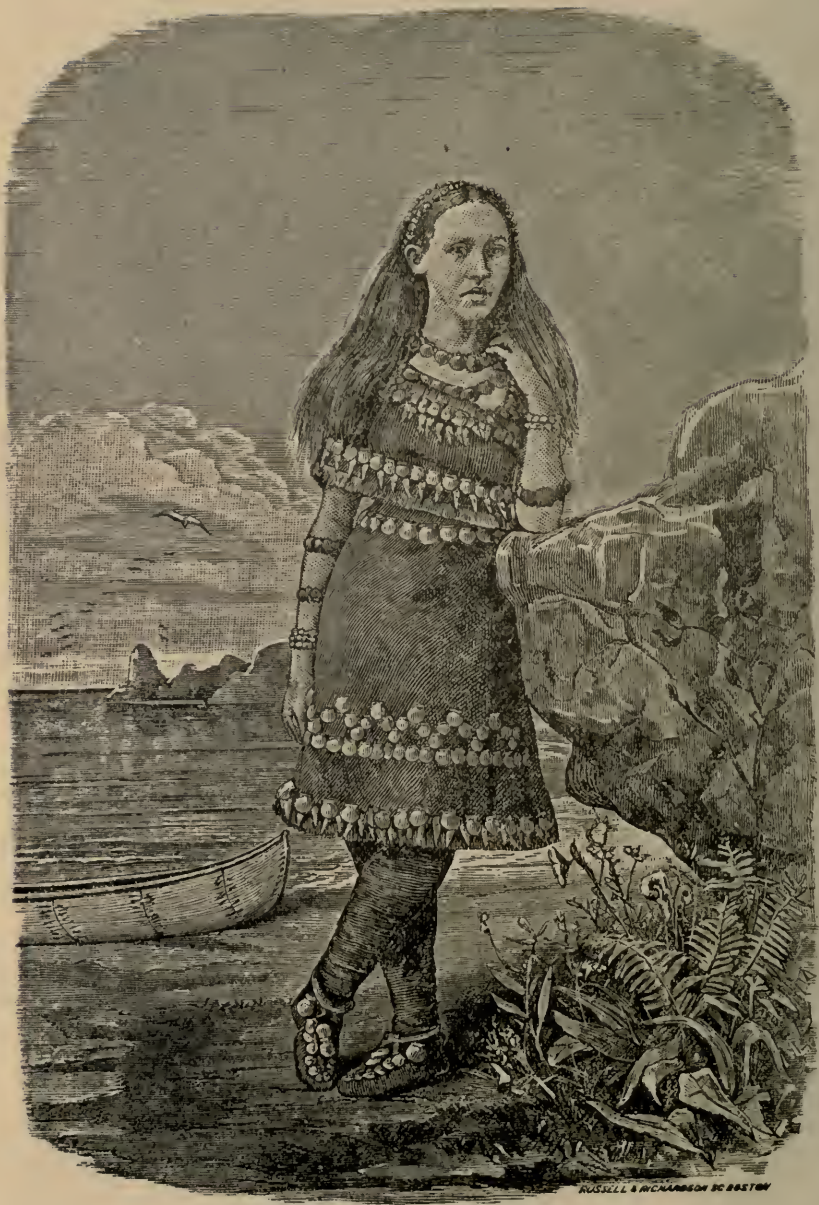
For Seth Miller, Jr.,
See page 80.

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

—OF—

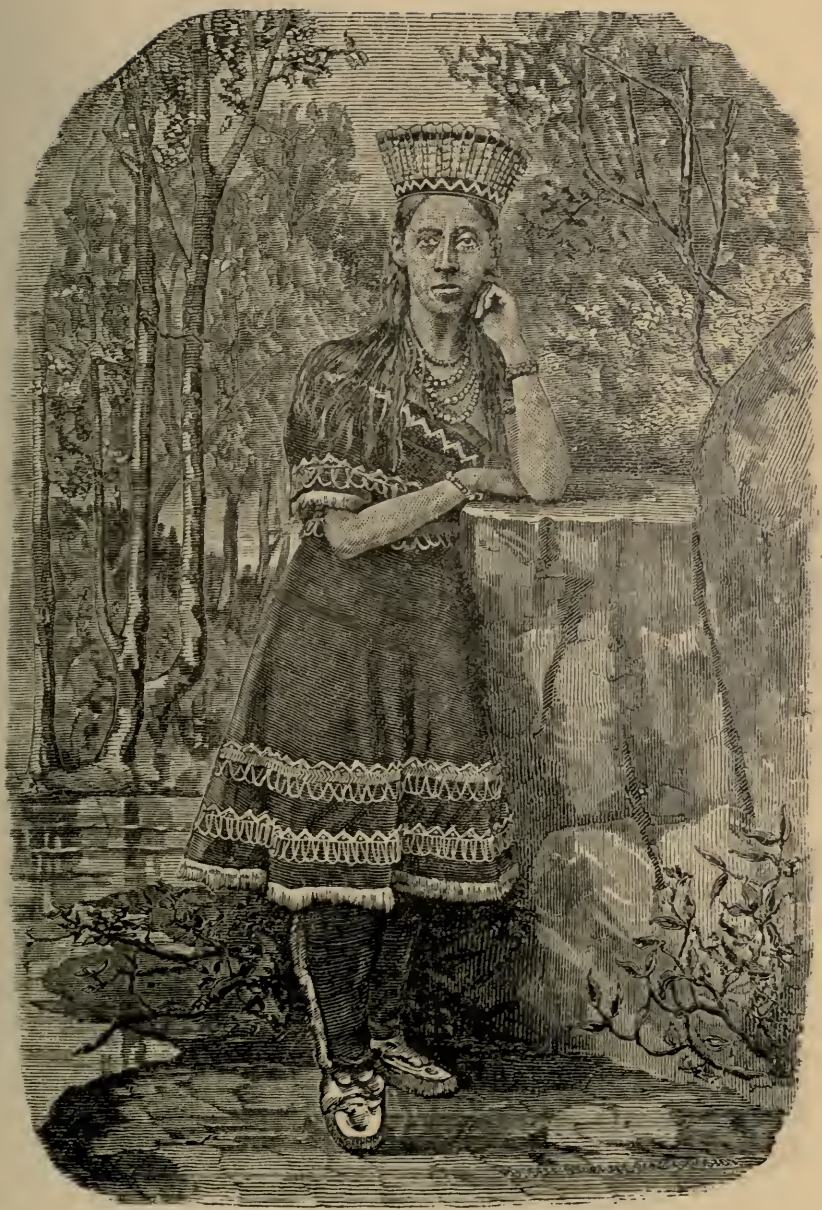
ROCHESTER, MASS.,

JULY 22, 1879.



WOOTONEKAMUSKE.

CHARLOTTE L. MITCHELL.



TEWELEMA.
MELINDA MITCHELL.

ROCHESTER'S

OFFICIAL

BI-CENTENNIAL RECORD.

TUESDAY, JULY 22, 1879.

CONTAINING THE HISTORICAL ADDRESS OF REV. N. W. EVERETT; THE RESPONSES BY LIEUT.-GOV. LONG, HON. W. W. CRAPO. M. C., JUDGE THOS. RUSSELL, AND OTHERS.

ALSO, A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE DAY.

NEW BEDFORD:
MERCURY PUBLISHING COMPANY, PRINTERS.
1879.

Prior to the Rochester Bi-Centennial Celebration, July 22d, 1879, it was suggested that the proceedings of the day be published. Acting upon that desire a committee, consisting of Capt. Chas. Bryant, A. W. Bisbee, Esq., and Rev. N. W. Everett, have compiled the matter pertaining to the Celebration, to the best of their ability. We trust our efforts have been successful and that the Record will be preserved for future generations.

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ROCHESTER'S BI-CENTENNIAL RECORD.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Town of Rochester, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, received its name from the ancient city of Rochester, in Kent, England, whence many of the first settlers came. It is recorded in history that the oysters found on those shores were celebrated by the Romans for their excellence and our ancestors finding an abundance of delicious shellfish here, in memory of their former home very appropriately gave to this tract the name of Rochester.

A few years ago the voters of Rochester, in town meeting assembled, directed Joseph S. Luce, Esq., (the present chairman of the selectmen of Marion) to copy the old proprietors' records. It may be proper here to state that the "Sepecan" grant embraced what is now Rochester, Marion, Mattapoisett, and the greater portion of Wareham. Mr. Luce still has the records in his possession, and last Winter called the attention of the authorities of the several towns to the fact that on the 22d day of July, 1679, the first meeting of the proprietors was held at Plymouth, and steps taken towards forming a settlement at "Sepecan," the portion then best known. He also suggested that the 22d of July, 1879, the two-hundredth anniversary of the first set-

tlement be commemorated by appropriate ceremonies. In accordance with his views an article was inserted in the several warrants to see what action the towns would take in regard to a celebration. Rochester chose a committee consisting of H. H. Bennett, Alden Rounsville, Jr., Nahum F. Morse, (the board of selectmen), Thomas Ellis and A. W. Bisbee. The committee chosen by Wareham was Capt. Alden Besse, Capt. Benj. F. Gibbs, Geo. F. Wing, (selectmen), E. B. Powers, L. H. Bartlett and E. A. Gammons. Marion voted an appropriation of $100, and chose as her committee the three selectmen, Joseph S. Luce, Capt. Obed Delano and Capt. I. N. Hathaway, also Dr. H. C. Vose and I. N. Lewis. Mattapoisett's committee consisted of Capt. Joseph R. Taber, Jarvis N. Ellis, Capt. Franklin Cross.

The first meeting of the several committees was held at Town Hall, Marion, April 21st, 1879. Capt. Benj. F. Gibbs, Wareham, was chosen chairman; Augustine W. Bisbee, Rochester, secretary; Capt. I. N. Hathaway, Marion, treasurer. It was unanimously voted to have a celebration on the 22d of July. Mr. Luce stated that in the absence of official records as to when the first house was built it would be well to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the proprietors' meeting at the date of the first settlement. It was at first decided to have the celebration at Little Neck, the head of Marion harbor, on account of the historical associations connected with the spot. Afterwards it was deemed expedient to change the location to Handy's Grove, about a mile from Marion station, on the Rochester road.

The committee held several meetings and chose sub-committees as follows:

To Solicit Funds.—Capt. Judah Hathaway and George W. Humphrey, from Rochester; Capt. Alden Besse and

Geo. F. Wing, from Wareham; Capt. I. N. Hathaway and J. S. Luce, Esq., from Marion; Capt. Joseph R. Taber and Capt. Franklin Cross, from Mattapoisett.

Dinner.— Geo. W. Humphrey and Thomas Ellis, of Rochester; Capt. Alden Besse and Geo. F. Wing, of Wareham; Capt. Obed Delano and Joseph S. Luce, of Marion; Dr. Thomas E. Sparrow and Thomas Nelson, of Mattapoisett.

Grounds.— Capt. Reuben F. Hart, Leander Cowing and Capt. I. N. Hathaway, of Marion.

Martial Music.— Capt. B. F. Gibbs, Wareham; Capt. Joseph R. Taber, Mattapoisett.

Guests.— A. W. Bisbee, Rochester; Capt. B. F. Gibbs, Wareham; J. S. Luce, Marion; and Capt. Charles Bryant, Mattapoisett.

Reception, Procession and Transportation.— Clark P. Howland, Marion; Edward A. Gammons, Wareham; Lemuel LeBaron Holmes, Mattapoisett; Augustine W. Bisbee, Rochester.

Vocal Music.— Capt. Obed Delano, Geo. Mason Delano, Joseph S. Luce, Marion.

Printing.— Capt. Charles Bryant, Mattapoisett.

Decorations.— Capt. John G. Dexter, Rochester; Capt. Alden Besse, Wareham; Capt. Reuben F. Hart, Marion; Geo. Purrington, Jr., Mattapoisett.

Police.— Selectmen of Marion, Joseph S. Luce, Capt. Obed Delano, Capt. I. N. Hathaway.

General Committee (in addition).—Geo. Purrington, Jr., Lemuel LeB. Holmes, Henry Barstow, Mattapoisett; Capt. Judah Hathaway, Rochester; Clark P. Howland, Marion; which filled the number to six from each town.

Seats and Tables.— Geo. W. Humphrey, Rochester; Geo. F. Wing, Wareham; J. S. Luce, Marion; Capt. Charles Bryant, Mattapoisett.

The committee also made the following appointments as

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

Gerard C. Tobey, Esq., of Wareham, President.
Wilson Barstow, Esq., of Mattapoisett, Vice President.
Geo. Purrington, Jr., of Mattapoisett, Chief Marshal.
Rev. H. C. Vose, of Marion, Toast Master.
Rev. William Leonard, of North Rochester, Chaplain.

At the first meeting of the committee it was unanimously voted that Rev. Noble Warren Everett, of Wareham, a grandson of the Rev. Noble Everett, one of the early ministers of the old township, be requested to act as the orator of the day. Mr. Everett accepted the position.

The Standish Guards of Plymouth, Co. H., 1st Regiment Infantry, M. V. M., Herbert Morissey, Capt., tendered their services as escort on the occasion and were accepted.

The Middleboro Brass Band, 22 men, J. M. Carter, leader; were engaged for the day.

The Chief Marshal selected for his aids Joseph L. Cole and Henry A. Shurtleff, of Mattapoisett; Wm. H.C. Delano and Dr. Robert T. Delano, of Marion.

Invitations were extended to State officials and prominent men to be present, also to former residents of the town, and long before the day of the celebration it was evident scores would return to the place of their birth and participate in the enjoyment of the occasion.

Arrangements were made with the Old Colony railroad for reduced fares and extra trains.

The dinner committee contracted with Otis A. Sisson and L. W. Carl, of New Bedford, to furnish the dinner.

Your committee held nine meetings and their proceedings were characterized by harmony and unanimity. We are pleased to add that we had the hearty co-operation of the citizens of the old township and that they seconded our plans

and efforts to a degree which made the celebration a perfect success. The contributions were liberal and freely given. Old Rochester can justly be proud of her record for the last two hundred years, and from the lessons of the past be guided in the future to still nobler deeds of usefulness. This event has rescued from oblivion very much that would have been forgotten and generations to come will read with interest the proceedings of to-day.

THE CELEBRATION.

At an early hour in the morning the street leading to the Grove was thronged with residents and visitors. The arrival of teams brought numbers from adjoining towns. The weather was propitious and all that could be desired, although in the morning there were slight indications of rain. Four hundred and ninety-one excursion tickets by railroad were sold at Fairhaven and two hundred and forty at Mattapoisett, in addition to which probably three times that number came by carriage from New Bedford and vicinity. The train from Boston brought the State officials, Middleboro Band, Standish Guards, and a host of visitors. At the least calculation some six thousand people were in attendance to do honor to the occasion.

PROCESSION.

The opening feature of the proceedings was a procession which moved to the Grove in the following order from the Marion depot:

New Bedford Police, 4 men, H. W. Bumpus in command.
Geo. Purrington, Jr., Mattapoisett, Marshal.
Aids:—Joseph L. Cole, Henry A. Shurtleff, Mattapoisett; W. H. C. Delano and Dr. R. T. Delano, Marion.
Middleboro Brass Band. J. M. Carter, leader.
Standish Guards, of Plymouth, 38 men, Co. H., 1st Regt. Infantry, M. V. M., Herbert Morissey, Captain.
Carriages containing Gerard C. Tobey, of Wareham; Wilson T. Barstow, of Mattapoisett; President and Vice President of the day: Rev. Noble Warren Everett, Wareham, Orator; Dr. H. C. Vose, Marion, Toast Master: Rev. William Leonard, Rochester, Chaplain.
Speakers and Invited Guests.
Committee of Arrangements, Capt. B. F. Gibbs, East Wareham, Chairman.
Clergy.
Representatives of the Press.
Town officers of Rochester, Wareham, Marion, and Mattapoisett.
Residents and past residents of the four towns.

The invited guests were conveyed in hacks procured from New Bedford. The route was thronged on either side by visitors and presented a very animated appearance. On the arrival of the procession at the grove, the officers of the day and distinguished guests were conducted to seats on the platform while the crowd collected around in a dense mass.

THE DECORATIONS.

The decorations at the grove were put up by Messrs. W. H. C. Delano and W. P. Delano, the Misses Delano and Hathaway, and were very good.

A heavy arch of green branches spanned the entrance from the highway to the grounds. Flags were flying by the side of the avenue, near the arch, and the entrance at the grove. Drapery of National colors hung from pine to pine. The speaker's stand had over it and extending far beyond the sides a long line of festooned bunting; and in front of the stand was a large white banner inscribed July 22, 1879, Rochester Bi-Centennial. The letters were two feet high and formed of one-cent flags affixed to the face of the banner. A canopy of sail-cloth protected the speakers and the stand was so placed that nearly all the listeners could stand or sit in the shade.

GUESTS.

Among the invited guests present were Lieut.-Gov. John D. Long, of Hingham; Attorney-General George Marston, of New Bedford; John B. D. Cogswell, Yarmouth, President of the Senate; Hon. W. W. Crapo, M. C., New Bedford; Hon. Thomas Russell and wife, Boston; John W. Hammond, Esq., City Solicitor, Cambridge; Edward Atkinson, Esq., Brookline; Geo. O. Shattuck, Esq., Mattapoisett; Hon. Charles J. Holmes, Fall River; John Eddy, Esq., Providence, R. I.; Gen. E. W. Pierce, Freetown; Mrs. Zerviah Gould Mitchell and her two daughters, Tewel-

ema and Wotonekanuske, North Abington; Henry Morton Dexter, D. D., New Bedford, Editor of the *Congregationalist;* Rev. Wm. H. Cobb, Uxbridge; Rev. I. C. Thacher, Lakeville; Rev. Thomas T. Richmond, Taunton; Mayor Wm. T. Soule, New Bedford; William H. Sherman, Esq., New Bedford; Matthew H. Cushing, Esq., Middleboro; Noah C. Perkins, Esq., Middleboro; Hon. Bonum Nye, North Brookfield; Rev. Frederick Upham, Fairhaven; Geo. M. Barnard, Esq., Mattapoisett.

EXERCISES AT THE GROVE.

At 12 o'clock the assembly was called to order by the Marshal, Geo. H. Purrington, Jr. After an olio of National airs by the band and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by a selected choir of fifty voices in charge of Geo. Mason Delano, Mr. Purrington introduced Gerard C. Tobey, Esq., of Wareham, as President of the day. The chaplain, Rev. Wm. Leonard, (Congregationalist,) North Rochester, then read the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy in which the blessings of God are promised those who serve him and the curse pronounced on those who neglect him:

ALL the commandments which I command thee this day shall ye observe to do, that ye may live, and multiply, and go in and possess the land which the Lord sware unto your fathers.

2 And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no.

3 And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.

4 Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell, these forty years.

5 Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee.

6 Therefore thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to fear him.

7 For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills;

8 A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey;
9 A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass;
10 When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.
11 Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes, which I command thee this day;
12 Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein;
13 And when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied;
14 Then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage;
15 Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint;
16 Who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, which thy fathers knew not, that he might humble thee, and that he might prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end;
17 And thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth.
18 But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as it is this day.
19 And it shall be, if thou do at all forget the Lord thy God, and walk after other gods, and serve them, and worship them, I testify against you this day ye shall surely perish.
20 As the nations which the Lord destroyeth before your face, so shall ye perish; because ye would not be obedient unto the voice of the Lord your God.

PRAYER BY REV. WILLIAM LEONARD.

O Lord our God, in Thine infinite condescension and love Thou hast made it our duty and privilege to call upon Thee at all times, and to acknowledge Thee in all our ways. We would therefore on this deeply interesting occasion acknowledge Thee as the only living and true God, as the father of the spirits of all flesh, as the sovereign ruler of the universe.

We praise Thee, O Lord, for this beautiful day and for the vast multitude here assembled to celebrate in a befitting manner the first settlement of this ancient domain by our illustrious ancestors, men of whom the world was most worthy, whose memories we love to cherish because of their

Christian principles, sterling character, solid sense, and noble deeds. Great God, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, we bless and praise Thy name for all Thy wondrous dealings with the Pilgrim Fathers. We thank Thee for directing their thoughts and guiding their steps to this Western World. We praise Thy name that Thou didst pilot them over the trackless sea in safety, didst in Thine own peculiar way lead them to these New England shores. And thou didst never leave them, nor forsake them amid the perils of the wilderness, but Thou didst defend them by Thy right arm and guided them with Thy counsel. In all their afflictions Thou wast afflicted and the angel of Thy presence saved them.

And now, O Thou God of our fathers, look in mercy upon us as their sons and their daughters! O lift upon us the light of Thy countenance! Make us worthy of our sires. Like them may we have grace to fear God and work righteousness. Make us emulous of their virtues. Help us to follow them so far as they followed Christ. Be pleased, our Father in Heaven, to give us grace and wisdom to travel in the footsteps of those men of renown. Father of the spirits of all flesh, we most meekly beseech Thee to remember for good the few relicts here to-day of those primal lords of these ancient forests. O pour upon them, and all the aborgiines of our land, the riches of Thy grace and the bounties of Thy providence! And may this great nation with all the inhabitants thereof, receive Thy gracious benediction, that we may be a virtuous and happy people and render unto Thee the glory due to thy name. We ask all in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour, to whom with the Father and the Holy Spirit be everlasting praises. Amen.

The choir very impressively then sang "My Country 'tis of Thee."

The address of welcome was then delivered by Gerard C. Tobey, of Wareham, the President of the Day, and was as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In fulfilling the agreeable duties which have been assigned to me in the order of exercises for the day, I cannot refrain from expressing my sincere regret that these offices have not devolved upon some older and more experienced person. As I look upon this large concourse of people and, from this platform, see around me so many brave men who have so often surmounted the surging ocean in its fury, who have commanded every kind of craft from a fishing boat to coasters, whaleships, merchantmen, steamships — old Vikings of every sea — I feel here to-day, indeed, as if I were intruding upon *somebody's* quarter-deck. It may be a proper deference for me just now to say to strangers visiting us who may be doubtful of the address of any resident hereabout, call him "Captain," and you will not be far from right; for if you do not find him already a master mariner, the chances are that he will be very soon. Some members of your committees are ship-owners too, who whenever apprehensive of inexperience in the captain of any craft of theirs have a way of supplying him very quietly, but very surely, with the best chief mate that can be obtained. I am inclined to suspect they have exercised the same prudence in the orders for this day, as I observe in the appointment of Vice President the name of a highly respected citizen of a part of the original Sippican grant, who bears his years so lightly that age is no impediment to his effort, whose ancestors were among the early colonists, whose personal history is a part of the history of ship-building in Massachusetts, and who, I submit under favor, according to all proprieties should be induced to accept, at once, the commission which I hold with diffidence and would resign to him with alacrity.

But, my friends, do you know that your committee are very arbitrary fellows? Why, last Saturday, when somebody inquired at their meeting whether provision had been made for this celebration in case the appointed day proved to be stormy, what think you was their conduct? Did they proceed to provide for tents or shelter or a postponement? Oh, no! they just proceeded to vote, unanimously, that there should be no storm allowed here at all during the celebration of the Rochester Bi-Centennial. And you yourselves are witnesses, ladies and gentlemen, how the lowering clouds dismally gathered in this vicinity last evening, how sullenly they loitered around here this morning, dropped a few rebellious tears in Mattapoisett, and then dispersed disconsolately in obedience to the edict of the arrogant committee; and now we are rejoicing in this genial sunshine while etherial mildness rules the skies. Toward a committee so puissant as this, the only policy must be one of submission; and therefore it is I rise to salute you and to bid you welcome to our good cheer.

I welcome you to the festivities and entertainments which have been prepared by your indefatigable and public spirited committees. I welcome you to participation in these honors to the dear memory of our forefathers. I welcome you to the sea-blown breezes, the pure air and the inviting shade of this fine old grove in ancient Rochester; and to intellectual delights in listening to words of wisdom and of eloquence that will fall from the lips of others who will address you during this festal day.

The average American, absorbed in strife for the possession of the present good, or in tireless pursuit of a better future, seldom has opportunity for a retrospect. Like the runner figured by St. Paul, "forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth to those things which are before he presses toward the mark for the prize." The real-

ities and the activities of American life permit no backward views, *nulla vestigia retrorsum.* Brilliantly progressive is America.

And, yet, so truly and with such constancy does history repeat itself, there are no safe beacons for the future without light from the experience of the past. To what purpose, then, can an American, proud of his nationality, proud of the achievements of his countrymen, hopeful, sanguine, confident of the magnificent future of his country, better devote a day, in this heated month of summer vacation, than to tranquil contemplation of the ways and means whereby out of a feeble strip of Christianity struggling for existence upon a hostile coast, was evolved, in two centuries, this great republic of ours, the hope of all nations — and to the contemplation of the people, the statesmen, the heroes, the religion, the polity, laws, ethics, customs, and every day life of that sturdy civilization, which, in the same short period of time, subdued a continent of barbarism, revealed the majestic resources of our country and advanced our free republic abreast of those grand old nations of Europe from whom it is our privilege to trace an honorable descent.

And thus it happens to-day, irrespective of nationality and of descent—

> "For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman, we,
> Teuton or Celt, whatever we be,"—

irrespective of political preferences or denominational differences, we come as Americans, heart unto heart, to this historic place near the picturesque shores of our beautiful bay—this bay so generous, so bounteous, in gifts alike for sustenance and for enjoyment — this bay so charming in outlines and colors—the waters whereof were to our forefathers a highway of traffic between New Plymouth and New Amsterdam, and will become, upon the completion of the project-

ed canal, the highway of a great commerce from the shores at the north of us to the whole Atlantic coast southward;—here, we convene, just where the ebbing memories of the toilsome past commingle with the flooding promises of the future, to commemorate the deeds and the virtues of those hardy, zealous, godly men, who braved the wintry perils of a storm-beaten and unexplored ocean, proclaimed a new era in civil government, and founded in a savage wilderness a Christian Commonwealth established upon corner stones of religion, education, liberty and law.

And so, here, to-day, we meet old Rochester proper, the eldest of us all, robust and hearty from his hayfields, farms and woodlands; and here too, comes Wareham, brawny and swart from his iron mills and busy wharves. Hither also cometh Marion, a bright nymph of the sea, the lass who always loved a sailor, God bless her, coy and demure, and just as good as she is pretty. With her too, comes another sea-born beauty, our sister Mattapoisett, fair enchantress of repose, now the petted darling of an alien wealth, well worthy of the full measure of admiration bestowed upon her. And, thus, the whole family having gathered at the trysting tree in this leafy rendezvous, nothing more satisfactory to all, I am sure, can be offered by me than the introduction of a lineal descendant from one of the pious ministers of the Rochester Plantation, who will recite to us much from our local history that has already been forgotten, inform us of much in our annals that we have never known, and stimulate us to action and aspirations worthy of the memory of an honored ancestry. Ladies and gentlemen, I have now the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Noble Warren Everett, of Wareham, the historian of the day we celebrate.

ORATION.

BY THE REV. N. W. EVERETT.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are assembled here to-day, not far from the Rock of Plymouth, to celebrate the anniversary of an event that is to us one of special interest. And we claim to be scions of the old Pilgrim stock. Before me are scores through whose veins Pilgrim blood is coursing.

In the list of passengers that came over in the Mayflower in 1620, and in the Fortune in 1621, we find the familiar names of Alden, Dotey, Fuller, Bassite, now spelt Bassett, Bompasse, now spelt Bumpus or Bump, Briggs, Cushman and De La Noye — Delano.

And while I have been searching the records of the past to prepare for this occasion, ever and anon, the inimitable description of the voyage of the Mayflower, as given by my illustrious namesake* has come to mind.

"Methinks I see it now, that one solitary adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep and brings them not the sight of the wished for shore.

I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route;— and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, and the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard;— the ship

*Hon. Edward Everett.

leaps as it were, madly from billow to billow; — the ocean breaks and settles with engulfing floods over the floating decks, and breaks with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

"I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth."

In the cabin of that vessel, they settled a general form of government, upon the principles of a pure Democracy. In 1636 they published a declaration of rights, and established a body of laws.

The first fundamental article was in these words: "That no act, imposition, law or ordinance be made or imposed upon us, at present or to come, but such as have been or shall be enacted by the consent of the body of freemen, or associates of their representatives legally assembled."

Here we find advanced the whole principle of the Revolution, and not only that, we find the whole doctrine of our Republican institutions.

Said one of Rochester's sons* in the House of Representatives of the United States, on the 10th of May, 1830: "Sir, our ancestors migrated hither to build a country; as well for themselves as for their descendants. When they had landed here, they looked out upon the earth, on which they had placed their feet, and back again on the bosom of the ocean, which had borne them to these shores; and thence up to the clear blue heaven over their heads, and lifting their hands in supplication toward the God above, they resolved under his direction, to depend on those hands and those elements for subsistence; for their food, their clothing, and habitation. Independence was their first inspiration. And from that hour to this, all true Americans, who have

*Hon. Tristam Burgess.

understood and pursued the great interests of this country have lived and labored for this independence."

And we know full well, Mr. President, their hatred of oppression. They hated it with a hatred beyond expression. And whenever they found it, they smote it as did St. Artigele's iron man Talus, with his flail, without condescending to administer an anesthetic.

These were the men fore-ordained to control the destinies of this new world; and their enterprise and intelligence has spread all over this land.

Wherever you find the church and schoolhouse; the college and seminary; wherever you find the railroad and telegraph; wherever you find any portion of this country blossoming like Eden; it can almost invariably be traced to Pilgrim influence.

And this influence shall widen and deepen until the end of time.

Some have sneered, and laughed at their austere manners and psalm singing; but those who have encountered them or their descendants in the hall of debate or on the field of battle have had little reason for sneers or laughter. They were men and had their faults. But it is hardly our duty to search for them in the musty files of the past.

Sir, we glory in our birth-place and lineage!

And as Sargeant S. Prentiss once said to the men of the South; so we say here to-day: "Who would not rather be of the Pilgrim stock, than claim descent from the proudest Norman that ever planted his robber feet in the halls of the Saxon or the noblest paladin that quaffed wine at the table of Charlemagne?"

FIRST SETTLEMENT.

How the white men first became possessed of the Sippican or Rochester territory, whether by purchase or conquest

I am unable to determine; and no gleaner who has preceeded me has been able satisfactorily to answer this question. A large part of it, but not the whole, as stated by some, was granted to Thomas Besbeck and others January 22d, 1638-9. In 1647, "Liberty is granted unto the townsmen of Plymouth, to make use of the land at Sippican for herding and keeping of cattle and wintering of them there as they shall see cause."

In 1651, "For the continual support of the township of Plymouth, for the place and seat of government, to prevent the dispersing of the inhabitants thereof, it is ordered that Sippican be granted to the town of Plymouth to be a general help to the inhabitants thereof, for the keeping of their cattle, and to remain for the common use and good of the said township."

In 1666, King Philip, sachem of Pokanoket, youngest son of Massasoit, gave power "to Watuchpoo and Sampson, two Indian chiefs, and their brethren to hold and make sale of these lands to whom they pleased."

And on the 24th of December, 1668, Philip informed the Honorable Court at Plymouth, that they were for sale.

In Plymouth court orders dated June 3d, 1679, we find the following: "In answer unto the proposition of several that would purchase lands at Sippican and places adjacent, the Court are glad to take notice of what they propound and offer themselves to oblige in order to a comfortable settlement of a Plantation there, and shall be ready to accommodate them as far as they can, on reasonable and easy terms, and give them all due encouragement, if they can procure some more substantial men, that are prudent persons, and of considerable estate, that will make a speedy settlement of themselves and families with them, and we desire and expect to hear further from them at the next meeting of this Court by adjournment in July next, at which time, we may,

if satisfied in the premises, bargain with them for the lands they desire, or put it in a way to be done." It seems that "some more substantial men, who were prudent persons," were procured, for on the 22d of July, 1679, the purchase was made and the deed was given. On the same day, the purchasers met, organized and transacted considerable business, at the house of Mr. Joseph Bradford in Plymouth.

Joseph Lothrop.	William Dexter,	Benjamin Foster.
Barnabas Lothrop,	Samuel Briggs,	Benjamin Bartlett,
Kanelm Winslow,	Seth Pope,	Elizabeth Ellis,
William Clark,	Samuel White,	Joseph Dunham,
William Bradford,	Joseph Dotey.	Thomas Hinckley.
Ralph Powell,	Aaron Barlow,	Thomas Clarke,
Joseph Bartlett,	Moses Barlow.	John Cotton.
John Burge,	John Perry,	John Bradford.
Joseph Burge.	Samuel Hammond,	William Peabody.
George Morton,	Samuel Davis,	

The names of Samuel Arnold, William Connett and the Ministry share were added to the list subsequent to 1679.

The territory they purchased embraced the whole of Rochester, Mattapoisett, Marion, and a much larger part of Wareham than has generally been supposed. The deed shows that the easterly line was the westerly jumping brook, now known as the Silvanus Besse brook, the Agawam and Wankinco rivers. But they must have soon purchased additional land, for hundreds of acres were assigned to Thomas Clark and others on the east side of the Wankinco river.

Soon after the purchase was made, an Indian named Charles, alias Paumpmutt of Ashimuitt, claimed a portion of the purchased possesssions, but on the payment of six pounds, New England money, renounced all title.

Nov. 19, 1769, Lieut. Joseph Lothrop, agent of the company, paid Peter Suscacow, five shillings to satisfy his claim.

In 1683, William Connett, an Indian, claimed the whole land they had purchased. He proved a bitter and stubborn

contestant, but finally entered into an agreement with Thomas Hinckley and Joseph Lothrop that was satisfactory to both parties.

After this, the whites remained in undisputed possession.

It is probable the first settlers took up their residence here in 1680.

Their names as given by Barber, are as follows:

Rev. Samuel Arnold.	John Wing,	John Haskell.
John Hammond,	Joseph Burgess,	Samuel White.
Samuel Hammond,	Job Winslow,	Joseph Dotey,
Jacob Bumpus,	Moses Barlow,	——— Sprague.
Abraham Holmes,	Aaron Barlow,	

Not far from where we are assembled, they erected their first church, and tradition says that until their antique edifice was completed they worshipped upon and around a huge rock, since known as "Minister's Rock."

Rochester was incorporated as a town, June 4, 1686.

The first ordained minister was Rev. Timothy Ruggles, who commenced his labors here in 1709.

"In 1773, the settlers in Mattapoisett were set off as a distinct parish under the pastoral care of Rev. Ivory Hovey. He was born in Topsfield, Mass., 1714. Graduated at Harvard College, in 1735. Installed Pastor of the Second Church of Rochester, (Mattapoisett) October 29th, 1740. Resigned in 1765. Installed at Plymouth, Mass., Second Church, April, 1770. Died in office, November 4th, 1803, aged 90. While in Mattapoisett, he devoted considerable time to the study of medicine, and became a respectable and useful physician. His life was not only filled up with duty and usefulness, but was marked by meekness, humility and Christian piety. He kept a journal through the 65 years of his ministry, which he left at his decease, spread over 7000 pages of short hand. He published his valedictory sermon at Mattapoisett, and one on the subject of mortality. His immediate successor, in 1772, was Rev. Lemuel Le-

Baron. These two men continued in the ministry for one hundred years."

"Rev. Thomas Robbins, D. D., the successor of Mr. LeBaron, possessed in his day the most valuable private library in the State. It consisted of over 3000 volumes, and 4000 pamphlets, some of them rare. He also had an extensive collection of coins and manuscripts."

"Rev. Oliver Cobb, D. D., fourth pastor of the First Church in Rochester, was born in Kingston, Mass., March 18th, 1770, in a house still owned and occupied by his father's descendants. Near by stands the ancient residence of his grandfather, who lived in three centuries, 1694–1801. Dr. Cobb was graduated at Brown University, ordained and installed at Rochester in June, 1795, and continued in this pastorate just 50 years, till his death in 1849. During his ministry, 222 were added to the church. He was especially esteemed as a sermonizer, and some of his characteristic discourses are well remembered still. He published two sermons, preached at Sandwich during the famous Unitarian division. One of these was delivered at the installation of Rev. Johnathan Burr; the charge to the pastor, by Rev. Noble Everett of Wareham, is published in the same pamphlet. Dr. Cobb left a numerous family; his eldest son, Nathaniel, was the eccentric evangelist, who died in 1878; the second son, Leander, succeeded him in the ministry of this ancient church, and died in 1872."

Wareham was incorporated as a town July 6, 1739. The first ordained minister was Rev. Rowland Thatcher. He was born in Barnstable, a graduate of Harvard in 1733, ordained Dec. 26, 1739, and died Feb. 18, 1775. His name is clerical in Massachusetts. Mather is hardly more so. He died in office, at a good age, having served the church in Wareham more than thirty-five years, and left behind him the fragrance of his good name, and the fruits of his faithful labors.

Josiah Cotton, the second pastor, bore another clerical name of just celebrity. He was a graduate of Yale, and was ordained Nov. 1, 1775. He was a young man of ample talent and popular address, but less grave in manners and less zealous in spirit, than his predecessor. Finding that his ministry was not satisfactory, he resigned his office May 31, 1779, and subsequently the profession.

Noble Everett, the third pastor, was born in Woodbury, Conn., and a graduate of Yale in 1772. He was a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, and was present at the battle of White Plains. He was ordained in Wareham, October 15, 1782, and died in office, Dec. 30, 1819.

He read the Hebrew Scriptures with familiarity, and was justly esteemed sound in doctrine, prudent in discipline, and upright in conduct. He was of the school of the famous Bellamy, earnest and substantial, rather than accurate or conciliating. He disclaimed the use of the pen, and depended much on the impulse of the hour; yet he was often impressive, both in grave preaching and in earnest prayer.

Under his instructions, Ebenezer Burgess, D. D., John Mackie, M. D., an eminent physician of Providence, R. I., Timothy G. Coffin, Esq., so long a shining light at the Bristol Bar, and others were fitted for college.

On his tombstone is the following inscription: "Eminent for piety, and a faithful preacher of the Gospel."

Marion was incorporated May 14, 1852.

Mattapoisett was incorporated May 20, 1857.

OCCUPATIONS OF OUR PEOPLE FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME.

And now let us dwell for a few moments on the pursuits of our people.

For a long period after the first settlement, the principal

occupation of the inhabitants was agriculture. The products of the soil, together with game from the woods and fish from the adjacent waters, gave them an ample subsistence.

During the war of the Revolution, when salt was in great demand, our citizens embarked largely in manufacturing this article by boiling sea water. About the year 1806, the making of salt by evaporation was commenced and continued some forty years.

In former years, ship-building has been carried on to a considerable extent. In Wareham the ships Pocahontas, Jubilee, Wareham, Kutusoff, George Washington, Republic and others were built. Some of them at the time attracted considerable attention by their size; but now, they would be but as "long-boats" compared with the Great Eastern.

In Mattapoisett, hundreds of ships have been built for the whaling and merchant service, and their prows have vexed the waters of every sea.

In 1809, Rev. Noble Everett erected a fulling mill at Wareham Centre, which was operated by him and his sons for many years.

The first cotton factory here was built in 1812. This and the fulling mill occupied the present site of Parker mills.

In 1816, Curtis Tobey, Esq., erected a cotton factory on the Weweantit river, and in 1823 Benjamin Lincoln built another on the same stream.

In 1824, Pardon Taber built a paper mill on the Weweantit; and another paper establishment was erected near the Tremont depot, by Wheelwright & Co., about the year 1864.

In 1825, the manufacture of hollow ware gave employment to hundreds of citizens, and the business was carried on to a greater or less extent for many years prior and subsequent to that date.

Our leading industry, the manufacture of cut nails, was begun in Wareham in the year 1822, by I. and J. Pratt & Co. Our nails have found a market in every part of the habitable globe. I have myself purchased them in the stores of Pennsylvania, on the slopes of the Pacific, and in the mountains of Sierra Nevada.

It remains to be seen whether in the future we shall be able to compete with the factories of the Western and Middle States, where iron and coal is near at hand.

At one time, scores of vessels were employed in the whale fishery from the ports of Mattapoisett, Wareham and Marion, and some of them were remarkably successful.

Large numbers of our sons have "followed the sea." We have furnished hundreds of captains for steamships, whaling and merchant ships; and some of them have risen to eminence in their profession and have been known extensively in the Old World as well as the New.

High on the roll of popular commanders for a long series of years stood the name of James C. Luce, of Marion. But when the ill-fated Arctic went down, he closed his career on the ocean. For a quarter of a century he has resided on the banks of the Hudson. We had hoped to have seen and welcomed him here on this occasion; but alas! only a few days ago he sailed on that returnless voyage, where lights and shores eternal greet the vision.

PATRIOTISM OF THE INHABITANTS.

Thirdly, as some preachers would say, let us notice the patriotism of the people. I affirm that the sons of this old Sippican tract have been noted for their patriotism; and in all the great wars that have shaken this continent, they have taken an active part.

FRENCH WAR.

In the French war of 1757–8, nine citizens of Wareham,

John Bates, Barnabas Bates, Jabez Besse, Henry Saunders, Oliver Norris, Joshua Besse, Ebenezer Chubbuck, Joseph Norris and Samuel Besse, went to Cape Breton and assisted in taking that place, some in the land forces and some in the navy, and Samuel Besse lost his life in the expedition. About the same time, Nathaniel Besse, Gershom Morse, Newbury Morse, Elnathan Sampson, and Nathaniel Chubbuck went into the Northern army and were employed in taking Canada.

Also, there were three Indians who resided in this town named Jo Joseph, Sol Joseph and Jabez Wickett, who went and fought against the hostile Indians on the Canadian frontier. The Nathaniel Chubbuck already mentioned was in the English army at the time it was defeated near the city of Carthagena in South America, in 1741; and also at the taking of Havana in Cuba, in 1763.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

We find that the town of Rochester took action in reference to the approaching struggle at an early day.

On December 28, 1772, after reading the Letter of Correspondence from Boston, chose Deacon Seth Dexter, Samuel Briggs, Jr., Ebenezer White, Nathaniel Hammond, David Wing, Noah Sprague and Thomas West, to consider the matter and report at the adjourned meeting.

January 11, 1773, they reported the following resolves, which were adopted by the town:

Resolved, that we are entitled to all the Rights of natural born subjects of Great Britain; and have not forfeited said Rights.

That the acts of Parliament raising a revenue in America, with the extended powers of the Board of Commissioners and Court of Admiralty; and the stationing a part of the navy and troops here, are in variance of our Rights, established by Charter.

That the Governor's salary being made independent of the General Court is a dangerous measure.

That the establishment of the Judges of the Supreme Court is a most alarming innovation, and if these proceedings are submitted to, our General Court may soon be considered a riotous body.

That we have a right to petition for a redress of these grievances, and if such petition is treated with neglect or contempt, it is a yoke which our fathers, or we, are not able to bear. And we do instruct our Representative in the General Court, not to act inconsistent with these resolutions, as that will be very displeasing to his constituents.

And that he in conjunction with the House of Representatives pursue every legal measure for our political salvation.

That we pay our grateful acknowledgments to the town of Boston, for circulating through the Province a plan which we hope will be productive of happy effects.

The town further voted, that if our Representative or any other person in this town, either has or shall basely desert the cause of Liberty, for the sake of being promoted to a post of honor or profit, or for any other mean view to self-interest, shall be looked upon as an enemy to his country and be treated with that neglect and contempt that he justly deserves.

June 30, 1774, voted to sign a covenant to break off trade with Great Britain, until the Boston Port bill is repealed, and we restored to our constitutional rights.

Sept. 29, 1774, instructed our Representative not to act in conformity with the act of Parliament altering the Charter, &c.; and to adhere to the provisions of the charter of William and Mary, and if dissolved, to form into a provincial Congress.

Chose Charles Nye to examine the town stock. Voted to

purchase forty fire-arms, and to purchase powder so that the stock be four hundred pounds, and lead in proportion.

Chose a committee to call the companies together, for the choice of officers.

June 7, 1775, accepted of the Association recommended by Congress and chose Nathaniel Hammond, John Doty and David Wing, a committee to see it carried into effect.

Voted, that every "minute man," amounting to one hundred, that shall attend three half days in each week, as shall be appointed by their captain, and twice a month in a body, to the first of April, and shall be ready to march if needed, and equip themselves, shall have one shilling a week.

March, 1775, chose Nathaniel Briggs, Joseph Parker and David Wing, to see that the "Minute Men" equip themselves.

Rochester company of "Minute Men" that responded to the first call, April 19th, 1775:

Commissioned officers—Edward Hammond, captain; Josiah Burgess, lieutenant; Timothy Ruggles, ensign. Non-commissioned officers—Sergeants, William Nye, Jonathan King, Stafford Hammond, Sylvester Bates. Corporals—Church Mendall, Elisha Briggs, David Snow, William Crapo. Private soldiers—Ichabod Nye, William Randall, Nathan Savery, ——— Bassett, Richard Warren, Nathaniel Ryder, George Hammond, Joseph Clark, Shubael Hammond, Rufus Bassett, Jonathan Clark, Lemuel Caswell, Nathan Nye, Seth Mendall, Moses Bates, Consider King, Hathaway Randall, Seth Hathaway, Elijah Caswell, Jr., Nathan Perry, Isaac Washburn, Japhet Washburn, Caleb Combs, Joseph Hammond, Benjamin Haskins, John Briggs, Elijah Bates, David Bates, Daniel Mendall, Samuel Snow, Nathan Sears, Nathaniel King, Weston Clarke, Robert

Rider, Silas Bassett, Ebenezer Foster, George Clarke, William Hopper.

Rochester second foot company of militia that responded to the "Lexington Alarm," April 19th, 1775.

Nathaniel Hammond, captain; Nathaniel Briggs, lieutenant; John Briggs, Lemuel LeBaron, sergeants; corporals, Increase Clapp, Samuel Jenness, John ——, Charles Sturtevant, —— Sturdevant, —— Hammond, Joel Ellis, Nathaniel Sears, Joseph Haskell, 2d, Benjamin Dexter, Daniel Hammond, —— Briggs, Samuel Sampson, Ichabod Clapp, Joshua Allen, John Allen, Jr., John Clarke, Hosea Boles, John Keen, Joseph Wing, Ebenezer Hammond, Elisha Briggs, private soldiers. (See roll at the State House.)

July 3d, 1775, voted to hire one hundred pounds, to buy war stores.

Voted that those who have good guns, but no ammunition, repair to the keepers of the town stores and draw half a pound of powder, and balls answerable; they paying for the same, or leaving their names.

Aug. 7, 1775, sundry persons subscribed 216¾ yards of thick cloth for the army.

May 23, 1776, voted, that when Congress shall declare Independence, we will defend them with lives and fortunes.

Nov. 27, 1777, made choice of Seth Dexter, E. Hammond and E. Haskell, a committee to supply soldiers' families.

Oct. 9, 1778, chose a committee of three to supply the families of soldiers who are now in the Continental army.

The patriotism of this town was intense, and it is a historical fact that Rochester furnished more men in proportion to territory or inhabitants than any other town in the Old Colony. But there was one notable exception. The Tories of New England found their great champion in the person of Timothy Ruggles. He was the son of Rev. Timothy Ruggles, and was born in this town in 1711, and grad-

uated at Harvard University in 1732. He represented the town in the Legislature in 1736. In the old French war in 1755, with the rank of Brigadier General, he led a body of troops to join Sir William Johnson. He distinguished himself in the action with Baron Dieskau, for which he was rewarded by the gift of a lucrative place.

In 1757, he was appointed Associate Justice of the Common Pleas, and subsequently placed at the head of the bench of that court.

To the congress of nine colonies at New York, in 1765, he, Otis and Partridge, were the delegates from Massachusetts. Ruggles was made President of that body. His conduct gave great dissatisfaction to the Whigs of Massachusetts, and in addition to a vote of censure of the House of Representatives, he was reprimanded in his place from the speaker's chair.

He became, as the Revolutionary quarrel advanced, one of the most violent supporters of the ministry, and he and Otis, as the leaders of the two opposing parties, were in constant collision in the discussions of the popular branch of the government.

In 1774, he was named a Mandamus Councillor, which increased his unpopularity to so great a degree that his house was attacked at night and his cattle were maimed and poisoned. He died at Digby, Nova Scotia, in 1798, aged 87 years.

Sabine, the historian, says of him, "General Ruggles was a good scholar, and possessed powers of mind of a very high order. He was a wit and a misanthrope; and a man of rude manners and rude speech. Many anecdotes continue to be related of him, which show his shrewdness, his sagacity, his military hardihood and bravery. As a lawyer, he was an impressive pleader, and in parliamentary debate, able and ingenious. That a person thus constituted should

make enemies, other than those which men in prominent public stations usually acquire, is not strange, and he had a full share of personal foes. In Mrs. Warren's dramatic piece of 'The Group,' he figures in the character of Brigadier Hate-all."

Lieut.-Col. Ebenezer White of this town performed good service for the cause of his country, in the "days that tried men's souls." He was commissioned as Lieut.-Colonel of the Fourth Regiment Plymouth County Militia, in the first year of the Revolutionary War, and while participating in one of the engagements that took place in Rhode Island, had a part of the hilt of his sword shot off. In the cemetery at Rochester Centre, on that part called "Rochester Town," stands an old brown stone, bearing the following inscription: "Memento Mori, Sacred to the memory of Colonel Ebenezer White, who died March, 1804, aged 80. He was 19 times chosen to represent the town of Rochester in the General Court; in 14 of which elections he was unanimously chosen. As a tribute of respect for his faithful services, the town erected this monument to his memory."

Elnathan Haskell, of Rochester, was Major of Artillery in the Continental army. His likeness appears in one of the historical paintings that adorn the dome of the capitol at Washington.

In visiting your ancient cemetery, I scraped the moss from an old tombstone and read the following: "Ensign Ebenezer Foster, killed at the taking of Burgoyne, Sept. 19, 1777, in the 21st year of his age."

In your town records, the following unique biography may be seen: "Ichabod Burgess departed this life in 1834. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and during the whole war he nobly dared to meet in awful fight the enemies of his country. He fought and bled and conquered; and now has conquered his last enemy and joined his glorious file leader, Washington, in glory."

I have searched for other individual records, but searched in vain. Alas, the old Revolutionary heroes of Rochester sleep their last sleep, and nearly all those who listened to their deeds of valor have followed them.

Turn we now to the history of Wareham in the Revolution.

Her first act was to answer the people of Boston as follows:

At the request of the town of Boston, the inhabitants of the town of Wareham met together on the 18th day of January, 1773, to consider matters of grievances the Provinces are under. Capt. Josiah Carver, moderator.

Voted to act on the request of the town of Boston.

Chose David Nye, Barnabas Bates and Benjamin Briggs a committee to act on the above said matters of grievances, and lay it before the town. Voted to adjourn to the 8th of February.

Feb. 8th, 1774, voted to receive the committee's resolves and record them on the town books.

1. Resolved, That by the Charter of this Province we are entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the natural born citizens of Great Britain, therefore

2. Resolved, That the raising a revenue on the people by a legislative authority where they have no right in the election or returning of any of the members, is a great grievance, as we are thereby taxed by other than our own representatives.

3. Resolved, That the extensive power given to the commissioners of His Majesty's customs in America is a grievance.

4. Resolved, That the affixing salaries on the Judges of Supreme Court of Judicature within this Province out of the aforesaid revenue is a grievance, as our lives and property are so nearly concerned in the decision of the Judges

who hold their places during pleasure, and are entirely dependent on the Crown for their support.

5. Resolved, That the extending the power of the courts of vice admiralty, so as that in many things it destroys the privilege of the trials by juries, is an extreme grievance; and in particular that remarkable distinction made between the subjects in Great Britain and those in these colonies, in sundry acts of Parliament, in which the property of the colonies is given up to the determination of one single Judge of Admiralty, where by the same act the subject in Britain is tried in His Majesty's Court of Record.

6. Resolved, That we will freely join with the town of Boston, or any or all other towns in the Province to take any legal measures to obtain a removal of the above grievance in a constitutional manner.

7. Resolved, That whereas we are not in the capacity to send a representative to represent us in the General Assembly of the Province, we desire the committee of correspondence of the town of Boston to use their influence in that constitutional body, that they may petition our most gracious sovereign for a removal of the above said grievances, or that such method for the recovery of our ancient and valuable privileges as in their wisdom may appear most conducive to the common good of the Province.

8. Resolved, That the thanks of the town be returned to the inhabitants of the town of Boston for their letter of correspondence and the care they have taken to acquaint the Province in general, and us in particular, of the divers measures that have been and still are taken to deprive us of the privileges enjoyed by the subjects of the same Prince in Great Britain.

9. Resolved, That if any person for the sake of any post of honor, or for any private advantage whatsoever, shall basely desert the common cause of British freedom,

and endeavor to hinder or obstruct our thus recovering our ancient and invaluable privileges, he shall be deemed as an enemy to his country, and shall be treated by us with that neglect and contempt that his behavior deserves.

Failing to obtain a constitutional remedy, they resorted to other means; and on Jan. 16, 1775, they voted to allow each "Minute Man" 1s. 4d. per week; refused to pay any Province or County tax under the King's authority, and voted to pay the Province tax already made to Dr. Andrew Mackie, with instructions that he keep it subject to the town's order.

On March 17, 1775, they voted to purchase six guns for the use of the town, and directed Nathan Bassett to put the other guns in order and make bayonets to fit them, for which service they paid him £24, 16s. 6d.

The militia company of Wareham, that responded to the call April 19th, 1775:

Commissioned officers--Noah Fearing, captain; John Gibbs, lieutenant. Non-commissioned officers—Jonathan Gibbs, Joseph Sturtevant, sergeants; Enos Howard, corporal; Thomas Norris, drummer; Joseph Bumpus, Joseph Winslow, Jesse Swift, —— Bumpus, John Bates, —— Bassett, Benjamin Swift, Jno. Bourne, Archipaus Saunders, —— Hathaway, Samuel Savery, David Nye, privates.

Company of "Minute Men" from Wareham that marched to Marshfield, April 19, 1775:

Commissioned officers—Israel Fearing, captain; Joshua Briggs, lieutenant; Ebenezer Chubbuck, second lieutenant. Non-commissioned officers—Samuel Savery, Prince Burgess, Edward Sparrow, —— Burgess, sergeants; Jno. Besse, drummer; Joshua Besse, fifer; Samuel Burgess, Sylvester Bumpus, Calvin Howard, Wilbur Swift, Benjamin Gibbs, Samuel Phillips, Rufus Perry, Nathaniel Burgess, Joshua Gibbs, Jr., William Parris, Isaac Ames,

William Bumpus, David Perry, Benjamin Briggs, Barnabas Bumpus, Elisha Burgess, Richard Sears, Asaph Bates, Jabez Nye, Jno. Lothrop, Ebenezer Bourne, Willis Barrows, Samuel Norris, Joseph Bumpus, Elisha Swift, Jabez Besse, Samuel Morse, Thomas Sampson, Timothy Chubbuck, privates.

Soon after this the following men enlisted for six months, were stationed along the shore in this town, and paid by the State. A part of them, however, went to Roxbury, and there served two months of the time: Ebenezer Chubbuck, Samuel Bassett, Nathan Bassett, Barnabas Bates, David Saunders, Barnabas Bumpus, Judah Swift, Daniel Perry, Jabez Nye, Joseph Bosworth, John Besse, Joshua Besse, Joseph Saunders, Wm. Conant, Joseph Bumpus, Ephraim Norris, Rufus Perry, Barnabas Bates, Jr., Consider Sturtevant, John Bourne, Benjamin Russell, Samuel Morse, Caleb Burgess, Joseph Bates, Thomas Bates, Samuel Bates.

At the same time the following were in the army near Boston, with the eight months' men: Lieut. Willard Swift, Edward Spooner, Lemuel Caswell, John Lathrop, Calvin Howard, Samuel Phillips, Samuel Barrows, Benjamin Chubbuck, William Thorn.

Two others went to the Lakes; so that this little town, that did not have voters enough to entitle it to a representative, furnished thirty-six soldiers the first year of the war.

And when the public authorities called for a re-enlistment for the term of one year, and it was submitted to the citizens of Wareham, to see who would enlist for 1776, the following responded: Edward Sparrow, Josiah Harlow, Willard Swift, Lemuel Caswell, Samuel Barrows, Samuel Phillips, William Pierce, Arthur Hathaway, Wm. Thorn, Jesse Swift, Benjamin Gibbs, Caleb Burgess, Benjamin Burgess, William Bumpus, Benjamin Swift, John Galt, Solomon Hitchman, Rufus Perry.

They joined the army near Boston, and after the British evacuated that place went to New York.

In June there was another call for men to go to New York, when Joseph Bates, Perez Briggs, William Hunt, Joseph Bosworth, Nathaniel Burgess, Benjamin Swift, and Benjamin Chubbuck, enlisted for the term of five months; making twenty-five men in the regular army the second year of the war.

Upon the call of Congress for men to serve in the Continental army for three years, or during the war, commencing with 1777, the following enlisted and were marched against Burgoyne's army: Lieut. Joseph Bates, Joseph Saunders, Jonathan Saunders, William Conant, Lot Sturdevant, Nathan Sturdevant, Moses Sturdevant, David Burgess, Solomon Hitchman, James Bumpus, Amaziah King, Reuben Maxim, Joseph Bumpus, William Parkman.

About the same time the State called for two months' men, to go to Rhode Island, when the following responded to the call, and were stationed near Howland's Ferry: Silas Besse, Hallett Briggs, Benjamin Bourne, Joseph Swift, John Winslow, Asa Bumpus.

After this Lieut. Prince Burgess, Ebenezer Burgess and Herman Sturdevant went to Rhode Island and were in the battle fought by Gen. Sullivan, at the south end of the island, and it is said they all fought bravely.

In August of this year, nearly every man of the militia went against Newport, on the secret expedition which did not succeed, and they soon returned.

March 26, 1777, chose Jeremiah Bumpus, Ebenezer Chubbuck, Israel Fearing, Edward Sparrow and Barnabas Bates, Jr., a committee of correspondence, inspection and safety.

Sept. 29, voted £23 to pay for one hundred pounds of powder.

Nov. 25, voted £100 for the purpose of supplying the families of the Continental soldiers, and chose a committee to provide such articles as they should need.

Soon after the taking of Gen. Burgoyne's army, Barnabas Bates, Silas Besse, Silas Fearing, John Galt, David Perry, Jabez Besse and Nathan Norris went to Boston on a three months' tour, to guard the prisoners.

March 2, 1778, chose John Fearing, James Burgess, Andrew Mackie, Samuel Savery and Barnabas Bates a committee of correspondence, inspection and safety.

Oct. 5, voted to raise money to pay for soldiers' clothing, and chose a committee to supply the soldiers' families the ensuing year.

Jan. 11, 1779, voted to raise by tax £184 in the west end of the town to pay two nine months' men, viz.: Andrew Sturdevant and Asa Bumpus.

Voted to raise soldiers in the future by a town tax, and a committee was chosen to hire them for the town.

March 8, chose John Fearing, Joshua Gibbs and David Nye, to see that there be no forestalling and monopolizing in the town, agreeably to an act of the General Court.

Chose John Fearing, Andrew Mackie, Samuel Savery, Barnabas Bates and Prince Burgess, a committee of correspondence, inspection and safety.

July 5, chose a committee to supply the soldiers' families with the necessaries of life. Voted £110, 16s., to pay soldiers' bounty and mileage.

Dec. 6, voted to send to Boston for 160 pounds of powder.

March 22, 1780, chose Israel Fearing, Barnabas Bates and Rowland Thatcher, a committee of correspondence, inspection and safety.

June 20, voted that the six months' men now sent into service be hired by a tax, and that each man have 69 silver

dollars, as a bounty, and 130 paper dollars per man mileage money.

Voted to eleven three months' men 40 silver dollars per man and 100 paper dollars per mile.

Capt. John Gibbs, William Conant, Thomas Bates, Silas Besse, Lot Thacher, Lot Bumpus, Seth Stevens, Isaac Stevens, Geo. Glover, Benjamin Benson, George Gurney and Thomas Barrows were the captain and eleven men mentioned in the last vote. These men went to Rhode Island.

Sept. 21, voted to raise £86, 17s. hard money, to pay for beef sent to the army.

Dec. 26, voted to raise seven men for the army during the war.

July 9, 1781, chose a committee to procure beef for the army.

Sept. 24, voted for two five months' soldiers, £21; for four three months' men, £72; and for seven three years' soldiers, £126.

Oct. 8, voted £235, 8s., to pay for 9146 lbs. of beef sent to the Continental army; and £15 for 400 lbs. of beef for soldiers' families.

Dec. 17, voted to join with Plymouth to petition to take off the excise act.

Sept. 16, 1782, voted £210 for seven three years' soldiers.

Sept. 29, 1783, voted £180 for six three years' soldiers.

Wareham furnished about one hundred soldiers for the entire war. We have the names of 86, who served at different times; 13 of them dying in the service.

There are some instances of individual bravery, worthy of special record.

On the 7th of September, 1778, the British troops made an attempt to destroy the village of Fairhaven, but were bravely repulsed by a small force, commanded by Major

Israel Fearing of Wareham. The enemy a day or two previously had burned houses and destroyed a large amount of property at New Bedford. The following is from Dwight's Travels, Vol. III, p. 71:

"From this place they marched around to the head of the river to Sconticut Point, on the eastern side, leaving in their course, for some unknown reason, the villages of Oxford and Fairhaven. Here they continued till Monday, and then re-embarked. The following night a large body of them proceeded up the river, with a design to finish the work of destruction, by burning Fairhaven. A critical attention to their movements had convinced the inhabitants that this was their design, and induced them to prepare for their reception. The militia of the neighboring country had been summoned to the defence of this village. Their commander was a man far advanced in years. Under the influence of that languor which at this period enfeebles both the body and the mind, he determined that the place must be given up to the enemy, and that no opposition to their ravages could be made with any hope of success.

This decision of their officer necessarily spread its benumbing influence over the militia, and threatened an absolute prevention of all enterprise and the destruction of this handsome village.

Among the officers belonging to the brigade was Israel Fearing, Esq., a major of one of the regiments. This gallant young man, observing the torpor which was spreading among the troops, invited as many as had sufficient spirit to follow him, and station themselves at the post of danger. Among those who accepted the invitation was one of the colonels, who of course became the commandant; but after they had arrived at Fairhaven, and the night had come on, he proposed to march the troops back into the country. He was warmly opposed by Major Fearing; and finding that he

could not prevail, prudently retired to a house three miles distant, where he passed the night in safety.

After the colonel had withdrawn, Major Fearing, now commander-in-chief, arranged his men with activity and skill; and soon perceived the British approaching. The militia, in the strictest sense raw, already alarmed by the reluctance of their superior officers to meet the enemy, and naturally judging that men of years must understand the real state of the danger better than Major Fearing, a mere youth, were panic struck at the approach of the enemy, and instantly withdrew from their post. At this critical moment, Major Fearing with the decision which awes men into a strong sense of duty, rallied them, and placing himself in the rear, declared in a tone which removed all doubt, that he would kill the first man whom he found retreating. The resolution of their chief recalled theirs. With the utmost expedition he then led them to the scene of danger. The British had already set fire to several stores. Between these buildings and the rest of the village he stationed his troops, and ordered them to lie close in profound silence, until the enemy, who were advancing, should have come so near that no marksman could easily mistake his object. The orders were punctually obeyed. When the enemy had arrived within this distance, the Americans arose, and with a well directed fire gave them a warm and unexpected reception. The British fled instantly to their boats, and fell down the river with the utmost expedition. From the quantity of blood found the next day in their line of march, it was supposed that their loss was considerable. Thus did this heroic youth, in opposition to his superior officers, preserve Fairhaven, and merit a statue from its inhabitants."

Nor were the operations of our patriotic citizens confined to the land. Capt. Barzillai Besse went out privateering under a commission from the State, in an armed sloop, and

took one prize. He, together with John Gibbs and some others of his crew, left his vessel at Nantucket and went on board Captain Dimmick of Falmouth, as volunteers in a wood sloop borrowed in the place for the occasion, and running down towards the enemy's vessel, which was a shaving mill mounting six swivels. Dimmick was ordered to strike. He showed submission; but in running under the stern, he put his bowsprit under the enemy's taffrail, and calling upon his men, they sprang on board, killed the English captain and took the vessel, in a few minutes.

Also a ten-gun sloop, named the Hancock, owned by John Carver, Nathan Bassett and others, was fitted out from this place as a privateer, commanded by James Southard. The first cruise, they went to the West Indies and took two prizes. The second cruise, they took two Grand Bank fishermen, both brigs, and brought them into Wareham.

Rufus Lincoln enlisted at the commencement of the war, rose to the rank of captain, and fought in the battle of Bemis Heights, Princeton and other battles. He was at one time taken prisoner, and kept for a long time in a prison near Philadelphia.

Nathan Savery and John Bourne marched into the fort at Ticonderoga, under Ethan Allen, when he demanded its surrender "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." They were also present at the taking of Crown Point.

Lieut. Josiah Smith was a member of the "Society of Cincinnati," and one of Washington's Life Guard. He fought in the battles of Saratoga, Monmouth and Yorktown, and was one of "Mad Anthony's" forlorn hope that stormed and captured Stony Point, one hundred years ago last Wednesday, (an event that electrified the nations. Paris was all ablaze, and for many days her streets rang with nothing but the name of Gen. Wayne.) This brave old soldier

"Sank to rest,
With all his country's honors blest,"

in 1845, at the extraordinary age of 92, and was buried with military honors.

WAR OF 1812–15.

Our people were not as zealously engaged in this war as in the war of the Revolution. A large portion of New England was opposed to the declaration of war, not believing there was sufficient cause for war. When a bill was discussed in Congress appropriating three millions for the conduct of the war, Daniel Webster declared he would not vote for it, "if the guns of the enemy were battering down the capitol."

The British frigate Nimrod anchored off "Great Hill" in June, 1814, and 200 marines in barges landed at Wareham, where they destroyed property to the amount of $25,000.

On departing, they left word that they should soon return. A military company was at once formed, with commissioned officers; trenches were dug on one of the "Necks," where their guns would rake the channel, and here they drilled and watched for the space of three months.

If the British had made their words good, they would have met with a warm reception.

A large number of our citizens served in the "Coast Guard," and twelve men went from Wareham to Newport, and were there employed in the corps called "Sea Fencibles," where they served until peace was declared.

Moses Bumpus and James Miller shipped on board a privateer, where Bumpus was killed and Miller lost a leg by a cannon ball. Of the few men killed on the American side, at the battle of New Orleans, Joseph Saunders of Wareham was one.

William Bates of Wareham, in early life, so distinguished himself in the battle of Bladensburg, that honorable mention is made of him in history. He subsequently became a famous instructor of youth in his native town, fitting many young men for college, filled various local offices with honor, and at one time ran for the office of Secretary of State in this Commonwealth, but his party ticket was defeated. His ability, both natural and acquired, was of a high order.

Seth Leonard of Wareham, performed a feat during this war that would have gained him deification among the ancients. He happened to be in Stonington, Conn., in 1814, when the British frigate Nimrod attempted to enter the harbor. Causing an old cannon to be hastily mounted, he almost single-handed and alone, served it with such precision and effect that the frigate was obliged to retire to repair damages, and Stonington was saved.

WAR OF THE REBELLION.

In this war, Rochester furnished for the army and navy 125 men. Of these, 9 died in the service.

Marion furnished for the army and navy 25 men. Of these, 6 died in the service.

Mattapoisett furnished 215 men for the army and navy. Of these, 18 died in the service.

Wareham furnished 320 men for the army and navy. Of these, 34 died in the service.

Three brothers, Joshua Besse, Jr., Ichabod Besse and Lathrop A. Besse, and Benjamin B. Besse, the son of the first named, were in the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg. Benjamin B. Besse enlisted at the commencement of the war at the age of 15, and was engaged in more than forty battles.

William A. Edson was wounded at the battle of Ball's Bluff, a minie ball passing entirely through his body. He

remained in the hospital awhile, came home, re-enlisted, served a few months, was pronounced unfit for duty, came home again, and soon after died. He was called by his comrades, "The Iron Man."

Mr. President, as I have been looking over the military record of our sons in the late terrible war, my tears have wet that record as I have read, "Died of Starvation" appended to the names of four.

And when their piercing shrieks came up from the stench pens and miasma yards of Andersonville, Salisbury and Belle Isle, and reached the ear of that old public functionary at Richmond, one stroke of his pen, one word from his mouth would have saved them, but he was as silent as if he had been in the tombs of the Capulets.

A few years ago I was conversing with a distinguished clergyman, who had grown gray in the service of his Master, on this topic. We had not proceeded far, ere he began to manifest a little righteous indignation. Said he, "If a son of mine had been starved there, I would have had my revenge on Jeff. Davis if I pursued him to the gates of hell." "But," said I, "you don't mean that." "Yes," said he, "I mean it." And he looked it, as much as ever Andrew Jackson did when he swore "by the Eternal!"

Now I am not prepared to go as far as that, but I will tell you where I stand. We read that the devil goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and if I should see him running off with Jeff. Davis in his mouth, I would be the last man to cry "stop thief!" Yet while I stood exulting he would drop him, finding that he had made a mistake, for Satan is ashamed of a man who would starve his fellow man, as is evident from the fact that he once implored the Creator of this earth to turn the stones into bread.

I have sometimes thought that at the Last Great Day, when the angel shall stand with one foot upon the sea and the other upon the land, and putting the golden trumpet to his mouth shall swear by him that liveth and reigneth, time was, time is, but time shall be no more, he would have to give an extra blast to arouse the monsters of the earth. Antiochus, Epiphanes, Asdrubal, Jenghis Khan, Hamilcar, Nero, Tamerlane, George Jeffreys, the judicial butcher, Nina Sahib, Caligula, the builder of the Black Hole of Calcutta, Jeff. Davis, and their kin will turn from side to side in their dusty beds and howl at the angel, as their ancestors howled at the Saviour, "Hast thou come to torment us before the time?" Again the fearful tones of the trumpet are heard, "Time shall be no longer."

Reluctantly they arise and appropriately form the rear-guard in the resurrection. Think ye, will not the hounds of Bedlam grow leaner in the presence of such rivals?

HONORED SONS OF SIPPICAN.

Turn we now from this revolting contemplation and from the record of the wars, to things more pleasing. Let us notice some of the sons of the old Sippican tract who have distinguished themselves in the walks of life, and gained far more than a local reputation.

Ebenezer Swift was born in Wareham, October 8th, 1817. He entered the United States army as a medical officer, in the Spring of 1847, and in August of the same year was promoted to a 1st lieutenant of his corps. He reported for duty to Gen. Franklin Pierce at Vera Cruz, and on the arrival of his division of the army at Puebla, he was assigned to duty as aid to Gen. Lawson, at Gen. Scott's headquarters, and with Capt. Phil. Kearney, who commanded the General's body guard. He was present in every battle in

which our troops were engaged, on the line from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, except Cerro Gordo. At one time, during the battle of Molino del Rey, Gen. Worth, who commanded in person, ordered him to fall back with our wavering lines, saying: "You are drawing fire from the enemy's artillery at Chepultapec." Dr. Swift, who was earnestly engaged, did not look up from his work, and on account of smoke, dust and noise, did not recognize the person addressing him, and simply replied: "I will in a moment, after another amputation, sir." He had not discovered that our lines had been driven back in some disorder by the enemy, and that he was exposed to a fire in front and upon our right flank, while our troops were reforming for another charge.

Another incident of a similar nature occurred later in the same day, when his horse was shot while being held by his orderly.

The above was reported verbally to Gen. Scott, who personally complimented him in the presence of his entire staff; and subsequently mentioned him with favor in his report to the Secretary of War.

He several times commanded troops and posts on our Indian border; was military aid to Gov. Walker, in our Kansas troubles; and in the war of the Rebellion was recommended for promotion, for gallant conduct at the battle of Stone River, in Tennessee, and in other engagements; for all of which he received three brevet commissions, the highest being Brigadier General.

During reconstruction South, he was for more than a year Mayor of the city of Vicksburg, and also in performance of other important civil duties.

Gen. Swift is still retained in the service of the United States, and resides at Staten Island, occupying a mansion that was formerly the home of one of the Vanderbilts.

"Hon. Abraham Holmes was born in Rochester, June 9, 1754. He was admitted to the bar of Plymouth County at the April term, 1800. He was then nearly forty-six years of age. He had previously been President of the Court of Sessions, and though not regularly educated for the profession, the members of the bar voted his admission in consideration of 'his respectable official character, learning and abilities, on condition that he study three months in some attorney's office.' He might be called, with great propriety, a self-made lawyer. He continued in practice till August, 1835, when eighty-one years of age, with a considerable degree of reputation and success. Even when thus advanced in life, he was a regular attendant upon the sessions of the court, and was regarded as an acute and learned lawyer. In his intercourse with the bar, he was courteous and familiar, especially toward the younger members.

He was full of anecdote and traditional lore, abounding in wit and humor. His mind was well stored with facts relating to the older members of the bar, and so late as June, 1834, when eighty years of age, he delivered a very interesting address at New Bedford, to the bar of Bristol County, in which he discoursed of the rise and progress of the profession in Massachusetts, with sketches of the early lawyers; of the necessity of such an order of men; and upon the duties of the profession."

He was a member of the State Convention to revise the Constitution, in 1820, and took a part in the debates. He was a member of the Executive Council of Massachusetts for the political year, May, 1821–22, and May, 1822–23, when Governor Brooks was in office.

He furnished some items for "Tudor's Life of James Otis;" wrote an essay on the nature and uses of a "Writ of Right," and he left in manuscript many interesting reminiscences of the olden times.

His writings show great ability. Rev. Jonathan Bigelow, who knew him well, said: "If he had only been favored with a liberal education, it would have been his own fault if he had not become the Chief Justice of Massachusetts."

After his decease, which occurred Sept. 7, 1839, the members of the bar of the counties of Bristol, Plymouth and Barnstable, at a meeting held at Plymouth, Oct. 25, 1839, paid a most respectful tribute to his talents, learning and character, and adopted a resolution expressing a high sense of his professional worth; as a man "whose mind was enriched with various learning; whose memory was a repository of the most valuable reminiscences; whose legal attainments gave him high professional eminence, and whose social qualities were an ornament of the circle of friendship during a long life of integrity and usefulness."

Mr. Holmes was one of those grand old characters whose history it is delightful to contemplate. Intimately associated with the Otises of Barnstable, and the Freemans of Sandwich—those giants of the Revolutionary period—he struck hard blows for the cause of freedom. In old age, he writes: "The retrospection of these olden times resuscitated all the feelings, sensations and animations of 1774; such as none can feel in the same degree who did not live at the time and participate in the fears and hopes, toils and dangers of those times. The contemplation of those events gives me a satisfaction unknown to the miser in counting his hoards; the agriculturist, when his corn and wine increaseth; or the merchant, when his ships return laden with the riches of the East."

Through life he held a correspondence with the greatest and best men of our country, and letters still in existence show that they felt honored by his friendship.

"Hon. Charles Jarvis Holmes, son of the preceding, was born at Rochester, May 9, 1790.

He studied law in the office of his father, in Rochester, and was admitted to the Plymouth county bar in 1812, just before the commencement of the second war with Great Britain. He practiced his profession in his native town more than a quarter of a century; identified with the feelings and interests, and enjoying the confidence of his fellow citizens. He represented Rochester in the Legislature of Massachusetts in the years 1816, 1817, 1819, 1820, 1824, 1826, 1827, 1831, 1832. He was a Senator from Plymouth County in 1829 and 1830; a member of the Executive Council in 1835, and an Elector of President and Vice President in 1836. He filled all these offices while residing in Rochester.

In December, 1838, with a view to more extended professional practice, he removed to Taunton. In 1842 he was appointed by President Tyler, Collector of Customs for Fall River; to which place he removed his residence. He remained there till towards the close of his life. He filled at various periods other offices of some importance, as Master in Chancery, Commissioner of Bankruptcy, &c. All the duties of these offices he faithfully discharged. He was a man of ardent friendship, genial temperament, of a high sense of honor. His intellectual powers were strong and well cultivated, although he was not educated at college. He was a careful reader of the English classics, and a thorough student of the law. In political life, he was ardent, sanguine, strong in his convictions, and indefatigable in maintaining them. He wrote his own epitaph, closing with these words: "By profession a lawyer; by practice a peacemaker." He died at Fall River, May 13, 1859, aged 69.

The ancestors of the Holmes family in America were numerous in England, generations ago, and some of them were composed of stern material. The following may be found in Macaulay's History of England, vol. I, page 509:

"The claims of the King to unbounded authority in

things temporal, and the claim of the Clergy to the spiritual power of binding and loosing, moved the bitter scorn of the intrepid Sectaries. Some of them composed hymns in the dungeon, and chanted them on the fatal sledge. Christ, they sang while undressing for the butcher, would soon come to rescue Zion and to make war on Babylon; would set up his standard, and would requite his foes tenfold for all the evil which had been inflicted on his servants. The dying words of these men were noted down; their farewell letters were kept as treasures; and in this war, with the help of some invention and exaggeration, was formed a copious supplement to the Marian Martyrology. A few cases deserve especial mention. Abraham Holmes, a retired officer of the Parliamentary army, and one of those zealots who would own no king but King Jesus, had been taken at Sedgemoor. His arm had been frightfully mangled and shattered in battle; and as no surgeon was at hand, the stout old soldier amputated it himself. He was carried up to London and examined by the king, in council, but would make no submission. 'I am an aged man,' he said, 'and what remains to me of life is not worth a falsehood or a baseness. I have always been a Republican; and I am so still.' He was sent back to the West and hanged. The people remarked, with awe and wonder, that the beasts which were to drag him to the gallows became restive and went back. Holmes, himself, doubted not that the angel of the Lord, as in the old time, stood in the way, sword in hand, invisible to human eyes, but visible to the inferior animals. 'Stop, gentlemen,' he cried, 'let me go on foot; there is more in this than you think. Remember how the ass saw Him whom the Prophet could not see.' He walked manfully to the gallows, harangued the people with a smile, prayed fervently that God would hasten the downfall of Antichrist and the deliverance of England, and went up the ladder with an apology for

mounting so awkwardly. 'You see,' he said, 'I have but one arm.' "

John Milton Mackie, an American author, was born in Wareham in 1813. He was graduated in 1832 at Brown University, where he was tutor from 1834 to 1838. In 1845 he published a "Life of Godfrey William von Leibnitz," a "Life of Samuel Gorton." In 1848 appeared his "Cosas de Espana, or Going to Madrid via Barcelona." Mr. Mackie has been known as a contributor to the "North American Review" of a number of articles on various subjects, principally on German literature and history. He has also written a "Life of Schamyl, the Circassian Chief," and "Life of Tai-Ping-Wang, Chief of the Chinese Insurrection." Mr. Mackie has been residing for many years in Great Barrington, Mass., and has been as successful in agricultural pursuits as he was formerly in literary.

Ebenezer Burgess, D. D., was born in Wareham, April 1, 1790. He graduated at Brown University, in 1809, with a distinguished rank as a scholar. After graduating at Brown, he became a tutor in that college, and subsequently a Professor in the college at Middlebury, Vt. In connection with Samuel J. Mills, one of the great founders and originators of American Missions, he sailed on November 16, 1817, for Africa, under the auspices of the American Colonization Society; became one of the founders of the colony at Liberia, and was invited to become its Superintendent. He visited England both going and returning, and was presented to Macaulay, father of the eminent statesman and historian, and was cordially received by Wilberforce, Lord Bathurst and Lord Gambier, who expressed deep interest for the African enterprise. On his homeward voyage, he buried at sea the heavenly minded Mills, and arrived alone in his native land, Oct. 22, 1818. Some years

after this he married the daughter of Lieut. Gov. William Phillips. After his settlement in Dedham, Mass., he was invited to take the presidency of the Middlebury College, Vt., but declined. On the 30th of July, 1820, he preached for the first time in Dedham, and on March 13th, 1821, was ordained pastor of the church, with which he remained connected for forty years. His decease occurred Dec. 5, 1870. Weeping throngs dismissed him to Heaven with their benediction.

Alexander Bourne was born in Wareham, Sept. 11, 1786. He emigrated to Marietta, Ohio, in 1810, where he found employment for a while in the office of Judge Paul Fearing, a native of this place, for whom the town of Fearing, Washington county, Ohio, was named. His work here was surveying and drawing. Judge Fearing kindly loaned him a fine case of drawing instruments that once belonged to the celebrated Blennerhassett. Soon after this, the Auditor of the State employed him in his office, and pronounced him the best map-maker in the country. In 1811 he was employed by Gen. Duncan McArthur to copy the entries and surveys of the Virginia military bounty lands in Ohio. In the war of 1812, though without any military experience, he served as Adjutant, Judge Advocate, and for a short time as Colonel, by appointment of Governor Meigs. In the battle of Fort Meigs, one of the most sanguinary of the entire war, he greatly distinguished himself by his personal bravery. He was brave even to recklessness, and at one time during the battle Gen. Harrison cursed him fearfully for exposing himself so much to the fire of the enemy. In Gen. Harrison's dispatches to the government, although there were fifty officers in the garrison that outranked him, the name of Alexander Bourne is the fourteenth mentioned for bravery and good conduct. In 1814 he was appointed

aid-de-camp to Gov. Worthington; in 1815, Adjutant-General of the State of Ohio; and also to act as Inspector-General. In 1816 he married Helen Mar, daughter of Gen. Duncan McArthur, who succeeded Gen. Harrison in the command of the Northwestern army, and was subsequently Governor of Ohio. Soon after this, he was appointed by Gov. Worthington, on the part of the State of Ohio, to settle the account of public arms with the government of the United States. In 1818, during the recess of Congress, he was appointed by President Munroe, Receiver of Public Money for the State of Ohio, and the appointment was subsequently confirmed by the Senate. During this year he wrote his first communication to *Silliman's Journal* in Relation to the Origin of the Prairies and Barrens of the Western Country; and subsequently during life, was an occasional contributor to our leading scientific journals. Some of these articles were republished in London. In 1827, he was appointed by Gov. Trimble, Commissioner of the Ohio Canals—the vacancy being caused by the death of Gov. Worthington. In 1827, he was dismissed from the office of Receiver of Public Money for the State—an office he had held for nine years, by President Jackson, because he preferred John Quincy Adams for President; and would not change his flag to save his office. He was a member of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, a corresponding member of the Western Academy of Natural Sciences at Cincinnati, an honorary member of the Natural History Society of the Ohio University, and a corresponding member of the National Institutes at Washington, District of Columbia. What a record for a man, who graduated at a district school in his native town in 1804, when district schools were held only three months in a year! The evening of his life was spent not far from the spot where he was born, and it was my privilege to be with him during the last

night he spent on earth. He passed away peacefully, hopefully and trustingly, August 5, 1849. His manuscripts, which have never been published and were not designed for publication, show him to have been a brave soldier, a profound philosopher, a cultured scholar, an astute theologian, and a devout Christian.

Zephaniah Swift was born in Wareham, February, 1759, died in Warren, Ohio, Oct. 27, 1823. He was a graduate at Yale College in 1778, and established himself in the practice of the law at Windham, Conn.; was a member of Congress from 1793 to 1796; was Secretary of the Mission to France in 1800; and in 1801 he was elected a Judge, and from 1806 to 1819, was Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut. He published a "Digest of the Law of Evidence," and a "Treatise on Bills of Exchange," in 1810; and a "Digest of the Laws of Connecticut," 2 vols., 1823. In the celebrated Bishop case recently tried in Norwich, Conn., Judge Culver in quoting an opinion from him, styled him "Connecticut's ablest jurist, sixty years ago." A master of jurisprudence and busy in the courts, he had a hand and a heart for every grand moral enterprise. And that glorious old pulpit Titan, Lyman Beecher, in the early days of the Temperance Reform, thanked God and took courage when Judge Swift, Dr. Dwight and Hon. Tappan Reeve came to his aid; and he soon after delivered a series of temperance sermons that were shots heard around the world.

Thomas Burgess was born in Wareham, Nov. 29, 1778, died in Providence, R. I., May 18, 1856. He was distinguished through life by scrupulous integrity, by habits of great industry, and by the conscientious discharge of every trust, as well as by eminent sagacity and prudence, merited and acquired the confidence of his fellow-citizens, in a meas-

ure which is accorded only to the most blameless. His counsel was sought with a peculiar reliance on its value; and the weightiest affairs and the most delicate duties were intrusted to him without apprehension. A Judge of the Municipal Court of Providence, an office which he held from the organization of the city government till within a few years of his death, he presided over the distribution of the estates of that large and wealthy community, with more than satisfaction to those whose interests demanded an exact and watchful guardian. He was also Judge of the Common Pleas till a new organization of the Courts superseded that office, which had never been in wiser or purer hands. His professional practice, with his other undertakings, secured to him, under the blessing of God, a prosperous position; and he was able and ready to lend cheerful and considerate assistance to those who needed his kindness, and to bear his part in works of public beneficence. The honorable profession of the law has seldom furnished a worthier example of the christian virtues, than his character displayed from youth to age—uprightness, fidelity, discretion, diligence and the fear of God. His son, Thomas Mackie Burgess, was Mayor of the city of Providence, R. I., for ten successive years, and his sons, George and Alexander, became Bishops in the Episcopal church.

Tristam Burgess, the "Bald Eagle of the North," was born in Rochester, Feb. 26, 1770; died Oct. 13, 1853. He graduated at Brown University in 1796, with the first honors of his class. He studied law in Providence, R. I., and was admitted to practice there in 1799. Soon after his admission to the bar, while pleading a case in one of the smaller courts, being severe and personal in his remarks, he was interrupted by the judge, who asked him if he knew where he was and to whom he was talking. "O, yes," said

Mr. Burgess, "I am in an *inferior* court, addressing an *inferior* judge in the *inferior* State of Rhode Island." In 1815, he was made Chief Justice of the State. In 1825, he was elected to Congress. He took his seat in the U. S. House of Representatives in December of that year, and in a few days offered an anti-slavery petition from Salem, in this State. At once, the sharp, piercing voice of John Randolph was heard: "Mr. Speaker, I understand that the petition of the gentleman is from Salem, and I move that it be referred to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union." Mr. Burgess sprang to his feet and cried, imitating Mr. Randolph's peculiar voice exactly: "Mr. Speaker, and I move that the gentleman from Roanoke be referred to the same committee."

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

In a contest with the distinguished Representative from South Carolina, he went on to say that Mr. McDuffie had not adopted the style of speaking common to scholars and gentlemen. The following may be taken as a sample of his language in reply: "It would (and the gentleman certainly knows it) be very unbecoming in me to say what what might very appropriately be said of him. The gentleman seems to claim the whole right to himself. Few men would, I believe, pirate upon his property. The fee simple of the honorable gentleman in his principles, opinions and thoughts, together with his own manner of expressing them, will never be feloniously invaded by any person of sound mind, and having the fear of God before his eyes. He says what he is, he is himself. Why, sir, I do not question this. He is himself, and neither he nor any other person will ever mistake him for anybody else. The honorable gentleman need not fear being lost in the ordinary samples of existence. His individuality is secure. It is very probable there is but one specimen in the whole mass of moral,

intellectual and physical being. With what other thing can he be confounded? Men would as soon mistake the fiery element, or the angry action and fiery visage of a wildcat, for the quiet blood and peaceful countenance of the lamb."

The most famous encounter between Mr. Burgess and Mr. Randolph occurred during a debate on the tariff. Mr. Burgess having remarked, in the course of his speech, that there was a disposition among some gentlemen to support British interests in preference to American, Mr. Randolph rose and interrupted him, saying: "This hatred of aliens, sir, is the undecayed spirit which called forth the proposition to enact the alien and sedition law. I advise the gentleman from Rhode Island to move a re-enactment of those laws, to prevent the impudent foreigner from rivalling the American seller. New England—what is she? Sir, do you remember that appropriate exclamation, "*Delenda est Cathargo?*" Mr. Burgess replied as follows: "Does the gentleman mean to say, sir, New England must be destroyed? If so, I will remind him that the fall of Carthage was the precursor of the fall of Rome. Permit me to suggest to him to carry out the parallel. Further, sir, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not bound by any rule to argue against Bedlam; but where I see anything rational in the hallucinations of the gentleman, I will answer them." At the command of the speaker, he took his seat, remarking as he did so, "Perhaps it is better, sir, that I should not go on." The next day he resumed his speech on the subject, and referred to Mr. Randolph as a spirit which exclaims at every rising sun: "Hodie! Hodie! Carthago Delenda! To-day! to-day! let New England be destroyed!" Sir, Divine Providence takes care of its own universe. Moral monsters cannot propagate. Impotent of everything but malevolence of purpose, they can no otherwise multiply miseries than by blaspheming all that is pure, prosperous

and happy. Could demon propagate demon, the universe might become a Pandemonium; but I rejoice that the Father of Lies can never become the Father of Liars. One adversary of God and man is enough for one universe. Too much! Oh, how much to much, for one nation!

Mr. McDuffie, by the part he took in this discussion, came in also for a large share of Mr. Burgess's notice, who introduced one of his speeches by saying that the inhabitants of the sea sport only in foul weather, and when "the winds and waters begin to hold controversy," the whole population of the mighty realm is awake and in motion. "Not merely the nimble dolphin gives his bright eye and dazzling side to the sunshine, but the black, uncouth porpoise breaks above the waters, and flounces and spouts and goes down again. The foul cormorant, stretching his long, lean wings, soars and sinks, piping shrill notes to the restless waves. The haglet and cutwater spring into flight, and dashing over the white crest of the lofty billows, scream their half counter to the deep bass of the mighty ocean." These were personal references, called out as he went on to say by the "wailing menaces, calumnies and all the demonstrations of outrageous excitement exhibited on that floor, by the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Randolph), the gentleman from South Carolina (Mr. McDuffie), and the gentleman from New York (Mr. Cambreleng)." He said he would defend New England, though he would not take part in the contest of the two parties, each of which had been assailing her, "for when cat and cat fly at each other, though the fur and skin may suffer, yet what prudent boy will risk either hands or eyes in parting the combatants, in any attempt to interrupt the kitchen-yard melody of their courtship?"

At the centennial celebration of Brown University, Sept. 6, 1864, the Hon. John H. Clifford, in the course of an elo-

quent address, said, "The brilliant Burgess, our Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, whose fame is bounded by no local limits, before whose seathing retort in the Congress of the United States the Ishmaelite of Virginia statesman, Randolph of Roanoke, for the first time quailed and was forever silenced."

Perhaps, Mr. President, the Phillipics of Demosthenes may have produced a greater effect upon his auditors, but from the time when Chatham's thunder rolled through the corridors of the British House of Commons until now for scorching invective that like lightning burns when it strikes, Tristam Burgess stands peerless.

And don't delude yourself with the idea that sarcasm was his only weapon. His biographer says "the richness of his classical and scriptural allusions was beyond that of his compeers. The acuteness of his logic was felt and admitted by all—even his opponents. The brilliancy of his scholarship, the beauty of his allusions, his exquisite ornamentation of his more finished efforts; these are points that give him a far higher title to remembrance than the deadly thrusts of his satire."

A few weeks ago, on a bright June morning, I visited the birth place of this remarkable man. The old house at whose hearthstone, he early listened to the tales of the Revolution from the lips of his honored sire was gone, replaced by one more modern. But the old locust trees under which he played, a few apple trees of a once large orchard, where he plucked fruit; the fields where he assisted his father in the cultivation of the soil, and the old well where his thirst was quenched as he came from the fields and meadows, were still there. I drank from the old oaken bucket, some of the clear refreshing water, and imagined I felt a little more sarcastic for the draught. The grass was waving in the gentle wind—nearly ready for the mower's scythe—the

birds were singing in the branches, and it seemed hardly possible that his great fiery soul received its first inspiration and early trainings amid such quiet surroundings. How little we know where the giants will spring from! Who among the men that saw the boy Napoleon, rowing in his skiff boat along the shores of Corsica, predicted that the better part of the civilized world would one day be under his subjection? Who predicted that the "Mill boy of the Slashes," would hold senates in awe? who told us twenty years ago, that the Tanner of Galena would become United States Grant and command the obeisance and homage of the nations?

Among our adopted sons we may mention the following:

Nathan Willis was born in West Bridgewater, in 1763. He moved to Rochester shortly after 1789, and represented that town in the General Court in 1799 and 1800.

He was also Representative of Rochester for the political year 1804–5. He was a Senator of Plymouth County for the political year 1805–6, and for the seven ensuing political years. In 1814 or 1815 he moved to Pittsfield, Mass. He was a member of the Governor's Council for the political years 1824–5, and 1825–6; and was candidate for Lieutenant Governor in 1832, and for several years after. He was many years chairman of the Selectmen of Pittsfield, and was one of the Board of County Commissioners for Berkshire County, several times. He represented Pittsfield in the General Court in the years 1831 and 1832.

One of the leading barristers of this State says, "Nathan Willis was one of the ablest men ever known."

The following sketch of Dr. Clark is taken from a History of Niagara County, N. Y., published in 1878:

"Simeon Tucker Clark, A. M., M. D., was born in Canton, Norfolk County, Mass., October 10th, 1836. In 1838, before he was quite two years old, his parents returned to

Rochester, Mass., the place of their former residence, and there resided until 1858. He is a son of Rev. Nathan Sears Clark, his mother's maiden name having been Laura Stevens Swift. Dr. Clark graduated as M. D. at the Berkshire Medical College in 1860, and received the degree of A. M. from Genesee College, in 1866. He was married in 1857 to Ruth Jennie Mendall of Marion, Plymouth County, Massachusetts. In 1861 he came to the city of Lockport, where he has since resided, actively engaged in the practice of his profession. He was pension examining surgeon for ten years. In 1872 he was elected a permanent member of the New York State Medical Society, and in 1876, at the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he was chosen a member of that society. He has been for three years president of the Niagara County Medical Society, and has served as a delegate to the American Medical Association.

Dr. Clark is corresponding secretary of the Jewett Scientific Society, and is recorded in the Naturalist's Directory as a conchologist. He has been especially identified with the poetical literature of the past twenty years, his poems having been published in many of the best magazines and extensively copied in the newspapers, while his Masonic poems have given him a transatlantic reputation, and his religious verse has found a permanent place in several popular collections.

Having obtained an enviable reputation in his profession, Dr. Clark is regarded as one of the most successful physicians and surgeons, and has a very extensive practice. In questions of medical jurisprudence he has few equals, and his opinions on questions in that department are regarded as the very highest authority. His command of language and the ready, clear and lucid manner in which he gives his opinions as a witness upon the stand, give to his testimony

a force which carries great weight with courts and jurors, and produces a conviction in the minds of all that hear it that he is not only learned in his profession, but a great scholar."

Captain John Kendrick, who was one of the early explorers of the Northwestern coast, and under his command, the Columbia river was discovered and the American flag first carried around the world. On old maps, his voyage was represented by a line across the Pacific and Southern oceans. He came to his death by the hand of savage barbarism, in the isles of the Pacific. The house where he so long resided in Wareham is in a good state of preservation.

We have furnished for the professions, in addition to those already named, the following:

Clergymen.—Elijah Dexter, Nathaniel Cobb, Homer Barrows, Nathan S. Clark, Wm. H. Cobb, N. Warren Everett, Leonard Luce, John G. Gammons, Asa B. Bessey, Benjamin Swift, Freeman Ryder, Jonathan King, Leander Cobb, Philip Crandon, Samuel Mead, Oliver E. Bryant, Asa N. Bodfish, Lemuel K. Washburn, Matthias Gammons, George Pierce.

Physicians and Surgeons. — John Mackie, Andrew Mackie, Warren Fearing, Caleb Briggs, Joseph Haskell, Henry C. Haskell, George King, Roland Hammond, Ebenezer Swift, Benjamin Fearing, Gideon Barstow, Clarence S. Howes, Isaac B. Cowen, Herbert Shurtleff, Peter Mackie, Elisha Fearing, William Everett, N. Southworth, Joseph H. Haskell, Theophilus King, Thomas W. Hammond, Ezra Thompson, Charles Gibbs, David H. Cannon, 2d, Woodbridge R. Howes, Marshall V. Simmons, Walton N. Ellis, W. E. Sparrow, William Southworth, Joseph Johnson, Benj. F. Wing, Lindley Murray Cobb, Benjamin F. Pope, James Foster.

Lawyers.--Walter S. Burgess (a nephew of Tristam Burgess, a learned counsellor and judge), Rufus Bacon, Wm. Bates, John W. Hammond, Charles T. Bonney, James G. Sproat, Henry K. Braley, Seth M. Murdock, George B. N. Holmes, Thomas Hammond, George Bonney, Gerard C. Tobey, John Eddy, L. LeBaron Holmes, Hollen M. Barstow, Anselm Bassett, Ezra Bassett, Philip Crapo, Augustus Johnson.

CONCLUSION.

I have thus, Mr. President, as best I could, traced our history in the past. Here, we stand today where our fathers stood 200 years ago. The same heavens are above us; the same ocean washes these shores; and the everlasting hills are here; but all else, how changed.

Instead of the dense forest we look out upon smiling villages. Instead of the howl of the wolf and the yell of the savage, we hear the music of the church bell.

Our ears are daily saluted with the hum of machinery, and our sons and daughters attend the seats of learning. Our fathers labored, and we have entered into their labors. They sowed; we are reaping.

Divine Providence has permitted us to live in one of the most interesting periods of the world's history. It is the inventive age. There has been no period, since the world was created, in which so many important inventions tending to the benefit of mankind have been made, as in the present. Some of the grandest conceptions of genius have been perfected.

It is remarkable how the mind of this age has run into scientific investigation, and what achievements it has effected since the year 1800. Before that time, there was not a steamboat in existence, and the application of steam to machinery was unknown. Fulton launched the first steam-

boat in 1807. The first steamer that crossed the Atlantic ocean was the "Savannah," in 1818, and the son of her commander, Rev. Daniel M. Rogers, is the present pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Cochesett in this county.

In 1800, there was not a single railroad in the world. In 1830, the first locomotive ever made in the United States was built at West Point, and weighed but four tons. The electric telegraph had its beginning in 1843. Wonder of wonders! We take up the paper of to-day and read what transpired yesterday in London and Calcutta.

Electrotyping has been in use but a very few years. Hoe's printing press, capable of printing 10,000 copies an hour, is a recent invention. Daguerre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839. Gas, gun cotton, chloroform have been but recently used. Torpedoes have been brought to such a state of perfection, that they will soon revolutionize the whole system of naval warfare. No more swimming Golgothas, with their scuppers clogged with human gore. And what marvellous improvement in firearms! What would one of the old Continentals, that used to stop and pick his flint with his jack-knife in action, say of a gun that could be discharged 26 times without reloading? What would Gen. Knox think of a cannon that weighed 100 tons, and sent with precision huge masses of iron a fabulous distance? We stand amazed ourselves at the new French arm, that throws a respectable shower of balls within the limits of a minute.

The improvements in agricultural implements have been such, that it is doubtful if we could have carried on the late civil war without them.

The heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, have been made subjects of investigation, until their relations, affinities and properties have been, to a

large extent, discovered and applied to some practical purpose.

We now stand gazing with rapture at the phonograph, telephone and electric light; and the inquiry is, What next?

Perhaps it will be some aerial vehicle, that will transport us through the heavens in safety, at a speed far exceeding steamboat or railroad.

If that comes to pass in our day, sir, we will test the accuracy of the telescope by personal observations, and see if it has told us the truth in regard to the distant planets, visit the Ursa Major, the moons of Jupiter, the orbs of Uranus and Neptune, enjoy the sweet influences of Pleiades, examine the bands of Orion and the rings of Saturn, go down into the Southern hemisphere and behold the great Southern Cross and Magellan Clouds, and conclude the voyage by a search for the lost Pleiad.

What would the immortal fourteen say, if they could come up from their graves to-day, headed as of yore by Samuel Arnold, and standing on "Ministers' Rock" (having listened to the recital of the last five minutes) be told that "the Briarean hands or arms of genius can do the work of the world, whether in the shop or in the mill, on the land or on the sea, from polishing a needle to forging the shaft of a steamship; from turning a gimlet to tunneling a mountain; from cutting a thread to reaping a prairie; from measuring a field to measuring the heavens?"

In 1813, the first band of foreign missionaries left our shores.

"When they first the work began,
Small and feeble was the day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's stronghold it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell."

This is no time to enlarge upon missionary success, but in passing, I may mention one individual instance. It is said of Geddes, the missionary in the New Hebrides, when he came in 1846, there was not a Christian; when he left in 1872, there was not a heathen.

We have witnessed in our day the death of Slavery. Privileged men! Our fathers died without the sight. The prophecy of Henry B. Stanton, made in the days of my boyhood, has been fulfilled: "When the sun in its broad circuit through the heavens, neither rises upon a master nor sets upon a slave." It is one of those events that will forever loom up in the history of the ages. It caused wailing in Pandemonium, but it drew such music from the harpsichords of heaven, that "archangels stood uncovered of their golden crowns" to listen.

In 1845, Charles Sumner, speaking of it in prospective, said: "Then there shall be a victory, in comparison with which that of Bunker Hill shall be as a farthing candle held up to the sun. The victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes that shall proclaim it to the latest generation. It shall be one of the famed landmarks of civilization; nay, more, it shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God."

And we may add in this connection, the triumphant language of Wendell Phillips, uttered over the lifeless remains of his friend Garrison: "Whether one flag or two rules this continent in time to come, one thing is settled—it can never henceforth be trodden by a slave!"

There is another event, near at hand, that will thrill the nation; and some of us will witness it, ere we go down to the grave—when every man, white or black, throughout the length and breadth of this country, will march up to the

ballot box and exercise the God given right of franchise without the fear of molestation.

Behold the progress of education! Once it was three months in a year at a district school; now it is all the year at a primary, intermediate or high school. And then we have our normal and development schools and our technical Institutes. When I contrast the educational facilities of the present with those of my early childhood, the figure of Horace Mann rises before me, and I never ascend the steps of the State House without feeling like taking off my hat to the bronze statue of this great lover of the rising race.

Ah, ye sons and daughters of Sippican, the debt ye owe him can never be repaid! Give his name to your children, and as they advance in years, tell them of his self-denial—of his sacrifices—that he abridged his mortal existence a whole decade by almost superhuman labors for the youth of our country. Rehearse the story from father to son, from mother to daughter, until the last of your line goes up to greet him in some sphere of the heavens, made luminous by the presence of assembled conquerors.

If in the years to come, there does not arise from this soil some Swift to sit peerless on the Bench; some Burgess to command admiration in the Pulpit; some "Bald Eagle" to scale the heights and scream defiance at the crows and hawks beneath; it will not be for lack of facilities, such as no preceding generation has enjoyed.

Now cast your eyes over the land and view the palaces that benevolence has erected for the unfortunate, the indigent, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the idiotic and the insane! One beautiful autumnal afternoon, while gliding on the waters of New York harbor, I espied near at hand a charming island; one that would have suited the fancy of Blennerhassett. "What building is that?" said I to a stranger standing at my side, pointing to a huge mass of granite

several stories high. "That," said he, "is a hospital." A little further on appeared another of the same dimensions. "That," said he, "is for the indigent and infirm." Still further on, rose another of mammoth proportions. "That," continued the stranger, "is for the insane." As the sun went down behind the western hills, I lingered upon the deck of the steamer, gazing back wistfully at these monuments of American philanthropy I felt proud of my country, and uttered unconsciously these familiar lines:

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

Was there ever such a country? No monarchial throne presses these States together; no iron chain of despotic power encircles them; they live and stand upon a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and calculated, we hope, to last forever. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage and honorable love of glory and renown. This Republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent.

The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental edging of the buckler of Achilles:

> "Now the broad shield complete the artist crowned
> With his last hand, and poured the ocean round,
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
> And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole."

This will be recognized as language used by the immortal Webster on an important occasion, and who can think of the greatness or glory of our country without thinking of

him. How he loved to hunt and fish in our woods and waters! spending days and weeks among us. The last time he was here, the year before he died, he was heard to exclaim, "Buzzard's Bay is one of the most beautiful bays in the world." As the years roll by, I often think how little men understood him in the days of compromise. Sir, I have often stood in awe and admiration gazing at some old giant oak of the forest, swaying its huge branches in the tempest, as if struggling to feel through the darkness and let the sunlight in. And thus have I been wont to look on this Agamemnon—King of men.

Never did there devolve on any generation higher trusts than now devolve upon us for the preservation of the blessings we enjoy and the transmission of them to posterity. Let us make our generation one of the purest and noblest that ever left the shores of time to scale the steeps of light and enter the presence of the eternal King.

But the hours of this Summer day are swiftly passing, and I must hasten, knowing your anxiety to hear from other sons of Rochester, and from the distinguished strangers who have kindly favored us with their presence to-day. When two hundred years more have rolled away and our descendants assemble here for a similar celebration, the orator of the day will have ample inspiration. It is possible that the great purposes of Jehovah concerning this little planet will then have been accomplished. The tread of hundreds of millions will then be heard on this continent. The vast areas now uncultured will bud and blossom like the gardens of the Hesperides. The mighty lakes and rivers will be covered with fleets richly laden with the products of the soil. The uncounted acres beyond the Rocky Mountains will be covered with churches and seminaries. Asylums for earth's suffering poor will be found in every hamlet. The gold of California and the silver of Nevada will be found in

the vaults of beneficence, and the philanthropies of America will belt the world.

The sons of the Roundhead and Cavalier will march under one flag, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, like an army of God's noblemen, inspired by the same spirit, striving to outvie each other in every Godlike work.

Art, science and invention will have exhausted their resources, and the priceless product used for the aggrandizement of the races.

The Bible will be read and be preached and its matchless teachings practiced on every continent, island and strand. And the long sought period of which Cowper so eloquently sang seems at hand:

> "The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks shout to each other;
> The mountain tops from distant mountains catch the flying joy,
> Till nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna 'round."

This, sir, may be but a vision. If so, there will be enough in the conquests and triumphs of the past to cause them to sing and exult with exceeding great joy.

Standing on and around you consecrated rock, I hear their jubilant song! How familiar the words! They have echoed from the slopes of Gettysburg down through the centuries: "The government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

May God, in his infinite mercy, permit us to look down from the heights of eternity upon the august scene.

DINNER.

The oration concluded, an intermission was taken for the dinner, which consisted of roast clams, baked fish, corn, potatoes, lobsters, tripe, bread, tea, coffee, &c., &c. One hundred bushels of clams constituted the main portion of the bake.

AFTER-DINNER EXERCISES.

About 3 o'clock, P. M., the vast multitudes gathered about the stand again; and the distinguished guests resumed their places. After music by the band, the President introduced the toast-master, Dr. H. C. Vose of Marion, who conducted the exercises in the following order:

SENTIMENTS AND RESPONSES.

The First Sentiment—"The Commonwealth of Massachusetts." Response of His Honor John D. Long of Hingham, Lieutenant-Governor of the Commonwealth.

Responding for the Commonwealth, I bring you the kind wishes of Gov. Talbot and his regrets that, called yesterday out of the Commonwealth, he is unable to be with you. But whoever may represent her, Massachusetts is always present and always responsive on such an occasion as this, which commemorates the 200th anniversary of the birth of one of her oldest daughter towns—so old a daughter, indeed, that she gathers here again to-day at her knee, and at her table, daughters of her own—the flourishing and thrifty towns of Marion, Mattapoisett and Wareham. With your stout old English name; with your soil not stolen from the Indians, but granted by King Philip with his own mark at the bottom of the deed; with your history running back to the lifetime of some of the Pilgrims; with the same blood flowing in your veins that flowed in the veins of the founders of New England civilization; with the sacred memories of your early church; with the long line of generations of men who by their devotion to education, their observance of religious worship, their business thrift and bold enterprise on sea and land, and their patriotism and loyalty proved in every crisis of the State or nation, have honored

the record of your existence; with all these, you are a striking type of that most significant among the foundation stones on which Massachusetts is builded—her towns. For more than two centuries the genius of Massachusetts has been in her towns. In them have been maintained sacredly her principles of sobriety, virtue, thrift, intelligence, equality. From them have come her leaders and the loyal guardians of the ideas and principles which have been her inspiration. In each of them still is the ark of her covenant. To them, to you still she looks to stand with her for the stability of order, for the government of law, for standards of civilization that shall meet the problem of her increasing population, which, crowded into her cities, needs more than ever the healthy counterpoise of the sparser and simpler town. Nor on such a day, nor in such a presence as this, can I fear that she will look to them and to you in vain.

Responding for the Commonwealth, I bring you only words of good cheer. For you, the most sincere pride and satisfaction in your two hundred years of honorable record, and the kindest wishes for more than two hundred more of even greater happiness and thrift. For herself, her health in spite of her advancing years was never better, thank you. Her family has increased so that her children number something more than a million and a half; but they are all doing well—the boys ambitious, thrifty and industrious, and the girls married, or getting ready to be married, or else keeping school. Times, which were a little hard for a year or two, are better now, and she is getting good steady work at better wages. Her eyes are open, and her great heart is warm for all who need her help or pity. For the poor, for the unfortunate, for the sick, for the infirm, her Christian charity never fails. Among her children she knows no distinction, and they all stand equal in her esteem, so long as they behave themselves equally well; all with equal rights,

and all equally expected to do their duty to her and to one another. She is a great, happy, noble, industrious Commonwealth—especially under her present modest administration—the hum of her myriad industries is her sweetest music; the happy homes of her people are her brightest sunshine; and the intelligence and education of her sons and daughters are her chiefest pride. Nothing was needed to fill her cup to the brim but to come into the county of the large-hearted Pilgrims; to get the elbow-room and the free breath of the great salt sea and its shore; to find that two hundred years have but made this one of her daughters only younger and fresher and more promising; and to go back assured that nothing that was of value in the character of the fathers has been lost, but that each one of her towns is an upwinding spiral of progress—a fulfilment of the promise of its birth; another illustration of the harmony of liberty and law; another tribute to republican institutions.

The Second Sentiment—"The President of the United States." Response by Hon. William W. Crapo, Member of Congress from the First District.

Mr. President,—I did not suppose when I came here that I should be called upon to respond for the President of the United States. That duty usually devolves upon some distinguished officer in the Executive Department of the government. It would have been more appropriate perhaps, on this occasion, to have called upon some one of the postmasters within the four towns constituting old Rochester, or upon the keeper of one of the many light-houses which illumine its coast. The President during the past three or four months has been speaking for himself, and with such frequency and clearness that as a member of the national legislature I have had no difficulty in comprehending his meaning. But I will not undertake to-day, in this presence,

the discussion of the great questions involved in the prerogatives of the Executive, the exercise of the veto power, and the conflicts between national supremacy and State sovereignty. There are themes in your local history, suggested by this celebration, which are more agreeable. One fact, however, may be properly mentioned in connection with the sentiment of respect which you have proposed to the President. There has been ascribed to him an "amiable obstinacy." My personal acquaintance with him leads me to say that there is in his character an element of earnestness and good-natured firmness which is conspicuous, and I am inclined to think he acquired this amiable obstinacy, which is an Old Colony trait, from his maternal ancestors, the Burchards, who many years ago resided within the limits of the Colony.

I have listened with pleasure to the very able and interesting address made by the orator of the day. His account of this early settlement, its purposes and progress, his comparisons of the past with the present and his reflections thereon, have been entertaining and instructive. There is a charm and fascination about the early history of the Old Colony. The recital of its local incidents, the portraiture of its pioneer men, the story of its hardships and privations, its heroic struggles and its commanding success, not only excite our admiration, but thrill us with their romance. The history of the Old Colony is a history of achievements. It is the history of an inflexible purpose, in obedience to truth and right, never bending to expediency, never yielding to human weaknesses, but conquering adversity and triumphantly securing freedom for the consciences and minds of men. The history of the world is full of colonizations, some for conquest, some for wealth, some as a refuge from tyranny and oppression, but this alone was undertaken to secure the civil and religious liberty of man. But these are

familiar thoughts, and which can be much better expressed by others than by me.

I cannot boast, as many of you can who are here to-day, of a birth-place in Rochester, neither am I a descendant of the old town. But I am a very near neighbor. I was born, as were my ancestors for many generations, just over the line, in the old town of Dartmouth. If not one of your family, I have rights here to-day as a neighbor, and I come with the spirit of a neighbor to enjoy your bi-centennial party and to tell you how proud I am, and how proud the Dartmouth family is, of your acquaintance and intimacy. We esteem our Rochester neighbors; we know their sterling good qualities, their intelligence and their hospitality. We rejoice at their prosperity; we appreciate the thrift and good sense of their sons, and we admire the beauty and graces of their daughters. For two hundred years we have lived side by side in harmony. We have never quarrelled about the boundary lines, nor engaged in local disputes. I can, however, remember that we used to say that the herrings which formerly went to the ponds by way of the Acushnet, you diverted to Sippican and Agawam and Sniptuit. But perhaps the herrings were to blame; and then, too, we did not own the spawning ponds, and so had less reason to find fault.

In celebrating your two hundredth birthday, you can reasonably be proud of maturity of years, and yet you are not so old as your neighbor. The old town of Dartmouth was settled in 1664, which was fifteen years before the settlement in Rochester. The question very naturally suggests itself, why did the Dartmouth pioneers pass by the fertile lands and pleasant shores of Rochester, to settle in the rocky woods of Dartmouth? The streams of Rochester were as well stocked with fish as were those of Dartmouth; the harbors of Sippican and Mattapoisett, although not as

commodious and deep as the harbors of Acushnet and Apponagansett, were well protected and were equal to all the requirements of a primitive commerce; while the lands around your ponds and on the necks which stretched into the sea were among the most productive in the colony. Why did the men of Dartmouth go further and fare worse? One reason perhaps may be found in the causes which led to, and the circumstances attending, their departure from Plymouth. With the exception of Dartmouth, the early settlements, such as Sandwich and Barnstable and Kingston and Scituate, were made under the auspices and directions of the Plymouth church. The central figure of the new town was the minister. He not only guided the spiritual affairs of the little community, but was the leader in its local administration. The settlement of Dartmouth was prompted by the exaction of church rates, assessed by the Colony Court. . A small portion of the colonists disapproved of taxation levied for the support of a hireling ministry, especially if that ministry was not in sympathy with their peculiar religious notions. The refusal to pay the church taxes led to the distraint of their goods, the seizure of their cattle and the imprisonment of their persons. They were non-resistants, but terribly in earnest; and after suffering for some time for conscience' sake, the Dartmouth pioneers withdrew from Plymouth and sought a new home. The Plymouth church, which ruled the colony, let them go in peace; glad, doubtless, to be rid of the stiff-necked and rebellious Quakers. In going from Plymouth, they went as far as they could and not get uncomfortably near the hostile and treacherous Indians; for while they resented the interference and dictation of Plymouth in matters of conscience, they respected its military power and desired its protection and support when their homes were invaded by cruel foes.

There is another reason which may be suggested why these men passed by the attractions and advantages of Rochester and located in Dartmouth. In the early history of the colony, the lands of Rochester furnished the pasturage for Plymouth. It was the place where the cattle found sustenance during the winters. As early as 1651, Sippican was granted to Plymouth by the Colony Court "for a place to herd their cattle," and this grant was eight miles by the sea and four miles into the land.

It is an interesting fact, and worthy of mention to-day, that this locality in its earliest history was devoted to the advancement of education. The rental which the colony derived from these rich grazing fields was donated to free schools, for the maintaining and upholding of the school at Plymouth, and, in the language of the order, "not to be estranged from that end." The school fund of the Plymouth Colony came from the rental of the pasture lands of Rochester and from the income derived from the rights granted to take mackerel and bass and herrings with nets and seines. The pasturage of Rochester and the fisheries of Cape Cod must always be associated together as furnishing the earliest support for free schools upon this continent. Massachusetts has always been proud of her fisheries, and has watched them with jealous care and protected them by laws. She may well do so, considering the benefits received from them in the education of the boys and girls of the Colony. A citizen of Massachusetts, writing more than one hundred years ago about her resources and material wealth, said that the mackerel fishery was of more value to Massachusetts than would be the pearl fisheries of Ceylon. The comparison may be an exaggerated one, if the computation is to be made in dollars and cents; but when the revenue derived from the fisheries is devoted to the education of the youth of the Commonwealth, their value is not overstated,

The fund arising from this source could not have been very large, for we read that in 1673 the sum of £33 was charged for the expense of the school out of the profits obtained from the fisheries of Cape Cod. There was at that time an allowance of £5, out of the fishery fund, to every town of fifty families, for schools in that town; and any town of seventy families which failed to maintain a grammar school, was compelled to pay £5 every year to the next town that had such a school. These figures may seem trivial when contrasted with those of the present day. There was expended last year for the education of the youth of this country, sixty-four millions of dollars. Massachusetts alone has 5,730 schools, with 310,000 pupils and 8,500 teachers, and upon these she expends $5,000,000 annually. But magnificent as these figures appear, they are not more interesting nor suggestive to us, to-day, than the mention of the efforts made by our fathers in donating the pasture lands of this town and the fisheries of the Cape for the education of the youth of the colony.

The Third Sentiment—"The Legal Profession of the Commonwealth." Response of Hon. George Marston of New Bedford, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth.

Mr. President,—After the very excellent response which has been made by His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, for the entire Commonwealth, which includes, of course, all classes and conditions of its people, and among them the members of the legal profession, there can be little need that anything more should be said in reference to them, or on their behalf. And after the honorable mention which has been made by the orator to whom we have listened with so much of pleasure and interest, of some eminent lawyers who had their origin in old Rochester it might be quite as well to take them as representatives of what the profession

of the law may do, and has done, in fitting men for the important duties of life, and to assert that what this locality has done, in this respect, has been done by most, if not all, of the older townships and settlements which now make up so large a part of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Yet, if there were time given me here, as fortunately for you there is not, I should like to recall to your memory a few of the lawyers of more recent times, who had their homes in this territory of Rochester. It would be pleasant to speak at length of Abraham Holmes, who, coming to the bar after middle age, earned for himself an honorable place in his profession and a position quite as honorable as a citizen and as a man; and of his distinguished son, Charles Jarvis Holmes, a man of genial temper, of excellent wit, fitted for the brightest companionship, whose disposition and method of life may be seen in the sentence which he truthfully framed, as he said, to be inscribed on the stone which should mark his resting-place, "by profession a lawyer, by practice a peacemaker"; and of Seth Miller, Jr., who, though born in Middleborough, was for a lifetime so identified with Wareham, as to be fairly entitled to be counted a Wareham man, and who by faithful adherence to the work of his office and patient continuance in well-doing, won the respect of his brethren of the bar and the confidence of the public.

In acknowledging the courtesy of your invitation to be here to-day, I prefer to pass by the fact that I am a resident of New Bedford and remember that I have been a Cape Cod man, for there is good reason why all of us of Barnstable origin should have special regard for this territory of ancient Seipigan, for we came near being descendants of the early settlers here, and this town came near to being forty years older than it is. The people of Rev. Mr. Lothrop, who arrived with him in Boston in September, 1634, and pro-

ceeded thence to Scituate, which was their destination, and where a meeting-house had been erected for them, in anticipation of their coming, remained in the latter place only five years; and when, in 1639, they found reason for removal, their intention at first was to go to Seipigan, where lands had been assigned them, and which evidently were goodly and desirable lands, and which, as we have heard to-day, were afterwards the pasture grounds of the primitive farmers and mariners of this region. But a settlement at Barnstable was preferred, because of the more extensive "hay grounds" there; meaning, no doubt, the large salt marshes in the westerly part of that town. The settlers evidently thought they could manage to find subsistence for their beasts during the summer time, even on Cape Cod; but to provide for the then long and cheerless winters, the marshes had strong attractions, after the advantage which they had derived from them while in Scituate. So Mr. Lothrop's company went to Barnstable as early, at least, as 1639; by which movement of policy, Rochester has been shorn of forty years of its civic life. Whether it was better or worse for them or for you, I will not undertake to say; yet it is certain that there has proved to be something vital and tonic in the atmosphere of that piece of amphibious prairie, the "Great Marshes" of Barnstable, for it was on their margin that were reared such patriots and advocates and statesmen as James Otis, such naval commanders as John Percival, and such jurists as Lemuel Shaw. One thing ought to make us grateful that Barnstable was settled in 1639 instead of Rochester; for if the latter place had been occupied at that time, we should have missed the pleasure of being here to-day.

And speaking of the relations between Barnstable and Rochester, we ought not to forget that for the first thirty years of its existence, Rochester belonged to the County of

Barnstable. Somewhere about 1709 it passed into the County of Plymouth, for what cause or reason I cannot understand or ascertain. Surely, they parted with very good company when they went away, and I will not undertake to say they did not find companionship equally as good when they cast in their lots with the towns of Plymouth. But I think I may well say that much of the success which has attended these Rochester towns, since the transfer to Plymouth has been due to the early training in the Cape Cod school, and the wise and pious inculcations of the Lothrops and Cudworths and the other worthies of those days.

You, sir, and the citizens of what was formerly Rochester, are entitled to the highest commendation for the patriotic purpose and spirit with which you have commemorated this day, and which has drawn together this large concourse of those who are entitled to call themselves the sons and daughters of Rochester. It is well to keep in mind and to study to imitate the virtues and characters of those men and women who have filled with usefulness and honor these two centuries which lie behind us. There is nothing in the instruction or example which the present day affords that equals the lesson which we can derive from the contemplation of the simple lives of those early generations which have peopled and blessed these shores. In all that was given them to do, in the homely routine of every day; in faithful performance of duties to the struggling colony and the feeble province; in the enforced vigilance of watch and ward; in the perilous edge of battle in the early Indian hostilities, and in the later wars for independence of government or for national supremacy, they have taught us a "deep and lasting lesson of virtue, enterprise, patience, zeal and faith." Standing here to-day and taking this retrospection of these two hundred busy and eventful years, we

are compelled to admit that there is nothing in the allurements of the present time which can promise us anything better than this history presents. There is higher and purer inspiration to be drawn from the past, as it has displayed itself in the recital which we have heard to-day, than in all the enticements which the gilded hand of speculation and distant adventure holds out to the view. There is no need that the children of these towns should look beyond their limits to see where they may lead lives of happiness and honor and success. The highest success, the highest happiness has been attained and may yet be attained here at home. As we seek to know what the next century here shall be, whether it shall be a good time that is coming, an all hail hereafter; whether we shall be lifted upon some higher wave of prosperity than any that has yet borne us upward and onward, or whether a reflex and ebbing tide is to bear us backward, may be best determined by the heed we are willing to give to the record which is now rounded into two centuries of most honorable history. Looking at this record, we can learn, if we will, how much more serviceable to the State, how much more productive of serene happiness is the plain and patient performance of the simple duties of life, than are any of the successes or rewards which are to be sought in distant fields or in the dizzy pursuits of ambition. And catching the quiet inspiration which comes to us from these two hundred years of Rochester life and effort, let us so live and work that when the story of the coming centuries shall in their time be told, we may share in the honor and glory and renown which has been achieved by those who have preceded us.

The Fourth Sentiment—"The General Court which incorporated the town of Rochester. We call upon the President of the State Senate to explain the historical relations

between Barnstable County and the ancient Sippican." Response of Hon. John B. D. Cogswell of Yarmouth.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have great pleasure in being present on this occasion, and especially in being introduced in this connection, and to speak to the early historical relations of Rochester with Cape Cod, where I was born, and which I have the honor to represent in our General Court. But as the old philosopher said: "Count no man happy till his life is finished," so let no after-dinner orator felicitate himself upon his speech until he has delivered it. For here, in the first place, our distinguished Congressman, Mr. Crapo, who so satisfactorily represents Barnstable County as well as Plymouth and Bristol and the Islands, has most happily anticipated what I had hoped to say about the curious associations between the Cape fisheries and the lands of Sippican and Wareham for the support of a school at Plymouth, and that "our approved friend," Mr. Thomas Hinckley of Barnstable, on the Cape, was appointed as "a steward of the said school." And so, again, my friend and countryman, the eminent Attorney-General, himself a native of Barnstable, has told you—and who has a better right to speak of aught connected with that most venerable and even illustrious town?—how nearly it happened that the settlement at Barnstable was made at Rochester, and that Rochester after that was for thirty years indeed a part of Barnstable County. It is of course useless to speculate upon what might have been if the noble and God-fearing Mr. Lothrop, who gathered his church in London some years before the sailing of the Mayflower, and whose congregation was broken up by the pursuivants of the Bishop of London, and he himself thrown into prison and long languishing there, and only released upon condition of leaving England, had brought his flock, after the short sojourn at Scituate, to Sippican instead of Barnstable.

There, arriving after the tedious journey, he offered up prayer in thanksgiving under the shadow of the "great rock in a weary land," long marked upon the highway, and here he would have done the same. And this is all of still less consequence, since we know that the descendants of Pastor Lothrop and the other pioneers of Barnstable and the Cape were in fact the pioneers and actual settlers of Rochester. For in 1679, Joseph and Barnabas Lothrop of Barnstable, with Winslow of Marshfield and Clark of Plymouth, were agents of the thirty proprietors who bought all of Rochester outside of Plymouth for £200. In 1684, Sandwich on the Cape had sent you Blackburn, Hammond and Barlow; by 1689, Wing and Burgess were here; and about the same time or soon after, Saunders, Nye, Swift, Willis, Ellis, Blackmer, Dexter, Gifford, Allen, all Sandwich names. From Barnstable, you got Davis, Lombard, Annable and Chase; from Eastham, Higgins. From Yarmouth, my own native place, came Tilley, Sears, Rider, Hiller, White. Of the latter stock, sprang Lieut.-Col. Ebenezer White, of whose revolutionary services your orator has made such honorable mention, being no other than the stock of Peregrine White, that famous child born on board the Mayflower in the harbor of Provincetown, to whom I also have the great satisfaction of tracing lineage, and so "claim kindred here." Nay, we of Yarmouth even furnished you your first minister in Samuel Arnold, son of Rev. Samuel Arnold, the third minister of Marshfield, who before that had lived at Yarmouth, where, in 1649, your Samuel was born. Thus you are very bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

The first representative of Rochester in the General Court (1692) is said to have been Samuel Prince, formerly of Sandwich, and father of the famous annalist of New England, grandson of our good Gov. Thomas Hinckley of the Cape. So at least runs one account.

This historical feast is like a basket picnic, to which each brings and contributes that which he has been able to gather. I have been specially interested in reading of your first ministers, whose virtues would admit the application to them of the epitaph of one of the old ministers of Barnstable. "Think what a Christian minister should be, you've then his epitaph; for such was he." Rev. Ivory Hovey and Mr. LeBaron, the two first ministers of Mattapoisett, in their joint pastorates, covered just one hundred years. Mr. LeBaron was the descendant of a good French surgeon who, shipwrecked in a privateer on the back of Cape Cod, was detained as a close prisoner until Lieut.-Gov. Stoughton released him at the urgent request of the people of Plymouth, that he might become a physician there, where indeed he proved himself a good medicine, as well as a good Christian, though our fathers shuddered when they learned that he always slept with the crucifix pillowed upon his breast. But the Mattapoisett clergyman was as devoted to his Protestant parishioners as his ancestor had been to his patients or to the papacy. I have recently read a very beautiful and interesting account of him. When he grew so old that he was obliged to give up the active care of his people, he still clung to the Sunday school—the lambs of his flock. No priest of his ancestral religion, no French cure, no good Romanist father of his parish, confessor as well, and so depository of the secrets of his people, more tenderly loved, and was loved by them, than this good and pure pastor of Mattapoisett.

From these people of Scituate and Sandwich and the Cape, once more you got your name of Rochester in County Kent in England, whence many of your fathers came. They were "Men of Kent," and proud of the famous county of their origin and of the city of Rochester, seat of an ancient oyster fishery. Kent is affectionately called "the flower of

the English counties," and Rochester is an old, old city, scene of Danish warfare and sack, and rescued by King Alfred more than a thousand years ago.

Here many kings of England have visited and here fought. King John, after Magna Charta, here besieged his high-spirited barons. Here is a famous old cathedral, and the famous castle they say the Romans built. Lastly, and perhaps best of all, here is Watts' hospital for the six poor travellers which Dickens has described for us. How pleasant that you should have a kind message from old Rochester by the sea to-day!

When your people had been about a hundred years at Rochester, they paid a visit to the old folks down on the Cape. This was in the fall of 1774.

Under act of Parliament, the king had summoned councillors by mandamus, who before had been elected by the General Court, and the sheriff was also directed to appoint jurors previously selected in the towns. These were serious infractions of the charter, and it was determined that the courts should not sit. The Barnstable Court of Common Pleas being to be held Sept. 27, 1774, the men of Bristol and Plymouth counties met at Rochester Sept. 26, and, entering into an agreement to preserve order on the expedition, appointed a committee for that purpose, on which figure the Rochester (and before-time Cape) names of Barlow, Sears and Wing. The same day, the expedition moved on Sandwich and matured its organization, and the next morning proceeded to Barnstable in good order, there dissuading the court, not much loath, from its session. The members also signed an agreement not to act or take office under the recent acts of Parliament.

On the return of the "expedition" to Sandwich, a person was dealt with for saying he wished "the Rochester people were in hell for their treatment of Ruggles and

Sprague." "He expressed sorrow and asked forgiveness of all. This gave satisfaction."

Only a few days afterwards, some Tories at Sandwich having brutally assaulted Col. Freeman of that place, the authorized commander of the Barnstable "expedition," the Rochester and Wareham people went down again, to see that justice was done to the ruffians.

The venerable Abraham Holmes of Rochester wrote his account of this affair in 1834, sixty years after. He says: "There may be some who took part in this adventure now alive, beside myself; but I know of none." His grandson is here; through whom I hope we shall hear other of the reminiscences of Abraham Holmes.

But who were "Ruggles and Sprague?" The circumstances indicate that the persons whom the Rochester people had ill-treated were Tories. Both names were well known and honored here. When, in 1746, the General Court directed Mr. Otis of Barnstable, Tupper of Sandwich and Foster of Plymouth, "to provide a suitable place for the reception of the Pigwacket Indians, now at Fort William," they reported that they had provided a place for them at Assanomock Neck in Rochester, under the care of Capt. Noah Sprague and Benjamin Hammond, Jr., both of Rochester. The report was accepted, and £25 in money was directed to be paid, that Sprague and Hammond might provide a boat, tools, provisions and other necessaries for the present support of the Indians.

A son of Capt. Noah Sprague was John Sprague, born at Rochester, June 21, 1746; graduated at Harvard, 1765; who taught school and studied medicine first at Roxbury; then in May, 1766, began to keep the grammar school at Worcester, and, at the same time, to study with that famous lawyer, James Putnam of Worcester, the last Attorney-General under the king; who was a Loyalist refugee in

1776. Sprague was admitted to the bar in 1768, and began to practice in Newport, R. I., afterwards at Keene, N. H., and then permanently at Lancaster in Worcester County, where he became partner with Abel Willard, another noted Loyalist refugee. I thought, therefore, he must have been a Tory like his associates; but I was mistaken. Of all the attorneys and barristers in Worcester County, he was the only one who was *not* a Tory and a refugee. He was called to be a barrister by writ of the Supreme Court in 1784; was in the Senate and House; Sheriff of Worcester County; in the Massachusetts Convention to consider the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and voted for it; 7 for to 43 against of Worcester County delegates. Lastly, he was law adviser to Gen. Lincoln in the Shay's rebellion, and a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for Worcester County.

His practice was extensive in Middlesex, Worcester and Hampshire counties in Massachusetts, and Cheshire and Hillsborough, in New Hampshire. He was among the ablest jurists of his day. His mind was clear and comprehensive, and he was weighty with juries. He had "strength and researeh, modesty and independence." On his tombstone was written, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Peleg Sprague, nephew of John, was born at Rochester, Dec. 10, 1756; was originally in a store, but studied law with Benjamin West at Charlestown, N. H., who has been styled "the Parsons of New Hampshire." Sprague practiced at Dartmouth, now New Bedford, then at Keene, N. H., and was in Congress from New Hampshire. He is said to have had "fortitude of mind." "He felt no kind of intimidation in opposing any measure which he thought incorrect, however great the character might be which supported it." He graduated at Dartmouth College, 1783.

Among the former ministers of Rochester, was Rev. Thomas West, whose son, Rev. Samuel West, was pastor

successively at Needham, Mass., and Hollis street church, Boston. "He was distinguished for learning, piety, liberality of sentiment and apostolical simplicity of manners." He wrote a sketch of his brother Benjamin West, first a minister and then a lawyer at Charlestown, New Hampshire, with whom Peleg Sprague studied as previously mentioned. Chosen member of Congress under the Confederation and under the Constitution, member of the convention which framed the Constitution and of the state convention which ratified it, appointed Attorney-General and Judge of Probate, West resolutely declined all these positions, "resisting the entreaties and even the resentments of his friends."

Thomas Hammond, born at Rochester, Sept. 17, 1766, was a grandson of Rev. Thomas West, and was fitted for college by him, and graduating at Harvard College, studied law with his uncle Benjamin West, and commenced its practice at New Bedford. He was an excellent classical scholar, "a man of quick apprehension, sound judgment and strong powers," with good legal training. High expectations were entertained that "he would be an ornament to the bar and shine with unrivalled lustre." But his invincible timidity was such that he broke down in his first cause, and never made any figure in trials afterwards.

Yes! it is good for us to be here this day, and participate in this pleasant, peaceful, country-side celebration, where there is nothing which the fathers would not have smiled upon. Looking back, we see clearly that the men of "Kent" were providentially brought to this spot to establish a nobler Rochester in a greater Britain on the shores of a fairer and larger sea, and that we fail to comprehend the meaning of this day, if we do not now gird up our loins to carry forward the great work of civil and religious liberty, begun by the fathers of this town and all our towns.

The Fifth Sentiment—"The Pilgrims; the men who spoke the word heard round the world." Response of Judge Thomas Russell of Boston, President of the Pilgrim Society.

Fellow Citizens,—It is always pleasant to speak of the Pilgrims, especially when standing on the soil of Plymouth County and in presence of their sons. We have been reminded that Rochester once left this jurisdiction for that of Barnstable. But she might say in the language of the psalm:

> "And if my feet did e'er depart,
> Thy love reclaimed my wandering heart."

And this is characteristic of all the sons of Plymouth. Their love of home is a little stronger than that of other men. Only last night, I heard an illustration of this. A gentleman was talking about the success of the Old Colony Railroad—a gentleman who knows more about railroads than an average commissioner—and he said that part of its success was due to the fact that every Plymouth boy, and every son and daughter of Cape Cod was determined, if possible, to spend every Saturday night at home. You see that Boston capitalists can invest their money in the faith of our notorious love of our birthplace.

Here are men who have sailed among the islands where perpetual summer scatters fruit and flowers over the fertile land, where the soil and climate are all that ours are not. And yet you never envied the inhabitant of those Edens; you always turn with pride and joy to your own dear Old Colony. Because, for one reason, chilly as its winds are, they wafted the Mayflower to these shores; barren as its sands are, they first were trodden by the Pilgrims' feet, and they hold the Pilgrims' graves. And it is your faith, that where those heroic men and women lived and died, just

there the Pilgrim ways of thought and life are most closely followed by their children.

But, before I speak further of our fathers, let me correct an omission made by those who have spoken so eloquently of the sons of the old Plymouth Colony. I refer to one who was born within her ancient limits, and to whom we owe an eternal debt of gratitude. Where would the colony have been; what would have become of our forefathers but for the generosity and trust of Massasoit? When he appeared on Strawberry Hill, across the brook, and when Capt. Standish made ready to meet him, then the destinies of New England hung trembling in the balance; then it was to be decided whether the Pilgrim enterprize should live or die. No, I do not quite believe this. However our faith may waver elsewhere, standing here to-day in the more immediate presence of the memories of the past, we do believe that before the foundation of the hills was laid, or ever the earth had been formed, it had been decreed that the Pilgrims should land just where they landed and bear just what they bore, and triumph just as they did triumph, and become the framers of such a government, and the fathers of such a church as the world had never seen.

The noble chieftain was but an instrument to accomplish this design. So, every trial of our fathers was but the appointed means of forming the character that was to be stamped on New England. Every chilling wind, each day of drought, every week of famine was measured out so as to fit this chosen people for their predestined work. Philip, as well as his father, was appointed to aid in working out this end. From the plains of Swansea and Dartmouth, of Middleboro and Bridgewater; from that sharp fight on the banks of Pawtucket River, that decimated the youth of Plymouth, not one of the little army escaping or trying to escape; from every field of battle and from every scene

of suffering came the stern, strong nature, that was to subdue the western world, and consecrate it to independence.

I love to trace the unity of glory, that marks the successive generations of Old Colony life. The speaker here referred to the exploits of Capt. Church, to the preservation of the old charter, to the contest with Gov. Andros carried on by Wiswell of Duxbury, and Elder Faunce of Plymouth, to the services of Old Colony men in the French and Indian wars and especially to their share of service in the Revolution. Barnstable can boast of Otis, who breathed into Independence the breath of life, and Plymouth tells of Warren, who gave to Sam Adams the idea of Committees of Correspondence, and who presided over the first Provincial Congress. Falmouth honors the memory of the Dimmocks; Rochester had her brave Haskell, and Wareham her gallant Fearing. We have been reminded that Dartmouth was settled before old Rochester; but Dartmouth would have been settled in another sense, if your hero had not driven to their ships the English troops that came to destroy the town. And so we might, if there were time, look throughout the three counties, and trace the contribution of each little town to the great cause of liberty. Sproat from Middleboro' and Morton from Plymouth; Sampson from Kingston; Gen. Thomas from Marshfield; the Cushings and Baileys; Gen. Lincoln from Hingham (for Hingham is Old Colony now); Gen. David Cobb, as steadfast for law as he was for liberty; the Daggetts from Attleboro'; Deborah Sampson from little Plympton. Time would fail me, if I tried to give the names and deeds, which in the hour of trial showed that the Pilgrim spirit had not fled, and that American liberty even flourished on the bleak shores where it was born.

Nor is it only by deeds of war that the children of the Pilgrims have shown their heroism. Only the other day,

the death of a son of Rochester reminded us of this. When, twenty-five years ago, the Arctic foundered at sea, there was one who might have left her, but who would not desert his post; one son of your good town, who stood on his own quarter-deck, clasping his son in his arms, sinking with his ship in heroic devotion to duty, saved as by a miracle.

> "So sinks the day-star in his ocean bed.
> And yet anew repairs his drooping head."

Such examples are lights to guide us in all the ways of life.

I have just been asked to say a word for the Cape Cod ship canal. But I would not obtrude a plea for that enterprize among the festivities of this memorial day. Nor would time permit me even to sketch the benefits that it would confer upon the Old Colony, upon Boston and upon New England. Yet one incident may well be stated. The proposed route, as you all know, was used by the Pilgrims as the line of their traffic with the Dutch and with the settlers in Connecticut. Avoiding the shoals of Cape Cod, they sailed up Scusset Creek, and with a short portage reached Manomet river, at the mouth of which they built a trading-house, where their corn and tobacco were stored, till their customers arrived from Long Island Sound. And one of the men, who was stationed on this lonely spot, employed some of his leisure hours in drilling into a rock near the river's mouth these words:

> "The Eastern nations sink; their glory ends;
> And Empire rises where the sun descends."

I know not where to find in secular history such a display of faith as this. Written in 1627, while the infant colony was struggling for existence, it foretold all the glories of to-day, all the greater glories yet to be. The Empire of which that Pilgrim dreamed we are privileged to see.

Heaven grant that neither we nor our children's children may ever see any stain upon its honor!

The Sixth Sentiment—"The old township of Rochester." Response of John Eddy, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Providence, R. I.

An old man who had recently married a young and beautiful girl was inquired of how it came to pass that he had been so successful. He replied "poetry did it." His friends begged to be furnished with a copy. "Certainly! here it is."

> "If love be a flame as some do affirm,
> The drier the stick the quicker 't will burn."

Now, Mr. President, after two hundred years of well preserved life, when this grand old town was so kind as to extend to me an invitation to assist in commemorating her two hundredth birth day, the blood in my veins leapt for joy, and although I am a dry old stick yet the flame of love burns not more brightly in the bosom of any one here present than in my own for this quaint old town and the noble and hospitable people who inhabit it.

Early in 1843 I came to Rochester almost a stranger. I had just been admitted to the bar. My health was perfect, my hopes high and spirits buoyant. Every day was a red lettered one, full of rich experience and overflowing with life and joy. It was then that I received from the good people of this town such a hearty welcome, such undeserved consideration and such generous hospitality that there is no spot on earth to which my affections so instinctively turn, and I hope while life lasts to make at least annual pilgrimages to the locality sacred to so many memories and associations.

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes
And silent broods with miser care,
Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deeper wear."

What a galaxy of noble and entertaining men and women then gave a wide reputation to the town! At the centre, Jonathan Bigelow, the elegant preacher; John B. Sturtevant, the chronicler of all pleasing incidents; Elnathan Haskell, the kind and genial physician; George Bonney, true as steel to virtue and truth; James Ruggles, entertaining and witty; and the women also, who were not a whit behind in culture and grace.

Time would fail me as it did Paul when he desired to speak of Barak and Gideon, but there are two men still living who were then in their prime. "Heaven has bounteously lengthened out their lives that they might behold this glorious day." Jesse Briggs, the encyclopedia of poetry and wit, and Theophilus King, whose name I would mention if he were not now upon the platform.

At that time the Rev. Dr. Cobb was living and held in such reverence by old and young that a school boy came near being castigated for profanity in speaking of him as *old* Dr. Cobb.

In Mattapoisett there remained the venerable Dr. Robbins; John A. LeBarron, the Christian gentleman; Joseph Meigs, the clear-headed and shrewd merchant; Moses Rogers, overflowing with kindness and good nature, and many others which time will not permit to mention.

There has always been among the citizens of Rochester a decided individuality, and a volume might be written filled with curious incidents. Of all who have lived in this town my opinion is that no two men have stamped their characters and made such impressions upon society as Abram Holmes and the elder Ruggles.

As time will not allow of my further detaining you, permit me to close by relating an incident which occurred when I first came among you. The ladies of Sippican gave a clambake, to which I had the good fortune to be invited. They did not conceive of it as a dress parade. They very appropriately arrayed themselves in their neat attire and jaunty sun-bonnets; but when some of the guests from a neighboring city arrived with dyed garments from Bozrah and hats highly ornamented with feathers and flowers, the young ladies began to be ashamed of their sun-bonnets. Among them was one whom I distinctly remember, and of whose sun-bonnet I could give a perfect description, of whom it might as well have been written as of Jean Ingelow's heroine:

> "The fairest form that e'er drew breath
> Was my son's wife, Elizabeth."

Perhaps the sun-bonnet made her still more modest and charming; but her graces on that occasion caught a lover, and not long after they were happily married. For aught I know, she was the original of Miss Nora Perry's verses, beginning:

> "Tying her bonnet under her chin,
> She tied her raven ringlets in;
> But not alone in the silken snare,
> Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
> For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
> She tied a young man's heart within."

The Seventh Sentiment—"The old Ministers and Deacons of Rochester." Response of Henry Morton Dexter, D. D., of New Bedford, Editor of the *Congregationalist:*

I may rightly claim this qualification to respond to the sentiment to which you have invited me to speak, that my honored father was a clergyman born in Rochester, and that

his father and his grandfather were both deacons of the ancient church in this place.

It is not altogether easy for us in this day to comprehend the real character and value of the ministry of the early days of New England. Napoleon said that an army of deer led by a lion is better than an army of lions led by a deer. Now the minister was the leader of the old New England town. He was such, not merely because he was the minister, but because, as the rule, he was a man of that native force and that broad culture which lifted him head and shoulders above the mass of the people to whom he ministered, and so made it natural that he should lead, and that they should follow.

When secretary John Washburn minuted down for the use of the farmers of the Massachusetts Colony the most essential requisites for which provision ought to be made, he named "Mynysters" as the first—even before the Patent with the great seal. And it was the invariable fact, that an able and a godly ministry was deemed the first essential to the settlement of a New England town. Men wanted then for their ministers, those not merely who, as Tickell said, should be "Saints who taught and led the way to heaven," but who could suggest wise counsels, set good examples, and in all things aid their flocks while on their way to the blessed land. In those days, learning was the possession of the few; but the New England ministry was a learned ministry. As the fruit of some careful research, I am prepared to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that of the ministry of the first century of New England, about ninety-seven per cent. were graduates of universities. Of these, nearly thirty per cent. were graduates of Cambridge (Eng.); not quite thirteen per cent. of Oxford; some two or three per cent. of Dublin; a little short of fifty per cent. of Harvard, and about five per cent. of Yale—then in its earliest stages of life.

I need not say to you, Mr. President, that to be a University man then meant something more than to live four years within college walls, spend large sums of money, go on various sprees, and carry away a sheep's skin bearing witness to these various qualifications for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Students then were drilled in logic until they were masters of sentences; while they usually made the classic tongues almost as much their own as that into which they were born. It is related of Thomas Parker, one of the earliest ministers of Newbury, that, on one occasion, being waited on by some of his brethren, desirous of fraternal labor with him as to some point of doctrine or practice which to them seemed awry, the interview began on their part in the vernacular, but Mr. Parker replied in Latin. They proved quite able to go on, when he slipped into Greek, and next into Hebrew. They still gave him as good as he sent; when he made a few remarks *in Arabic*, to which there was no reply!

These were the men of whom Stoughton, in his Election sermon of 1668, made the famous remark to which one of the honorable gentlemen who have preceded me has already referred: "God sifted a whole nation, that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness." Not less worthy of citation here is this further testimony from that same sermon: "They were men of great renown in the nation from whence the Laudian persecution exiled them; their learning, their holiness, their gravity, struck all men that knew them with admiration. They were Timothies in their houses, Chrysostoms in their pulpits, Augustines in their disputations."

Of course such men were at home in the divinity of the time. But they were also experts in other departments. The first written code of the Massachusetts Colony, under the charter of 1629, was drawn up by a minister. Nathaniel

Ward, Hugh Peters and Thomas Weld—three ministers of the Bay—were sent over as the agents of the colony to England in 1641. While in their distress under the misgovernment of Sir Edmund Andros, in 1688, Increase Mather, then 48 years of age, being urged to go to London on the public business, left the pulpit of the Second church in Boston and the president's chair at Harvard College vacant. that by night, and in disguise—on the friendly compulsion of the patriot party—he might do what it was thought no other man could do so well for the common cause of New England liberty. I think even down to the present century the country pastor has been often called upon to write the wills of those among his people desiring to make testamentary disposition of their property—partly because they felt sure they could safely trust him, and partly because they would save the fee which the attorney would have charged for the like service.

Further, that charming "American Medical Biography," which was the gift to our libraries of a venerable son of the Old Colony, is careful in outlining the early fortunes of the healing art on this side of the sea, to state distinctly, that partly because some knowledge thereof was then among the accomplishments of the finished scholar, and partly because the anticipation of the probable needs of their new life here suggested the study; as a matter of fact, if indeed for a long time the chief dependence of the sick were not upon the pastor, at least, the practice of medicine was to a very large extent, and for many years, "united with the parochial duties of the ministers of religion." I can very well remember when, as late as my own time, it was quite the custom in my father's parish, to send to him before they sent for the medical doctor—and many a sick man did he carry through alone.

Nor was this all. We read in the case of nearly the first

young aspirant for the pulpit here, who was on the wrong side of the Atlantic for the old Universities, and for whom even the young Harvard was not yet ready—John Higginson, son of Francis, at Salem—that "he was assisted in his education by the ministers of the Colony—a favor for which in after life he expressed the deepest gratitude." This was continually done. It was indeed a part of the business of the minister of the old time to search out the bright-eyed, long-headed boys among his flock, and begin their training for college. Hundreds of the best scholars and patriots of New England have owed their first impulse toward greatness and usefulness, to this gracious labor, while in later years, the college graduate studied theology, and perfected himself for the sacred calling, in the family of his pastor, or of some eminent minister. Thus Dr. Nathaniel Summers of Franklin was for more than forty years in himself—sole and alone—a theological seminary, graduating in all at least one hundred pupils.

Such were the early ministers of Massachusetts—and their deacons were their helpers: good men and true, honest and of good repute in their generations.

But, Mr. President, even this long summer's day will have its end, and its shadows are stretching swiftly toward the east. Let me close with two thoughts more.

In the first place, let us correct a too common impression which attaches darkly the idea of gloom to these grand old men, and the general effect of their lives and labors. Sir, this is a mistake. They were earnest men, grave and sincere, but they were not men with a long-faced and whining spirit. Cotton Mather says of Nathaniel Ward, that he was a man "whose wit made him known in more Englands than one," and that he inscribed as the motto over his mantel-piece, these words:

"Sobrie, juste, pie, lœte."

That, sir, was their notion exactly; that the man who is sober, just and pious, will have reason to be, and ought to be, a happy man.

And, finally, let us—as we look forward from the vantage-ground of the past into the future, and consider what shall be the fortune and what the feeling of those who shall stand here a hundred, or two hundred, or a thousand years hence, to celebrate the day—let us adopt for ourselves, and let us pray and hope and labor, that all our children, and our children's children, and their children's children to the latest generation, may take with sincere heartiness for their own, the language of good old John Higginson: "If any man among us make religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, *such an one hath not the spirit of a true New England man!*"

To the same sentiment Rev. Wm. H. Cobb of Uxbridge, a grandson of Rev. Oliver Cobb, D. D., responded as follows:

Mr. President and Friends:—Let me call back your attention at once from the degenerate sons to the worthy sires, the *early* ministers of Rochester.

I hold in my hand a book bearing the date "London, 1704," the year after this church was organised. It has come down to me partly by natural descent (for it was my father's), and partly by ecclesiastical, for it contains the following note over the signature of Jonathan Moore: "Finished the fourth reading of these volumes, Dec. 17th, 1812." Jonathan Moore was then 73 years old, but he kept up his studious habits, as the manuscript notes in this volume testify. A book was a rare thing in those days; it was read and re-read, till it had read itself into the mental discipline of the reader; a feat not always accomplished now that books are as plenty as blackberries. This particular book,

by the way, is the second volume of the "Lives of the Fathers," "adorned" (as you see) "with all their *effigies* curiously Ingraven." I have in my possession another book with the autograph: "Jonathan Moore, 1768," the very year he was settled over the first church of Rochester as colleague with Timothy Ruggles. That book is a System of Divinity by Isaac Watts, the hymn-writer, who thus taught our ancestors by his doctrine as well as his songs. The book is only a little larger than this, but the price of it is $10 of our money. No wonder they read them four times.

Let us go over our two centuries in two steps. Jonathan Moore was your revolutionary pastor. A hundred years ago, he was preaching in the old meeting-house at Rochester Centre, and he preached on until 1792, being the immediate predecessor of my grandfather, Dr. Oliver Cobb. But we must go a hundred years further back to find the earliest minister. In 1683, twenty years before the church was formed, and three years before Sippican was incorporated as Rochester in the county of Barnstable, we find here Rev. Samuel Shiverick, whose name has not been alluded to by the previous speakers. Please bear in mind that this was before Rochester was thought of; the whole territory from Sandwich to Dartmouth, twelve miles along the seacoast and four miles inland, was "Sepecan." We are very familiar with the story of the exiled Pilgrims, the Separatists of England. It may not be known to most of you, however, that two streams of exile met here in old Sippican, for Mr. Shiverick was a Huguenot. Escaping from Catholic persecution in France, he came to this spot, where he preached from 1683 to 1687, removing then to Falmouth. He was the first minister of the latter church, and he became the progenitor of all the persons by the name of Shiverick who have ever lived on Cape Cod. ("This

highly respectable family," says Mr. Freeman in his excellent history.)

In 1687, Samuel Arnold succeeded him and preached here twenty years. He was born in 1649, by a curious coincidence the same year that Sepecan was born, that being the date of its first mention in Plymouth Colony records. His father was Rev. Samuel Arnold of Marshfield. Since I came to this grove to-day, I have been informed by G. W. Humphrey, Esq., of Rochester, that four generations of Samuel Arnold's descendants are now living in one house in Rochester. Mr. Arnold preached here sixteen years before he could form a church, but in 1703 the following entry appears in the old church records: "It hath pleased our gracious God to shine in this dark corner of this wilderness, and visit this dark spot of ground with the day-spring from on high, through his tender mercy, and to settle a church according to the order of the gospel, October 13th, Anno Domini 1703."

The ancient covenant is also recorded. It closes in these words: "The Lord keep this forever in the thoughts and imaginations of the hearts of us his poor servants, to stablish our hearts unto him; and the good Lord pardon every one of us that prepareth his heart to seek the Lord God of his fathers. Amen."

The difficulty with this subject of the early ministers of Rochester is to know where to draw the line. Allusion has been made to the fact that two of the ministers of the Second church cover by their pastorates a period of one hundred years—half the entire time we are celebrating. I would call attention to the further fact that the united pastorates of two of the ministers of the First church embrace 108 years, viz: Timothy Ruggles (1710–1768) and Oliver Cobb (1799–1849). You see, therefore, that it becomes hard to distinguish between early and recent ministers.

Time would fail me to tell in detail of Hovey and LeBarron in Mattapoisett, of West and Chaddock in North Rochester, of Thacher and Cotton in Wareham. But let me close with one or two outlines of the picture that might be drawn.

You have heard today, and the world has heard, of Timothy Ruggles, Jr., the President of the Stamp Act Congress, the Tory who turned against his country. But the world is ignorant of Timothy Ruggles, Sr., the humble minister who stood at his post here for almost 60 years, received 303 members into the church of Christ, and then died in the harness. And yet, my friends, I would rather, and you would rather, have the name and the fame of that father, than the fame and the shame of his son. On a slatestone slab in the old cemetery at Rochester Centre is the following inscription; "In memory of ye Rev'd Mr. Timothy Ruggles, pastor of ye church of Christ in Rochester, who was an able Divine and a Faithful Minister. Having a peculiar talent at composing Differences and healing Divisions in Churches, he was much imployed in Ecclesiastical Councils and having spent his Days and his Strength in the Work of his Lord and Master, Finished his Course with Joy and departed this Life Octob'r ye 26, 1768, in the 84th year of his age, and 58th of his Ministry. They that be wise shall shine as the Brightness of ye Firmament, and they that turn many to Righteousness as ye stars for ever and ever."

I conclude with an incident from the pen of Rev. Thomas Noyes, of Needham, published in the *American Quarterly Register* for Nov. 1835. It relates to the second pastor of the Second church of Rochester, that at Mattapoisett.

"Mr. LeBarron has retained the pastoral office more than 63 years, and continues to enjoy the affection and respect of the people of his charge; now in the 89th year of his age, yet retaining his mental powers in an uncommen degree. In the autumn of 1832, Thomas Robbins was in-

stalled colleague pastor. The venerable LeBarron retired from his public labors, but could not cease to be useful to the people so long endeared to him. Having ceased to impart public instruction to the sheep of the flock, he now devotes himself to impart divine knowledge to the lambs. He is the superintendent of the Sabbath School, and takes a lively interest in promoting its spiritual improvement. His head bleached with the storms of life, his heavenly mien, his soft and mild voice, and his impressive manner, all conspire to speak his worth, and give weight and effect to the solemn instructions which fall from the lips of the patriarch. Never had the writer of this such a lively view of patriarchal times as when on a visit to this venerable and godly man. After an interview of several hours, the parting of hands at the threshold of the door lingered till the mutual tears copiously flowed, and the voices of the two strangers who had never before met together were suffocated till they could hardly give utterance to their thoughts and feelings."

Such were the early ministers of Rochester. May their influence never die.

The Eighth Sentiment—"Our Honored Dead—whether sleeping in the depths of the sea, in soldiers' graves, or quietly in the cemeteries at home." Rev. I. C. Thacher, of Lakeville, a grandson of the Rev. Rowland Thacher, the first ordained minister in Wareham, was to have responded, but was unexpectedly called from the platform.

The Ninth Sentiment—"The Finances and Industries of Massachusetts." Response of Edward Atkinson, Esq., of Brookline.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :—The best service I can render you, in response to the call with which you

have honored me, is to remember that the most widely circulated financial speech I ever made was never spoken except by its title, and I shall please you most if I only respond in a few words in the name of the adopted citizens of Mattapoisett and of other parts of the old Town of Rochester.

A few months since, a gentleman of my own name, residing in Washington, wrote to me asking what branch of the Atkinson family I belonged to, and what member of it had become distinguished. I was then forced to reply that I was a descendant of one of the usual three brothers who came from England about 1640, that they were an estimable family so far as I knew, and only one had become distinguished—he was made a Judge; but he was an adopted son. If my correspondent should address me now, I could tell him that another Atkinson had become distinguished by being adopted by Rochester and Mattapoisett, and chosen to speak to you at this time.

We have listened with the greatest interest to the reminiscences of this old town and it is right that the birthday of a New England town should be remembered. It is the integrity of the towns that has kept the old Commonwealth tone during these late long years of war, of trial, of loss and of depression.

It has been the devotion of the men of the towns to their convictions of right and duty, that marked them in the days of the Revolution, whether they were patriot or tory. We can recognize this quality now, when we listen as we have today to the anecdotes of the tory Ruggles or of the patriot who opposed him.

It has been the right conviction of the men of the towns of Massachusetts that has made her financial record what it has been; that has caused her to pay her debts in the best and truest dollars she could obtain of coined gold. It is

this that has placed her in the van and made her the leader of this nation, to the end that our country is the first among the nations of the world that ever issued a paper promise of a dollar, made it legal tender, and yet redeemed it in coin without depreciation or repudiation.

This is what the representatives of the towns of Massachusetts have taught the cities to do, and it is well that we should cherish every memory, as we have to-day, that shall lead us to maintain the town governments of New England.

Again, in the name of the adopted citizens of this noble old town, I thank you for the honor you have done me and them, in calling upon me to respond at this time and in this place.

The Tenth Sentiment—"The Aborigines,—once the rightful owners of the soil; we should cherish the few who remain with us in a careful and Christian spirit." Response of Gen. Ebenezer W. Pierce of Freetown.

Mr. President, Friends and Citizens:—It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure and satisfaction that I am enabled to be present here today and to participate with you in a proper observance of this the two hundredth anniversary of the European settlement of the time-honored town of Rochester, in the history of which I have and for at least a quarter of a century have had a deep, a great and an abiding interest. This day, therefore, happy as it is to me with its pleasant scenes and agreeable associations, is not the birthday of the lively interest that I have and feel in this locality and the true story of its present people and past inhabitants. For more than twenty years last passed, such has been my desire to possess myself with a true and full knowledge of the persons and places, the story of which embraces your local history, that I have not been content to examine printed books that contain brief sketches either of the one or the

other or of both combined, but have extended my researches further and given a close scrutiny, careful and prolonged study to manuscripts on file in the office of the Secretary of State, at Boston, to those in the public archives of the county, to town records, church and parish records, private accumulations that are treasured with jealous care by their posessors, as also those neglected and almost forgotten, lying in lumber rooms, sky parlors and garrets, and last, though by no means least, your numerous and ancient cemeteries, where tables of stones covered with the dust of many years of neglect that was prolific of thick coatings of moss, were by patient labor made to reveal hidden and long forgotten facts that but for the scraping of moss would have continued to have been as effectually obscured from the mind and memory of mankind as are the "lost arts." I am glad, yes heartily glad, that you as communities and as a people have become so thoroughly awakened to the importance of your history, and are actuated by the zeal therein, that this great gathering, this intelligent and attentive audience gives the most conclusive evidence of.

Allow me, friends, to congratulate you upon the fortunate selection that you have made in the orator of this day. You are indeed fortunate to possess such an one. Your "old, old story" great, good and grand as it is, has lost nothing from his lips or pen. His production will be a source of joy to your children and childrens' children, and wherever and whenever read will be, as it justly ought to be, an honor to him.

Though doing what I have never known to have been done before on an occasion of this kind, your committee have nevertheless done well to invite to this entertainment, this feast of reason and flow of soul, living representatives of the nationality and people that possessed this goodly land before our Pilgrim fathers came hither. And we are

thus enabled to see, to look upon, question and hold converse with the lineal descendants of those who for thousands of years, for aught we know, here lived, moved and had a being, swaying unquestioned and unobstructed the sceptre of power, true representatives of pre-historic centuries and pre-historic man.

At the date of the landing of the Pilgrim fathers in Plymouth, now more than two centuries and a half ago, the Indian inhabitants of a large part of what is now known as New England, together with no inconsiderable portions of the present State of New York, were ruled by two Indian kings, viz. Ousamequin and Sassacus.

Ousamequin shortly after came to be called Massasoit, and by the white people was denominated "*good old Massasoit*," while to Sassacus they applied the appellation of "*the terrible.*" Massasoit was loved, honored and obeyed by his people, who then occupied what is now the counties of Barnstable, Bristol, Plymouth, Dukes and Nantucket, together with a large part of the State of Rhode Island on the main land and the islands contiguous. Such were the dimensions of the lordly domains of the great and good Massasoit—good not only in the estimate of his people, but by his exemplary and unexceptionable conduct, forcing the white people to acknowledge his just claim to the commendatory title of good. And hence, from the pens of those who were no real friends to him, or to his people, we learn that he was "*Massasoit the Good.*"

These Indians, of what is now the entire State of Connecticut, all of Long Island with probably a part of Eastern New York and a portion of Western Massachusetts, together with the small islands in Long Island Sound and New York harbor, were the subjects of King Sassacus, or he who early European writers characterized as "Sassacus the terrible," for to the pioneer white settlers he was appalling,

such was his great strength of power and extended influence, such the number of his warriors ready to follow him upon the war path, and such the jealousy with which he regarded white men. Two mighty potentates were Massasoit the good and Sassacus the terrible. Their people were numerous, their dominions extensive, their warriors many. But a word, one single word from Massasoit or from Sassacus, was all sufficient to have cut off, destroyed and wholly exterminated the Pilgrim fathers at the date of their first landing in America. Had Massasoit and Sassacus agreed as touching one thing, and that thing the destruction of European emigrants to New England and the latter even after having gained a foothold, a possession of considerable tracts of country and reinforced their numbers here, would have been utterly destroyed root and branch, so that no trace of them would have remained, no one of their number left to repeat the dismal tale. To the kindness of Massasoit more than to any other one cause, and indeed more than to all other causes combined, did the Pilgrim Fathers owe their success in the attempt to settle a European colony in the New England portions of North America.

Massasoit and Sassacus were to all intents and purposes kings, and the kingdom of each was made up of quite a large number of Indian tribes, each of which was under the direct supervision and lead of a sub-chief or sachem, who owed allegiance to his king.

Tuspaquin, who in history is not unfrequently met with under the title of "the Black Sachem," was one of the sub-chiefs of Massasoit, whose daughter Amie he took to wife and thus became, as we reckon relationships, a son-in-law of Massasoit, and a brother-in-law to Wamsutta alias Alexander and to Pometacom alias King Philip, both of whom in turn were the successors of their father Massasoit as kings or chief rulers of the Wampanoag tribes or nation.

Another Indian, of scarcely less notoriety in early New England history was Wassamon, who came more generally to be known as John Sassamon. This Wassassamon, or John Sassamon, originated in what became the English township of Dorchester, not long since annexed to the city of Boston, and his love for the white people led him to leave the homes and associations of his "kith and kin," and to take up his residence with the English, whose school or college at Cambridge (now Harvard University) he was permitted to enter as a student, and to whose religion he professed to have become converted. In the first great conflict between races that occurred in 1637, or what is now generally spoken of as the "Pequot War," John Sassamon accompanied the Massachusetts troops to Connecticut, and there aided the united forces of Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut colonies in making war upon Sassacus and his followers; a war that resulted in the destruction of nearly all the warriors of the latter, and by which the power of the Pequots was once and forever broken, fully and finally destroyed.

On the principle that "to the victors belong the spoils," our pious forefathers sent to the island of Bermuda and sold as slaves the male children of the conquered Pequots, scattered the women and female children of that destroyed nation among the families of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Plymouth Colonies, where they were regarded and treated as servants.

In common with the white conquerors, John Sassamon, their red ally, was allowed to select from among the female captives a servant, which privilege he exercised by taking a little Indian maid, a daughter of King Sassacus, which little maid John Sassamon made his wife, and from that marriage union resulted the daughter "Assawetough," who the whites called "Betty" or "Squaw Betty," and some portion of whose former princely inheritance in lands are called "Bet-

ty's Neck" in Lakeville, and "Squaw Betty" in Taunton and Raynham to this day.

Some time between the close of the "Pequot War," 1637, and the commencement of "King Philip's War," in 1675, John Sassamon was settled as a Christian missionary to the Assawomset and Nemasket Indians, having his home at what is now called Betty's Neck, in Lakeville, where Tispaquin, chief of the Assawomsets and Nemaskets, for Sassamon's encouragement in prosecuting the work of the gospel ministry, conferred upon the latter liberal bestowments of lands that Sassamon was occupying at the date of his death.

Sassamon was slain by the Indians for having taken part with the white people against his own countrymen, in those troubles that preceded and eventually brought on that bloodiest and most desolating of all New England conflicts, and now known in history as King Philip's war.

The hanging upon a gallows of two Indians at Plymouth, convicted of murdering John Sassason and secreting his dead body under the ice of Assamomset pond, hastened on that war, and when it had ended to the advantage of the white men and utter discomfiture of the Indians, Plymouth Colony court in acknowledgement of indebtedness to John Sassamon, and in gratitude to his memory who had laid down his life in behalf of that and other European settlements in New England, by legislative enactment, secured and confirmed to an Indian named Felix, the husband of Assawetough, and as a consequence the son-in-law of John Sassamon, all the lands that had been the property of said John Sassamon, deceased, whether at Betty's Neck or elsewhere, within the limits of Plymouth Colony. This Indian Felix had also quite large tracts of land that had been conveyed to him by deeds from the Sachem Tuspaquin prior to the date of King Philip's war, and as Felix took part with

the English in that war, his title to the same remained undisturbed.

This friendly Indian Felix and wife Assawetough had a daughter named Mercy Felix, who became the wife of Benjamin Tuspaquin, a grandson of Tuspaquin the Black Sachem so-called, chief of the Assamomset and Nemasket Indians, and great grandson of King Massasoit. Benjamin Tuspaquin and wife Mercy Felix had an only child, a daughter named Lydia, in whom was united the blood of King Massasoit, King Sassacus, of the sub-chief Tuspaquin, and of the educated, christianized, martyred Indian, John Sassamon. To be a little more explicit, Lydia Tuspaquin was in lineal descent, a great great granddaughter of King Massasoit, and she was also a great great granddaughter of King Sassacus, a great granddaughter of Tuspaquin, chief of the Assawamset and Nemasket Indians, and a great granddaughter of John Sassamon; and we will add that Lydia was also grandniece to two other Indian Kings, viz: Wamsutta alias Alexander, and Pometacom alias King Philip.

This Lydia Tuspaquin married an Indian named Wamsley, and their daughter Phebe, born Feb. 26th, 1770, married an Indian named Brister Gould, the fruit of which marriage was a daughter Zerviah Gould, who married Thomas C. Mitchell, and is the aged Indian woman here present today. She was born July 24th, 1807, married Oct. 17th, 1824, Thomas C. Mitchell, who was of mixed blood, part English and part Cherokee Indian. He died March 22d, 1859, and Mrs. Mitchell for more than a score of years has remained a widow.

Her two daughters, here upon the stage, are of a family of eleven children, three sons and eight daughters, of whom one son and five daughters survive; two sons and three daughters are dead.

The Eleventh Sentiment—"Sons and Daughters of Rochester, not resident in the Old Township, who are here to take part in this celebration." Response of Hon. Charles J. Holmes of Fall River, a former resident of the town of Rochester, and a grandson of Hon. Abraham Holmes.

Mr. Holmes said the name of the Orator of the Day brought up profitable and proud thoughts,—Noble Warren Everett. The genius of old Rochester has risen up to-day to listen to the deeds of the past. He recently had been reading the writings of his grandfather, Abraham Holmes, on the men of his time and town.

His grandfather noted the events of importance as they occurred, and his account of the proceedings in Rochester on the tea question is as follows:

The town of Boston sent letters to all the towns in Massachusetts, requesting them to call town meetings and agree and advise what was best to be done. Meetings were generally, if not universally, held. The proceedings were generally very spirited. In Rochester, the meeting was very free. But as the business was new, and very serious consequences might flow from the proceedings; and as an open opposition to the government might be considered as dangerous, the people generally thought it was the better way to proceed with due caution. The town clerk (David Wing) for some reason thought it best to stay at home. The meeting opened, and Joseph Haskell, 3d, was chosen town clerk pro tem. Deacon Sylvanus Cobb was chosen moderator. He was quite an old man, and seldom, if ever, attended a town-meeting. He took his seat and read the warrant, and as nobody wished to break the ice, perfect silence continued for about fifteen minutes, when N. Ruggles, Esq., arose and asked the moderator what method was proposed to proceed in. The moderator said as this was a solemn occasion, he thought it would be proper to com-

mence the business by an humble address by prayer for direction in so critical and important an occasion. Justice Ruggles replied there was no article in the warrant for prayer, and the law forbid the acting on anything for which there was no article in the warrant. The moderator said he was astonished to hear such an observation come from Justice Ruggles. Ruggles said, "Not more astonished than I am to see your honor in that seat." After some observations, Ruggles said if there must be prayer, he hoped it would not be by Mr. Moore, for he had heard so much of his praying on Sunday that he could not bear to hear it on a week day; for that man had done more hurt in Rochester than he ever *did* or ever *would* or ever *could* do good. The moderator was about making some reply, when Mr. Moore arose and said he "wished to have an oppportunity to return his humble and respectful thanks for the great and singular honor that the gentleman last up had done him. For if any man was to contrive to bestow the highest possible panegyric on me, he could not do it any way so effectually as to get that man to speak reproachfully of me."

On motion, it was voted to have a prayer by Mr. Moore. He stepped into the moderator's seat and said that previous to his addressing the Throne of Grace he would make a few preliminary observations. That as to prayer, he had long been of opinion that that gentleman was in general no friend of prayer; yet, he did not believe he would have come forward in open town meeting and have sarcastically and contemptuously opposed it, if he had not have had a strong suspicion that what would be prayed for would have been in opposition to the strong bent of the inclinations and wishes of his depraved and wicked heart. He then proceeded with his prayer. Perhaps Mr. Moore never felt more pleasing sensations than he did in the course of this prayer; though some people might doubt of the prayer's being so strongly

seasoned with humility as that of Hezekiah after the message brought by Isaiah. After the prayer, the meeting went into the consideration of the business, and passed a number of spirited resolutions, and subscribed what was called a solemn league and covenant to abstain from the use of tea, and to transact no business with those who would not become parties to the covenant.

One gentleman from Dartmouth attended, and though he did not presume to act in the town meeting, yet he made himself very busy out of doors. At last he began to think that his safety required him to go home. He departed, but Seth Barlow took a horse and with a hunting whip followed him more than a mile; overtook and applied the whip to his shoulders and back with great energy. The whole town were very well agreed in opposing the British claims. Only six persons were willing to submit to the trans-Atlantic claims. But after open hostilities had commenced they all submitted to the public will.

CONCLUSION.

The vast concourse of people joined with the choir in the singing of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the official ceremonies of the Rochester Bi-Centennial celebration came to an end. May our posterity at the next centennial have as much reason to rejoice, and as many, and as good friends to reciprocate the joy with them, as we have had at this.

APPENDIX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Among the many interesting communications received by the committee was the following from Prof. Bickmore;

American Museum of Natural History,

New York, July 14, 1879.

A. W. BISBEE, ESQ.,

Sec'y 200th Anniversary of Rochester:

Dear Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite invitation to be present at the interesting ceremonies to be held at Marion, commemorating the Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of the township of Rochester, and I have been keeping your letter before me with the purpose of so arranging my duties as to allow me the pleasure of witnessing your celebration, but not having yet been able to do so I forward this acknowledgment of your kindness in inviting me.

I should come with the desire of manifesting, by leaving other duties, the high appreciation in which I hold whatever pertains to the early settlers of the Bay State, whose devotion to the cause of public education led them to erect the log school-house, the beginning and the foundation of all the higher culture which we at the distance of two centuries are now privileged to enjoy.

I admire the spirit which prompts an acknowledgment of the great debt we owe to the early settlers of your State, and I most heartily join you in paying homage to their memory.

Very truly yours,

ALBERT S. BICKMORE.

The following letter was received by the President of the Day from the Past-Mayor and present Recorder of the Borough of Wareham in England:

WAREHAM, DORSET, ENGLAND,
9th July, 1879.

Dear Sir:—I am grateful for your kind and courteous invitation of the 26th ultimo, to the anniversary of the first settlement by the English at your interesting place, and I regret much that it will not be in my power to accept it. My friend, Mr. Thomas Lean Skewes, this year's Mayor, is at present on a tour in Cornwall, but I know he will be equally gratified to have received your invitation, although I do not expect he will be able to avail himself of it. I am very pleased indeed that pleasant remembrances of our old town are retained, and I hope that you may live to revisit it. I am asked how your town came to be called Wareham, but am unable to answer. I do not understand from you that any settlers went out from here and founded Wareham in Massachusetts. Our town dates back to the old Saxon age—before the Norman conquest. With best wishes for the prosperous direction of this anniversary festival.

I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

FREELAND FILLITER.

The following was received since the celebration occurred:

ELM HOUSE, WAREHAM, DORSET, ENG.,
August, 1879.

To Gerard C. Tobey, Esquire, Wareham, Mass., U. S. A.

Dear Sir:—Absence on a tour through the west of England when your courteous invitation reached this borough for me as Mayor to visit the town of Wareham, in Massachusetts, and attend the celebration of the Rochester bi-centennial on the 22d ultimo, must be my apology for not acknowledging the receipt of, and most cordially thanking you for the same. Our respected recorder, F. Filliter, Esq., has given me to understand that he wrote to you at the time, intimating that it would be impossible for himself or for me to undertake the journey just then. * * * I trust the festival, now an event of the past, proved a success in every sense of the word, and that it will continue to exert an influence for good by cementing indissoluble bonds of friendship and unity. Here, in our ancient borough, we lack marble statues, ornamental architecture and gorgeous temples, yet we have royal ruins, antiquated fortifications, Roman roads, and other relics interesting to the lover of antiquities. Many pleasing historical events are associated with this town and neighborhood, so that in reading of the grand *fetes* around us our thoughts ir-

repressibly turn toward the past and conjure to our imaginations the men of yore who took prominent parts in the drama of life. I hope a bright future is before the Wareham of the New World, and that many of her sons will rise to eminence and distinction in that great and distinguished country to which you belong.

Kindly accept my hearty thanks for your invitation, and my best wishes that every blessing may fall on you and yours; and believe me, dear sir, yours faithfully.

THOS. LEAN SKEWES.
Mayor of Wareham.

DAUGHTERS OF THE FOREST.

The aged Indian woman, Mrs. Zerviah Gould Mitchell and her daughters Tewelema and Woontonekanuske, late of North Abington, but now residing upon the Indian reserve lands at "Betty's Neck," so called, in Lakeville, were among the guests at the celebration. The daughters were richly dressed in Indian costumes, in the style of their ancestors two hundred years ago, the groundwork of the dress of one being a sky blue, and the other an orange color. One was heavily surmounted with white beads, and the other with white shells; arms set off with fine bracelets, and necks hung with necklaces of different colored beads. One daughter wore a cap curiously constructed of partridge feathers surmounted with beads, and the other, a head dress of scarlet cloth, ingeniously worked with white beads, and surmounted with a single tall, drooping white feather. Their lower limbs were encased with highly ornamented cloth and deerskin, and feet in richly wrought moccasins. The old lady appeared in her usual European costume of black.

Portraits of the two daughters will be found in another part of this volume.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

At a Great and General Court for her Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, began and held at Boston, upon Wednesday, the 28th day of May, 1707, and continued by prorogations until Wednesday the 29th day of October following, by their session:

In Council—The following orders were passed in the House of Representatives upon the petition of the town of Rochester praying to be annexed to the County of Plymouth. Read and concurred in.

Ordered—That the the prayer of the petition be granted; rates already assessed on the County of Barnstable to be paid there; and that for the future that they be annexed to the County of Plymouth, any usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

ISAAC ADDINGTON, Secretary.

Transcribed Dec. 31, 1824, per Abram Holmes, T. Clerk.

Dr. William Whitridge was a native of Rochester. He practiced his profession in New Bedford for many years.

"MINISTER ROCK;"

A MEMORIAL POEM, BY SIMEON TUCKER CLARK, M. D.

I.

Devotion. like the ivy, loves to cling
To all things ancient. With uplifted hands,
Adoring some imperishable thing,
It finds a deity, in suns or sands.
The worship of Jehovah, long ago,
Raised to his praise, huge altars built of stone.
Which flaming red, with sacrificial glow.
Burned night and day, and ever to atone.

II.

Now in the fullness of prophetic days.
Since Christ—The Prince of Peace—began His reign;
The sons of men have never ceased to raise
The pictured temple and the sculptured fane.
And, when the Pilgrims, on the tortuous way
From Wankinco's, or Weweantit's source,
First found the sounding shores of Buzzard's Bay,
They praised the Power, which led them on their course.

III.

On Minister Rock they stood, and, as they gazed
Upon the white-caps, sailing out to sea,
Their prayerful souls to heaven devoutly raised,
They praised the Lord for christian liberty.
And, as they sang: "*The hill of Zion yields*"
To contrite souls, "*A thousand sacred sweets;*"
The fragrant marshes seemed like "*heavenly fields*;"
The yellow sedges glowed like "*golden streets.*"

IV.

The wandering wind had healing in its breath,
Distilled from cedar, pine and spicy birch;
The sea had saving salt; nor second death
Itself could fright *a member of the church.*
In ages past, the servants of the Lord
Were glad to seek the *shadow* of a rock;
Here, was the ponderous *substance*, to reward
These scions of a puritanic stock.

V.

To guard them from the tempter's subtle wiles.
Unceasingly our fathers worshipped God;
But, when the Sabbath dawned, those long church-aisles—
The paths which led to Minister Rock—they trod.
And, even now, I fancy when I hear
The pine-trees chanting a melodious stave,
The melody of Sherburne, or of Mear,
Is echoed from the land beyond the grave.

VI.

This was the Sinai of that pilgrim race.
For here they heard the thunders of the Law;
And, while they worshipped in their holy place,
Their love for God, they measured by their awe.
Here was their Horeb; when they were athirst
For draughts of grace, some mighty-man-of-prayer.
On this proud summit, bade the fountain burst,
And living waters banished sin and care.

VII.

How beautiful for situation stands
The Minister Rock, not Joppa's fortress gray,
Nor Babylon's gardens, (wonder of all lands,)
Were ever kissed by mists from Buzzard's Bay.
The temple at Jerusalem, each morn,
Glowed crimson in the orient sun-god's ray;
But Minister Rock stands draped in vesture, born
Of fleecy fogs that float from Buzzard's Bay.

VIII.

The bellowing tides, beyond Bird-Island-Light,
May battle, wave with wave, in fierce affray.
But like tame, herded kine, at fall of night,
They find a friendly fold, in Buzzard's Bay,
Oh! Minister Rock, two hundred years of change
Have left no impress on thy granite breast;
The screaming sea-gulls still around thee range,
And, in thy shadows, still the sparrows nest.

IX.

Thou art the same, as, when in æons past,
Set like a jewel in an iceberg crown,
Some hurrying glacier, glittering, frigid, vast,
From arctic polar regions, rolled thee down
And left thee, to the rest, thou well hadst earned;
I watch, from underneath thy frowning brows,
The bluest furrows, that were ever turned
By father Neptune's white-winged, wind-blown ploughs.

X.

There shalt thou stand, a sentinel for aye—
A hoary monitor of bye-gone days—
While countless companies shall pass away,
And tongues unnumbered, celebrate thy praise.
Thou wert the grand cathedral of our sires;
And, generations yet unborn, shall flock
From gargoyled towers, and decorated spires,
To praise their father's God, on MINISTER ROCK!

Lockport, N. Y., July 15, 1879.