

The day after Vane's election John and Mary Wheelwright arrived with their five children and Mrs. Susanna Hutchinson, William's widowed mother. The Hutchinson house was crowded with relatives as well as disciples. All spring personal affairs had piled upon Anne. In March she had born a son Zuriel, who had lived only a short time; young Edward had gone off to England to fetch home a bride; and her sister Katherine had left with her husband Richard Scott to join Roger Williams in his new plantation at Providence. But as always she mastered the practical and emotional details of her personal life. She had all the time in the world to listen to the doubts and questions of the newcomer to her faith; her shrewd knowledge of people and her mother-wit helped Vane through many a *contretemps* with snarling Winthrop and growling Dudley; she found time to talk over knotty passages of Scripture with John Cotton, talks that left her stimulated as always, but strangely tired as well.

And through it all, sometimes in the thick of it all, she heard the beloved voice, the voice of the indwelling Christ. The voice brought power. Sometimes she was so tired when at night her house filled with listeners

that she thought she would have nothing to give them. Then as she began talking, quietly, for she too was listening, the voice would come, the voice would speak through her. The people would stir as if they had come into some vital contact, then they sat still, letting her words penetrate to the secret recesses of their minds.

Her disciples left her house impelled to tell of this wonder. Some of them even tried to explain their experiences to Captain Edward Johnson, whose ranting orthodoxy would have chilled most enthusiasts. He scoffed at the Hutchinson followers, but years later he recorded encounters with them in an uneasy strain that gave the lie to his cynicism:

“Come along with me, sayes one of them, i’le bring you to a Woman of another kinde of Spirit, who hath had many Revelations of things to come, and for my part, saith hee, I had rather heare such a one that speakes from the meere motion of the spirit, without any study at all, than any of your learned Scollers, although they may be fuller of Scripture.”

Captain Johnson retorted that this “Master-piece of Womens wit” could not be so unlearned as she pretended, she had the reputation of being able to point out the fallacy in a syllogism. She was a clever woman posing, he said, pleasing the “Femall Sex” with many

pretty knacks, and weakening the word of the Lord in the mouth of His ministers, trying to catch the multitude with her simple preaching. He shook off Mrs. Hutchinson's disciple, but wherever he went, there was talk of the new light that had come to the colony. "Where am I become," he complained, "here have I met with some that tell mee, I must take a naked Christ. They tell mee of casting of all godly sorrow for sin as unbeseeming a Soule, that is united to Christ by faith, and there was a little nimble-tongued woman among them, who said she could bring me acquainted with one of her own Sex that would show me a way if I could attaine it, even Revelations, full of such ravishing joy that I should never have cause to be sorry for sinne, so long as I live, and as for her part shee had attained it already."

In October, 1636, five months after Vane's election, Winthrop began an entry in his journal. It concerned his neighbor across the street.

"One Mrs. Hutchinson—" he began, and drove his quill savagely across the page, oblivious to the papers littering his desk. There was a fascinating treatise newly arrived from England on household magic—how to roast a goose and still have it alive and quacking, and

similar wonders—there were letters from the forgiving Roger Williams advising him what to do about the Pequot troubles, and protests from Governor Bradford of Plymouth at the Bay's trading with Plymouth's French enemies in Maine, and the Bay's crowding Plymouth people out of Connecticut. There were advices from England telling how Sir Ferdinando Gorges's great ship had mysteriously broken in two as she was being launched, a marvellous providence of God, giving the People Israel time to breathe again.

But these matters, pressing as they were, seemed of less moment than his entry about Mrs. Hutchinson. He had been stung to watchfulness by his new political defeat; watching, he had seen everywhere people transformed, a transformed attitude toward church and government. Authority was breaking down. He had overheard a criticism of his good friend Wilson. Coddington had let fall a sententious remark in the last Court of Assistants. Whenever Vane was wanted for consultation on the Pequot troubles, he was discovered sitting in Mistress Hutchinson's house, engrossed in consultations of his own. The Dorchester people had been found crawling with hideous errors, and the elders had refused them permission to organize as a church. Captain Underhill and brilliant young Thomas Savage

talked about religion to the soldiers, instead of training them for the Indian war that was sure to come. Everyone was talking about the Covenant of Grace, and the indwelling Christ. That very morning his dear wife Margaret had repeated jubilantly some expressions she had heard at the Hutchinson house across the street. Those expressions had horrified him.

Margaret Winthrop's remarks had illuminated his brooding. Everything flashed together in his mind. The Bay's distemper was all proceeding from that house across the street. Mistress Hutchinson, his kind witty neighbor, somehow was at the bottom of everything, of his own growing unpopularity, and the Bay's unrest. Sternly he had questioned his terrified wife, and now he sat in his study piecing together the evidence of his neighbor's baleful influence. He wrote:

"One Mrs. Hutchinson, a member of the church of Boston, a woman of ready wit and bold spirit, brought over with her two dangerous errors: 1. That the person of the Holy Ghost dwells in a justified person. 2. That no sanctification can help to evidence to us our justification.—From these two grew many branches; as, 1. Our union with the Holy Ghost, so as a Christian remains dead to every spiritual action, and hath no gifts nor graces, other than such as are in hypocrites, nor any

other sanctification but the Holy Ghost himself."

His quill poised for a moment over the entry that had begun so confidently; then he put it down with a sigh. What were the other branches? Such fundamental errors must spread out into a hundred crawling limbs; but theology was complicated. He would go and talk to Mr. Wilson. Perhaps Mr. Wilson could explain to him the texts that had come like fingers to stop his pen just as he was writing so confidently. St. Paul said, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," and "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Those texts sounded curiously like what he had called dangerous errors. He would go straight to Mr. Wilson. He put on his broad hat and went out, missing the sound of his halberd-bearers before him. Like the meanest citizen, he walked unattended; but Vane had no less than four sergeants as a guard of honor whenever he went abroad.

Winthrop found Mr. Wilson quite ready to talk about the Hutchinson business. The pastor had liked this remarkable woman, and approved of her women's meetings as stimulating to his flock. But he agreed with Winthrop that everything was suddenly awry in the Bay; a sort of spiritual anarchy possessed the people,

a weakening of authority. Was Mistress Hutchinson at the bottom of everything? She was certainly too intimate with Mr. Cotton for Mr. Cotton's own good; his colleague seemed to be slipping in the direction of new and perhaps unsound opinions. Moreover, there was the matter of John Wheelwright. That woman, with Mr. Cotton's support, was actually trying to have her brother installed as assistant teacher of Boston Church. And Mr. Wheelwright was saturated with Mrs. Hutchinson's questionable doctrines. Wilson begged Winthrop's help in keeping Wheelwright out of Boston Church; and Winthrop, still smarting at the loss of his halberd-bearers, and all that they symbolized of his lost prestige, promised to help his pastor keep down enthusiasts. Neither of them gauged Mrs. Hutchinson's power; they did not even know how many of the magistrates and leaders of the colony went quietly to her house. But they agreed that she had broached errors of a serious kind, and that Vane and Wheelwright, and perhaps Mr. Cotton himself, were infected with them.

During that August and September of 1636 the Hutchinson group had been absorbed in the project of installing Wheelwright at Cotton's side. Boston in any case would have welcomed Mrs. Hutchinson's brother-

in-law with open arms, but he was welcome for his own sake, too. He was a robust, forceful personality, heavily eloquent as a preacher, warm and attractive as a man. Behind him was a considerable reputation in England; before him, his sister felt, was an enviable career as Cotton's lieutenant in the great unspoken enterprise of winning over the Bay to the true religion. The Bostoners were weary of Mr. Wilson, and beyond the desire to honor Wheelwright was the secret hope that his installation would result in the retirement of the unpopular pastor and his anagrams.

Mrs. Hutchinson had the entire congregation, Winthrop always excepted, committed to the plan. But in the preliminary discussions of the project, both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Winthrop came out so violently against adding her brother to the staff of Boston Church that she realized a struggle was inevitable. She did not realize how bitter and how far-reaching the struggle was to prove.

The pastor of Boston Church and the former governor had a common grievance; their power had declined, and a new constellation, whose stars were Mrs. Hutchinson, Vane, Cotton, and Wheelwright, was rising into prominence. Personal pique and a horror of doctrinal irregularity drove Winthrop and Wilson to

take a strong course. They resolved to have Cotton and Wheelwright examined upon certain errors they appeared to have absorbed from Mrs. Hutchinson; the very errors that Winthrop had noted in his journal. If Wilson's two rivals could be proven unsound in doctrine, he could have them both removed from the church.

Such an inquisition had to be conducted by the entire body of the Bay clergy; accordingly, Wilson sent word to his colleagues that a great danger threatened the colony; Mrs. Hutchinson, through Cotton and Wheelwright, was trying to introduce a schism into the church. The ministers agreed to meet in Boston at the same time that the deputies from the towns were gathering for the October General Court.

On Tuesday, October 25, 1636, the ministers met, and summoned Cotton and Wheelwright to clear up their position. John Cotton was overwhelmed by this first intimation of danger in his situation, and he used his famous powers of persuasion to reassure the visiting ministers. On the first point discussed, whether "sanctification evidenced justification," that is, whether the outward observance of religion showed that the believer was in a state of grace and therefore saved, Cotton and Wheelwright managed to come to terms with their

brothers. They could always make the mental reservation that a show of piety did not necessarily reflect a state of grace; there were hypocrites to be reckoned with, even hypocrites in the pulpit.

The question of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, however, proved extremely serious. Cotton and Wheelwright took the position that the Holy Ghost dwelt in the believer in the form of an abiding spirit. In the interminable discussion of this point, the ministers were horrified to discover that they could not themselves take a united stand. Some of them agreed with Cotton and Wheelwright; Wilson and others scouted the idea of any divine immanence; and still others took intermediate positions, or reluctantly admitted that the question was beyond them. Perfect doctrinal accord was the life-blood of the colony, and the ministers were startled to find that they were not unanimous on this crucial point. It was the first indication that the questions Mrs. Hutchinson had raised were disquieting and insoluble, even by the clergy.

The ministers finally made sure that neither Cotton nor Wheelwright believed in a personal union between the believer and the Holy Ghost, something they heard Mrs. Hutchinson had brought Governor Vane to accept. If there were such a personal union, then inspira-

tion would be possible. The ministers insisted that inspiration had ended with the writing of the Gospel; they countenanced no one who claimed direct communication with God. They were not inspired themselves. Acquitting the two ministers of any blasphemous claim to revelations, they dropped the mystery of the Holy Ghost with sighs of relief. The meeting broke up, leaving the Bay theocrats jarred and worried.

The next Sunday the congregation of Boston Church voted on Wheelwright's candidacy for teacher. He had been pronounced sound by all the ministers of the Bay; but little the Bostoners cared for the clerical seal of approval. It was as partisans of Mrs. Hutchinson that they thronged the meeting-house, and talked in little excited groups before church. The congregation crowded on the benches sat impatiently through the long services that preceded church business, glancing apprehensively at Winthrop, who sat beside Vane in the magistrates' foreseat, his twisted face set in a vindictive obstinacy.

The moment came. Wheelwright was formally proposed. Instantly Winthrop was on his feet.

"I cannot consent," he whipped out his words. "The church is well furnished already with able ministers whose spirits we know, and whose labors God has blessed

in much love and sweet peace. I think it not fit, no necessity urging, to put the welfare of the church to the least hazard, as I fear we should do by calling in one whose spirit we know not, and who seems to dissent in judgment."

He went on to impute to Wheelwright two errors similar to those that the ministers' meetings had acquitted him of holding. Vane was on his feet almost before Winthrop had finished.

"I marvel that our brother can say such things, seeing Mr. Cotton has lately approved Mr. Wheelwright's doctrine," he cried hotly.

Then a curious thing happened. Mr. Cotton, challenged to support either Winthrop or Wheelwright, both his friends, found himself unable to make a move in either direction. He took refuge in his welcome neutrality as minister. In a constricted voice he said he was not clear on Wheelwright's position; perhaps Mr. Wheelwright would explain his stand. The candidate's defence left Winthrop no grounds for further criticism, but he rose defiantly.

"Seeing the brother is apt to raise doubtful disputations, I cannot consent to choose him to this place," he snapped.

Winthrop had taken advantage of the weak spot in

the Congregational system. Every decision of the church had to be unanimous; for "the primitive patterne was, that all things in the church should be done with one heart and one soul and one consent." Winthrop's one negative vote cancelled the suffrage of the whole church membership. He stood there, defying the citizenry of Boston. Magistrate and freemen eyed each other in a malevolent silence, then Winthrop sat down, flashing a triumphant glance at Mr. Wilson.

The Hutchinson adherents had foreseen this stubborn action, and one of them jumped up to present an alternative petition. Boston Church was asked to organize for Wheelwright a branch church, or "chapel of ease" at the Mount Wollaston settlement where William Hutchinson and his friends Coddington and Hough had holdings, and where there was a group of Boston Church members who found it difficult to come ten miles every Sunday to meeting. That petition was accepted.

Though Wheelwright was provided for, the Bostoners left the meeting-house in a buzz of indignation. It was the first open break between Mrs. Hutchinson's group and the oligarchy, and around every fireside that night there were furious denunciations of Winthrop. He was called to appear at a special church-meeting the

next day to apologize for his action, but, though this was an extremely serious proceeding, he was not to be frightened from his defiance. His apology turned into another criticism of Wheelwright, and when he sat down there was a stony silence. The break had been too violent for forgiveness on either side.

Uneasiness possessed the Bay. The question of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost was by no means settled, and it was intensely important. If the Holy Ghost lived in the very person of the believer, then the individual was paramount. The colony was based on the principle that the individual was wholly subordinate to the church-state and its laws. The theocracy rested on infallible doctrine, to question doctrine was to imply an insurrection. In all innocence Anne Hutchinson had started in the little commonwealth a tide of strife and division which was to menace its very existence. The spirit against the law, the individual against the state, in this basic antithesis lay a peril still unrealized. Yet hers was a philosophy fated sooner or later to bring her into violent conflict, not only with the Dudleys and Wilsons, but even with that milder autocrat Winthrop.

All over the Bay the ministers tried to seal the doctrinal breach made by Mrs. Hutchinson's teachings. In Boston an odd four-cornered debate went on between

Winthrop, Vane, Cotton, and Wilson. The ministers were afraid of debating in public, and upsetting the people, as the preachers' meeting had been upset. So the dispute was in writing, and all through November the letters flew from house to house. What was the Holy Ghost? Did it dwell in the believer as a person, as a spirit, or not at all? Mrs. Hutchinson and Vane believed the first, Cotton and Wheelwright the second, and Wilson and Winthrop the third.

The ministers got no help from the Bible, nor from the patristic writers. So finally they gave up the attempt to settle the central mystery of religion. But the spirit of inquiry had seized the people. The accepted fundamentals of religion had been challenged, and everywhere the Bay ministers found themselves confronted with questions they were afraid to discuss. But the people knew that Mrs. Hutchinson was not afraid of them.

What had happened on the *Griffin* was repeated; the people deserted their appointed pastors and followed a teacher unordained, unfrocked, unschooled, and worst of all, a woman.

Chapter Eight

THE Wheelwright incident touched off the Bay's smoldering feud into a blaze. There was no longer any doubt that the colony was dividing into two groups and that one of those groups would win the control of the little commonwealth. Mrs. Hutchinson had begun by deftly criticizing the ministers; gradually she had launched a new religion; the new religion had been seized by scores of people; there had grown up a religious-political party under herself and Governor Vane; and almost overnight this party had become a fighting phalanx, challenging church and state. Nothing less than insurrection against the theocracy was in the air. Everybody felt it now. The old unity which was the life and the death of the colony was gone. From the moment the Bostoners, balked by Winthrop, had left the meeting-house, the battle was on. Events began to move with rapidity and force.

In their October meeting the ministers had put Cotton and Wheelwright upon trial. That was enough to

rouse indignation; but edge was put on the popular anger by the ministers' criticism of two central points in Mrs. Hutchinson's doctrine; the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the supremacy of spirit over law. These points were fundamental; they were supported as strongly by Scripture and the Early Church as the Bay's Calvinism; and from them grew, with the logic of something alive, the many branches that Winthrop had failed to enumerate. Mrs. Hutchinson was a good teacher; she mingled exposition and inspiration in her lectures, and her disciples knew what it was they believed. They had never thoroughly understood Calvinism, any more than the ministers themselves understood it; laity and clergy had accepted formulas incapable of being grasped by the imagination. Calvin, like Moses, had laid down the law, and let the spirit go homeless. Anne Hutchinson gave her disciples something that had a satisfactory intellectual form, but something, too, that warmed the imagination. They could not bear to have their new-found security of mind attacked.

The ministers went home from their October meeting. They rose the next Sunday in their pulpits and preached with new severity the formal doctrines that had become so unsavory. As soon as the sermons were

ended, in Roxbury, in Charlestown, in Salem, disciples of Mrs. Hutchinson rose and demanded that the preachers explain such and such points in their sermons. The disciples were ready with texts to confute the ministers, and texts to support the Hutchinson doctrines. Moreover, each preacher was touched in his weakest theological spot, for there was one woman in the Bay that knew the infirmity of each minister, and her disciples were quick to use the weapons she put in their hands.

Such a situation was unheard-of, outrageous. Never before had the ministers met anything but exaggerated respect from their congregations. They had doled out anything they pleased, and their flocks had sat in comatose resignation, and then gone home, stiff in the joints and unrefreshed. But now in every congregation people were listening eagerly, critically. No minister could preach for three hours without contradicting himself, and padding out his sermon with platitudes. Now his contradictions and his platitudes were torn from him, and he shivered naked before hostile eyes.

Questioning of the minister was allowed in Congregational procedure, but it had always taken the form of pious commendations of the preacher's "profitable discourse." The odious new practice of pointed criticism

spread unchecked through the Bay, indignantly noted by one of the ministers:

“Now the faithful Ministers of Christ must have dung cast on their faces, and be no better than legal Preachers, Baals Priests, Popish Factors, Scribes, Pharisees, and Opposers of Christ himselfe.

“Now, after our Sermons were ended at our publike Lectures, you might have seene halfe a dozen Pistols discharged at the face of the Preacher, (I meane) so many objections made by the opinionists in the open Assembly against our doctrine delivered, if it suited not their new fancies, to the marvellous weakning of the holy truths delivered.”

What was almost worse was a custom taking hold in various churches. Some of Mrs. Hutchinson's disciples would rise when the minister began his sermon, and quietly leave the church. The preachers felt that a slight was intended, but how could they be sure? Most of those who went out were women, and if an elder questioned them, they could always reply that they had been taken ill, or give some other inscrutable excuse.

With an unbearable situation forced upon them, the ministers began a counter-attack against Mrs. Hutchinson and her followers. Where Winthrop had failed to

trace the adumbrations of the new doctrine, stopping short at the first two points, the ministers succeeded altogether too well. Sedulously questioning her disciples, they learned that she believed the Covenant of Works had been laid down by Moses in the Ten Commandments; and that those who read the Bible literally found in it only the Covenant of Works. The Covenant of Grace was the spirit of the Scriptures, and could be divined only by those who were sealed. Those duller souls that understood only the literal teaching of the Bible belonged to Adam's carnal seed, and were lost, no matter how pious they were. Mrs. Hutchinson taught, it was claimed, that faith was only passive, and unable to save a sinner unless the Holy Spirit was working in him; in short, the ground of it all was found to be "assurance by immediate revelation."

This was a pretty fair sample of what Mrs. Hutchinson actually preached, but the ministers rushed to unwarranted conclusions. Mrs. Hutchinson, they decided, attacked the Decalogue. A man might obey all the Ten Commandments—and everybody knew how hard that was—and yet be damned. The converse proposition, that a man might break them all and yet be saved, they could not find supported by the new apostle. Unfortunately, she did not seem to be breaking any herself, nor

could her disciples be accused of any crimes. Still it was rumored that Mrs. Hutchinson's follower, Captain John Underhill, took the Seventh Commandment very lightly.

Mistress Hutchinson was preaching a very easy and acceptable way to salvation, they thought. To do nothing, to have nothing, but to wait for Christ to do all, even to save a sinner from his sin—what a smooth path to Heaven! Far too smooth; as Winthrop said, her doctrine tended to “quench all endeavour.” No wonder people ran to her, if (as the preachers mistakenly concluded) she told them not to worry about the Commandments, and church-duties, and the exhortations of the ministers. Her preaching encouraged sloth, but worse, it undermined the order and discipline by which the colony was held together. And finally, it destroyed the supremacy of the church. For this woman admitted to her meetings people who were not members of the church, and spent as much pains in their tutelage as if they were God's elect. She was breaking down the heavy line drawn in the Bay between communicants, who were bound to be saved, and the far larger group outside the church, who were bound for eternal torture.

More cunning than they realized, the ministers promptly distorted what they heard of Mrs. Hutchin-

son's teachings into the image of old and familiar heresies. They attached to her the thoroughly disreputable names of Antinomian and Familist.

Antinomianism, literally meaning "against law," was an ancient doctrine that started out respectably enough with the Pauline belief that the Christian is freed from the Old Testament moral law by the New Testament dispensation of grace. In the early church a Gnostic sect had espoused this doctrine, maintaining that a regenerate soul could not sin. During the Reformation Luther's opponent John Agricola had revived it as a protest against the Catholic doctrine of good works. A third form of the sect took hold of some extremists in England, who believed that the sins of the elect were transferred to Christ so that they became His sins, not those of the transgressor. All these phases of the original doctrine had left the door wide open to abuse, and Antinomianism degenerated into a perverted Gnosticism reaching the monstrous conclusion that nothing a believer did could be sin. What started as a revolt very like Mrs. Hutchinson's, attacking the legalism of the Old Testament, sank into a cult sheltering every sort of looseness and crime.

The Familists, or Family of Love, had been founded a century before in Amsterdam by a prophet and re-

former, Henry Niklaes of Münster, and gained some hold in England a decade later. They had started with an idealistic insistence on divine love as the essence of religion; and though immorality had not been proven against them, they had the general reputation of being, at least in practice, a free-love cult.

The ministers could not resist the temptation of drawing a parallel between Mrs. Hutchinson's teachings and those of these now-disgraceful sects. Superficially there was a resemblance, but in drawing the parallel, the ministers were guilty of wilful slander. Calling Mrs. Hutchinson's exemplary group Antinomians and Familists amounted to calling them "adulterous hypocrites," "blasphemous and lying sinners," "whited sepulchres."

The ministers proved resourceful. They also brought out of their collection of horrors the rattling skeleton of Münster. A century before, in 1534, there had been an uprising of Anabaptists in Münster which had resulted in a frightful massacre of innocent citizens. The errors infecting Mrs. Hutchinson's group were very like the errors of the Anabaptists, the ministers told their flocks. Were the People Israel safe?

In the outlying Bay towns the preachers tried to instill in their flocks a disgust of the Hutchinson group,

and a stealthy terror. By this means they kept a nucleus of self-righteous and scandalized church-members about them, laboring especially with those two or three members of each church who were deputies to the General Court. Boston Church was of course not to be misled by such a campaign, but in the other towns, more than ever isolated in the winter, the ministers had a free hand. Night and day they worked, with indifferent success, against the infection that possessed their flocks; they called on wavering parishioners, they preached against the new cult, everywhere they warned of disaster to the colony unless the false prophetess was silenced.

And all during November, 1636, they worked hard at another task connected with the first, something that Winthrop had whispered to them the month before in Boston. Vane's influence must be undermined. They were the right people for this task. The voters were confined to the church; the ministers were the machine politicians. They dictated to the deputies what they should do in the quarterly General Courts; they dictated to the freemen how they should vote in the May elections. They could dictate, for in their hands were the keys to Heaven and Hell.

They now made a drive against Vane. They told their flocks that he was an Antinomian, the chief disciple of

the false prophetess; he believed in the personal union of the believer with the Holy Spirit, and in immediate revelations. Moreover, for his own private ends he was nourishing a schism in the church.

Vane heard these scandalous rumors, and not even Mrs. Hutchinson could quiet his rage and chagrin. They came as the climax of the exasperations constantly attending him as governor. His administration had been mysteriously blocked at every step. Upon his election six months before, Dudley and Winthrop, in order to keep their hands on the government, had got the Court to appoint them as magistrates for life, and members with the governor of a standing council of three entrusted with the supreme direction of the colony. Dudley and Winthrop forgot their private quarrel and worked together against the young governor. They always formed a majority against him in the ill-assorted triumvirate of the standing council; they laid traps for his unsuspecting feet; they complicated still farther the problems that would at best have made 1636 a harassed year. The Bay was in the midst of squabbles with England, with the Indians, French, and Dutch, and, unfortunately enough, with Plymouth colony. Vane had a sure grasp of principle and extreme intelligence, but only a hardened cynic could have administered the Bay

successfully at that period. He was too guileless to suspect that his older colleagues were playing with him, or to see the organization behind his difficulties. He knew only that his difficulties were piling on him, pell-mell, and when the rumors of his pretended church-intrigues were added to the burden, he could bear it no longer.

When in December he received letters from home urging him to return and straighten out some serious tangles in his private affairs, he saw a means of escape from an unbearable situation. He told Winthrop and Dudley he must resign; and with proper expressions of regret they summoned the General Court to take action on his resignation.

Many of the deputies, in spite of the ministers' hurried campaign, were still on the Hutchinson-Vane side. They begged Vane to stay. Touched at their loyalty, and overwhelmed at the realization that he was trying to run away from the cause nearest his heart, the young governor burst into tears. He blurted out the truth. The real reasons for his departure were the ugly quarrels that were racking the Bay, and the scandalous imputations put upon his character. They were trying to blame him for everything, he cried. Perhaps if he left, the Bay would be at peace again. But unless the quarrels

were ended, he felt that God's judgment would be visited upon the colony.

His enemies were immediately on their guard. Let Vane return to England as a martyr to the Bay's tantrums? Let him tell the King, and his friends at Court, that Massachusetts was rent with quarrels and religious schisms? No; they would have to vote against his departure on these grounds.

Harry Vane pulled himself together; he was not too young to see the situation. He spoke calmly, and apologized for his outburst. He must go, he said, because of the crisis in his personal affairs in England, and for no other reason. The Court accepted his resignation in silence.

A general election by the freemen was called for the next week; and Winthrop, seeing his opportunity to get back into power, got the Court to rule that votes could be sent in by proxy, in sealed papers. He wanted to keep the freemen out of Boston and its Hutchinson atmosphere. If they stayed at home, the ministers could be trusted to swing the election to himself as defender of the faith.

Mrs. Hutchinson saw the danger of Winthrop's return to power. If the election were to have been held as usual in Boston, her party might have tried to elect as

governor Coddington, or even William Hutchinson, who the summer before had resigned as Boston deputy, but was universally esteemed. As things stood there was no time to make a campaign for either Coddington or Hutchinson. But if Vane could be persuaded to stay, there was every chance that he would be re-elected. She was sure that his general popularity had not yet been crushed by the ministers' campaign. Vane, and Vane alone, could save the Covenant of Grace from the Winthrop machine. Thus ran the arguments around the young governor's head as he sat by Anne Hutchinson's fireplace with his friends around him. He was touched at their devotion, and ashamed that his nervous debacle had led him almost to betray it. He finally consented to stay, and let Providence take care of his difficulties at home.

When the news of Vane's decision reached the towns, there was general rejoicing, and it was clear that an overwhelming majority of the freemen, in spite of the ministers, proposed to send in their votes for him. So when the General Court assembled on election-day the Winthrop party, rather than face certain defeat, calmly called off the election. There was general relief that a crisis had been averted, but everything was held in a buzzing suspension.

In its political aspect the Hutchinson party had won a vote of confidence. The freemen had defied their ministers, and kept the opposition in power. The contest was now switched to the theological side of the field. The General Court, at the same time that it had called the election, had summoned the colony clergy to Boston to consult with the Court on means of crushing Mrs. Hutchinson's threatened schism in the church.

The ministers were to sit together with the Court; and since, contrary to their expectations, Vane was still governor, the hated "Antinomian" would preside at the joint sessions. So the preachers decided to hold a secret meeting before joining the Court, so that they could talk over the situation freely. They could not discuss Mrs. Hutchinson in the presence of her best friend and disciple.

Meeting in Mr. Wilson's parlor on December 12, 1636, the ministers decided on two moves. First, they would force Cotton to declare himself for or against Mrs. Hutchinson and her doctrines; the great teacher was universally believed to support the false prophethess, and his prestige gave weight to her teachings. Second, they would interview Mrs. Hutchinson herself, and if possible convict her of downright heresy or of reviling the ministers. Either one would do; the colony followed

Moses in making heresy or the reviling of magistrates or ministers theoretically punishable with death.

They promptly called in Mr. Cotton, and presented him with a questionnaire containing sixteen points on which his attitude was suspected, demanding that he answer plainly, yes or no, to each question. They hoped that Mr. Cotton would be sufficiently intimidated by their action to help them in putting down Mrs. Hutchinson. They even asked his advice as to the best way of dealing with her. Should they summon her before the Court and clergy, or should they try a quieter method of discipline? Mr. Cotton of course chose the latter; the last thing he wanted was to have the situation advertised in public.

The ministers decided to be very subtle. They would invite Mrs. Hutchinson in a perfectly friendly way to meet them at Mr. Cotton's house. They would be disarming in their manner and free in their talk, so that she too would talk freely. They had heard that she accused them of preaching a Covenant of Works, and if they could trap her into repeating this accusation before them all, their task would be accomplished. She would then be guilty of reviling the ministers. They agreed that Mr. Wilson was to take notes of everything that was said, and that the chief questioner should be

the Rev. Hugh Peter, a conspicuous newcomer. Peter was a splenetic, coarse-grained bully, who had not yet developed the nobler side of his nature. From the Salem pulpit he bellowed out his sermons with a furious eloquence; he wreaked good and evil with equal ferocity, helping the Bay with his practical schemes for ship-building, fishing, and trade, and cramping the Bay's spirit by his gorgeous intolerance. The preachers thought he could easily provoke Mrs. Hutchinson into rash statements. They baited the trap by inviting Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson's friend Thomas Leverett, ruling elder of Boston Church. Then they sat down in Mr. Cotton's parlor, and awaited the "false prophetess."

Anne Hutchinson recognized the trap before she had been five minutes in Mr. Cotton's house. There they were, all lined up against her; Wilson himself, glowering, giving the lead to Peter so that he could take the notes; rabid Thomas Welde of Roxbury; George Phillips of Watertown; her old enemy Symmes of the *Griffin*, now preacher at Charlestown; mewing little Thomas Shepard of Newtown; pious John Eliot, Welde's associate in the Roxbury church; and the widower Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich, Ward who hated women and what he called "poly-piety." She scented

danger, felt the waters of affliction stealing up to her feet. Her brain chilled into wariness. Let them begin. She was ready.

Peter was spokesman. The ministers had called her, he said, because they heard she criticized their preaching, and conceived that their ministry was not the ministry of the gospel, and that they taught a Covenant of Works. This was her table talk, he said, finding as mean an expression as possible. He desired her to clear herself, and to deal plainly.

Mrs. Hutchinson fenced for a few minutes. Then all the ministers pounced on her. She had drawn distinctions between them and Mr. Cotton; she must explain wherein precisely they differed from the teacher of Boston Church. Peter said, "I pray answer the question directly, as fully and as plainly as you desire we should tell you our minds. Mrs. Hutchinson, we come for plain dealing and telling you our hearts."

The ministers had put the matter in obnoxious terms, making it a question of personalities, something she disliked almost as much as Mr. Cotton did. He was in an excruciating position. He wanted to keep his position as dean of the colony clergy, but not to have invidious distinctions drawn, at least, not in the presence of his colleagues. Mrs. Hutchinson felt his chagrin, and

she began to feel more sorry for him than for herself. She murmured, "The fear of man is a snare, why should I be afraid?" Conscious that she had her beloved teacher to defend as well as herself, she moved with exquisite care over dangerous ground. But she did not quibble.

"It is true," she said, "there is a wide difference between you and Mr. Cotton."

"I could have wished," Mr. Cotton interposed, "that you had not put that in."

The difference was, she said, that they did not preach the Covenant of Grace as clearly as Mr. Cotton, and they did not hold forth the seal of the spirit as he did.

"Where is the difference there?" one of the ministers demanded.

"Why," she replied, "you preach the seal of the spirit upon a work, and he upon free grace without a work."

Cotton immediately demurred. "I am very sorry," he cried, "that you put comparisons between my ministry and theirs. You have said more than I could myself."

"I find the difference," she said simply.

The ministers demanded details. Very well, if they wanted to know what she thought about them, she was ready to tell them. They all, except Mr. Cotton and Mr. Wheelwright, she said, were like the apostles be-

fore Christ's ascension. When Christ ascended into Heaven His spirit fell upon His disciples, and then for the first time they were able to preach with the fullness of His spirit.

She elaborated this idea in an hour's talk with Mr. Welde. She saw him busily taking his own notes at the window, and went over to him, perhaps to see if he was writing a true account of the afternoon's work. Broadly, her distinction was, she said, that the Bay ministers harped too much on the Old Testament, with its conception of stern retribution and strict observance of the law, and failed to emphasize the New Testament which had wiped out much of the teaching of the Old.

The ministers were fascinated by Mrs. Hutchinson's remarks. There was something novel in being criticized in the midst of their brothers by this brilliant woman. Some of them were flattered by her comparison of them to the apostles, all of them felt her magnetism. They trotted up to her, one after the other, to ask, "And what about me, Mistress Hutchinson? How do I preach?" She obliged everyone who asked. Symmes demanded a criticism. She looked at him with a quizzical smile. "Alas," she said, "you know my mind long ago." And to little Shepard, when he asked for particulars, she instanced a lecture of his that she had

heard, on the assurance which a Christian might have of God's love.

"You are not sealed," she said.

"Why not?" he piped.

"Because you put love for an evidence," was her baffling answer.

The meeting was a failure. Throughout, Mrs. Hutchinson had avoided the trap laid for her. She had not said that the Bay ministers walked in, or preached, a Covenant of Works. She merely said that they did not preach the Covenant of Grace as clearly as Mr. Cotton and Mr. Wheelwright. There was nothing, alas, actionable in that. Several of the ministers afterwards told Mr. Cotton that they would not believe reports of Mrs. Hutchinson's wickedness as easily as they had done before, and that they were willing to drop action against her. But others, the more capable and thorough-going fanatics, were furious at being criticized before their colleagues, and by a woman at that; and decided to make trouble for her.

And a little rift grew between Anne Hutchinson and her beloved teacher. She had embarrassed him before the clergy, and while adulation was sweet when she was talking to eighty women in her own house, it was very dangerous before the Bay ministers. He began to be

afraid of her and the whole movement she had started. He did not mind being on bad terms with Mr. Wilson, but he was worried at Winthrop's growing coldness. Anne Hutchinson and young Vane were more precious to him than he ever confessed to himself, but to him Winthrop embodied the glory and dignity of the Bay.

Anne Hutchinson dimly felt that Mr. Cotton had been afraid to defend her before the ministers, as two months before he had been afraid to stand out for Wheelwright in the face of Winthrop's attack. She spent an unhappy Christmas puzzling over his attitude. Feeling the strain in their relationship, she went less and less to his house, and when they talked, her eyes veiled ever so slightly with reservation, and she found fewer questions to ask him. But she continued to praise him at her lectures, and in her praises found the comfort of devotion.

A day or so after their meeting with Mrs. Hutchinson, the ministers went into joint session with the General Court, with Governor Vane presiding. Furious at the preachers' secret meeting and their interrogation of Mrs. Hutchinson, Vane reproached them for going behind his back. There was an unpleasant scene; low-born Peter reprimanded the young patrician; Vane retorted that the light of the gospel brings a sword, but

handsomely apologized for criticizing the ministers. The session became a mischievous one; Wilson rose and delivered a jeremiad about the sad state of the churches, and the danger of a schism through Mrs. Hutchinson, denouncing his own church as being at the heart of the trouble. He even had the bad taste to malign the sermon Mr. Cotton had delivered that morning.

There was a terrific uproar in Boston when the news of Wilson's ranting speech got round. He had insulted his own church before the highest body in the Bay. This was a grave offence against the loving-kindness imposed by Scripture, and he worsened it by a bare-faced lie. When a delegation headed by Mr. Cotton waited on him to make the remonstrance necessary before his formal arraignment by the church, he blankly denied that he had criticized his own congregation. The church put him on trial; Vane took up the opposition very hotly, and the whole congregation, except Winthrop and one or two others, attacked Wilson with the bitterness of long suppression. The end of his power seemed very near. A motion was made to present censure against him; if carried, it would result in his expulsion. Winthrop opposed the motion; once more he kept the whole church at bay by means of the rule insisting on unanimous action. The most that could be done was to give

Wilson an exhortation, a proceeding formidable enough to echo through the colony. Mr. Cotton performed this task with the proper gravity, but there was a quiver of delight in his voice.

The year 1636 closed on a colony openly divided into two camps. The first skirmishes had been won by Mrs. Hutchinson and her disciples, but she knew that the real test of strength was coming. She could have faced the struggle calmly, but she had come out from her engagement with the ministers heavy with misgiving. For the first time she had been stabbed with doubt of John Cotton.

Chapter Nine

“**B**EHOLD the bed that is Solomon’s; there is threescore valiant men about it,—valiant men of Israel. Every one hath his sword in his hand and, being expert in war, hath his sword girt upon his thigh, because of fear in the night. And who is this Solomon but the Lord Jesus Christ; and what is the bed but the church of true believers; and who are those valiant men of Israel but all the children of God! We must all of us prepare for battle, and come out against the enemies of the Lord; and if we do not strive, those under a Covenant of Works will prevail.”

John Wheelwright’s words rang from the pulpit of Boston Church like trumpets of battle. It was January 20, 1637; the magistrates had ordered a general fast-day to pray for deliverance from Mrs. Hutchinson and her heresies; and Mrs. Hutchinson was answering them in John Wheelwright’s ringing words. All over Massachusetts Bay the ministers had that day denounced her from the pulpit. She could not publicly defend herself

and the Covenant of Grace, and since the ministers' inquisition she had found herself unable to appeal to Mr. Cotton for help. So she had asked her brother to come down from the Mount and speak for her and for Boston Church. All morning Mr. Wilson had things his own way; without mentioning her name he defamed her and her doctrine through hours of prayer and sermon before a congregation that was with her heart and soul. In the afternoon Wheelwright appeared in the audience, and when someone in the plan asked him "to exercise as a private brother" he mounted the steps with becoming modesty. Then, while Wilson gaped in astonishment, and Winthrop dug in his pockets for paper on which to make precautionary notes, John Wheelwright launched into a magnificent defence of the doctrine the fast-day had been called to condemn.

Anne Hutchinson had helped her brother plan his sermon, going carefully over every point. She knew that the handful of Wilson adherents, even if taken unawares, would seize on any indiscreet word; she was not surprised now to see one of Winthrop's factors writing busily in shorthand. Wheelwright had, in fact, written out his sermon, so that they could give it a final anxious scrutiny. For they had agreed that the sermon should courageously face the situation, that it should

contain a clear exposition of Mrs. Hutchinson's doctrine, and that its tone should rouse her disciples everywhere to fight for the faith traduced by the ministers.

Wheelwright was inspired today, with something like his sister's inspiration. With her defiance he was challenging the priests of the Bay; with her ardor he was firing the people; with her bravery he was fighting by Solomon's bed.

Men fast, he said, because Christ is absent; if He were present, they would rejoice. Under the Covenant of Grace Christ is seen with the direct eye of faith, and the soul recognizes its salvation. Those under a Covenant of Works may be pious, wondrous holy people, but the holier they are, the more dangerous they are. The man that has Christ knows that he is nothing, and Christ is all.

The enemies of those who believed in the Covenant of Grace were giving them the slanderous names of Familists and Antinomians. His friends must be careful to avoid any appearances that might justify such names. They must fight with spiritual, not carnal, weapons, they must open up the well of truth that the Philistines had stopped with earth. The Bible must be their weapon.

“When enemies to the truth oppose the ways of God,

we must lay hold upon them, we must kill them with the Word of the Lord. The Lord hath given true believers power over the nations, and they shall break them in pieces as shivered with a rod of iron. Therefore, in the fear of the Lord handle the sword of the spirit, the word of God; for it is a two-edged sword, and this word of God cutteth men to the heart."

Fast-Day ended; Wheelwright went home to the Mount without a word of reprimand for his defiant sermon; and Mrs. Hutchinson's disciples jubilantly accepted their rôles as fighters around the bed of Solomon.

Lightning had come from the cloud that hovered over the Bay, and thunder. The storm was coming; the great roar of thunder from Boston Church was followed by a series of smaller explosions in meeting-houses all over the Bay. Ministers were not even allowed to finish their sermons before they were interrupted by questions from Solomon's men. Some of Mrs. Hutchinson's Boston group travelled from one Bay town to the next to confute the ministers and embarrass their campaign of vilification. During the early months of 1637, said Winthrop, "It began to be as common here to distinguish between men, by being under a covenant of grace or a covenant of works, as

in other countries between Protestants and papists.”

The reply which Mr. Cotton, after much hesitation and delay, finally returned the ministers on their sixteen questions, did little to clear up matters. On some points he was plainly orthodox, on others irregular. Copies of his reply were laboriously made in longhand and circulated among the clergy. The ministers were disturbed at Mr. Cotton's equivocal stand in the schism threatening the Bay. They decided to come to Boston once more during the March meeting of the General Court, and actually to abandon their lectures and sermons for three weeks, in order to force Mr. Cotton to relinquish his support of the "Antinomians," and what was more important, to fire one more broadside against Mrs. Hutchinson.

But the ministers hardly knew how to deal with Anne Hutchinson. They had tried to convict her of heresy or error, and had found nothing to go on. They knew that there was hardly an authenticated statement of hers that could not be supported by similar statements of St. Paul's or St. John's. They felt she was a heretic, but her heresy lay in the overwhelming atmosphere of mysticism she created, and she could not be excommunicated for an atmosphere. Even if she were cast out of the church as an unsound influence, she would

still remain in the Bay, and her atmosphere would remain.

But Massachusetts Bay was a theocracy. In attacking the church, Mrs. Hutchinson was attacking the state. She had destroyed the church's peace of mind, and thus injured the government. Calvin said that it was the business of the magistrate to protect the church; very well, let the magistrates deal with Mrs. Hutchinson. Probably she could be frightened into silence. She had not been afraid of all the ministers when they questioned her, but every woman has a superstitious awe of government. Let the General Court pounce on people close to her, and she would go back to her spinning.

The ministers, in secret consultations with Winthrop before the opening of the General Court, decided to surrender their difficult problem to him. He thought he would be able to swing the Court, for about half of the deputies were against Mrs. Hutchinson. The ministers went into formal session, and played into Winthrop's hands by the following motion:

"In all such heresies or errors of any church members as are manifest and dangerous to the state, the court may proceed without tarrying for the church."

This move simplified matters. The church would not be required to prove doctrinal irregularity against Anne

Hutchinson or her people; the state had only to assume that her doctrines were dangerous to itself, and deal with her as an enemy to the state.

When the General Court went into session on March 9, Winthrop had his secret program ready. He swung the Court to take action against Stephen Greensmith, one of Mrs. Hutchinson's disciples, for saying that all the ministers except Mr. Cotton, Mr. Wheelwright, and "as he thought, Mr. Hooker," preached a Covenant of Works. In spite of Governor Vane and the Hutchinson magistrates and deputies, the Court voted to fine Greensmith forty pounds. On another test vote, Vane's motion to reprimand Mr. Wilson for his hateful speech to the previous Court, Winthrop was again victorious.

Thus encouraged, Winthrop brought the attack closer to Mrs. Hutchinson. John Wheelwright was summoned before the Court to answer for his fast-day sermon. Fighting round the bed of Solomon was evidently to be considered a threat to the state; similes had become treasonable. The notes of the sermon made by the Winthrop spy were produced, and Wheelwright was asked if he admitted them to be correct. In reply he laid his own manuscript of the sermon before the Court, and was dismissed until morning.

Overnight, almost all the members of Boston Church

drew up a petition, which was presented to the Court the next morning. It was a dignified and conciliatory document, in effect asking the Court to leave matters of conscience for the church to deal with. It also requested the Court to conduct its trial of Wheelwright in public. The Court found this petition "groundless and presumptuous," and returned it to the signers.

Ignoring the Bostoners' request for a public hearing of the Wheelwright case, the Court sat behind locked doors. Wheelwright acknowledged his sermon, and asked of what, and by whom, he was accused. Winthrop replied that since he had justified his sermon, the Court would proceed to examine him inquisitorily under oath, the favorite procedure in the High Commission which they had all left England to escape. Vane and his fellow-liberals cried out against these odious tactics, and Wheelwright stood upon his rights as an English citizen, and refused to answer any more questions.

Faced with this deadlock, the Court was forced to act as a judicial rather than an inquisitorial body. The doors were opened, and all Boston thronged into the meeting-house to hear Wheelwright's trial. The visiting clergy attended in a body. Wheelwright now agreed to testify. He admitted that he had meant to include in his censure all who "walked in such a way" as he

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had described as a Covenant of Works. That simplified matters. All the Court had to do was to get the ministers to say that they "walked in that way," and Wheelwright would automatically be put in the position of accusing them. He would be guilty of the actionable offence of reviling the colony clergy. The ministers were given Wheelwright's sermon, and asked to endorse it on the back with the names of all who felt themselves condemned in his phrases.

When the Court opened the next morning, the sermon was returned with the signatures of all the ministers except Cotton. The state now had grounds for declaring Wheelwright guilty of sedition and contempt. The Court went into private session again, and for two days the battle over the verdict went on, Vane sweating blood to save his friend. Finally, by a bare majority, Wheelwright was formally adjudged guilty of sedition and contempt.

Vane did not give up even then. He protested in writing against the verdict, but the Court refused to record the protest, on the ground that it justified Wheelwright and condemned the proceedings of the magistracy. Another petition, signed by more than sixty Bostoners, was presented. Exemplary in tone and logical in thought, the Court could not refuse to accept it, and

it was spread on the records. But this evidence of popular indignation sobered the deputies; sentence on Wheelwright was put off until May, and he was allowed to return to the Mount with the tacit permission to preach. Obviously Wheelwright could not be sentenced in Boston, so with Machiavellian directness the Court voted to hold its May sessions, and the annual elections as well, in Newtown (Cambridge).

Anne Hutchinson did not go back to her spinning. The situation was ugly, and she felt that worse was to follow. Wheelwright's trial had stripped off the last polite covering from the theocracy, and she saw the very soul and body of the system under which she lived. Everything in the Bay was imposed from above, from the Sanhedrin, itself a slave to the law; nothing was allowed to come from the individual. The individual was nowhere, there was no ground for him to stand on, there was no air for him to breathe. The theocracy dictated how he should spend his time, how he should express himself, even how he should think and believe. Why did the ministers fight her doctrine of communion with the indwelling Holy Spirit? Because her doctrine gave to each person a stronghold into which the minis-

ters could not enter. They wanted the people to be marionettes of the church-state, themselves holding all the strings. The individual was afraid of the state, but the state was even more afraid of the individual. One man's sermon, if that sermon came straight from his own conscience, could frighten a commonwealth.

The Bay's religion demanded regimentation of thought; Anne Hutchinson's religion demanded freedom for the individual conscience. In that demand for toleration lay her doctrine's immediate threat, and its ultimate significance. Toleration was a concept unknown to the Bay; to the colony leaders real freedom of conscience was anathema. But Anne Hutchinson and Vane possessed the concept of religious freedom in all its purity. For that principle, so novel to the times and so dangerous, Vane had been fighting in the Wheelwright case, upon that principle he would tacitly make his campaign for re-election in May. Anne Hutchinson knew that he would have a severe struggle to keep his place. The whole matter had gone over into the political field, and while she had political talents, politics meant immeasurably less to her than the propagation of the Covenant of Grace. The persecution of Wheelwright mattered, one political victory more or less did

not. What she wanted was freedom for her brother, for herself and all her group, to believe as they felt impelled to believe.

April was a turbulent month. Never in its seven years' history had the Bay seen such a hot election-campaign, and never had the colony been in such physical peril. The neighboring Pequot tribe had at last been stirred into reprisals by the Bay's consistent and cruel blunders in Indian politics. Winthrop's arrogance had dictated a policy that finally brought the colony face to face with disaster. Roger Williams, the one Englishman whom the Indians loved and trusted, saved the Bay from annihilation by keeping the Narragansett tribe and its magnificent sachem Miantonomo from making a truce with the Pequots to wipe out the white settlers. The Narragansetts agreed instead to join the English in a war on their old rivals the Pequots, and war was inevitable.

In an atmosphere of intense popular excitement and under menace of war the May election was held in Newtown. Winthrop had made a clever stroke in moving the election and the Court across the Charles. Boston was solidly for Vane, but most of the other towns, frightened by the Greensmith and Wheelwright trials, had succumbed to the ministers' campaign against him.

By moving the freemen's meeting to Newtown, Boston was largely eliminated. In those days it was actually easier for the northern townspeople from Roxbury, Watertown, and Charlestown to come to Newtown than it was for the Bostoners. Newtown and Boston were at that period separated by a broad arm of the sea, and by wide troublesome marshes, and travellers from one town to the other sometimes perished. The best way in fair weather was by boat; otherwise the journey was made by crossing to Charlestown and then striking overland, or going many miles about over Boston Neck and through Roxbury and Watertown.

The crowd which met on May 17 on Newtown Common was therefore fairly free of pressure from Boston, but the other towns had been persuaded to turn out in great numbers. The people milled excitedly about under a great oak-tree on the north side of the common. Young Harry Vane opened the annual charter-election of Massachusetts Bay, his brown curls ruffled in the spring breeze. Immediately a petition was presented, protesting against the persecution of Wheelwright. It was an appeal taken over the heads of the General Court to the freemen themselves. Vane insisted that the paper be read, but Winthrop, furious at this inauspicious opening of the meeting, shouted that the petition was out

of order, and demanded that the election take place at once. Among the people there was a sudden pandemonium of argument, fists were clenched, faces flushed with anger, and some over-heated partisans came to blows. For some moments it looked as if the charter election would dissolve in a *mêlée* of fist-fights. Finally Mr. Wilson, fat, pompous, and fifty, somehow scrambled up the big oak-tree and exhorted the freemen to mind their charter and proceed to election. The freemen were creatures of the church, and Wilson was their totem. Cries of "Election! Election!" went up. Winthrop's motion to proceed with voting was carried.

But the young governor, his face pale with anger, stood his ground, and refused to preside until the Wheelwright petition was read. Then, said Winthrop, they would go on without him. And they did. The voting was soon over, and it was decisive. Winthrop was elected governor, Dudley restored to his old place as deputy, and sour Endicott made a magistrate for life, the wholly illegal honor which had been conferred upon Winthrop and Dudley the year before. The old machine was back in its place again, and Vane, Coddington, and Hough were voted out of the magistracy. They went back to Boston to describe the debacle to Mrs. Hutchinson.

Boston had deferred its election of deputies to the new General Court until the outcome of the general election should be known. The next morning the freemen of Boston met, and their answer to Winthrop was the return of the three defeated magistrates, Vane, Coddington, and Hough, as their deputies. Winthrop and the Court felt the force of Boston's defiance, and after some investigation declared the Boston election void, because two of the freemen had not been properly notified.

Boston would not be bullied. A new warrant for election was at once issued, and meticulous notice was given from house to house. The freemen met, and returned Vane, Coddington, and Hough. Now the Court, as Winthrop put it, "not finding how they might reject them," had to admit the three adherents of the Covenant of Grace.

But in the midst of his victory, Winthrop was touched in his tenderest spot—his personal vanity. The halberd-bearers that had marched before Vane whenever he appeared abroad now refused to serve the new governor. It seemed that even halberd-bearers had their own opinion of the Covenant of Works. When Winthrop took the recalcitrants to task for their defection, they replied that they had served Vane for sheer love, and

not because he was governor. That retort was not soothing. Winthrop was forced to use two of his own servants for the essential office, and stalked angrily around an unfriendly Boston. Vane and Coddington snubbed him in public, refusing to sit with him in church, and even his own wife plainly had her sympathies bound up with her neighbor across the street.

The General Court once more put off sentencing Wheelwright, for Boston men were needed to enlist in the Pequot war, and the Court dared not invite a local insurrection at this crisis. The Winthrop machine took a less spectacular action, but one calculated to hurt Mrs. Hutchinson even more than the punishment of her brother. Winthrop knew that a large group of Mrs. Hutchinson's friends and relatives was coming over on the summer boats. Such a reinforcement of her party must be avoided at all costs. He put through the Court an Alien Law, which provided that no town or person should receive an immigrant or entertain him for more than three weeks without the permission of one of the standing council, which consisted of himself, Dudley, and Endicott, or of two of the magistrates. The law effectively excluded every one of Mrs. Hutchinson's friends, and welcomed every friend of Winthrop's. The fines provided were ruinous.

Mrs. Hutchinson felt the thrust. She was willing to brave anything herself, but this law would spell calamity to the people coming to join her. They had sold their estates, severed their English connections, packed up their household goods, and already were taking boats to come to the Puritan paradise. Some of them were fleeing to the Bay as their only refuge from Laud and the High Commission Court. And yet what advice could she give them when they arrived tired and expectant from the little ships? Only to go back to the little reeking ships, go back to England. Winthrop was as bad as Laud. The New Canaan was a cheat, it had no welcome for Puritans, unless they were Puritans like Winthrop and Dudley and Endicott. Go back to England, she would have to tell her friends. Otherwise, what was there to offer? Every Bay town would be shut against them, outside the towns was the unfamiliar wilderness, where the Pequots were ranging, killing white people on sight. Her friends would arrive tired and perhaps ill from the voyage, and with only three weeks' grace they would never be ready to cope with the wilderness. If they stayed in America at all, they would have to take refuge with Roger Williams in Providence, or with the Dutch in Manhattan.

But what bitter news for William's brother Samuel,

and the rest of the kinsfolk and neighbors who were coming primarily to be with the Hutchinsons and the Wheelwrights! If they must be exiled, perhaps her family had better share their exile. A vague idea of founding a new colony came into her head, and when she talked with Vane and Cotton, they agreed that if worst came to worst the Covenant of Grace party would have to find a refuge. Vane first tried to break down the Alien Law, but his written protest,¹ in which he enunciated for the first time his new-found principle of religious tolerance, had more effect on the broad field of history than on the immediate crisis. He had visited Roger Williams in his exile among the Narragansetts, and had struck up a warm friendship with him. He wrote off to Williams to ask if he could offer an asylum to the people on their way from England, and perhaps to the Hutchinsons, and himself, and Mr. Cotton.

As to Mr. Cotton, they were not sure. One was never quite sure of Mr. Cotton these days. He was enraged at the law, and made no secret of his intention to leave the Bay if it should be applied against his own

¹ There was in fact an interchange of documents on the Alien Law. Winthrop's *Defense of the Order of the Court* and Vane's *Brief Answer* sum up perfectly their antithetical concepts of government, Winthrop defending the magistrates' right to protect the colony against "opinionists," and Vane insisting, remarkably enough at that period, that the state had no moral right to exclude even dangerous heretics.

friends. Sometimes he thought of joining Vane and the Hutchinsons, but sometimes he hinted that he might accept the invitation of a very different group, Theophilus Eaton, John Davenport, and a number of proud and wealthy newcomers, theocrats who made even the Bay theocrats seem soft, who were founding the colony of New Haven. But Winthrop, appalled at the thought of losing the famous divine to such rivals, soon put an end to Mr. Cotton's vacillations. He assured him that the Alien Law would not be applied against his friends; and Mr. Cotton sighed, and folded his hands, and decided that he was comfortable where he was.

Winthrop had not expected the law to make a general disturbance, but the Bay was up in arms against it, and he had to make other concessions. He agreed that Mrs. Hutchinson's friends could stay in Boston four months instead of three weeks. The project of joining Roger Williams was dropped for the moment.

But popular indignation was still raging when Winthrop was forced to call for volunteers for the Pequot war. In Connecticut the Pequots had killed six men working in the fields, and all their stock; then they had massacred three women, and carried off two young girls as hostages. The Narragansetts, as allies of the Bay, sent a delegation to Boston with a Pequot's

severed hand, advising immediate war. The withered hand became the signal for battle. Captain Underhill was sent to hold the fort at Saybrook; and a summons was issued for volunteers.

Not a member of Boston Church would be mustered. After all, it was Winthrop's war; and he had bred in the Bostoners a hatred deeper than fear for their own safety. He had persecuted Mrs. Hutchinson's brother, fined her disciple Greensmith, banned Boston's deputies from the Court, passed the iniquitous Alien Law. His crowning offence was his being governor again, back on the necks of the Bostoners. And finally, in a solemn session of the Court, Wilson had been appointed chaplain of the forces, Wilson who but for Winthrop's stubbornness would have been cast out of the church as a liar and reviler. As chaplain, Wilson would be spiritual commander-in-chief of the little army. And Wilson walked in a Covenant of Works. Anne Hutchinson's friends would not follow him to war.

Captain Mason and Mr. Wilson led out of Boston a scurvy lot of rookies, the riff-raff outside of the Hutchinson party. The contingents from the other Bay towns brought the muster up to only one hundred and fifty men. Plymouth grudgingly sent a little company. But

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the Narragansetts under Miantonomo furnished a hundred braves, who did most of the fighting.

Anne Hutchinson had revealed her power. When Winthrop called the men of her party to the needless war he had brought on the Bay, they stayed fast at her side. From that moment Winthrop feared Anne Hutchinson, and the magistrates and ministers feared her. Never before had the citizens of the Bay opposed their rulers; never before had they stood upon their individual rights. Boston's defiance in the face of a general emergency was a manifestation so startling that it rocked New England to its precarious foundations.

The very life of the colony was at stake, but to Anne Hutchinson's party there was something more important than saving the Bay from extinction. The Covenant of Grace and its full flower, toleration, had become the real issue for which the Bostoners were ready to sacrifice their lives. A physical crisis had been transcended by a principle; the battle-line was drawn up, not at Saybrook nor at Block Island, but before a house opposite the Boston town spring.

Chapter Ten

ON August 3, 1637, Boston Harbor was alive with little boats, tossing excitedly up and down as the men who crowded them jumped up to wave their arms or load their fowling-pieces for volley after volley of shot. Henry Vane was returning to England. The Covenant of Grace partisans had crammed themselves into every available boat to accompany his ship down the harbor. It was a royal farewell, a brave attempt to cover up with cheers and salutes their grief at his departure, and their apprehension of what was coming.

As the ship, in full sail, passed the fort at Castle Island there were five perfunctory shots of ordnance. That was Governor Winthrop's official farewell to the son and heir of a Privy Councillor, and a former governor of Massachusetts Bay. Winthrop himself sat in Boston and sulked; he had not even said good-bye to Vane. He was still smarting from the final blow to his pride that Vane had administered before he sailed. Five weeks before, the nineteen-year-old Lord Ley, heir of

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SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER

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the Earl of Marlborough, had arrived to visit Vane. Ley had modestly settled at Boston's one inn. Winthrop, returning to Boston from an excursion, was shocked to find the great lordling in such quarters, and immediately invited him to be his guest. Lord Ley courteously refused, saying he was quite comfortable where he was. Not to be discouraged in his pursuit of the nobility, Winthrop arranged a great dinner-party in Ley's honor. As things stood, he had to invite Vane. He replied by letter that his conscience would not allow him to attend. And at the very hour of the dinner, Vane and Ley, like two school-boys playing hooky, went off to Noddle's Island to dine with the delightful Mr. Maverick.

No wonder that Winthrop stopped his ears at the sound of the farewell Boston gave Vane and Ley as they sailed off to England together. Beneath his irritation was a profound uneasiness. He had heard that Vane intended to appeal to the home government for protection for the Hutchinson party. The Court of King's Bench was in process of voiding the Bay charter, and Winthrop feared that the end of the existing colony government was near. Sir Henry Vane was the King's intimate friend, and the two Vanes could make endless trouble for Winthrop. The governor knew young

Vane's magnanimity would prevent him from injuring the colony as a whole, but he was not at all sure that his own position was safe.

The possibility of being torn from his colony filled him with anguish. With all his arrogance and self-seeking, Winthrop loved his people as a father loves his children. He regarded the Bay as his own creature, he poured into it an overwhelming devotion. Though he was capable of sophistry, even of cruel and dishonest action, at bottom he was moved by sincere convictions. Winthrop believed that he alone knew what was good for Massachusetts Bay; in that wrong-headed paternalism lay his tragedy. He was convinced that his religion, his theory of government, were divinely ordained; no other system of belief or of government was conceivable. He could not recognize in Anne Hutchinson's teachings the outlines of another religious and political philosophy with its own right to exist. He scarcely sensed the profound social intimations of her religious theory; he felt only that she was an interloper, gratuitously breeding strife, fomenting Boston's crowning defiance in the Pequot War. She had destroyed the old unity and peace that he persuaded himself had existed in the Bay before she came; he did not realize that she had merely concentrated into a party the popular dis-

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content that had from the first smoldered among the people.

Winthrop was tired, he longed for the old unquestioned security. He wanted the little commonwealth to be at peace again, lying trustfully under his hand. There was nothing to do but cut out Mrs. Hutchinson's whole group like a gangrene. Winthrop resolved to move quickly. It would be nearly a year before Vane could bring help for the Hutchinson party; for by the time he reached England, there would be no ships sailing for the Bay until spring. The governor would crush Mrs. Hutchinson and her party; that much he had time to accomplish. After that, if the King descended upon him, he would have to accept his defeat.

Mrs. Hutchinson's thoughts, as she sat at home listening to the dull booming in the harbor, were the corollary of Winthrop's. She knew as well as he that it would be a year before Harry Vane could bring any help from England for her party, and that meanwhile the governor and the ministers would have things very much their own way. When Vane had come to take his leave of her, he had been full of excitement and confidence. His affairs in England were at too critical a pass to be any longer neglected; but he would make a virtue of necessity. He would get support in England against

the Alien Law and the persecution of Wheelwright, and would himself come back as soon as possible to build up their common cause. But Mrs. Hutchinson had not shared his confidence; through her mind kept running the prophecy about the bread of adversity and the water of affliction. She smiled bravely in farewell to the dearest of her disciples, and told him she would look for him the next summer; but in her heart she felt she would never see him again.

Two days after Vane's ship sailed down the harbor, the Rev. Mr. Wilson came back with news of the final victory over the Pequots. They had been wiped out as an Indian tribe. Nearly a thousand of their men had been slain, and their wives and children had been sent to Boston as slaves, branded on the arm so that they could be returned by neighboring colonists if they attempted escape. The survivors of the Pequots were forced to join the Narragansetts who had conquered them, or to find an asylum of sorts with the Mohegans under the evil sachem Uncas. Only one white man had been killed in the skirmishes, for arrows were nothing against guns; but several Narragansetts had been killed by their English allies in the indiscriminate fighting. The returning troops were laden down with grisly spoils: Indian scalps, locks of hair, severed hands, pieces

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of skin flayed from live victims. The English had learned something of the art of torture.

A war no less violent and grisly began at once in the theological field. As a final attempt to confute Mrs. Hutchinson's doctrines, the ministers decided to take a momentous step. The first New England synod was summoned.

Unlike the previous informal conferences of the ministers, the synod was endowed with a special solemnity fitting the gravity of the crisis in the Bay's affairs. The whole colony gave itself over to this great theological manifestation. For three weeks before the synod convened, there were conferences, fast-days, days of humiliation; then, on August 30, the black-cloaked preachers gathered in the Newtown meeting-house. Boston was no place for the synod, for the Hutchinson sentiment was at fever-heat. The synod was composed of twenty-five ministers from every part of the Bay, of elders and lay members of the churches, and of the whole body of the magistrates. The meetings were public, and they were thronged, in spite of the geographical difficulties.

In order to give themselves something to work on, the ministers had sent out and gathered every "erroneous" or "heretical" opinion they could lay their hands

on; a spiritual vice-crusade. The result was magnificent. Eighty-two "errors" and a basketful of "unsavoury speeches" had been obtained. Nobody held all, or even a considerable part, of these opinions; least of all Anne Hutchinson. They were merely the spoils of war, like the Indian scalps and hands the soldiers had brought back from the Pequot massacre.

Through either stupidity or cunning the ministers had mixed together certain of Mrs. Hutchinson's teachings with the perverted Familist or Antinomian conclusions that they themselves had drawn from them. Some of the "errors" came in a pretty straight line from Mrs. Hutchinson's disciples; but others had been fabricated by the clerical mind, quite gratuitously. There was a great deal of Anne Hutchinson in Error 4: "That those that bee in Christ are not under the Law, and commands of the word, as the rule of life"; and in Error 9: "The whole letter of the Scripture holds for a covenant of workes"; and in Error 11: "As Christ was once made flesh, so hee is now first made flesh in us, ere wee bee carryed to perfection." Mrs. Hutchinson may very well have uttered Errors 23 and 25: "We must not pray for gifts and graces, but onely for Christ," and "A man may have all graces and poverty of spirit, and yet want Christ." Her own experi-

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ence was suggested in 40, 71, and 75: "There is a testimony of the Spirit, and voyce unto the Soule, meerely immediate, without any respect unto, or concurrence with the word"; "The immediate revelation of my good estate, without any respect to the Scriptures, is as cleare to me, as the voyce of God from Heaven to Paul"; and "The Spirit giveth such full and cleare evidence of my good estate, that I have no need to be tried by the fruits of sanctification, this were to light a candle to the Sun."

But mixed with these Hutchinson doctrines were others expressing the rankest Familism; Error 6: "The example of Christ's life, is not a patterne according to which men ought to act"; Error 20: "That to call into question whether God be my deare Father, after or upon the commission of some hainous sinnes (as Murther, Incest, etc.) doth prove a man to be in the Covenant of works"; Error 57: "To take delight in the holy service of God, is to go a whoring from God."

"What are we to do with these errors?" somebody asked Mr. Wilson.

"Let them go to the Devil of Hell, from whence they came," was the pastor's reply.

The synod's task was a delicate one. The ministers

would gladly have censured both Mrs. Hutchinson and her doctrine; but church-rule demanded that no person could be indicted for error without two clear witnesses for each point. This testimony the church had been unable to provide. It therefore proceeded, in a vacuum, to condemn doctrines, without formally attaching these doctrines to any person. But it was perfectly clear that the synod, comfortably proceeding without the required evidence, had met to condemn Mrs. Hutchinson.

Her adherents crowded into the Newtown meeting-house, furious that the ministers had foisted a fabulous monster of error upon Mrs. Hutchinson without openly accusing her of holding even one opinion. They rose in the synod, with the moderators, Peter Bulkeley and Thomas Hooker, calling for them to sit down, and demanded to be told who held these opinions. The ministers replied that the synod had to do with doctrines, not persons. "Witnesses!" the Hutchinsonians demanded.

At this point, the magistracy intervened. Winthrop announced that if the insurgents continued to make an uproar, they would be guilty of civil disturbance, and would be dealt with accordingly. The Hutchinson adherents retorted that the magistrates had nothing to do with the synod. But the theocracy was a two-edged

sword. Winthrop told the disturbers they would see what would happen if they made any more scenes. Thereupon many of the Hutchinson contingent left the synod in disgust, and did not return.

Disturbed now only by its own incessant wrangles, the synod proceeded to confute the eighty-two errors by quoting more or less relevant texts. Then it went on to the delicate task of finding some magic word-formula to which Cotton and Wheelwright on the one hand, and the rest of the ministers on the other, could agree. Solemn, windy, and spiritually pettifogging, the ministers sat day after day fashioning their word-amulet. As Cotton Mather described their negotiations with his grandfather:

“There were five questions offered unto that great man, unto which questions he gave answers; and unto those answers the synod gave replies; and unto those replies he gave returns; and unto those returns the synod gave rejoinders; till their collisions fetch’d I know not whether more light or love unto one another.”

The points in question were finally reduced to three. Though they bore evidence of some modification of the strict Puritan viewpoint, they were still far from Mrs. Hutchinson’s doctrine. John Wheelwright refused to

agree to the ministers' three points. But Mr. Cotton was longer making up his mind. There was even a day when Anne Hutchinson held her breath, hoping against hope that he would swing over to her side in his anguished oscillations. Then he crumpled up, and tearfully accepted the clerical formula, and became one with his brothers.

On the twenty-fourth day of the synod, Mrs. Hutchinson's meetings were condemned:

"That though women might meet (some few together) to pray and edify one another; yet such a set assembly (as was then in practice at Boston), where sixty or more did meet every week, and one woman (in a prophetic way, by resolving questions of doctrine, and expounding scripture) took upon her the whole exercise, was agreed to be disorderly, and without rule."

The synod also condemned the practice among Mrs. Hutchinson's disciples of challenging the ministers in the pulpits, and asking pointed questions. Then, having saved Mr. Cotton for the church of New England, and having pushed Mrs. Hutchinson into the outer darkness by condemning her doctrines and practice, the synod went home, after a month's entertainment at the expense of the tax-payers. The synod had ordered a

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shorthand transcript of its proceedings taken down for publication in England, but this document was never printed, nor was the clerk paid for his prodigious labors. The ministers' unlovely disputes, and Mr. Cotton's struggles, were prudently allowed to sink without comment in the theological bog.

Anne Hutchinson and her brother went on as if the synod had never met. The sermons continued at the Mount, and the lectures at the Hutchinson house. When Mr. Wilson rose for his sermon, Mrs. Hutchinson quietly went home. She was at great pains in her meetings to clear her doctrines from the smirch put upon them by the synod. She warned her disciples that since they had been given the official reputation of Familists and Antinomians, they were in danger of misrepresentation on every hand. But they were in danger of something much more serious than slander, trouble was brewing for them all.

She was herself knee-deep in the water of affliction. William's brother Samuel Hutchinson had arrived, and cousins from Lincolnshire, and old neighbors from Alford and Bilsby. By midwinter they would have to leave the Bay jurisdiction; where they were to go she had no idea. She gained two new sons, for that year Faith married Thomas Savage, and Bridget John San-

ford, but their warm fidelity only meant two more victims for the trouble that was plainly coming. Her disciples had increased throughout the Bay, but she had lost Vane, and feared she was losing John Cotton.

His capitulation to the synod had been too staggering to realize at once. She tried to tell herself that the ministers had put matters in terms so distorted that he did not understand that in surrendering to the synod he had betrayed her, and betrayed the Covenant of Grace. But there were other things; Mr. Cotton had begun to cross-question her anxiously on her beliefs; worse, he had sent certain women of the church to her meetings to find out what she was saying. She was afraid of how these spies would twist her statements, and was doubly cautious before them. She was protecting herself, but it was partly for Mr. Cotton's sake. Danger was sweet to her; she knew he abhorred it. Very well, she would protect him. Soon he would understand, he would come back to her side.

She needed help. For Winthrop, flushed and happy with the support of the synod after a summer of chagrin, began to act like an infatuated despot. The church had recovered the prized Mr. Cotton from the Hutchinson party; now the state was going to crush that party. Four days after the synod closed, Winthrop dis-

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solved the Court, which had been elected until the next May, and ordered a new election. He was going to get a General Court that would be his creature.

Winthrop got the Court he wanted; the ministers saw to that. Of the thirty-three deputies assembled for the November sessions in Newtown, only a dozen had sat before, and of these Coddington, Aspinwall, and Coggeshall alone were left to represent the Hutchinson party. The governor resolved to eliminate them if possible; he wanted no moderating voices to interrupt his program.

Some civil charge must be found against the deputies. Winthrop threw off his former moderation, and became the *provocateur*. As he put it, "Finding, upon consultation, that two such opposite parties could not contain in the same body, without apparent hazard of ruin to the whole, [the Court] agreed to send away some of the principal; and for this a fair opportunity was offered by the remonstrance or petition, which they preferred to the court the 9th of the 1st month [March], wherein they affirm Mr. Wheelwright to be innocent, and that the court had condemned the truth of Christ, with divers other scandalous and seditious speeches."

The petition which Winthrop thus conveniently endowed with a subversive tone was the harmless docu-

ment which the Boston church-members had presented to the March Court after its verdict on Wheelwright. The March Court had let the petition pass as entirely inoffensive; it had reminded the Court that Wheelwright's teachings had not stirred up sedition, "not so much as by accident; we have not drawn the sword, as sometime Peter did, rashly, neither have we rescued our innocent brother, as sometime the Israelites did Jonathan, and yet they did not seditiously. The covenant of free grace held forth by our brother hath taught us rather to become humble suppliants to your Worships, and if we should not prevail, we would rather with patience give our cheeks to the smiters."

The petitioners had thus explicitly denied any seditious intent; but Winthrop now insisted that since they had questioned the findings of the Court, they "went about to overthrow the foundation of our commonwealth and the peace thereof, by turning all our magistrates out of office, and by nullifying all our laws." Winthrop wanted sedition to put down, and since there was none of it in the petition, he manufactured it.

When the General Court opened on November 2, William Aspinwall, Mrs. Hutchinson's next-door neighbor, was arraigned for signing the Wheelwright petition. He stoutly defended his act, and the deputies

found him guilty of contempt of court, and so unworthy to sit as a member. He was dismissed from the Court.

Instantly John Coggeshall was on his feet. He said that he had not signed the petition, but approved of it, and since they were putting down Aspinwall, they might as well dismiss him, too. The Court was prompt to follow his suggestion.

Boston was instructed to return two deputies to replace the representatives who had been dismissed. The freemen, in a fever of indignation, resolved to re-elect Aspinwall and Coggeshall, but Mr. Cotton arrived at the meeting just in time to prevent this act of defiance. With all his power of making the almost-right seem right, he persuaded them to go a little softly, and elect two less conspicuous men, William Colburn and John Oliver. The latter had signed the petition, so the Court at once dismissed him, and ordered Boston to send another deputy in his place. The order was ignored. There was no one else to elect; all the outstanding men in Boston had signed the petition. "But that contempt the Court let pass," Winthrop commented.

Colburn and Coddington now represented the opposition. Colburn had no great influence, but Coddington was a founder and leader of the colony, and a personal friend of the governor. Winthrop dared not attack him,

though his name had headed the signers of the petition. But Coddington was troublesome; he protested against the Wheelwright case, and against the Alien Law. Only his prestige saved him from instant dismissal.

The Court was now ready for its work. Wheelwright was summoned. Winthrop told him that he was long since convicted of sedition and contempt, and now the time had come for him to acknowledge his offence, or abide the sentence of the Court.

"I have delivered no sedition nor contempt," he answered. "I have delivered nothing but the truth of Christ, and as for applications which have been made of my doctrine, they have been made by others, not by me."

Winthrop relieved his rancor in a long speech. The Court was not censuring Wheelwright's doctrine, he explained, hoping, no doubt, that those words would carry across the Atlantic. But Wheelwright had plainly implied that the magistrates and ministers were all scribes and pharisees, under a Covenant of Works; his fast-day sermon had tended to make two parties in the country, where there had been only one before. And he had helped to discourage enlistment in the Pequot War. "Whereas," Winthrop said, "in former expeditions the

town of Boston was as forward as any others to send of their choyce members, now in this last service they sent not a member, but one or two whom they cared not to be rid of, and but a few others, and those of the most refuse sort."

"What was the reason that the former Governour [Vane] never stirred out, but attended by the Serjeants, with Halberts or Carbines, but this present Governour neglected? Why, the people were taught to looke at this, as an enemy to Christ," he exclaimed. The old slight was still rankling.

"Therefore as the Apostle saith, I would they were cut off that trouble you; and as Cain, Hagar, and Ismael, were expelled as troublers of the families, (which were then as commonwealths) so justice requires, and the necessity of the peace calls for it, that such disturbers should be put out from among us, seeing that the difference betweene them and us is (as they say) as wide as betweene Heaven and Hell."

The Court proceeded to sentence Wheelwright to be disfranchised and banished. He appealed to the King. The Court, with some bravado, replied that he could not appeal to His Majesty, for the King's grant gave the colonial magistracy the right to settle all cases without reservation. Wheelwright's appeal cost him a night

in prison; the next morning he was called before the Court and told to leave the province within a fortnight.

The Court's task was now simplified. Wheelwright had been sentenced for sedition; anyone who had supported him was automatically guilty of the same offence. The Court rapidly proceeded to deal with every signer of the petition.

Coggeshall was again called up, since he was no longer a deputy, and could be dealt with as a private citizen. The Court intended to banish him, too, but finally commuted his sentence to disfranchisement. Aspinwall, however, was banished, because in his trial he invoked Magna Charta, and gave the Court some bad moments. He was given until the following April to depart the Bay jurisdiction.

The next petition-signers to be called were William Baulston, one of the original settlers, and Edward Hutchinson the elder. Baulston told the Court that if such a petition had been made in any other part of the world, no fault would have been found with it. Hutchinson said that if the Court fined him and took away his estate, the Court must keep his wife and children, which was considered so impudent that he was put in

jail overnight. The two were disfranchised and fined, Baulston twenty pounds, and Hutchinson forty.

Four other petitioners were called the next morning. Thomas Marshall the ferryman was dismissed from his post and disfranchised; William Dinely the barber-surgeon, William Dyer, and humble Richard Gridley lost their citizenship.

Having thus descended on Anne Hutchinson's circle, the Court wiped its mouth and prepared for the real business for which it had been called. "The grand Mistres of all the rest" was summoned to Court.

Chapter Eleven

ON November 7, 1637, Anne Hutchinson crossed the Charles to face the General Court at Newtown. Winter was setting in very early, and the little boat had to plow through the ice that was already making. As she climbed the ladder set "for convenience of landing" against the steep bank at Newtown, a wave of pain and giddiness swept over her. The terrific intensity of the last months had drained her strength, and she was with child. At the lowest ebb of her vitality, she faced the ordeal of her life.

She walked through the wretched little village to the meeting-house that lifted itself out of the Charles River marshes. It was a rough cabin like the Boston church, unheated, unlighted. A table and chairs for the magistrates, benches for the audience, that was the furniture. There was no chair for Mrs. Hutchinson; she was to stand for her trial.

The little building was packed. There were forty members of the General Court, nine of them magis-

trates; there were nearly all the ministers of the Bay; and there were as many partisans of the Covenant of Grace and the Covenant of Works as could crowd in. Mrs. Hutchinson's trial was the most exciting event the colony had ever known.

The crowds parted to let her pass, and she walked to the magistrates' table and faced her accusers. Governor Winthrop sat at the head of the table, his twisted mouth drawn down into an unpleasant sour line. At his left sat John Endicott of Salem, and at his right Deputy-Governor Dudley, who kept always next his heart a slip of paper with these lines:

*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.*

Not a friend was left among the magistrates, and when she looked at the deputies ranged on the benches, only Coddington and Colburn were of her party.

There were the ministers who had come to testify against her: Wilson, eager to revenge himself for his humiliation before Boston Church; Symmes, preparing to settle the *Griffin* account; the infatuated bigot

Thomas Welde of Roxbury and his colleague John Eliot; acid Richard Mather of Dorchester; George Phillips of Watertown; and Thomas Shepard, in whose church the trial was being held, Shepard the "poore, weake, pale-complectioned man" who was so self-deprecating and so stubborn. Hugh Peter smoldered among them like Stromboli.

It was an unsavory lot that sat there in somber cloaks and Geneva caps, their faces drawn into the hard lines of men about to do their duty. There was not a minister who had not felt the sting of her quick tongue, who had not had his most secret failing, his most hidden vanity, exposed by her to all the Bay. They all knew, and some of them admitted, that she was the most brilliant logician in the colony. While they had all the power in their hands at last, they were not looking forward to the trial with complete confidence. They knew that many a thrust was awaiting the unwary witness. With her prodigious memory, and her exacerbating matter-of-fact brain, and her unscrupulous wit, she could give them a hard time of it. So while Anne Hutchinson was steeling herself, they were summoning their heavier wits together for the duel.

Mrs. Hutchinson had no defence counsel, she was to plead her case alone before her judges. While the Court

had been proceeding against her disciples, she had planned her defence. She had gone over in her mind all the charges that could conceivably be brought against her. She had seen the signers of the Wheelwright petition sentenced for sedition, and knew that though she had not signed the petition she could hardly escape being dragged into complicity of some sort. Moreover, she had continued to hold her meetings in the teeth of the synod's proscription; the Court would certainly arraign her for that. Finally, she realized that the ministers had not summoned her to their meeting the previous December for nothing; cautious as she had been, they would try to prove that she had made remarks derogatory to those anointed by the Lord.

To these three expected charges she had planned a double line of defence. Her first line, and a bold one, was freedom of conscience. During the last few days the Court had repeatedly insisted that it was not prosecuting for opinion. In theory, the Bay recognized freedom of conscience; a man could think as he pleased, but he must keep his thoughts to himself, and not indulge in public utterance nor in overt action. Yet she thought she could defend herself within even these narrow bounds. Her support of Wheelwright was a matter of conscience; she had not instigated sedition, on the

precedents it put the precedents of the Old Testament and the New. The Court invoked, not the decision of an English court in some case of "Rex versus John Doe," but divine decisions recorded in the stories of Hebrew kings and prophets. She would have to strive against the Court by texts, and she had marshalled chapter and verse for her defence.

Anne Hutchinson, in her forty-seventh year, and infirm of body, stood girded only with this immaterial frail armor for her struggle with a Court stubbornly determined to find her guilty.

Governor Winthrop cleared his throat and rose. A portentous silence cloaked the little room as he began:¹

"Mistress Hutchinson, you are called here as one of those that have troubled the peace of the commonwealth and the churches here; you are known to be a woman that hath had a great share in the promoting and divulging of those opinions that are causes of this trouble, and to be nearly joined in affinity and affection with some of those the court hath taken notice of and

¹ Two records of the trial have been preserved: Winthrop's curtailed account in the *Short Story*, and a fuller transcript published by Anne Hutchinson's great-great-grandson, Governor Thomas Hutchinson, in the Appendix to his *History of Massachusetts Bay*. Both records have been drawn upon for the present chapter.

passed censure upon. You have spoken divers things, as we have been informed, very prejudicial to the honour of the churches and the ministers thereof, and you have maintained a meeting and an assembly in your house that hath been condemned by the general assembly as a thing not tolerable nor comely in the sight of God nor fitting for your sex, and notwithstanding that was cried down you have continued the same.

“Therefore we have thought good to send for you to understand how things are, that if you be in an erroneous way we may reduce you that so you may become a profitable member here among us, otherwise if you be obstinate in your course that then the court may take such course that you may trouble us no further.

“Therefore I would intreat you to express whether you do not assent and hold in practice to those opinions and factions that have been handled in court already, that is to say, whether you do not justify Mr. Wheelwright’s sermon and the petition.”

Mrs. H. That’s matter of conscience, Sir.

Winthrop. Your conscience you may keep to yourself. But if your conscience comes into act, you must be called into question for it, and that is not for your conscience, but for your practice. So if you do countenance

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those that are transgressors of the law you are in the same fact.

Winthrop thus summarily dismissed the plea of freedom of conscience; the argument shifted to Biblical precedent and warrant.

Mrs. H. What law have they transgressed? The law of God?

Winthrop. Yes, the fifth Commandment, which commands us to honour Father and Mother, and this includes the Fathers of the Commonwealth.

Mrs. H. But I am to obey you only in the Lord.

Winthrop. This honour you have broke in giving countenance to them. You have justified Mr. Wheelwright his Sermon, for which you know he was convict of sedition, and you have likewise countenanced and encouraged those that had their hands to the Petition.

Mrs. H. Suppose I had set my hand to the petition, what then?

Winthrop. You saw that case tried before.

Mrs. H. But put the case, Sir, that I do fear the Lord and my parents do not, may I not countenance them that fear the Lord because my parents will not give me leave?

Winthrop. That's nothing to the purpose. We do not mean to discourse with those of your sex but only this: you do adhere unto them and do endeavour to set forward this faction, and so you do dishonour us.

Mrs. H. I do acknowledge no such thing, neither do I think that I ever put any dishonour upon you.

Though Winthrop was quite worsted on his first point, he stubbornly maintained her guilt, and abruptly went on to the second count in his indictment, her weekly meetings.

Winthrop. What say you to your weekly public meetings? Can you show a warrant for them?

Mrs. H. There were such meetings in use before I came. We began it with but five or six, and though it grew to more in future time, yet being tolerated at the first, I knew not why it might not continue.

Winthrop. There were private meetings indeed, and are still in many places, of some few neighbors, but not so public and frequent as yours; yours are of another nature. But answer by what authority, or rule, you uphold them.

Mrs. H. By Titus 2, where the elder women are to teach the younger.

Winthrop. So wee allow you to do, as the Apostle there meanes, privately, and upon occasion, but that

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gives no warrant of such set meetings for that purpose; and besides, you take upon you to teach many that are elder than yourselfe, neither do you teach them that which the Apostle commands, *viz.* to keep at home.

Mrs. H. Will you please to give me a rule against it, and I will yeeld.

Winthrop. You must have a rule for it, or else you cannot do it. Yet you have a plaine rule against it; 'I permit not a woman to teach.'

Mrs. H. Do you think it not lawful for me to teach women, and why do you call me to teach the court?

Winthrop jerked his head angrily as suppressed laughter came from the back of the room. But Anne Hutchinson did not notice the laughter. She had been standing for hours on her unsteady feet, and was on the verge of collapse. She was given a chair, and managed to go on at once with another warrant from Scripture.

Mrs. H. Here is my authority; Aquila and Priscilla tooke upon them to instruct Apollo more perfectly, yet he was a man of good parts, but they being better instructed might teach him.

Winthrop. See how your argument stands. Priscilla, with her husband, tooke Apollo home to instruct him privately, therefore Mistress Hutchinson without her husband may teach sixty or eighty.

Mrs. H. I call them not, but if they come to me, I may instruct them.

Winthrop. Yet you shew us not a rule.

Mrs. H. I have given you two places of Scripture.

Winthrop. But neither of them will suit your practice.

Mrs. H. Must I shew my name written therein?

This battle of texts was leading nowhere. Winthrop had demanded that Mrs. Hutchinson show a Scriptural rule for her meetings; she had countered by demanding a Scriptural rule against them. She insisted that her meetings were private, and that she only followed her conscience in holding them. Winthrop ranted and harangued, but finally he was forced to abandon the Bible altogether, and invoke civil authority.

Winthrop. Your course is not to be suffered, for we find it to be greatly prejudicial to the state. We see not that any should have authority to set up any other exercises besides what authority hath already set up. We must therefore put this course away from you, or restrain you from maintaining it.

Mrs. H. If you have a rule for it from God's word you may.

Winthrop. We are your judges, and not you ours, and we must compel you to it.

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Mrs. H. If it please you by authority to put it down, I will freely let you, for I am subject to your authority.

Winthrop's words must have sounded grotesquely familiar to the ministers sitting there; nearly every one of them had been silenced by the High Commission, as Anne Hutchinson was being silenced, and with expressions very similar. Winthrop, worsted in the second argument, had again been forced to take refuge in the fiat of the Court. Dudley was impatient at this unwelcome turn in the case, and himself introduced the third charge.

"I would go a little higher with Mrs. Hutchinson," he said. "Three years ago we were all at peace. Mrs. Hutchinson from that time she came hath made a disturbance, and now she hath a potent party in the country. If she in particular hath disparaged all our ministers in the land that they have preached a covenant of works, and only Mr. Cotton a covenant of grace, why, this is not to be suffered, and therefore being driven to the foundation and it being found that Mrs. Hutchinson is she that hath depraved all the ministers, and hath been the cause of what hath fallen out, why, we must take away the foundation, and the building will fall. I will make it plain that she did say that the ministers did preach a covenant of works, and that she said

they were not able ministers of the new testament, but Mr. Cotton only."

Mrs. H. If ever I spake that last, I proved it by God's word.

Court. Very well, very well.

Dudley was plainly relying on Mrs. Hutchinson's statements at the ministers' meeting eleven months before. She was indignant that he was bringing into open court, in defiance of law or of fair-play, statements she had made in a private meeting where she had been urged to free discussion. She resolved to prove her statements privileged ones, made in private at the bidding of her conscience.

Mrs. H. It is one thing for me to come before a public magistracy, and there to speak what they would have me to speak, and another when a man comes to me in a way of friendship privately, there is difference in that.

At this, Endicott began to answer her, but Winthrop immediately cautioned him that Mrs. Hutchinson was plainly aware of the difference between privileged and public utterances. "It is well discerned to the court," he said, "that Mrs. Hutchinson can tell when to speak and when to hold her tongue."

Hugh Peter sprang to his feet. He said that the min-

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isters could confirm Dudley's charges, but added piously that they were loath to testify unless the Court commanded them to speak. The ministers' testimony now being in Court, Winthrop found no difficulty in accepting it, advancing the specious argument that "though these things were spoken in private, yet now coming to us, we are to deal with them as public," which seemed to settle matters. Peter then testified.

"We desire that we may not be thought to come as informers against this gentlewoman, but it may be serviceable for the country and our posterity to give you a brief account," he began. He said that from her first landing Mrs. Hutchinson had proved difficult in her opinions, and that finally the ministers had summoned her to a meeting. It was not a private meeting, he declared; at the very first some of the ministers had desired to put matters on proof, and she had replied, "The fear of man is a snare, why should I be afraid?" which seemed to indicate that she realized the official nature of the conference. He went on to testify that Mrs. Hutchinson had then said that Cotton preached a Covenant of Grace, they of Works; that they were not sealed, and that they were not able ministers of the New Testament any more than the disciples before the resurrection of Christ.

Anne Hutchinson immediately objected that the ministers' meeting had been private, and that they knew it. She said that Wilson had kept notes of the conference, and that if these notes were examined, the Court would see that many things were not as reported. Wilson promptly said he no longer had these crucial notes.

Welde, Phillips, Symmes, Shepard, and Eliot then rose one after another and corroborated Peter's statements. Only Shepard seemed sorry to testify, and after he had given his timorous statement, he jumped up again, and said, "I desire to speak this word, it may be but a slip of her tongue, and I hope she will be sorry for it, and then we shall be glad of it." Perhaps Shepard had suddenly remembered how, six years before, he and Welde had stood before Bishop Laud as Anne Hutchinson now stood before them.

It had already grown dark in the meeting-house, and everybody was exhausted with the day's fasting. Winthrop adjourned the Court until the next morning.

Anne Hutchinson made her way home through the November night. Before she would think of food or sleep she looked over the notes of the ministers' meeting. She had, in fact, a copy of Mr. Wilson's own notes, which he had given to young Vane, and which Vane had quietly handed her before he left for England.

The next morning Winthrop opened the Court with a *résumé* of the previous day's work, and invited further evidence in regard to the ministers' meeting. Anne Hutchinson instantly rose. She declared that Mr. Wilson's own notes proved that the ministers had not given a true account of that famous afternoon's work. The notes showed that the meeting was confidential, and that she had not made the statements alleged. She demanded that the six preachers repeat their testimony upon oath. Wilson was frightened at this hint that the ministers had lied to the Court; he feebly explained that he had been so often interrupted that afternoon that he had not written down all that was said. This excuse only made the ministers' position more questionable.

Mrs. Hutchinson said that she had witnesses of her own who were willing to swear that she had not made the statements alleged, and that since the ministers were witnesses in their own cause, they too should be sworn. A long and bitter struggle followed over the swearing of the ministers, and the admission of testimony in Mrs. Hutchinson's behalf. Winthrop and Dudley could not ignore the Scriptural authority for the administering of an oath in disputes. Moreover, the audience was with her; Mr. Coggeshall and several deputies sup-

ported her demand, and even the magistrate Israel Stoughton said he could not vote for sentence unless the ministers were sworn. Endicott snarled at Mrs. Hutchinson, "You lifted up your eyes as if you took God to witness that you came to entrap none, and yet you would have them swear."

Winthrop tried to stem the current of indignation, which had swept to the very doors of the meeting-house. He forgot all pretense of his judicial rôle, and cried, "Shall we not believe so many godly elders in a cause wherein we know the mind of the party without their testimony?" Endicott shouted at Coggeshall, "I will tell you what I say. I think this carriage of yours tends to further casting dirt upon the faces of the judges." And Roger Harlakenden, one of the magistrates, cried, "Her carriage doth the same."

But Anne Hutchinson finally won her point of introducing testimony in her behalf. Endicott greeted her first witness, Coggeshall, with, "Whatsoever he will or can say, we will believe the ministers."

Coggeshall testified that he had been present at the famous meeting, and that Mrs. Hutchinson did not make all the statements alleged.

Peter. How dare you look into the court to say such a word?

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Coggeshall. Mr. Peter takes it upon him to forbid me. I shall be silent.

That witness shouted out of court, Thomas Leverett, ruling elder of Boston Church, testified. His position spared him the treatment accorded Coggeshall, and he was allowed to corroborate the deposed deputy's statements. He said that Mrs. Hutchinson had stated only that the ministers did not preach the Covenant of Grace as clearly as Mr. Cotton did.

There was a stir as the third witness was called. All morning Mr. Cotton had been sitting at Anne Hutchinson's side, waiting to testify in her defence. Her faith had been justified; her beloved teacher had come to help her in her need. She was drawing strength and reassurance from him as he sat close to her, drawing quiet from his warm voice as he consulted with her. She needed all his calm; for she was exalted that day, aflame with the issues she defended, too exalted to realize how cruelly she was straining nerves and body.

Mr. Cotton's long and conciliatory testimony cleared his friend of the ministers' charges. He explained the statements she had made, and supported them by comparing them to the utterances of a famous martyr. The dispute had come to nothing, he said, and after the meeting many of the ministers had gone away com-

pletely satisfied. "And I must say," he concluded bravely, "I did not find her saying that they were under a covenant of works, nor that she said they did preach a covenant of works."

The speech was a terrible blow for ministers and Court. Winthrop and Peter fairly pounced on Mr. Cotton, but for once he was steady under pressure. Mrs. Hutchinson's three witnesses had flatly contradicted the statements of the ministers.

But Anne Hutchinson was tired of these endless technicalities and quibblings, which had not touched the real issue at stake. She must speak. Let the ministers' oath go for the moment. She must make her appeal, not to the Court, but to God Himself, who brought all earthly courts to confusion. She rose suddenly to her feet.

"When I was in old England, I was much troubled at the constitution of the Churches there, so farre, as I was ready to have joyned to the Separation, whereupon I set apart a day for humiliation by my selfe, to seeke direction from God. Then God did discover unto me the unfaithfulnesse of the Churches, and the danger of them, and that none of these Ministers could preach the Lord Jesus aright, for he had brought to my mind that in 1 John 4, 3, 'Every spirit that confesseth not, that

Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is the spirit of Antichrist? I marvelled what this should meane, for I knew that neither Protestants nor Papists did deny that Christ was come in the flesh; and are the Turkes then the only Antichrists? Now I had none to open the Scripture to me, but the Lord. Then it was revealed to me that the ministers of England were these Antichrists, but I knew not how to beare this, I did in my heart rise up against it, then I begged of the Lord that this Atheisme might not be in my heart. After I had begged this light, a twelve moneth together, at last he let me see how I did oppose Christ Jesus, and how I did turne in upon a Covenant of works. From which time the Lord did discover to me all sorts of Ministers, and how they taught, and to know what voyce I heard, which was the voyce of Moses, which of John Baptist, and which of Christ; the voyce of my beloved, from the voyce of strangers. Now if you do condemn me for speaking what in my conscience I know to be truth, I must commit myself unto the Lord.”

Magistrate Nowell. How do you know that that was the spirit?

Mrs. H. How did Abraham know that it was God that bid him offer his son, being a breach of the sixth commandment?

Dudley. By an immediate voice.

Mrs. H. So to me by an immediate revelation.

Dudley. How! an immediate revelation.

Mrs. H. By the voyce of his own spirit to my soul. After our teacher Mr. Cotton, and my brother Wheelwright were put downe, there was none in England that I durst heare. Then it pleased God to reveale himselfe to me in that of Isaiah, 30, 20, 'Though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers.' After this the Lord carrying Mr. Cotton to New England (at which I was much troubled) it was revealed to me, that I must go thither also, and that there I should be persecuted and suffer much trouble. I will give you another Scripture, Jeremiah, 46, 28, 'Fear not thou, O Jacob my servant, for I am with thee; for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee: but I will not make a full end of thee.' Then the Lord did reveale himselfe to me, sitting upon a Throne of Justice, and all the world appearing before him, and though I must come to New England, yet I must not feare nor be dismaied. I will give you one place more which the Lord brought to me by immediate revelations, and that doth concerne you all, it is in Daniel 6.

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When the Presidents and Princes could find nothing against him, because he was faithfull, they sought matter against him concerning the Law of his God, to cast him into the Lions denne; so it was revealed to me that they should plot against me, but the Lord bid me not to feare, for he that delivered Daniel, and the three children, his hand was not shortened. And see this Scripture fulfilled this day in mine eyes, therefore take heed what ye goe about to doe unto me, for you have no power over my body, neither can you do me any harme."

There was a sudden muttering among the magistrates, but Mrs. Hutchinson held out her hand for silence. "For I am in the hands of the eternall Jehovah my Saviour, I am at his appointment, the bounds of my habitation are cast in Heaven, no further doe I esteeme of any mortall man, than creatures in his hand. I feare none but the great Jehovah, which hath foretold me of these things, and I doe verily beleeve that he will deliver me out of your hands, therefore take heed how you proceed against me; for I know that for this you goe about to doe unto me, God will ruine you and your posterity, and this whole state."

The horrified silence that fell after Anne Hutchinson's speech was broken by murmurs among the Court.

This was blasphemy, she had defied the magistrates in open court, she had threatened the whole Bay with God's curse. She had delivered herself into their hands.

Endicott. I think it is a special providence of God to hear what she hath said. She says she now suffers, and let us do what we will, she shall be delivered by a miracle. I hope the court takes notice of the vanity of it and heat of her spirit.

Mrs. Hutchinson was lost. Surely, they thought, Mr. Cotton would have to abandon her now. Endicott challenged him to say what he thought of such revelations.

But John Cotton was brave that day. Quite calmly he retreated to the shelter of theology. He distinguished and elaborated two sorts of revelations; those outside of Scripture were of the Devil, but those coming through interpretations of the Bible were lawful and even Christian. He went on and on with his conciliatory discourse, suavely explaining away the shocking aspect of Anne Hutchinson's revelations, till Dudley interrupted brusquely.

Dudley. I desire Mr. Cotton to tell us whether you do approve of Mrs. Hutchinson's revelations as she hath laid them down.

Cotton. I know not whether I do understand her, but this I say, if she doth expect a deliverance in a way of

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providence, then I cannot deny it; if it be by way of miracle then I would suspect it.

Mrs. Hutchinson saw the trend of Mr. Cotton's argument, and following his lead, declared, "By a providence of God I say I expect to be delivered from some calamity that shall come to me."

Winthrop was in distress. Would Mr. Cotton, with his logic and learning, lead Anne Hutchinson out to safety? He tried to swing the Court to immediate sentence, crying, "We have been hearkening about the trial of this thing, and now the mercy of God by a providence hath answered our desires, and made her to lay open herself. The groundwork of her revelations is the immediate revelation of the spirit, and not by the ministry of the word. This is the meanes by which she hath very much abused the country, and this hath been the ground of all these tumults and troubles, and I would all those were cut off from us that trouble us."

Court. We all consent with you.

Winthrop. Ey, it is the most desperate enthusiasm in the world.

But Endicott was bound to finish with Cotton on the spot. "I am tender of you, Sir," he said, "and there lies much upon you in this particular. Therefore I beseech you whether you do witness for her or against her."

Mr. Cotton was unmoved. He once more repeated his theological distinctions between revelations, until Dudley cried, "Sir, you weary me and do not satisfy me."

Cotton. I pray Sir, give me leave to express myself. In that sense that she speakes I dare not bear witness against it.

Peter. I think that is very disputable which our brother Cotton hath spoken.

Dudley. These disturbances that have come among the Germans have all been grounded upon revelations, and so they that have vented them have stirred up their hearers to take arms against their prince and to cut the throats of one another. And whether the devil may inspire the same into their hearts here I know not, for I am fully persuaded that Mrs. Hutchinson is deluded by the devil.

All the Court but two or three of its members cried out, "We all believe it, we all believe it." Deputy Brown urged immediate sentence, and a more severe one than the Court had imposed on Mrs. Hutchinson's disciples. "For," he said, "this is the foundation of all the mischief and of all those bastardly things. They have all come out from this cursed fountain."

Winthrop started to put the motion for sentence, but

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Coddington interrupted him. "I do not see any clear witness against her," he protested, "and you know it is a rule of the court that no man may be a judge and an accuser too."

Winthrop. Pass by all that hath been said formerly, and her own speeches have been ground enough for us to proceed on.

Coddington. I beseech you do not speak so to force things along, for I do not for my own part see any equity in the court in all your proceedings. Here is no law of God that she hath broken, nor any law of the country that she hath broke.

Dudley, lusting for sentence, cried, "We shall all be sick with fasting." But Magistrate Stoughton refused to vote until the ministers repeated their testimony upon oath, and Winthrop had to yield. There was now a great whispering among the ministers, some drew back, but others seemed willing to swear. Winthrop said shortly, "Any two of you will serve," and selected Welde and Eliot. Mr. Peter also held up his hand and took oath, and the three ministers testified.

Eliot alone stuck to his statements of the previous day; the other two hedged lamentably, said they could not quite remember, and finally repeated only what Mrs. Hutchinson herself had admitted saying.

Winthrop was maddened at this feeble testimony. Why couldn't the ministers affirm on oath what they had been so sure of the previous day? But let that pass. The Court had better grounds against Anne Hutchinson.

Winthrop. The court hath already declared themselves satisfied concerning the things you hear, and concerning the troublesomeness of her spirit and the danger of her course amongst us, which is not to be suffered. Therefore if it be the mind of the court that Mrs. Hutchinson is unfit for our society, and should be cast off from us, let them hold up their hands.

Colburn and Coddington alone dissented, and Captain Jennison refused to vote.

Winthrop. Mrs. Hutchinson, the sentence of the court that you hear is that you are banished from out of our jurisdiction as being a woman not fit for our society, and are to be imprisoned until the court shall send you away.

Mrs. H. I desire to know wherefore I am banished?

Winthrop. Say no more, the court knows wherefore and is satisfied.

HOMER BAKERDILE LEGALY. STORRS, CT

Chapter Twelve

THE General Court of Massachusetts Bay was capable of a sophisticated sort of cruelty. Anne Hutchinson was to be banished by the end of the following March, but for four months she would be the Bay's prisoner. The Court saw to it that these four months were more painful than trial or banishment. Instead of being committed to jail and decent solitude, she was sent to Roxbury to the house of bitter Thomas Welde's brother Joseph. Her family and intimate friends were allowed to visit her occasionally; her disciples were turned from the door. But the brethren were there at the door; day after day they were ushered in by the implacable Mr. Welde; they incessantly intruded on her misery. Every minister and elder in the Bay joined in the systematic four months' inquisition. Disregarding her evident frailness, they stayed for hours. They argued, they buzzed, they admonished, they quoted texts, they wallowed on and on in the muddy streams of exegesis. Her endurance began to wear very thin.

AN AMERICAN JEZEBEL

She was ill, miserably, mysteriously ill. Every month the burden in her body grew heavier, but the child did not quicken. This could not be life growing in her body, she thought; death was growing in her body, death like a bitter fruit growing heavy. Caught up in suffering, she saw as from a great distance all the works done under the sun, and all was vanity and vexation of spirit. The sun rose, and hastened to the place where he arose, the winds returned on their circuit, the rivers ran to the sea that was never full. Under the sun she saw the place of judgment, and wickedness was there, and the place of righteousness, where was iniquity. Men were as beasts, all went to one place, all were of the dust, and turned to dust again.

She closed the Ecclesiastes of Solomon, and closed her eyes, bathed in the peace of a final despair. The King in Jerusalem had loved many women, he had sought wisdom, he had planted gardens and made pools, he had sent out his cattle great and small, and gathered gold and silver. He was wise, but like the fool he perished; he labored under the sun, but all his labor was vanity; he laughed and feasted and loved, but great King Solomon had withered like the grass.

Caught up in her suffering, she saw as from a great

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distance the Court go on with its work. At her trial Dudley hinted that her people might rise as the Anabaptists had risen in Münster, and the Court seized this baseless alarm as a pretext for disarming scores of men all over the colony. Were Winthrop and Dudley afraid that their sentencing of her would bring on civil war? They knew better. She had never preached violence or revenge, she had preached the most passive and pacific of all faiths. Her people would share her exile, but they would never lift up a hand against the magistrates and the elders.

Then she saw how the Court called in Captain Underhill, who defended her stoutly, and for that lost his commission and his citizenship. Then the magistrates and ministers went on in the momentum of their hatred, bullying the people into submission. The magistrates talked of civil war; they intimidated helpless folk with threats of fines or banishment. The ministers used weapons just as potent. They held up Mrs. Hutchinson as the American Jezebel, the sink from which the foul vapors had risen, the master-piece of the Old Serpent. They warned her disciples that Hell awaited them if they did not desert the false apostle. Some of the people were frightened, and asked the churches to forgive them, but many others quietly waited for the

snowdrifts to pile up and then to melt. In the spring they would follow Anne Hutchinson to a place far from the Bay. Many of her friends, who, like Coddington, had not been officially banished, were led by sympathy with her and by the general persecution to the decision to found a new colony somewhere to the south.

Her brother Wheelwright was not allowed to wait for the spring; he was forced to leave a few days after her trial. It was a bitter winter, and even in November the snow was a yard deep beyond the Merrimac, and Wheelwright plowed his way through deeper snows to the north. He was sturdy and resolute, and fury kept him alive. He reached the wilderness of New Hampshire, and sent for his family and for the friends and relatives who had come in the summer, and were forced by the Alien Law to leave the Bay.

Anne Hutchinson heard all this news from her husband, and heard too how Boston Church, infuriated at her sentence, resolved to take revenge on Winthrop. There was a movement to censure him before the church, and if possible to expel him. But Winthrop, on the first Sunday after the trial, had felt the waves of hatred about him, and had risen after the sermon to forestall any action by the congregation. Mr. Hutchinson told his wife how Winthrop had made the absurd

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claim that the church had no jurisdiction over his actions as magistrate, and then labored to find a Scriptural justification for himself. The governor said "he saw that those brethren were so divided from the rest of the country in judgment and practice, as it could not stand with the public peace, that they should continue among us. So, by the example of Lot in Abraham's family, and after Hagar and Ishmael, he saw that they must be sent away."

But neither William Hutchinson nor anyone else knew how frightened Winthrop was. He was afraid of his church, but he was far more afraid of reprisals from England. Vane would cry down the action of the Court to the King, Gorges would seize on this crowning example of the Bay's defiance of English common law, and New England would be taken out of Winthrop's hands forever. Night after night, while the candles dripped on his desk, he wrote for publication in England what was meant to be his justification for the treatment of Anne Hutchinson and her party.

A Short Story of the Rise, reign and ruine of the Antinomians, Familists and Libertines, that infected the Churches of New England was a long and indigestible mixture of theology and bad temper. From first to last it was a virulent attack upon Mrs. Hutchin-

son. By making her out a monster, Winthrop hoped that the authorities in England would look upon him as the defender of the colony. Mrs. Hutchinson was, he said, "a woman of a haughty and fierce carriage, of a nimble wit and active spirit, and a very voluble tongue, more bold than a man, though in understanding and judgment inferior to many women."¹ He described how she had insinuated herself into the affections of everyone by her kindness and skill in nursing, and how she had made many people conscious of the danger of trusting to "common gifts and graces" without searching deeper. "But when she had thus prepared the way by such wholesome truths, then she begins to set forth her own stuffe." She had made the people despise the Bay ministry which had been "a most precious sweete savour to all the Saints before she came hither"; and given Wheelwright courage to inveigh against those in a Covenant of Works. "This American Jezebel kept her strength and reputation, even among the people of God, till the hand of Civill Justice laid hold on her." Once in Court, she had done worse than disparage the minis-

¹ Winthrop later recorded in his journal what he thought of the intellectual woman. Governor Hopkins of Hartford had a wife who lost her mind, Winthrop said, "by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing. For if she had attended to her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, she had kept her wits."

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A
SHORT STORY

OF THE
Rise, reign, and ruine of the *Antinomians,*
Fanilists & Libertines, that infected the Churches

OF
NEVV ENGLAND:

And how they were confuted by the Assembly of Mi
nisters there: As also of the Magistrates proceedings
in Court against them.

Together with Gods strange and remarkable judge-
ments from Heaven upon some of the chief fomenters of
these Opinions; And the lamentable death of *Ms. Huchison*:

*Very fit for these times; here being the same errors amongst
us, and acted by the same Spirit.*

Published at the instant request of sundry, by one that was an eye
and care-witnesse of the carriage of matters there.

Ephes. 4. 14.

*Be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine,
by the sleight of men, and cunning or craftinesse, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.
Beware, lest yee being led away with the error of the wicked, yee fall from your own
steadfastnesse. 2 Pet. 3. 17.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Ralph Smith* at the signe of the Bible in *Cornhill*
neare the *Royall Exchange.* 1644.

WISCONSIN BOTANICAL GARDEN, MADISON, WIS.

ters, though that was too, too vile. "She can fetch a revelation that shall reach the Magistrates and the whole Court, and the succeeding generations, and she hath Scripture for it also, Daniel must be a type of Mistress Hutchinson, the Lions denne the Court of justice." But the "impudent boldnesse of this proud dame" was such that "one would hardly have guessed her to have been an Antitype of Daniel, but rather of the Lions after they were let loose."

"But blessed be the Lord," Winthrop concluded his recital, "the snare is broken, and we are delivered from this woman, an instrument of Satan so fitted and trained to his service for poysoning the Churches here planted, as no story records the like of a woman, since that mentioned in the Revelation."

Documented with an elaborate account of the synod's findings, an "apology" for the Wheelwright case, and an account of the trials before the General Court, the unsigned *Short Story* was rushed off to England by the first boat in the spring. But by the time it arrived, England was rocking with the disturbances that led up to the Civil War, and Massachusetts Bay and its troubles were nothing. The manuscript lay forgotten in a desk in London, until in 1644 another twist in history made its publication timely.

Fear was everywhere that winter, it lodged in John Cotton's breast, and haunted him as he bent over his desk, and laughed at him as he mounted the pulpit steps. He had left the Hutchinson trial thoroughly frightened. "Sir, you weary me!" Dudley had cried, a strong expression to use to the dean of the ministers; and the other magistrates had looked at him with suspicion, almost with hatred. Some Bay minister wrote friends in England that "all the brethren, being exceedingly scandalized with Mr. Cotton's carriage, in Mistress Hutchinson's process, did so far discountenance and so severely admonish him, that he was thereby brought to the greatest shame, confusion and grief of mind, that ever in his life he had endured."

It was true; Mr. Cotton was brought to shame, confusion, and grief of mind. He had stood by Anne Hutchinson's side from a mixture of motives, old affection and sympathy for her, but also desire to justify himself. He had been identified with her beliefs, the trial had been his chance to show that there was nothing iniquitous in her or in what she taught. The attempt had been a portentous failure; he had only succeeded in aligning himself with one whom the Court had decided to regard as a criminal, and the instrument of Satan.

John Cotton now had to choose which side to take; that was his greatest anguish. Compromise was the very blood in his veins; he was a liberal, and in 1638 and in the Bay, there was no room for liberals. He had capitulated to the synod without losing all the honey of Anne Hutchinson's praise and the deference of her party. During the trial he found that the ministers and magistrates were not so charitable; defence of Anne Hutchinson meant snarls from Dudley, covert threats from his colleagues. He had to choose now between that old mysterious allurements of Anne Hutchinson's temperament, and tangible success and fame in the Bay.

He made his choice. The wine in his soul turned to vinegar. Suddenly he became the leader of the inquisition against Anne Hutchinson; that was the only way to rehabilitate himself. He went about Boston saying he had been abused by the Hutchinson party, and made their "stalking-horse." He worked on her disciples; he preached passionate sermons against her errors, weeping in the pulpit as he asked the people's forgiveness for his long blindness to those errors. He forgot everything else, and spent most of his time publicly and privately in the general hunt to discover heresies to be laid to Jezebel's account. And week after week he went to Roxbury to admonish his old friend.

She sat still, entranced with bodily suffering, but he hardly noticed her silence or her stricken face as he talked earnestly on.

The Court had sentenced Mrs. Hutchinson for reviling the magistrates and ministers, though any other excuse would have done as well. She was still a member of Boston Church, and for the good of the church she must be excommunicated. But in spite of the synod, and the trial, and all the busy work of the ministers since the trial, the Church still had no ground for condemning her as a heretic. She had confessed to having revelations, but Mr. Cotton had declared her revelations to be of the harmless sort. She must be tried before the church on other grounds, and church-rule insisted that every point must be substantiated by two witnesses. Though almost every minister and elder in the Bay joined in the inquisition, Mrs. Hutchinson had not yet uttered any erroneous opinion in the presence of two witnesses. She knew her church-rules as well as they did.

The situation was exasperating. On every side the ministers heard of new errors, or rumors of errors, emanating from that house in Roxbury. Though Anne Hutchinson saw almost no one but her family, her ideas, by some vitality of their own, spread through

the Bay and were eagerly seized by her disciples. Solomon's thoughts beat like winter birds across snow and ice; not the Solomon who sang of spice and the spring, nor the Solomon who summoned the valiant men of Israel to fight around his bed, but the great dark Solomon of the Ecclesiastes, the King who knew that all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and that he was going down to dust with the beasts.

Death was growing in Anne Hutchinson's body, death was growing in her mind. She had been pushed to the final promontory of reason by those sable figures that sat hour after hour in Mr. Welde's parlor; almost they pushed her into the abyss of madness. In the ecstasy of illness and mental anguish her ideas loomed like distorted shadows on a midnight wall.

As she sat brooding alone Thomas Welde and John Eliot came to her. They seemed so friendly that day, so sympathetic, that suddenly she found herself pouring out her anguished doubts. This body that dies shall not rise again, she said, even the soul is mortal until purchased by Christ. They nodded reassuringly, and she went on. There was no Kingdom of Heaven, but only Christ, she said. Christians are not bound to live by the law. The ministers hurried away, and drew up a formal statement of her feverish utterances, which they

duly witnessed together before they parted. Thomas Shepard too followed this method, and soon the ministers had twenty-nine errors upon which to try Anne Hutchinson before the church. Her tortured doubts became the sordid evidence for excommunication.

Mrs. Hutchinson's church-trial was set for Lecture-Day, Thursday, March 15, 1638. The elders of the church, with the permission of the magistrates, brought the prisoner down from Roxbury. She was allowed to stay at her own house, but her husband was not there to greet her. He had gone off with his brother Edward and a group of friends on a exploring expedition to the south, for in spite of the late spring, there was no time to be lost; the Court had ordered Mrs. Hutchinson to leave the colony by the last week in March. A compact of government had been signed by the exiles, and then the scouting party had hurried off in a ship to explore the possibilities of settling on Long Island, or even in Delaware Bay. If they did not return in time, Mrs. Hutchinson would have to go all the way to New Hampshire to take refuge with the Wheelwrights. In her weakness and anxiety, Anne sorely missed her husband, but her oldest son Edward and Faith's husband Thomas Savage stayed behind to see their mother through the church-trial.

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The church-meeting would be a long one, so it began two hours earlier than usual, at ten in the morning. The General Court was in session in Newtown, but it had been dismissed to allow the magistrates to attend, and the Bay ministers were there, and people from every part of the colony, crowding the squalid little building for the last act in the drama of Anne Hutchinson. The ranks of her disciples had thinned; many of them had gone north with John Wheelwright or south with the scouting party, and some of them had gone over to repentance with Mr. Cotton. Friends and enemies waited breathlessly for the first sight of Mrs. Hutchinson, but she was not there for the opening prayers, and still she was not there for the sermon. A whisper went the rounds that Mrs. Hutchinson was very ill from the winter's imprisonment, and that she was staying at home as long as possible to husband her strength.

At last she appeared in the doorway, and walked slowly down the aisle. On the women's side of the meeting-house there was a sudden murmur of concern. She was heavy with child, and pale with long weariness. But when she reached the front of the church and faced its officers, she threw back her head with the gallantry they all knew so well. Her eyes swept the black skull-

caps before her, but when they reached Mr. Cotton, she suddenly averted her face.

Ruling Elder Leverett asked the members of Boston Church to sit together, so that they might act as a body. Then he read to Mrs. Hutchinson the twenty-nine errors witnessed against her by Welde, Shepard, and Eliot, and asked her if these were her opinions. She answered:

“If this be error, then it is mine, and I ought to lay it down; if it be truth, then it is not mine, but Christ’s, and then I am not to lay it down. But I desire of the church to demand one question. By what rule of the word do these elders come to me in private to desire satisfaction in some points, and profess in the sight of God that they did not come to entrap or ensnare me, and now without speaking to me, and expressing any unsatisfaction, come to bring it publicly into the church? I think it a breach of church rule.”

Once more Anne Hutchinson had put her finger on the weak spot, and forced her accusers to the defensive. The ministers struggled feebly to justify their cardinal breach of church-rule. Then Mrs. Hutchinson remarked drily, “I do not hold divers of these things I am accused of, but did only ask a question.”

Thomas Shepard spit like a cat, “I would have this

congregation know that the vilest errors that ever was brought into the church was brought in by way of questions."

Mr. Cotton hastily agreed with this sentiment, so the question of whether the church-trial was in order was abruptly shelved, and Elder Leverett read out the first error: "The souls of all men by nature are mortal."

There followed an amazing discussion, which lasted until dark, upon the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body. The ministers could not answer Solomon's dark thoughts, nor Paul's. When Mr. Eliot cried, "She thinks the soul to be nothing but a breath, and so vanisheth," Anne Hutchinson said, with an unnerving quietness, "I think the soul to be nothing but light." Through the long hours, she brought up text after text to support her convictions, and the ministers matched every text of hers with another, until they were all swimming in an immense confusion.

The ministers had accused her of heresy; she was on trial. But as the hours went on it was apparent that it was the ministers who were on trial. They set themselves up as the interpreters of the Bible, they must answer her questions, for she sincerely wanted them to help her solve the mystery of man's fate. She acknowledged that she was not satisfied with the opin-

ion she had expressed; certain considerations urged by Mr. John Davenport raised still more questions in her mind. But the ministers could not answer her questions. They had received their religion ready-made from the hands of Calvin; they had never explored the terrifying abysses behind the formulas of the church, and now they were lost in the void opened to them by her questioning mind. They clutched at a text here, a convention there, but every anchor tore through empty air, and they plunged deeper and deeper into the fundamental enigma of life, death, and eternity. A roomful of men robust, hardened by authority, men set apart as elect and not to be questioned, were appalled at the truth this frail woman demanded. They shut their eyes against the nightmare of doubt which she resolutely faced.

Finally the ministers pulled themselves together. They could not answer Anne Hutchinson's questions, but at least they had the authority to condemn her opinions. Her first error was put to vote, and the congregation, which had been unable to follow the discussion, judged it as heretical by a show of hands.

Mrs. Hutchinson's second error, that the soul is made immortal by Christ's purchase, only brought the debate to more precarious shoals. Mr. Eliot cried that it was

very dangerous to dispute the matter of the resurrection so long before the whole congregation; he and his brothers were plainly frightened.

But a touch of filth made them their own men again. The Rev. Peter Bulkeley¹ of Concord asked Mrs. Hutchinson whether she held "that gross, foul, filthy, and abominable opinion held by the Familists, of the community of women," adding that if there was no resurrection, then there was no marriage, and the community of women would follow. Anne Hutchinson dismissed these suggestions sharply, but the mud had been thrown. The congregation condemned her second error.

It was already dark, and the ministers wanted to proceed to censure, which was the preliminary step to excommunication. It was nothing to them that Anne Hutchinson had virtually abandoned her two errors, and asked for more light. The congregation had condemned her for having held the errors, and the machinery could go on. But on the matter of censure young Edward Hutchinson and Thomas Savage blocked proceedings with their brave protests. Savage reminded Mr. Cotton that this was not the first time there had been disputes in churches; his mother, he said, had

¹ Peter Bulkeley was an ancestor of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

herself reconsidered her opinions, and she had every right to search for the truth. He said he could not consent to the church admonishing her for this.

Finally a tired and hungry member suggested that, since Mrs. Hutchinson's sons would not agree to vote for censure, the church include them in the censure as well, for to carry this motion their votes would not be needed. This ingenious idea met with Mr. Cotton's approval. Dread of being included in the censure was enough to frighten the rest of Mrs. Hutchinson's friends, and they sat in silence while the congregation took the vote.

Mr. Cotton rose to deliver the admonition. With the eyes of all the ministers upon him, he steeled himself against the white-faced woman before him. He first censured Anne Hutchinson's sons, warning them that natural affection had no place in such a crisis, that now "instead of loving and natural children you have proved vipers, to eat through the very bowels of your mother. Therefore I advise you both, and admonish you in the Lord, that you desist from such practice, and take heed, how you by your flattery or mourning over her, applauding of her in her opinion, and taking part with her when you come home, do hinder the work of repentance in her."

Then the teacher spoke to the women of the congregation, warning them that though they had doubtless received much good from her, there was poison mixed with it, and they "must make speed to vomit it up again," and must not harden her in her way by pitying her.

He turned then to Anne Hutchinson, the warm silky voice veiled with something evil. He reminded her of all her unusual gifts. The Lord had given her a sharp apprehension, a ready utterance, and ability to express herself in the cause of God. She had been a good wife and mother and neighbor. But all this good was outweighed by the havoc she had wrought in the country; she must realize that now in questioning the resurrection she was trying to raze the very foundations of religion. Then, revealing the curious twist in his feeling for her, he brought up the matter of community of women, "and all promiscuous and filthy coming together of men and women, without distinction or relation of marriage; and though I have not heard, neither do I think, that you have been unfaithful to your husband in his marriage covenant, yet that will follow upon it."

Anne Hutchinson suddenly cried out: "I desire to speak one word, before you proceed. I would forbear

but by reason of my weakness. I fear I shall not remember it when you have done."

Mr. Cotton gave her leave to speak. She said, "All I would say is this: that I did not hold any of these things before my imprisonment."

It was her last despairing cry to him. John Cotton was consigning her to the outer darkness for ideas that had come to her only lately, alone and ill and harassed in Roxbury. Had he forgotten how they had fought side by side for the Covenant of Grace before the ministers, before the Court?

But John Cotton had taken his course, and went on sternly: "I confess that I did not know that you held any of these things, nor hear till here of late; but it may be it was my sleepiness and want of watchful care over you. But you see the danger of it, and how God hath left you to yourself to fall into these dangerous evils, for I must needs say that I have often feared the height of your spirit and being puffed up with your own parts, and therefore it is just with God thus to abase you and to leave you to these desperate falls, for the Lord looketh upon all the children of pride, and delights to abase them and bring them low. Nay, though you should not hold these things positively, yet others that hear of it will think, sure there is something in it,

if Mistress Hutchinson makes a question of it, and so your opinions fret like a gangrene, and spread like a leprosy, and infect far and near, and will eat out the very bowels of religion.

“Therefore I do admonish you that you would sadly consider the just hand of God against you, the great hurt you have done to the churches, the great dishonor you have brought to Christ Jesus, and the evil that you have done to many a poor soul, and so the Lord carry home to your soul what I have spoken to you in his name.”

Mrs. Hutchinson was instructed to appear the next lecture-day to answer to the rest of the list of errors; and the meeting broke up. It was eight in the evening, and the trial had gone on steadily for ten hours. Even the ministers recognized that Mrs. Hutchinson was too ill to return to Roxbury, and it was arranged that she was to stay at Mr. Cotton's house, where Mr. Davenport of the prospective New Haven colony was also a guest. The ministers knew that if anybody could make Mrs. Hutchinson renounce her errors it would be her old teacher. Her sons, alarmed at her imminent collapse, rushed off to join the scouting party and hurry them into some decision; and she was left alone with her tormentors.

From morning till night Mr. Davenport and Mr. Cotton labored with her. Overwhelmed now in the waters of affliction, their voices came to her as sounds dim in the ears of one drowning. She was under the waves, the voices were inane, they could not reach her, they could not save her. Nothing seemed near but old echoes strained through wavering caverns of pain:

"I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

"The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away the veil from me."

What was Mr. Cotton saying? Something about gangrene, about vipers eating out the bowels of their mother, of poison mixed with woman's milk, of filthy concubinage? She saw a black sleeve close to her, a smooth hand gesticulating slowly. The waters closed over her head again, and she smelled frankincense and myrrh, and apples and wine. Here was tansy from her Alford garden, here were new lambs skipping with the foolishness of spring as she rode through sheep-pastures smooth as felt to Old Boston.

Now she felt tears on her face. She was weeping for

someone who was dead. Was it her child, so heavy and unmoving in her body? No, someone else. Mr. Cotton. Yes, Mr. Cotton was dead, like great King Solomon. He had died in Old Boston. Nobody suspected; they thought this comfortable man sitting here, his black sleeve moving in slow gesticulation, was John Cotton. But she knew; he lay, the ruddy young man, under the tansy in her Alford garden.

Time and its horrors swam over her head. Her church-trial had been finished at a second meeting; she had gone by water to the Mount, and now she was walking to Providence to join William and her sons. Richard Scott was with her, and four-year-old Susanna was clutching her hand as they stumbled down the narrow Indian path. To her right, the Blue Hills were still blotched with snow, and snow was under her feet. Like her heavy feet, her mind plodded heavily over the last few days that somehow had gone over her head. She had gone into the church again, she had found in her hands something that she read out, so faintly that Mr. Cotton had had to repeat it to the congregation. It was a retraction of her errors. She must have signed it in Mr. Cotton's house.

A bramble scratched her face. The pain reminded

her of what she had said. The black-sleeved stranger had told her that she must apologize to the ministers; she obeyed him. She said that it was never in her heart to slight any man, she only wanted the ministers to keep their places and not set themselves up as gods. Hadn't they liked that? The black-sleeved stranger bolstered up her apology for her, but still they were not satisfied. They wanted her to humble herself like a worm under their feet. Suddenly she had roused, as from a dream, and cried out, "My judgment is not altered, though my expression alters." She remembered saying that; and then they were all on her like a pack of wolves. Dudley said he did not know who wrote her repentance; it was on the paper, not on her face. They had all worked themselves up into a rage, and called her a liar. It seemed they were going to cast her out of the church for lying, for saying that she had never held certain errors before her imprisonment.

She could not remember how they proved that she was a liar; but now, as she and her children found the Indian boat to ferry them across the Taunton, she could rest for a few minutes, and back into her mind rushed a medley of angry voices calling her an impudent impostor, a husband rather than a wife, a heretic, a foully evil woman. There had been protests from her friends,

and then, against a stricken silence, Mr. Wilson's solemn excommunication:

"Forasmuch as you, Mrs. Hutchinson, have highly transgressed and offended, therefore in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the name of the Church, I do cast you out. I do deliver you up to Satan, that you may learn no more to blaspheme, to seduce, and to lie, and I do account you from this time forth to be a Heathen and a Publican; therefore I command you in the name of Christ Jesus and of this Church as a Leper to withdraw yourself out of this congregation."

And suddenly she had been happy, happier than ever she remembered since the day in Alford when she had first heard the beloved voice. She went out of the church into the early twilight, and Mary Dyer put her arm around her. Winthrop, looming in the dusk, muttered as he passed, "The Lord sanctify this unto you," and she answered jubilantly, "The Lord judgeth not as man judgeth, better to be cast out of the church than to deny Christ."

The Taunton was crossed, and the steep bank was slimy with frost and mud. She pulled herself up laboriously by little trees and bushes, heavy with the bitter burden in her body.

Chapter Thirteen

WHILE Mrs. Hutchinson was being tried before Boston Church, her husband's scouting party hit on a place for settlement. The nineteen men of the party left their little ship before it made the dangerous skirting of Cape Cod, and struck overland, intending to board it again at Providence. But at Providence Roger Williams changed their plan of proceeding south to Long Island or Delaware Bay. He had not forgotten what it was to be an exile from the Bay, and he suggested that the refugees settle near him on Aquidneck, the exquisite island bathed by Narragansett Bay which is now the southeastern part of Rhode Island. Plymouth had an intangible claim to the territory, but consented to its settlement.

Williams negotiated the purchase from the Indians. The Narragansett sachems Canonicus and Miantonomo remembered Harry Vane, whom Williams had brought to visit them two years before, and when they heard that the newcomers were friends of Vane's, and that

that young gentleman himself would probably come to be the English sachem, all difficulties melted. The chiefs graciously accepted forty fathoms of white wampum as purchase-money, and as quit-money twenty hoes and ten English coats, which they prized above barrels of beaver. Nineteen Englishmen became proprietors of Aquidneck.

The sale was completed March 24, 1638, and the purchase-deed was signed by William Hutchinson and his brother Edward, by young Edward Hutchinson and Thomas Savage, who had just come from Boston, by Coddington, Aspinwall, Coggeshall, Dr. John Clarke, a young Bedfordshire physician newly arrived in America, William Dyer, Randall Holden, William Baulston, John Sanford, Senior, whose son was married to Bridget Hutchinson, and seven others. Richard Scott of Providence, Katherine Marbury's husband, rushed up to Boston with news of the purchase, and arrived just in time to prevent Mrs. Hutchinson's leaving for New Hampshire.

Anne Hutchinson arrived in Providence prostrated from the five days' journey afoot, and the five nights' sleeping on frosty ground. While she rested there at her sister's home, her family hastily built a house on the northeast corner of the Island facing the mainland. The

Hutchinsons were the first to settle Aquidneck, for Thomas Savage went back to live on William's farm at Mount Wollaston and keep it from confiscation by the Bay, and the other purchasers returned to Boston to fetch their families.

Mrs. Hutchinson's new home lay in rippling grasses scarcely higher than the waters of cove and bay which almost encircled it. The spring wind blew in warm and heavy; it ruffled the tawny grasses on the low salt-meadows that reminded her of the Lincolnshire meadows by the sea. But the sun which mounted as spring advanced was bright and savage, the sun of a new world. And the little settlement kept its savage Indian name, Pocasset.

People began to arrive in the Island, scores of exiles who had come for her sake. They were eager for her old buoyant talk, freed at last from the suppression of the Bay. But in her heart was an emptiness, a dim void of suffering. For weeks she lay near death, unaware that the little commonwealth created because of her was innocently evolving into another theocracy. William Coddington had been elected governor, and Coddington, so sincere, so solid, was inadvertently repeating some of Winthrop's mistakes. The spirit of Moses rose about the colony like a fog. But she was too ill to

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realize what was happening. She courted death, easeful death, deliverance.

Young Dr. Clarke sat at her side day after day, waiting for the crisis of child-birth to resolve her mysterious suffering into something familiar to his short experience. Her ailment was more than mysterious, it was sinister. Once, when he left his patient, the people waiting outside saw fear in his eyes.

"What news of our sister?" they asked him.

"The case," he said cryptically, "is both doubtful and dangerous." And he hurried away, his hands trembling.

The crisis came, and Dr. Clarke was really frightened. Mrs. Hutchinson's over-taxed body had revenged itself in anomalies.¹ The young physician was superstitious, and rumors of something monstrous seeped out. Somebody wrote an indiscreet letter to Mr. Cotton.

The next lecture-day Mr. Cotton rose in the open assembly and told the congregation that Mistress Hutchinson had borne "twenty-seven several lumps of man's seed, without any alteration, or mixture of anything from the woman." He concluded "that it might signify her error in denying inherent righteousness, but that

¹ No wonder Dr. Clarke was alarmed; Mrs. Hutchinson's malady was a rare and curious one. The strain of her trial and imprisonment had diverted her pregnancy into an abnormal uterine growth.

all was Christ in us, and nothing of ours in our faith, love, etc.”

Winthrop's imagination took fire. He had suffered much anguish of conscience about Anne Hutchinson; but perhaps, after all, he had been right in thinking her an evil woman. He immediately wrote to Dr. Clarke for details. Dr. Clarke replied: “Mrs. Hutchinson, six weeks before her delivery, perceiving her body to be greatly distempered, and her spirits failing, and in that regard doubtful of life, she sent to me, etc., and not long after in *immoderato fluore uterino* it was brought to light, and I was called to see it, where I beheld, first unwashed, (and afterwards in warm water) several lumps, every one of them greatly confused, and if you consider each of them according to the representation of the whole, they were altogether without form. . . . Of these several lumps there were about twenty-six.”

But this was not enough. Winthrop sent a courier running down to Aquidneck to bring back Dr. Clarke himself. The physician enlarged his account somewhat: “The lumps were twenty-six or twenty-seven, distinct and not joined together . . . six of them were as great as a fist, and one as great as two fists; the rest each less than the other, and the smallest about the bigness of the top of a thumb.”

Mr. Cotton retailed this corrected account from the pulpit; the matter looked far more serious than he had thought at first. The ministers and magistrates of the Bay elaborated Mrs. Hutchinson's misfortune into a classic of witchcraft. She had borne some twenty-seven monsters, approximately the number of the false conceptions she had foisted on the colony. "False conceptions" now had a double meaning. William Hutchinson's wife had consorted with the Devil, and she had brought forth monsters, doctrinal and physical.

Anne Hutchinson had been accused of Familism, but that was nothing to this horror. Now God had pointed at her with His own finger as the bride of evil, the devil's concubine. The details of her infernal child-bed were advertised all over New England and Old. Even six years later the excitement had not died down; in the solemn Westminster Assembly in London prelates argued hotly over the phenomenon, and white-haired divines sat before their guttering candles to write disquisitions on Anne Hutchinson's monsters. Thomas Welde adumbrated the subject in his introduction to Winthrop's *Short Story*:

"And see how the wisdom of God fitted this judgment to her sinne every way, for looke as she had vented mishapen opinions, so she must bring forth deformed

monsters; and as about 30 Opinions in number, so many monsters; and as those were publike, and not in a corner mentioned, so this is now come to be knowne and famous all over these Churches, and a great part of the world."

But this was not all. Mistress Hutchinson had not been alone in her fiendish intimacy with Satan. Belial had seduced her intimate friend Mary Dyer, and as for the midwife Jane Hawkins, she was the disciple not only of Mrs. Hutchinson, but of Mrs. Hutchinson's hellish consort. She had signed over her soul to the infernal keeping, and was a witch. There was no doubt of these things, for Mary Dyer and the midwife had already been found out.

On October 17, about a month before Mrs. Hutchinson's civil trial, Mary Dyer had lain in child-bed, attended by Mrs. Hutchinson and Jane Hawkins, and with the gossiping as usual about her. Suddenly the bed on which she lay shook violently, the child died in her body, and what the women described as a "noisome savor" filled the room. Then strange things began to happen; some of the women were taken with extreme nausea, and hurried home, and all the rest were sent for because their children had convulsions, something they had never had before or since. Anne Hutchinson

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and Jane Hawkins were left alone with their friend. Two hours later, Mary Dyer gave birth to a monstrosity.

The birth of a monstrosity was generally regarded as a portent, so Anne Hutchinson had desired to shield her friend from malicious gossip. She confided the situation to Mr. Cotton, and he agreed with her that the misfortune might properly be kept secret. The birth was registered simply as that of a stillborn child.

All would have been well, except that a prying neighbor got a glimpse of the monster before it was secretly buried. She had been unable to hold her tongue, and within a few months every woman in Boston had heard the news. When Anne Hutchinson, coming out of Boston Church "as a leper" had stood talking to Mary Dyer, a stranger had asked one of the bystanders who Mary Dyer was. "The woman who had the monster," was the prompt reply. Winthrop had overheard that remark, and was seized with delighted anticipation. He sent an elder to question Mrs. Hutchinson, just as she was leaving for Providence. She had frankly explained the situation, and Mr. Cotton's part in it. Thereupon Winthrop, driven by his salacious curiosity and by his desire to discover evil in Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends, called in simple Jane Hawkins, and

cross-questioned her in the presence of the elder and one of the magistrates. At first she would confess only that the head of the child was defective and misplaced, but when Winthrop pretended that Mrs. Hutchinson had revealed everything, Goodwife Hawkins blurted out the truth. Some of the details recorded by Winthrop in his journal were as follows:

“It was a woman child, stillborn, about two months before the just time, having life a few hours before; it came hiplings until she turned it; it was of ordinary bigness; it had a face, but no head, and the ears stood upon the shoulders and were like an ape’s; it had no forehead, but over the eyes four horns, hard and sharp; two of them were above an inch long, the other two shorter . . . all over the breast and back full of sharp pricks and scales, like a thornback. . . . It had arms and legs as other children, but, instead of toes, it had on each foot three claws, like a young fowl, with sharp talons.”

Mr. Cotton was questioned as to his part in the concealment of the phenomenon, but he explained that he thought this misfortune was for the private correction of the parents, and that he considered it providential that all the gossiping had been absent. He made a public apology for his action, which was well received.

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Winthrop, upon the advice of the magistrates and elders of Boston, disinterred the little horror, and as he put it, "though it were much corrupted, yet most of those things were to be seen, as the horns and claws, the scales, etc., by upwards of a hundred people."

Just as matters reached this stage, William Dyer returned from Aquidneck to fetch his wife. By a strange providence, he was the very next Sunday called to answer before the church for "divers monstrous errors." The connection between errors and monsters was thus made plain to the entire congregation. Boston was given a salutary object-lesson in the peril of flirting with the Old Serpent, and the Dyers left for Aquidneck with a hideous reputation.

As for Jane Hawkins, she was quietly banished, and left for Aquidneck as well. There was no doubt that she was a witch, for it developed that she fell into trances and made speeches in Latin, and that she gave young wives oil of mandrakes and other stuff to cause conception.

Thus the suspicion that the whole Hutchinson affair had been based upon witchcraft was already strong when the news came that Jezebel herself had borne not one, but twenty-seven monsters. There was rejoicing in the Bay, and many unsteady consciences recovered

from feelings of pity for the exiles. Many of the common people now realized that Winthrop and their other rulers had shown great wisdom in banishing such a perilous influence, and perhaps saving the colony from God's wrath. Though Mrs. Hutchinson had been sentenced for obscure reasons, God had stepped in with his own vote and suffrage, and proved the case against her.

As an anticlimax, her disciple Captain John Underhill was triumphantly proved a Familist. He had lost his commission and his citizenship, without being officially banished; but since all his friends had left the Bay, he decided to go to New Hampshire to join John Wheelwright. He had on more than one occasion helped to save the Bay from destruction by the Indians, and as a grudging tribute the Court had promised to buy him three hundred acres in New Hampshire. Early in September, 1638, he appeared before the Court to claim his gift; but the magistrates, always thrifty, decided to question him first about some of his rash speeches. Some disgruntled woman had repeated to the magistrates his remark to her that "he had lain under a spirit of bondage and a legal way five years, and could get no assurance, till at length, as he was taking a pipe of tobacco, the Spirit set home an absolute promise of

free grace, with such assurance and joy, as he had never since doubted of his good estate, neither should he, though he should fall into sin." This was a perfect expression of Familism; the Court promptly pronounced sentence of banishment on Underhill, and thereby was released from its promise of the three hundred acres in New Hampshire.

Boston Church determined to get at the bottom of this Familism, and arraigned Captain John the next Sunday. He defended himself in a long and frivolous speech. Surely, he said, if Saul was converted in the very act of persecuting Christians, could he not be converted while he was making a modest use of the creature called tobacco? He did not deserve the Court's sentence, he was sure Christ was his. But Mr. Cotton advised him to examine well the revelation and the joy of which he boasted, and directed him to come back the next Sunday.

The next Sunday the elders told the congregation a story that left little doubt of Captain John's Familism. One of his neighbors, a cooper, had a wife "young, beautiful, and withal of a jovial spirit and behavior," as the observant Winthrop noted. It appeared that Captain John frequently visited her in the afternoon when she was alone. Some of the good people of the

church observed this, and going very softly to the lovely sister's door, discovered it locked on the inside. The neighbors had then, quite properly, taxed the captain with this; and he agreed that his visits had the appearance of evil. But there was an explanation. The cooper's wife, he said, was in great trouble of mind and sore temptations, and he resorted to her to comfort her. When the door was found locked upon them, they were in private prayer together.

Before Boston Church the elders condemned this action. How would it look if they were to do the like? they exclaimed, while Captain John repressed a smile. Besides, when some of the church people had gone unexpectedly to call on the cooper's wife and comfort her, they had found her in a state of utmost content, and even happier than usual.

After that church-meeting, Captain John rushed off to New Hampshire as if he were pursued by a thousand Furies. Justice was too heavy-footed to catch up with him, and he was safely out of the Bay before adultery, punishable with death, was legally proved against him. A godly young woman came into Court and testified that he had solicited her chastity under pretence of Christian love; unsuccessfully, of course. He had boasted to her that he had often had his will of the

cooper's wife, "and all out of strength of love." He confessed that it had taken him six months to overcome the woman's rectitude; it was hard to believe that any woman could have resisted him so long, but eventually she was his. The Bay sent letter after letter to New Hampshire urging the authorities of that new plantation to take proper action against Underhill. But New Hampshire liked the brave captain, and elected him governor; and there he stayed until his own restlessness drove him to fresh fields.

Though the witchcraft and Familist scandals had settled the case against Anne Hutchinson, Boston went through a very gloomy period after she left. The church was in a low state; during the two years of the controversy not a single new member had been admitted to the congregation. The Aquidneck and New Hampshire contingents had drained the best blood away, and the new colonies at Hartford and New Haven had taken many people of consequence from the Bay. It was now an ardorless congregation that sat on the benches, and it was a tepid service that they sat through. Gone were the challenges, the discussions, the wild excitements and crises of the "Antinomian Controversy." Boston, having tasted turmoil and combat, did not altogether relish the dead calm that now set in. Calm

there was, but no real peace. Anne Hutchinson had shaken the very foundations of the church, the foundations that rested on moving sands. The church's infallibility in the eyes of the people had gone, and could not be restored.

And Jehovah, who might have been expected to shower blessings on the Bay for its punishment of the heretics, showered instead a series of calamities that seemed rather to point to divine displeasure. In May, after Governor Winthrop had finished his task of crushing the Hutchinson party, he had suddenly collapsed. For a month he lay tossing with fever, and his life was despaired of. When he was about again, he seemed, even in the excitement of tracking down the witchcraft horrors, to be melancholy and shaken.

On the afternoon of June first there had been a terrible earthquake, which lasted for four minutes. It came with a noise like the rattling of coaches in London, and shook the ships in the harbor. Men working in the fields threw down their tools, and rushed madly about, thinking the end of the world had come. Though the earthquake came from the west, and followed the path of the Aquidneck exiles, it was difficult to explain the manifestation as a reproof to the Islanders, since the Bay suffered more than they did. The ministers pre-

ferred to interpret it as a sign that calamitous changes were about to come in the kingdoms of Europe.

Moreover, there were epidemics of small-pox and fevers; during the fall there was an unheard-of succession of storms, huge tides, hurricanes, and shipwrecks. There were constant quarrels with Connecticut, which refused to be dominated by the Bay. The women of the colony seemed possessed. They indulged in an orgy of new and outlandish fashions, guided by recently arrived ladies from London. There was little to be done about this, for some of the most fantastically dressed were elders' wives.

Winthrop and Dudley tried to reassure themselves by adding solid acres to their already large possessions. They went to Concord, and going down the river about four miles, chose beautiful farms of a thousand acres apiece. A little creek separated the estates, and on the border were two great rocks, so they called the rocks the Two Brothers, remembering that they were brothers by their children's marriage; and so made up their old quarrel.

The elders, also, did their best to restore a solid peace to the sadly shaken colony. They declared a fast-day for December thirteenth, to pray for a revival of interest in religion. Mr. Cotton, with tears as usual,

humbled himself for his share in the Bay's misfortunes. Though he rejoiced that "certain people now in the Island" had been banished, he felt that in future the church ought to be a little milder with recreants, and fine and imprison rather than banish them. Plainly he was trying to placate Jehovah.

But Jehovah still showed his displeasure; for the very day after the fast two ships full of Boston people bound for New Haven were wrecked on Aquidneck. Anne Hutchinson's fellow-exiles rescued the Bostoners, but the Bay would almost have soon have lost them at sea as have God give Aquidneck this opportunity to return good for evil.

Jehovah roared at the Bay; but over the Island He spread His protecting wings. Anne Hutchinson slowly recovered her health; by midwinter she had come out of the waters of affliction like a swimmer from the surf, and was sending friends in Boston inimitable messages, tart, spicy, triumphant. Boston was horrified to see that the mother of monsters was not crushed by her guilt. The elders and ministers said nothing, but some of the people remembered her prophecy in the Court, and knew that the miracle she promised had come. The Bay had been chastised for punishing her; and Anne Hutchinson had been delivered from the hands of her enemies.

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Chapter Fourteen

ANNE HUTCHINSON came out of her long illness transformed. The old medicinal wit came back to her, the old clarity of thought, and the pervading kindness. But she left behind her forever the desire to rally many people to her beliefs, the restless ambition to defend and fight and argue. She had never fought from a private ambition, she had fought for a principle, and for John Cotton. Now John Cotton had sunk out of sight, out of sound, and she was released from the obscure impulse that had dominated her from the day she had first heard him preach in St. Botolph's. She was quiet now, and her mind lived in a solitude of its own. Never again would she gather a little army around her, and contend for the Covenant of Grace. Her attempt had been idealistic, premature; she had lost her crusade, and left the Bay in the hands of Winthrop and Wilson.

What remained out of three intense years of struggle? The beloved voice was hers still, and the Covenant

of Grace, as they had been in Alford. But now there were many people who shared the truth with her; she had opened the way to each of them to live his own life of the spirit. She would continue to open the way to anyone who came to her. But she would never preach again.

As she sat in the sweet relaxation of convalescence, her experience in the Bay took on fresh meaning. The vivid details of her trials before the magistrates and the ministers came back with new significance. In her trials she had stood for the beloved voice and the Covenant of Grace. But she had stood for something more, for freedom of conscience. Not for the Bay's beggarly freedom of conscience—that had proved a poor shelter indeed—but for her own. She had tried to defend the inscrutability of her own inner promptings.

But if she must follow her conscience, must not others follow theirs, wherever it led? People could not all think alike; God spoke to each man's need, sending new truths as the mind was ready to receive them. Even on the *Griffin* she had realized that, when she repeated to Mr. Symmes Christ's phrase, "I have yet many things to say, but ye cannot bear them now." Christ had many new things to say, now to this listening mind, now to that. As her thoughts crystallized, Anne

Hutchinson saw that the individual's right to his own beliefs was more important than anything else, even than the Covenant of Grace. It was for this right that she must now stand without flinching. Even Mr. Wilson had the right to believe as he wished. But he must not try to make other people conform to his beliefs. That was his great sin, and the sin of Winthrop and Dudley and Endicott. That was the evil at the heart of every theocracy; no church should have the power through the state to force obedience to its doctrines. Thus Anne Hutchinson arrived at toleration, a mystical toleration based on her belief in the continuing revelation of the beloved voice.

She realized at last why she had been so happy when she was cast out of Boston Church. It was because she did not believe in the church. She had clung to it as all her generation clung, as the most essential thing in the world. She had tried to capture the church as a stronghold for her own religion, and for John Cotton. That great battle she had lost; then she had lost John Cotton; and then she had lost even the right to share in the ordinances of the church. In her final defeat, her first feeling had been one of overwhelming gratitude.

The gratitude remained. The church meant organized religion, and organized religion was antitheti-

cal to her convictions. She knew at last that she had never wanted the church, or ministers, or elders, or deacons. She did not even want a creed. The very adopting of a creed implied that revelation had ceased once and for all. If the Holy Spirit was something that lived and grew in the soul of man, there were many things yet to be revealed and understood. Having a creed, men shut their ears to the voice of new truth. They lived in the past, in the minds of Calvin and Paul, shutting out the present, and denying the future.

She decided that she had been wrong to sit in the midst of eighty men and women, instructing them, even if she was in all humility being herself instructed by the beloved voice. Better to sit quietly with a few friends, and let the beloved voice speak where it would. As soon as she was well again, she told her followers that she would not hold meetings in Aquidneck as she had in Boston. Everyone was to seek the truth for himself. Now and then, not at any set time, and not necessarily on Sunday, for she had abandoned the idea of a day confined to worship, she gathered her family and a few friends about her. They all sat quietly, waiting for inner promptings, and anyone moved to do so spoke.

In short, six years before the Society of Friends was dreamed of, Anne Hutchinson followed the Quaker

way of life. She had told all the Bay of immediate revelations and the witness of the Spirit while George Fox, founder of the Friends, was still a child; and while he was trudging through England looking for a true ministry, she abandoned ministry and dropped outward forms of religion. Years later, little meetings like hers were to spring up everywhere in the old world and the new; and George Fox, following the logic that had guided her experience, was to drop "priests and steeple-houses," as she had dropped them. The boy trudging through England, pestered with the desire for true light, was a born missionary; he spread through the world the faith that Anne Hutchinson, weary of the propagandist's life, nourished in the wilderness. But she had prepared the way, and her disciples became the first Friends in America.

She wrote to Henry Vane of her new convictions, and he followed her example, setting up a private worship in his own family, a practice he followed the rest of his life. He could not come to join the Aquidneck colony, for he had been caught up in the political crisis at home. Of all her Boston circle, Vane had been the most comprehending, and remained the most steadfast, and Mrs. Hutchinson sorely missed that generous mind. She felt impelled sometimes to go back to Eng-

land to be near Vane, but she, too, was caught up in a crisis near at hand.

While she lay struggling for her life, the exiles had organized Aquidneck as a theocracy, basing the new colony on the very principles that made the Bay necessarily inhospitable to new ideas. A theocracy was possible to maintain only if everyone thought alike; Massachusetts Bay, to defend its very existence, had exiled dissentients. Would not the same story be repeated? Aquidneck had been organized around her and her ideas; what if newcomers arrived with conflicting ideas? Aquidneck was governed "according to the word of God" as its compact of government stated, but who was to decide what was the word of God? Her new hospitality to the ideas of others quickened her perception. While she had been ill, the colony had started down the wrong path.

William Coddington had been chosen governor, or "judge," an Old Testament title. He was a man of the Winthrop stamp, seasoned in government, shrewd, solid, estimable. His sympathy for Anne Hutchinson's ideas had kept him firmly on the rebels' side all through the struggle in Boston. But though his religious ideas were new, he clung to old habits of political action. At bottom he was still a theocrat. Anne Hutchinson bore

him no ill-will, for he had bravely defended her in her trial before the Court, and his sincerity was unimpeachable. But he believed in the union of church and state, and this blocked the way to the toleration which now seemed essential to her.

About Christmas-time in 1638, while she was pondering the matter of Coddington's political ideas, there came marching into Pocasset one of the strangest figures Mrs. Hutchinson had ever encountered. He was Samuel Gorton, "Professor of the Mysteries of Christ," as he styled himself. He was half god, half crank. At Plymouth he had advertised his ideas of private inspiration, the right of laymen to preach, and the folly of ritual. These ideas ran along with those of Mrs. Hutchinson, but he had many crotchets besides, and on these she exercised her new-found tolerance. Gorton was a refugee from Plymouth, the first of many vari-colored exiles to take refuge in Aquidneck. Among his odd assortment of beliefs was a passionate devotion to English common law, and when this was put beside Mrs. Hutchinson's desire to separate church and state, a new conception of government was generated. Why should the state be based on the Bible, and enforce an established religion? Why should it not be based on civil law, as in England, but as a further step, leave

matters of religion to be decided by the individual conscience?

Led by Anne Hutchinson and Gorton, the people of Pocasset, including many of the commoners, attempted to get Coddington to relinquish some of his powers to the freemen. Early in January, 1639, they succeeded in modifying the constitution by having three "elders" elected to share the governor's rule, and what was more important, by gaining for the freemen the power of absolute veto.

Coddington stiffened against the opposition, and retaliated by appointing a constable to give warning of any "manifest breaches of the law of God that tend to civil disturbance." That sounded very much like the Bay. Coddington's interpretation of the "law of God" might be guided by his desire to keep in power; he might even find that the opposition party was "tending to civil disturbance," and crush it with the constabulary. As in the Bay, the issue had become one of religious freedom, and for that issue Anne Hutchinson must once more struggle.

Coddington went up to Boston for a few days in April, 1639, and while he was away the Hutchinsons perfected plans for a *coup d'état*. Upon his return, at the town-meeting of Thursday, April 28, he was sud-

denly confronted with a demand for a new election. He had been in office for less than a year, and had expected to keep his position indefinitely. A tumultuous session followed; the freemen insisted on election, and finally carried their point. William Hutchinson was elected governor by a large majority. Coddington and his supporters withdrew from the meeting, and held a session of their own. They were unwilling to yield to the majority, so they decided to leave Pocasset and make a new settlement. They went down to the southern part of the island, and founded Newport.

Pocasset, led by the Hutchinsons, now adopted a new compact of government. A democracy was established; class distinctions abolished; and all the male inhabitants, freemen and non-freemen, signed the new compact:

“We whose names are underwritten do acknowledge ourselves the loyal subjects of His Majesty King Charles, and in his name do hereby bind ourselves into a civil body politic; and do submit to his laws according to matters of justice.”

Sixteen of the signers, not being able to write, made their marks. The proletariat had emerged.

This compact was in complete contrast to the first Aquidneck covenant. As if to signal the new order,

the name of the town was changed to Portsmouth. Majority rule was installed, William Hutchinson as chief magistrate was flanked by eight assistants, and provision was made for regular courts of justice, and trial by jury. But most important of all, the compact said nothing about government according to the word of God; it put government back upon English common law. From then on, civil affairs were civil affairs; the law had nothing to do with religion.

Church and state were separated; and when, nearly a year later, Newport and Portsmouth were united into a general Aquidneck government, this significant principle was carried over for the whole island. The union of the towns was inevitable; there was no ill-will between the Hutchinson and Coddington groups, and the break had not been too serious for both sides to recognize their common interests. Newport yielded to the democratic sentiment of Portsmouth, following its example in acknowledging the sovereignty of King Charles, and setting up civil machinery to replace the authority of the church. This move simplified matters; and Anne Hutchinson removed the last obstacle to union by persuading her husband to resign as chief magistrate so that Coddington could be elected governor of Aquidneck. Hutchinson accepted a humbler place as one of

the four magistrates of the joint government. The union was completed March 12, 1640; a new civil constitution was adopted for the Island, and the towns were allowed to retain their autonomy. Democracy, as expressed by the Hutchinson group, had overthrown theocracy.

Only one further step was necessary. Toleration must be adopted as a principle of government. In May, 1641, the Island took as its motto "*Amor vincet omnia,*" declared itself a democracy whose laws were to be made by a majority of the citizens, and then crowned its work by the following act:

"It is ordered that none shall be accounted a delinquent for doctrine."

This was the first declaration of absolute religious freedom in America. It crystallized in a statute and enunciated as a principle the hospitality to religious refugees that Roger Williams practised on the mainland. Aquidneck was one of the first communities in the world to establish religious freedom; Anne Hutchinson's group was the first Christian sect to adopt toleration for other sects. This was the full flowering of her creed, her true work had been accomplished.

Toleration appeared on the statute-book of the Island and in the less formal government of Providence, not as

a pious aspiration, but as the reflection of established practice. The spirit of Anne Hutchinson dominated the Island, and that of Roger Williams the mainland; these two expressed tolerance, but what was more difficult, they practised it. They welcomed every creed and sect; though Williams, more crotchety by temperament than Anne Hutchinson, was to live long enough to lend himself to the general antagonism to the Quakers. Aquidneck and Providence were the refuge of every unconfessing soul; they seethed with preachers and faiths.

Portsmouth had no meeting-house, but it had religions of many colors. When the town was first settled, a church had been ordered built, but it was never built while Anne Hutchinson was in Portsmouth. Since she had walked out of Boston Church as a "Heathen and Publican" she had never entered another church. Her idea of intimate circles waiting receptively for the truth to speak through them took hold among her neighbors, and in Portsmouth religion was freed from the formality and tediousness of the Bay. Little groups grew up spontaneously around natural religious leaders; her own group was the most influential, but Gorton had his following, and other teachers freely came and went.

There was a meeting-house in Newport, but the town

soon divided into two chief sects, one of them Baptist, and several minor ones. In Providence Mrs. Hutchinson's sister, Katherine Marbury Scott, gained considerable influence as a religious figure, converting Roger Williams temporarily to the Baptist faith. Religion became protean in Rhode Island; Francis Doughty the Presbyterian gained a following; Gorton the chronic agitator went from spot to spot carrying his fantastic ideas; one Herne taught that women had no souls; Green of Providence maintained that women should have perfect liberty to choose their religion. Cotton Mather for once described a situation accurately when he said:

“I cannot learn that the first planters of this colony were agreed in any one principle so much as this, ‘that they were to give one another no disturbance in the exercise of religion’; and tho’ they have sometimes had some difference among them, as to the exercise of that principle also, I believe there was never held such a variety of religions together in so small a spot of ground as have been in that colony . . . so that, if a man had lost his religion, he might find it at the general muster of opinionists!”

Under all the variety of religions ran a common basis: rebellion against the supremacy of any one church,

and respect for individual experience. All the rest of New England had accepted the Law, but the future Rhode Island elected the more complicated rule of the Spirit. Implanted in Rhode Island by Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, toleration spread to Maryland and Pennsylvania, and finally across the Atlantic to the authors of the French Revolution, who drew their conception of the universal rights of man largely from the charters of the more advanced American colonies. The little path hewn out in Rhode Island was to grow into a high-road of human liberty.

Boston Church could not regard this spirit of religious freedom with equanimity. No sooner had the Hutchinson group left the Bay than the elders, itching with the proselyting spirit, began a campaign to dominate the exiles. Under the pretext that most of the Islanders were still members of Boston Church, and could not join a new church without the permission of the elders, the Bay tried to meddle in the religious life of Aquidneck. Two years after the Island was founded, Boston Church sent three delegates to attempt a rapprochement. The mission was chosen with care; it consisted of Captain Edward Gibbons, William Hibbens, a Boston merchant, and John Oliver, who had been a Hutchin-

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son deputy and one of the signers of the Wheelwright petition. As Thomas Welde said, these were "men of a lovely and winning spirit, as most likely to prevail."

The three started on their mission Monday morning, March 6, 1640, and after six days' very hard going they arrived in Newport. They asked the brethren to call a meeting, so that they might deliver their messages from Boston Church. The request was granted, and the delegation met with a friendly reception. A letter from Boston Church was read, and satisfactory answers delivered.

But at Portsmouth, which the mission then visited, affairs were very different. Mr. Coggeshall entertained the delegates hospitably enough, but when they asked for a church-meeting as they had in Newport, they were told that unfortunately Portsmouth was busy with a town-meeting that night. Moreover, the Portsmouth people did not believe that one church had power over another, so the town could not recognize the Boston delegates as having any business with them. In any case, there was no church in town. Portsmouth had done with churches.

There was nothing to do but make a house-to-house canvass. The mission began with the Hutchinson house, interviewing William Hutchinson first. He had not been

excommunicated from Boston Church, and the delegates tried to deal with him as if he were still a member, and still under the guidance of the elders. They tried to pry him loose from his wife's influence, and make him acknowledge himself an obedient child of the Bay church. But he answered quietly:

"I am more tied to my wife than to the church, and I think her to be a dear saint and servant of God."

This one recorded utterance of William Hutchinson summed up his life.

With some trepidation, the brethren then interviewed Anne Hutchinson. They got no honey from her. "We have a message to do you from the Lord and from our church," they informed her.

She answered, "There are Lords many and gods many, but I acknowledge but one Lord. Which Lord do you mean?"

"We come in the name of but one Lord, and that is God," said the Bostoners.

Then she said, "So far we agree. And where we do agree," she added with one of her disconcerting flashes, "let it be set down."

The agreement between Anne Hutchinson and the delegates stopped short at this point. She refused to accept their message, and they left her house with

smarting nerves. "But for our church she would not acknowledge it any church of Christ," they sadly reported to the Boston congregation a few days later. They never finished their report of the low state of Portsmouth, for while they were talking of Anne Hutchinson Mr. Cotton suddenly rose and cut them short. With more bitter personal feeling than he perhaps realized, he cried, "They were in Covenant with us as a wife to the Husband, but like a Harlot she will be gone for all her covenant."

After two weeks' deliberation, Boston Church decided to cut off the stubborn Islanders as "Heathen and Publicans," leaving the door open to any that would repent and ask Boston to forgive them. So matters rested for the moment.

But Thomas Leverett, ruling elder of Boston Church, who once had been Mrs. Hutchinson's supporter, could not take her defiance quietly. He sent her a long letter calling her a haughty Jezebel, a railer and reviler, and asked sardonically, "What has become of the light you once shined in, in these parts?" Also, he grievously misquoted Revelation, and Mrs. Hutchinson's reply, which exposed his blunder, must have given him some chagrin. Her letter began:

"If it were the true Light, in which you say I did

once shine, I am sure the Author thereof, and the Maintainer of it is God, and it shall break forth more and more unto the perfect Day, and when I was with you it discovered the best Light in your self to be Darkness, as your self confessed to me in your own Parlour. And if what you called Railing and Reviling were a truth of God, acted by him through me, then you have called the Spirit of God a Railer and Reviler.”

This tart reply was disconcerting, but what could one expect of Jezebel? She had been proved a witch, and Boston had plenty of indications that the Sorceress of the Island was still exerting her spells. The story of young William Collins, for instance, the Bay could explain only by witchcraft.

The summer of 1640, Collins, a newcomer to America, was employed to teach the Hartford school. His friend Hales went to Portsmouth, where he immediately became Mrs. Hutchinson's disciple. Collins's Hartford acquaintances knew all about Mrs. Hutchinson. They told him his friend Hales was a lost man, he had fallen into the toils of a powerful sorceress. Collins was alarmed, and wrote his friend, begging him to come away from peril. Hales replied. The morning after receiving that letter, Collins was not to be found in his room. He had vanished overnight without a sound. The

next thing Hartford heard was that Collins was in Portsmouth, the ardent disciple of Mrs. Hutchinson, and that he was to marry her daughter Anne. Witchcraft certainly.

The next summer Collins came up to Boston with Francis Hutchinson, Anne's third son, to attend to business affairs for the family. Boston took no chances with the son and son-in-law of a sorceress. The two young men were summoned before the Council, imprisoned, and sentenced to pay prodigious fines, which Winthrop justified "because that family had put the country to so much charge in the synod and other occasions to the value of £500 at least." They refused to pay the fines, and so, when winter made the Boston jail uninhabitable, they were banished from the colony on pain of death.

This dastardly treatment of her sons showed Anne Hutchinson how much power the Bay still had over her and her family. Though Boston's attempt to meddle in the Aquidneck church had come to nothing, there were ominous developments in the political sphere. As the months went on it became plain that Massachusetts was trying to establish a protectorate over Aquidneck and Providence, with a view to annexation.

For some time the Bay had been engaging in a series

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of miserable plots with renegade Indians against the English of Rhode Island. Miantonomo, the Narragansett sachem, was the generous friend of every white man in New England; he had won the Pequot war for the Bay and literally saved it from destruction. But now the Bay, for reasons of its own, was trying to work up a case against Miantonomo, and had made a pact with his bitter enemy Uncas, who was chief of the great Mohegan tribe. Uncas was a turn-coat Pequot and a thorough rogue. Certain of his petty sachems, with the frank connivance of the Bay, were harrying the white settlers on Aquidneck and the mainland. Englishmen's cattle were driven off into Mohegan villages, or came home from the woods with arrows in their flanks. Uncas's tributary chief, Punhom, was caught crawling out of the chimney-top of a white man's house, his arms full of loot. Pilfering, abuse of white children, and depredations on crops and stock flourished among the Mohegans, while the Bay, under whose protection the tribe had lately come, consistently refused to correct the situation.

Renegade Indians played into the Bay's hands, and renegade whites forwarded the Bay's program of annexation. A group of Providence settlers led by Benedict Arnold, who traded rum to the Indians, and had a dis-

reputable character, got into a dispute with Gorton, who had moved with his followers to the mainland. The Arnold group appealed to the Bay against the Gortonists, and the Bay shrewdly seized its opportunity. Governor Winthrop told the petitioners that he would take them under the protection of the Bay if they would accept its jurisdiction, and this bait was swallowed. Winthrop, recording the action of the General Court of September, 1642, made this remarkable statement:

“Four of Providence, who could not consort with Gorton and that company, and therefore were continually injured and molested by them, came and offered themselves and their lands, etc., to us, and were accepted under our government and protection. This we did partly to rescue these men from unjust violence, and partly to draw in the rest in those parts either under ourselves or Plymouth. And the place was likely to be of use to us, especially if we should have occasion of sending out against Indians of Narragansett, and likewise for an outlet into the Narragansett Bay, and seeing it came without our seeking, and would be no charge to us, we thought it not wisdom to let it slip.”

The Bay's plan to “draw in the rest in those parts” was obvious to Providence and Aquidneck alike. The Bay was creeping down upon the Island. What would

happen if the spurious protectorate established on the mainland was extended to Aquidneck? Even more sinister were the rumors that the Bay was indeed preparing to "send out against Indians of Narragansett." It was a fantastic situation; the Bay was plotting with the Mohegans against its staunchest allies the Narragansetts and against fellow-Englishmen. Relations became more and more strained; the Bay shut off trade with the Islanders, and they were forced to turn to the friendly Dutch for supplies. There were anxious consultations between the Island and the mainland, and it was decided that Roger Williams should go to England as soon as the ships started running in the spring, and with Henry Vane's help, get a royal charter for Providence and Aquidneck.

Meanwhile, Anne Hutchinson was fearful for herself and her family. She had seen how her sons were clapped into prison when they went on a peaceful errand to Boston; if the Bay succeeded in establishing a "protectorate" over Aquidneck, even worse things might happen.

In the summer of 1642 William Hutchinson died. She was bowed under his loss. For thirty years he had been at her side, quiet, devoted, sensitive. He had been identified with her, with her thought, her struggle, her

hope; through every crisis he had been steadfast, a sustaining presence.

Concern for her children helped Anne Hutchinson through her grief. For their sake she must make one more attempt to find security, even if it meant leaving Aquidneck and the friends who had followed her there. In her quandary, Captain John Underhill came forward with a practicable suggestion. He had settled in Stamford, in the New Netherlands, and he wrote urging her to come and settle among the Dutch. She welcomed the idea; the Netherlands people were generous to religious refugees, and under their protection her family would be safe from the Bay.

The older children were well settled, and in no great danger. Her second son Richard had gone to London to better his fortunes under the care of his wealthy uncle Richard Hutchinson. The Savages remained at the Mount, and Edward and Samuel decided to stay behind. She would take Francis, and Anne and William Collins, and the four youngest children, and find them a new home. Thirty-five families from the district decided to join her; wherever she went, she was surrounded with disciples.

And yet, with all the comfort of having friends about her, and the prospect of security at last, Anne Hutchin-

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son was disturbed with forebodings as she prepared for the journey. The menacing text about the water of affliction hung over her, as in those days when she was making ready to follow John Cotton to America. She cried to the God that had rescued Daniel, to the God that had sheltered Hagar and Ishmael in the desert. But the beloved voice was silent as she turned to the south, once more an exile.

Chapter Fifteen

LATE in the summer of 1642 the Aquidneck refugees arrived in the New Netherlands, driving their cattle before them. They had walked down along the Sound, past the English villages spreading over land claimed by the Dutch, thirty-five English families who had fled from their own countrymen to take refuge under the flag of the Prince of Orange. The expedition was led by John Throgmorton, a Baptist from Providence who had lived previously in Nantasket and Salem, and had his fill of the Bay.

Once more Anne Hutchinson was flying from the Bay with little Susanna's hand in hers, and her children stumbling wearily beside her. The long miles unwound under her feet like thread from Fate's spindle. William was dead. Fear had rooted her up from her home, and she was coming to strangers to ask for peace. Everything was new and foreign; even the crabs cast up on the beach wore on their claws the orange, white, and blue, colors of the flag under which she was to live.

She would have to swear allegiance to that flag, and to the States General, and the Prince of Orange.

She found a friendly symbol in the name of the town where the exiles stopped. It was Vredeland, Land of Peace. She would settle here in the Land of Peace; and adjoining it she found a beautiful peninsula bathed by the Sound, with a river, and a spring, and a stream. She asked her friend John Throgmorton to buy it for her family; and by October she was proprietress of Anne Hooch's Neck,¹ and Hutchinson River, and the curious Split Rock, and the rich oyster-beds where the Mohegans thronged. The Throgmortons took the next peninsula to the west, which they called Throg's Neck; and the rest of the expedition settled near by, on little tracts a mile or so apart.

Throgmorton had found no difficulty in making his arrangements. When he went to the fort in Manhattan to ask the West India Company director, Willem Kieft, for permission to settle, it was granted him with blustering carelessness. Kieft's conception of administering the Netherlands colony was to sit safe in the fort, guzzling and swearing; to wink at the irregularities of the freebooters that infested trade; to permit the sale of spirits and guns to the Indians and then to descend

¹ Now Pelham Neck.

on them like an infatuated bully when they misbehaved; to allow the English from Virginia to settle the Jersey coast, and the New Englanders to pre-empt the Connecticut mainland as far as Stamford, and the whole eastern half of Long Island, and then to write them furious protests in Latin. Safe in the fort he worshipped Mammon, and let the tedious affairs of state tangle under his feet.

Kieft sold to the newcomers land which he pretended was his. Two years before he had gone through the gestures of buying for the Company the great Mohegan tract that extended from Norwalk nearly to Hell Gate. But the Indian proprietors claimed that Kieft had defrauded them; he had written down their names in a great book, but never paid them their due. Moreover, he did not even register the purchase with the Dutch Chamber, as he was required to do. But it was a part of this very tract that he sold to Throgmorton and Mrs. Hutchinson and the rest on October second; he calmly pocketed the English money, but made no further payment to the Mohegans. Twenty-three years later, when Thomas Pell was acquiring these same lands, he found no patent or ground-brief for them, and was forced to buy them anew from the Indians. Naturally, the Mohegans regarded the Aquidneck colonists as usurpers of

their land, for it had brought them not one fathom of wampum.

Completely unsuspecting, the newcomers settled down on the land to which, in the eyes of the Indians, they had no title. Anne Hutchinson was never able to understand the curious incident that took place while her house was being built. She had made friends with a certain Captain John Sands and his wife, who had lived for some time in the Dutch territory. They were hospitable, tolerant in their religious life, and helpful to their neighbors. Mrs. Sands was like her a gifted doctor, and worked remarkable cures on Indians and white settlers. These new friends enthusiastically helped in plans for the Hutchinson house, and Captain Sands and a friend of his offered to build it themselves.

One day Captain Sands was at work alone, for he had sent his companion for provisions, which had to be brought from some distance. Suddenly, above the noise of his hammering, he heard a great shout. A company of Indians had appeared from nowhere. They gazed at him for a few moments, then sat down on some unhewn logs. With his heart pounding, Sands went on with his work. They watched every stroke. Then they gathered up his tools and gave them to him, and put his broad-axe on his shoulder. They made signs for him

to go away. Sands thought his best course was to take no notice of them, and he went on shaping his logs.

At length one of the Indians said, "*Ye-hah Mumun-eketock.*" (Come, let us go.) And away they went to the shore, where they gathered clams and oysters. But soon they came back again, and saw Sands at work as before. Once more they gathered up his tools, put them in his hands, and motioned him to go away. Once more he silently ignored them, wondering how long it would be before his own broad-axe was sunk in his back. But the Indians were very patient. They waited a long time for him to stop working; then said, "*Ye-hah Mumuneketock,*" and disappeared.

As soon as they were out of sight, Captain Sands gathered up his tools in earnest, and ran blindly toward home. On the way he met his companion, and they both rushed to Mrs. Hutchinson and told her that they dared not continue working on her house. None of them could understand the strange afternoon's business; Mrs. Hutchinson had paid well for the land, why should the Indians resent her building a house? She found other men to go on with the work, and nothing more occurred.

The magnificent autumn came. Anne Hutchinson watched the Indians harvest their fields of maize, and

admired their ingenious trick of using the corn-stalks as poles for their many-colored beans. Over her head the sky darkened with the flight of thousands of turtle-doves to the south. There were gray cranes and white, and phenomenal wild turkeys and geese; and in the rivers the deer were frightened into water-traps by the Indians beating flat thigh-bones. She was not afraid of the Indians, though they loved to paint their faces with red and white lines so as to look like demons, and wore great barbarous cloaks of plaited turkey-feathers. The Narragansetts and their splendid chief Miantonomo had been her good friends, and though these Mohegans were the enemies of the Narragansetts, she felt that at heart they were simple children. She would make this a Land of Peace. She felt safely out of the Bay's grasp, never realizing that through its allies, the Mohegans, the Bay could reach to her very door.

She and her children soon moved into their house on Anne Hoock's Neck, and watched winter darken the Sound. With four children left behind in New England, and Richard in London, her household seemed small, and without William, it seemed bereft. Though Francis was only twenty-two, he and young William Collins bravely took their places as men of the family. Anne, Collins's wife, was sixteen, then came Mary and

Katherine, two years apart, William, who was eleven, and nine-year-old Susanna. But she was seldom left alone with her children; disciples sought her out, as always. Though the Throgmortons and Cornells and others of her Aquidneck friends were some distance away, many of them came to her for the quiet services that for four years had been her practice. She was surrounded by people of every sect, as she had been in Aquidneck; but here among the placid Dutch there were no religious disputes. The mysterious influence of her personality once more went out to people of all sorts; there in the midwinter she planted the imperishable small seed of the Covenant of Grace.

She even won over the Mohegans, and they got into the habit of coming to her house. They played with the children, they came for remedies when they were sick, and in gratitude brought her small maize-cakes baked on hot stones.

Late in February they came to her with frightful news. The Dutch had turned against their neighbors and natural allies the Mohegans, as the Bay was turning against its friends the Narragansetts. The Mohawks from the northwest had come down to exact tribute of the Mohegans at Tapaan—ninety braves armed with guns sold them by the Dutch. The Mohegans had no

guns; the wicked Swannekens, as they called the Dutch, sold arms to the Mohegans' enemies but not to them, who had always been their allies. The Tapaans had fled to Pavonia (Jersey City), four or five hundred of them, in deadly terror. Some of them had stayed at Pavonia, others had gone to Corlear's Hook, on Manhattan, and camped by the oyster-beds. And Kieft, flouting the opportunity to gain the Mohegans' lasting gratitude, had treacherously sent an expedition against them in the dead of night. The Swannekens had murdered their allies, they had massacred the women and children, they had thrown the infants on their boards into the icy river. When the squaws had jumped in the river to save their babies, the Dutch had laughed, and made a sport of keeping mothers and children from coming back to the shore. They had cut children into bits and thrown them into the water. Eighty Indians were dead at Pavonia, forty at Corlear's Hook. And all this the Swannekens had done to their allies the Mohegans. Mrs. Hutchinson's informants admitted that some Dutch people had been tomahawked the summer before; but this was because the Dutch traders sold spirits to the young braves, and they were unused to drinking, it made them violent.

Frightful news, indeed. There were Mohegan re-

prisals; Dutch colonists were massacred, bouweries smoked, and burning cattle bellowed in the barns. Some of Anne Hutchinson's Dutch neighbors were so terrified that they fled to the fort at Manhattan, and some even went back to Holland. But the little English colony was unmolested. With the true pacifism of her faith, Anne Hutchinson assured her children and her friends they were safe. Her confidence made a great impression; even her enemy Captain Edward Johnson heard of it in the Bay:

“The Indians in those parts forewarned them of making their abode there; yet this could be no warning to them, but still they continued, being amongst a multitude of Indians, boasted they were become all one Indian; and indeed this woman, who had the chiefe rule of all the roast, being very bold in her strange Revelations and misapplications, tells them, though all nations and people were cut off around them, yet should not they.”

In the midst of the upheaval, Roger Williams came down to Manhattan to take ship for England, since he could not sail from unfriendly Boston. He was hurrying to ask Vane's help in getting a charter for Providence and the Island, but he could not resist trying to settle the Indian trouble. Generous and peace-loving as

ever, he threw himself into the situation, and helped make a truce between the Mohegans and the Dutch who had so foully betrayed them. Both sides were anxious for peace; the Indians wanted to plant their maize, and the Dutch wanted to let their cattle out of the empty barns to graze. By May the truce was declared; and Williams bade Anne Hutchinson farewell and carried off her messages to Henry Vane.

The maize came up green and tender on the Indians' unfenced fields. The Dutch cattle, untended by herdsmen, roamed through the woods, and coming on the young corn, ruined the fields. Year after year this happened. Every spring the Mohegans complained to Kieft, and every spring Kieft shrugged his shoulders, and promised to do something about it. Perhaps he loved to see Dutch cattle fatten on Indian corn; in any case, eating and drinking were better than bothering about herdsmen. So nothing was done, as usual.

Anne Hutchinson planted corn, too, and apple-trees, and herbs and flowers. It was soothing to set out the little trees and bury the seeds, with the shining estuary of the Hutchinson River below her. Perhaps a good time was coming now. God had thrown his protecting mantle about her family through all the Mohegan troubles. Now she could breathe again; peace had

come, healing her weariness. Surely the Indians would not break their truce; but even if they did, Daniel's God would still be with her. Her long apprehension began to dissolve in the pleasant warmth of the sun.

She left her garden rows, and went back to her Bible, to the words of Solomon the Preacher:

"As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold, not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

In the Bay the Mohegan chief Uncas had made a great pact with the English. Laying his hand on his breast, he had said to Winthrop, "This heart is not mine, but yours; command me in any difficult thing, I will do it." The truce was cemented soon in a spectacular way.

Early in September, 1643, the elders and ministers were meeting in Boston for one of their interminable

conferences; and there were meeting also the commissioners for the United Colonies. Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Hartford, and New Haven had united into a confederation, leaving out Providence and Aquidneck as not fit for alliance. The commissioners were trying to decide what to do about Miantonomo, sachem of the Narragansetts, friend of Anne Hutchinson and Samuel Gorton and all the infamous heretics. Miantonomo was in their power at last; Uncas had defeated him in a great battle near Norwich, and had taken him prisoner, for the Narragansett was encumbered with a coat of mail which Gorton had given him. Uncas brought his prize up to the English, the greatest sachem ever captured in New England. Should he put him to death? The commissioners hid their delight; they must proceed carefully, for they did not want a war just then with the Narragansetts. Later, perhaps, when Providence and the Island were "drawn in" under their jurisdiction, they would have to fight that tribe, but what they wanted now was to get rid of its sachem quietly. They finally turned the matter over to the clergy.

The ministers and elders were not embarrassed with complications of state. Miantonomo was "of the cursed race of Ham," he was Anne Hutchinson's friend, and the Bay would be well rid of him. But he must not be

put to death on the Bay territory. Let Uncas take him back to Norwich, and there execute him. The English would send along two men to see that everything was done properly.

The strange procession marched down day after day to the great plain near Norwich where the battle had taken place. First came the two Englishmen, then the magnificent sachem of the Narragansetts, then Uncas and his brother. When they reached the edge of the plain, Uncas gave the signal. His brother sank his tomahawk in the prisoner's skull. Miantonomo, New England's greatest Indian friend, fell without a sound. Uncas carved a piece of warm flesh from his enemy's shoulder, and ate it, saying that it was the sweetest of meat, and strengthened his heart.

The Bay was learning to use the Mohegans to eliminate embarrassing people.

On September 15, Randall Holden, who had been exiled with Anne Hutchinson, and had become one of Gorton's chief disciples, was writing a letter to Governor Winthrop. It was not a respectful letter, and later he was arrested and cruelly punished by the Bay for writing it. He addressed Winthrop as the "Great and Honored Idol General now set up in the Massachusetts," and protested to him against the Bay's plots to

annex the Narragansett region. He had not heard of Miantonomo's murder, but some prophetic impulse made him throw back at Winthrop the report that Miantonomo was going to lose his head for selling land to the Bay's enemies. Holden directly accused Winthrop of fomenting Mohegan outrages against the English settlers. "We demand when we may expect some of you to come up to us, to answer and give satisfaction for some of these foul and inhuman wrongs you have done to us your own countrymen, in that you abet and back these base Indians to abuse us. They think themselves secure, for they look to be upheld by you in whatever they do, and persuade themselves that you tolerate and maintain them in their stealing, abusing of our children, and the like; for you have your diligent ledgers here among them that inculcate daily upon this, how hateful we are unto you."

Holden had discovered what Anne Hutchinson had not yet realized; that the Bay had no boundaries, for down every Indian path as far as Hell Gate ran the Mohegans. Uncas's men were so skilful in concealing grudges that, once her house was built, they never indicated by their manner that she was a squatter on their land, or treated her as the enemy of the Great White Sachem Winthrop.

In September, 1643, a few days before Randall Holden in Rhode Island wrote his accusations to Winthrop, Anne Hutchinson stood in her doorway looking at the fields of corn, tawny in the morning sunshine. She was thinking of what one of her neighbors had said the day before, "When the corn is ripe and harvested, the Indians will break their truce." As she stood there, a group of Mohegans padded softly up. They exchanged friendly greetings, and then the Indians walked through the house and grounds, as if looking to see if there were any strange men about. But everything was quite as usual; William Collins and Francis were at work in the field, and the children were at little tasks about the house and garden. The Indians nodded farewell, and went away.

In the afternoon they came back, only this time there were more of them, and there were strange faces among them. Anne Hutchinson wondered why they had put on so much demonic paint. Perhaps they were off on some strange Indian ceremony, for they seemed excited. The dogs began to bark at the strange apparitions, and the Mohegans asked to have them tied up, for they were afraid they would bite. The dogs were tied up.

Uncas's men whipped out their tomahawks. Anne

Hutchinson saw four demons rush at her sons. Bread of adversity, water of affliction—she had lived out that promise, but God had never warned her of this horror. William Collins and Francis were struck down, their skulls crushed and bleeding. Anne Collins fell beside her husband. Mrs. Hutchinson caught Susanna to her breast to shut out the sight from the screaming child. Katherine was half over a fence, but a Mohegan caught her by the hair and dragged her back to a stump. Anne Hutchinson heard the sickening blow; she saw Mary and little William rush sobbing to her, as if she could save them. Then two Indians were upon her, and the child was torn from her breast. A tomahawk fell. Anne Hutchinson was dead.

Susanna struggled in her captor's arms, and suddenly he remembered the games they had played together, and he softened. "Come, you shall be my daughter," he said, and carried her tenderly off, while the rest stayed behind to burn the house, and the cattle in the barn, and all that usurped their land.

The news came to Randall Holden just as he was sealing his letter to Winthrop. With tears streaming down his face, he ripped it open again, and added a postscript:

“We need not put a seal unto this our warrant, no more than you did to yours. The Lord hath added one to our hands in the very conclusion of it, in that effusion of blood and horrible massacres now made at the Dutch plantation of our loving countrymen, women, and children, which is nothing else than the complete figure, in a short epitome, of what we have writ.”

Postscript

ANNE HUTCHINSON was cut down before her story was finished. The drama was played out by her friends and her enemies on a wider stage.

The Mohegans went on after the Hutchinson massacre, resolved to wipe out every white settler. The Aquidneck colonists fled back to the Island, the Dutch to the fort at Manhattan. It took Captain John Underhill to bring peace at last; he defeated the Mohegans, and avenged Anne Hutchinson's death. An Indian took over her deserted farm and what he thought was her name; a red-skinned Annie Hooch fished in the Hutchinson River, lord of his land again. Little Susanna, rescued from the Indians three years after her capture, was sent back to her relatives in Boston. But she had learned the Mohegan tongue and forgot her own, and was loath to be an English child again.

John Winthrop's last years were visited by the heartburnings that always spoiled his sense of accomplishment when he compared his public success with his

private ambitions. He had dreamed of an empire, and had to be satisfied with Massachusetts. Most of those he called "the better sort" had left the Bay for other colonies, and he knew that they had gone because of the Hutchinson banishment and similar troubles. Winthrop realized that the Bay mold could not hold the more volatile, more precious stuff that ran out into freer patterns. Boston seemed plundered; he cried, in the most moving confession of his journal, "Ask thy conscience, if thou wouldst have plucked up thy stakes, and brought thy family 3000 miles, if thou wouldst have expected that all, or most, would have forsaken thee there."

Moses without the Israelites, that was Winthrop dying in 1649, a father deserted by his children. He lay, looking out at the house across the way where Anne Hutchinson had gathered Boston about her. She had been his neighbor, one of the People Israel, and he had sent her out to live in the wilderness, and to die the most frightful of all deaths. Dudley came to his bedside and asked him to sign an order for the expulsion of a religious rebel like Anne Hutchinson. But Winthrop waved away the quill. "No," he said wearily, "of that work I have done too much already."

John Cotton gradually ceased to weep in the pulpit because he had befriended Anne Hutchinson, or to weep

in private because he had cast her out of the church and out of his life. In his complaisant mind merciful shadows crept out and wrapped themselves around those years troubled by her presence. He was inwardly tranquil again by the time the *Short Story* and the controversial books it evoked were published in England. He answered them in his *Way of Congregational Churches Cleared*, a shameful document which enhanced his reputation. His hands, freed from the Hutchinson soil, shaped and fixed Congregational polity; he was New England's beloved patriarch. Snowy-haired and stout, John Cotton went down to death two days before Christmas, 1652, with fitting portents from Heaven. There appeared "a comet, having a dim light, waxing dimmer and dimmer, a very signal testimony that God had removed a burning and a shining light out of the heaven of his church here, with celestial glory above."

Wheelwright, Williams, and Gorton outlived their persecutors by many years. Wheelwright consumed his enormous energies in building up one northern settlement after another. He was finally exonerated by the Bay, and went off to England for a long happy holiday, living at Vane's house, and renewing his friendship with his old football rival, Oliver Cromwell. He

died at eighty-seven in the midst of a devoted flock in Salisbury, Massachusetts. Roger Williams lived to see Rhode Island united into a powerful little colony which turned Quaker in spite of his stubborn efforts. Gorton grew into a tranquil mystic, pacing in meditation down his long avenue of trees. His disciples regarded him as a holy man.

The principles for which Anne Hutchinson had struggled soon emerged to play their rôles in history. A year after her death toleration became for the first time a major issue in England. Vane, now knighted and a great figure in England, with Roger Williams at his side, entered the first Westminster Assembly of English and Scottish prelates, and enunciated the obnoxious doctrine of religious freedom. The opposition, hard-pressed for arguments against toleration, exhumed the manuscript of Winthrop's *Short Story* and rushed it through three editions in 1644 to prove that disaster had resulted in Vane's "own Paradise of New England" when as governor he had encouraged Mrs. Hutchinson's sectaries. Toleration was mowed down by the Assembly, but under the Commonwealth it began to take root and grow. But Sir Harry Vane was, like Anne Hutchinson, premature in his vision, and at the Restoration he suffered martyrdom. Crowned with the praise

of Puritan England, he mounted Tower Hill to the scaffold.

A few years after Anne Hutchinson died the essence of her doctrine was given a name and a form. The Society of Friends was organized; it spread largely by its fanatical exaggerations, and then flourished by what it had in common with Anne Hutchinson's beliefs: immediate revelation; non-resistance; abandonment of ritual, creed, priesthood, and formal church-organization; and equality in religion of men and women.

During the fifties and sixties of the century the Friends' missionaries came to America, men and women lusting for martyrdom. The Bay went mad with the persecuting spirit; John Wilson cried in the pulpit, "I will carry fire in one hand and faggots in the other, to burn all the Quakers in the world." But there were two places where the Friends were welcome—Rhode Island and Westchester, where Anne Hutchinson had founded virtual Quaker communities. Her sister Katherine Scott made of her home in Providence, as one of the missionaries said, "the habitation of the hunted-Christ, where we ever found a place of rest when weary we have been." And Mary Dyer carried Anne Hutchinson's teachings through her spectacular career as a Friends' preacher, carried them up to a scaffold in Bos-

ton. As her limp body swung from the gallows, a Bostoner pointed at it in derision, and said, "She hangs there like a flag."

Mary Dyer hung there like a banner of victory. By the new century there were sixty thousand Friends in America, and William Penn's Holy Experiment in government had been established two decades. The "suffering seed" had triumphed, and with it triumphed Anne Hutchinson's suffering, and her faith.

Boston has finally made up its quarrel with the woman it cast out as "unsavoury salt." Her monument stands before the Massachusetts State House, with a fervent inscription to this "Courageous Exponent of Civil Liberty and Religious Toleration." There she stands, with a Bible in her hand, and a child snuggled against her, New England's heroine. For civil liberty and religious toleration, the principles for which she suffered exile and death, are written into the Constitution of the United States.

Three centuries ago the beloved voice said to Anne Hutchinson, "I will not make a full end of thee." History drives hard bargains; the strange promise has been fulfilled, but not as she dreamed it would be fulfilled.

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History has grudged us many details of Anne Hutchinson's life; her distant figure is in places shadowy. Where the records are abundant they have been closely followed; where they are lacking I have been guided by her own story as she told it in her speech to the General Court. The following books and documents have been used in preparing this biography:

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