

ORATION BY REV. JOSEPH F. LOVERING, WATERTOWN.

Mr. President, Fellow-citizens of Kingston, and Friends:—
We celebrate to-day the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this town. We may do so with profound gratitude and exultation; for on this day we may take knowledge, not only of the immediate and detailed interests affecting this community throughout its history, but of those broader and more comprehensive relations that embrace the good fame of our noble commonwealth and the dignity and power of the nation. It may be said of every town, however restricted its territorial area, however small its census list, that it belongs not to itself alone but to the State. The mighty ocean, whose grand expanse stretches far away from these shores, lifts its majestic tides and fills the basins of Massachusetts and Plymouth Bays, sweeps round yonder Gurnet, and bears back the waters and overflows the channel of our Jones River with all its creeks and tributaries. Yet the mighty ocean welcomes not only the contributions of the Merrimac and Saco and Penobscot, and a host of larger and lesser rivers, but also the smaller gifts from the liquid veins of mountain torrents and meadow brooks. So, too, while the great life of a State bears up the fortunes of its constituent communities, and feeds with the pulse of its life the simpler and humbler activities of town and village, those communities themselves, however inconsiderable, nourish and sweeten and increase the life of the State. Tacitus in his Annals * very pertinently remarks: "*Pleraque eorum quæ ref-*

* Lib. IV, 32.

eram parva forsitan et levia memoratu videri, non nescius sum. Non tamen sine usu fuerit introspicere illæ, primo ad spectu levia, ex quis magnarum sæpe rerum motus oriuntur."

"I am aware that many things to which I refer may seem trivial and not worth recording; yet it is not altogether useless to examine affairs which at first sight appear to be of no great account, since they often give rise to matters of large moment."

There is no need for us to urge any such consideration, however, as we invite attention to our goodly town. We have a direct and immediate interest in that inheritance of worth and influence which was born within the circuit of a half-dozen miles from here, when the vast extent of territory now embraced by this nation was a mighty wilderness. We boast a descent, however we have degenerated in individual instances, for we make no plea for personal desert, — let the next century and a half judge concerning that, — we boast, I repeat, of a descent which for elevation of motive, moral strength, matchless devotion to civil and religious principle, puts to shame the vaunted ancestry of kings; we have royal pedigree. For what better aristocracy can any land boast than the aristocracy of worth and intellect and valiant service? Such an aristocracy founded Plymouth colony, of which this town was most intimately and from the first a part, and made it forever honorable.

We cannot admire too greatly, we cannot honor too reverently our Pilgrim Fathers. Separating themselves from the tender associations of home and from the inheritance of social custom and churchly faith, on a pure question of personal morals and individual conviction, refusing to submit to any wrong which conscience recognized or to any ceremonial which reverence for God forbade, they expatriated themselves, they sought as exiles in a foreign land to cherish their love of virtue and adorn their spiritual faith, and when the way opened before

them they did not hesitate under commandment of duty to tempt an untried ocean and an inclement season, that, under another sky and on virgin shores, they might construct a State whose compact should hold them to plain allegiance to simple integrity, personal rectitude, and a prosaic life, and enable them to build an altar, before which a clean conscience and a heartfelt devotion might bow in humble, thoughtful, consecrated worship. Plymouth Colony claims this high distinction that its enterprise started in the fear of God, and sought to establish itself on principles of righteousness and truth, — principles which, amid the blaze of hate, the whisperings of slander, or the storm of reproach, shall stand firm, enduring, eternal, as under the scorching heats of summer or the wild blasts of winter, and amid the angry surges of the ocean, shall stand that rock which, in 1620, was consecrated by the touch of Pilgrim feet.

It is well for us, at the invitation of such a day as this, to review the past. We stand upon an elevated table-land. From the summit of one hundred and fifty years we may look around us as from a hill of observation. Leave this village, with its shaded streets and quiet life, cross the bridge whose double arches span the Jones River, turn sharp to the right, bearing to the left after you have crossed a shallow trout-brook, and then follow the sandy road through thickets murmurous with insect life, through pine woods with the fragrance of balsam in their breath, skirting the shore of Smelt Pond, stopping a moment, if you please, to notice the easy, graceful sweep of an eagle that, startled from some resting-place, lifts himself on mighty pinions, as if he scorned the earth, into the blue of the heavens, and then, almost breaking your way through scrub-oak and birches and alder bushes, climb the narrow path whose sharp ascent brings you to the summit of

Monk's Hill. Now look about you! You turn almost instinctively to the ocean, but look landward. Far down into the valley, far away to the horizon, south and west, stretches for miles and miles an untravelled wilderness. It needs no extravagant fancy to imagine that thus it looked a hundred and fifty years ago. Whatever changes may have happened, from the woodman's axe or the besom of fire, it indicates sufficiently well the wilderness of long years ago. You see no indication of human life. There are shaded woods where the Indian to-day might live, and coverts where the timid deer may hide. With any thought of the past in our mind, we cannot fail to be impressed with its lonely and untamed solitude. Turn now so that the wilderness shall be at your back; look down the sloping sides of the noble hill, see the mirror-like brightness and beauty of the pond at its foot; then look beyond, far away across the broad, blue expanse of the level bay, till your eyes touch the bold headlands of Cape Cod, — the clenched fist on the forearm of Massachusetts, stretched out to hold back the mighty surges of the Atlantic, and to give to Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth harbor their first grand breakwater. Under the shelter of those headlands, within the security of that mighty arm, that compact for just and equal laws was written and subscribed for the "general" good and "in the name of God," by John Carver and his associates, Nov. 11, 1620, on board the Mayflower. The waves that break to-day upon these shores do not cease to echo the memory of that devoted company of God-fearing and heroic men and women.

This side the bay, you see the sharp, needle-like beach set before the town of Plymouth, which is itself veiled from our sight by the woodlands back of it. To the right are the pine-clad hills of Manomet; to the left, beyond the beach, the shores

of the Gurnet; this side of it Saquish and Clarke's Island—the latter named after the mate of the Mayflower; still farther to the left is Captain's Point and the hill on which stands the monument erected to the memory of Miles Standish; between the shore at our feet and Captain's Hill we see the mouth of Jones River and can catch glimpses of the river as we follow it up till we see our beautiful village embowered in trees and admirably situated on a high and level plateau. If you look beyond our village you can catch glimpses of Duxbury and Marshfield and so follow the coast-line along, till turning to the north we see the range of Blue Hills in Milton and Dorchester.

A hundred years ago Monk's Hill was one of the beacon hills from which flashed the intelligence which, leaving the coast below, travelled by a well-defined series of beacon heights, till the Blue Hills brightened with their fires. Now we look over a peaceful country. The bay is whitened here and there with the sails of adventurous commerce. The land, in solitary homes and in clustering villages, gives indication of careful thrift and sober prosperity. From the wilderness at the back of us of one hundred and fifty years ago we may look from the hill of observation the present gives us, on scenes of comfort in multiplied homes and on the light of a future promise brighter and more cheerful than any beacon-fire of the past.

While we accept the sober worth of the present and its brilliant promise of a future with gratitude and exultation, we look back to the past with unfeigned admiration for its heroic fortitude and persistent energy. We cannot fail to notice the record it gives of facts which ennoble individual lives and indicate the majestic steps by which Divine Providence has led New England and the American people to the proud eminence occupied to-day.

I have referred already to the settlement of Plymouth. It is fitting we especially should keep it in mind. We can claim with peculiar appropriateness an inheritance in its wealth of renown. Some of the most respectable of the original colonists settled within the present limits of this town, such as Gov. Bradford, — or if that is disputed, certainly his son Major Bradford, at one time deputy governor of the colony, did live in the north part of the town, — Mr. Allerton, Dr. Fuller, Francis Cooke, Mr. Hanburg, Thomas Cushman, and others. Moreover at the very commencement of that settlement the project was entertained of making the site of this town the permanent locality for the colony. In *Bradford and Wilson's Journal** we read that the day after the landing of the Pilgrims, a company was sent out to view the land. "We found," says the Journal, "a creek, and went up three English miles, a very pleasant river at full sea." This river was our Jones River, so named from the master of the Mayflower. "This place," the Journal goes on to record, "we had a great liking to plant in, but it was so far from our fishing, our principal profit, and so encompassed with woods, that we should be in much danger of the salvages; and our number being so little, and so much ground to clear. So we thought good to quit and [not] clear that place till we were of more strength."

Fifteen years later, at the Colony Court held in March, persons were appointed "to confer on re-uniting with them at Duxborrow at Jones River, or at such place as shall be most convenient." Later in the same month, so the record informs us there was another meeting of the court and "after much conference about the neerer uniting of Plymouth and those on Duxborough side, divers were appointed to view Jones his river and Morton's hole which were thought the fittest places and to

*See Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrims, Chap. 10.

render a reason for their judgment." The commission of conference thus authorized by the court consisted of five from Plymouth and five from Duxbury, and all but one met in council. They came to no unanimous conclusion, "seven of the said nine," says the record, "holding Jones River to be the fittest place for the uniting both places into a neerer society and there build a meeting-house and town. And the two preferred Morton's hole before Jones River. Afterwards the governor and council summoned said persons deputed as before had done and read their reasons of their judgement, and after long debating of the thing it was at length referred to the two churches on each side as churches to agree upon and end the same."* There is no record of any meeting of the churches "as churches," and so far as appears the whole matter was suffered to drop by mutual consent. It is thus evident, from the evidence cited, that this locality was prominently before the colony as a place for the principal and permanent settlement. Aside from any such consideration, however, we claim partnership in the renown which is so justly given to Plymouth, since it was not until nearly a century had past after the colony was founded that any separation took place between it and us. Social and civil rights, educational and religious privileges, were common to both. At last, in 1716, those living near Jones River took measures to secure an independent existence as a town. Their petition was not granted. Prominent and influential men were selected, however, to appear at the general court and advocate the cause of the petitioners, and one year later this place was set off as Jones River parish. For awhile this was satisfactory, but at last the people were aggrieved by unsuitable school and church accommodations, and after a good deal of earnest debate, commissioners were appointed to view the locality, and it was finally

*Old Col. Rec. Ct. orders I. 90.

decided that Jones River parish should be set off and incorporated as a town. This was in 1726. The first name proposed for the town was Asburton, but was not approved.* Lieut.-Gov. Dummer proposed Kingston, which was adopted.

The spirit of independence which led to the organization of the town was not peculiar. It was a legitimate expression of the principles advocated by the colony in its establishment, and it became common throughout the State. Indeed, the more we study succeeding events in the history of the country, the more important this town spirit will appear. We cannot emphasize too greatly its influence in encouraging and disciplining public patriotism. I ask your especial attention to it even at the risk of some repetition. We admire a river whose majestic current sweeps through the varying scenery of an extensive territory. The grand lines of a mountain are mirrored on its surface to-day, to-morrow the same waters glide sweetly through cultivated fields or picturesque woodlands; now it broadens into a lake peaceful as the blue heavens above it, and now restrains its flood till it shall wake the voice of the thunder as it pours its mighty volume over some Niagara height; now its smooth surface is so gentle that only a pastoral beauty slumbers in its embrace, and now it lifts up the freightage of a State, and bears a noble fleet upon its swelling bosom. Yet the river, deep and broad and strong as it may be, has been gathered out of country rivulets and from springs that have bubbled up under the cool shadows of distant forests. From such sources it feeds its tide. The sea may let its surges sound the praises of the river, but the river must sing in every wave the praises of the hills. After a similar fashion we judge the beneficence and authority of the State. The nation is strong in the union of the States, but each State receives the

*Mass. Hist. Coll. 2 Series, Vol. III, p. 168.

vital current of its strength from the separate towns and villages set upon the hill-tops or nestled in the valleys. This commonwealth is second to none in the nation. Its industry and valor, its enterprise and virtue, deserve our admiration and respect. He must be a degenerate son of Massachusetts who does not thank God that he can claim by birth or by adoption this noble old commonwealth as his home. There is no distinction more honorable than to have been born in Massachusetts, especially in that part of Massachusetts embraced by the old Plymouth Colony, and to be worthy of such birth. Yet the high estimation in which the State is to be held has been achieved by the independent spirit of the separate communities of which the State is composed. We cannot understand and appreciate the honorable and patriotic position Massachusetts held prior to and during the war of the Revolution without studying the character, the life, the fame of individual towns. It is not the province of this address even to review the causes, the complaints, the repeated aggravations which stirred up so much bitter controversy, so much personal recrimination and hatred, resulting in so long-continued and wasting a war as that of a hundred years ago. I simply desire you to take notice that the spirit which induced Kingston to demand independence as a town was the same spirit prevalent throughout all towns in all the colonies, and to take notice, also, that this same spirit made Kingston, as it made other towns, loyal to freedom, ready in support of public affairs, brave and resolute in opposition to the encroachments of the royalists. For this reason it had no sympathy with those who were satisfied with the British rule and desired to submit with slavish ignominy to British insults. For this reason this entire colony gave no unmistakable intimation to those who were disobedient to the high commandment of freedom and manhood that their absence would be more

acceptable than their presence. A single instance will illustrate this better than any argument, and show the extreme feeling existing between the Tories and the Whigs, the first being the declared adherents of the crown, the other the vigorous defenders of American liberties. For it is to be remarked, we must look back of Lexington and Concord to greet the first movements of life that gave birth to American liberties. It is not enough to study the history of battle-fields, where the yeoman strength of our fathers met in open conflict with the hirelings of the British crown. You must look over the records of town life. There were indications of the coming struggle long months and years before the first angry blaze of a musket flashed its threat or the sound of a cannon echoed among our hills; Whigs and Tories were arrayed against each other; there were public controversies; there were acrimonious conflicts in social life. The large majority of Tories were outside Plymouth Colony. The same spirit which in religious matters made Plymouth Colony refuse to sign the circular* sent from the Massachusetts Colony, recommending capital punishment for worshipping God in a different form from their own, made Plymouth Colony almost unanimous in defence of civil liberty. Yet the following incident will show that they were sufficiently earnest in punishing what was deemed an infringement of social and civil rights. I give it as I find it in Sabine's *Loyalists of the American Revolution*. †

"Jesse Dunbar, of Halifax, bought some cattle of a mandamus councillor in 1774 and drove them to Plymouth for sale. The Whigs soon learned with whom Dunbar had presumed to deal, and after he had slaughtered, skinned, and hung up one of the beasts, commenced punishing him for the offence. His

* Memorials of Marshfield, by Marcia A. Thomas, p. 47.

† Vol. I, Art. Jesse Dunbar.

tormentors, it appears, put the dead ox in a cart, and fixing Dunbar in his belly,*carted him four miles, and required him to pay one dollar for the ride. He then was delivered over to a Kingston mob, who carted him four other miles, and exacted another dollar. A Duxbury mob then took him, and after beating him in the face with the creature's tripe, and endeavoring to cover his person with it, carried him to Councillor Thomas's house and compelled him to pay a further sum of money. Flinging his beef into the road, they now left him to recover and return as he could."

The hostility between Whigs and Tories was reported to be so wide-spread and bitter, notwithstanding order-loving people might have discountenanced any such expression of it, that Gen. Gage determined to send an armed force into the colony. This indignity was felt so sensibly and public sentiment was so greatly roused, that on Feb. 7, 1775, the selectmen of Kingston, in conjunction with those of Plymouth, Duxbury, Pembroke, Hanson, and Scituate signed a remonstrance protesting against it.* The Massachusetts Provisional Congress warmly approved of this procedure, and on the 15th of the month passed a special vote by which these towns were bidden, as the record reads, "steadily to persevere in the same line of conduct, which has, in this instance, so justly entitled them to the esteem of their countrymen; and to keep a watchful eye upon the behavior of those who are aiming at the destruction of our liberties."

Kingston did "persevere in the same line of conduct." She encouraged the loyal spirit already manifested, and prepared for the crisis which was near at hand. Some of her most prominent and energetic citizens, for instance, recruited a

* See Journal of Second Provincial Congress, under date Feb. 15, 1775.

company of minute men, commanded by Capt. Peleg Wadsworth, afterwards commissioned as general. The eager, devoted patriotism prevalent at that time throughout the colony, is well illustrated by an anecdote told of a member of a minute company, in a town originally embraced within the boundaries of Plymouth Colony. "In the front rank there was a young man, the son of a respectable farmer, and his only child. In marching from the village, as they passed his house, he came out to meet them. There was a momentary halt. The drum and fife paused for an instant. The father, suppressing a strong and evident emotion, said, 'God be with you all my friends! and, John, if you, my son, are called into battle, take care that you behave like a man, or else let me never see your face again.' The march was resumed, while a tear started into every eye."*

We need not go outside our own record, however, to catch the spirit of the times. We are honored to-day, in the person of our historian, with the presence of a great grandson of Seth Drew, who served as lieutenant of the company of Kingston men to which reference has been made. He was a ship-builder, and on the day when the news of the battle of Lexington reached the old colony, he was at work with his adze in the ship-yard. Without a moment's hesitation he called his brother James, gave his tools into his charge, and took his place in the ranks, and for more than eight years was prominently engaged in the war which gave us our nationality. At Roxbury during the battle of Bunker Hill, at Dorchester Heights when the British evacuated Boston, he served under the noble-hearted patriot and soldier, Gen. John Thomas. He was in the forefront of the battle at Saratoga when Burgoyne surrendered, and at Trenton, Monmouth, and on the Hudson River during that memora-

* Tudor's Life of Otis.

ble campaign. He was one of the court martial detailed to try Joshua Hett Smith as an accomplice of Major André, and in various services distinguished himself as a soldier and civilian. In the war of 1812 the Government appointed him to oversee the fortifications on the Gurnet and at Fairhaven and New Bedford. When the Society of the Cincinnati was formed he became a prominent member.* He was commissioned a Justice of the Peace, held the office for many years of post-master and collector, and was deservedly esteemed by his fellow-citizens. He died at the advanced age of seventy-seven, in May, 1824.

There were other officers and men whose names are treasured in the annals of this town, such as Hezekiah Ripley, Crocker Sampson, and James Sever. The last named was a boy when the war broke out. At the close of the war in 1783 he was only twenty-two years old; yet he had won promotion, and held the honorable position of ensign, or of color-sergeant as that office is now called.

In such a spirit and by such men Kingston helped the cause of the Revolution. She furnished for the army, sixty men,† her full quota, contributed generously to the common supply. She gave under call of the Provincial Congress, convened at Watertown, May 31, 1775, thirty-eight coats as her proportion for the Massachusetts troops, and paid at one time more than \$10,000 of the currency of the time for less than six months' service of a single soldier. In May, 1779, a committee was chosen "to examine the militia record and make a fair list of what services each person has done personally or by their

*In the history of this Society is this testimony to his character and worth: "Distinguished for activity of mind as well as of body, he sustained also the reputation of a brave and discreet officer, and merited and received the approbation and esteem of all with whom he associated."

† See Wm. T. Davis's Address, *Supra*.

money since June 1778." A list of such persons was reported, and the amount was as follows:—

	£	s	d
For the Continental service . . .	267	3	4
For the secret expedition. . .	177	0	0
For other purposes	73	10	0
	<hr/>		
Total	517	13	4

It may be well to state, in estimating the ten-thousand-dollar bounty referred to, that at one period a silver dollar would purchase one hundred in paper. Thacher, in his *History of Plymouth*, tells us that "a farmer sold a cow in the spring for \$40 and in the next autumn paid the whole sum for a goose for Thanksgiving dinner."

In 1777 Kingston, together with Plymouth and Duxbury, built and manned a fort at the Gurnet. It is fitting I should mention another name which made the pages of our history brilliant during the Revolutionary War,—that of Gen. John Thomas. He was born in Marshfield in 1724, but after pursuing the study of medicine he settled in this town and is claimed among the number of her honored citizens. Our historian will, without doubt, make detailed reference to him. It is therefore unnecessary for me to say more than this, that he was held in high esteem not only by the people of this commonwealth, but throughout the colonies. He was so beloved by the army, so distinguished as a soldier, that he was honored by the personal solicitations of George Washington and Gen. Charles Lee and by special vote of the House of Representatives at Watertown, July 22, 1775, to induce him to retain his military command, notwithstanding he had been superseded, through the ill-advised action of the National Congress, by offi-

cers who had served under him. That action was rectified, and Gen. Thomas served to the satisfaction of all until his lamented death from small-pox in Canada, June 2, 1776.*

Such men as those I have named, such events as those suggested, may serve to indicate the temper of the times and the steadfast resolution which braced the people of these colonies to deeds of enduring renown. Let it be understood that we cannot measure the personality of any man by his immediate individual life, that we cannot describe or assign honor to any deed by simply comparing it, as it stands alone and at first, with other deeds acknowledged to be famous. The measure of a man is discovered in the influence he has upon his fellows, and in the inspiration his character and life give to succeeding generations; and the importance of a deed is to be told by its ultimate effect upon the destiny of a nation and the fortunes of a people. Under such law as this men like Thomas and Wadsworth and Drew and Sampson and others whose names are familiar in our annals are to be honored because they helped originate and increase and preserve that mighty spirit of loyalty to human rights and liberties, which, as the winds of heaven by the sceptre of their breath make forest trees bow before them, swayed the thoughts, fired the zeal, gathered up into heroic courage the hearts of men who followed their lead and wrought valiantly for God and the right. Under such law the mustering of a minute company in this town, the sharp decision that threw down the carpenter's adze, and said

*The nearest living descendant of Major-Gen. Thomas is Mr. Augustus Thomas, a native of Kingston. It is worthy of note that the use of the broad and open field where the exercises of the day occurred, from which there is an extensive view of the surrounding country and the harbor, was generously and courteously offered by Mr. Thomas to the Committee of Arrangements. In his green old age Mr. Thomas has the satisfaction of knowing that he has won and deserved the hearty respect of his fellow-townsmen.

farewell to home and peace and love, have a meaning as noble, because fraught with great results, as the gathering together of Cæsar's legions or Napoleon's battalions. It was because of the power of manhood back of the man himself and not to be determined by stature or speech; it was because of the power of manhood back of every squad of men, dressed in homespun and with flint-lock on their shoulders, however awkward it might be, that Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill are names written high up upon the scroll that records deeds done in supreme consecration to liberty and justice for the cause of humanity and the service of God. And it was because this good town helped forward, by its manhood, that war of the Revolution in which renowned deeds were performed and in which such splendid heroism was illustrated, that it deserves our sincere and grateful veneration and applause.

In the succeeding history of the town I find nothing immediately affecting public affairs, unless I might except some earnest controversy about religious matters. The town pursued the even tenor of its way, sturdily attentive to its own concerns, ready by council and influence to assist the general weal. Between the Revolutionary War and that of 1812 there were built on an average about two hundred and fifty tons of shipping annually.* The war of 1812 was the most serious hindrance to its prosperity as it was to the general prosperity of the State. About thirty men enlisted from Kingston, most of whom were employed at the fortification on the Gurnet or in general coast-guard duty. Two only of the number survive, David Chandler and John Drew, known to you all as worthy and respected citizens. After the close of the war — at which time Kingston owned at the landing three sloops, one hundred and fifty tons; one brig, one hundred and sixty tons;

* Mass. Hist. Coll. 2 series, Vol. III.

at Rocky Nook six schooners, four hundred and forty-five tons, and two brigs, two hundred and fifty-six tons * — the modest, content, and sober life of the town continued as before, the most exciting topics being those connected with ordinary town affairs, questions affecting the election of town or state officers, or the conduct of the schools and the church, or the building of the railroad in 1845, which was as much of an event in my schoolboy days as the centennial celebration at Philadelphia is to the nation at large at the present time. It is a fact in which the residents of the town may well take commendable pride, that in social culture and general refinement and good morals Kingston occupies an enviable position. It will not be deemed an invidious comparison to say that no town within the limits of the old colony surpasses it in the strength of its integrity, in the fairness of its life, in its sustained though never extravagant enterprise, and in its praiseworthy thrift. The graceful purity of its homes bears testimony to the modest and beautiful lives of its mothers and daughters, and the vigorous, fair-minded character of its fathers and sons gives clear warrant of the continuance of its useful and honorable citizenship.

Nothing is now wanting to the compass of this address but a brief reference to the grand record which is given of the town during the war of the Rebellion. It was to be expected that every town in our beloved commonwealth would respond with ready patriotism to the call of the country's need. We look back through the years; we recall the days when the roll of the drum and the shrill notes of the fife were heard in the streets of every village along our shores and among our hills. The flash that glared from the cannon, pointed by rebel hands against the sacred honor and union of these States, represented as they were by Fort Sumter, served to light the beacon fires

* Mass. Hist. Coll. 2 series, Vol. III.

of unmatched and heroic patriotism on every Northern hill. The sullen threat of that cannon waked the echoes of loyalty in all our valleys;— echoes answered and repeated by the free surges of the Atlantic, as they break at the foot of Plymouth rock, and on every cliff along the shores of New England, while brave men, descendants of the minute-men of the Revolution, filled the ranks of volunteer regiments, and swore that the brave old flag, that had been torn down by treason and rebellion, should once again float on the free breeze of heaven, and be so firmly nailed by the strong right arm of the nation's manhood to every flag-staff and mast-head that never again should it be lowered to any foe at home or abroad. Thank God, the North kept its oath!

We greet to-day, in this company, those who fought for union and liberty, for country and humanity, those who are represented by the Kingston Boy, Capt. George H. Bonney, Jr., who is well worthy to command the gallant body of men from Halifax who do escort duty to-day. We greet to-day the grand old stars and stripes. We gather under the sacred shadows of its folds, and as we remember the past we renew our oaths that it shall float in beauty and strength over the whole country, North and South, East and West, and be honored of all nations on all seas from the rising to the setting sun.

Let it be the proudest boast of Kingston to-day that it was true to the record of the old colony and of the Revolution, that it helped crush the Rebellion and save the nation. It paid out of its town treasury \$11,236.50; \$5,574.08 were raised in addition by private subscription, making the whole amount raised and expended, exclusive of all State aid, \$16,810.34, while at the close of the war it had cancelled all bills and held an available balance of \$1,616.17. It may rightly boast, also, of its personal service. Shall it be said that we sent out none

who commanded a position in these latter years equal to Thomas and Wadsworth and Drew in former years? If that is true, we sent out men who sustained nobly their own honor and that of their native or adopted town. Those men we salute to-day, — the one hundred and eighty-nine soldiers, “a surplus of nineteen over and above all demands,” out of a population in 1865 of 1,626, — more than one in every nine; and with especial reverence we salute the memory of the heroic dead, the fourteen who died in service, one in every thirteen and a half of those who filled our quota.

“ Cheers, cheers for our heroes!
 Not those who wore stars,
 Not those who wore eagles
 And leaflets and bars.
 We know they were gallant,
 And honor them, too,
 For bravely maintaining
 The red, white, and blue.

But cheers for our soldiers,
 Rough, wrinkled, and brown, —
 The men who make heroes
 And ask no renown.
 Unselfish, untiring,
 Intrepid and true.
 The bulwark surrounding
 The red, white, and blue.”

The noble company of heroic men who represented this town in the army and navy of our country deserve our earnest gratitude and praise. They stood between their homes and the foe; they bared their breasts that the blows aimed at the life of the nation might strike them first; they helped form a living breast-work behind which the security and perpetuity of our country were safe. They deserved well of the republic. Let the names of the living be honored! Let the graves of the dead be the altars of our patriotism!

Pardon me, fellow-citizens, if I add a few words more. I said at the beginning of my address, and repeated in substance during it, that while the great life of a State bears up the life of its constituent communities, the communities themselves, however inconsiderable they may seem, nourish and sweeten and increase the life of the State. For our encouragement let this be emphasized. Town life has given the source from which the broader life of the State and the nation has been helped. De Tocqueville * says, "Municipal institutions, *i. e.*, towns and villages, are to liberty what primary schools are to science: they bring it within the people's reach, they teach men how to use and how to enjoy it." I need not attempt to prove to you the correctness of his statement. We know it to be true. In our government the township is the unit of power.

I wish, however, to remind you that aside from any direct and specific action, there are other methods by which the influence of a town is exerted. It is done not by the reputation the community may have at home, but by the character of those who go out from it, and are, as it were, its ambassadors. We must not neglect to acknowledge this, and to take pride in the meritorious and useful lives of those who love this town as the place of their nativity, and whose name, the town cherishes. No one will expect from me anything like a complete list of such persons. Many of you, however, recall the name of Joseph R. Chandler, member of Congress, minister to Naples, editor formerly of the *United States Gazette*, who lives in Philadelphia, venerable in years and in honor, and of Ichabod Washburn, late of Worcester, who bequeathed a fund for the relief of aged and indigent women in this town; of John Holmes, who was United States Senator from Maine, and of Dr. Ezekiel Holmes, teacher of Natural Sciences in the

* Democracy in America, Vol. I, Chap. 5.

same State; of Caleb Adams, of Brunswick, Me., who provided in his will for the establishment of a school in this town at some future time; of Rev. William A. Drew, formerly editor of the *Gospel Banner*, and Rev. Job Washburn, and of Samuel Adams, who invented the first reaping machine; of Edward S. Tobey, the successful merchant and efficient postmaster of Boston; of Francis M. Johnson of Newton, Henry Glover of Boston, and of many others who have enlarged the influence of this goodly town, last but not least of whom is William R. Sever, for so many years County Treasurer at Plymouth, and who can leave no better legacy for the rising generation than his spotless integrity, exact honesty, and clean moral worth. When a famous Grecian was asked what he could do, he replied, "I can make a little village into a populous city." His boast men like these I have named have made a fact. For greatness and power come not of size, but of brain and heart and hand.

Let us, then, with gratitude for the past and present, celebrate this one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of this town. Let us thank God for the mercy that has been so signally manifested to those who have preceded us, and let us pray that His favor may be with us, so that we may worthily endeavor to secure to our children a future which shall honor still more largely this beautiful and beloved town of Kingston.