

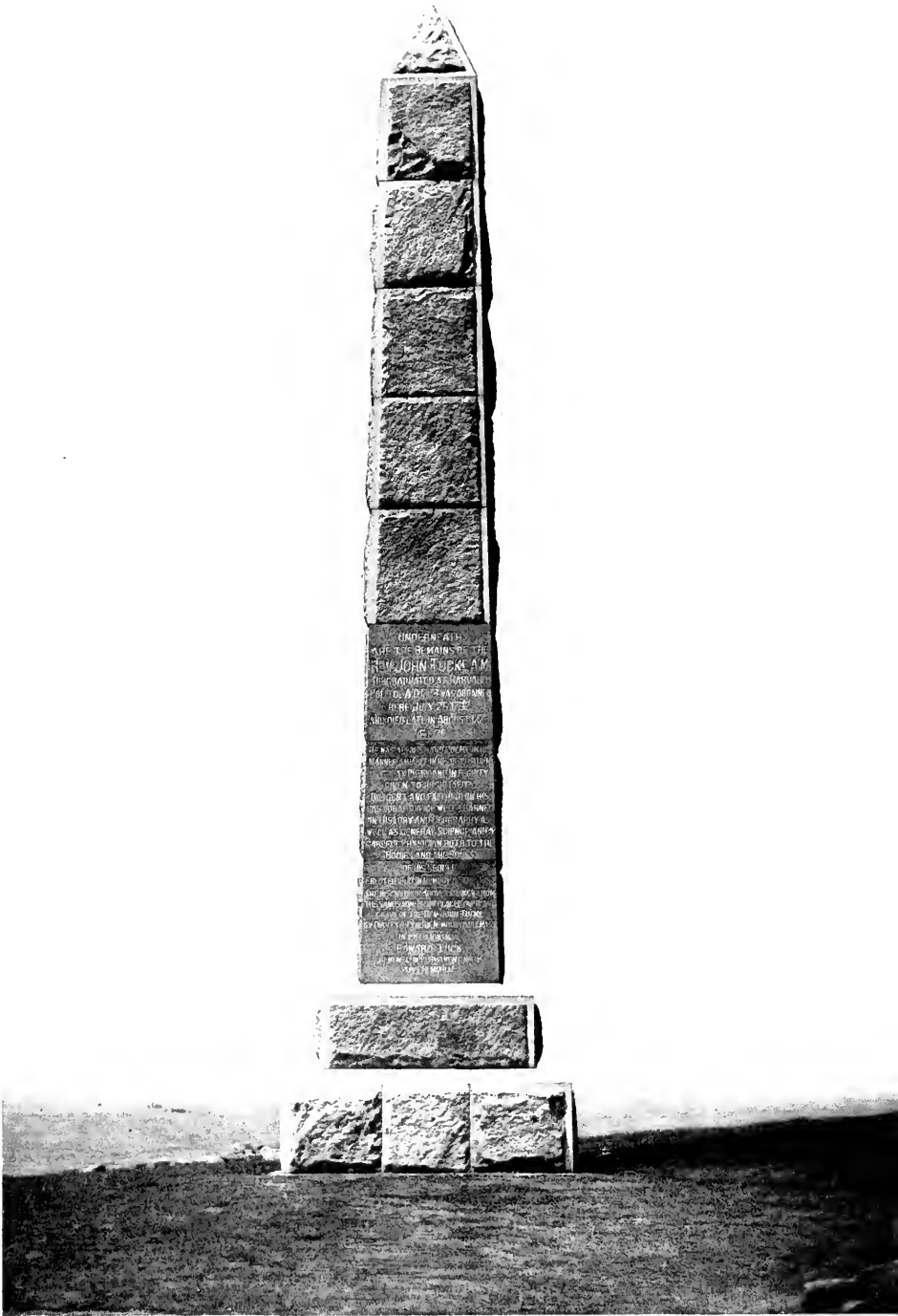
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REVEREND JOHN TUCKE
1702-1773



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PRESENTED BY



UNDERNIGHT
OF THE REMAINS OF THE
REV. JOHN B. BUCKLE, A.M.
RETIRED FROM HIS OFFICE
OF DEACON OF THE CHURCH
OF ST. JOHN'S, BOSTON, MASS.
ON THE 10TH DAY OF FEBRUARY
1870.
HE WAS BORN IN THE TOWN OF
MERRIMACK, MASSACHUSETTS,
ON THE 25TH DAY OF FEBRUARY
1802. HE WAS A MEMBER OF
THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN'S,
BOSTON, FROM 1828 TO 1868.
HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, BOSTON,
FROM 1830 TO 1868. HE WAS
A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF
THE FRIENDS OF THE AFRICAN
RACE, BOSTON, FROM 1830 TO
1868. HE WAS A MEMBER OF
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ON THE 10TH DAY OF FEBRUARY
1870.

UNDERNEATH
ARE THE REMAINS OF THE
REV. JOHN TUCKE, A. M.
HE GRADUATED AT HARVARD
COLLEGE A. D. 1723, WAS ORDAINED
HERE JULY 26, 1732,
AND DIED LATE IN AUGUST, 1773,
AET. 71.

HE WAS AFFABLE AND POLITE IN HIS
MANNER, AMIABLE IN HIS DISPOSITION,
OF GREAT PIETY AND INTEGRITY,
GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY,
DILIGENT AND FAITHFUL IN HIS
PASTORAL OFFICE, WELL LEARNED
IN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY AS
WELL AS GENERAL SCIENCE, AND A
CAREFUL PHYSICIAN BOTH TO THE
BODIES AND THE SOULS
OF HIS PEOPLE.

ERECTED 1800 IN MEMORY OF THE JUST.

THE INSCRIPTION ABOVE IS TAKEN FROM
THE SANDSTONE SLAB PLACED OVER THE
GRAVE OF THE REV. JOHN TUCKE
BY DUDLEY A. TYNG OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

IN 1914 A KINSMAN,
EDWARD TUCK,
RENEWED IN PERMANENT FORM
THIS MEMORIAL.

DEDICATION
OF
A MEMORIAL TO
REVEREND JOHN TUCKE
1702-1773

STAR ISLAND ISLES OF SHOALS
NEW HAMPSHIRE
JULY 29, 1914

WITH AN ADDRESS ON CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH
BY JUSTIN HARVEY SMITH

ERECTED BY EDWARD TUCK

DEDICATED BY THE
NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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EDITED BY
OTIS GRANT HAMMOND
SUPERINTENDENT

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

1914

Cit.
The Society
1914

MONUMENT
IN MEMORY OF
REVEREND JOHN TUCKE

ON MARCH 27, 1914, at a special meeting of the Trustees of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Mr. Benjamin A. Kimball announced the intention of Mr. Edward Tuck to build a permanent memorial over the grave of Rev. John Tucke at Star Island, Isles of Shoals. Mr. Kimball had previously directed Mr. Timothy P. Sullivan of Concord, an authority in monumental art and construction, to investigate the whole subject, consider the location, and recommend a plan for the proposed memorial. The result is shown in the granite obelisk, dedicated July 29, 1914, whose picture forms the frontispiece of this volume. The design, construction, and erection of the monument were entrusted to Mr. Sullivan.

At this meeting Mr. Kimball further suggested, in accordance with Mr. Tuck's wishes, that the New Hampshire Historical Society secure the site of the monument in its own name, dedicate, and care for it forever. The Trustees accepted and carried out these recommendations. Mr. Kimball stated that it was the wish of Mr. Tuck that the dedication ceremonies should be conducted by the Society, and desired the Trustees to take action to that end by the appointment of the necessary committees or agents.

On motion of Judge Corning it was voted that the President appoint a committee on arrangements, to

make all necessary plans for the dedication of this monument, and an executive committee, whose duty should be to carry into effect the plans of the committee on arrangements.

The President appointed the following committees in accordance with the preceding vote:

Committee on Arrangements.

Benjamin A. Kimball, Concord; Frank N. Parsons, Franklin; Harry S. Holbrook, Manchester; Fred W. Estabrook, Nashua; Elisha R. Brown, Dover; Henry W. Stevens, Concord.

Executive Committee.

Alfred F. Howard, Portsmouth; Wallace Hackett, Portsmouth; Otis G. Hammond, Concord; Timothy P. Sullivan, Concord.

On motion of Mr. John Dowst it was voted that the committee of arrangements be vested with full power to make and execute all necessary plans, in behalf of the New Hampshire Historical Society, for the dedication of the monument. This committee reported progress in the form of a program of exercises for the dedication of the monument on July 29, 1914, which report was accepted and approved, subject to change at the discretion of the committee.

On motion of Mr. Clarence E. Carr it was voted that the executive committee be authorized and directed to carry out, in the fullest detail and in the best possible manner, all such plans for the dedication as should be made by the committee on arrangements.

On motion of Mr. Kimball it was voted that the proceedings of the dedication be edited and published by the Secretary, Otis G. Hammond, and that a copy be given to each member of the Society.

To understand the chain of events that led to the building of the Tucke memorial it is necessary to go back a year or more. Dr. Joseph W. Warren, an accomplished antiquarian, during his summer visits to Star Island, had noticed the disintegration of the red sandstone slab covering the remains of the Rev. John Tucke, who died in 1773. The slab had been placed over the grave in 1800 by Dudley A. Tyng of Newburyport, Massachusetts. Time and the elements had made the inscription almost illegible.

On September 12, 1913, Mr. Sullivan visited the Shoals to examine conditions. On January 27, 1914, Charles A. Hazlett, president of the Piscataqua Savings Bank of Portsmouth, and a devoted student of local history, accompanied by Mr. Sullivan, visited Star Island, and measured a circle sixty feet in diameter, with the grave for its center. This plot was subsequently deeded to the New Hampshire Historical Society by the Piscataqua Savings Bank, the owner of Star Island. On March 11, 1914, a contract was made with the Pigeon Hill Granite Company of Rockport, Massachusetts, for a monument in the form of an obelisk, to be constructed in conformity to the following specifications:

SPECIFICATIONS FOR A PROPOSED GRANITE MONUMENT TO
THE REVEREND JOHN TUCKE, TO BE PLACED OVER HIS
REMAINS IN THE LITTLE CEMETERY AT STAR ISLAND,
ONE OF THE ISLES OF SHOALS, OFF PORTSMOUTH HARBOR.

The base to be in three pieces as shown. The plinth to be in two pieces as shown. The obelisk to be in pieces as shown. The monument to be of rock-face finish or partly scabbled, with a three-inch margin on all angles, of eight-cut work.

The faces of three pieces as shown to be finished to a fine rubbed surface for the inscription. If the surface of the three stones is not large enough for the inscription, part of one side or the whole of the fourth stone must be rubbed fine.

The letters will number about five hundred, and must be very large and deeply sunk. A model will be furnished showing a portion of the lettering, giving the character and sinkage and size of the letters appropriate for such monument.

The remains of the Reverend John Tucke (which have lain there since 1773) to be placed in a vault of cement concrete in the lower part of the foundation, with the present sandstone slab over the grave placed over the vault, and left so that the weight overhead will not bear on any part of the recumbent slab.

All the loose stones and earth in connection with the present grave are to be taken out, and the new foundation started on solid rock. The foundation to be made of stone found on the island, and set with the best Portland cement. The top foundation stones coming in contact with the monument to be of rectangular, large size blocks of granite, all to be laid in the best cement mortar, and all joints and interstices in the entire foundation to be grouted with best Portland cement at every course. The top beds of all stone to be made fair, pene-hammered work, so that no water can run into the beds from the bed joints, and the bottom beds made with a good bearing all over.

Each stone of the obelisk will have two dowels inserted in its top bed, and made secure with molten lead, so as to receive the upper stone, having holes cut to receive the dowels. The dowels to be of gun metal, two and a half inches in diameter and six inches in length, to reach into each stone three inches, and to be placed where directed.

The vertical joints on washes of base and plinth to be run and filled with molten lead. The under beds of all stones to have a perfect bearing, to get the weight distributed equally.

The whole, as specified, to be set up in place at the Isles of Shoals to the satisfaction of Timothy P. Sullivan of Concord, New Hampshire, or his representative; the time of completion to be not later than August 1, 1914.

Signed: B. A. KIMBALL, for Edward Tuck.
 PIGEON HILL GRANITE COMPANY,
 By Edgar Knowlton, Assistant Treasurer.

During the spring of 1914 the work of construction proceeded under the superintendence of Mr. Sullivan. No expense was spared to make the monument perfect, both in material and workmanship. Each of the large blocks fitted accurately, and was put in place without the least accident under the direction of Edgar Knowlton, superintendent of the company.

The monument is ten feet square at the base, and forty-six feet, six inches, in height. The inscription, containing about six hundred letters, square sunk one quarter of an inch, in smooth surface finely rubbed, occupies thirteen feet vertically of one side of the shaft. The obelisk is in large blocks, and is designed after the Egyptian dimensions established as a standard thousands of years ago.

The foundation is of granite blocks from the Pigeon Hill Granite Company, Rockport, Massachusetts, combined with others suitable, found near the site. All are compactly laid in Portland cement mortar. Twenty barrels of the mixture were required for this work. The foundation is laid on the solid ledge, and is thirteen feet square on the ledge and six feet in height to the bottom of the first base stone. About one foot and six inches from the lower part of the foundation is a vault, formed for a casket to contain the remains of the Rev. John Tucke. The casket was imbedded in a solid mass of cement.

The original slab of red sandstone was laid on the smooth concrete surface of the vault, with its inscription facing the east, in almost the same position as over the old grave. On the end of the old slab were found, cut in small letters, the initials "T. N. B.," which were probably those of the stone-cutter who executed the lettering one hundred and fourteen years before.

On the forenoon of May 26, 1914, the grave of the

Rev. John Tucke was opened, and his remains exhumed and placed in the casket. The skull and the large bones of the body were in as good a state of preservation as might be expected after a lapse of one hundred and forty years; but when moved by hand or trowel they crumbled into bits. The exhumation was made under the direction of Mr. Sullivan, assisted by three men from the constructing force.

Although the Tucke memorial stands in practically the only place on the island where interments could be made, the excavation, which went down to the granite ledge, disturbed little except boulders and sand. Tradition says that many of the early inhabitants of Star Island lie interred in this area; but the ends of two graves only were encountered, and these were in no way disturbed.

Considerable machinery was used in setting up the monument, a task which required much time and skill. Everything had to be transported from the mainland. The blocks of stone weighed from nine to eleven tons each. Eight horses could not haul them over the rough ledges, and ropes, pulleys, and an engine had to be used. Three weeks were required for the hauling and setting of the stones, and another week was needed for the grading and finishing. All the machinery and material was transported in the Pigeon Hill Company's boat, and an extra trip was made with a load of soil and turf to grade the circular lot.

Wednesday, July 29, was appointed as the day for dedication. About five weeks previously invitations were sent to the members of the Society by the Secretary, Otis G. Hammond, Superintendent of the library. It was announced that transportation from Portsmouth wharf and return, and tickets to the luncheon at the Oceanic Hotel would be provided for all those who signified their intention of being present.

Members and friends to the number of two hundred and thirty-eight responded to this generous invitation. It was a representative and distinguished company of men and women, not only from New Hampshire, but from Maine and Massachusetts, and some from more distant points. A hundred went from Concord, and this number received constant accessions from Manchester and other points on the road. Many people motored in from the neighboring beaches.

It was a beautiful day, and a fresh breeze blew all the clouds inland. The steamer Nassau from Boston, specially chartered for the occasion, left Jones's wharf at ten o'clock, making the trip in an hour. Arriving at Star Island the company proceeded to the monument, which stands a short distance southeast of the quaint little stone church where candle-light services are still held as in days of yore. Everyone was impressed by the dignity and beauty of the obelisk, which stands forty-six and one-half feet high, and can be seen from ten miles out at sea. The shaft tapers in the same proportions as the monument at Bunker Hill.

After the dedicatory exercises, which are printed in full on subsequent pages, the company proceeded to a near-by eminence, directly overlooking the sea, where a bronze tablet was unveiled to the memory of Captain John Smith, the discoverer of these Isles three hundred years ago. The exercises at this monument were under the direction of the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Wars, most of whose members also belong to the Historical Society. The day was made doubly interesting by the two events so nearly alike in character.

Adjournment was then taken to the convention hall of the Oceanic hotel, where an interesting and scholarly address on Rev. John Tucke was delivered by Rev. Alfred Gooding of Portsmouth. This was followed by

an able paper on Captain John Smith by Justin Harvey Smith of Boston, Governor of the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Wars.

At two o'clock a luncheon was served in the dining-room, which was followed by a brilliant program of after-dinner speaking, with Mr. Wallace Hackett of Portsmouth as toastmaster. The original announcement was somewhat changed because of the unavoidable absence of Gov. William T. Haines of Maine and President Lowell of Harvard University. Gen. Jonathan Prince Cilley of Rockland, Maine, occupied the absent Governor's seat at table, and Harvard University was ably represented by Prof. Tufts of Phillips Exeter Academy.

An interesting feature of the dinner was the presence of three lineal descendants of the Rev. John Tucke. These were Rev. William Albert Rand of South Seabrook, New Hampshire, his only child, Mrs. Helen Paul Dempsey, wife of Edward F. Dempsey of Salisbury, Massachusetts, and his only grandchild, Helen Frances Dempsey, aged nineteen years. Rev. W. A. Rand is the grandson of Mary Tuck Rand of Rye, New Hampshire, whose father, Rev. John Tuck of Epsom, New Hampshire, was the youngest child of Rev. John Tucke of the Shoals. Rev. W. A. Rand was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, August 30, 1842, was a corporal in Company K, 16th N. H. Vols., during the Civil War, and was installed as pastor of the Congregational Church in South Seabrook, January 27, 1867, being now in the forty-eighth year of his ministry. There were also present several who could prove their descent from Jonathan Tucke, elder brother of the Rev. John Tucke. These were George Oliver Tuck, D.D.S., of Gloucester, Massachusetts, his son, Albert Everett Tuck, D.D.S., Rockport, Massachusetts, and the latter's twin

sons, born January 7, 1904, George Loring Tuck and Walter Flint Tuck. These boys were probably the youngest persons attending the banquet. Their grandfather, Dr. G. O. Tuck, is fifth in descent from Jonathan Tucke.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Stevens of Concord, who was present with her husband, Henry W. Stevens, one of the Trustees of the Society, is a niece of Edward Tuck, the giver of the memorial, and is also fifth in descent from Jonathan Tucke.

The return trip was made on the steamer Nassau, which left Star Island at four o'clock. Every arrangement for the dedication was perfectly carried out, and it was the general opinion of those privileged to be present that the occasion was one of the most interesting and important ever conducted by the New Hampshire Historical Society.

DEDICATORY EXERCISES

STAR ISLAND, JULY 29, 1914.

INVOCATION BY REV. SAMUEL HOWARD DANA, D.D.

ALMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, who in Thy loving kindness hath brought us unto this day and this place and this service, give unto us Thy benediction as we gather here, and let the words we speak and the deeds we do meet with Thine approval. We thank Thee for the holy men of old, who went up on the heights and looked in the face of God, and gave their revelation to others, and for those who came afterwards and went out into the wilderness and gave of their knowledge to men. Especially this day do we thank Thee for him who came to this island, who looked into the face of the Heavenly Father, and who here served his Lord and Master, and taught others by his life, as well as by his words, of the Good Shepherd; who was himself a good shepherd and a good physician, caring for the souls and for the bodies of his fellowmen, a man who "did justice and loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God."

And now we would consecrate this place and this monument to him and to his memory, to what he was, to what he did, to the character that was in him; and we ask that this place and monument may ever be held sacred to the memory of that servant of God and friend of man, and to all those who lead lives of service for their fellowmen, knowing that they can serve God only as they serve men. In Christ's name, Amen.

PRESENTATION TO THE SOCIETY OF THE LAND UPON
WHICH THE MONUMENT STANDS BY MR. CHARLES
ALBERT HAZLETT, REPRESENTING THE PISCATAQUA
SAVINGS BANK.

By request of the owners of Star Island, I have the pleasure of presenting to the New Hampshire Historical Society this deed of a circular tract of this island, sixty feet in diameter, containing the graves of Rev. John Tucke and Rev. Josiah Stevens.

ACCEPTANCE BY MR. FRANK SHERWIN STREETER,
PRESIDENT.

In the name and on behalf of the New Hampshire Historical Society this deed is accepted, with high appreciation of the generous public spirit which inspires the donor in making this gift.

PRESENTATION OF THE MONUMENT BY MR. BENJAMIN
AMES KIMBALL, REPRESENTING MR. EDWARD TUCK.

On August 30, 1913, Edward Tuck sent me his correspondence with Dr. Joseph W. Warren of Harrisburg, Pa., and also with others, relative to the condition of the tablet on Star Island which was erected in 1800 to the memory of the Rev. John Tucke. The original stone was rapidly disintegrating, and I was requested to investigate the conditions and suggest a lasting monument to the pioneer minister. A shaft after the proportions of an Egyptian obelisk was recommended, and plans and specifications for the memorial now before us were sent to Mr. Tuck for his approval. He cabled his endorsement of the sketches and suggestions, and authorized the execution and erection of the monument upon this spot, land which has been deeded to the New

Hampshire Historical Society by the Piscataqua Savings Bank of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. And now, by the authority of Mr. Tuck and in his behalf, I present to you, Mr. President of the New Hampshire Historical Society, this monument, to be cared for under the terms of the deed of land by the Piscataqua Savings Bank which has just been presented to you.

Mr. Tuck, in erecting this monument to the memory of the Rev. John Tucke, did not intend it as a memorial to commemorate the deeds of a distinguished citizen of other days, but rather to manifest in enduring form his appreciation and respect for the memory of a sincere and righteous man who spent his life on this island doing good to those about him.

The letters on the shaft tell the story of Rev. John Tucke's simple, self-sacrificing labors among the people of the Isles of Shoals, whose minister, teacher, and bearer of burdens he continued during his stay of more than forty years. A graduate of our oldest college, receiving his degree from Harvard in 1723, an associate of learned men, accustomed to social intercourse, he willingly turned away and sought what seems to us, and possibly seemed to him, a dreary and uneventful exile for the remainder of his life. But duty called him here, and he gave to it the full measure of devotion. To us it may be difficult to understand why Mr. Tucke left forever the mainland, with all its bright promises, to cast his lot among the rough and uncongenial fishermen of Star Island, but we all know that he did it; therefore our speculations as to his motives would be useless. This was his vineyard, and the laborers were few. As we read the annals of these islands we learn how great a power for good he was, and we acknowledge in him those attributes that mark the man, no matter where we find him. His constant faith and resolute purpose stamp

him as no ordinary person, even in that age of conscientious and God-fearing men. Tradition informs us of the never-lessening influence he exerted among the hard and turbulent members of his little parish, who were prone to rebel against too much discipline. Surely he must have possessed singular ability and wisdom to control the passions and keep in hand the wild dispositions of his Gosport congregation. But he managed affairs in his own way, so that at his death he left his people in a state of prosperity such as they had never before known.

When we reflect on the steady course of this man's life through his long ministry of toil and self-denial, we surely recognize a strong link in that chain of old New England clergymen who did much to make and shape our early history, men who stood for right living, who gave all to their calling, contented with work well done, and passed from earth ignorant of worldly ambition and worldly emolument. How much such men contributed to the social well-being and self-reliant character of our people we are beginning to realize; and we appreciate more and more that in the lives of those men can be found the seeds of our nation's greatness.

And so it seems to me that we come nearer to understanding the career of John Tucke, so long the humble minister of Gosport. His example is worthy of our remembrance, for his simple life, with an ambition to do good and be of service to his fellowmen, was all the glory he sought, and greater glory no man can have. That the lesson of his life may not be forgotten, but rather that it may be kept alive to coming generations, is the desire of his remote kinsman and fellow American, Edward Tuck.

ACCEPTANCE BY MR. FRANK SHERWIN STREETER,
PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

By its original constitution this Society, among other things, dedicated itself "to discover, secure and preserve whatever may relate to the natural, civil, literary and ecclesiastical history of the United States in general and of this state in particular."

It is with especial gratification that we are now enabled to dedicate a monument to the memory of the type of man of which the Reverend John Tucke was so notable an example.

We build monuments to commemorate great historic events, statesmen, generals, and others, who by their achievements have made themselves conspicuously worthy of remembrance by the world. This monument is erected to the memory of one whose chief distinction was his unselfish devotion, in an inconspicuous field, to the spiritual and social betterment of a community of obscure and ignorant fisherfolk, undistinguished by either sobriety or good morals. With these people he lived as pastor, physician, friend, and helper for more than forty years, because that was his conception of his personal duty toward them.

I cannot wholly agree with Mr. Kimball in saying, "It may be difficult for us to understand why Mr. Tucke, a graduate of Harvard, and accustomed to social intercourse, left forever the mainland, with all its bright promises, to cast his lot among the rough and uncongenial fishermen of Star Island."

Does not his rugged New England conscience explain his choice? He believed that he could better answer that "stern daughter of the voice of God," his duty, by casting his lot with the rude fishermen on this island than by living a life of ease and comfort on the mainland.

It is fitting that this monument should stand as an enduring memorial of such a life, and of the value of simple and unselfish service to one's fellowmen.

In accepting this memorial shaft the New Hampshire Historical Society again recognizes its lasting obligations to the builder and donor, Edward Tuck, the record of whose generous gifts to his state, his college, and this society constitute an enduring monument in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.

To Reverend John Tucke of a former generation we dedicate this monument as a memorial of the unselfish consecration of his life to the betterment of his fellows. To his kinsman of today we pay our tribute of honor and affectionate regard in recognition of his great benefactions for the public good of his native state.

This society, in compliance with the public purposes of its founders, hereby accepts the trusts imposed by the grantors of the land and by the builder and donor of this monument, and assumes its care and preservation in accordance with the terms of the deed of gift and the generous purposes of the givers.

REVEREND JOHN TUCKE

BY REVEREND ALFRED GOODING.

AMONG the early settlements in America I know of but one that has so utterly disappeared that the only trace of it left is a little graveyard. That is the settlement that existed in these islands. It is supposed that there was a fishing station here long before Champlain, in his account of a voyage along the New England coast in 1605, spoke of "Three or four rather prominent islands" off the coast of what is now New Hampshire. Capt. John Smith, who visited the islands in 1614 and named them after himself, tells of the wonderful fishing to be had there. "He is a very bad fisher," says Smith, "that cannot kill in one day with his hook and line one, two, or three hundred cods, and is it not pretty sport to pull up two pence, six pence, and twelve pence, as fast as you can hale and veare a line?" Captain Leavitt, who arrived here in the spring of 1622, wrote: "The first place I set foot upon in New England was the Isles of Shoals, being islands in the sea about two leagues from the main. Upon these islands I neither could see one good timber tree, nor so much ground as to make a garden. The place is found to be a good fishing place for six ships, but more cannot well be there, for want of convenient stage room, as this year's experience hath proved. The harbor is but indifferent good. Upon these islands are no savages at all."

It appears, then, that the Shoals were a much visited and important fishing station before any settlement at

all was made upon the mainland. Nor did it long remain a mere fishing station. By the middle of the seventeenth century it had become permanently colonized. Many substantial and well-furnished houses had been built, and the resident population numbered six hundred. There was a meeting-house, a court-house, and a tavern on Smutty Nose Island, a bowling alley and a brewery on Hog Island, now Appledore. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep abounded. Some of the richest men in New England lived there, and left large estates valued at from two hundred to seven hundred pounds. It was an important center of trade, and had its large distributing warehouses. As early as 1636, says Jenness, "Thomas Mayhew visited the Shoals for the purpose of purchasing so large a quantity as eighty hogsheads of provisions at one time, and expended one hundred pounds sterling in imported 'ruggs and coates.'" Curiously enough the Shoals were also a center of foreign news brought over by its ships. Gorges wrote to Winthrop in 1640: "I cannot send you news from England because the contrariety of winds hath hindered it from coming from the Isles of Shoals." How astonishing to think of the Shoals as the chief source of news from abroad. It was evidently no common little fishing place in those remote days. It apparently possessed not only wealth but refinement. We are even told that on Smutty Nose there was "a seminary of such repute that even gentlemen from some of the towns on the sea coast sent their sons there for literary instruction."

Politically the islands shared the fate of the neighboring mainland, coming under the rule of Massachusetts. In 1661 a petition to the Massachusetts General Court to be created a separate township was granted. The whole group was to be called "Aple-

doore," from the Devonshire fishing village of that name. In 1679, when New Hampshire was separated from Massachusetts and made into a royal province, the group of islands was divided, the northern half, comprising Hog Island and Smutty Nose, being assigned to Maine, and the southern half, including Star and White Islands, becoming a part of New Hampshire. This division caused a remarkable shifting of population. Prior to 1679 most of the people had dwelt on Hog Island and Smutty Nose. Probably in order to avoid the burden of Massachusetts taxation, the majority of them now moved to Star Island, and in 1715 it was created a township under the name of Gosport (God's Port).

The religious as well as the political history of the islands followed that of the mainland. The earliest church in Portsmouth, for instance, was Episcopalian. Its minister was the Rev. Richard Gibson, who preached there in 1639-1640. We know the site of his church and of the house in which he lived. He was settled at the Shoals in 1641, but when New Hampshire came under the control of the Massachusetts Bay Colony there was no longer any chance for Episcopalianism in this region. The church at Portsmouth became Puritan, and a Puritan minister, the Rev. John Brock, was sent to the Shoals, where he lived from 1650 to 1662. His contemporaries apparently thought very highly of him. One of them said: "I scarce ever knew any man so familiar with the great God as his dear servant Brock." Under the motto "Fides in vita" Cotton Mather devotes the first chapter of the fourth book of his *Magnalia* to an account of the life of Mr. Brock. "His chief learning," says Mather, "was his goodness," and he goes on to describe the character of Brock in the following quaint terms: "He was a good grammarian, chiefly in this, that he still spoke the truth from his heart. He was a good

logician, chiefly in this, that he presented himself unto God with a reasonable service. He was a good arithmetician, chiefly in this, that he so numbered his days as to apply his heart unto wisdom. He was a good astronomer, chiefly in this, that his conversation was in heaven." Mather then goes on to state what he calls "some few Remarkables" in the experience of Mr. Brock while minister at the Shoals, the most remarkable of which is perhaps the following: "When Mr. Brock lived on the Isles of Shoales he brought the people into an agreement, that, beside the Lord's Days, they would spend one day of every month together in the worship of our Lord Jesus Christ. On a certain day, which by their agreement belonged unto the exercises of religion, being arrived, the fishermen came to Mr. Brock and asked him that they might put by their meeting and go afishing, because they had lost many days by the foulness of the weather. He, seeing that without and against his consent they resolved upon doing what they had asked of him, replied "If you will go away, I say unto you 'catch fish if you can'! But as for you that will tarry and worship the Lord Jesus Christ this day, I will pray unto Him for you that you may take fish till you are weary." Thirty men went away from the meeting and five tarried. The thirty which went away from the meeting, with all their skill, could catch but four fishes. The five which tarried went forth afterwards, and they took five hundred. The fishermen after this readily attended whatever meetings Mr. Brock appointed them."

Brock's ministry covered a portion of what Mr. Jenness, in his historical sketch of the Isles of Shoals, calls the golden age of the Islands, when "their population was larger than at any other point in the Eastern provinces; trade and commerce were extensive; the fisheries

were pursued with activity; the little harbor was filled with shallops and pinnaces; the neighboring sea was dotted with sails sweeping in and out; the rocks resounded with clamor and bustled with business. Everywhere boisterous hilarity, animal enjoyment, exuberant spirits, cheerful and varied activity." "It was a motley population," continues Jenness, "with all the reckless and improvident habits of sailors and fishermen, and with all their hardihood, courage, and spirit of adventure . . . their 'fearful trade' taught them such life-long lessons of self-reliance as almost to obliterate from their minds the very sense of divine protection and aid."

Among such a people there was need of a capable minister. They were noted for their indifference to the law, their insubordination, their hostility to taxation, and their habits of gross intemperance. In Hubbard's History of New England there is a long list of fatal accidents happening to inhabitants of the Shoals who had become helplessly intoxicated. The court records contain the names of men who were convicted of being common drunkards, profane swearers and the like. John Andrews, for instance, in 1666 was convicted of "swearing, by the blood of Christ, that he was above the heavens and the stars, at which time the said Andrews did seem to have drunke too much, and did at that time call the witnesses doggs, toads and foul birds." Into this community in the year 1732 came the man whose memory we celebrate here today by the dedication of this monument. John Tucke was born August 23, 1702, at Hampton, N. H., where his great-grandfather, emigrating from Gorlston, Suffolk, England, settled about the year 1636. Tucke was a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1723. His name stands seventeenth in the list of forty-three graduates of that year given in the Quinquennial Catalogue. Prior to the year 1770 the names

of each year's graduates were arranged in the catalogue not in the order of scholarship, but in the order of social rank. From which we may judge that the name of Tucke stood tolerably high in the social order of the time. He married Mary Dole of Hampton November 24, 1724, and, after declining a call to the church at Chester, was ordained to the ministry at Star Island on the 26th of July, 1732. The sermon was given by Rev. Jabez Fitch of Portsmouth from the obviously appropriate text, "I will make you fishers of men." Mr. Tucke spent his life in the service of the people who lived upon these islands, his ministry covering a period of more than forty years. Rev. Jedediah Morse, who wrote a "Description of the Isles of Shoals" which was printed in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society for the year 1800, said of Mr. Tucke: "Mr. Tucke was a man of an affable and amiable disposition, of easy and polite manners, of humble and unaffected piety, of diligence and fidelity in the service of the ministry. He was 'given to hospitality and apt to teach.' In history and geography he was eminently learned, beyond most of his contemporaries. He acted in the double capacity of physician of body and of soul. In imitation of his divine master he went about doing good among all classes of the people of his charge, and his labors were not in vain in the Lord. Under his nurturing, pastoral care his people increased in numbers and in wealth, in knowledge, piety, and respectability. Few parishes in New England at this period gave a more generous support to their minister, and few congregations were more constant and exemplary in their attendance on public worship. Such is the account of the character of this venerable man, and of the fruits of his labors, which I have received from many aged and respectable people who were personally acquainted with him."

That his people appreciated his services is shown by their liberal support. When they called him to their ministry they offered him a salary of one hundred and ten pounds per annum, old tenor, and fifty pounds toward the cost of building a house for himself on a lot of his own choosing, which they also presented to him. Some years later they increased his salary by paying the minister in fish, a quintal per man, which at the current price for fish amounted to about one hundred guineas per annum, said to have been one of the largest salaries paid at that time in New England. They also, besides helping to build a parsonage for him, supplied him with wood for heating it, no insignificant matter. The minister who has no rent to pay and no fuel to buy is at once relieved of two very important items of household expense. No doubt Mr. Tucke lived very comfortably on Star Island. He is said to have possessed an admirable library, and abundant leisure for study must have been his in that remote parish, with its entire freedom from all outside interests and from the thousand and one demands upon the minister's time which he can escape only by going to sea. To be minister at the Shoals had all the advantages of being afloat and none of its disadvantages. On the whole Mr. Tucke's ministry must have been a highly satisfactory one. For more than forty years he was the guide and friend of this unusual group of people. His parish was co-extensive with the islands. Everybody turned to him both in sorrow and in sickness, for he was their physician as well as their minister. Evidently he possessed the respect and affection of all. The inscription upon his tombstone, although written thirty years after his death, probably describes faithfully the feeling toward him of those whom he served so long and well.

“He was affable and polite in his manner,
Amiable in his disposition,

Of great piety and integrity, given to hospitality,
 Diligent and faithful in his pastoral office,
 Well learned in History and Geography, as well as
 General Science,
 And a careful physician both to the bodies and the
 Souls of his People.”

Politeness and amiability, piety and hospitality! The representative of these virtues must have been an ideal minister for the community that occupied these islands. No doubt its deterioration and decay were long deferred by the presence here and the influence of such a man as John Tucke. We know what happened soon after his death in 1773. At the beginning of the American Revolution many of the islanders moved to the mainland, since it was supposed that the Shoals would be specially subject to attack by British ships. So few people were left that they were no longer able to support a minister. They rapidly fell into a state of heathenism; profanity, drunkenness, and worse vices prevailed among them, and in the year 1790 the old meeting-house was pulled down and used for fuel. It was fitting that the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America should establish a mission to the Shoals in the year 1799, for the inhabitants had become worse than any Indians. The story of this society's long, faithful, and partly successful labors to re-establish religion and civilization at Gosport does not belong here, but is certainly worth reading. The need for the faithful missionary came to an end in the early seventies, when the old fishing village disappeared and the islands became a summer resort.

Within the last two years two noteworthy things have been done tending to preserve the memory of the faithful minister who devoted his long life to the people who inhabited these islands. One is the placing over his grave of this granite shaft by Mr. Edward Tuck, bear-

ing the admirable inscription written in the year 1800 for the stone tablet, which was fast becoming illegible. Its words of discriminating praise are now in no danger of being forgotten. The other thing which has been done lately, involving the perpetuation of Mr. Tucke's memory, is the careful publication by Dr. Joseph W. Warren in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register of the records of Gosport church and town. John Tucke figures largely in these interesting documents. Indeed, the records begin with his coming to Gosport, and we probably owe them to his initiative. The vote to call him to the ministry at the Shoals, the amount of his salary, the contribution of fifty pounds toward the building of a parsonage, the gift of a house site and "a garden spot," and permission to keep a cow on the island are all carefully recorded, and later on there appears each year the vote to pay the minister's salary in "winter fish." Dr. Warren has proved from these records that the long accepted date of Mr. Tucke's death recorded on the old gravestone, August 12, 1773, is incorrect, for he shows that Mr. Tucke entered upon the church book the baptism of two children as of August 15, and that he probably died late in August, since a notice of his death appears in the New Hampshire Gazette of September 3, 1773.

The publication of these interesting old records was certainly worth while. They perpetuate among us the history of a curious and picturesque community which has itself entirely disappeared, these historical records of which it would be a pity to allow to remain practically unknown. With their publication, and with the placing of this permanent monument, we have a sufficient memorial of the people who once inhabited these islands and of him who was ordained here to their ministry, and for nearly half a century devoted himself to their truest well-being.

Luncheon was then served at the Oceanic Hotel, after which Mr. Wallace Hackett, as toastmaster, presided.

TOASTS AND RESPONSES

MR. HACKETT, TOASTMASTER.

The New Hampshire Historical Society and the committee having in charge the ceremonies of today are very much gratified at the large attendance of their friends and members.

No more appropriate place and no more appropriate occasion could be selected for a gathering of the New Hampshire Historical Society. The fitness of the occasion is emphasized by the fact that a few years ago in Rochester in this state a simple monument was erected in the public square to the memory of Parson Main, long settled in that community. On that occasion President Murkland stated that those early ministers, who were pioneers not only in religion but in scholarship and medicine, and by their example were leaders in the broad paths of civilization, exercised an influence entirely out of proportion to that of members of the profession at the present time, and that it was time their memory was honored by some substantial monument.

Whatever was said of Parson Main in Rochester is doubly true of Parson Tucke at the Shoals, who passed forty years of his life in this community, separated from his friends, relatives, books, institutions of learning, and the society of men of similar tastes.

As to the appropriateness of the place, this spot which we have marked today was the scene of a flourishing community long before the settlement of Strawberry Bank in 1623. It was here that the first adventurers built their houses and started the work of fishing. One

of the early ministers, reproving his congregation, stated that they had departed from the paths of their forefathers, who came here to exercise the privilege of religious liberty. He was interrupted by one of his congregation saying: "Not so; our forefathers came here to fish and to trade."

This was eminently true of the settlement at the Shoals. The islands were free from woods and ready to build on; the fish were abundant; and, beyond all, the Indians, who were often troublesome on the main, seldom came as far as these islands.

It is a rare event in the history of the State of New Hampshire when the Governor comes to visit this remote and outlying portion of his jurisdiction. If the Shoals have sent no Governor to Concord, it is equally true that Concord has sent very few Governors to the Shoals. Our present Governor, however, believes in breaking over traditions, and we are glad to welcome today as the representative of the State of New Hampshire its chief executive Governor Samuel D. Felker.

THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY HIS EXCELLENCY SAMUEL D. FELKER.

New Hampshire owes a great deal to the New Hampshire Historical Society. Away back in its beginning it commenced to collect data for the benefit of us all. It seems to me it might use its influence to induce every town in the whole state to mark places of similar interest to the one here, and thus keep in memory forever the spots where great achievements of the past have been accomplished.

That the history of New Hampshire may be written and well written later on, the State of New Hampshire

now has a force of young girls working in the capitol copying the records of every town and city in this state. It will take several years to complete this work. In this way there may be gathered up from stray leaves some historical facts which perhaps have not been completely recorded in the past, and these will help to form a true basis for the history of these early settlers.

My mind, as I sat here, turned back to the time of those early settlers three hundred years ago, and to those early ministers, the troubles and trials that they endured, but beyond everything their adaptability as ministers to the people who lived here. Mr. Tucke was not only their minister but their physician. He was not only their physician but, as I am told, he kept the books at some little country store. He kept the records of his church. He did everything that the demands of the times and of his people called for. Such a man must make his impression.

If the ministers today are to make an impression upon the community, they must adapt themselves to the community and interest the community in the church. Some say that we are going to do everything by union of the churches. I doubt it very much. For the different forms of religion arise largely from different forms of sentiment rather than reason. I am a Methodist because my sentiment runs in that direction. I am a Congregationalist because my sentiment runs in that direction. Some say the Young Men's Christian Association, which does everything for men, will solve the problem of the religious uplift of the day. Some say that a social center will solve such a problem. Now, coöperation and right demarcation between different kinds of society, and helping hands, will do a great deal more. I was in Keene last Monday night, and the manager of the Chautauqua there said: "It will take two

men four hours to clear this place of these chairs. Now, if every man and woman who has a seat in the tent will take a chair and deposit it on the outside it will be done in just three minutes." And it was done. That is what coöperation can do and will do in every community if you can get the right spirit; and that is the spirit New Hampshire demands today, and that not only of the ministers but of the congregations themselves, coöperation in divergency.

I do not believe that either the Young Men's Christian Association, the Grange, or a social center will solve this problem, but all efforts must be adapted to each local community. There must be brought to the church leadership and real vision. The minister must be on the ground, sharing, not a part, but the whole life of his people.

MR. HACKETT, TOASTMASTER.

Harvard College, where John Tucke graduated in 1723, is appropriately represented here today. We recall with pleasure that in the early days of that great and venerable institution the little settlement of Portsmouth voluntarily taxed itself, and contributed one hundred pounds a year for three years to the support of Harvard College.

President Lowell, who confidently expected to be here today, has been obliged to change his plans. But under the great seal of the University he has appointed to represent her one of her most loyal sons, Professor James A. Tufts of Phillips Exeter Academy.

HARVARD COLLEGE AND REV. JOHN TUCKE

BY PROFESSOR JAMES ARTHUR TUFTS.

I have the honor to represent Harvard College, the Alma Mater of him to whose memory we dedicate this monument.

John Tucke graduated at Harvard College in 1723, the seventeenth, socially, in his class of forty-three members, eighteen of whom became ministers. Indeed, in the first century of the college nearly one-half of the graduates became ministers. It was a period of religious controversies. President Leverett was opposed by the Mathers, and was attacked by Samuel Sewall on the ground that there had been some "intermission of the exposition of the Scriptures of late." His religion, we are told, was enlightened and liberal. To his firmness and that of his associates under circumstances of great trial, and in opposition to an almost overwhelming power, the college is, probably, in a great measure indebted for its religious freedom today.

In Mr. Tucke's time the college consisted of three buildings, Massachusetts Hall, built in 1720 at public expense, old Harvard Hall, built in 1682 with money raised from various towns and individuals, and old Stoughton. In 1721 the first professorship, that of divinity, was founded by an Englishman, Thomas Hollis. In 1725 the college faculty was organized. In 1726 a professorship of mathematics was founded.

A quotation from a report of a committee of the Board of Overseers in 1723 throws a strong light upon college life of the time. "Although there is a considerable number of virtuous and studious youth in the college, yet there has been a practice of several immoralities, particularly stealing, lying, swearing, idleness, picking of locks, and too frequent use of strong drink . . . the schol-

ars are many of them too long absent from the college . . . the scholars do generally spend too much of the Saturday evenings in one another's chambers . . . the Freshmen, as well as others, are seen in great numbers going into town (Cambridge) on Sabbath mornings to provide breakfasts." Disorder ran high at the commencements, we are told. In 1722 the "Commencers," so-called, were prohibited from providing plum pudding, meats, pies, or liquors, and their rooms were visited by the Corporation in order to enforce the prohibition. Evasion by furnishing "plain cake" might be punished with the loss of the degree. It was voted "that the butler may not sell his cider for more than two pence per quart until the first of February," and resolutions regulating the price of bread, meats, cider, etc., were frequently adopted by the Corporation or the Board of Overseers. We are not told what price the butler might ask for his cider after the first of February.

A committee of the Board of Overseers proposed that the laws should be revised, written in Latin, and that a copy should be given to each student. Students were forbidden to use punch, flip, and like intoxicating drinks; those rooming in the college were required to board at commons; and it was voted to require better food, clean tablecloths of convenient length and breadth twice a week, and plates. It was a time, not of checks and balances, but of fines. The fine for absence from prayers was two pence; for tardiness at prayers, one penny; for absence from public worship, nine pence; for tardiness at public worship, three pence; for ill behavior at public worship or irreverent behavior at prayers, one shilling and six pence. What wonder that John Tucke should choose to withdraw to the quiet life of these islands and become a fisher of men! We can easily imagine on his shield the Harvard mottoes, "Veritas: Christo et Ecclesiae."

MR. HACKETT, TOASTMASTER.

Dartmouth College naturally occupies a prominent place in our thoughts on an occasion so intimately associated with the family name of Tuck.

In the early days of the history of this community, when Gosport was one of the flourishing settlements of the colony, with six hundred inhabitants, merchants and commerce of its own, and before Dartmouth College emerged from the forests, it sustained here an academy or institution of learning, and young people from the main were sent here for instruction. Dartmouth College, we are glad to say, has proved the fittest to survive, and it is worthily represented today by Mr. Homer Eaton Keyes, Business Director, who will speak for "Dartmouth College and Edward Tuck."

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE AND EDWARD TUCK

BY HOMER EATON KEYES.

It is quite fitting that Dartmouth College should be represented here today, and that not merely as a token that this ceremonial is of vital interest to New Hampshire, and hence to the state's oldest and most notable institution. The significance of Dartmouth's participation goes deeper than that. I take it that this monument which has been dedicated today means to all of us gathered here not so much a memorial of a man's life, not so much the identification of the grave of one who lived, as it does the symbol of a very definite ideal, the ideal of sacrifice, the submergence of personal ambition,—it may be personal welfare—for the larger good.

And, Mr. Toastmaster, by the same sign I bring you Dartmouth College. John Tucke had for nearly half a

century served in his sea-girt mission when Eleazer Wheelock, stirred by a similar impulse of self-sacrifice, forced his way through the northern forest, in whose depths he and his little band of companions at length felled the trees to build the "hutt of logs, without stone, brick, glass or nail," first building of Dartmouth College.

That primitive structure has long since been swept away, but the expanding college of today, founded by the effort of Wheelock, and maintained by struggles, often little less heroic, on the part of his successors, stands, like this obelisk, a monument to the same noble ideal.

It is a happy coincidence that our thoughts of John Tucke and of Eleazer Wheelock should be united in Edward Tuck, kinsman of him to whom we dedicate this granite shaft, honored son and most generous benefactor of that college which realizes the other's inspired dream.

Mr. Tuck's giving is, in its way, as distinct a giving of self as was theirs. His donations to Dartmouth have been ever the expression of a keen personal interest, and of a knowledge based always upon the most thorough study of conditions.

He was among the first to perceive the possibilities that lay in investigating business principles and codifying them as a science; hence the founding, endowing, and housing of the Tuck School of Administration and Finance at Dartmouth College.

The general academic need for more adequate instruction he helped to meet at Dartmouth by an endowment of half a million dollars, to be devoted to the increase of salaries and to the enlargement of the teaching staff. His appreciation and love for the finer aspects of French culture and civilization have resulted in the gift of large additions to the college library equipment

in the department of Romance languages, and in a special foundation to encourage and stimulate the study of French. The stately setting of his Alma Mater he has enhanced by the construction of a splendid drive, sweeping up wooded slopes to the broad plateau which her buildings dominate.

These are the larger things. His loyal and generous regard is constantly manifest in other ways innumerable; no detail of college progress is too small for his interest, no outline of educational policy too broad for his comprehension.

John Tucke and Eleazer Wheelock lived in a period of individualism. The term is not altogether in good repute with those of us who forget that, at its best, this individualism means the unhesitating voluntary sacrifice of the individual to society. We certainly see this manifestation in Tucke and Wheelock. Their watchword was not rights but duty. From them Edward Tuck is the direct spiritual heritor. In honoring them, dead, we can but pay tribute to him who, living, so largely exemplifies their worthiest characteristics.

MR. HACKETT, TOASTMASTER.

For the next speaker I entertain the highest respect. He served his native city as chief executive, and retired from that position with the honor and esteem of his townsmen. For many years he has presided in the probate court for Merrimack County.

He has performed much and excellent work of an historical nature, and we confidently look for much more in the future from his pen, which is probably the most able in that line of research now in New Hampshire. It gives me much pleasure to present to you Judge Charles R. Corning of Concord.

EDWARD TUCK

BY CHARLES ROBERT CORNING.

To respond to the call of our toastmaster on this occasion is both a privilege and a pleasure. To me it is a privilege to speak of Mr. Tuck at any time, and it is a pleasure to speak of him as I think he deserves. And I can begin, I think, with saying to you that if Mr. Tuck's self-esteem were measured by his kindly, modest nature and rare beneficence he would probably be here today to recite to you the extent and purpose of his many generous acts, but that is not his way.

His voice is silent but his thoughts are with us, and he and Mrs. Tuck in their beautiful home across the sea are wishing us all the fullest measure of success. Edward Tuck was born in Exeter; he prepared for college at the famous old academy, and was graduated from Dartmouth in 1862. His father, Amos Tuck, was an eminent public man of character and political independence, whose name will be long remembered in the annals of our state. After his graduation Mr. Tuck went to Europe, and soon received an appointment to the United States consular service in Paris. He subsequently engaged in banking with a well-known firm, and owing to business reasons had his residence in New York for several years. He continued the banking business until the early eighties, when he finally retired from its activities. Although he may have retired from business, it must be plain to you who know Mr. Tuck that he has never retired from an earnest activity in doing good.

It is in this sphere that we know him best. You have heard of his splendid gifts to his old college, and you all have seen and appreciated our noble library in Concord, but those by no means complete the list of benefactions made by this generous man. Mr. Tuck

has now lived in Paris many years, but I ask you to keep in mind the fact that foreign residence has in no degree weakened or lessened his sterling American manhood. Surely Horace had in view a man not unlike Edward Tuck when he wrote these suggestive lines:

“Coelum, non animum mutant,
qui trans mare currunt,”

which Conington interprets,

“where'er we range
It is the sky and not the mind we change.”

Mr. Tuck's Paris home is in the broad and stately Champs Elysées, midway from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe.

I have called it his home, and so it is; yet it is a home and an art collection in one. To describe its splendid objects would compel me to undertake a series of word paintings far beyond my power even were this the time and place.

About eight miles distant from Paris in a south-westerly direction is the summer home of our friend. There we are on historic ground. Vert Mont, comprising perhaps twenty acres or more, slopes gradually toward the Seine. Mr. Tuck's estate was, in former days, a part of the extensive park of Malmaison, owned by Empress Josephine. What a wealth of personal and imperial history clusters round that spot! Pleasure and gaiety, sorrow and tragedy, mingled as never before in the lives of two persons, are deeply impressed on the annals of that enchanting domain. After the death of the Empress in 1814 the estate passed into strange hands. First a private citizen, and afterward Christina, the exiled Queen of Spain, became the owner. Finally Napoleon III acquired the property, which he presented to France. With the fall of the empire came the disposition of the

park to various proprietors, but, fortunately, the celebrated castle or chateau was kept by the Republic and made a museum of exceeding interest. Vert Mont, you see, is inseparably associated with Josephine and the golden period of Napoleon. To give you a picture of that spot, and to tell you in words about its many charms is more than I can undertake on this occasion. Nothing short of the camera could make you see those numerous and varied objects which I despair of describing.

But I may say, concerning Vert Mont, that the genius of landscape perfection is impressed on one at every turn. Banks of flowers and shrubs follow the winding roadway; there are parterres and terraces, lawns green and smooth as the covering of billiard tables, conservatories, great gardens of fruits and melons, paths winding through the trees, fountains and brooks—but I forbear. And then in the evening thousands of lights gleam among the foliage and flowers, while a radiance of many hues illumines the little pond beyond the velvet lawn, lending beauty to the stars and stripes flying proudly above all. The fascination, once felt, abides with one forever.

A word more. Many-sided in doing good is Edward Tuck, nor is there a narrow dispensation in what he does. Not far from his summer home he has built a modern and admirably equipped hospital, which he maintains, himself; and not long ago a little park was another gift to the people of Rueil. Mrs. Tuck shares her husband's interest in everything, and loves to do good for its own sake. How many have been her benefactions, how much want and misery she has relieved, Mrs. Tuck alone knows. But I can tell of the school for the town's poor children which she supports and often visits, notwithstanding the many demands upon her time.

I must close with this all too incomplete estimate of

Mr. Tuck. His heart beats in sympathy with those that deserve sympathy; he is veritably a man whose right hand knows nothing of what the other does; notoriety is his abhorrence; fame and reputation he does not seek; strong in character, charitable in judgment, a despiser of hypocrisy and cant, humorous, warm-hearted, loyal, interested in the doings of the world, in touch with many men, sure of himself, and recognizing his great trust and its responsibilities, he lives his life like the true American that he is.

MR. HACKETT, TOASTMASTER.

We are fortunate in having with us today a gentleman not announced on the program, but who has kindly consented to say a few words to us; and he is entitled to that privilege because he is a former President of the New Hampshire Historical Society, having served in that capacity in the days of adversity, when the Society had no beautiful home and no efficient Secretary as it now has, and in the days when the burden was sustained largely by the individual efforts of the President himself.

I have the honor to introduce Honorable Samuel C. Eastman of Concord.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BY SAMUEL COFFIN EASTMAN.

I cannot imagine why I was selected except upon the principle that the object of the Society is the cultivation of antiquity. I believe that I happen to be, so far as time of election is concerned, the oldest member of the Society, and perhaps that is the cause. To quote our Roman poet Horace again, it may be that I am expected to be a "laudator temporis acti me puero," a garrulous

story-teller of what happened when I was a boy. I don't know, so far as the Historical Society is concerned, but that if I undertook that task I should have to return to the toastmaster himself, and speak of his grandfather, who was one of the mainsprings of the Society in the days when I first belonged to it; and of Dr. Bouton of Concord, without whom the Society could not possibly have existed in its earlier days; of Dr. Cummings, who was always going to write the history of the Baptists in New Hampshire, but who died before he reached his task; and of many others whom I might name. The Society was smaller and poorer than it is now, but it always had many earnest and devoted members who made its reputation known to the world.

Allusion has been made to the present condition of this Society, and what it was when I first joined it. I remember the place where the Society had its storage of books when I first became a member, an attic room, with the rafters covered with hanging cobwebs; and the change from that to the magnificent building that we now occupy is something, as I have remarked before, beyond the best dreams of any member of the Society of those days. Those who constituted the Society at that time worked hard for its benefit and for its collections; and many things were done, many papers were written, that would be worthy of consideration today, and were a great addition to the historic lore of the state; and much was collected in the way of books and manuscripts and other memorials that justly have their place in the present magnificent building.

And there is one thing that I want to call attention to, and with which I shall close, and that is the present condition of the Society. The impetus that is given by the magnificent building that has been bestowed upon us by Mr. Tuck has created a condition

that we could hardly have realized before it came. Gifts of valuable books and collections are beginning to flow in upon the Society. I have no doubt that, while not many gifts of money have been made since its dedication, many will come, and many are now contemplated; and as to books that have been given, and the increase of the members of the Society, the progress is marked and very praiseworthy. We have entered upon an era of prosperity, not the least evidence of which is the general interest taken in the Society, as your presence shows, and the great increase in membership.

LETTERS

LETTER OF ERNEST FOX NICHOLS, PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Hanover, N. H., July 14, 1914.

My dear General Streeter:

I deeply regret my inability to be present at the dedication of the monument to the memory of Reverend John Tucke on Star Island Wednesday, July 29, and the dedication of a tablet to Captain John Smith at the same place and on the same day. Before the kind invitation of the New Hampshire Historical Society arrived I had already accepted an invitation from the government of New Zealand to meet in September with the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Wellington and Christchurch. This makes it necessary for me to leave New England not later than July 20.

In being thus unavoidably absent my regret is deepened by what I feel to be the historical significance of the occasion. Reverend John Tucke and Captain John Smith were both outstanding, strong, and fearless men, whose lives present many points of the strongest contrast, among these the occupations of war and peace.

Reverend John Tucke, putting aside all other ambition, led a life of single devotion to the spiritual and bodily needs of a small, isolated, and all but forgotten community of rude fishermen and their families, a godless and a sordid people.

Among such surroundings he lived and worked for forty-one years, from early manhood until death. Like

unto the Master in whose service his life was spent, he tended and healed men's bodies as he tended and healed men's souls, and he, too, found disciples among fishermen.

These picturesque Isles of Shoals were discovered by Captain John Smith; their people were converted to the Gospel by the Reverend John Tucke. Let not posterity forget the man of peace, whose was the larger, longer, and harder task.

Sincerely,

ERNEST FOX NICHOLS.

THE HON. FRANK S. STREETER,

President of the New Hampshire Historical Society,
Concord, N. H.

LETTER OF AMOS TUCK FRENCH.

My dear Mr. Kimball:

Much to my disappointment and regret I shall not be able to be present at Star Island on July 29th. I shall be in Europe at that time, and, consequently, I must miss taking part in the exercises commemorative of my distant kinsman, the Reverend John Tucke. I have long felt a somewhat active interest in Mr. Tucke and his ministry, and I wish that we knew more about him and his life's work at the Shoals. But from the slight records and annals that have come down to us I am sure he was no ordinary man, and that our dedication today is appropriate and deserved.

It is not necessary for me to recall or recount the incidents of his career, but I may be permitted, I trust, to throw a little light upon one incident in his early life. Chester is the home of the French family, therefore, what I relate possesses an added interest to me. One

day, while searching the town records, I came across the interesting fact that Chester called Mr. Tucke to serve her in the ministry, but without success. The quaint record merely tells us that "y^e Rev. John Tucke refused to settle with y^e inhabitants of Chester in y^e work of y^e ministry" in 1729, having previously preached there for fourteen Sundays at thirty shillings a Sunday. What the reasons were for the young minister to decline the salary of £120, and prefer Star Island to the attractions of Chester, is more than I am able to explain, particularly in view of the smaller stipend given by the fishermen. Those that entertain a belief in hereditary characteristics may possibly discover in that example of self-renunciation and disregard of money a trait not wholly wanting in the generous donor of yonder shaft. We who wonder why it was that the youthful minister, fresh from Harvard, preferred to turn his face seaward, may find some explanation in the answer he made to the good citizens of Chester who had voted to call him. He writes as of October 7, 1729, to this effect, "Now these are to signify that for Weighty Reasons I decline settling there. I wish you a happy settlement in God's good time. Your humble servant, Jn^o Tucke."

With deep regret at my absence I send you my best wishes for fine weather and a good time,

Yours sincerely,

AMOS TUCK FRENCH.

TO HON. BENJAMIN A. KIMBALL,
Concord, New Hampshire.

LETTER OF DR. JOSEPH W. WARREN.

State Department of Health,
Harrisburg, Pa.

July 25, 1914.

My dear Mr. Hammond:

As I telegraphed you last night, my part of the work of this department is so much in arrears by reason of the illness and death of my predecessor that, after all, I cannot get away to come to the dedication of the Tucke monument. I should have notified you of this sooner had the situation been quite clear, and particularly had I realized that this was to be such an elaborate ceremony.

No one who knows anything of the life of the Rev. John Tucke can help wishing to be present when his memory is honored. Little did he realize at the time of his death in 1773 that in a few months the last royal Governor of New Hampshire, as a refugee from his colony, would slip up to Gosport from Boston to make his last proclamation. Nor could he have guessed that after a few months more the inhabitants of Gosport would be warned to leave the island in view of the exigencies of the Revolution, the warning being brought by Capt. Titus Salter, who as a boy, some fifty years before, had played about the point near the Ram's Horn still known as Captain Salter's Point in memory of his father, John Salter. Still less could Mr. Tucke have dreamed that a hundred and eighty-two years after his ordination a goodly company would be brought together by *steam cars* and *trolley cars*, and then carried over the sea on a *steamboat* to honor him, and to recall the enthusiasms of his youth, and the faithful earnestness of those maturer years of his long and beneficent pastorate.

The career of Mr. Tucke at Gosport carries with it a number of interesting questions concerning the Shoals

and the Shoalers. The whole series of events which led to his coming needs to be cleared up. There is an extraordinary lack of information as to ministers and churches on the Shoals from about 1690 down to the establishment of a new church in the last week of June, 1729, or, more precisely, to the advent of Mr. Tucke in the autumn of 1731, the year before his ordination.

We know, to be sure, that the Rev. Daniel Greenleaf was there in 1705, and that he was in some way connected with the Tucke family, a circumstance which may explain the interest of young Tucke in the Shoalers, although the relations between Hampton and the islands were always intimate. Few readers of the *Wreck of Rivermouth* know that the skipper of the craft on that fateful day, of which the historical basis has been freely transformed in the poem, was an old Shoaler who had moved to Hampton some years before. The record of the sale of his property on the Shoals is one of the earliest deeds we have relating to these islands.

Recently a parson of 1702 has been discovered by the aid of an old court record, a writ issued against two Star Islanders who had sought to injure him. This minister, the Rev. Samuel Eburne, so far as I know has never before been mentioned as belonging to the Isles of Shoals. He seems to have had relatives in Portsmouth, and may have come from that place. I have not yet had time to trace him.

Then, too, the career of the Rev. Mr. Moody, who figures in most historical narratives about the Isles of Shoals, is wrapped in mystery. There is evidently a confusion of personalities. Those who have written about him tell what seems at first glance a clear, smooth story, but when one begins to look for the facts the thickest of thick Shoals fogs enwraps them.

And then—but why go on? One might talk all day

about the Shoalers, down to those few last lingering representatives now about the islands, and who may be traced without much difficulty back to the first parochial work of Mr. Tucke. The more I learn about the Shoalers, old and young, early or late, the more they interest me. They lived much in the open, and the limelight of history has shone sharply on the seamy side of their existence. The old Shoalers had their faults and their vices, which, of course, we summer Shoalers have not. They had their virtues, too, but these have received scant attention at the hands of those who have sought material for a story, a story with lots of ginger in it if possible. Compare the early fishermen of the Shoals with the same social group in Portsmouth, Newcastle, Kittery, Marblehead, much closer to the Shoals than is commonly supposed, and so on, and I doubt if you find that they suffer by the comparison, but it must be done with an eye open to the fundamentals, and not blinded by conventionalities.

I notice that in some of the newspaper stories of the new monument I am credited with having made the suggestion of a new memorial to Rev. Mr. Tucke. This version of the affair ought to be corrected, and I hope that you may find an opportunity to do it. I am merely the "kicker" who protested, a year or so ago, the acceptance and dedication of a memorial tablet which was not only improperly placed and full of gross inaccuracies, but quite unworthy of the subject and the generous donor. Other kickers—on the stage and in politics—have achieved distinction, but I have no desire to have it thrust upon me. The honor of making the original suggestion which has led to the erection of this monument belongs elsewhere, not to

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH W. WARREN.

LETTER OF FRANK WARREN HACKETT.

Washington, D. C., July 24, 1914.

Otis G. Hammond,
Superintendent N. H. Historical Society,
Concord, N. H.

Dear Mr. Hammond:

In an earlier letter you were advised how great was my regret that I am to be detained here, and to be deprived of the privilege of attending the Tucke monument exercises at the Shoals on Wednesday next.

I trust that the day will be fair, and that the attendance will be large.

It is a pleasure, indeed, for us of the Society to testify by our presence how profound is the regard in which we hold our fellow-member and most liberal benefactor, Edward Tuck. In his devotion to his native state, to Dartmouth, and to the New Hampshire Historical Society, we see that Mr. Tuck has exhibited a generous spirit and a most excellent judgment.

I like to fancy that in Edward Tuck (we were boys together at Exeter Academy in 1856) are disclosed certain traits that characterized his early kinsman whose memory we now strive to honor.

The Reverend John Tucke, throughout his long life at the Shoals, gave of himself unsparingly for the good of his people. The simple annals of a godly ministry became long ago an enduring monument of the heroic nature of the man.

Today we do well to dedicate this noble shaft that shall tell anew of the virtues of Parson Tucke. Coming generations shall heed this mute witness of the truth that labor, unselfishly bestowed for the material and spiritual welfare of one's fellowmen, leaves behind it a record that the world ever delights to honor.

Yours truly,

FRANK W. HACKETT.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR JUSTIN HARVEY SMITH, GOVERNOR OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS, JULY 29, 1914, AT THE DEDICATION OF A TABLET PLACED ON THE MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH BY THAT SOCIETY.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH
1579-1631
AFTER PROVING HIS VALOR IN
EUROPE AND AMERICA BECAME
GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA
AND
ADMIRAL OF NEW ENGLAND
WHILE EXPLORING THIS COAST IN THE
SPRING OF 1614 MADE THE FIRST RECORDED
VISIT TO THESE ISLANDS, NAMED BY HIM
SMITH'S ISLES

THIS TABLET IS PLACED
THREE HUNDRED YEARS LATER BY THE
SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS
IN THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
1914

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

Three hundred and fourteen years ago, beside a winding stream in a small pasture surrounded by the rather somber woods of Lincolnshire, England, one might have seen a hut built of the branches of trees. The proprietor and occupant of this rustic palace was a vigorous man twenty-one years of age, born of a plain but good family and fairly well educated for the time, John Smith by name. He had already seen more of the world than most Englishmen saw in a lifetime, for he had visited London, Orléans, Paris, Rouen, Havre, had served under brave Henry of Navarre, had fought in Holland, had been ship-wrecked, and had visited Scotland. With such adventures at his back he was fully qualified to set up in London as a roistering blade; but instead of doing that he built himself this "Pavillion of boughes," as he called it, and in the midst of a solitude passed his time in the knightly exercise of tilting at a ring, in studying Machiavelli's Art of War, or in absorbing the maxims of that noblest of men, Marcus Aurelius. Apparently this young fellow was of no ordinary mold, and such was indeed the case. When only thirteen years old he had fixed his mind upon achieving something worthy of note. He had already made a good beginning, and was now instructing and fortifying himself to play an unusual rôle.

From this seclusion he was drawn before long by an Italian gentleman, whose accomplished horsemanship, familiarity with languages, and interesting conversation made him an agreeable and profitable friend; and young

Smith set out the same year for the continent again. His aim was to fight the Turk in behalf of Christian civilization; and after visiting on his way many places in the western and southern parts of France, he took ship at Marseilles. Holy pilgrims who were aboard, declaring they could expect no good weather while a heretic was among them, threw him into the sea, but his skill in swimming and a fortunate chance preserved his life; and after continuing his travels through Italy and Sicily and visiting Alexandria, Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, and Greece, he at length found himself at Vienna, near the scene of hostilities. The Turks were swarming through Hungary in fact, as he had been told; and, eager to be at them, he entered the service of the Emperor.

In the campaign that followed he took an active part and won distinction; but by the fortune of war he was at length wounded, captured, and sold as a slave. After experiencing both remarkable favor and remarkable cruelty he finally escaped, wandered through strange regions in Turkey, Tartary, and Russia, traversed Hungary, Germany, France, and Spain, crossed into Africa, made an involuntary cruise on a man-of-war that was blown to sea, helping fight a brace of Spanish vessels in the course of it, and finally, about four years after leaving his pavilion of boughs, found himself again in England.

The next scene of his activities was Virginia, and what he did and suffered on this quest is a part of our history. How cliques and mutinies were formed against him, how a gallows was erected for his particular use, how he spared his unjust enemies when they fell into his power, how often he faced the perils of disease, starvation, savage warfare and still more savage tortures is well known. He was the life of the struggling settlement. "It is not a work for everyone to plant a Colony," he said once. "This requireth all the best parts of Art, Judg-

ment, Courage, Honesty, Constancy, Diligence, and Experience, to do but near well; and there is a great difference between Saying and Doing." And this one may see clearly from his own experience. In spite of everything, however, he saved that flickering hope from extinction, and probably by so doing accomplished far more than he has been credited with. Had the James River colony failed before August, 1609, when the Third Supply arrived, there might have been no commonwealth of Virginia, no Jefferson to write our Declaration of Independence, and no Washington to vindicate it on the field; the Pilgrim Fathers would not have come to New England; and the United States of America, as we know it, might never have existed.

Under his guidance the colony at length became fairly prosperous; but early in October, 1609, terribly burned by an accidental explosion of gunpowder, he found it necessary to sail for England. The value of his services then showed itself, for out of four hundred and ninety persons who composed the settlement the month he left it, all but sixty were dead by the following March.

After recovering his strength he took up, as we know, the task of exploring the New England coast, and landed three hundred years ago on these islands. And finally returning home he interested himself in literary work, giving to the world, besides other productions, an account of his travels which ranks, as a piece of writing, among the very best English books of that class published in his day, a practical manual of seamanship highly valued by men in that calling, and the "Generall Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles." Such in brief is the record of Captain John Smith, and it seems to be the record of a singularly brave, enterprising, talented, and high-minded gentleman.

The testimony of those qualified to judge confirms

this opinion abundantly. A fellow soldier wrote in this manner:

“Thy words by deeds so long thou hast approv’d,
Of thousands [that] know thee not thou art belov’d.”

One who had fought under him against the Turks paid an equal tribute to his valor and to his modesty:

“Oft thou hast led, when I brought up the Rere
In bloody wars, where thousands have beene slaine.
Then give me leave in this some part to beare;
And as thy servant here to reade my name.
Tis true, long time thou hast my Captaine beene
In the fierce warres of Transilvania:
Long ere that thou America hadst seene,
Or led wast captiv’d in Virginia;
Thou that to passe the worlds foure parts dost deeme
No more then t’were to goe to bed or drinke,
And all thou yet hast done thou dost esteeme
As nothing.”

His epitaph in the church of Saint Sepulchre, London, begins with these words:

“Here lies one conquer’d that hath conquer’d Kings,
Subdu’d large Territories, and done things
Which to the World impossible would seeme,
But that the truth is held in more esteeme.”

There is, moreover, a bit of prose that outshines verse. Two survivors of the “starving time” that followed his retirement from Virginia described his life in the colony as follows: “What shall I say? But thus we lost him that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide and experience his second; ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himself than his souldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself; that would never see us want what he either

had, or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved actions more than words, and hated falsehood and cozenage [more] than death; whose adventures were our lives, and whose loss our death."

Still more to the point are the things that Captain Smith said himself. "And truly," he once wrote, "there is no pleasure comparable to that of a generous spirit; as good employment in noble actions, especially amongst Turks, Heathens and Infidels; to see daily new countries, people, fashions, governments, stratagems; to relieve the oppressed, comfort his friends, pass miseries, subdue enemies, adventure upon any feasible danger for GOD and Country. It is true, it is a happy thing to be born to strength, wealth, and honour; but that which is got by prowess and magnanimity is the truest lustre; and those can the best distinguish Content that have escaped most honourable dangers; as if, out of every extremity, he found himself new born to a new life, to learn how to amend and maintain his Age." To comment on such words would be to gild the sun.

For suggestions about applying his principles take this passage:

"Then, who would live at home idly (or thinke in himselfe any worth to live) onely to eate, drink, and sleepe, and so die? Or by consuming that carelesly his friends got worthily? Or by using that miserably that maintained vertue honestly? Or for being descended nobly, pine with the vaine vaunt of great kindred in penurie? Or (to maintaine a silly shewe of bravery) toyle out thy heart, soule, and time basely by shifts, tricks, cards, and dice? Or by relating newes of others actions sharke here or there for a dinner or supper; deceive thy friends by faire promises and dissimulation in borrowing where thou never intendest to pay; offend the lawes, surfeit with excesse, burden thy Country, abuse thy selfe, despaire in want, and then couzen thy kindred, yea even thine owne brother, and

wish thy parents death (I will not say damnation) to have their estates? though thou seest what honours and rewards the world yet hath for them [who] will seeke them and worthily deserve them."

Treating of a broader subject he used the following language:

"Consider: What were the beginnings and endings of the Monarkies of the *Chaldeans*, the *Syrians*, the *Grecians*, and *Romanes* but this one rule; What was it they would not doe for the good of the commonwealth or their Mother-citie? For example: *Rome*, What made her such a Monarchesse but onely the adventures of her youth, not in riots at home but in dangers abroade? and the justice and judgement out of their experience when they grewe aged. What was their ruine and hurt but this; The excesse of idlenesse, the fondnesse of Parents, the want of experience in Magistrates, the admiration of their undeserved honours, the contempt of true merit, their unjust jealousies, their politicke incredulities, their hypocriticall seeming goodnesse, and their deeds of secret lewdnesse? Fniially, in fine, growing onely formall temporists, all that their predecessors got in many years they lost in few daies. Those by their pain and vertues became Lords of the world; they by their ease and vices became slaves of their servants."

One more quotation will suffice. It is brief, but it reveals the man clearly: "I thank God I never undertooke anything yet [wherein] any could tax me of carelesnesse or dishonesty."

And yet this brave and honorable soldier has been charged with braggadocio and falsehood by certain historical sceptics. Of this we do not complain. Historical scepticism is wholesome and even necessary, and we only ask due attention to the facts. The substantial points in his narratives that have been challenged are two. He states that during the campaign in

Transylvania he slew three Turkish champions and cut off their heads. Had he told of meeting them all at the same time one might indeed feel astonished; but the combats occurred on different days, and he gives a considerable part of the glory to his horse. In view of his well-attested valor and skill there is nothing improbable in the account, and the evidence in support of it is conclusive. For one thing, he named three islands off Cape Ann the Three Turks' Heads long before he published an account of his exploit; and for another, Sigismund Báthori, Duke of Transylvania, granted him, in a document of which we have the text, the right to use three Turks' heads as his arms on the express ground of the achievement in question. This grant, moreover, was duly recorded at the Heralds' College in London, and we have the precise language of the entry. Proof more satisfactory there could not be.

The second accusation rests essentially upon the fact that his being rescued by Pocahontas, mentioned by him in his *Generall Historie of Virginia*, dated 1624, was not alluded to in his *True Relation* written sixteen years earlier. Now, the latter document was a letter hastily written for particular purposes while a ship was preparing to set sail, and the author had a perfect right to mention or omit whatever he chose. This is not all, however. The *True Relation* was published, as we have it, by an anonymous editor, who obtained it somehow at second or third hand, and admitted in the preface that he did not print the whole of it. Under such circumstances the non-appearance of the Pocahontas episode in this paper cannot be considered evidence of any weight against a carefully prepared historical narrative published by the author himself.

Something more, too, is worth saying. Captain Smith never laid any stress upon the Pocahontas

affair. He gave it only a few lines when he did recount it. Doubtless he regarded it as merely one incident in the day's work, one hazard in a life made up of perils; and other good reasons could be suggested for his omitting it, if he really did omit it, from the True Relation. Enemies of his who were in a position to know the facts never questioned the story. Without it Smith's extraordinary release from the Indians, who killed his companions without mercy, is inexplicable. Inexplicable also is Powhatan's despatching this young girl as ambassador to Smith to obtain the freedom of Indian prisoners; and other undoubted events would be equally hard to explain. In short, no serious difficulty is connected with the story, while to reject it would involve us in several deep embarrassments.

Curiously enough, when honest but imperfectly informed scholarship had thus laid a mistaken foundation for impeaching Captain Smith's veracity, ill fortune cast him into the hands of an amiable but unreflecting humorist, who indulged himself and his readers with thoughtless witticisms at the Captain's expense. In Holland, we are told, for example, "He hacked and hewed away at his fellow men, all in the way of business, for three or four years." This not only ignores the fact that in Smith's day fighting was considered the noblest of occupations, but overlooks his repentance for having slain fellow-Christians, and his determination—carried out at immense expense to himself—to use his arms against the enemies of our religion and civilization. In this respect he stood head and shoulders above his time.

The Captain mentioned a nobleman whom he named Mercury; and this, our humorist says, has "given a mythological air to Smith's narration, and aided to transfer it to the region of romance." But this nobleman has been found to be Philippe de Lorraine, Duke of

Mercoeur; and "Mercury" was simply an attempt to anglicize the name. In like manner it is hinted that an enemy called "Bonny Mulgro" was a creature of the imagination; but this enemy was a Turk, and the best that our author could do was to spell the name as no doubt it sounded. Referring to the account of the Three Turks the critic says, "We approach it with the satisfaction of knowing that it loses nothing in Smith's narration. In point of fact, however, the account was taken by the Captain from an Italian author translated by Samuel Purchas." "Our hero never stirs without encountering a romantic adventure," says the amiable humorist, because for one reason or another Smith was aided on a few occasions by persons of the other sex. The suggestion is that he was always on the lookout for romantic adventures; but, had he been, so brave and well-favored a soldier, with such thrilling tales to tell, could have had more of them in one season at London than he seems to have encountered in his life. The swamps of Virginia and the rock-bound coast of New England were not promising places for such a quest. His description of the Crim-Tatars, we are assured, "belongs to the marvels of Mandeville and other wide-eyed travellers"; but a writer in the latest edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* states that it was careful and accurate. "We know nothing of his habits," the critic continues, plainly suggesting that they were bad; but a fellow-soldier wrote:

"I never knew a Warriar yet but thee
From wine, Tobacco, debts, dice, oaths, so free."

Happily, only a few years after our humorist made merry over his imaginary braggart, Smith's complete works, a volume of about one thousand pages, were placed before the world by a competent scholar, Professor Arber, who tells us that he scrutinized and compared every line. "Inasmuch," says Arber, "as where-

ever we *can* check Smith we find him both modest and accurate, we are led to think him so where no such check is possible;" and he sums up his opinion thus: "For our own part, beginning with doubtfulness and wariness, we have gradually come to the unhesitating conviction not only of Smith's truthfulness, but also that, in regard to all personal matters, he systematically understates rather than exaggerates anything he did." This judgment appears to be entirely sound. A critical, scientific historian the Captain was not. Critical, scientific history was unknown in his day. He was a man of the world; he wrote with a free hand and largely from memory; but substantially what he stated was veracious, and the man himself was such as we love to honor. As Arber says, the "unmerited cloud of detraction and discredit . . . passes away forever"; and Arber is endorsed in turn by the editors of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, who commissioned him to write the article on Captain John Smith for their latest edition.

One cannot help asking now what rewards were meted out for such a character and such a life, and one has to admit that his recompense, measured by the ordinary standards, was but small. For one thing he seems to have been pursued, like most men of elevated aims and independent minds, by depreciation and slander in his own time. It was easier and more agreeable to misconstrue and misrepresent than to recognize his superiority.

"Malignant Times! What can be said or done
But shall be censur'd and traduc't by some!"

exclaimed one of his friends. In his principal aim, too, he was unsuccessful, for he could not obtain the necessary support for his colonization ideas. In moments of depression, overcome by the bulk and weight of the commonplace prosperity that he saw about him and the

high honors often gained by undeserving men, he regarded his own career as a failure, perhaps; and in a touching poem that he wrote or adopted he compared himself to a stranded vessel, beached and abandoned:

“Aloofe, aloofe, and come no neare,
 the dangers doe appeare;
 Which if my ruine had not beene
 you had not seene:
 I onely lie upon this shelve
 to be a marke to all
 which on the same might fall,
 That none may perish but my selfe.”

Gifted with remarkable abilities, remarkable energy, and remarkable ambition to achieve, after extraordinary exertions and sufferings he found himself in fact neither wealthy nor duly honored.

But in the soberest estimation of values he received an adequate reward. To be misunderstood by inferiors attested his merit. To be denounced by mean men was of itself a distinction. The conviction that he was pursuing true glory, the satisfaction of deserving it, the possession of wide knowledge and rich experience, and the consciousness of doing the world service—though the service that he did was greater than he knew—were no slight compensations for what he missed; and many single hours in his career doubtless outweighed lifetimes passed in wriggling along through easy pleasures and winning trivial successes by the practice of trivial arts.

Such an hour was that when he realized, following the white plume of Navarre, that he, too, was a soldier. Such an hour it was when he triumphed over the three Turks as the champion of Christendom. Another such hour came when he made it clear, in spite of the smallness, timidity, and jealousy about him, that he was the salvation of the precious little colony in Virginia. And

another such hour fell into his golden cup on this very spot. One cannot doubt it, for it was no grace or luxuriance that induced him to honor these islands with his name. Indeed, with but a little imagination, aided by the surroundings, we can see him step ashore here from his open boat, and climb to the summit of the isle; see him scan, with the wary but unflinching eye of a Ulysses, the shore of that New England which he named and loved, as it seemed now to come forward in a blaze of sunshine, and now to recede under the shadow of a passing cloud; see him bare his ample forehead and gaze upon the greatness of sea and sky with a spirit equally vast and equally free; and then see him retire calmly into a realm where every man of kingly blood has a throne, and where the voice of detraction and slander cannot penetrate, the realm of thought, whose lofty gates had opened to him in the solitude of Willoughby. Though a doer of deeds he was, like all true men of action, essentially a man of contemplation; and where could he find a nobler opportunity to think than on a spot like this?

Most proper is it, therefore, to dedicate, and to dedicate on Smith's Isles, a sign to his memory. Like him our memorial is unpretentious, but, like his fame, strong as the strength of granite and of bronze; and here may it stand through all generations, paying due honor to Captain John Smith as the navigator, the soldier, the traveller, the explorer, the colonizer, the ruler and the author; strong, bold, far-seeing, broad-minded, magnanimous, resourceful, and true; ambitious to serve, lavish in self-sacrifice, tireless when action was required, patient when patience, fearless when courage; one of the finest types of the race to which he belonged.

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