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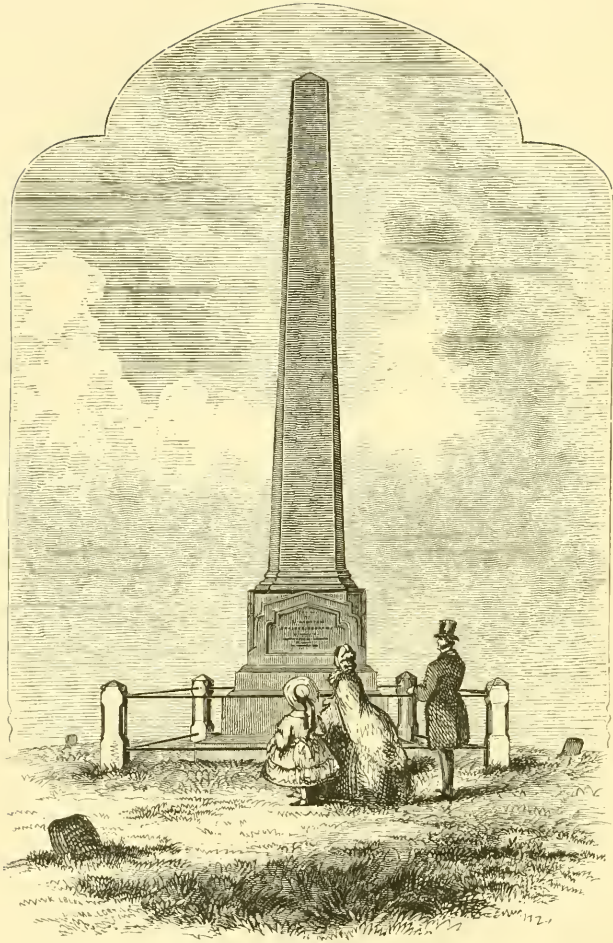
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**CUSHMAN MONUMENT,**  
**IN BURYING HILL CEMETERY, PLYMOUTH, MASS.**  
ERECTED A. D. 1858.

[CUSHMAN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION]

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

CONSECRATION

OF THE

CUSHMAN MONUMENT

AT PLYMOUTH, SEPTEMBER 16, 1858:

INCLUDING

THE DISCOURSE AND POEM

DELIVERED ON THAT OCCASION,

TOGETHER WITH

A LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

TO THE MONUMENT.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,

NO. 112 WASHINGTON STREET.

1859.

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1859

*N. B. Shurtleff M. D.*

Prepared by NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF, of Boston, and HENRY W. CUSHMAN, of Bernardston, and printed agreeably to a vote of the Cushman Monument Association.

GEO. C. RAND & AVERY, PRINTERS, 3 CORNHILL, BOSTON.



## INTRODUCTION.

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ON the sixteenth of September, 1858, the ardently hoped for consummation of the wishes of the Cushman family took place at Plymouth, when the monument, which they had erected on Burying Hill, in memory of their venerated ancestry, was consecrated at a family gathering, with exercises and ceremonies worthy of the occasion,—the first act of the kind ever attempted and performed by the united efforts of the descendants of any of the first-comers of the Plymouth forefathers. This example of filial regard, it is fervently hoped, will, by its successful inauguration and accomplishment, excite in other families inheriting the blood of the pilgrim fathers of New England, a desire to commemorate each and every one of the worthy band of self-sacrificing spirits, who, flying from the cruel persecutions of their father-land, self-exiled to a barren shore, laid among savage strangers the foundation of a great republic—the freest in the world—a refuge and a home to the oppressed of every nation, clime and tongue.

The successful manner in which the celebration was conducted at the great family gathering, on the fifteenth of August, 1855, by the descendants of the Cushman ancestors and their relatives, and the interesting services at the grave of Elder Cushman on the succeeding day, inspired the belief that the means required to put in execution the design of

erecting an enduring monument to the memory of these worthies, could be obtained without extraordinary efforts. In this belief, happily, the friends of the enterprise were correct. Sufficient funds could be raised and collected, because the true feeling prevailed. The monument could be erected, because there were those of sufficient energy and enthusiasm to determine that it should be, and who were willing, also, to give their means, time and ability to the furtherance of the work. Money has been subscribed and collected; and, in the ancient cemetery of the Plymouth fathers, upon Burying Hill, within sight of the hospitable harbor where the May Flower lay safely moored on the cold and inclement winter solstice of 1620,—the shortest and most uninviting day of a dreary winter,—within sight, too, of the far-famed solitary rock of that sandy shore whereon the pilgrim forefathers first set foot on the ever memorable twenty-first of December, and almost beneath the very drippings of the first Christian sanctuary in New England, it stands, where rest the earthly remains of the first of the name in America, and it points significantly to the heaven above—the repose of their immortal spirits.

The site upon Burying Hill on which the Cushman monument stands has hallowed family associations, and is not in itself entirely devoid of interesting recollections of a more general character. It is the identical spot selected for the burial-place of Elder Cushman by his bereaved friends and religious associates; and beneath the turf which has grown for ages, and whose verdure has only now and then been disturbed as a new tenant has been admitted to the community of the dead, to mingle ashes with those of the venerated sire, rest the remains of the earliest of this pilgrim

family—the Cushmans. Around the Elder's humble grave were buried many of the church, who, from their feelings of attachment, desired to be near him in death as they had been with him in life;—among these were the officers of the church with whom he had for so many years ministered, but his pastor was not permitted to be with him in his long sleep, but is quietly reposing in the distant regions of the sunny south. From this spot the turf has now been removed,—but the sacred remains are still there. The turf has given place to more enduring granite, and never more shall mortal hands molest the ashes of our fathers.

Close beside the green hillock subsequently selected as the grave lot of the venerable Elder, the fathers in earlier days built their humble sanctuary—small, indeed, but then the only one in New England, and that one their own, and untrammelled by the yoke of antichristian bondage. They did not place it obscurely, shaded and hidden from sight, as if afraid or ashamed that their house of God should be seen,—but upon the hill-top, a guide for the wayfarer, a mark for all,—the first object to attract and welcome the eye of the pilgrim outcast, seeking shelter and repose in the land where the most abject and lowly might worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, uncontrolled by the dogmas of an established church and the intolerance of a blasting hierarchy. Here, still earlier, stood the scanty fortification of the peaceful little band of Puritans,—a simple platform, with slender roof and unpretending battlements, hewn from native forests. Slight as was the structure, it served well to protect them from the sudden inroads of savage beasts, and as a defence against

the hostile attacks of the more wily and barbarous Indian foe. It served another and a holier purpose—it was the place of prayer, the place of worship—the first rudiments of the first building of the first church of the pilgrim fathers.

When the modern pilgrim finds his way to Plymouth, and, with filial veneration, directs his steps to the sacred spot where rest the fathers of New England, he is peculiarly struck with the remarkable objects which are presented to his view. When he has ascended the high hill, and looks around upon the innumerable gravestones which affection has placed as the last tributes to the memory of departed parents, relatives and friends, he seeks in vain for any ancient memorial to mark the graves of the May Flower pilgrims of 1620. In vain he inquires for the graves of those who came in the *Fortune* in 1621, in vain for those of the *Ann* and *Little James*, in 1623. In vain he asks, in vain he seeks. Of all of these, Thomas Cushman alone of the *Fortune*, and Thomas Clarke alone of the *Ann*, are remembered by tablets. Their graves alone were surely designated by gravestones on Burying Hill. One other of the old comers, Phineas Pratt, was similarly remembered in the old burial-ground in Charlestown. Uncertain tradition, however, has attempted to point out the burial-places of a few others, and modern memorials have been erected to their memory.

While standing within this ancient cemetery, the stranger is forcibly struck with the appearance of the large number of monumental tablets and burial mounds which he notices on all sides, compared with the smaller number of buildings in the village at its base,—that the dwellings of the

dead far outnumber the dwellings of the living. The immediate scene presents a vast assemblage of the past, and a more limited population of the present — the quiet remains of other days above, and busy and bustling life of to-day below. Here is where the forefathers lie with their children of more than two centuries, gathered together in family clusters, awaiting the call of the last great day. And where could they lie more appropriately than in the chosen land of their American pilgrimage?

Extending the eye beyond the hill at his feet, and beyond the village and a few sparsely scattered houses adjacent, he will witness the placid and hospitable waters formed into a safe and quiet harbor, by the almost surrounding headlands and projecting beaches. His attention will be drawn to the Gurnet, at the eastward, with its twin beacons, and to Saquish, noted for affording food for the almost famished voyagers, — to Clark's Island, on the north, where the pilgrims, after their arrival in their new home, first passed the Christian Sabbath in prayer, — to the fields of Duxbury and the green elevation there which bears the name of the redoubtable Captain Standish, — to the lands of Kingston, where piously dwelt good Elder Cushman and his devoted Mary, beside their never failing spring of living water, and where they terminated their earthly pilgrimage, — and to the meanderings of Jones's River, and Rocky Nook and Plain Dealing; and, more westwardly, to the fresh waters of Billington Sea, and the numerous crystal lakes of the township. More southerly will be seen the Town Brook and Pilgrim's Spring, where the pilgrims first quenched their burning thirst, and Watson's Hill, where first appeared human friendship, in the

person of the almost civilized Massasoit. Further to the east, following the circuit, the villages of Wellingsly and Eel River, and the far-famed beach, and the warning and inviting Manumet are seen. All these the stranger sees, and he may, also, see, almost at his feet, the famous Leyden street, where were the first dwellings of the pilgrims, and the Middle street, and the North street, lying parallel to each other, and at right angles with and between the Maine street and the Water street, at the water side, where were the first allotments of land—and he may see Forefather's Rock, the place of landing, and Cole's Hill, where were laid to rest, during the first winter, half of the precious freight of the May Flower. Well may we say to him, as he stands beside the monument we have just erected to the memory of our ancestors,

Stranger:—As from this sacred spot, hallowed by the remembrance of the true-hearted who sleep beneath its turf, you cast your eyes around and view scenes unsurpassed in interest and beauty,—while you behold flourishing towns and villages abounding in industry, prosperity and happiness, where once all was dreary, inhospitable and desolate,—think of the self-sacrificing forefathers, learn to emulate their virtues, and firmly resolve to transmit unimpaired to the latest posterity the glorious lessons of their noble examples.

APRIL, 1859.

# THE CUSHMAN MONUMENT,

Consecrated September 16, 1858.

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## PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

At a preliminary meeting of the descendants of Robert Cushman the Puritan, and of Elder Thomas Cushman, of Plymouth, held in the hall of the American Academy, in the Athenæum building, in Boston, on the 15th of February, 1855, for the purpose of taking into consideration the subject of a family meeting at Plymouth, and, in connection with it, of erecting a monument to the memory of these and others of their venerated ancestry, Hon. Henry W. Cushman, of Bernardston, was called to the chair, B. H. Cushman, Esq., of Winthrop, Maine, assisting him as Vice President, and Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, M.D., of Boston, was requested to act as Secretary.

After a very long and enthusiastic conversation in reference to the objects of the meeting, and in accordance with a resolution, being one of a series presented by Rev. Robert W. Cushman, D.D., of Boston, and unanimously adopted, a committee, of which Charles Cushman, Esq., of Cambridge, was chairman, was appointed, to report at the family meeting to be held at Plymouth on the 15th of August, 1855, on the subject of erecting a monument to the memory of Robert Cushman the Puritan, of his son, Elder Thomas Cushman, and of Mary Allerton, wife of the latter.

At the large gathering of the Cushman family held at Pilgrim Hall, in Plymouth, pursuant to arrangement, on the 15th and 16th days of August, 1855, Charles Cushman, Esq., of Cambridge, Chairman of the Committee previously appointed on the subject of a Monument, submitted an able report recommending the erection of a monument on Burying Hill in Plymouth, Mass., to the memory of Robert Cushman the Pilgrim, and of Elder Thomas Cushman and his wife Mary, the daughter of Isaac Allerton.

The report was accepted, and it was unanimously resolved that a monument be erected to the memory of the Cushman ancestors, at an expense of from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars; and a committee of ten was appointed, with full power to carry the resolve into effect.

A meeting of the committee of ten was held at the Adams House, in Boston, on Thursday, the 25th day of September, 1855, when, after a full and free discussion of the subject committed to them, it was

*Resolved*, That, for the purpose of creating an interest in every descendant of our common ancestors, and for the more speedily and effectually procuring the means for accomplishing the desired object, a Cushman Monument Association be formed, to continue until a monument shall be erected and consecrated on Burying Hill in Plymouth, to the memory of the first of the name who landed in this country in 1621.

The following Constitution for such an Association was thereupon adopted.

## CUSHMAN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

### OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to unite the descendants of Robert Cushman the Pilgrim, for the erection of a monument to his memory, and that of his son, Elder Thomas, our common ancestor, with his wife, Mary Allerton, our common mother.

### MEMBERSHIP.

Any person may become a Member by the payment of one dollar, and shall receive therefor a certificate of membership containing a view of the monument.

Any person may become an Honorary Member by the payment of five dollars, and shall receive a diploma containing an engraved vignette, which shall embrace a view of the monument, with other scenery.

Any person may become an Honorary Trustee by the payment of ten dollars, and shall receive the diploma and a printed copy of the proceedings of the Cushman Festival, and of the proceedings at the consecration of the monument.

Any person who shall pay twenty-five dollars shall be a Vice President, and receive a diploma.

### OFFICERS.

The officers shall consist of a President, Vice Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, Honorary Trustees, and five Directors, and said officers shall constitute a Board of Trustees, with full power to fill all vacancies in their Board, and to procure funds and erect a monument, as aforesaid.



Agreeably to the last article of the preceding constitution, the following persons were elected

OFFICERS OF THE CUSHMAN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT.

HENRY W. CUSHMAN, of *Bernardston, Mass.*

VICE PRESIDENTS.

D. A. CUSHMAN, *New York City,*

BEZALEEL CUSHMAN, *Portland, Maine,*

CHARLES U. CUSHMAN, *Newburgh, N. Y.,*

A. C. CUSHMAN, *New Bedford, Mass.,*

WARREN DELANO, *Dartmouth, Mass.,*

FREEMAN L. CUSHMAN, *Boston, Mass.,*

SPENCER CUSHMAN, *Kingston, Mass.,*

And all others who may contribute the sum of twenty-five dollars each towards the monument.

SECRETARY.

NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF, *Boston, Mass.*

TREASURER.

CHARLES CUSHMAN, *Cambridge, Mass.*

HONORARY TRUSTEES.

All those who may contribute the sum of ten dollars each towards the monument.

DIRECTORS.

ROBERT W. CUSHMAN, *Boston, Mass.,*

R. S. CUSHMAN, *Albany, N. Y.,*

FREDERICK A. CUSHMAN, *Brooklyn, N. Y.,*

B. H. CUSHMAN, *Augusta, Maine,*

EARL CUSHMAN, *Orwell, Vt.*

The association for erecting a suitable monument, having been thus formed and organized, proceeded at once in accomplishing the object, by issuing a circular, in December, 1855, addressed "to the descendants of Robert Cushman the Puritan, and all others connected with them by consanguinity or marriage," soliciting, by subscription or otherwise; aid for the proposed undertaking. This request was promptly

met by many to whom the circular was sent, and a considerable portion of the required fund was promised.

The Board of Trustees of the Association having received contributions sufficient to warrant them in proceeding with the work, on the 10th of December, 1857, made a contract with Messrs. C. R. & C. Mitchell, of Quincy, Mass., to construct the proposed monument of granite, and erect it in the ancient cemetery of Plymouth, where repose the ashes of Elder Cushman, and of other early deceased members of the family.

Preparatory to the erection of the monument over the grave of Elder Thomas Cushman, (Robert Cushman the Pilgrim having died in England,) it became necessary to remove the remains of those of the family buried upon the spot in order to lay a solid foundation for the ponderous superstructure. This duty was performed on the 28th of July, 1858, in presence of Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, of Boston, and others of the family.

The grave of Elder Thomas Cushman is situated on the brow of Plymouth Burying Hill, in the south-east part of that sacred enclosure, venerated as the last resting-place of many of the forefathers, — the Pilgrim ancestors of a large portion of the New England families. In the year 1715, about a quarter of a century after his decease, the church at Plymouth, which he had served nearly forty-three years as Ruling Elder, placed at the head of his grave a monumental tablet, as a token of the affectionate regard in which his memory was held by the church and congregation. The expense of this tribute was borne by contribution. The stone is of slate, and has the usual appearance of the large gravestones brought from England, from whence it undoubtedly came. It is about three and a half feet in height, and bears the following record:—

HERE LYETH BURIED Y<sup>e</sup> BODY  
OF THAT PRECIOUS SERVANT OF  
GOD M<sup>r</sup> THOMAS CUSHMAN, WHO  
AFTER HE HAD SERVED HIS  
GENERATION ACCORDING TO  
THE WILL OF GOD, AND  
PARTICULARLY THE CHURCH OF  
PLYMOUTH FOR MANY YEARS IN  
THE OFFICE OF RULING ELDER,  
FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS DECEM<sup>r</sup>.  
Y<sup>e</sup> 10, 1691, & IN Y<sup>e</sup>  
84 YEAR OF HIS AGE.

The stone placed at the foot of the grave bore the simple inscription,  
“Thomas Cushman.”

In order to place the monument in the most desirable situation on Burying Hill, these old stones were removed from the positions which they had held nearly a century and a half; and, that the pilgrims of after years may be able to behold the good work of those who in early times had an affection for the venerated Elder, order has been taken by the Association for the preservation of the original tablet in an appropriate place, — the first desire being that this sacred relic of the bygone age should be placed in the Museum of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth. The following words have been carefully cut immediately beneath the old inscription.

“This stone, placed at the grave of Elder Thomas Cushman by the First Church in Plymouth, was removed to this situation in 1858, to make room for a more enduring memorial, which now exactly occupies its original position.”

Near the Elder were buried his wife Mary, (daughter of Isaac Allerton,) and many of their descendants. Few of these, however, had tablets to mark their graves.

On removing the turf and raising the earth, which was a light-colored sandy soil, and digging above five and a half feet, a portion of the remains of the aged pilgrim was found, lying due east and west, in the manner in which the body was consigned to the grave by the mourners. The skull was in a remarkable state of preservation, considering that it was of a person nearly eighty-four years old at the time of decease, and that it had been buried about one hundred and sixty-seven years, — really two hundred and fifty years old, and actually older than any human object, once a breathing, living being of our own flesh and blood now to be seen. The large and less perishable bones were also found, but those of a more spongy texture had returned to dust, whence they came.

At the side of the Elder were found the unknown remains of another human frame. His partner in life, Mary (Allerton) Cushman, died on the twenty-eighth day of November, 1699, designated in the town records of Plymouth as the “aged widow,” — a woman no less remarkable for her virtues during life, than for being the last survivor of the little band of self-exiled pilgrims who came to this country in 1620, passengers of the renowned May Flower.

Care was taken, in laying the foundation, that the remains of each individual should be kept separately, and placed in boxes within a cavity constructed beneath the monument, where, it is reasonable to suppose, they will not again be disturbed by mortal hands.

A leaden box, eleven by eight inches, and six inches in height, prepared by Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, of Boston, was placed under the centre of the shaft of the monument. It bore the following inscription, permanently placed upon its cover.

THIS CASKET,  
CONTAINING OBJECTS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST  
TO THE DESCENDANTS OF  
ROBERT CUSHMAN,  
IS DEPOSITED BY  
THE CUSHMAN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

MONUMENT CONSECRATED  
16 SEPTEMBER, 1858.  
MADE AT QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS,  
BY C. R. & C. MITCHELL.

Before securely sealing the cover of the box the following deposits were made within its cavity:—

1. The following inscription, carefully engrossed on paper:

This monument was executed in Quincy granite by C. R. & C. Mitchell, in South Quincy.

The monument measures seven feet and ten inches at the base, twenty-six feet and six inches in height.

The foundation of the monument is exactly on the spot where Elder Cushman was buried in 1691.

2. Printed account of the proceedings at the Cushman Celebration, at Plymouth, on the 15th and 16th of August, 1855;
3. List of the officers and members of the Cushman Monument Association;
4. Four printed circulars relating to the meetings of the Cushman Monument Association, and the erection of the monument;
5. Various newspapers containing articles relating to the monument;
6. Copy of the Boston Journal of the 29th of August, 1858, containing an account of the removal of the remains of Elder Thomas Cushman, for the purpose of laying the foundation of the monument;

7. Copy of the inscription on the gravestone of Elder Thomas Cushman, erected by the First Church in Plymouth, to mark his grave ;
8. Printed copy of the Discourse delivered by Robert Cushman, at the "Common House" in Plymouth, on the 9th of December, 1621 ;
9. Printed copy of the Cushman Genealogy, by Hon. Henry W. Cushman ;
10. Metallic copy of the seal of the Colony of New Plymouth ;
11. Printed title-page to the first volume of the Plymouth Colony Records, printed in 1855, and edited by Nathaniel B. Shurtleff ;
12. List of officers of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, for the year 1858 ;
13. List of town officers of Plymouth, and Committee on Burying Hill, for the year 1858 ;
14. Map of the town of Plymouth, printed in 1830 ;
15. Directory of the town of Plymouth, printed in 1851 ;
16. "Pilgrim Memorials and Guide to Plymouth," with a lithographic map of the town, by William S. Russell. Last edition, printed in 1855 ;
17. Massachusetts State Register for the year 1858. By George Adams.

The monument is a massive and tasteful structure, built of smoothly hewn Quincy granite, of the finest and most durable quality, and is highly creditable to the skill and faithfulness of the contractors. Its form is that of an obelisk with plainly chamfered edges, having a Grecian base standing upon an ornamented pedestal, also chamfered to its base, and containing sunken panels ; the pedestal rests upon two square plinths, and the whole structure upon blocks of hewn granite occupying the whole space enclosed by a quadrangular fence, constructed with large stone posts and substantial iron rails. The whole height of the monument, including the stone blocks upon which it stands, is about twenty-seven and one-half feet ; the base of the pedestal is about five feet square, and of the lowest plinth about eight feet. The space within the railing is about twelve feet square.

The tablets which occupy the four panels of the pedestal, and which measure about thirty-six by twenty-two inches, are of metallic bronze, and were cast at the foundry of Messrs. Henry N. Hooper & Co., in Boston. The tablets display the following, in raised letters : —

(On the east tablet.)  
 ERECTED BY  
 THE DESCENDANTS OF  
**ROBERT CUSHMAN,**  
 IN MEMORY OF THEIR PILGRIM ANCESTOR,  
 XVI SEPTEMBER, MDCCCLVIII.

(On the north tablet.)  
**ROBERT CUSHMAN,**  
 FELLOW EXILE WITH THE PILGRIMS IN HOLLAND,  
 AFTERWARDS THEIR CHIEF AGENT IN ENGLAND.  
 ARRIVED HERE IX NOVEMBER, MDCXXI,  
 WITH THOMAS CUSHMAN, HIS SON.  
 PREACHED, IX DECEMBER,  
 HIS MEMORABLE SERMON ON "THE DANGER OF SELF-LOVE  
 AND THE SWEETNESS OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP."  
 RETURNED TO ENGLAND XIII DECEMBER,  
 TO VINDICATE THE ENTERPRISE OF CHRISTIAN EMIGRATION,  
 AND THERE REMAINED IN THE SERVICE OF THE COLONY,  
 TILL MDCXXV,  
 WHEN, HAVING PREPARED TO MAKE PLYMOUTH  
 HIS PERMANENT HOME,

(On the west tablet.)  
 HE DIED, LAMENTED BY THE FOREFATHERS  
 AS "THEIR EARNEST FRIEND, — WHO WAS  
 AS THEIR RIGHT HAND WITH THEIR FRIENDS  
 THE ADVENTURERS, AND FOR DIVERS YEARS  
 HAD DONE AND AGITATED ALL THEIR BUSINESS  
 WITH THEM TO THEIR GREAT ADVANTAGE."

"AND YOU, MY LOVING FRIENDS, THE ADVENTURERS  
 TO THIS PLANTATION, AS YOUR CARE HAS BEEN FIRST  
 TO SETTLE RELIGION HERE BEFORE EITHER PROFIT  
 OR POPULARITY, SO, I PRAY YOU, GO ON.  
 I REJOICE THAT YOU THUS HONOR GOD  
 WITH YOUR RICHES, AND I TRUST YOU SHALL BE REPAID  
 AGAIN DOUBLE AND TREBLE IN THIS WORLD, YEA  
 AND THE MEMORY OF THIS ACTION SHALL NEVER DIE."

Dedication of the sermon.

(On the south tablet.)  
**THOMAS CUSHMAN,**  
 SON OF ROBERT, DIED X DECEMBER, MDCXCI,  
 AGED NEARLY LXXXIV YEARS.  
 FOR MORE THAN XLII YEARS HE WAS  
 RULING ELDER  
 OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN PLYMOUTH,  
 BY WHOM A TABLET WAS PLACED, TO MARK HIS GRAVE  
 ON THIS SPOT,  
 NOW CONSECRATED ANEW BY A MORE ENDURING MEMORIAL.  
**MARY,**  
 WIDOW OF ELDER CUSHMAN AND DAUGHTER OF ISAAC ALLERTON,  
 DIED XXVIII NOVEMBER, MDCXCIX, AGED ABOUT XC YEARS,  
 THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE FIRST COMERS IN THE MAY FLOWER.

## CONSECRATION SERVICES.

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THE monument having been completed, and placed in its position on Burying Hill, the Trustees of the Monument Association issued a circular, on the 16th of July, 1858, directed to the descendants of Robert Cushman the Pilgrim, the progenitor of the American family bearing the name, and to all persons connected with them by the ties of marriage, proposing to consecrate it with solemn and appropriate services on Thursday, the 16th of the following September, the anniversary of the day on which the May Flower first set sail from Plymouth, in England, for America. The day of their choice would have been the 15th of August, the anniversary of the day on which their ancestors, Robert and Thomas Cushman, first sailed for New England, in 1621 ; but the impropriety of having a public gathering on the Lord's day, on which it must necessarily have occurred in 1858, determined them in their final selection of the day.

The day of consecration proved to be very unfavorable for the purpose, in consequence of one of those very severe storms of rain which are so prevalent in New England near the time of the autumnal equinox. But, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large audience assembled at the First Church, (the venerable Dr. Kendall's,) situated very nearly on the spot where the first meeting-house in New England was erected, and where Elder Thomas Cushman officiated as Ruling Elder for about forty-three years, and where, for more than seventy years, he worshipped and prayed. Hon. Henry W. Cushman, President of the Monument Association, presided.

The consecration services were commenced by an introductory prayer by the Rev. Ruel L. Cushman, of Orleans, Indiana, offered in a very impressive manner.

Then followed the reading of the Scriptures, a portion of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews and the 112th Psalm, by the Rev. George F. Cushman, of Cahaba, Alabama.

The following hymn, selected for and adapted to the occasion, was then sung by the choir, in the usual admirable manner for which the singers of the old church have, from time immemorial, been noted :

## H Y M N .

Dark was the day ; an autumn sea  
 Moaned sadly on old England's strand,  
 When last the thoughtful and the free,  
 Our fathers, left their native land.

They little thought how pure a light,  
 With years, should gather round that day ;  
 How love should keep their memories bright,  
 How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays ; and greener still,  
 Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,  
 And regions now untrod, shall thrill  
 With reverence, when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,  
 Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,  
 The children of the Pilgrim sires  
 This hallowed day like us shall keep.

At the close of the singing a fervent prayer was offered by the Rev. R. S. Cushman, of Orwell, Vt., highly appropriate to the occasion.

The Rev. Elisha Cushman, of West Hartford, Conn., then arose, and, in an eloquent manner, delivered the following address.



## ADDRESS.

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KINDRED AND FRIENDS:—

WE meet and greet again to-day, in our second, and, in all probability, our last general family pilgrimage to the Pilgrim Fathers' graves. We come to recall once more the ancient times; to revive the memory of noble men; to pay our fresh tribute of filial homage and veneration to the names and the virtues of those whom, I trust, we shall never cease to revere.

It is the two hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of the departure of the renowned little May Flower, with her chosen pilgrim company, from the coast of the fatherland, for this then unbroken and desolate wilderness. As prominently identified with that humble, hazardous, heroic enterprise, we honor our ancestry; and, as we stand to-day amid the wavings of the harvest from that "handful of corn," its fruit "shaking like Lebanon," and the voices of the reapers filling the earth with their songs, we lift up our thanksgivings to God for the relation we are permitted to bear to such men and to such a mission.

I wish to speak to you of our ancestors, as honored at once by their own personal characters and services, and by their worthily sustained connection with that band of heroes who, amid perils and toils and trials and sufferings, which few are competent to appreciate, laid the first foundations of our New England home. Whether my method of combining and presenting these two aspects of the topic in hand will seem to you the happiest, you, of course, must determine.

It will be observed that, among our family honors we can make no boast of a high antiquity. "Ancient and honorable," with some, are held as coincident and almost inseparable qualities in all family dignities. Judged by their standard, we have little whereof to glory, excepting, indeed, as claiming descent from the first father and mother of all the tribes of our race, and standing thus as heritors both of the dignities and responsibilities of a paternity originally divine, — "For we also are His offspring." If this seem trite, be it so; it is the best we have to offer for the ancientness of our origin.

As for our coat of arms, it is not. At least, we know of no such heraldic device pertaining to the Cushman name. Nevertheless, as nobility does not particularly inhere in anything of that sort, arrant villains as well as honorable gentlemen often flourishing under such ensigns, we will not greatly grieve, though we have no family claim to the

" Crests and quarterings

Of ancient barons, famous for their slaughterings,  
And modern dukes, famous for — nothing at all,  
And points, and bars, and bearings, great and small,  
Lions and unicorns, and beasts with wings,  
And all the sinister bends of all the kings."

Our genealogy, indeed, has little to do with the "kings." The "Chronicles" of the Family Bible, the Puritan's "book of heraldry," give us our descent from the beginning, embracing several gloriously protracted generations of "those long-livers in the world's hale and undegenerate days," down through Noah and Japheth, and then, for the space of some thirty-six centuries, more or less, the line sinks far out of sight, and beyond all tracing. Again, at length, it comes to the surface; thanks to our honored kinsman for taking it up, and tracing it onward so fully and accurately, in the book of the later Cushman Genealogy. And, for one, I do most honestly and heartily affirm, that I could ask for no nobler

names, no associations with which to resume the record, than those of Robert Cushman the Pilgrim, and his son, "that precious servant of God," Elder Thomas Cushman, with his loving wife, Mary Allerton, last lone lingerer of the May Flower band upon earth; latest survivor of that entire company. Around their memory may our thoughts ever love to gather, even as they do this day. Intimately and eminently associated as they were with the laying of the foundation stones of the fair temple of our freedom, and ministering as they did at its earliest altars, they must not be forgotten in the anthems of its daily service, as chanted by their children. In the forefront of one of the world's hardest fought battles for liberty and for righteousness, our pilgrim ancestors had their post, and nobly did they maintain it. As the valiant asserters and champions of the prerogatives of conscience; as devotedly, perseveringly, self-sacrificingly true to their principles and their trust; as peculiarly the children of a guiding and governing Providence; and as having achieved a most signal and transcendent success, they have well authenticated their patent of nobility.

A nobly conspicuous position among the champions of conscience, and, therefore, of soul-freedom, is to be awarded to the early settlers of Plymouth. They believed in the living God, and in living souls as the children of God; and, in the might of this faith, they stood up for the liberty of God's children. They had learned to recognize and to assert that truest distinction of a man, the privilege and the duty of maintaining a free and unfettered loyalty to the soul's honest convictions of truth and of right. With them the authority of God was supreme; conscience was the throne of God set up in the soul; and the obligations and immunities thence resulting they felt themselves set to vindicate. They had apprehended the great doctrine of religious freedom; if not in all its fulness, yet with a clearness quite in advance of their age; in advance, even, of most of their countrymen who dissented from the English ecclesiastical establishment;

and having once laid hold of that doctrine, they could not and would not let it go. They "asserted for themselves an unlimited and never-ending right to make advances in truth, and to walk in all the ways which God had made known to them, or should make known to them;" and this right they held dearer than reputation, dearer than all worldly possessions, dearer than life itself.

That it was really for conscience' sake and for the truth's sake, that they labored and suffered, endured and achieved as they did, seems to us beyond all reasonable controversy. Their whole history shows them to have been a people aiming to "lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all godliness and honesty;" and their own simple and artless narratives and correspondence especially demonstrate, that it was for religion and conscience that they endured, first, their pitiful exile from their native land for a home among strangers, and then the perils and privations of a second exodus, to the bleak, inhospitable shores of this new world. Vast as are the results which have sprung from that beginning, their aim was but a very simple, though a very noble one. We do not ask for them the honor of having planned the mighty structure which has arisen upon the foundations which they laid in their weariness and woe, though we do claim for them an honor in some sense superior even to that. They came as they did, not to plant states, but to "plant religion;" not to set up new sovereignties, and, like the Babel-builders, to make to themselves a name; but to secure for themselves and for those who should come after them, "freedom to worship God." And herein is their true glory. For we hold that he who, "seeking no name," is ready to do and dare and suffer for the sake of a principle, is worthy of more abundant honor than he who will do the same for the founding of an empire.

And here it seems to me desirable to re-state some facts for the vindication of these pilgrims from certain aspersions under which their memory has unjustly suffered. I look upon

them as waging a conflict not for Puritanism and their own rights merely, but for righteousness and the rights of man; so that in battling for their freedom, they were also contending for ours. I do not say that they were free from all that may be called bigotry, and that no censure whatever belongs to them on this score; though it is well to remember that there may be such a thing as an over-bigoted hostility to bigotry itself, so called. Let us, at least, beware of that. But, in some respects, have not the Plymouth colonists been misunderstood, and too harshly judged, from being confounded in their history with the later colony of Massachusetts Bay? The truth is, these latter were a people of quite another class, and, certainly, of far less tolerant and generous policy. They, and not the men of Plymouth, were chiefly responsible for the intolerant legislation, and the cruelties and absurdities of the witchcraft delusion, all which have been so indiscriminately charged upon the fathers of New England. Some severe laws, it is true, after the example first set by the Massachusetts colony, were here enacted against the Quakers; though the more odious and cruel features of those laws were soon modified, and the punishments inflicted under them were chiefly for such gross violations of order and contempt of authority, as even in our day would scarcely be tolerated. Only two witch cases, we believe, ever ventured before a Plymouth Colony court, and these were very summarily dismissed; in one case the informer, instead of the witch, receiving the punishment; being allowed to choose between a public whipping and a public confession of malice and falsehood. She very wisely chose the latter, and I think the court were quite lenient in permitting her to choose at all. The record of the trial is somewhat amusing. It seems that the accused person was charged with appearing to the witness, on one occasion, in the form of a bear. The court then demanded to know "what manner of tayle the bear had," and the witness could not tell; whereupon, judgment was rendered as already

stated. We imagine that if some of our modern preternaturalisms and "spiritual" apparitions were subjected to a similarly thorough common-sense test, they would be found equally wanting. Common sense, in the days of which we are speaking, held tolerable sway through this region. We hope it is not destined utterly to abdicate in our day. One thing, at least, is certain, that no blood of either Quaker or witch cries out of the ground against the people of Plymouth, — a fact which, considering all the circumstances of their position, carries with it no small honor for the old colony.

When Roger Williams was driven from Massachusetts, though some even of the Plymouth people were not particularly in love with him and his sentiments, (and I do not stand here to censure them very heavily for that,) Edward Winslow, "that great and precious soul," as Williams himself calls him, went from Plymouth to Providence to sympathize with him, and, as he adds, "put a piece of gold into the hand of my wife for our supply." As Mr. Elton, the biographer of Roger Williams, remarks, "the Puritans who settled at Plymouth recognized one important principle, which manifested a more enlightened and liberal spirit than their brethren of Massachusetts Bay, which was, that ecclesiastical censures are wholly spiritual, and are not to be visited with temporal penalties." The company with which our ancestors were identified, then, held no "bloody tenet" of persecution for opinion's sake. Had they done so, my own very decided conviction is, that they never could have coöperated with them as they did. Robert Cushman was spoken of as their "right hand;" but I believe that right hand would have "forgotten its cunning" sooner than lend itself to any undertaking conducted in the spirit of religious intolerance and persecution. We know that William Brewster, the first ruling elder of the Plymouth church, was, as he has been described, "a loving and kindly soul, of large, heavenly and tolerant spirit;" and when, in the calm serenity of a good old age and a Christian hope, he sank into his last sleep, and

the mantle of his office was transferred to Thomas Cushman, the mantle of his spirit was found there also. As we were just now speaking of the Quaker troubles, here is an instance in point, illustrative at once of Plymouth methods and of Thomas Cushman's character. It is from Cotton's Account of the Plymouth Church:

"About the year 1650 to 1660, the Quakers proved very troublesome to the church, and subverted many. The Lord was pleased to bless the endeavors of their faithful Elder, Mr. Cushman, in concurrence with several of the abler brethren, to prevent the efficacy of error and delusion; and, though destitute of a pastor, the body of the church was upheld in their integrity, and in a constant opposition to their pernicious tenets. And we desire (say the records) that the good providence of God herein may never be forgotten, but that the Lord may have all the praise and glory thereof; for how easily might these wolves in sheep's clothing have ruined this poor flock of Christ, if the Lord had not interposed by his almighty power and goodness, improving this our good Elder as a special instrument in this worthy work, both by teaching the will of God every Lord's day, for a considerable time, plainly, powerfully and profitably, and seconding the same by a blameless life and conversation."

Well done, Thomas Cushman! There, now, is the true method of "preventing the efficacy of error and delusion," and putting down heresy. Hear it again, and let the record be perpetuated, to the Elder's honor, if not to the world's enlightenment: "By teaching the will of God, plainly, powerfully and profitably, and seconding the same by a blameless life and conversation." We live in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and Thomas Cushman has been buried one hundred and sixty-seven years, but I have yet to be informed of any essential improvement upon his plan for suppressing heresies. May all the churches and all the elders learn it.

We honor our ancestors, again, as very eminently the children of a superintending and directing Providence. In all ages, those who have been most distinguished as "the children of the Highest," have been subjected to some more or less severe discipline of tribulation; and I look upon the trials of our fathers as, in a sense, the badges of their divine relationship, as well as the nobly endured tests of their personal heroism. But what I have now more especially in view, is, the evidence of a special providential agency in the arrangement of the times and the circumstances for the service to which they were called. The march of God's providence along the track of human history is no dull, monotonous tread; it is characterized by marked stages and critical junctures. For every great purpose He has a "fulness of time," and, when the time comes, He has the men ready for the time. The hour had come for the settlement of New England, and the men had come also. As the annals of the age will show, it was a crisis in the world's progress, and these pilgrims were the very men for the crisis. In illustration of this statement, it might be interesting to look somewhat in detail over the field of their contemporaneous history. I had intended just here to take such a survey, but I find that my limits will allow me only a paragraph or two on this point.

As Mr. Bancroft remarks, "Had New England been colonized immediately upon the discovery of the American continent, the old English institutions would have been planted, under the powerful influence of the Roman Catholic religion; had the settlement been made under Elizabeth, it would have been before the activity of the popular mind in religion had conducted to a corresponding activity of mind in politics." It is known, too, that the French had made several efforts to possess New England. As early as 1605, one of their explorers had claimed its rivers, coasts and bays for France; and only by a marked series of adverse providences were the French attempts at possession frustrated. And I suppose it is no breach of Christian charity, nor of social comity, to



say that we should rather seriously have deprecated a French despotism and the Romish religion with which to commence the settlement of the region which we are now so proud to call our home. But the time had come, and here were the men, to make such a beginning for freedom as the world had never seen. And, to quote from Mr. Everett, "we cannot but regard it as a plain interposition of Providence, that, at the critical point of time when the most powerful springs of improvement were in operation, a chosen company of pilgrims, who were actuated by these springs of improvement in all their strength, who had purchased the privilege of dissent at the high price of banishment from the civilized world, and who, with the dust of their feet, had shaken off the antiquated abuses and false principles which had been accumulating for thousands of years, came over to these distant, unoccupied shores." Unoccupied shores, emphatically they were; for the same Providence which brought that company over just at that time had already prepared room before them; driving back and sweeping away the savage occupants of the territory by the wasting pestilence, and leaving their buried corn for the sustenance of the new comers, when absolute starvation seemed staring them in the face.

And now we are prepared to remark that, among all the agencies employed by the Providence of God in consummating that enterprise at that precise providential period, a very marked prominence belongs to our progenitor, Robert Cushman. So much so, indeed, that, but for his energy and influence, his forecast and decision, at one or more critical points, it seems more than probable that the expedition would have failed altogether.

The pilgrims, for various substantial reasons, had become weary of their sojourn at Leyden, and were turning their thoughts towards the new world. But, while it was sufficiently easy to turn their thoughts hither, it was quite another matter to transport themselves here, to say nothing of the task of establishing and sustaining themselves after their

arrival. And how to accomplish all this, was the problem. They had but little wealth; they were objects of jealousy with the home government; and, besides, their views of separation from the English church were so far in advance of the mass of the Puritan reformers in England, that they were by no means in full sympathy with them. What, then, shall they do? Their neighbors, the Dutch, are ready to convey them to the vicinity of the Hudson river, on very favorable terms, provided they will "go under them." But this, of course, they cannot do without imperilling some of their dearest interests. So they consult and deliberate, and seek counsel of Heaven, as well as of each other, and, at length, determine to try what can be done in England with the Virginia Company and the king, to procure, first, the countenance and authority of the company to settle in their territory in North America, and then, from the government, toleration for their religious sentiments and practice. And now, who shall go for them? To whom do they commit this difficult mission, and who shall bear the chief burden of its responsibility? We answer, Mr. Robert Cushman, from beginning to end, in all the negotiations and all the arrangements for the undertaking. He has associated with him, first, Mr. Carver, the worthy deacon; then, Mr. Brewster, the discreet elder; afterwards, again, Mr. Carver; but throughout the whole, the prominent actor, the chief executive agent in the entire business, seems to be Mr. Cushman. Appointed, re-appointed, still re-appointed, and continued by his brethren in the service, through all the difficulties and perplexities and vexatious hindrances to which the mission is subjected, what proofs are furnished of the confidence of his brethren in his sagacity and energy, and devotion to the great ends they had in view! I fancy I see him sitting down with the officers of the Virginia Company, gaining their attention and their favorable regard, and especially enlisting the interest and securing the friendship of Sir Edwin Sandys, that really honorable and Christian gentleman, who, for a time, held the office of governor and treasurer of the Company, and who recorded

his warm commendation of Messrs. Cushman and Carver for their fidelity and good discretion in the business. And how earnestly Mr. Cushman presses his suit, through such men of influence as he can enlist, with the king and the bishops, for the religious liberty he seeks for his companions and himself. But what a forlorn hope, with such a monarch and such bishops; the latter exceedingly jealous for their prerogatives, and hating dissent with a perfect hatred; and the former, arrogant, conceited, capricious, and utterly unreliable, except, perhaps, in the firmness of his adherence to that favorite article in his creed, "No bishop, no king." He believed, whether right or wrong, that the maintenance of prelatical institutions was essential to the stability of his throne; for his judgment was, that "a church without a bishop" was very likely to be followed by "a state without a king," and for neither of these had he any sort of fellowship. At length, however, a tolerably satisfactory agreement with the Company is reached, and from the court and bishops some concessions are wrung, though it is felt to be very doubtful whether any confidence can be reposed in them. Upon the report of this state of affairs the poor exiles deliberate long and anxiously; they pray over it; and then despatch their agents again to England, hoping, perhaps, by their "continual coming," to weary justice out of even such "unjust judges" as they had to deal with. But new difficulties now arise, and new obstacles beset them. Dissensions, disturbances and quarrels spring up in the Virginia Company itself, and for months it would seem that no business could be transacted with them to any purpose. But the people at Leyden are not yet to be dismayed. They will not relinquish their design, though thus baffled on every hand. They believe that God is trying them, and they believe, too, that He will bring them through the trial. So Mr. Cushman is commissioned still to urge their suit, and with him they associate Mr. Brewster. Accordingly, with his new coadjutor, he labors on as best he can, meanwhile keeping his friends at Leyden advised of the progress

of affairs, Mr. Brewster being laid aside by illness during quite a portion of the time, while Cushman is waiting and watching for any turn in the tide that may possibly favor his mission. Finally, a charter is obtained, under which it is thought they may venture, taking the risk of the king's hollow heartedness and caprice, and they are about to prepare for their departure. But, alas for human uncertainties! The patent, for special reasons, had been taken out in the name of an English gentleman who, after all, changed his mind, and declined going, (we know not particularly why,) and all their endeavors, as Bradford expresses it, again "vanish into smoke."

One more resource, however, now presents itself. Certain merchants and capitalists of London are found disposed to furnish them the means of transportation to America, provided such terms can be agreed upon as shall insure a fair prospect of ample remuneration. Prominent among these is Mr. Thomas Weston, who becomes interested, as it would seem, chiefly through Mr. Cushman's influence, and who, though after a year or two he forsook the planters at Plymouth, yet, for a time, rendered them aid which appeared absolutely indispensable. With these men of London and vicinity the Leyden Company conclude to negotiate, and again the services of Robert Cushman are called for, (Mr. Carver being associated with him,) to conduct the business. After much parleying, the terms are arranged, for the most part, as is supposed, to mutual satisfaction — I need not stop to detail them — and preparations are hastened for the departure of the expedition.

Now comes the crisis; the turning point, as we think it may be reckoned, of the whole affair. Just at this juncture, some of those merchant adventurers, for reasons chiefly pertaining to the destination proposed for the expedition, (some preferring South America, others Virginia, and others New England,) withdraw, and refuse to invest their funds. Others threaten to do so except upon condition of certain alterations

in the articles of agreement; while others still, whose help is needed, will come in only upon that same condition. The whole enterprise is endangered. There is imminent peril of an utter failure; and the question is, What shall be done? The letter of Messrs. Cushman and Carver's commission allows them no authority to change the articles. But here is an emergency — a dilemma, involving results of unspeakable moment. The whole design falls to the ground, or two of the articles must be altered, quite to the disadvantage of the emigrating party. It is hard; but for the expedition now to fail, will be harder. So Mr. Cushman reasons. He sees the difficulty; he feels it; for he fully expects and intends to share with the rest in all the hardships and hazards of the undertaking. But there is the alternative; there is no evading it; and he — takes the responsibility. He does this, as appears from his subsequent statement, with the understanding that he has Mr. Carver's consent, though the latter gentleman, being at the time in Southampton, claimed that he "knew not well what was done in London." Mr. Bradford's language, in speaking of the alteration in question, is as follows: "To which the agents sent from Leyden, or at least one of them, who is most charged with it, did consent, seeing else all was like to be dashed, and they which had put off their estate and paid in their money, were in hazard to be undone." Thus the change is acceded to, and the enterprise goes forward. Mr. Cushman procures the *May Flower*, sends her around to Southampton, and all things are waiting for the arrival of the emigrants from Leyden in the *Speedwell*, the vessel which they have procured in Holland. Now, I do not wonder at the complaints of those emigrants, when they learned of the change which had been made in the terms of the compact, and I certainly have no severe censures for them. But Mr. Cushman answers their complaints quite roundly, and quite in detail. He speaks, too, as one having authority to speak. Not, indeed, the authority of arbitrariness and undue self-importance, but that of conscious integrity

of purpose, and of an assured conviction that he had done the best thing possible in the premises. As he viewed the matter, (and, from our present point of view, must we not all agree with him?) it was "now or never" with the whole enterprise and all its mighty issues. He knew the men, moreover, for whom he was acting. He understood the stuff they were made of. He believed them adequate to the exigency; and he was not disappointed.

Of the remaining incidents of the history, up to the final departure of the *May Flower*, and the detention of a portion of the company, including Robert Cushman, attributed to the unseaworthiness of the *Speedwell*, I have no time to speak. As to the charge of timidity and faint-heartedness made against him by some, however, I see no foundation for it at all; certainly not in the letter written by him to a friend about this time, and referred to as intimating something of the sort. I see there, to be sure, that he is somewhat out of health, and a little out of patience with some men and some things; a fact which is not particularly surprising; but that he is "out of heart," in any such sense as to think of abandoning the enterprise, does by no means appear. He was but a man; and, like other men, when burdened with perplexities and anxieties, he doubtless had his seasons of temporary depression. But, as we hear him exclaiming towards the close of that letter, "the Lord make me strong in Him, and keep both you and yours," we see, after all, that he is not the man to be swallowed up of over-much despondency. He shall rise manfully out of it, as the sequel abundantly demonstrates.

But while the *May Flower* pursues her perilous way, and the landing is at length made upon Plymouth Rock, and the settlement fairly begun, Mr. Cushman is found assiduously devoted to the interests of the colony, and to the cause of Christian emigration. In the following August, he, with his son Thomas, and thirty-four other persons, embarks in the *Fortune*, for New England, where he arrives in November,

remains a few weeks, leaves his only son, and, at the request of the merchant adventurers, returns to England; doubtless, with the fullest expectation of again returning, in due time, to end his days and find his grave in America. In this, however, he was destined to be disappointed. But that memorable sermon of his, on the "Danger of Self-Love, and the Sweetness of True Friendship," prepared and preached during his brief sojourn in Plymouth, with all its attendant circumstances, shows that his standing and influence were fully retained among the pilgrims. Of the sermon itself, I will only say here, that any of us might afford to be satisfied if we could preach as well. It is the first sermon preached in America that ever appears in print, though the production of a man who was neither minister nor elder; and, when published, it comes out with a dedication prefixed, the whole tenor of which evinces the intensity of his interest in the welfare of the colony, and in the whole subject of emigration to New England. It is addressed primarily and chiefly to his "loving friends, the adventurers," (those who have invested their capital in the enterprise,) though including all well wishers and well willers to the cause. The following passages, which many of you have already seen or heard, will well bear a repetition:

"If any error or unsoundness be in it, (the discourse,) as who knoweth? impute it to that frail man who indited it, who professeth to know nothing as he ought to know it. I have not set down my name, partly because I seek no name, and partly because I would have nothing esteemed by names, for I see a number of evils to arise through names, where the persons are either famous or infamous, and God and man are often injured. If any good or profit arise to thee in the receiving of it, give God the praise, and esteem me as a son of Adam, subject to all such frailties as other men are.

"And you, my loving friends, the adventurers to this plantation, as your care has been first to settle religion here, before either profit or popularity, so, I pray you, go on to do it much

more; and be careful to send godly men, though they want some of that worldly policy which the world hath in her own generation; and so, though you lose, the Lord shall gain. I rejoyce greatly in your free and ready mind, to your powers, yea, and beyond your powers, to further this work; that you thus honor God with your riches; and I trust you shall be repaid again double and treble; yea, and the memory of this action shall never die." To which we respond, IT SHALL NEVER DIE.

Not far from this time, he issues another admirable little treatise on "Reasons touching the Lawfulness of Emigrating out of England into the parts of America." In various other ways, also, he continues busy in behalf of Christian emigration; enlisting friends and helpers; procuring, in conjunction with Mr. Winslow, the charter for the settlement at Cape Ann; and withal maintaining an active correspondence with the leading men at Plymouth.

What may be regarded, also, as a very significant fact, appears in connection with an allotment of land at Plymouth, in 1624, made by authority of the governor, at the request of the settlers. In the record of that allotment, while the settlers are classified, for the most part, according to the time at which they came, (those of the May Flower standing first, the Fortune's company next, and so on,) yet Robert Cushman, though not in Plymouth, but in England, at the time, not only has his apportionment as if he were with the rest, but his name is taken out of the Fortune's list, and placed at the very head of the May Flower company. What can this signify, but that he was regarded at Plymouth as really belonging with the very first comers, and that he still held a peculiarly eminent position among the whole body of the colonists? I find no other explanation of this remarkable record.

How the death of Mr. Cushman was mourned at Plymouth, when the tidings came by Capt. Standish, in 1625, you all know. And how warmly and affectionately Governor Brad-



ford speaks of him in referring to the sad intelligence, characterizing him as "their ancient friend, whom the Lord took away this year, and about this time; who was as their right hand with the adventurers, and for divers years had done and agitated all their business with them, to their great advantage."

Thus eminently was Robert Cushman honored among the agencies employed by the good providence of God in the settlement of our own New England. Thus faithfully, in these heroic beginnings, did he stand in his lot, and thus nobly did he fulfil his mission and end his pilgrimage, while that enterprise, in which his heart was so bound up, advanced towards its appointed, its magnificent success.

But that success, divinely appointed and divinely insured as it was, proceeds yet for years through many a slow and painful stage, up many a difficult and toilsome ascent, and through many a dark and trying emergency. The success itself is to be such a one as its chosen pioneers had never calculated — as probably had never entered their fondest imaginings. They came as the simple-hearted children of truth, to lay in the wilderness the foundations of a quiet home for righteousness. They proved the founders of a whole family of nations; the props and pillars of the mightiest republic the world has ever seen, if we may not say, the mightiest it is ever destined to see. But, for the achievement of this success, in its earlier history, what peculiar qualities of manhood were demanded! What firm and steadfast endurance! what unpretending, yet unswerving and unfaltering allegiance to principle! what heroism of patience, and what "might of weakness!" And these qualities, we have good reason for saying, dwelt largely in our good Elder, Thomas Cushman, son of Robert, and patriarch of our tribes. We have already referred to one incident strikingly illustrative of his character, and all the facts to which we have access only confirm the testimony to his worthiness and excellence as a man, as a Christian, and as a pillar in the colony. The records, it is true, are brief. These

pilgrims seem to have had neither time nor taste for any parade of merits, and ostentation of honors; but we have sufficient for our satisfaction in the main points.

Left by his father, while yet a mere lad, in the care of William Bradford, the prudent and upright governor of the colony, who afterwards writes to the father a promising account of his son, adding, "I hope God will make him a good man," it becomes soon manifest that he has inherited much of that father's spirit, as well as that of his divine Master. It is certainly no trifling indication of the high place he occupies in the confidence of his brethren, that he is chosen to fill the office vacated by the death of such a man as William Brewster. But they found in him, as Mr. Cotton phrases it, "the gifts and graces" which "proved a great blessing to the church." For the space of forty-two or three years, he continues blamelessly and faithfully to govern and to teach, abiding, as the records attest, "grave, sober, holy and temperate, very studious and solicitous for the peace and prosperity of the church, and to heal all breaches," — ("Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God:") — and then, what an encomium is this which follows the mention of his death, quaintly tropical, but beautifully significant: "Much of God's presence went away from this church when this blessed Pillar was removed!"

There was weeping in the Jones River precinct, on that 10th of December, 1691. There was lamentation all through the township, as the tidings of that bereavement spread around. And that must have been a sad and mournful train which came slowly treading along yonder highway, as they bore him to his burial. Plain and rough and rude it may all have seemed, as compared with such processions in our day, but there were great hearts throbbing with sadness there! Silently and sorrowfully they proceed to the burial hill, where they deposit the precious dust in its quiet resting-place; and then, on the 16th, a day of solemn humiliation, fasting and prayer is kept for the Elder's death; to which it is

added, "a liberal contribution was made that fast day for the Elder's widow, as an acknowledgment of his great services to the church whilst living." A few years pass away, and another contribution is "moved and made, both by the church and congregation, to defray the expense of gravestones set upon the grave of that worthy and useful servant of God, Elder Thomas Cushman; the whole congregation were very forward in it." And who will ask for a more touching or honorable epitaph than that which they inscribed over the Elder's grave? "Here lyeth buried y<sup>e</sup> body of that precious servant of God, Mr. Thomas Cushman, who, after he had served his generation according to the will of God, and particularly the Church of Plymouth for many years, in the office of a Ruleing Elder, fell asleep in Jesus, Decem<sup>r</sup>. y<sup>e</sup> 10, 1691, & in y<sup>e</sup> 84 year of his age."

The aged widow, his "dear and loving wife," Mary Allerton Cushman, with the bequest of her husband's "house and housing, together with his uplands and meadow lands," and especially his "best Bible," is now left to finish the remaining eight years of her pilgrimage alone. And yet not alone; for her affectionate children are around her, and her husband's God is with her; and so she bravely and patiently waits "all the days of her appointed time, until her change comes." At length, in 1699, she too lies down to her last repose. Tearfully they lay her body to rest by her husband's side, and — the May Flower band are gone — all gone. They have accomplished their mission; they have passed to their reward. "They rest from their labors, and THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

My kindred, we have an honorable ancestry, for which to be grateful, and to whose memory we owe special obligations. "Honor thy father and thy mother," is "the first commandment with promise." Our ancestors were worthy to be honored *in* their children and *by* their children. In meeting this obligation, it behoves us to make ourselves acquainted with

the great facts of their history, so that at all suitable times, and in all proper ways, these facts may be held ready to testify in their behalf. Let the facts speak, and the honor of our fathers is safe.

To their memory, moreover, and in token of our filial regard, we rear and consecrate the monumental pile now waiting the completion of this service on yonder burial hill. Plain, simple, unostentatious, as befits the character of those whom it commemorates, but massive and substantial, as equally befits them, there let it abide; and, as earth's generations come and go, let it continue to attest our grateful remembrance of the services and the virtues of those from whom we deem ourselves honored in having sprung.

But let us beware how we "build the tombs" of the fathers, and garnish the sepulchres of the elders, while we forswear and forsake the principles which made them what they were; lest that monument stand as at once the memento of their glory and of our shame! Remember, the mantle of the father's honor can never cover the child's disgrace. Far better were it to be the improved offspring of an originally defective stock, than the degenerate plants of a once noble vine. Let us, then, cleave to our fathers' God, that we may be His children, as well as theirs. Let us hate tyranny, and ignorance, and corruption, and wickedness, as they hated them, and love freedom, and intelligence, and purity, and piety, as they loved them, that we may be prepared to transmit the same blessed heritage to those who shall follow us. And so may the descendants of Robert and Thomas Cushman ever bear themselves, that amid any company of them, at any time, and in any place, when a memorial of their ancestors is demanded, it may be said without blushing, "If their monument you seek, look about you."

A few words, and I have done. We are all passing away. We are all pilgrims and sojourners in a mutable, fluctuating world. Many changes would be required to-day in the book of our genealogy to adapt it to the facts as they now stand.

Many, whose names were recorded as among the living three years ago, have gone from among us. Others, who then had no name, because no being, have come into the company; while others yet, of other names, have kindly consented to be bound up with us in the closest, dearest, divinest of all mortal ties. We bid them all a hearty welcome. May they share the honors with us worthily.

Some interesting relics of our ancestors, too, have recently come to light, taken from among the buried remains of Elder Cushman's dwelling. Those of you who may have opportunity to visit the "Elder's Spring," may find there what we think must have formed a part of his veritable hearth-stone, which has lately come to light. And what associations throng around that old stone! Over it, how often did Mary, our blessed mother, bend, while busy in preparing the frugal repast for her growing household. Around it, how were her children, Thomas, and Sarah, and Lydia, and Isaac, and Elkanah, and the rest, accustomed to gambol and frolic, while their parents joined in their innocent glee. For, though Thomas Cushman was recorded as "grave, holy and temperate," I have no idea that he was sour, and demure, and cloudy, and ascetic in his habits. If he was rigid in his principles, I am sure he could not have been frigid in his manners. Sanctity is not sanctimony, however the two may be blended in some people's conceptions. And there, around that hearth, the family circle was, doubtless, regularly gathered, while the "family Bible" was devoutly read, and that family, and the church, and the world commended in daily, fervent supplication to the Father of all. Sacred reminiscences! Let them be treasured in our inmost heart, while we seek to travel homeward "in the way the fathers trod." For ourselves and for our children, what better can we ask than to live as well as they; to die as well as they; and to inherit their immortality?

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After Rev. Mr. Cushman had concluded speaking, the following hymn, which had been selected, and adapted to the occasion, was sung by the choir :

## H Y M N .

No costly column, reared to mark  
 The spot where our forefathers lay,  
 Was needed to preserve their name  
 And keep oblivion from its prey.

We did not fear lest they should be  
 Forgotten in the lapse of years,  
 Since every town and hamlet round,  
 Their lasting monument appears.

We raised that stone to tell the world  
 Our own deep reverence for their name—  
 Our gratitude for what they were,  
 Our constant wish to be the same.

Their virtues in our lives to show,  
 Our children learn to be like them;  
 No greater good do we desire,  
 Nor ask for them a nobler fame.

Next after the singing followed the delivery of the following original poem, by Dr. Charles T. Cushman, of Columbus, Georgia :

# THE PILGRIMS:

A HISTORICAL POEM.

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## I.

Let Slander with her venom tongue defame,  
And Ignorance all her calumnies proclaim —  
Truth fears them not! their arrows short are thrown,  
For high the Plymouth Founders stand alone!  
Their faith, endurance, justice, peerless shine,  
As diamonds in the dirt of History's mine.<sup>1</sup>

Not thou, America, shalt claim unshared  
Their virtues — only half thy just award —  
To thee they gave the light that is from above,  
To England, their allegiance, and their love.<sup>2</sup>

Their native land! its every pulse that beat,  
Their exiled hearts responsive felt the heat;  
As now the Nations, through their nerves of steel,  
The common glow of sympathy may feel.

And she with pride their envious name *now* reads —  
Her lordly senate-hall displays their deeds.  
Thus each great Head its Capitol adorns,  
And heroism lives while die its scorns.<sup>3</sup>

Here, humbly at the lowly Pilgrim's grave,  
Whose present life all to the future gave,  
Their children bow, with filial reverence low,  
To pay the debt of gratitude they owe:  
To mark the tomb where sacred bones have rest —  
To recognize the labors of the blest —  
To honor courage, meekness, faith in God,  
That braved and triumphed o'er the tyrant's rod.

That faith ! through Smithfield fires the martyr led  
 To heaven, as though reclined on roses' bed ;  
 Sustained him at the shameful Tyburn tree,  
 And thundered in the face of thrones — " Be free ! " <sup>4</sup>  
 The faith that taught — earth's honors still despise,  
 And live for Him who ruleth earth and skies ;  
 That led our sires to foreign deserts roam,  
 And found for unborn millions freedom's home.

To them be ever memory's tribute-tear,  
 Like them, ambition's brightest hope to cheer ;  
 From them, the ever humble pride to claim  
 Our glorious heraldry — a spotless name.

To one, their chief diplomatist, and sage,  
 Who said — " I seek no name " on Record's page —  
 The guardian of an exiled christian fold,  
 And leader to this New World from the Old ;  
 Whose pulpit voice, as read of men, first broke  
 The silence of this Continent, and spoke  
 For God, salvation's pleading in its wild,—  
 Our Abraham offering Liberty his child —  
 Our ancient Father ! here thy fame we raise,  
 Thy scattered offspring come to twine thy bays. <sup>5</sup>

Th' unlettered Indian from tradition's tale  
 Learns where his fathers sleep in far-off vale,—  
 With course undevions as the meek-eyed dove  
 That bears the trembling maiden's words of love.  
 His unknown path pursues with tireless zeal,  
 By nature guided, as by th' index steel,  
 Climbs craggy mount, and skims the lake profound,  
 To look with awe upon the ancient mound. <sup>6</sup>

Shall we, the blest of Revelation's page,  
 Prove more degenerate than *his* darkened age ?  
 Shall we, whose minds from Wisdom's fount are fed,  
 Pay lesser honors to our loved and dead ?  
 Shall we, who Resurrection's promise trust,  
 Not mark, and guard, and venerate their dust ? <sup>7</sup>

Let hardened Avarice grasp his selfish store,  
 Each human impulse turn to golden ore,



To mercy's cry be deaf — to duty blind —  
 Thus live and die, despised of mankind ;  
 For him the sepulchre were fitly made  
 Among rank weeds and tangled brambles' shade,  
 Where venomous toads and slimy snakes control,  
 And desolation types his life and soul.  
 For thus his life of beauty was devoid,  
 He saw nor felt his soul he had destroyed.  
 For him remains the proud Athenian's curse,  
 No honored funeral rites : no sacred verse  
 On tablet marks the spot, nor wanderer reads  
 His barren life, nor his benevolent deeds : —  
 Unless perchance, by sordid interest bought,  
 Elegiac praise but proves the lie it wrought.

No borrowed lustre of ancestral pride,  
 Our own weak points or wickedness to hide,  
 In vain display of pageantry *we* bring,  
 In storied speech or numbered verse to sing.

“ What 's in a name ? ” the bard doth well inquire ;  
*Your* glory or *your* shame is not of sire.  
 What though in Doomsday-Book his name 's enrolled,  
 A tenant of the Conqueror-King's freehold ?<sup>8</sup>  
 Hast *thou* a title to the heritage ?  
 Could sovereign give endurance to the page ?  
 Vain power and rank of fleeting earthly pride,  
 The king and subject moulder side by side.  
 One common dust their separate graves pervade,  
 As kindred dust their mortal bodies made.

Nor longer, as in barbarous Saxons' day,  
 Do names their bearers' qualities convey.  
 Would all the Goods were *great* — the Nobles *true*,  
 The Toogoods were *as* good — the Cushmans too.

Or farther back, to David's day, we read  
 A name the owner fitted well indeed ; —  
 His savior-wife fell on repentance' stool,  
 And said that Mr. Nabal *was* a fool !<sup>9</sup>

Historic fame with infamy allies,  
 The name that lives in one, in other dies.

So fly the<sup>s</sup> visions of the pride of birth,  
 When looks the eye upon the last of earth,  
 Nor then can lineage, nor the painted crest,  
 Exclude th' unbidden, unceremonious guest.

Heraldic toys may please the man of strife,  
 Be thine the record in the Book of Life.<sup>10</sup>  
 The "king of terrors" is the Christian's slave,  
 That opes the gate of glory through the grave ; —  
 His trembling usher to the Father's throne,  
 With broken sceptre like his power unknown.

Yet, is it more beneath the lofty mind  
 To learn *its* lineage — history — kind,  
 Than trace, or print, through lumbering Record's course,  
 Th' "imported" pedigree of thine ass — or horse ?

Should'st rather weigh each Grecian city's claim  
 To find the birth-place of blind Homer's name,  
 Nor seek to know — and to thy heirs make known  
*Thy* father's birth-place — origin — and their own ?

That Rome was saved by noble Cicero,  
 Should Learning's pride first teach thee — nor yet know  
 For Liberty *thy* father struck a blow ?<sup>11</sup>  
 That England's barons from her kingly power  
 Forced Human Rights, and gave the Scroll our dower,<sup>12</sup>  
 Nor know — aye, boast — that in as dark an hour  
*Thy* fathers bearded thrones, and to the world  
 The Chart and Flag of Freedom wide unfurled ?

To thee, our ROBERT ! — named of fate aright,  
 For thou wast known in council famous — bright :<sup>13</sup> —  
 What moral beauties in thy pages shine,  
 Where faith and duty glow in every line !  
 Thy Christian zeal transcendent brightly beams,  
 And there full oft the holy precept gleams ;  
 Like midnight stars, where one the glory hath,  
 And myriad lights bestrew its heavenly path.<sup>14</sup>

Nor less thy life consistency maintained ;  
 'T was this for thee that trusts exalted gained ;

For this thy peers, who sought for spiritual things,  
Thrice made thee pleader at the Court of Kings.<sup>15</sup>

Thy merit made thee guardian of a dawning world,<sup>16</sup>  
Thy love to mourn mankind in darkness hurled ;  
Thine was the pen first wrote upon the sky —  
To western climes let saving missions fly !<sup>17</sup>  
Thine *first* predicted — and thou hadst led the way —  
The star of empire westward sheds its ray.<sup>18</sup>

What is the pride of empire — boast of might —  
Of human science, or of fashion's height,  
If these frail temples, reared of human hands,  
Are based on Infidelity's shifting sands ?

When War's red demons shout with savage ire,  
And foes invade with reeking blade and fire,  
What subtle power resists the sweeping hosts,  
And drives them bleeding from our hills and coasts ?

That strength divine true Patriotism owns —  
The sacred love of happy hearths and homes !  
Then cherished be all holy ties that bind  
By nature's laws, affinity of kind.

Oh, angels smile with rapture on the scene  
Where Home's sweet comfort pictures all serene ;  
Where Love's pure blessing radiates every face,  
And reverence pays the homage due to race.

How fairer still, and blest of Heaven more,  
When Piety sheds its fragrant influence o'er ;  
How hallowed then the aged head appears,  
Bow'd down and frosted by Time's weight of years !

And Childhood's grace a cherub nature wears  
When lisping, in pure faith, its little prayers —  
And looking heavenward, through an undim'd sight,  
Beholds its playmates who have ta'en their flight !

How blest the feast our pious sires ordained  
Who mourned their sins — confess'd their blessings gained ;<sup>19</sup>  
And Christmas ! bringing childhood's visions fair,  
To sadder hearts the grave — the vacant chair ;

What sacred power the tender bosom knows  
 That loves the land of kindred bones' repose !  
 With burning ardor reads her tale of wrongs, —  
 Is stirred to action by her lofty songs ;  
 With pride beholds her 'mong the great of earth, —  
 And wonder, learns the agonies of her birth.  
 Oh, for the thunder of old Homer's verse,  
 Our pilgrim parents' hardships to rehearse !  
 Yet, who can go behind their temple veil,  
 Since suffering scarcely found in them a wail ?  
 But for thy scriptural pen, Oh Bradford, we  
 Would scarcely know their meager history.

And doubt ye they were heroes, good and great,  
 Forgiving enemies, and bravely breasting fate ?  
 Read ye the Record of King James' weak spite,  
 His menials watching them by day and night :  
 His vow to harry them from Albion's land —  
 Their secret flights, betrayed in each to his hand,  
 Imprisoned — strip'd of fame, possessions, home —  
 Wives 'reft of husbands borne o'er seas' wild foam  
 On tempest wings, to dark Norwegian shores,  
 Where shipwreck looms, and gulging Maelstrom roars.

Thus traitors' captives to a fleeing crew  
 From Britain's strand, where horsemen swift pursue,  
 The loiterers seize — the child unconscious harm,  
 The mother, helpless to the outstretch'd arm !

From living widowhood — from orphans' care —  
 From Ocean's tomb they sought the God of Prayer ;  
 He heard their cry — deliverance ordained, —  
 But never they their native rights regained !

## II.

Fair Amsterdam ! of Zuyder's marts the queen —  
 Of hundred isles, with merchant ships between,  
 Her busy throng our pilgrims walked among,  
 All strangers to their faces, trade, and tongue.

Though Liberty her banner here unrolled,  
Oppression's victims sought its sheltering fold,  
Yet here in vain the jewel Peace they sought —  
Their precious boon at last so dearly bought.

Sweet Leyden! clasp'd in beauteous arms of Rhine,  
Rich Learning's seat, what quiet charms were thine!  
Where smiling Plenty strewed the verdant plain  
With flocks and herds, and waving fields of grain;  
Whence towering spires from dotting hamlets rose,  
And giant windmills frowned and struck as foes.

Her mazy islands, and her circling moat,  
Where shades invite, and gaily glides the boat,  
Her mottled streets, where Neatness reigns supreme, —  
Like magic pictures on their senses gleam!

This peaceful scene the oasis appeared  
In their life's desert, and with promise cheered;  
Their tent here pitched, a lasting refuge knew,  
Its cords in length, and stakes in strength soon grew.

An envied decade's peaceful years had flown,  
A fruitful Church of Puritans had grown;  
A vision rose before their spirits' sight —  
A far-off land that knew no Gospel light!

"We go," they cried — while Prudence looked dismay —  
"Our lives as stepping-stones may pave the way  
To future power beyond Atlantic's wave,  
The Cross to plant and heathen souls to save,  
Where England's realm and England's tongue may spread,  
And Christ o'er all shall be the living Head!"

As one entrusted with a precious freight  
Of human lives upon the gulfling strait,  
Where tempests rend the ship, and waves o'erwhelm,  
Provides for them the ark, nor leaves the helm  
Till all are sent — himself to fate resigns,  
Like Herndon, whom humanity's heart enshrines;<sup>20</sup> —  
So Robinson — Brewster — sent their flock before,  
From cruel England to kind Holland's shore, —

So CUSHMAN, with a loving father's heart,  
 When dangers pressed, assumed the shepherd's part,  
 To guide those rescued from the leaky sloop  
 In which they sought o'er seas a New World's hope,  
 And twice retraced their sinking course to land,  
 Where grievous parting doomed th' adventurous band.<sup>21</sup>

The "May Flower" fading on his mournful sight,  
 As some small star upon the robe of Night,  
 To bleak New England bears the germ of State,  
 A handful, chosen by the God of Fate,  
 Baptized in suffering — embalmed in prayer —  
 Their fleet a fishing-boat — their strength God's care!<sup>22</sup>

With heavy hearts, the remnant left behind  
 Their faces turn in vain, a home to find;  
 Long years have fled since here a home they spied,  
 While friends most dear their farewells just have sighed.

But Cushman's cheering words their hearts revive —  
 He whom they call their own right arm to strive  
 With Opposition, hydra monster dire,  
 Now eight times foiled their dearest heart desire, —  
 He guards — defends — with treasure, pen and voice,  
 Unites — and joins them in their world of choice.

### III.

Behold them now in famine's sick'ning thrall;  
 What horrors pend — dire miseries appal!  
 Their fate, like Damocles', a hair suspends,  
 'Twixt hunger, cold, and murder's cruel ends.<sup>23</sup>  
 Behold them skeptic! — thankless, though high-born —  
 To Heaven grateful for five grains of corn!<sup>24</sup>

Their labor fruitless, as though Earth too spurned  
 These outcast wand'rers, and their suppliance turned, —  
 The very sun in anger seemed to gleam  
 With ling'ring blight upon their field and stream.

'T was then the simple Indian stood amazed —  
 First learned Faith's power, as on the scene he gazed,

Beheld th' implorers' answering blessing showered  
 From weeping clouds that o'er them prostrate lowered !  
 Hobbamock's heart — convicted while he stood —  
 Confess'd he knew the white man's God was good.

And see, again, where nature's swarthy son  
 Now prostrate lies, his race is nearly run ;  
 The film of death dark-clouded o'er his eyes —  
 His wigwam ringing incantation cries :

Behold, the pilgrim comes, his lowly nurse,  
 He bids the pagan priests their hordes disperse,  
 Bends o'er his pallet with a melting heart,  
 And promptly gives him all his healing art ;

The grateful conserve, and the gruel balms  
 Of Winslow's skill, work nature's magic charms ;  
 The Chieftain rises from the bed of death,  
 To bless the pilgrims with his latest breath.

When debt — the vampire of the just man's brain —  
 Its clutch had fix'd, their lives last drop to drain,  
 Did they despair, with long, tumultuous moan ?  
 Did they deny the creditor his own ?

Oh, faith sublime ! Oh, virtue clad in steel !  
 Thy thundering " Never " wakes the heavens' peal !  
 They bowed them meekly to life's troubles sent,  
 As for their sins a righteous punishment ;  
 Nor to their fellows one hard tithe abate,  
 But, to the uttermost bind their future State.<sup>25</sup>

## IV.

While burdens thus oppressed with heavy grief,  
 Their spirits sought some *temporal* relief.  
 Their social ranks by death so ruthless broke,  
 In perilous days recruits then quickly took !

The warrior who to insolent Pecksuot's knife  
 Exposed his bosom and then clinched for life,  
 With eye unquailing, and stomach for the fight, —  
 At *Love's* soft puncture first shewed sign of fright !

The valiant Captain who ne'er flinched his foe,  
 If son of Mars, succumbs to Cupid's bow;  
 Admits defeat — despatches flag of truce  
 By neighbor John for quarter, with excuse! <sup>25</sup>

O Woman! weakness is thy current name,  
 For Nature sealed thee with a feeble frame.  
 The tiny worm that ventures near thy path,  
 Than death to man for thee more terror hath.  
 Yet, wondrous power! thy fawn-like, modest grace  
 Doth quake man's heart, and blanch his bolder face!

Bereaved of partner of his heart-felt joy,  
 He pined for sympathy without alloy;  
 Fair Mullins was the stalk of pilgrim pride,  
 Whom Myles did seek to make his second bride.

To Cape Cod see th' ambassador depart,  
 To win the balm to heal the wounded heart;—  
 In Sunday trim, with stately grace and air,  
 Befitting his commission and the fair.

Her stern-faced friend receives the stalwart youth  
 Who pleads the gallant's bashfulness and truth, —  
 Prays *he* will no objection interpose,  
 To let the maiden wed the man of woes.

The good man, with that idiom quaintly used  
 In pilgrim days, seemed willing, as he mused:  
 "A proper man, *but* seekeing worldly giftes!  
 Yett, providence may will heere some newe shiftes,  
 To make y<sup>e</sup> dame an instrumente of grace  
 To bear y<sup>e</sup> lighte to his carnall harte apace!  
 A lustie youth — of testy ire — selfe-wiled —  
 Honest withal — in warrfare's plotts well-skild —  
 Good earriage, (mind! not one of *wheels* here meant) —  
 Of answerable parts," (here *brave* 's th' intent) —

Then calling from the trellis'd porch, the maid  
 Her distaff plying in its waving shade,  
 He bade her honor this elective choice  
 By giving, now, her free decision voice.



Downcast she stood before th' advancing swain,  
 Her bosom heaved with thought's tumultuous train,  
 Yet half askant, with woman's lightning glance,  
 She measured charms 't were worth a maiden's chance —  
 Then murmured — with no thought of fame, or pelf —  
 "I prithee John! why dost not speak for self?"

Some born to luck, the adage who 'll dispute!  
 Of misplaced confidence see you here the fruit?  
 The moral 's short — for *John* was quickly blest —  
 "F you want a thing *well* done" — you know the rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wedding cavalcade, see! mounts the hill;  
 Its tramp is faintly heard when all is still;  
 Majestic beast the lovely bride enjoys —  
 The pilgrims' *best* turn-out the groom employs.

She, queenlike sitting on caparisoned fold,  
 He walking in advance, to guide and hold  
 With hempen rope, and iron ring in nose  
 Of this huge beast, now *what*, do you suppose?

The milk-white Elephant, from Ganges' shore?  
 The Camel, such as bride Rebekah bore? <sup>27</sup>  
*Once*, modern Yankee guesser, own you're slow,  
 Not posted in the legend? give 't up *so*.  
 If puritanic history you 'll allow,  
 The pilgrim bride rode home a *gentleman-cow*.

## V.

'T is sabbath morn on drear New Plymouth shore;  
 All nature 's hushed, save in the ocean roar,  
 As dashing madly 'gainst the Exiles' strand,  
 It breaks the sighs it bears from Home's far land.

The sparkling snow investing vale and hill  
 An emblem seems of purity, and chill,  
 Of pilgrims' lives, and poverty their lot,  
 Whose bitterness ne'er made their vows forgot.

Uprising calmly to the cold, gray sky,  
 From cabins rude the smoke ascends on high  
 In curling wreaths, whose slender spires entwine,  
 As burning incense from some sacred shrine,  
 Like incense thus, their prayers go up this morn,  
 'Round altar hearths, from hearts of heaven born.

What startling clamor on the ear now falls,  
 And from the hills the listening Echo calls?  
 The drum's reveille! throbs th' inspiring roll  
 That nerves with high resolve the warlike soul,  
 And bids the arméd worshippers to-day  
 'Gainst lurking foes defend, while Faith shall pray;  
 Calls soldiers of the cross — in place of bell —  
 To Church — their Senate-House and Citadel.<sup>23</sup>

Now quickly gather round the Captain's door  
 In noiseless group, the Colony — four score —  
 And manhood's prime, with gun and cloak arrayed,  
 Three form abreast, and silently parade.

The escort train at head a sergeant leads,  
 Their civic Chief in flowing robe succeeds;  
 His body guard, the left is Standish' sword —  
 His right, the Bible-bearer of the Lord.

Next, matrons worthy of such noble mates —  
 Bright impulse, solace, sharers of their fates —  
 Restraining hardy childhood's lively glee,  
 With solemn frown of holy memory.

Is *this* a temple of the Lord of Hosts?  
 These forest logs upreared, these rough hewn posts,  
 This rustic fold, with planks o'erlaid — no spire! —  
 Nor fretted arch — no column-galleried choir —  
 Nor chancel window, flooding rainbow dyes  
 O'er marble pavement, wrought mosaic wise!  
 Can Christ's pure precepts *here* find tongue, or heart?  
 Aye, listen — for they need no aids of art.

A solemn hush observes the listening throng  
 While Brewster pleads.

And now the sacred song  
 Reverberates, and wakes the spirit's sigh,  
 As it grandly swells, with clearest melody  
 Of woman's sympathetic, ravish throat,  
 And man's harmonious, deep, persuasive note.<sup>29</sup>

Then calmly rose a tall, majestic form,  
 That seemed to ride above rude passions' storm, —  
 His clear blue eye, and lips that closely pressed,  
 Bespoke the energy of his manly breast.

His modest beard the curving lip portrayed,  
 And to his chin a drooping point o'erlaid;  
 In waving eddies lay his nut-brown hair,  
 And flowed beside his genial face and fair, —  
 Foretelling Hope, whose bounding spirit moved  
 His heart that strongly beat, and widely loved.

His doublet to the throat was close advanced,  
 Where swinging tassels to his motion danced;  
 A bordered collar wide o'erfell the neck  
 In snowy, square expanse, and free from speck.

The lavish buttons in a lengthened row  
 His straight-cut lappels clasped edges show, —  
 The ample sleeves at wrist were tightly drawn,  
 And overlaid by cuff of gathered lawn.<sup>30</sup>

His farewell leave he now was come to take,  
 And thus the words of holy counsel spake:—

## VI.

“Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth.” 1 Cor. x: 24.<sup>31</sup>

Th' apostle Paul in sorrow sees his vine,  
 The Corinth Church, to evils fall'n a prey;  
 His plant Apollos watered, God increased,  
 Now choked with tares of swelling pride, SELF-LOVE,  
 And vain conceit.

The subtle enemy  
 In angel guise the vineyard in hath crept,  
 With tempting arts to lure the mind astray.

In earnest words and full of deep concern,  
 Exhorteth he his brethren in the Lord  
 To unity of action, mind, and speech —  
 To shun th' idolatry of the fleshly voice,  
 And heed the word the Savior hath revealed :

To suffer wrong,

Ere they submit their griefs in vengeful mood  
 To judgment of th' unjust :

T' avoid the meats

To idols offered up, lest conscience of  
 The weak might be defiled :

With stern reproof

He shames the greedy feast, of sacred name,  
 Where heedless riot prevails :

He chides their faults

With just, parental love, and willeth that  
 They prove their living faith ;  
 For, though some seem to soar on wings to heaven,  
 Yet they, like rowers, recede from whence they look.

So many, who

Profess much righteousness with swelling words —  
 Despising yet the meek — and blustering 'gainst  
 The very doors of heaven, delusive cheat  
 The eye and their own souls.

Their end is death,

But for the remedy which our Savior taught  
 The Judean youth — and Paul, who willeth man  
 Seek not his own.

As unquenched thirst to him who dropsy hath,  
 The carnal mind this saving physic loathes ;  
 A token sure of this disease, self-love, —  
 Yet who is sick must needs be purged thereof  
 Or lost, and his infection spread abroad.

Paul chargeth not abstain from lawful things,  
 As feasts and loving cheer — except they tend  
 To others' harm, and seek thy selfish ends.  
 Who hath not learned denial in these things  
 For others' sake, hath nothing learned aright :  
 He seeks himself, and meets the just rebuke.

But here the doubter —

With that cunning seen in those who heed no

Duty save for self— recalls that likening  
To an infidel!

Aye, worse is he who  
Careth not for kin. But self is neither  
Taught of Paul nor God.

Hath this rare vice of public love slain ten? —  
Then love of self its thousands slayeth still.

The selfish sin against their souls and God.

So those of God abandoned to their lusts,  
As Absalom, th' unfilial, treach'rous youth  
Of parricidal heart, yet loved of sire ;  
And Jeroboam, who worship'd golden calves,  
Defying vengeance warned of heaven's voice,  
And smitten at his impious altar's side ;  
As Ahab, coveting — Samaria's king —  
The vineyard of the filial Jezreelite,  
Whom dogs did lick his blood without the gates.

While others, with the guise of holiness,  
Yet seek themselves :

As David, when he vowed  
To blot out Nabal's name from Carmel's mount ;  
As Asa — Judah's king — imprisoning  
Hanani, seer, whose prophecies condemned ;  
Josiah, warring 'gainst th' Egyptian king  
In wisdom's face, his life and kingdom lost ;  
As Peter, fearing vengeance of the Jews,  
Dissembling in the ceremonial law ; —  
Yea, Paul complaineth of his followers,  
Except Timotheus, all did seek their own !

The selfish man,  
What likeness hath his heart but Boniface ?  
The host, all bows and smiles, who bids alight  
The wayworn traveller, and welcomes in  
From out the cold night wind, with many vows  
And protestations of regard.

Now hence  
Commands, in bustling pomp, his menials, quick,  
Now hither run ! — so jealous lest one slight  
The man so worthy as his noble guest ;

Is honored, happy, if his cheer shall please ;  
 Inviteth him partake the social game, —  
 But all in secret view of liberal thrift ;  
 For should there *money* lack to pay the score,  
 Though all were lost by wreck, his life but spared  
 From yawning seas — or robbers' murderous grip ;  
 Though sick, or famish'd, naked, dripping, froz'n,  
 He's gruffly bid — "No room for beggars here !"

So men the bellows blow in cheerful sweat,  
 The fire whereof *their* iron heateth red !  
 Work briskly while it buildeth up their house —  
 Dig deep and wide their garden well to plant.

Where is the man who dareth to be just !  
 Who trusteth God and hath no secret end ?  
 Who giveth to the poor, nor seeks reward,  
 But lendeth to the Lord in perfect faith ?

Amidst the pharisees

Who loudly pray in temple thronged, such saints  
 Seem lost to view : If found, a black swan thou  
 Shalt almost see — or rather yea, a crow  
 No whiteness lack.

But God shall judge ! the righteous shall be blest, —  
 The hypocrite cast out from glory's realm.  
 The sin of covetousness doth steel the heart  
 Against the pleading of salvation's voice ;  
 Self-love, the only guest, hath barred the door —  
 The virtues all shrink shivering from the gate.

So Felix trembling heard

From Paul the truth — yet not received, because  
 Of hope of gain.

Say many — who will show us any good ?  
 Some feign religion, as some Jews of old  
 Made shew of Sabbath ; crying when will't end,  
 That we may sell our corn and thereby gain ?  
 But shew them to extract the gold from flint !  
 The art to ply no pains or time they'll spare.  
 The wedge of gold their confidence and hope,  
 All duties slip — let pinch or wring who may.

Not so thy bright example, Nehemiah,  
 Blest magistrate of Judah's land ! In thee

We see the noble sacrifice of self,  
 Rebuking the oppressor of thy kin,  
 Thy tribute waiving, and thine alms broadcast.  
 Nor thine, oh Paul! — the shepherd of their souls  
 From Thessalonica took nor scrip nor purse,  
 Nor ate the bread but of his laboring hands;  
 But shared their poverty and their reproach.

There is a time to gather wealth, as was  
 A time for Joseph 'gainst the dearth to store.  
 The Christian sees 't is not when others want —  
 The worldling coveteth all — all times alike;  
 As Achan, tempted of th' accurséd spoils —  
 Nor yieldeth up to save a brother's life.

Again,

Men seek their own by idle ease — as did  
 The Scribes and Pharisees of old, who would  
 Not touch the burden with their hands.

There be

Of those who think to have than Adam more  
 Felicity in innocence. In sloth  
 And ease they shirk man's common doom — to toil.  
 The roof may fall upon defenceless heads —  
 Rank weeds o'errun the feeding harvest field;  
 Go thou, he says, — nor deigns to wet his foot.

Shall drones exist in labor's hive, wherein  
 The commonwealth but newly 'gins to bud?  
 Whereof the earth I pray, that thou wast made,  
 That better is than other Adam's sons?  
 Canst see thy fellow faint in labor's heat,  
 And seek thine ease at home, or roam abroad?

Not thus Uriah!

Faithful to his king, he shared his comrades'  
 Camp without the walls.

Again — men seek their bellies, as of old,  
 Who hawk about new doctrine and device.

False prophets, as

Of Jude condemned — the bane of Church and State,  
 Their peace is found in feasts.  
 They sow dissension but to reap of cheer;

Though conscience chide — though Joseph suffer deaths —  
 Though Lazarus starve without, — they glut within.  
 The belly-god feels not for others' want —  
 Shares not, and shameth not to swallow all.

Again — men seek their own in outward fame ;  
 As Saul for reverence hoped in Israel's eyes,  
 When lost to favor in the sight of God.

The man vain-glorious bartereth all for praise,  
 Denyeth merit to his modest peers,  
 Or writeth it in ashes ; — while his own  
 Weak, ostentatious deeds he carves in brass.  
 He makes the meek his stepping-stones to power —  
 Robs God of honors for himself to wear !

Once more —

Men seek their own in striving for their wills ;  
 As Corinth's evil-doers in the Church,  
 Who persecuted unto law.

The wilful man confesseth not his wrong,  
 Though he be snared therein — yet chooseth thus :  
 As willed the Jews 'gainst Samuel's voice, a king,  
 He scorneth reason, justice, aught opposed.  
 His purpose though cut short — as Jezebel's —  
 Still hopes and threats the day, as Esau did,  
 His curse he ne'er annuls, though heaven frowns,  
 But hurls, like Herod, to its murderous end.

But David — though a warrior-prince, and sworn  
 T' exterminate the churl that tribute kept,  
 Gave ear to pleading tones of woman's voice —  
 To reason listened, and withdrew his vow.

Aye, quoth the doubter,  
 Men thus seek their own — yet by what impulse  
 Are they carried on ?

By pride,  
 By high conceit ; — so Absalom fell. Such was  
 The snare that Haman did entrap. By base  
 Contempt ; the ingrate's ready pay — reward  
 Of Joseph from the man released — and blind  
 To merit, when in others found.



By worldly walk, and clouded spiritual sight,  
 Beholding not the majesty of God  
 As Paul beheld, and cried out, Oh, the depth!  
 Till Sheba's queen her splendor saw eclipsed,  
 She deemed her glory and her wealth supreme.  
 Would man but see with eye of faith, how soon  
 He'd turn in shame, his nakedness to shun —  
 With David saying, Who am I, O Lord,  
 That thou hast brought me hitherto?

As when

Some peasant rude, till then his caste admired,  
 Sees kingly courts and cities' wealth displayed,  
 And wondering, newly learns his low degree, —  
 As savage men, that here as beasts roam wild,  
 Content with brutish life in caves to hide,  
 First look abashed on chastened human state, —  
 Th' illumined man beholds himself!

To us, my brothers, watchwords God hath given  
 To check our selfishness — to whom there needs  
 No urging, as did Peter unto Christ,  
 Give favor to thyself.

The poor man's fate

Oft in his dish is thrown, but yet the sins  
 Of his accuser 'scape their just rebuke.

Thus vanity doth

Puff a man to think creation debtor  
 To his lordly self!

Thou art but man; whate'er thy lust of pride,  
 The worm — corruption, claim thee as their kin.

Nay, saith the doubter,

I am for myself; and 't is good point  
 Of natural policy!

If so it be thou seekest swinish ease,  
 Nor obligation owe to God nor man, —  
 Thy policy may serve thee for thy day.

Believe it! It

Behooveth us to fear in us this plague —  
 Examine well the temper of our minds,  
 And note the answering test!

If pride do follow thrift, or grief defeat ;  
 If we repine at evil — not like Job,  
 Receiving meekly our allotted share ;  
 If we demur at want — and not like Paul  
 Have learned t' abound ;

    If with unwilling air  
 We serve in labor, but are swift in ease ;  
 If we the house of mourning rudely shun,  
 But to the halls of mirth are ever prone, —  
 Beware !

    If God shall offer us  
 But herbs, coarse bread, and water for our fare —  
 And not, as Daniel, we 're content therewith ;  
 If we, with duty done and conscience clear,  
 Are sad because we have not praise of men, —  
 'Tis ill.

    If in our hearts there is  
 A bitter stubbornness that yieldeth not  
 To righteous truth — nor bends to others' will, —  
 Then are we touched thereof !

    What dire alarms  
 Our bosoms smite, when, from our symptoms read  
 Of practised eye, the healer tells our risk !  
 And how we strive t' avert the pending doom !

    How more  
 Should we be roused — with fear and quick resolve  
 T' expunge this dangerous malady — since God,  
 Our Great Physician, saith we 're sick !

    He merits gratitude,  
 And even praise, the Pioneer who leaves  
 His smiling land to brave a wilderness  
 Beyond the seas — whose aim is there to spread  
 The blessings of our own and future weal —  
 And gives his life a sacrifice to this.

    And those our friends  
 Beloved and just, who've here their lives laid down,  
 Who knoweth but in mercy they were called  
 Of God — t' escape worse evils which might come  
 From unjust men, in whom self-love had rule,  
 Whose power were worse than death !

A man *must* seek the welfare of his kind.

'T is not to lend with an unwilling grace  
To him who craves thy aid ;

'T is not to be —

As was the unjust judge — compelled to good,  
That duty serves.

The patriarchs of old  
Did watch for those wayfarers who might need  
Refreshment and repose, and bade them come  
Within their open tents.

And deem ye this  
Too large a charity for us? To me  
It seemeth, charity should spread as men.

But if perchance  
One may, in sort, neglect the general world,  
Our special duty lieth in our bands  
Religious — civil — or of kin degree ;  
As David wherefore sought the house of Saul,  
To shew them mercy for his colleague's sake.

And so — the Corinth Church  
To whom Paul writeth, was a gospel league —  
A body whereof none might seek himself,  
To deck one member while the rest went bare.

My brethren, pray, your Covenant behold !  
In golden links of concord are ye bound,  
In hand and heart your filial vows are made,  
God's service and our king's t' uphold herein,  
For weal, for woe, how hard soe'er your lot —  
Defenceless each but in the other's help,  
And Heaven's benign protection o'er us all ;  
Then labors — ease — and griefs together share.

This heavenly sympathy  
Alone creates, and keeps alive in warmth,  
Or Church or Commonwealth ; — and when 't is gone,  
Comes ruin soon !

And more — this duty urgeth us to good,  
That modesty may be maintained of all,  
And none may crave of us. For, as one saith,  
Shamefacedness is of woman's honesty  
The half, — so when a man a beggar comes  
To ask of fellow man, his majesty  
And noble creature's image he hath lost.

As when some ponderous weight men come to lift,  
 And one do lack of concert, all despond, —  
 So doth one fractious idle-belly damp  
 The strength and ardor of a colony.

But when in wars,  
 Or enterprise of hosts, there be one heart —  
 The mass by one directing mind impelled,  
 How looms the wonder of their magic work!

Again, necessity provokes us here,  
 As in the days when from captivity  
 The Jews returned — and as in Corinth seen.  
 Here are we helpless cast, without defence  
 From neighboring source — on untilled shores where yet  
 The rudiments of life are scarcely laid,  
 And debtors to the friends whose aid we sought.  
 Then conscience bids us to requite their faith  
 Ere we do hoard our gains — curs'd be they else!

Is this a time for seeking of ourselves?  
 Paul saith in latter days shall men do thus,  
 But here 't is yet but of the first. It is  
 This New World's dawn.

Then cloud it not with frowns,  
 Nor chill its morning air with selfishness.

As God descends to make us heirs of grace,  
 Exalting man debased with angels pure, —  
 With what delight our duty should we prove,  
 Our equals but to give our best relief!

Art deaf to mercy's call and thou art blest?  
 The day shall come when thou shalt cry in vain;  
 And yea, thy children perish in the street!  
 A man who mercy lacks and natural love,  
 Who is not sociable — but rude of speech,  
 A beast is he, transmuting earth to hell —  
 A reprobate, condemned among the goats.

The merciful

Shall Heaven's mercy have; the mem'ry of  
 The just be ever blesséd. E'en his seed  
 Shall find a Father's care.

O, seek ye, therefore, one another's wealth!

But still, one saith —

'Twere well would all do thus ; but so are men,  
They sheweth me no favors — and demand  
Their dues. Should I my store with others share,  
Then might I suffer need !

Thus cavilled Nabal unto David's men,  
Yet is it most unwise and worldly course ;  
Did we but measure by the multitude,  
Then were no godly duty done : For most  
Do go the way that leadeth unto death.

And what if others be to thee unkind ?  
Knowest not that they who will God's children be,  
Must render good to all who evil give ?

Do not the publicans

Have righteousness as those who only love  
Their loving friends ?  
When David cried, in his despair, Help, Lord !  
No godly man is left — he did not turn  
And with the faithful fail ; —

And even so,

If love and charity have left the world,  
Be thou the first to bring them back again.

Three Rules of conduct offer I to thee :  
Thy measuring standard make God's Word — not men.

Did they,

Th' unrighteous in the parable, plead none  
Did kindness unto them ? Before God's throne  
Such plea must fall, — and though the world contemn,  
Thy duty lieth unto Him.

Do not, as did the prodigal, demand  
Thy portion and withdraw thy common zeal.

In Canaan seven years

Dwelt Israel, ere the land was given to tribes ;  
Much longer thus they shared their general wealth,  
Before 't was portioned out to families ;  
And why should'st thou, but for thy selfish end,  
Desire this singleness of heart herein ?  
None other than man's adversary led

Him to despise his general happiness,  
And try specific knowledge of his good.

There is no type of heavenly happiness  
More true than unity of heart and soul —  
None more resembling pandemonium's din  
Than fed desire of man's base selfishness.  
God hath not set one heaven unto thee,  
And yet another for thy fellow man !

But last, the doubter this objection makes : —  
Since many idle men eat others' store,  
'T were best each choose his labor and reward !

Indeed, if all defects  
We would our ordinances frame against,  
Then were new laws required for every day  
Still unredressed.  
Art thou industrious, and thy fellow not ?  
Thy course may shame his malady to cure ;  
But, if disjoined in int'rest, then will not  
The glorious ensigns of your commonwealth  
Be gentry's pride and beggary's disgrace ?

Be slow to charge thy fellow with deceit ;  
His seeming sloth — the lagging spirit's sigh,  
May be but weakness to thy better strength.  
Thou hast reward in this — to his reproach.  
If any shun their cares, thou hast a law  
And ruler, unto whom thou may'st implead —  
For such th' apostle gave his just command,  
That he who would not work should neither eat.  
As ye a body are, hang not by shreds,  
But firmly cleave as one, in flesh and nerve ;  
Let sympathetic love be shared by each,  
And sad adversity prove you faithful friends.

Forget all former days ;  
Plead not your birth — the means you had — nor mourn  
Th' occasion lost that might, if plucked, have led  
To better things.

God's providence  
Hath cast you hither, under much distress, —

Take humbly His decree, and give Him thanks  
Who saved you from worse ills.

Remember Job — Naomi's patient grief  
In trial's hour — then be content and firm.  
Be quick to ease each other's heavy load —  
On future glory fixing constant aim.  
No grief so tedious as that shared by churls,  
Nor sorrows lighter than those chased by hope.  
Together cleave continually in the Lord!  
In unity there lie success and power —  
Disbanded, ye become the prey of each,  
And hellish hate usurps the seat of love.

But sealed in love — thus firm in holy faith —  
Th' inhuman heathens of these savage wilds,  
Who daily shed, through strife, each other's blood,  
Shall see in Christian lives a precedent  
To win them kindly from destruction's ways ;  
And thine example louder preach to them  
Than could one cry out in their barbarous tongue.  
The ears of loved ones, o'er far distant seas,  
Shall ring with joy at tidings of your peace,  
Their hearts out-reaching here to join your tents.

And oh, thy hope !

When comes the God of peace and unity  
With His angel Death to touch thee — as to those  
Thy many comrades gone before — to waft  
Thy souls from out this wandering wilderness  
Unto that joyful, heavenly Canaan land —  
It shall be well with thee !

## VII.

He ceased, and silence reigned with awe profound  
Where late he stood, upon that holy ground ;  
But yet his words still burning, ringing clear,  
With sweet repeatings told upon the ear.

For he was gone, who came to bring them peace  
And hope, and bid them God-speed, never cease ;—  
Their Arm of Strength in providential ways —  
Their Voice of Cheer in dark affliction's days.

Their blessings breathed — his bark hath plumed her wings —  
 What grief again to them this farewell brings !  
 His heart and son this refuge-land he gave,  
 In trust to find herein a home and grave.

Oh, Time unveiled ! Hope still her star displays —  
 The father's heart sees joy in future days ;  
 And while its distant, twinkling ray recedes,  
 It lights the breast that now with anguish bleeds.

Four years flow by — he drops the pilgrim's staff —  
 There rest his bones — here read his cenotaph,  
 Succeeding years — swift ages in their train,  
 And centuries have swelled th' eternal main  
 Since Death has hushed the herald's voice of love  
 On earth, to swell the heavenly hymn above ;  
 Yet, who shall know its glad and guiding power  
 O'er faint and wayward souls, in trouble's hour ?

It speaks to us ! The corridors of Time  
 From misty Past along the Ages chime  
 Its onward echo. With prophetic fire  
 It pleads for Union — warns of Discord's ire ;  
 Foreseeing Empire in its seed dilate  
 From Plymouth to Pacific's golden gate ;  
 To Faction's head implores, with earnest frown,  
 Spurn not the cross — secure the priceless crown !

### VIII.

On smiling nature looks the ravished sight,  
 And revels in her beauties and her light —  
 The glorious sun, that flames the morning sky  
 And flashes radiance from his throne on high,  
 Gilds leaf and dew — reflects the rainbow's beam,  
 And sparkling fairies dancing on the stream.

It loves the stretching landscape, verdure-spread —  
 The gloomy forest, arching high o'erhead ;  
 Sees heavenly beauty in the fragrant flower  
 Of living hues — and in the vine-clad bower.



The golden twilight moon, of Southern skies,  
 And star-gem'd dome that Evening canopies,  
 The lightning gleam — the leaping waterfall,  
 Toccoa<sup>32</sup> chiefest — these are glories all.

The endless, mazy cave, where dwelleth Night ;  
 Old Ocean, heaving with his restless might,—  
 How grand are these ! proclaiming God's wise plan ;  
 Yet crowning all, his latest work was man !

Sublimest then the scene to mortal eyes,  
 The man who gives his days a sacrifice  
 To his Maker's glory — his Savior's call,  
 And crowns his loving God the Lord of all.

O'er thee, our THOMAS ! sire of reverent years,  
 The halo of the Christian crown appears ;  
 Thy peaceful walk to wisdom's path was given —  
 Thy deeds to charity — thy voice to heaven.  
 This hallowed court how oft thy presence trod,  
 Here honored, and here taught, the law of God !  
 Here planted was the sacred vine, that now  
 A continent o'er shadows 'neath its bough ;  
 The tender shoot was nurtured by thy care —  
 We bless its grateful shade and fruitage fair.<sup>33</sup>

A father fallen ! the laborers flee the storm,  
 And Grief stands weeping o'er his agéd form,  
 The temple's draped in mourning's sombre pall —  
 His comrades bear him to the silent hall,  
 And heavenly light departs — a cloud appears !  
 A blessed pillar from the fabric gone,  
 Their Record tells, in language figure-drawn ;  
 They grave his virtues on his burial-stone —  
 Supply her hand and soothe his widow's tears.

Our Mother ! — MARY — name of sacred sound,  
 By Heaven blest, and by devotion crowned,  
 Companion worthy his long pilgrimage, —  
 Thine was the faithful heart his cares t' assuage.

A century's cycle more than half had run  
 That saw them journeying as two souls in one,

Link'd hand in hand adown life's weary vale,  
 Till evening shadows gather — footsteps fail,  
 And night winds chill — when lo! a star's faint light —  
 Their march is ending — heavenly home is in sight!

Careworn and tired, he lays him down to rest —  
 The morning grass waves drooping o'er his breast —  
 Alone! she totters onward to the west,  
 Beneath the burden of her heavy years.

Last garnered sheaf of Death's rich harvest-field,  
 When reaped he in the corn of May Flower yield,  
 Her kæll of fourscore years and ten was pealed,  
 She found saint's rest — and left this vale of tears.

What sorrows from her patient heart were wrung  
 Nor history knows, nor muse's lyre hath sung —  
 Affliction's keenest pang scarce found a tongue  
 When Death claimed half of all that little band;  
 As day by day he met them, face to face,  
 And smote some in his icy, cold embrace,  
 They smoothed the ground that told the burial-place,  
 And boldly walked as though they feared no hand!<sup>34</sup>

O, fate benign! this boon let nature crave —  
 One loving heart to weep above my grave;  
 To dress its humble mound with simple care,  
 And feel that love, that worth lies buried there:  
 To plant the glistening olea's pointed shade,  
 And lift the fragrant jasmine's drooping head;  
 Sometimes at eve to turn, with weary breast,  
 From earth's sad strife to this, her only rest —  
 The mind to immortality attune,  
 And with my hovering spirit hold commune.

The silent city of the sleeping dead!  
 Here enter with a hallowed heart and tread,  
 Nor bring one worldly thought — or spark of strife  
 That kindled at thy neighbor's breath in life.  
 Bring hither flowers, and strew the narrow bed!  
 Let Order — Peace, their holy influence shed;  
 To humble virtue pay the tribute due —  
 O'er manhood's ashes set the stately yew;

To human frailty give an honest tear,  
 Nor desecrate with scorn its lowly bier :  
 To childhood's innocence — of bliss secure —  
 Its emblems chaste, in snowy marble pure ;  
 To Christian excellence, and the hero's praise,  
 The tablet rear, and stately column raise ; —  
 That worth may read, while struggling for the right,  
 The victor's honors of the well-fought fight ;  
 And faith may see, as pointed unto heaven,  
 Its crown there waiting, and its sins forgiven !

---

The following original hymn, written by Rev. R. W. Cushman, D.D.,  
 was then sung to the tune of "America."

#### ORIGINAL HYMN.

From homes afar and near  
 We've met together here —  
 A filial band, —  
 Where Christian exiles sleep,  
 Who came o'er ocean's deep  
 To love, and pray, and weep  
 For their own land.

Softly and slow we'll tread  
 Where rest the holy dead,  
 Of pilgrim fame ;  
 Though different names we bear  
 We boast the blood we share,  
 And to their grave repair  
 From whom we came.

O, God ! our errand cheer ;  
 Protect the pile we rear !  
 From this good day  
 Bestow the rightful claim  
 Of grateful deathless fame  
 On him who "sought no name !"  
 For this we pray.

The services in the church were then closed by the following appropriate and feeling benediction, pronounced by the Rev. James Kendall, D.D., the venerable senior pastor of the First Church in Plymouth, then in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

### B E N E D I C T I O N .

Now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who proclaimed and proved Himself the way and the truth and the life; and whose truth makes us free; and the love of God—the Father of an infinite compassion—whose guardian Providence was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to our pious ancestors, in all their trials, privations and perils, by sea and upon the land; and the communion and fellowship of His Holy Spirit, which was their Sanctifier and Comforter during their sojourn on this hallowed ground, consecrated by their prayers, their tears and their graves—be and abide with us, their descendants, to the latest generations—that we, too, may be prepared to join the spirits of the just, the church of the First Born, and with them to have our fellowship in the purest and holiest sense, with the Father, and with His Son, Christ Jesus. Amen.

At the conclusion of the services in the meeting house, the rain having subsided sufficiently for the purpose, the audience repaired to Burying Hill, where Rev. R. W. Cushman, D. D., offered the consecration prayer. The boisterous wind which prevailed prevented other services, except the singing of the following hymn by all present, to the tune of "Old Hundred."

### H Y M N .

From all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise;  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;  
 Eternal truth attends thy Word;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## SOCIAL DINNER.

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At the close of the consecration services the company proceeded to the Samoset House, where a dinner had been provided in the large hall, under direction of a Committee of the officers of the Monument Association. This was so fully attended that every seat at the table was occupied. Hon. Henry W. Cushman, of Bernardston, President of the Association, at the request of those present, took the chair.

Before partaking of the repast, Rev. Job Cushman, of Iowa, asked a blessing, in the following words:—

O Lord, thou Sovereign of the Universe! "Possessor of heaven and earth!" in thee we recognize the God of our fathers. We praise thee that thou didst sustain them amid the manifold trials inseparable from the age in which, and the circumstances under which, they lived; that thou didst bring them safely over the stormy ocean and plant them on the very earth which we now tread, "a noble vine, wholly a right seed." Multiplied as were the adversities which encompassed them, they trusted in the Lord, and were delivered, "because thou favorest them." We give thee honor and glory that thou hast been with our fathers, in their successive generations; and now instead of the fathers are the children, as it is this day, whom may God abundantly bless. Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers, that put such a thing in the heart of us, their posterity, as to erect a monument, which shall perpetuate their names and memory, and which has, this day, been consecrated by the solemn services of religion.

We would now look unto the rock whence we were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence we were digged; we would look unto Thomas, our father, and to Mary, the mother of us all; for surely thou, O Lord, didst call them, and blessed them and increased them, as it is this day, in the person of their posterity. O thou, God of our fathers Robert and Thomas! we praise thee that so goodly a number of us, their sons and their daughters, have come up, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to unite in the services of the consecration. May we, as we are the

recipients of the bounties prepared for us, and which are pleasant to our taste and nourishing to our natures, be truly thankful to thee, our God, while we recall to remembrance the period when "our fathers found no sustenance," only as they sucked "of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand." Be with us, thou God of our fathers, as thou wast with them, amid the ever shifting, ever changing scenes of earth and time; and when our last great mortal change shall have come, "and the silver cord be loosed," may we, with a great multitude of our "kindred according to the flesh," washed in the blood of the Lamb, and sanctified by the "eternal Spirit," meet in heaven, there, as the ages of a ceaseless, wasteless eternity roll around, sing that song which no angel-heart can conceive, which no angel-tongue can sing,—the song of redeeming grace, of dying love:—even now permit us to respond to the song of heaven, and unite with the glorified spirits of our fathers and of our kindred, who have died in the faith, in ascribing "Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb." Amen and amen.

The repast, which had been prepared with unusual care, having been ended, the company passed a portion of the afternoon, during the raging of the storm without, in a social manner. The entertainment was commenced by Hon. HENRY W. CUSHMAN, President of the day, with the following address:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—DESCENDANTS OF ROBERT CUSHMAN:—  
GENTLEMEN OF THE PILGRIM SOCIETY:—

We are assembled on no *common* occasion, and for no *ordinary* purpose. A paternal and a pious duty has brought us from distant homes to the shrines of the Pilgrims;—to the last resting-place of the great and good of former days;—to the graves of our immediate ancestors, whose memories we so greatly revere and would so highly honor.

"To attend to the neglected and remember the forgotten," says Edmund Burke, "is an evidence of an advancing civilization and a Christian refinement." First, we must *know* the virtues and the services of our ancestors, and then we are prepared to love and to imitate them. Hence, the importance of all biographical and genealogical researches. Hence, the value of the granite shaft we have this day solemnly consecrated. And hence, also, comes the personal improvement in standing by the grave of the good and true whose spirits have gone "to the great Hereafter of the Blessed."

To the descendants of Robert Cushman, (and every Cushman in America is from the same common ancestor, except a few Irish emigrants, whose names should be spelled *Cashman*, instead of *Cushman*.) to us it is peculiarly and most appropriately a *duty* to inscribe in bronze and perpetuate by the granite, the character, the important services and the pious life of him, who,

by the modesty of his manner and the force of peculiar circumstances, has not had full justice done him in the past. The first and continued agent of the Puritan colony at Leyden, in Holland; the charterer of the May Flower; the early immigrant to this then uncultivated and uncivilized land; and ever after, so long as he lived, the persevering and satisfactory agent of the Plymouth colony at London, could not have been an *ordinary* man. While Carver and Bradford and Winslow are well known in history as governors of the small colony here, Robert Cushman occupied an equally high and important place in the mother country, in providing for the very existence and perpetuity of his colleagues in America.

If, then, our progenitor labored more, but was less known, two hundred and fifty years ago, it is, most assuredly, an incumbent duty on us, who know the truth, to speak it boldly and fully now. And it is a satisfaction that my poor words cannot express, that God, in his great goodness and mercy, has raised *us* up, and given *us* a heart and a will to speak, to print, and to perpetuate by the everlasting granite, the services and the virtues of ROBERT CUSHMAN THE PILGRIM.

I know well — for the world is full of similar instances — that neither in the lifetime, nor at the death, nor even during the century following, has justice always been done to the greatest actors in the life-drama of human progress and reform. Two hundred years have passed away, and now the unsurpassing ability, the genius and the virtues of OLIVER CROMWELL *begin* to be spoken. For two hundred years the pen and the tongue of royalists have represented him as a despicable usurper, — a heartless demagogue, — a destroyer of all that was valuable and good in human society. Now, the independent language of the republican has *begun* to speak the truth of him; and the coming ages will speak the whole truth of one of the great patriots and reformers of the world.

So it will be with ROBERT CUSHMAN. If the past has neglected or forgotten him, we have *begun* to do him justice: — only *begun*, I know. God grant that others may follow on in the work we have commenced. I know it will be so; for I have faith in God, — faith in man, — faith in eternal justice. The future will surely do for him what the past has omitted.

“PILGRIM OF GLORY! — then shall rise  
 Fast praise from heart and tongue  
 Of all for whom, in sacrifice,  
 Like martyr-saints, ye sprung: —  
 And our children's children shall outpour,  
 From echoing clime to clime,  
 New peans for the toils ye bore  
 In a nation's morning time.”

And, in this connection, my respected friends, I desire to say that it was a source of great regret that, in the Cushman Genealogy, no account of the origin or early life of our ancestor, Robert Cushman, could be given, and

that all that is known of him is contained in the history of only about eight years of his life. At the time of his lamented decease he was, probably, from forty to forty-five years of age. Consequently, the biography of his first thirty to thirty-five years is entirely unknown. Efforts had been made to ascertain his early residence and his ancestors in England; but, up to the time of the publication of our genealogy, without success. I have now the satisfaction of announcing that, by the aid of H. G. Somerby, Esq.—that indefatigable and successful searcher of English records, there is a reasonable probability that the origin of Robert Cushman may yet be ascertained. Mr. Somerby wrote me, under date of Nov. 5, 1855, that, a few days before he left England, he had occasion to make a flying visit to the County of Kent, where he saw the name of CUSHMAN among the early records. And he adds, “I have no doubt, from the fact that Robert Cushman spoke of his friends in Kent, that your ancestors must be sought for in that county.” And again, in November, 1857, he wrote me from Boston that he was about to revisit England, “and may have occasion to visit Kent, which I *have no doubt*, is the county of your ancestors.” I immediately placed funds at his disposal for the proposed investigation, and we have now, I think, reasonable cause for congratulation and joy in the prospect of obtaining some knowledge of the early life of him whose memory we have this day met to commemorate and to honor.

But, while we erect a cenotaph for Robert Cushman, let us not forget, at this festive season, his worthy and excellent son, Thomas—from whom, also, we have all descended, and whose remains are safely included in the base of the monument which has now received our blessing. If he was not as eminent for *great* deeds as his father; if his sphere of action and of duty was more circumscribed,—he was, nevertheless, *a good, a useful, and a true Christian man*. For upwards of forty-three consecutive years he performed the often arduous duties of RULING ELDER of the first Congregational church on this continent. For more than a quarter of that period the Plymouth church was without a pastor—and tradition informs us that during all those years there was never an omission of the usual services of the Sabbath—the worship having been carried on by the Ruling Elder. In the year 1715, a quarter of a century after his death, a contribution was taken by the church and society over which he so long presided, and a gravestone, which you have all seen to-day, of considerable cost, no doubt, at that time, was erected to his memory. And now, one hundred and sixty-seven years after his decease, his grateful and affectionate descendants renew their veneration for his labors, and inscribe on the enduring tablet their appreciation of the purity and usefulness of his life. All honor, then, on this solemn but joyous occasion, to the memory of ELDER THOMAS CUSHMAN; and not less so to his excellent and beloved wife, Mary Allerton, with whom he lived in the bonds of a pious and holy connubial connection the long period of



fifty-six years. As she was the last survivor, at the age of ninety years, of all the one hundred "first comers" in the *May Flower*, so let us, her numerous sons and daughters, cherish her memory and her virtues with a solicitude that has no bounds, and with a depth of affection that time can never destroy.

"O! many a time it hath been told,  
The story of those men of old:  
For this fair Poetry hath wreathed  
Her sweetest, purest flower:  
For this proud Eloquence hath breathed  
His strain of loftiest power:  
Devotion, too, hath lingered round  
Each spot of consecrated ground,  
And hill and valley blessed;  
There, where our banished fathers strayed,  
There, where they loved and wept and prayed,  
There, where their ashes rest.

"Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them  
More deathless than the diadem,  
Who, to life's noblest end,  
Gave up life's noblest powers,  
And bade the legacy descend  
Down, down to us and ours."

But, ladies and gentlemen, I detain you too long, with my poor remarks, from the rich "feast of reason and flow of soul" which may be expected from the distinguished gentlemen around me.

But you will permit me, before I close, in behalf of the Cushman Monument Association, to tender to the distinguished President and Board of Trustees of the Pilgrim Society, of Plymouth, a most cordial and hearty welcome on this occasion. We welcome you, gentlemen, as worthy descendants of the pilgrim fathers of New England,—as co-laborers in the great and glorious work of rescuing from oblivion and preserving for future ages, the character and acts of a body of men whose principles are revolutionizing the world. We thank you for your presence to-day, and for your cooperation in the great and important work we have this day consummated. And, more than all, we thank you, gentlemen, most deeply for the plan of a monument, which you have sanctioned, to be erected on yonder height, which, when completed, will be a worthy and a splendid memento of the services of the fathers and of the gratitude of their children.

And now, brethren of the Cushman race, allow me to congratulate you on the completion and consecration of a worthy monument of worthy sires. Three years ago, at a great Cushman meeting at this place, our friend CHARLES CUSHMAN, Esq., of Boston, recommended, as Chairman of a Committee, the erection of such a monument, and to accomplish that object, subsequently, the "Cushman Monument Association" was formed. To collect subscriptions of a family never remarkable for their wealth, scattered

over more than half the states and territories of the Union, was no small task. *But it was done.* The work is finished; and, thanks to a good Providence, we are here to-day to join in the services of its consecration. I congratulate you that you have thus shown your appreciation of the moral worth of principles and acts *that shall never die.* I congratulate you that the Cushmans, as a family, are the first to erect a public monument, on this hallowed ground, to the memory of their pilgrim fathers. It is, indeed, no small matter to be the *first* in such an enterprise — in such a truly glorious work. And, finally, I congratulate you, with an overflowing heart, on the success of the consecration services of this day, notwithstanding the unpleasant state of the weather. Long will it be remembered as the *great day of the Cushman race*; as the crowning act of the Cushmans of this age and generation.

“ Sons of the Pilgrims! well ye may  
High honors to your fathers pay, —  
With rapture on their memories dwell,  
And to your sons the story tell.”

Begging your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, for detaining you so long, I will close with the following sentiment, —

*The Day we Celebrate*—The two hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of the sailing of the *May Flower* from Plymouth, England, for America—

“ We will honor the day when the *May Flower* sailed,  
And honor the charge that she bore,  
The stern, the religious, the glorious men,  
Whom she set on our rough native shore.”

To this sentiment the Rev. DAVID CUSHMAN, of Warren, Maine, responded, as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT, KINSMEN AND RELATIVES OF THE CUSHMAN FAMILY:

I cannot address you as ladies and gentlemen — it is too distant — I wish to bring you nearer to me than these terms imply: — therefore I speak so as to recognize the relationship which exists between us, as arising from our common ancestor — Robert, the Pilgrim.

“ The day we celebrate.” This is, indeed, a stormy one. The forces of nature have gathered — the winds have been violent — and the rain has descended in torrents upon us. But, it is all light and peace and serenity above. The sun shines just as luminously this day as he did before the storm commenced; and he will continue to shine long years after it has passed away. Our circumstances affect not general laws, and what are inconveniences to us may be blessings on a wider scale.

Mr. President — life has its storms, and we are required to battle them. It was, indeed, a stormy day — that revolution from whence sprung our independence, with which we have been familiar from the days of our child-

hood to this 16th of September, 1858. In one of those years, when the political heavens were dark and the skies stormy, a little vessel, of eight tons, might have been seen issuing from this harbor of Plymouth, and, borrowing a phrase from the sea, hugging the shores, to avoid the British cruisers, till it arrived as far east as Casco Bay. There, one of the families — for it contained two — consisting of the father, mother and several children, left and went back and settled in that part of the country which forms the present towns of Hebron and Minot, and it was the origin of all the Cushmans who are found in that part of the State of Maine. The other family continued on till it crossed the Kennebec River, and came and settled in the present town of Woolwich, near the line which separates it from Wiscasset. The man who left at Falmouth was my great uncle, and the one who continued on was my grandfather — for they were brothers — and had fled to those parts to avoid being drafted away from their young and rising families, and the other vexations and liabilities of a distressing war. My father, at that time, was a little boy, of eight years of age. My grandfather had a family of ten children, — five sons and five daughters. My father was the third son. He married Mrs. Hannah B. Nutter, of Wiscasset, and lived with her fifty-seven years and eleven months. The youngest son, at grandfather's death, took the homestead, and lived and died there. He was the father of twenty-two children. He had two wives; eleven children by each wife. [A voice. "Did he have them both at once?"] No SIR. There were no Mormons in those days. He was a good man and true: — true to his family — to his country — to his God: and it is hoped that none of the Cushmans will ever settle in Utah. But that generation has all passed away. I attended the funeral of the last of grandfather's children — Aunt Louisa — in the summer of 1856. She died in Newcastle, and I was a clergyman there.

Sir — there are some events which are small in their inceptions, but mighty in their results. Like the little stream, far back in the wilderness, the current of whose waters the foot of the wild fox may check, but which, after it has passed along and received the contributions of other streams, attracts the notice and obtains the encomiums of those both distant and near. Such was the pilgrim enterprise. Those were stormy days — more stormy, in important respects, than any we have ever seen, and of which the terrors of this day are but a faint emblem. The May Flower put out on the wide waters and stretched her way across the boisterous Atlantic; the Speedwell was obliged to go back. That enterprise was too insignificant to attract the attention of the crowned heads and reigning powers of Europe: but it was mighty in its results: — yea, its results have not yet been reached — they have only been entered on — future times will understand them better than we now do.

But we meet here this day to commemorate the virtues of that noble class of men; and, especially, our ancestors, Robert, the pilgrim, Thomas, the

Elder, and Mary Allerton, his beloved and constant wife. We have met this day, the two hundred and thirty-third anniversary from the sailing of the *May Flower*, to consecrate the monument raised over their graves, and which to future generations shall point out their final resting-place.

Sir—great credit is due to this Association—to its President, its officers, its members—to the architect, and to all the contributors, for this memorial of our ancestors' patriotism and worth. There it stands—beautiful, simple, majestic, grand! It is an emblem of their endurance, their modesty, their firmness of character, their faith. There let it continue—with its foundation broad and deep, containing all that remains of that moral hero and the noble woman who shared his fortunes—with its apex pointing up to the throne of that Being in whom they trusted, and whom they found to be a God of the sea and of the solid land.

Sir—we have met here this day, but we are soon to separate. The sound of the railroad bell bids me cut short my remarks; but, in closing, allow me to express the wish that the mantle of our ancestors' virtues may fall on us, their living descendants, and that we may be enabled to meet the storms of life, and so exercise faith in the pilgrims' God and Father as that when this short voyage of our earthly existence is ended, we may safely land on that radiant shore where the tempest's mighty power is never felt, but where the sun shines without any intervening cloud, and the wildness of the day and the darkness of the night can never come on.

While the Rev. Mr. Cushman, of Maine, was speaking, the railroad bell gave signal that the cars were ready to proceed to Boston. At this announcement a considerable number of the company rose from the table and started for their homes. Several of them, however, left with the President written sentiments, which will be found in a subsequent part of the proceedings. Many of the family, whose voices would have added to the delights of the occasion, were thus deprived of an opportunity of making addresses, much to the loss of those who remained.

The next sentiment announced by the Chair was as follows:—

*Our Deceased Friends*—Who were with us at the Cushman Celebration in 1855, and who have contributed so much to the successful efforts in erecting this monument. They are now reaping the reward of their labors.

REV. ROBERT W. CUSHMAN, D.D., responded to this sentiment as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT:

I regret that the early departure of the train will deprive me of the greatest pleasure of this entertainment—"the feast of reason and the flow

of soul,"—and will compel me to brevity in the discharge of the duty to which the sentiment you have announced calls me.

This is, in many respects, a most joyous occasion. It is a family gathering. "Though various names we bear," we are all of one blood. We have accomplished a great and good thing. We have obeyed "the first commandment with promise:" we have honored our father and mother; and, whatever may be our own individual shares in the fulfilment of that promise, we have taken care that their names shall not perish from the land which the Lord their God gave them. And, in so doing, we have discharged a two-fold duty,—we have rendered the honor which was due to our ancestors, and have given a legacy to our posterity; and, if our other endeavors to benefit them by wealth, wisdom, or worth, shall have been in vain, they may turn to yonder holy ground, and, from our common bequest of the record of our fathers' virtues, re-assure their own; and, perchance, while they think of "the rock whence they were hewn," and survey the structure we have reared, may feel that all is not lost that we shall have left them:—that they have some cause of grateful remembrance of us.

Yes, sir: this is a joyous occasion; and an occasion of thanksgiving to God. Let the shaft be not only our fathers' monument, but our own *ebenezer*. Three years ago we met to initiate this work of filial piety; to-day we celebrate its completion. We began it with the invocation of the divine blessing; we have prosecuted it with the aid of answered prayer; and it is fitting that, in the *bringing forth of the headstone thereof*, there should be *shouting of grace, grace unto it*.

Yes, I say again, it is a joyous occasion. But, ah me! how few family gatherings have not sadness in their cup of joy. The loved ones, for whom

"The graveyard bears an added stone,  
The fireside shows a vacant chair,"

come up in memory before us as they were in life at our former gatherings. Love beams from their eyes as then. Their tones of kindness fall on the ear. We almost grasp their hands again. But the vision flies; and the sad reality comes, "like a blight over our spirits," that we shall meet them on earth no more.

We have not with us, to-day, all who, three years ago, shared with us the hopes of our inception. Shall we forget them in the joy of our achievement? Life's two extremes have yielded from that festival their tribute to the grave. Young Henry,\* son of Elisha, was with us in the strength and beauty of his youth, bidding fair to fulfil the brightest hopes of those who loved him. And there, too, was the patriarchal form of the truly Reverend

\* Died at Charleston, S. C., April 14, 1857, Henry M. Cushman, assistant editor of the Charleston Courier, aged thirty-three. He formerly resided at Boston, and was an assistant editor of the Boston Times.

Henry,\* who had spent more than fifty years in the double service of fitting three generations both for the life that now is, and for that which is to come. With what joy did he hail our good beginning; with what fervor did he pray for its success; with what delight would he have shared in this day's rejoicings! He had scarcely left us when he was called to be "gathered to his fathers."

And there, too, was Bazeleel,† son of Caleb, the son of Caleb, and great-grandson of Benjamin;—Bazeleel, the brother of Sarah and Reuben, of Jesse and Huldah, of Olive and Mary, of Austin and Ansel, of Charlotte, Florella and Rosamond, worthy representatives of old testament and new testament and mediæval times;—Bazeleel, another veteran of the school-room; the man of busy life; of genial heart, of modest pretensions, of sterling worth, "respected and beloved by men of all parties;" whom those who knew him best most delighted to honor; the man who was your most laborious coadjutor, Sir, in gathering from the dust of ages the materials of that triumphal arch through whose portal the future generations of our race may pass up to the family cradle.

And there, also, was that son of the ocean, Captain Aaron C. Cushman,‡ who so cheerfully shared with some of us the counsels and cares of initiating the enterprise, over the completion of which we have met to rejoice. When we last saw him he was in the glowing summer-time of years and health, and few had so little to fear the near approach of death as he. But he is gone; "his voyage, it is ended;" we shall see that manly form no more.

And others were there on that happy occasion—sisters of the family—whom we shall never see again. We miss one,§ whose gentle virtues made a happy home, but whose bodily infirmities seldom allowed them to shine beyond. But she came forth on that day to share in our beginnings, and to cheer her husband in the care we laid on him as the treasurer of our organization. He is with us in this our time of joy, but the gladness of other hearts can bring no joy to him. The day is bright with us, in spite of the storm,—*to him* the tempest is "the color of his fate." Deep and tender be our sympathy with our brother Charles, who, to-day, has missed the loving

\* Rev. Henry Cushman, of Phillips, Maine, [see Cushman Genealogy, No. 1007,] died at Newburyport, Mass., in August or September, 1855, aged seventy-four. He was on his way home from the Cushman Celebration, at Plymouth, in August, 1855, in which he took a prominent part, and died in the family of one of his children.

† Died at Portland, Maine, Sunday, June 21, 1857, Bazeleel Cushman, Esq., aged seventy-two. [See Cushman Genealogy, No. 633.]

‡ Died at sea, in the Pacific Ocean, on board of the whale ship Lancer, of which he was master, Captain Aaron C. Cushman, of New Bedford, aged forty-nine. His (second) wife was with him when he died. Taking passage home she also died at sea, and the remains of both were sent to New Bedford and were interred together.

§ Died at Cambridge, February 9, 1853, Mrs. Salumith W. Cushman, wife of Charles Cushman, Esq., aged nearly fifty-four.

weight which then leaned on his arm; but who, amid all the crowd and joy of this day, feels himself *alone*!

And there was yet another:— Sir, the sentiment to which I am speaking makes me the guardian of precious memories, and I must speak of them *all*, though I know not how to speak of them fitly,— there was another,\* of tall and slender form, whose quiet manners, whose easy conversation, whose genial spirit, and whose warm interest in our enterprise, would have made her among the first to be sought and greeted to-day. Providence had cast her happy lot—*most happily* for us—where every pulsation of her warm heart, and every look of love, and every word of her winning tongue, might tell on our enterprise by their rightful power on the heart of him who has led us in its accomplishment. In addressing the Chair I will not pronounce the name she bore on earth; and “I know not yet her name in heaven;” but I may speak of her as a woman who adorned her sex, and as a friend in whom all who had her friendship learned what a friend should be. I may speak of her as a Christian, whose charities commended her to the blessings of them who were ready to perish; and as a wife, whose qualities of heart and mind made the warmth and light of summer to last all the year in her husband’s home.

Thus are we passing away; and the day is drawing on when the last of us will have gone from among the living. May we so spend what remains of life to us, that we may be prepared to enter the better land—“the heavenly country”—where our pilgrim fathers are!

Rev. Dr. R. W. CUSHMAN offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Cushman Monument Association be presented to JOHN OWEN, Esq., of Cambridge, for his valuable services in the erection of the Monument, and that, therefore, he be constituted an Honorary Member of this Association.

The President announced the next sentiment:—

*Our Brethren, the descendants of Robert and Elder Thomas Cushman, who reside in distant States—* May they, although widely scattered, be ever drawn together by the ever-enduring cords of affection, springing from a respect for the family character.

REV. GEORGE F. CUSHMAN, of Cahaba, Alabama, responded:—

MR. PRESIDENT, AND KINSMEN:

It is, sir, with no affected diffidence that I rise to respond to the sentiment which has just been offered, and yet, I am glad that an opportunity is given me to express the pleasure which I feel at being here, on this spot, upon an occasion so interesting to all who bear the Cushman name. No one,

\* Died at Bernardston, October 11, 1855, Mrs. Maria L. Cushman, wife of Hon. Henry W. Cushman, aged fifty-one.

sir, could have rejoiced more than I did, when, three years ago, I heard that a family gathering was to be collected upon this hallowed ground; — no one can see yonder monument rear its head with feelings of prouder satisfaction than myself. Sir, it would, in my judgment, have more than compensated for the expense and trouble of these two gatherings — and I do not underrate them — if they had effected no other good than to have made us acquainted with the fact that there was a Cushman family. They would thus have expanded our social sympathies and feelings, — they would have enlarged all the more generous qualities of our natures, — the nobler instincts and impulses of our hearts. We should thus have learned to be interested in and to love others besides ourselves, because they were bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. These gatherings have told us, sir, that we are not alone. Wherever we may have wandered, in the far east or the still more distant west, — in the cold north or under a genial southern sun, — when, perchance, we have been solitary and sad, and have felt, like the old prophet, that we were left alone of the children of Robert, these gatherings have come in to assure us that at Plymouth Rock still stood the family roof-tree; that there are yet thousands of the name and race, in whose veins still runs the pilgrim blood, and the assurance has comforted us.

And besides, sir, these gatherings have been a source of more general and permanent good. They have done much, they will do more, to correct the silence of history. We all must have been struck with the remark of our reverend kinsman, three years ago, that the history of Robert Cushman presented an illustration of the accidents of fame. When we sought the record of his name in the popular histories of our land, no vestige of it could be found. But few of us could trace our descent up to our parent stock. The only allusions to our ancestors were to be found in private journals, or in the Records of Plymouth Colony, then hid in obscurity, but now made luminous by the antiquarian lore of a member of the Cushman family. History had no niche for him in her temple of fame; no biographical dictionaries handed him down to well deserved honors. They ignored the very existence of “the pilgrims’ right hand.” These gatherings have already done much to remedy the defect. It is but a few days since I had occasion to take up a history of Massachusetts, in three octavo volumes, published last year in your capital city. I looked for the Cushman name, and found a dozen or more allusions to the Pilgrim Robert, and to his son, the Elder. A popular biographical dictionary, published since our last gathering, gives a sketch of the Cushman family, and this is all in addition to the Genealogy of our distinguished Chairman, the pioneer in this labor of love. Sir, this — and it is an achievement to be proud of — has been already effected by our family gatherings, by your labors, sir, and the labors of your coadjutors. Robert Cushman sought no name, and his children have given him one, — a name that will never die. We have thus done something to pay the debt that was due to our ancestors,



for the legacy of spotless fame] which they have left us; side by side, we have reared a historic and a granite shaft. We have made an investment, which, to us and to ours, to the end of time, will pay a usurious interest.

Sir, I am reminded, by the sentiment which you have offered, that we are here the representatives of a wide spread family. Maine and Oregon in the north, Georgia and Alabama in the south, England and Chili in foreign lands, all contain members of it. The diversity in climate is not greater than the diversity in manners and institutions, in pursuits and interests. And yet, a common tie of blood unites us in one great brotherhood. Twice we have met together for a common purpose. We have laid aside our diversities, we have suppressed all those points of contrast which might sunder us, and are trying to show to the world the example of a united race. All are, all have been welcomed here, whatever their standard of orthodoxy, whatever their political shibboleth; Georgia and Alabama are as much at home as Massachusetts and Maine. In this regard we have improved upon the practice of the fathers. Robert Cushman, we read in the Chronicles, was much averse to the coming of one John Lyford into this colony. I stand here, it may be, the only representative of John Lyford's faith and office; though, if the Pilgrim Records are to be credited, I trust not of his manners and morals—and feel that there is no one of the Cushman name who therefore regards me with a hostile sentiment or an averted eye. The pilgrim to the family roof-tree is welcome, whencesoever he comes, with whatever opinions, with whatever faith. For one day we have proclaimed a truce to warring contests and strife,—we are at peace. No sectional voice is heard here,—no mutual reproach. To-morrow, it may be, we shall renew the strife, but the world will be all the better for one day of peace,—for the spectacle of so many diverse interests flowing in one channel. Possibly, the thought may come to them, if it can be for a day, why not for all time?—they may profit by the example. “See that ye fall not out by the way,” was the wise counsel of the patriarch Joseph. Such, methinks, is the solemn voice that speaks to us from the Cushman monument, and we give words to the voice, in the following sentiment:—

*The Descendants of Robert Cushman*—Let their motto ever be, in essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.

Dr. EARL CUSHMAN, of Orwell, Vt., then addressed the company, as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW KINSMEN:

Those who know me best know that I am much more accustomed to *practice* than to *preach*,—that I am little accustomed to address public assemblies; but, on an occasion like this, I can hardly refrain from saying something. In consequence of the early departure from the meeting of my

*colleague*, I am obliged to alter my *program*; besides, the lateness of the hour admonishes me that I should not make a speech, if I would.

Mr. President, — I, in common with many others of the Cushman name, have the satisfaction to know that I had my birthplace in Massachusetts; a State that, by her educational system, her enterprise, her arts, her internal improvements, her munificence and her charities, has excited the admiration of the world. She, with her offset, Maine, has nurtured more of the name than all other States; and who would not be proud to claim his birthplace in old Massachusetts? I will propose, as a sentiment,

*Massachusetts* — May her Cushman offspring ever be ready to acknowledge her as their Alma Mater, and she as willing to admit her maternity.

The following sentiment was then announced: —

*Elder Thomas Cushman* — One hundred and forty-three years ago the First Church in Plymouth erected, by contribution, a monument to "that precious servant of God." To-day his two thousand descendants, with a devout and filial gratitude, consecrate another memorial of his labors, — his piety, — his whole life.

Rev. RUEL L. CUSHMAN, of Orleans, Indiana, made an interesting response, full of beautiful thoughts and wise suggestions. It is to be regretted that a report of his remarks cannot be had for publication. He closed with the following sentiment: —

*Robert Cushman, our common Ancestor* — In rearing a monument to his memory we honor it rather for his *goodness* than his greatness.

The next regular sentiment was

*Isaac Allerton* — The maternal ancestor of all the Cushmans. The first to commence the commerce and fisheries of New England. By his enterprise, perseverance and ability, he established a reputation which time can never destroy.

In response to this sentiment, MEAD ALLERTON, Esq., of Port Gibson, N. Y., offered the following sentiment: —

*The Cushman Family* — Ever prominent in the cause of Christianity and Philanthropy. The monument consecrated this day to their Pilgrim ancestors is an honor to the name and to Plymouth, the home of the Pilgrims.

*The Orator of the Day* — With great ability he has portrayed to us lofty examples of patriotism and virtue. May we *practice* what he has so well taught,

To this sentiment the Rev. ELISHA CUSHMAN made an appropriate response.

*The Poet of the Occasion* — "In words that breathe and thoughts that burn" he has told us the story of the past. He has our grateful thanks.

DR. CHARLES T. CUSHMAN, of Columbus, Ga., responded with the following remarks:—

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The reader of Plymouth annals has, doubtless, referred the origin of our classic expression, which curtly describes the insertion of the pedal extremity into an intricacy, in half the words, "put his foot in it," to Gov. Bradford's experience. He was one of the first exploring party from the *May Flower*, and, treading upon an Indian deer-trap, concealed in the woods, he was neatly swung up by a young sapling, in a picturesque, *reverse* position! I am always apprehensive of being a fresh victim to this awkward predicament when called upon for a speech.

I lately read in the papers, of a lady, way down East, in the State of Maine—where, as we of the South are told, sunrise is daily brought about by means of long, hemlock lever skids—who determined to travel, and see the world for herself. She accordingly took passage in a "skewner," (I think they call it over there,) and sailed for New Bedford, where, for the *first* time in her life, she saw a railroad, and—a negro! I can well imagine her degree of surprise, from my experience of to-day. The colored man is no novelty to me at home, and railroads are apt to lie in one's path in Massachusetts. But of kinfolks, and country cousins! one does n't often *know of*—much less confront—as many as I see before me. Can I believe they are all mine? Let me tell you why it seems impossible. My father's household, and my own after him, together numbered exactly ten persons of our name. Outside of these, I have never seen, until this occasion, but just two dozen Cushmans, counting from age to infancy. Were he living now, at the age of seventy-six, he could see but three of his grandchildren,\* and, of great-grandchildren, none. Nor is this the result of hereditary short life in our branch—the fathers having averaged nearly sixty-five, the mothers nearly seventy years.

You, Maine fathers of twenty-two heirs! You, New Hampshire sires of double twins! You, Massachusetts mothers of triplets! You, down-east husbands of four wives! and YOU! *fruitful* maiden brides past seventy! (I speak by the book,) will perceive the isolated difficulty of my situation.

Before I *read* the good report of you, had I been asked to "guess" the total number of Cushmans, I *might* have jumped as high as three hundred! But I find that, as a race, we are not only prolific, but long-lived; the six extinct generations having averaged, as nearly as can be ascertained, over fifty-seven years.

From these our acts of family enterprise, let no one infer that we seek to establish an aristocracy of blood. Nothing could be more foreign to our feelings or design. Our "Genealogy" will tell you that our race is democratic, by a large majority. And this is, perhaps, owing to the fact that we

\* Rev. Job, at. 72—1526—had 115!

are sprung from Kent, the only county in England in which the law of primogeniture does not exist.

Our simple family history is expected to interest the world far less than ourselves. It has a prominent thread of egotism necessarily running through it. Critics may sneer at this, but 'tis none of their business! 'Tis a family affair, and we could n't well shine without this particular element. True, we are all dressed out in our Sunday best, but 'tis for the special admiration of our sweethearts, our wives, our children, our parents, our cousins — and there's a heap of *them*, particularly down-cast.

A *contempt* for relationship is a peculiar trait of our republican country, and has grown to become an unworthy fault. We have a ludicrous habit of expression, in Georgia, of disclaiming a relationship that is not *known* to, although it really may, exist between two persons of the same name. For instance:

“Is *Major* Blowhard, of Slowtown, any relation to you?”

“Nary kin! He's another breed o' dogs.”

In conclusion, I offer you:

*Our Genealogist* — Who has shown us, in himself, a rare model of step-fathership. With no children of his own, he has looked after lots of other people's.

*The Pilgrim Society of Plymouth.* — In the past it has done a great and a good work, — its future is to be rendered still more honorable by the magnificent monument it now proposes to erect in memory of the Pilgrim Fathers.

To this sentiment Hon. CHARLES G. DAVIS, of Plymouth, responded.

Volunteer sentiments being called for, Dr. CHARLES T. CUSHMAN, of Columbus, Ga., offered, and proposed that it be received standing,

*The Memory of Rev. Walter Colton* — Late Chaplain United States Navy; Alcade of Monterey; author of “Three Years in California” — “Deck and Port” — “Ship and Shore,” &c.; a lineal descendant of Robert Cushman, in the seventh degree — grandson of Susanna, of Vermont. A man of evident piety, a traveller of acute observation, a writer and poet of eloquence; and in all exhibiting a rare genial humor, which, I think, may be traced to our pilgrim father, who caricatured the indolent gormand as a “belly-god,” and pictured the unselfish man as a “white crow.”

Dr. Cushman also said he desired to call attention to one who had, apparently, been overlooked in our proceedings; and who, though unknown to us, should have a place in our affections. He proposed, standing,

*The Memory of the Wife of Robert and Mother of Thomas Cushman.*

By Rev. GEORGE F. CUSHMAN, of Cahaba, Alabama:—

*The Old Colony Records* — Long hid in obscurity, but now made luminous by the antiquarian lore of a member of the Cushman family.\*

\* The editor of the Colony Records of Plymouth and Massachusetts, printed by order of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

By Dr. NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF, of Boston,—

*The Memory of Elder Thomas Cushman, and Mary Allerton his Wife*—The example of whose unspotted characters, social virtues and useful lives, is our richest inheritance from the forefathers, and the best legacy we can leave to our successors.

By CHARLES U. CUSHMAN, Esq., of Rhinebeck, N. Y.

*The Cushman Descendants*—They “honor their father and their mother, that their days may be long upon the land.”

By Rev. J. E. M. WRIGHT, of Rockport, Me.

*The Cushman Family*—May they ever live in peace with each other and with all mankind, and meet an unbroken band in heaven.

HENRY J. CUSHMAN, Esq., of Centreville, Michigan, not being able to be present, sent the following:—

*Our Cushman Mothers*—Second to none for all the excellences that make American mothers so greatly preëminent.

By WILLIAM S. RUSSELL, Esq., of Plymouth:—

*Forefather's Rock*—And its relations to that grand convulsion of Nature by which this renowned boulder was struck from the primitive formation to drift on its pilgrim mission, in search of a more convenient position, against the landing of 1620.

By HUMPHREY DEVEREUX, Esq., of Salem, (an invited guest):—

*The Descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers*—Their loyalty to civil and religious liberty, this day inaugurated.

By Rev. JOB CUSHMAN, of Iowa:—

*The Government of Massachusetts*—Never wiser or better administered than when a descendant of Robert Cushman occupied the second place in its administration.\*

By E. BARTLETT, of Plymouth:—

*The erection of the Cushman Monument*—A noble pledge of patriotism and Christianity.

Before parting, the following resolutions, offered by Rev. JOB CUSHMAN, of Iowa, were unanimously adopted:—

*Resolved*, That we, the descendants of Robert Cushman the Pilgrim, here assembled, recognize the goodness of God in raising up among ourselves one preëminently qualified; and that the Hon. HENRY W. CUSHMAN, of Bernardston, in the completion of the historical genealogy of the Cushmans, a work of great value to the present and future generations of our race, and in the efficiency he has manifested in the erection of our family Monument, which is to perpetuate the memory of our ancestor, is entitled to the gratitude of their posterity.

\* Hon. Henry W. Cushman was, for two years, Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts.

*Resolved*, That in the person of D. A. Cushman, Esq., of New York City, we recognize not only a kinsman, but a worthy son of Thomas Cushman and Mary Allerton, who has shown himself to be emphatically *one of us*, in the generous donation which he has made towards the Monument which rises to their memory, and that to him and to all others who have contributed so liberally to its erection, our grateful thanks are due.

*Resolved*, That we acknowledge our obligations to Rev. Elisha Cushman, of Deep River, Conn., for the able, interesting and instructive discourse this day delivered, and to Dr. Charles T. Cushman, of Columbus, Ga., for the poem to which we have listened, so appropriate to the occasion, place and circumstances, and that a copy of each be requested for publication.

*Resolved*, That the Trustees of the Pilgrim Society, the Committee of the First Congregational Church, the Choir of that Church, and the citizens of Plymouth, have laid us under special obligations for the interest they have manifested in the services of the consecration this day held, and for the varied accommodations afforded us, and for the kindness, liberality and courtesy with which these have been extended.

*Resolved*, That the Committee under whose direction the Monument this day consecrated to the memory of our ancestors has been erected, and the Committee of Arrangements for the consecration of the same, have faithfully discharged the duties devolving upon them and are entitled to much praise.

*Resolved*, That the Treasurer of the Cushman Monument Association, Charles Cushman, Esq., of Cambridge, has our grateful thanks for the great labor he has so faithfully and perseveringly performed in collecting and disbursing the funds for the Monument.

*Resolved*, That we recognize the agency of God in removing by death, since our last meeting, three years ago, several of our kindred who were then with us; and in extending our sympathy to those now immediately afflicted, we would joyfully anticipate the day when our Pilgrim Fathers and a great multitude of their posterity (*may we all be among them*), "washed in the blood of the Lamb," SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN.

# SUBSCRIBERS TO THE MONUMENT.

ARRANGED BY STATES AND TOWNS.

N. B. The figures in the first column indicate the amount subscribed, and those in the second column the place where mention of the subscriber is made in the Cushman Genealogy.

M A I N E .			P O L A N D .		
AUGUSTA.			Chandler, Alden.....	\$1 00	672
Cushman, Benj. H. ....	\$25 00	1012	Chandler, Gaius .....	1 00	
Cushman, Mrs. Benj. H. .	5 00		Chandler, Jacob T. ....	1 00	672
AVON.			Cousins, Sarah C. ....	2 00	674
Cushman, Thankful H. . .	1 00		Cousins, Susan C. ....	1 00	674
BANGOR.			Cousins, Thomas .....	1 00	674
Cushman, Gen. G. G. . . .	10 00	1307	Cousins, Samuel, .....	1 00	674
BUCKFIELD.			Cousins, Humphrey.....	1 00	674
Cushman, Caleb .....	5 00	626	Cousins, Lyman M. ....	1 00	674
Cushman, Caleb, Jr. ....	1 00		Derman, Mrs. Clarissa . . .	1 00	
BURLINGTON.			Holbrook, Mrs. Lydia C. . .	1 00	
Wright, Rev. J. E. M. . .	1 00	812	Welch, Elvira H. ....	1 00	
Wright, Ellen M. ....	1 00		Welch, Sarah C. ....	1 00	
HEBRON.			P E R U .		
Cushman, Gideon .....	5 00	629	Bolster, Lyman .....	1 00	625
Cushman, Hosea .....	5 00	624	O X F O R D .		
Cushman, Hosea, 2d. ....	1 00		Cushman, Wm. E. ....	5 00	1792
EAST RUMFORD.			S O U T H P A R I S .		
Cushman, Solomon .....	1 00	633	Bolster, Otis C. ....	2 00	625
Bolster, Alvan .....	1 00	625	Bolster, Gideon .....	1 00	625
MINOT.			Bolster, Hannah .....	1 00	625
Cushman, Nathaniel.....	5 00	627	S U M N E R .		
Hawks, Edward G. ....	1 00	634	Cushman, Levi .....	2 00	883
Hawks, Orrington W. . . .	1 00	634	W A R R E N .		
Hawks, Polly B. ....	1 00		Cushman, Rev. David . . . .	5 00	1106
MECHANICS FALLS.			W I N S L O W .		
Dwinel, Sarah .....	1 00	610	Cushman, Charles .....	6 25	2151
Dwinel, Mrs. Sarah.....	2 00	610	W E S T G O R H A M .		
P O R T L A N D .			Rich, Polly .....	5 00	608
Cushman, Bezaleel.....	10 00	638	W E S T M I N O T .		
Cushman, Rufus .....	15 00	1255	Cushman, Ansel .....	1 00	
Cushman, Nathaniel P. . .	10 00	1222	W E S T F A L M O U T H .		
Owen, George .....	10 00	456	Soule, Mrs. Lucy .....	1 00	
True, Mrs. Mary Jane. . .	1 00		N E W H A M P S H I R E .		
P H I L L I P S .			D A L T O N .		
Cushman, James .....	5 00	1010	Cushman, Horace.....	5 00	1315
Cushman, George H. ....	10 00	2268	Cushman, Cornelia L. ....	1 00	2915
Church, Mary C. ....	5 00	2259	Cushman, Mary E. ....	1 00	2914
Church, Abby .....	5 00	2250			
Church, Nancy P. ....	1 00	2250			

<b>MANCHESTER.</b>			<b>WILLIMANTIC.</b>		
Cushman, Abel .....	\$1 00	2344	Cushman, Joab E.....	\$5 00	1492
<b>MERRIMACK.</b>			Cushman, Mrs. Susan S....		
Cushman, William.....	1 00			1 00	1492
<b>PORTSMOUTH.</b>			<b>MASSACHUSETTS.</b>		
Havens, Samuel C.....	1 00	1769	<b>ATTLEBORO'.</b>		
Havens, Willie.....	1 00	1769	Cushman, Samuel.....	2 00	580
<b>VERMONT.</b>			Cushman, Samuel.....	4 00	1518
<b>COLCHESTER.</b>			Cushman,	.....	1 00
Allen, Alfred .....	5 00	564	<b>ABINGTON.</b>		
Allen, Mrs. Vilate.....	5 00	564	Cushman, Josiah.....	2 00	2067
<b>IRASBURGH.</b>			<b>BOSTON.</b>		
Cushman, Hon. Isaac N.	10 00	1885	Cushman, Rob't W., D.D...	50 00	1111
Cushman, Mrs. Isaac N..	1 00	1885	Cushman, Mrs. Robert W...	5 00	1111
<b>MIDDLEBURY.</b>			Cushman, Ella.....	1 00	2410
Dewey, Mrs. Sarah C....	1 00		Cushman, Julius.....	25 00	1256
Dewey, Jonah E.....	1 00		Cushman, Freeman L.....	50 00	830
Dewey, Noble S.....	1 00		Cushman, Charles M.....	5 00	2405
<b>NORWICH.</b>			Cushman, Albert .....	5 00	1149
Cushman, Oliver.....	5 00	393	Shurtleff, Dr. N. B.....	25 00	p. 621
Cushman, Louisa N.....	1 00	1063	Shurtleff, N. B., Jr.....	1 00	p. 621
Cushman, Ellen F.....	1 00	1047	Shurtleff, Hiram S.....	1 00	p. 621
Alexander, Almira.....	1 00	395	Shurtleff, Sarah.....	1 00	p. 621
<b>ORWELL.</b>			<b>BERNARDSTON.</b>		
Cushman, Dr. Earl.....	10 00	733	Cushman, Henry W. ....	125 00	1448
Cushman, Rev. Rufus S.	1 00	1966	Cushman, Ralph.....	10 00	554
Cushman, Mrs. Sarah F.	1 00	1966	Cushman, Seorim.....	10 00	555
Cushman, James E.....	1 00	1880	Cushman, Lathrop.....	5 00	1434
Cushman, Delia M.....	1 00	2847	Cushman, Mrs. Abigail...	5 00	552
Cushman, Allerton Earl..	1 00	2848	Cushman, Robert S.....	2 00	1461
Cushman, Sarah O.....	1 00	2848	Cushman, Charles P.....	1 00	2572
Young, Mrs. Eliza F....	1 00	1874	Cushman, Isaac Arthur...	1 00	2576
Young, Robert C.....	1 00	1874	Cushman, Thomas Loring..	1 00	2575
<b>PITTSFORD.</b>			Cushman, Polycarpus L...	1 00	1466
Kellogg, Sarah N.....	1 00	350	Cushman, Mrs. Rhoda A..	1 00	1466
<b>WEST BRATTLEBORO'.</b>			Cushman, Calvin N.....	1 00	1425
Clarke, Hon. Samnel....	25 00	p. 625	Cushman, Alonzo R.....	1 00	1454
Clarke, La Fayette.....	5 00	p. 625	Cushman, Mrs. S. B.....	1 00	1461
<b>RHODE ISLAND.</b>			Cushman, Theodora E.....	1 00	2573
<b>CENTRAL FALLS.</b>			Cushman, Field W.....	1 00	
Cushman, Robert.....	2 00	1505	Cushman, R. Allerton.....	1 00	
Cushman, George.....	2 00	1507	Carrier, Mrs. Serepta .....	1 00	1426
<b>PROVIDENCE.</b>			Slate, Chancey J.....	1 00	1463
Cushman, Eleazer M....	5 00	1491	Hale, Mrs. Aurelia L.....	1 00	1431
Cushman, Frederic D....	1 00	2602	Nelson, Mrs. Harriet.....	1 00	1433
Cushman, Emery.....	5 00	1246	<b>BRIGHTON.</b>		
Cushman, Emery M. R...	1 00		Cushman, Moses E.....	10 00	1958
<b>CONNECTICUT.</b>			Cushman, Ariemas H.....	5 00	1276
<b>DEEP RIVER.</b>			Cushman, Hiram.....	5 00	1279
Cushman, Rev. Elisha...	5 00	1187	Cushman, George H.....	1 00	2510
			Cushman, Zacheus T.....	1 00	2517
			Cushman, H. Morton .....	1 00	
			Cushman, John Q. A.....	1 00	1281



## BRIDGEWATER.

Cushman, Thomas.....	\$1 00	413
Cushman, Mrs. Lucy.....	1 00	413
Cushman, Darius.....	1 00	1151
Cushman, Martha.....	1 00	1153

## CARVER.

Cushman, Stephen.....	5 00	622
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## CAMBRIDGE.

Cushman, Charles.....	50 00	1254
Cushman, Mrs. S. W.....	50 00	1254
Metcalf, T. C.....	5 00	586
Richardson, Edward.....	5 00	
Owen, John, Honorary Member.		

## CHARLESTOWN.

Cushman, Rev. Isaac S..	5 00	1545
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## DEERFIELD.

Robbins, George W.....	1 00	1465
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## DUXBURY.

Cushman, Benjamin.....	10 00	468
Cushman, Capt. David ...	10 00	1243
Cushman, David.....	5 00	
Cushman, John W.....	1 00	1250
Cushman, Nancy.....	1 00	
Cushman, Anna.....	1 00	
Cushman, Alden.....	3 00	2482
Wadsworth, Nabby.....	1 00	
Soule, Simeon.....	1 00	
Soule, Patience.....	1 00	
Western, Anna.....	1 00	1232

## FAIR HAVEN.

Delano, Warren.....	60 00	116
Cushman, Frederic.....	1 00	

## GREENFIELD.

Tyler, Major H.....	1 00	1467
Williard, Henry C.....	5 00	

## HADLEY.

Smith, Mrs. Sarah E....	1 00	1494
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## HALIFAX.

Cushman, Noah.....	1 00	1851
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## HAVERHILL.

Cushman, Richard P.....	5 00	2910
Cushman, Edward F.....	5 00	2912
Cushman, Horace.....	5 00	2906

## KINGSTON.

Cushman, Spencer.....	25 00	434
Cushman, Samuel E.....	3 00	
Cushman, Elisha T.....	1 00	
Cushman, William.....	1 00	1178
Cushman, Mary S.....	1 00	
Cushman, Mary S.....	1 00	
Cushman, Alfred W.....	1 00	
Ripley, Cyrus.....	1 00	
Wadsworth, Abigail.....	1 00	

## MIDDLEBORO'.

Cushman, Adoniram.....	\$1 00	596
Cushman, James G.....	1 00	1515
Cushman, Samuel.....	1 00	1518
Cushman, Earl H.....	1 00	
Perkins, Noah C.....	5 00	p. 289
Perkins, Mrs. Mary L.....	1 00	p. 289
Perkins, Lothrop.....	1 00	
Perkins, Noah C., Jr.....	1 00	
Perkins, Charles L.....	1 00	p. 289
Soule, Otis.....	1 00	655

## MARSHFIELD.

Cushman, Joseph P.....	10 00	
Cushman, William.....	5 00	
Cushman, Betsey.....	5 00	
Smith, Deborah.....	20 00	
Smith, Ezra.....	5 00	
Smith, William M.....	5 00	
Smith, Persis.....	5 00	
Western, Persis C.....	1 00	

## MEDFIELD.

Cushman, Jacob R.....	3 00	1503
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## NEW BRAINTREE.

Cushman, William.....	1 00	572
Cushman, Edwin J.....	1 00	1496
Cushman, Joseph L.....	1 00	1498

## NEW BEDFORD.

Cushman, Capt. Aaron C..	25 00	1871
Vincent, Mrs. Sarah T....	5 00	846

## NEWBURYPORT.

Cushman, Thankful H....	10 00	2262
Cook, Mrs. R. L.....	5 00	

## NORTH AMHERST.

Cushman, John R.....	3 00	950
Cushman, John E.....	1 00	2134
Cushman, Edward P.....	1 00	2135

## NORTH BRIDGEWATER.

Cushman, Henry L.....	1 00	2487
Cushman, George H.....	2 00	1197

## PAWTUCKET.

Cushman, Apollos.....	3 00	598
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## PLYMOUTH.

Cushman, Mrs. Gamael...	5 00	
Holmes, Nathan H.....	5 00	
Holmes, Nathaniel, Jr. ...	5 00	
Holmes, Frederic.....	5 00	
Howard, Matiah.....	1 00	
Hoppin, Mrs. Ruth C.....	1 00	
Bradford, Mrs. Jerusha C..	1 00	
Robbins, Henry H.....	1 00	875
Robbins, Charles H.....	1 00	875
Whitten, Mrs. Mary R....	1 00	176

## ROXBURY.

Shurtleff, Samuel A.....	25 00	
Briggs, Charles.....	1 00	

ROCHESTER.				FORT COVINGTON.			
	Cushman, Jessie M.....	\$1 00	2501		Cushman, Robert N.....	\$1 00	2400 T
SALEM.					Cushman, Albon.....	1 00	2400 V
	Cushman, Joseph S.....	1 00	1247		Cushman, Amos W.....	1 00	2400 U
SOUTH DANVERS.					Cushman, William M.....	1 00	2400 W
	Cushman, Chester L.....	5 00	1415		Cushman, Millard.....	1 00	2400 Y
TAUNTON.				FLOYD.			
	Cushman, Rev. Martyn...	2 00	433		Cushman, Susan.....	1 00	p. 374
	Cushman, James M.....	2 00	1200	LINDLEYTOWN.			
WAREHAM.					More, Mary A.....	5 00	1873
	Cushman, Jacob.....	5 00		OSWEGO FALLS.			
WORCESTER.					Osgood, Mrs. Caroline O. L.	1 00	
	Kendall, Mrs. Mary T. ...	1 00		PHOENIX.			
WESTFIELD.					Cushman, Edwin W.....	1 00	
	Bissell, A. B.....	1 00	567		Cushman, Edwin B.....	1 00	
WEST NEWTON.					Cushman, Matthew S.....	2 00	1193
	Cushman, Nathaniel A. ...	1 00		PITTSBOWN.			
	Cushman, Willie S.....	1 00	2469		Cushman, Stephen.....	5 00	545
	Cushman, James H.....	2 00	1192	PORT GIBSON.			
	Stetson, Arthur A.....	1 00			Allerton, Mead.....	10 00	613
NEW YORK.				RHINEBECK.			
ALBANY.					Cushman, Charles W.....	25 00	2158
	Cushman, Robert S.....	25 00	1069	ROCHESTER.			
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	Cushman, Thomas H.....	1 00	2338		Cushman, Mrs. Harriet...	5 00	557
	Cushman, Elizabeth L....	1 00		SINCLAIRVILLE.			
	Cushman, Paul.....	10 00	1071		Field, Mrs. Sarah R.....	5 00	1453
	Cushman, Mrs. Julia A. C.	1 00	1071	SILVER CREEK.			
	Cushman, Don Alonzo, 2d	1 00	2339		Cushman, Mason H.....	1 00	1297
	Cushman, Mary Louisa...	1 00	2339	TROY.			
CITY OF NEW YORK.					Cushman, Benjamin T....	5 00	2077
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	Cushman, Frederic A....	5 00	1678	TRENTON FALLS.			
	Cushman, Mrs. Sarah L...	5 00	1678		Leavens, A. H.....	2 00	
	Cushman, Edward G.....	5 00	1681		Egleston, Mary L.....	1 00	
	Cushman, Thomas Albert	5 00	1682		Bacon, Harriet C. L.....	1 00	
	Cushman, Henry M.....	5 00	1270	WEST EXETER.			
	Cushman, Alexander.....	5 00	2795		Cushman, David.....	5 00	1929
	Cushman, Mrs. Susan M.	1 00	2795		Cushman, William A....	5 00	2816
	Cushman, Susie Weld....	1 00	3160		Cushman, George C.....	5 00	2817
	Cushman, Charlotte.....	1 00	3160		Cushman, Edward L....	5 00	2818
	Cushman, Alexander R...	1 00	3160		Cushman, James V.....	5 00	2819
	Reynolds, Samuel W.....	5 00	1679		Cushman, Robert M.....	2 00	2822
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	Cushman, Lysander.....	5 00	2386	WESTVILLE.			
CROWN POINT.					Johnson, Rev. Charles...	1 00	2400 T
	Warren, Catharine B....	1 00			Hoyt, Thaddeus.....	1 00	2400
	Hodgman, Joseph.....	1 00	2754	WILLIAMSBURG.			
FULSOMDALE.					Cushman, Charles.....	\$5 00	
	Cushman, Isaac A.....	5 00	1099	PENNSYLVANIA.			
				HONESDALE.			
					Bassett, Mrs. Sarah C....	2 00	2349

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Cushman, Helen .....	\$10 00	1099D	Waterman, James S. ....	\$25 00	1473
Cook, Mrs. Mary W. ....	5 00	1099B			
<b>PHILADELPHIA.</b>			<b>MICHIGAN.</b>		
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Newhall, Thomas A. ....	5 00	1676	Cushman, Henry J. ....	5 00	928
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<b>ORWELL.</b>			Denison, Fannie. ....	5 00	1965
Cushman, George N. ....	1 00		<b>WISCONSIN.</b>		
<b>INDIANA.</b>			<b>MOUNT PLEASANT.</b>		
<b>BLOOMFIELD.</b>			Burt, Calvin. ....	1 00	1820
Cushman, Elisha P. ....	1 15	915	<b>MANITOWOC BRANCH.</b>		
Cushman, John M. ....	1 00	2085	Burt, Mrs. Mary .....	1 00	1820
Cushman, James K. ....	1 00	2089	Blethorp, Mary .....	1 00	
Fellows, Col. Levi. ....	1 15	916	Blethorp, Lyman. ....	1 00	
Fellows, Mrs. Frances. ...	1 00	916	<b>IOWA.</b>		
Scott, Hon. H. D. ....	1 00		Cushman, Rev. Job .....	25 00	432
Scott, Mrs. Mary B. ....	1 00		<b>GEORGIA.</b>		
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Scott, Harriet .....	1 00		Cushman, Dr. Charles T. ...	15 00	2147
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<b>ORLEANS.</b>			Cushman, Margaret N. ....	1 00	3096
Cushman, Rev. Ruel L. ...	1 00	2086	<b>ALABAMA.</b>		
<b>SOUTH BEND.</b>			<b>CAHABA.</b>		
Cushman, Dr. William P. ...	1 00	1823	Cushman, Rev. George F. ...	2 00	1533
Cushman, Mrs. Amanda B. ...	1 00	1823	<b>MISSISSIPPI.</b>		
Cushman, William P., Jr. ...	1 00	2766	<b>JACKSON.</b>		
Cushman, Mary A. ....	1 00	2766	Cushman, Hon. John F. ...	10 00	2400 R
Cushman, Sylvanus D., Jr. ...	1 00	2766	<b>CALIFORNIA.</b>		
<b>ILLINOIS.</b>			<b>SAN FRANCISCO.</b>		
<b>OTTAWA.</b>			Cushman, Samuel H. ....	1 00	1772
Cushman, William H. W. ...	100 00	1853	<b>WASHINGTON TERRITORY.</b>		
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Balcom, Mary B. ....	1 00	2755			
Wallace, Caroline A. ....	1 00	2753			

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## NOTES TO THE POEM.—PAGE 41.

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<sup>1</sup> It is common to hear, and read, the early injustice, intolerance, and persecutions of all the neighboring Colonies—as Weston's, Salem, Boston, &c.—indiscriminately imputed to *Plymouth*; whereas it had no connection with them till 1643, nor approved such acts. Of the former settlement, Robert Cushman, the Plymouth Agent in London, wrote, in 1622,—"I pray you therefore, signify to Squanto [interpreter] that they are a distinct body from us, and we have nothing to do with them, nor must be blamed for their faults, much less can warrant their fidelity."

<sup>2</sup> Witness the compact signed in Cape Cod Harbor; in which, after<sup>o</sup> expatriation, they call themselves, "loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James," &c.!

<sup>3</sup> A fresco, by Cope, representing the embarkation from Plymouth, was placed in the New Palace, Westminster, in 1856.

<sup>4</sup> James Bainham, of the martyrs—1557: when the fire had half consumed his arms and legs, he cried out—"behold, ye look for miracles, and here now ye see a miracle; for in this fire I feel no more pain than if I were in a bed of down; but it is to me as a bed of roses." *Taylor, Mem. Eng., Mar. 21.*

At the execution of seven, 1558, in the face of the Queen's repeated proclamation forbidding any one to speak to them, their companions pressed through the guards, and carried them in their arms; and their pastor, Bentham, loudly prayed for them. *Stoughton, Spir. Her. 23.*

<sup>5</sup> Robert Cushman reached Plymouth in the "Fortune," 55 tons—next succeeding the "May Flower"—9th November, 1621; preached, 12th December, the first sermon in America that was printed; left his son Thomas, (age 14), alone with Gov. Bradford, and returned the next day to England; expecting in future time to make Plymouth his home.

<sup>6</sup> "A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and, without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now, very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia in which this grave was situated had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before; they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation, that had been handed down to them by tradition." *Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

<sup>7</sup> Ezek. 37. Mat. 22: 30. 1 Cor. 16: 51-52. 2 Cor. 5: 1-2-4, &c.

<sup>8</sup> A. D. 1066—the limit of pedigree.

<sup>9</sup> 1 Sam. 25: 25.

<sup>10</sup> Rev. 20: 15, &c.

<sup>11</sup> An apt illustration of the indifference of Americans to family archives is had in the instance of Capt. Cushman, (Simeon), of South Carolina; concerning whom his descendants seem to have known almost nothing—judging from the meagre statement furnished the "Genealogy." But a late writer of "Historical Incidents of the Revolution" signally mentions him as "a brave whig," joined with Col. Pickens in cutting off the murdering

tories, who "swept like a hurricane" over a portion of the State. And while he was thus gone from home, his wife achieved a heroic deed of patriotism that entitles her to the grateful memory of every American. Col. Hammond, reconnoitring alone, in search of a band of one hundred and fifty of these marauders, while partaking of her hospitality, was suddenly come upon by them—but they were timely discovered by Mrs. Cushman. In an instant she stripped, loosed and started his horse—flung the saddle and bridle into an old well—bade the Colonel hide in the fodder-stack, and depend upon her. All traces of a repast were as quickly concealed, before they came up. They quartered themselves on the premises and staid three days; believing he was secreted there, yet not finding him, although they used fodder from the very stack under which he lay hid! At night she secretly went and fed him, and cheered him in his long and weary concealment. After they left, she told him their plans, and place of rendezvous, which she had overheard and diligently remembered—most desirable information to him. He rejoined his men, and before dawn of the second day, surrounded their camp, in a swamp of the Edisto, where they summarily exterminated more than two-thirds of "this powerful band, late the scourge and terror of the whig inhabitants."

<sup>12</sup> Magna Charta, A. D. 1215.

<sup>13</sup> Robert, *Saxon*—Rod, bericht, bright; famous in council.

<sup>14</sup> His sermon contains sixty apt quotations from the Bible; his Report to the Merchant Adventurers, nine; and his Appeal for Emigration, five. His writings generally abound with them, and are in admirable harmony with the true spirit of Christianity.

<sup>15</sup> Robert Cushman (with John Carver) was twice sent ambassador from the Leyden Church to King James' Court, London, to obtain liberty of conscience in his American dominion—1617.

He was again sent, (with William Brewster), and finally obtained the implied grant, in a patent from the Virginia Company—1619.

<sup>16</sup> He was eight years the agent and manager of the Plymouth Colony's interest in London, "to their great advantage." *Bradford Hist. Plym. Plant.* 207. In a letter of advice and encouragement to the Colony, 18th December, 1624, he says—"You which do as it were, begin a new world, and lay a foundation of sound piety and humanity for others to follow, must follow peace and study quietness, having fervent love among yourselves as a perfect and entire bond to uphold you when all else fails you."

<sup>17</sup> On his return to England, to report to the Merchant Adventurers, he also wrote and published an eloquent appeal for emigration—the first so made—and a defence of the Plymouth Colony enterprise, in which he says—"seeing we daily pray for the conversion of the heathens, we must consider whether there be not some ordinary means and course for us to take to convert them, or whether prayer for them be only referred to God's extraordinary work from heaven. Now it seemeth unto me that we ought also to endeavor and use the means to convert them: and the means cannot be used unless we go to them, or they come to us. To us they cannot come, our land is full; to them we may go, their land is empty."

<sup>18</sup> (Bishop Berkeley, 1710.) And further says R. C.—"The imperial governor, Massasoit, whose circuits, in likelihood, are larger than England and Scotland, hath acknowledged the King's Majesty of England to be his master and commander, and that once in my hearing, yea, and in writing, under his hand, to Captain Standish, both he and many other kings which are under him, as Pamet, Nauset, Cummaquid, Narrowhiggonset, Namaschet, &c., with divers others that dwell about the bays of Patuxet and Massachuset. Neither hath this been accomplished by threats and blows, or shaking of sword and sound of trumpet; for as our faculty that way is small, and our strength less, so our warring with them is after another manner, namely, by friendly usage, love, peace, honest and just carriages, good counsel, &c., that so we and they may not only live in peace in that land, and they yield subjection to an earthly prince, but that as voluntaries they may be persuaded at length to embrace the Prince of Peace, Christ Jesus, and rest in peace with him forever."

<sup>19</sup> An annual Thanksgiving-day, among Gentiles, was first observed by the Pilgrims—commencing 1621; their annual Fast-day, originating in a prospect of famine—1623.

<sup>20</sup> The California steamer "Central America," Capt. William L. Herndon, for New York, having six hundred persons aboard, was lost in a gale, four days out from Havana, 12th September, 1857, and over four hundred perished. Capt. Herndon displayed the loftiest heroism during those three terrific days — he safely sent off all the women and children in boats, and went down with the wreck of his vessel.

<sup>21</sup> The "Speedwell," sixty tons.

<sup>22</sup> The "May Flower" was a schooner, of one hundred and eighty tons — one hundred and two passengers. She was deep amidship — her bow and stern high, and bulging, much after the Chinese junk model — clumsy, and a slow sailer. Their shallow or sail-boat was cut down and stowed between decks, and used to sleep in. It required two weeks' repairs, in Cape Cod Harbor, and then wrecked on its second trip. They also had a yawl boat.

<sup>23</sup> Damocles, having flattered and envied Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, was by him invited to assume his office for a while — special preparations being first made for him. In the midst of his novel and bewildering enjoyment, while voluptuously reclining, he saw a sword hanging over his neck by a single horse-hair! This expressive illustration of the perils of usurped power quickly cured him of all desire for it.

<sup>24</sup> In 1623, the Colony was reduced to one pint of corn; which, divided, gave them five grains each.

<sup>25</sup> The Pilgrims went out under a seven years' indenture, as a joint stock company with the adventurers; but the latter withdrew from them after four and a half years.

<sup>26</sup> The courtship of Myles Standish, here narrated — drawn from the work of Thatcher, an early historian of Plymouth, and perpetuated in recent authors — is now believed to be entirely fabulous, from its various inconsistencies. I, however, felt a right to participate in the amusing *romance*, as the Cushman and Standishes intermarried as early as 1749. I may properly add that it was read before the publication of the same subject by a master hand.

<sup>27</sup> Gen. 24: 61.

<sup>28</sup> Robert Cushman's sermon was preached on Wednesday, 12th December, 1621, in the Common-House, a few months previous to the completion of the Fort, in which I have represented it, with the customary military procession on Sunday, to that place of worship.

<sup>29</sup> Mr. Winslow says of the embarkation at Leyden — "We refreshed ourselves with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts as well as with the voice, there being many of our congregation very expert in music; and indeed it was the sweetest music mine ears ever heard."

<sup>30</sup> From careful observation of mental and physiological trials in many of his descendants, and the study of his own character, I believe that Robert Cushman was of the sanguine temperament — such as I have portrayed him. The costume is drawn from Edward Winslow's; — whose intimate companion he was, and, judging from their writings, of equal rank and education.

<sup>31</sup> This version of the sermon is almost a rigidly literal paraphrase, in measure.

<sup>32</sup> Toccoa Fall, in Georgia, is thirty-seven feet higher than Niagara.

<sup>33</sup> Thomas Cushman was ruling elder of the first church in Plymouth nearly forty-three years, and the present edifice — the fifth successive one since 1637 — occupies nearly the original ground. A day of fasting was kept for his death.

<sup>34</sup> In the first four months, forty-four died out of the one hundred and two colonists.







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