

CENTENNIAL GATHERING

OF THE

Hayward Family,

WITH

ADDRESS

BY

GEORGE W. HAYWARD,

AND

POEM, BY ALMIRA L. HAYWARD.

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Easton, August 14th, 1878.

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TAUNTON, MASS. :

JOHN S. SAMPSON, PRINTER.

1879.



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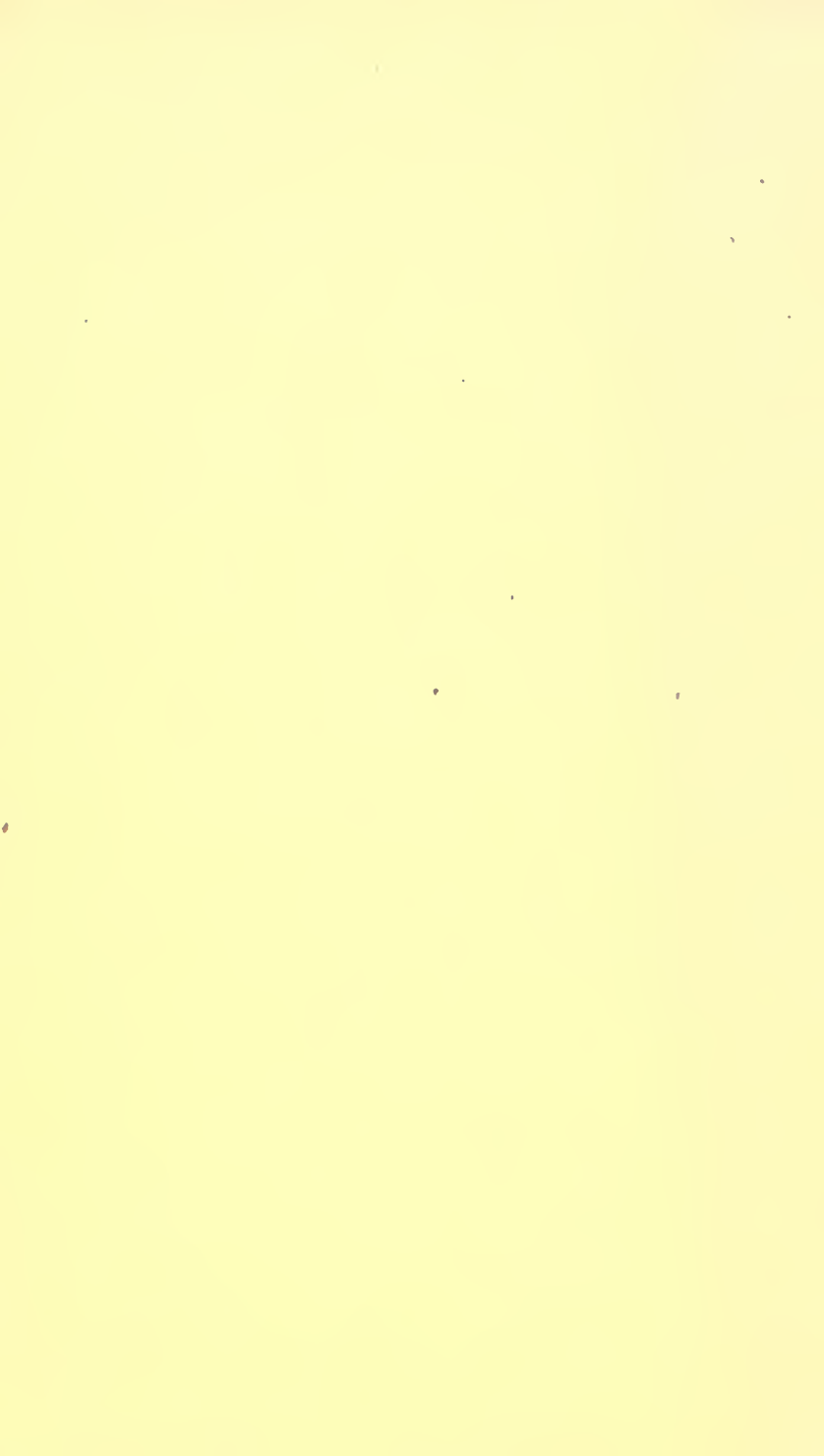
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Marion S. Buck.

Easton

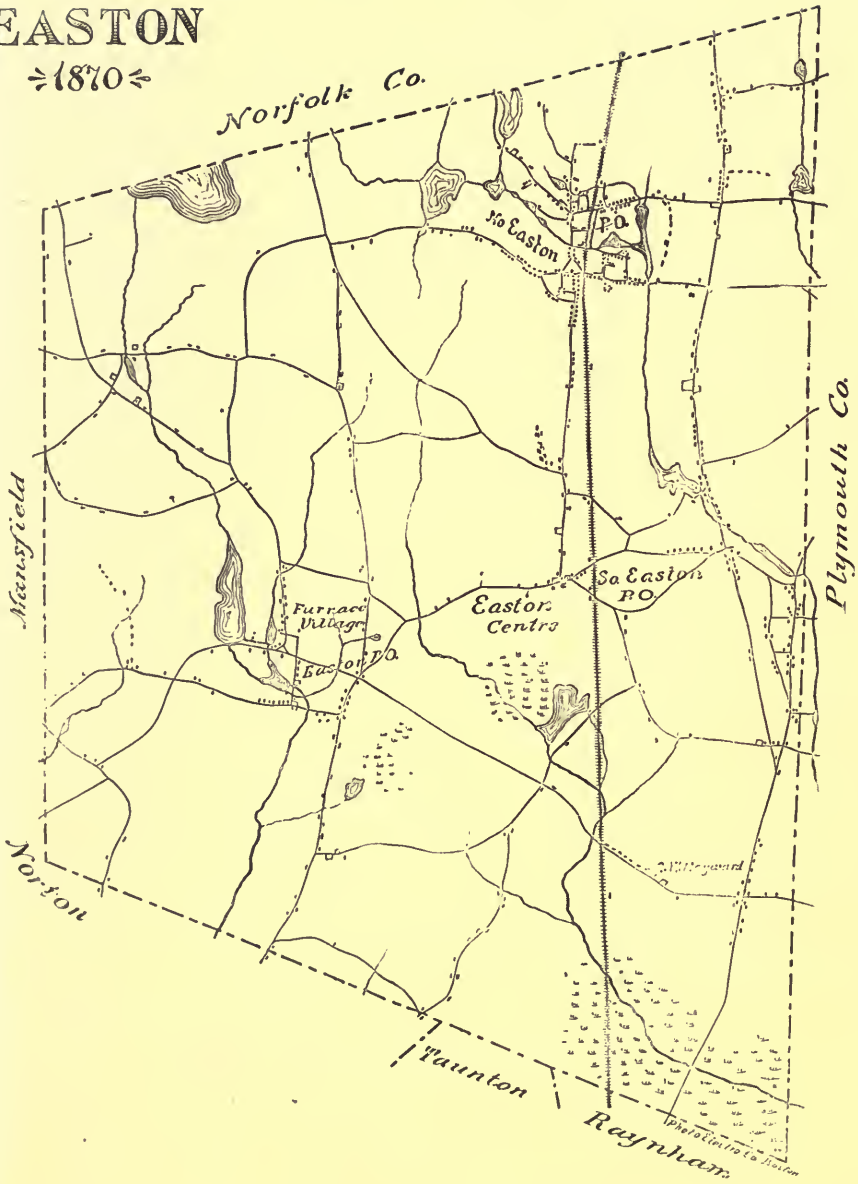
Mass.

1880.



# EASTON

1870



Norfolk Co.

Plymouth Co.

Weymouth Co.

Taunton

Taunton

Weymouth Co.

Furnace Village

Easton Centre

Easton P.O.

Easton P.O.

Weymouth





# Centennial Gathering.

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THE Centennial Anniversary of the building of the Hayward Family Mansion was observed on the 14th of August, 1878, by a grand gathering on the grounds of Capt. George Washington Hayward, in the southerly part of Easton, Mass.

Capt. Hayward, then in his 72d year, had extended invitations to his neighbors and to the numerous members of the family residing in various states and neighboring towns, making a company of some 700 or 800 who responded by their presence on this occasion, all his children and grand children being present, and the day being exceedingly fine.

The exercises were held in the grove near the ancient homestead of 1778, and were opened by singing the following hymn, written for the occasion by Miss Almira L. Hayward of Providence, R. I.

Our father's God! to whom appears  
Less than a day these hundred years,  
With grateful hearts to thee we pay  
United thanks this festal day.

To heights of joy, through shades of fear,  
O'er floods of grief, still year by year  
Thy hand hath led us every one,  
Till we may count a century done.

The coming years are all with thee,  
If few or many they shall be,  
Oh! grant thy blessing, Lord, we pray  
To lead us nearer thee each day.

When all our earthly years are told,  
 And we the face of Death behold,  
 May we receive with glad content  
 The summons which our God has sent.

In those fair mansions built above,  
 Eternal rest, joy, peace and love,  
 Shall be henceforth the rich reward  
 Of those who lived for Christ the Lord.

Dr. J. W. Hayward of Taunton then delivered the following

· ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Relatives and Friends, in behalf of my parents, welcome! In behalf of ourselves, I desire to thank you for the honor you have done them. There are more present than I anticipated seeing. The old house, capacious as it is, is not big enough to take you all in at once, but the hearts of the two who live there, are. Many of you have come from long distances, at a sacrifice of time and means; to you especially, I wish to say that we appreciate the effort you have made. This is *our* gala day, in memoriam of a day on which the strong men of the neighborhood gathered together to make glad the heart of my grandfather—to raise his house and drink his punch. A hundred years have passed since then, a century has left its printed page—which to-day we may read. The stout young men are gone. The grandfather whose jest and stories made that day merry, now sleeps in yonder burial place. The trees he planted have long since been cut down, and made into dwellings for others. The trees which my father's hand has trained, have matured, and now stand scattering where the woodman's axe and the tornado have spared them, while the little trees, that I saw sprout, are sheltering us to-day. Thus has the ruthless hand of time made its record. Everything which had life, has passed, or is fast passing away. But the old house remains and to-day swings wide its doors to welcome you.

After having partaken of the bountiful collation which had been provided, the company listened to the following historical address.

## ADDRESS.

BY CAPT. GEO. W. HAYWARD.

As centennial celebrations are now quite common, and this being the centennial anniversary of the building of the house in which I live, and thinking that I can give some information respecting the house, and also respecting that branch of the Hayward family to which I belong, that may be interesting to relatives and friends, I shall endeavor to do so according to the best information I have been able to obtain.

The information which I have respecting the early history of the Hayward family, I obtained from Judge Elijah Hayward of McConnellsville, Ohio, (whose papers are now in possession of Ellis Ames, Esq. of South Canton), and from Mitchell's History of Bridgewater.

THOMAS HAYWARD and his wife Susanna were born in England; were last there at Aylsford in the county of Kent; came over in the ship Hercules of 200 tons, John Weatherby, master, with 5 of their children, in the early part of the summer of 1635. He first settled in Duxbury, and was one of the original proprietors, and one of the earliest and eldest of the settlers of Bridgewater. His will is dated in 1678, and he died in 1681, his wife not living at the date of his will. His children were Thomas, Nathaniel, John, Joseph and Elisha, born in England, and who came over with their father in 1635; Mary and Martha, probably born in Duxbury. Mary married Ensign Edward Mitchel; Martha married her cousin John Haward, (Hayward). Mitchell, in his history of Bridgewater, says that John always wrote his name Haward and so did all his descendants until after 1700, but for the last century it has been invariably written Howard. He also says that the two names Hayward and Haward were uniformly pronounced alike Howard, and that they were perhaps the same originally and both Hayward, but in writing, John omitted the y.

Judge Hayward said there were 3 brothers that came over together, and that John senior remained in Plymouth colony

only a short time, and then went to New Jersey, but his son John stayed and married his cousin, daughter of Thomas Hayward.

I am not certain what Judge Hayward said about the other brother.

THOMAS Esq. (son of Thomas 1st), was also one of the first settlers of Bridgewater, and by far the most honored and distinguished man in the place; was one of the first military officers; was a magistrate, and one of the Governor's assistants, and Justice of the Court of Common Pleas and Sessions, 1692. His death was caused by a fall from his horse, August 15, 1698. He left a widow, Sarah, but no children.

NATHANIEL, (son of Thomas 1st), married Hannah, daughter of Deacon John Willis, had 6 sons and 1 daughter.

JOHN, (son of Thomas 1st), married Sarah, daughter of Experience Mitchell and had 5 sons and 5 daughters.

Experience Mitchell was one of the forefathers, (a name usually applied to those who came over in the first three ships), and came over in the third ship, the Ann, in 1623.

DEACON JOSEPH, (son of Thomas 1st), married, first, Alice, daughter of Elder William Brett; had a second wife, name not known; married, third, Hannah, daughter of Experience Mitchell, about 1682. His children were Joseph, 1673; Alice, 1683; Mary, 1685; Thomas, 1687; Edward, July 24th, 1689; Hannah, 1691; Susanna, 1695; Peter, 1699; Abigail, 1702. Mary married Thomas Ames, (son of John Ames and great grandfather of Oliver Ames of Easton). Hannah married Captain Ebenezer Byram, 1714. Capt. Byram with all his children went to Morris County, New Jersey, about 1744. Abigail married Zachariah Snell, (son of Josiah), 1731; he was one of the early settlers in North Bridgewater. She lived to a great age, between 90 and 100; one of her granddaughters married Dr. Peter Bryant and was mother of Wm. Cullen Bryant, the poet. Many of the Snells, now living in Brockton, are her descendants.

ELISHA, (son of Thomas 1st), was never married; he lived in East Bridgewater, at Joppa, and his brother-in-law, Edward Mitchell, lived with him, and had most of his estate.

JOSEPH, (son of Deacon Joseph,) married Sarah Crossman,

1703; their children were 3 sons and 5 daughters. I have no knowledge of this family or any of their descendants.

THOMAS, (son of Deacon Joseph), married Bethiah Waldo and lived where Dr. Reed lived in West Bridgewater; their children were 2 sons and 4 daughters. Many of the Haywards in Brockton are descendants of Thomas.

PETER, (son of Deacon Joseph), married Abigail Williams of Taunton, 1732; their children were Jonathan, 1734; Hannah, 1748. Hannah married Samuel Kinsley. Jonathan married Mary, daughter of Major Isaac Johnson, 1769; their children were Abigail, Jonathan, Jerahmeel, Polly, Hannah, Martin, Barzilai, Daniel and Betsey, twins. Jonathan and Jerahmeel lived in Easton, northerly from Easton furnace. Polly married John Tilden, 1796; Martin married Susanna, daughter of Daniel Manley, 1808, and lived near where his father and grandfather lived.

Barzilai graduated at Brown University, Providence, in 1807. He was a physician and lived in Northampton and then in Munson, where he died and left a family. Daniel and Nathaniel were sons of Jerahmeel, and were inventors of preparing India rubber for making over shoes and boots. Charles, who lives where his father lived, and Albert, are also sons of Jerahmeel.

By the records of the proprietors of Taunton North Purchase, it appears that Joseph Hayward and his brother-in-law, Edward Mitchell of Bridgewater, laid out a lot of land in said North Purchase, containing 101 acres, Sept. 12, 1697; there are now six houses on this lot; and in 1701 they laid out two other lots, one on the southerly and the other on the easterly side of the first lot. In the Bristol County Land Records, Book No. 12, page 536, there is recorded a deed from Joseph Hayward of Bridgewater to Edward Hayward of Taunton North Purchase, (now Easton), conveying about 131 acres of land, which lieth in a body together, in and about the neck of land that lieth between the little cedar swamp on the easterly, a little brook and cranberry meadow brook on the northerly and westerly, and the great swamp on the southerly side. Reference to the proprietors records for the bounds thereof, dated Nov. 8, 1717. All that

prevents this from being an island is the ridge of land near the cemetery, over which the road passes.

EDWARD HAYWARD, (son of Deacon Joseph), settled in Taunton North Purchase, now Easton, as early as 1714. In 1715 he married Hannah, daughter of Benjamin Kinsley, (who lived about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile northerly from where the road from here to Bridgewater crosses the turnpike).

Their children were Hannah, July 15, 1716; Edward, April 13, 1718, died April 13, 1739, aged 21, wanting 5 days; Joseph, April 27, 1722, died June 14, 1740, aged 18 years; Matthew, December 10, 1728. His wife died November 11, 1747. He married Keziah White, widow of Edward White of West Bridgewater, October 26, 1748. Their children were: Edward, July 31, 1749; Keziah, July 12, 1751; Joseph, July 17, 1753; Solomon, August 2, 1755. He died May 21, 1760, in the 71st year of his age, and was buried near where the first meeting house in Easton stood, where his first wife and two sons were buried. He was Deacon of the Congregational Church, and was made the first Justice of the Peace in Easton, in 1737. He also represented the town in the State Legislature. His widow married Deacon Robert Randall, January 9, 1764. He died November, 1783; she, September 10, 1802, in the 86th year of her age. Her maiden name was Hall, daughter of George and Lydia Hall, who lived on the place where Deacon Caleb Pratt lived, and granddaughter of Thomas and Katherine Dean of Taunton. She had two brothers, Isaac and Abijah, who went to Connecticut. By her first husband, Edward White, she had Huldah, 1739; Pheba, 1741; Keziah, 1744, died October 16, 1749. Huldah married Col. Benjamin Tupper, November 18, 1762; Phebe married Seth Sylvester, both of whom went to Chesterfield in this State. Col. Tupper and family went to Marietta, Ohio, in 1788, and were among the first settlers of that place. Hannah Hayward married Deacon James Dean, who lived where his grandson James afterwards lived. Their children were Hannah and Edward. Hannah married Nehemiah Howard, grandfather of Asa and Horace D. Howard. Edward was a physician, and lived where Edward D. Williams now lives. Keziah Hayward married Elijah Howard, Esq., (son of Henry), March 31, 1768. Their children were

Keziah, Irana, Phebe, Patty, Olive, Elijah, Edwin, and Eathan. He died aged 86, she in 1836, aged 85 years.

MATHEW, Esq. (son of Edward, Esq.) married Anna, daughter of Lieut. Joshua Howard; their children were Nancy, Olive, Joshua and Susan. His wife died and he married Rebecca Lothrop; their children were Daniel, Alvin, Albert and Olive. Nancy married Dr. Edward Dean for his second wife. The other daughters died single. He built the house where Dean Keith lived and the house where Deacon Abijah Reed lived. He sold his farm to Deacon Reed's father and went to Winthrop, Maine, in 1791. He was Town Clerk for many years and was a man of much influence in town. He died at an advanced age, I think 94 years. His sons all went to Maine.

CAPT. EDWARD, (son of Edward, Esq.) married Susanna, daughter of Abner Hayward of West Bridgewater, November 21, 1771. Their children were: Susanna, 1773; Edward, Nov. 5, 1783. He built the house where John Pool Esq. lived, sold his farm to Caleb Dunbar, and Dunbar sold it to Deacon Samuel Pool. He moved to West Bridgewater where his grandson Edward Hayward now lives, on a farm he had of his wife's brother (Capt. Abner Hayward). His wife died about 1800, and he married Betty Powers, 1802. He died 1825, in his 76th year. Susanna married Josiah Copeland (son of Elijah of Easton). Their children were Horatio, Hiram, and Susan.

EDWARD JR. married Parnell, daughter of James Howard of West Bridgewater, 1805. Their children were Eliza, 1806; Rhoda, 1808; Susanna, 1810; Edward, 1812; Vesta, 1815. His wife died 1818; he married widow Sally Keith, 1820. Edward married Stella, daughter of Col. Alanson White and had one son and two daughters, none of whom are living; his son died in the army. He is now the only descendant of his grandfather Capt. Edward Hayward, by the name of Hayward.

SOLOMON, (son of Edward Esq.) married Martha, daughter of Jonathan Burr of West Bridgewater, 1780; their children were 5 sons and 5 daughters, (2 sons and 2 daughters died young,) Edward, Adah, Patty, Caroline, Solomon and Royal A. Edward was a blacksmith and settled in New Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y. Adah married Jedediah Willis and lived in Milton. Caro-



line married John Neal of Lytchfield, Maine. Solomon went to Gallipolis, Ohio, when 15 years of age, and lived with Gen. Edw. Tupper; learned the cabinet maker's trade and did a good business making and selling furniture for many years. He has been Mayor of the city. He is still living, aged 87 years. He has had 2 wives and 10 children, several of whom are living near him. His son Wm. C. has a large furniture store in Gallipolis and is the only son he has living. Royal went to Gallipolis with his father, mother, sister Patty and her daughter Maria in 1821; he was a tailor and worked at that business; he married and had 7 children; only 1 son and 2 daughters are now living. His son John L. has a drug store and is doing a good business. His daughters that are living are married and have large families. He died March 26, 1840, in the 38th year of his age. Patty's daughter, Maria T. Simmons, married Wm. C. Sisson; she has 2 sons and 4 daughters living, all married except her youngest son. She lives with her daughter, Maria E., wife of B. F. Butler, proprietor of the Kline House, Point Pleasant, West Virginia. Uncle Solomon's wife died at Gallipolis, Sept. 5, 1823, aged 62 years; he died Sept. 29, 1831, aged 76 years.

The estate of Edward Hayward, Esq., containing 484 acres of land with the buildings thereon, was divided between his 3 sons, Edward, Joseph and Solomon, in June, 1772. It was appraised at 1028 pounds (3410 dollars). Edward received for his share 170 acres, Joseph 136 acres with the buildings thereon, Solomon 178 acres, appraised at £342, 3 s. 4 d. each. Edward built the house near the railroad, probably soon after, as he was married November 21, 1771. Solomon sold his share to different persons and first bought a farm in Mansfield and afterwards in Middleborough. He lost considerable of his property by the depreciation of continental paper money. He tended the grist mill in Easton when I was a boy. In September, 1821, he with his family went to Gallipolis, Ohio.

In 1778 Joseph moved off the house in which his father had lived and set it a little in front of where the hop kiln now stands, and used it to store his farming tools and other things in; it was blown down September 23, 1815. The house in which I now live was built by him the same year on the site of the old house.



It is 40 ft. long, 32 ft. wide, two stories high, with 8 ft. studding; the outside walls covered with shingles and painted red. In 1834 it was partly new shingled on the walls, and new window frames and sashes in the lower story except the West end, which now has the same covering that it had when first built. The house fronts south; the roof on the front side has been shingled twice, and the north side three times. I have heard father say that he paid the carpenters two shillings ( $33\frac{1}{3}$  cents) per day and board; and that he paid sixty dollars for 100 ft. of window glass of which he made 12 windows, 24 lights each, glass 6 x 8; the other windows were made of diamond shaped glass set in lead, probably taken from the old house, one of which is still remaining, the one between the buttery and porch.

The old porch being small it was taken away in 1810, and a new porch built (about 16 x 18). The house has been painted red three times, and the trimmings white five or six times. Blinds were put to the windows in 1858. The chimney near the centre of the house is large, into which, enter flues from 5 fire places and 2 brick ovens; the fire place in the kitchen was 7 or 8 ft. broad with an oven back of one corner of it, in which my father smoked hams. When a child, I have often sat in one corner of the fire place, in front of the oven, when there was a fire in the other corner. In 1834 there was an iron fire place set in the kitchen and a new oven built in front of the old one which cut off all communication with it. The house originally contained 9 finished rooms and a large chamber and attic unfinished; in the unfinished chamber there have been made one large room, one bedroom and a clothes room, and two bedrooms and two clothes rooms in the attic. An open wood fire has ever been kept in the sitting room when the weather was cold enough to require it. There is an iron fire frame in said room, cast from a pattern made by brother Ansel, before he went to Illinois. Many are the travellers and peddlers that have been accommodated in this house.

At the time the house was built, the road from Bridgewater ended at this place; there was no road westerly from here until about 1800, when a road was built to the road which it crosses

nearly a mile from here; and about 15 years later was continued by Easton Furnace.

Carriages were not common in those times; people generally travelled on horseback or on foot. To go from here to Easton centre, they followed a cart path across the North Island and entered the road about ten rods easterly of a little brook near where Henry Lothrop now lives. I have heard mother say, she had rode that way to meeting, behind father on horseback, and carried a child in her lap, and that father carried another child forward of him. Father owned the second chaise that was owned in Easton; Dr. Edward Dean, his half sister's son, owned the first. Another chaise was purchased by my father when I was a boy, which did good service while my parents lived.

The way they first went to Taunton from here, was over the causeway where it now is to the South Island, then out nearly to where the road now runs, near Henry Howard's, then along between where the road now is, and the great swamp, not coming to where the road is now travelled, until near a little brook just before coming to Winnicunnett Village.

There have been 20 births and 9 deaths in the house; the deaths were my two grandmothers, aged 85 and 90 years; my father and mother, aged 89 y., 6 m., 25 d., and 82 y., 10 m., 26 d.; my wife's father and mother, aged 82 and 71 years; one sister in her 15th year; another sister aged 7 months and a brother, Daniel, aged 25 years, 10 months. The last death in the house was that of my wife's father in 1850.

The well is where it was dug by my grandfather, but it was not deep enough and father took up the stoning and dug it deeper. I have never known the water so low in it but that we could get a bucket full of water without riling it. It is 25 feet deep and the water cold enough to drink, it being at the temperature of 52 deg. in the warmest days of Summer. The water, being hard, is not good to wash with. There was a well about 10 rods from the house where they were in the habit of getting water for the purpose of washing, when they could not get rain water. In 1843 I had a brick cistern made in the cellar beneath the porch, which holds 60 barrels of water and is seldom dry.

I have been informed that the first barn on the place stood on

a high spot of land between where the barn now stands and a small pond south-westerly from it. The second barn was a few rods north-westerly from Edward's house, and was 30 x 45 ft. In 1844 I built the barn now on the place which is 36 x 60 ft. with a cellar under the whole, and a well 20 ft. deep in the yard. It was shingled with pine shingles; being built soon after they commenced steaming the blocks and cutting the shingles, I had the westerly side of the roof shingled with cut shingles and the easterly side with sawed shingles, which were intended to be free from sap. The sappy shingles I put on the walls. The westerly side of the roof was shingled again in 1875; the easterly side has not yet been shingled but will soon need it.

JOSEPH, (son of Edward, Esq.) married Lydia, daughter of Elisha Barrows, Esq., of Rochester, January 24, 1781; children, Elizabeth Smith, Rotheus, Lucy, Lydia who died in the 15th year of her age, Joseph, Ansel, Elisha, Rowena, Sophia, Minerva who lived but 7 months, Edward Tupper, Daniel who died at the age of 25 years, 10 months, Lydia and George Washington—7 sons and 7 daughters. The aggregate height of the 7 sons was 43 ft. in their shoes. Rotheus was 6 ft. 1 in.; Joseph, 6 ft. 4 in.; Ansel, 5 ft. 11 in.; Elisha, 6 ft.; Edward, 6 ft. 2 in.; Daniel, 6 ft. 7 in.; Geo. W. 6 ft. Mother thought her children took their height from her father who was 6 ft. 4 in. Father was not a tall man, he being only 5 ft. 8 or 9 in. He had a strong, sharp voice and was somewhat inclined to use it when he thought occasion required. He was naturally of a cheerful, social disposition; although blind for the last ten years of his life, he appeared reconciled to his condition, and enjoyed the society of his friends and acquaintances whenever they called to see him. He generally attended all town and society meetings as long as he was able, and occasionally went after he was blind. He usually said but little in those meetings, but when he did speak, it would generally be to the point, and would sometimes occasion quite a laugh. I think it was his endeavor to bring up his children in the way they should go, and probably he succeeded as well as most parents do. He endeavored to bring them up to habits of industry, and none of his children acquired the habit of intemperate drinking, or of using tobacco to chew, smoke or

snuff; and so far as I know but few of his grandchildren have acquired that habit. I think he retained the respect and good will of his neighbors and acquaintances to the close of his life. He died February 12, 1843, aged 89 years, 6 months, 25 days. He was undoubtedly the last survivor of the 3d generation from Thomas Hayward 1st, his death being 153 years, 6 months after the birth of his father, and nearly 208 years after the landing of Thomas Hayward with his family at Plymouth, his grandfather, Joseph Hayward, then being a child probably 2 or 3 years of age.

My mother's father, Elisha Barrows, was probably a descendant of Robert Barrows, who was an early settler in Plymouth, where Elisha lived with his first wife, by whom he had 13 children, 11 of whom died in infancy; the names of the survivors were Patience and Deliverance. Patience married a Bates; he died and she married Benj. Bailey of Scituate, by whom she had Desire, Thankful, Roland, Patience and Elisha. Desire married Capt. Seth Howard (son of Jesse Howard of West Bridgewater) and went to Leeds, Maine. His son, Roland, was father of Gen. O. O. Howard of the U. S. army. Deliverance married Nathaniel Ruggles Esq. of Rochester. Their children were Nathaniel, Elisha Barrows, Thankful, Timothy, Mary, Thomas and Benjamin. This family were remarkable for their height, Nathaniel and Elisha B. were each 6 ft. 7 in. and Timothy was 6 ft. 10 in.

Elisha Barrows Esq. lived in Rochester with his 2d wife, who was Eleanor, widow of Caleb Lombard, by whom he had Lydia, Huldah and Elisha. He died November 9, 1767, aged 72 years, and was buried in the cemetery at Rochester Town. He lived on the other side of the street from the cemetery and kept a tavern there. His widow married William Bassett for her third husband in 1770, he died in 1791; she died at Easton in 1813, aged 90 years. Her maiden name was Eleanor Eldridge. Huldah married Moses Mendall of Rochester. Their children were Hannah, Moses, Elisha who died young, Huldah, Walter, William, Caleb and Jonathan, none of whom are now living. Elisha Barrows died in the army in the time of the Indian War; he left a wife, and son William who lived in Lake County, Ohio.

My mother died January 11, 1844, of erysipelas, aged 82 years, 10 months and 26 days. Previous to her last sickness she

enjoyed her corporal and mental faculties in an unusual degree for a person of her age, which enabled her to administer to the wants and contribute to the comfort of her aged companion during the later years of his life, for several of which he was quite feeble and entirely blind. His death preceded hers by only eleven months. She was a member of the Congregational church in Easton for 57 years, of which church her husband was also a member; with him she was united in marriage 62 years. Her descendants at the time of her death were 14 children, 7 sons and 7 daughters, 11 of whom lived to have families, but 7 only survived their parents; 67 grandchildren, 57 of whom were expected to be living, and about 50 great grandchildren. Two of her children who left families died in their native town and two in the state of Ohio. Those who survived their parents resided in four different states and her grandchildren in six states, viz: Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Louisiana; at the present time, her descendants, I know not the number, are residents of 17 states and territories, including the above named states, (except Louisiana), and the additional states, viz: New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, California, Oregon, Colorado and Idaho.

I think my mother amply fulfilled that passage of scripture, which saith, "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Father kept sheep and had the wool manufactured into cloth; mother wove a piece of cloth every year until the last year of her life.

As a singular coincidence, it seems worthy of record that Mr. and Mrs. Hayward were the last survivors of the children of their parents, and that they were also children of the second marriage of each of their parents, who by each of their marriages had families of children. Mr. Hayward's father died when he was 7 years old, aged 70 years; Mrs. Hayward's father died when she was 6 years old, at the age of 72 years, each of their mothers married their third husbands, with whom, his mother lived 19 years, and her mother 21 years. After the death of their third husbands, his mother lived a widow 19 years and her mother 21 years. They both died at the residence of Mr. Hayward: his

mother in 1802 aged 85 years and her mother in 1813 aged 90 years. They were buried by the side of each other in a cemetery near this place, and neither of their husbands were buried near them. In this cemetery there are ten persons buried near each other, no graves between, whose aggregate ages are 904 years, viz: Deacon Samuel Pool and wife, aged 94 and 97; his son John Pool Esq. and wife, aged nearly 95 and 89; my grandmothers, aged 85 and 90; my father and mother, and Rev. Silas Brett's widow and her daughter Olive, aged 94 and 87 years. Deacon Pool and wife lived together 72 years; Esq. Pool and wife about 70 years.

My sister Elizabeth Smith married Cyrus Howard, son of Ebenezer Howard, and went to Madison, N. Y., where his father and all his brothers and sisters went. Their children were 7 sons and 2 daughters. I expect that 5 sons and 1 daughter are now living; 3 live in New York, 1 in Michigan and 2 in Massachusetts, and some of their grandchildren in Iowa and California. She died in her 83d year.

Sister Lucy married Major Noah Reed of this town. Their children were Lucy, Rothens Hayward and Lydia Howe. He died in 1817 aged 36; she died in 1819 aged 36 years. Lucy married Deacon Ebenezer Drake of Stoughton and had 4 sons and 3 daughters; only 1 son and 2 daughters are now living. She died in the 70th year of her age. Their daughter Harriet married Gardner Petty, of Stoughton; he died, and she married A. T. Jones, editor of the Brockton Gazette. Lucy went a missionary to the central part of Hindostan, about 400 miles from Bombay. Her health failed and she returned in about 2 years. Rothens H. married Rhuhamia Howard, daughter of Alfred Howard of West Bridgewater, by whom he had two sons, one of whom died young; the other, Albert Henry, has a family and lives in South Abington. His wife died and he married Mercy Lewis of Plymouth, and had one son who died young, and two daughters. He lives where his father lived. Lydia Howe married Abel G. Peck of Boston, in 1834. She died November 27, 1835, leaving a daughter, Lydia Morgiana, who married Dr. Field of Newton.

Sister Rowena married Dr. Samuel T. Angier of Pembroke, a

graduate of Brown University, Providence. They lived in Sussex Co., Virginia, two or three years, where he was a teacher, then returned to Easton, and then went to Ohio, where he commenced the practice of a physician in Adelpha, Athens County, at which place she died December 9, 1824, aged 31 years, 6 months, leaving a daughter, Mary Rowena, born November 17, 1824. Dr. Angier soon after went to Texas as an agent for Austin, who was then establishing a colony in Texas, leaving his daughter at her uncle Edward's in Waterford, Ohio, where she remained until 5 years old, when her father took her to Texas with him, she remaining there until 10 years of age, then he took her to Easton, where she remained, except when at school, until about 18 years old, her father providing for her education; she then went to her father, he then being with some of his second wife's relatives at Mt. Pleasant, Alabama. She married Frederick Robertson, then a school teacher at Mobile. They came to Massachusetts, then went to Texas, then to Louisiana, then to Morganfield, Kentucky, where he taught at an academy for a few years. They had a daughter born there December 21, 1844, who is the wife of William R. Reed of Quincy, Illinois. From Kentucky they went to Galveston, Texas. In the time of the Mexican War he went into the army as an interpreter of the Spanish language and his wife and child remained at her father's; on his return they went to Illinois. After being there a few years, being out of health, she started to go to her father's and got to his house in Galveston, where she died the next day, her father then being at Columbia. Dr. Angier had two children by his third wife, one died young, the other, Eugene, is living at Huntsville, Texas. Dr. Angier married his fourth wife, he died at Columbia, Texas, April 17, 1867, in the 75th year of his age.

Sister Sophia married Captain Jonathan Pratt, son of Deacon Caleb Pratt. They had 6 sons and 1 daughter. The daughter and one son died young. She died December 26, 1851, aged 56 years, 6 months, 25 days. His second wife was Elizabeth Wood of Middleborough. He died December 23, 1862, aged 70.

Jonathan A. Pratt, (son of Jonathan), married Elizabeth White, daughter of Arumah White of Taunton. Their children were 3 sons and 4 daughters; two of the daughters died young.



He lives where his father lived. Sophia married Deacon Lewis Morse of Sharon. Luthera married Eliot Heath of Fryburg, Maine. Clifford married Florence Hempstead of Spring Prairie, Wisconsin. She died, leaving one daughter. He lives in Iowa. Franklin married Anna Heath and lives in Taunton. Martin lives in the territory of Idaho and is employed in herding cattle.

Hiram A. Pratt, (son of Jonathan), married Mary D. Williams, daughter of Lewis Williams of Easton. Their children were one son and one daughter; the daughter died young. She died and he married Louisa C. Dean, daughter of Charles Dean of Easton. Their children are two sons and one daughter. He lives in Somerville.

Martin V. Pratt, (son of Jonathan), lives at Evansville, Wisconsin. He married Eva E. Holmes and has one daughter.

Shepherd L. Pratt, (son of Jonathan), married Huldah Tinkham. She died in 1877, leaving no children.

Daniel H. Pratt, (son of Jonathan), lives in Denver, Colorado. He married Sarah E. Peckham of West Bridgewater. She died in 1875, leaving no children.

Sister Lydia married James Tolman, son of Captain Daniel Tolman of South Bridgewater; they lived in North Bridgewater. Their children were Lucretia Howard, Lydia and Joseph; Lydia and Joseph died young. They went to Kane, Illinois, where they had a son born, who died when a babe. She died in 1845. He married a second wife, by whom he had a daughter. He lived in Verdon, Macoupin Co., after his first wife died. Neither he or his second wife are living.

Brother Rotheus went to Ohio in company with David Gilmore of Raynham, in 1805. He worked in a ship yard at Marietta for Gen. Edw. Tupper the first season. He then purchased a farm in Waterford, on the Muskingum river, immediately above the mouth of Wolf creek and on the other side of the river from where the town of Beverly now is. He married Panthea, daughter of Col. Ichabod Nye and granddaughter of Col. Benjamin Tupper. Their children were Joseph, Benjamin Tupper, Rotheus, Ichabod Nye who died young, Lydia Minerva, Edward Nye, George Barrows. His wife died and he married Rebecca Gray of Waterford, March, 1822. Their children were Charlotte Gray,



Panthea Nye, Daniel Washington, Columbus Franklin, Cyrus Byington, 9 sons and 3 daughters. He died May 22, 1842, aged 60 years, 7 months; his wife died September 28, 1876, aged 85 years. When he first settled there he lived in a log house for a number of years, and then built a large brick house, which is very pleasantly located in fair view from the Muskingum river, the land being of a gradual descent to the river. When I was there in 1829 I thought it was one of the best houses, and most pleasantly located that I saw in that country. Five sons and one daughter are living. Lydia Minerva married Augustus Warner Shaw. They had 3 sons and 3 daughters; 1 son and 1 daughter died young. Mr. Shaw died in 1851.

Joseph, (son of Rotheus), married Mary Ann Hart in 1833. Children, 3 sons and 4 daughters. He has a farm on the Muskingum river, about 2 miles above where his father lived. His oldest son, Charles, lives at Canton, Ohio, and has a store there. Arthur lives at South Bend, Indiana. They are married and each have one or more children. Newel died a few years since at his father's, leaving a wife. Some of the daughters are married.

Benjamin Tupper, (son of Rotheus), had the upper part of his father's farm. He never married, but built a house and his sister, Mrs. Shaw, kept house for him after her husband died and her children lived with them. He and his sister are not living. Her sons own and live on the farm.

Rotheus, (son of Rotheus), lived at Harmer, on the other side of the Muskingum from Marietta and was foreman in the foundry of Ansel Nye for many years, until within a year or two. He now lives up the Muskingum about one mile. He married Caroline Wood of Danbury, Connecticut. Children, three daughters; one died young. Ellen lives with her father. Caroline W. married G. W. Morris and lives at Warsaw, Indiana. He has a farm there, but has rented it and has charge of a shoe store for Arthur Hayward.

Edward Nye, (son of Rotheus), died when a young man.

George Barrows, (son of Rotheus), married, but he and his wife died, leaving one son who died young.

Daniel W., (son of Rotheus), lives in Empire City, Coos Co., Oregon; he went there in 1852 and was one of the first settlers

in that place. He has one son aged 17; his wife died in 1866; he has a farm near the entrance of Coos Bay.

Columbus F., (son of Rotheus), is married and has one child. He and his sister Charlotte have the house and lower part of the farm that was his father's. Cyrus B. has the part adjoining and Charlotte keeps house for him. Panthea is not living.

Brother Joseph married Esther Ripley, daughter of Samuel Ripley. Their children were Minerva, Joseph Eldridge, Esther, Asenath, Samuel Kinsley, William Reed, Lucy, George Adoniram. He died February 26, 1822, aged 37 years, 7 months, 12 days; she died April 5, 1860, aged 75 years, 5 months. Minerva married Dr. John Gushee of Raynham; she died leaving no children. Esther married Weston Simmons of North Bridgewater. Their children were 3 sons and 1 daughter; one son died young. The other sons and daughter are married and live in Brockton. Asenath married Daniel Sumner (son of Roger Sumner) of Stoughton. He died and she married Lewis Sumner, his brother. He died, leaving two daughters, one of whom married Augustus Carpenter. She died, leaving 2 children. Lucy married Nahum M. Drake, (son of Joel Drake of Easton). He died and she married Thomas Howard, (son of Thomas Howard of Easton). Their children were Adelia and George. Adelia married William Briggs and lives in Little Compton, R. I. George and his father live there. Lucy died when her children were young.

Joseph Eldridge, (son of Joseph), married Nancy T. Bird, daughter of Jacob Bird. Their children were Almira Leach, Nancy and Joseph. Nancy and Joseph died young. She died and he married Elizabeth Deans, widow of Sumner Deans and daughter of Joel Drake. She died, leaving a daughter Harriet L. He married a third wife, Sophia Jenks of Providence, R. I. Almira L. is librarian at Cambridge, and Harriet teaches school at that place. He worked in a furnace for many years and now lives at Providence, R. I.

Samuel Kinsley, (son of Joseph), married Ann Maria Crosby. Their children were Samuel Adoniram and Nahum Mitchell. He learned the wheelwright trade of Ansel Howard at Taunton, lived at North Chelmsford and worked in a machine shop several

years and now lives where his father lived. Samuel A. married Emma Bruce of Brooklyn, N. Y., and has 2 daughters. Nahum M. married Phebe Ann Randall, daughter of Cyrus Randall, and lives at Worcester.

William R., (son of Joseph), married Mary W. Pratt, daughter of Daniel Pratt of Peterborough, N. H. He lived at Peterborough several years and now lives at North Newton, Mass. Their children are Eva and Franklin. Eva married Theophilus Frye. Franklin graduated at the Bridgewater Normal School, has since taught school and is now bookkeeping in Boston.

George A., (son of Joseph), lives in or near Harrisville, N. H. He married Henrietta Tarbox and has one son. Brother Ansel married Lucinda, daughter of Capt. Daniel Tolman of Bridgewater. Their children were Lucinda, Harriet Newell, Ansel, Cyrus Tolman, Chloe Jane and Lydia Loraine, twins, (Lydia Loraine died aged 3 years), Lydia Loraine, Daniel and William Wirt. Lucinda married Jesse Packard of North Bridgewater. She died, leaving one child named Lucinda, who married Francis Fountain. Harriet married David Hartwell of Groton, who went to Ohio, and then to Illinois, and now lives near Wichita, Kansas. His wife is not living. He has 4 children living, who all live near him.

Brother Ansel learned the cabinet makers' trade of Mark Lothrop of West Bridgewater. He worked several years pattern making at Cyrus Alger's iron foundry, South Boston, then bought a farm in Easton. He soon went to work for Gen. Shepherd Leach, making patterns, but lived on his farm. He built the house where Rev. Francis Homes now lives. In 1838 he sold his farm and went with his family to Macoupin Co., Illinois. He died November 30, 1863, aged 74 years, 6 months, 13 days; his wife died at her son's, William W. Hayward's, Minneapolis, Minnesota, December 23, 1877, in the 89th year of her age. His daughter, Chloe Jane, married Charles Goodsell. They have 2 sons and 1 daughter. Mr. Goodsell sold his farm in Illinois about 1858 and went to Minnesota and located on government land at Lake Howard, 46 miles west of Minneapolis. The St. Paul and Pacific R. R. passes through Howard and the depot and town are on land which he owned. He was the first settler there and

had 640 acres of land. The lake is about two miles long and one wide. The town is named after the lake. Their children all live at Howard. Lydia Lorain married John T. Thurston. She and her husband died, leaving 4 children, all of whom are married. The oldest son, William, and two daughters, live in Davis Co., Missouri.

Ansel, (son of Ansel), married Mary N. Thurston, January, 1842; she died in the April following. He married her sister, Harriet E. Thurston, January, 1843; she died, January, 1844, leaving one child, who died when 10 years of age. He married Rebecca Silsbe, December 19, 1844. Their children were 4 sons. He and his third wife are not living. The oldest son, Rotheus, died in the army. The second son, Morrillas, lives on part of his father's farm, is married and has 2 children living. The third son, Orville, lives in West Oakland, California, is single, and doing well. The fourth son, John, is farming, and not married.

Cyrus T., (son of Ansel), married Maria Olmstead, December 25, 1840. Their children were 4 sons and 4 daughters; 2 sons died young. The others are all married and have families of children. The oldest son, Cyrus W., lives near Carlinville; the others live in Macoupin Co. His wife died, July, 1856. He married a second wife and had 3 sons and 1 daughter, none of whom are married. He has a farm in Macoupin Co. near Somerville, where he lives, and one near Carlinville, where his oldest son lives.

Daniel, (son of Ansel), lives in Carlinville, Macoupin Co., Illinois. He married Sarah Clark, February 24, 1858. Their children are 3 sons and 4 daughters; one son died young. I received a letter from him, dated July 1, 1878. He wrote that he had 187 acres of land in the farm where he now lives; that he has 55 acres of wheat, which is very good; that the corn crop is quite poor, owing to the wet weather; and that he has over 2000 bushels of old corn in the crib. He has 160 acres of land at Glenwood, the county seat of Pope County, Minnesota, and 525 acres near Sioux Falls, Dacota.

William W., (son of Ansel), lives at Minneapolis, Minnesota. He has a wife and 3 sons living; one son and a daughter died young. He has a store and lumber yard at Howard where

Charles Goodsell lives, and Mr. Goodsell's son, Wallace, tended store for him.

Brother Elisha graduated at Brown University, Providence; studied medicine with Dr. Ebenezer Alden of Randolph and settled in Raynham, Mass. He married Betsey Townsend, (daughter of John Townsend), of Middleborough, January, 1821. Their children were Lurinda who died an infant, Elizabeth, Mary Ann, Lavina who died aged 23 years, Rowena, Elisha Alden, Daniel Webster, Martha Jane. He died March 16, 1866, aged 76 years, 8 months, 20 days. His wife is living, aged 82 years. Elizabeth married Lucius Hayward, (son of Nahum Hayward), of West Bridgewater. Their children were 3 sons and 5 daughters; one son and one daughter are not living; one son and three daughters are married. Mary Ann married Melvin Lothrop of Norton. She died, leaving one son, Everet, who is married and has one child. Rowena married Joseph Wilder White, of Raynham, June 16, 1863. They have 2 sons living; one died young. Martha Jane married George Edw. Cobb of Middleborough. They had one child who died young and they are both dead. Elisha A. and Daniel W. live with their mother, where their father lived.

Brother Edward T. went to Ohio in company with his uncle Solomon and family in 1821. He married Charlotte Gray, sister to his brother Rotheus' second wife, in March, 1822. He bought a farm of 100 acres of cleared land with a log house on it, in the bend of the Muskingum river,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles above his brother's, and 25 acres for a wood lot near by. He lived in his log house a few years. Before I was there in 1829 he had built a good brick house. Their children were Arius Edward, William Gray, Lydia Rowena and Rotheus Barkly. He died February 25, 1858, aged 59 years, wanting 2 days. She died in 1866, aged 65 years. Lydia Rowena married Thomas Buck; she and her husband died and left a son and daughter. Arius E. married a Murry in 1847. He and his wife died in 1848 and left no child. William G. married Sarah White in 1853. Their children were 3 daughters and 1 son. The son died young. He was killed by a log rolling on him in 1867, when getting timber to build a house. Rotheus

B. married a Murry and has one son. He is the only child of Brother Edward's, now living.

George W. Hayward, (who is now addressing you), married Sylvia S. Pratt, daughter of Joshua Pratt of Peterborough, N. H., who was a native of Easton, November 27, 1834. Our children are Georgiana Maria, November 20, 1835; Edw. Russel, January 17, 1837; Joseph Warren, July 11, 1841. Georgiana M. married John Richard Hunt, son of Dr. Hunt of Nashua, N. H. Their children are 2 sons, Charles Richard and George Washington. They now live at Wollaston Heights, Quincy, Mass. Mr. Hunt is employed in Boston; Charles R. is in the Civil Engineer's Department, City Hall, Boston; George W. is with Calvin Ryder, an architect in Boston.

Edward R. married Carrie L. Belcher, daughter of Daniel Belcher of Easton. Their children are 3 sons, Edw. Belcher, Wm. Warren, Chester Lincoln, and 1 daughter, Carrie, who died an infant. He graduated at the Normal School at Bridgewater, taught school two winters; was in a store at North Easton about 6 years, in company with Samuel Ripley, when he sold out to him, and came here and built a house in which he now lives, and has charge of the farming.

Joseph W. graduated at the Bridgewater Normal School, taught school two winters; studied medicine and attended medical lectures; then went as a medical cadet, U. S. Army, for one year; was in a hospital at Memphis, Tennessee, most of the time; he then came home, attended another course of lectures, got his diploma, and after passing examination at New York, went as assistant surgeon, to the Army of the James, where he remained until after the close of the war, about 1 year, 6 months. Soon after coming from the army, he went into company with Dr. Geo. Barrows of Taunton, and was with him about 6 years. He is now a physician and surgeon at Taunton. He married Lemira H., daughter of John R. Drake of Easton. Their children are 3 sons and 1 daughter, Ernest Lowell, Ralph Morris, Walter Barrows and Josephine Lemira.

Our grandchildren are 8 grandsons and 2 granddaughters, one of whom died young. I am now 71 years old and my wife is 66. I was the youngest of a family of 14 children and my wife

the youngest of a family of 10 children, and we are the last survivors of the families of our parents. It is now 125 years since the birth of my father, 189 years since the birth of my grandfather, and probably 246 years since the birth of great grandfather, who was the fourth child of Thomas Hayward, who landed at Plymouth with his wife and 5 children in 1635. I have but one cousin living, who is Solomon Hayward of Gallipolis, Ohio, he being 87 years old this month. No doubt we are the last survivors of the fourth generation from Thomas Hayward 1st.

I will now close by giving a few words of advice to my grandchildren and other young persons who may be present. Associate not with bad company, be industrious, be temperate in all things, abstain entirely from all profanity and from the use of tobacco, and endeavor to follow the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

Miss Harriet L. Hayward of Providence, R. I., then read the following poem, written for the occasion by her sister, Miss A. L. Hayward.





# HOME.

1778---1878.

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Backward turn your eyes to-day,  
O'er the rugged winding way  
Which our fathers bravely trod,  
Led by faith, and helped by God.  
As the artist singles out  
One chief point, to group about  
All the details of his view,  
So to-day I sketch for you  
Here a cloud, and there a flower,  
While I make the picture's power  
Center in this dear old home  
To whose welcome we have come,  
Laden with the hopes and fears  
Of these full one hundred years.

Turn with me to History's page,  
Read of our heroic age,  
When our fathers gladly paid  
Even life itself to aid  
Liberty to conquests new,  
E'er to God and Freedom true.  
When the year of '78  
Dawned upon *them*, still the fate  
Of their righteous cause was known  
Only to the God whose own  
Constant, guiding hand we bless,  
For their hardly-won success.  
"Valley Forge!" that name recalls  
All they suffered, ere the walls  
Of this home beloved were reared.  
Dear old home, to us endeared  
By these full one hundred years!

Slowly they built it  
     That summer long past,  
 Heavy stout timbers  
     Were chosen to last.  
 Chimney and hearth-stone  
     Were ample and wide,  
 Safe in whose corner  
     The children could hide  
 Often at evening  
     When stories were told,  
 Over the cider,  
     Of perils of old,  
 Met with in forest,  
     In fortress, or field.  
 What wonderful prowess  
     Here was revealed !

With its face to the south,  
     A sunny home new,  
 At last it was finished,  
     And still stands for you,  
 The youngest of seven  
     Stalwart sons of the sire,  
 To whom it was given  
     Soon to see the desire  
 Of all hearts, the release  
     Of our land from grim war,  
 And the coming of peace,  
     As it dawned from afar  
 One hundred years ago.

The plan of the house  
     You have heard of in prose.  
 Its changes and history  
     But one of us knows,  
 Yet many remember  
     Its bountiful cheer,  
 And hold all its memories  
     Never more dear.  
 Its cool nooks in summer,  
     In winter its fires,  
 And always the attic,  
     Where shades of our sires  
 Seemed haunting the relics  
     There hidden away.

Where often in childhood  
     We climbed there to play,  
 The loom and the spinning-wheel  
     Mysteries were,  
 Ah! still we remember  
     That curious w-h-i-r.  
 Its cool, roomy pantries,  
     Well filled to this day  
 With good things unrivalled,  
     I'm sure you will say.  
 How well we approved them  
     When, hungry from school,  
 We called out for "Luncheon!"  
     How sparkling and cool  
 From "the old oaken bucket  
     That hung in the well,"  
 Came the drink that was better  
     Than "Port" or "Moselle."  
 It needed no ice,  
     Nor "a stick" to put in it.  
 And better than all,  
     It was fresh every minute.

Just think of the many  
     Who here at the brink  
 Of the old well have waited  
     Their turn for a drink!  
 "The butchers and bakers,  
     The candle-stick makers,"  
 The doctors, and parsons,  
     And hosts of tin-peddlers;—  
 Indeed, if the old stone  
     Beside it could speak,  
 And tell all the number,  
     Methinks for a week  
 We should listen in wonder  
     To name after name,  
 Some, long since forgotten,  
     Some, well-known to fame.

Life was simpler, the old folks say,  
     One hundred years ago,  
 For what they thought, they had to pay,  
     One hundred years ago.

Land was plenty, but roads were few,  
     One hundred years ago,  
 Here, a wonder, was a chaise quite new,  
     One hundred years ago.  
 I cannot say if this same shay,  
 Smashed in a minute, with the parson in it,  
 But it did good service, and was succeeded  
     Some sixty years ago,  
 By such another, the grandchildren needed  
     Some twenty years ago.  
 Both school and church were miles away,  
     One hundred years ago,  
 But strictly kept they the Sabbath day,  
     One hundred years ago  
 "From set of sun, to set of sun,"  
     One hundred years ago,  
 Work unneeded was never done,  
     One hundred years ago.  
 Ere the day of the elegant shay,  
     One hundred years ago,  
*Four* rode on one horse all the way,  
     One hundred years ago,  
 To the humble church which stood beside  
 The old graveyard; for alas! they died  
     One hundred years ago.  
 And then, as now, hearts cried in vain,  
 "Spare our loved ones from death and pain!"  
 And learned to say "Lord, even so,"  
     One hundred years ago.

Ah me! what changes came in time!  
     Some that I cannot put in rhyme.  
 Seven sons and daughters seven  
     Entered this home, and thence to Heaven.  
 One an infant was taken soon;  
     Two were summoned ere life's bright noon.  
 The others lingered here in the home  
     Till called by Love far hence to roam.  
 Four to the then far West went out,  
     Whose children's children, all, no doubt,  
 Keeping with us this festal day,  
     Love the old home so far away.  
 Two of the daughters settled near,  
     Their children's grandchildren now are here.

Wooed to the Old Dominion one,  
     There in the South *her* work was done.  
 Another, bearing his father's name,  
     Dwelt near by him, but early came  
 Down to the river of death, and left  
     Widow and fatherless ones bereft.  
 Another the art of healing knew,  
     The beloved physician of not a few.  
 Stories we heard in our childish days  
     Of all their different words and ways.  
 That all the sons were taller far  
     Than any of this generation are;  
 That some were wondrous strong as well.  
     You doubtless all have heard them tell,  
 How in the time of witches, and crimes,  
     And magical powers, some father of ours,  
 Out with his gun one autumn day,  
     Shot at a partridge, who, strange to say,  
 Quite undisturbed looked calmly down.  
     He fired again, then cried with a frown,  
 "The bird is bewitched, but silver 'll fix her."  
     Sleeve buttons for shot, he used right quick, sir,  
 And the headless bird took home for dinner.  
     His frightened cook cried, "What a sin, sir,  
 To dress the bird or dare to eat it!"  
     That's all I heard, you can complete it.

Another tradition,  
 Runs something like this:—  
 So certain a marksman  
 He seldom would miss  
 Whatever he aimed at,  
 Your father once spied  
 Sitting side by side,  
 A flock of wild ducks  
 Seven in all, in a ditch.  
 With wild hopes inspired  
 He aimed, and he fired,—  
 Don't call him a witch—  
 But he killed the whole flock!  
 After this, to the boys  
 He often would say,  
 "You couldn't do that,  
 But *I* did it one day."

You cannot conceive it,  
 And you don't believe it?  
 Well, I was not there,  
 But the story seems fair  
 As many another.  
 I've heard that his mother  
 Believe it, or not,  
 Once killed at one shot  
 Ninety pigeons. She knew  
 What a *woman* could do.

Another short story  
 I think I'll tell,  
 The third generation  
 May know it well.  
 I heard it first  
 On my father's knee,  
 I leave you to guess  
 If Joseph was he.

Joseph had a little squirrel  
 Whose fur I think was gray,  
 And everywhere that Joseph went  
 The squirrel loved to stay.

He carried him to school one day,  
 Which was against the rule,  
 It made the children laugh, and play,  
 A squirrel, come to school!

And so the teacher frowning said,  
 "Joseph, I am surprised!  
 What imp of mischief was your guide  
 When you this trick devised?"

Now take him home and never bring  
 Again to school your pet,  
 Or you another tune will sing,  
 Now go, and don't forget."

So in his jacket Joseph hid  
 All but the squirrel's head,  
 And trudged off home as he was bid;  
 Ask him, what mother said.

“What makes the squirrel love him so?”  
 The eager children cried.  
 “Why, Joseph loves him too you know,”  
 The teacher then replied.

Other legends I might recall,  
 But time forbids you should hear them all.  
 You, by the hearthstone some winter eve,  
 Can tell to the children the many I leave.  
 Hand down his virtues in deeds manifold  
 Who long ago built here this homestead of old.  
 Each generation shall cherish his name,  
 Hold and preserve it from whisper of blame.  
 Last and not least of his namesakes is seen,  
 A fair little daughter they call Josephine.

Do you know our little queen,  
 Gentlest ruler ever seen?  
 Yes, you guess that I must mean  
 Winning little Josephine.

Earth has need of such as she,  
 Youngest of the family,  
 Angels guard her tenderly,  
 Pure and loving Josephine.

Dainty little flower of May  
 Blossoming beside our way,  
 Making life a summer's day,  
 Fairy little Josephine.

Other flowers, fresh and fair,  
 Other spirits, sweet and rare,  
 Blossom now in purer air;  
 Stay and bless us, Josephine.

You all would regret  
 If I should forget  
 These dear old wild woods,  
 These whispering pines,  
 Through whose deepest shadows  
 The sun seldom shines.  
 Loved haunts of our childhood  
 Where hour after hour  
 Fond lovers could pace,

Forgetting all else in  
 The light of one face.  
 Ah, well you remember  
 The charms of the place.  
 How storm-winds have felled them,  
 The giant old trees,  
 How gently they sighed to  
 The soft evening breeze.  
 How sweetly around them  
 The wild flowers bloom,  
 How coal-pits were fashioned,  
 How rich their perfume.  
 All this you remember  
 Who grew as they grew,  
 And need no reminder  
 To bring back to you  
 The scenes of your boyhood,  
 Grown dearer to-day,  
 Because those who shared them  
 Are passing-away.

The home where your love and your hopes have been centered,  
 Again and again hath the death angel entered,  
 The young, and the old too, have answered his call,  
 And sooner, or later, he comes for us all.  
 As calmly as he whom we claim as our kin,  
 Let us welcome the moment when death shall come in.

We mourn him dead,  
 Who well hath said,—

“So live that when thy summons come to join  
 The innumerable caravan that moves  
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not like the quarry slave at night  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams”.

A home not built by human hand,  
 Awaits you in that better land  
 Where joy and peace for aye endure,  
 Where rest, eternal rest, is sure.



Some day this earthly home, to you  
Who do God's will with service true,  
Shall seem the gateway whence you passed  
Into your Father's house at last,  
Keeping the joys, but not the tears,  
Of these changeful one hundred years.

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Interesting remarks followed by Rev. Dr. Blake, of Taunton, on the progress of education during the century; by Rev. Wm. L. Chaffin, of North Easton, on social and religious progress; and by Mr. James Rankin of Easton on the progress of agriculture during the same time.

The President of the day, Rev. Luther H. Sheldon, of Easton, closed the public exercises in a few happy remarks.





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