

A
REPORT
OF THE
PROCEEDINGS

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

Reception of the Sons of Newburyport

RESIDENT ABROAD,

JULY 4th, 1854,

BY THE

CITY AUTHORITIES AND THE CITIZENS OF NEWBURYPORT.

COMPILED AND REPORTED

BY JOSEPH H. BRAGDON.

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NOTE. It was the purpose of the compiler, at the commencement of this report, to give a sketch of the proceedings of the various meetings held in this and other places, and additional incidents of interest. Also, to give in detail the labors of the various committees from the city government and the citizens, and the names of individuals who contributed to produce so laudable a result, that those who performed the service might receive the credit due them; but it was found to increase the matter to such an extent, that it was thought best to abandon the plan, and condense the account as much as possible.

INTRODUCTORY.

A re-union in their native town, of sons and daughters, resident abroad ! There is something partaking of grandeur in the thought. The natural attachment which exists within the breast of man for the place of his birth, is not merely a sentiment, but an affection, purified and strengthened by association. It was implanted within us ere we commenced the struggle of life, and it becomes so indelibly impressed that time cannot efface it. It clings to us through age with all the tenacity of early recollections. This love for the land of our birth begets in us a love for those who inhabit it, who become, as it were, a part of the land itself; and the part which brings it most immediately home to the affections. Imperceptible as is this bond of brotherhood to those whose days are passed at home, it is fully known to the resident abroad. When we meet in distant lands a fellow townsman, a native of the place of our birth, stranger though he may be to us, there is an uprising of emotion that we cannot suppress, and the power of this bond is manifest. Instinctively we yearn to grasp him in a cordial embrace, and hear from his own lips a word from our old home. Through the plastic power of the imagination, the joys of a thousand hours are in one moment brought up before us. There is a charm in his very voice that fascinates our

senses. He has breathed the same air, he has trod the same soil, he has lent vigor to the same social institutions, and we feel that he is our brother. The warmth of the attachment of the untamed heart of youth is experienced, and the cup of youthful joy is once more at our lips. The heart expands and enjoyment is realized.

But how much greater the happiness the occasion of the gathering of thousands of our townsmen, who have been separated by distance, and almost forgotten through time, of early associates and playmates, whose forms memory would ever retain, amid the very scenes of early days, in the places where association commenced, and in sight of the play-ground of our youth. There is magic in the thought. It is passing to youth again. The blood courses quicker through our veins; and the fervid delight of boyhood is felt. Caste is forgotten—diplomatic fame, academic honor, legal renown, ministerial eminence, professional celebrity, mercantile distinction, and mechanical achievement, all are forgotten and lost, or bent to this superior force of companionship. The ground whereon we tread is holy ground—we are inspired by the scenes around us—early days once more are ours. The reminiscences of youth, long treasured in the brain, come crowding thickly up, forming a panorama of the brightest period of our existence.

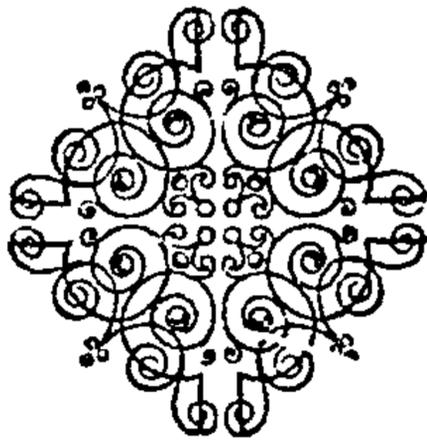
The occasion is one of profit as well as of pleasure. We throw aside the conventionalities of life, the mantle of official dignity and badge of power, and gather ourselves together, to talk over, with the unfeigned simplicity of brotherly intercourse, the incidents of our career. The fortunes and misfortunes, the trials of fortitude and steady prosperity which make up the sum of our lives, since we left our native soil, are rehearsed, and in the rehearsal there is a pleasure that cannot be estimated, and a profit of incalculable worth to future experience. It is gratifying and ennobling thus to pause in the course of an active life, and be permitted to enjoy such a season; to meet our friends, and face to face review our

labors and our struggles. Though classmates in school and companions in childhood's sports, the parts we have played in the great drama of life are as diversified as character itself. The history of the progress of each individual is a distinct volume wherein there is much for reflection, much for study and deep abiding thought. The union of such fragmentary parts forms an integral body, to contemplate which is the highest pleasure of the human mind, and leads to heroic action, to the foundation of lofty virtues.

But the occasion has another aspect. It invites us to the performance of a sad duty. The graves of our friends speak to us in a language that cannot be misinterpreted. From the scenes of our childhood we went forth into the busy world to fulfil a destiny which our young ambition had marked out, we sought broader fields for our enterprise, and among a strange people struggled for distinction and power. We have come back to drop the tear of affection upon the soil in which is mingled the dust of our ancestors. Whatever may have been our course—how great soever the rewards of our toil—these stones which rise above the ashes of our early friends, point us to a higher destiny, and show us the worthlessness of earthly aggrandizement unaccompanied by that moral excellence that can secure for us a more enduring hope. We turn from them with a purer faith, and feel that when we have gone from hence, and again mingled ourselves with our fellow-men in the active labors of our vocation, it will afford us a gleam of cheer to concentrate our thoughts upon the lessons suggested by these silent monitors, and purify the heart with their teachings.

There is a broader view to take of this subject. Individual interest must give way to national prosperity. It is through these great moral principles, these high social aims, which first spring into life through local influences that the lofty patriotism which characterizes our nation is nourished, and its stalwart strength supported. It is this which imparts that national

impulse which gives unity to the actions of men, and makes the good of the whole a private aspiration. It is this culture of the highest social faculties that unites individuals as members of one family. It is this that gives harmony to our municipal affairs, that sustains the authority of legislative enactments, that gives permanency to our institutions, that binds together this great confederacy, that renders indissoluble our glorious Union.



PRELIMINARIES.

Early in April an order was introduced into the City Council providing for the celebration of the then approaching anniversary of our National Independence. The manner of celebrating was considered during several sessions in both branches of the city government, and it was finally concluded to make it the occasion of a great family jubilee, by extending to the sons and daughters of Newburyport and "Ould Newberry," resident abroad, an invitation to come home and join with us in the festivities of such a season. An order was passed, a committee was chosen, arrangements were laid out and the different departments of the order placed in the hands of sub-committees, with instructions to speedily and effectively carry the same into operation. Nor were the citizens generally backward in the movement. Indeed, before the order passed through the two branches of the city government, several meetings of the citizens were held, and resolutions passed in favor of such a re-union and embodied in the strongest terms. The feeling was general, and measures were taken to assist the city authorities in carrying out the programme to the satisfaction of all. Private individuals contributed generously, and every circumstance promised a happy and glorious occasion.

The publication of the invitation was met with a hearty re-

sponse from all sections of our country. The press echoed the call from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast; from Texas to Maine; and meetings were called in every place where the sons of Newburyport and "Ould Newbury" could be found in sufficient numbers to form an organization. In New York, Boston, Bangor and other cities, preparations were made to visit the old homestead with full ranks. Letters and communications were received in great numbers, not only signifying an acceptance of the invitation, but expressing the liveliest gratification for an occasion which would afford them an opportunity to visit the haunts of their childhood, to pay their devotion to the memories of their fathers, and to exchange congratulations with the friends of their youth.

The arrangements were seasonably completed, through the the indefatigable labors of members of the various committees. The appropriations were judicious and liberal, and everything was conducted upon a scale in harmony with the magnitude of the occasion. The following programme was adopted:

PROGRAMME.

The several Church and Factory Bells will be rung, and National Salutes fired at sunrise and sunset.

At 9 1-2 o'clock, A. M., a Procession will be formed on the Mall, the right resting on the southeast end, and moved at 10 o'clock, under the direction of the Chief Marshal, Col. AMOS TAPPAN, in the following order:

Military Escort, (Band) Cushing Guard, commanded by
Capt. Jabez L. Pearson.

Past members of the Newburyport Artillery Company, commanded by
Major Ebenezer Bradbury.

Aid. CHIEF MARSHAL. Aid.
His Honor the Mayor, Orator, Officiating Clergyman, Reader of the
Declaration of Independence.

City Government.

Committee of Arrangements.

City Clerk, Treasurer, Assessors,
Assistant Assessors, Clerk Common Council.

School Committee.

Overseers of the Poor.

PRELIMINARIES.

9

Selectmen of Newbury and West Newbury.
Town Clerks of Newbury and West Newbury.
Instructors of Public Schools.
Reverend Clergy of the City.
Revolutionary Soldiers.
United States Officers—Civil, Military and Naval.
State and County Officers.
Band.
Invited Sons and Former Residents of Newburyport.
Citizens of Newburyport, Newbury and West Newbury.

SECOND DIVISION.

Band.

Aid. Marshal Aid.

FLORAL PROCESSION.

- No. 1—Flora.
- No. 2—Landing of Pilgrims.
- No. 3—May Flower.
- No. 4—Goddess of Liberty.
- No. 5—Ages:—Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Old Age.
- No. 6—Naiads.
- No. 7—Dryads.
- No. 8—Morning.
- No. 9—Night.
- No. 10—Spring.
- No. 11—Summer.
- No. 12—Autumn.
- No. 13—Winter.
- No. 14—Old Lady in the Shoe.

THIRD DIVISION.

Aid. Marshal Aid.

Engineers of the Fire Department.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

With their Machines, in the following order:
Band.

- “Deluge” Company, No. 1,
With their invited guests,
- “Gen. Washington” Company, No. 3, of Milford.
- “Mechanic” Company, No. 2.

Band.

"Protector" Company, No. 3, with their invited guests,

"Tiger," No. 1, of Haverhill.

"Tiger" Company, No. 4.

"Eagle" Company, No. 5.

"Agile" Company, No. 6.

"Torrent" Company, No. 7.

Band.

"Neptune" Company, No. 8.

"Warren" Company, Hook and Ladder.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Aid.

Marshal.

Aid.

Band.

TRADES.

Mr. John Emery with his Vessel.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Aid.

Marshal.

Aid.

Marrine Society.

Howard Benevolent Society.

St. Mark's Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons.

St. John's Lodge.

Quascacunquen Lodge of Odd Fellows.

Strangers and Citizens generally.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Aid.

Marshal.

Aid.

Cavalcade.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION.

The Procession will move precisely at 10 o'clock, A. M., through the following streets:

Down High street to Federal, down Federal to Water, counter-march up Federal to Orange, through Orange to Fair, down Fair to Essex, through Essex to State, up State to High, up High to Kent, counter-march down High to Market, down Market to Washington, through Washington to Green, down Green to Merrimack, through Merrimack, Market Square, State and Pleasant streets, to the Church.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE PLEASANT STREET CHURCH.

1. Voluntary on the Organ.
2. Chorus—"Praise the Lord, ye Nations all"—from Mozart's 12th Mass,
3. Reading of the Scriptures and Invocation, by Rev. D. M. Reed.
4. "Song of Welcome," by Hon. George Lunt, music by M. D. Randall.
5. Reading Declaration of Independence, by Hiram B. Haskell.
6. Ode, by Jacob Haskell, music "Star Spangled Banner."
7. Oration, by Rev. George D. Wildes.
8. Chorus, "Hallelujah," from the Oratorio of the Messiah.
9. Benediction, by Daniel Dana, D. D.

The music will be performed by a select choir, under the direction of M. D. Randall, Esq. Organists, Messrs J. W. Cheney and R. P. Morse.

PUBLIC DINNER.

After the services at the church, the procession will be formed anew, and proceeded to the PAVILLION, erected on Congress street, and partake of a DINNER provided by Horace Hamblet, Esq., Landlord of the Ocean House.

PROGRAMME OF FIREWORKS.

From Chickering street, west of Frog Pond.

Signal and Colored Rockets will be fired from sunset until 9 o'clock, when the exhibition will commence with

No. 1. A GRAND ILLUMINATION—Of Indian White Fires, intermingled with crimson and green.

Rockets, Gold Rain.

2. CANDLES AND JETS—A battery of Roman Candles, with silver and colored Stars, mutate to jets of Mexican Fire, with heavy reports.

Mines and Shells.

3. DOUBLE CHAPLETS—Horizontal Wheels of Chinese and Jessamine Fire, mutate to cluster of Stars and explosion of Bees.

Rockets, Colored Stars.

4. CONSTELLATION—A Circle of Stars in Crimson, blue and purple lance extend to jets of Sun Fires, with reports.

Torbillons.

5. A GREETING TO VISITING FRIENDS—A highly ornamental and unique piece, silver and colored.

Flight of Rockets.

6. EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS—Vertical Wheels of purple and blue Fires form the ball of pyramids of Colored Stars, and centres of contra revolving polkas.

Mines.

7. THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.—The motto "July 4," in letters of Fire, is surmounted by the American Eagle and Arms, from which extend a Glory of Sun Fires.

Rockets.

8. **MOSAIC BATTERY**—A Fanciful Design in lance, mutates to a Battery of Mines, Shells and Marrons.

Torbillons.

9. **PERUVIAN CROSS**—Decorated with crimson and purple lance, with revolving centre, mutating to gerbs of Jessamine Fires with petards.

Floral Shells.

10—**COURANTINES.** Or Messengers, traversing a wire several hundred feet Rocket, Silver Stars.

11. **QUADRUPLE STAR AND PALMS**—A gorgeous Star, in blue, white, crimson and green, lance mutate to Palm Trees, tinged with green.

Diamond Battery.

12. **THE UNION**—The American Eagle and Arms are supported by thirteen Stars, above which appear in letters of fire, the word "UNION."

Rockets.

13. **MORNING GLORY.**—A large Piece, composed of Wheels of variegated colors, revolving around a solar centre, and extending to Sun Fires, with reports.

Torbillons.

14. **GIRANDOLE**—A superb Piece of Pyrotechic, formed of variegated lance work, representing an immense Girandole, or Candelabra, with crystal Pendants of purple, blue, violet and crimson lance; the arms are decorated with Candles of Silver and Colored Stars.

Mines of Serpents.

15. **SHIELD OF IRIS**—A large revolving Disc of Jessamine and Chinese Fires, displays a triple contra revolving centre of Polkas, Saxons and Flyers, tinged with purple, crimson and green.

Rockets.

16. **THE LYRE**—A representation of the "Lyre," in silver and colored lance, partially encircled with a Wreath of Laurel, and surmounted by a Floral base.

Floral Shells.

17. **FLORENTINE WHEEL PIECE**—A Pyramidical arrangement of Wheels and Flyers, with a centre of Polkas and Saxons, ending with a discharge of Italian Streamers.

Mines.

18. **FINALE**—The Seal of the City of Newburyport is supported by two ornamental columns entwined with fillets, and bearing upon the capitals the mottoes, in silver and colored lance, "July, 1854." The American Eagle rests upon the City Seal, and is adorned with a halo of radiating Sun Fires; the whole forming a brilliant centre, from which extend jets and batteries of Mines, Stars and Shells, which, with a heavy flight of rockets arching the Seal, forms a grand *Tableau de Feu*.

For several days before the Fourth the return of sons commenced, and ere its arrival, our streets were filled with the familiar forms of those whose early days were passed in our midst. Never before have we known such *stirring* times,—everything in the shape of a team for miles around, was pouring in with supplies for the anticipated crowd, and every room that could be found unoccupied, was converted into a saloon for the sale of refreshments. Everybody was at work, families in laying in an abundance, and others in preparations of an ornamental nature.

The setting of the sun on the third, found everything ready, and the crowds of strangers already present, showed that no dissatisfaction would be felt. The trains through the day from every quarter were heavily laden with returned sons and daughters from the most distant sections of the country.

THE JUBILEE.

The booming of cannon, the ringing of bells, the sharp rattle of musketry, together with blasts of horns and the harsh discord of a thousand instruments of clamor, in the hands of juveniles, announced that the long anticipated day had arrived. The sun rose in all its majesty upon a city whose people were jubilant with anticipation. One thing was evident—a *warm* reception was to be experienced, to prepare for which our city authorities had wisely set the sprinkling machine over the route of procession. Never have we witnessed a more cheering spectacle than that presented throughout the entire route. Our city was in a holiday dress—a dress that was significant of the intense feeling of the people. There was no laborious formality displayed—no garb of vanity adopted. Every decoration, every motto, every design, spoke to the heart of a patriotism and hospitality that was as pure as the spotless surface which reflected them; and the cheerful countenances, everywhere met, were but the index of hearts overrunning with joy and gratitude.

At an early hour the several divisions commenced forming at the places assigned them, in and around the Bartlett Mall. The Chief Marshal, with the military escort, proceeded to the depot of the Eastern Railroad, where an immense crowd of citizens had assembled, to receive the various delegations.—Owing to the length of the train the cars were behind their

usual time, and the train containing the Boston delegation did not reach here until half past nine o'clock ; they were received by the Chief Marshal and escorted to the City Hall.—Owing to the irregularity in the arrival of the delegations from other cities, there was no formal reception at the depot, though they came from several cities and towns in large numbers.

The last of the delegations having been received, the invited sons and former residents were escorted to the City Hall, where the Mayor and City Council were in readiness to receive them, and proceeded to High street for the formation of the procession. Upon reaching the Hall, an immense crowd was collected there, and in Brown's Square, numbering many thousands. Col. Tappan, in brief and appropriate terms, introduced the guests to the Mayor, who received them with these remarks :

SONS AND FORMER RESIDENTS OF NEWBURYPORT—

On this occasion, the anniversary of our National Independence, in behalf of the City, I bid you a cordial and heartfelt welcome to the place of your birth and former residence. Never has an event been looked for by our citizens with so much joy and satisfaction as this, the return of her sons ; and I express but the feelings of all, when I say—Welcome, Sons of Newburyport, to the place that must be dear to the hearts of every one of you.

This is an occasion of no ordinary interest. Many, to-day, that have so readily responded to our invitation, have long been absent from the home of their nativity, and will see many and great changes. Many with whom they had sweet and social converse, in former times, have long since passed from earth. The graves of your fathers, the graves of your friends, are ties strong enough to bring back the recollections of former days.

It is with pride the citizens of this city contemplate the position which the sons of Newburyport abroad have attained, in whatever calling Providence has seen fit to place them. In the professions, in mercantile life, in the mechanic arts, they have attained that high and honorable position, which we, your friends and brothers, contemplate with the deepest satisfaction. Well may this ancient town and new city be proud of her absent sons.

We have made no extended preparations on this occasion. We have given you no cold and formal invitation to come to your old and venerated birthplace and former residence. But we have given you a cordial welcome to the scenes of your childhood and the home of your early associations.—

And this morning, with open arms and warm hearts, we are ready and happy to receive you.

Friends and brothers—in coming at our request to greet us to-day, you come amongst a prosperous, happy and intelligent people. A people that are mutually ambitious, and doing all in their power to make this a community moral in its character, industrious in its habits, and independent in all its actions.

Once more, in behalf of our city, I bid you an earnest welcome home; and may this meeting be such, that in after years, we shall say that friendships have been renewed, and formed, which nothing shall ever sever.

The Mayor was replied to by Warren Tilton, Esq., Chief Marshal of the Boston delegation, as follows:

MR. MAYOR, AND GENTLEMEN:

We return your greeting, one and all! For this most warm reception, it is needless to say we are grateful. For these eager salutations, these enthusiastic cheerings, these involuntary and unmistakable evidences of rejoicing at our presence, we cannot fully thank you.

Such words as mine will indicate but poorly the character of the emotions which, struggling within our souls, have no voices for their utterance. Language cannot enunciate them, for we know how limited is the power of language; and the joyousness and happiness of an occasion like this are not to be described: they can only be experienced—felt.

There is something in that word “feeling” we can all appreciate, and I assure you I can add no emphasis to the declaration which I make in behalf of myself, and every one in our ranks, that we *feel* glad that we are here.

You tell me that, on this, the day of our National Jubilee, you have summoned us hither as the sons of Newburyport. Like eager children we have obeyed your summons—judge you with what measure of alacrity. All is pleasant and joyous around us. It is a joyous day and a joyous occasion, but our thoughts of the occasion and the day are well nigh merged in those of the place—old, stately Newburyport, God bless her!—the place of our birth, the home of our childhood.

We have come with full numbers, and fuller hearts. From all ranks and professions in life, with whatever of credit and reputation we have won for ourselves, laying aside all our cares and anxieties for a season, forgetting all distinctions of position, and putting away all differences of faith and habit, we have come hither, in a common brotherhood, at your bidding, to enjoy a pleasant re-union, to revive old memories, to re-visit old haunts, and be boys, “at home again,” together.

We have the young among us, who, in the morning of their years, have yet scarcely tasted the trials of life; we have those who have toiled past its

noon ; we have those whose brows have become wrinkled, and whose limbs have grown weary in its dusty pilgrimage ; but, to-day, we are, one and all of us, resolved to be young again together.

Wherever we look—everything about us,—the churches and the school-houses, (those earliest, noblest, best monuments of the fame of Newburyport) the streets, the trees, the dwellings, the hills, the river—the placid and beautiful Merrimack—all recall the days of our youth, and to-day we shall be young again together.

We shall, indeed, sir, be impressed with the changes you have alluded to. We shall revisit the old church-yards, stand over the old graves, spell over the old epitaphs, muse over old friends and companions now translated, live over old affections, dream over old happinesses, shed anew old tears we thought forever quenched, and thus, with the sweet, sad memories of “Long ago” addressing the better part of our nature, we shall, at least, to-day, be young again together.

But it is time these words of mine were spoken. This is neither the hour nor the place for extended remarks. Once more be assured of our gratitude for the kindness of this reception. We do indeed believe that you are glad to see us here ; and we know that we are glad to have come. Our pulses beat and our hearts leap at your words of cheer and commendation. We rejoice in the evidences of your prosperity, but when we contemplate its sources, there is no room for surprise. Character implies prosperity, and enterprise impels progress, with communities as with individuals.

Our visit must be, of necessity, a brief one—but a Hail! and a Farewell! Happiness, however, has no limit of time, and we trust we shall return to our adopted home from this, the home of our boyhood, with hearts refreshed and purified ; with some of the rust and earthliness of our natures refined away ; with higher hopes and nobler courage ; and with a fixed and resolute purpose never to prove ourselves so little worthy as that any man should ever be sorry to acknowledge us (what we are proud this day to be, every one of us,) sons of Newburyport.

After the services of reception were ended, the company formed into line and marched to the south east end of the Mall, where the various divisions of the procession were in waiting. The procession then formed in the following order.
First

THE CUSHING GUARD,

With full ranks, preceded by a band, performed the escort for the occasion. More than a passing notice is due this corps, which appeared for the first time under their new commander,

Capt. Jabez L. Pearson. In drill and in all their evolutions the highest perfection was manifested. In appearance the company has few equals, and the praise bestowed by visitors must have lightened the fatigues they endured.

Next was the

NEWBURYPORT ARTILLERY.

This veteran corps, now lost in the Cushing Guard, whose roll dates back to 1777, and whose service was required in war of the revolution, one of the oldest companies in the New England States, was represented by some fifty or sixty of the past members, under the command of Major Ebenezer Bradbury, the veteran soldier as well as statesman. In the ranks we discovered quite a number of distinguished men, who once constituted the pride of this renowned company. They wore chapeaus, dark dress and side arms, and took charge of the field pieces of the Cushing Guard. In their march and movements they showed that their knowledge of military tactics was fresh, and that the patriotism which distinguished their early days was still alive.

FIRST DIVISION.

AMOS TAPPAN, CHIEF MARSHAL.

ASSISTANTS.—D. S. Blake, Edmund Bartlett, George Noyes, Robert Bayley, Jr.

The Chief Marshal and his Assistants were mounted upon noble looking animals, richly dressed for the occasion.

The Division was comprised of His Honor the Mayor, Orator, Officiating Clergyman, Reader of the Declaration of Independence, the Board of Aldermen, Board of Common Council, Committee of Arrangements, City Clerk, Treasurer, Assessors, Clerk of Common Council, School Committee, Overseers of the Poor, Ward Officers, Selectmen and Town Clerks of Newbury and West Newbury, Instructors of Public Schools, Reverend Clergy, Revolutionary Soldiers, United States Offi-

cers—Civil, Military and Naval ; State and County Officers.

Next came the Boston delegation, as follows :

BAND.

WARREN TILTON, Esq., Chief Marshal,

AIDS—William P. Pierce, Caleb S. Marshall.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS.—Stephen Tilton, Jr., J. Haskell Long, Nathaniel Donnels, John H. Bradbury, Charles G. Wood, Nathaniel Foster, Jr., Charles L. Knapp, George Butler, Seth K. Sweetser.

CAPT. SAM'L G. ADAMS, Standard Bearer.

This delegation, in which were many distinguished men—clergymen, lawyers, editors, physicians, merchants and mechanics, numbered about 500, each wearing a badge enstamped with the seals of the two cities. They had a splendid silken banner, prepared by "Cymon," of the Post, that attracted all eyes. It bore on one side the simple inscription "Boston;" on the other, "Returned Home, 1854," and was left at the City Hall as a memento of the occasion. Other banners were carried, with the following mottoes :

"There is no place like home."

"Where'er we roam, whatever place we see,
Our hearts untravelled fondly turns to thee."

"Should old acquaintance be forgot."

"No soil upon earth so dear to our eyes,
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies."

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter land than all the rest,
And thou shalt find where'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home."

Next were the Invited Sons, who represented perhaps one half of the States of the Union and nearly all the principal cities. We noticed them from all the New England States, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Maryland, District of Columbia, South Carolina, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, California and Oregon, and there were others whose local residence we did not learn.

It were invidious, perhaps, to single out particular delegations, but Maine came strong from her sea-shore and inland districts, and from Bangor, Bath and Portland they attracted

particular attention. The largest number from any one place in New Hampshire came from Portsmouth, and conspicuous among them was the venerable Abner Greenleaf, the first mayor of our sister city. In this State many places were represented—Lowell, Haverhill, Ipswich, Boston, Worcester, &c., &c.

SECOND DIVISION.

Floral Procession.

This was the grandest display of its kind we have ever had in this city, nor have we heretofore been behind any place within our knowledge in these exhibitions. Throughout was the evidence of refined taste and great industry, which was highly creditable to all the parties concerned. So numerous were the persons engaged in these preparations, that we forbear to give names that nevertheless deserve grateful recollection. The sections appeared as follows:

RUFUS GRIFFITH, Chief Marshal.

AIDS.—Thomas Makinney, James C. Colman.

The marshals were mounted, and the rich trimmings upon their noble looking studs, attracted universal attention.

SECTION I. F L O R A .

Flora's group leads the procession, and was represented by a young lady dressed in white lace, with a profusion of pink drapery and flowers. Her four winged attendants, in pink and white, surrounded her, scattering flowers, emblematical of the bright and beautiful gifts she is so constantly showering upon us. Her exquisitely designed car, tastefully decorated with evergreen, was drawn by two gray horses, and canopied with tri-colored cloth, upon which were the mottoes, "Hail, lovely Flora!" "Flowers, bright flowers, sweet messengers of love." "We are the sweet flowers, born of sunny showers." Following her car were thirty children, bearing flowers and banners, with these mottoes: "Flowers are the smiles of Nature, and earth would seem a desert without them."

Flowers bloom by the lowliest cot,
To gladden, and brighten, and bless our lot."
"Flora comes from her sunny bowers,
And decks the earth with her gift of flowers."

SECTION II.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The design of this group although suggested previous to any knowledge of the existence of such as the one recently on exhibition in Boston, was afterwards executed with strict reference to that picture, and was found to be a truthful transfer of its peculiarities in point of coloring and style of dress. This cluster composed the first party who left the Mayflower, and landed from the boat on Plymouth Rock.

Prominent among these is Gov. Carver, whose tall figure and manly appearance indicates his character and dignity. His suit is of black, the body plain, and tight fitting—sleeves large and open in front, disclosing the shirt sleeves, while a tunic of the same material falls from the waist. The small clothes are very full, secured at the knee with buckles, and the dress is finished by long black hose and low shoes. Miles Standish claims a second place in point of conspicuousness. His dress was military; composed of a jacket of blue, with buff sleeves and tunic, black small clothes, and buff boots. His hat was black, ornamented with a red feather. Edward Winslow stands near Carver, and wears a dark suit of the olden time. By his side was Mrs. Winslow, wearing a purple dress and blue hood. Mrs. Allerton was kneeling on the rock and wore a crimson silk skirt, supposed to be a relic of former days, beneath a blue dress. Over all was thrown a drab cloak, and a green shawl was tied over the head. Leaning upon her shoulder was Mrs. Standish, in a red hood, maroon colored sack trimmed with fur, and dark green dress. Elder Brewster was personated in a tall, thin figure, whose long grey beard, black skull cap, and grey, bushy hair, suggested his clerical character. His dress added to the effect. It consisted of a black, loose gown, black small clothes, stockings, &c. Mrs. Brewster stood near him, supporting her aged form upon a staff. Her dress was dark, and becoming an old lady. Mrs. Hopkins, with her infant child in her arms, wore a dress of gray, and over her head was thrown a shawl of the same color. Mrs. Carver's place was at the left of her husband; on one arm she supported her little infant, and with the other hand led a little child, whose caresses are bestowed upon a favorite dog. Behind these appeared William Bradford and John Howland, the former dressed in a dark suit, and the latter in a suit of blue, bearing on his shoulder a pickaxe and shovel. This group was preceded by a banner bearing a representation of Plymouth Rock, carried by a person in the costume of primitive times, and followed by the May Flower, rigged as if moored in the bay. A procession of boys, headed by the motto, "The Pilgrim spirit is not fled," each carrying some implement of agriculture, and dressed in uniform, brought up the rear.

SECTION III.

THE MAY FLOWER.

The May Flower was represented by a boat of about two tons burthen, rigged in polacre style, to imitate the example of those days. In her whole

arrangement, she was a perfect picture of our idea of her model. Her commander, Master George Bray, and a full complement of lads for a crew, with a young negro lad as steward, were in full sailor rig, and performed their part like experienced seamen. The Messrs. Pritchard, riggers, are entitled to much praise for the effective manner in which they contributed to the perfection of this part of the programme.

SECTION IV.

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

Was represented by a young lady, dressed in a free flowing robe of red, white and blue, leaning upon a shield, and holding in her hand the liberty pole and cap; on her head was a helmet of silver. The temple in which she stood was hexagonal, and on its sides were the names of the six first Presidents of the Republic. The American flag floated over her. Her followers, symbolical of the States of the Union, thirty-one in number, are dressed in the American colors, having each a star on the left shoulder; each boy bore a banner with the name of the State he represented. Some of the mottoes in this group were, "Glory's wreath never fades." "The States of the Union—distinct as the billows, and one like the sea." "With the shout of freedom, round thy brow, Columbia, we fresh laurels twine."

SECTION V.

AGE.

Representation of the four stages of Life, viz :—*Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age.*

This car was overhung by a white canopy, enscaloped with green, which hung over the four sides of the vehicle, and bore in evergreen letters these mottoes :—"Our lot on earth is but continual change." "So flourishes and and fades majestic man." "Time brings not back the Past." "Life is onward." The frame of the car was ornamented with trimmings of evergreen, the interior hung with scarlet drapery.

Childhood was portrayed by three children, simply attired in white and blue, reclining among flowers, one blowing soap bubbles, one caressing a favorite spaniel, and one trundling a hoop. Youth was represented by a lad, attired as an archer, in a tunic of green, with rose-colored sash, white trowsers, &c.; he bore upon his shoulders a quiver of arrows and stood leaning upon his bow; the young lady, his companion, wore a rose-colored bodice and white skirt, with green trimmings; she held a guitar fancifully wreathed with evergreen. "Manhood" was personated by a gentleman, engaged in mercantile pursuits, seated at his desk, surrounded by the insignia of his calling on every side; a lady dressed with the simple elegance befitting a matron, busied herself with needle work. In "Age" we had a glimpse of home-life at the time of the Revolution, and one might almost fancy that his great

grand-parents strode before him in the cocked hat, small clothes, and knee buckles which the gentlemen wore, and the mob-cap, brocade dress and trim ruff of the lady. The devotional and industrious habits of that period were portrayed by the open Bible on the old man's knees, and the spinning-wheel near the old lady.

Two young gentlemen in antique costume preceded this car, bearing scarlet banners, with blue centres, on which, in golden letters, appeared these inscriptions :

TIME'S CHANGES.

" Careless childhood, crowned with flowers,
Ushers in life's summer glory,
And brave manhood's golden hours,
Yield to Age, the wise and hoary."

HUMAN LIFE.

" Time and change, alike unheeding,
Haste we onward day by day,
Angel-guides our footsteps leading,
Safely o'er the unknown way."

At the corners of the car were four small banners of green with bronze centres, on which in letters of gold, were seen these mottoes, referring to the different eras of our existence. Childhood : "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Youth : "The years to come are ours." Manhood : "Touch us gently, time." Age : "The shadows lengthen on our paths." These were carried by four lads, dressed in white with green trimmings ; four marshals also attended the car, wearing black velvet jockeys, dark jackets and white pants. The followers to this group were twenty-four in number, dressed in uniform of white pants and grass-green sacks, and having their hats wreathed with oak leaves ; the marshals for these were attired in the costume of 1776. Immediately following them was a country wagon, in which was seated a thrifty farmer and his buxom wife, surrounded by the produce of their farm, being a true picture of "going to market" in the time of the "embargo."— Next a young gentleman carried a white standard, with these words upon it : "Fashion is a capricious dame." Then a procession of young ladies wearing the identical dresses which were in vogue when "Independence was declared," and who formed a very interesting feature in the programme.

Following which was the old sulky once owned by Mr. Bartlett, decorated with evergreen, with a motto upon the back "1776," harnessed to which was a nag, apparently as old as the vehicle. This contained two ladies dressed in costume, the very extravagance of the antique. The horse was led by Mr. Albert Tilton, in ancient costume, powdered wig, &c.

SECTION VI.

N A I A D S .

These were represented by three maids, reclining in a grotto, shaded by vines and adorned by shells. The Naiads were dressed in white flowing robes, with mantles of green—trimmings of water-lilies, corals and shells.—

They were preceded by a banner representing Neptune, their King; and followed by eighteen lads—a band of sailors dressed as such, white pants, and white shirts with blue collars, the corners starred as in the navy, without jackets, and with hats banded by wide ribbons. These supported a banner—mottoes, “We are vassals, willing vassals of ocean’s restless tide.” “The world of waters is our home.”

SECTION VII.

D R Y A D S .

Next in order came the Dryads, represented by three maidens grouped around a youth, representing the rural god, Pan. They were gracefully dressed in white, with scarfs of green thrown carelessly over the shoulders.—They also wore wreaths of evergreen on their heads, and oak-leaf trimmings on their dresses. Two farmers followed this group, the first bearing the motto—

“While universal Pan,
Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,
Led in the eternal spring.”

On the second was the following:

“Airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove,
Attune the trembling leaves.”

SECTIONS VIII AND IX.

M O R N I N G A N D N I G H T .

Morning and night came next in order, in a car tastefully decorated with evergreen garlands. Morn was represented by a young lady and four attendants, dressed in illusion robes with rose-colored mantles, with a wreath of flowers around their heads. Motto, “First Morn with rosy light appears.” Night was represented by a young lady and attendants wearing a starry crown, and veil and flowing robe. Motto, “Then Night with starry crown.” The appearance of this group was imposing and interesting, and evinced a taste in its design and execution highly creditable to the young ladies under whose supervision it was produced.

SECTION X.

S P R I N G .

Spring, the first of the Seasons, was represented with particular reference to its most beautiful month—May. In the centre of the platform was a May Pole, tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreen. Upon a mossy throne raised at its foot, was seated a beautiful girl—the May Queen—dressed in green, a mantle of white fastened carelessly—with yellow flowers floating about her. By her side was the May King, placing a flowery crown upon her head. His dress was of green and white, and upon his head was an oaken crown. The group was completed by two children, one with a flowery crook

and little basket, readily recognized as a young shepherdess, detained by a youth to peep into a bird's nest, Spring's constant harbinger.

Following this platform were twelve boys dressed in green and white, with a banner—motto, "Welcome! flowery huntress, Spring." Other mottoes read, "The rosy-footed May sails blushing on—" "Welcome, Spring, birthday of the flowers."

SECTION XI.

S U M M E R .

Summer is represented by a hay-making group, consisting of five; three of whom carried rakes, the fourth a sickle, while the fifth apparently warm and weary, was carelessly lying in repose, regardless of the playful hint above him—"Make hay while the sun shines." A pleasing variety was displayed in their dress—one wore a pink skirt and green bodice; another a white skirt with a lavender bodice, and the third was in corn-colored and blue.—The car, canopied in blue and white, bore this motto—"Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes;" and was followed by fourteen boys dressed in white with flowers, carrying banners, bearing these mottoes:

"I bring you orchard fruits, your garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours."

"Summer looks out! how green and gay
Is earth, how bright her flowers;
'Tis nature's merry holiday,
And these her white-winged hours."

SECTION XII.

A U T U M N .

This group was represented by three goddesses, appropriate to the season, drawn in an elegant car, richly ornamented. Pomona, the goddess of fruit, bore a cornucopia of graceful and elegant design, and her dress was decorated with clusters of grapes and other fruits. At her feet lay another cornucopia, as elegant, though much larger than that she bore in her arms. Ceres, the presiding deity of the harvest, bore in one hand the ripened grain, and in the other the sickle, a symbol of her vocation. Her banner was bordered with leaves, and exhibited her name. Diana appeared in her hunting dress, bearing on her brow the crescent harvest moon. Motto:

"Diana, goddess of the chase,
Ceres with her ripened grain,
Pomona, laden with her fruit,
Makes brilliant autumn reign."

SECTION XIII.

W I N T E R .

This was figured by the old and new years—the former as an old man, dressed in a long furred robe, a hood drawn over the head, partly concealing the long white beard that descended to the waist. He stood leaning upon an urn that contained the ashes of the past seasons; and was about handing the

records of the past to the New Year, who full of life and hope stood ready to receive it. His dress was of white and silver, a crown was upon his head; and nothing was seen but snow and ice, varied by the red winter berries. The mottoes upon the canopy were—"Throned in his palace of cerulean ice, here winter holds his court." On the banner were, "The fields put on their wintry robes of pleasant white." "Pale concluding winter comes at last and shuts the scene." The whole representation was true to winter, and beautifully done.

SECTION XIV.

OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE.

This unique group, illustrative of the well remembered melody, by Mother Goose, was drawn in a car made in the shape of a shoe. The 'Old Woman' sat in her chair of state, with a 'bowl of soup' in her hand, feeding her children, some six or eight little bipeds, who regardless of the absence of bread, eagerly devoured the unsavory liquid. The car was followed by a group of twelve children in straw hats and high 'tires,' apparently well fed, and sumptuously provided with dainties, presenting a strong contrast to the half starved progeny of the Old Woman. This idea, so diverting, was well presented, and formed the most amusing feature of the procession.

THIRD DIVISION.

Fire Department.

These guardians of life and property from the dangers of fire, with their invited guests, and an abundance of sweet and stirring music, were out with full ranks, and presented a fine appearance. Never were better looking men banded together; and seldom better drilled corps. They marched with the precision of soldiers, and evinced good discipline, that was highly complimentary to the Chief Engineer, MOSES M. ROSS, Esq., under whom they were out for the first time—and his associate assistants. We doubt whether any city in the Commonwealth could have presented a superior department. We name the companies in their order.

M. M. Ross, Chief Engineer.

AIDS—J. B. Pritchard, J. P. McQuillen.

DELUGE, No. 1.

Uniform consisted of red jackets trimmed with blue, ornamented fire caps, black pants with buff stripe. Engine trimmed with an octagon dome

covered with evergreen and flowers, surmounted by a large eagle. This company was accompanied by the Newburyport Brass Band, 16 pieces, led by Mr. John Knight, who took our citizens by surprise by the excellent manner in which they performed their music—not unfavorably comparing with any band in the procession.

GEN. WASHINGTON, No. 3, of Medford,

Invited guests of No 1—with Medford Brass Band. This company brought their machine with them, which was very handsomely trimmed. Their uniform was red jackets, black caps trimmed with gold lace, and black pants with leather bottoms. This company are a fine looking set of men, mostly ship carpenters, and endured the excessive heat, as well as all the firemen, like martyrs.

MECHANIC, No. 2.

Uniform very neat—blue jackets trimmed with red, and two stars on the collars; cloth cap—a very pretty pattern—red quarters, black top, gold band—"Mechanic," in silver metal letters in front, encircling a figure "2"—black pants, red stripe. Engine trimmed with flowers, evergreen, spruce trees and flags. This is the first time this company has paraded for many years, but in their new and very handsome uniform, they made a grand display. They turned out as large, if not the largest number of any company, and their appearance was quite complimentary to their officers. They were accompanied with excellent music from the Navy Yard, at Portsmouth, N. H.

PROTECTOR, No. 3.

Uniform — red coats trimmed with buff and green; white pants with patent leather bottoms; green belts, with "Protector" in silver letters; caps—red tops, quarters of green, red band trimmed with silver lace, metal letters in front in shape of a diamond, in the centre of which is figure 3. Engine trimmed very handsomely with flowers, evergreen and flags.—This company marched with precision and showed they had been well drilled.

THE TIGER, No. 1, of Haverhill.

The guests of No. 3, were accompanied by the Union Brass Band of the same place. Their uniform was blue coats trimmed with red and white; black pants red stripe; red belts on which was "No. 1, Haverhill," in gold letters; red caps with the word "Tiger" in silver letters in front. They brought their engine with them—one of Jeffers' "double deckers," which plays four streams, has two suction, and in 10 1-2 inch cylinder. It is a most powerful machine, and was trimmed in magnificent style. The company and machine are an honor to the place from which they come. In the afternoon they had a trial of its power, which was quite satisfactory. Though not throwing water to a greater height than either Lesley's or Hunneman's tubs, yet it is in the quantity of water which it throws that it excels.

EAGLE, No. 5.

Uniform consisted of white coats trimmed with blue; black pants with white stripe; black glazed cap with white band, figure 5 in front. Engine prettily trimmed with evergreen, flowers and flags. The uniform of this company, though out of the usual style, looked exceedingly well, and attracted a good deal of attention.

TORRENT, No. 7.

Uniform consisted of red jackets trimmed with blue and silver lace; silver star on both sides of the breast; blue cloth caps trimmed with red and silver lace, figure 7 encircled by a wreath; black pants with silver stripe; patent leather belt trimmed with red, on which is inserted "Torrent" in white letters. This is an elegant uniform, the belt alone costing \$3. Engine trimmed with four arches of evergreen and flowers, and an arch on the hose carriage, all making a fine display.

NEPTUNE, No. 8.

Appeared in full ranks, with blue coats trimmed with red and white, brown pants with red stripes; glazed belt with the gilded letters "Neptune," on the back, and the figure 8 in front; caps, top blue glazed, and blue quarters, ornamented with silver lace and red stripes, bearing the figure 8 and a star on front. The banner borne by the company was a very tasteful and neatly executed representation of the sea god, Neptune, with the company's motto surmounted on his fork—"Douse the Glim"—two boys neatly dressed in seamen's rig, carrying the lanyards of the same. The engine was drawn by two beautiful bay horses, and was trimmed in a very neat and tasteful manner; on the top sat Neptune, or the water god, with long streaming beard, and cap made of shells, with a tar pot in one hand, and a piece of iron hoop in the other, as described by seamen on board ships, on crossing the line, to initiate all new sailors who may be on board.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Trades' Procession.

The trades were not fully represented, but so far as they went, they made a magnificent display. We noticed among them, particularly, those relating to ship-building and finishing—the carpenters and caulkers, the ship joiners and ship-painters. Combined they are the most numerous and impor-

tant of the mechanical pursuits, and from the earliest history of the place have been famed for superior workmanship.

SHIPWRIGHTS.

ELISHA STOREY, Chief Marshal.

AIDS—Frederick Cheever, J. P. L. Westcott, Dustan Coffin, Sprague Chase.

The Shipwrights led the trades, numbering full three hundred—strong, sturdy, vigorous men—the real bone and sinew—who attracted general attention by their manly appearance. They had a banner with these mottoes—“Honor to whom honor is due. The aged mechanics—truly they are God’s noblemen. The works of their hands have covered every sea.” Reversed it read—“How dignified and worthy—full of knowledge and happiness—standeth in majestic independence, the self-ennobled mechanic.” The carpenters followed a platform, drawn by six beautiful, finely decorated horses, in a line, on which was their “model ship,” more than twenty feet in length—taken one inch to the foot of a clipper, sharper than was ever built on the river, and as much so as any one that ever spread canvas on the seas: from the plan of a ship 232 feet long on deck, 46 feet beam, and 23 feet deep. She was designed by Mr. Townsend, of the firm of Currier & Townsend, who ranks among the first draftsmen of the country, and was built under his direction. She was pronounced on all hands, a perfect specimen of naval architecture; and as the hull was finished upon the ways, ready to launch, she represented all the various kinds of mechanical work in ship building, showing the taste and skill of the different artizans, and would maintain the character they have always supported in this branch of industry. She was painted by John Burrill & Co., to light water, copper colored, and above entirely black, with the exception of a gilded streak; and on deck, light. The iron work—chains, &c., were by Mr. Abner Kenniston, and the anchors by Mr. Henry T. Moody. She had a carved prow—an eagle’s head—gilded, on each side of which was her name—INDEPENDENCE—and upon her rounded stern a beautiful spread eagle, holding in his talons a scroll, inscribed—“The Declaration of Independence—1776.” The carving was done—most admirably too—by Mr. Joseph Wilson & Son. The windlass, capstan and wheel were by Mr. Michael Pearson, turner and wheel-maker, and the joiners’ work by the Messrs Choate. Over her floated a pennant and three flags—a burgee, an ensign, and a union-jack, which were contributed by the patriotic ladies of Belleville. The flags and all she wore bore a just proportion, so that there was a perfectness in the view, as much so as in looking upon a large ship. On the platform around her, were numerous models, in use for the last two hundred years, in striking contrast with herself, and showing the progress of the art since the first vessels were built on the Merrimack.

In the procession the oldest carpenters rode in a vehicle in the form of a boat, called the ‘Bonny Boat;’ and from their advanced age, grey hairs, and many evidences of having reached or passed the last of their labors, were

in striking contrast with the athletic men around them. Their opinions and experience were on the banners they presented: "In ourselves ambition is dead, but it hath a resurrection in our children." "By culture man may do anything short of a miracle." "We only arrange and combine the ancient elements of all things." "To improve and expand is our aim, but nothing of the past has been forgotten." "Invention is activity of mind." "There is a moral magnitude living in the light of example."

SHIP JOINERS.

The Ship Joiners were from the workshop of Messrs T. & E. Choate. The principal feature of this division, was the exhibition of a beautiful cabin in miniature form, 20 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 7 feet high, reversed inside out so as to show more fully the style of finish, which was gothic frame work. The cabin was placed on a heavy wagon, neatly trimmed and decorated, and drawn by a splendid span of horses. The aft end represented a state room finished, berths, sides, arch, &c. The inside was used for a joiners' shop, the men finishing their parts of the work, tools hanging around, &c. This was arranged expressly for the occasion, and throughout evinced taste and genius on the part of the designers. The whole affair was highly creditable to the parties, and was another proof of that genius which has placed the Merrimack ship joiners in the front rank of nautical architects and skillful mechanics. The mottoes upon the sides of the cabin were: "Industry is life." "No pains, no gains." "Hope is a workman's dream." "Play not with edge tools." Banner in the shape of a topsail—motto, "Ship Joiners—Excelsior."

PAINTERS.

The extensive establishment of Messrs John Burrill &c., was represented upon a platform 21 feet long by 8 1-2 wide, drawn by a span of horses. On the forward part was a ship's billet head; on the front end, specimens of graining for ships' cabins, &c.,—and above a fancy sign, 'John Burrill,' upon one end, and 'S. S. Blake' on the other, in the centre 'Paints, Oil and Glass.' On each side specimens of ornamental work, door plates, &c.; at the top 'John Burrill & Co., 40 Merrimack street.' Back end, a beautiful ornamental painting, 9 feet by 6 1-2, gilt frame, shield in the centre; above and below, in a scroll, were these words:—"The Union and the Constitution—with these we are safe."

The interior was divided into four separate departments, representing the various branches of their business. First, a man at work on burnished gilding—another making composition ornaments—another making door plates, and a clerk writing at a desk. Second, two men employed in ornamental painting and graining, and specimens of work in this department. Third, two persons glazing and painting blinds. Fourth, men grinding and preparing paints. Hanging on each side of this apartment were the various tools usually kept in a painting establishment.

THE EMERY BOAT.

After the painters followed a beautiful little boat, schooner rigged, belonging to Mr. John Emery, of Georgetown. She was covered with flags and other decorations, and had as mottoes, on one side, "Welcome, Sons of Newburyport;" and on the other, "Washington's fame never to be forgot." She was manned by three lads in navy dress.

THE OLD STAGE.

As the procession was passing the Turnpike, one of the stages, formerly in the employ of the old Eastern Stage Company, drove up, the driver, Mr. Edmund Knight, one of the oldest drivers, formerly in the employ of that company, blowing the horn, &c. Upon the top was the baggage, valises, &c., marked Hon. George Lunt, D. N. Haskell, Esq., and the whole looked like the times when the Wolfe Tavern was in place of the depot.

FIFTH DIVISION.

The oppressiveness of the heat created quite a paucity of numbers in the fifth division, which, as will be observed by the programme, was to be made up of the various Benevolent Associations of this and other places. Had the day been more favorable, the societies would have turned out in large numbers. Quite a demonstration was made by the Masons at a meeting held the evening before, and somewhat extensive arrangements were made for a display in the procession, by most of the societies mentioned in the programme. but the oppressive state of the atmosphere, the mercury standing near 100°, during the time consumed in the march, that it was thought inexpedient to join the procession.

SIXTH DIVISION.

The sixth division, to be composed of the cavalcade, was likewise meagre in appearance. This was to be accounted for in the fact that every horse that could be procured, was in active service where the labor was not only more profitable to its owner, but to the people generally.

Owing to the tardiness of the trains, the procession did not move till nearly 11 o'clock. It marched down High street to Federal, down Federal to Water, counter march up Federal to Orange, through Orange to Fair, down Fair to Essex, through Essex to State, up State to High, up High to Kent, counter-march down High to Market. down Market to Washington, through

Washington to Green, down Green to Pleasant, through Pleasant to the Church.

Owing to the extreme heat of the day a short distance of the route was cut off. The procession was the largest ever formed in Newburyport, and presented an imposing appearance. The streets through the whole route were lined with people, and every window commanding a view was filled with faces.

CHILDREN'S COLLATION.

After the procession was over, the children engaged in it, were regaled with a fine collation in the City Hall, which was finely decorated for that occasion. The windows were hung with festoons of bunting, while from the centre of the ceiling, streamers were carried to all parts of the hall. The back of the rostrum was handsomely trimmed with American flags, and a fine full length portrait of Washington, furnished for the occasion by the Quascacunquen Lodge of Odd Fellows. At the opposite end of the hall was three arches of evergreen, the centre one bearing a pair of clasped hands, and the inscription—

" 'Tis the same cordial, hearty grasp
I loved so long ago."

The children enjoyed themselves highly, as may well be supposed, after the long and dusty march.

Street Decorations.

We merely give those decorations along the route of the procession, though many other residences than those mentioned were ornamented. We give in the order.

MARKET STREET.

In front of the residence of Nathaniel Horton, Esq., three arches trimmed with evergreen and spruce; upon one, '1645—1764;' the centre arch, 'We forget not the Absent;' the next, '1851—1854'—the whole surmounted with American flags.

Residence of Charles H. Hudson, Esq., an arch over gateway composed of evergreen, motto, 'Come again soon.'

HIGH STREET.

From D. W. Bayley's house was stretched a line from which hung the American ensign.

From the front of H. Bartlett's residence was hung flags and streamers.

At the head of Toppan's lane, the house of D. T. Colman was ornamented with floral arches and flags in front bearing the motto, 'Union,' surmounted

by two hands clasped—festoons were hung from the flag by floral wreaths, with motto, 'Newburyport,' 'Newbury.'

In front of the block at the head of Market street, occupied by the Messrs Creasey, Lander and Noyes,—flags and banners stretching across the street—a representation of 'Ye old Morse house, 1645,' and a spread eagle bearing a shield, upon which appeared '1776,' and in his beak a streamer, upon which was 'Success to Newburyport.'

Over the gateway at the residence of Mr H. T. Crofoot, an arch decorated with evergreen and flowers, with the motto in golden letters, 'Home Again!' under which was suspended an elegant wreath.

At the house of Rev. Mr. Vermilye, an arch over the gateway, with the motto, 'Let Brotherly Love continue.'

The house of Mayor Davenport was decorated by arches and the American flag, with the motto, 'Welcome; Returned Sons.'

At the residence of Messrs Osgood and Brockway an arch was thrown over the gateway, upon which was the motto, 'With joy we greet thee'

FEDERAL STREET.

The house of Rufus Smith was elegantly decorated with arches of evergreen and flowers, and the entire front and side of the walk hung with festoons trimmed with American flags and evergreen, mottoes—'All hail Columbia, Washington, Lafayette, Carver, Hancock, Winthrop, Jay, Carroll—Welcome home sons and daughters—Free speech—free press—religious liberty guided by truth will perpetuate our national prosperity.' A large gilt Bible was hung under the word truth.

John G. Tilton's house was decorated by an arch in front composed of evergreen, with the motto, "Fond memory brings the light of other days around us."

John Porter—Portico surmounted with a large carved eagle, the pillars festooned with variegated colors of cambric entwined with wreaths of flowers, and a floral arch thrown in front. Motto, 'The Union, it must be preserved.'

From the Globe Mill to the residence of Capt. Symons was a line of American and British flags—Porch of house festooned.

ORANGE STREET.

Residence of J. R. Ireland—Floral arch surmounted with motto, 'We greet you.'

Col. Amos Tappan's residence was beautifully arranged—streamers were hung in front bearing the word 'Welcome,' and ornamented with festoons. The Porch was wreathed with flowers and bore the mottoes, 'Welcome the present—remember the absent.' 'Home again, home again, we joy to greet thee.' A highly ornamented arch was thrown over the sidewalk upon Fair street, and in letters of white in the evergreen appeared 'Welcome home,' beneath which was the motto 'Early friends again united.'

FAIR STREET.

Residence of Mr Johnson—American flag bearing the motto, 'We hail the day and greet our friends from far.'

ESSEX STREET.

In front of Mr S. T. Payson's residence was hung the American flag, motto, 'Man shall not live by bread alone.'

STATE STREET.

Three arches were thrown over the street at equal distances, the pillars of which were trimmed with spruce, and the mottoes worked in evergreen. The mottoes were—

- 1st. "The spirit of '76—May it ever inspire us."
- Reverse—"To love one's country is to love one's home."
- 2d. "A Re-union To-day and the Union Forever."
- Reverse—"A Glorious Day in our City's History."
- 3d. "We are proud of our Sons and Daughters."
- Reverse. "Welcome to Ould Newberry."

The store of Mr Tilton presented the motto, 'Welcome home, Boston Sons,' enclosed by a wreath of flowers.

The Club Room over Mr Jaques' store was decorated with a shield lettered 'Union,' surmounted by the cap of liberty, and the American flag and jack hung from the centre in festoons.

The St. Charles was appropriately dressed with evergreens, &c.

The shop of T. H. & A. W. Lord, Market Square, was most magnificently dressed. The lower part was decorated with fir trees, and from the balustrade over the door was thrown an evergreen arch, in the centre of which, closed in a magnificent floral wreath, was a plaster bust of Washington in a military undress.

From the front of M. H. Sargent's store was hung the American flag.

BROWN'S SQUARE.

The American flag floated in the breeze in front of the City Hall.

The residence of Moses Sweetser, in the Square, presented a fine appearance. An arch of variegated flowers was erected upon the front, and richly ornamented with flags. A large stuffed eagle with outstretched wings, standing upon the union and shield, holding in his talons the motto, 'Liberty and Equality,' the whole resting upon a base with the motto, 'Our march is onward.' At the base of the column was a seventy four gun-ship, dressed with the flags of all nations.

PLEASANT STREET.

The house of Engine Co. 5 was wreathed and hung with flowers and evergreen.

Mr Sumner's store was highly decorated with evergreen—motto, 'Industry the main cause of success.' Also the stores of Messrs Johnson and Flanders, the latter was ornamented with flags, surmounting a motto, 'There is no place like home.'

Mr Badger's store was appropriately dressed.

The Exercises at the Church

Were well performed and of a high order, The music which filled the house with strains now sweet and melodious—now bold and startling, that moved all hearts—that excited the best and noblest feelings of our natures, was performed by a select choir of fifty musicians of the highest musical talent of the city, under the direction of M. D. Randall, Esq., whose long experience in this department places him at the head of the catalogue of teachers in his profession. The Voluntary on the organ by Mr. R. P. Morss, of this city, was played in the most exquisite manner. He commenced with the national song, "Hail Columbia," with the full organ, followed by the full strain of "Should Old Acquaintance be Forgot," and closed with "Home, Sweet Home," upon the swell organ, so soft and sweet that the almost breathless silence of the audience became necessary to hear it. The finale chorus of the Messiah, by Handel, was sung with wonderful effect; its lofty and sublime strains, sustained by so many flexible, yet full voices, were truly inspiring, particularly in the passage, "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." The other chorus, from Mozart's 12th Mass, "Praise the Lord the nations all," was no less grand in its performance than the one alluded to above. The "Song of Welcome," by Hon. George Lunt, is one of his best productions, and will speak for itself in thrilling tones. The music for this hymn was composed by M. D. Randall, and was listened to with delight, and is another of the many gems of his compositions. The patriotic Ode, by Jacob Haskell, Esq., is replete with meaning, and its performance by the choir to the old tune of "The Star Spangled Banner," seemed to carry the minds of the audience back to days long since passed, when its strains were as familiar to all as household words. The tenor solo in this piece was sung by Mr. George W. Hale, who possesses in the fullest extent all the elements which make a public singer. The organ accompaniments to the choir were performed by Mr. J. W. Cheney, in a style far surpassing any of his former efforts. His masterly touch upon this grand and powerful instrument in the sublime strains of Handel and Mozart, were truly inspiring.

Following the Reading from the Scriptures, by the Rev. Thomas M. Clark, of Hartford, Conn., and a fervent, eloquent prayer by Rev. D. M. Reed, came the following

SONG OF WELCOME.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Welcome! a thousand times welcome home!
 Joy to their paths,—the wanderers come;
 For childhood's scenes they have pined so long,
 Welcome them back with the festal song!

In busy cities, when crowds were gone,
 Through solemn depths of the forest lone,
 By distant plains, and where Ocean rolls,
 Homeward dreams have come over their souls.

They come,—they gather to greet once more
 The kindred form, with its heart's full store,
 The clasping hand and the speaking eye,
 Beloved so well in the years gone by.

Oh, some will tread with ready feet,
 Where love sits smiling and home is sweet,—
 And others have passed through stormy waves,
 Only to look on their fathers' graves.

They come,—for their streams of soul run back,
 From Life's wild sea, over childhood's track,
 And own, for the dearest joy of earth,
 A mother's kiss, by a father's ear.

Welcome them,—welcome! their hearts are true,
 On their souls are drops of youth's first dew;
 Joy, oh, joy! let the wanderers come,—
 Welcome! a thousand times welcome home!

The Declaration of Independence was well recited by MR. HIRAM B. HASKELL. After that came the following patriotic Ode by MR. JACOB HASKELL.

O D E .

MUSIC—"STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

All hail to the past—to the dark trying hour
 Which tell of our Fathers—their struggles, their glory;
 How nobly they strove with the world's haughty power,
 Surpassing in deed all that's written in story.
 In the "perilous fight"—by the camp-fire at night,
 They were true to their purpose of freedom and right;
 For theirs were the virtues that ever impart
 Boundless hope to the soul, and resolve to the heart.

O! list we again to the deep thrilling tone
 That so loudly was uttered, ere liberty's dawning
 Revealed to the world that, unaided, alone,
 They resolved to be free—that entreaty and fawning
 Should be things of the past—that the clarion blast
 Should ring o'er the vale—and our flag crown the mast;
 For theirs were the virtues that ever impart
 Boundless hope to the soul, and resolve to the heart.

O! list we again to the PATRIOT's voice,
 As he gloriously spake in the days of our trial,
 "Give us freedom or death—the first is our choice,
 But for life without freedom we fling back denial.
 Then bright deed followed deed under Washington's lean,
 Until from the tyrant our country was freed;
 For theirs were the virtues that ever impart
 Boundless hope to the soul, and resolve to the heart.

The FATHERS are gone, but their memories still
 Are lingering around us like sunlight at even,
 Imparting the firm and the resolute will;
 To sacredly cherish the blessings they've given.
 Then let us be strong, and battle the wrong,
 Till freedom shall gather the world in her throng;
 And O! may the blessings around us impart
 Higher hopes to the soul, and resolves to the heart.

The oration by REV. GEORGE D. WILDES, was elegantly delivered, and in the matter of the address and the manner of its delivery, was worthy of one of Newburyport's most promising sons. But no circumstance excited more attention than the appearance of the venerable DR. DANA, now more than fourscore years old, to pronounce the Benediction. The eyes of hundreds who themselves had grown gray and old since last they listened to him, were fixed upon his thin form, and placid, intelligent countenance; and hundreds hung upon his words, probably to be heard no more by most of them this side the grave, who felt they were amply repaid for all the trouble and cost of their visit, in the reception of his solemn blessing.

O R A T I O N .

There is one word in our language, which of all others, best demonstrates what may be termed the *intrinsic power* of words. By this I mean, power, irrelative of association of ideas or connection of thought; a something almost electric, which charges as it were the simple combination of letters, and at the utterance, causes the whole range of the emotional susceptibilities to thrill and heave with unwonted activity. I know not whether it finds its kindred in this intrinsic element of power, in the great family of languages: the idea which it represents, is indeed a universal one; but this I know, that wherever the great language of sturdy thought, of lofty sentiment and of patriotic action is spoken; to whomsoever England has bequeathed the rich inheritance of her religion, her liberty, her literature and her genius, there, and to these, the word can never fail to be an household and a blessed word. *Home!* *Home!* whose soul is not stirred again at its sound; whose heart does not love the enchantment of its spell; whose whole being does not throb the more joyously, under the sweet constraint of its charm? Who of us, now gathered again amid its endearments and associations, has not experienced, always and everywhere, its cheering counseling and consoling influence?

Our Home ! we can never forget thee ! The hearth-stone and its welcomes, the grave and its memories, the living and the loved, the loved and the departed alike forbid it : the household and the silent land all are to-day voiceful, in bidding thee but the more surely to our embraces and our love.

We are gathered *at home*, and in this sacred temple, to-day, under circumstances at once interesting and novel. Under ordinary aspects, the recurrence of this birth-day of Freedom is the occasion of high and pure emotion. The event which it commemorates, gave energy to the young life of Liberty, and rallied the strong will, and the earnest desire, to the furtherance of noble and holy purpose. It was an event, whose memory, by each recurring anniversary, has become interwoven into the very fibre of association, and thus has knit together our political and domestic attachments in compact and beautiful order. There are other occasions indeed, which in a degree serve to concentrate our political and local affinities. The ancient fasting time of the Puritan; the thrice welcome Thanksgiving season, both these are pregnant with singular power—to link the memories of the early state and the early home. No other anniversary however, so readily identifies the National with the domestic associations ; none so surely unites in chaste and graceful wedlock the love of country and of home, as the holiday of Liberty.

Who of us, has not to-day experienced something of the truth of this sentiment ? Who of us, as the well remembered bells have pealed their welcomes, and the jubilee cannon has rolled its peaceful thunder over the graves of our fathers' rest, who of us has not recognized the early throb and the jubilant voice of our youthful days, as the undefined germ of what we now know to be the expanded idea of *country* and *home* ? And I hold it as an axiom, that every genuine emotion of nationality is twin-born with the domestic relation. Need I illustrate the position ? France, with the domestic relation an undefined, or at least wrongly estimated one, has ever needed the might of individual genius, or the glory of individual exploit to rouse her children to high enterprise. England on the contrary, whose very name "is a word victorious," England, in whose stalwart Saxon soul we must glory, as that which enabled our fathers rightly to discriminate and defend the inherited blessings of her constitutional liberty, England stands, and has ever stood and conquered, because the birth-place of her honor and manliness was the Christian household. If there be one element rather than another, which gives endurance to her embattled line, or flashes from her bayonet in the shock of war, it is that which symbolized by the Greek in bowing to his mother earth, has become a sanctified principle under the cross crowned spires and amid England's home-life scenes. And it is this, which migrating with the Saxon from his fatherland, has come down through English hearts to us her children. Gathering new energies as it sprang forth upon the pilgrim shores ; cherished and invigorated amid the storms of adversity ; it flashed in radiant glory amid the fires of the Revolution. In our later contests it nerved the arms of our countrymen to resist aggression. In our domestic politics it has ever been the secret of that true conservatism

which controls a licentious radicalism with the right arm of constitutional restraint, and points the eye of an honest, yet mistaken policy, to the right, while it invokes the blessing of freedom and equality for universal man.— Upon the same base, then, let the national and domestic altar stand,—

“ Long, long in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be found,
 To guard each hallowed wall:
 And green forever be the graves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first, the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God.”

I have thus spoken, my friends, for two reasons. First, because the two ideas which I have named, are peculiarly identified with our gathering to-day; and secondly, because the patriotic element is strikingly manifest in the early history of *our* home. I say again *our* home; for whatever our present social relations, in whatsoever climes we may dwell, here around the hearth-stones of our youth, and the graves of the departed, must forever be the true home of our hearts. On this day then, consecrated to the united memories of Freedom's birth-time and our own birth-place, it cannot be an unpleasing task if we review, somewhat at length, some of the causes which have rendered both dear to our best affections. Identified as was our town with the earliest manifestations of the revolutionary principle, I shall be pardoned, if in reviewing some perhaps familiar aspects of our town history, I endeavor to indicate the lineaments of that resolute spirit which fired the souls of our fathers, and still marks the character and enterprise of the sons.

It is Burke, I believe, who says that, “it may be doubted whether the history of mankind is yet complete enough to furnish grounds for a sure theory on the causes which necessarily affect the fortunes of a people. I am far,” says he, “from denying the operation of such causes, but they are infinitely uncertain, and much more obscure, and much more difficult to trace, than the foreign causes that tend to raise, to depress, and sometimes, to overwhelm a community. It is often impossible to find any proportion between the apparent force of any moral causes we may assign, and their known operation. We are therefore obliged to deliver up that operation to mere chance, or more piously, perhaps, more rationally to the occasional interposition and irresistible hand of the Great Disposer.” In the spirit of this latter proposition, and quite in accordance with the general laws of Providence, the distinguished Arch-deacon Hare remarks, that, “if any persons are to be selected by preference for the peopling of a new country, they ought rather to be the most temperate, the most energetic, the most prudent and the most virtuous in the whole nation: for their task is the most arduous, requiring wisdom to put forth all her strength, and all her craft for its worthy execution. Their responsibility is the most weighty, seeing that upon them, the character of a whole people will depend for ages.” A sentiment so just, may, at first sight, seem inapplicable to the history and charac-

teristics of a limited locality, and yet I cannot but think that no truth is susceptible of clearer proof, than that the true secret of our nation's progress, is to be found in its truest proportions in our New England town histories.— Indeed, is it not true, that that mighty power which reformed and re-instated the English Constitution in the times of the Commonwealth, drew its freshest and healthiest life from the limited localities of the English towns? It may be said, that an indiscriminate and disproportionate taxation laid its hand heaviest upon these minor parts of the body politic; but in the face of overwhelming influences from the great centres of political action, resistance on the part of village and hamlet, argues a better and higher life, a power of right perception inversely proportionate sometimes, to the obscurity of its sources.

In these views I am happy to be sustained by an authority, certainly not to be disputed here amid the scenes of his early distinction. Says the distinguished Attorney-General of the United States, in the preface to his well condensed history of Newburyport, "in many countries, and no where more remarkably than here, the history of towns is a very important part in the history of the nation;" and in another connection he remarks that "towns are nothing but the elements of nations, and whatever affects the latter, affects the former in the same degree." Pursuing the idea then, I remark, that the conditions incident to the proper peopling of a new country, seem to have been most fully met in the character of the settlers of our New England towns; pardon me if I say, that in an eminent degree do they seem to have marked the founders of the ancient town of Newbury. I have read the humble records of their corporate life from the first settlement in 1635 to but little purpose, if the impression of their temperance, their prudence, their virtue and energy, has not been a most clear and decided one. Originally of the class in the main, at home termed "landed proprietors," they meet that other condition essential to the permanent condition of a state; "for the strength of a state, humanly speaking, consists not in its population, or wealth, or knowledge, or in any other such heartless and merely scientific elements, but in the number of its landed proprietors." "All ancient legislators, says Niebuhr when speaking of Numa, and above all Moses, rested the result of their ordinances for virtue, civil order and good manners, on securing landed property, or at least the hereditary possession of land to the greatest possible number of citizens." It is reasonable to presume then, that habits acquired in the care and disposition of property in England, and applied to the allotments made to the early settlements, exhibited their influence in a marked degree in a settlement so distinguished for the number of such proprietors as that of Newbury. In reviewing the records of the town, it is quite easy to see how soon the idea and rights of property were developed. Passing along those records until the period of the incorporation of Newburyport, the operation of this fact of property upon every town ordinance for the public good is constantly evident. Especially is it manifest in its relation to that spirit of enterprise which has always eminently characterized the inhabitants of both towns.

It must not be forgotten, however, that there were elements of piety and culture by which the fathers of our town were largely distinguished. In every estimate of the causes of the prosperity of New England, the argument from proprietorship acquires overwhelming force when viewed in the light of that practical piety and consequent mental discrimination, which as it was the chiefest glory of our fathers, will hereafter prove their crown. In these later days we are quite too much in the habit of identifying religion only with the sentiments and tastes. We practically dissociate it from its political and social relations; we isolate its influences from those connections, in which in the wisdom of God it was intended to exert some of its highest and holiest benefactions. But we much mistake the secret of that energy of will and purpose, that activity in deed, that early respectability which we are proud to commemorate in our local history. I say we much mistake the secret power of these, if after all, they were not the product of the Puritan piety. When Macaulay depicts the grand lineaments of the Puritan in the political strifes of the seventeenth century, he draws the features of that same spirit as the vital ingredient of success in every other relation. When in burning and glowing rhetoric he says of them, that "they were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests," he no more surely touches the key note of their triumph over despotism at home, than he traces out the peculiar source of the success of like minds in more peaceful walks. That same eye which could look calmly upon the stormy battle, because it had first looked upward to God; that same heart which quailed not amid the hurricane of the charge, because it was at peace with its Maker, these were the same, which in civil and social aspects, were distinguished for a precision of view, a coolness of judgment, and an inmutability of purpose "which some have thought inconsistent with religion, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it." And although we may not always be able to connect our own ancestry directly with the Puritan of the commonwealth, yet there is a marvellous likeness stamped upon their character and habits. There is the same acknowledgement of God in the ascription of every event to His will; there is the same subjection of every impulse of mind and heart, to the one overpowering sentiment of God, and duty to him; there is the same idea of a practical, present, ever-judging God as the grand arbiter of every act, and the truest bond of every social and domestic institution.

I combine then these characteristics of the early inhabitants of our town as among the chief causes, at least, of their succeeding social and commercial distinction; I unhesitatingly affirm my belief, that in these combined, heavenward and temporal aspects of the history of our New England towns, early distinguished for stable and uniform growth, respectability and social importance, will be found the talisman of any real prosperity or progress in any community, however humble and limited its locality. When then I read the homely records of Newbury, (and it is to these that we must resort in any

analysis of the prosperity and enterprise of our own town) when I mark at intervals, the quick perception of local advantages, for various and useful pursuits; when I see the forest bending its burthen to the sturdy stroke of the artificer, and the broad stream along whose banks our boyhood revelled, lifting upon its breast the graceful results of his handiwork; when shortly I read that the skill of the early mechanic, gave a name and a fame to the naval architecture of those periods, connecting our birth-place, even with the interests of the mother-land by these tokens of its industry; when I find the ocean made tributary to its enterprise, and that important fishing interest developing its energies, which in later times has become an object of national concernment; when to these I add the diligent cultivation of the soil, making it to rival from the remotest periods, even the rural homes of England, I must class all these as the legitimate result of faith in God, combined with its genuine offspring, honest and earnest diligence amid the works and gifts of His hand.

In entering thus far upon the causes of that importance which has already attached to the social and commercial aspects of the place of our nativity, I have passed behind the record of its own separate municipal existence. I have done thus because I believe that in any estimate of social as of individual character, the influence of maternity, so to speak, must always largely enter. We who are gathered here to-day, must not forget our Grandmother, "Ould Newberry," in honoring *her* daughter and *our* mother. As those of us of maturer years have to-day either embraced our mothers, or, alas! lingered at their graves, how has the memory fastened upon one in that charmed circle of home, whose departure has reminded us

"How grows in Paradise our store."

How has recollection identified one venerable form, and one gentle and loving countenance, to whose presence and counsels in our youth, we must ascribe quite as much as to any other, whatever of pious and manly stature we have attained. A godly grandmother! Oh, it is one of the choicest gifts of heaven! May we go hence to the strife of life, inspired by the memory, and invigorated in heart, by the tearful, yet sweet remembrance of those holy ones in glory!

When I come then to a brief review of the history of our own town, I must turn again to Newbury for the formative influences in some degree, of that culture and refinement which early distinguished the inhabitants of our own town. The Act for the incorporation of Newburyport passed in 1764, in part reads thus. "Whereas the town of Newbury is very large, and the inhabitants of that part of it who dwell by the water-side there, are mostly merchants, traders and artificers; and the inhabitants of the other parts are chiefly husbandmen, by means whereof many difficulties and disputes have arisen in managing their public affairs; be it enacted, &c." In his "Pickle for the Knowing Ones," that erudite and classical scholar, the late Lord Timothy Dexter presents us with the interpretation of some of these

difficulties. With that felicity of idea which marked his speculations, whether in trade or literature, quite as much as the absence of punctuation distinguishes the latter, he elegantly remarks, that "Noubry peopel groud strong, the farmers was 12 out of 20, thay wanted to have the offesers in the contry, the larned in seeport wanted to have them there, fite thay wood, in Law they went to Jinral Cort to be sot of * * * * * So much for mad people of Larning makes them mad." At the expense of disturbing the gravity of this occasion, I have introduced this extract, because like all the theories of that sage writer, it undoubtedly contains a germ of truth. Industry and civil order upon a religious basis, create intellectual necessities. No people are so sure to attain to the highest and most discriminating culture as a godly people. The education of the morals involves as a grand sequence, the highest scale of mental and social refinement. I hold then to the practical Bible philosophy of our fathers of Newbury as one antecedent at least of those marked intellectual features early discoverable in the inhabitants of Newburyport; and I regard it, as before intimated, as the basis of that distinction in political far-sightedness and honesty in literary eminence, in commercial and social position, which rears New England to-day to the very cap-stone of the social structure. The New England mind! my friends, if you would find its source, you must look heavenward. Its ancestry is above; its fathers are in the skies; and as to-day, you look abroad upon its splendid triumphs in the great names which adorn its history; you must look upon them only as the reflected glories of those godly souls who now "shine as the stars forever and ever."

To that already mentioned must be added that other element derived from the contact of the early commerce of our town with foreign countries. An enterprising commerce, while it must be classed among the offspring of an enlarged moral and intellectual progress, is also possessed of a most powerful reactive energy. Upon its reflux wave, it bears back from older and more cultivated shores, somewhat of the spoil of its advancing tide; and I cannot but think that the philosophy of the high reputation which our town has always sustained, in the particulars mentioned, is very directly to be sought in the extent of its early commercial connections. In such a presence as this it were superfluous indeed to cite proofs of this relation of commerce to culture. The world is girdled to-day by the golden cincture of a splendid commerce, and from the clasping of Christianity with the minor results of Eastern and ancient trade down to the era of discovery, and from that period to their present reunion upon the shores of Japan, it is radiant with the clustering jewels of literature and art. It can be no wonder, then, to paraphrase the language of the local authority before quoted, that the sea-port of Newbury became the cultivated and refined municipality of Newburyport. And while all engaged in that foreign intercourse may not thus early have partaken of these influences, yet I venture to affirm, that in this theory may be found the solution of that intelligence, that practical skill, that large

information and those generous qualities of heart, which have everywhere and always placed the merchants and navigators of our native town in the very foremost rank in their several professions.

In entire accordance with my position, then, is the gratifying fact that almost the first act of our town after its incorporation, was the establishment of three large public schools; and the committee report, "that as the inhabitants have now the long desired privilege of being well served with schools, and as they have been heretofore liberal in the support of private ones, we think it proper that the public schols should be honorably supported."

Honorably supported! the term itself argues that high estimate of education which is the legitimate effect of causes hitherto adduced. Let that record never be blotted out from the annals of our town. Let it go down to the generations to come, that the two earliest acts of its corporate life, were its protest against tyranny, and its pledge to the free and equal education of its children. Blessed be God, that to this hour its voice and its acts have been for the honorable educational support of its sons and daughters; and thrice blessed the fact, that its fruits are gathered in all lands, in the intelligence, the usefulness, and the honor of the successive recipients of its liberal benefactions. "It is believed by competent judges," says Coffin in his valuable history, "that no town has done more for the cause of education, in proportion to its means, than the town of Newburyport."

There is a brilliant page in our local history, my friends, which may perhaps, find its philosophical connections best developed at this point in my subject. I have endeavored to show that the character of refinement and culture which marked our town among others of the old commercial ones of New England, was the product of intellectual conditions and commercial relations, themselves begotten by the God-directed energies of our ancestors of Newbury. So far as certain departments of mere professional life are concerned, it is quite easy to see, that an active and stirring seaport creates other necessities which attract the professional supply. The legal profession, for instance, finds its largest exercise in the variety of contested interests ever incident to the business relations of such a locality. The medical, must of course find its largest field in the great centres of population and trade: while that other, which from the earliest periods has interwoven its influences into the fabric of the policy and training of New England, will always be identified with the character and growth of a high moral and social condition. But there must be something inherently peculiar in that society, which finds its affinities in the very highest order of ability in these several departments. Mere business necessities fraternize mainly with business tact; the supply and the demand are co-relative. Professional eminence, however, is the product of a cultivated soil, or suffers transplantation, only as the soil to which it is transferred, is adapted to its proper nutriment and growth. If this position then be correct, I find in it, the secret of that intellectual and professional character of our town, in which great names stand as a proud

part of our social inheritance. It is this chemistry of causes to which I have referred, which has diffused honored and honorable names along the tablets of our local history. Sewall, Bradbury, Parsons, Jackson, the Lowells, and Greenleaf among our native born, of the legal profession. Adams, "the old man eloquent," Paine, the brilliant eulogist, King, the polished ambassador at St. James's, and Thatcher, among our adopted ones, and Wilde, the eminent jurist, of the living, Sawyer, and Swett, "the physician, the scholar and the gentleman," and Noyes, the sage and shrewd, of the same profession, among our native born, and Bradstreet the honest and self-sacrificing, Vergines and Prescott among the adopted, and Jackson, among the living of that profession. Barnard and Cary, and Webber and Bass, Pearson and Spring, and one known wherever a pure faith extends its influences, and who to-day survives among you. May I not name him—Dana—whose venerable form and features it yet delights us to behold.

"Doctus et expertus in religione, et arbiter elegantiarum." These are among our treasures, and these among the honored names in whom we to-day glory. And to these may I not add the names of Cross and Dalton, Stocher and Farris; of Greenleaf and Titcomb, Tracy, Brown and Bartlett; the Johnsons and Wheelwrights, and Cushing, Wills, Clark and Story, among our merchants. Perkins and Pike and Knapp—nay of many another departed one in various walks, whose fame in these is matter not simply of local, but of world-wide relations. And in our own times upon what a harvest of commercial, literary and professional results can we not look. Law, the "mother of peace and joy," has chosen hence some of the truest and most fearless interpreters of her own majestic utterances. Science has here trained up some of the noblest craftsmen amid her energies and her adaptations. Poetry, amid our green slopes, and from the margin of our own silver Merrimack, has bid some of her own sweetest rivulets to glide; while over the wide earth are diffused radii of intellectual and moral light, illuminating and blessing others, yet finding the central source of their usefulness and distinction in this the home of the warm and grateful heart. Beloved Mother!

"Gratum est quod patriae cives populosque dedisti."

It is with singular and generous pride, that on this national jubilee, we, the sons and daughters of Newburyport, can regard her birth-time as identified with that of the nation. Newburyport was emphatically cradled amid the political storms which immediately preceded the Revolution. Her earliest inspirations were amid that atmosphere of self-denying and lofty resistance to injustice, which, charged with power under the attrition of the Stamp-act and its succeeding impositions, developed its lightnings in the battle fires of the Revolution. Her earliest words were the manly and true utterances of that older spirit of freedom, which found its occasion, rather than its origin, in the measures of the Royal Government. Her first writing-book, the town record, had for its copies, Loyalty and Liberty; but liberty at all hazards. Her first reading-book was that immortal Declaration of Independence, which is

sounded to-day in the ears of more than twenty-five millions of men. Her first school was one of peculiar and trying discipline, but the scholar stands forth at this hour the mature and honored matron, and "her children rise up and call her blessed." It was my pleasing duty, some years since, to transcribe from the town records, the proceedings of the various meetings preceding and during the revolutionary contest; and I well remember at that time, while as yet the causes and relations of that contest were somewhat undefined to my mind, the thrill and throb which accompanied the transcription. I believe that no nobler sentiments were uttered, and no greater sacrifices made in any quarter of our land, during that stirring period, than in this our own town. From the copy of instructions given to Dudley Atkins, the representative in 1765 to the General Court of the Province, down through the letter of advice to the citizens of Boston, from the pen of John Lowell, upon the non-importation agreement; and from this, and the agreement to that act, throughout every town document bearing upon the principles and duties involved, there is ever to be heard the grand roll of that sub bass of freedom, which from the times of Milton, and Hampden, and Russell, and Sidney, has given tone and accompaniment to the voices of the free. And adequately to conceive of the value of these sentiments, we must learn something of the corresponding sacrifices. No strain soars so high towards heaven, none has such power over the heart, as that of resolution and praise under affliction. No prayer so directly enters heaven, none partakes so much of the heavenly spirit as that which rises amid the depression of temporal circumstances; and so with the voices and invocations of patriotism; their genuineness and worth are only properly estimated, when she herself is seen tearful, yet erect and graceful, amid the ruins of commercial and social prosperity. "We have not always done justice," says Mr. Webster, "to the merits and sufferings of those who sustained on their property and means of subsistence the great burthen of the war. Nobler records of patriotism exist no where than in those of the New England towns. No where can be found higher proofs of a spirit that was ready to pledge all, to hazard all, to sacrifice all in the cause of the country. The voice of Otis and of Adams in Faneuil Hall, found its full and true echo in the little councils of the interior towns; and if within the Continental Congress, patriotism shone more conspicuously, it did not there exist more truly, nor burn more fervently; it did not render the day more anxious, nor the night more sleepless, it sent up no more ardent prayer to God for succor, and it put forth in no greater degree the fulness of its effort, and the energy of its whole soul and spirit in the common cause, than in the small assemblies of the towns."

It is peculiarly true, that every record of our town, from the inception to the close of the Revolution, is nobly in keeping with the sentiments of Webster. Listen to the vote of August 3, 1774, "Voted, That the town will stand by the result of the Congress, even if it be to the stopping of all trade;" and this too in a town whose very life blood must be drained by the passage of such act. Listen to the modest journal of Lieut. Paul Lunt:—

“ May, 1775, marched from Newburyport with sixty men ; Ezra Lunt, commander. June 16, our men intrenched on a hill beyond Bunker’s hill. June 17, the Regulars landed troops, and we engaged them.” Sixty men in one company from Newburyport at Bunker hill ! Listen to the record of 1776. “ *Voted*, That if the honorable Congress should, for the safety of the United Colonies, declare them independent of the kingdom of Great Britain, this town will, with their lives and fortunes, support them in the measure.” Sons and daughters ! our mother anticipated the Declaration of Independence, and practically avowed her devotion to freedom, and that almost in the very words of the Declaration, on May 31st, 1776. And let me add, that as she was among the first to strike the blow which severed the States from their mother land, so was she the very first to give the token of their re-union in a mighty mercantile bond, which, let us trust, may be one of prosperity and peace forever. The first American flag which floated in the British waters, after the cessation of hostilities, was displayed in the river Thames from the Comte de Grasse, Capt. Nicholas Johnson, of Newburyport.

These records form but a meagre portion of what might be adduced as illustrative of the spirit and acts of our fathers in the sacred cause of liberty. Nobly did the town second her votes by means and men. It contributed largely to all levies and supplies. On almost every battle-field was the blood of her children shed ; and their bones are in the keeping of the hallowed monuments of their glory. In the naval contests of that period, her sons are distinguished among the bravest of the brave. The eagle eye of Paul Jones fastened upon two of her children for his chief officers. Henry and Cutting Lunt, (the son of one of whom we hope is here present) stood with him amid the battle and the wreck ; while in private enterprize, none displayed more of gallant daring than the hardy seamen of Newbury and Newburyport. Some estimate may be formed of the numbers from our own town, engaged in what was practically the navy of the Revolution, from the fact that twenty-two vessels and nearly one thousand men, from the towns of Newbury and Newburyport, were lost at sea during the war. And it was not the hope of gain alone which prompted these enterprizes of our fathers : nay, rather it was the determination to supply the deficiencies of the State by individual exertion, which made the seamen of our town the peers of the disciplined navy of England, in many a bloody and triumphant battle upon the deep.

But I trespass upon your patience upon this point. Let me only add, that upon the interests of no town in our country did the burthen of the political difficulties of our national history press more heavily than upon those of Newburyport. Shall I say that these were endured with resignation ? Shall I not rather say that they served only to compact and mould but the more beautifully and firmly the bonds of patriotic devotion to the country ? With her commerce hampered by the troubles with France in '98, a number of the inhabitants agreed to build and equip a twenty-gun ship, and to offer her to the Government of the United States. In their letter to the Government they say, “ They heartily wish their abilities extended beyond their present offer.

but the immense ravages which have been committed on their property by sea, and the great proportion of the remnant still at risk, forbid them further indulgence of their inclinations." With the cessation of these difficulties, came the season of prosperity. With new commercial ties binding her to the prominent ports of the West Indies and Europe, the counting rooms of our town were the commercial schools, as they long had been, to which came the youth of the now great cities of the Northern States for their mercantile education. Newburyport, Portsmouth, and Salem were the ports whose business interests and facilities gathered together the clerks of 1790, and from that time to 1810, from the metropolis of our own State. Those with whose interests many of the young before me are identified in Boston and New York, came hither, in *their* early days, for the training which they have imparted to you. In faithfulness to those interests, in your various stations, remember that you honor those elder merchants of our own town, to whose practical mercantile skill many of the most prominent of your employers are indebted for their success.

Adversity followed hard, however, upon prosperity. Aggressions upon our mercantile interests from the great belligerents of Europe; the depressing embargo: the rice of 1811; the war of 1812-14—all these contracted the mercantile energies of the town. Nature too, seemed to combine her forces to obstructing, not to say destroying, the sources of her fortune and happiness. Through all these adverse circumstances, however, the spirit of the fathers in prosperity, manifested itself in the sons. Endurance, fortitude, hope—these were but the minor virtues which were radiant in every trial. Business energy still floated on the bosom of the heaving wave, and was borne along into other channels of activity and success. While during the days of our youth, our mother wore the weeds of mourning for her departed glory, she now rejoices in the alliances of her children with the offspring of her own former days of commercial and industrial distinction. Her ships, graceful and unsurpassed under the moulding hand of a McKay, a Carrier, a Jackman, and their compeers, still attract the eye and command the purse of the merchant princes of our own and other lands. Her manufacturers, interwoven with the golden threads of her well improved affluence, find "a name and a praise in the very ends of the earth." Her fisheries, still find in the deep sea line, as it goes down amid the storm and the wave, this emblem of their own hardy endurance and perseverance amid difficulties. Her schools still disseminate and enlarge in the character and standing of her sons, the fruits of her early culture and literary distinction. Her sons, some of the most distinguished of whom to-day lay their laurels at her feet, challenge their country's admiration in their various walks, and her daughters are still the same graceful and fair ones who have ever adorned the households and inspired the best affections and deeds of her sons. May we not apply the words of the immortal bard then, to the varied fortunes of our beloved birth-place—

"Why then,

Should we with cheeks abashed behold our works,

And think them shames, which were indeed naught else
 But the protracted trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which meta is not found
 In fortune's love. For the bold, and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unlearned,
 The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction with a broad and powerful hand,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
 And what hath mass and matter, by itself,
 Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled."

I could wish that there were time to dwell upon other aspects of my subject. The hour, and the delightful features of this occasion, warn me that I must close. I have endeavored, very imperfectly, to trace out some of the sources of that marked stability of character, and that onward and earnest spirit of progress, which, whether in prosperity or adversity, have wrested the circumstances of both to the credit and honor of our native town. Knowledge and culture combined with industry, on the basis of Christian principles and affections, form a bond of stable union and progress more firm and more permanent than that which unites princes and statesmen. They give rise to considerations which tend to the constant production of those social features, and those enlarged general results which I have delineated as connected with our own municipal history. They tend to the conviction on the part of any population, that "all are capable of performing noble achievements, heroic exploits and sterling enterprizes." That this latter has been their product here, let the pages from our Revolutionary and later history prove. Nay, that that they subject and ally even the forces of ill fortune to their own reproduction and more extensive influence, let the history of our mother and her sons to-day demonstrate. When twenty-eight years ago, your former historian made the statement, that Newburyport "had never yet regained her pristine elevation in prosperity and wealth," he saw before him only the mother in her tears, and her children unbefriended, save by her memory and her principles, going forth from her gates to the battle with fortune. To-day, in her second marriage with noble manufacturing industry, she sits queenly in the sisterhood of cities, and welcomes the children of her former and her later bridal to the affections and the hospitalities of her home.

Sons and daughters of Newburyport, you who have been long separated from that revered mother, your character (and blessed be God, that wherever it is found, it is unsurpassed in all that renders men honorable,) your character is the legitimate result of this machinery of change and chance, whose working has been described to you in her history. If under the exigencies of her depression, she placed you in other hands for the completion of her well begun training, remember that she sent you forth with the memory of a mother's trials in your minds, and the principles and example of a noble ancestry in your hearts. Wherever your lot in life has been cast, hers was the moulding

energy which imparted the capacity for whatever distinguishes you among men. You may read the wisdom and blessings of their training in the names of the earnest minded, the generous, the refined, and the successful ones, standing out in glittering constellation from the face of her time-honored record. If many of these enjoyed the blessings of her prosperity, yours have seen the uses and fruits of her adversity. He of whom Burke remarks, that "he possessed everything of discovery the most penetrating, everything of observation on human life the most distinguishing," Lord Bacon, has well said, that "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity of the New." Let us crown our mother to-day, with a garland of flowers of her own planting. Let us minister unto her happiness from the blessings which a good Providence has bestowed upon her own transplanted energies in our persons and character. Let us to-day drink at the fountain of her patriotism, let us scan well those features of our ancestry which are reflected from its own pure and placid face. Let the vision teach us to look well to the sources and the care of our domestic, social, and political happiness; let the draught invigorate us for high and holy activities in all that concerns the well being and perpetuity of our institutions and our Union. Nowhere can we better kneel in prayer for God's blessing upon these, than in the home of our fathers; from no place can we better take our new departure for any new contest in their support, than from this hallowed centre of their affections and inspirations. Let us turn from the voices of party to the clearer voices and teachings of home. Then shall we go forth again to the duties and trials of our every relation in life, blessed with a higher view of our responsibilities, inspired by a purer sentiment of national interest, and actuated by a nobler and more expansive desire and endeavor for the truest and most permanent happiness and glory of our country.

THE DINNER.

After the exercises at the Church, the procession formed in the order in which it was to enter the pavilion, and took up its line of march. The tent was a spacious one capable of accommodating two thousand persons, and was erected upon the beautiful and level lot of land on the corner of Olive and Congress streets. Tables were here spread for nearly six hundred guests, invited by the city, comprising speakers of distinction, the military, engine companies and others; and accommodations were reserved for such as were disposed to purchase tickets. Rows of tables were laid the entire length of this huge pavilion, with a raised cross table at the head of the tent for distinguished speakers, and the President, Vice Presidents, Toast Master, &c. The gentlemanly caterer had not forgotten that important and somewhat notable corps, the reporters, to whom, in his generosity, he assigned the *best* seats in the arena. It was a pleasant sight to gaze upon. The long rows of white dishes, alternately relieved by vases of flowers and dishes of fruit, was enough to drive to madness, appetites sharpened by such labor and such fasting. However, every plate that was filled was not emptied, for after the company had thoroughly satisfied their hunger there appeared enough and to spare for another such company. All praise falls short of doing justice to that popular caterer, HORACE HAMBLET, Esq., the landlord of the Ocean House, who provided for the occasion.

Everything substantial, fanciful, luxuriant, dainty—all that appetite could crave or taste desire, was spread in sumptuous magnificence upon the boards; and the way in which the multitude partook was more complimentary to Mr. H. than anything we could write. The organization of the company was as follows:

PRESIDENT—MOSES DAVENPORT.

VICE-PRESIDENTS,

Josiah Little,	Edward Burrill,
Samuel T. DeFord,	David T. Woodwell,
Moses Newell, West Newbury,	Mark Symons,
George W. Jackman, Jr.,	D. Noyes, West Newbury,
Joseph B. Morse,	Moses Pettingell,
Moses Hale,	William E. Currier,
John Porter,	Eben F. Stone,
James Blood,	Stephen Tilton, Boston,
Frederick J. Coffin,	William H. Tyler, Calais,
Henry C. Perkins,	William H. Huse,
John H. Smith,	Stephen W. Marston,
Charles J. Brockway,	Richard S. Spofford,
William Graves,	Nathaniel Hills.

TOAST-MASTER—P. K. HILLS.

After the company had entered the tent, and all were seated at the table, the President rose and made the following remarks:

SONS OF NEWBURYPORT—

Permit me to congratulate you on this interesting meeting of the Sons and former residents with the citizens of this beautiful city. This meeting of friends and brothers has been anticipated by our citizens for the past few weeks with the most intense interest; and I express but the sentiments of all, when I say, Welcome, thrice welcome to the home of your earliest associations.

This is a meeting in which we should all feel the deepest interest and the most profound sympathy. A gathering like this, that brother may meet brother, and friend meet friend, cannot but result in lasting good.

I will now ask your attention while the Divine blessing is invoked by the chaplain of the day.

The chaplain of the occasion, Rev. Samuel Clark, of Philadelphia, then invoked divine grace upon the repast; where the company began to satisfy a hunger which a long and arduous march had sharpened.

After the company had thoroughly refreshed the physical man, the President called them to order by the annexed brief speech :

FRIENDS AND SONS FROM ABROAD—

The citizens of the place of your birth and former home, are most happy to meet you on this the anniversary of our National Independence, and we bid you welcome to the hospitalities of our city.

In looking round this assembly, and seeing so many of our sons here, gifted with the highest order of talent and eloquence, well may we your friends and brothers, expect a rich intellectual treat ; and for the purpose of calling out some of the talent and eloquence of some of our sons and former residents, I will call upon the toast-master for the first regular toast.

His speech having terminated amid the cheering of the multitude, he proceeded to announce the toast-master, Philip K. Hills, Esq., who read the regular toasts in a loud and distinct voice, which were responded to by persons in the manner given below.

The Returned Sons of Newburyport—who by their talents, character and attainments, have made her name so honorably known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The President called upon Hon. George Lunt, of Boston, late U. S. Attorney, who responded as follows :

MR. MAYOR, GENTLEMEN AND FRIENDS : I gladly fulfil the duty which has devolved upon me by the arrangements of the occasion, of responding to the sentiment which has just been announced. I congratulate you upon the auspicious arrival of this great and happy day. I congratulate you upon those feelings, so honorable to the authorities and inhabitants of our ancient and beautiful town, which has prompted this call for the return of its sons and daughters to the place of their birth—and upon those kindling emotions which have caught the same impulse from city to city and from town to town, and uniting in one common current have borne the returning pilgrims home from many a distant shrine, to mingle their hearts upon the altar of a common and sacred devotion.

It is thus that this gathering affords the most gratifying evidence, that the young have been unseduced by newer scenes into forgetfulness of what should be most dear to them, that the lapse of time has not been able to obliterate in those of maturer years the memory of early and valued impressions. And I hold this to be most honorable and true to the better instincts of our nature, and those higher motives and principles of our being, which reason and reflection and experience confirm. For whoever is not true, if there be any

such, to those dear and sacred associations, which in all ages and countries have bound the hearts of men to the place of their father's graves and of their own boyish sports—to the scenes among which their first ties of friendship, and earliest domestic and religious impressions were formed—must be deaf to whatever raises human nature above the degradations of mere animal existence.

Happy is it for us and for you, that this day affords such proof that these ties have not been forgotten or disregarded by those who claim origin here; that amidst the cares and vicissitudes of life, their hearts have still been *at home*; that the boy who went out from you burning with the ardor of youthful enterprise, to face the struggles of a more distant world, has come back to-day with his early feelings grown stronger and deeper amidst the settled purposes of manhood; that if there be any—and well we know that there are many such—who in the language of your sentiment, “by their talents, character and attainments,” have contributed to the honor of their native town—be sure that their successes are only more dear to them, that some warm hand here will clasp their own more warmly, that some kind heart at home will beat more proudly for their triumphs—and be sure that whatever monument they may rear to fortune or to fame has a deeper foundation than that built outwardly, amongst the graves and ashes of their kindred.

We come amongst you then not as strangers, not even as guests, merely, but as children of a common parent. We thank you for your hospitality, but it is as a son welcomes the liberal gifts of his father. We gladly take what you generously bestow, but we cannot help receiving it as a portion and a birthright.

And yet, sir, be thanked! For us all, and I speak for all—accept we pray you, our warmest and most filial acknowledgments; for without this maternal recall, many of us to-day would be mingling in distant scenes from which our hearts were far, far away.

Not for this day or hour only are we come together. Not with this day or this occasion will cease those emotions which have swelled within our hearts. Not here shall we leave the glow of those sweet and holy remembrances, which have led us to the embraces of home. Wherever our future years may be passed, the memory of the events of this day will be with us. By them we shall be cheered and soothed and blessed. We shall feel that they have drawn more closely the ties which bind us to our native soil. We cannot forget—we will not forget, things and scenes so dear to us; and if it should not be permitted that our dust should here mingle with the ashes of our kindred—like the Greek, who dying remembered his lovely Argos—like the Hebrew, who seeks the land of his fathers for his place of sepulture—we too, will desire at least that some of this beloved earth may be sprinkled on our insensible bosoms.

I have read somewhere that an eminent English author, not long since, in addressing some association for mental improvement, congratulated its members that such societies tended to break down the fictitious distinctions

of life and to bring human beings nearer to each other by a common motive and interest. Let us trust that such may prove one of the happy results of our gathering to-day; and allow me to give you, in conclusion, an illustration of the doctrine I would inculcate in the old and bright history of our native town. In the days of her former pride, and of a prosperity, which I trust, she will one day far surpass—more than sixty years ago—the first President of the United States—that great and venerated personage, whom I cannot help regarding as the noblest and happiest of mankind, since he rendered unequalled services to his country, and went to his grave without a stain upon his public or private fame—was here entertained by the authorities of the town, in the house of that eminent and patriotic merchant, Mr. Tracy. On the morning following his arrival, he was received by Mr. Dalton, who was, as you well know, a member of the first Senate of the United States; and in both instances in a mansion yet standing conspicuously in our streets.

The most noted people of the town were present, and among them one eminent divine,* long since deceased, with whom Washington was engaged in conversation, after breakfast, upon public affairs, in the midst of a distinguished circle of guests. This gentleman ventured the assertion that in “twenty years there would not be a crowned head in Europe”—from which opinion Washington, with a more far-seeing sagacity, dissented, and while giving his views upon this important topic, a messenger came in to inform him that some person at the door insisted on seeing the President. Mr. Dalton directed him to be sent away, but the ear of Washington had caught some intimation of the request, and learning, upon enquiry that a poor man wished to speak with him, he requested him to be introduced. As he entered, he rushed to the President with the cry, “God bless you, Major Washington! God bless you, Major Washington!” The President recognized him at once, and calling him “Cotton,” shook him kindly by the hand. It was indeed a person well known to the last generation under the popular name of “Colonel” Cotton, who had been Washington’s servant in the old French war, and attended him at Braddock’s defeat, that bloody and disastrous day, when the young Virginian officer saved the army from utter destruction, and grasped those first laurels which grew and flourished until they became immortal as the records of his country’s history. This man was cordially received and dismissed with a liberal present in the golden currency of the day—when gold really had a value—which the broken down old soldier wore afterwards suspended about his neck. And I assure you that among many brilliant incidents of his progress through this town and vicinity, nothing of the good and great President’s visit has given me more pleasure than reflection upon the kind and gentle feeling thus exhibited, and which the events of this day are so well calculated to promote, and, I trust perpetuate to the latest generation.

*Rev. Mr. Murray.

The Day we Celebrate.

Rev. Samuel L. Caldwell, of Bangor, was called upon, and spoke as follows:—

MR. MAYOR, and to follow my professional fashion, BRETHREN—

It is a trick of my profession to take a text, and say under it what we choose; to have the text one thing, and the discourse another. It will not be strange, sir, if I do not stick to the text you give me, for the fact is, the Fourth of July is down—"The day we celebrate" is in the shade. The great Republic sinks into the little municipality, and Newburyport takes possession of our memory and our love. Our heroes are not of '76—not of Bunker Hill and Saratoga—but those who plunged into the "imminent deadly breach" between "Up-alongers" and "Down-alongers." Our memories are not with Hancock and Adams, Jefferson and Lee, but with our old schoolmasters—with the antiquities, the human curiosities with which this blessed old town used to so abound.

Mr C. said he felt at home. He was a boy again:

"My foot on is my native heath, and my name is McGregor."

He loved Newburyport—he loved her sons—he loved *one* of her daughters—he loved some of her grandsons, and he hoped one of these days to love some of her grand-daughters. And yet, he said, he must confess, that the Newburyport of the present was not exactly the Newburyport that filled his memory and his imagination and his love. He was a boy here in that quiet interval when she had nothing for her boys to do; when she only taught and trained them and let them go. He confessed, he thought the locomotive an intruder—the steam mill an impertinence. Improvement and progress did not belong here. He wanted the old place kept as a relic, and a refuge from a hurrying and working-day world, to find here a Sabbath and a rest. He loved to come here in the Indian Summer, when the year was sleeping toward its death; when the brown and slumbrous air lay soft and loving over "Turkey Hill" and "Old Maids' Hall" and the "Devil's Den;" when, on the old boy-haunts, there was

———"a glory and a gleam

That never was on land and sea:

The consecration and the poet's dream."

Then it seemed most like the old time. He could sleep and he could dream. But sir, said Mr. C., I retract, I retract. It is not so. The day is great. The love of liberty is superior to the love of place. Liberty, and country assert their old and just supremacy. The Republic expands again—the little town, the dear old home cannot fill our love. The Day and the Deed we celebrate, and not these only, but liberty, the principles of liberty which on this day were inaugurated; for which Newburyport made patriotic and generous contribution, the memory of which makes her dearer; liberty—greater than home or country, without which they are worthless; the principles of

it, the love of it ; if in any measure they are quenched or dying—let us here at the old altar, among those churches and schools by whose discipline and love of liberty, the reverent memory of the fathers who stood by it and for it were nurtured, let us here and now revive and re-ignite it. After a few words of the same tenor about cherishing the spirit of Freedom, impartial and universal, Mr C. closed with the hope and the prayer that no son of Newburyport, heir of her memories, trained in her schools and churches, filial and faithful to her, would ever be recreant to the principles of Liberty of which this day was the inauguration.

The Orator of the Day.

Rev. George D. Wildes was called upon. He remarked that he belonged to a church of some authoritative pretensions, but he placed these below those of his brother who had preceded him, and was willing to stand with him. If he had been called upon to respond to "Hail Columbia," or "The Day we Celebrate," he might have said something; but "The Orator of the Day," was decidedly beneath his powers. He had already had his turn at the church. In his feeble manner he had placed his wreath upon the altar of liberty, and should sit down and hold his peace. As for *toasting*, he had been toasted by the scorching rays of the sun until he was perfectly satisfied.

In Memory of Rufus King—For many years a resident of Newburyport, and one of the brightest jewels in her crown.

The venerable Doctor Dana responded to this sentiment, and we regret that his voice was so feeble that but few could catch his words.

MR. PRESIDENT—

On this great occasion, and surrounded as I am by not a few who have far superior claims to be heard, I might well content myself to be a mere listener.

But the name of Rufus King has a *charm* which will not suffer me to remain wholly silent—especially as it is probable few are present who have had equal advantages for a personal knowledge of this great man.

Mr. King was not a native of Newburyport, but was early an adopted and favorite son. He pursued his legal studies under the auspices of another great man, Theophilus Parsons, who for many years was a distinguished jurist and pleader at the bar, and who in later life was no less distinguished as Chief Judge of our Supreme Court.

It is a remarkable fact, that in two years after Mr. King had closed his studies, he was occasionally called to plead causes, in which Mr. Parsons was his opponent. It was thought by many in Ipswich—the place where the court was sometimes held—that the pupil sustained a fair competition with his preceptor. It was about that time, that being a boy of ten or twelve years old, I was repeatedly feasted with his eloquence.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that at the distance of more than seventy years I have as vivid an impression of his person, his air, his voice, his affluence of ideas and language, as if these were affairs of yesterday. It so happened that at that time I was studying the orations of Cicero, and it often occurred to my mind that if there was any living man who resembled the great Roman orator, it was Rufus King.

Mr. King early represented the town in the General Court. But he soon after received a more emphatic expression of public approbation and confidence. Though little more than thirty, he was selected as a member of the Convention in 1787, which was appointed to prepare a Constitution of the United States. In that assembly of great and distinguished men, collected from all parts of the country, he aided in framing a constitution which has been the admiration of the world, and which has been, under God, the principal source of peace and order, the wealth and happiness of our country.

But a new and arduous duty awaited him. He was chosen by his townsmen a member of the convention in Massachusetts, which was called to ratify the Federal Constitution. It is well known, that before the assembling of this convention, the most formidable objections were raised against the adoption of the Constitution. Had the vote been taken at its first meeting, it would doubtless have passed in the negative. But there were *giants* in those days. The sound reasonings and powerful eloquence of Parsons, King, Ames, and others of similar stamp, triumphantly refuted every objection, and the constitution was adopted.

Soon after this Mr. King removed into the State of New York. But his reputation had preceded him, and he was selected, with Gen. Schuyler, to attend the first Congressional Senate, which met under the new constitution. In that august body, his vigorous mind, his splendid eloquence, and his stores of political information were called into requisition, and displayed to the highest advantage. His course was undeviatingly firm and decisive; but he was no violent partizan. He generously cultivated acquaintance and friendship with gentlemen of sentiments opposed to his own. Of this trait in his character, Mr. Benton, a well known political opponent, has furnished a remarkable instance. He had himself uttered a speech in which, under some excitement, he had uttered expressions somewhat harsh and severe. Mr. King saw him soon afterward, and taking his hand, spoke well of his talents, and expressed the kindest wishes for his success in public life. But like a true friend, he uttered the voice of warning, against those asperities to which an excited state of mind sometimes exposed him. The reproof was gratefully received, and Mr. Benton, in pure deference to Mr. King, suppressed the speech which he would otherwise have published.

But Mr. King was destined to a still higher elevation. By President Washington, whose discernment of character, and skill in assigning public men to the stations for which they seem best fitted, was proverbial, he was sent as Envoy to the Court of Great Britain. It is remarkable that, thirty

years afterwards, he was invested with the same office by President John Q. Adams. In this highly interesting station, he sustained with great ability, faithfulness and success, the rights and interests of his country; while, by the mingled dignity and elegance of his manners, he secured the admiration of all who knew him.

I add in conclusion, that Mr. King gave an ardent and unwavering support to the policy and measures of the Father of his country. This he did under the deep conviction that in that policy and those measures, were involved the dearest interests of our nation. And was not his judgment in this grand point correct? Will any one deny that so far as the principles and views of Washington have been carried out, our nation has prospered? Will any one deny that when this path has been abandoned, we have unfailingly smarted for it? I can form, then, no kinder wish for my country, than that in each of its future Presidents, it may find—not a Washington—the wish would be extravagant—the age of miracles has ceased—but one who will follow in the same path. Let me wish, too, that every such follower of Washington may have the vigorous and efficient support of a Rufus King.

The Memory of John Bernard Swett, M. D., who fell a victim to the yellow fever in 1796, while in the discharge of his duty. The virtues and self-sacrificing zeal of the Father, endears to us the Son.

Colonel Samuel Swett, of Boston, was called up, and replied as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—

My old age is an all-sufficient apology for not making a speech on the present occasion, especially as I made and published a speech on the subject of our native place, at our last Centennial, twenty years ago. Another one of mine on the subject would be a twice told tale. I pleaded then my inability to speak from my long disuse of public speaking, and that apology has become twenty times more cogent now. I have since that, made a pilgrimage to the birth place of our adored and beautiful Merrimack, and seen the infant rivulet nourished by the bosoms fair and beautiful of Squam and Winnepisseoge lakes. Soon afterwards he puts on the sport of boyhood, joyously leaping and bounding, like a feathered mercury, over the wild and romantic falls he encounters, and sporting in lovely dalliance with the fair streams that unite with him on the way, and especially the loveliest of them all our own sweet Artichoke. Arrived here in our own town at last, in his full maturity of magnitude and grandeur, he enters into bans of marriage with the magnificent Ocean. When the united beauty of the two, become one, appears to belong to some brighter region than our terrestrial globe.

It occurs to me also, on the present occasion, that the most ingenious passage of Pope, the greatest poet of our language, except the bard of Avon, is directly applicable to our connection as townsmen. He compares the various circles of mankind with whom we are connected, to the circular waves

formed by a pebble dropped on the bosom of a lake. And the very first and most prominent circle he represents as embracing, together with our parents and friends, our neighbors, which is, in other words, our townsmen. And we are commanded by the Almighty, to love our neighbors as ourselves.

In my early days, long time ago, two generations have passed away since, it was the custom on convivial occasions like the present, to "drink healths five fathoms deep," and the imperative law of the table was, that every one should give his song, tell his story, or drink a bottle of wine. As to wine, sir, I am a sworn temperance man. My story is already anticipated, and my only remaining alternative is to give you my ode or song. Nelson, on his last victorious engagement, telegraphed his fleet, "England expects every man to do his duty." And Newbury demands the same of every son of hers to-day. I yield to no man living in my devoted affection for my native place; I do love the very stones in the streets of Newburyport. Though no poet, I will do my best. My theme is

NEWBURY.

Here Parker prayed on our Forefathers' landing—
 Women and children pale around him standing,
 While tomahawks and scalping knives were gleaming,
 And fierce war-whoops fell savages were screaming.
 Dark pathless woods were lowering around;
 Howlings of wild, blood-thirsty beast resound;
 Foul and venomous reptiles strow the ground;
 Insatiate disease and death abound.
 His prayer was heard: and God dispelled the gloom,
 Our native town we see an Eden bloom.
 Our forest trees are changed to lofty spires,
 Or to proud galleons, wafting naval fires,
 Or our rich produce over all the world;
 Our friendly greeting borne, or vengeance hurled,
 Our pallid female 's now the blooming maid,
 To whom the homage of all hearts is paid;
 Well versed in letters and refined in taste,
 As Venus beautiful, as Dian chaste.
 On Oldtown, Indian, Turkey, Pipestave hills,
 The murderous beast our race no longer kills.
 But flocks and herds embellish all the land,
 A beauteous garden, decked by nature's hand.
 The lurking, fiendlike Indian's stealthy pace
 Yielded to Anglo Saxon's lordly race.
 Of patriots, statesmen, warriors, noble band,
 We've given our quota to our native land.
 Lowells, Jacksons, Parsons, Perkins, Tracy, Bartlett, Brown,
 Immortalized their names and native town.
 A longer list of other names as dear,
 Our time restricted wont suffice to hear.

But though compelled to name so small a part,
 Their worth 's recorded ever on the heart.
 Our floral youth with joyous hearts we see
 Who will transmit our race to our posterity.

He concluded by offering the following :

Josiah Little—The accomplished scholar and gentleman, and the benevolent man. His noble and munificent donation for a Newburyport Library, demonstrates to future ages, that though his name is *Little*, his soul is *great*.

Judge Jackson—The worthy son of a noble sire—our native town or the Commonwealth has never produced a more eminent lawyer and judge, a purer patriot, or a more honorable man.

The following was then handed to the toast-master :

James Jackson, M. D. of Boston, a native of Newburyport — the model physician and universally loved man.

The President of the United States and his Cabinet.

Attorney General Cushing responded to this in a powerful and eloquent speech. Relying upon Mr. Cushing to furnish us with a copy of his remarks, which for want of time he was unable to do, we failed to take notes, and our readers will be obliged to bear with us the disappointment in seeing but a sketch of his able remarks, and that taken from memory :

Hon. Caleb Cushing arose amid unbounded applause and said in substance, that it was a great pleasure to meet his friends upon this occasion. But he wished to throw off the robes of office, which were an encumbrance, and stand before them untrammelled by party distinctions, to return his acknowledgments for the occasion ; but before doing so he could not forbear, in behalf of the President, in behalf of his executive advisers, and in behalf of himself, to return his and their thanks for the honorable remembrance of them. Though the President is not a son of Newburyport, yet his blood is of old Newbury, and his relation to us was near. His design in addressing this assembly was to present his sympathies, to lay upon the altar of dear reminiscences, his heartfelt respect for Newburyport, to desire its highest prosperity and to dwell on the pleasant recollections of the past. He referred feelingly to Rev. Dr. Dana, whose voice had been heard, and whose venerable presence graced the festive board. He wished to dwell on familiar topics, on home and home scenes, those things so dear to us, but he must be allowed to refer to that more enlarged and elevated subject, our country, which is the more endeared to us in proportion to our love of home. We must remember that we celebrate the day that inaugurated the freedom, the power, and the greatness of our country.

When we look back upon its history, we can but draw the moral, that we should all have faith in the success and prosperity of this union. We must

take courage, notwithstanding the perils through which we are now passing, when we look back to the days of our Pilgrim fathers. Through all the difficulties we will stand, and the country is ready to impose its principles, if not itself, on the crumbling nations of Europe.

The Constitution is not destined to go down in our day. Ere the day comes to destroy the Union, many disasters must come. *The seventh seal* must be broken—the *first seal* is not yet opened. Before we cease to be canopied by the Constitution of the United States, our cities will be filled with the blood of civil war, and then some successful soldier, some mighty hero, may arise from the smoke of the battle, to rescue us from an oblivious future. Far is it from me to distrust, to waver, and on this 72th anniversary of Independence, we should feel that this is one country—that our interests are indivisible.

William E. Currier, Esq., being called on by the President, arose and said:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN—

In that country of fame, where Liberty dwells, there is my Home! That is the sentiment of every American this day, the anniversary of our National Independence, whether they are on the soil of these United States, on the southern arm of this western continent, sailing over the wild ocean waves, or on the continents in other sections of the globe. This day we celebrate. It is well. By this demonstration, this celebration, we show to the rising generation, aye to the world, that we appreciate the independence we enjoy, that independence so nobly achieved by the heroes and patriots of the American Revolution, and transmitted to us to foster and defend. The spirit manifested July 4th, 1776, at Philadelphia, when that sacred instrument—the Declaration of American Independence—was signed, has gone out from that central point like the rays of a meridian sun, shedding its genial influence over the broad surface of the earth. That influence—a mighty power, destined to crush the monarchy and aristocracy of the old world; and (I predict) before the close of the 19th century, will establish a Republican Government over that vast eastern continent. The continent of New Holland, now being rapidly peopled by citizens from every section of the globe, feel the influence, and will establish an independent republican government there. And, that there should be but three General Governments on the face of the earth, I propose this sentiment—

The Western Continent and the Adjacent Islands—To be the United States of America. E. Pluribus Unum! with equal judicial, legislative and executive powers. Independence forever!! God protect the American Union!!!

Massachusetts—Our native State. The birth place of our country's liberty—whose escutcheon remains as bright and untarnished as the ocean that laves its shores.

Warren Tilton, Esq., Chief Marshal of the Boston Delega-

tion, being called upon to respond, remarked as follows :—

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN—

It were better, perhaps, that some one older and abler than myself should respond to the sentiment just read. But no son of the Bay State, however humble, ought, in my judgment, ever to hesitate when called upon to acknowledge the honorable mention of her name.

I need say nothing of her history, for as her great statesman whose ashes are at Marshfield, but whose name and fame have extended wherever our language is spoken, once said, and said truly, "The world knows it by heart." She is small in territorial extent, but in nothing else. She is rich in mere material wealth, but she is richer in intellectual and moral wealth,—which is far better. "Who reads an American book?" is the flippant interrogatory over the water. She can refer you to William H. Prescott as merely one of her sons who can answer that question. And again, "Where was ever produced an American Jurist?" She can point you, in reply, to Daniel Webster, Joseph Story, Theophilus Parsons and Lemuel Shaw; and so on to the end of the chapter.

Would you know something of her *sentiments*? They were fitly enough expressed on Bunker Hill, and as for her *notions* of all sorts, they are pretty well known wherever politics, religion, letters, arts, sciences, trading and speculating are recognized, the world over. Her character and her disposition are a study for the *quid nuncs*. You can scarcely name a subject she hasn't discussed and considered. You can't name a principle she hasn't looked into and weighed; you can't name a virtue she hasn't espoused; you can't name an *ism* she hasn't flirted with. She combines the staidness of the matron with the pert affectation and charming and attractive nonsense of the maiden in her teens. In a word, with some foibles—nay, faults if you please—so many are her noble points, that no one of her sons who believes there is any thing in the world to thank God for, can ever cease to be grateful that he was born on her soil, and educated in her habits—political, moral and intellectual.

It has been said, and with some degree of emphasis, that the American people, as a class, have no idea of local attachment. How far the fact that we have no law of primogeniture has furnished a cause for such a charge, I will not stop now to consider; but, sir, migratory, restless, and adventurous as we are, who believes there is a class of men living who have more interest in the place of their birth than the sons of Massachusetts?

They may be toiling in the mines of California; they may be penetrating the forests of the far West; they may be tempting the dangers of distant seas, or walking in strange countries and listening to stranger tongues; but, wherever they are, their "heart untravelled fondly turns" *homeward*, for, they can find, they will tell you, no freer, nobler, happier land than the Old Bay State, God bless her! A goodly state is Massachusetts to be born in—a goodly state to die and be buried in!

To-day, sir, it is natural to look back upon the early struggle of the Revo-

lution, and consider the steps Massachusetts took therein, and it were a grateful task to pass them all in review; but, on such an occasion, and at such a gathering as this, the mind turns, involuntarily, to that particular spot in Massachusetts which is of peculiar interest to all of us, from having been the place of our nativity. And well may you be proud, sir—(You?—we, for are we not, every one of us, her children,) for the part she played in that eventful struggle. She took her stand early, and I have read somewhere,—probably in the History of Mrs. Smith, which has just been published, (and here let me remark, parenthetically, that, for perspicuity of style, felicity and elegance of diction and occasional passages of simple and nervous eloquence, that work is in my judgment, comparable to many historical works of far higher pretensions,) I have read, I say, that during the existence of the Stamp Act, not a stamp was ever paid for or used in Newburyport. At Bunker Hill, as you know, she was nobly represented, as she was, also, in every battle, probably, up to the surrender at Yorktown. In fact, no place in New England, not even Boston excepted, was readier in the Council or the field. She volunteered her opinion on the subject of our National Independence, in advance of the Declaration, her citizens voting in full and open town meeting that, if Congress should declare the colonies independent, they would support them in the measures with their lives and their fortunes. She levied her volunteer companies in the broad aisles of her churches,—on the Lord's day,—in the very presence of the God of battles, and the arbiter of the fate of nations. Her ministers of the Gospel, inspired with the love of liberty, left the pulpit and the desk to join the army—to pray, and if need be, to fight.

As I have walked through these streets to-day, I have thought Newburyport was no mean town to claim as one's birth-place. I have never yet seen, and I never yet expect to see, the man ashamed to acknowledge his allegiance to her. As freshly, as if it were but yesterday, though it is eighteen years ago, this very month, do I remember the feelings I experienced when I took my leave of Newburyport for a new home in Boston. If a boy can suffer, I suffered then. My school companions bade me a God speed, and with a heart full almost to bursting, as it seemed to me, I turned my face towards new scenes and new experiences. It was a bright and sunny day, and I am by no means near-sighted, but, as we passed by Merrill's on the Turnpike, and I looked out from the window of the old stage coach, it was so *misty* I could not see the flag-grounds where we had gathered the "bread and cheeses" so often together.

My esteemed friend of the Transcript says that he has heard the charge made in Boston that Newburyport people are continually "bragging of their town," and he has always replied to it that they had very good reasons for so doing. However that may be, I don't pretend to know, but I certainly know that for a year or more at school, after we had moved to Boston, I was nicknamed "Newburyport" by my companions, because what was always in my

heart was always on my lips. I told them then, and I believe it now, that there was no place for swimming like the Merrimack river and the "Four Rocks" or "Fur Rock" as we boys used euphionously to call it,—no place to skate on like "Little River" and "the Pond"—and no candy in all the confectionery shops in Boston, which had or could have the flavor of George Tappan's in Middle street, Newburyport. Speaking of George Tappan's candy, sir, forcibly reminds me of an incident which I cannot forbear relating, but I trust that the Attorney General of the United States whom we have with us to-day, and who, I perceive, has his sharp eye upon me—won't go home to Washington and procure a cabinet meeting to be summoned on account of it. It so happened that the younger brother of the Attorney General and myself were very intimate friends, and being one day upon a voyage of discovery, amongst his affairs, we found a box of coins which in his travels through the various countries of Europe he had collated with that same degree of industry, probably, which has distinguished his career from its very inception to the present day. Many of them, doubtless, were of considerable value, but looking upon them as "brumagers" which our distinguished guest could not pass, we did him an act of charity by prevailing on George Tappan, from time to time, after we had discovered them, to "take 'em." By degrees, as we thinned them out, and they began to look less and less like cents, Mr. Tappan examined them more carefully, and finally, on a certain occasion, when we had offered him a "brumager" indeed, he was obdurate hearted, and said to us, substantially, what Nat. Willis said to the boy who asked him for a penny, "individual, I know not the coin!

I perceive, Mr. Mayor, and I felicitate you upon it, that you have re-modelled your Court House,—doubtless at a large and considerable expense. You have now, certainly, a very fine and commodious building, and one far handsomer than the old one; but what, I pray you, has been done with that splendid wooden figure of Justice (which adorned the old one and in which the old one so many years rejoiced) holding aloft those dreadful scales which were a terror to evil doers? I have seen sir, and have studied, somewhat, many specimens of ancient and modern statuary, but none which ever excited my wonder and provoked my awe like that; none so noble, majestic, awful, divine. I can never forget it.

Nor can I forget, sir, the little brick school house in the Mall, and the kind teachers who there initiated me in the rudiments of application and study. Least of all can I forget the Sunday School of the Federal street church, and the disinterested men who taught me (which is, after all, the "chiefest thing" in the world) how to strive with God's grace, to win—by possibility—a place in heaven. I thank them now and here for their kindness, and I assure them their names are graven on my memory and my heart forever.

But, sir, it is time I had said my say. I rejoice in the prosperity of your city. We read in the Gazetteers no longer that "Newburyport is a seaport town delightfully situated on the banks of the Merrimack." I congratulate

you on your extended influence. I congratulate you on your rapidly increasing facilities for intellectual and moral culture; on the enterprize and thrift of your sons, and the refinement of your mothers, wives and daughters. Newburyport is in advance of Boston in the education of her daughters.

She knows full well that the culture of her daughters implies the virtue and stability of her sons, and that thereby on her part, the salvation of the state is secured.

I will give you, in conclusion, the following sentiment :

The Patriotic Daughters of Newburyport—warmly attached to the ardent spirits of the Revolutionary times and strongly opposed to tea; but now, (as it is captiously stated) bitterly hostile to ardent spirits and equally fond of tea; and better still every one of them *to a man* in favor of the Union.

The Professions—None more eminent in Divinity, Physic, and Law, than those who were first ushered into existence on the green and lovely banks of the Merrimack.

C. C. Felton, Greek Professor of Harvard University, a native of old Newbury, replied as follows :

MR. MAYOR—

I did not know until lately, that I had a right to participate in these festivities. The orator of the day, in his elegant and interesting discourse, to which I listened with unbroken attention, notwithstanding the fervors of this July sun, described the early feuds between the inland parts of the ancient town of Newbury, and the more cultivated region of the sea-board. I belong, sir, to the "rural districts," and not to the commercial and refined quarter of the town by the sea. The orator however went on to show that Newbury was the mother of Newburyport. I am a son of Newbury, and consequently may boast to be the uncle of the sons of Newburyport—of the greater part, therefore, of this most respectable assembly; and by virtue of this dignified relationship, as well as by the cordial invitation with which I have been honored, may claim the right of a seat at this board, among the returning children of this hospitable town.

And, Mr. Mayor, I can truly say that I am happy to be here to-day, to meet the gathered sons of Newbury, on this memorable but somewhat scorching anniversary. It is now nearly forty years—"how my heart trembles while my tongue relates"—since, in early childhood, I was borne away from the place of my birth, caring little and knowing nothing, to what distant shores the currents of life were drifting me. I have but seldom visited Newbury since; but the scenes which first met my eye were impressed on my memory, too deeply to be forgotten. The old training field, where an ancestor of mine distinguished himself as sergeant in a militia company, was to me another Campus Martius; the beautiful Merrimack flowed, in my imagination, like the broad and boundless Hellespont of Homer; and Pipestaff Hill rose, like the Grecian Olympus to the sky. Indeed, when recently I had the rare pleasure of dashing, on board a British steamer, through the allied fleets of France and England—as they stretched in double line, from Tenedos to

Troy—the most magnificent spectacle the eye of man ever gazed upon—it seemed to me the renowned Hellespont was hardly so broad and boundless as my native river, in the memories of my childhood.

I listened with great satisfaction to the manly, eloquent, patriotic speech of the distinguished citizen, (Mr. Attorney General Cushing,) who holds a high place in the councils of the nation. To every word of that speech, I say a hearty Amen! He alluded, in forcible terms, to the sufferings inflicted on the country, and on this town, by the last war with England. Sir, his words brought back to me the circumstances of the time, when I, a mere child, left the place of my birth. Pardon me for dwelling a single moment on the events the honorable gentleman so eloquently touched upon, and so vividly brought back to me.

The date of my departure from Newbury—it was one of the coldest days of the winter of 1815—is fixed in my memory by the circumstance, that the news of the peace with England was shouted along the road by the stage drivers. Child as I was, I had known something of the distress the war had brought upon our people; of the poverty it had deepened and aggravated; of the despair that darkened the poor man's fireside. I have never forgotten the sudden joy the blessed announcement of peace thrilled through every poor man's heart. It was like the outburst of Spring, with the green leaves, its very perfumes, its soft vernal breezes, and the song of birds, after the snow and ice, and frozen silence of winter. God forbid—and I call upon your distinguished guest to join me in the prayer—God forbid that this prosperous city, and the smiling country around it, should again feel as it did then, the blighting breath of war.

I am called upon to respond to the toast in honor of the professional men who have gone forth from Newbury. I am not, myself, a professional man, in the moral acceptation of that term. But I may claim the honor of having had something to do with making a great many professional men—of letting loose upon society, a great many lawyers, physicians, and clergymen; like the fat knight in the play, who, though not witty himself, was the cause of wit in others. It is just a quarter of a century since I was called by President Quincy, to an office of instruction in Cambridge, and during that long period, nearly two thousand graduates have passed out from Harvard, into the professional and practical walks of life. As I have witnessed the frequent and brilliant successes of these boys of mine, I have been tempted to exclaim, with good old master Cradock, in Miss Sedgwick's charming novel of Hope Leslie, "Did I not teach them the tongues?"

In the course of my busy life, it has been my fortune to meet with many leading persons in all the professions, who have sprung from Newbury. But I was not aware, until the call for this re-union was sent out, to summon them home to the altars and household gods of their childhood, how justly our native town may pride herself on the aggregate number of her distinguished sons; what large support religion and morals have drawn from the learning and piety of those who have occupied the sacred desk; how deeply the

administration of justice has been indebted to the integrity and ability of those who have sat in the tribunals, or pleaded the cause of the innocent at the bar; and how much the legislation of the country has been benefited by the wisdom and patriotism of those lawgivers who trace their origin to this town.

This is not the occasion, nor am I the person, to enlarge on the merits of the great and good men, among the living and the dead, who, born here, have consecrated themselves to justice, their country, and their God. But you will indulge me in speaking briefly of one, who but a few months ago, closed a long and eminent professional career. I allude to the late Professor Greenleaf. I had not the pleasure and honor of a personal acquaintance with this respected son of Newbury, until he became Royal Professor of Law in the School at Cambridge, then illustrated by the learning and eloquence of Story. On that occasion I first knew him. He and I were inaugurated as Professors—he of Law, and I of Greek, on the same day. From that time I enjoyed his unbroken friendship, as long as he lived. Of his course and character as a boy in your public schools; of his struggles as a young man, with poverty; of his Christian submission to the bitter lot of sorrow and bereavement that fell heavily upon the early periods of his domestic life; of the success which crowned with triumph these brave conflicts; many, probably, here have more personal knowledge than I; but I am sure no one can have a deeper impression of the purity and nobleness of character, which came forth tried like gold from the heat of the contest.

Mr. Greenleaf was one of those men, who know how to make the most of time. No client ever suffered wrong from feebleness or neglect, at his hand; for he spared no effort and shrunk from no study that could throw light upon the cause he had undertaken to conduct. As a teacher, he shone with peculiar lustre. The large body of intelligent young men who sat under his instructions valued them beyond all price. Calm in his manners; with the dignity of superior intellect and extensive knowledge; with the blandness and courtesy of a Christian gentleman; considerate of the feelings of all who stood to him in the relation of scholar to master; conscious of his responsibilities to them, and through them to his country—he commanded in an extraordinary measure, their love and veneration.

Mr. Greenleaf's contributions to the literature of his profession, I cannot, of course, professionally speak of. His studies lay in a province far remote from mine. Of his work on Evidence, however, I may say, that besides taking the very highest rank among the text books of legal science, it is one which any educated gentleman may read with pleasure and profit. Of another work, the ingenious application of the rules of legal evidence to the testimony of the Evangelists—I may say that it is a striking illustration of the earnest interest he felt in the establishment of the Christian Faith on the foundation of the most rigorous argument, while the daily beauty of his life proved with what fidelity he made the precepts of Christianity his rule of conduct.

Mr. Greenleaf was not, technically speaking, a literary man. In his youth

he did not share the advantages of a liberal education. While other young men were cultivating their tastes, and furnishing their minds "in the still air of delightful studies"—with the leisure and exemption from care secured to the favored scholar beneath the shades of academic groves—he was already fighting hand to hand on the battle-field of life. . . And yet his mind acquired an exquisite culture. When I have heard him speak, I have admired the chaste simplicity and attic beauty of his eloquence, and I think no one can read his public discourses—his Inaugural Address, for example — or his Eulogy on Story—without experiencing in his written style the charm of the easily flowing language, of the sparing but tasteful ornament, and of the clearness and logical accuracy of the thought.

In social intercourse, Mr Greenleaf's manners were marked by a serene gravity, equally remote from lightness and asceticism. I think we saw the traces of sorrow still lingering about him — fond memories, not painful perhaps, but tempering the joy and exultation of the present, with the reflected sadness of the past. His voice was gentle and low; his countenance thoughtful, but placid, and often lighted with the sunshine of a genial smile. His conversation was ready and friendly, and though habitually serious, not averse to decent wit, and a becoming hilarity. His quiet tastes and constant occupations had in a measure withdrawn him from general intercourse, and concentrated his social joys in the sanctuary of home; but he was no stranger to the delights of intellectual converse, and when the occasion found him out, he contributed more than an equal share to the common fund.

At the close of three score years and ten, after a day of crowded duty and labor, and closed by the worship of God at the household altar, he lay down, by a peaceful euthanasia, and slept the sleep of death,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

But he has left us his example of Christian fortitude, which should nerve our hearts when we too are called to practice its lessons; of perseverance under discouragements, which should strengthen us in overcoming the difficulties we too may have to encounter; of intellectual improvement in youth, with few opportunities and scanty means; of high moral principle, and religious faith, in the midst of no common perplexities, and under trials of no ordinary severity; of the faithful discharge of every duty, in every public and every private relation.

I feel that I cannot portray the character of Prof. Greenleaf, as it ought to be portrayed here, and as it has been portrayed elsewhere by his genial and eloquent colleague—Prof. Parsons—also a son of Newbury, but unfortunately not present with us to day. I could not hesitate, however, to bear my testimony on this occasion to his eminent claims to be remembered, in any assembly of the men of Newbury; I could not hesitate, especially as my absence in a foreign land, deprived me of the melancholy satisfaction of witnessing the last honors with which all that was mortal of him was committed to the bosom of our common mother earth. Returning from abroad, and

finding his place vacant, it seemed to me that one of the old landmarks had been swept away—one of the solid pillars, on which the temple of justice, virtue and religion reposes, had been overthrown.

In former ages, a statue would have been raised to commemorate the excellence of such a citizen, that the coming generations might be incited to lofty duties and generous deeds: If we erect no statue to eternize his outward semblance, let us at least set up in our own souls the image of his virtues, and honor his memory, by making those virtues our own.

The Past Captain of the Newburyport Juvenile Artillery Company.

Rev. T. M. Clark, of Hartford, Conn., the identical Captain of that well remembered corps, was called upon, and responded as follows:

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW CITIZENS—

This will hardly do—it seems rather formal, and I have no intention of making a regular speech. You have already had speeches enough and far more able than I could make. I wish just to have a talk with you about old times, and in remembrance of the Juvenile Artillery Company, would rather address you as

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW SOLDIERS—

But this will not do. There is not enough left of that distinguished corps which was disbanded some thirty years ago, to form a Corporal's Guard. Let me therefore say

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW BOYS—

We have come together to revive the reminiscences of our early days, to recall the scenes, the thoughts, the associations which belong to our childhood. What were the influences which determined your character? How were you taught your first lessons of the discipline of life? What was the first chapter in your daily morning and evening experience, which prepared you for the wearisome routine of this earthly existence? It was when you drove the cows at sunrise and sunset, to and from the "old Common Pasture." I remember often, to have met you on the Guinea thoroughfare, and I can readily recall the expression of sadness and anxiety which clouded your face, when as night drew on, the cow was not to be found. Can you ever forget your tiresome tramps to the distant slough, around which the cow would sometimes obstinately linger; that slough of despond, which we supposed to be the veritable spot of Bunyan's pilgrim's troubles, with Turkey Hill in the rear, where the interpreter's house stood in ancient days. How many such associations cluster around that somewhat sterile region, which in some strange way furnished summer food to nearly all the cows in Newburyport. When we used to read of lazarettos, quarantines, hospitals, and asylums for plague-spotted patients, it was the black wooden "Pest-House," in Common Pasture, with its horrid charcoal sketches, said to be

drawn upon the walls by delirious inmates, which gave body and pith to our conceptions.

Where did you learn your first lessons in botanizing? It was on that sultry, drowsy Saturday afternoon, when you went a "penny-royaling up to Common Pasture." And where did you get your first notions of mineralogy? In knocking off serpentine and rag-stone from the walls of the "Devil's Den." That, too, was the spot to which our minds instinctively reverted, whenever we read any German tale of diablerie; for there were authentic traditions connected with that heap of rocks which often made us shudder. There stood the Devil's Pulpit, from which it was said, he preached at midnight, to an infernal crew, gathered around its base; and there was the name cut in the ground, past which it was reported, no creature had ever returned alive.

And when we read of the tented field, of the crash of war, of embattled hosts with their white tents and streaming banners, with nodding plumes and pealing trumpets,—where did our thoughts fasten themselves? What was the actual scene which rose up before our minds, and gave reality to all this splendid description? It was the Fall muster on Grasshopper Plains, with the old gallows stretching out its wooden arm at the summit, and the huckleberry bushes skirting the borders of the field.

And when you heard of sylvan retreats, of dell and dale, of lovers' walks and sweet retirements in the shade, could you think of anything else than "Bartlett's Springs," and the "Laurels?"

When you were told of foreign lands beyond the sea, could you ever think of anything more remote than the mysterious and unexplored regions, which lay "over the river?" There was no bridge then to bring that hazy and distant locality into near contact with us; but there were solemn ferry-men who blew the horn at intervals from the "ferry-ways," as a signal that the boat was about to move. None knew where these grave men came from; none knew where they slept at night, if indeed they ever slept; but there at their post, they were always to be found, until the shades of evening had descended, and the merchant-women from "over the river," had returned with empty baskets, to the bosom of their anxious families.

What can even obliterate the memory of Plum Island, and the Piers, and Black Rocks, and Salisbury Beach? Can you ever forget that low, moaning roar of the ocean, which you used to hear in the cold winter nights? Is there a Newburyport boy who cannot feel and appreciate the poetry of the sea?

I might go on for hours, reviving these early reminiscences, and showing how your character and feelings have been moulded by the scenery, the traditions, and all the various surroundings of your childhood. Every thing with which we came in contact then, has left its mark upon us. Our thoughts run in the moulds that were grooved in early years. And there must have been something peculiar in the influences of our venerable mother town, to have produced such an assemblage of men as are here gathered together.

The City of Boston.—As we look around this day, we involuntarily ask what would she have been without Newburyport.

Stephen Tilton, Jr., Esq., replied :

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW CITIZENS—

I regret exceedingly that my friends here have called upon me to respond to the complimentary toast just given to the city of Boston. I am conscious of my inability to do her justice, and particularly on this occasion, when memory has engrossed my mind with the things of the past, and dispelled every other thought but of Newburyport, the home of my boyhood. The occasion which calls us together is one of no ordinary interest. It is a family gathering, the return of the sons of the old homestead, when hands join and hearts speak and the soul overflows with feelings of gratitude and reverence. Besides the day, which is sure to bring up the past to the mind of every true son of Newburyport, the occasion revives the memories of youth, and both combine to banish the present, and for the time being we exist in the past.

This morning as we traversed your streets, the scenes of youth were unrolled to our view, and every object which our eyes rested upon had its particular association and peculiar interest; we saw the old school house and the old play grounds; we looked in the faces of old friends and were reminded of the absent, and of others departed, and fancied we heard their voices; every thing addressed our feelings and awakened the associations of youth, and we feel that our natures have been refreshed at the fountain of joy.

Among the many objects which recalled the past, nothing, not even the house in which I was born, more forcibly touched my feelings than the sight of the old stage coach in the procession, perhaps the identical vehicle in which I was seated some twenty years since, slowly wending my way to the old Eastern Stage Office, in Boston. It recalled the emotions experienced at leaving my native town, my home, and my friends of youth; and it reminded me of the resolves made and the hopes cherished when with a Newburyport boy's fortune—a common school education, a father's counsels and a mother's blessing—I entered upon the untried duties of life in a new home surrounded by strangers.

Since that period years have elapsed, new interests have been created and new connections formed; and while to-day I bring my tribute of gratitude to old Newburyport for the education she furnished to, and the salutary influence she exerted over, her sons; and while I rejoice at the unmistakable evidences of thrift I have observed at every turning, I believe, sir, were the questions put by you to the sons of Newburyport, resident in Boston, which home do you love best?—the answer would be, as children say to parents, "we love both best." Yes, we love the home of our birth and the home of our adoption. We can testify that the city of Boston stands with extended arms and open hands to receive all who may come to reside within her borders. Her influence and treasury of good gifts are dispensed equally among all her sons, and she hesitates not to acknowledge her indebtedness to the cities and towns of the "old Bay State," for the sons (and daughters too)

which they have furnished her, and she withholds not her gratitude to all the New England States for their aid in rendering her a good specimen of a true American city.

While, sir, the interests of Boston are so closely identified with the interests of the State, they are peculiarly so with the city of Newburyport. You have liberally contributed your sons to her, and they have advanced all professions and honored all employments; they have reflected honor to Newburyport while assisting in creating and preserving the reputation of Boston the world over. Boston, then, freely awards to you your share of establishing her influence, which extends to every isle of the sea, and to every shore where where religion, education, the just administration of law, honor and integrity are appreciated. Gentlemen, I close by giving the following sentiment—

The City of Newburyport.—Her influence cannot be lessened while she follows the example of the fathers in educating the sons.

The Mayor in response to the compliment to Newburyport, said he would not occupy much more time, and instead of making a formal reply, would submit a few facts, which, perhaps, better than any remarks, convey an idea of our prosperity. He then spoke as follows :

I will say a few words in regard to old Newburyport, for I know of no topic more appropriate on this occasion. And I have the pleasure to say, that at no time during the past thirty years, has our old town been in so prosperous a condition, in point of business, as she is at this present day. It may strike many of you as strange that I should make such a statement. But in proof of what I would say, I should like to have you prolong your stay a few days, and take a course with me to the north part of the city, where I will introduce you to a thousand or more intelligent, industrious and happy ship-carpenters, many of whom you have seen in the procession to-day—the very bone and muscle of our community—men whom we feel proud to claim as among our most worthy citizens—all of whom are constantly employed, and are receiving a fair and just equivalent for their valuable services.

I will also introduce you to some of the most intelligent, ingenious and high-minded master ship-builders that this country can boast of—men that would be an honor and valuable acquisition to any community.

And as a further evidence of the prosperity of this portion of our city, I will show you hundreds of new and neat dwellings, built within the past few years, from the earnings of our worthy and industrious ship-carpenters. I will also state that during the present year more than twenty thousand tons of shipping will be built at this part of the city—scattering some million and a half of dollars in their construction.

After having introduced you to this portion of our citizens, I should be

most happy to take you to the south part of the city, and make you acquainted with the hardy fishermen, who mostly reside there; and you will find them an intelligent, industrious and successful people. You will find the place entirely changed from what it was thirty years ago. The whole face of things wears a different aspect. The streets and houses all indicate prosperity, brought about by the industrious habits of the people, most of whom are happy and contented. This part of our city and citizens we have reason to be proud of.

I will then call your attention to other portions of your old home and former residence, and you will find our merchants and mechanics, in their various branches, doing a prosperous and healthy business. I would ask you to visit our schools, all of which are in a high state of perfection. The city government being liberal—as they always should be with this interesting and important department—I believe we can challenge comparison with any city or town in the commonwealth.

I would invite you to look through the whole length and breadth of our city, and talk with your friends and the citizens generally, and see if the universal opinion is not that we are ranging ahead.

It is not probable that we shall ever become a very large city, but I honestly believe that we are, comparatively speaking, doing as healthy and profitable a business as any city or town in Massachusetts. And now, my friends, I will say, this is a proud day for Newburyport, and one that will not soon be forgotten by us.

When we look around and see so many of the sons and friends come at our call to visit the scenes of their early days, we cannot but feel deeply interested in this gathering. Hardly a friend that has come amongst us to-day, but what happiness is seen depicted in his countenance. We are all, thank God, happy to-day; and such a family gathering as this can produce no other result. My only prayer and wish is, that in this union of friends to-day, our friendships shall be so strongly cemented that nothing on earth shall ever sunder them.

In conclusion the Mayor offered the following toast:

The Union of these United States—It must be preserved although our best blood be the sacrifice.

The City of New York—Destined to be the Commercial Emporium of the world.

Robert G. Pike, Esq., of New York, was called upon, and replied:

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW CITIZENS—

Called upon suddenly and unexpectedly at a late hour last evening, and consequently somewhat unprepared, I rise with no little diffidence to respond to the sentiment just offered in compliment to the New York delegation. Agreeable as the duty is, I feel there are many among us who can acknowl-

your kindness far more gracefully, and who can do more complete justice to the sentiments which I know animate each one of us on this happy occasion. And then too, what can I say which has not already been most eloquently said? Our only thoughts to-day are our *country* and our *home*—and what words are holier, what words are dearer to every one of us than these? What can awaken more pleasing reflections, or kindle more earnest aspirations? Yes, the same mingled emotions of joy and pride animate us all alike to-day; and as kindred sentiments beget kindred words, the same expressions, ere we know it, are leaping from our lips which but a moment before were ringing in our ears.

But, Mr. Mayor, I will not sit down without thanking you for this glorious reception. When your summons reached us in New York we hailed it with delight—our hearts beat warm at the very thought of coming home again—to our boyhood's home! where we first tasted the sweet pleasures of existence—where our life plans had their beginning, and our ambition first plumed its wing. To come home, not alone, but with all the truants and wanderers of the family—to grasp the hands of old friends, companions and schoolmasters—to visit once more together the old haunts and play-places of youth,

“——— to memory so dear,
All rich with events of life's early career.”

To gather around us once more old familiar faces, to go back as it were, and with all our old mates to become boys again—to recall, and talk over the hopes and aspirations of youth with which we started in life together—to visit the old brick school-house, to sit down upon its steps, to loiter upon the green banks around it—to linger by the shores of old frog pond—frog pond that fills so large, so bright a space in our boyhood's history—to sit beneath the old echo tree, and to muse on those by-gone days whose memory is like the dying cadence of some sad, sweet tune. Yes, we wanted to see all the school-boys of our day, the “upper 'longers,” and the “downer 'longers,” as we used to call them—the boys that whipped us and the boys that we whipped—we wished to see him who stood first in school, and inquire if he maintained that position in the world—we wished to gaze on faces that we remembered only fresh and fair in the bloom of youth, curious to see how they looked as men. These and a thousand other kindred thoughts crowded upon us and made us impatient for the gathering.

Yes, Mr. Mayor, we were right glad to come home to the old town and meet our old townsmen. I say “town and townsmen,” for these sound more homelike and grateful to the ear. I do not forget you have become a city—nay, I am proud of it, I rejoice at it. Newburyport boys have no other feeling than that of pride and love for the old town. I repeat, sir, I am proud to see her a city; renewing again her old strength and glory. It is good to see her factories multiplying—her ship yards crowded—her machine shops like bee hives. While these speak of the industry and thrift of her people; her new churches and school houses springing up on every side tell of still higher and holier purposes and aims. They tell of the promulgation

of intelligence, morality and religion to all alike ; leaving no soul uncultivated, no talents undeveloped. You and I can remember the time when a deep slumber rested upon her for years, from which she seemingly never would awaken. Time was, when it seemed as if the patron-God of the merchant had frowned upon the place—as if in his anger he had set a curse upon her wharves, and with his serpent-twined wand had locked up all her store-houses, closed all her avenues of prosperity, and turned his back upon the place forever. No more business was done than barely sufficed to keep the people alive. Mechanics sought employment elsewhere—the young left school and hastened to the larger towns and cities—grass upon the wharves and in the streets, and wherever you turned stagnation and decay stared you in the face. But, thanks to God ! a change has come over the spirit of her long dream—her lethargy has passed, and she has once more taken up her march on the high road of improvement—and the voices of her laborers, the clang of her work-shops, the busy hum of her machinery, seem to mingle together in the harmonious song of progress and prosperity .

And do we not see a providence in all this ? Her young men whose enterprising spirit for so many years led them truants from home, carried with them energy, industry and talent—and what was the town's loss was our whole country's gain : for wherever they went they carried with them the good seed they had garnered here at home ; and by their wholesome influence, their example and teaching they have contributed no little to the advancement and prosperity of their adopted homes. It is not boasting to say that Newburyport boys are always first and foremost in their calling ; wherever they wander they are sure to make their mark, and that too a broad and bright one. I need not mention the names of her clergymen, her poets, her statesmen, her lawyers and physicians, which are familiar to us all, and a bright constellation of whom are now gathered within the sound of my voice ; but I will simply allude to New York as an illustration of what I have asserted.

It is estimated that there are about three hundred persons, natives of Newburyport, now resident in New York. Of this small number we can point to that venerable son of a noble sire, the Rev. Gardner Spring, who stands first among the clergy of his denomination—to the Rev. Dr. Tyng the acknowledged chief of the Episcopal diocese ; to the Hales, whose talents, industry and integrity, have founded one of the largest and most successful Mutual Insurance Companies in the world—to N. Bowditch Blunt, Esq., the present efficient District Attorney of New York—to Jacob Little, the Napoleon of Wall street—to Schoof the artist, whose productions are unrivalled—to Huse, the machinist, whose inventions rank him among the first of practical scientific men—and last, but not least, to that prince of landlords, Charles A. Stetson, Esq. Mr. Mayor, have I not named enough to satisfy you that the sons of Newburyport make no mean mark among their fellows ?

Once more, Mr Mayor, I thank you in behalf of the New York delegation for the handsome manner we have been entertained. We can never forget this day. We shall go home with hearts crowded with pleasant memories—

and if possible shall entertain more affection for the good old town, and the good old stock she has produced, than ever—we shall go back confident that although much of her energy and talent has been scattered broadcast through the land, there is abundance left yet, to keep up the old stock, and to preserve unsullied, unimpaired, her ancient glory and renown.

The Pen and the Press—Guided by wisdom and true patriotism, powerful engines in aid of a nation's prosperity—in the hands of unprincipled demagogues, infernal machines.

D. N. Haskell, Esq., editor of the Boston Transcript, responded.

The sentiment that I am called to respond to, expresses the idea which it contains, in language that has the directness of a cannon-ball. It affirms that the Pen and the Press are powerful agencies for good or for evil. The Pen has been called the silent mouth-piece of the mind, which gives ubiquity and permanence to the evanescent thought of a moment. The Press is the steam-engine of moral power in an intelligent community; and the liberty of the press is the true measure of all other liberty; for all freedom without this must be merely nominal. It is a singular circumstance, that a larger percentage of the Sons of Newburyport, resident in Boston, are connected with the press in various ways than are to be found in any other department of business. One of the number edits a daily morning paper, another a daily evening paper, a third one of the weeklies, besides others that are proprietors, reporters, amateur writers, or printers. Not to mention others still, whose ancestry resided here, or those whose children come to Newburyport to visit their grandmother on their *mother's* side.

When Isaiah Thomas, with whose name the press in this country is so closely identified, came to Newburyport some eighty years ago, to start 'The Essex Journal and Merrimack Packet, and New Hampshire General Advertiser,' he made an address to the citizens, which appeared as the first article in the first number. Allow me to quote a sentence from this address, which the paper states was printed 'opposite the Rev. Mr. Parsons' Meeting-House.' It reads thus: 'Many respectable Gentlemen, Friends to Literature, having expressed their earnest desire that a printing-office might be established in this populous town, the inhabitants in general being sensible of the great want thereof, and the patronage and assistance they have kindly promised to give, has encouraged me to procure the necessary apparatus for carrying on the printing business, and opening here, and animates me to hope that every public spirited gentleman in this and the places adjacent, will promote so useful an undertaking.'

The public spirited gentlemen of Newburyport responded to this appeal, and the printer was sustained. It may be of interest for me to state a fact furnished by my esteemed friend, the editor of the Newburyport Herald, that the editors of no less than ten newspapers in the United States are graduates from the Herald office. These persons, with others who have graduated at

your common schools, are scattered over the Union, and connected with the press, from Bangor on the east, to San Francisco on the west; from New Orleans on the south, to Oregon on the North. If they heed the lessons of their youth, and are true to the principles of their fathers, they guide both Pen and Press by wisdom and true patriotism, and make them powerful engines in aid of the prosperity of the nation.

The Pen and the Press! Who can estimate the full extent of their power, or take the exact gauge of their influence? The great gathering of this day and hour illustrates the power of the press, as by its agency these multitudes have been collected here from all sections of the country. And this double jubilee, this new method of joining to the ordinary celebration of National Independence, the novel feature of a home festival—thus adding much of the peculiar glory of Thanksgiving day to old John Adams's noisy mode of celebrating the Fourth of July—this is a new and striking illustration of the potency of the press, for it is the invention of a printer, and was conceived in the fertile brain of the fertile and genial man who indites the quaint sayings and fills the snuff box of the widow Ruth Partington.

The allusion in the sentiment to 'Infernal Machines,' reminds me of the effect of modern machinery in a printing-office. It has fairly driven out that personage formerly known as the 'Printer's Devil.' His occupation is gone—and those familiar with the phrases of the craft will understand me when I state, that since the devil was banished from the press-room, those two annoyances, 'Monks and Friars,' have rarely made their appearance on the sheets. If, therefore, those connected with the press show any indication that his Satanic majesty yet exerts an influence over them, it must be attributed to external agencies, and probably arises from the immense quantity of worthless contributions, some of them in bad grammar, and others filled with malignant personalities, which they receive continually, and which have the effect predicted by the Apostle, when he said that

" Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Let us hope that those who are connected by the Pen to the Press, may be guided by 'wisdom and true patriotism'—that the hands of 'unprincipled demagogues' may never, in New England at least, convert this powerful engine into an 'infernal machine.' Let us trust that all the Sons of Newburyport, that shall bear the labors, honors and responsibilities which belong to the editorial position, may adopt that glorious Essex county motto, written more than half a century ago for the Salem Register, by the late Judge Story :

" Here shall the Press the People's Rights maintain,
Unaw'd by Influence, and unbribed by Gain:
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty and Law."

It now appears that your city is soon to have a Public Library, and that the Pen and the Press are thus to exert a new influence upon your citizens. Books have been termed "the monuments of vanished minds," and a circu-

lating library pronounced "an evergreen tree of knowledge, which blossoms all the year." Allow me, Mr. Mayor, to congratulate you upon the fine auspices which this public institution now enjoys, and to express the hope that its permanent establishment will be commenced under your administration. The Pen and the Press can only have influence where the community is educated. As men rise in the social scale, and mental culture becomes universal, the printed word has added power, and the influence of the writer is increased. If a speaker addresses a thousand persons, he is said to have a large audience; but the editor, whose words go to thousands of homes, and reach tens of thousands of individuals, what a powerful engine does he wield, and when a man or woman writes a book, to what a throng of persons do they appeal!

My former relations to the honored Chairman of the Boston delegation, when I was his pupil in the town school here, during the time that he had for his assistant our absent friend, I mean the Hon. Albert Pike of Arkansas, together with the suggestions made to the mind by the continent to which I am responding, and the cherished associations of my boyhood, in connection with so many of these familiar faces that now meet my eye, and the remembrance of others whose memories are inscribed in marble in yonder cemetery, these things unite in inducing me to close my remarks with an allusion to the common schools of New England. The theme is an old one, but it is seemingly inexhaustible. In the establishment of the Common School, the fathers of New England atoned for their short-coming in many respects. The boy who has gone abroad from your town to seek his fortune, and to attain a position in society, if he took with him the best education your public school^s afforded, had a passport which would admit him to any station requiring knowledge and intelligence; and he was already on the high road to honorable place among his fellow-citizens. Sir, it must have been gratifying to the gentleman who has so eloquently and felicitously responded here in behalf of the returning Sons, to have his former pupils select him as their organ on this occasion; and sir, last night at early evening, had you been in yonder cemetery, you would have seen many pilgrims to the grave of the lamented PAGE, who turned from that monument, "erected by his pupils," with feelings of respect to the honored memory of their early friend and teacher. In conclusion, allow me to offer as a sentiment,

The Common Schools of New England—The 'peculiar institution' of our fathers; may the sons complete the educational system by adding public libraries for adults to public schools for children.

Edward H. Brainard, Esq., of Boston, was called upon, who gave an off-hand speech, which we feel is doing injustice to the speaker to attempt to report. It needs his voice and manner to give to each sentence that point and force imparted by

action. However, asking his indulgence, we have ventured to give it in substance :

MR. MAYOR—

After listening with great pleasure to the able and eloquent remarks of the gentlemen who have preceded me, and who have covered every point of interest, I feel embarrassed at being called upon to address you, fearing that anything I can say, will be like blowing one of those cent files with which the boys of yore were wont to discourse such unearthly strains, upon anniversaries of the day which we are here to celebrate; but the interest I feel in anything that relates to the home of my boyhood, must be my apology for tiring on this occasion.

Everything to-day seems bright and joyous; but arriving in town yesterday and meeting so few familiar faces, and when later in company of a friend we wandered among the graves of our ancestors and read so many of the memorials of those we once knew and honored, I could but exclaim, "It is here that we find our friends;" and amid the shadows cast by the descending sun across their graves, I sighed that I had not some magic power that I might call them up before you, that the light of their countenances might give us more joy than the recollection of their virtues and peculiarities.

The men of this place who were the companions of our grandmothers, possessed that strong individuality which bordered upon eccentricity—their personal appearance even, indicating their occupation; thus, the ministers looked like ministers, were clothed like ministers, talked and acted like ministers, and were never mistaken for anything but ministers, and had those strong peculiarities which caused the cloth to be held in so much respect in years gone by.

You remember one of this profession whose best portrait is found in those publications called books, (in hotels and drinking houses, although it is to be hoped that the rising generation do not read such literature) which are published in Milton, Mass. I suppose the town must be named for the man with whose pictures it has flooded the world; at any rate the name of the town and the Parson are synonymous; a painting of whose phiz by a skilful artist of our town was deemed comparatively valueless, as being a less correct representation of the original than the "Jack of Clubs" as drawn by Thomas Crehore, for while the likenesses of the face are very similar, yet Cole omits the breeches and shoe buckles which the Crehorean artist retains.

Mr. Mayor, I suppose it would be considered an insult to this moral city, for one to intimate that her chief magistrate ever played cards, but if you have ever happened in your travels to see a pack, you will bear me witness that I am correct in regard to the likeness.

Bless his memory! "I see him still," with his broad brimmed hat, his cut-away coat, his peculiar shaped waistcoat, which allowed in warm days a yard of linen to protrude in the form, and for the same purpose of a ventilator (a comfortable arrangement in a hot day,) with his fist in the gills of a man-

moth cod whose tail dragged in the dust, and whose weight caused him to linger on his way to crack jokes and spin yarns.

All who knew him will bear witness to his ready wit and genial spirit, his earnest eloquence, his zealous patriotism, his patience under trials, his warm sympathies and catholic liberality of opinion which thought a man might reach heaven without going through his church, and lastly, to his stentorian voice and independence of manner.

“ We no'er shall see his like again.”

Another member of the same profession was remarkable for his gentlemanly deportment and polite address, which caused him to be respected by all, though differing with him in theological opinions, of whom it is related that, when a Seabrook clam merchant gave him a spurious coin, returned it with the request, “ I shall be very much obliged to you, sir, if you will give me a four pence ha'penny upon which the pillars are a little more legible.”

I need hardly advert to the venerable clergyman, (Dr. Dana) who sits near you, and to whom so frequent allusion has been made to-day, except to state that he once told me I was a good boy, and I have always entertained a high opinion of his penetration; but there is one who is still performing active duty, whose originality of thought and fearlessness of expression, commend him to all lovers of back bone. I well remember that, about the time I was put into jacket and trowsers, of attending his church in company with an elder brother, and in his sermon that evening, he alluded in strong terms to the absence of the young married ladies from the services of the sanctuary, and although then unaware of his meaning, I have since very reluctantly concluded, that there were some in his parish who were not worthy successors of Joseph or Susannah.

There was the sexton of the same parish, that “ old, grey-headed chronicle,” whose familiarities with death seemed to give him a lease of life, unwilling to relinquish his post after fifty years service, whose prodigious “ beak” resembled the figure-head of a clipper ship, showing up the man as a lighthouse does the coast, creating a shadow seen at a greater distance than himself, and rendering him but an appendage.

Another “ sexton of the old school” whose out-works resembled his just mentioned, though upon a smaller scale, was remarkable among the boys for his enmity to the mechanical operations which were wont to be carried on during service, in the pews and seats in the rear of the singers, following up the young artizans with an unsleeping vigilance, and rendering comparatively insecure the office of Reed the tythingman, who with his long pole pointed in majesty before him, dozed the hours away, and let the boys alone.

I visited, this morning, my first and last school-teachers, the former a venerable lady who is still engaged, enriched with the results of forty-four years experience, in teaching the young ideas how to fire at B. C. and A. B. At the latter, the honorable gentleman who sits behind me, and whose praise is in the mouths of all who were benefitted by his instructions, but whom we do not think of so feelingly as we have reason to of another who taught school

at the south part of the (then) town, a part of whose system of instruction carried with it great weight. His mode of getting wit *in*, was similar to that of getting a cork *out* of a champagne bottle, which all who are not temperance men are aware, is by thumping on the bottom—of the bottle, consequently all his scholars remembered him feelingly when they sat down.—Physically, this mode of instruction had its advantages, enabling the recipient to despise the use of cushions, and to ride without a saddle. Notwithstanding the great love of learning and other things which this teacher displayed, he had a kind heart.

Another pedagogue who was located in another part of the town, practised a milder and peculiar mode of discipline, consisting merely in placing his finger to his nose, which act was construed as meaning, that, if the boys did not behave, they would smell something, but the scent was never ascertained.

And still another, long since dead, whose most terrible punishment consisted in sending the offender to borrow Master Wildes' ferule.

I might here allude, in connection with these men of literary labors, to those poets whose names have not been blazoned on the record of fame, but whose ready wit and local allusions, afforded a fund of amusement to the juveniles. One a pump and block maker, who could make a rhyme when he had—occasion. His works are so familiar to you that I need not quote from them, but pass on to the author of those beautiful lines, the scene of which is laid by the sea-side, where they catch fish and dig clams.

“Joppa for a little place,
I think has doctors many,
There's old aunt T. with her three sons,
Besides one doctor Cheney.

Cheney, 'tis said, has got some skill
In beasts both wild and tame;
But all the other doctors there,
An't worthy of the name.

One of the sons as I am told," &c., &c.

The least said about this poet the better. But there was another one who lived down in Water street, who evinced decided talent—the author of

“Some time ago as you must know,
We had a botheration;
The people came to Silver lane
To see the dedication.
A pedlar came – S. was his name,
In hopes to sell his stores,
With joyful heart, he set his cart
Just opposite the doors, &c., &c.”

I have also in my pocket some lines alluding to the truckmen, written by whom I hope is here to-day, of equal merit to those already read; and I

am reminded by them of the Kezers, Curriers, Beans, Gilmans, Pages and Jaques of that occupation, all of whom were willing to give a boy a ride on the tail of their trucks, but I particularly remember with pleasure a kind-hearted man who drove the horse "Labrador," whose potato bin used to suffer when, in stormy weather we were obliged to carry our dinners to school. As I passed by his house last night, I involuntarily doffed my hat in remembrance of the roast potatoes, and regretted that he were not still living that I might thank him in person.

Near the same locality, (Guinea) lived the race of colored men now nearly extinct, whose little darkeys used to show us the white of their eyes and teeth, and when children of larger growth attended the public schools, one of whom sat by my side, whose success in after life has demonstrated the fact, that a black skin is not always "fatal." There was "Uncle Tite Pickering" too, who owned a prodigious bull's eye watch that went when it was carried, and whose big peepers, which were a match in size with the old chronometer, used to be about, lest some urchin whose cow was the other side Jordan, should take one of the male cows from the pen, to ride after her—these animals from training being very docile, made very comfortable if not speedy nags—a ride being desirable not only for ease, but as a means of avoiding the blood suckers in the slough, who held on like a curb stone broker and stretch a couple of yards or so before they would give up.

Who does not remember those old maids who sold cocoa nut and tamarinds by the cent's worth, and long sticks of candy with nubs size of a decent fist, so large indeed that it was a matter of doubt whether they bought the molasses or got it somewhere else; and also those ancient dames who brought berries and herbs from Dogtown, driving twenty-shilling nags that were never known to trot.

Time would fail should I allude at length to the inhabitants of Oldtown, West Newbury, Piffershire, Salisbury and Seabrook, whose locality was as well known by their looks as a Jersey man by the mud on his boots. You remember all about them, and even in our own town such were the marked characteristics of families and localities that one could seem to designate the locality and name of an individual by his personal appearance. Thus, do you see that man standing against the post in front of me; he is unknown to me, but I feel sure his name is P——, because he has a strong P—— look. He laughs;—I am right, and I think I could designate many more in the same manner.

But I fear I am wearying your patience, and in conclusion would express a heartfelt and abiding interest in all that concerns the welfare and prosperity of our old mother, Newburyport, and I but reiterate the sentiments of every loyal son of her when I say, that whatever of worldly prosperity, whatever of social, political, moral or religious influence we may have acquired, is owing to the intellectual, moral and social advantages which she conferred upon us; and we rejoice that the area of these good deeds of hers is now expanded; we do not want her fenced in as does the Reverend gentleman from Bangor,

having no fear that her virtue is in danger, but that she is able to counteract all designs upon it, and that when her arms embrace these children of her adoption she is able to bestow upon them the same nursing care and the same inestimable privileges for which we come here to-day to thank her.

Allusions have been made relative to the importance of the preservation of the Union of the United States, and believing that love of freedom, and not slavery, reverence for the laws of God as revealed in his word, love of order, and obedience to *constitutional* enactments, form the cement of the Union, and that not clam shells and tar, but a mutual regard for the rights of each section of this new city, and above all, that the stern regard for the great principles of morals, religion, and intellectual culture, which actuated our fathers, must constitute the bond of union between this old town and the adjacent parishes, and give her such a degree of prosperity and influence among the cities of the land, that every son filled with enthusiasm at the mention of her name and fame, may point to himself with pride, and say—

“ This man was born in her.”

I give you, therefore—

Joppa and Belleville—Their Union, it must be preserved.

Philip K. Hills, Esq. was called upon, but declined speaking, and offered the following sentiment:

The Sons—They cannot better compliment the *fathers* than by becoming such. They cannot find better material for mothers than among the daughters.

Maine--Her enterprise has not exhausted her resources.

John S. Sayward, Esq. editor of the Bangor Whig and Courier, responded to this sentiment:

MR. MAYOR—

The lateness of the hour, the numerous eloquent addresses to which you have listened with so much pleasure, and the hard tasks which the prolonged and exhausting services of the day have imposed upon you, cause me to feel greatly embarrassed in responding to the sentiment for my adopted State, and in whose honor and welfare I feel a deep and abiding interest. You have listened to-day to the orators of whom you are so justly proud—men of high culture in your public institutions of learning, and whose words pass any where as current coin. I claim no title to such honor and confidence, but must submit every thought to be weighed in the balance, and to pass for only what the test may prove it to be worth. I represent the ocean masses of those whose lot was cast amidst the difficulties and discouragements of poverty, and whom a private, and I may almost say, a public necessity, made it necessary that they should leave the home circle of family and town, and go forth to labor with their hands in the battle and struggle of life. But I

feel a lively interest in the State of Maine, and since your partiality has solicited me from among more gifted sons of Newburyport, to speak in her behalf, I will trust to the heart to answer, where the head may fail to suggest.

Your sentiment, sir, is right, in saying that the enterprise of the citizens of Maine has not exhausted her resources. Indeed, so far from this is the fact, that it may in truth be said, that the great natural resources and business capabilities of the State, in their abundance and variety, serve to quicken the enterprise of her citizens and to invite the attention of skilful, industrious and sagacious men of other States and communities. Maine has a treasure of natural wealth upon the surface of her soil, accessible by numerous and noble rivers and streams and lakes; while her mineral and other resources of art and commerce are thickly scattered over the State, and their unfolding has but just commenced.

Maine has stood, and still stands, with open arms to give a cordial greeting to citizens of other States. She has selected many able men in all the departments of learning, and given them honorable employment, and thus received them as her own citizens. Among these, of men who are an honor to the professions and to the race, may be found many sons of Newburyport.

Our orator to-day, while dwelling with so much eloquence and force upon the men and the influence which Newburyport has sent out into the world, referred to the moral and educational elements which early brought into activity by our fathers, and which all along have marked the path of her history. There has long been a potent influence exerted in the family circle and at the domestic hearth-stone. It has ever been a part of the social life and home religion of Newburyport mothers to implant in the minds and hearts of their sons and their daughters the principles of honor, sobriety and chastity, and to furnish them with motives of an honorable ambition to make their mark in the world, and to feel that upon their conduct, in some measure, rested the honor of the place of their birth and the homes of their childhood and youth.

This home culture in moral principles and in personal honor and ambition, has been met with a new and corresponding force, in the excellent character and activities of the public schools. These schools have long since brought honor to the town, and been esteemed as among her rarest and richest gems. However adverse may have been the general social state of the people, the influence of the public schools has been eminently and uniformly in favor of the idea of an essential, original equality among mankind.

Under these circumstances many sons of Newburyport have been sent forth from the humblest dwellings of the poor, with no treasures for a reliance but the treasures of mind, with a discipline already began, a heart unstained with love of evil, a mother's faithful teachings and prayers, and the Bible tied in the bundle containing the wardrobe. They have gone out into the world, to meet its battle and its strife, nerved most strongly in the severest conflicts, with the thought that a fond mother at home might be gladdened

with their success, or pained at their defeat, or die at their disgrace. And wherever Newburyport boys have thus gone, they have made their mark, and acquired a good name and exerted a good influence. They have labored often amidst discouragements and difficulties, and found it hard to creep, where others, from superior advantages, could easily run; but nerved to the purpose and motive so often and so strongly impressed upon Newburyport boys to be something, whatever their calling and however hard the conditions, they succeeded in improving their lot, in establishing an influence—generally a good influence—among men, and sometimes to cause their deeds to be honorably known beyond the limits of their acquaintances, and their good name to be cherished in their old town, by those who had never seen them.

There is something hopeful and cheering in this to the young men of our times. It has ceased to be a necessity for a man to be a warrior or connected with the professions in order to distinguish himself. The world is full of want, and every true hearted man may serve a use among men. The demand is more and more for the practical men, they of the directing head and the skilful hand. For the reliable shipbuilder, the able mechanic, the thorough workman in all branches of labor and art, the capital of the world is seeking. These are the men most needed; and the activities of the world in material and mechanical contrivances—in the union of science and art, will cause the demand to increase, and the reward enlarged, until the engineer shall become the hero of the not distant future of our country and our age, and receive the richest material reward, because requiring the largest abilities. There is a bright hope then in the future, to the poor boys of Newburyport and of the country, in the present shaping of the public mind. The intelligent laborer, with a head enlightened by science, and hands made skilful by art, does not now, and will still less in the future, be compelled to kneel at the foot of capital to be furnished with work, for capital now eagerly seeks for such men, and is glad when it has secured their services on terms of an equitable division of the profits.

The boys, then, that are now in the ship-yards and mechanic shops, in the mills, and on board your vessels, have the encouragement offered them to task all their energies for the new condition of things. Labor has at length come to be honored in our country, and the laborer to be met on terms of equality and to receive the respect due to men who are engaged in performing the highest uses to mankind.

Did time admit, and your patience allow, I should be glad to lead you forward to a special contemplation of the probable unfoldings of the future; but I must close.

A word however may be due to the State of my adoption, suggested by the sentiment you have offered to her. Maine is eminently a working State, with a population enlightened, moral and patriotic. Her great interests are intimately connected with the peace, welfare, and prosperity of the whole country. Her interests and feelings, her opinions and actions, are a fact and a prophecy of the whole people; at least the industrial and business people

of the free States, and of that prophetic and hopeful future to the individual sons of toil. Her position to-day, and the progress of her people prophesy and prove that in the not distant future, the hod carrier and the ship-owner—the mechanic and the professional man—the clam digger and the merchant, and men of all colors and professions—the lowly and the lofty, shall meet in fraternal intercourse, united by a common bond of equality, and enjoying the blessings of a common culture, and animated by the same hopes, and seeking the same great ends—the uplifting and improvement of the race. I have an abiding confidence in the future for man, for labor and for my country. But my hopes for the success of my country in her, as yet, experiment for promoting liberty, and for her progress and her glory, is not in the fact that reckless and ambitious men may try their hazardous experiments upon her honor and strength, or in changing her general direction towards the point of freedom, but rather in the intelligence, right-heartedness, and patriotism of the masses of the people, who having only honest ends to accomplish, shall labor to establish the government upon the everlasting foundations of right, of truth, and moral principles, and who, when bad men attempt experiments of evil, shall resolve in their inmost souls that the evil shall be overcome by good—by their own resolve to do and to determine what shall be done.

Old Newbury.

Joshua Coffin, Esq., of Newbury, spoke in substance as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT—

On an occasion like the present, when memory with its reminiscences and the heart with its affections are laboring for utterance, it is exceedingly difficult, nay impossible to select what is appropriate, and condense it into a sufficiently narrow compass. The poet, who was required to express his sentiments

“ In twelve packed lines, rich, luscious, juicy, sweet,
No bone or trimmings, nothing there but meat,”

could not possibly have succeeded, had his theme been “ Old Newbury.”—He would have said in the language of Scotland’s favorite bard,

“ Oh how that name in pires my style,
My words come skelpin rank and file,
Almost before I ke ;
The ready measure runs as fine,
As Phœbus and the tuneful Nine,
Were glowing o’er my pen.”

He would have needed the power to compress an ocean of matter in a drop of words. But what can I do, who have not that power? I find myself somewhat in the situation of the celebrated shipwright who built the frigate Alliance, in the Revolutionary war. On reviewing a treatise that he

had written on naval architecture he was so dissatisfied with the work that he tore out leaf after leaf till nothing was left but the index. 'That, gentlemen, is just my case. I have nothing left but the index, and I can give you only an abstract of that. But what is there in Old Newbury that is so suggestive and inspiring? It is the place of our nativity. It is the place of our boyish days, and is associated with all our earliest recollections. In one word, which is the most comprehensive in any language, it is or was our "home." Of this brighter, sweeter spot than all the rest, all of us who have ever left it can say

"Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee."

There are other reasons also which strengthen our love of home. We are descended from an ancestry of whose names and deeds we are not ashamed, who have left behind them enduring memorials of their sagacity, their fortitude and their moral worth; and we are this day assembled to pay due homage to the memory of those who in the times that tried men's souls, either in the struggles of their colonial dependence or in the later days of the Revolution, were tried and not found wanting. When in addition to all these considerations, we add that some of the most beautiful scenery to be found anywhere, is within the limits of Old Newbury, who can wonder at our peculiar love of home? Good old Judge Sewall, who spent his early days in Newbury, till he removed, as many of those whom I see around me have done for a wider sphere of usefulness, in Boston, who was a diligent student of the prophecies, expressed it as his opinion that the millennium would commence somewhere in the vicinity of Old Town Meeting House. I used to think such an opinion a strange one, but I should not now so much wonder if after all the old gentleman was correct. His father was one of the founders and first settlers of Old Newbury, who were a remarkable race of men, of great mental and physical energy; of a faith that would remove mountains, and of a practice corresponding to their belief; and however the winds might blow or the storm beat on their devoted heads, they, in the language of Cromwell, put their trust in God and kept their powder dry. And while Milton, and Sydney, and Russell, and Bunyan, and Hampden were battling the tyrannies of the old world, were doing in another form an equally effective service in this wilderness of the new. God, says Gov. Slaughter, sifted three nations to bring some of the finest wheat into New England. That some of the choicest of that wheat was sown broadcast in Old Newbury, we have abundant evidence, not only from what has been, but what now is. We have the evidence all around us. Grapes do not grow on thorn bushes, nor figs on Canada thistles. Of the ninety-one grantees of this ancient and beautiful town, from whom it received its character and who shaped its destiny, nearly every one could read and write. They therefore felt themselves competent to judge for themselves, and believing that the Bible and the Bible only was their rule of faith and practice, they swept away with one dash of the pen every holiday from their calendar with the exception of

the Sabbath, which was to them emphatically a holy day, a day of sacred rest, an entire cessation from sport as well as labor. Everything that looked like popery was to them an abomination, and things in themselves trifling became important in connection with other things. Thus, for instance, long hair was not to be endured. It was mentioned in wills; laws were enacted against wearing the hair in the manner of ruffians and barbarous Indians; and in one of the town records of this county we find this record: "Samuel Getchell is fined £10 for building a house on the town land without permission, but "in case" he cut off the long hair of his head into a civil frame he is to be forgiven £5, and in the meantime he may go on with his house." These, however, were trifles in comparison with the great and varied excellencies of their character. A single instance of the firmness and decision as well as the gentleness of their character, deserves honorable mention, and with this I conclude.

Having arrived on the banks of the river Quascacunquen, they assembled under the spreading branches of a majestic oak, and having entered into covenant with each other, and then chose the Rev. Thomas Parker to be their ruling elder; after hearing an exposition of his views in respect to church government, they entered into a solemn covenant and compact with Messrs Parker and Noyes to be their teacher and pastor. Believing that every church had a right to choose their own spiritual guides, it follows as an absolute necessity, that every man should know how to read the Bible. They had no faith in the dogma that "ignorance is the mother of devotion, and that the efficacy of laws depended on their not being understood." Free schools, therefore, have been everywhere established, and are the pride and glory of New England. Our fathers chose their spiritual guides somewhat after the manner of the ancient Spartans in choosing their rulers. "We that are as good as you, choose you to be our king; if you use us well, we will use you well; and if not, not." One of these "nots," which can neither be untied nor cut, was made by Mr Parker in about ten years after his settlement, by a change of views respecting church government. They adhered to the original compact, that he should be *primas inter pares*. He, on the other hand, was determined to be *primas*. Both parties were unyielding and uncompromising. The word compromise was not in their vocabulary. The church accordingly wrote him a letter, in which among other things they say, "we are enforced, though with great grief of heart, to suspend you from acting anything that doth appertain to your office,—and in the mean time, as a 'gifted brother,' you may preach for the edification of the church, if you please." He was pleased to preach, and they were pleased to hear, regularly attended public worship for twenty-five years, and regularly paid him his salary, held him in high esteem, and after his death ordered the river Quascacunquen to be called the river Parker, in remembrance of the worthy, learned and reverend Mr. Thomas Parker. Here was a remarkable instance of mildness and firmness, which, unless I greatly mistake, has been one of the predominant traits in the character of their descendants, to the present day. The next "not" which

came in their way, was the usurpation of Andros, which they untied by seizing and sending him to England. The last "not" was a gordian one, which the whole country distinctly intimated their purpose to cut on July 4th, 1776. One consequence of this declaration, is the present assemblage, who have come once more to visit the homes of their childhood, and do honor to the memory of their fathers. In the name, therefore, of old Newbury, and of all the associations that cluster around that time-honored name, I bid you all welcome thrice, to this green oasis in the world-wide wilderness. I close with the following sentiment :

Old Newbury, with her two Blooming Daughters, Port and West—In interest and affection, now and forever, one and inseparable.

Rev. Paul Couch, of North Bridgewater, Mass., was next called upon and spoke as follows :

MR. MAYOR—

Indulge me one moment. Forty years ago I attended the public school kept by Dea. Long, or as we called him, Master Long. One of the quaint usages of the eccentric disciplinarian was to resolve the whole school into a committee of vigilance, under the general instruction "to seize a talker, and go." Now I do not intend at this late hour to incur the risk of being seized as a talker but I wish, in the briefest manner, to give utterance to feelings which it is hard to suppress, at this time and in this place.

Your note of invitation to the sons and daughters of Newburyport, scattered to the four winds, to come home to a family festival on the fourth of July, I read with gladness of boyhood revived, and in the fulness of crowding recollections, and gushing feelings, I said, I will go up to that feast. One of my strongest desires was that of ascertaining what meaning you would give to the fourth of July; to learn by observation and sympathy what interpretation you would give to the declaration of independence; to learn whether at this ominous hour Newburyport was right side up, careening, or capsized.

Within the first two hours after my arrival, happening in conversation with an old acquaintance, to allude to the subject which just now takes the lead of all others, I was confounded, saddened, (not to say maddened) to hear the avowal that the late act of Congress, which is a violation of public faith and honor, and opens wide territories to the curse and blight of slavery, would be sustained by a majority of your citizens. I instantly replied, it can't be so; if I believed it weret I should take the next train of cars and be off.

Mr. Mayor, I did not believe the words of my friend. I considered them, in meaning, though not in design, an aspersion on the fair fame of my native town.

I do not, I cannot believe such words. Were conviction of their truth forced upon me, I would turn in sadness from the home of my boyhood, the scenes of early joys and privileges, and trials and hopes, from the graves of my parents, (seeking other dust to cover mine) and in deepest sorrow and

solemnity of spirit, I would go forth from your city, shaking the dust from my feet as a testimony against you. But, Mr. Mayor, that cannot be; Newburyport, true to herself, will be steadfast in defence of freedom, justice and humanity.

The following speeches were prepared for the occasion, by those who were to represent various delegations and bodies, but the lateness of the hour prevented the reading of the regular toasts, in response to which the gentlemen were to speak. By particular request of the Committee on Publication, those gentlemen have kindly furnished us with a copy of their anticipated remarks, which are here inserted to complete the feast of intellect intended to be enjoyed.

The Citizen Soldiery—The safeguard of our liberties.

Speech of the Hon. Ebenezer Bradbury, of Auburndale, formerly commander of the Newburyport Artillery Company, which position he filled upon the reappearance of that corps on this occasion.

OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS—

The sentiment just announced is suggestive of topics commonly forming the warp and woof of Fourth of July speeches. To such a sentiment, a response could be given, exceedingly general, or particular and studied. My privilege to respond is a compliment to the position assigned to me on this occasion, by my old military comrades, and I think I do not misinterpret their views, in substituting, in some degree, the *concrete* for the *abstract*, the historic for the speculative. I am quite inclined to adopt the sentiment, and follow the example of our reverend fellow townsman, now of Bangor. To study for a speech on such an occasion is like exercising in attitude and gesture preliminary to a filial visit to the paternal homestead. This, of all occasions, is one surely for congratulation, for friendly interchanges, for the revival of fading reminiscences, and the indulgence of local pride and affection.

Who covets disquisitions on the idea of the *citizen soldier*? To be a citizen is one thing, to be a soldier is another, and the easier. And then, too, if every

body was a *good citizen* we should need no soldiers, and that fact casts a shadow on this topic. And besides, in discussing this compound character, we are in danger of landing on debatable ground. The economist deems it an expensive mode of defending the right, and the scientific professional warrior deems it an inefficient mode. Models of intrepid patriotism, and military excellence, from provincial and pure revolutionary history, could be arrayed before you. But who would listen to the question, whether Miles Standish acquired tactics in the armies of James, or on the heaths of James' native land, amid the clansmen of the highlands? Of what value is the question whether Gates, trained in the regular camp, or Green, from the militia parade, were the greatest generals? And later wars are pregnant with questions not to be discussed, as to the best *personnel* of armies.

We came here to-day as soldiers from a long furlough of a quarter of a century, to parade ourselves as models of "citizen soldiers," who in their day, and in this day, present fair illustrations of the meaning of the character complimented in the toast. This corps, enjoying the honored historic name of the "Newburyport Artillery Company," commenced its career during the Revolution, and volunteered, with full ranks, to serve under Lafayette in the Rhode Island expedition. It has from that day to this been a school of patriotism, of public spirit, of social order, and often of military science. It has ever been composed of men who knew their rights, and dared maintain them. From its ranks many have been called, by popular suffrage, into civil service, presumptively proving a partial title at least to the honor of the appellation of "citizen soldiers."

The gratification afforded in this re-assembling of old associates from various districts of the country, has been, to them, greatly heightened by witnessing the beautiful and disciplined condition of their successors, the present corps who have so well performed your escort duty to day. May they never see a darker day, and may they, as have their predecessors in all past time, deem all their tactics, and training, and sacrifices, as instrumental and subordinate to the great purpose of securing the civil rights of the community of which they form a part.

New Hampshire—The fame of her statesmen as everlasting as her granite hills.

Speech of Hon. Abner Greenleaf, the first Mayor of Portsmouth, N. H. in behalf of the Portsmouth delegation.

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN—

The annual return of this day, even under ordinary circumstances, is of itself deeply interesting to every American, and always tends to awaken the most ardent patriotic feelings. The anniversary of an event by which the old thirteen United States or Colonies became free and independent sovereignties, can never recur to an American heart without calling forth some of the

noblest sentiments of national pride. We naturally, on these occasions, look back to the facts and circumstances that were instrumental in bringing about this state of things, and especially to that Declaration of Independence which so signally marked that great event, and which appears on record as the first page of our national history. It is now, and has been, from time-honored usage, the practice, on the return of this anniversary, to read that Declaration, containing as it does the bill of wrongs and oppressions that gave the impetus to our separation from the parent country, but not because we are still harboring or cherishing in our bosoms an old grudge against the people of that nation to which the States of North America were once subject. We can have no personal animosity now to cherish—certainly not against the people of Great Britain in those times, for that generation has long since passed to its last account; nor can we be disposed to transfer to the present generation of Englishmen any hereditary national malevolence that may have been entertained by our progenitors against the past, for that would be visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children; but we now annually recur to that instrument as an item of the deepest interest in our early history, inasmuch as it defines the causes that impelled our fathers to the separation—shows that our cause was just, and exhibits to the world the fairness of our origin as a people.

It was happily remarked by a cogent and powerful writer of our Revolution, that “never had a country so many openings to happiness as this. Her setting out in life, like the rising of a fair morning, was unclouded and promising. Her cause was good. Her principles just and liberal. Her temper serene and firm. Her conduct regulated by the nicest steps, and everything about her wore the mark of honor. It is not every country, perhaps there is not another in the world, that can boast so fair an origin. Even the first settlement of America corresponds with the character of the Revolution. Rome, once the proud mistress of the universe, was originally a band of ruffians. Plunder and rapine made her rich, and the oppression of millions made her great. But America needs never be ashamed to tell her birth, nor relate the stages by which she rose to empire.”

Such was the true and faithful delineation of our position and national character, drawn by a master spirit of our Revolution, at the close of the great struggle for independence, and at the very moment when “the times that tried men’s souls” were over, and the tumult of war had given place to the tranquility of peace. And now, after a lapse of more than three score years and ten, we trust we may safely felicitate ourselves in looking back on the intervening pages of our history, without a pang of regret to mar the fair fame that was then so nobly won. This of itself, as I have already intimated, is a cause of joy and festivity on the annual return of this day, under any and *all* circumstances. But the present occasion, to this numerous assemblage, is of far more than ordinary interest—made so by the return of so many of the sons and daughters of Newbury and Newburyport to the spot of their nativity, from which they have, many of them for a long period of time, been volun-

tary exiles, to join with you in celebrating the nativity of their country's birth on the spot where they first inhaled the atmosphere of freedom. There is a peculiar charm in revisiting the place of one's nativity, however humble it may be, that has a strong hold on every heart; for there we imbibe impressions that endure through life, and to which we are wont to recur with a lively satisfaction and even reverence. How touchingly and beautifully has one of our poets alluded to this innate attachment to the loved scenery of our early homes.

“ How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew.”

Sir, we have abundant evidence to-day of the universality of this feeling, in the present demonstration of the sons and daughters of this ancient town, who with so great a rush, have responded to the invitation of your city authorities, to revisit the scenes of their nativity and early life—to roam through your regularly laid out streets—to view once more your public buildings—your picturesque landscapes—the Frog Pond and Mall—the shores of the Merrimack—to visit perhaps Black Rocks, where we used to fish for “tom cods,” and the sandy, sea-beaten shores of Plum Island, where, long before a bridge across Plum Island river was thought of, we used to make our periodical excursions, picking beach plums, gathering broom stuff to make Plum Island brooms, with which the girls would sweep and streak our sanded floors, (for there were comparatively few carpeted floors in those days,)—there too we would shoot plovers and snipes, and roll down the steep sand hills. Finally, to look once more upon your verdant hills and valleys and all the fine scenery around you, not forgetting the old Common Pasture where we used to drive our cows; and above all, sir, to take by the hand their fathers, their mothers, their sisters, and their brothers, and all their early associates and connections, to indulge once more in the luxury of mutual greetings, and join in the rejoicings and festivities of our country's natal day. This, my friends, is an occasion that reaches every family, every heart. I know something of this from a similar gathering at my adopted city, on the anniversary of Independence, one year since, and I doubt if an occasion had ever before occurred in that city, that imparted to the hearts of our community an equal amount of joy.

Sir, I repeat, the place of our birth, has, I believe, strong attractions for all hearts; and those who leave it, whether for permanent residences abroad, or only for a time, still love it, like “the old arm chair” of their mothers. Our sons travel abroad and locate themselves in distant cities, not always because they like them better than the place of their nativity, but oftener for purposes of gain. They think, perhaps, they can accumulate more property elsewhere, and no doubt many of them do; but their hearts untravelled, still, at intervals, return to their native home. Some leave their birth-place only for a season, not intending to locate abroad. Such are your weather-beaten

mariners; they cross every ocean—every sea—sail to all parts of the world—wend their way up every river, but leave their wives and all their loved ones at the old home. They only go to sea to increase their means—“to make the crown a pound,” and the “crown and the pound are both for” their “sweet-hearts and wives” at home.

It has sometimes been said of Portsmouth, my adopted city, that though it confessedly owes much to the handicraft of nature, it owes little to the enterprising efforts of its inhabitants in the improvements of art, and that hence its population has comparatively increased but slowly, and I do not know but some such remark has at particular times been applied to this city. I had supposed, however, that in the race of business and improvements, we were getting along about alike, in a safe, business-like, quiet way, and pretty much upon home capital. I have heard the remark from old sailors, that those who make the most spattering in the water with their oars, are not always making the best headway. I think, on the whole, if I may judge from a general view, you are doing well; not always taking it for granted that improvement consists in a mere change of things; and as to the increase of population, I trust that, like Portsmouth, you are not so much indebted as many other cities, to a current of foreign immigration, setting in upon your shores like the mountain torrent, threatening to overwhelm you—and it is doubtful if you would be the happier for such an influx. You nevertheless appear to be progressing, increasing your population steadily, step by step—mostly in the old fashioned way, perhaps—but American mothers, God bless them, are the best mothers in the world; and from the specimens afforded in the delegation from your sons abroad, now come back to greet you, we have a pretty plain demonstration of the goodly numbers of your progeny that have from time to time swarmed from the old hive. I have been thinking, since I have seen them pouring in upon you in such large numbers, that there would have been no lack of population if all had remained at home.

But it is more than questionable after all, whether it ought to be deemed a matter of complaint or regret that our sons go abroad, though I have often thought if they would make the same effort, and submit to the same privations at home as they necessarily do abroad, they might often do quite as well at home, and enjoy quite as much of life; but there is a proper time for them to enter upon the stage life, and assume, among the people of the earth, their appropriate station as men and citizens, and if they go abroad they sometimes better their condition; at all events they better learn to rely upon their own energies. I speak now, not as a son, but as a father, for being an old man it is in that relation that I can best assimilate my own feelings with yours. It is true that if our sons leave their parental roof and go forth upon the wide world, we are ever anxious for their welfare, and often brood over numerous imaginary ills, that we are apprehensive may lie in wait to cut off their enjoyment of life and mar their prosperity, (and to our sorrow, such apprehensions are not always groundless.) Yet, the joy in which we luxuriate on their occasional return to us, is one of the great “sweeteners of life,”

and seems to make ample amends for the anxious hours we have passed in their absence. Why, sir, even the prodigal son, especially when resolutely bent on amendment of life, finds a warm welcome in the home of his childhood; the parental bosom nurses no "accusing spirit" to frown on his approach,—compassion alone bears sway—the father even runs and falls on the neck of the repentant son—they embrace—heart beats to heart,—a tear is dropped upon the record of his errors—they are blotted out forever,—wiped away as with a sponge, and remembered no more against him. Even the best robe is ordered to be brought forth,—the fatted calf is killed, and joy and festivity resound among the inmates of the old domicile. Indeed, the pangs and regrets of parting with our friends are in themselves sources of heartfelt felicity—they do but prepare the way for the alternate joys of meeting, and both are but specimens of the alternate lights and shadows of which this life is made up, and which are in fact necessary to complete the picture; for, if there were no shadows, we would not appreciate the light. How, for instance, could we have realized the joy of this great jubilee, this heartfelt greeting, if we had never parted? Despairingly, indeed, might we look upon the "black lettered list" of "ills that flesh is heir to," were it not that the "kind relenting angel," in making it up, has "slipped in," here and there, a "blessing." How consoling then the thought, that, amid tears of sorrow, tears of regret and tears of woe, we are sometimes also permitted to indulge in dropping a tear of joy.

Sir, I ought not to take up the time of this numerous auditory in speaking of myself, although Cicero, in his discourse on old age, which he puts into the mouth of the elder Cato, tells us that it is the peculiar privilege of old men to talk of themselves. But, sir, allow me to say that this scene of festivity is to me, in a peculiar manner, a sort of jubilee, not to be viewed in the light of a common festival, but to some extent like the solemn festival of the ancient Hebrews, that was kept every fiftieth year; for, in a few months, if my life be spared, I will have entered on the fiftieth year since I left this place of my nativity, to take up my abode in a neighboring city. I was then a young man of twenty-one. Hence, in that city, I can look back on the scenes of my early manhood, there I commenced my duties as the head of a family. There I have reared and brought up children. There a portion of them rest in their last sleep, and although much the larger portion of the remainder of my progeny are located in distant cities, I must be presumed to have strong attachments to the city of my adoption, and having lived a citizen of "Old Strawberry Bank" for a term verging upon half of a century, I begin to think I may almost claim the consideration of a native.

But to this, my native town, though my attachments are of course of a different character, they are nevertheless strong. Sir, my heart is large enough for both. Here the general ancestor of my family first located himself and his family with him, some two hundred and twenty years ago, as emigrants from the county of Devonshire, in England. They were of the

sect of Protestants in France, contemptuously termed Huguenots, who fled to England to escape persecution, and finally emigrated to this country and located themselves in Newbury, (now Newburyport) in or about the year 1635. So says the tradition which I have often heard repeated by my honored grandmother, and so says the historian who has compiled and is about publishing (or has published) a genealogical history of the family. I have already alluded to the luxury of mutual greetings between the sons of Newburyport and their fathers, their mothers, their sisters and brothers, and all their early associations; and I most heartily rejoice in the occasion. But alas, sir, although I am a son of Newburyport, I have no father, no mother, no sister, no brother now, to take by the hand. I am the only survivor of twelve children of the same father, and I find there are few left among other connections of my generation, and few of my early associates and friends. There was a time, sir, when I thought I knew and could call by name nearly every family man in this place, and of course most of the boys; but now there is not one probably in a hundred with whom I have had the pleasure of an acquaintance. Yet here I love occasionally to return, to roam through your city and its environs,—to view the scenes of my infant days,—more particularly among those localities which have most retained the aspect of former times,—to look upon the house in which I was born, erected by my honored father, and in which my excellent mother died, too early, alas, for me to recollect her, but of whom I have heard so much, that the sight of this unpretending mansion ever calls forth emotions of filial reverence and veneration. Honor thy father and thy mother is said to be the first commandment with promise, but where is the son or the daughter claiming the respect of society, who does not esteem it among the higher order of privileges, to love the immediate authors of their being, while living, and to reverence their memories when no more.

But as a large portion of my associates and connections here, of my generation, have passed to their long home, I have only the melancholy pleasure of re-visiting their graves. Yet even then I find subjects of contemplation, that are neither unpleasant nor unprofitable. I have nevertheless, on this occasion, met with a goodly number of old acquaintances, still residents of this city, with whom I have been happy to meet, and others, who, like myself, have been long abroad, some living at a great distance, with whom I should probably never again have exchanged salutations, but for the peculiar occasion that has now drawn us together.

There is much more that I would like to say, for the variety of matter that I would deem applicable to this occasion, is by no means exhausted. I did intend to have given a few hasty sketches of some of the men who occupied prominent stations in your community, when I was young, and had, in fact, committed some of them to writing; but I am admonished that I have already extended my remarks beyond a reasonable length. I will, therefore, close by tendering my thanks, both in behalf of myself and my colleagues composing the delegation from Portsmouth, for the invitation you have

extended to us, in common with your sons from the various cities throughout the Union, and for the cordial welcome with which we have been met—a welcome that has thrilled our hearts,—not because we have *seen* it written upon your banners—upon the borders of your streets, or upon your house-tops, but because we *feel* that it is more legibly written upon your hearts.

I now offer you the following sentiment :

The Citizens of Newburyport and their amiable Wives and Daughters—A community of a highly moral character—intelligent, well educated, liberal and hospitable ; may her prosperity and happiness ever attend them.

Virginia—The birth-place of the most distinguished son in our nation's history.

Speech of S. B. T. Caldwell, Esq., of Wheatland, Va. :

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF NEWBURYPORT—

Is it possible I stand here the sole representative of the good Old Dominion ? Is there no one here to respond to the sentiment just offered ? If so, I am sorry she is no more ably represented. Yet something must be said ; although it is not my intention to inflict a speech upon you, I must say something. I owe it to you, whose hospitality I enjoy—I owe it to myself and to my adopted state to say a word or two.

I claim not the high honor of being a native son of Newburyport—No ! I was born among the granite hills of New Hampshire, but much of my time was spent in this model town. It was here, with unfortunate “Master Coffin,” and your highly esteemed and much lamented Banister, that I passed pleasantly, and I trust profitably, the latter years of my boyhood. It was here that I first learned the great and important lesson of self-dependence, and it was here that I first felt the full force of that curse pronounced upon all the descendants of Adam, that I was to “eat my bread by the sweat of my brow.” I saw too, that this devoted town was withering, literally, under the seething effects of fire and sword. The fire of 1811 had crippled, and the war of '12 had prostrated, her commercial prosperity, and that there was then poor encouragement for a penniless dependent upon any profession or calling. But a change has come over the spirit of her dream.

With these facts before me, I left the loved home of my youth and wandered forth under the guidance of that superintending providence,

“Who sees with equal eyes as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.”

That Providence directed my footsteps into Virginia, and by a singular fatality kept me there and gave entirely a new direction to my business pursuits. For years I felt myself a temporary sojourner there. I did not like her political institutions, among other reasons, because she disfranchised me—did not allow me the poor privilege of voting, although she taxed me heavily. But I did like the salubrity of her climate—the fertility of her soil—the hospitality of her people, and the fascinating charms of at least *one* of her fair daughters.

But in 1830 it pleased the people of that state to revise their constitution, and by so doing they took me into full political communion; still many deserving citizens were without the pale of the constitution, and many glaring defects in their organic law still existed. In due time, after two decades, she again, in 1850, adopted another constitution, more republican in all its features—some think a *little* too much so. Under it, however, she is arousing from her lethargy—following the example of her sister states, by improving her fair domain—making her railroads and canals, and developing her almost inexhaustible resources. No state in this great and glorious confederacy possesses greater natural advantages than my good old step-mother. It is true she has her faults, and where is the community that has not. If left to herself she will correct them as readily as any other people. But

“With all her faults I love her still.”

I am proud of my native state, and rejoice in her prosperity. Proud of this, my *alma mater*, and rejoice to meet so many of her accomplished (not prodigal) sons to-day—proud of my adopted state, and rejoice to see her profiting by good examples; and proud that I stand before you a citizen of the American Union, feeling no prejudice—knowing no sectional interest. Proud of my country, my whole country, and nothing but my country. But my affections are centred in Virginia. In her bosom repose the ashes of my sainted mother, my beloved wife, and three of my affectionate children. Her soil is consecrated ground, and I see infused into her institutions a little more of that spirit which so signally marks the counsels of this and my native state, and which is the brightest gem on the fair escutcheon of this enchanting town—I mean that noble spirit which liberally provides for the education of your sons and your daughters by the diffusion of free schools among your thriving population, I should be prouder still.

Your town has been, time immemorial, proverbial for the excellence of her educational facilities, throwing the door of knowledge wide open to all your children, inviting them to enter and partake “without money and without price.” But not satisfied with that, your Putnam has raised a monument to his memory more lasting than granite, by establishing a school of high grade, which, if I understand aright, is open and free to the whole country. Would to God the whole union had free access to such schools. They are what makes Newburyport proud of her sons, and her sons proud of her. I will close by submitting the following sentiment:

Newburyport—Her churches and her school-houses are lasting monuments of her moral and mental culture; her physical and pecuniary abilities are seen all around and about us.

The Merchant and the Artisan—By whose enterprise and skill our cities are founded, our rivers dammed, earth's ocean traversed, and the desert made to bloom and bud like the rose.

Speech of Thomas Woodman, Esq., of the Lowell delegation.

MR. PRESIDENT—

There are heads fuller charged with acceptable thoughts than mine, and

better disciplined tongues to give them utterance among the small delegation from Lowell to-day, who might speak to the edification and interest of this large and intelligent group of children who are now assembled around the family table; but as they seem inclined to an "expressive silence," I will, in a few words, try to unburden a heart almost ready to burst with strong and varied emotions. I congratulate myself that I am permitted to be here to-day, where there can be no *cold* shoulders, but where nature seems most cordially to unite with "the old folks at home" in giving the returning children as *warm* a reception as could reasonably be wished. But sir, intense as the heat has been, I have escaped a *sun-stroke*, yet I must own up to being powerfully *struck* by the beautiful and intelligent countenances of your *daughters*, and, to quote an old native bard, whose epitaph was written many years before he died, by a sister bard still living, I have vividly felt that "there was music in beauty," and could

———"Hardly control
The wild dance of the soul,
With dimples and smiles singing by."

I am not "a man with soul so dead" as not to love the spot where I first saw the bright green of earth and the calm blue of heaven; and I have reason to love it, sir. One of its beautiful gardens of graves is the resting-place of my honored parents, who, when living, "None knew but to love," and whom, now dead, "None name but to praise." True, my father was a rank and file man, he was a baker, but nothing would make me more *crusty* to find the man who dared to call him *slack-baked*, *dough-faced* or *dough-headed*. He was one of the noblest works of God—an honest man.

Some of my own bones lie here too, sir. It seems to be my lot to pay the great debt of nature by installments. I lost part of a finger here some thirty years since, and but four years ago a part of my right arm, in Lowell; and although I felt rather modest about saying any thing on this occasion, who is there better qualified to *take the stump*, or make an *off-hand* speech, than myself. I lived in this town nearly twenty-two years before I left it, and after an absence of eight years returned again and sojourned here a few years longer, then again bid it good-bye, and in the expressive language of Goldsmith, I can truly say, that

"I dragg'd at each remove a lengthening chain."

I had long thought Newburyport was rather small of her age, but I am happy to see that she has grown fast since I was here last, and I honor those who led in the movement thus to "lengthen her cords," although I frankly own that I am no annexationist, in the present *wide* sense of the term.

It gladdens my heart that I am again permitted to behold this goodly town, like Mount Zion of old, so "beautiful for situation," the "joy" of all her children, and the admiration of all who have ever "stood within her gates." She has been "a fruitful vine," and "her children" to-day have been "like olive plants round about her table." To borrow still farther the language of the Bard of Israel, "May her sons ever be as plants grown up in their youth,

and her daughters be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

There are many little, but to me interesting localities, the original features of which have been nearly obliterated by the rapid march of public improvement, which I need not name, yet around them all

"Each wish of my heart
Entwines itself verdantly still."

But there are others still left. Frog Pond is not yet dry. Precious old spot! May its boundaries never be less. I have been glad to see to-day that there still "Green grow the rushes O." But where are those wide-spreading willows that shaded the spot where I once went to school, under which I have made the only whistles that I have not paid "too dear" for. I passed that spot this morning but they were gone, "root and branch." They have made their last *bows* and taken their last *leaves*, and it made me sad to think that I should never sit under their shadows again. That old wooden school-house is gone too. I shall never forget that. I have been "clapped" there many times; but clapping in those days meant most anything but applause.

Turkey Hill I believe yet stands firm, and other places where shag-barks could be obtained, that I used to visit in Autumn, when the frost-king had been over them and left his tokens there. And here, Mr. President, bear with me if I introduce a few lines of my own, published some dozen years since, descriptive of a nutting enterprise.

How often through those woodlands, with some adventurous band
Of hardy schoolmates, would I roam with club and pole in hand;
And with our sturdy missiles some towering tree assail,
Till the armor'd nuts were beaten off and rattled down like hail.

And there we linger'd till the sun shed his expiring ray,
Then swung our burdens on our backs and homeward urg'd our way,
And lucky wights we thought ourselves if when our toil was o'er
No ruthless "lawful owners" came to rob us of our store.

I might allude to many other spots, Mr. President, each possessing a charm, but I forbear. My design was, in a few words, to empty a full heart, but the tide of strong emotion rushes in much faster than I can free myself of it in language, and I shall relieve the company, if I do not myself, by sitting down. Be assured, sir, that this glad meeting-to-day has invested the place of my birth with new endearments, and I shall hereafter love it with a firmer, fonder, heartier and holier affection. Permit me to offer as my concluding sentiment—

The Beautiful City of Newburyport—"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces, for my brethren and companions sake." I will now say, PEACE BE WITHIN THEE.

The Early Reminiscences of the Old Revisiting Sons.

Speech of John Merrill, Esq., of New York:

MR. PRESIDENT—

As one of those old sons, (though somewhat the junior of one of the family

of a previous generation, who has actively participated in the celebration, while I have witnessed the very cordial, and in more senses than one the *very warm* reception, accorded to us, and which receives, as it demands, our most grateful acknowledgments, I naturally recur to my early associations and early associates. What I say on this subject is not the result of much reflection, being unexpectedly here, and necessarily referring to myself in this connection may savor of egotism. Of my brief reference to associates I shall deal in generalities, as it would be invidious to attempt to particularize. I am fully aware, too, of the impracticability of preparing any suggestions, which would be appropriate both to an hilarious meeting and to the occasion of grave contemplation. Among my earliest recollections of any general interest, was the launch from the ship-yard, near Huckleberry Pasture, (to adopt the popular pronunciation,) in which I first gave evidence of possessing lungs and vitality; I say the launch of a *monster* merchant ship, which attracted a vast concourse of people, about 55 years ago and about 5 years after the invention, by the builder, of the mode of building by models. Why, sir, she was about 600 tons, and called, I think, the "Massachusetts." That invention of the model, with little or no alteration, has been gratuitously used by individuals and the U. S. Government ever since.

Then sir, we were pupils of the schools in Pillsbury's lane—Amos Whitmore, master, and a very good one, though he made no great pretensions to high literary attainments; afterwards long an officer of the customs. There was announced the decease of the "Father of his Country," and in honor of his memory, we boys of some half a dozen years of age, attempted on a very small scale what we called a military celebration.

Soon after the family removed to what the Low streeters called "Tiptoe," as I suppose they thought that our streets looked down upon them. This too, was in or near the place known by the euphonious name of Pilsershire, the boundaries of which I did not know, or have forgotten. Then too, the church on Grasshopper Plains having passed the stage of occupancy—there being no minister—we went down to town to meeting, many of us to the iron works, (I intend no disrespect) near Brown's Square on Saturday afternoons to recite the shorter Westminster Catechism, and when proprietors' children, had the privilege of selecting a "choice" book from the old North Library; and on Sundays were privileged with two long services, when generally the legitimate doctrines of that Catechism—as total depravity, final perseverance, election, &c., were discussed and "proved;" and now though the foundation remains, the superstructure has entirely disappeared. Then houses of worship were unwarmed. What think you our modern people would say to such a service, in such a house, on one of our cold winter days, or especially how would our fashionable belles fare, with their thin shoes and thinner dresses. But here I would say in all seriousness, that the preacher, whose subsequent preaching of politics, as a federalist, would not have prejudged me in his favor, was highly talented—a powerful arguer and an accomplished gentleman, and has left a very worthy representative of deserv-

edly very high standing, in the person of his son, the oldest clergyman of our largest city.

But let this kind of remark suffice. I have introduced this trifling partly that the announcement of my sentiment should not too much sadden the pleasant feelings of our company, but principally to illustrate a practice then and previously prevalent, of calling persons and places by ludicrous or reproachful names, but which happily has become nearly obsolete. But I must pass rapidly along or trespass on others' time. The schools, academy and college, brought up to the time of the great fire, which had a blighting influence on the town, in connection with the embargoes, non-intercourse and war,) and thence to seeking a living by business occupations, in which I remained in town longer than many of my associates. In the mean time taking a very active interest in politics, in a small minority, and without the most remote idea that my services gave any claim to a reward, except the satisfaction resulting from a conscientious discharge of duty. Were I in a modern political assembly, I should not make the statement with any expectation of being believed. Possibly, some of us were not considered so *green* afterwards. These disasters aided in the removal of our young men. And what should be our reflections? Why, sir, they have met with varied results. A few have stepped high on the ladder of ambition; many have become distinguished in the liberal professions, and many more as merchants; some of us here, a promiscuous meeting of old and young—of the associates of the former, a large proportion have almost imperceptibly dropped off by the way, and the residue, by a wise provision of providence, are being shoved aside by those more energetic and enterprising. Is this a matter of complaint? I think not; and as on the list of the aged, and having some experience, permit me to give a word of advice in regard to those who are just entering upon the race. If our boys, (and by the way, I believe there are no *boys* now.) Well, if your sons are content to live pleasantly and happily on small means, let them stay. If they are tired of the restraints of home, and determined to enjoy the pleasures of the cities as many view them, bid them farewell, but with the hope, not reasonable expectation, without charge, that they will add to your comfort, or their own reputation. But if you have boys, who have brains, and who regard the prayers, the anxieties, the advice, of pious mothers or parents; who are determined to apply themselves with industry to the object for which they quit the endeared home of their infancy and youth; especially, if they possess that firmness of purpose, that independence of character, those principles of morality which will enable them to resist the fascinations, temptations, fashionable follies and vices with which they will come in contact, let them go to our large cities, without repining, and with a feeling of confidence that your declining years will not be embittered by their delictions. Let them keep up with the rail-road speed of progress. Let them devote their untiring energies on just principles to the object they have in view, though the sky of their prosperity may temporarily be overcast, they will eventually succeed. Let them go cheerfully on your part, and a fixed

purpose on their's to accomplish the object of their mission. Let them take little or no interest in the fanatical movements and the numerous humbugs of the day. Especially, let them avoid political office, or at any rate the desire of it. Having reasonably succeeded, let them return, if they will, and add to the enjoyment of those who have been the constantly attractive objects of their meditations in their occasional hours of retirement from the bustle and cares of business. At least they may occasionally return temporarily, as we have done, to receive the cordial welcome of old acquaintances, if not the public welcome, which the city and its citizens have so freely and liberally extended this day, to their returned sons and daughters.

The Pulpit—The foundation and support of those virtues which so eminently adorn the New England character.

Speech of Rev. Ephraim W. Allen, of Salem.

MR. MAYOR AND FRIENDS—

The chief value of a gathering like this, is not that we who have been separated from each other by longer or shorter intervals of time or space, are brought together among these scenes of our childhood, that we may see each other's faces—hear each other's voices—grasp each other's hands, and speak of the incidents of our earlier days—of our studies and our sports, and dwell for a day upon the experiences of the periods that have fled; but it is that we may cherish the sentiment of union, which, by binding us to the place of our birth shall also bind us more firmly to the country which is but the aggregate of its several municipalities. The best son is the best citizen, and the best citizen is the best patriot. Where the feeling of nationality is feeble, there we may be pretty sure to find an almost total want of attachment to the place of one's birth. But, met as we are to-day, under auspices so happy—with words of welcome so cordial, and with demonstrations of respect and affection everywhere so abundant—how can we fail of bearing away with us to our new places of abode, a love for our old home more intense than ever, and which shall, *for her sake*, make more dear the greater home we call our country.

No son of Newburyport can read her history without being thrilled by the story of her devotion to our native land. Nowhere has patriotism had a holier shrine—nowhere has she had more devoted worshipers. And when, to-day, we listened anew to the voice of her resolves, and were summoned again to think of the sacrifices of her sons—of her sons given cheerfully to the conflicts and perils of the land and sea, I felt that if ever liberty died from the land, it could not be, until we had forgotten the virtues of the deeds of our fathers.

Sir, every patriotic recollection of the past, must inspire every son of Newburyport to fidelity, to freedom—now,—seriously and sadly we say it—now imperiled. The free spirit of the land entered long since upon a contest which has had various fortunes, but which has never presented a more im-

posing, a more impressive aspect than it presents to-day. The issue of the contest cannot be doubtful - it will be prosperous—glorious—if there shall only be no waverings. He will best deserve the title, "Son of Newburyport," who will be most satisfied, most persistent, most determined. Allow me, then, sir, in the spirit of these remarks, to offer the following sentiment :

The Sons of Newburyport—Faithful and earnest in their defence of liberty during the Revolution,—may they be as faithful and earnest in the present great crisis of our national history.

"Then let us be strong and battle the wrong
Till freedom shall gather the world in her throng."

The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil—Mutually dependent upon each other.

Speech of Hon. Allen W. Dodge of Hamilton.

MR. MAYOR—

I assure you that I enter fully into the spirit of this gathering to the old homestead of the Sons of Newburyport. It is the first, and probably the last of the kind that most of us will ever attend. There is something of a melancholy interest in this meeting of old friends, to witness the changes that time and care have wrought in faces and forms once so familiar, or to be reminded of those who started with us in life, but one after another have passed away, to be seen among us no more. And then the effort to renew our youth, and to be boys again as in days of yore, cannot but impress every reflecting mind that the effort must cease with the occasion, and that to-morrow we must join in the lock-step march of life, in the very ranks which our years have inexorably assigned to us.

The men of former years—those representative men, whom we were accustomed to look upon with reverence and awe—how sadly we miss them from their accustomed haunts. The eye looks in vain for the well-known forms of a Spring or an Andrews, of Vergnies and Bradstreet, of Fitz and Woart, of Bartlet and Brown, of Walch and McPhail. Here and there we can see one whom we recognize as belonging to that list of worthies, associated in our memory with the former glory of Newburyport. But the chain that linked us to them is broken.

If sad thoughts steal over the mind, there are pleasant ones too. As we walked in the procession through the streets, the very air was redolent of the good old place, and the scene suggestive of the good old times. There were the same leafy elms and limes - their shade never more grateful than when we halted under it now. There was the old court house, rejuvenated like ourselves, but Justice, with her even scales, alas, was fled. There was the self same mall, flanked on either side by the two brick school-houses—and there the pond, just as we left it, when our little craft sailed its last trip upon its waters. Beyond, were the heights, now so gracefully terraced, studded as thickly as ever with monuments to the dead, but with the lonely powder house no longer standing sentinel over them. There were the over-arching trees on

the road leading so pleasantly up from Guinea and common pasture, whence the cows and boys came trooping home at sundown.

We could see the familiar old steeples, with their faithful vanes—the only ones we could ever trust; the flaming face, and the still more flaming coat of General Wolfe, on the old stage tavern sign—and we seemed to see, aye, we really did see, the identical old stage-coach, lumbered up with trunks and hand-boxes, as in the days of sounding horn and rattling wheels; and as we thought of all the merry times we used to have in that old stage-coach, it seemed to us a pity that railroads were ever invented.

But many of the ancient land-marks, by which the town was mapped on our memory, had disappeared. The lofty statues—to our young eyes the perfection of art—that once filled the grounds around the mansion of Lord Dexter, even the three last survivors, who for so many years lingered at their posts over the door-way—were all, all gone. The town pump, that rose so majestically in the centre of the market-square, and imparted to us boys, as we gazed up while imbibing its waters, our first ideas of monumental architecture, had dwindled into most woful insignificance; and the whole region of the “ruins,” with its mysterious arches and dismal piles of brick-dust and ashes, where our lecture-day diggings were often rewarded with pockets full of old iron and copper, was all built upon, and not a solitary vestige of the ravages of the Great Fire was any where to be seen.

But I forbear alluding further to the men and scenes of the days of old, in the place of our birth and education. It is pleasant to refresh our memories of them, by revisiting, so many of us together, the good old homestead. The day will not soon be forgotten by us. We all owe a debt of gratitude to you, Mr. Mayor and citizens, for affording us the opportunity to meet together under such pleasant auspices. Surely the ardent prayer of us all must be for her continued prosperity. May her moral and educational atmosphere ever remain as pure and invigorating as when we breathed it; and may religion exert the same benign influence within her gates, as has made her a name of praise throughout the land.

Newburyport—From the East and West, North and South, her long absent children find this day, a delightful home in her arms and her heart.

Speech of Col. Amos Tappan, Chief Marshal of the procession.

MR. MAYOR—

In response to your invitation to come home, they have from their various and distant dispersions, with warm and affectionate hearts, found their way to their ancient home, and with kindred and friends, former residents and neighbors, we are gathered on this ever memorable and glorious birthday of our national independence, to revive the affections of early days, to gaze upon familiar but changed countenances, to speak of things that were, to bring to mind the men of other days, so eminent in their stations of life, as ministers

of the gospel, as judges and jurists, as teachers of youth, as physicians, as lawyers, as men of business by sea and by land; to have our minds reinvigorated with the deeds of the heroes and statesmen of Revolutionary times; to speak of the past, the present, and the future; to mingle in the joys, and festivities and greetings of this auspicious day, so calculated to inspire and animate every American heart with feelings of delight, to strengthen and entwine more fully those affections which bind the heart of man to man.

For a long period of time, our little spot has poured out numbers who have been ornaments and blessings of society in other regions. Their departure did not impoverish us, but we feel enriched by their return; they went out from us, not that they were not of us, but that the place was too straight for the expansion and successful operation of their talents, energy and enterprise. They return to the place and find an incorporated city, enlarged in its territory, increased in its population, in its churches, schools and manufactures, they return sons and daughters, to gladden every heart, and delight every eye, and with the ancient matron we can cordially say, "these are our jewels."

Amid the joys of the day, there is saddening thoughts which almost necessarily intrude; as our visitors and ourselves are reminded of vacancies once filled by fond ones never more to be seen on earth. Such is the irreversable order of Providence. Still let us rejoice that above is a Father's house and home, where inmates meet and mingle without the fear or possibility of a separation; nor let us amid these festivities, forget that the proper business of life is to prepare for that delightful and happy home.

Mr. Mayor—I will close with the following sentiment:

The early Fathers of Newburyport—Peace to their ashes, and perpetuity to their principles.

May the meeting and the greetings of this auspicious day, be renewed in a better world.

The Reader of the Declaration—The poet and artist—equally successful with pen and brush—may he reap that reward which his genius merits.

Remarks of Hiram B. Haskell, Esq., of Newburyport.

MR. MAYOR AND FRIENDS—

For so obscure and unimportant an individual as myself, I think I have to-day contributed my share of public personal sacrifice—and although the matter I delivered was not original, it was as good as anything I could get off myself, as I shall presently illustrate. My innate and ineradicable modesty, and my lack of the right kind of talent and knowledge—utterly disqualify me for an extempore speaker. However, having been suspicious that some mischievous friend would call me out—I availed myself of the aid of a slight stimulus, and produced the effusion which I will now inflict upon your patient hearing.

Most welcome, Sons! What magic reveille
Hath called you hither from abroad to-day?

What mightier summons than the rattling drum
 Gives forth, commanded you to come?
 Freedom and Home, twin words of sweetest sway,
 Beat in your breasts the potent reveille.
 Your natal place—day of our country's birth—
 Best day in time, the dearest spot on earth—
 Our glorious country—(let the country go!)
 My loving muse is warm with friendship's glow,
 And on these gallant "sons" would rather dwell,
 Through a few lines of humble doggerell.
 From the near East and the far West you've come,
 From yonder pole, just by the northern star,
 And from the South, I cannot say how far;
 Friends, brothers, gentlemen, you're welcome home.
 Oh dear old, beautiful old Newburyport;
 Your fountain head of wisdom, work, and sport—
 In this I wish not to disparage you,
 But I would give the dear old town its due.
 Is it not true, as Pope hath said my friends,
 "The stream no higher than the source ascends?"
 Ye poets, favorites of the sisters nine,
 Last in the world's reward, first in my line,
 From the most glorious Parnassian climber,
 Down to the humblest namby-pamby rhymers,
 Say, in your loftiest celestial track,
 Do not your thoughts instinctive wander back
 To the fair borders of the Merrimack?
 Is not this river—fairest among streams—
 Th' inspiring Helicon of your noblest themes?
 Ye merchants, ye who send your ships abroad,
 To new Australia or the old Cape Cod,
 To France, and England, and the far Japan,
 And all the countries visited by man,
 Say, as you stole molasses on yon wharf,
 Did there not come to you (confound this cough!)
 The first sweet dreamings, like a hogshead's roll,
 Of foreign countries, o'er each boyish soul?
 Masters, yet servants of the potent press,
 Ye editors, be honest now, confess—
 I will not urge you, for I know that you
 Your soundest wisdom from the Herald drew—
 And ye who deal in party politics,
 What but the stones, the snowballs and the sticks,
 The weapons juvenile, that made you brave,
 Your earliest lessons in contention gave?
 When upalong and downalong opposed,
 Too oft in fierce and wintry warfare closed.
 Ye lawyers, champions of the poor man's right,
 What first awoke your infantile delight

For justice; say the first time that you heard
 Of any bar, can it not be referred
 To Salisbury and Plum Island's sandy bar?
 Or such as may be found at the "Lone Star?"
 Ye learned men of Boston and New York,
 So famous for your scientific talk,
 What made apparent first your boyish bent
 For solid logic and sound argument?
 Ere yet your "ergos" grew to be so great,
 Did not your reason learn to demonstrate,
 When with the grand old "Ciceronian Club,"
 You here drove home the "question" to the hut?
 Ye pedlars, artizans and mariners,
 Ye farmers, authors, and ye reverend sirs,
 Ye young apprentices of every trade,
 Ye men of every calling, every grade,
 Professor, loafer, speculator, clerk,
 Whether you live by wit, or wealth, or work,
 'Twould give me pleasure to address you all,
 But time is precious, and my talent small;
 I'd ask you in a gentlemanly way,
 If any conscientiously could say,
 That the first helps to all the good you've got,
 Did not originate in this very spot?
 My strain is dying out, but ere it ends,
 Once more I bid you welcome home, my friends;
 You're welcome here, as long as you remain,
 But when you leave, I charge you to sustain
 The ancient honor of your native town—
 By growing smarter, add to her renown—
 And by your eloquent, well spoken praise,
 Still more her glorious reputation raise;
 Say, will you say that you were never in a
 Prettier place, or had a better dinner?

 VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By Edward Burrill, Esq., of Newburyport.

The Sons of Newburyport—Representatives of true and well tried Americans; may they see to it that the liberty bought by the blood of their ancestors remains secure in all coming time.

By George W. Jackman, Jr., Esq.

Our Returned Sons and Daughters, and all others who are with us on this occasion—May the re-union this day formed between them and us, be lasting

and long remembered, and as inseparable as the hills; and if any "other union" should be formed between any of the sons and daughters, from abroad or at home, may it be an agreeable one through life, and signalized by all the "events" that are accustomed to occur in such unions.

The Attorney General of the United States—His untiring industry and indomitable energy, do honor to his early nurture, and afford a bright example for the young.

The Memory of Oliver Putnam—who has left a monument of his wisdom, benevolence and love of home and of mankind, as prominent and enduring as the everlasting hills.

Appended to a letter from Wm. H. Tyler, Esq., Mayor of Calais, was the following sentiment:

Our Native Home—We love it, and are happy once more to breathe its air; its moral atmosphere we have taken to our adopted home.

By Frank W. Miller, of the Portsmouth Chronicle.

Benj. P. Shillaber, Esq., of the Boston Post—The printer, the poet, the philosopher, and the inimitable humorist:—So long as the sayings of "Mrs. Partington" shall be treasured up in the memory of mirth or deep sensibility, may we remember, with gratitude, that to him are we indebted for these glorious reunions. And while we of the slow old Granite State are proud that Portsmouth established the precedent in these heart-festivals, we are no less happy to aid you in enjoying a design conceived in so much grandeur and carried out to such perfection.

By Col. Swett, of Boston.

Rev. Dr. Dana—His actions speak louder than words; for while he attempts to convince us of original sin, he shows by his life that he is free from it.

The lateness of the hour, (it being nearly eight o'clock when the company retired from the pavilion,) prevented the reading of numerous toasts which were prepared for the occasion.

The following letter, from the Hon. Albert Pike of Arkansas, in reply to an invitation to speak to the citizens of Newburyport upon this occasion, we insert, as deserving a place in this report.

LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas, June 7, 1854.

My dear Sir:

I fear that you will imagine I have been guilty of neglect, and wanting in courtesy. Although I reached here from the East more than three weeks since, I was immediately compelled to visit a distant part of the State to

attend a case, and it was only yesterday that I again reached home, you will therefore please pardon the unavoidable delay of answer to your letter.

When I left the East, late in April, it was my full expectation and intention again to be there in the latter part of the present month, but since my return, circumstances have occurred that render it utterly impossible. I must very reluctantly forego the pleasure of once more visiting the old town, walking its well-remembered streets, being greeted by the pleasant smiles of old familiar faces, and welcomed to my old home with the old hearty good humor and kindness.

And I will not deny, but frankly admit that it would afford me the greatest pleasure, before I die, to address the people among whom I was born and reared, upon such an occasion as that of our National Anniversary. It would be the proudest day of my life. I thank the City Council and Committee for the invitation they have extended, and you for the very flattering terms in which it has been conveyed.

Respectfully your servant,

ALBERT PIKE.

The annexed letters from absent sons of Newburyport, were received by the Mayor, and announced, but for want of time, not read.

NEW ORLEANS, June 24, 1854.

To his Honor, the Mayor of Newburyport:

Sir: As a son of Newburyport, it was my purpose to accept your invitation to return to the place of my nativity, and join with you in the celebration of the day of our nation's independence.

A re-union of this kind has often suggested itself to my mind, and last year I indulged the hope it might be brought about, towards the close of the summer. Being at that time a resident of New York, I found many natives and former inhabitants of the "good old town," who expressed themselves warmly in favor of such a plan as that which promises now to be carried through, with the most gratifying success. It was found, however, to be too late in the season to perfect the arrangements, for that year, and the idea was relinquished, with the understanding that it should be revived the next Spring.

Since that time, my lot has been cast in a part of our common country still more remote from my native home. But the chain that binds me to it, though lengthened by many added links, is still unbroken. It is an electric chain, and sensitive to the slightest touch of memory and association. I thank you, sir, and those you represent, for the test you have made of its integrity and power; and assure you most sincerely that no one of all the hearts to which your affectionate appeal has been made, beats with a truer and more cordial

response than my own; though I am prevented, by circumstances beyond my control, from telling you so in person.

Sir, one half of my life was spent in your beautiful city. That term included my childhood, my youth, and my early manhood. Connected by blood with more than one family there, and by intimate association with many others—and by all, I feel an excusable pride, I trust, in saying, still honorably remembered among you—there is a store of old recollections of those early years laid up in my memory, which such an invitation as yours was sure to awaken, and that an acceptance of it, were that possible, would greatly deepen and intensify.

“The house where I was born,” and many a house that was its neighbor—the home fireside, the fields through which, and the companions with whom I roamed at will; the trees, whose venerable trunks were as well known to me as the forms of men, and out of whose fantastically grouped foliage fancy used to form familiar faces; the blue and sparkling river, to cross which, on a holiday, was one of the joyous incidents of my childhood’s days; “the sound of the church-going bell;” the message and the messenger its chime invited me to hear; the grassy grave without, the bridal altar within that little church; these, and many, many more than these, are the associations which your affectionate bidding home have awakened.

Be assured, sir, and do me the favor to assure those whom you represent, that, far wanderer from the cherished scenes of my childhood and my youth, as my lot in life has made me, I am yet, and feel that I ever shall be, a loyal “Son of Newburyport.”

And as such, sir, permit me to subscribe myself,

Your friend and brother,

JAMES F. OTIS.

Accompanying the above was the following sentiment:

Newburyport—“Her children rise up and call her blessed.” May their children’s children, to the latest generation, repeat the filial benediction.

BALLARDSVILLE, Oldham Co. Ky. June 20, 1854.

Dear Sir:

Having in the week past received the Herald of the 16th inst. containing the card of your committee, kindly inviting the absent Sons and Daughters and former residents to return and participate in the celebration of the glorious Fourth, and having had a pressing request from my relatives, to the same effect, I feel that I ought to send some acknowledgement meet for it.

The call, I can assure you, made my bosom thrill with lively enthusiasm, awakened feelings long dormant, and aroused an almost irrepressible desire to visit the home of my birth and my childhood, and the last resting place of

my ancestors of generations past; but ties not to be severed hold me back for a time. Yet absent in person, my heart and soul shall be with you on the occasion. Permit me to submit this sentiment.

The first great Family Festival—May the gratulations and affiliations of this day raise a pyramid of grateful emotions and kind affections, whose base shall be as broad as the earth, and whose apex shall reach up to Heaven—may the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly, without rank or distinction, link in one common bond to make it a day to be remembered by all, and registered in the annals of ages.

Yours in friendship and esteem,

JOHN SWAIN, M. D.

The subjoined letter from the Committee from the City Government, and reply of Hon. George Lunt, we insert as matters connected with the occasion.

CITY HALL, NEWBURYPORT, July 11, 1854.

Rev. Geo D. Wildes:

Dear Sir: At a meeting of the City Council, held last evening, the undersigned were appointed a "joint special committee," to present to you the thanks of the City Government, for the able and patriotic Oration delivered before the Sons and Daughters of Newburyport, on the late anniversary of American Independence, and to request a copy of the same for the press.

F. J. COFFIN,	}	
WM. GRAVES,		
HENRY BARTLETT,	}	Committee.
D. S. BLAKE,		
EDWARD BURRILL,	J	

BOSTON, July 15, 1854.

Gentlemen: Your note, addressed to my kinsman, Rev. Geo. D. Wildes, requesting for the press a copy of the Oration delivered by him, before the Sons and Daughters of Newburyport, on the 4th instant, has been received by me.

Mr. Wildes sailed for Europe on the day following that of the Anniversary. He had previously placed the manuscript in my hands, to be disposed of as circumstances might warrant. I gladly transmit it to you, rejoicing in your desire to give permanent form to whatever may tend to illustrate that happy meeting "at home," long to be recurred to with deep and gratified feelings, by all who have any concern in the welfare of our native town.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE LUNT.

Messrs. F. J. Coffin, Wm. Graves, Henry Bartlett, D. S. Blake, Edward Burrill, Committee.

CONCLUSION.

LEVEE AT CITY HALL.

This was a glorious re-union, in which the old and the young, the grave and gay, mingled, filling the entire building. Among the distinguished personages we noticed the Attorney General of the United States. The hall had been specially fitted for the occasion, and was magnificently decorated. Strips of buntin run from the centre to the corners of the hall, the sides were hung with festoons of the same material; behind the rostrum was a very large and beautiful portrait of Washington, enclosed by two American flags, over which an arch of evergreen, intermingled with silver stars. At the entrance was a large arch, trimmed with evergreen, enclosed by two smaller ones. Round the large one, and enclosing two hands united, was the motto, "The same cordial grasp I loved so long ago." Also other decorations, which served to make the appearance of the hall really enchanting. Here, in promenading, waltzing, and conversation, much of the night was whiled away, and the concluding of this great city party ended a day that will ever be remembered in the history of Newburyport.

EVENING PERFORMANCES.

The thousands of strangers in the city—most of whom remained over night, though the cars went out in all directions, crowded, and not less than one thousand persons were waiting the outward trains at the Eastern Depot, at 12 o'clock Tuesday night—who sought acquaintance, entertainment and

amusement, at the private dwellings of our citizens, that were liberally thrown open—at the public Hall, and on the ground, in the vicinity of the Mall; and never were happiness and joy more universal.

THE ENVIRONS.

As night set in, brilliant bonfires marked the position of the various eminences in the vicinity, while “the rockets bright glare” on every hand showed that the country was determined not be entirely outdone by the city in patriotic display.

The “Andrews Sharp-shooters” turned out in the morning in fatigue uniform, and erected a large bonfire on Indian Hill, where there was the customary display of fire-works.

MASONIC RE-UNION

St. John’s Lodge, which was originally chartered in 1776, and has recently been re-organized under the most encouraging circumstances, received the “Brethren of the Mystic Tie” on Monday evening. The hall was decorated for the occasion with evergreen, flowers, and devices—a masonic arch standing in the East, on which was inscribed “Welcome to St. John’s.” The ceremonies of the evening were not, of course, communicated to the uninitiated, but we learn that there was a large number present, embracing several of the reverend clergy and other eminent individuals. The re-union of those who received their first degrees from “St. John’s” in “Auld Lang Syne,” and have since testified to the excellence of the institution in various parts of Christendom, must have been highly agreeable and satisfactory.

THE FIRE-WORKS

Were more extended than usual, and superior in design and quality; and the enthusiasm of the multitude who were in

from all the surrounding towns, and the frequent cheering, evidenced the gratification of the spectators.

Thus passed one of the days long to be remembered by the present generation as the brightest period in the history of our young city. Had the day been more auspicious the pageant might have been more extensive, yet upon the whole the occasion could not have given greater joy. Great credit is due to our city authorities, to private individuals who contributed so bounteously, and to the citizens generally. It has been rumored that one or two delegations from neighboring cities were disappointed in not meeting, upon their arrival, with a formal reception and escort. In behalf of the city government, the compiler would here remark that every moment of the time from early dawn until the march of the procession, was consumed in receiving delegations at the City Hall, and it is to be regretted that the arrangements were not more generally understood. The Chief Marshal, in concert with the authorities, used every exertion to wait upon the various bodies and escort them to the Hall, but owing to the irregularity of the trains, and their simultaneous arrival at the different stations, it was impossible to pay that attention to each delegation that the pleasure of Marshal and Committees would dictate.

In conclusion, we would hope that the remembrance of this festival may stimulate us to patriotism and virtue, and that the lessons taught us on the occasion may draw us nearer together and make us a community determined to advance not only our own and others' interests, but the general welfare of a city, than which no other can boast of higher advantages.

ERRATA. Col. Swett's speech, 9th line, for "sports" of boyhood, read "port" of boyhood. In poem, 22d line, for "nature's" hand, read "labor's" hand.