

STANDISH MONUMENT,

ON

CAPTAIN'S HILL, DUXBURY.

LAYING CORNER-STONE, OCTOBER 7, 1872.

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STANDISH MONUMENT

ON

CAPTAIN'S HILL, DUXBURY.

CHARTER, ORGANIZATION, AND BREAKING GROUND

LAYING CORNER-STONE,

OCTOBER 7, 1872.

*UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE
ARTILLERY COMPANY,*

By the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts,

AND OTHER ASSOCIATIONS,

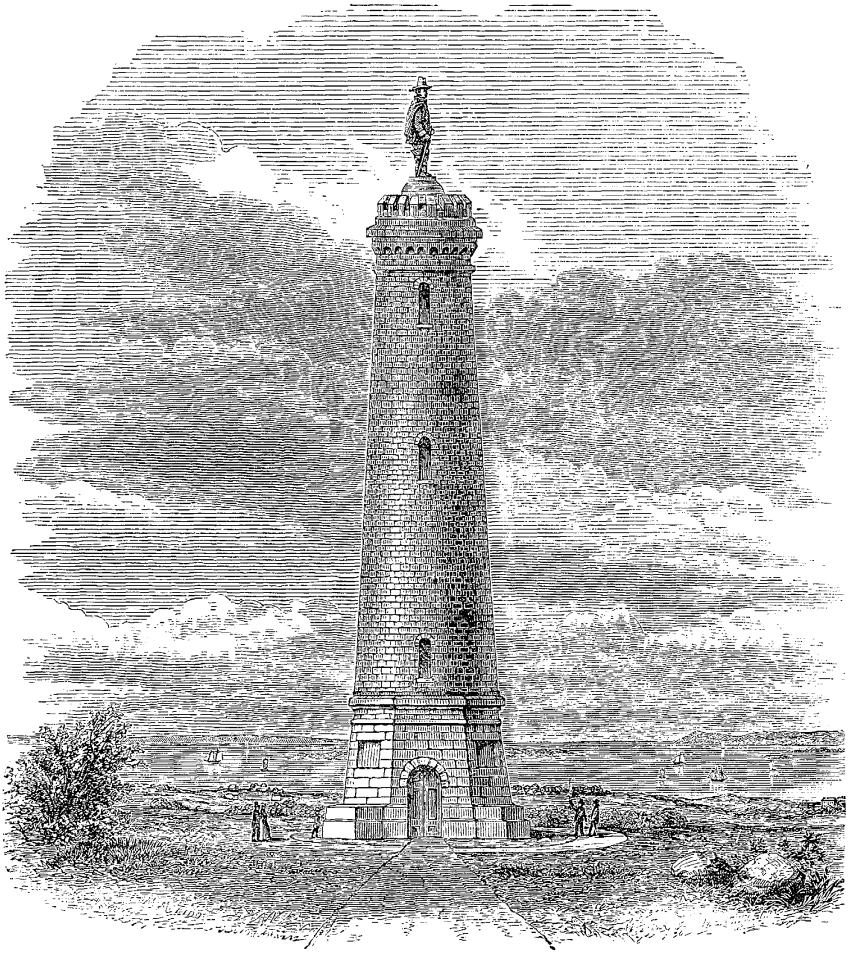
PREPARED BY STEPHEN M. ALLEN,

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE STANDISH MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON:

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.

1873.



STANDISH MONUMENT,

CAPTAIN'S HILL, DUXBURY, MASS.

GEN. HORACE BINNEY SARGENT, PRESIDENT.

NATHANIEL ADAMS, CHAIRMAN OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AND MASTER
OF CONSTRUCTION, BOSTON.

FRANCIS STANDISH, } SUPTS. OF CONSTRUCTION, BOSTON.
EDWIN ADAMS, }

STEPHEN N. GIFFORD, SECRETARY, DUXBURY.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, BOSTON.

CHARTER

FROM THE

LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

By a new Charter, accepted and adopted June 17, 1872, the name of the Association was changed to the "Standish Monument Association," and a meeting held at Duxbury on that day, at 10 o'clock, A. M., was duly organized, and the following officers were elected: —

PRESIDENT. — Gen. Horace Binney Sargent.

ADVISORY PRESIDENTS. — His Excellency Marshall Jewell, Connecticut; Hon. James A. Weston, New Hampshire; Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Massachusetts; Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, Maine; Rev. Dr. George Putnam, Massachusetts; Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Boston; Dr. George B. Loring, Salem; Hon. John H. Clifford, Massachusetts; Gen. A. E. Burnside, Rhode Island; Hon. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Boston; Hon. E. S. Tobey, Boston; Hon. Horatio Harris, Boston; Miles Standish, Esq., New York.

DIRECTORS. — Hon. Onslow Stearns, Concord, N. H.; Hon. Thomas Russell, Boston; Nathaniel Adams, Boston; Lemuel Miles Standish, Boston; Samuel Little, Boston; Samuel C. Cobb, Dr. Ira L. Moore, Boston; Samuel Loring, Duxbury; Nathan Matthews, Boston; Frederic C. Adams, Kingston; Francis Standish, Boston; William Whiting, Boston; Nathan Morse, Boston; Isaac Keene, Duxbury; Jonathan S. Ford, Duxbury; Rev. Josiah Moore,

Duxbury ; Dr. James Wilde, Duxbury ; Thos. Chandler, Duxbury ; Charles H. Chandler, Samuel Atwell, Duxbury ; James Ritchie, Boston ; Stephen M. Allen, Boston ; Edwin Adams, Boston ; Edwin C. Bailey, Boston ; George Curtis, Stephen N. Gifford, Duxbury ; Joseph S. Beal, Kingston ; Alden S. Bradford, Kingston ; George B. Standish, Duxbury ; Alden B. Weston, Duxbury ; Elbridge Chandler, Duxbury ; Hamilton E. Smith, Duxbury ; Oliver Ditson, Boston ; Dr. Charles T. Jackson, Boston ; Dr. Cushing Webber, Boston ; Gen. B. F. Butler, Lowell ; Hon. Jonas Fitch, Boston ; Hon. Jacob H. Loud, Plymouth ; George Bradford, Duxbury ; John S. Loring, Duxbury ; Harrison Loring, Boston ; J. W. Coburn, Boston ; Alden Frink, Boston ; W. S. Danforth, Plymouth ; George W. Wright, Duxbury ; Dr. Calvin Pratt, Duxbury ; Parker C. Richardson, Duxbury ; Job A. Turner, Boston ; Joshua M. Cushing, Duxbury ; Josiah Peterson, Duxbury ; F. P. Sherman, Duxbury ; John H. Nickerson, Boston ; George Curtis, Boston ; William S. Adams, Kingston.

SECRETARY. — Stephen N. Gifford, Duxbury.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY. — Stephen M. Allen, Boston.

TREASURER. — Jacob H. Loud, Plymouth and Boston.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. — Nath'l Adams, Lemuel Myles Standish, Hon. E. S. Tobey, Samuel Little, Francis Standish, James Ritchie, S. M. Allen, Edwin Adams, Jacob H. Loud, Harrison Loring, Job H. Turner, Gen. H. B. Sargent.

FINANCE COMMITTEE. — Horatio Harris, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Hon. E. S. Tobey, Nathan Matthews, Oliver Ditson, Dr. Geo. B. Loring, Samuel Little, Jacob H. Loud, Nathaniel Adams, Jonathan S. Ford, George B. Standish, Gen. B. F. Butler, Geo. W. Wright, Jonas Fitch, W. S. Danforth, Hon. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Rev. Dr. George Putnam, Joseph S. Beal.

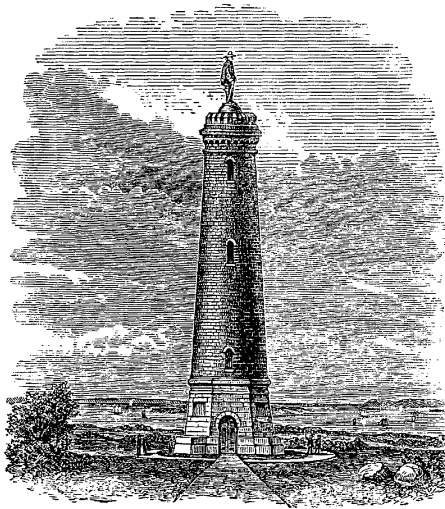
After the election the Association partook of a primitive lunch in the old Standish Cottage, and proceeded to the top of Captain's Hill, to break ground for the Monument, which was done in presence of a large, interested crowd of friends and spectators.

After prayer by Rev. Josiah Moore, Gen. H. B. Sargent, the President, introduced the Selectmen of Duxbury, who, through their chairman, in behalf of the town, broke the first earth. The President followed in behalf of the company, and Nathaniel Adams, Esq., as Chairman of the Executive Committee; the officers of Corner Stone Lodge of Freemasons, and the officers of Mattakeeset Lodge of Odd Fellows, followed. An opportunity for the ladies was given, when they joined in and handled the spade in good earnest. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company were represented; also the oldest Company of State Militia; also the families of Bradford, Brewster, Phillips, Pryor, Simmons, Allen, Ritchie, and many others of the descendants of the Pilgrims.

It was voted to accept and adopt the Plans of the Monument presented by Alden Frink, Esq., and proceed at once with the work on the Monument. It was also voted that the Secretary be directed to ask from the President of the United States a stone for the first arch of the Monument; and stones for the sides from each of the New-England States, as also stones from each County in Massachusetts, all properly inscribed; also similar stones from each Military Company of the State, with the name properly cut thereon.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

AUGUST 9, 1872. An informal meeting of the Association was held at Captain's Hill, in presence of Tremont Lodge No. 15, I. O. O. F., of Boston, who were visiting Duxbury. The service of laying the first foundation corner-stone was performed by Nathaniel Adams, Esq., with aid of Edwin Adams, Esq., and Mr. Andrew Northey, in presence of and assisted by the Grand Master of the Order of I. O. O. F., many members of Tremont Lodge, and citizens generally.



LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE,

OCTOBER 7, 1872.

FALL FIELD-DAY OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

APPROPRIATE HISTORICAL OBSERVANCE.

OLD Mattakeeset was never so overrun with numbers, nor stirred to a greater interest in any celebration, than she is to-day over that attending the laying of the corner-stone of the monument dedicated to the memory of the military defender of the Pilgrim Colony of 1620, Captain Myles Standish. The French Cable celebration of but three years ago, and the excitement it created in the then quiet town, were comparatively insignificant when placed in comparison with the observances of to-day, considered either in the light of local, State, or national importance.

The Standish Monument Association, of which General Horace Binney Sargent is President, and in which many of the most prominent New Englanders, in public or private life, hold official positions, having completed the foundation and raised the base of the memorial above the surface of *terra firma*, sought the aid of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Freemasons of the Old Bay State to perform the active duties of the ceremony, a request that was happily and promptly responded to by that ancient organization. To give *éclat* to the occasion, and to carry out the celebration in a manner in keeping with the life of the honored subject of the memorial, the healthy presence of the military arm was also sought in the escort and guard of the oldest of our martial organizations, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, and to-day, the annual fall field-day of that time-honored battalion, was selected as the most appropriate date for the historical commemoration. The Highland School Battalion, of Boston, was also invited as a representative body of the coming

defenders of the honor of the State and nation, and Masonic organizations generally were requested to present themselves, as their inclinations dictated.

The preliminaries of the celebration, or rather the outward demonstration in connection with it, may fairly be said to have begun in Boston with the departure of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company from its armory in Faneuil Hall. There the members assembled at seven o'clock, to the number of about three hundred and fifty, and at eight o'clock formed in the square, whence, headed by Brown's Brigade Band, the march was taken through Merchants Row, State Washington, Winter, and Tremont Streets to Masonic Temple, where the Grand Lodge awaited their coming. Taking this body of Masonic dignitaries under escort, with their own invited guests, the officers of the Providence Light Infantry, the Ancients proceeded directly to the Old Colony Railroad Station, where a fine train of eight cars awaited their transportation to Duxbury.

The Ancients were officered as follows: —

Captain, Edward Wyman; First-Lieutenant, Walter Everett; Second-Lieutenant, Jarvis D. Braman; Adjutant, Ezra J. Trull; First-Sergeant, Eben R. Frost; Second-Sergeant, Samuel Hichborn; Third-Sergeant, Josiah H. Pickett; Fourth-Sergeant, Andrew G. Smith; Fifth-Sergeant, Wm. R. Bennett; Sixth-Sergeant, Albert S. Haven; Seventh-Sergeant, Warren S. Davis; Eighth-Sergeant, Thomas B. Jordan; Ninth-Sergeant, Eugene H. Sampson; Tenth-Sergeant, Davis W. Bailey; Treasurer and Paymaster, John G. Roberts; Clerk and Assistant-Paymaster, Geo. H. Allen; Quartermaster, Charles S. Lambert; Armorer, Richard M. Barker; Committee of Arrangements, Lieutenant John L. Stevenson, Captain Samuel Talbot, Jr., Lieutenant Charles W. Stevens, Sergeant Vincent La Forme, Sergeant T. B. Jordan.

The ladies of Duxbury appointed a committee of three, consisting of Mrs. Stephen M. Allen, Mrs. Lincoln, and Miss Louise Cowing, to preside at the raising of a large and elegant flag, presented by Major-General B. F. Butler. The flag was thrown to the breeze on the staff of the derrick above the monument, by Mrs. Emma Standish Richmond, daughter of L. Miles Standish, of Boston,

just as the first train of cars from Boston arrived at the depot this morning. In behalf of the committee, the chairman, Mrs. Allen, made the following address to Edwin Adams, one of the superintendents of construction : —

“It becomes my pleasant duty, in behalf of my associates and the ladies of Duxbury, to present this flag to the Standish Monument Association, to be this day unfurled and given to the breeze by the hand of a lineal descendant of the sturdy Pilgrim captain, over the grand and majestic work you are doing to perpetuate his memory.

“In this service of pleasure and duty which the ladies of Duxbury have the honor to perform, they have to acknowledge their indebtedness to Major-General B. F. Butler, a member of the Association, who, absent from us to-day, has kindly presented the flag for this purpose, to be placed on the rising memorial of the first commissioned military captain of the colonies. May this noble emblem of our country’s honors speak to the hearts of every patriot and citizen, proving to the world that the nation’s glory is never diminished by doing justice to private worth, especially to those who, while fighting our battles, were willing to protect our sanctuaries with their lives and fortunes.”

The train arrived in Duxbury at 10.30, and the masons and military, as they debarked, were informally received by the townspeople and visitors, who had collected in large numbers in the immediate vicinity. A collation was partaken of in the railroad station by the military and their company, and upon the arrival of a later train with the association and guests, the procession for Captain’s Hill was formed in the following order : —

Brown’s Brigade Band.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Massachusetts,

M. W. Sereno D. Nickerson, Grand Master.

Plymouth Band.

The Corner Stone Lodge of Duxbury.

The Pilgrim Lodge of Plymouth.

Delegations from other Masonic Lodges.

Chief Marshal, Colonel Newell A. Thompson.

Aids — Colonel Jonas H. French, Major George O. Carpenter, General

Samuel C. Lawrence, and Major Joseph L. Henshaw.
 The President of the Standish Monument Association,
 General Horace Binney Sargent,
 with the Advisory Presidents — the Directors and other Officers, and
 the Committees of that Organization.
 Invited Guests of the Association.
 Governor Padelford and Staff.
 Selectmen and Town Officers of Duxbury.
 Military Delegation, in uniform.
 The Duxbury Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.
 The Duxbury Lodge of Good Templars.
 Citizens of Duxbury.
 A Detachment of the Boston Highland School Regiment, under command
 of Captain Horace G. Allen.

After a short march, the procession filed around the site of the monument on the summit of the hill, and the assemblage was called to order by the chief marshal. Brief devotional exercises followed, and General Horace Binney Sargent, President of the Monument Association, then delivered the following address: —

Fellow-Citizens: — To-day, upon this bold headland, which once belonged to Myles Standish, and which has been not more enduring than his fame, we have met together to lay the cornerstone of a monument in honor of the great Puritan captain. In recognition of his noble life, consecrated to the holiest principles of public service, the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Massachusetts, with his proper officers, and with all appropriate observances which are of usage with that distinguished brotherhood, will perform this ceremony. In illustration of the time-honored military sentiment of this ancient Commonwealth, and of the vigorous legend which has floated over a hundred battle-fields upon her pure, pale banner, as her citizen soldiery have borne it through smoke and flame in the agony of her glory, her oldest military organization, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, true to their old renown, provide the escort for our memorial service to the first commissioned military officer of New England. Representatives from every organization of State soldiery, young heroes and martyrs of the coming time,

distinguished official visitors from other States, citizens, illustrious in the various paths of social life, dwellers of the inland and dwellers by the sea, assemble on this hill-side to establish a column that shall rise high above the headland and look far out forever over the Atlantic, in lasting commemoration of the trained citizen soldier, whose ashes lie somewhere near our feet, though his grave is lost to memory, and to whom this infant nation, which gratefully recognized his services by granting to him this height of Captain's Hill, owed on many desperate occasions the only chance of life.

Why is it, that, thus, two hundred and fifty-two years since Myles Standish stepped upon this shore, then covered with forests and peopled by savage tribes, we joyfully assemble to pay this long-delayed honor to the fierce English trooper of the Lowland wars, whom God seemed to have forced, through deep misfortune, to seek, in service against the bloody Duke of Alva, that iron training of hand and heart which enabled Myles Standish in after time to defend the saintly Pilgrims? Is it not partly because his mail-clad mantle has fallen on our age?

Republics are said to be ungrateful. We need not go far from the present hour to find some color for this assertion. But the sober second thought of the people is always just. The deep, warm, central heart of the nation does not at the last forget. One century, by grave experience, is sharply reminded of the shortcomings of another. Our civil war has awakened us to these debts of gratitude.

For nearly one hundred years we have endeavored to create a nation. A single confusion of thought, which disturbed the deliberations of our fathers, has impeded their sons. Our fathers, bred under the inconvenience of a somewhat central and personal government, did not all clearly see that the ultimate national authority, whether resting in a monarch or the people, must be definitely and exclusively fixed somewhere, and be recognized by all the governed, as there indisputable and supreme. In the joyous moment of throwing off the chains of monarchy, the fatal peril of partitioning the ultimate supreme authority between the States and the nation, so as to leave the question of supremacy in

doubt, was not clearly perceived by all the Revolutionary patriots who framed our present constitution. The madness of the idea, that, in a government, intended to be permanent, a national party, founded on the right of insubordination as its chief corner-stone, could be permitted to exist, was not so evident a hundred years ago. We have been forced to see the necessity of government. The past decade has developed all the miseries that can flow from confounding nationalization with centralization, — from confusing the most vigorous exercise of power, delegated from the people, by the people, for the people, to the agent of the people, with a *personal* government. Civil war has smashed the political heresy out of life, that a national party, not anarchical, can be founded on a doubt as to the ultimate resting-place of national supremacy, or on the right to dispute the national authority on every industrial or social question that may arise. National impotence, culminating in civil war, is the legitimate fruit of a tree, which Madison, Hamilton, and Washington asserted to be poisonous, when the statesmen of South Carolina and Maryland tried to engraft it on our constitution. National vigor has returned to our land, through the old stormy channel of safety. *The citizen soldiers* of the nation have settled the question. After eighty-five years of national wrangling whether the voting arm-bearing millions of the people, or the imaginary beings called States, control this Union, three amendments and a score of statutes are declaratory of the fact, that the nation is master of her own broad quarter-deck. Thanks be to God, we are at last a *Nation*!

The spirit of the age is earnest. The national supremacy being decided, the popular heart is prepared to demand a vigorous execution of law, and to reverence the power behind it. The absorption of a million of men, accustomed to short commands and prompt obedience, into our social life, which has become enervated by excessive, flabby legislation and weak enforcement of the statutes, has infused a spirit of respect for fearless vigor. This respect seeks all modes of expression. Men who have staked their lives on their convictions may be expected to admire earnest honesty. It is this earnestness of purpose, the result of the returning armies and the nation's baptism of fire, — setting her heart

aglow, as with pentecostal flame, filling men with noble words and thoughts they did not know, — which is displacing the time-serving politicians, and recognizing the Myles Standish of each perilous hour, as the honest and vigorous force behind the law. Gratitude to the citizen soldier — recognition of him as worthy of all respect — is a part of the meaning of this special memorial service. We cannot forget that a citizen soldier guarded the cradle of the infant colony two hundred and fifty years ago, and was her trusted servant for half a century of civil life. A citizen soldier led our fathers to victory against the British throne; and though assailed in his lifetime by ungrateful abuse, which he complained of as unjustifiable, even if applied to a notorious defaulter, is remembered as first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. To pass by an illustrious example of the fact that events repeat themselves, it was a citizen soldier, humble and poor, of African descent, — so little does glory care for condition, race, or color, — who, torn by shot and shell, writhed into Fort Wagner on his shattered limbs, still bearing your banner aloft into those lurid gates of hell, as if to show to succeeding ages how a citizen of the great republic should serve the motherland, — fearlessly, joyously, as if entering the gates of heaven; devoutly, as before God upon his knees!

Not only to the memory of Myles Standish, as the type of fearless and honest vigor in public service, as soldier and civilian, but also in a reverent spirit of remembrance and grateful honor to the citizen soldiers of New England, from the landing of the Pilgrims to the present hour, do we lay this corner-stone to-day. Fellow-citizens, we thank you for your presence.

Mr. Chairman of the Executive Committee: — My humble task is finished. In behalf and by the orders of the Standish Monument Association, over which I have the honor to preside, I commit the work thus far completed to your able and honored hands.

Mr. Nathaniel Adams, Chairman of the Executive and Building Committees, on being introduced by General Sargent, gave to the Grand Master official custody of the corner-stone in the following words: —

Most Worshipful Grand Master:—The box containing all the documents and other contributions which have been permitted to be placed therein, together with the inscribed plate, has been sealed and is ready to be placed in the cavity prepared for its reception in the bed of the corner-stone. The stone is now ready to be placed in its position in the base course, upon which is to be erected a monument to the memory of that noble man, Myles Standish.

And I have the honor now to place it in your custody, for the purpose of being laid with the solemn and impressive ceremonies of that ancient order of which you are the official head in this Commonwealth.

Grand Master Sereno D. Nickerson made an appropriate and graceful reply in acceptance of the trust, and Hon. N. B. Shurtleff, to whom had been delegated the duty of preparing the plate and the contents of the memorial box to be enclosed in the corner-stone, delivered the box into the possession of the Grand Treasurer, Mr. John McClellan, who read the inscription and a list of the contents, which follow:—

Programme of the Exercises, Oct. 7, 1872; Plate and Proof and other papers of the Association and History of Myles Standish, also a list of Officers of the Association; Acts and Resolves of the State of Massachusetts, 1872; Records of the various Counties of Massachusetts; History of Duxbury; Catalogue of Prince's Library deposited in the Public Library; Catalogue of Harvard College; Catalogue and other papers of Amherst College; Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society; Papers from Massachusetts Historic-Genealogical Society; Catalogue and Papers from Tufts College; Catalogue and Papers from Brown's University; Silver Plate of one Roster of The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; List of Officers and Chaplains Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; List of Officers and other papers of Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association; Adjutant-General's Report of Massachusetts, 1871; Records from the Companies of the Military of the State; Hingham Journal of October 4, 1872; The Commonwealth, Boston, October 5, 1872; Old Colony Memorial, Plymouth, October 3, 1872; Company C,

First Regiment Infantry, M. V. M., Claflin Guard; Concord Artillery and other Military Companies of the State of Massachusetts; Current Newspapers of Massachusetts; Proceedings of the Cable Celebration at Duxbury; many other Documents; a piece of our Forefathers' Rock; a piece of the hearth-stone of the original Myles Standish house, taken from the ruins.

The following is a copy of the metallic plate: —

THE CORNER-STONE
of the
STANDISH MEMORIAL,
in commemoration
of the
character and services of
CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH,
the first commissioned military officer of New England.
Laid on the summit of Captain's Hill, in Duxbury,
under the superintendence of the
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company
of Massachusetts,
in presence of
THE STANDISH MONUMENT ASSOCIATION,
by the
M. W. Grand Lodge of Free Masons of Massachusetts,
M. W. Sereno D. Nickerson, Grand Master,
on the Seventh Day of October, A. D. 1872,
Being the two hundred and fifty-second year since
the first settlement of New England
by the
PILGRIM FATHERS.

—
Site consecrated August 17, 1871.

Association incorporated May 4, 1872.

Association organized and ground broken June 17, 1872.

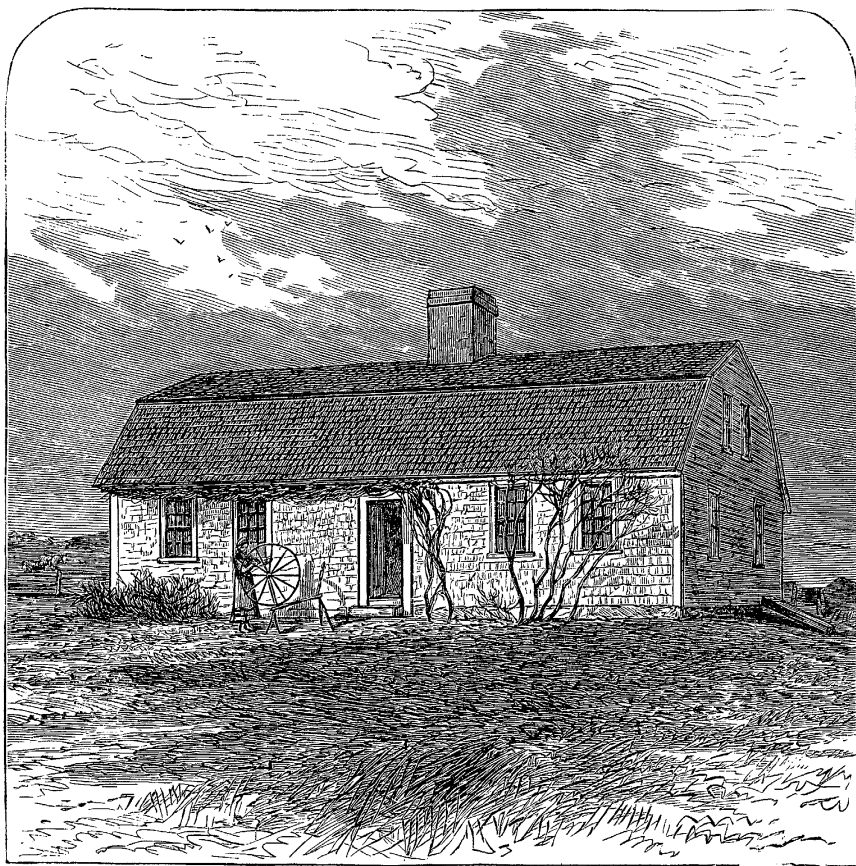
Corner of foundation laid August 9, 1872.

The Grand Master, after an examination of the stone, declared it square; the box was placed and wedged in position; the block was consecrated with corn, wine, and oil, and duly laid by the Grand Master according to the form prescribed in the Masonic Ritual; the blessing of God was invoked upon the workmen, and the desire expressed that the monument should perpetuate the

memory of the pioneer leader whose remembrance it was intended to promote

There were from eight to ten thousand people present. During the exercises Brown's Band performed a solemn invocation, and the soloists gave the trumpet calls, and Baxter's Battery fired a salute.

The exercises were observed with great interest by the multitude present; and at their conclusion, the celebrants adjourned from labor to refreshment, the Association and the Masons being provided for by the ladies of Duxbury, and the Military by Mr. J. B. Smith, the celebrated caterer.



BUILT 1666. (STILL STANDING.)

DINNER OF THE ANCIENTS.

At 3 o'clock the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company proceeded to the tent, under which an excellent dinner was spread by J. B. Smith. Four hundred plates were laid, and they were all occupied. The Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, of Boston, after which half an hour was devoted to a discussion of the ample and elegant repast provided by the caterer. This being accomplished, Capt. Wyman called his command to order, and addressed them as follows :—

SPEECH OF CAPT. WYMAN.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company :— Through the kind invitation of the Standish Monument Association, we are here to-day to join with them in laying the corner-stone of a monument that shall commemorate the valor and sagacity of the first military commander of Massachusetts — Captain Myles Standish. Our hero seems to have been born and bred for the very position he was to occupy. In early life he was trained to the hardships and trials of war, having been commissioned at the age of twenty, a lieutenant in the army, serving in the Low Countries against the armies of the Inquisition. During the years 1619 and 1620, we find him with the refugees, at Leyden, and joining with them in their expedition to the New World. His military education and ability were at once recognized, and he was made the first military commander of the Plymouth Colony. His courage knew no bounds ; he was ready to meet danger in any form. He was often sent on expeditions to reduce white men, as well as Indians, to subjection. His mode of warfare was effective and decisive. It is appropriate that the first military commander of the colony from which Massachusetts and New England sprung should be recognized. The people of his own day appreciated his great ability, both as a

soldier and a civilian, and looked to him for protection from the hostile tribes that surrounded them and for the enforcement of laws and the preservation of order. It was his strong arm and his great courage that enabled our fathers to maintain their existence as a colony, and transmit to us the glorious heritage we now enjoy. They manifested their appreciation of his deeds of valor and of civil service, by presenting him with the farm upon which we have to-day laid the corner-stone of a monument to his memory; a monument that shall perpetuate the remembrance of their gift and the recognition of those living two hundred and fifty years after, that Captain Myles Standish was the man to whom we are more indebted than any other for the preservation of the infant colony. We rear this monument to his memory on the spot where he and the noble men with whom he acted have no doubt stood and looked out upon the beautiful landscape and the glorious sea, and exclaimed, as we have in our hearts to-day, "The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places. Yea, we have a goodly heritage." The fields over which we have marched were made consecrated ground by the footsteps of the grand old Pilgrims. Here lived and labored Standish and Elder Brewster. I stand with one foot on the farm of Elder Brewster, and one on the farm of Myles Standish. Could they and their compeers be with us to-day, what would be their astonishment at the mighty changes that have been wrought? Could they have come with us this morning from our metropolis, which was then only an outskirt of their colony, over the iron road, in an hour and a half, a distance which in their time would have been a two days' journey, and have marched with us to the heights above, they would see —

"Where peeped the hut, the palace towers,
Where skimmed the bark the war-ship lowers;
Joy gayly carols where was silence rude,
And cultured thousands throng the solitude."

I will not longer occupy your time, for I see around me gentlemen in whose veins courses the Pilgrim blood, who will eloquently tell you of the grandeur, devotion, and heroism of the Fathers.

The after proceedings were entirely informal, each speaker being introduced in a few pleasant words. Dr. Ellis was the first gentle-

man called up, as one well versed in the history of the colony and of New England.

SPEECH OF THE REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS, D. D.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen: — It is to be taken for granted that the large majority — if not all — of those who sit around these crowded tables, and have shared in the previous observances of this day, know enough of our local ancestral history, and of the household traditions kept alive amid these homes by those who remain in them and who have gone from them, to feel the full spirit of this occasion. The famous Pilgrim Soldier, for whose enduring memorial the solid column of granite is to rise over the corner-stone just firmly planted on its bed, is the genius of this spot. If there be any here who are ignorant of his personality, his service, and his right to such a memorial, they must have found and felt a quickening impulse to acquaint themselves with his history, from the inspiration of what they have already seen and heard to-day. We stood together, in this fine autumn air, upon that bold, rounded promontory, so distinctly lifted out of this undulating region around it, and so grandly overlooking the bay and the shore redolent with all the blessed memories of the Pilgrims. Down near the water's edge at the left hand, east of this tent, is the site of the dwelling of Myles Standish, from whence he looked up to this hill, given to him in gratitude for service.

From his homestead, when occasion called him to the village settlement at Plymouth, it was easier for him to take to the water in his skiff, two miles, than to follow the footpath of the thickets, of eight miles. He must often have mounted this hill-top of his domain, and enjoyed the grand and pleasant spectacle that opened before him at the east. He could look upon all the features and objects of this remarkable harbor with which he had become familiar before a final landing had been made by his company. For we call to mind that five weeks elapsed after the day when the Mayflower anchored in the bay and the famous Compact was signed in its cabin, before that company planted itself on the soil. The historic landing day, which is commemorated, is

dated one week earlier on Monday, completing four weeks after their arrival. But this was made by only a portion of the company, in the third of the exploring expeditions so laboriously pursued by them all around this spot in their shallop. For amid all their straits, after long and wearing confinement and sea-fare on board their crowded vessel, and in spite of the anxiety of the captain to be rid of them lest his own provisions for the homeward voyage should fail, they used much deliberation in their choice. In all three of these expeditions, it would appear that Myles Standish was the right arm of their reliance for all terrestrial needs, while Elder Brewster remained with the major portion of the company on board the anchored vessel to supplicate almost hourly the divine direction. On the Sunday previous to the day of historic commemoration, the exploring party under Standish had landed from their shallop and kept the Sabbath on that pleasant little sheltered island which we have seen from the hill-top, and which they named after their pilot, Clarke. We remember, too, that on this third expedition, the explorers having landed for the night on the shore of the bay of Wellfleet, had there first called into use the military prowess of their Captain. Roused by their sentinels at midnight, they were set upon by an unknown company of savages, and his bullets were of avail without his sword to drive them off before they had done further harm. The spot was appropriately named by the wanderers "First Encounter." On this same expedition they were much pleased with the spot behind us, where the river, to which they gave the name of their captain, "Jones," empties into the bay. They would, indeed, have made their settlement there, within the present bounds of Kingston, had it not been so deep in the bay and with an insufficient harbor. They could hardly have failed to mark the beauty, the capacity, and safety of this harbor, as they traced out its protection from wintry gales by that remarkable promontory which, starting from the shore of Marshfield, runs out like a miniature Italy, sweeping a course of seven miles, and terminates a heel and toe with the points of the Gurnet and Saquish.

We know but little of the personal history of this valiant champion of the Pilgrims, — nothing, indeed, until we find him, seem-

ingly by mere chance, joining himself to the company of some of their leading spirits during their sojourn at Leyden. His own name, and the name given to this township of Duxbury, where his estate lay, identify him with a family and manor of high consideration in Lancashire, Old England. And Morton, the secretary of the Old Colony, says he was of that family, and was defrauded of his rights as heir apparent. When his parents gave him in baptism the name Myles, — the old Roman word for soldier, — they little knew how effectively he would vindicate his fitness to bear it. Serving as an English soldier in the Low Countries, he there made his first acquaintance with some of Robinson's congregation at Leyden, and it was either at their solicitation or by his own prompting, that he joined them in their enterprise hither. Not knowing the date of his birth, we do not know to what age he had arrived when he died here in 1656. But thirty-six years of severe and exhausting service, on hard and scanty fare, with painful, wearying, and dangerous expeditions, which make up his record here, are to be added to whatever may have been the length of his previous life. We may try to think of him as having attained the full age of man, with a brief interval of leisure and repose as a farmer on these acres before he found his full rest.

The most curious fact in his personal history in his connection with the Pilgrim company, considering how close and warm were the relations of confidence and dependence between him and them, was, that he was only what we may call a "proselyte of the gate." Though he seems to have been a regular worshipper with the congregation, and a devout, or at least an acquiescent, participant in all the occasions of fasting and thanksgiving, and in all religious exercises of morning and evening prayer, grace at meals, and of "waiting on the Lord" in every enterprise and expedition, yet he never joined himself to them in church communion. He was not a man of "professions"; nor, so far as we know, of "confessions." He was never "sealed," or "covenanted." We are at a loss for the explanation of this fact, considering the standard and the expectations of his associates. Was there some such obvious and lamentable lack of "grace" in him that the brethren and sisters would have hesitated to allow him to pass the ordeal, if he

had risked it? Or was he withheld from subjecting himself to it by true humility, a consciousness of the old Adam unsubdued in him, as one given to carnal weapons? We know that he was an irritable and passionate man, and that his quick temper was easily stirred and then not curbed. Possibly, too, when in these moods, or under provocation, he may have allowed himself a free use of some emphatic words in the vernacular which do not become the lips of saints. He was a little man, of short stature. And being of so hot a spirit, it is to his credit that we read that he controlled himself for the moment when taunted for his small size by those Indian ruffians, Witwamat and Pecksuot, two of the conspirators whose plots he so summarily thwarted by killing them at Weston's plantation at Weymouth.

But if the Old Colony captain was a man rather of works than of faith, those of us here who come from the sister Colony of the Bay have no occasion to boast ourselves on the score of our champion at the time, who held a corresponding position there in military rank. Captain John Underhill was indeed a very black sheep, one of the sorriest of saints, and a grievous scandal to the Boston church of which he was one of the earliest members. It was found much more difficult to get him out of it than it had been to draw him into it, though the pure-minded Winthrop and the rest of the brethren valued his qualities as a bold soldier. He was an Antinomian not only in sturdy avowal, but also in scandalous doings which here cannot be rehearsed. He was so sure, while quietly enjoying his pipe, that he had received the seal of the Spirit in inward sanctification, that he could venture to be even reckless and to follow his bent in the matter of "works." He said, on being convented before the church for gross offences, that "the Spirit had sent into him a full assurance of free grace, while he was in the moderate enjoyment of the creature called tobacco." Of the two captains, in the early Indian warfare, and in the straits of dangerous enterprise, the uncovenanted Standish is to be preferred. It may be a matter of surprise with some that Standish never attained any higher military rank and title than that of captain. We can answer only that he held the highest military office which the colony had to bestow, and that he had no

rival, no superior, no peer. There were not men enough at the time to give him the title over a larger military organization, and the women of the time had not sought to extend their sphere by enrolment. Some of these, however, though not in the ranks, did good service on occasion from out of loop-holes in their dwellings, and behind hay-ricks. Standish's command was in a year after the settlement divided into four companies, with proper subordinate offices. He was, in a fitting and high sense of the term, a providential man, and he well deserved the honors and the memorial here bestowed.

SPEECH OF MR. CHARLES DEANE.

(Mr. Charles Deane, of Cambridge, rose in response to a sentiment in allusion to "the editor of Governor Bradford's long-lost History of Plymouth Plantation," published a few years ago by the Massachusetts Historical Society; and said, —)

I could not resist the temptation, Mr. Commander, to accept your kind invitation to come down here to-day, and to share with you the pleasure of standing for the first time on "Captain's Hill," near which the ashes of our old hero repose; and though I do not rise to make a formal speech, it would certainly be very ungracious in me not to respond to your request to say a single word. It is eminently fit that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company should join in the ceremonies of this occasion in doing honor to the memory of the famous captain of the Pilgrim band. I would not draw any invidious comparisons between a number of noble men, each of whom performed the highest service in laying the foundations of the Pilgrim colony, — the *seed-plot* of New England, I could almost say of the nation. They all claim our highest regard. There was Bradford, in civil capacity the Washington of the colony, its governor for thirty years, and its principal historian, to whose memory in a fitting time a suitable monument should be erected. Then there was Elder Brewster, for many years the only preacher in the colony. There was Governor Winslow, a most accomplished man, fit to stand before kings. I will not enumerate others. But Captain Standish, the commander of the ancient and honorable military force of the Plymouth colony, has eminent claims

to your notice. Of what avail, sir, would have been the compact on board the *Mayflower*? of what avail the civil polity of fundamentals framed a few years later? (for the colony had no royal charter of incorporation, and was self-governing throughout),—of what use, I say, would have been all these civil functions, if the colony had not material strength to endure: force enough to defend itself against the savages who sought its life? Many of the Indians proved friendly to the last; but a few were deadly hostile, and some terrible examples had to be made, and Standish was the instrument of execution. No sooner had the colony begun to recover from the shock of the dreadful sickness and mortality of the first winter, when one half their number was swept away, than an efficient organization was made of the military force of the community. Standish was chosen commander, and he organized his little company by dividing it into four squadrons, assigning quarters to each to which they were to repair in case of sudden alarm.

You have referred, sir, to Governor Bradford's History of the colony. No one can read that old authentic chronicle without realizing the importance of the services rendered by Captain Standish during a long period in the history of the settlement, both as civil magistrate and military commander. He had served in the Low Countries, and had a thorough knowledge of military tactics. He had joined the Pilgrims in Holland, and fortunate it was for them that he embarked with the *Mayflower* company. The events of the last few years have called attention to the importance of the military arm in time of danger. "The cankers of a calm world and a long peace" were, I fear, leading us to lose sight of this. Captain Standish proved himself equal to every emergency, if we except that of winning the smiles of Priscilla Mullins, in which traditional adventure John Alden, the young cooper, unwittingly carried off the prize. This little episode has been wrought into a beautiful poem by Mr. Longfellow, who, with a license which poets always claim, has invested it with incidents which our sober chronicles have failed to record. In the distant future these charming fictions, like the stories of the old bards of Britain, will be recited for veritable history.

Not unlike many great military commanders, Captain Standish

was a small man in size, and it is said that the grace of patience was not his. An old contemporary writer says of him: "A little chimney is soon fired: so was the Plymouth captain, a man of very small stature, yet of a very hot and angry temper." The saintly Robinson, of Leyden, on hearing of the execution which Standish had done upon a number of hostile Indians at Wessagusset (now Weymouth), in 1623, wrote thus to Governor Bradford: "How happy a thing had it been if you had converted some before you had killed any. . . . Upon this occasion let me be bold to exhort you seriously to consider the disposition of your captain, whom I love, and am persuaded the Lord, in great mercy and for much good, hath sent to you, if you use him aright." I dare say the captain would have replied to such warning, that there was little opportunity, in the terrible exigency of that occasion, for enforcing the mild lessons of the Christian code upon those demons in human shape. Cromwell's motto was, "Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry." How far Standish may have cherished the "trust" commended in this maxim we are not distinctly told. He was not a member of the Plymouth church, and there are strong suspicions that the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints had not taken strong hold of him. But we know he always kept his powder dry and his weapons bright; and on all occasions his conduct was strictly defensible on the rules of duty imposed upon him as the military leader of the colony.

An interesting picture of Plymouth, in which a glimpse of our captain appears, is given in a letter written by a Dutchman, De Rasieres, of Manhattan, who visited the colony in 1627 for purposes of trade, — coming up through Buzzard's Bay and crossing over from Manomet. After describing the place, its houses and gardens, he proceeds: "Upon the hill they have a large square house with a flat roof, made of thick sawn plank, stayed with oak beams; upon the top of which they have six cannon which shoot iron balls of four and five pounds weight, and command the surrounding country. [This was built in 1622.] The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door. They have their

cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant, without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor in a long robe. Beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher, with his cloak on; and on the left hand the captain, with his side arms and his cloak on and with a small cane in his hand, — and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him.”

That is the way they went to church in Plymouth in 1627. The governor, with his long robe, was Bradford; the preacher, on his right hand, was Elder Brewster; the captain, with his side arms, was Myles Standish.

But, Mr. Commander, I have already occupied too much of your precious time, and will now give way to others who are to address you. [Applause.]

REMARKS OF GEN. SARGENT.

Capt. Wyman introduced General Sargent in an exceedingly complimentary manner, saying that they had heard much of the courage of Myles Standish, but that they had now the pleasure of welcoming a gentleman who had proven himself not a whit less brave.

Gen. Sargent responded as follows: “Thanking you, sir, for a compliment which somewhat abashes me, from a painful consciousness of its disproportion to any small merit of mine; I thank you also for the honor of your invitation and the cordiality of your welcome. I am truly glad to meet the members of an organization which has preserved from early days the traditions of respect for soldierly service. I agree with the remarks made by that great soldier, Irvin McDowell, at a recent dinner of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, that, until the Millennium shall really come, the need of an arm-bearing, fighting force behind the laws must continue and be felt. No appeal to the courtesy of ruffians and law-breakers will be so effective to preserve the peace of society, as to justify us in dispensing with a trained and disciplined military power. The grave exigencies of society cannot be trifled with. Mobs cannot be dispersed by sighs of aspiration. I trust that I shall be forgiven by the ladies present, when I say that I do not see

in female suffrage a panacea for social disorders : — nay, in a composite government like ours, where states may come into conflict with other states, or with the national government, I think that any proposition to create a numerical show of voting majorities, which the real, physical, enforcing majorities do not back up and support, is a subject of alarm. The ballot is the proper privilege of manhood, because the ballot, without a musket behind it, is a delusion and a snare. If I am answered that women have proved that they can fight upon the battle-field, I say, God forbid that womanly nature, as men love it, should be dragged through the fury and crime and blood of carnage, such as soldiers know it to be. Women, as God made them, are too pure and holy to be thought of in such brutalizing associations. If I am answered again, that women may support their votes as well as men, by camp service and giving their personal assistance to wounded and in hospitals, I am forced to a little arithmetical calculation. The number of the sexes is about equal. If women shall vote and take their part in the duties of the camp, there would be a hundred thousand nurses, — a large number to take care of the ten or twenty thousand men who might be wounded in a battle where a hundred thousand men of the same side might be engaged. The condition of things in this case reminds me of a pretty picture published in “Harper’s Weekly” during the war. The scene was a hospital. An elegantly dressed, well bonneted, beautifully gloved young lady was leaning over a couch, where a pale and haggard, but handsome soldier lay. There were other cots in the ward with soldiers on them as ugly as the artist’s chalk and charcoal could make them. He had not painted any beautiful young women at their bedsides. “Can I do anything for you to-day, my poor fellow?” said the angel. “No, ma’am, I feel very sick.” — “O, I must do something; can’t I fan you?” — “O, no, ma’am! I’m as cold as ice.” — “Shan’t I read to you?” — “O, no, ma’am! my head aches.” — “Well, let me sponge your face for you, and then I’ll go.” — “O, no, ma’am!” — “O! do let me!” — “Well, ma’am, if you’re set upon it, you may; but you’re the thirty-fifth blessed woman that’s done it this morning.”

Far be it from me to say one word that may be in the least construed as a disrespect to the just and proper claims of the better

part of humanity to the fullest recognition, the highest remuneration, and the most respectful honors in every field of intellectual, moral, and physical employment that does not degrade womanhood. But, before an assembly of citizen soldiers, I should be false to myself if I did not express my conviction that the duties of the ballot-box and of the cartridge-box are inseparable, and may not properly be devolved upon those beings who seem placed between man and the higher powers as the medium of his holier inspiration.

With the hope, gentlemen, that through the future of American history, the military spirit may be transmitted from one generation of citizen soldiers to another, and with my cordial thanks for your courtesy, I close my somewhat too extended remarks."

The following letter was received from the President of the United States, and its reading during the exercises was greeted with three hearty cheers:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 30, 1872. }

Dear Sir,— I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very polite invitation to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Standish Monument on the 7th of October, and beg you to accept for yourself and on behalf of the association, my sincere thanks for the kind attention. It would afford me much pleasure to be able to contribute by my presence to the commemoration of one whose memory is held in such grateful regard as America's Pilgrim soldier, but my official duties will detain me in Washington.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN, Esq.,

Cor. Sec'y Standish Monument Association.

Other letters received from Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and Dix, were read and properly responded to.

Gov. Padelford, of Rhode Island, being called out, made a few felicitous remarks, during which he said that he felt honored when upon the soil of Massachusetts, a State full of military power and spirit, and which had the first regiment at Washington in the late

rebellion. It was but a short time since that he had the pleasure of welcoming the Ancients to the State of Rhode Island, and the feelings he then expressed were shared in by all the military organizations of Providence.

He was followed by Adjutant-General Cunningham, of Massachusetts, Adjutant-General Moran, of Rhode Island, and Colonel Edward W. Kinsley, who each made brief speeches, which were fully appreciated.

Major Charles W. Stevens then read the following original lines, which were well received by all present : —

Can you really, dear Captain, invite my poor pen,
On occasion like this, when the wisest of men,
Have caught from each billow that breaks on the shore,
Some sweet inspiration of days gone before?

When the songs of the poet and poetess sweet,
Have hallowed each grass blade that lies at our feet;
Rehearsed in its pathos, its pride, and its glory
The Mayflower's voyage and the Puritan's story?

That I, though an "Ancient," should dare to remember
The perils and hardships of that drear December;
How much less to recount in feeblest of rhyme,
The noble devotion, the action sublime,

Of him, brave defender of weak and of strong,
Who, striking for right, always conquered the wrong;
Myles Standish the hero, the captain, the sage,
Whose name's high enrolled upon History's page;

To-day, near the spot where they laid him to rest,
By the sea-beaten shore and the wave's breaking crest,
Right gladly we come to the land of our birth
To rear the tall shaft that shall honor his worth.

'Tis fitting and right that the oldest command
Throughout the whole length and the breadth of the land,
To the oldest of captains should homage pay,
By accepting this trust on their fall field-day.

That we've long loved brave Myles, and to-day better still,
Is shown by the ranks that have marched up his hill,
For far greater merit might tempt us in vain
To venture once more such a fearful campaign.

It's a fact, — keep it shady, don't mention it here, —
 That to strengthen their courage they spoke of the cheer
 Which awaited their coming, and whispered once more
 Of the savory clam on the Duxbury shore.

Could those stern, rock-bound Pilgrims come back to us now,
 And climb once again this old hill to its brow,
 How would their grave faces in glad surprise stare
 As they gazed on these tables of Puritan fare!

How proudly our fortitude, courage, and zeal
 Would they loudly applaud, reverentially feel,
 Could they know the privations, the suff'ring, and toil
 Each "Ancient" endured setting foot on this soil!

Could they still farther go, and our daily lives view,
 How we shun wealth and honor for all that is true;
 How we court obscurity, poverty, loss,
 And count the world's splendors nothing but dross; —

Exulting with reverend emotions of pride,
 They would feel not in vain had they suffered and died
 That the lessons they taught of frugality, thrift,
 So firmly were anchored they never could drift.

And those stanch Pilgrim mothers, Priscilla and Rose,
 Whom our daughters take after and fashion their clothes;
 They would view with delight with what vigor and skill
 Their fond papa's purses they labor to fill.

How above all else in this life they enjoy,
 In kitchen and nursery their time to employ;
 That in marriage relations they tighten the cords,
 And bow to the will of their Puritan lords.

I notice, Commander, you quietly smile,
 As if your poor muse were sarcastic the while;
 But if you least doubt that she sings not in tune,
 Take breakfast with me the "first Monday in June."

And then — well, skip that, the question now
 Is, How shall your muse make her best parting bow?
 Why not? — yes I have it — the most proper way, —
 A toast to the soldier we honor to-day.

The Puritan Captain, Myles Standish the brave,
 Though he sleeps, alas, in a nameless grave,
 His virtues revered shall outlive in their fame
 The proud column you rear to honor his name.

SPEECH OF MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Mr. Commander: — However hostile the savage residents on Indian Hill may have been, I can assure you that those who now dwell there are peaceful admirers of the plucky little captain so deservedly honored here to-day. We who reside in what was the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, have not forgotten how he came over to Gloucester in 1625, and got in a furious rage, which nearly produced bloodshed, about a fishing-stage which some Plymouth men had set up the year previous, and which others had occupied after they went home. Good Roger Conant made peace, and so instead of reckoning Myles Standish among our enemies, we can regard him as we regard no other Plymouth colonist who figures in history, with unqualified veneration and admiration. Bigoted, austere, and intolerant, the leading Puritans established a blockade against the pleasant sports and games of “merrie England,” and “attempted to make the colony, as it were, a convent of Puritan devotees, — except in the allowance of marriage and money-making, — subjected to all the rules of the stricter monastic orders.” Fortunately, Captain Standish, who was with them, but not of them, seasoned this arrogant intolerance with the jovial spice of camp life, and more fortunate for us was it that these zealots were forced (as we have seen their successors in our day) to call upon the man of the sword in their hour of need, and to tolerate his freedom of action, while they submitted to his drill and discipline. Thus did one brave little captain leaven the whole lump of Plymouth Puritans.

I have often regretted, Mr. Commander, that Captain Standish could not have been permitted to belong to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company which you now so acceptably lead, as was that equally brave Indian fighter of Essex county, Daniel Denison. There was a company chartered there also, Mr. Commander, in 1638, “for the advancement of the military art and the advancement of arms,” but in 1653 its captain was invited to remove from Ipswich to Boston to succeed Sedgwick as Major-General of the Province, and it gradually became absorbed in this company, which, in 1660, perfected the alliance by electing General

Denison as its commander. Since then, the men of Essex have always been found in the ranks of the Ancients; they have enjoyed its honors, and they have furnished a goodly number of its chaplains.

We, Mr. Commander, have reason to feel proud that in this time-honored corps, the martial fires lighted by Captain Standish have ever been sacredly fed with patriotism and kept burning, even when public opinion, inheriting Puritan intolerance, has enlisted the weapons of argument, ridicule, and misrepresentation against military organizations and military men. As it has been in the past, so may it be in the future. Whenever the war-drums beat to arms, may the Ancients be ready to stand by their country's flag, and stalwartly defend it against domestic assailants and foreign foes. And when the silver trumpets of peace are heard in the land, may the Ancients be equally ready to parade with full ranks as to-day, to honor the memory of the departed brave, to revive old friendships, and to enjoy clam-bakes. Men will die, — but let the martial, tolerant, jovial spirit of Myles Standish be perpetuated forever.

The Commander having introduced the Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, Mr. Nickerson responded as follows : —

Mr. Commander : — It seems eminently fit and proper that the ceremonies of an occasion intended to do honor to the first commissioned officer of the New World should be participated in by the oldest military organization on this continent, and by the representatives of the oldest human organization in the world. It is true, sir, that the members of the Fraternity I have the honor to represent, are men of peace. Love of mankind is one of the first lessons we are taught in Masonry. Peace, unity, and harmony are the grand aims we have in view. If all men were Masons, and all lived up to the principles we profess, there would be no work for military organizations. But, unhappily, such is not the case; and therefore, we must continue to preach the gospel of peace, and you and we, if need be, must be ready to fight for it.

Although the two organizations would seem, at first thought, to

have nothing in common, yet history shows them to have been often in very close connection, especially in this country.

First among the military men whom we are proud to claim as members of our Fraternity, we reckon him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." On many public as well as private occasions, he wore the regalia of Master of a Lodge, which Madame de Lafayette had presented to him, and which she had wrought with her own hands. For many years after Gen. Washington's death this regalia was sacredly preserved, and never worn by any other person until it was assumed by the Marquis de Lafayette himself, on the occasion of his reception by the Lodge in Alexandria in the year 1824.

It is a fact, which will probably be new to many of you, that during the whole of the Revolutionary War, every general officer was a Mason. It was the special request of General Washington that all of them should be connected with the Fraternity. Furthermore, I believe it to be true that during most of that war nearly all the officers above the rank of captain were members of our Order.

Gen. Joseph Warren, who laid down his life for his country at the battle of Bunker Hill, on the 17th of June, 1775, the very day on which Gen. Washington received his commission as Commander-in-Chief, was at that very time our loved and honored Grand Master.

I may also remind you of the long roll of officers, brethren of the mystic tie, who rendered distinguished services to the country during the war of the rebellion. Of the many Masons numbered among the rank and file, I think it is not too much to say that they were among the best soldiers; a fact which I attribute in a large degree to our principles and our practice in the matter of subordination, obedience to constituted authority and regard for law and order.

To come down to later times, I may instance the fact, that about one half of the brethren who have accompanied me to-day officially are members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and we claim about the same proportion of those who have worn your uniform.

I am not aware that Myles Standish was one of the Craft, but

he certainly practised in an exemplary manner the four cardinal virtues which are most impressively inculcated as binding upon **Masons**, — Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice. We are not informed that he ever failed in the exercise of these virtues, except in the instance recorded by the poet when he showed the white feather, and confessed,—

“I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering, “No!” point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!”

His success was not such as to encourage others to follow his example, for we are told that the messenger and the maiden made up a match between them, and left the “little Captain” out in the cold. I trust the **Ancients** will always have the courage to speak for themselves in such cases, although I am obliged to confess that some in my company have thus far been sadly lacking in this kind of fortitude. Myles Standish found this

“a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual and plenty of nothing but gospel!”

We have found abundance of sand, but, thanks to the **Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company**, no “short allowance of victual.” For these pleasures of the table and for the numerous other courtesies you have extended to us to-day, permit me, Mr. Commander, to return our sincere thanks, and to conclude with the hope that, while we shall continue to preach the gospel of peace, the members of both organizations may be found in the future as in the past, to stand shoulder to shoulder ready, if need be, to fight for it.

The Commander stated that he saw around the tables many gentlemen whom he had expected to call upon; but as the hour fixed for the departure for Boston had arrived, and as time and steam wait for no man, he must give the order to “fall in.”

On the reverse side of the Plate enclosed in the Corner-Stone, were the names of the Officers of the Association (as named on pages 3 and 4), with the additional superscription as follows : —

ALDEN FRINK, *Architect.* NATH'L ADAMS, *Master of Construction.*

FRANCIS STANDISH and EDWIN ADAMS,
Superintendents of Construction.

JOHN S. LORING, *Engineer.*

ULYSSES S. GRANT, *President of the United States.*

SIDNEY L. PERHAM, *Governor of Maine.*

JOHN W. STUART, *Governor of Vermont*

WILLIAM B. WASHBURN, *Governor of Massachusetts.*

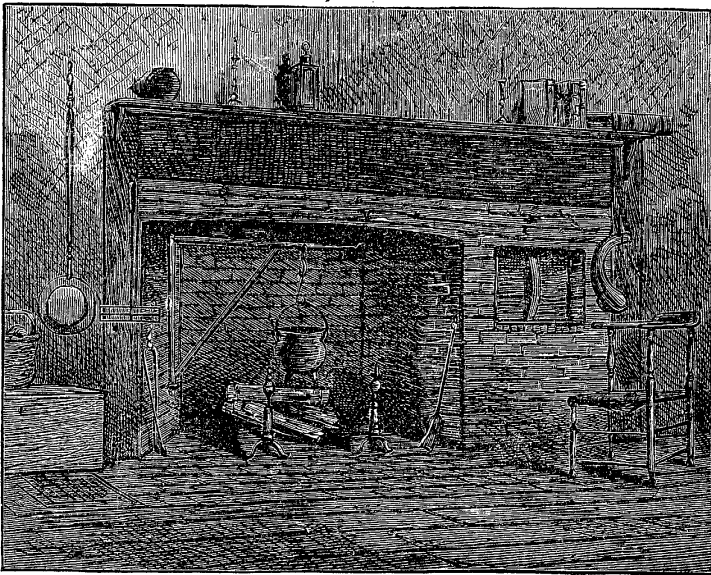
EDWARD A. STRAW, *Governor of New Hampshire.*

MARSHALL JEWELL, *Governor of Connecticut.*

SETH PADELFORD, *Governor of Rhode Island.*

THOMAS CHANDLER, CHARLES H. CHANDLER, SAMUEL ATWELL,
Selectmen of Duxbury.

Myles Standish



KITCHEN OF STANDISH HOUSE.

THE ASSOCIATION DINNER.

A SPLENDID dinner was served to the members of the Monument Association and their invited guests in a mammoth tent, in which some seven hundred plates were laid. The centre supports of the tent were ornamented with bouquets of wild flowers and autumn leaves, and one beautiful wreath of roses and other bright flowers, the contribution of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis. The word "Standish" was placed on the walls of the tent in evergreen, and neat bouquets, arranged with feminine taste, graced the tables. The guests were seated at the tables about three o'clock.

The exercises were conducted by General Sargent. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Burgess of Duxbury. After the repast, which was prepared and provided by the ladies of Duxbury, and dispensed from their hands, had been disposed of, the chairman, in behalf of the Association, returned thanks to the ladies for their generous assistance.

SPEECH OF GEN. SARGENT.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—As president of this Association, it is my agreeable duty to welcome you to this collation, which the ladies of Duxbury have so bountifully provided. But if John Alden was embarrassed in making love for another man to one woman, I may shrink a little from the task of expressing to so many my own most respectful sentiments and those of my colleagues in this Association. And yet our charming hostesses, the ladies of Duxbury, are only following the example of that first woman, dear mother Eve, who got herself into a scrape through her kind heart, and her desire to give the first man whom she met something delicious to eat.

It was her kindness of heart, rather than curiosity or vanity or any weak motive, that led her astray. We often accuse the dear creatures, her daughters, of vanity. But men are vainer than

women. For they have much more to be vain of. Do not start with horror at my proposition, — but let me prove it. What may a woman expect as the dream and crowning triumph of a life? To marry some man. What is that compared with the glory of the other sex, every one of which may expect to marry a woman and take an angel to his heart and home. And I do not use this term lightly. Is not she who staid the *last* at the cross, is not she who came *first* to the tomb of our Lord, something a little nearer the angel than are men? In fact, when I have viewed that beautiful picture where Mary and Peter the apostle are represented as looking into the sepulchre from which the stone had been rolled away, I have hardly been able to say whether the light upon her features came from the angel sitting within. I have been willing to think, rather, that it was the heavenly light from that sweet, pale face of womanly devotion which shone upon him and filled the tomb with glory.

It is this spirit of devotion to the true, the noble, the self-sacrificing, the good, that has animated, as every soldier knows, the patriotic women of this country, as she has passed through the agony of her glory. It is this spirit that respects the memory of the great pilgrim soldier, and welcomes with hospitable hands those who honor him to-day. If he required any leaf of laurel for his fame, the grateful recognitions of his service by the fair descendants of the Pilgrims to-day, on the very spot of his dwelling place, after two centuries have established his title to our gratitude — would supply it. Ladies, in his name, and in the name of the Association created to do him honor, we thank you for your gracious and grateful hospitality.

The following telegram from General Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, was read, and received by the audience standing : —

“WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 7, 1872.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN, *Corresponding Secretary Myles Standish Monument Association, South Duxbury, Mass.* : —

I regret my inability to be present to-day at the laying of the

corner-stone of the monument to the patriot and soldier, Myles Standish. His name will be green in the history of New-England's great men long after the monument you are about to erect has crumbled into dust.

U. S. GRANT."

The first sentiment offered was, "The President of the United States;" to which Hon. Edward S. Tobey responded.

SPEECH OF HON. E. S. TOBEY.

Mr. President:—When I observed the United States revenue cutter at anchor in the Bay at the base of this hill, and heard her national salute, I presumed that the collector of Boston was here, whose prerogative it is to respond to a sentiment in honor of the president of the United States. I regret, for your sake, that you are deprived of the opportunity of listening to his usual appropriate speech and eloquence. But in his absence, I confess that I do not regret the occasion which it affords me to speak in behalf of the great military chieftain of this age, for whose invaluable service to the country the people, with a promptness never equalled, have testified their gratitude by conferring on him the highest honor within their gift. He has, in the telegraphic communication just received, expressed his deep interest in this memorial service, doubtless more fully than, from his well-known habit of reticence, he would have done if personally present. President Grant has made his speeches through his heroic deeds, when at the head of the Union army he led it on to victory, and earned the gratitude of a nation. If the founders of the republic could commit to their great military leader, Myles Standish, so much of magisterial and civil power, may not the people, after the evidence of patriotism, integrity, and executive ability of one of the greatest military leaders of modern times, safely confide still longer in his administration of civil government. Pardon me, if a moment longer shall be occupied in recognition of other relations which I hold to these memorial services. In behalf of the Pilgrim Society, I feel warranted in assuring you of its cordial sympathy with this historic occasion and its worthy object. Under its auspices, a monument,

as you are aware, has been completed on the rock in Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers laid the corner-stone of a Christian commonwealth. The foundations of another monument have been also laid in that town on a more elevated and conspicuous site. National in its object, it awaits the general co-operation of the people of the United States to complete the superstructure, surmounted by its proposed colossal statue of Faith, with its uplifted arm and finger ever pointing heavenward. And still another monument, not made by human hands, is on yonder beautiful island, where a band of the Pilgrims spent their first Sabbath, with only the blue canopy of heaven to cover them. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in his eloquent oration on Plymouth, on the 250th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, suggested that a monument should be placed on Clark's Island in commemoration of this sublime fact in the history of the Pilgrims. It was my privilege, with other gentlemen, to accompany him and Collector Russell, who kindly detailed the United States revenue cutter for the service, about a year since, to Clark's Island, where a large rock near the centre of the Island was selected as a more appropriate and enduring monument than any artificial structure that could be reared. On its surface, fronting the east, and rising about twenty feet from its base, has been deeply chiselled the terse and characteristic record of the Pilgrims :—

“On the Sabbath day wee rested.”

Its foundation, perhaps, lies deeper than even the foundations of the one to be erected here. These monuments shall ultimately crumble into dust ; but the monument whose corner-stone was laid on Plymouth Rock, in the principles there announced, shall endure. Be it our duty and that of their descendants, by tradition, by written history, and more than all, by a worthy example, to perpetuate those principles to the end of time.

The sentiment in honor of the “Commonwealth of Massachusetts,” was responded to by Dr. Ira L. Moore, a member of the House of Representatives, who alluded to the passage of the act to incorporate the Standish Monument Association, and the efforts he put forth in aid of the measure, as acts which he looked back upon

with pride. He believed it would be carried to a full completion, and stand for ages a deserved honor to the brave soldier it commemorates; and in words like the following, referred to Massachusetts:—

“Massachusetts has ever honored the brave. She has always appreciated the sterling integrity and the untiring exertions of her pioneers in establishing her nationality, and the institutions we to-day enjoy. Her coat-of-arms indicates the characteristics of her first settlers in more respects than one. Her conflicts were to “build up” instead of “to destroy.” Civilization was to take the place of barbarism, and in no case was it her principle or policy to force with arms what persistent Christian examples and teachings could secure.

“She has honored the Pilgrim settlers on this Bay, and the character of Myles Standish ever has been, and ever will be, dear to our good old Commonwealth. His character was one of action as well as of principle, and discipline was an acknowledged prompting with the government. He upheld and obeyed the laws, and thus his citizenship became valuable, not only to the government of his own day, but to that of our time. We may well pattern by his example and respect his character. I have no doubt the State of Massachusetts will ever hold his memory dear, and cherish his virtues as bright examples for patriotism and honor.”

To say that I have felt and still feel a deep interest in the erection of the Myles Standish Monument, is only too true; not only that we may do strict, though *tardy* justice to the memory of one of the most distinguished of that little band of Pilgrims, who were beset with deadly and implacable foes, both from within and without, and by the strength of whose own right arm, in the hands of an overruling Providence, he preserved that little band from utter annihilation.

It became my duty as one of the representatives of Massachusetts, and as one of the committee on mercantile affairs, to examine into and report the charter of the Myles Standish Monument Association, and to defend it upon the floor of the House. If I have been instrumental, as you say, Mr. President, in assisting in procuring the charter, I have done only what I considered it to be my duty.

May the plain granite shaft, the corner-stone of which has been so successfully laid this day, in the presence of the lineal descendants and admiring friends of Myles Standish, continue to rise in its primitive grandeur, until the capstone is reached, upon which shall be placed a bronze statue of the first great Puritan Captain, whose brow shall first be crowned by the earliest rays of the morning sunlight, and the last rays of evening shall gild it with a halo which shall quicken the pulse and revive the hope of the tempest-tossed and shipwrecked mariner, when it shall greet his vision for the first time on arriving in his native land.

But the name and the fame of Myles Standish shall be revered and honored by all true lovers of civil and religious liberty, long after the bronze and the granite, which is to perpetuate his name and fame, shall have mouldered and crumbled into its original dust, by time's effacing fingers.

"The Commonwealth of Rhode Island" was announced with three cheers, and Gov. Padelford responded in a speech filled with historical allusions and patriotic sentiment.

Gen. Sargent then called the Hon. E. S. Tobey to the chair, and ex-Mayor Shurtleff was called upon to respond for the "City of Boston."

SPEECH OF HON. NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The citizens of Boston will feel pleased that they have been remembered on this pleasant occasion: for the dutiful act which you have in earnest commenced to-day, by laying on Captain's Hill the corner-stone of an enduring memorial, in commemoration of the Pilgrim's Captain, is one that meets the warmest response of sympathy from them, many of whom trace with pride their descent from the worthy forefathers of Pilgrim Land; and whatever is done to hallow the memory of these excellent men, is regarded as highly with us of Boston, as by those who dwell more immediately on the soil which they once trod and cultivated. For, indeed, we have received as much from them, and have been equally benefited by their precepts and example as have you, although like you we do not enjoy the privilege of occupying

the places around the hearthstones which they once made happy and prosperous. If the chief magistrate of Boston were here, he would, I assure you, respond most cordially to your sentiment with appropriate remarks; and I know that he will authorize me to thank you in behalf of the city, for your sentiment so kindly expressed.

As for myself, Mr. President, I am glad to be with you to-day, not merely as a Bostonian, but also as a descendant of those men and women of blessed memory, who made the first venture to the Old Colony, to these shores and fields of New England, in 1620. Yet I speak to your company to-day with more than ordinary hesitation, because I fear that the good people of Duxbury will get tired of the voice of one who has been with them so frequently of late. And yet the deep interest which I have in Pilgrim matters, can never so far abate as to prevent me from being present when honor is to be paid to the memory of any of the forefathers, whose names and acts are always fresh in my memory, and whose virtues and principles are indelibly fixed in my heart.

The act of this day, in laying the corner-stone of the Standish Memorial, proceeds from the noblest sentiment of grateful hearts. It is the tribute of filial affection, poured out from willing souls. It is the payment of a debt justly due to one who, notwithstanding hardships, deprivations, and dangers, did much to secure to us the religious and political rights we now so freely possess; and tardy though it be, it is not the less merited, nor does it in any degree detract from its significance, that it is now performed two and a half centuries after the immediate benefits were conferred, — for the great and good results will last forever, and children yet unborn will glory in the Pilgrim name, and bless the dauntless and brave Myles Standish, and his associates, who secured to them the privileges they always will be enabled to enjoy. All praise to the gallant captain, and a grateful remembrance of the glorious exploits of his bravery, prowess, and skill, which struck terror into the hearts of the savage foe that threatened our pious ancestors with total destruction!

But, Mr. President, in raising the memorial to the memory of the chieftain, we do not forget his associates in the great pilgrim-

age to the barren wilds of rugged New England. We cannot forget the Brewsters, the Aldens, the Cushmans, the Sampsons, the Winsors, the Spragues, the Southworths, and the Bradfords, and other worthies who cast their lots in this ancient town. Their names and virtues live in those of their descendants, and their fame in the results which they accomplished. The heritage which they transmitted is good ; may it continue yielding good fruit and be true to ancient principles through all coming time.

While we respect the memory of these worthy people, and glory in their good works, we can but have a feeling of deep regard, bordering nearly on veneration, for the places which they hallowed by their daily walks. Their chosen harbor of rest, where they toiled and prayed and rested from labor, is around about us. The brave captain, the venerable elder, the wise rulers and careful advisers dwelt hereabout. Ancient vestiges now designate their early homes most surely. On yonder knoll, marked by a meagre cluster of dwarfish shrubs, once stood the dwelling of the gallant captain, and beneath their shade are still visible the traces of the humble abode of the captain of the Pilgrims. His grave, unmarked by stone or mound, is with the ancient people of Duxbury, in an almost forgotten graveyard, whose traces are less perceptible than those of the house that served for his shelter in life. Let the exact spot of his resting-place be conclusively determined and fixed ; and then let some modest stone, as unpretending as was the sturdy pilgrim, mark the place where he and his immediate family were forever laid to rest beneath the green sods of the ancient God's acre, located by the fathers just under the dripping of their primitive little sanctuary. In doing this, you will perform another act as filial and as dutiful as that which has called you here now ; and the modern pilgrim, when he visits the early homes of the forefathers, will regard the deed with thankfulness and gratitude.

The spirit, Mr. President, with which this endeavor, that has called us here to-day, has been commenced and is now prosecuted, will surely warrant ultimate success. Stone by stone will be placed by masters' hands upon the pile you have so auspiciously begun rearing ; and before another gathering in of the harvest,

the sons and daughters of the Pilgrims will rejoice in the accomplishment of this undertaking. God grant that everything may be propitious, and that no accident may happen to cloud our joy or mar the dutiful effort. Let the column rise to completion ; as it will be the first object in this old town to greet the sun at its rising, and the last to bid it adieu at its setting, so may it be to the wayfarer and the mariner a sure guide and a constant friend ; and may the captain's memorial be a pleasing reminder of the Pilgrim fathers, and a pledge of our intention to follow in their ways, so as to perpetuate the principles which they so truly inculcated by their example.

SPEECH OF COL. ALBERT J. WRIGHT, PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen : — I esteem it a great honor to be permitted to respond to a sentiment complimentary to the Mechanic Association. I am glad to know that the efficient vice-president of our association, Mr. Nathaniel Adams, is one of the active agents engaged in the good work of erecting an appropriate monument to so notable a character as the heroic Myles Standish ; whatever he undertakes is sure to be accomplished.

Myles Standish was one of the most valiant defenders of civil and religious liberty. If not himself a shining light in the church, his life and fortune was at the service of his associates in the little colony who made this region famous by their self-sacrificing devotion to the principles and policy which first brought them to this shore. Here, in this neighborhood, were planted the seeds of civilization, of morals and religion, which, watered by the tears, the prayers, and the faith of the Pilgrim settlers, have grown and flourished, have been diffused as a holy leaven through successive generations to be a blessing to our whole country.

In the full enjoyment of the varied blessings which surround us to-day, it is becoming in us to honor and perpetuate the memory of any of the worthies who first peopled these shores. How forcible are we reminded to-day of the beautiful language of Mr. Charles Sprague, one of our most poetical writers of prose, who, in a Fourth of July oration many years ago, exclaimed, —

"Roll back the tide of time: how powerfully to us applies the promise, 'I will give thee the heathen for an inheritance.' Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared.

"Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here, the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled their light canoe along your rocky shore. Here they warred; the echoing hoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and, when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on the tables of stone, but had traced them on the tables of their hearts.

"The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation; but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left his native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot, and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

"And all this has passed away.

"Across the ocean came a pilgrim barque, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native.

"Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here

and there a stricken few remain ; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors ! The Indian, of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone ! And his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck."

Mr. President : — We must all be filled with emotions peculiar to the place and the occasion. Every fibre of our system tingles with worship and admiration. We invoke the spirits of those we honor, —

"Manes of Carver, Standish, hear!
To keep the rights you gave, we swear;
And 'midst the storms of State prove true,
To God, our Country, and to you!"

The Chairman then made the following remarks, regretting the absence of the poet, Henry W. Longfellow : —

This is not the first monument to Myles Standish. Amidst the classic shades of Cambridge, America's favorite poet has wreathed a chaplet as imperishable as the English language itself. I am glad that he has described the renowned military chieftain as not yielding to a disappointment, one of the keenest which can affect the human heart, but as heroically devoting his powers more zealously than ever, to the guardianship of the property and interests of the colony. There seems to be a poetic justice in the somewhat remarkable fact that, at this distant day, as one of the descendants of John Alden, I am permitted to unite with you in rearing this monument to Standish, and to participate in these interesting ceremonies. I share with you the regret at Mr. Longfellow's necessary absence ; but we are fortunate in the presence of another poet, who will now kindly favor us with an original poem.

I have the pleasure of introducing Samuel B. Noyes, Esq.

Mr. Noyes then recited the following original poem : —

MYLES STANDISH'S FIRST MARCH.

"About ten o'clock we came to a deep valley where we discovered a deer and springs of fresh water.

"We were heartily glad, and sat us down and drunk [says Governor Bradford] our New-England water with as much delight as ever we drunk drink in all our lives."

Unshipp'd for repairs was the Shallop, on shore
 The Mayflower securely lay anchored,
 When Standish, Bradford, Hopkins, and Tilly, brave four,
 With the twelve, who to stretch their legs hankered,
 Armed with musket, sword, corslet, were set on the land,
 And marched, single file, its wilds to explore;
 While Standish was captain, naught dreaded that band
 Of sixteen brave men on the desolate shore.

"The breaking waves" on Long Point dashed high,
 The white eagle soared up to the sun,
 The "rocking pines" stretched up to the sky,
 The deer leaped before them — it was fun, —
 A picnic, — the sensation was exquisitely new;
 The savages peering from bushes and rock, —
 And whistling their dog, when they saw they were few, —
 And every man holding his gun "on the cock."

Onward they went; but, who carried the flask,
 Little bottle aqua-vitæ (so history) —
 How much it held, and whose was the task
 To guard it, still to us is mystery.
 They took it "straight," till a bubbling spring
 Invited them all to sit down
 And they took a long drink, — a little thing, —
 But it brought to that water renown.

And coolly they sat on an Indian mound,
 In that moment of history's dawn, — the brink
 Of a future we worshipped as past! hallowed ground
 And of the pure fluid they took their first drink.

What cared that party of sixteen men
 How high on the rocks were breaking
 The waves of old ocean, in that blest hour, when
 Pure water their fierce thirst was slaking?

The eagle which had soared with the sun had sunk
 To its nest where the white waves foamed;
 The deer went unharmed; had it not, like them, drunk
 Pure water found? So onward they roamed,
 'Till on the bare forests came a New-England night,
 And they builded a fire, and around it they lay,
 Forgetting their Shallop and the Mayflower, — tight,
 Which rocked, anchor-held, in the turbulent bay.

To-day 't is the brave little captain we sing,
 On this hill where he ended his days;
 To-day let the now fertile valleys loud ring
 While his deeds and his valor we praise.
 "Little man" but great "captain" was he;
 Not "gifted in prayer," "he waxed valiant in fight";
 "Arm of flesh" to the church, — let his monument be
 Here to raise to his glory, our pride and delight.

The Puritan clergy being announced, Rev. Dr. E. B. Webb was called up, and responded substantially as follows: —

Mr. President: — I am glad that you neither called upon me, nor warned me of your purpose beforehand. Because I have had my clams, and my dinner, without the accompaniment of miserable forebodings.

And now that I am up, allow me to say that I do not quite agree with all that has been said on one point. The work of erecting this monument, or rather of laying the corner-stone, is characterized as tardy.

It would have been well at any time since his death, to recognize the important services of the hardy pioneer and patriotic soldier, Myles Standish. But, recalling what we have had to do as a people, it was hardly to be expected that we should have undertaken this work before. There was no particular danger that the memory of his deeds would die out prematurely, and our hands and hearts have been full of urgent work.

When a colony pulls up stakes, and goes into the far West to-day, there is a great deal to do,—immediate, urgent work. The prairie must be ploughed; the seed must be sown; the fences must be built; the house and barn erected; roads made, and a thousand things beside, before they can stop to think of honors for the dead, or monuments to their memory.

As a people, we have had abundance of such work to do. We are not yet done clearing, ploughing, sowing, building. Besides, we have had laws to frame, and institutions to establish and sustain, and history to make, as well as to write. What wonder, therefore, that with our hands filled, and our minds occupied—constantly, intensely occupied—with the present, what wonder that the knightly soldier has been obliged to wait for his monument on Captain's Hill.

As to the clergy, for whom I am called to respond, I think well of them, as of the soldier. As a rule, they were both true and brave.

They had their full share, I think, in the early persecution, in the subsequent enterprise, and in all the faith and works that have made this country what it is.

The Puritan clergy were not much given to build the tombs of their ancestors, and denounce and destroy every living germ and budding promise of the present. They did refuse allegiance to the worn out theories of the past; they did resist the ecclesiastical hierarchy that strove to tyrannize over them. They preferred freedom to forms, and private judgment to human authority. They put the rights of a living conscience above the claims of a political church. At the same time, fairly tried, they will not be found wanting in veneration or gratitude. That fine sentiment which finds expression in monuments, emblems, paintings, and statues, had a place in their hearts. They have been ready to perpetuate the memory of noble souls, and propagate their virtues.

The men who settled along these shores were greatly influenced by the ministers whom they called. But they were in the habit of testing preaching, principles, doctrines, and practice, by God's holy word. They believed the Scriptures to be inspired by the Holy Ghost, and hence they sought models and laws, and precepts for the church and for the state, in these records.

And in these respects, as well as in some others, the present generation would not be damaged by following their example.

The success of our country is assured just in proportion as the open Bible, read by the people, and preached by a regenerate and godly clergy, prevails.

Mr. Myles Standish, of New York, responded for the "New England Society" of New York.

SPEECH OF MYLES STANDISH, ESQ.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: — Not being gifted as a speaker, and inheriting the characteristic of my ancestor, in not being a "Maker of Phrases," I owe you an apology for occupying even so much of the time, as will suffice for me, as briefly as possible, to meet your requirement; especially, sir, when called upon, without previous notice, to respond for the "New England Society of New York," — a society including many of the ablest men of the metropolis, who, I am sure, would hardly be satisfied with any response I could make for them.

But, Mr. President, when I look around on this large company, and recognize so many eminent men of the country, — men who in their varied walks of life are justly famous, and who by their success have added to the renown of our American manhood; when I see the theological, the administrative, the judicial, the literary, the military, the mechanical, and the mercantile elements of the American people so ably represented, and know that they have gathered here, upon this consecrated spot, simply for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of that devoted band, "which in its noble struggle for liberty of conscience landed on yonder shore two hundred and fifty years ago," by rearing a memorial shaft to its captain, who perhaps, more than all others, by his steadfast purpose and unwavering courage, was an instrument in the hands of Providence, for its protection, and the preservation of the germ of this great Republic, — when I see this, then it is, sir, that I feel there must have been something more than the mere fact of a party of "Exiles" crossing the ocean and making a settlement here, — some deeper meaning and significance to that act, — some

principle by them established, which, viewed from the distance of to-day, and in the light of the knowledge gained by the growth and expansion of ideas, seems of sufficient importance to be recognized and commemorated. And, sir, the recognition of the great part played by the Pilgrim Fathers in the progress of the world, is not confined to this people alone; but has extended to a host of thinkers abroad, among whom is, notably, the eminent Spanish writer, Emilio Castellar, who says, in speaking of them, "They bore with them in their frail vessel the immortal spirit of a New World, and a new humanity, the gospel of social redemption, the complement and the crown of religious redemption."

And, sir, I am proud that so much of the blood of that "Band" is mingled in my veins; am proud that among my ancestors is numbered the old Pilgrim Captain; and am highly gratified to find, although two centuries and a half have passed away since his voice awoke these solitudes, and the tramp of his "mighty army of eight men" resounded along these shores, that he still lives in the hearts of this great people, and that their grateful appreciation of his character and his deeds is to find expression in the erection of a monumental column, the corner-stone of which has been to-day so appropriately laid.

And here, sir, I would congratulate the Association upon the happy selection of the site of this monument; for what more fitting place to rear a country's tribute? Here, on the spot where he lived, and, it may be, where he is buried; the spot he loved so well as to make it his home; by its position commanding the land and water for miles around, Captain's Hill, standing, as it were, sentinel-like on guard, is typical of the ever watchful "guardians of the colony," and is in itself a national monument to his worth.

From its summit we can trace, far out at sea, past the rocks and over the shoals that skirt this harbor, the course of the advancing "Mayflower," freighted with the destiny of a glorious republic; from it we see the first land touched by Pilgrim feet, "Clark's Island, and where, it being Sabbath day, we rested"; and opposite, across the Bay, we see "Plymouth Rock," the corner-stone of the nation's monument.

This, then, and none other, is the true place where to commem-

orate the part Myles Standish took in the promulgation of those vital principles of liberty and equality, before God and man, which, as they stand to-day embodied in the constitution of the United States, are but the natural outgrowth, the lineal descendants of that grand old "compact," signed in the cabin of the "Mayflower," November 21st, 1620.

And now, Mr. President, in closing, I would express to you and to the company, in behalf of Captain Myles Standish, as his descendant and namesake, and on behalf of his descendants generally, my high appreciation of the great honor and respect paid him to-day, and to hope that the "laying of the corner-stone may be speedily followed by the placing of the capstone; and when thus completed, that the monument may ever stand as a constant reminder to every true American, that those great principles for which our forefathers suffered and struggled, "must and shall be maintained."

Lemuel Myles Standish, Esq., of Boston, one of the trustees of the Association, writes an interesting letter from Europe (where he is now travelling), describing his visits to the Standish estates of Duxbury Hall, and Standish Hall in Lancashire, Old England, and regretting his absence from these services.

The following is a copy of the telegram over the French cable, from Captain R. C. Mayne, R. N. C. B. : —

"LONDON, Oct. 7, 1872.

Nath'l Adams, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Standish Monument Association. The board of directors of the French Atlantic Telegraph Company congratulate the committee on the commencement of their testimony to the worth of one of the noblest of the pioneers of their glorious Country. The board feel proud of the connection of the landing place of their cable with the illustrious name of Myles Standish, and the State of Massachusetts."

SPEECH OF MR. R. T. BROWN, OF THE FRENCH CABLE COMPANY.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: — In behalf of the directors of the French Cable Company, I thank you very much for the complimentary remarks you have made concerning our telegraphic enterprise, and I also thank the company present for the manner in which they have received those remarks.

I am certain the directors take an interest — I may say a warm interest — in everything which appertains to the town of Duxbury and State of Massachusetts, insomuch that when informed that this celebration in honor of Myles Standish was about to take place, they readily testified their interest in the matter, by sending the message of congratulation which has just been read by the gentleman in the chair.

The gentlemen who sent that message are all eminent in their respective avocations in England, and it is pleasant to find that they have identified themselves with this movement to perpetuate the memory of that honored hero, Myles Standish.

Looking back in the misty space of time, I can picture in my imagination that brave old captain and his God-fearing band of followers, settling down on these once uncivilized shores, with the firm determination of worshipping God in their own way, untrammelled by fetters of political oppression to which they had been subjected in their own country, little suspecting what incalculable results would follow by this act of theirs, — results which have indelibly stamped themselves on the God-fearing character of the people of New England, — and helping to make the State of Massachusetts the first in point of piety, learning, art, and science in the United States; and I think it may be safely asserted that Myles Standish and his earnest followers were the pioneers of this wide-spread civilization.

It may, perhaps, be an interesting fact to state that the message which has just been read occupied four minutes only in transmission from London to Duxbury; this may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact; and this is what is hourly, and I ought to say momentarily, accomplished by the cable which is now lying on these shores, and which could not have been placed in safer keeping

than that of the descendants of the brave Myles Standish, his heroic band of followers, and the people of the State of Massachusetts.

A toast to "the Highland School Regiment, of Boston," was prefaced by some remarks complimentary to the young men who compose this company, as those who might be relied upon to keep the soldierly spirit alive, and furnish the heroes of the coming time.

The remarks were very happily responded to by Lieut. Charles H. Walker, who, in a very modest but attractive manner, said: —

"With the thanks of my Corps for the kindness with which the charming compliment has been given and received, I can only say, in the words of General James Miller, — '*We'll try, sir!*'"

A beautiful floral wreath had been presented for the table, by Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, as also fruit and flowers by Mrs. Fletcher Webster, to which Mr. Tobey alluded in the following eloquent words: —

Almost within the lengthening shadows of this hill, in yonder cemetery of the Pilgrims, repose the remains of the great statesman of our country, whom the people of this town rejoiced not only to honor, but to recognize with affectionate regard as a friend and neighbor. We cannot forget that his memorable oration in Plymouth on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, in which he so graphically portrayed their heroic virtues and their exalted character and principles, forms one of the most valuable chapters in the history of our country. His words of burning eloquence at a later period, as he poured forth a fitting tribute to the valor and sacrifices of the patriots of the Revolution, and expressed a nation's gratitude, on the consecrated heights of Bunker Hill, are still fresh in our memory. Would that he could be here to-day, and with his inimitable power revive the historic record of the Fathers, whose memory he sacredly cherished, and which he did so much to perpetuate. With no lineal descendant to represent him here, we are glad to welcome a member of his family,* whose

* Mrs. Fletcher Webster.

interest in this occasion has found expression in a contribution of beautiful fruit and flowers, for which it gives me peculiar pleasure to present in return our cordial thanks.

I need scarcely invite attention also to the beautiful wreath which occupies so prominent a place amongst the floral decorations contributed by friends in this vicinity, whose liberality and kindness are sincerely appreciated. It is the gift of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, whose literary productions, not less than her patriotism, have made her name historic, and we proffer to her our most cordial thanks for this appropriate recognition of this occasion.

The venerable President Stearns, of Amherst, writes an interesting letter, in which he says : "I have spent many months, not to say years, first and last, in old Duxbury, and regard Captain's Hill as a familiar acquaintance and untiring friend. I was accustomed to dig, more than forty years ago, in the supposed ashes of Myles Standish's house, and had my search rewarded by the discovery of some old, half-burnt nails and bits of iron, which helped to contribute to the comfort of a living family once, but were chiefly valuable as humble relics of an important past, and as assisting to identify a spot which is now itself to become memorable in the history of the world. The hill itself I have visited scores of times ; have seen the sun rise, dripping, as it rose from the ocean (not often), and the moon walking in her brightness across the evening firmament, and the white sails dancing on the bosom of the sea, and had the romance of old, old times come over me. The Pilgrims were much greater men and women than they knew. The more their history is studied, the more their piety, intelligence, love of liberty, political wisdom, and heroism will be admired. I have no reason to think myself a descendant of Myles Standish, that splendid "little Captain," who so often terrified the Indians, and saved our great forefathers from untimely destruction ; but I have two streaks of the John Alden blood, I suppose, in my veins, and something of the same pleasant inheritance from other Mayflower progenitors ; and I do not think this round globe furnishes a nobler ancestry to any classes of descendants than

those same plucky, godly, far-seeing Pilgrims. Nor is there another hundred persons in the whole United States whose influence on after generations has been greater and better than theirs. As patriots and Christians, let us cherish their memories as a legacy to be guarded and improved more carefully than gold."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes writes that his engagements will not permit him to be present, and adds: "The valiant little captain well deserves a memorial, and I trust that the corner-stone may soon find itself pressed down by the stately tower which promises so well in the prophetic picture you send me."

Hon. Wendell Phillips writes: "I shall not be able to accept the invitation with which you honor me, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the old soldier's monument. Success to it."

Other letters of regret were received from President Porter of Yale College, Gov. Jewell of Connecticut, Gov. Perham of Maine, Gov. Straw of New Hampshire, Senator Anthony of Rhode Island, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and others.

Miss Marcia A. Thomas, the historian of Marshfield, being unable to attend the services, from ill health, sent the following sentiment:—

"Duxborough and Green Harbor, sister townships: The dividing line defined by the Pilgrim Fathers, led by Captain Myles Standish, Dec. 28, 1640. May these bounds with the 'great rock called Parting Rock,' whence they commenced their survey, ever remain unchanged!"

Lieutenant-General Sheridan writes from Chicago that "it would afford him great pleasure to be one of your number on the occasion, but the pressure of public duties renders it impossible for me to promise to attend."

General Sherman writes: "I have been away so much that I must ask you to excuse me. After an absence of ten months in Europe, you can easily see that I have both private and public matters enough to absorb all my time till Christmas."

Vice-President Colfax says: "I regret that your exercises, to which you have so kindly invited me, are to occur on the day before the Indiana State election, as that fact renders my presence with you impossible."

Henry W. Longfellow sends his "thanks and regrets," but owing to other engagements will not be able to attend.

Although regretting the absence of Gen. William T. Sherman, his friends received, with gratitude, the following telegram:—

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 7, 1872.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN, *Corresponding Secretary Standish Monument Association, South Duxbury, Mass.*:—

May the monument you inaugurate this day to the first captain of New England, stand forever as a beacon to guide the descendants of the Pilgrims in the path of courage and virtue that made Myles Standish a man among men, a hero among heroes.

W. T. SHERMAN, *General.*"

Gen. John A. Dix, having telegraphed the following message, its reading was greeted with applause:—

"NEW YORK, Oct. 7th, 1872.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN, *Secretary Myles Standish Association, Duxbury*:—

All honor to the great New-England captain, and the New-England virtues which he illustrated. I send from a distance what I cannot offer in person,—the tribute of my sincere respects.

JOHN A. DIX."

This telegram, from General Sheridan, was received too late for reading at the dinner table : —

“ CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1872.

General Horace Binney Sargent : — Allow me to offer my congratulations upon the commencement of the monument erected to the first commissioned military officer of the colonies in America. Your work to-day proves that his works were worthy, for his fame stands the test of time.

P. H. SHERIDAN, *Lieut-Gen. U. S. A.*”

A vote was passed complimentary to the press and reporters, with thanks for their valuable assistance, as also for the Old Colony Railroad Company, for their valuable contribution to the celebration.

The proceedings closed with the reading of congratulatory despatches from distinguished persons.

Rev. A. Parke Burgess briefly responded for the clergy of Duxbury, and Mr. Nathaniel Adams made a brief statement relative to the construction of the monument, which is to cost about \$30,000. This closed the exercises in the tent, and the company separated.

The battalion never appeared to better advantage than it did yesterday, both in point of numbers and excellent military bearing, and its members will long cherish with feelings of pleasure the fall field-day of 1872, and their trip to Duxbury. The revenue cutter Mahoning steamed up to the wharf just as the ceremony at the corner-stone was completed, and fired a national salute in honor of the occasion.

Special trains left immediately after the proceedings had closed. The Artillery left Duxbury shortly after six o'clock, and were landed in Boston about eight o'clock, when they were marched direct to their armory and there dismissed. Too much praise cannot be accorded to Superintendent Kendrick of the Old Colony Railroad for the excellent arrangements made for the conveyance of the visitors, and to the committee of arrangements on behalf of the Ancients, of which Colonel John L. Stevenson was chairman, for the care taken of that and other organizations.

In the compilation of the proceedings at the celebration, the Corresponding Secretary has been assisted very much by liberal quotations from the Boston press, which have ever rendered good service to the Association. The original papers and notes of the occasion, together with some eight hundred manuscript letters from distinguished men of the country, who sympathized deeply with the Association, having been consumed by the late fire, it has been difficult to recollect or reproduce a record of the proceedings on Captain's Hill which could compare favorably with the one first made; and without the aid of the notes of the press it would have been quite impossible.

The letters above, overflowing as they were with sympathy and admiration for the cause, would have made a fine volume to the honor of the Pilgrim Captain, and of which his descendants and all who honor his name, would have felt justly proud. Such honor has seldom been paid to a citizen of any period in the history of the United States. And it is a subject of congratulation that the enterprise has succeeded so well.

The mason work went on under the personal direction of Edwin Adams, Esq., till the frost prevented further progress for the winter, and one month's work in the spring will finish the octagon base of the monument, which is by far the most difficult and expensive part of the structure. The stones for the whole work are all contracted for, and are nearly all on the ground ready for laying, and at the earliest moment, when the proper workmen can be spared from the great Boston ruin, the whole will be speedily finished.

Many of the stones for the base of the edifice were very massive, weighing between four and five tons, but they were transported to the top of the hill without difficulty by six yoke of large oxen, and by the aid of immense derricks, were placed in position.

The general government has named the channel running to the foot of Captain's Hill "Myles Channel," in honor of the Pilgrim commander, and they have also appropriated \$20,000 for putting it in good condition for navigation, and as a harbor of refuge in case of storms. This shows an appreciation of Captain Standish, and the memorial that is being erected to his memory, which also serves an important interest in the coast survey and navigation.

And thus, after a flight of two hundred and fifty years, a grateful people have demonstrated their appreciation of one of the noblest and bravest of men. This appreciation is not confined to the Old Colony, the State of Massachusetts, or New England. It has the Nation's seal, and bears the type of a Nation's glory.

An individual interest before unheard of on such a subject, has poured in, and two thousand letters, from almost every State and hamlet in the Union, contribute an expression of the strongest feeling, indorsing the worth of him for whom this structure has been commenced. This sentiment has not been entirely confined to our own country. Europe has remembered through the turn of centuries, a man that has reflected so much glory upon his native land from his untiring labors and devotion, his patriotic valor and worth, in founding a new and distant one, which already fills an important place in the galaxy of nations.

