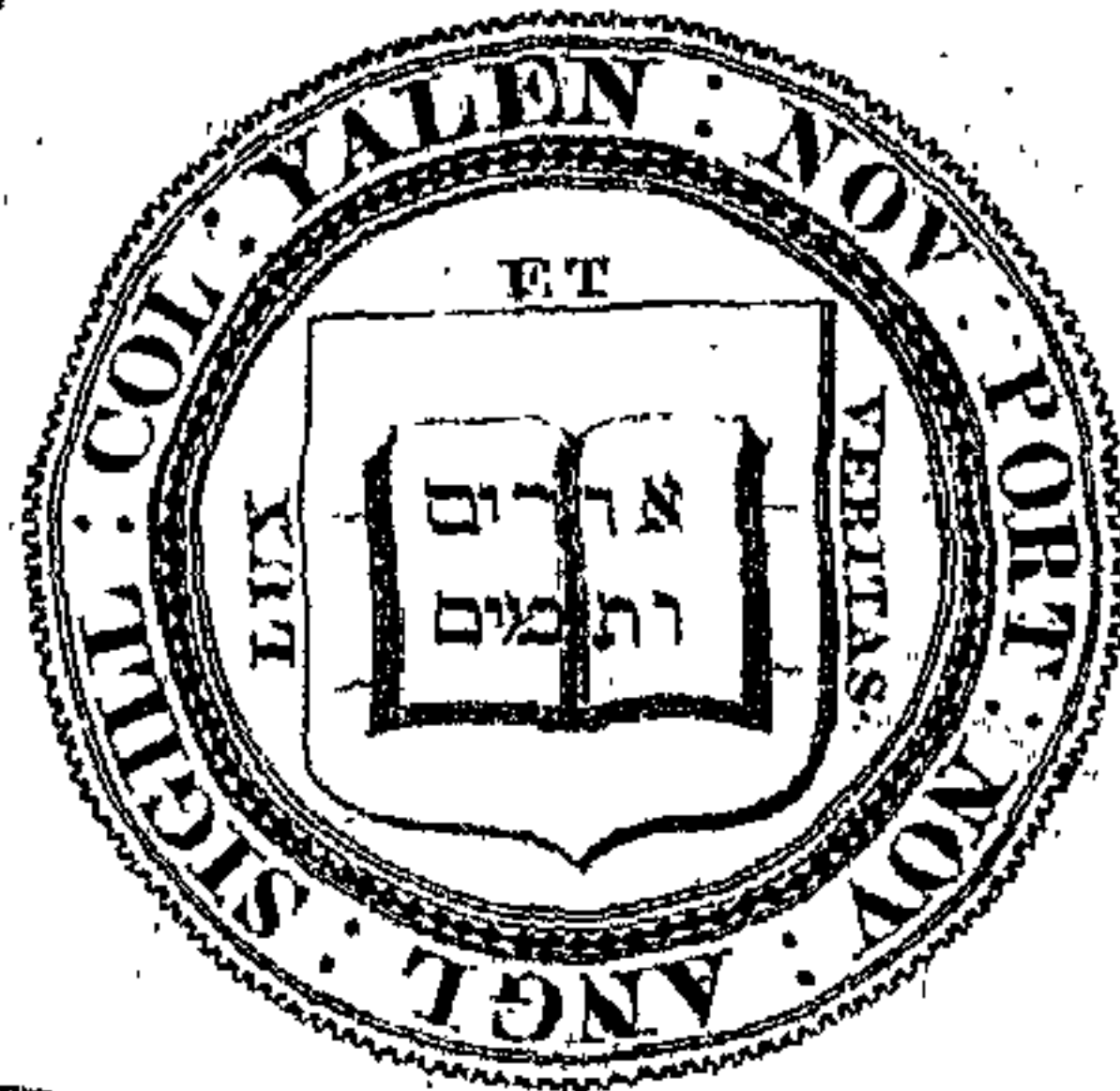


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Nov. 1, 1860.

REHOBOTH IN THE PAST.

AN

HISTORICAL ORATION

DELIVERED ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1860,

BY

SYLVANUS CHACE NEWMAN, A. M.,

MEMBER OF THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY; HONORARY MEMBER OF
THE DORCHESTER HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; AND GENEALOGICAL
SECRETARY OF THE BLACKSTONE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

ALSO

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

IN SEEKONK, [THE ANCIENT REHOBOTH,]

AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE DAY,

COMPLETING TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN YEARS OF ITS HISTORY.

“Behold the pattern of the altar of the Lord, which our fathers made.”

JOSH. xxii., 28.

PAWTUCKET:

PRINTED BY ROBERT SHERMAN, MAIN STREET.

1860.

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[CORRESPONDENCE.]

SEEKONK, July 6, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—

At a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements for the celebration at Seekonk on the 4th inst., holden this day, the enclosed resolve was unanimously adopted, and it affords me pleasure to be the instrument of communicating the same to you.

Permit me also to express the sense of gratitude which the Committee, in common with their fellow citizens, feel for the most acceptable service performed by you on that occasion, and also personally to solicit a compliance with the very general wishes of our inhabitants.

With profound respect, your obd't servant,

JOSEPH BROWN.

To S. C. NEWMAN, Esq.

[COPY.]

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Committee of Arrangements be presented to S. C. Newman, A. M., of Pawtucket, for the interesting and valuable Historical Oration delivered by him at the Congregational Church, at Seekonk, on the 4th inst.

Voted, That the Chairman, Joseph Brown, Esq., be a Committee to communicate the foregoing resolution, and request a copy for the press."

JOSEPH BROWN, *Chairman*.

Attest: WM. ELLIS, *Secretary*.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., July 10, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—

Your kind note of the 6th inst., enclosing a copy of the resolution of the Committee for the late Festal Gathering in Seekonk, requesting a copy of my Oration delivered on that occasion, has been received.

I am under obligations to the Committee for their favorable estimate of my discourse, and, relying upon their judgment, cheerfully comply with their request.

Be pleased to accept my acknowledgments for the kind terms in which you have conveyed the request of the Committee, and be assured that I am, dear sir,

Respectfully your obt. servt.,

S. C. NEWMAN.

To JOSEPH BROWN, Esq.,

Chairman of Committee, &c.,

Seekonk, Mass. }

DEDICATION.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF MY NATIVE TOWN, HAVING BEEN
HONORED WITH AN INVITATION FROM THEIR COMMITTEE TO
DELIVER IT, THIS ORATION, WITH WARM GRATITUDE FOR THE
SYMPATHIZING ATTENTION WITH WHICH IT WAS RECEIVED, IS
RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED,

BY THEIR FRIEND,

S. C. NEWMAN.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE following Oration is here printed from the manuscript as originally prepared and delivered.

In a field so broad, and covering so large a portion of time, it was found difficult to condense into the limits of a popular discourse much that might be interesting to the future, in a historic point of view. Indeed, many of the facts were obliged to be so briefly alluded to as to render them hardly intelligible to the general reader; but an attempt has been made to, in some measure, remedy this, and also to correct some long standing historic mistakes, by a series of appendant notes, referred to in the text by reference letters. Much time and labor has been bestowed in examining the sources from which early writers drew their reported facts, and in research for other material relative to those times referred to in this discourse. And it is believed that from the care thus bestowed upon the *minutiæ*, the general aspect of this brief picture of REHOBOTH IN THE PAST will be found as substantially correct as so brief a limit could well admit of.

The author would here tender his thanks to all who may have in any way contributed to the general success of that interesting Festal Gathering, in favor of which, the PUBLIC, as reflected from the Pulpit and the Press, has already pronounced its verdict.

ORATION.

FELLOW CITIZENS :

The partiality of the projectors of this pious gathering has placed me in a rather delicate position, on account of my relationship to the founder of this ancient town and church ; but I shall endeavor to forego all such considerations, and seek to present ungarnished truth, let its inspiring mantle fall as it may.

On the centennial milestones that mark the great highway of civilization, even back to the days of ancient learning and artistic splendor, may be seen the graphic inscription, "We are living in an extraordinary age." This has been the spontaneous exclamation of observing men in every past age ; and it has been relatively true. Nor has it lost any of its truth in this, our age ; but rather returns upon us in tenfold force. We, too, are living in a truly wonderful age. Nature has commenced revealing her sublimer mysteries. Science has commenced in earnest to open her inner temple, and is rapidly upsetting the mistakes of the past, and is scattering the seeds of utility broadcast over the age in which we live. Time is an insatiable depredator, and by silently appearing to

take nothing, is too often permitted to take all. But, in this age, if we go to the site of Babylon or Nineveh, and see nothing externally but a heap of dust—if in gazing externally at the prostrate columns and shattered capitals of Palmyra, Baalbec and Thebes, we read nothing but ruin—if, in fancy, we take our stand in the dim, hushed temple of Karnak, and by the red glare of torchlight can read nothing but the dialect of eternal decay,—yet by skillfully applying the smooth and polished keys of present Science to the labyrinthian locks of Nature and ancient art, the accuracy of the present state of the comparative anatomy of things will cause a few apparently useless fragments to reveal all the fair proportions of the ancient structure, and reproduce it in all its dimensions. If Time has dealt harshly with the sculptured marble, it is now within the reach of reproduction; and what is still more wonderful in this age, if the shade of Time has stealthily drawn his decomposing brush over the speaking canvas, robbing the pictured form of its grace, and tarnished the cheek of beauty, it is an achievement of this age that the fair and manly forms that once sat by the easels of Titian, Rubens or Raphael, though defaced by time, or earlier incompetent restorers, can now, by scientific art, be restored to all the exact original grace and tints once imparted by the pencils of those great masters. But among the many other prominent features of this age, is that of its spirit and energy in antiquarian research, and in drawing forth from the musty archives of the past, detached and faded facts, and, through the comparative anatomy of Truth, restore something of the originals, and place them in

more durable condition, for the benefit of present and coming generations of men.

In attempting to present on this occasion something of the original settlers of this venerable town, I shall not summon them from yonder cemetery, in their skeletons of bones, and offer them to your mental view merely in shrouds and coffins, but shall endeavor to re clothe them with flesh and sinew, and to drape them in the habiliments of their once mortal existence, and, in some measure, present them as they trod this consecrated platform of religious and social life two hundred years ago.

And, first, I will endeavor to present a glance at the life of the founder of this town and its first pastor. Dr. Cotton Mather, the learned author of the *Magnalia*, is one of the principal colonial historians who has given us information on this matter; but he has fallen into some mistakes, thereby misleading later annalists, which I have corrected from earlier and authentic sources.

Rev. Samuel Newman was the son of Richard Newman, who was a glover, or dealer in gloves and other leathern articles of apparel, and who lived in respectable standing at Banbury, Oxford county, fifteen miles from Oxford University, in England. The records of the church at Banbury show that this child was baptized, or christened, May 24, 1602, and as the rules of the church required this ceremony within two weeks from birth, when circumstances would permit, he was probably born about the 10th or 12th of May, 1602. The annals of the times present us with but little minutiae in his earlier life, so that we can only form

our estimate of the boy by surrounding circumstances and the subsequent man. The family had long been noted in the realm of England for their uniform adhesion to the Protestant religion, and also for their piety and general moral rectitude. Under these influences the boy exhibited studious habits and also contemplative propensities. His parents bestowed upon him a good early education, and then placed him at the University of Oxford. He first entered St. Edmund's Hall for study at the age of fourteen, that department being a cheaper mode of living, but was afterwards registered as a member of Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated with its honors October 17, 1620, at the age of eighteen. (*a*) With all his early proclivities thus nourished and cultivated, and his studious intimacy with Rev. Dr. Featly, an eminent theologic Professor, and also his intimacy with Rev. William Gouge, (who, for nine years, was never once absent from morning and evening prayers, and who read fifteen chapters of the Bible every day during that nine years,) with men like these for his chosen associates, though far superior in years, it is not much of a wonder that a writer of that age remarked that "he early became a very able minister of the New Testament." (*b*) Dr. Mather, with his accustomed carelessness in minutiae, states that the religious persecutions of the times caused him seven removes from churches in England, and finally his eighth remove to America. The last is true, but all else is a seven-fold mistake, having no better foundation than his hallucinations of withcraft.

This young and talented ornament to the christian world temporarily supplied several different pulpits

during the absence of their pastors, and was really settled nowhere till in 1625, then aged twenty-three, when he was installed pastor of Midhope Chapel, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and on that occasion his congregation presented their young and brilliant preacher with this ministerial cane, now two hundred and thirty-five years old, and a hale old rosewood staff yet. [Cane exhibited.] He remained at that church ten years, or until 1635. In that year the degrading religious persecutions of Archbishop Laud, who was afterwards suddenly made a head shorter, reached the climax of bitterness for non-conformity to those whimsical outward ceremonials which, to the really intelligent and christian people, so much resembled the old Roman hierarchy; and it was in that year, 1635, and not in 1636 nor 1638, as related by some of our early annalists, that this man, with his young family and a sister Elizabeth, came to America. In that year there was a large emigration, and among them a company who, in the records of Dorchester, are called the second emigration. Among them was Rev. Richard Mather, the progenitor of that race in America, and our Samuel Newman, as passengers together. In that year, owing to a large emigration *from Dorchester* to Connecticut, including their pastor, Rev. Mr. Warham, this new company took the place of those leaving, and purchased their lands and improvements. Mr. Mather and the new comers reorganized the church and drew up a new covenant, which afterwards served as the basis of nearly all New England, and in this organization Mr. Newman participated. He resided at Dorchester four years, instead of one or two, as has

often been stated; and the records of Dorchester say that he was a useful citizen among them in organizing their civil and religious condition, and a useful man in a variety of ways. It does not appear that he was in the ministry while at Dorchester, any more than as a member of the church, and perhaps an occasional preacher, but was engaged in writing his Concordance to the Bible, and waiting for a suitable field of labor when called for. He was a freeman of the Massachusetts Colony and a housekeeper while at Dorchester; and in his will, twenty-five years later, mentions his old house-servant at Dorchester, and makes her a bequest.

In 1639 the church at Weymouth had got itself into three contending factions under three teachers, who were there at the same time, viz: Mr. Hull, Mr. Jenner and Mr. Lenthal. In this state of things the people of Weymouth invited Mr. Newman to become their sole pastor in 1639. He consulted his friends and his duty, and concluded to gratify their wishes. He immediately sold his lands to Mr. Mather, as appears by deeds, and took charge of the church at Weymouth, and in him all the people of Weymouth cordially united; and thus permanently commenced his ministerial labors in America. In Weymouth he gave ample satisfaction to all his people, and besides his duties as a citizen and pastor, he was diligent in carrying forward his great work, the first *full* Concordance to the Bible ever attempted. He remained there till the spring of 1644. His people, joined by others of Hingham, concluding that a settlement at this place would afford them better lands and a pleasanter location, united in

purchasing of Massasoit a territory ten miles square; and pastor, church and people, leaving a small minority remaining, migrated to this spot and settled as a new community; and regarding their pastor as their Joshua, they constituted him, by common consent, the founder and namer of this new town. The original Indian name of this place, Seekonk, was a union of two Indian words, *seeki*, black, and *onk*, goose, or large bird;—thus it meant *black goose*, or what we call wild goose; and the Indians thus named it from the great numbers of that bird which in that age congregated in the neighboring Cove, on the west side of this place. Thus originated this town, to which the pastor gave the scriptural name of Rehoboth, remarking that “the Lord hath opened a way for us.” He probably had in mind the twenty-sixth chapter of Genesis, verse 22d, which reads thus: “And he called the name of it Rehoboth; and he said, for now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land.” This Hebrew term signified a broad way or street, a broad place, a plateau, and certainly the topography of this place will justify its adoption as a proper name.

Having thus traced this pious man from the place of his birth to this his last abiding place, I will endeavor to group together the outlines of his history, and that of his chosen people, down to the period of his death. On commencing life anew, each rendered in the amount of his property, for purposes of taxation; and Mr. Newman’s amount was £530. (*c*) The first houses were log, thatched buildings, with large stone chimneys; and they built the town in a semi-circle, called “the ring of the town,” open on the west,

with the church in the centre, and within a few feet of this present building; and the general outlines of the town are now plainly visible. At this period they were not considered as belonging to or connected with either the Massachusetts Colony or the Plymouth Colony, but were, in reality, an independent plantation. And in this condition, while they could consult their general wants at the public and frequent town meetings, yet they felt the need of something of a court or tribunal, to whom they should submit; and to meet this, the pastor drew up an instrument which yet remains in the archives of the town, and which still bears the autograph signatures of the thirty heads of families as then existing. It provided that once a year the whole town should have a voice in choosing nine discreet men from among themselves, and that the decision of a majority of the nine should be final in all matters of dispute or disagreement. It was a very simple arrangement, but as it possessed equity powers, and was selected by the people themselves, and called "townsmen," it answered all its purposes, and has existed, with various alterations of its powers, down to your present "selectmen." This compact was signed July 3, 1643. (*d*) The town was afterwards annexed to the Plymouth Colony, and so remained till the union of the two colonies in 1691. The church *instructed* the town, and the town *provided* for the church; and for more than a century following seemed to provide for the church as a part of itself. The first public meetings were held under the shade of trees in suitable weather, and in private houses when the season required it, both religious and secu-

lar. The first we hear of a meeting-house was in October, 1646, when a tax was made to build one. The meeting-house was partially made and rendered habitable in 1647, and it stood where now is the wall of the cemetery, and its south side was where the tomb now is. In 1648 there was a tax for *finishing* the meeting-house. In 1659 they enlarged the meeting-house by putting on what the vote calls a "new end," and contracted that it be shingled as well as Goodman Payne's house; and from this period the house lasted, with some repairs, fifty-nine years, or until 1718, when they built the second house, fronting with the old one, but thirty feet east of it. That second house I have seen; it had two sets of galleries, one above the other, and it disappeared in 1814, four years after this present house was erected, in 1810, having lasted, with various repairs, ninety-six years; and at last became a residence for sheep and bats, and finally its lumber was used in erecting the present town-house or hall.

But from this meeting-house digression let us return to their first years. In the absence of bells, they beat the drum to give notice of the time for public worship; and seating the meeting according to seniority and other orders of respectability was the delicate task of a yearly committee appointed by the town. In some parts of New England it was the custom to preach by the hour, as measured by the hour-glass, and the preacher must preach till the sand had run out, whether his ideas had all run out or not; (*e*) but such was not the case with this people,—they had an able minister, who measured his discourse by its importance and his ability in condensing it. Everything wore a

religious aspect; but they took no part in those superstitious follies involved in the early laws of Connecticut nor the persecutions at the headquarters of the Bay Colony at Boston. The first settlers of this place were very generally men of good abilities, and of considerable more than ordinary education for those times. But they were an isolated plantation; and it provokes a smile to read on their town records of 1649 the appointment of a committee of two of their ablest men, John Brown and Stephen Payne, with power to employ a surveyor; and for what? why to accomplish the difficult task of finding the way to Dedham! a journey now traveled in about forty minutes. This vote alone is a whole chapter in the history of the difference between their times and ours. They were on good terms with their Indian friends, and having purchased and paid for their lands, the Indians fully acknowledged their peaceable possession down to the time of Philip's war. (*f*) There was a very faithful Indian, whose original name ought to have been preserved, but whom the settlers called *Sam*, whether after their pastor or otherwise I know not, but he was the general shepherd for the town in watching their flocks and herds at the great "Ox Pasture," and driving the cows home at night and distributing them about in their appropriate yards; and such was the esteem in which he was held, that on the books of the town there is a vote admitting him to all the privileges of citizenship. This is the first instance, and I think the only instance, in all our colonial history, where a native born American has been naturalized on his own soil by a community of foreigners; but

the name of "*Uncle Sam*" yet remains a very popular éognomen for our common country.

Their town meetings were held in their meeting-house, and for many years "Father Bowen," as the records call Mr. Richard Bowen, was a sort of stereotyped moderator; and he also served as clerk. And here a word on the term *Mr.* It was very rarely applied, and only to clergymen and citizens of much more than ordinary distinction, and more rarely than we now use the title of Honorable. The common title, as we now use Mister, was Goodman, and for *Mrs.* they used the term Goodwife or Goody;—thus Goodman and Goody Paine instead of Mr. and Mrs. Paine. I mention this little fact because it will throw light on old books when being read by young persons; and this was not a peculiar trait in this people, but common to that age in all the colonies. Their log houses, with clay-thatched roofs, resembled a thing two stories in front and no story in the rear, the back eaves reaching nearly to the ground and towards the north to ward off storms, and the front facing the south to enjoy the sun. The fire-place and oven of stone, and chimney-flue of board lined with clay, were of large dimensions, so that there were little sitting-rooms on each side of the huge fire, with oak benches for sofas, from which they could look out of the chimney and see the same stars, planets and moon which had shone on them in their native Europe, with inspiring visions of the homes of their forefathers. Fire-wood was plentiful, and their food, clothing, furniture and general habits were so plain and substantial that they knew not the want of valerian root, homœopathic globules, or artificial bloom

for their cheeks. In these independent castles there were religious purity, much innocent merriment and general neighborhood sociality; and barley beer, made by the *goody* or mother of the family, was the common beverage when they exceeded water. In this plain, unsophisticated manner, with pitch-pine knots whittled into candles, they spent their winter evenings in teaching children to read, write and cipher, and in cheerful social parties, frequently attended by their smiling pastor, who, with all his puritan gravity, was often caught at play with the assembled children of the whole neighborhood as if they had been his own. (*g*) The young men were ambitious in the art of tilling the soil, and of being found at church on the Sabbath; and the girls, though constant at church, were hardly considered marriageable till, in addition to their daily practice in the art of housekeeping, they could show a pillow-case full of stockings of their own knitting, and woollen, linen and tow dresses enough, spun with their own hands, to last them till their first born daughter would be old enough to begin to pull flax. Everybody learned a trade, and that trade was, the art or mystery of being diligent in some real utility. How different were those girls from ours! I am not here to say which are the best; but if the Great Author of the celebrated sermon on the Mount were here, he might see fit to repeat his own words in reference to many of the young ladies of this age: "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Their mode of travel was generally on foot. There were but few horses for horseback, and no carriages other than the

ox carts for farming; and when new comers began to settle at a distance from the "ring of the town," they often took their families to meeting with ox teams. But with all this simplicity of social condition, they were a pious, intelligent, law-abiding and hospitable people, exhibiting much of genuine goodness, and left an example that entitles the soil that here they once trod to be regarded as consecrated ground,—consecrated to religion, to sound morality and to good citizenship; and, as such, their memory is entitled to our gratitude and respect.

Such was the general aspect of this community down to 1663, the period of the death of their pastor, and such were the people with whom he held daily intercourse, and to whom he weekly, and often semi-weekly, imparted his ministrations. I will now attempt a brief summary of his life and character; and in doing this shall offer no high-wrought eulogy, but simply present him in the position to which he is fairly entitled, and the position which I think he is destined to occupy in coming ages.

HIS CONCORDANCE. There had been partial Concordances, or rather indexes to certain parts of the Bible, attempted by Cardinal Charo, in the thirteenth century, and by several others in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, but the first *full Concordance* in English, that on which Cruden's and all later ones are based, was written or compiled by Samuel Newman. The first edition was printed at London in 1643, the last year of his ministry at Weymouth. The second edition was prepared in this town and printed at London in 1650, and

the third and last edition, still more complete, was prepared here and printed at London in 1658, two hundred and two years ago this year; and here is the identical copy he reserved for his own use. It has been pronounced by Biblical scholars a monument of learning, genius, industry and skill. To the christian world, as its sacred literature then was, the admirable arrangement and perfect execution of this task was a glittering casket of diamonds, cut from the Scriptures, and set, for convenience, in pictures of gold. Highly and justly as this perfect guide to every significant word in the whole Bible, Apocrypha and all, was prized in Europe and America, this infant town, though then a wilderness, could claim the honor of its production. But,

“Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.”

His publishers at London failed and defrauded him of all pecuniary reward for his labors; and about the time of his death, another edition being called for by the sales it met with, it was re-published at Cambridge University, England, under the high-sounding title of the “Cambridge Concordance,” faintly crediting its authorship to the initial letters “S. N.,” in small type, without stating whether of Old or New England, or the moon. Perhaps it would be difficult to find in the whole history of authorship an instance of more flagrant wrong committed upon a toiling scholar, about leaving the world, and unable to speak for himself by a distance of three thousand miles. But it was said by the Psalmist of old, “The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance,” a reward of far more value than

booksellers' remittances; and I am proud of an opportunity, though at the distance of two centuries, to vindicate his memory on this the original site of his achievements, though I could wish that the task had fallen to abler hands. Thus much of this sacred monument of his literary labors.

HIS INTELLECTUAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER, AND HIS DEATH. It is to be regretted that thirteen years after his decease, his library and papers, bequeathed in his will to his son Noah, and successor in the ministry, fared hard at the burning of the "ring of the town" on the 28th of March, 1676, by the Indians in Philip's war. Only a fragment of his diary escaped that conflagration, but it is an important one. It was the private platform of his life, and the one on which cotemporary writers say he implicitly stood during his whole residence in America. This brief but important document is as follows:

"*Notes or marks of grace I find in myself; not wherein I desire to glory, but to take ground of assurance, and after our apostle's rules, to make my election sure, though I find them but in weak measure:*

1. I love God, and desire to love God, principally *for himself*.
2. I desire to requite *evil with good*.
3. A looking up to God, to see him and his *hand* in all things that befall me.
4. A greater fear of *displeasing* God, than all the world.
5. A love of such *christians* as I never saw, or received good from.
6. A *grief* when I see *God's commands broken* by any person.
7. A mourning for not finding the assurance of God's love, and the sense of his favour, in that comfortable manner, at one time as at another; and not being able to serve God as I should.
8. A willingness to give *God the glory* of any *ability* to do good.
9. A *joy* when I am in *christian company*, in *Godly conference*.

10. A *grief*, when I perceive it *goes ill with christians*, and the contrary.

11. A constant performance of *secret duties*, between God and myself, morning and evening.

12. A bewailing of such *sins* which none in the world can accuse me of.

13. A choosing of *suffering* to avoid sin.”

As his implicit practice of, and adherence to, these thirteen golden rules, offsprings of their great prototype in the New Testament, is corroborated by ample cotemporary testimony, no other evidence need be adduced to exhibit his as a well balanced, pure and lofty christian character. The more they are scrutinized from a christian stand-point, the purer and brighter they will shine. And, to a suggestive mind, this number of *thirteen* might appear as rather ominous, for they would have strengthened the moral force of that immortal document we have heard read to-day as the platform of the *thirteen* new-born States, creating a vast Republic, which can permanently endure only on a basis of political righteousness.

There are two events in his life which we could wish had never occurred, because they were misrepresented in the history of those times; but neither of them did his character any permanent harm, as they received their false coloring from the careless use of words by earlier and partizan historians. I would not shroud his faults in the mantle of his virtues, ample as that would be to cover them, for that would not be honest. That he participated in the limited vision that belongs to our mortal existence there can be no doubt. The sun itself has spots, and imperfection is clearly

admitted in the twelfth item of his personal platform. The two events are these: Eight persons, with Obadiah Holmes as their leader, adopting the Baptist sentiments, voluntarily withdrew from this church and held meetings of their own. The censure imputed to the pastor by the polemical writers of those times consisted in what they tortured into harshness in *excommunicating* these persons from his church, when all he did in the matter was to formally discontinue their names as members of his church, after they had voluntarily withdrawn. The word *excommunicate* was not the right term; it implied an unkindness that he never manifested. It is true that Obadiah Holmes was unmercifully and wrongfully whipped for his religious opinions, but it was done for the exercise of those opinions in another place, and by the rigid, persecuting authorities at Boston, and in a colony that had no control over Rehoboth. In religious toleration, the governments of the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies were two very different bodies, and so were the people that sustained them; and this was one of the freest towns in this colony. But toleration, in those days, was as far as any of them could see, and to be tolerant was to be magnanimous. But toleration implies the reserved right to withhold that which is tolerated. The great idea that perfect religious freedom, in all matters of conscience, was an inherent, inalienable right in man, was reserved for an outcast of the Massachusetts Colony, and not the Plymouth. The sublime truth of "soul liberty" was a celestial spark that ignited the heart of Roger Williams alone, but was destined by Omniscience to shed

its radiance over our entire world. The intolerant severity wrongfully attributed to Rehoboth, had no real existence. And I think that if our aged friend, who, thank God, still lives, and is with us here to-day, the venerable and learned historian of the great and respectable Baptist denomination in this and other countries, [Rev. Dr. Benedict,] had written his luminous history under the developments of the present day, instead of a half century ago, I think that he, with all his acknowledged ability and fairness of purpose, would have more amply shielded the memory of this generous and high-minded christian scholar.

The other regretted event is brief. Several citizens, whose zeal probably swerved their judgment, reported to the pastor that Mr. Holmes had made a false statement on some matter at court; and, in a public discourse on the importance of moral rectitude, the pastor alluded to this report, not then sufficiently doubting its truth. Mr. Holmes brought an action for damages of £100. The pastor appeared at court, fully admitted the allusion he had made, and presented the testimony of those who thus informed him, they further testifying that they were mistaken and not willful in the charge. The court, seeing no evidence of intentional wrong on the part of the accused or his informers, dismissed the idea of any damage, and ordered that the pastor should pay only the few shillings of cost. The complainant, Mr. Holmes, expressed himself perfectly satisfied that the pastor had intended him no wrongful injury, and preferred to pay the cost himself; and, in his next public discourse, the pastor took occasion to set the whole mat-

ter right. This case still stands thus on the Plymouth records; yet there have not been wanting religious partizans who have stated that the pastor of this church was prosecuted for defamation, damages £100, without giving its honorable termination. And this complainant was the same Obadiah Holmes who had been formerly dismissed from this church at his own request, but not "*excommunicated*;" and his manly feelings exhibited in this case show how little he supposed the meek pastor of this ancient church had to do with his being whipped at Boston for his religious opinions by those ministerial tigers who were so "voracious to do good."

Hospitality and generosity were marked features in his character. We read in Goldsmith of a parson

"Passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Our pastor had fifty pounds a year, but as he was the largest tax-payer in the town, excepting two, his people gave themselves but little trouble about paying him, deeming their wants for improvements to be greater than his, and with which he found but little fault. He loved his church as if it had been his family, and taught his family as if it had been his church; and his church was pretty nearly the town. Once, on a journey from Boston to Rehoboth on horseback, [after that committee, with their civil engineer, had found the way to Dedham,] our pastor accidentally heard of a set lecture to be delivered by Rev. Richard Mather, at Dorchester, for the particular benefit of certain noted irreligious men. He resolved to hear it, and, turning his horse, rode to Dorchester, arriving

there just as Mr. Mather was opening his meeting with prayer. Mr. Mather pressed him into his own place as preacher for the occasion, thus unexpectedly. Our pastor delivered one of his off-hand "*christian philippics*," and the result was that, in after days, several eminent christian citizens of Dorchester dated their conversion from that meeting.

Very few of his discourses were ever committed to writing. He is described by his almost forgotten contemporaries as a lively, energetic and highly eloquent extemporaneous speaker, whose perspicuous sermons, like the orations of Homer's Nestor,

" Whose lip dropped language sweet,"

and which fell like the dews of Hermon on his captive congregations; and if stenography or phonography had been as common then as now, this old town might have furnished one of the richest caskets of jewels in our country's theologic literature.

In a sort of three-fold eulogy pronounced by an eminent clergyman of those times, the year 1663 is termed a *memorable* year, inasmuch as in that year Norton of the Massachusetts Colony, Stone of the Connecticut Colony, and Newman of the Plymouth Colony,—the three divines from whom their respective colonies were then drawing their largest share of christian light and influence,—all three expired within a few days of each other; a fact to which President Stiles of Yale College, a century later, adds his corroborative testimony. This remark alone, among the distinguished men of that age, implied no small distinction.

But although he has lived in the floating paragraphs of biographical dictionaries, and in the detached and fading scraps of a too much neglected department of by-gone literature, and in his Concordant folio of Biblical jewels of utility and energy, yet his grave, in yonder cemetery, remains unmarked by a fragment that tells his name; and his memory is almost in the condition of another of more distant times, of whom it was said: "He was an ornament to the age in which he lived, but, in the multiplied troubles of the age, he had no historian, and was forgot."

I have but little faith in what is now passing over this age under the name of "Spiritualism," but I know of nothing in revelation, or in the laws of Nature as thus far developed in the fields of physical or intellectual philosophy, that positively precludes the idea that the disembodied existences of just men made perfect take cognizance and interest in the more refined portions of the mode of existence in which they once had so great an interest. In the absence of all positive proof, analogy would seem to favor the position that they do. The apostrophy in rhetoric is based on this probability. If, then, your departed pastor of this ancient church, with his beloved Deacons Cooper and Carpenter, and Goodman Paine, and Wheaton, and Bowen, and Read, and all that pious band of warm-hearted christians who, two centuries ago, trod in cheerful meekness this consecrated soil,—if they are now witnessing with interest this pious gathering of their descendants to commemorate them, let us listen a moment, with the ear of imagination, and catch some faint resemblance of their thoughts to us, as

they are breathed on seraphs' wings and wafted from their celestial portals.

“Descendants and successors, now gathered on the spot of our once mortal existence! With a vision incomprehensible to you, we turn a moment from our higher employments, and with sympathetic interest in your present existence, we greet you in the dialect of earth. When we once breathed the life that you now breathe, we, like you, were mortal and imperfect, and stood upon a probationary foundation. We only acted in earnest the best we then knew, and in the light of that Revelation which was then our guide, and should now be yours. In our weakness we were sustained through our faith in promised grace, and clothed in the mantle of the great atonement. Thus equipped in the armor of Christ, who is now our associate, we were admitted to these realms where just men are made perfect, and where they reap the legitimate awards that flow, as a natural result, from their innate purity, thus *made perfect* through Divine influence. In the light of these, our mortal trials and immortal triumphs, we say to you, live on in the full discharge of your duty;—to the best of your ability fulfil every Divine command, and cling to the atonement, in all its essential conditions, as your ark of safety. Thus answer the greatest object of your mortal existence, and, in due time, come to us. Then will we joyfully introduce you to scenes which mortal eye hath not seen, nor ear heard—a blissful beatitude, unknown and unexpressed in the dialect of man; and, with you, enjoy such an existence, in unfading life, through endless duration. In-

habitants of our once earthly abode! We appreciate the objects of your innocent, fraternal gathering, the first of its kind since we were summoned away; and, with thoughts like these, we beckon you to a better world, at the appointed time; and until you thus meet us—adieu!”

Returning from this digressive apostrophy, we will close the ecclesiastic portion of our review by describing the singular death of the first pastor of this church, and then turn our attention to civic things.

His death was different from that of the ordinary lot of men, but I do not regard it in that miraculous light in which it was then viewed, wonderful and extraordinary as it truly was. From the nature of his Biblical studies in compiling his Concordance, he had every part of the Divine revelations under constant rumination, and this, to him, was the means of arriving at an extraordinary measure of that sanctity which these great truths, rightly improved, would naturally inspire. Thus, as he drew towards the close of his life, he seemed to advance more and more towards the beginnings of his final triumph over his portion of our fallen nature; and a foresight of its joys very observably, but calmly, irradiated his whole being.

On Sunday, June 28, 1663, O. S., one hundred and ninety-seven years ago this year, he delivered his last sermon, from Job xiv., 14: “All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come.” In that discourse he presented a brilliant synopsis of his whole christian teachings since he had been their shepherd, informing his sorrow-smitten congregation that his mission upon earth was closed, and imparted his final

and tearful benedictions, though then in perfect health and but sixty-one years of age. He was seen no more mingling in the affairs of men, and spent the following seven days at his house, in the midst of his family altar, where his physical nature gradually grew weak without pain and without any visible cause; and as his mortal structure receded, his spiritual being visibly increased in heavenly irradiation. On the following Sunday, July 5, the church drum was silent, and ceased to call the accustomed congregation, and men met each other that morning in silent salutation and with downcast and foreboding countenances. A few select members of the church spent some time in an interview with their pastor, at his house, in the afternoon, of the minutiae of which there is no record, other than at the termination of it, he asked Deacon Cooper to close the *parting* with prayer; immediately after which, he turned his face from the gaze of mortals towards the wall of the room, and calmly spoke these words: "And now, ye angels of the Lord Jesus Christ, come, do your office!" and gently falling back upon his couch, breathed no more.

Such was the manner of his death, as attested by Rev. Drs. Mather, Elliot and others; and accounts of it were drawn up at the time by several clergymen and others, and sent to their friends in England; but they gave to it a *miraculous* shade to which these singular facts were not entitled. The laws of physical and intellectual life were less understood then than now; and there was no miracle about it. It was simply a *result*; not a general, but an occasional result, flowing from a deeply pious and energetic intellectual

christian life ; and was but another of the very few, but well authenticated, instances of *premonition*; or that premonitory presentiment whereby, for some Divine Providential reason, unknown to us, but which we have no right to question,—a well developed instance among the few who have been permitted to foresee the time and circumstances of their own exchange of worlds.

His departure was long and deeply lamented by his bereaved flock, and throughout New England. In his toil on his Concordance and Biblical studies he was compared with Neander, a Rector of a German University, who, in the preceding century, had spent many years of vast labor in making notes and commentaries on the Greek classics of antiquity ; and, in view of all these facts, an eminent scholar of another colony wrote the following brief but comprehensive Latin epitaph to his memory, which, if future piety and justice should ever set up a stone to his yonder lonely grave, might, with propriety, be a part of its inscription :

“Mortuus est Neander Nov-Anglus,
Qui ante mortem dedicit mori,
Et obiit eâ morte quæ potest esse, Ars benè moriendi.”

Which permit me to offer in an English dress :

Thus died *the Neander* of New-England,
Who in his life had learned how to die,
And whose death may be called the Art of dying well. (h)

For the five succeeding years there was no settled minister of this church ; but Rev. Mr. Symes, Rev. John Miles and Rev. Mr. Burkley were severally employed to supply the desk until March, 1668, when Noah Newman, youngest son of the former pastor,

having then completed his preparatory studies, was ordained as the successor to his father; and after ten years of acceptable and appreciated service, died in 1678, and his grave is yonder, by the side of his father's. I have identified the location of each, but

"—————No stone now tells
Their name, their worth, their glory."

The *third* pastor was Rev. Samuel Angier; from 1679 till his health failed in 1692.

The *fourth* was Rev. Thomas Greenwood; settled in October, 1693. [The record looks like 91, but it is a faded 3.]

The *fifth* was Rev. John Greenwood, son of the former, and ordained 1721. These two Greenwoods were most worthy and pious men, and their memory should long be kept green as the woods of perennial summer.

The *sixth* was Rev. John Carnes, a graduate of Harvard, and installed April 18, 1759. He resigned his post in 1764, and from 1776 to the close of the Revolution was a chaplain in the American army,—nine years representative in the Legislature, and a member of the Massachusetts Convention that adopted the National Constitution. He died in 1802, aged 78, a patriotic and pious citizen of unblemished reputation.

The *seventh* was Rev. Ephraim Hyde, a graduate of Yale College, ordained May 14, 1766, preached seventeen years, and died in 1783, aged 45. He was much beloved by his people, and his grave is in yonder cemetery.

The *eighth* was Rev. John Ellis, a graduate of Harvard College in 1750. He was a chaplain in the army

throughout the entire Revolution, and installed over this church March 30, 1785, dismissed, at his own request, in 1796, from age and infirmities, and died at Norwich, Connecticut, 1806, aged 78. During the ministry of Mr. Ellis, the neighboring and highly respectable and flourishing Baptist Church on the south end of this Common was organized, in 1794. That church had its origin in a mistaken view of the ownership of certain legacies bequeathed to this society at an earlier period. They believed, or appeared to believe, that a donation made and accepted for a *specific* purpose, could be changed for another purpose at the will of a majority of its recipients; and they being then in a majority, barred the doors of this church until the Supreme Judiciary, after a patient and most thorough investigation, unbarred them and restored order. But no crimination nor recrimination need now be uttered, for this state of things soon died away, and the two churches, though different in what I regard as non-essential human creeds, have long walked hand in hand in the spirit of unity; and down to this day are exhibiting interchanges and religious courtesies but rarely met with, and are setting an example of genuine liberality worthy of all christian commendation; and they approach nearer than any instance within my knowledge to that immortal line in the writings of an English bard, a sentiment which will one day pervade the whole world:

“ Be all distinctions, in the *christian*, lost.”

The *ninth* pastor of this church was Rev. John Hill; installed September 22, 1802, and lost his life by the kick of a horse in 1816. I was present at his funeral.

He was an erudite linguist in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and well versed in the various departments of English literature. In addition to his very acceptable ministerial duties, he kept a school for the above named studies; and was beloved by his church and the youth under his charge. His wife was Roby Bowen; born at Coventry, Rhode Island, November 29, 1766, a lineal descendant, in the fifth generation, from "Father Richard Bowen," the town clerk and standing regulator of town meetings in this place two hundred years ago; and she still survives in yonder house of her departed husband, in sight of this church, and at the age of nearly ninety-four, and being the nearest link that connects us with the first settlers of this ancient town. The word grandfather, with two greats to it, will carry this lady back, genealogically, to England, at a period when the passengers of the Mayflower were quietly located in Holland, and when no Indian in these colonies had ever beheld a pale-faced European. This fact arose from several generations being born late in the lives of their fathers. "Father Bowen" died February 4, 1675, at an advanced age, [I know not what,] and two families of his grand-children, containing fourteen persons, lived one thousand and thirty-nine years, being an average of over seventy-four years each.

De mortuis nil nisi verum.

The *tenth* is our friend, Rev. James O. Barney, the present pastor, a graduate of Brown University, and ordained February 4, 1824, and whose labors and success, and whose long appreciation by this people,

is a subject which will tell its own story,—an agreeable task, of which I have no prescriptive right to rob the future historian. Long may it yet be before his successor shall be finally announced.

Thus much of this ancient church. The town, as it originally existed, has given birth to seven towns and fragments of three or four more; and in the following order: Swansea, in 1667; Attleborough, in 1694; Cumberland and Barrington as it now is, and Warren, in 1746; Seekonk, in 1812; and Pawtucket, in 1828. Thus, to use geographically a genealogical figure, this old town has had three children and four grand-children,—all now living and doing well. The venerable mother, instead of one log-thatched church and thirty families, now has thirty-eight churches and thirty thousand inhabitants; and, as offshoots and adopted children, we cordially, in her behalf, extend to you all a maternal and fraternal greeting.

Without time for anything like connected history, we can only slightly glance at a few of the leading events within the limits of this mother of towns. Here, for forty years, lived, and died, the venerable patriarch who was the first and sole white inhabitant of Boston, and who raised from English seeds the first apple in New England. Here, too, Roger Williams, [whose skeleton, by one of Nature's singular transmutations, now exists in wood,] built his cabin and planted his first and last corn, before going to settle the first free State in the world. (*i*) Here was shed the first blood in King Philip's war, and here was captured the last of his commanders; and that direful

tronomy in Brown University—a philosopher whose merits and reputation are co-extensive with astronomical science.

There was another of “Nature’s noblemen” among the original settlers of the town, whose grave is with us to this day;—John Brown, who was elected and served as Governor’s Assistant for seventeen years. He was the first magistrate in the United Colonies who raised his voice against coercive support of the ministry, taking the stand that all church support should be voluntary, and backed his precepts by liberal example. He was a man of abilities, intelligence, piety and patriotism, and was buried with military and civic honors in 1662. He has worthy descendants, one of whom is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements on this occasion.

As we glide down into later periods, we are arrested by the fact that in the affairs of the Revolution this town acted a noble and patriotic part. The hatred of oppression and love of liberty coming in contact early, struck a spark that ignited the united hearts of this people, and continued to blaze, undiminished, till the completion of National Independence. The town unanimously voted instructions to their representatives in the Legislature to resist, to the last extremity, and inch by inch, every act of aggression on the part of the British Crown. A letter of these instructions by the town’s Committee of Correspondence, presumed to have been drawn up by its chairman, Ephraim Starkweather, breathes a spirit of intelligence, judgment and patriotism, clothed in a soul-stirring eloquence, but rarely to be found in the whole annals

of that great Revolution, and gave evidence that the seeds of the sublime eloquence of Otis found a congenial and prolific soil in the hearts of the people of this town.

The drafts upon this town for men, for various periods of military service, required two hundred and six, which were all answered promptly. The voluntary enlistments, for various terms of time, were one hundred and four. Thus the town furnished three hundred and ten of its men, from beardless youth to veterans in age, for the continental army, thirty-seven of whom served as commissioned officers; and the records show but one single desertion from the post of military duty. Besides furnishing its portion of the supplies called for by the government for the military chest, the town voluntarily imposed heavy taxation upon itself for the comfort of its own absent soldiers; and the inhabitants also made voluntary contributions, six pounds of which came from this church, for the relief of the poor of Boston, sufferers by means of the Boston port bill; and the treasurer of the Provincial Congress acknowledged the receipt of ten pounds from this town to help sustain the expenses of that body. Throughout the Revolution, the patriotic conduct of this people will bear an honorable comparison with almost any spot in the whole thirteen colonies, and deserves to be remembered in gratitude by all their descendants. And throughout all the past history thus glanced at, the town has been ample in its provisions for the education of its youth, as then compared with surrounding places; and perhaps in this is to be found the secret of much of its early reputation and patriotic influence. (*l*)

But let us turn from these tedious locals, and pay a glancing tribute of respect to our common country, especially as this is her natal day. Such are the facilities of the present day, and for which we should be profoundly thankful, that the history of the Revolution, and a good view of our subsequent annals, have become familiar to the school-boys; but there are *points* in our colonial existence which may have too much escaped the attention of even "children of a larger growth." By this I mean, there is a sort of three-fold connecting idea, through which may be seen the gradual development of our childhood of colonial history, and our manhood in the final independent Union of this Republic.

On the 11th of November, 1620, [old style,] there was drawn up, on the lid of a chest, on board the Mayflower, in Plymouth harbor, and signed by forty-one of the principal men of the first band of Pilgrims, a platform of civil government which, notwithstanding all the civic and ecclesiastic aberrations from it in later times, contained the elemental seeds of all that is now valuable in the civil polity of this great Western Empire. I think that the more that brief but comprehensive document is studied, and studied, too, in connection with the noble and most instructive farewell discourse of John Robinson, their pastor, before they left Leyden, the more will this important and fundamental truth become apparent. (1) This is the *first point* in what I denominated a *three-fold idea*, the whole essence of which was, under God, *human freedom enshrined in human progress*.

The *second point* in this progress was in 1652; and

it developed itself through the medium of coinage. The coinage of money has, in all nations, ever been considered a prerogative of the government; and devices upon coin are intended as emblematic of some leading proclivity of the people. The first coin struck in North America, at Boston, in 1652, was intended as a Liberty coin. It was, in later times, and for special reasons, called the "Pine Tree Shilling," but it was no such thing; it was as bold an effort at a Declaration of Independence as they then dare make, and was founded on the following passages from the seventeenth chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel:

"Son of man, put forth a riddle, and speak a parable unto the house of Israel. And say, thus saith the Lord God; a great eagle with great wings, long wings, full of feathers, which had divers colours, came unto Lebanon, and took the highest branch of the cedar: He cropped off the top, and carried it into a land of traffick; he set it in a city of merchants: and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar; and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell."

It is a quite remarkable feature in the Prophet Ezekiel, that the success of man, under Divine Providential blessing, is variously typified under the idea of a ring within a ring—the first as enclosing the acts of men, and the outer ring as the surrounding Providential protection. We are now prepared to present the solution of this prophetic riddle as exhibited in this first coin, erroneously, but for reason of fear, called the "Pine Tree Shilling," pence, and so forth. The coin has a *cedar* tree enclosed in a ring, with the word "Massachusetts" in an outer ring; and on the opposite side, "1652: XII pence," in the inner ring, and "New England" in the outer ring, or between the two rings. This coin was thus struck in the time of the Common-

wealth, under Cromwell, when the restraints of monarchy were hardly thought of in the colonies. They thought that they were a full grown, goodly cedar; but they were too fast; the time indicated in Ezekiel's riddle had not yet come. In a little time, Charles Second came to the throne; monarchy was restored; and they began to be fearful about their coin. The King's Commissioners reported it to him, but knew nothing about the riddle of Liberty contained in it. Sir Thomas Temple, who was well acquainted in New England, and a sound friend to the colonies, and yet a confident of the King, suddenly ameliorated much of the King's ill feeling from this encroachment upon his prerogative in coinage. The King asked Sir Thomas why they dared to coin money contrary to law? He took some of these shillings from his pocket, and showing them to the King, remarked, evasively, that these people knew but little about law; that they were coined merely for convenience, not supposing there would be any objections. The King asked what tree that was? Sir Thomas told him it was the Royal Oak of Boscobel. [When Charles Second, in his attempt to regain his father's throne, was routed by the army of Cromwell, at Worcester, he saved his life by hiding in the thick boughs of an oak tree at Boscobel; and after his restoration, this tree acquired the name of the Royal Oak; and Sir Thomas Temple thus evasively called the tree on the coin the Royal Oak, in honor of his preservation, adding that they dare not put his name on, being then under the Commonwealth.] The King, smiling, said: "They are a set of honest dogs; let them coin their

shillings." And they continued to coin their shillings and pence, without much alteration, calling it an oak or a pine, as best suited their whim, only keeping out of sight the original secret of their *cedar tree* coin.

There is wisdom to be learned from this *second point* in our three-fold idea of the development of American freedom. They were right, in the great outer ring of God's ultimate designs, in setting His eagle to crop the monarchies of the Old World and to replant the twigs to grow into Republics—setting the first example in our portion of the earth. But nations, like men, are sometimes impatient and too fast. They thought the small twig plucked from the top of the prophetic cedar of Lebanon, and developed in the miniature platform of the Mayflower, had grown into a goodly tree at Boston in thirty-two short years, so that it could bear national fruit, and shelter, in its ample boughs, "all fowls of every wing;" or, in other words, welcome the oppressed of all nations under their protecting shadow. But such was not the case; the time had not arrived; they had to do more than to "wait a *little* longer."

"Man, in feebleness, can plan,
But God, in wisdom, executes."

Their emblematic Declaration of Independence was, indeed, the still, small *Vox Dei*, but, in His wisdom, not then to be ratified by the *Vox populi*; but, after a century and a quarter more had rolled away, and Divine Providence had so shaped the affairs of men that all was ripe, then came, in thunder tones, the *Vox Dei*, ratified, in universal acclamation, by the *Vox populi*, and developed itself in the immortal declarative Char-

ter of our Liberties, read here to-day;—and although they had no further need of the boughs of the cedar, having received the whole canopy of the *stars* as our immortal birthright, yet they retained the *agent* that cropped the twig, and commissioned his ever-expanding wings to hover over the down-trodden stranger from every clime, and to forever glitter upon our coin as an emblem of the great enigma of human FREEDOM and human RIGHTS. (*m*)

Such is the three-fold idea of the gradual development of the great problem of human rights, as seen in the summary of our colonial history. From the Declaration of Independence, eighty-four years ago to-day, the history of the growth and present energies of our Republic is known of all men, and perhaps is well expressed, in a single word, by the term PROGRESSION. A PROGRESS in that art and skill which are essential to a nation's prosperity,—PROGRESS in that knowledge which Lord Bacon declares to be but another name for power,—PROGRESS in those all-conquering energies which have stamped their impress not only throughout our own land, but on the distant nations of the Eastern World, and unbarred the icy gates of the frozen North,—PROGRESS in all the elements of that civilization which is commanding the universal respect of the nations of the earth,—and PROGRESS in the knowledge and practice of christianity, without which no nation can be permanently prosperous or happy.

Such are the leading features of our Republic to-day. It is true that we can see the threatening penumbra of a dark cloud in the South, and hear the distant mutterings of a harmless thunder, and we can occa-

sionally see faint and unmeaning flashes of political lightning; but showers are refreshing to the land, and usually give us a purer atmosphere. It is not in the power of any men, or parties of men, to rend asunder our well cemented bond of Union, merely because it is not yet what we should all like to have it. We may be too fast in our anticipations, as well as the little nation of Massachusetts in 1652, when they coined their shilling. The halcyon days of a political millenium are not to be expected till Divine Providence sees best; and we must be content to each one endeavor to clear his own skirts from all wrong, and "wait a little longer." This year we are only passing through one of our accustomed quadrennial political spasms, and before another twelve-month shall have rolled away, we shall again see a noble spectacle—a ceremony that makes thrones and diadems tremble—that of one national administration quietly and submissively laying down the robes of office, and another administration as quietly and calmly putting them on; and all this mighty change, involving the interests of many millions of our race, at the simple will of the sovereign people, expressed through a harmless ballot, instead of a hostile bullet.

Our Republic has hardly yet begun its career in the destiny assigned it. We are yet to pass through many more revolutions; so that if the statesman of to-day could re-visit his native home a century hence, he would search in vain for some of his now familiar institutions. But these approaching revolutions are not to be produced by the cartridge-box; they will be achieved at the ballot-box, and under an increased

influence of the band-box. And although there may be politicians who would, if they could, blot out the principles of the founders of the Republic, and sell their immortal birthright for the potage of office, yet there is a recuperative moral power always held in reserve, and equal to the emergency. To short-sighted and desponding men it has certainly appeared as if departed greatness itself had fallen into the hands of political degeneracy, and that even the principles and fame, and name and dust of Washington were to be driven into oblivion. But there is, in the providence of God,

“A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears;”

and the name and fame, and principles and counsels, and sacred dust of the revered Father of his Country shall be preserved, and exert their intended influence on unborn generations of men; and for this we have an ample guaranty in the fact that woman, the cheering solace in man's last extremity,—sublime woman,—now holds the keys of Mount Vernon.

And now, Fellow-citizens, may that overruling Divine Providence whose protection has encircled the inhabitants of this ancient settlement through the sunshine of prosperity and storms of adversity for more than two centuries, still protect and bless you and your descendants, down the long vista of coming ages; and may the lessons of wisdom and fraternal influence which the motive of your gathering this day is so well calculated to inspire, be inscribed as with a sunbeam on the tablets of your town, and all its churches, and there leave its impress forever.

APPENDANT NOTES.

[NOTE A.—Page 12.]

Extract from the “*ATHENÆ ET FASTI OXONIENSES*,” by Anthony Wood, Third London Edition; now in Library of Harvard University:

“Samuel Newman, a learned divine of his time, received education in this University; but being puritanically affected, he left it, went into New England, became a Congregational man, minister of the Church of Rehoboth there, a zealous man in the way he professed, indefatigable in his studies, and marvelously read in the Holy Scriptures.”

This extract and a correspondence between Wood and Dr. Increase Mather in 1690, contain some discrepant inaccuracies, but they have been carefully collated and corrected from the records of the University, so that the sentence in the text contains the FACTS in a condensed form. [See said correspondence in *Mass. Hist. Coll.*, Vol. VII., p. 187, Third Series.

[NOTE B.—Page 12.]

This Dr. Featly was one of the brilliant scholars of his day, and William Gouge was one of the ministers called the “*Assembly of Divines*,” and was appointed one of the annotators of the Bible. They each wrote a prefatory advertisement, which is in the third edition of Newman’s Concordance; thus giving their high sanction to the merits of his Biblical attainments. [See more of them in note on the Concordance, and in *Lempriere’s Biographical Dictionary*.

[NOTE C.—Page 15.]

Taking into view the then price of lands, the general price of merchandize, and annual cost of living as style was then, and it will be

found that £500 was a larger estate than \$20,000 would be now. Thus he was then ranked among their wealthy men; but he used it as becoming a meek, pious and humble christian,—considering it in the light of a boon from heaven, with which he was bound to be kind, benevolent and charitable to the less fortunate of his flock.

[NOTE D.—Page 16.]

“This combination, entered into by the general consent of all the inhabitants, after general notice given the 23d of the 4th month [July].

We whose names are underwritten, being, by the providence of God, inhabitants of Seacunk, intending there to settle, do covenant and bind ourselves one to another to subject our persons [torn off—probably, *according to law and equity*] to nine persons; or any five of the nine, which shall be chosen by the major part of the inhabitants of this plantation, and we [torn off—probably, *promise and agree*] to be subject to all wholesome [torn off—probably, *rules and regulations made*] by them, and to assist them, according to our ability and estate, and to give timely notice unto them of any such thing as in our conscience may prove dangerous unto the plantation, and this combination to continue untill we shall subject ourselves jointly to some other government.”

(Signed,)	*Walter Palmer,	Ephraim Hunt,
	*Edward Smith,	Peter Hunt,
	Edward Bennett,	*William Smith,
	Robert Titus,	John Peren,
	Abraham Martin,	Zachery Roades,
	John Matthewes,	Job Lane,
	Edward Sale,	*Alexander Winchester,
	Ralph Shepherd,	*Henry Smith,
	Samuel Newman,	*Stephen Payne,
	William Choesborough,	Ralph Allen,
	*Richard Wright,	Thomas Bliss,
	*Robert Martin,	George Kendricke,
	*Richard Bowen,	John Allen,
	Joseph Torrey,	William Sabin,
	James Clarke,	Thomas Cooper.

The orthography as in the original is retained in the above.

Those marked thus * were the first chosen “townsmen,”—in December, 1643, and their first meeting as such, January 3, 1643, O. S.,

and Alexander Winchester was chairman. From a comparison of these dates and other circumstances, I suppose this compact was made at Weymouth, before the general migration, which most probably did not take place till the spring of 1644, O. S.* These thirty names were nearly or quite all then heads of families, and may be considered as the original, actual settlers of Rehoboth, although there were non-resident stockholders in the company, more or less of whom, at various periods, joined them as later residents.

The phrase "intending there to settle" will justify this view of the matter.

Stockholders were those who participated in the expense of fixtures and improvements, and not speculators in lands, so cheap that seven towns cost fifty shillings and a coat. [See Note F.

[NOTE E.—Page 17.]

For many of these early New England habits, see Sears's "Pictures of Olden Time," and Palfrey's Hist. New Eng., Vol. II.

[NOTE F.—Page 18.]

This town was originally bought of Massasoit, in 1641, for ten fathoms of beads or *wampum* [money]. This was delicate shells strung like beads, and was the Indian currency. Their white they called *wampum* [white], and their black money they called *suckauhock*—*seki* being their adjective for black. This bead money was nine shillings the fathom in 1630, but, owing to the fall of the price of beaver in England, it was, at the time of this purchase, only five shillings per fathom; so that this town cost £2 10s. of English money, and a coat which the chief made them throw in to boot. This trade was made at the house of Roger Williams, at Providence, he acting as interpreter. Thus the Indians, without a written language, transacted their business in "black and white"—especially their cash trades. [For Indian Coin, see Williams's Key, p. 128.

[NOTE G.—Page 20.]

These facts are gathered from a brief family record and notes written by his grandson in an old family Bible which I deciphered twenty years ago, and then almost illegible.

*The year then commenced on the 25th of March.

[NOTE H.—Page 33.]

Much of this note is extracted from an able but too brief a paper read before the Old Colony Historical Society by its President, Hon. John Daggett. Such parts of it as are from his paper are here enclosed in brackets :

[The work now exhibited to the Society is an interesting relic of the past. It is the third edition of Rev. Samuel Newman's "Concordance of the Bible."

This Concordance seems to have been not merely a new work, but substantially an original work, and the author of it was a minister of the retired settlement of Rehoboth, about ten miles from the ancient Cohannet [Taunton].

Most of the first generation of ministers in the New England Colonies were learned men, educated at the Universities in England—at first, ministers of the Established Church, who, from non-conformity, were obliged to flee from religious persecution at home, and to seek an asylum in the American wilderness. Many of them were eminently *practical* men, fitted by their varied experience in life to be the advisers, the guides, or the pioneers, of their flocks in these early settlements. Among them was Samuel Newman, who followed, or rather led, his people into the rough and hardy soil of Rehoboth, where an original settlement was formed in 1643, and where he remained in the laborious and faithful discharge of his duties as pastor of the first church for a period of twenty years. He died July 5, 1663.

He was a learned man ; and had a large library for that age. His English books were appraised at £4 ; his other books at £18 ; by the latter I understand his classical works in the ancient languages. This library he bequeathed to his son Noah.

Any one having an ordinary knowledge of books, must see at once that such a work required great labor, research and discrimination ; and learned divines who have examined it, and are well qualified to judge of its merits, say that it is a work of great learning and ability, especially for that age, when Biblical literature was comparatively imperfect and limited. It was a work of great utility ; not only in itself, but as laying the foundation for subsequent works of a similar character. In 1662, a short time before Newman's death, an edition of this work, somewhat altered, was published by the learned scholars of Cambridge University, England, at the University Press, which was afterwards known to the

public as the "Cambridge Concordance"—thus robbing Newman, the real author, of the reputation which belonged to him. A copy of this Cambridge edition is in the hands of the writer. Its title-page is "A Concordance of the Holy Scriptures; with the various Readings both in Text and Margin, by S. N. [*University Seal*,] Cambridge. Printed by John Field, printer to the Universitie 1662." In the preface, however, the editor (whose name is not given) acknowledges that it is founded on Newman's work and his plan adopted. On comparing, it will be found that Newman's quotations are abridged.

It is related of the author, that, while pursuing the work at Rehoboth, he was obliged, from the scarcity of materials for light in that infant settlement, to use pine knots for the purpose.

It is justly a matter of no little satisfaction to us that the author of such a monument of learning and industry, should have completed it while he was an inhabitant of the Old Colony.

Notices of this work are found in several of the ancient historians and writers. Mather, in his *Magnalia*, says of him: "He was a hard student; and as much toil and oil as his learned namesake, Neander, employed in illustrations and commentaries upon the old Greek pagan poets, our Newman bestowed in compiling his Concordances of the sacred Scriptures."

In the celebrated "Life of Hugh Peters," the work is erroneously attributed to Cruden, who did not publish his Concordance till about a hundred years after Newman; the biographer evidently confounding the one with the other. "The Rev. Mr. Newman, an eminent scholar in the University of Oxford, Eng., &c. This pious Clergyman with his pious companions, went and formed the settlement of Rehoboth. They built a Church and encircled it with a set of houses like a half moon, facing the west, where they worshipped the Creator with great devotion, and Newman taught their children the arts and sciences gratis. In that barren soil Newman spent a useful life, and made to himself a name in the Christian Church that will last as long as the Bible. There he formed the first Concordance of the Old and New Testaments, which was ever made in the English tongue. The energy and Herculean labor in this necessary Index of the Bible, even astonished both the Old and New World," &c., &c.

In this edition, of 1658, are two prefaces—one written by D. Featly, and the other, by W. Gouge. Some interest to us, attaches to their

names from their connection with Newman's Concordance. Who were they? The first was doubtless no other than the famous Dr. Daniel Featly, a learned and distinguished divine in England. He was born at Charlton, Oxfordshire, March, 1582, and educated at Oxford, and was made fellow of Corpus Christi, 1602. He was distinguished as a theologian, and by his eloquence as a preacher, was appointed Chaplain to Sir Thomas Edmond, Ambassador to France, where he remained with him for three years. In 1613 he was Rector of Northhill, Cornwall, Chaplain to Abbott, the Primate, and Rector of Lambeth. In 1617 he received the degree of D. D., and was promoted by his patron to the rectory of All-Hallows, London, which he afterwards exchanged for Acton; and finally became the last Provost of Chelsea College, where he died in April, 1645. He was imprisoned in 1643, for his opposition to the Covenant, and came near losing his life.

He was the author of "*Cygneæ Cantio*," 1629, and "the scholastic duel between him and King James," besides some forty religious works of a controversial character.

William Gouge, the writer of the other preface, was also a distinguished divine and author. He was minister of Blackfriars. He was educated at King's College, where "he was remarkable for not being absent from morning and evening prayers for nine years, and for reading 15 chapters of the Bible every day." He died Dec. 16, 1653. He was author of "*The whole Armor of God*," "*Exposition of the Lord's Prayer*," "*Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews*," and other religious works. [See Lempriere's Biographical Dictionary.

He [Newman] had a large family of children. Among them was *Samuel, Jr.*, supposed to be the oldest, who lived and died at Rehoboth; *Antipas*, the minister of Wenham, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Gov. Winthrop, and who died Oct. 15, 1672; *Noah*, who was his father's successor in the ministry, and who died April 16, 1678. His wife was Joanna, daughter of Rev. Henry Flint, one of the first ministers of that part of Braintree which is now Quincy; *Hopestill*, a daughter, born at Weymouth, Nov. 29, 1641, became the wife of the Rev. George Shove, the third minister of Taunton, and died March 7, 1674. They had five children—three sons and two daughters. Their blood still circulates in the veins of our neighbors; their descendants are in our vicinity.

Mr. Newman made a will, which seems not to have been discovered

by any of the historians or genealogists. The extracts which I have obtained from it settle some heretofore doubtful points. His wife's name was Sibel. He appoints Stephen Paine, sen., Thomas Cooper, Lt. Hunt, "overseers to give advice to my distressed Widow." He names his three sons, *Samuel*, *Antipas* and *Noah*, and three daughters. To Antipas he gives some "land at Wenham," and to his three daughters £5 each. *Hopestill* is mentioned by name. He gives ten shillings to his old servants, Mary Humphrey of Dorchester, Elizabeth Cubby of Weymouth, and Elizabeth Palmer of Rehoboth, and the same amount to "Lydia Winchester, his present servant."

Rev. Samuel Newman was buried in the Old Burying Ground at Seekonk. His dust has there mingled with his mother earth, but no monument marks the spot. A man of so much usefulness and distinction in his day and generation as Rev. Samuel Newman, should not be suffered to remain without even the ordinary memorials of the dead—such as mark the last resting place of the most humble tenant of the grave. We often neglect the living and honor the dead; but we sometimes honor the living and forget the dead.]

Thus far I have extracted from Mr. Daggett's able paper before the Historical Society. I will now correct a slight mistake or two in the above, and make some additional illustration in these matters.

"A large family." He had three sons and one daughter [*Hopestill*]. The "three daughters" alluded to in the will are daughters-in-law, the wives of his three sons, a very common expression in those times; and he gives them [in addition to what he had given their husbands, his sons,] £5 each, and ten shillings each to his former house-maids, as mere tokens of his kind personal remembrance of them, calling them "daughters," &c. The other general features of the will are sufficiently correct as represented by Mr. Daggett.

This third edition of the Concordance is very rare. There is a copy of it in the Athenæum at Boston, presented by King William III., as stated in gold letters on its cover. The copy which I possess is *the one* reserved by its author for his own use. It is a large folio, printed at London, 1658, in small, antique type, and contains 1370 pages. It has passed through the ownership of six different clergymen, and was presented to me in 1858, just two hundred years from the date of its imprint, by the surviving heirs of the late Rev. Dr. Wight of Bristol,

Rhode Island, at the suggestion of Gov. Dimond and the Hon. Nathaniel Bullock, to whose kindness and historic and antiquarian proclivities I am indebted for this interesting memorial of the past.

From President Stiles's MS. diary: "Four very considerable men, Williams, Blackstone, Newman and Gorton, lived in a vicinity, with no connection and little acquaintance."—"Nov. 18, 1771. I lodged at Mr. Hyde's at Rehoboth. [Rev. Ephraim Hyde, the seventh pastor.] He cannot recover any of Mr. Newman's MSS.; he supposes they fell into the hands of the late Mr. Avery, of Norton, by a marriage connection."

Comment.—Blackstone lived in Rehoboth, Williams in Providence, and Gorton was the factious controversialist at Warwick, Rhode Island, differing with pretty much everybody else, and sometimes differing with himself. Gov. Arnold, in his excellent history of the State, says he was the "veriest leveller recorded in history." The libraries of Blackstone and Newman were burnt by the Indians; and there is no evidence of much written intercourse between any of these four "very considerable men." With Gorton he would not be likely to have much intercourse; but as there is no written evidence to the contrary, and as the other three were educated men, and were also men of enlarged and liberal views for those times, there is no doubt of there having been much more familiarity and christian courtesy between them than is warranted by the remark of Dr. Stiles. About the recovery of Newman's MSS., as alluded to by Mr. Hyde, I have made pretty diligent research, and the result is that there were none to recover;—the conflagration at Rehoboth, March 28, 1676, by the Indians, seems to have settled that matter.

The fragment of his papers containing the thirteen articles of his private platform [on page 23] first appeared in print in Mather's *Magnalia*, and was doubtless preserved through a copy permitted to be taken by some friend during its author's life time, and which afterwards fell into Mather's hands. The Latin epitaph on page 33, of which I have made a rather free translation, was also written by Dr. Cotton Mather, and is in his *Magnalia*. And here I desire to record my own impressions of Mather and his works, without prejudice, and without any desire to compromise the opinions of anybody else. Dr. Cotton Mather was a very learned man—a very pious man—a very talented man—a very good man, and an able theologian and preacher of the gospel, according to the standard of his times. But his mind was of that imaginative cast

which, without a rigid control, rendered him an unsafe historian and biographer. He would hastily grasp, as with the hand of a great master, the *appearances* that evidently clustered around a *fact*, and educe from them his supposed reality, without delving for the truth itself. He was inattentive to those small but important items—those *minutiæ* in dates, places and delicate colorings of events, which are the rubble-stones which must ever support the foundations of the structure of true history. His historic writings [especially his *Magnalia*] are such as we should hardly know how to do without, and yet such as we constantly feel that we dare not implicitly trust. The fact that the *Magnalia*, though professedly an English book, is continually assaulted with hailstorms of Latin, was not peculiarly a fault of his—it was a fault in the taste of the age in which he lived; and with all these faults, and much trouble as he has caused in leading subsequent writers astray, he will ever be entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen, and to an honorable place in the theologic and historic literature of America.

At the close of this long note—the last on the founder of Rehoboth—perhaps it may be a convenience to some of my readers to refer them to the principal writers who have referred to, or more or less spoken of, Rev. Samuel Newman.

[Wood's *Athen. et Fast. Oxon.*, London. Mather's *Magnalia*. Holmes's *Ami. Annals*, Vol. I., p. 332, 333. President Stiles's *Literary Diary*. *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, Vol. IX., p. 191, First Series. Morton's *Memorial*; edited by Judge Davis. Allen's *Biog. and Hist. Dic.* Elliott's *Biog. Dic.* Bliss's *Hist. Rehob.* Farmer's *Register*; *First Settlers of New England*. *Mass. Hist. Coll.*, New Series, Vol. VII, p. 187. Baylies' *Plym. Colony*, Vol. I., p. 316; Vol. II., p. 196, 209, 211. Johnson's *Wonder Work. Prov.*, Chap. X., p. 127. Preface to *Cruden's Concordance*. Preface to *Newman's Concordance*, Third Edition of 1658, by Dr. Featly and Rev. William Gouge. Neal's *Hist. Puritans*, Vol. II., p. 315. Neal's *Hist. New England*, Vol. II., p. 341. Young's *Chronicles Mass.* *History of Dorchester*. *History of Weymouth*. *Rec. Banbury, Eng.* *Rec. Oxford Univ., Eng.* *Rec. Midhope Chap., Yorkshire, Eng.*; &c., &c. Many of these contain errors in dates, &c., copied from one to another, originally started wrong by Cotton Mather; but some of them have been carefully corrected by the accurate researches made while in England by the Hon. James Savage of Boston, to whom, for many favors, I have long been under lasting obligations.]

[NOTE I.—Page 37.]

On opening the grave of Roger Williams, in the spring of 1860, no remains were found except a good representation of his skeleton formed of the roots of an apple tree. The root had stretched itself some distance to reach the grave, in search of the elements of its own subsistence, such as the phosphate of lime, into which the bones had resolved

themselves, in the exact shape in which they were originally buried. And as the root consumed the remains, it assumed the appearance of a human skeleton made of apple tree root. When some one present enquired why there were no other remains, the reply was that the owner of the orchard had been eating him up in the form of apples. [See a very able paper on this matter, read before the Rhode Island Historical Society, May 18, 1860, by Hon. Zachariah Allen, L. L. D., in which this curious but rational development of some of Nature's recondite laws, is philosophically and eloquently illustrated.

[NOTE J.—Page 38.]

Would it not be an act of justice, as well as an act of credit, to the now populous and wealthy city of New York—the first commercial city on this Continent—to erect a plain, simple but substantial memorial over this lonely grave of their very worthy first mayor?

[NOTE K.—Page 40.]

For many of the statistics in these passages, I am indebted to Bliss's history, from which I have condensed them. The author of that valuable history of the town, though led astray in some matters as to dates, &c., by earlier writers, should long be held in grateful remembrance. With the then scanty and widely scattered materials, he performed a service for his native town which can never be over-estimated; and if he were living now, and could be benefited thereby, I should rejoice in an opportunity here to say more;—HONOR AND PEACE TO HIS MEMORY.

[NOTE L.—Page 41.]

The following is a verbatim copy of the original platform of government at Plymouth. [See Gov. Bradford's Plymouth Plantation, p. 89.

In y^o name of God, Amen. We whose names are under-writen, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, by y^o grace of God, of Great Britaine, France, & Ireland king, defender of y^o faith, &c., haveing undertaken, for y^o glorie of God, and advancemente of y^o Christian faith, and honour of our king & countrie, a voyage to plant y^o first colonie in y^o Northerne parts of Virginia,* doe by these presents solemnly & mutuallly in y^o presence of God, and one of another, covenant

*The term Virginia, in the compact above, was the name used before that of New England. The farewell sermon of John Robinson, their pastor, in Leyden, alluded to in the passage to which this is a note, may be found in the First Volume

& combine our selves together into a civill body politick, for our better ordering & preservation & furtherance of y^e ends aforesaid; *and by vertue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just & equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete & convenient for y^e generall good of y^e Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.* In witness wherof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap-Codd y^e 11. of November, in y^e year of y^e raigne of our soveraigne lord, King James, of England, France, & Ireland y^e eighteenth, and of Scotland y^e fiftie fourth. An^o: Dom. 1620.

Miles Standish,	William Bradford,
Isaac Allerton,	Edward Winslow,
Samuel Fuller,	William Brewster,
John Alden,	John Howland,
*Christopher Martin,	George Soule,
*William Mullins,	*William White,
Stephen Hopkins,	Richard Warren,
Edward Dotey,	*Edward Tilley,
Edward Leister,	*John Tilley,
Francis Cooke,	*Thomas Tinker,
*Thomas Rogers,	*Edward Fuller,
*John Ridgdale,	Francis Eaton,
*John Turner,	*John Crackston,
*James Chilton,	*Moses Fletcher,
John Billington,	*Degory Priest,
John Goodman,	Gilbert Winslow,
*Thomas Williams,	Peter Brown,
*Edward Margeson,	*Richard Clarke,
*Richard Britterige,	*John Allerton,
Edward Gardiner,	*Thomas English.
*John Carver,	

Those marked with a star thus * died the first year. The first person who stepped upon the landing rock, at the general disembarkation, was Mary, the daughter of James Chilton, who afterwards married John Winslow, son of Edward. John Billington was [ten years after] hung for murder, but left respectable descendants.

of Mather's Magnalia. [The italicizing is not in the original of the compact, but I have marked those words on which I based my remarks in the Oration.]

[NOTE M.—Page 45.]

For a further illustration of this coinage, see *Historical Magazine*, Vol. III., p. 197, and Thomas Hollis's *Memoirs*, p. 397. A rather captious reply to the above article in the *Magazine*, appears in the same volume, p. 316, but the argument used is a *felo de se*. I have a good and well preserved specimen of this coin, and nobody acquainted with the first limb or twig of "treeology" would ever dream of its being a pine,

CONCLUDING NOTE.—[PERSONAL.]

I here embrace an opportunity to try to correct some wide spread mistakes. In the course of my genealogical labors, I receive many letters addressing me by the title of *Rev.* How this practice came into use I do not know; but as my name is sometimes alluded to by my friends in the public journals, I suppose the mistake was made by some one inadvertently associating my name with that of Rev. Samuel Newman, the founder of Rehoboth, and from whom I am a lineal descendant. Nor have I any very high opinion of the application of the sacred title of *reverend* to men. My only apology for using the term in reference to others, is in deference to a long standing custom, rendering it almost a necessity in definite description. The term *reverend* is used but once in the Bible, [Psalms cxi., 9,] and there it is applied to the Supreme Being, alone! Do we rob God? or do we claim an equality with Him? one or the other seems inevitable. I have not, nor never had, any claim to such title. Nor is my name Samuel—a name by which I am often addressed. The name my sainted mother gave me is on the title-page of this humble production, and has never been altered; and any additions or appendages thereto, have been made by the voluntary, unsolicited acts of others.

In very early life I was left an orphan, and without education, property or friends to help me to instruction. I had an early proclivity for little books, which gradually extended itself for larger ones; but the calls of life could only be answered by daily manual labor, and all book progress was necessarily slow, fettered and limited, although the hours which Nature demands for sleep have been too often encroached upon throughout the past half century. For whatever of Science, Philosophy, History, Literature, or attainments in any of the departments of human learning, I may possess, (and I am often credited with much more than

I merit,) I am indebted only to the blessing of Heaven and the common kindness and sympathy of my fellow men, as I have lived thus far in life without a teacher. I am a graduate of no school except a small childrens' school taught by my mother; yet, for reasons best known to herself, Brown University saw fit to pick me up as a sort of isolated sheep from the more favored flock, and generously conferred upon me one of her Honorary Degrees.

In religious matters, I am an outsider to every variety and shade of religious organization; yet I am no infidel, nor am I a disrespectful or inattentive observer and listener at religious meetings. In none of my by-gone editorial writings, in no book, pamphlet, letter or document written by me throughout my past life, have I ever left a single word that could be construed into any disrespect or want of veneration for the christian religion or for God, whether I see him revealed in the Scriptures or geometrizing in the rainbow; but, on the contrary, I respect, admire and love, with what I believe to be a christian impulse, all I see praiseworthy, pure and good in all men, with no desire to take note of their faults. My worship is summed up in the Lord's Prayer, and my creed is reducible to eight small words: "Cease to do evil; learn to do well."

In earlier life, the physical sciences and moral and intellectual philosophy, were among my most congenial pastimes; but, in later years, antiquarian and genealogic investigations are my favorite pursuits; and I have many thousand families of the present and past, in systematic arrangement,—a vast collection, which is designed as a deposit in the archives of the State of Rhode Island, for the benefit of the future.

I am aware that it is not commendable for one to say or write much of himself; but if I had died yesterday, and my labors and papers ever been deemed worth overhauling, not a paragraph of autobiography would have ever been found among them. Under these circumstances, and to correct the mistakes alluded to, perhaps I may be excusably indulged in this brief exposition. And I only here desire to add, for the benefit of the youth and young men of this favored age, that although the most protracted life of man is but a moment in the great cycle of Time, yet, independent of all the legitimate calls of life, there is a large amount of surplus time that may and must be devoted to *something*;—what that something is, their future destiny will faithfully illustrate and develop.

Adeo in teneris consuescere multum est. VIR.

DESCENDANTS OF REV. SAMUEL NEWMAN.

ARRANGED IN GENEALOGICAL ORDER BY S. C. NEWMAN, A. M.

PARENTS.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	BORN.	DIED.	MARRIAGE AND REMARKS.
Rev. Samuel Newman, son of Richard, Sibel, daughter of ——— Featly,-----	Banbury, England, Unknown,-----	May, 1602, April 8, 1604,	July 5, 1663, Nov. 2, 1672,	June 10, 1624, at Banbury. Supposed to have been born in York- shire. Resided at Banbury.
CHILDREN.				
Samuel, -----	Banbury, England,	July 6, 1625,	Dec. 14, 1710,	Dec. 6, 1659, to Bathsheba Chickering.
Antipas, -----	Midhope, England,	Oct. 15, 1627,	Oct. 16, 1672,	Elizabeth, dau. of Gov. Winthrop, 1658.
Noah, -----	Midhope, England,	Jan. 10, 1631-2,	April 16, 1678,	Joanna, daughter of Rev. Henry Flint.
Hopestill,-----	Weymouth, Mass.,	Nov. 29, 1641,	Mch. 7, 1674-5,	Rev. George Shove, July 12, 1664.

The oldest son was Deacon of his father's church;—the second son was the clergyman of Wenham, Mass.;—the third son was his successor as clergyman at Rehoboth;—and the only daughter, Hopestill, was the wife of Mr. Shove, the third minister of Taunton. His widow kept house till her death; and she boarded the clergymen that temporarily filled the interim between the death of her husband and succession of her son Noah.

[Fac simile of his autograph.]

Samuel Newman

DESCENDANTS OF REV. SAMUEL NEWMAN.

Continued.

PARENTS.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	BORN.	DIED.	MARRIAGE AND REMARKS.
Samuel, son of Rev. Samuel,----- Bathsheba, dau. of Francis Chickering, CHILDREN.	Banbury, England, Dedham, Mass.,	July 6, 1625, Dec. 23, 1640,	Dec. 14, 1710, Aug. 8, 1687,	Dec. 6, 1659, at Dedham.
Mary,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Jan. 3, 1660-1,	Sept. 10, 1669,	Unmarried.
Bathsheba,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Jan. 19, 1661-2,	Jan. 13, 1671-2,	Unmarried.
Samuel,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Feb. 21, 1662-3,	June 25, 1747,	Hannah Kennick.
David,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Nov. 1, 1665,	Feb. 17, 1747-8.	
John,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	July 1, 1668,	July 24, 1675,	Unmarried.
Hopestill,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	July 19, 1669,	Dec. 9, 1677,	Unmarried.
Mary,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Nov. 7, 1670,	Jan. 2, 1699,	Samuel Woodward.
Antipas,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	March 29, 1673,	July 17, 1673,	Unmarried.

[Mr. Savage calls this wife *Bethia* Chickering, but her tombstone calls her *Bathsheba*. See Genealogical Dictionary, Vol. I., p. 376.]

The head of this family was Deacon in his father's church, and was a farmer. He was the Representative of the town in the General Court or Legislature of Massachusetts in 1696-97-98, and died at the age of 85.

DESCENDANTS OF REV. SAMUEL NEWMAN.

Continued.

PARENTS.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	BORN.	DIED.	MARRIAGE AND REMARKS.
Samuel, son of Dea. Samuel,.....	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Feb. 21, 1662-3,	June 25, 1747,	Oct. 8, 1696.
Hannah, daughter of —— Kennick,	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Jan. 10, 1666-7,	April 8, 1718,	
CHILDREN.				
Noah,	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Sept. 1, 1697,	Dec. 8, 1762,	Dorothy ——.
Samuel,.....	Rehoboth, Mass.,	July 30, 1699,	Dec. 8, 1762,	3 wives. [See his family.]
Hannah,.....	Rehoboth, Mass.,	July 29, 1701,		
Margaret,.....	Rehoboth, Mass.,	April 8, 1704,		April 7, 1726, Elisha Bliss.
Anna,.....	Rehoboth, Mass.,	April 7, 1705,		June 14, 1724, Ebenezer Bowen.
John,.....	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Dec. 8, 1706,	July 9, 1748,	Dec. 28, 1732, Abigail Perrin.

The head of this family was a farmer at Rehoboth. He was Deacon in the church founded by his grandfather, Rev. Samuel, and died at Rehoboth at the age of 85.

DESCENDANTS OF REV. SAMUEL NEWMAN.

Continued.

PARENTS.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	BORN.	DIED.	MARRIAGE AND REMARKS.
Samuel, son of Dea. Samuel,-----	Rehoboth, Mass,	July 30, 1699,	Dec. 8, 1762,	
Jane, daughter of ----- Walker,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,		1740,	Dec. 24, 1724.
Lydia, daughter of ----- Smith,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,		1758,	Sept. 14, 1757.
Susannah, daughter of ----- Barstow,	Rehoboth, Mass.,		1765,	Oct. 10, 1759.
CHILDREN.				
David, {	Rehoboth, Mass.,	April 20, 1727,	July, 1743,	{ David died instantly while in meet- ing on Sunday at Seekonk. August 5, 1756, Jemima Fuller. Dec. 14, 1758, Jonathan Baldwin. Unmarried. Died in the French war. Jan 1, 1761, Priscilla Peck.
Jesse, {	Rehoboth, Mass.,	April 2, 1730,	Oct. 12, 1822,	
Sarah, {	Rehoboth, Mass.,	July 3, 1733,	Oct. 10, 1799,	
Nathan, {	Rehoboth, Mass,	Dec. 25, 1735,	Nov. 8, 1757,	
Samuel, {	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Mch. 22, 1738-9,	July 10, 1822,	
All by first wife,				

The head of this family succeeded his father and grandfather as Deacon in the church which his great-grandfather founded. He was a farmer, and lived in that part of Rehoboth now known as Seekonk. He died at the age of 63.

DESCENDANTS OF REV. SAMUEL NEWMAN.

Continued.

PARENTS.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	BORN.	DIED.	MARRIAGE AND REMARKS.
Samuel, son of Dea. Samuel,----- Priscilla, daughter of Joseph Peck,---	Rehoboth, Mass., Rehoboth, Mass.,	Mch. 22, 1738-9, Oct. 8, 1738,	July 10, 1822, May 15, 1814,	Jan. 1, 1761.
CHILDREN.				
Noah,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Oct. 21, 1761,	Nov. 21, 1782,	Unmarried.
David,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Oct. 4, 1763,	Jan. 15, 1831,	Sarah Ormsbee and Lois Lane.
Lydia,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	May 7, 1765,	May 5, 1835,	William Lawton of Newport, R. I.
Moses,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Dec. 3, 1767,	Feb. 10, 1817,	Unmarried.
Daniel,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Sept. 20, 1770,	July 10, 1800,	Sarah, daughter of Peleg Peck.
Huldah,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Aug. 24, 1772,	June 10, 1810,	Unmarried.
Jabez,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	March 9, 1774,	Aug. 10, 1803,	Unmarried.
Sarah,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Feb. 14, 1776,	April 1, 1776,	Unmarried.
Samuel,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Oct. 12, 1777,	July 15, 1832,	Charity Bourne.
Priscilla,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Aug. 29, 1779,	Living in 1860,	Unmarried.

The head of this family was a farmer, and died at the age of 84. The second son, David, was a Baptist clergyman.

DESCENDANTS OF REV. SAMUEL NEWMAN.

Continued.

PARENTS.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	BORN.	DIED.	MARRIAGE AND REMARKS.
Samuel, son of Samuel,----- Charity, daughter of Stephen Bourne,	Rehoboth, Mass., Somerset, Mass.,	Oct. 12, 1777, Feb. 5, 1779,	July 15, 1832, Aug. 24, 1815,	Jan. 10, 1800, at Somerset, Mass. Charity taught school some years before marriage and after. S. C., her oldest son, learned his earlier lessons of education from this charitable mother.
CHILDREN.				
Sylvanus Chace,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Feb. 5, 1802,	Living in 1860,	Sophonra Smith, 1837, and Harriet L. Dunham, 1852,
Joseph Peck,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	June 24, 1805,	Feb. 15, 1827,	Susan, daughter of Dr. Daniel Barrus.
Elvira,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Dec 10, 1806,	Jan. 10, 1807,	Unmarried.
Samuel,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Jan. 15, 1808,	Jan. 20, 1810,	Unmarried.
Elvira Augusta,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Dec. 25, 1809,	Living in 1860,	John Grace and Gardiner Pierce.

The head of this family was a manufacturer of hats, and died at the age of 55.

DESCENDANTS OF REV. SAMUEL NEWMAN.

Continued.

PARENTS.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	BORN.	DIED.	MARRIAGE AND REMARKS.	
Sylvanus Chace, son of Samuel... Samuel... Dea. Samuel... Dea. Samuel... Dea. Samuel... Rev. Samuel of England,-----	Rehoboth, Mass.,	Feb. 5, 1802,	Living in 1860,		
Sophronia, daughter of Jonathan Smith, son of John... Eber... William... Nathaniel of England,-----	Killingly, Ct.,	Oct. 28, 1807,	Sept. 20, 1851,	August 5, 1837, at Killingly, Ct.	
Harriet Louisa, daughter of Dea. Daniel Dunham, son of Abiel,-----	Attleboro', Mass.,	Dec. 25, 1819,	Living in 1860,	Jan. 26, 1852, at Pawtucket, R. I.	
CHILDREN.					
George Washington } Gilbert Lafayette, } Samuel,----- } Sophronia Chace,--- }	All by first wife,	Glocester, R. I.,	Feb. 14, 1839,	Sept. 6, 1840,	Unmarried.
		Glocester, R. I.,	Feb. 14, 1839,	Aug. 28, 1840,	Unmarried.
		Warwick, R. I.,	Jan. 13, 1843,	Living in 1860,	Unmarried.
		Cumberland, R. I.,	Nov. 26, 1845,	Aug. 10, 1847,	Unmarried.

For remarks on the head of this family, see Concluding Note, on page 60.

These seven tables contain what, in genealogy, is called a "lineage of families," being only one family in each of the seven generations, and by no means all of the descendants. The united ages of the heads of these seven families is 492 years, being an average of a fraction over 70 years each. Those who would live the full life of man, should learn the physiological laws of Nature, and obey them. Her penalties are sure, her statutes are never repealed, and her code contains no pardoning power.

A

FULL AND COMPLETE REPORT
OF THE
ECCLESIASTIC AND CIVIC
BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT SEEKONK, [THE ANCIENT REHOBOTH,]

JULY 4, 1860.

[PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF THE COMMITTEE.]

HISTORICAL CELEBRATION.

IN the month of May, 1860, a meeting of the Congregational Church at Seekonk was holden to take into consideration the subject of projecting some sort of a celebration of the ancient settlement of that town and church.

A Committee of Arrangements were chosen, and the whole matter placed in their hands,—the Committee requesting their pastor, Rev. Mr. Barney, to sit with their body as an advisory member. After extending invitations to such as they desired to take part in the exercises, and receiving their replies, the Committee issued the following public notice as a programme of their intended celebration:

ECCLÉSIASTIC AND CIVIC CELEBRATION,

AT SEEKONK, MASS.

It has been proposed that the Religious Societies and the Citizens of Seekonk and the seven towns of which the ancient Rehoboth has been the nursing Mother, should hold a friendly, religious and patriotic gathering at the original CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH thereof, at SEEKONK, on JULY 4th, 1860, at 10, A. M., for the purpose of commemorating the origin and historic scenes of the ancient Rehoboth, [now Seekonk], and of passing in review the life and character of its original founder, and of paying respect to the ever memorable birth-day of our COMMON COUNTRY.

That this gathering may be simple and unostentatious, and yet befitting a religious and patriotic people, the following brief Programme has

been adopted, excluding powder and other emblems of War, while at sunrise and sunset the peals from the Church Bells will "ring out" their respects for the NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

I.

Invocation to the Throne of Grace by Rev. Constantine Blodgett, D. D.,
Pastor of the Congregational Church of Pawtucket.

II.

Reading of select portions of Scripture by Rev. A. H. Stowell, Pastor
of the First Baptist Church at Seekonk.

III.

Music and Hymn by the Choir.

IV.

Prayer by Rev. James O. Barney, present and tenth Pastor of this the
original Church, and who will also conduct the exercises.

V.

Reading of the Declaration of Independence by Hon. Johnson Gardner,
a native of the town, and descendant of one of its early settlers.

VI.

National Ode by the Choir.

VII.

Historical Oration by S. C. Newman, A. M., of Pawtucket, a native of
the ancient Rehoboth, and lineal descendant in the seventh
generation from its founder and first Pastor.

VIII.

Original Hymn written for the occasion.

IX.

Remarks and Benediction by Rev. David Benedict, D. D., of Pawtucket.

At the close of the services, the company will repair to a temporary Pavilion near the Church, where [at a moderate price] all who desire it

can join the festive board and partake of refreshment and the enjoyment of enlightened sociality; and all who have a taste for this class of historic gatherings, without distinction of party, creed, sect or sex, and especially those descendants in neighboring States, the ashes of whose ancestral forefathers repose in the ancient Cemetery connected with this venerable Church, are hereby invited to mingle in these sacred and patriotic festivities.

JOSEPH BROWN, ROBERT M. PEARSE, JOSEPH B. FITTS, ISAAH HOYT, WILLIAM ELLIS,	}	Committee of Arrangements.
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NOTE.—Several interesting antiquated relics of this people, more than two centuries ago, will be exhibited on this occasion.

With this announcement, printed in circulars with corresponding envelopes for convenience, and in the newspapers in the vicinity, the Committee entered upon the discharge of their duties with intelligence, ability and energy; and their success will be best told in the following account of the result, compiled principally from reporters of the press, (for whom the Committee furnished special accommodations, both in the church and at the dinner,) commencing with the remarks of the very able reporter [E. R. Gardiner] of the Providence Evening Press, issued on the afternoon of July 5.*

While our Providence streets were the scene of the din and discomfort inseparable from a city celebration of the Fourth, it was a pleasant fortune to escape from them and participate in a more quiet and more pleasurable mode of paying respect to the national anniversary provided in a rural suburb. The broad and grassy plateau of Seekonk, venerable with historic interest; its ancient church and cemetery, containing monuments that now

*Justice requires us to say that the several journals there represented, viz: the Pawtucket Gazette and Chronicle, Pawtucket Observer, Providence Post and Press, Boston Journal, and some others, all published able but more or less condensed reports; and in this description we have drawn more or less from them all, without being able to credit them in detail.

show the date of 1653; its romantic loveliness of scenery, its neat dwellings, its gay pavilion and its happy group of people, from distant towns and States, returning to do honor to the founders and the historic scenes of their ancient birth-place, presented a spectacle long to be remembered by those who witnessed it as it yesterday thus appeared. Never was more appropriate place or occasion for such re-union, and never were the details of a memorial meeting better planned or more successfully carried out. In the judicious selection of speakers and the felicitous manner in which they performed their duties; in the well-timed sentiments and the excellent and abundant cheer that was provided; in the numbers and the enthusiasm of the participants; in the feeling of deep reverence for the past-excited, and in the loveliness of the day, all was a complete success. Such interesting festivities have perhaps never before been known in Seekonk; never probably were its bright fields and pleasant drives so well and so extensively appreciated as yesterday. The deeds of the men associated with these scenes in early days were vividly brought up in review before their descendants who had assembled from the seven towns of which the ancient Rehoboth has been the nursing mother, to commemorate the fame of a noble ancestry. A deep impression pervaded all that they were indeed standing on classic ground, and they united as those who might never meet again in paying tribute to the virtues and exploits of their fathers as exhibited on that soil two hundred years ago.

At an early hour, crowds of people began to gather from the neighboring towns and villages, and although the railway station was near the location,—putting the place in connection with the surrounding country,—yet there were visible at one time, eight hundred and five family carriages on that broad plateau. It was by far the largest gathering ever witnessed there since the settlement of the town; yet such was the admirable arrangements of the Committee, that not a gun, nor even a single powder-cracker, was fired, nor the least appearance of intoxicating liquors or unbecoming behavior witnessed throughout the day,

in all that sober, reflective, contemplative and yet eminently cheerful multitude.

The first part of the exercises, those announced in the programme, was held in the Congregational Church; and at 10 o'clock, A. M., the appointed time, the venerable edifice was filled to overflowing. The invocation for Divine assistance was by Rev. CONSTANTINE BLODGETT, D. D., Pastor of the Congregational Church at Pawtucket. The reading of select portions of Scripture was by Rev. A. H. STOWELL, Pastor of the First Baptist Church at Seekonk, and were appropriate selections read from a Bible printed at Geneva in 1608, and brought by Gov. Bradford in the Mayflower in 1620, now two hundred and fifty-two years old. A fervent and very appropriate general prayer was offered by Rev. JAMES O. BARNEY, the tenth and present Pastor of this ancient church, who also conducted all the exercises in these services by introducing the different participants at the proper time and place. The Declaration of American Independence of July 4, 1776, was read in good style by Hon. JOHNSON GARDNER, now of Pawtucket, but a native of Rehoboth. The Oration of the day was delivered by S. C. NEWMAN, A. M., of Pawtucket. It occupied about two hours in its delivery, but was of sufficient interest to command the closest attention of the audience throughout. The Oration was both ecclesiastic and civic, according to the programme, and the audience gave evidence that the orator of the day had acceptably performed the task assigned him.

The following original hymn written for the occasion by Rev. WILLIAM M. THAYER, of Franklin, Mass., was sung after the conclusion of the Oration:

What voices from the silent past,
In whispers clear and low,
That tell of precious seed broad cast,
Two hundred years ago!

When first the Saviour's herald true
Came o'er the ocean wave,
Here to erect an altar new,
And here to find a grave.

Thrice blessed they—the fathers all—
Who suffered, toiled and prayed,
And at the Master's early call,
These sure foundations laid!

Thrice happy we—their children here—
Who share their labors now,
And worship God with hope—nor fear
Where first they made their vow!

Long where the sainted fathers trod,
May we guard well the dust
Of him who taught in faith for God!
A dear and sacred trust.

And when in turn our lives are spent,
And tear drops o'er us flow,
May we ascend where NEWMAN went,
Two hundred years ago.

Spirited and tasteful music was set to these hymns by Dea. D. B. FITTS, formerly of Seekonk, but now organist at the Congregational Church in Holliston, Mass., who also wrote an original piece of music for the original hymn on this occasion; and the singing was beautifully executed by a choir of twenty-five well trained voices, [Dea. Fitts presiding at the organ,] the whole being under the direction of DANIEL PERRIN, Esq., of Seekonk, a gentleman who exhibited ample qualifications for the task he was called to sustain.

Rev. DAVID BENEDICT, D. D., of Pawtucket, to whom had been assigned the Benediction, prefaced that service with the following brief but appropriate remarks :

“I am always pleased with such anniversaries as this. I like these reunions of the widely dispersed members of a town. I like these efforts to preserve the ancestral association of this, the ancient town of Rehoboth, including what are now seven towns within a territory of ten miles square purchased of the great Massasoit, the friend of Roger Williams. It has been the nursery of piety and intelligence, fruitful in talent and worthy in its moral character. A day like this—so fruitful in honorable and christian development—will, I trust and believe, remain among our most cherished recollections to the end of life. And now, may that overruling Heavenly Protector, who has guided the barque of our forefathers over the stormy seas of their probationary trials, and conducted them, as we believe, to the mansions of eternal rest, be still *our* Protector to the end of life, and to the same final triumph, through His Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*”

These services in the church were of a most interesting character, and were listened to with uninterrupted attention by an audience of twelve hundred people, including a very large number of men of mark in the literary, theological and political world. And every part of these historic and patriotic exercises was, by the visibly apparent smiles of Heaven, executed in exact accordance with the original programme of the Committee, and evinced their ability in all their arrangements.

THE DINNER.

A large and beautiful pavilion, providing dining accommodations for more than a thousand people, had been erected near the church, to which the congregation next betook themselves

for the enjoyment of the pleasures of the festive board and of enlightened sociality. The tables were most tastefully and bountifully spread, and the tent proved none too large for the guests. After the company were seated, the Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. PEREZ MASON of Boston.

The dinner was prepared under the management of James M. Bishop, Esq., of Seekonk. Every seat was occupied; he had enough for all and to spare, and if hundreds had to wait a second table, none were allowed to go away hungry, whether with or without one of his thirty-eight cent tickets; and such were his most admirable arrangements, in point of assistants, &c., that but one plate and four tumblers were broken, among all his table ware, during the whole process until everything was finally returned to its place; and in addition to order, quietness and social comfort, the dinner, in a pecuniary point of view, more than realized the most sanguine expectations of the Committee.

After the feast of material good things had been disposed of, the guests prepared themselves for the enjoyment of the intellectual part of the entertainment, consisting of appropriate sentiments and responsive speeches, which formed one of the most delightful features of the occasion. The President, Rev. JAMES DEAN of Pawtucket, who gracefully presided at this festal board, announced the intellectual feast in a brief but eloquent speech, and closed by introducing GEORGE OWEN WILLARD, Esq., Editor and Proprietor of the Pawtucket Observer, as toast-master for the occasion. The toasts and responses were as follows:

The first sentiment was—

The Congregational Church of Seekonk—She this day welcomes the children of the ancient Rehoboth to the old homestead.

Rev. JAMES O. BARNEY, the present pastor, ordained in 1824, responded as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Honored, as I feel that I am, to stand in the place of the tenth and present pastor of this ancient and venerable church, it is my privilege and pleasure to extend to you her most cordial, christian salutation.

Though years have passed away since she entered upon her third century, she is still as hale and healthful as ever, and this day reports herself to be the mother of seven towns, thirty-eight churches, and more than thirty thousand living descendants.

We, who are the immediate members of her family, this day welcome you all to the "Old Homestead;" the identical spot where our Puritan fathers and mothers met, more than two hundred years ago, to pray, to praise and worship God.

We meet and greet you as brothers and sisters, without reference to party or sect. And as we look over this great and orderly assembly, gathered from so many States, towns and churches, our hearts swell with emotions of love, and prompt us to say, "Behold our mother and sisters and brothers."

Gathered as we are, we deem it a fitting occasion to render thanks to our Heavenly Father that we are the children of those pious parents, who, on these sacred grounds, offered prayers that reached up to the throne and affected the heart of God, and procured for us the richest blessings in His gift.

And now, dear friends, as brevity and good sense are to be the order of the table, and as we know of nothing that more fully and briefly expresses our feelings toward you, we close our welcome by invoking upon you all this Divine benediction [Numbers vi., 24, 25, 26]: "The Lord bless you, and keep you; the Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace."

The second sentiment was—

The Early Settlers of New England—They feared God rather than man.

Rev. PEREZ MASON of Boston responded to this sentiment in the following manner:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

My father was born on this spot, ninety years ago. When three years old, he was carried by his parents to Grafton, New Hampshire, where the country was so poor that if the doctrine be true that people receive in this life punishment for their sins, they must have been grossly wicked! I have seen the tears course down his cheeks as he told the tale of the poverty and distress of that noble-hearted band of men and women, the

early settlers of his adopted town. There they struggled with pain and poverty; and all the cradle they had for years, was one-half of a hollow log. But they overcame these obstacles, and a few of the family yet remain.

But, Mr. President, amid it all, I feel honored, doubly honored, in being permitted to be present with you on this occasion. Here some of the early settlers of New England had their trials and conflicts, but their unyielding reliance on God for protection enabled them to triumph. May their *posterity* never think less of God and the Bible.

You not only had among them, Sir, your ministers, your physicians and your jurists, but you also had *poets*; and well do I remember one of the efforts of one of those rustic bards which was taught me by one of my ancestors nearly fifty years ago. The young man was burning a coal-pit then not far from where we are now assembled, and going from here to Providence, he purchased a quart of new rum. On his way back, he imbibed so freely that he became intoxicated, and fell into his coal-pit and came near being burned to death; and after having partially recovered, he *perpetrated* the following verse, in which there is probably more *truth* than *poetry*:

“ A quart of rum from Providence come ;—
And through that sin, I plainly see,
The pit did funk and I got drunk,
And that’s the *eend* of me.”

But, aside from these simplicities, I rejoice that so much of the puritanic spirit is here to-day. Theirs was a spirit of stern integrity; and in listening to the Oration to-day, we found that Rehoboth was on hand in the Revolution, to furnish her quota of men to defend the liberties of the country.

As a descendant from Old Rehoboth, I am glad to be here. And I thank God that many of my ancestors were men who feared Him and kept His commandments. I feel honored in the privilege of mingling in these festivities, and in paying our respects to this venerable mother of seven towns. God bless her.

The third sentiment was—

The difficulties encountered and overcome by the early settlers of New England, though formidable in their nature, and apparently well calculated to discourage and dishearten the most sanguine, yet those very difficulties and obstacles gave a tone to the character of those early adventurers and their posterity, that has made New England what she is.

Rev. WILLIAM M. THAYER of Franklin, Mass., (author of the "Bobbin Boy,") who was expected to respond to this sentiment, being absent, Rev. DAVID BENEDICT, D. D., of Pawtucket, responds as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Under the circumstances arising from the absence of the gentleman expected to respond to the sentiment here given, I may reasonably be permitted to make a few brief remarks, in a somewhat different direction from what I should if I had intended to make a special response to that comprehensive field of historic truth.

I am well pleased with celebrations of this kind, and particularly with the rapidly increasing efforts which are now so generally being made to collect and preserve the record of the doings, the trials and the successes of our New England ancestors,—a labor which has been too much and too long neglected by almost all classes of the American people.

Although I cannot trace my pedigree to the first settlers of Old Rehoboth, and have no ancestral claims to a relationship with that worthy band of men, yet for more than a half century I have been on very intimate terms with a portion of their descendants. In 1804 I became a resident of Pawtucket, [on the Massachusetts side of the river,] which was then within the limits of the venerable town whose bi-centennial anniversary we this day celebrate. Here I found a small but godly company of the members of this famous community, who united with the few members of my own order [Baptists] in sustaining religious services in the only house of public worship then in that place. These people became my steady hearers and supporters until a church of their own order [Congregationalists] arose in that place,—an offshoot from this venerable parent church. With the ministers of this wide spread town and its vicinity, I frequently exchanged pulpits; and I have preached in the double-galleried meeting-house described by the orator of the 'day. Thus such an intimacy was formed with this people, that I do not come here as a stranger on this joyous and praiseworthy occasion.

And besides, I claim to be a representative of a somewhat numerous portion of the population of this originally widely extended town, in which many of our faith have lived and died; and from which, at different times, no inconsiderable numbers of this class of men, [Baptists,] both ministers and laymen, have performed important services in other regions to which they have emigrated.

Ephraim Starkweather, Esq.,* the very talented gentleman so truthfully alluded to in the Oration to-day, was the founder of an important and highly respectable family in that part of the ancient Rehoboth now called Pawtucket. He was one of the substantial members of the community to which I have referred. He was a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale College. From this very intelligent and worthy christian citizen, I learned the leading facts of the history of Newman and his adventurous associates, and of the transactions of those men with Massasoit, the famous Indian chief, the early and firm friend of Roger Williams,—the great outlines of those times I learned from Mr. Starkweather, long before the valuable labors of Daggett and Bliss were published to the world.

I had, in my earliest years, formed a very favorable opinion of the Old Plymouth Colony, within whose ancient boundaries we are now assembled, and this opinion was strengthened and confirmed as I became more and more acquainted and familiar, in later life, with the records and character and *christian liberality* of this ancient people.†

With regard to the toast, to which I have not even attempted to respond, I have only time and strength to say: That the evidences of “the difficulties encountered and overcome” by our forefathers, are universally spread over the early history of New England; they were the schools in which the perseverance, the honor, the integrity and ultimate standard of liberality of our far-famed New England character was formed—a character which has left and is yet to leave, and permanently stamp, its impress on the unborn States yet to belong to our glorious Union of confederated members of this great Republic, whose birth we this day also celebrate. Those obstacles, overcome by the toil of perseverance and high-toned trust in God, will long shine as beacon lights for the stimulation of a laudable pride of nationality to the intelligent future.

But, Mr. President, I must close, and only beg leave to add, that the non-sectarian character of this glorious festival fully appears in the pro-

*That gentleman has a grandson, Hon. Samuel Starkweather, now living in Cleveland, Ohio, late one of the District Judges of that State. A great-grandson, James Oliver Starkweather, Esq., is now Cashier of the Slater Bank at Pawtucket.

There is a fact relating to this Ephraim Starkweather of Rehoboth which is not much known in history, and it is this: Gov. John Hancock, while the storm of British oppression was lowering over New England, called to his side a board of private Councillors, as confidential advisors, and this Mr. Starkweather of Rehoboth was one of Hancock's choice, and served in that private but honorable capacity.

†See page 26.

gramme of your Committee, and their admirable execution of it; and if I were to offer a sentiment, it would be something like this:

The grave is the sepulchre of all human creeds; and beyond it will be the entire harmony of all their pious advocates. *Fideli certa merces.*

The fourth sentiment was—

The Early History of this Colony—It awakens an honest pride in the hearts of the people.

Hon. JOHN DAGGETT of Attleborough, President of the “Old Colony Historical Society,” responded in the following manner:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am happy to respond to such a sentiment as the one just proposed. It is worthy of remembrance on this occasion. The Plymouth Colony—the “Old Colony,” as we familiarly call it—has become a great historic name. It will fill a noble page in history; and, as the population of this country flows westward from the Pilgrim shore, the Old Colony looms boldly up to view, and will ever be a prominent object through the vista of the Past. There is the old, lowly home of a great nation—there, its birth-place.

The general character of the Pilgrims should be held up to coming generations in everlasting remembrance. They were the unconscious founders of a great Western Empire. As the swelling population of this country expands and spreads itself over a vast continent, the fame of the Pilgrims will go with it, and “grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength.”

Yes, we are proud to claim such an ancestry—to belong to the land of the Pilgrims. You are natives of the Old Colony. This ancient town, whose birth you have met to celebrate, was included in the limits of this time-honored colony. You are assembled on sacred ground,—standing on Pilgrim soil,—that land to which history will look for the foundations of our institutions and the germs of great events.

The founders of the Old Colony were fitted to carry on, successfully, the apparently humble, but eventually great enterprise for which Providence had designed them. They were men of faith and men of courage.

They were men of genuine faith and trust in Providence, or they never would have forsaken, as they did, their native land for conscience’ sake—that land to which they were bound by the ties of kindred and home.

It was a trying moment when, in the frail *Mayflower*, they, exiles though they were, looked for the last time, with eyes bedimmed with tears, on the green fields and white shores of England—that “*dear old England*,” the home of their fathers and the home of their own childhood; they never would have severed those ties nor quit those scenes endeared to them by so many associations, to meet the perils of a wide ocean and an unknown world, if they had not been moved by a great moral power,—with hearts trusting in Providence,—sustained by an unflinching faith,—men who valued conscience above all other things. If they had not been of such a stamp, they would not have turned away from the comforts and endearments of their native land, to banish themselves to the then uttermost parts of the earth, and to plant their homes in the wilderness.

They were also men of true courage, or they never could have faced the dangers and endured the trials to which their situation exposed them during the early periods of their history. The public and private history of their lives furnishes decisive evidence of this fact. There were many occasions during their colonial existence which “*tried men’s souls*.” Their readiness to meet danger and death in their most appalling forms was fully tested in the bloody scenes of Philip’s war, which swept with such terrible destruction over the infant colony. Within our own limits was the scene of the most disastrous and hard-fought battle of the whole war, in proportion to the numbers engaged. One of its severest blows fell upon the settlement around the very spot on which we stand, in the destruction, by the torch of the enemy, of the dwellings of the settlers.

You have all read the sad story of “*Pierce’s Fight*;” how with his sixty-three English and twenty Cape Indians he passed over these Plains with his little army, doomed so soon to perish on a bloody field; how on his passage through the place he was joined by five of our townsmen, and all went in search of the foe, who were supposed to be in the vicinity; how they courageously attacked the enemy and pursued them till they were drawn into an ambuscade and were finally surrounded by more than five times their own number. They were thus completely encompassed by the enemy. They must then have known their fate. There was no retreat and no quarter—it was victory or death!

At the commencement of the fight, Capt. Pierce formed his men into a circle “*double-double distance all round*,” so as to present a front to the enemy in every direction. There and thus they stood for nearly three hours in these appalling circumstances, till almost every man fell either dead or wounded! This was a test of their courage. Even the

coward, when surrounded by the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," inspired by the enlivening strains of martial music, and attended by numerous hosts, may rush boldly onward in the hour of battle, but here our friends had no external aids—nothing to sustain them but their own brave hearts! Well did the old chronicler call this battle-ground the "Bed of Honor." Honor, then, to the memory of the brave men who thus died in defence of their firesides and their homes. To be descended from those men is a prouder title of nobility than

"All the blood of all the Howards."

The orator of the day has alluded to some of the eminent men that have been born in Rehoboth. Within this plantation was born one person who has presided over Yale College; another who has been Chief Justice of our Supreme Court; Benjamin West, a distinguished Professor in Brown University, whose name is co-extensive with astronomical science; Dr. Nathan Smith, a man eminent in literature and philosophy. All will remember the name of Maxey, who was born within the limits of Rehoboth, President of three colleges, one of the most eminent moral philosophers, and one of the most brilliant pulpit orators of his day.

This is a family gathering—a meeting of the descendants of the early inhabitants of Rehoboth. Shall we call the roll of the revered dead? Did time permit, it would be interesting to read over the names on the list in the presence of their descendants. Some one here present could respond to almost every name on it. Every one of the founders of Rehoboth is probably represented here to-day.

Oh, that I could, by some magic art, or rather, by some Divine power, recall the forefathers of the town from their sleep of two hundred years, and restore them, for a brief time, to their earthly homes, and here let them pass in review before us in their antique costumes, with their Puritan manners and customs; let them here meet their children face to face; let them cast a new glance over these once familiar places of their earthly pilgrimage; let each venerable form, as he enters and surveys the assembly, recognize his own children in the names and the features we bear! What a strange vision to them; how interesting to us! And how changed the scene from the early days of the Pilgrims! Here is the Great Plain, once encircled by the "ring of the town;" above is the same blue sky and smiling sun; and there are the bright waters of the Narragansett. But all else is changed; all other things have become new! The log house, the red Indian, the interminable forests, have all vanished.

Forever honored be those who, with brave hearts and unwavering faith,—patient to endure so many sufferings, and to meet so many dangers,—came here to subdue the wilderness, and to plant, on these beautiful shores of the Narragansett, the institutions of Religion, and Learning, and Freedom—that priceless heritage which you, their children, are now enjoying! Their remains repose in that old Burying Ground within our sight, and have long since returned to their native dust; but *they* still live in these their children—in the names you bear—in the example of their lives;—in the principles which they have transmitted to you; they still live in that influence which lingers around to hallow these scenes of their earthly pilgrimage. God bless their memory.

The fifth sentiment was—

The Clergy of Ancient Rehoboth.

Rev. CONSTANTINE BLODGETT, D. D., Pastor of the Congregational Church in Pawtucket, responded to this sentiment in the following appropriate remarks:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

You can scarcely be aware of the task which you have assigned, in your call upon me. You have called me to retrace through all the past of the ancient Rehoboth, the character and influence of a succession of humble, modest men, who pursued the “even tenor of their way” among the successive generations of this rural population. How shall I measure the influence, how weigh the moral power, of these ministers of the gospel—whom many, even yet, persist in regarding as little better than a series of town paupers, for whose support the town has been chargeable from year to year?

But, Mr. President, there is a great law of social and moral influence, under the action of which it may be seen that the clergy of this ancient town have *been a power* among this people, and have *left a record*, alike honorable to themselves and to the wisdom and grace of God, who called them into such a ministry. By office and position they have been *benefactors* in many ways, and to a degree which we may fail adequately to estimate.

And yet there are two lines of illustrative argument by which we may make, in a measure, obvious and appreciable the benign influence of the men who have filled the place of ministers of religion among this people.

One line of such argument is, to suppose that from the beginning there had been no such class of men in the town of Rehoboth. Suppose there had never been a Sabbath observed, a sanctuary erected, a sermon preached, a prayer offered in public assemblies of worship, at marriages or at burials. What kind of a town would this have become? What had been the character of the people? What the state of education? What the progress in learning, arts, sciences, and all the amenities and adornments of a christian civilization? What would have been from year to year the value of real estate in the towns into which the ancient Rehoboth has been partitioned? What would be the value of real estate this day under such a regimen? We instinctively close our eyes on the gloomy reality. We dare not picture to ourselves the results of such an experiment in civil, social, moral and religious training. Ye ministers of the altar of God! we honor your memory; we embalm in our grateful hearts your holy lives and your manifold works of love for the blessing of your own generation and the generations following! Blessed *are* ye, and blessed *shall* ye be among men,—to the praise of the glory of Divine grace!

The other line of illustration is this. Let every minister of religion be this day banished from all these goodly municipalities into which ancient Rehoboth has grown. Let every meeting-house be demolished, and a solemn and perpetual covenant be enacted that there never shall be another minister of religion, another sanctuary, another sermon, another public or social prayer, in all future years. What would be the effect of such a measure upon the present condition and the future prospects of this population? What would become of our moral, benevolent, religious, social and educational institutions? How would fare our industrial pursuits? What would be the effect from year to year on the value of these farms and goodly homesteads, where the fathers dwelt and prospered and worshiped in their day? How would the grand list of the towns stand from one decade of years to another?

Think out the true answer to such questions, and you will agree with me in the conclusion that we owe an immense debt of gratitude to the clergy of Rehoboth, and to that God who appointed them to such ministry.

But who shall attempt to measure the magnitude of the results which they achieved, when we rise to a view of the influence which they have exerted on the spiritual and immortal interests of those who have lived and died under their ministrations, and been sharers in the priceless

benefits which they were enabled to bestow on their contemporaries, and through them, on after generations?

On the broad fields of eternity, our illustration must find its completion. Into that blessed state we may not follow them now. But in it, may we ourselves read their completed histories, and learn to bless God anew for the works and benign influence of the "Clergy of Ancient Rehoboth."

I only add that it would not become me to attempt to speak of the personal character and attainments and labors of men so far removed from our day as are the Newmans and their successors in the ministry. Of the sacred learning of the elder Newman, we have heard from the orator of the day. We may suppose them all to have been sound, able, learned men, qualified for the high functions of their office, and commending themselves to men's consciences, in the sight of God, by their holy lives and their public teachings, drawn, in the true Protestant method, from the oracles of revealed Truth.

Be it ours, who have entered into their labors and embraced from the heart their Protestant faith, to imitate their virtues, and to reverence, cherish and obey that sacred Word, of which they were such devout students and such able expounders. Thus may we, and those who come after us, stand accepted before the God of our fathers, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The sixth sentiment was—

The Medical Profession of Ancient Rehoboth.

Doct. BENONI CARPENTER of Attleborough responded to this sentiment as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is good for us to be here to-day. We all claim to be directly or indirectly, as I suppose, the descendants of Old Rehoboth; and if there be one sentiment stronger than another, if there be one internal instinct more potent than all others, it is where a man desires at some time in his life to return to the spot that gave him birth. I claim, Mr. President, to be one of the direct and lineal descendants of the first William Carpenter, who lived over on the other side of this Common. Though born in a different county, I delight to be here, and to see so many of the Old Rehoboth people surrounding me. And, Sir, I suppose from

the sentiment that I am expected to answer particularly for the medical profession that originated in this town; and when I say this town, I mean within the limits of Old Rehoboth, including this town and the towns surrounding. Were I to go into details in relation to these men, my task would be a difficult one, for whatever else Rehoboth has been, it certainly has been exceedingly prolific in physicians. I can do no more in this connection, nor is it proper that I should so do, than simply give you the names of the medical men who have originated in this town. I will begin first with that part of Rehoboth now designated Seekonk.

The first physician in this town of whom I have any knowledge (and the knowledge I have of him I obtained from my grandmother, who died one hundred years old,) was Dr. David Turner, residing in the southern part of Rehoboth proper, near Palmer's River—a physician of the soul and of the body; a preacher on the Sabbath, administering to the moral and religious necessities of men, and during the remainder of the week taking care of their physical health. He was a man of a good deal of wit and a good deal of sensitiveness, a man very much esteemed by the people of his time. He died in 1757, aged 63.

Dr. Thomas Bowen, who lived near the time of Dr. Turner, was also a distinguished physician, as well as a military colonel.

One of the first physicians of this town of whom I have any knowledge was Dr. Joseph Bridgham. From him descended the Bridghams of the adjacent city; and their name has spread from this town over different parts of the country.

One of the most distinguished names in science, especially medical science, but not limited to that entirely,—a name known all over New England for the energy of its bearer,—was that of Dr. Nathan Smith. He originated in that part of Rehoboth near the residence of Dr. Whitmarsh, in the southern part of this town. A poor boy, he fought his own way along through life. He had an especial taste for surgery, and became Professor of Surgery in Yale College. After continuing there in that capacity a great many years, he left and founded the medical department in Dartmouth College. He was the father of scientific surgery in New England. Nearly all his descendants were physicians. One died in the city adjacent nearly a year ago.

Another physician originating in this town was Dr. Daniel Thurber, born not far from Newell's Tavern. He studied medicine and settled in Bellingham, and was extremely endeared to his people there. There

may be those here who knew his value among those who employed him, and how greatly he was lamented when he passed away.

A family of physicians originated in this town by the name of Bunn, who were men of great celebrity, and practiced, I think, in Providence.

Another name was that of Dr. Levi Wheaton, who also originated in Rehoboth, in the southeast part of what is now Seekonk. I will say of him, in passing, in the language of Pope,—

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

If I was ever acquainted with a man whom I believed to be strictly and purely honest, and whom I believed to be devoted to his profession, who did everything in his power, by study and scientific research, for the purpose of mitigating the sufferings of mankind, that man was Dr. Levi Wheaton.

Another name known to this town was Dr. Ridley. He practiced during the Revolutionary war in the army. He was a man of a great deal of eccentricity, and not remarkably well acquainted with the institutions of this country. I remember attending a patient in some part of the town where he had previously been visiting. The man had wanted him to take his pay in corn, and shelled out to him all the pig corn. The old gentleman was not particularly well pleased. But by and by the same man was sick again, and sent for the Doctor to attend him. He did not get well, but kept lingering along in his illness for some time, and finally said to the Doctor, “What is the reason I do not get well faster? Here I am, unable to get about, and yet I have been under your treatment for a long time.” “Never mind,” said the Doctor, “I am only trying to work that pig corn out of you.”

Dr. Hutchings, who died a few years since, and Dr. Allen, of whom I knew but little, were among the earlier physicians in this vicinity.

This town also gave rise to several men of the medical profession by the name of Bucklin. One of them went South, and died on his way to Texas. Another was settled in Holliston; while a third was settled adjacent to this place, and some of us attended his funeral a few years since.

I would not forget to mention in the catalogue of medical men who have originated in Old Rehoboth, the name of Miller, of whom I need say nothing to any citizen of this vicinity.

In the town of Rehoboth proper, the name of Fuller occurs to me as

about the first physician that practiced here—a man of skill and eminence, especially as a surgeon.

The name of Bullock is also prolific in physicians. One venerable man of that name, who resided in the southwestern part of the town, lived to be one hundred years old.

Dr. Robertson studied medicine with Dr. Blackington, and afterwards went to Boston and became an eminent physician in that city.

The Drs. Blanding—I might mention several of them of that name—originated in this town. One I must allude to particularly, who studied medicine here in Rehoboth with Dr. Fuller, settled in Attleborough, and afterwards passed to Camden, South Carolina, where he practiced, and became an eminent scholar in natural history. A few years before he died, his cabinet of natural history was probably larger than that of any single individual in the United States. The specimens he left in Camden, where he died, are beautiful and elegant, and would repay any individual who takes an interest in that branch of study for making a journey there to view them.

I now come to my own name, which I would not mention but for the fact that it has been wonderfully prolific in physicians. Rehoboth proper has given rise to certainly eight physicians of the name of Carpenter, and how many more I do not know. A very considerable branch of the Carpenters in Vermont originated in this town of Old Rehoboth. There are a good many of them who are likewise physicians.

Pawtucket gave rise to Dr. Billings, who afterwards left and went to Mansfield, and died in that town. Dr. Davenport also practiced and died in this town. Dr. Manchester was another. There is also the name of Dr. Stanley of Attleborough. Swansea also gave rise to a hereditary race of physicians—grandfather, father and son all living together at the same time. The elder was a hundred years of age while the younger was living. I know but very little of others in that town except the Winslows.

In addition to these names, there may be mentioned as among the physicians of the past, Drs. Fowler, Rodliff, Bliss, Bolton, Thayer, Wheelock, Johnson and Hartshorn, each of whom were ornaments to the medical profession.

There is one fact which I very much delight to be able to mention in relation to the medical men who have originated in Rehoboth, and that is, their perfect exemption from quackery from the beginning to the end. However scientific they may have been, (and certainly some

have been very much so,) or however much they may have been wanting in science, one thing they have been true to, and that is, the opinion that a profession that has existed hundreds and thousands of years must of necessity, from all the knowledge thus transmitted, be a little more learned and scientific than the little windfalls of to-day and yesterday. They have generally pursued that course that has made them an ornament to their profession and a blessing to humanity.

Allow me, Sir, in closing, to offer the following sentiment :

Old Rehoboth, in her broadest domain—May she continue to be, as she has been, productive of good men and beautiful women.

The seventh sentiment was—

The Legal Profession of Ancient Rehoboth.

SIMEON BOWEN, Esq., of Attleborough, responded in the following manner :

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

Convened as we are on this anniversary of our national independence, in the shade of yonder sacred and venerable church erected to God, and on this fair and level plain ; basking as we are to-day in the rich sunlight of a glorious civilization ; rejoicing as we do in the rich fruition of a thousand blessings—the blessing of peace with all nations, the blessing of free schools and of the general diffusion of knowledge, the blessings of a free government, of a political confederacy of States enjoying civil and religious liberty—it becomes us now and here to look both to the past and the future, and to consider by what means, agencies and influences we have reached this national felicity of position, and by what instrumentalities our present glory and prosperity may be augmented and perpetuated.

It is, Mr. President, a little more than two centuries ago that these fair and cultivated fields which we behold to-day rejoicing in peace and plenty, and smiling with fruits and flowers, were only a dark and almost impenetrable forest, inhabited only by wild beasts and by roving tribes of rude and warlike savages.

A little more than two centuries ago it was that an immortal vessel, the Mayflower, with her precious freight of human souls, was first moored in Plymouth harbor ; and then and there the Pilgrim Fathers, our venerable ancestors, destined, under Divine aid, guidance and protection, to

inaugurate a more glorious civilization than the world had ever before beheld, first stepped foot upon our shores. Then and there, as ever true to their noble mission and to the dictates of their consciences, they went forth into the wilderness, under an unpropitious wintry sky, to meet and battle with trials, disasters and difficulties.

And with what success was their enterprise and achievements attended? Before their omnipotent arm the forest receded; under their wise ordination, government was instituted, schools established, churches erected, and towns and villages sprung up as if by magic. Fully imbued with religious zeal, stern in morality, rigid in virtue, patient in toil, brave in the midst of dangers, ardent, earnest and hopeful, they went onward in their great enterprise conquering and to conquer, and there laid broad and deep the foundations of a mighty empire. Heroically they lived, heroically they died; and, dying, they bequeathed to their descendants and to us, their posterity, a rich heritage—the glory they achieved and brought with them, and the distinguished example of piety and virtue, patience and fortitude and courage. And when I ask to-day, Mr. President, what influences and agencies have contributed to make New England what she now is in morality, intelligence, prosperity and glory, I would point, with reverence and gratitude, to the Pilgrim Fathers. They passed away, and their descendants, fired with the spirit of the fathers, took up the work laid down by them in death, and pushed it on to a glorious triumph.

We have met here to celebrate this day upon which our fathers adopted the Declaration of Independence, and to commemorate the virtue of those patriots who there enrolled their names. We have come up here to kindle anew the fires of patriotism on the altars of Freedom, and declare anew our devotion to the cause of Liberty, to renew our mutual pledges of fidelity to the Constitution and the Union.

But, Mr. President, I was called upon to respond to a sentiment,—“The Legal Profession of Ancient Rehoboth,”—and this may seem like a digression from my proper course of remark. I will say, there have been those who were the representatives of that profession within the town of Rehoboth, though I think their numbers small compared with the other professions enumerated by those who have spoken before me. There have been but few whose names I can now recall. There is one who is now among the living who was, a few years ago, an humble attorney within the borders of these towns. Upon these plains he had his office. Now he is in honor, and held the last term of our Superior Court at New

Bedford. I refer to the Hon. Ezra Wilkinson. Others have gone out from this town who have shed lustre upon their profession, and have served and adorned their day and generation.

There is one question which partakes of the nature of an equitable, constitutional question, that it may not be inappropriate to allude to on this occasion. And, Mr. President, I would refer you for a moment, not with the intention of discussing the matter to any length, but briefly refer to it as a question of local interest, and one for the mention of which the day is not too good. I allude to the question of the boundary line between this venerable Commonwealth and the State of Rhode Island. There is an attempt made that a portion of our good old town of Rehoboth may be severed and given over, ceded, granted to the State of Rhode Island. Mr. President, it is improper that I should dwell long upon this subject. But it seems to me a fit occasion to refer those who are here present as representatives of those towns which are interested in this question, as a subject worthy of thought. Modern Rehoboth to-day will protest against such a procedure on the part of those two States. Seekonk has been inclined, by her action in town meeting, and Rehoboth too, I think, to grant even more than our bountiful Commissioners awarded of our territory to Rhode Island. In the first place, Mr. President, I should object, on the part of Rehoboth, that this thing should *ever* happen. I protest against it for this reason, that Rhode Island has no legal, equitable and constitutional claim to any of the soil of Seekonk. In the next place, I should protest against it for this reason, that it was not intended that a portion of this old town could ever be received and granted to a foreign jurisdiction. Our fathers gave up to Seekonk a portion of this territory bounded on the west and south by the Pawtucket River and Providence River. There are benefits, privileges and immunities which belong to modern Rehoboth which they are very loth this day to relinquish. I do not believe that such a result as has been intended by certain citizens in this vicinity will ever happen. I hope for better things. I hope that these towns will ever remain together. Although they are separate by different town governments, yet they are one in everything that makes up a happy community. They may be distinct like the billows, yet they are ever one like the ocean. One in a common brotherhood; one for the Union; one in reverence for and obedience to the laws; one, in short, in everything that makes a virtuous, happy and prosperous people.

The eighth sentiment was—

Knowledge and True Religion—The safeguards of American Liberty.

Hon. and Rev. SIDNEY DEAN, ex-member of Congress from Connecticut, now Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Pawtucket, responded as follows :

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I am a son of Connecticut, a genuine, old-fashioned Connecticut Yankee, and probably her only representative present, and, in her name, I thank you for this kind invitation. It has been generally supposed that a Connecticut Yankee carried about with him, in one pocket, a whetstone, and in the other, a handful of sharpened pegs, which he wished to “dicker” off as oats, and that, in general terms, he was a sharp trader. But do not be frightened ; I do not intend to ask any of you to trade jack-knives. [*A voice*—All we want now is some of your tricks.] We learn *those* after we come to Massachusetts, and are capital imitators.

While listening to the able historical Oration of our friend, Mr. Newman, upon the men of marked ability which this ancient and honorable town of Rehoboth has given to the world, and also the professional resumé and classification by the gentlemen who have preceded me at this table, I have almost wished that I had been born in Rehoboth myself. It would be an honor to any man to find his birth-name enrolled among such a list of eminent fellow townsmen, filling as nobly as they have the different professions. But I can claim a Massachusetts relationship, for my honored mother was a Plymouth woman, in regular lineage from the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, and my revered father was a Taunton man, and, with the usual pride of Tauntonians, in the time of herring fishery, if asked where he came from, could say, “Taunton, Good Lord !” And thus I claim a kinship with you all. All the idol worship I ever performed in my life, was performed over a piece of granite rock broken from the great boulder upon which the Pilgrims landed, and which I deposited years ago among the treasures of the Connecticut Historical Society.

The good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, God bless her ! She is one of the brightest stars in the whole American galaxy. There is nothing that is solid in morals, high-toned in honor, beautiful in affection, sterling in education, brave in patriotism, that can excel the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

I know Massachusetts and her leading sons well. It is an honor to be born, to live or to die upon her soil. Her people are intelligent, educated, generous and brave. I have had the honor to stand by the side of her selected Representatives, in seasons of trial and of mad excitement, when it required a cool head, a steady and a lion courage; and I know that, for high-toned purpose, courteousness of bearing and true heroism, they bore the palm proudly. I have seen them stand just like anvils to the stroke of the sledge, without flinching a hair, but giving back the true ring of the genuine metal. The race of great men will never die out of the "Old Bay State," for it will take a thousand generations to perceptibly dilute her Puritan and patriot blood; and I trust she will stand in her integrity until the foundations of the everlasting hills are finally removed.

The toast to which I am called to respond is a great truism. Perhaps I should have reversed the order of statement if I had written it, if by "knowledge" the author of this toast meant scientific acquirements only. In our history, the church preceded the school-house, and the minister the schoolmaster. True religion was the basis upon which our civil, and I may also add, our political education was reared. I am not a betting man, but so prominently is this fact in our history, that I would wager a fortune against a dime, that if any considerable body of the descendants of the Puritans—say these citizens of Rehoboth—were to emigrate and settle a township upon some part of our great West, they would take a meeting-house and minister with them. The school-house would follow as a necessity; for where the heart is right, it will crowd its great powers up into the brain, and demand for it the education of the school-room. A christian people is perforce an educated people.

The Puritans found in the Bible the great foundation principles of all personal, social and political rights. In their structure of government, they differed with the rest of the entire world. The governments of the world were monarchical, either absolute or limited, but they all embraced the fundamental idea of the rightful exercise of power by one man over another. Our government was based upon *the freedom of the individual*. And the nearer we approximate that, the more simple and perfect will be the governmental machinery. Governments are a necessity, but should only be constructed to preserve intact the individual rights of all within the limits of their jurisdiction. The moment government becomes a power to rob the individual citizen of one of his inherent and social *rights*, that moment it has adopted the monarchical

basis, and the tendency is to a monarchical machine. The principles which underlie the two systems, constitute the great rock of difference between the government established by our fathers, and those of the Old World.

The early English Puritans learned these primary truths by studying the Bible at the side of their hearth-stones, and in its exposition by their venerated ministers at their covenant gatherings. It was upon English soil that this conflict began; and it culminated in Magna Charta, in the reign of John, in the year 1215. That instrument, the basis of all English freedom, from which our Puritan fathers copied, and upon which they improved, embraces four points, all striking at despotic power, and enlarging the area of individual liberty :

1. The sacredness and perpetuity of the right to the writ of *habeas corpus* upon the part of the people.

2. The trial of an accused person by a jury of his peers, and no conviction without the evidence of credible witnesses.

3. The freedom of every person to travel in and out of the Kingdom at pleasure, except in a time of war.

4. No taxation without representation, the people, in the persons of their chosen representatives, having the control of the purse.

These were the great landmarks of all liberty ; and under these, the British government has stood up as a bright light to the Old World. What is the difference between France and England? I know we sometimes think how strange it is that the volatile Frenchman should be always in trouble, brave as he is and lion-hearted as he is. Do you not know that nowhere in the history of the French government has it learned the great lesson that for a nation to be free, the individual citizens must be free in every particular? It has waded through seas of gore ; its guillotine has been perfectly baptized, time and again, with the blood of the flower of France, in the great washings of its national sins, and yet it has never reached that sublime idea of the perfect and complete liberty of the individual citizen. Neither has Russia learned it ; and Italy is even now testing the problem, under the leadership of the brave Garibaldi and his compatriots. Whether she has sufficient of the Puritan in her composition to give her permanent success, time alone will determine.

I cannot, in the few moments allowed me, mark the points of improvement in our own republican form of government. Thank God, the American people learned this great truth early. But the moment

we depart from it as a national policy, and set up a class that shall hold the power to control the rights of the people, that moment our galaxy will go down to its bloody baptism of death.

This is Freedom's natal day, and our festivities are natural, and must meet the approbation of every patriot. But, as christians and philanthropists, let us pause in our rejoicings, and in remembering that we have *four millions of slaves* upon American soil, drop a tear over their sad condition. Their individuality is utterly annihilated. They are the governed, without a voice in the character of the government. To them, our system is the most absolute and odious of monarchies. The system of chattelism is not a legitimate offshoot of our republican principles, but a barbarous excrescence, fastened upon us in spite of its incongruity. I will close by suggesting to you that our brethren of the South and their Northern sympathizers are fast departing from the great principle of individual freedom, the bulwark of national liberty, and imitating the clan government of past ages.

Mr. President, I am glad to be here to-day and mingle with the citizens of Massachusetts in what I call a new-fashioned, godly celebration of the Fourth of July, without powder, without drums, and best and bravest of all, without intoxicating liquor.

The ninth sentiment was—

Our Common and Sabbath Schools.

Rev. A. C. CHILDS of Rehoboth responded in the following manner:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have heard of a young African who once listened to a sermon from one of our missionaries and afterwards repeated it to a group gathered about him; and when the missionary told him that he was doing that which he himself could not do, without being conscious of any superior ability, the untutored negro touched his forehead with his finger, and said, "When I hear anything *great*, it remains there." By great, he probably meant *good*. Now, Sir, I have heard so many good things here to-day, and they have so filled up the space there [pointing to his forehead] that I am afraid the little I was intending to say is actually crowded out.

The sentiment to which I am invited to respond is, "Our Common

and Sabbath Schools." These are some of the institutions in which we as an American people are wont to glory; not that they are altogether *peculiar* to us, but because on the influences which go out from them we are especially dependent for our success as a people. Education and religion are the two main pillars on which a republic must rest for its support. It is one thing to *say* this and another to *feel* it; and he who has caught such a view of his own wants and the wants of the people as to feel and acknowledge this, is one on whom we may rely for assistance in every hour of peril.

Next to the family, there is no place where the child is so much influenced as in the Common School and the Sabbath School. If it is true, as has been said, "that the child is father of the man," then we need to watch and see what sort of influences these institutions are sending forth; for it is not the *schools* that educate, but the *teachers* who are employed in them. As some one says: "School-houses do not educate the inmates, and lazy, ignorant schoolmasters quite as little." What we want is competent teachers; persons who are in love with their employment, and who will teach the truth in all exactness and precision, and with the greatest fullness. We need then have no fear as to the kind of scholars we shall have. With such institutions and such teachers, "our sons will be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

The tenth sentiment was—

The Day we Celebrate.

Rev. A. H. RHODES, Pastor of the Universalist Church at Seekonk, but residing in Providence, responded to this sentiment as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the few remarks I shall make in response to this sentiment, I propose to be rather desultory. In the first place, I would remark that such an occasion has never before been granted to me, and may never be again. Dr. Carpenter must have forgotten Dr. Martin. It is my pleasure to say here that I believe I owe the duration of my mortal life, under God, to the scientific medical skill of that man. I am not at present a resident of Seekonk. I live in that border State to which allusion has been made as having attempted to deprive you of some of

your territory. But as a protest has been made against our marriage, I will not enforce the bans, as forced marriages do not amount to much. But I suppose, though you will not join us, you will still bring your corn to market at Providence.

When Napoleon, with his mighty hosts of French soldiers, trod the soil of Egypt, he presented himself before that powerful army of brave Mamelukes, and stimulated his men to their mightiest efforts by pointing them to the pyramids and saying to them, "Soldiers! from the heights of yonder pyramids, forty generations behold your actions." So I would say, that I believe that the spirits of our fathers are to-day bending over us from the high battlements of heaven, taking cognizance of this meeting, and reading the motives of our hearts; and I believe that our course is meeting their approbation, and that it is our duty so to cultivate our spiritual and moral energies that here in this existence we may be able to apprehend the great fact that those sainted dead are ministering spirits here.

I am called upon to respond to the sentiment, "The Day we Celebrate." To-day we have a lively sense of the privileges of independence. Tingling in the veins of our fingers is the sense of the great fact of our fathers' physical emancipation from George the Third. But, my friends, men and women of America, let me tell you, while you boast over the glorious achievements of their Revolutionary efforts, while you glory over the historic fact, while you joy over your inalienable rights, there is an emancipation in the future of which you now but little dream, one which shall eclipse that from George the Third as much as that great temple which stood upon Mount Moriah eclipsed this humble church of the Most High. It is that private emancipation of which we read, when Christ shall have destroyed the devil and all his works, and shall bring to an end all transgression and sin, and the Great Father—not only of the American brotherhood, but the Great Father of all the generations of humanity—shall raise us up and make us to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The eleventh sentiment was—

The Fourth of July, 1776—A day of trial to our fathers, but one of joyful remembrance to their posterity.

Rev. FRANCIS HORTON, Pastor of the Congregational Church at Barrington, R. I., made the following response :

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To one born almost under the shadow of Bunker Hill, and whose earliest recollections of a venerable grandsire are associated with details of that memorable field where Warren fell, and whose residence for years was not far from the spot where was shed the early blood of the Revolution, nothing can be more grateful than to respond to the sentiment just expressed. The 4th of July, 1776, is nearly related to the 17th of June preceding, and to the 19th of April, 1775. The latter of those historic days is commemorated all the way from Cambridge to Lexington, with enthusiasm scarcely surpassed by that which is common to our country on this national holiday. The first martyrs of the American Revolution were found in that vicinity; and the fair heritage which they have left to their descendants is pre-eminently precious on that account. Where now are seen richly cultivated gardens, and splendid villas, and populous villages, resistance to royal authority was manifested in deeds of heroic daring and sacrifice, that have rendered the names of those men immortal.

The battle of Bunker Hill, as is well known, was a significant preface to the Declaration of Independence. It was a contest indicative of what was to be hazarded by those then espousing the cause of freedom.

When the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions, did, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES—and, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor—it was a day of trial, clearly confessed. Their deliberations for weeks in the State House in Philadelphia bore witness to the heroism with which they met the perils of their position. Their words thus had meaning which we do well to remember; for their lives, and property, and reputation, were at stake in giving their signature to that solemn covenant. And our patriot sires throughout the land so understood it, when they ratified at once the bold announcement. With what heartiness did they rush to the support of those principles, cost what it might! The presumption was that many of them would be called to expend both their treasure and their blood in the fearful conflict. Whether even that would avail for the maintenance of freedom, was no trivial question.

Yet "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," they were resolved on standing for the right, while they should stand at all. No sooner, therefore, had the liberty bell rung out the tidings from the tower of the old State House, that the Declaration of Independence had passed, than a multitude, anxiously awaiting the decision of that grave question, shouted their approval in one prolonged acclaim. How admirable the coincidence, that the very motto on that bell was the inspired sentence, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Who could fail of hearing a summons to that effect, as appealing to the patriotism of an oppressed people! What excitement must have reigned throughout the city as the report of cannons, the blazing of bonfires, and an illumination at night, combined in signaling the event. And as the news spread all over the country, what terror, as well as courage, must have been inspired. Think of the appalling hardships to be encountered, the perplexity and distress inevitably to be experienced, and the painful sacrifices to be endured by many, before the peaceful fruits of independence would be secured. Ah, it was to be no mere semblance of strife with the mother country—no luxurious state of things in court, or camp, or home experience, for the people of these colonies at the time. Should they succeed in absolving themselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, and in establishing their freedom as a nation, it would be an expensive achievement at the best. How much blood must flow—how much treasure must be expended—how many homes must become houses of mourning! Taking the most hopeful view of the case which reason afforded, heroic souls were they who could look through the gloom to the glory beyond!

But we bless Heaven that there were men, whom we fondly call our fathers, who were fit for the accomplishment of this providential purpose. Whatever we, their natural offspring, may be ready to do or to decline in the cause of freedom, they dared to do right, yea, to speak, and to act, to live and to die for popular liberty. Honored be their memories till the end of time.

What an inheritance is this which has descended to us from our Revolutionary ancestors—what a country—what a constitution of government—what physical, and intellectual, and commercial resources! Where on the face of the globe is there a combination of such advantages for the masses of the people, comparable with these? Who can conceive of a fairer field for greatness in all the essential elements of national success? How has our population increased in eighty-four years, from

less than four millions to more than thirty millions! True, sadly true, reproachfully and most criminally true, four millions of these are slaves! And were that fact without a hope of reversal, the doom of America would be deeper than that of Sodom. But there is a spirit of revival abroad in the land in relation to the inalienable rights of men, as professed by our fathers in their ever memorable Declaration; nor will it cease till the General Government is brought into consistency with those fundamental principles that are in harmony with the law of God, and are, in fact, immortal! No treason is it to be true to humanity in all its forms, recognizing everywhere the brotherhood of the race. Nor may secessionists expect the majority of the freemen of these United States to resign their rights of free speech, and free press, and election to public office of such men as will administer the affairs of government in accordance with the principles of its illustrious founders.

Let no fanatical sentiments of insurrection be encouraged, and no invasion upon the constitutional prerogatives of individual States, but let freemen speak and act, as now they may, throughout our widely extended country, in favor of what is due to all classes, and right for all, as approved of Heaven, and this year will be signalized a century to come, with some of the thankfulness which is cherished towards 1776.

The twelfth sentiment was—

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The thirteenth sentiment was—

Our Common Country.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, these two regular toasts were not responded to, but instead thereof, the President read the following letter from Ex-Gov. CLIFFORD:

NEW BEDFORD, June 29, 1860.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—On my return last evening, after an absence of several weeks, I found the invitation with which the Committee of Arrangements have honored me, to be present at the proposed celebration in Seekonk, on the 4th of July next.

I need not assure you, sir, who know so well my affection for the spot where my loved and honored mother was born and died, that there is no occasion of this nature which I should participate in with more satisfaction, if it were practicable for me to do so. But my professional

engagements require my presence at Nantucket next week, to attend the Supreme Court, and I am most reluctantly compelled to forego the pleasure to which the Committee have so kindly invited me.

With my thanks to them for their remembrance of me on an occasion of so much interest, and with my best wishes for a most successful celebration, I am, dear sir,

Your friend and obedient servant,

JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

To Rev. JAMES O. BARNEY.

JOSEPH BROWN, Esq., of Seekonk, then gave an interesting history of some curiosities which were to be seen in the tent. These articles were :

Five chairs which were occupied by General Washington and his staff, when they stopped in Coventry, Rhode Island, on their march from Boston to New York ; also a stand and a table which were in the room where Washington lodged on that occasion.

The identical chair in which King Philip sat, near by, when the town was burnt by the Indians, in 1676. This chair originally belonged to Preserved Abel, an early settler ; and before any difficulties had arisen with the Indians, whenever King Philip visited the "ring of the town," he always called on Mr. Abel, and was offered the compliment of sitting in this "big arm chair."

There was also exhibited the original iron kettle or stew pot once owned by King Philip, and in which he had cooked many a muskrat in his wigwam at Mount Hope. It has been preserved one hundred and eighty-four years.

The sword worn by Sir William Pepperell at the capture of Louisburg, in 1745.

Six silver service cups, presented to the original church as follows :

One by Capt. Thomas Willet, in 1674 ;

One by Rev. Noah Newman, in 1678 ;

One by Mr. Samuel Newman, in 1747 ;

One by Mrs. Mary Walker, in 1748 ;

One by Mr. Edwin Glover, in 1751 ;

One by Mr. David Perrin, in 1754.

These and other articles descending from "days of yore" were explained in an able and intelligent manner by Mr. BROWN, the Chairman of the Committee, and was listened to with profound attention and visibly deep interest.

After this exhibition of antique articles, the whole congregation united in singing the following Ode, originally written by William J. Pabodie of Providence for another purpose, but altered to meet this occasion. It was sung in the tune called "Old Hundred," in which more than a thousand voices united; and under the sympathetic influence of surrounding circumstances, producing a most thrilling effect—many old patriotic saints giving vent to their emotions by calling it a "heaven upon earth."

From dwellings by the stormy deep,
From city's mart and forest side,
From shadowy vales that softly sleep
By Narragansett's storied tide,—

Home to this church, great God! we come,
Blest with Thy rich and bounteous store;
Beneath yon broad, majestic dome,
Thy praise to sing, Thy grace adore!

For lo! where once the savage trod,
And fiercely wild the war-whoop rung,—
Where darkly o'er th' unfurrowed sod,
A wilderness its shadows flung:—

Ten thousand peaceful homesteads rise
O'er all this broad and peaceful land;
And, pointing to th' eternal skies,
Thy pillar'd fanes serenely stand.

And yet a nobler boon is ours;
Our fathers sought in sore distress,
From lands where stern oppression lowers,
A refuge in a wilderness.

They came, they suffered, and they died;
Yet planted here a DEATHLESS TREE,
Beneath whose branches far and wide,
Resound the anthems of the FREE!

THEIRS was the stern but glorious task,
To raise its branches high in air;
Yet Europe's millions vainly ask
Its fruit to taste—its shade to share:—

Be OURS the mission, God of love,
To cause its fragrant boughs to spread,
Till towering every land above,
On every heart its dews be shed.

GREAT GOD! we humbly own THY NAME,
Through the two hundred years now flown;
And may our children own the same,
Through the two hundred years to come.

When the melody of this piety and patriotism had ascended to its congenial regions, the Rev. and venerable Dr. BENEDICT, the oldest clergyman present, asked of God, and conferred on all, a PARTING BLESSING.

Thus concluded these interesting festivities, and the assembly dispersed,—each individual appearing to feel, as from the depths of the heart, that the Historical Celebration of July 4, 1860, on Seekonk Plain, was an occasion to be remembered for the remainder of life.

ANTI-ERRATUM.

AS A MERITED COMPLIMENT TO THE SKILL AND ACCURACY
OF THE PRINTER, THE AUTHOR TAKES PLEASURE
IN INSERTING THIS ARTICLE INSTEAD OF
A MUCH LESS AGREEABLE ONE,
CALLED "ERRATA."

GENERAL INDEX.

It may provoke a smile to meet with an index to an affair like this; but the author has a reason for it. He has often been so impatient at the loss of time in seeking for a mere date, name, or isolated fact, in larger books without indexes, that he has more than once been tempted to take a left-handed oath over some Comic Almanac that he would never have anything to do with the production of any book, however small, without giving it an index. Feeling, therefore, something of the full weight of such inconvenience, and also the responsibility of an oath strongly hinted at but never really taken, the author trusts that there will not be much disposition to find fault with a labor which costs the reader nothing, and may add to his convenience. And it may also serve to help extend the practice by others.

A.

Age—ages, past, present and future, 9, 10, 19, 47.
 Antiquity, 33, 105.
 Angier, Rev. Samuel, 34.
 Attleborough, 37, 84, 89, 93.
 Amidown, Ebenezer, 38.
 America, 12, 13, 14, 22, 23, 42, 57.
 Apostrophized speech from the departed, 30, 31.
 Athenæ et Fasti Oxonienses, quoted from, 49.
 Athenæum, at Boston, 55.
 Avery, Mr., of Norton, 56.
 Arnold, Hon. Samuel G., quoted, 56.
 Authorities referred to, 57.
 Allen Zachariah, 58.
 Autograph of Rev. Samuel Newman, 62.
 Allen, Dr., 91.
 Abel, Preserved, 105.
 Anvils, 97.

B.

Babylon, alluded to, 10.
 Baalbec, alluded to, 10.
 Banbury, Eng., 11, 62.
 Bells, drum used instead of, 17, 32.
 Brown, John, 18, 39.
 Bowen, Richard, 19, 29, 36.
 Boston, 25, 27, 40, 42, 44, 55.

Benedict, Rev. Dr. David, 26, 74, 78; his speech, 82, 106.
 Burkley, Rev. Mr., 33.
 Baptist, 25, 26, 35, 74.
 Barney, Rev. James O., 36, 73, 74, 77, 79.
 Barrington, 37, 101.
 Blackstone, Rev. William, 37, 56.
 Boscobel, 43.
 Bacon, Sir Francis, 45.
 Ballot-box, 46.
 Band-box, 47.
 Ballot and Bullet, 46.
 Braintree, town of, 54.
 Bullock, Hon. Nathaniel, 56.
 Bliss Leonard, historian, 58.
 Bradford, William, Gov., 58, 77.
 Blodgett, Rev. Dr. Constantine, 74, 77; his speech, 87.
 Brown, Joseph, 75, 105, 106.
 Bishop, James M., 79.
 Benediction, 78.
 Bowen, Dr. Thomas, 90.
 Bridgham, Dr. Joseph, 90.
 Bucklin, Drs., 91.
 Bullock, Drs., 92.
 Blackington, Dr., 92.
 Blanding, Drs., 92.
 Billings, Dr., 92.
 Bliss, Dr. James, 92.
 Bolton, Dr. George A., 92.
 Bowen Simeon, his speech, 93.
 Bunker Hill, 102.

C.

Coffins and Shrouds, 11.
 Cane, an ancient one, 13.
 Concordance, 14, 21, 22, 29, 31, 33, 49, 52, 53, 54, 55.
 Colony, Plymouth, 16, 25, 27, 28, 53, 83, 84.
 Colony, Massachusetts, 16, 18, 25, 28, 33.
 Connecticut, 13, 18, 28, 34, 96.
 Customs and Habits of the first settlers of the town, 19, 20, 21.
 Cooper, Dea. Thomas, 29, 32, 55.
 Carpenter, Dea. William, 29, 89.
 Communication, imaginary one from the first settlers, 30, 31.
 Cemetery of ancient Rehoboth, 11, 29, 87.
 Carnes, Rev. John, 34.
 Cumberland, 37.
 Congress, 40, 96.
 Coin, first in America, &c., 42, 43, 44, 45, 46.
 Cromwell, Oliver, 43.
 Charles II., 43.
 Cartridge-box, 46.
 Compact, or first law of the town, 50.
 Cruden, Alexander, 53, 57.
 Cygnea Cantio, a book, 54.
 Cape Cod, 59.
 Concluding note, personal, 60.
 Creed of the author, 61.
 Celebration, history of, 71.
 Committee of Arrangements, 75, 79.
 Carpenter, Dr. Benoni, his speech, 89, 100.
 Carpenter, Drs., 92.
 Childs, Rev. A. C., his speech, 99.
 Clifford, John H., Ex-Gov., 104.

D.

Dorchester, alluded to, 13, 14, 27, 28, 55,
 Drum, 17, 32.
 Dedham, 18, 27.
 Diary, extract from Newman's, 23.
 Death of the founder of Rehoboth, 32.
 Declaration of Independence, 42, 44, 45, 74, 77, 93, 94, 102.
 Daggett, Hon. John, extract from his historical paper before the Old Colony Society, 52, 55; his speech, 84.
 Dimond, Hon. Byron, 56.
 Dinner, the, 78, 79.
 Dean, Rev. James, 79.
 Davenport, Dr., 92.
 Dean, Rev. Sidney, his speech, 96.

E.

Elliot, Rev. Dr. John, 32.
 Ellis, Rev. John, 34, 35.
 Education, 40.
 Europe, 22, 106.
 Ezekiel, the prophet, 42, 43.

Empire, Western, 41, 84.
 Eagle, prophetic, 44, 45.
 Edmond, Sir Thomas, 54.
 Ellis, William, 75.
 Egypt, 101.

F.

Featly, Rev. Dr. Daniel, 12, 49, 53, 54.
 Freedom, 45, 97, 99.
 Frozen North, 45.
 Flint, Rev. Henry, 54, 62.
 Freedom, human, enigma of, 45.
 Fitts, Joseph B., 75.
 Fitts, Dea. D. B., 78.
 Fowler, Dr. Isaac, 92.
 France, 54, 98.

G.

Gouge, Rev. William, 12, 49, 53, 54.
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 27.
 German University, 33.
 Greek Classics, 33.
 Gravo, 33, 38, 39, 84.
 Greenwood, Rev. Thomas, 34.
 Greenwood, Rev. John, 34.
 Genesis, quoted from, 15.
 Gorton, Samuel, of Rhode Island, 56.
 Government, the first adopted at Plymouth, 41, 58.
 Genealogical tables of one family from each of seven generations, 62.
 Gardner, Hon. Johnson, 74, 77.
 Gardiner, E. R., reporter, 75.
 Garibaldi, Gen., 98.

H.

Hull, Rev. Joseph, 14.
 Hingham, 14.
 Houses, how built, 19.
 Hour-glass, to preach by, 17.
 Holmes, Obadiah, 25, 26, 27.
 Hermon, dews of, 28.
 Hyde, Rev. Ephraim, 34, 56.
 Hill, Rev. John, 35.
 Historical Society, R. I., 58.
 Historical Magazine, 60.
 Hollis, Thomas, memoirs, 60.
 Hoyt, Isaiah, 75.
 Hutchings, Dr. Theophilus, 91.
 Hartshorn, Dr. Isaac, 92.
 Historical Society, Ct., 96.
 Historical Society, Mass., 49, 57.
 Horton, Rev. Francis, his speech, 101.
 Habeas corpus, 98.
 Homer, 28.

I.

Independence, Declaration of, 42, 44, 45, 74, 77, 93, 94, 102.
 Indians, 18, 23, 56, 86, 105.
 Italy, 98.

J.

Jenner, Rev. Thomas, 14.
 Joshua, 15.
 Job, last sermon of Newman preached from, 31.
 Johnson, Dr. Artemas, 92.

K.

Karnak, alluded to, 10.
 King James of England, 54, 58, 59.
 King's College, 54.
 King William III., 55.
 King John of England, 98.
 King George III., 101.

L.

Laud, Archbishop, 13.
 Lenthal, Rev. Robert, 14.
 Latin epitaph, 33, 56.
 Leyden, 41, 58.
 Liberty, riddle of, 43.
 Lightning, political, 46.
 Lebanon, cedar of, 44.
 Lempriere's Biog. Dict., 49, 54.
 Lord's Prayer, 54, 61.

M.

Mather, Rev. Dr. Cotton, 11, 12, 32, 56, 59.
 Magnalia, 11, 56, 57, 59.
 Midhope Chapel, Eng., 13.
 Mather, Rev. Richard, 13, 14, 27, 28.
 Massasoit, the Indian Chief, 15, 51, 78.
 Meetings and Meeting-houses, 16, 17, 19, 82, 97.
 Mr. and Mrs., what called, 19.
 Miles, Rev. John, 33.
 Mayflower, 36, 41, 58, 85, 93, 96.
 Manhattan, 38.
 Mount Vernon, 47.
 Millenium, political, 46.
 Mather, Rev. Dr. Increase, 49.
 Mass. Hist. Coll., 49.
 Money, Indian, 51.
 Mason, Rev. Perez, 79; his speech, 80.
 Maxcy, Rev. Dr. Jonathan, 86.
 Miller, Drs. 91.
 Manchester, Dr., 92.
 Magna Charta, 98.
 Mamelukes, 101.
 Mount Moriah, 101.
 Martin, Dr. Calvin, 100.
 Mount Hope, 105.

N.

Nature, 9, 10, 37, 39, 68.
 Newman, Rev. Samuel, son of Richard, 11, 13, 14, 15, 21, 28, 31, 32, 49, 50, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 61.

New England, customs of, &c., 17, 33, 38, 43, 49.
 Newman, Rev. Noah, 23, 33, 55, 105.
 Nestor, 28.
 Norton, Rev. John, 28.
 Neander, Michael, 33.
 Narragansett, 38, 106.
 New York, 38, 58.
 Norton, town of, 56.
 Newman, Rev. Antipas, 54, 62.
 Newman, Dea. Samuel, 54, 62.
 Newman, Richard, 11, 62.
 Napoleon, 101.

O.

Oxford, Eng., 11, 12, 53, 54.
 Otis, James, 40.
 Oak, Royal, 43.
 Office, robes of, 46; potage of, 47.
 Old Burying Ground at Seekonk, 55.
 Ode and Old Hundred, 106.

P.

Payne, Stephen, 18, 19, 29, 53.
 Premonition, 33.
 Philip, King, 37, 85, 105.
 Payne, Nathaniel, 38.
 Plymouth, 41, 58, 93, 96.
 Pilgrims, 41, 84, 86, 93, 96.
 Palfrey John G., Hist. N. E., 51.
 Peters, Hugh, his mistake, 53.
 Progress of the American people, 45.
 Pawtucket, 74, 78, 79, 95.
 Pearse, Robert M., 75.
 Perrin, Daniel, 78.
 Papers, Reporters, &c., 75, note.
 Pierce, Capt. Mitchell, his fight, 85.
 Pyramids, 101.
 Pepperell, Sir William, 105.
 Pabodie, William J., 106.

Q.

Quadrennial spasms, 46.
 Quincy, town of, 54.

R.

Rubens, the painter, 10.
 Raphael, the painter, 10.
 Rehoboth, 15, 25, 26, 27, 49, 51, 52, 53, 56, 57, 61, 86, 94, 97.
 Read, John, 29.
 Ring of the town, 15, 21, 86, 105.
 Revolution, contributions from Rehoboth, 39, 40, 41.
 Republic, American, 41, 45, 46, 47.
 Robinson, Rev. John, 41, 58.
 Riddle, on a coin, 42.

Royal Oak at Boscobel, 43.
 Rights, human, 45, 101.
 Ridley, Dr., anecdote of pig corn, 91.
 Rodliff, Dr. John F., [born in Germany,]
 92.
 Robertson, Dr., 92.
 Rhodes, Rev. Andrew H., his speech, 100.
 Russia, 98.

S.

Science, 9, 10, 93, 97.
 Skeletons and Bones, 11.
 Seekonk, 15, 37, 55, 71, 95, 107.
 Sam, an Indian, naturalized, 18, 19.
 Stone, Rev. Samuel, 28.
 Stiles, Rev. President, 28, 56.
 Spiritualism, 29.
 Symes, Rev. Zachariah, 33.
 Swansea, 37, 92.
 Starkweather, Ephraim, 39, 83.
 Starkweather, Hon. Samuel, 83.
 Starkweather, James O., 83.
 "Soul Liberty," 25.
 Shilling, the cedar or pine tree, 42, 60.
 Spasms, political, 46.
 Southern States, dark clouds, but harm-
 less thunder, 45, 46.
 Signers to the first government of the
 town, 50; at Plymouth, 59.
 Stockholders, what were they? 51.
 Sears's Olden Time, 51.
 Shove, Rev. George, 54, 62.
 Stowell, Rev. A. H., 74, 77.
 Smith, Dr. Nathan, 86, 90.
 Stanley, Dr., 92.
 Slaves in U. S., 99, 104.
 Stew-pot, King Philip's, 105.

T.

Time, 9, 10.
 Thebes, 10.
 Titian, the painter, 10.
 Townsmen, instead of Selectmen, 16.
 Toleration, 25.
 Temple, Sir Thomas, 43.
 Taunton, Indian name of, 52; third min-
 ister of, 54.
 Thayer, Rev. William M., 77.
 Turner, Dr. David, 90.
 Thurber, Dr. Daniel, 90.
 Thayer, Dr., 92.
 Taunton and Tauntonians, 52, 96.

U.

University, Harvard, 34, 49.
 University, Brown, 36, 39, 61, 86.
 University, Oxford, Eng., 11, 12, 49, 53.
 University, Ilfeldt, in Germany, 33.
 University, Cambridge, Eng., 52.
 Union, American, 41, 46.

V.

Vox Dei, or voice of God, 44.
 Vox populi, or voice of the people, 44.
 Vernon, Mount, 47.
 Vista of ages, 47.
 Virginia, early name of New England,
 58.
 Virgil, quotation from, 61.

W.

Warham, Rev. John, 13.
 Weymouth, 14, 21, 51, 55.
 Williams, Rev. Roger, 25, 37, 51, 56, 57,
 78.
 Wheaton, Robert, 29.
 Warren, 37.
 Willet, Thomas, 38, 58, 105.
 West, Benjamin, 38, 86.
 Worcester, battle of, 43.
 Washington, 47, 105.
 Woman, 47.
 World, Eastern, 45.
 World, entire, 26, 37, 97.
 Wood, Anthony, 49.
 Wampum, Indian money, 51.
 Will, Rev. Samuel Newman's, 54, 55.
 Wight, Rev. Dr. Henry, 55.
 Wenham, Mass., 54, 62.
 Winthrop, Gov., 62.
 Willard, George O., 79.
 Wheaton, Dr. Levi, 91.
 Winslow, Drs., 92.
 Wheelock, Dr., 92.
 Wilkinson, Judge Ezra, 95.
 Warren, Gen. Joseph, 102.

Y.

Young's Chronicles, 57.
 Yale College, 83.