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FROM THE

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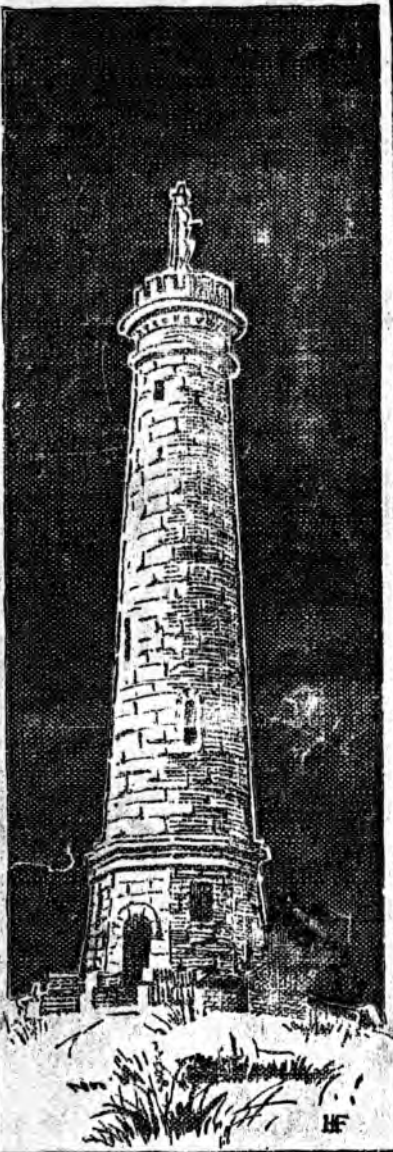
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JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

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HISTORIC
DUXBURY
IN
PLYMOUTH
COUNTY
MASSACHUSETTS

by
Laurence Bradford

Incorporated June 17 1637

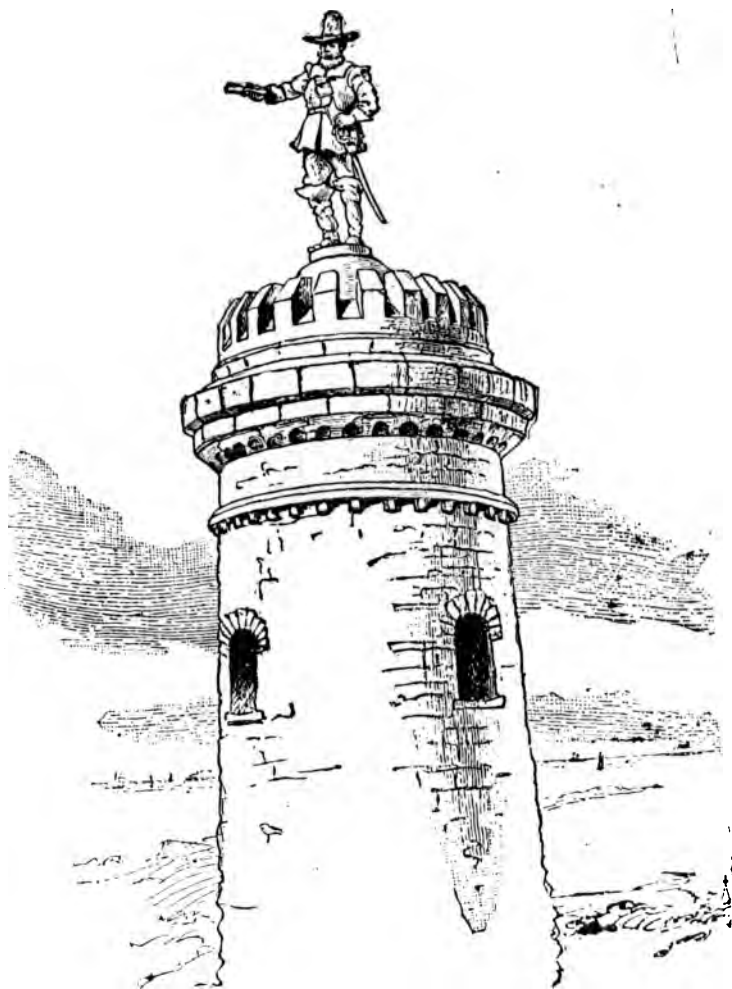


Illustration of a tower with a soldier on top.

HISTORIC DUXBURY

IN

PLYMOUTH COUNTY MASSACHUSETTS

BY

LAURENCE BRADFORD

"Children of faith, they walked by future light;
The glory not yet come illumed their way."



BOSTON

THE FISH PRINTING COMPANY

1900

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WISCONSIN COLLEGE
MILWAUKEE WIS.
1914

Biggs fund.

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BY LAURENCE BRADFORD.

TO THE OFFICERS
OF THE
Standish Monument Association,
THROUGH WHOSE EFFORTS
THE MONUMENT HAS BEEN COMPLETED,
THIS BOOK IS
Dedicated.

PREFACE.

THE object of this book is to give a brief sketch of the town of Duxbury, mostly for the tourist and summer visitor. Particularly is it the intention to give an account of Capt. Myles Standish, the most distinguished character the town has had, and the monument to his memory, which after over thirty years in building has at last been completed, the loftiest to a single individual this side of Baltimore. The writer has gained his information from the long residence of his family in the town and from his acquaintance with many of the inhabitants of this and a past generation. Also from the books that have from time to time been published, which have been freely consulted, a list of which is appended. Duxbury is so closely related to the Plymouth Colony that a history of the latter has in it much that relates to this town. It cannot be denied that everything connected with these first Colonists has an interest for the American people, and a more romantic sentiment is accorded to them than to the settlers of the more prosperous sister colonies. The orator, poet, and historian have sought to do them honor. Even President Lincoln, born amidst such different surroundings, gave them his best mead of praise; and Daniel Webster, who lived and died in the neighboring town of Marshfield, originally a part of Duxbury, said to one of the writer's family, with whom he was intimate, that he felt more pride in his

oration at Plymouth on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, than in any one of his other addresses.

The writer would acknowledge his obligations to Mr. F. B. KNAPP of Powder Point, Dr. MYLES STANDISH of Boston, and L. BOYER'S SONS of New York City, for the use of valuable plates; to Mrs. LUCIA A. KNAPP of Plymouth for pen-and-ink sketch, and particularly to Miss HARRIET J. FORD of this town, for the design of the artistic cover and for pen-and-ink drawings.

BOOKS.

BRADFORD'S HISTORY OF PLYMOUTH PLANTATION, 1620-1646. Published first by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1856, and later by the state of Massachusetts in 1898.

THE PILGRIM REPUBLIC: AN HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE COLONY OF NEW PLYMOUTH. By John H. Goodwin. Boston, 1888.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS; OR, THE FOUNDERS OF NEW ENGLAND. By Wm. H. Bartlett. An English work published in London in 1853.

HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS. By Justin Winsor. Boston, 1849.

MEMORIALS OF THE SPRAGUE FAMILY. By Richard Soule, Jr. Boston, 1847.

LANDMARKS OF PLYMOUTH. By Wm. T. Davis. Boston, 1883.

MEMORIALS OF MARSHFIELD, AND GUIDE-BOOK TO ITS LOCALITIES AT GREEN HARBOR. By Marcia A. Thomas. Boston, 1854.

LIFE AND TIME OF WILLIAM BREWSTER. By Rev. Ashbel Steele. Philadelphia, 1857.

L. B.

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HISTORIC DUXBURY.

I.

THE TOWN AND EARLY SETTLERS.

THE Pilgrims settled first, as is well known, along Leyden Street, in Plymouth, from the shore to Burial Hill, where they had built a fort. Palisades were built on each side of this street, allowing room for gardens, gates being placed at two side streets. The fort in the rear, and the bay as an opening in front, would be considered a good military position. Soon, however, their numbers so increased that it became necessary to separate, more land being needed for pasturage and cultivation. They scattered around the bay shores, keeping as near to each other and to Plymouth as practicable.

The Indians had been greatly reduced in numbers in this locality by a plague, and the few remaining do not seem to have been much at home on the water, as we find little mention of their canoeing; while the English were notably more or less sailors, choosing their lands near the sea, and showing reluctance to move inland, the interior of Plymouth and much of Duxbury being unsettled to this day. Captain's Hill early attracted attention, with its wide views of the surrounding country, its very fertile soil and easy access to Plymouth. Standish, Brewster and Alden are thought to have settled here as early as 1630, or before, and soon after others made their homes about what was called Morton's Bay, at the head of which the first

meeting-house, as the church was called in those days, was built, about 1637. The earliest settlers returned to Plymouth in winter, as the record says, "to insure their better attendance at public worship," and for fear of attacks by the Indians in this exposed situation. In about 1632 the Church was gathered, the first offshoot of the Plymouth Church, though there was no settled pastor till 1637, when the Rev. Ralph Partridge was installed. The old record says: "In the year 1632 a number of the brethren inhabiting on the other side of the bay, at a place since called Duxborough, growing weary of attending the worship of God at such distance, asked, and were granted a dismissal, and soon after being embodied into a Church they procured the Rev. Ralph Partridge, a gracious man of great abilities, to be their pastor."

It is due to the Rev. E. S. V. Huiginn, pastor of the Episcopal Church of Duxbury from 1890 to 1893, that the site of the first church building was ascertained. All old residents knew that the second building was on the east side of the old burial ground, near the head of Morton's Bay. This is known to have been built in 1706, and is shown on a reprint of a map made by Chas. Blaskowitz in 1767, alluded to in chapter on Maps.

There was a tradition that the first church building was at Harden Hill, a small peninsula on the northerly side of Captain's Hill, and even Mr. Justin Winsor, the town historian, was deceived by this tradition. Mr. Huiginn found the record that placed the matter beyond doubt: that the first church was near the second, on the easterly side of the old burial ground.

The town was incorporated June 7, 1637, old style, or June 17, 1637, new style. This is the record of the enactment by the Governor and his Council of the Plymouth Colony: "It is enacted by the Court that Ducksborrow shall become a township, and unite together for their better security, and to have the privileges of a town, only their bounds and limits shall be sett, and appointed by the next Court." The name Duxbury, though spelled in various ways in early times, probably came from Duxbury Hall, one of the country seats of the Standish family in England. Some good authorities differ, however, from this opinion. The Indian name was the melodious one of Mattakeset, which has been happily perpetuated in the name of the Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the town.

The population has greatly varied at different times. As early as 1643 it was supposed to be about 400. In 1710, also by supposition, about 1,100. In 1770—1,152; 1790—1,454; 1800—1,664; 1810—2,201; 1820—2,403; 1830—2,716; 1840—2,798; 1850—2,679; 1860—2,597; 1880—2,196; 1890—1,908; 1895—1,966.

It is noticed that the decrease has been large since 1840, but it should be considered that only the legal residents are counted, while there is an ever increasing population of summer residents.

Among the early settlers mentioned by the historians are the following:

John Howland, who moved to town at an early date, having had grants of land at Island Creek Pond, also two

small islands at Green Harbor, called Spectacle and Ann Islands. He seems afterwards to have returned to Plymouth, where he died in 1672. A stone of slate on Burial Hill marks his resting-place. The following mishap befell him on the voyage over, as related by Bradford: "In a mighty storm a lusty young man called John Howland was with a heele of ye shipe throwne into ye sea, but it pleased God y't he caught hould of ye top saile halliards, which hung over board, & rane out at length, yet he held his hould though he was sundrie fadomes under water, till he was hald up by ye same rope to ye brime of ye water, and then with a boat hooke, and other means got into ye shipe againe, and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church, and comone wealthe." George Soule, a passenger on the "Mayflower," was a man who did good service to the town, frequently serving in the Court of Deputies, and holding other offices, which prove him to have been a man of ability; and he left a numerous posterity, who have since been an honor to the town. He was granted land at Powder Point.

In 1637, of the twenty-seven heads of families who came in the ship "Fortune" in 1621, the following became proprietors of land in Duxbury: Robert Hicks, Thomas Prence, Moses Simmons, Philip Delano, Edward Bumpus, William Palmer, Jonathan Brewster, Thomas Morton and William Basset. The name Delano is evidently of French origin, and was originally spelled Delanoye; some say De la Noye. The

progenitor is said to have been a French Protestant who joined the Church at Leyden. He was a land surveyor, and much respected. He owned lands at Millbrook.

The first physician of Duxbury was Comfort Starr, who came here about 1638, but afterwards moved to Boston; Samuel Seabury was another physician who came here before 1660. William Collier, one of the merchant adventurers in England, came over and settled near Standish and Brewster about 1635. He also had land at North Hill.

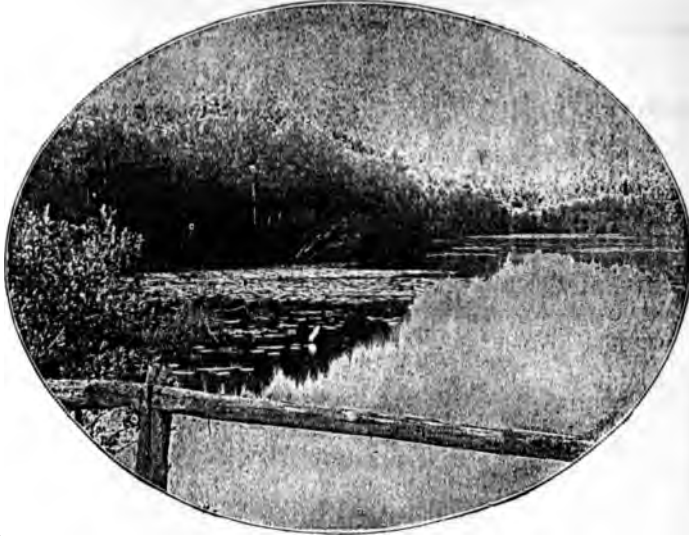
George Partridge came to Duxbury about 1636. He was a respectable yeoman from the County of Kent, England, where he owned an estate. He was the ancestor of the George Partridge who founded the Partridge Academy. Lands were granted him at Powder Point, Green Harbor, Island Creek and Millbrook. Henry Sampson was a young man who came on the "Mayflower," but was too young to sign the compact. He was admitted a freeman in 1637, and had a large family, whose descendants are numerous and respected in the town today. Constant Southworth was a son of Alice Southworth, who came from England in 1623, and soon after married Governor Bradford. He was an active and enterprising townsman. Christopher Wadsworth was the first constable of Duxbury, an office that required a man of ability and honesty, and it is said "a perusal of the records will at once assure us of his worth and respectability, which his numerous descendants in every generation have well retained." Edmund Weston, an enterprising ancestor of a noted family, came in 1639. He lived at Millbrook and Green Harbor, and was

the progenitor of the Ezra Westons alluded to in the chapter on Shipbuilding.

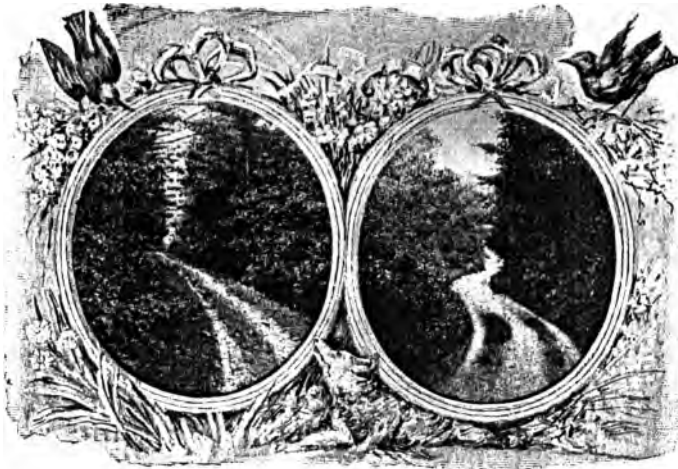
The following is a list of freemen in 1646, the earliest of which there is any record:

John Alden,	John Paybody,
Wm. Basset,	George Partridge,
Wm. Brett,	Ralph Partridge,
Thomas Besbeeck,	Abraham Peirce,
Love Brewster,	Joseph Rogers,
Jno. Brewster,	Moyses Symonson,
Roger Chandler,	Constant Southworth,
Edmond Chandler,	Comfort Starr,
Wm. Collier,	Captain Standish,
Job Cole,	George Soule,
Philip Delano,	Henry Sampson,
Lt. Wm. Holmes,	Francis Sprague,
Thomas Heyward,	John Tisdall,
Henry Howland,	Stephen Tracy,
Wm. Kemp,	Wm. Tubbs,
Experience Mitchell,	Christopher Wadsworth,
Samuel Nash,	John Washburn.

It must be confessed when writing of this old town that one necessarily dwells on the past, and those of us who are natives are somewhat susceptible to the criticism of an English author writing of Plymouth: "That the present inhabitants lived on the reputation of its first founders," but in reply we might give the words of one of his greatest countrymen, Lord Macaulay, from whose History of England this quotation is taken: "A people which take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."



ISLAND CREEK POND.



WOOD ROADS.

Though much of the material prosperity of Duxbury passed away with the decline of shipbuilding, the ocean, its chief attraction, remains the same yesterday, today and forever. The waters of the bay are as blue and the breezes as fresh as in those olden days. Many who think the old town dull have only to spend a few short years in some crowded city or busy town, to long for the fresh salt breeze and the sweet smell of the piney woods of old Duxbury. The snowdrifts are hardly melted in the springtime when the sons and daughters of Duxbury come back to gather the pink Mayflowers, natives of these woods, and sweetest of all flowers to many who have hunted for them in days of youth and childhood. In May when the apple orchards are in full bloom and the roadsides white with masses of the flowering wild plum, many of the summer people come back to their homes; but when Duxbury puts on her summer garb in June, and the daisies wave on every meadow and hilltop, from the blue bay back to the thick pine woods, then come the troops of people, young and old, bent on health and pleasure. They bathe in the bay and drive through the tangled and mysterious roads of the famous Duxbury woods, where they frequently lose themselves, or have to turn about in a road that suddenly ends nowhere in particular. Above all, they sail the bay.

“ The bay of great surprises and unexpected lands,
Which when you least desire them, roll up their golden sands. ”

Most of our summer friends prefer the shore, but many old farmhouses in quiet neighborhoods back from the sea

have passed into the hands of city people; and the fields where once the Duxbury farmer toiled, now resound with the gay voices of hatless youths and maidens, and the sound of the golf and tennis ball.

Our shore line, eight miles in length from Cove Street to the westerly side of Captain's Hill, is thickly scattered with pleasant and attractive homes, and designated "The Point," "The Village," "Hall's Corner," and "The Standish Shore." From Hall's Corner to the Kingston line a road runs up and down among the hills and meadows near the sea, full of wild beauty and charm, called Border Street.

From Captain's Hill, or standing in the belfry of the first church, one sees before him the apparently unbroken sweep of the Duxbury woods as far as the eye can reach. These woods are intersected with winding, puzzling roads that lead to the pretty little villages of Island Creek, Tinkertown, Tarkiln, West Duxbury, Ashdod, and Crooked Lane, or North Duxbury. In these woods are many pretty ponds; an illustration of one, Cranberry Factory Pond, is here given. There is now a sawmill at the end of this pond, but the name came from a cotton or woolen factory that was once in the place of this mill. Driving from Kingston on Tremont Street, now the State road, one comes suddenly from the woods to a simple and appropriate Soldiers' Monument, which tells of the brave sons of Duxbury who fell in the Civil War. And among the white stones of the cemetery many little flags wave over their graves. Near the cemetery stands the Unitarian Church, a large building seldom filled

except when some great occasion stirs the town. The Town Hall stands near by, and the Partridge Academy, named for its donor, George Partridge, a valued townsman who was born in 1740, graduated from Harvard College in 1760, was a member of the Continental Congress and of the Congress of the United States, and was for thirty years



CRANBERRY FACTORY POND.

high sheriff of Plymouth County. Why these important buildings were placed in this quiet spot is a question that naturally comes to the mind of a stranger, and the explanation seems to be that this is about the geographical center of the town, "and the intention was to accommodate everybody."

Another institution of pride is the Public Library on St.

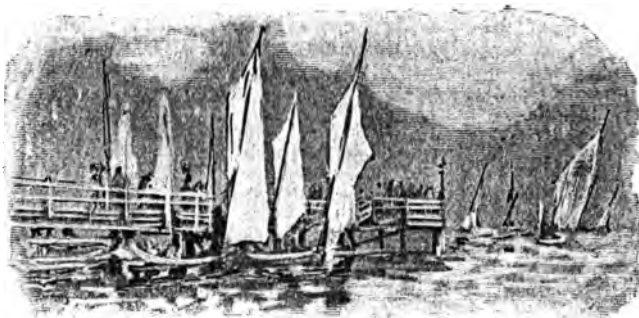
George Street, presented to Duxbury by Mrs. Georgianna B. Wright. The building was remodeled and comfortable reading-rooms made. Mrs. Wright, her family and others gave many books, and these donations, with a testamentary bequest by Mr. Henry Winsor of Philadelphia, make a very fair collection.

The Congregational and the St. John's Episcopal churches are in the village on Washington Street, and are of the usual type of country churches built in this century. Although the population is small it is scattered over an extensive area, and the Government allows six post-offices within the limits; namely, Duxbury, South Duxbury, Island Creek, Millbrook, West Duxbury, North Duxbury, and one at the Standish Shore in the summer, at the Myles Standish Hotel. Tremont Street runs from near the Marshfield line to Kingston, and is the longest street. It has been taken by the Commonwealth for a State road, and is now being macadamized. Washington, a very pleasant and attractive street, runs from Powder Point to Captain's Hill, near the shore of the bay, and from it branch pretty little roadways down to the water's edge. Our bay is a remarkably fine one for boating, owing to its sheltered situation; and there are many places of interest for the voyager to visit.

For many years the yacht races have attracted much attention and brought many people to the place. The extensive flats which appear at low tide are somewhat of an impediment, as many an inexperienced boatman has cause to know. But it is a fact that the constant ebb and flow



A VIEW IN DUXBURY WOODS.



DUXBURY YACHT CLUB, REGATTA DAY,

of the tide helps to keep the harbor clean and healthful. There are places along the coast where by cross action of the currents there is but slight movement of the tide. Those who have been to these places, and seen the dead and stagnant water along the shore would appreciate this great advantage. There is a flourishing yacht club with a clubhouse on the village shore, that was patronized by the noted actress, the late Fanny Davenport, who had her residence here,— a handsome modern dwelling of the chateau-like style of architecture, called Melbourne Hall. This is Duxbury of today: a quiet place of natural and characteristic beauty; and many come and come again, and linger till the leaves begin to fall, and chilly winds remind them that the summer is gone.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
Time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow;
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, it rollest now.”



II.

CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH.

“IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrim,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Myles Standish, the Puritan captain.”

HE was born in 1584, in the county of Lancashire, England, and belonged to the Standishes of Standish Hall, and was the only one of the “Mayflower” Pilgrims of high descent, according to the laws of England. His family dated back to the time of the Conquest, and is in existence there today. Many were knighted and ennobled by peerages during their long existence. Their estates are very valuable in mines and land in this county, near the village of Chorley, where exists the ancient church in whose vaults lie the bodies of many members of this ancient family and the ancestors of Myles Standish.

Many years before his time the family had divided into two branches: one the Standishes of Standish, and the other that of Duxbury Hall or Park; and the family early divided in their religious beliefs, that of the Standishes of Standish being Roman Catholic, and those of Duxbury Hall being Protestant. Capt. Myles came from the family of Standish of Standish, and that he was heir to some of the family estates there is no doubt, as he claimed them himself and left his right by testamentary bequest to his son Alexander,

the text of which is added further along; and this son in his turn bequeathed his right to his children. Perhaps the Captain was less skillful in obtaining his legal rights than in fighting with more deadly weapons his fellowmen.

Attempts have been made from time to time to recover this property, the most important effort being that by an organized association in 1846, accounts of which are found in the books of Old Colony history, a list of which is appended at the beginning of this volume.

Dr. Myles Standish of Boston, who has visited at various times the homes of his ancestors in England, Standish and Duxbury Halls, and whose father was secretary of the society formed in this country to recover the property, informs me that the litigation between the two branches of the family was old even in Capt. Myles' time; that when one side got an advantage of possession over the other, they would destroy all the legal evidence that might help their opponent, and that one suit was in the Courts of Chancery for three hundred years.

Of the early life of Capt. Myles Standish we know little. The first mention of him is that in Queen Elizabeth's time he held a commission as Lieutenant in the English forces that were fighting the Spanish in the Netherlands, and it was during the truce that existed between the combatants that he joined the Plymouth Pilgrims. It appears that he never joined the Pilgrim Church strictly as a church member, but, be that as it may, he fully and entirely cast his lot in with theirs, and rendered them inestimable service from

the time of his joining them till the day of his death. He bore not only all of their hardships, but as Bradford particularly mentions in his history, was one of those who nursed the others through their sickness and sore straits during the first winter. He was their military savior on numerous occasions, as is told in the various histories of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies; and he was not less efficient in shaping the civil policy, being constantly on the Board of Assistants to the Governor, and serving in many other capacities connected with the infant Colony. He was chosen the attorney of the English Company under the Royal Charter of the Great Patent of New England to transfer to the Plymouth Settlement a charter of their proprietary rights in 1629, this document being in existence today, preserved in the Registry of Deeds office in Plymouth.

He joined the Pilgrims at Leyden with his wife Rose, not long before the sailing of the "Speedwell," and was with the settlers in Plymouth after the landing, till he removed to Duxbury, which may have been before 1630. It is told in the early records that the first settlers lived in Duxbury only in the summer time, going to Plymouth for the winter; and Captain Standish is mentioned in 1632 as one of those who promised to live in the town in the winter "that they may the better repair to the worship of God." Captain Standish settled on a bluff overlooking Plymouth, the site of his house being known, and of unquestionable authenticity, and is particularly described under the chapter on Old Houses. Here Captain Standish lived till his death, on

Oct. 3, 1656, being seventy-two years old. Secretary Morton, recording his death, says: "He, growing very ancient, became sick of the stone or stangullian, whereof, after his suffering of much dolorous pain he fell asleep in the Lord, and was honorably buried at Duxbury." Although at an advanced age, shortly before his death he was appointed to lead an expedition against the Dutch in the New York Colony War about to break out between the Dutch and English, which was averted by one of Cromwell's victories. He had held the position of Captain Commandant all of his life, never for a moment losing the confidence of the Colony.

What he might have done on a larger field of action it is impossible to say, as it is with most men; but if his actions and ability are to be judged by the services that were rendered to the English race, his talents were very great; for if this beginning of making a colony had been crushed, it would not only have set back the progress of the English settlement for a long time, but would have set back freedom and liberty to a far greater extent.

By orders lately issued from the War Department in Washington naming the new coast defences throughout the several states, the battery at Lovell's Island, Boston Harbor, is named Fort Standish, in honor, so the report says, of Capt. Myles Standish of Duxbury.

Here is added the will of Standish, which is interesting, as it is about the only writing that has come down to us, that we know was written by him.

The text of Standish's will, a document which will repay perusal:

The last Will and Testament of Captaine Myles Standish, Gent. Exhibited before the Court held at Plymouth, the 4th of May 1657, on the oath of Captaine James Cudworth: and ordered to bee Recorded as followeth. Given under my hand this March the 7th 1655.

Witnesseth these Presents that I Myles Standish senr. of Duxburrow, being in P'fect memory yett deceased in my body and knowing the fraile estate of man in his best estate. I do make this to be my last Will and Testament, in manor and forme following:

1. My will is that out of my whole estate my funerall charges to be taken out and my body to be laied as neare as conveniently may bee to my two dear daughters, Lora Standish my daughter and Mary Standish my daughter in law.

2. My will is that out of the remaining Pte of my whole estate, that all my just and lawfull debts which I now owe or at the day of my death may owe bee paid.

3. Out of what remains according to the order of this Gouernment my will is that my dear and louing wife, Barbara Standish, haue the third Pte.

4. I haue given to my son Josias Standish vpon his marriage, one young horse, fise sheep and two heiffers which I must vpon that contract of marriage make forty pounds —yett not knowing whether the estate will bear it att Present, my will is that the resedue remaine in the whole stocke and that eury one of my four sons, viz. Allexander Standish Myles Standish Josias Standish and Charles Standish; may haue forty pounds appeece; if not, that they may haue proportionable to ye remaining Pte bee it more or less.

5. My will is, that my eldest son Allexander shall haue a dooble share in land.

6. My will is, that soe long they liue single that the whole bee in P'tnership betwixt them.

7. I doe ordaine and make by dearly beloved wife Barbara Standish,

Alexander Standish, Myles Standish and Josias Standish, Joint Exequitors of this my last Will and Testament.

8. I doe by this my will make and appoint my louing friends Mr. Timoty Hatterly and Captain James Cudworth supervissors of this my last will, and that they will bee pleased to do the office of christian loue to bee helpful to my poor wife and children by their christian counsell and advise: and if any difference should arise which I hope will not, my will is that my saied supervissors shall determine the same, and that they see that my poor wife shall have as comfortable main-tainance as my poor state will bear the whole time of her life, which if you my louing friends please to doe though neither they nor I shall bee able to recompenc, I do not doubt but the Lord will.

By mee MYLES STANDISH.

Further my will is, that Martha Marcye Robenson, whom I tenderly loue for her grand fathers sacke, shall have three pounds in some thing to go forward for her two years after my decease which my will is my overseers shall see performed.

Further my will is, that my servant John Irish, Jr. have forty shillings more than his couenant which will appear upon the Towne Booke alwaies provided that he continew till the time he couenanted bee expired in the service of my exequitors or any of them with their Joint concent.

By mee MYLES STANDISH.

March 7th; 1655.

9. I give unto my son and heire aparent Allexander Standish, all my lands as heire aparent by lawfull descent in Ormistick, Borsconge, Wrightington, Maudsley, Newburrow, Crawston, and in the Isle of Man, and given to mee as right heire by lawful decent but surruptuously detained from me, my great grandfather being a vond or younger brother from the house of Standish of Standish.

By mee MYLES STANDISH.

March 7th, 1655.

Witnesse by mee James Cudworth

The landed possessions of Standish were extensive and his property for those times quite large, considering that the mem-

bers of the Plymouth Colony were men of small estate. The appraisal was £358.75. His house and farm were valued at £140. His personalty comprised these articles, which are added not alone because they relate to Captain Standish, but thinking they will be of interest as giving an idea of how the people lived at that early day.

Two mares, two colts, one young horse, with equipments, two saddles, one pillion and one bridle, four oxen, six cows, three heifers, one calf, eight sheep, two rams, one wether, fourteen swine, three muskets, four carbines, two small guns, one fowling-piece, a sword, a cutlass, and three belts.

FURNITURE.—Four bedsteads, one little bed, five feather beds, three bolsters, three pillows, two blankets, one coverlet, four pairs of sheets, one pair of fine sheets, four napkins, one table and tablecloth, another table, one form chair, one common chair, four rugs, four iron pots, three brass kettles, a frying-pan, one skillet, a kneading trough, two pails, two trays, one dozen trunchers, or wooden plates, one bowl and a churn, two spinning-wheels, one pair of steelyards, a warming-pan, three beer casks, a malt mill, and personal apparel to the value of £10.

From this inventory it would seem that the early Colonists were living in ordinary comfort; and really, both comfort and wealth are only relative terms in any age, depending upon the times, the surroundings and the associations.

Besides these articles of household use, animals of the farm, and arms, there were over £11 worth of books, with their appraised valuation, as follows:

	£	s.
History of the World, and Turkish History	1	10
Cronicle of England, and Country Farmer		08
History of Queen Elizabeth, State of Europe	1	10
Dr. Hall's Works, Calvin's Institutions	1	04
Wilcox's Works, and Mayor's	1	00
Rogers' Seven Treatises, and French Academy		12
Three old Bibles		14
Cæsars Commentaries, Bariffe's Artillery		10
Preston's Sermons, Burroughs' Christian Contentment, Gos- pel Conversation, Passions of the Mind, The Physi- cian's Practice, Burroughs' Earthly Mindedness, do. Discoveries	1	04
Ball on Faith, Brinly's Watch, Dodd on the Lord's Sup- per, Sparks Against Heresy, Davenport's Apology		10
A Reply to Dr. Cotton on Baptism, The German History, The Sweden Intelligencer, Reason Discussed		10
One Testament, Psalm Book, Nature and Grace in Con- flict, A Law Book, The Mean in Mourning, Allega- tions, Johnson Against Hearing		06
Parcel of old books, divers subjects, 4to		14
" " " " " " 8vo		05
Wilson's Dictionary, Homer's Illiad, Commentary on James Ball's Catechism		12
	<hr/>	
	11	09

It would seem by this quite respectable library that Captain Standish was interested in many different subjects, and would hardly help to bear out the argument advanced by some that he was a Roman Catholic in religion. It also shows that, however much our ancestors valued books of piety in a spiritual sense, that their consciences would not allow them to place an excessive value on them when acting in the capacity of sworn appraisers.

One of the swords of Myles Standish is in Pilgrim Hall,

Plymouth, having been presented to the Pilgrim Society by one of the Standish heirs in 1824. This sword has had quite a history, according to a Jewish gentleman who visited Plymouth some years ago, and wrote this description, which is here appended :

INSCRIPTION AND HISTORY OF THE SWORD OF MYLES STANDISH.

This sword is, without doubt, of ancient Persian manufacture, called by the Orientals Dharban ; viz., meteor, and the material of which it is made is thunderbolt iron. There is not the least doubt that this sword fell into the hands of the Saracens at the time of the defeat of the Persian tyrant warrior, Kozoroi, when Jerusalem was wrenched from him by the Khalif Omar I., 637. The inscriptions and emblems show clearly the above facts. On closely examining the sun and moon engraved on the blade, it will be seen that faces were engraved inside the sun and moon ; and on closer examination of the faces, it will be noticed that the engraver did not intend to represent them as human, but lions' faces. History says that the sun, moon and stars were worshipped by the ancient Persians as the celestial deities of strength and power, the sun predominant and the lion the terrestrial emblem of the sun, whose head, surrounded by his shaggy mane, resembles the deity he represents.

The present Persian coat-of-arms is derived from the mythology of their predecessors : the sun rising on a lion's back, crowned with the moon and with a circle of stars around her.

Ancient swords and other weapons were said to have often been made from meteoric iron, and it has always been believed by the ancient as well as the modern Orientals that that material had an invaluable virtue of good luck in it, and a charm to its possessor. It is said by Arab historians that the prophet (Mohammed) and his successors were armed with Dharban swords ; that when grasped against the enemies of the religion of the faithful, the warrior had nothing to do but face the enemy,—the sword would do the destruction. It was believed by them that the virtue of the metal would strengthen them against the fatigue of the muscles, and charm their lives from the attack and thrust of the enemy.

The three inscriptions as seen on the blade (one on the same side with the Persian emblems and the other two on the other side) were engraved

by the Mohammedans, and at a much later period than the Persian emblems. They are each different in hand and form. The first named of the two is the Mediæval Cufic.

The interpretation is "With peace God ruled his slaves and with judgment of his arm he gave trouble to the valiant of the mighty or courageous"—meaning the wicked. On the reverse side of the blade are the two above-mentioned inscriptions, part of one of which only can be deciphered. "In God is all might." The last line that resembles Roman numerals is not intended for a date, as one would be led to suppose, but is of private signification, not known to anybody excepting the possessor who had it engraved. The same with the other on the same side with the Mediæval Cufic. *No one can decipher it* as this is the key to the charm, and when once deciphered by anybody besides its real owner, it becomes as valueless as a reed. Before closing our remarks, let us notice above the two separate inscriptions, and here we find engraved again a combination of circles intending to represent fire, and a conical shaft to remind one of the meteoric metal of which the blade is made.

N. B.—It is not to be wondered at, then, that European and American scholars have failed to decipher the above. Even a medium Arabic scholar, and he more advanced than any foreign scholar in the vernacular language of his country, cannot decipher all the modern handwritings without giving an especial time and hard study, the Arabic language being so divided in itself, unlike any other in the world. Anyone brought up in one calling cannot decipher the hand of others; and it will at once be seen how difficult and impossible it would be for any professor or scholar to master a language that needs almost a lifetime to acquire it perfectly.

Having endeavored to serve the owners of this valuable relic of the past in giving a faithful interpretation of the inscription thereon,

I remain with the greatest respect their obedient servant,

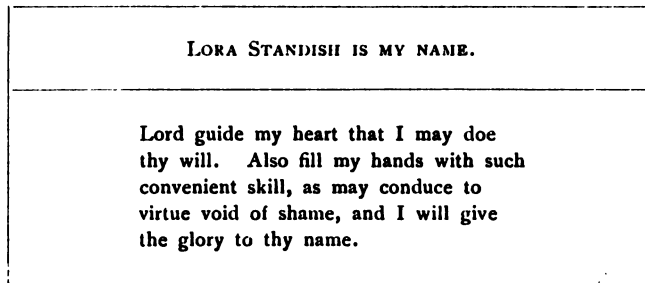
JAMES ROSEDALE, of Jerusalem Holy.

The Massachusetts Historical Society has a sword that was presented to them years ago as one that belonged to Myles Standish. This may be the other one mentioned in the inventory. There are besides in Pilgrim Hall:

Iron pot brought by Myles Standish in the "Mayflower."

Pewter plates brought in the "Mayflower" by Myles Standish.

There is here a relic of Lora Standish, in the shape of a sampler; i. e., worsted or silk letters worked on thin canvas.



Box containing relics found among the ruins of the house of Myles Standish in Duxbury, presented by James Hall, Esq.

A piece of the hearthstone of the house of Myles Standish in Duxbury, presented by James Hall, Esq.

There is a portrait of Myles Standish in the possession of the Harrison family in Plymouth that can be traced back a great many years. It is believed by persons who have looked up the evidence, to be a real portrait of the Pilgrim captain.

Captain Myles was the agent of the town of Duxbury, for buying what is now the Bridgewater towns and the City of Brockton, or a part of them, which was then called Saughtucket. He made this trade with Ousameguin, Sachem of Pocanorcket, for the following articles: Seven coats, nine hatchets, eight horses, twenty knives, four moose-skins, ten and one-half yards of cotton, twenty pounds in money. This sale was dated March 23, 1649.

The tailpiece of this article is the Duxbury town seal, designed by the writer and adopted the present year in accordance with Chapter 256, Acts of 1899, of the State Legislature, which compelled all towns to have an official seal. Myles Standish is represented in his military dress, but acting in a civil capacity,—that of transferring the charter and possession of the Colony's territory, as counsel for the English Company to the Plymouth Colonists. The transferring of land under the English laws was a very formal proceeding, and could only be done in full legality by conveying bodily a portion of the territory from the grantor to the grantee, which was accomplished by the grantor, his agent or representative, breaking off a twig on the premises and presenting it to the grantee, who must accept it in the presence of witnesses. A portion of this formality has come down to our day in the words "lawfully seized," that is, put in possession; and also in the precise instrument that is used at the present time as a deed for transferring real estate.



III.

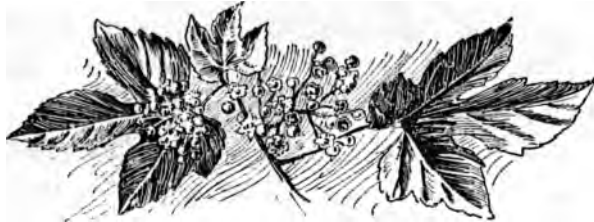
ELDER WILLIAM BREWSTER.

“LEARNING is more profound
When in few solid authors it may be found.
A few good books digested well do feed the mind.”

BREWSTER was one of the best educated, if not the best, of those who came in the “Mayflower.” There being no regular minister for the Church for some years he acted in that capacity as the Church elder. He was one of the oldest of the leaders, being fifty-six at the time of the landing. He came from a highly respectable family in England, and had done much there and in Leyden to build up the Church which the Pilgrims formed. The record says that in the year 1632 lands were allotted to Brewster in Duxbury adjoining those of Captain Standish, and northerly from his, on the Captain’s Hill peninsula bordering on the bay, including what from that day to this has been called “the Nook.” Here was erected his dwelling, the site of which is pointed out in a northeasterly direction from that of Captain Standish. He lived here till his death in 1644, ministering often in the Plymouth and Duxbury churches.

He was a scholar when scholars were rare, having entered, and received a degree from Cambridge College in England. The books of his library show what his scholarship must have been. He left four hundred volumes; sixty-

four were in Latin, and thirty-eight of these were versions of the Sacred Scriptures. Among the works in the English language were many large folios and quartos, some of them having sixteen hundred pages. What has become of this large library is not known. There is one volume or more in the Yale College Library, and very likely others in the old libraries of New England. An elaborate life of Brewster was written by the Rev. Ashbel Steele in 1857.



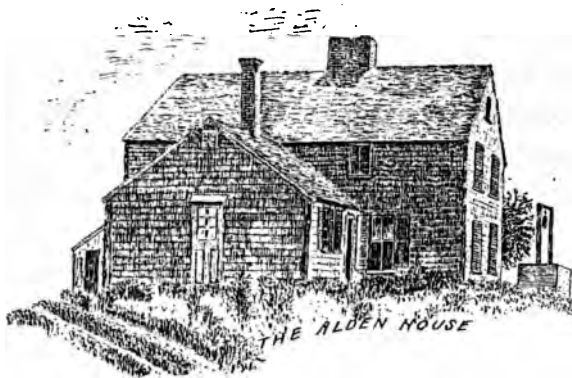
IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

“THE bluebirds in the spring
Sing their sweet welcoming
To rouse and charm;
Where first John Alden came
Their haunt is still the same;
Still bears its Pilgrim name:
John Alden's farm.”

JOHN ALDEN was one of the youngest of the “Mayflower” passengers, being only twenty-one when he came. He was not one of the Church either in England or Leyden, but was hired at Southampton, where the “Mayflower” was fitting, as a cooper, to serve the Colonists for one year. Some say he was smuggled aboard by some of the adventurers. Anyway he chose to remain with the Settlement, and became a valuable member. Directly after the landing the Settlement was divided into families for convenience in providing for the whole, and Alden was assigned to the family of Captain Standish, which gave rise to the romantic legend that has been told and retold in prose and poetry ever since: that the Captain sent him with a proposal of marriage to the young and comely daughter of Mr. Mullins, and that he fell in love with the maiden himself. However that may be, he early in the first year wedded the fair Priscilla, whose name and renown has reached our day, and whose fair face is seen in many noted pictures, and at last

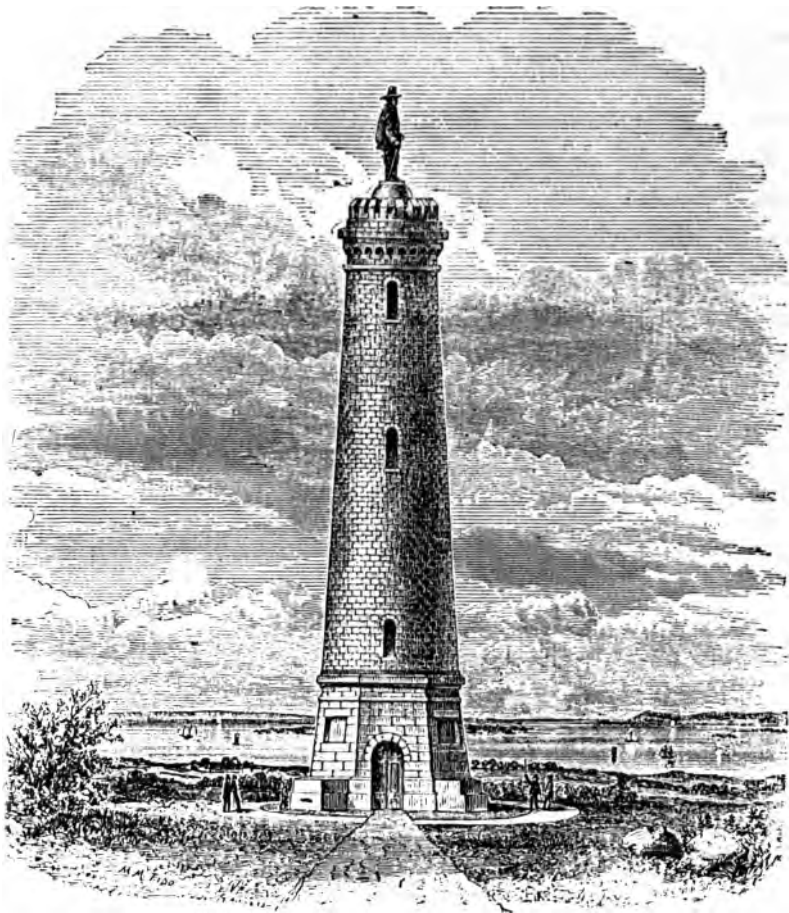
adorns an insurance calendar. Alden proved all his life a worthy accession to the community, filling various offices of trust and responsibility, until he died at an advanced age, Sept. 12, 1686, and was at his death the last surviving signer of that original compact of government made in the cabin of the "Mayflower" at Cape Cod, November, 1620, which President Lincoln said "was the foundation of the Republic." Alden early came to Duxbury,—it is said in



1631, and settled on land which had been allotted to him near the tidal head of Bluefish River, near the salt marshes and what was called Eagle-tree Ford, made by a fresh-water brook called Hounds-ditch, just before its conjunction with the river. He built his house on a small knoll, and the site of it is now marked by a stone recording the fact. According to Windsor's History of Duxbury, the second house stood a little further to the westward, and the present house, erected by his grandson, Col. John Alden, is still further towards the

west. An illustration of this house is added as seen from Alden Street. It is a remarkable instance for this country that this farm has been held by one family from the first settlement to the present time, and the name also has been perpetuated, so that the poetical quotation at the head of this chapter is literally true, "still bears its Pilgrim name, John Alden's farm." Alden's Bible is in Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth, having the Anno Domini, 1620. Alden's autograph is very rare, notwithstanding the many times he must have written it on public documents. He was probably buried in the old burial place of the town, as we know his son, Jonathan Alden, is buried there, as his stone still stands today.





THE STANDISH MONUMENT.

V.

THE STANDISH MONUMENT.

“LET the earliest ray of the morning gild it,
And parting day linger and play on its summit.”

J. HENRY STICKNEY of Baltimore, who died in 1893, and who did so much to perpetuate the memory of the historical places in Plymouth, once said to the writer: “If anyone deserved a monument it was Capt. Myles Standish.” And afterwards Mr. Stickney subscribed liberally at different times towards this object.

The project was first started as far back as the latter part of the decade 1860-70. Mr. Stephen M. Allen, a lawyer by profession, who came to town about that time and bought land about Captain's Hill, first suggested the idea, and the ground was dedicated Oct. 10, 1871. The railroad was then just completed, or made ready by extra exertion so that the guests were transported as far as South Duxbury, there being quite a ceremony on this occasion. The undertaking was incorporated May 4, 1872, under the name of the Standish Monument Association; five months later, on Oct. 7, 1872, the cornerstone was laid with appropriate exercises, ten thousand people, it is said, being present. A very full account of the proceedings on this occasion is given in a book of newspaper cuttings at the Boston Public Library,—4443.67. The monument was then begun and

worked upon at different intervals for a number of years, Nathaniel Adams and L. Miles Standish of Boston giving much time and money towards the object. It was built up to about seventy feet, and then came to a standstill for a long time. The illustration of the Standish grave in the old cemetery gives an idea of its appearance at this time. In the year 1889 another start was made and the outside of the monument completed, with the granite statue of Myles Standish placed on the summit. Up to this time there has been expended \$36,000, and of this amount twelve or fifteen gentlemen had contributed \$30,000.

Nothing more was done until 1898, when the interior of the monument was completed by putting in the iron stairway, making an observation room near the summit, a room at the entrance, bronze doors and ornamental windows. This was done with money given by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The stone steps and granite columns outside and making the road was done by a testamentary bequest left by Mr. Stickney of Baltimore, for the purpose.

The monument was designed by Alden Frink, architect, and is unique in its conception. Its lines and proportions have been commended by professional people who had but slight interest in the object, the town, or its surroundings.

The dimensions are:

Diameter of base	28 feet
Diameter of top	16 feet
Height from foundation to parapet	116 feet
Height of statue on top	14 feet

The monument is constructed of rough granite from the Hallowell quarries. The arch of the entrance is built by stones contributed by the several New England States, and bear their names. The keystone was presented by President Grant, and represents the United States.

Hereto annexed are the names of the officers of the Association who have brought the monument to completion, and in this connection the writer would mention the late Mr. George Bradford, who in 1890, when the Association was re-organized, was the only survivor of the original incorporators. Mr. Bradford was the contractor who built the road from the town road to the summit, and he lived till the summer of 1898, when the monument was substantially finished, being the only member who had seen its beginning and its completion.

The monument is the highest one built to the memory of a single person this side of Baltimore, and has been raised mostly by private subscriptions. The situation is a sightly one, on a hill that is not high for an easy climb, and is enough elevated when reached to show well-defined views of the scenery about it. The tract of land which the Association owns, over twenty acres in extent, could be attractively laid out in paths and open places that would make it a handsome park, and they would do it if they had the funds. It is to be hoped that the list of benefactors will increase, that this may be done, which would add much to the enjoyment of the many people who seek this seaside resort for pleasure and recreation.

HISTORIC DUXBURY.

OFFICERS OF THE STANDISH MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

President:

Gen. Wilmon W. Blackmar.

Secretary and Treasurer:

Dr. Myles Standish.

Building Committee:

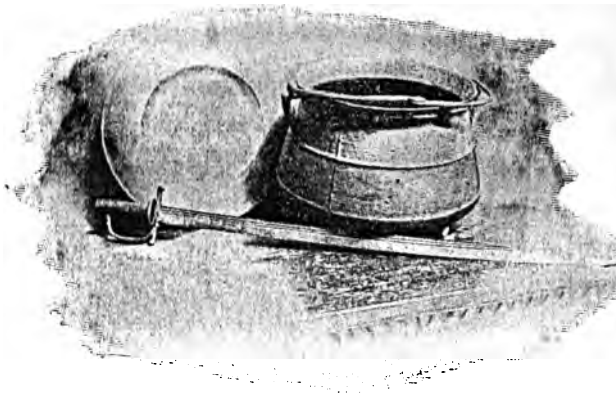
Gen. Wilmon W. Blackmar. Dr. Myles Standish.
J. Myles Standish. John B. Hollis.

Architect:

Alden Frink.

Executive Committee:

Geo. Bradford, Esq. Wm. J. Wright, Esq.
J. Myles Standish, Esq. Rev. E. J. V. Huiginn.
Chas. C. Richmond, Esq. Rev. Edward E. Hale.
Arthur Lord, Esq. Moses P. Parker, Esq.
John B. Hollis, Esq. Dr. Myles Standish.
Geo. E. McNeill, Esq. Winthrop P. Soule, Esq.
Gen. W. W. Blackmar.



STANDISH RELICS IN PILGRIM HALL.

VI.

CAPTAIN'S HILL.

“SCENES must be beautiful which daily viewed,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge, and the scrutiny of years,—
Praise justly due to those that I describe.”

CAPTAIN'S HILL, on which the monument stands, was part of the farm given Captain Standish by the Plymouth Colony. At its foot in plain sight is the place where stood his house, where he lived until his death; and the house said to have been built by his son in 1666 still stands near by.

The hill is about two hundred feet above tide water, and is the highest eminence in the vicinity. It has had a history apart from and since the time of Standish, as it was used as a place for signalling in the Revolutionary and 1812 wars, and a few years back was clear of trees and underbrush, when used for pasturage, as at that time cattle were more plentiful than now.

From the summit of this hill a fine view is given of the bay, islands and various places of historic interest in the vicinity, which are particularly described in this chapter, as we follow around by the points of the compass until we have completed the circle, noting the objects in view and the location of others not so plainly seen; beginning at the Duxbury Light, that lies below us in a southeasterly direction at the mouth of Duxbury and Plymouth bays, and marks the end of a shoal

that leads out from the points of land to the northward. This lighthouse was not built till 1871, but there is a stone pier side of it that was built in 1813. The light is of the fifth class, and thirty-five feet above high water. This side of the light is a deep area and good anchorage ground called the Cow Yard, which was much used in stress of weather in former times, and will again be used more than ever, should the Cape Cod Canal ever be made. Turning now to the eastward, and bearing a little south of east, these highlands lie in a bunch,—Saquish Point, Clark's Island and Gurnet Head. The nearest, Clark's Island, was named for the mate of the "Mayflower," who was said to be the first to place foot upon it, on Saturday, Dec. 19, 1620, two days before the landing at Plymouth. This was an exploring party from the "Mayflower," then lying in Cape Cod Harbor. The next day being Sunday, they passed the day in resting, so the history says. Near the central part of the island there is a high boulder, upon which some years ago the Massachusetts Historical Society had cut the words from Mourt's Relation :

ON THE SABBOTH DAY WEE RESTED.

The island contains eighty-four acres of good soil, and is much used for pasturage; it has been held by one family since 1690, and was till a few years since owned by one member of that family. In range with Clark's Island, and about two miles distant is the Gurnet, a widening out of the beach, and much higher in elevation, something like fifty feet above tide water, which has a good soil, and in early times was wooded,

a fact spoken of in the chapter on Maps. It is somewhat strange that these peninsulas jutting into the bay should have a better soil than the land further back in the interior. The name Gurnet first appears in Winslow's Relation, printed in 1622, but where it gets its derivation is not known. The point was early called "the Gurnet's Nose." It has about twenty-seven acres, now considerably built upon by summer sojourners. At the Gurnet's Nose there are two lights called the Gurnet Lights, which are much used by vessels coming into Massachusetts Bay, to get their position. The present lights are one hundred and two feet above high water, thirty-one feet apart, and in a course northwest and southeast, of the fourth class, and show at twelve and one-half miles. The first lighthouses were built here by the Province in 1768; these being burned in 1801, others were built in 1803, and the present structures were built in 1842.

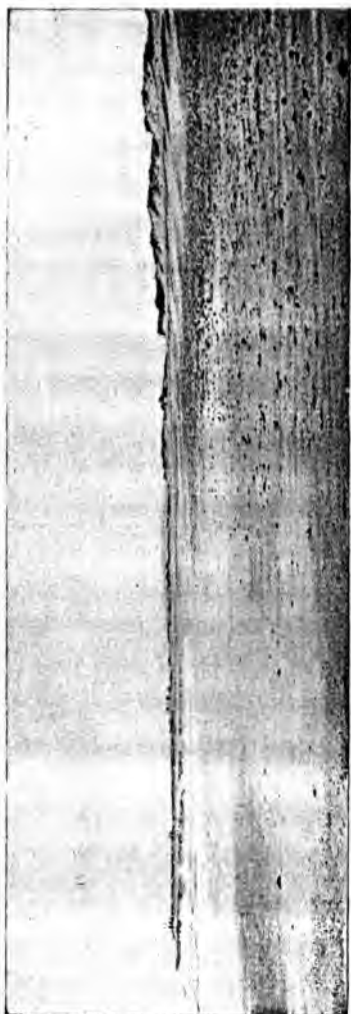
This has always been a favorite place for a fort. There was one in 1776, having six guns from six to twelve pounds calibre. In 1812-15 the fort was mounted with some forty-two pounders, and during that time was the quarters of a large garrison. In the Civil War a new fort was constructed mounting more efficient and heavier guns, and styled Fort Andrews. Many believe that the "Norseman" visited this headland, as it is told that in 1003 Thorwald wintered in about the latitude of forty-one to forty-two, which is thought to have been in Narragansett or Buzzard's bays. The next spring he cruised along an extended promontory, the description of which answers well to that of Cape Cod; within this penin-

sula he found a great bay, and upon the western side of the bay came to a fine headland. Later on he was mortally wounded by the natives, and requested that he be buried on the headland, which is thought by the afore mentioned to be Gurnet Head.

The southern end of this group as it appears from our point of view is Saquish, and the outermost, Saquish Head; this promontory was in early times an island, as is mentioned in the chapter on Maps. It contains about fourteen acres of land, and is also used for pasturage, it being well situated for the purpose, and the soil being good.

The name Saquish is of Indian origin, and means a sort of clam, or perhaps is a corruption of an original word. In early times the clam was very plentiful on the shores of this peninsula. In the Civil War there was a small fort built here by the Government, and named Fort Standish.

Continuing our view from the northern end of Clark's Island in range almost due east, is the beginning of Duxbury beach proper, connecting with the Gurnet peninsula. This stretch of beach extends in a northwesterly direction about five miles, where it joins the higher lands of Green Harbor. In early times it was called Salt-house beach, but the former name is now almost universally used. This beach is a long extension of sand dunes bare of vegetation, except beach grass, and has had the same appearance from the earliest times, except a small knoll called High Pines, about one-third the way from the end of Clark's Island towards the new bridge in visual sight. This knoll has now a small growth of stunted trees,



but formerly had a large growth of pitch pine, which gave it its name, as early, it is said, as 1637. About a mile out to sea from this knoll is High Pines Ledge, where many vessels were lost in past times, more than now, as the greater draft of modern vessels makes them keep away from our shores. The illustration shows Duxbury beach in its sunnier aspect; those who have lived by it for many years cannot be oblivious to its harsher outlook, when in former times after the storms the waves brought in the bodies from the wrecks; many of these were foreigners, who very likely were along our shores for the first time; some were sailors and some were passengers, but whatever their different circumstances and wherever they may have come from, they were all quietly buried together in the cemetery, at the town's expense, unnamed and unknown.

" Life giving, death giving, which shall it be,
O breath of the merciful, merciless sea?"

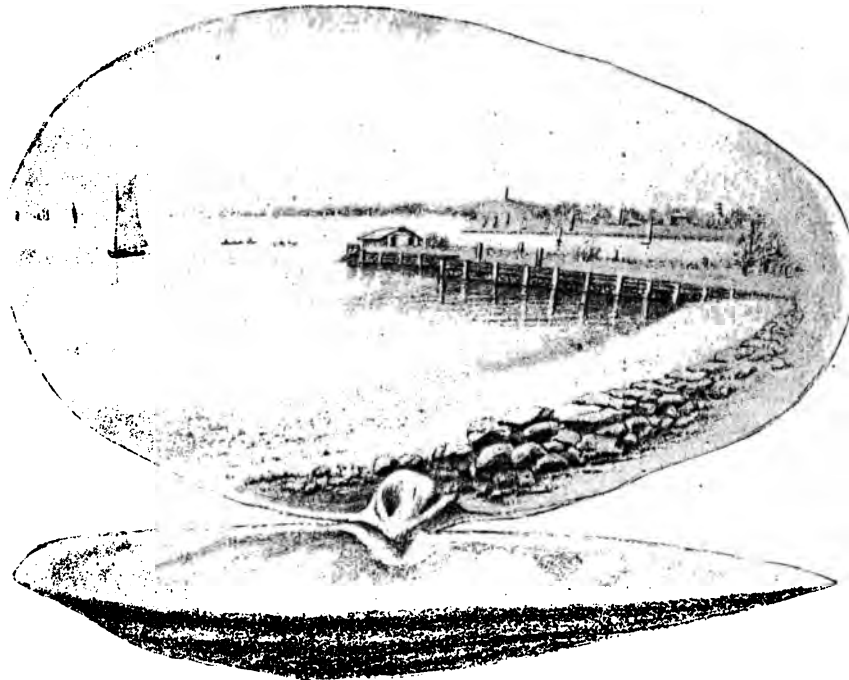
The beach does not form an effectual barrier against the ravages of the ocean in a high storm, as at various times the sea has broken through at places. In the time of Daniel Webster, and through his exertions, the openings between the sand dunes were closed by structures built to catch the sand and form a bank or dam to prevent the sea breaking through, and was paid for by an appropriation of Congress. At this time an appropriation was made by the town, and the beach purchased. It remained in possession of the town till a portion of it was sold to the French Cable Company in 1869, and the remainder sold to private persons in 1871.

The barriers not being kept up and repaired, the openings have continually widened by the violent storms that periodically occur, but it was left for the unprecedented storm of Nov. 27, 1898, to do the greatest damage, when the waves burst through in many places, leaving gaps over half a mile in width, taking the sand dunes down level with an ordinary high water. This is the greatest storm ever known, both in its violence and the height to which the waves rose, its nearest predecessor being the storm of April, 1851, which carried away the Minot's Ledge Lighthouse on the Cohasset rocks.

A little north of the range from the northern end of Clark's Island, over the beach, at a distance of twenty-three miles, on the end of Cape Cod is the town of Provincetown, the town-house of which can be seen on a clear day, and the shores of the Cape reaching southerly. Cape Cod was named by an early navigator, Bartholomew Gosnold, in 1602, because of the quantities of that fish which he saw in the vicinity.

' In a direction about northeast from our point of view is the bridge that leads from Powder Point to the beach. This is half a mile in length, with a draw at the channel to allow passage to the bay above, and was built by the town and private parties in 1892. A little farther towards the north is Rouses' Hummock, quite a high, wooded knoll that was named for one of the first settlers in early times. This knoll is the property of the French Cable Company, and is where the cable lands. They have a small building there for some of their testing apparatus, but their main building, where their

messages are received, is on Washington Street in the town, just north of Bluefish River. In range with Rouses' Hummock is Powder Point, an early settlement of the town, elsewhere mentioned in the chapter on Shipping and Roads,



STANDISH MONUMENT FROM POWDER POINT.

where the Ezra Westons carried on their large businesses. The wharf is still there, and some of the buildings, now the property of Mr. F. B. Knapp, who has here a large private school for boys.

In the same range is the mouth of Bluefish River, named early in the settlement. It is a tidal river heading in the marshes back of the village, but also fed by brooks coming from the interior of the town. Shipyards were along the lower part of this river, and it was here above the bridge on Washington Street that the shipping was hauled up the river in the 1812 War, to get it out of the way of an attack by boats from English frigates that were cruising outside the Gurnet. To guard the shipping a water battery was built at the mouth of the river on a small peninsula, now the land of Capt. James Killian, mounting two twelve-pounders, and a few hundred feet above, near Fort Street, back of the present post-office, was a small fort mounting three six-pounders; guns were also placed at other points along the shore, all manned by Duxbury men; and besides this force there was a garrison of State troops at the Gurnet. There were also alarm boats called the "row guard" that plied between the Gurnet and Plymouth beach, which were to give the alarm on the approach of an expedition from the frigates, which was to be answered by the batteries in the villages and a bonfire on this hill. This was to be taken up by signal stations in Plymouth and Kingston, to summon the minute men from the surrounding country. Along this shore from Bluefish River to the peninsula of this hill is now the main settlement of the town, and which is alluded to particularly in the chapter on Shipbuilding, as the place where many vessels were built, and in the chapter on the Town. Nearer to us on this village street, about a mile distant, is the chateau-like

residence of the late Fanny Davenport, called Melbourne Hall. Continuing around in a northerly direction we pass over the long reach of marshes that lie between the towns of Duxbury and Marshfield, and almost due north four and three-quarters miles distant is the home of Daniel Webster, where he lived and died; and in the neighborhood of his home and burial place are the historical places of Marshfield in other chapters described.

Continuing around to west of north is the spire of the fourth building of the original Church that was gathered in 1632. This is also the site of the third building, that was built in 1787. Almost in direct range is the old cemetery, or burial place, near where stood the first and second buildings of the same Church, built respectively in about 1635 and 1706, and where the grave of Myles Standish is, the fort-like monument now built over it being shown in illustration at the end of the chapter on Old Burial Places. Reaching up towards this burial ground, bearing more to the northwest from us, is Morton's Bay or Hole. Winsor says, in his history, that the name comes from a hole in the flats that can be seen near the mouth of the bay, on a chart, westerly from this hill. Quite as likely the word "hole" applies to the bay, a common definition in early times along the coast for what would now be called a bay. This bay and the shore adjacent was very much used by the first settlers as their landing place, in their communication with Plymouth.

To the southwest lies the coast used in early times for ship-building, and salt-making by pumping up sea-water into tanks

by windmills; and it is a curious fact in this connection that the old windmill passed on with the spinning-wheel; but the former has had a resurrection in our day, with a more enlarged application, which will never again come to the latter, except by romantic young women afflicted with the old-time mania. Although Mr. Winsor in his history says the first wharf was built in the village about 1785, a wharf is shown on this stretch of shore-line on the map made in 1768, referred to in the chapter on Maps.

A quarter of a mile off this shore on the flats, and a mile from our point of view, are the Cripple Rocks. They are particularly noteworthy, as rocks are scarce on the coast here between Manomet Bluffs and Cohasset. These are shown on the map made in the middle of the eighteenth century, and we are sure they are the same often noted by the first settlers; and are something we can feel certain appear the same as when first discovered.

Retracing back to observe objects more distant, one can see in a northwesterly direction a high hill, probably one of the Blue Hills; and about in the same range the first church in Pembroke and the Whitman water-tower. The town of Pembroke was taken from Duxbury in 1711. Some little further over to the west can be seen the water-tower of Brockton, and bearing about west the water-tower of Bridgewater on Sprague's Hill.

A little further south, about southwest, lies the mouth of Jones River, named for the captain of the "Mayflower." At the head of the estuary part of the river lies the attractive

town of Kingston, reaching out of which can be discerned the spire of the first church, one that would be considered old in any other part of the country, although it was not gathered till 1720, and the town not incorporated till 1726. Further on to the south is the Plymouth village of Seaside, where is located the largest rope walk or manufactory in the country; so here is something modern mixed in with the old landmarks. Further on and almost due south is the Pilgrim Monument, that was longer in building than our monument here. It was begun forty or more years ago, and dedicated only a few years since. Further, a little southeasterly, lies the village of Plymouth, with all the interesting objects connected with that ancient town.

Plymouth Rock, on the shore in front of the town, is thus spoken of by Alexis de Tocqueville, the most gifted foreign author that ever wrote on this country:

This rock is become an object of veneration in the United States. I have seen bits of it carefully preserved in several towns of the Union. Does not this sufficiently show that all human power and greatness is in the soul of man? Here is a stone which the feet of a few outcasts pressed for an instant, and this stone becomes famous; it is treasured by a great nation, its very dust is shared as a relic, and what is become of the gateways of a thousand palaces?

Further on southeasterly lies Plymouth Beach, or Long Beach. This long neck of land suffered very much in the great storm of Nov. 27, 1898, when houses and hillocks were carried away by the rough breakers. About southeast in visual sight between the end of Long Beach and Saquish Head, and on the ocean side of them, lies Brown's Bank, or

Shoal, particularly alluded to in the chapter on Maps; and in the same range over six miles distant is Rocky Point and the hills of Manomet, which answer the description of the coast given by Mrs. Hemans:

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

These highlands were known and commented on by the early navigators before Plymouth existed. In this same range, between the heads of Plymouth Beach and Saquish, is Duxbury Light; that was our starting-point in the visual pilgrimage we have made around the circle. We have still a few places to note at our feet, in the foreground on Captain's Hill peninsula. In range with the northern end of Clark's Island is the Myles Standish House, a large summer hotel with cottages around it. In front of the hotel on the shore is a copious spring of water, which the proprietors have named the Myles Standish Spring, that is said to be especially pure in its quality. This water is sent to the cities, where it is sold in large quantities. This tract was without doubt the ancient farm of Elder Brewster, and the site of his house is about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, southerly. Looking around more to the south, about in range with Duxbury Light, is a bluff by the shore covered with bushes. This is the site of Myles Standish's house, particularly described in the chapter on Old Houses. A quarter of a mile nearer to us is the house of Alexander Standish, son of the Captain, said to have been built in 1666, which is also described

VII.

OLD BURIAL PLACES.

“WHERE heaves the turf on many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

THE first public burial place of the town is now proved to be the one on Chestnut Street between Bailey's and Hall's Corners. How early the first interment was made it is now impossible to say, but without doubt very soon after the settlement. As it was customary in those times for the church building, or meeting-house, as it was then called, to follow the burial place, or the burial place to follow the church, and as we know the church was here soon after the settlement, we can conclude that the burial place must have been established soon after.

The oldest stone is marked 1697, a particular description and illustration of which is given further on. This stone is slate, and of a kind that was imported from England. That there were no stones of earlier date does not prove that the burial ground is not old, as there are very few gravestones to be found anywhere in the Old Colony bearing date before 1700, which fact is commented on at length further on in this chapter. Mr. Huiginn, one of our antiquaries, spoke of a grave that he found inside this yard carefully stoned, near the southeast corner; and this is likely, as he conjectures, that of one of the

early leaders, Elder Brewster, or one of the first ministers of the church. Mr. Huiginn also locates the first church building in the extreme southeast corner of the yard, because of finding there the marks of a foundation. Up to 1886 nothing was done to the enclosure except to keep it surrounded by an ordinary post-and-rail fence. In that year the Rural Society, a local organization for setting out trees and in other ways improving the public places of the town, put up a rustic fence on the street side, cleaned up the yard and set out shrubs. This yard contains one and one-quarter acres, and is bounded by Chestnut Street in front, while rough roads encircle it on the other sides, one of them continuing north to Depot Street. This road the writer thinks is very old, probably among the very first in the town. To the east of the enclosure is a vacant place belonging to the town, where stood the second church building.

All the burial stones previous to 1700 in this part of the country, and nearly all for a hundred years later, were small, thin slabs of slate, a foot or so above the ground and half as much beneath the surface. Those set previous to 1700 were mostly brought from abroad, and were generally Welsh slate, which must have made them very expensive, and out of reach of the general run of people.

As the grave of Myles Standish is supposed to be within this enclosure, and as the writer had considerable to do with investigating the subject, he will here state what came under his observation: Previous to 1889 some of the members of the Duxbury Rural Society had heard that there was a tradi-

tion,— that between two three-cornered shaped stones in the old burial ground had been buried Myles Standish, and it was proposed that some of them should investigate the matter. This came to a head in April of the above year by the following persons opening the grave: F. B. Knapp, the writer, Prof. A. B. Hart of Harvard College, and member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, with the assistance of some boys attending Mr. Knapp's school; and I copy from my diary these notes made at the time:

“Monday, April 15, 1889. Opened what purported to be Myles Standish's grave at old burial ground, Duxbury, marked by two triangular shaped stones. The skeleton found there was ascertained to be that of a woman. A trench was dug five feet to the south of the skeleton, but no grave found, but one was found four feet to the north, the skeleton of which measured as follows: In length, from top of skull to end of tibia, 5 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; for foot (estimated), 2 inches; total length of skeleton, 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; length of femur, 1 foot $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches; smallest circumference, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; length around the skull, 1 foot 9 inches; length of tibia, 1 foot $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches; length of humerus, 1 foot $1\frac{7}{8}$ inches; length of ulna, $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. These measurements were made under the supervision of a physician.”

These are all the notes taken. Anyone wishing to follow the subject further will find articles by the Rev. Mr. Huiginn in the Boston *Herald* of April 27, 1891; in the Boston *Transcript* of May 26 and June 27, 1891; also in a pamphlet published by Mr. Huiginn in 1892, entitled “The Graves of

Myles Standish and Other Pilgrims." Mr. Knapp, who was present at another exhumation in company with Mr. Huiginn, tells the writer that he was struck with the resemblance in the shape of the skulls, shown by the skeleton of the man found, as related above, and that of the young woman, marked by the triangular shaped stones, and these with the head of an old lady present, Miss Caroline B. Hall, who was a descendant of Myles Standish.

The writer in August, 1895, replaced in this old burial ground the stone to the memory of Jonathan Alden, dated 1697, an account of which was published at the time in the *Old Colony Memorial*, a weekly paper of Plymouth, and which is here reproduced:

THE OLDEST BURIAL STONE IN DUXBURY.

Mr. Laurence Bradford has lately replaced in the old burial ground in South Duxbury a stone to Jonathan Alden, a son of the Pilgrim John Alden, and thus relates the history of how this stone came to be lost and how he found and has had it reset.

Mr. Ezra Weston, who formerly lived in and owned the house and place now in possession of Mr. Frederick B. Knapp, was a person of leisure, and much interested in preserving the antiquities of the town. He took great interest in preserving all memorials relating to the early settlers, and consequently took much interest in the old burial ground near South Duxbury, where many of his ancestors were buried. He had no desire to change its ancient look, but wanted it to appear just as it was — the oldest burial place of the town, and the site of the Pilgrim Church; but he had the old stones cleaned and many of them reset and recut. If he had ever heard that there was a likelihood of Myles Standish being buried there he would have enjoyed investigating the evidences and preserving the tradition. Mr. Weston found a part of a stone to the memory of Jonathan Alden, son of the Pilgrim, as above stated, and not knowing where to place it, took it home, where it remained for more than thirty years. Mr. Weston

died in 1852, when the Powder Point house went into possession of his brother, Alden Weston. The latter died in 1880, and when his estate was settled the heirs found this stone, and thinking the person most interested in it would be Miss Lucia A. Bradford, gave it to her. Miss Bradford always wanted it replaced in the old burial ground, but did not think the place could be found where it would mark the resting-place of Jonathan Alden, to whose memory it had been originally placed, so she thought of placing it in Pilgrim Hall; thus years went by. She often spoke to her nephew, Mr. Laurence Bradford, about it, and how she wished that strength would permit her to search the old graveyard for evidences of the grave of Jonathan Alden. When Mr. Bradford came in



possession of his aunt's house he found this stone in the corner of the parlor, and determined to see if he could find where it belonged in the old burial ground. So one day he strolled over the old place until he found the graves of the Alden family, which he thought were nearly contemporaneous with Jonathan Alden, and finally found a stone inscribed to the memory of his wife. Then he probed the ground in the neighborhood and dug up every stone that his bar struck, till at last he found a flat one that seemed to be the part of an old gravestone, which in comparing with the inscribed Jonathan Alden stone was found to fit on its broken edge. So there was no longer any doubt as to where the stone belonged. Mr. Bradford has had a marble pedestal made for the lettered part, and it can

now be seen in the southwest corner of the yard, back in its place after an absence of fifty years.

Winsor in his history of Duxbury thus relates who this Jonathan Alden was: "Capt. Jonathan, son of John Alden, inherited the homestead; died February, 1697, leaving an estate of 309*l*. He married Abigail Hallett, who died Aug. 17, 1725, aged 81, and was buried in the old burying ground, where her stone now stands."

We would add that there are few stones in the Old Colony bearing an earlier date than 1700. This is the only one in Duxbury.

There are five in Plymouth, a few in Hingham, and a very few along the South Shore, in Cohasset, Scituate and Marshfield. The oldest stone of which the writer is informed is in the King's Chapel burial ground in Boston, with date 1658. The five stones on Burial Hill in Plymouth bearing date previous to 1700 are dated respectively 1681, 1684, 1687, 1691 and 1697; and all of these, with the exception of the one of 1681, are English stones. Mr. William T. Davis in his "Landmarks of Plymouth," elsewhere referred to, mentions in the chapter on Burial Hill this interesting fact relating to the early funeral customs,—that no religious ceremony was customary previous to 1686; and in this connection it might be mentioned that in celebrating the marriage ceremony they were more liberal in their ideas than is customary at the present day. Previous to 1700 there were only civil marriages, no religious exercises being attached to them.

Mr. Davis in the chapter above alluded to, thinks that the earliest Colonists were buried on their own estates, and that in course of time, through neglect or indifference on the part of

their descendants, the place became unknown; or their lands were sold to strangers who had still less interest in remembering the graves of the ancestors of their predecessors. This seems less strange when one tries to recall something that one of his own family had knowledge of scarce two generations back, and finds how uncertain and indefinite is his memory regarding the occurrence.

There are now only one hundred and twenty graves that



GRAVE OF MYLES STANDISH.

are marked in this old burial ground, according to Mr. R. A. Badger, who has catalogued the present stones, his list being herewith appended. There were a great many more people buried here than this number would show, as the yard was used for about one hundred and fifty years as the town's burial place, and without doubt many stones formerly existing have been broken down and crumbled away.

An illustration is here shown of the triangular stones that tradition says marked the grave of Myles Standish. These were removed and the present elaborate monument built in their place a few years since by private subscription, a list of the donors being given in the Boston *Herald* of March 4, 1893.

LIST OF STONES IN OLD BURYING GROUND, SOUTH DUXBURY,
WITH DATES OF DEATH, AND AGES.

	Date.	Age.		Date.	Age.
Arnold, Joanna, widow			Chandler, Philip	1764	62
James	1766	51	Zeruah, wife Nathaniel .	1778	74
Deacon James	1755	56	Cushman, David, son		
James, son James and			Joseph and Elizabeth .	1768	10m
Joanna	1742	1	Joshua, son Joshua and		
Ezra	1789	75	Mercy	1776	12
Beldad, son Capt. Beldad			Delano, Dr. Benony . . .	1738	71
and Mary	1780	3	Drew, Anne, wife Samuel .	1745	29
Alden, Sarah, wife Capt.			Frazier, Thomas	1782	46
Samuel		84	Forster, Margaret, wife		
Capt. Samuel	1773	72	Samuel Forster, relict		
John	1766	22	of Ichabod Wadsworth	1773	71
Abigail, wife Capt. Jonathan	1725	81	Fuller, Sarah, wife Samuel .	1737	25
Col. John	1739	58	Goold, Mrs. Huldah, wife		
Deborah, daughter Col.			of John Goold, Jr., of		
John and Hannah	1736	10	Hull	1750	25
John, son Col. John and			Loring, Thomas	1739	40
Hannah	1712	3	Thomas	1717	51
Hannah, wife Col. John, 1739-40		50	Mary, wife Thomas . . .	1739	36
Jonathan	1697	65	Joshua, son Thomas . . .	1750	16
Bradford, Capt. Samuel .	1777	47	Capt. Joshua	1781	81
Abigail, wife Gamaliel .	1776	75	Anna, daughter Samuel		
Samuel	1714	46	and Prudence	1779	
Hon. Gamaliel, Esq. . . .	1778	73	John, son Benjamin and		
Hannah, wife Eliphalet .	1756	26	Anna	1753	1
Brewster, Elizabeth, wife			Benjamin, son Samuel		
Joseph	1786	83	and Prudence	1788	4
Joseph	1767	74	Benjamin, son Benjamin		
Deacon William	1723	78	and Anna	1743	9

OLD BURIAL PLACES.

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	Date.	Age.		Date.	Age.
Loring, Benjamin (stone renewed 1858)	1781	77	Southworth, And. S. (b'k'n)	17—	71
Benjamin, son Benjamin and Anna	1759	7	Sampson, Lucy, daughter John and Rebekah . .	1759	
Anna, wife Benjamin . .	1804	89	Rebekah, wife John . .	1759	25
Sarah, daughter Benjamin and Anna	1745	2	Deborah, daughter Studley and Abigail .	1788	29d
Mary, daughter Benjamin and Anna	1739	8w	Seabury, Deborah, widow Samuel	1776	83
Peterson, Mary, wife Jacob	1777	61	Samuel	1762	70
Mary, widow Isaac . .	1763	74	Wiswall	1768	35
Lydia, widow Jonathan .	1781	92	Stanford, Robert, son Robert and Fear	1752	8
David	1760	84	Robert	1774	82
David, son Jonathan and Jale	1751	1	Soule, Esther, wife John .	1735	95
Jonathan	1765	59	Joseph	1763	84
Rebekah, wife Mr. Reuben	1764	51	Standish, Myles	1656	
Prince, Thomas	1754	69	Soule, Joshua	1767	85
Prior, Joanna, daughter Jabez and Abigail . .	1757	1	Allethea, daughter Joshua and Mary	1771	1
Deborah, widow Benjamin	1766	77	Luther, son Joshua and Mary	1771	5
Benjamin	1775	74	Lydia, wife Josiah . . .	1763	84
Jabez	1766	68	Josiah	1764	85
Partridge, George . . .	1764	62	Ussell, Molly, daughter George and Molly . . .	1756	18
Hannah, widow George .	1768	78	Wiswale, Ichabod . . .	1700	63
Grace, wife Isaac . . .	1768		Weston, Thomas	1776	50
John, son Isaac and Grace	1753	23	Mary, daughter Thomas and Mary	1776	23
Mrs. Mary, wife James .	1727	50	Eliphas	1762	55
James (broken stone) John	1731	73	Joshua, son Eliphas and Priscilla	1762	14
Robinson, Mary, daughter Rev. John	1722	16	Mrs. Priscilla, wife Eliphas	1778	64
Ripley, Sarah, wife Kimball	178—	39	Daniel (footstone)		
Sprague, John	1739		Walker, Elizabeth, wife Samuel	1787	29
Peleg	1754	38	Wadsworth, Capt. Benjamin (11 children)	1782	46
Bethniah (broken)			Frederick, son Benjamin and Luna	1771	4
Southworth, John . . .	1757	65			
Thomas	1743	68			
Deacon Jedaiah	1739	39			

	Date.	Age.		Date.	Age.
Wadsworth, Ichabod, son			Wadsworth, Hannah, daughter Benjamin	1771	12
Benjamin and Luna	1780	18	Selah, daughter Ichabod and Anna	1754	3
Selah, daughter Benjamin and Luna	1771	1	Robert, son Lieut. Mart and Abigail	1776	2
Marshall, son Benjamin and Luna	1771	6	Ichabod	1746	59
(broken), son Benjamin and Luna	1773	11m	Mary, wife Deacon John Deacon John (footstone)	1749	58
(broken), son Benjamin and Laura	1779	10m	Uriah	1784	76
(double broken), son Benjamin and Laura	1780		Winsor, Deborah, wife Peter	1785	21
(broken), son Benjamin and Laura			Winslow, Gilbert, son Joshua and Hannah 1775	2 or 12	
(broken top), born 1780, died same day			Hannah, wife Joshua	1778	29
Ichabod	1771	69	Salome, second wife Joshua (with her child with her)	1781	35
Anna (footstone)					

There is not a grave of one of the "Mayflower" passengers that is absolutely known; that is, in the Old Colony. It is a curious fact that the only one known is in the King's Chapel burial ground in Boston, where is the tomb of the Boston branch of the Winslow family, bearing the heraldic devices of this ancient name; in the vaults beneath are the remains of John Winslow, and his wife Mary Chilton of the "Mayflower" passengers, who, it is said, in girlish sport was the first to land on Plymouth Rock.

Towards the last of the eighteenth century this old burial ground became less and less used as other places were laid out in other parts of the town, the principal one being what is now called the Duxbury cemetery, near the first church, which is now about the only one used in town. This burial ground was laid out in 1787 when a church building was here built, for its

oldest stone is dated March 28, 1788, which is also known to be its second grave, the sight of the first grave being known but unmarked with a stone. This cemetery has been enlarged from time to time, and now contains nineteen acres.



VIII.

SHIPBUILDING.

“ BUILD me straight, O worthy master !
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle ! ”

AS shipbuilding was for so many years the principal business of the town, it seems well to treat the subject at some length. The south shore of Massachusetts was the scene of this industry to a large extent. The shoal water was no impediment to the light draft of the vessels of those days, and its distance from the larger cities was, no doubt, another reason for making it a desirable place for the industry. The business was carried on in the Colonial days, but was at its most prosperous time from the earlier days of the Republic up to the middle of this century.

During all of its most prosperous times the timber used for this purpose was found in the vicinity, white oak being used for the knees and other parts requiring particular strength, although we are told that vessels were made almost entirely of pitch pine,—that for floors, decks and beams, the best oak was only superior. The pitch pine then was superior to that now, undoubtedly, because of its being the primitive growth.

Thinking it would be of interest to the descendants of these old shipbuilders to trace out the site of the shipyards, and of

general interest to all, an article by Capt. John Bradford, who was nearly all of his life a resident here, has been copied from the *Old Colony Memorial* of June, 1895.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF SHIPBUILDING IN DUXBURY,
HALF A CENTURY AGO.

“Up! up! in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part:
We make of nature's giant powers
The slaves of human art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint, nor yawning seam,
Shall tempt the searching sea!”

At the time when the poet nearest to the heart of New England was singing his “songs of labor,” the axes and mallets of many a busy shipyard in the little Massachusetts town of Duxbury were beating time to his measures, as the men who wielded them acted out the inspiring words of “The Shipbuilders.”

It is only those who swung those ponderous tools, or who dwelt within the sound of their cheerful din, that can fully realize the contrast between that stirring era and the later years, that, since the shipbuilding industry died out, have slipped quietly, sluggishly along, like the tide in Duxbury's sedge-choked channels. We who know our Duxbury well in its present aspect are perhaps fond of saying that we love the dear old town just as it is; here we may be “far from the madding crowd,” and close to nature in sea and shore and forest. The very thought of bustling, driving toil would spoil

But let some ancient mariner hold us "with his glittering eye" as he tells the tale of those palmy days when down these grassy slopes ship after ship was launched to help

"to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world"—
And how can we "choose but hear?"

Of the value of the work done in the Duxbury shipyards, sufficient testimony has already been recorded. The late Hon. E. S. Tobey once said: "To speak of the character of the numerous first-class ships which have been built here, would be to recall the names of the best mechanics and skilled artisans of the whole country. To speak of the men who commanded those ships, would be to make honorable mention of intelligent and eminent navigators who, with the flag of the Republic at the masthead, guided their ships into nearly every commercial port of the habitable globe."

It is one who can claim a modest place among these shipmasters, and whose memory extends back to about 1830 or 1832, who has taken pleasure in recalling and describing the scenes of his boyhood and early manhood among the busy shipyards of his native town.

By degrees the wants of the early settlers gave rise to new branches of industry, but we find no record of what was long the leading business of the town, prior to the year 1720, about which time Thomas Prince is said to have established the first yard within its limits for the building of vessels, on the westerly shore of the Nook, at the foot of Captain's Hill. The first vessel built there was a sloop, constructed mostly of

wild cherry. The second yard was owned by Israel Sylvester, on Bluefish River; the third by Benjamin Freeman at Harden Hill, a short distance north from the Nook, and near the extreme southeastern part of the town.

Perez Drew owned the fourth yard, location not known.

Samuel Winsor, the first of the name in Duxbury, and Samuel Drew together carried on the fifth yard, on the shore of the Nook westward of Captain's Hill. Samuel Winsor had previously, about 1745-50, built several small vessels on Clark's Island.

The sixth yard was established by Isaac Drew at the west side of the Nook.

John Oldham had a yard at Duck Hill, in the northern part of the town, not far from the Marshfield line, where now it is mostly salt meadow, and the creeks are nearly filled with coarse sedge.

There was still another shipyard carried on by Capt. Samuel Delano below the mouth of Bluefish River, on the west side.

These yards had nearly all been abandoned before 1830, and were succeeded by the following, of which the writer has personal recollection:

At the extreme southwest part of the town, between Captain's Hill and the mouth of Jones River in Kingston, and not far from the residence of Harrison Loring, Mr. James Soule had a shipyard, where he built what were then considered good-sized vessels, but which would now be called small. He gave up the business before 1840, I think.

The yard of Benjamin Prior, on the southeast part of the town shore, near the Nook, was occupied by Ezra Weston, and there Samuel Hall built for him several ships. Because of the large size of the vessels built there, it was familiarly known as the "Navy Yard."

The ship "Mattakeesett," built about 1833, of 480 tons, whose first commander was Capt. Briggs Thomas, was the largest merchant vessel that had then been built in New England. Mr. Weston about 1834 established his yard on the southerly side of Bluefish River, where Samuel Hall, and after him Samuel Cushing, built for him a large number of vessels.

I recall the names of ships "St. Lawrence," "Admittance," "Vandalia," "Eliza Warwick," "Oneco" (in which I made my first voyage, 1839), "Hope." I was a boy on board of the "Hope" when she was launched, in 1841, and nine years later took command of her. She was then (1850) the largest merchant ship in New England, and took the largest cargo of cotton (3,100 bales) that had ever been taken from New Orleans. (A picture of this vessel was exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.)

The ship "Manteo," built about 1843, was the last vessel built for the Westons (E. Weston & Sons, Gershom B. and Alden B. Weston, at that time, Ezra Weston, Sr., having died the previous year). There was also a large fleet of brigs and schooners, of which I recall brigs "Neptune," "Margaret," "Smyrna," "Ceres," "Levant," "Oriole," "Messenger," "Lion," and schooners "Dray," "Seadrift," "Vir-

Luther Turner had his yard adjoining Mr. Weston's on the east, where he built small vessels.

Next to Mr. Weston's on the west was Mr. Levi Sampson's yard. He built vessels for himself and for Boston parties. One ship that was being built about 1835 for Mr. Thomas Lamb of Boston, caught fire while on the stocks, and was very nearly destroyed, while the "Admittance," in Mr. Weston's yard, was in great danger.

Previous to 1838 another yard was situated where the Odd Fellows Hall now stands, and was operated by Mr. Seth Sprague, familiarly known as "Squire Sprague." The vessels built there were small, and were launched across the highway into the dock alongside the wharf next to W. S. Freeman & Co.'s store.

About 1837 or 1838 Samuel Hall built for Mr. Lamb the ship "Narragansett," and for Phineas Sprague & Co. the ship "Constantine," in a yard established by him on the east shore of the village, just north of the "Navy Yard" before mentioned. In 1840 he removed to East Boston, where he was one of the pioneers in the business, and remained for many years a noted shipbuilder.

A short distance north of Mr. Hall's yard was that of Nathaniel and Joshua Cushing, where they built vessels for various parties. The only name that I recall is that of the barque "Maid of Orleans."

The building of a drawbridge and dam in 1803 across Bluefish River formed a mill pond above, on which, at the north-west end, was the yard of Samuel A. Frazer (originally that

of Israel Sylvester), where he built a large number of vessels for himself and various other parties. The peculiar name of one was "Hitty Tom," after an old Indian squaw who formerly lived in the neighborhood. He also built the first ship, "Hoogly," for Daniel C. Bacon of Boston.

Deacon George Loring's yard was on the southeast part of the pond, near the bridge; he built mostly for Charles Binney of Boston, and his son, C. J. F. Binney. I recall only the names of brig "Cynosure," ship "Grafton," and barque "Binney." I remember that the "Grafton," being very narrow and crank, capsized two or three times while they were getting her out of the river. The vessels launched from this yard and Mr. Sampson's, just below the bridge, went plump into the opposite meadow as soon as they were off the ways.

Mr. Sylvanus Drew's yard was on the north side of Bluefish River. His sons, Captain Reuben and Mr. Charles Drew, succeeded him after his death, about 1830, and they were followed by Sylvanus Drew, son of Charles, and he by William Paulding, who built many vessels in the yard, mostly barques and brigs, for the Philadelphia and Baltimore lines and the Mediterranean trade. The vessels that I remember as being built there by the Drews were ships "Rambler," "Aldebaran," "Boreas," "Minerva," "Chilo," "Susan Drew," "George Hallett," "Kedron," "Isaiah Crowell"; barques "Eunomus," "Mary Chilton," "Hersilia," "Kensington," besides several brigs and smaller vessels. The last three vessels built by Mr. Paulding were the "Minnette" for a Mr. Prior, and the "Olive G. Tower" and the "Mary Amanda" on his own account. The

last mentioned was named for his granddaughter, Mr. Geo. Bates' eldest daughter. He ceased operations in 1867.

N. Porter Keen, who had previously worked for Mr. Paulding from 1868 to 1875, occupied the yard formerly used by Mr. Levi Sampson, below the bridge on Bluefish River. He built the last full-rigged ship built in Duxbury, the "Samuel G. Reed," launched in 1869, and commanded by Capt. Henry Otis Winsor. This ship is now the barque "Fantee." Other vessels built by Mr. Keen were the barkentine "Benjamin Dickerman," which was about a year on the stocks, and was launched in 1875; the "Mary D. Leach," a whaler; a small schooner, the "I tell ye"; a sloop, name unknown; while the last vessel ever built by him in this yard was, though a schooner, one of the largest vessels ever built in Duxbury.

Owing to the mishaps and difficulties attending her launching, she was dubbed by one of the local wits "Keen's Elephant." She was launched in an unfinished condition, and when she left the ways she went fully forty feet into the opposite marsh, and there stuck fast; the indentation made by her bows in the marsh is plainly visible today.

After being hauled out, the next high tide, she lay across the river close to the bridge, until a lighter load of casks came from Boston, a gang of men digging in the mud about her at each low tide. The casks were lashed to a chain running around under her bilge, and she was thus floated out to the bend of the river off Paulding's wharf, and made fast by a hawser to one of the trees on "King Cæsar's road," as it is now called. Mr. Alden B. Weston came down there and found

her so secured, and feeling aggrieved at the injury done to the bark of his tree, cast off the hawser, and she went ashore on the opposite point. Some hot words and high feelings were the results of this incident, Mr. Keen claiming that a vessel in distress had a right to use any means to insure her safety; but Mr. Weston proved the seeming paradox that she was not yet a vessel in distress, and that, having built her up the river, Mr. Keen must get her out without injury to or trespass upon other people's property.

She was finally pulled off and towed out of the harbor by a steam tug. The injury to the bark of that tree is still visible, so that thus early in her career the "Henry J. Lippett" "made her mark" in the world. Twenty years later, in October, 1894, she was run into and sunk while at anchor in Hampton Roads. Mr. Keen removed to Weymouth, and built other vessels there.

About 1870 or 1871 John Merritt, Amos Merritt, and Warren Standish reopened Mr. Paulding's yard, and built a schooner, the last vessel built in that yard. They then went over on the village shore to about the location formerly occupied by Samuel Hall, where they built the schooners "Annie S. Conant" and "Addie R. Warner." The latter was built for Philadelphia parties, for the fruit trade; she was rigged and fitted completely ready for sea while yet upon the stocks, but was lost at sea soon after she was launched. She was the last vessel built in that yard. The Merritt brothers separated from Standish, and at a new location, just south of this, on the land of Calvin Josselyn, they built in 1878 or 1879 the

barque "Thomas A. Goddard," the last vessel ever built in a Duxbury shipyard.

This rapid enumeration will give some idea of the general distribution of the shipyards in which centered the energy and enterprise that made Duxbury for so many years the leading town of Plymouth County. To emphasize the fact of the great activity during its "palmy days," we have the statement of the veteran stage-driver "Jake" Sprague, that on a certain day in May, 1838, as he drove from Plymouth to negotiate the purchase of the Duxbury and Boston stage route and property, [he counted, between the "Navy Yard" (near where the late Fanny Davenport's house now stands) and the Mill Pond, *eighteen* vessels in course of construction.

It will be observed that while most of the older yards were established in the neighborhood of the "Nook," or that part of the town nearest Plymouth, the later ones were clustered quite closely together on the shores of the Mill Pond and Bluefish River.

From the little schoolhouse on Powder Point we young folks could hear the clatter and clangor of six shipyards all in full blast within less than a quarter of a mile.

The location of this schoolhouse and of other buildings near by, on piles over marshy land, where at every high tide the salt water flowed, was perhaps owing to a peculiarity of Duxbury public roads, at least in the eastern part, where they were often run as near as possible to the water, and so near in many places as to be overflowed by a tide more than ordinarily high.

The salt water frequently flooded the road in front of the

house where I was born, and came up into the front yard; therefore it is not strange that I took to the water like a young duck.

The nearest shipyard to the schoolhouse was the Drews', which was a double yard, where often two vessels were building at once. Many a wheelbarrow load of chips have I brought from that yard; many a time, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon and four in the afternoon, have I heard the call of "Grog O," whereupon all of the carpenters quit work and adjourned to the workhouse and "smiled"; many a time have I watched the launching of the vessels built there.

The county road ran between the yard and the water (of course), so that at launching time the ways had to be laid across the highway, and all teams were obliged to go up through the yard around the vessels on the stocks. Of course school always adjourned for such an important event, which took place generally about 11 A.M. (high water, spring tides, full and change of the moon).

The most interesting part of the programme to us small boys was what we called "dashing the bottle." A man standing on the bowsprit holding by a short lanyard a bottle of wine or something of the sort, broke it over the bows just as the vessel took the water, at the same instant calling out: "Here's success to the good ship — 'Oneco'!!" — for instance.

I can remember when it was the height of my ambition to be big enough to "dash the bottle," but I never reached that exalted position. The next highest mark at which I aimed was to be allowed to go cook of the sloop "Reform," Mr.

Weston's Boston packet, but even to that honor I did not attain. So that I was "kep' down" in my very youth; thus were my ambitions crushed, while my youthful energies were directed to other channels.

The period of schooling was brief in those days for the sons of hard-working parents, and at a very early age I was released from the absorbing labor of fishing for minnows with a bent pin through the cracks of the schoolhouse floor, and set at the far more irksome task of "turning the wheel in the ropewalk."

This particular ropewalk was part of a system of industries carried on by the Westons, without a somewhat extended notice of which no account of Duxbury shipbuilding could be regarded as adequate. Ezra Weston, the second of the name, and inheriting from his father the popular title of "King Caesar," was for the years 1820 to 1842 probably the most widely known citizen of Duxbury, and was considered to be the largest shipowner in the United States. Daniel Webster so rated him in his great speech at Saratoga during the Harrison campaign of 1840.

His ships were then to be seen in all parts of the world. He not only built his own vessels, but he controlled nearly all the branches of business connected with shipbuilding and the ownership of vessels. He had his own ropewalk, sparyard, blacksmith shop and sail-loft; brought his timber and lumber from Haverhill and Bangor in his own schooners, or from Bridgewater and Middleboro with his own ox or horse teams, and his supplies from Boston in his own packet.

His salt came from Cadiz, St. Ubes, and Turk's Island in his own brigs. He sent his schooners to the Grand Banks for fish in the summer time, and "out South" in the winter for corn.

He owned a large tract of land on Powder Point, and here, on the south side, where Bluefish River widens into the bay, with the outlook towards Captain's Hill and Plymouth, stood his dwelling-house. Here still remains "Weston's wharf," where his new vessels fitted out, and where his packets loaded and unloaded, but sparyard and sail-loft, blacksmith shop and ropewalk have all disappeared.

The old Weston homestead was destroyed by fire a few years since, and the more modern mansion built by him 1808-9 is now occupied by Mr. F. B. Knapp. Several miles inland towards Pembroke Mr. Weston owned an extensive farm, where his farmer raised a large part of the vegetables used on board his vessels, and of the beef and pork needed for sea-voyages.

In those days there was no water or steam power used in laying up rigging, but all was done by horse-power at one end and man-power at the other.

The spinning of the threads was done by hand. The men, usually six at one time, each with a bunch of hemp fastened about his waist, all moved with slow step, backward :

" In that building long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
Like the port-holes of a hulk
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their thread so thin,
Dropping, each a hempen bulk."

It required a good deal of practice for a man to spin an

even thread, with no weak spots or bunches in it. It was monotonous work, the spinning, and the boy turning the wheel that twisted the threads had a dull time of it; after the men had passed out of hearing he heard nothing but the rattle of his wheel for twenty minutes.

There is an old conundrum: "Why is a ship always called 'she'?" the correct answer to which is supposed to be: "Because it needs so much rigging." Not to dwell any upon "odorous comparisons," it is undeniable that the rigging forms a very important attribute to a vessel that is

"To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the roaring main."

The first Ezra Weston, although quite an extensive vessel-owner, and with various branches of business on his hands, managed to have a sort of superintendence of his ropewalk until about 1819 or 1820, when he engaged my father, Ephraim Bradford, to come over from Plymouth (where he was foreman in the ropewalk of Salisbury Jackson), and he remained in charge of the concern until they gave up business, about 1848 or '50, and the ropewalk was torn down about the latter year.

"At the end an open door;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
Light the long and dusty lane;
And the whirling of a wheel
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
All its spokes are in my brain."

When one length had been spun the boy must take the separate threads off the wheel, splice two together, and hook them to a big post amidships of the walk, and then walk down

the entire length (about three hundred yards), taking in a crotched stick the threads that had just been spun, from the small hooks overhead where the spinners had put them, and laying them all together over into large hooks in the middle, just clear of a man's head.

Then the boy must carry a fresh supply of hemp to his wheel for the men to use for the next thread. From "sun to sun" this dull work went on, and that in the longest summer days meant from 4.30 A.M. to about 7.15 P.M., with half an hour allowed for breakfast and one hour for dinner. How many boys nowadays know what work like that is?

When we were laying up rigging there was more excitement, and though the work was harder, I liked it better. Down in the cellar of the ropewalk I rode astride of "old Dick," who, harnessed to a long bar connected by a central upright "drum" with the heavy machinery above, walked round and round in a circle, thus supplying the needed power. A fine old horse, old Dick well deserved the substantial monument which still marks his grave in the sunny pasture near the scene of his labors, and bears this inscription:

"All are but parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Here lies buried honest Dick, who faithfully served three generations. This noble horse was born upon Powder Point, A.D. 1817. Here lived and here died 1846.

Always welcome were the occasional calls upon the "ropewalk gang" whenever extra help was needed elsewhere. Sometimes it was in unloading a cargo of salt, much harder

work, but different. On one of these occasions the monotony of the ropewalk boy's existence was still further relieved when "old Juba," the horse who was doing the hoisting, stepped backward and planted each of his hind feet upon each bare foot of the small boy on the ground behind him.

As his father picked him up to carry him home, old Capt. Benjamin Smith, who happened to be near by, recommended the genuine sailor's remedy of "tobacco leaves soaked in rum."

Sometimes we had to help the farmers get in the hay, and all hands were needed to work the new vessels, after launching, from the shipyard down the narrow, shallow river, an undertaking which sometimes required three or four days and nights.

I think we were nearly a week getting the "Hope" down; but I was no ropewalk boy then. I had been to sea two years, and was pretty "salt."

My little grandson asked his mother recently: "Didn't grandpa *run away* to go to sea?" "Oh, no." "*He didn't? most boys did.*" It is easy to imagine how he had picked up this idea from some of the stories he had been reading; but in Duxbury, in my day, the most natural step for a boy to take was from the ropewalk, or the wharf to the deck—or the mast-head—of a vessel, and in this way I graduated into the more exciting and absorbing career at the early age of fifteen.

As I look back now to those early days at home, I am impressed by the fact, usually evident in quiet country places, that these hard-working shipbuilders and mechanics, in their community of labor and of interests, were almost like one

large family. The men who worked side by side in the yards lived in the same neighborhood, met again at "the store" after tea, and with their families walked together across the pastures to the church on Sundays. Their children sat side by side on the benches of the district school, and later bound the families yet more closely together by marriage.

There was the usual number of eccentric characters. I can seem to see "old Warren" now bending over his wheelbarrow. One of those unfortunates, born, as the Scotch say, "not all there," he was everybody's butt. How proud he was one day of the fact that the Rev. Mr. Kent had spoken to *him!* And what did Mr. Kent say to him? "Get out of the way with your old wheelbarrow!" He called Mr. Weston a "darned old rip-er-crip" (hypocrite) to his face once, because the old gentleman wouldn't let him take chips from the spar-yard.

It was "Aunt Reeny" Brewster who announced that the initials connected with the weather-vane surmounting the tall flagstaff on the Point stood for "Ezra Weston's New Ship."

It is worthy of note that during this period of industrial activity Duxbury furnished not only ships, but men to sail them. Nearly every Duxbury-built vessel was officered by men who had been born within the sound of axe and mallet, had served an apprenticeship at sea from boyhood, and knew a ship "from keelson to truck."

Mr. Weston's captains were mostly from Duxbury or the adjoining town of Marshfield. Of those in command of his ships when I began my sea life, I know of only two now

living: Capt. Alfred Kendrick of Orleans, ninety-three years old, and Capt. Alexander Wadsworth of Duxbury, aged eighty-five years. Within two years was living Capt. Seth Sprague of Marshfield, who died at the age of ninety-three, having been retired from the sea fifty-two years. These captains belong to a "former generation." Of a later generation only two remain, that I know of — Capt. Elisha Sprague and myself; these out of thirty-three that I have known and talked with.

[Here follows a list of names of Duxbury captains, or of the commanders of Duxbury ships, known to the writer, one hundred and nine in all, of whom only nine are believed to be living now, 1894.]

Winthrop S. Babbidge,	Allen Dawes,
Alvin Baker,	Josephus Dawes,*
Daniel Baker,*	James H. Dawes,*
Edward Baker,	Amasa Delano,
Otis Baker,	Samuel Delano,
Otis Baker, Jr.,	William Delano,
Daniel Bradford,	Alfred Drew,
Gamaliel Bradford,	Edward Drew,
Gershon Bradford,	George Drew,
John Bradford,	Joseph Drew,
Zadoc Bradford,	Joshua Drew,
Daniel Brewster,	Reuben Drew,
Job Brewster,	Wm. B. Drew,
Joshua Brewster,	Amherst A. Frazar,
Henry Chandler,	John Frazar,
James Chandler,	Benjamin Freeman,
Joseph Cummings,	Daniel Glass,
David Cushman,	Kimball Harlow,
Elisha Cushman,	Zara Higgins,

HISTORIC DUXBURY.

Eben Howes,	Simeon Soule,
Walter Josselyn,*	Thomas Soule,
Alfred Kendrick,*	Jedediah Southwort
Bailey Loring,	John Southworth,
Henry K. Loring,	Elisha Sprague,*
Geo. F. Nickerson,	Phineas Sprague,
Henry Nickerson,	Seth Sprague,
Joseph Nickerson,	Stephen C. Sprague,
Henry R. Packard,	Benjamin Taylor,
George Peterson,	Briggs Thomas,
Lewis Peterson,	Nathaniel Thomas,
Wm. Peterson,	William Thomas,
George Prior,	Alexander Wadswor
Henry Prior,	Eden Wadsworth,
Geo. P. Richardson,	Martin Waterman,
Alexander Sampson,*	Robert Welch,
Alfred Sampson,	Albert Winsor,
Erasus Sampson,	Alexander Winsor,
Elisha Sampson,	Benjamin Winsor,
Gaius Sampson,	Chas. Frederick Wir
Perez Sampson,	Daniel Winsor,
Simeon Sampson,	Ezra Winsor,
Ichabod Simmons,	Greshom Winsor,
Nathaniel Simmons,	George Winsor,
Wm. H. Simmons,	Hosea Winsor,
Benjamin Smith,	Henry Otis Winsor, [†]
Jacob Smith,	Isaac Winsor,
Jonathan Smith,	Thomas Winsor,
Jonathan Smith, Jr.,	Zenas Winsor,
Sidney Smith,	Zenas Winsor, Jr.,
Charles Soule,	Church Weston,
Elijah Soule,	Gershom B. Westo
Freeman Soule,	John Weston,
Nathaniel Soule,	Nathaniel Weston,
Richard Soule,	Wm. Weston,

Wm. Weston, 2d.

The lapse of years is marked no more significantly by these lessening numbers than by the decadence in Duxbury of her chief industry. Various were the causes which led to this decline: the shoal water of the harbor, running out dry at low tide, which became a more serious consideration with the steadily increasing size of vessels; the growing scarcity of ship-timber in the vicinity; the growth of the business in East Boston, which gradually supplanted not only Duxbury, but Medford; these, and perhaps others, combined, led to the abandonment of the yards by the proprietors.

Quite a little colony of the skilled workmen removed to East Boston, which still carries many Duxbury names on its roll of citizens.

A stranger visiting the site of those busy shipyards would find absolutely nothing to indicate that any vessel was ever built there; all is stillness, and we who remember the town in its prosperous days, when Duxbury ships were known the world over, have lived to see the time when a Duxbury skipper must go to the eastward of Cape Ann to have a twenty-ton fishing schooner built.

The contrast is well expressed in the words of the late Hon. George B. Loring, whose love for the town never grew cold:

“To my youthful ear the sound of a hundred hammers in the early morning hours, when a day's labor began at sunrise and ended with the summer sunset, was a music which I can never forget, and which we shall probably never hear again. A Duxbury ship was to me a barge of beauty, and whatever achievements may be made in naval architecture, the names

of Sampson, and Weston, and Drew, and Frazar, and Loring, and Winsor, will outshine, in my mind, all the McKays and Carriers and Halls that ever launched a ship on the Merrimac, on the Mystic, or, on the shores of Noddle's Island, and will share with John Roach the fame of those American ship-builders whose vessels defied the storms of ocean and resisted the destructive tooth of time. . . .

“But the music of those hammers is still. The old shipyard in which I used to play, not a chip, or timber, or spar, or plank there, but a luxuriant greensward where grass is growing for cattle, and herb for the service of man.”

There have been three notable occasions of recent years recalling quiet Duxbury to the attention of the outside world. These were: the landing there of the French Atlantic cable in 1869; the laying of the cornerstone of the Standish monument in 1872; and the celebration, in 1887, of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town. In honor of these events her scattered children hastened home as to a Thanksgiving feast, held glad reunion, and spoke warm words of loving appreciation.

And year by year the number grows of those who, knowing little or nothing of her years of toil, love her, as we said in the beginning, just as they find her now, and ask for no more charming place in which to spend a long summer's holiday.

But best of all, in true Duxbury homes the spirit of thrift and industry still lives; the sturdy qualities inherent in the Pilgrim stock have not become extinct, and thoughtful, earnest

lives are working out the problems of today, and leavening with simple manly virtues the whole community.

JOHN BRADFORD,
ELLEN BRADFORD STEBBINS.

These reminiscences were written by Captain Bradford almost entirely in 1891, but were arranged in practically their present form by his daughter in April, 1893, during which month Captain Bradford furnished the last of his memoranda.

On the first day of May, 1893, while on a visit to Duxbury, death came to him very suddenly, and he fell unconscious by the roadside, where in boyhood his feet must often have trod, on the way to or from church.

E. B. S.

The writer had the pleasure of knowing Capt. John Bradford, who belonged to the second generation of the old sea captains, and bore a character of geniality and integrity worthy of any of them. He was buried in the Duxbury cemetery, where a handsome stone commemorates his memory, with the names of the vessels he commanded neatly cut on the back.

There are two anecdotes relating to two of the ship merchants mentioned by Captain Bradford worthy to be mentioned. The first Ezra Weston, styled King Cæsar, lived on what is now King Cæsar's road, in a cottage which was burned in 1886, of which I give an illustration on another page. [He was one of the first to start the shipbuilding industry in the country, as his son was the largest one, as stated by Captain Bradford. Nevertheless, this King Cæsar was very ignorant outside of his special vocation. In the course of his business, which was that

of storekeeper in addition to his shipbuilding operations, he had occasion to spell "coffee," which he did without using a single letter out of the word,— "kauphy."]

The other anecdote relates to the large shipbuilder Ezra Weston, son of the above, that bears a moral that can readily be applied to matters outside of the shipping industry.

In those days among seafaring people there existed the notion that for one to be at all efficient he must have passed through the long routine from cabin-boy, through the several grades of sailors and ship officers, to shipmaster. To make any short cut was styled "getting in through the cabin windows."

It so chanced that Mr. Weston employed a certain captain who the seafaring community thought had not passed through the afore-mentioned required lines of preparation, and sent a protest to the afore-mentioned Mr. Weston, who replied that it made no difference to him where his captains came from or what their training had been, or whether they had ever been to sea at all. If they could sail his ships to a profit he wanted them, otherwise he didn't.



IX.

ROADS.

“As the veins and arteries are to the body, connecting all its parts, and supplying each with nourishment ; so are roads and paths, to all civilized communities.”

AS the roads are about the first thing to which a new settlement is likely to give its attention, it therefore follows, if we can find out where they were, we have one of the means of tracing where the historical places existed ; and this matter of placing the roads is a question of how the wants of the community can be in the easiest way brought together,—the farming lands with the mill, and both with the church, and all with the water communication to more distant settlements. So if a topographic map was placed before us of a locality that was to be settled, we could beforehand tell very nearly where the roads would be.

A road once formally laid out is likely always to remain where it was originally placed, for the reasons that controlled its first location are liable to hold good until so many improvements are made along it, that to make any change would become too expensive an undertaking. As an illustration of this truth the writer would mention that he found in parts of the West still new, that some of the roads in use had been first made by the buffalo seeking the easiest way of reaching the river. The first comers naturally took these paths, and

improved them gradually into roads, so their selection and growth became a matter of evolution. Very likely these buffalo paths will sometime become the streets of thriving cities. We know that the first settlement of the town was from the end of Captain's Hill peninsula, called Brewster's Point, along the shore to the old burial ground, near the head of Morton's Bay, where stood the church. The first road or path was most likely along this route.

One of the first wants of the Settlement was a mill to grind the corn, and we are told that a grant for the purpose was given to Thomas Hillier and George Pollard — names now extinct in the town — on a very stony brook, later called Mill Brook, the pond and power being in existence today, but not in use. It is placed where it would naturally be, as near the sea marshes as the brook could be readily dammed. It is the brook nearest to Morton's Bay that has a good flow of water, and a road connecting the two places must have been at once laid out. This may have gone a little to the eastward of the present roads, but probably went nearly where they do; i. e., following the old cross-road from the old burial ground to Depot Street, thence along Depot Street to Tremont Street, and thence to the old mill at Millbrook.

As Marshfield was settled only a little later than Duxbury in the neighborhood of Green Harbor, the road probably continued from this mill up the hill where it now runs to Cox's Corner, as some of the houses along it at present are very old; then instead of continuing on to the Green Harbor railroad station, it probably turned to the right, passed the house

of Mr. E. F. Loring, and thence on to the foot of Duck Hill, where there is an old house owned by Mr. George Simmons, bordering on the salt meadows. From here there is a private road intersecting the regular road to Green Harbor, a short distance easterly from the railroad, which is probably nearly the same course the ancient road followed, and likely continued on to Green Harbor, about where runs the present road.

Turning now to the Plymouth side of the town, it is known where the ancient road crossed the Jones River, which is mentioned in the chapter on Kingston, as passing by the old Bradford places to the Boston road. This Boston road was not formally laid out as the king's highway till 1684, but we know a road was laid out from Plymouth to Duxbury in 1637, and this probably went to the east of the present road by the house, or near there, of the late Samuel Loring, but crossed Island Creek Pond Brook at the present crossing; for the Court gave permission in 1702 to one Seabury "to dam Island Creek Pond Brook, on the condition that a passage is made for the herrings to pass up and down, and also wide enough for a cartway." This was undoubtedly where the Loring tack factory is now, on Tremont Street; and although the fact is not stated, a mill was likely built here then; and from this crossing the ancient road probably followed Tremont and Chestnut streets to the old burial ground.

The settlement spread naturally along the shore to Powder Point, but the Bluefish River formed an obstacle to the connection of its parts, so each had to seek the county road by different ways. We know that as early as 1715 a road was

regularly laid out from Powder Point to the Plymouth road, following about the route of St. George Street; and one was probably used long before this time. We also know that there was a large public landing-place on the Bluefish River, between the cable office and the Howard house. The village had also to seek its connection with the Plymouth or county road, and it is known where were two of the old roads, one south of where Harrison Street is today, and one where is now Surplus Street; besides there were special roads to individual houses, which were quite common in the early times. Finally the want became too urgent to be longer neglected to connect Powder Point with the village shore, so a road was formally laid out in 1798. A bridge then became a necessity, and this was built in 1803.

It is likely that the first roads were really paths, and these in time became widened into roads; this we know to have been the case in some instances, and was very possibly so in all, and it is known the Indian paths were used in the beginning. One was called the Massachusetts path, that led from Plymouth to Boston, this being often referred to in the old records. There was also a Green Harbor path, that led from Green's Harbor to the Massachusetts path, near the Kingston line, being substantially over the track of the old road, as described above. Mr. Edward Willis of Kingston, who is an authority on such matters, tells me that this path was used by Greene, for whom Green Harbor was named, as early as 1623. That Green was a brother-in-law of Weston, who was settled at Weymouth in 1622, and caused the Plymouth Colonists some

trouble by his unjust treatment of the Indians. Green and Weston had a boat which they kept at Green Harbor for cruising purposes. When they could not go to Plymouth by water or did not wish to do so, they would take this path to its intersection with the Massachusetts one, and so on to Plymouth.



X.

MAPS.

THE earliest map of this locality was made by Champlain on his voyage along the coast in 1605.

This is simply an eye-sketch, and is very inaccurate, but it is useful in establishing a few points of historical importance, the first being, that Brown's Island or Shoal, off the mouth of Duxbury and Plymouth bays, was much less a shoal in 1605 than it is today, instead of having once been a wooded island, as a tradition has it, and as the history of Duxbury maintains.

Another point decided by this map is, that our Duxbury beach was composed of sand-dunes, as it is today, with the Gurnet covered with a thick growth of trees, probably pitch pines, as it appears that there were no white pines hereabouts till the latter part of the seventeenth century. High Pines is not shown on this map, but there is little doubt but that it was also heavily wooded at that time. Saquish is shown as an island, and seems from the sketch to have been slightly wooded, as was Clark's Island. Rocky Point Bluff or Manomet in Plymouth is shown as thickly wooded, as would be surmised from its appearance today. Plymouth Town Brook is shown and Jones River is indicated, but Duxbury Bay is cut short and scarcely shown at all. Plymouth beach is shown much larger than at present, and slightly wooded, but conclusions of this kind in detail are little to be relied on unless supported by

other testimony. Champlain's vessel did not enter Plymouth or Duxbury bays, coming no further than off the head of Plymouth beach. He writes of seeing Indians, and shows cabins and gardens on his map, which implies that the native population was numerous, an intimation that is corroborated by other accounts, as it is known that a plague decimated the inhabitants previous to the arrival of the Pilgrims.

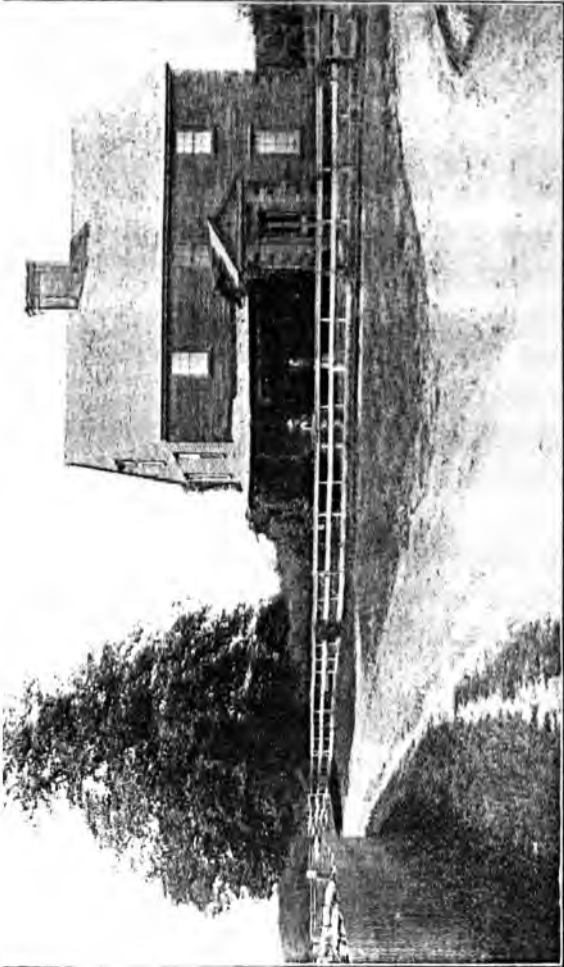
The next map was made by the celebrated Capt. John Smith, who explored the coast in 1614 from the Penobscot to Cape Cod. Smith's map, generally considered, was fairly accurate, but in particulars was not, as could hardly have been expected. Plymouth and Duxbury bays are shown, but on too small a scale to give any information. He however named the place Plymouth; that has since been retained. He also named the River Charles and Cape Ann, but the other names that he gave to places have long since been changed.

The next map with which the writer is acquainted is Woods' Map of New England, 1634. This is quite accurate in showing the coast of Massachusetts, Plymouth Bay and "Cape Codd" on a small scale, and for our purpose is particularly interesting in showing Saquish as an island, and the name Green's Harbor for a part of Marshfield. It should be noted that this name does not come from the appearance of the green marshes, as many have supposed. The next map which will be noted is that by Charles Blaskowitz, one of the deputy surveyors of North America, dated 1774, the original of which is in Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth. This would be a good map today. It shows that Saquish has ceased to be an island, but

the passage between it and the Gurnet is not so completely closed as it is today. It shows the Duxbury Church at the head of Morton's Bay, some division of the lands, the mill and pond at Millbrook, and what seems to be a bridge at Bluefish River, although it is known there was no regular bridge built there till 1803, and this probably indicates only a crossing. Unfortunately the roads of the town are not shown, and not many houses or wharves. The next local map known is one made by John Ford, Jr., in 1833; this gives roads, and dwelling-houses, with the names of owners; and while it has no topographic or hydrographic features, it is very accurate for the times, and for what it pretends to be: simply a surveyor's map.

Finally, we will notice the complete map made by the United States Government between 1845 and 1870, which is both hydrographic and topographic, and reaches the highest state of the art. There have been many maps made since, all of which have been compiled more or less from the two last named.





XI.

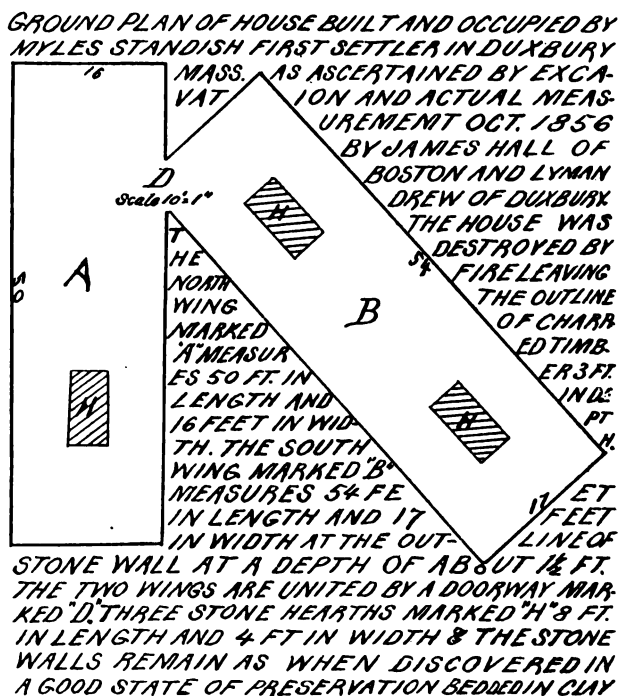
OLD HOUSES.

IT is well to begin the description of the old houses of Duxbury by mentioning the cellar of Myles Standish's house, which has been alluded to as being in sight of the monument. This has always been considered our most interesting historical spot, as there is no doubt of its being the place where Standish lived the last twenty years of his life. This cellar is now about seventy feet from the edge of a bank that is about twenty feet in elevation above high water mark. This bank shows the effect of having been washed away in past times, but the traditional account that the sea once flowed between this place and Captain's Hill, there forming a neck of land on the easterly side of this peninsula, and that the edge of this bank was thirty rods distant from the home of Standish, is to be taken with much caution.

The writer is somewhat familiar with the action of tidal currents, and the effect of the sea in a course of years cutting away banks and shoals. In his opinion there are no indications here of the causes that would make such changes possible in so short a time. Traditionary accounts unless anchored at stated intervals to some proven or scientific data, are of little value, and likely to be very far from the facts. After the death of Standish his house was burned, about the year 1665, so the current report has been, and this tradition is borne out

by ashes and burned articles that have been found at various times during the excavations that have been made here for many years.

It was a place of interest over a hundred years ago, long before the modern fashion came in of hunting up old-fashioned



articles and the record of one's ancestry. The early explorers were the Rev. Alden Bradford and the Rev. Benjamin Kent, both mentioned elsewhere, and they made their investigations many years apart. Mr. James Hall came later, and found

many articles by exploring this old cellar. The writer remembers visiting the collection of Mr. Hall in 1856, or thereabouts, which was kept in a small hut or cabinet which he had built near this old cellar.

Mr. Hall gives a description of the cellar and a plan which is here reproduced from one in Pilgrim Hall, not in facsimile, as the arrangement of text to plan has been changed, and the size altered; besides, Mr. Hall's is more ornamental, and printed in colors. The place of this cellar is now marked by a stone boulder which is to be suitably inscribed. It has for many years been the property of Mrs. Sarah Ripley Robbins of Boston, who greatly prizes it. Near by is the place of the spring, now dry, which furnished the house with water, an illustration of which is given in the "Pilgrim Fathers," a book published in London in 1853.

About one-fourth of a mile northwest of the Standish cellar is an old house said to have been built by Alexander Standish, son of Captain Myles, in 1666, an illustration of which is here given. It is a very interesting old house, and outside of its historical associations, the writer would call particular attention to it as a type of house that was commonly built previous to 1700. Although there are none in existence now, there can be no doubt that this style of house was sometimes two stories, from the following interesting account that has come down to us of the dwelling of the Rev. Ralph Partridge, at the time of his death, in the year 1658: "This was a two-story gambrel-roofed building, somewhat superior to the common habitations of the settlers. On the lower floor was the

parlor, an ordinary room, carpeted, however, and furnished in a manner which might be considered luxurious. Here in the center was a round table, and another, though of less pretensions, was placed against the wall. In the fireplace were the andirons and tongs, and against the wall hung a looking-glass; in the corner was his staff and cane. Here was also kept the silver plate, and on the table was placed 'his silver beer cup,' which was retained in the family of his daughter Mary as a



STANDISH HOUSE.

family heirloom. Three high chairs and one wooden one, with two cushions, completed the furniture of the room. Adjoining this was his study; in the midst was a small table and a desk, before which was placed a cushioned stool. Two bookcases were placed against the wall, one called his Latin case, wherein were arranged his library of about four hundred volumes; an old safe stood in the corner, and various kinds of personal

apparel were scattered round the room. Next to this was another, but smaller room, and on this floor was also the kitchen. In the cellar below were nine beer casks, affording, no doubt, abundance of the beverage to his visiting parishioners. In the second story was the parlor chamber, furnished with a valanced bed, and a cupboard of drawers with a cloth upon it. The kitchen chamber had likewise a bed.

“On each side of these was a small lean-to chamber, having in them two beds and one truckle bed, and above all was the attic.”

There is another site of a house that is also interesting, as the place where Col. Benjamin Church, the famous Indian fighter, was born in 1639, who commanded the troops in King Philip's War. This house was in Millbrook, to the left of the road just after passing the mill described in the chapter on Roads. Colonel Church wrote a book on King Philip's War, published in 1716.

Another illustration is added of an early house of the same type as the Standish house—that of Ezra Weston the ship-builder, mentioned in another chapter. This house was at Powder Point, and was burned in 1886. A style of house that came in about 1700 is given in two illustrations,—that of the Alden house and that of the Winslow house at Green Harbor, Marshfield. The latter was built by the grandson of Edward Winslow who came in the “Mayflower,” and is alluded to in the chapter on Green Harbor. Another house evidently built about this time, now well preserved and in good condition, is that of Mr. Eden W. Soule of Millbrook. The general style of

this house was a favorite one at that time: the large chimney in the middle, and the rooms about it with fireplaces. This manner of building continued in vogue for a hundred years, with more embellishments and larger additions, as more room was needed or the occupants were better off. About 1800 another style of house came in which in some instances made handsome residences. The sides of the house were wood and the ends brick; instead of the one chimney there were four, two at each end, with fireplaces on the lower and upper floors, which gave heat to nearly every room. There are many houses of this type throughout the town. An illustration of one is added, which is one of the best examples of this style of building. This is the residence of Mr. F. B. Knapp of Powder Point. As one of the less pretentious examples the writer would name his own on Tremont Street, built in the year 1808, the brick ends having since been covered with wood. The pathway to the front door is paved with blocks of lava brought from the volcano of Etna, on the Island of Sicily, by the builder, Capt. Gershom Bradford.



**HOUSES OF THE EZRA WESTONS.
NOW BELONGING TO MR. F. B. KNAPP**

XII.

ANTIQUARIES.

A NUMBER of men of the town should be mentioned who have devoted their time to hunting up incidents and designating localities connected with the town's early history.

The first one, Alden Bradford, a clergyman by profession, was born in Duxbury in 1765. He was secretary of state of Massachusetts, 1812-24, and author of various histories of the state that are considered authorities today; a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In that connection he contributed (Mass. Hist. Coll. 11) "Notes on Duxbury." He is the first person known by the writer to have dug on the site of Myles Standish's home a hundred or more years ago, for relics or information, with what result is not known.

Justin Winsor, the town historian, was born in Boston in June, 1831. He belonged, however, to one of the oldest families of Duxbury, his earliest predecessor being one of the first shipbuilders. When but nineteen years old, and at that time a student in college, Mr. Winsor published his "History of Duxbury," in the year 1849; and, while it is fifty years since, the work stands today, an authority on town matters; in fact, the only history, and to which all turn for information. It is not strange that Mr. Winsor should have made some mistakes, covering, as his history does, so long a period, and treating so many subjects, the information for which he was

obliged often to get from secondary sources, when the informer would not feel the same responsibility for accuracy that he did himself. Mr. Winsor showed another trait that is rare among more noted men and greater authors,—that of not making himself prominent, or constantly present in the words of his narrative. Mr. Winsor was for a number of years librarian of the Boston Public Library, and later of the Harvard University Library, which position he held at the time of his death.

Rev. Benjamin Kent, who was pastor of the First Church from 1826-33, devoted much time to collecting information relating to the town, and to gathering articles of historic interest, both Indian and those which related to the early settlement; and although he published nothing, Mr. Winsor acknowledges in his history, throughout its pages, obligations to Mr. Kent for the use of his manuscript notes. Mr. Kent dug extensively on the site of the house of Myles Standish, the most curious article that he found being a pocket-knife, with the letters M. S. cut in the wooden handle. Mr. Kent found unquestionable evidence that the house had been burned, thus confirming tradition. Mr. Kent was afterwards librarian of the Roxbury Athenæum, dying in 1859.

Mr. James Hall was a descendant of Myles Standish, and at times excavated in the old cellar of his house, the result of his studies and exertions being given in the chapter on Old Houses. Mr. Hall's collections were scattered, so his sister informed the writer, some having been lost or stolen, some given away, and a few deposited in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth.

Rev. E. J. V. Huiginn, whose work is more particularly mentioned in the chapter devoted to the Old Burial Places, was rector of the Episcopal Church in the town from 1890 to 1893. Mr. Huiginn spent much time excavating in the old burial ground for the grave of Myles Standish, and the site of the original church. Mr. Huiginn did a valuable service in having the old records published, covering dates from 1642 to 1770, in which he was assisted by the late Mr. George Etheridge. This work consists mostly of the acts of town meetings, the divisions of land, and the laying out of highways, and was published by the town in 1893.

Dr. Stephen Henry of Marshfield should be mentioned in this list, because of his excavations in Green Harbor on the site of the old Winslow house, which is mentioned in the chapter on Green Harbor. Doctor Henry has a fine collection of Indian implements collected in this vicinity, besides objects of interest used in early times. Doctor Henry has other valuable collections, including a very extensive one of coins.



XIII.

KINGSTON AND GREEN HARBOR.

“TILL where the sun, with softer fires
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim sires
These hallowed spots, like us, shall keep.”

AS these towns border on Duxbury, Green Harbor being originally a part of the town, which also included Marshfield, Pembroke, Hanson, and the Bridgewater, the historical spots near the boundaries will be briefly noticed.

A little south of where the ancient road to Plymouth crossed the Jones River in Kingston, which was near the present town almshouse, is an old dwelling that is called the old Bradford house, where two roads now intersect. This was the home of John Bradford, grandson of Governor William, and is undoubtedly authentic, as it was traced back by the noted and accurate antiquary, Dr. Thomas B. Drew, custodian of Pilgrim Hall, in Plymouth. This house is of the style referred to in the chapter on Old Houses as built about 1700. Doctor Drew thought it was built as early as 1674, and says, by tradition, an attempt was made to burn it by the Indians during King Philip's War; and further says, in evidence of this, that charred timbers were found in the house when repairing it in the early part of the present century. Turning at this John Bradford house the road runs westerly, and after crossing a brook and the railroad intersects with the main road to Duxbury and

what was formerly the stage-road to Boston. Just before this conjunction of roads is a lane leading to the summit of a small knoll; here is the site of the house where once lived Governor Bradford and his son William. This place is marked by a large boulder which can be seen from the railroad, and a simple sign-board, bearing the following inscription, which is preparatory to a tablet on the stone:

This eminence is a portion of the ancient estate of Wm. Bradford, the illustrious governor of Plymouth colony, where he had a house before 1637. Here his son, the Hon. Major William Bradford, lived, and died in the year 1704. Wamsutta, the Indian chieftain, tarried here just previous to his death in 1662.

This place, comprising a quarter of an acre of land, is now the property of the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants, who purchased it, and had ceremonies of dedication Sept. 30, 1897.

To the north of Duxbury, and just over its present line, is the adjacent territory of Green Harbor, a portion of the town of Marshfield. Here is where Gov. Edward Winslow settled as early as 1637, and some say as early as 1632. The site of his house, which is near the salt marshes, is known, and is elsewhere referred to as being within water communication of Plymouth; this place he named Careswell, from the name of the estate of his family in England. He was one of the most distinguished of the Pilgrim Fathers, and perhaps the ablest one of the number. He came from a high standing family, and with the exception of Myles Standish, was the only member of the first company who had rank above that of yeomen in England. He was generally chosen to represent the Colony

abroad, and during one of his sojourns there he was imprisoned for a long time, because of his religious beliefs. He was proof against all temptation to leave the service of the feeble colony, whether by flattery or bribes, till Cromwell came into power, when that great general persuaded him to take command of a large expedition sent for the conquest of the West Indias. On this expedition he died, May 8, 1655, and was buried at sea. The commission given him by the protector, something like three feet square, bearing date April 19, 1654, and a pen-and-ink portrait of Cromwell, hangs on the walls of Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth. He would probably have come back here to live had he survived the West India War and the headsman's axe of the Restóration. He is the only one of the Pilgrim Fathers whose portrait has come down to us, excepting the possibility of the one of Myles Standish previously mentioned. This Winslow portrait, together with those of Gov. Josiah Winslow, his wife Penelope, and Gen. John Winslow, and the original Winslow coat of arms from the tomb in Green Harbor, are now in possession of the Pilgrim Society and are in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth. His son, Josiah Winslow, remained in Green Harbor and lived in his father's house, which he enlarged, and made into a sort of fort during King Philip's War, at which time he was Governor of the Colony. He continued in the office till his death, Dec. 18, 1680, when, according to the record, "He was buried on the 23d at the Colony's expense, in memory of its endeared love and affection for him." A son of this Josiah Winslow was Isaac Winslow, who built the present Winslow house about 1700, an illustration of which is

given in the chapter on Old Houses. He maintained the ability of the family, and held important offices, civil and military, in the service of the Colony; and it was his son, Col. John Winslow, great-grandson of Gov. Edward Winslow, who has the unenviable notoriety of removing the Acadians from Nova Scotia, which has been immortalized by Longfellow. It would be outside the purpose of this account to enter into a narration of that transaction. The words and genius of Longfellow have given to the occurrence a sad and romantic interest, which will outlast any defence that might be made by those whose opinions have been softened by a study of the historical facts.

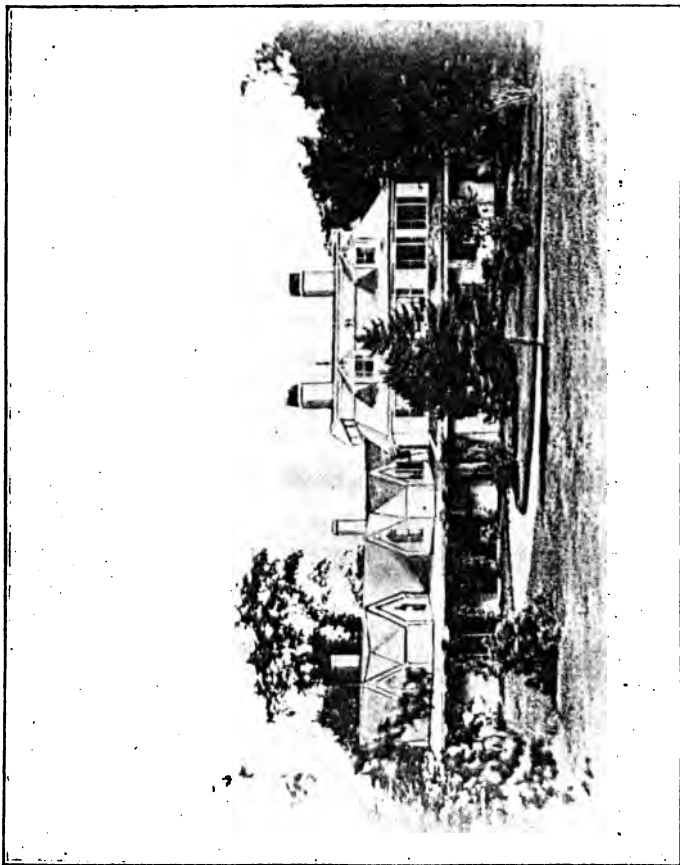
The cellar of the first house, built as early as 1637, was explored very thoroughly by Dr. Stephen Henry of Marshfield. It lies in the meadows, a few hundred feet southeast from the present house. Doctor Henry thinks it was standing till the latter part of the eighteenth century. Doctor Henry unearthed articles of pottery, tiles, etc., but the most important article that he found was a Catholic medal, or amulet, which he thinks, with good reason, belonged to one of the Acadians, as it is known that some of them came to Green Harbor with Col. John Winslow.

This ancient family is now extinct; its last surviving member to occupy the homestead in Green Harbor was Dr. Isaac Winslow, a noted physician, who died in 1819, aged eighty; and his grandson Isaac, who died in Boston some years since, was the last member in the male line.

Perhaps a renown greater than any connected with the early settlement has been given to this locality by its having been

the home of Daniel Webster. Mr. Webster came here about the year 1827, and lived in the same house to the day of his death, Oct. 24, 1852. Some of his ancestors had lived in Kingston in the early days of the Colony; he had, however, no pride of descent, having something far grander, as he could have remarked with a spirit similar to that of Napoleon's, who dated his family from the battle of Marengo. He loved and revered the memory of the Pilgrim Colonists and, as mentioned in the preface, considered his oration at the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Landing as his greatest effort, and old people who were present on that occasion have left their testimony, that it seemed to them as if a young Jove had descended from the clouds to speak to them, so highly gifted in mind and body did he appear in this beginning of a career that was to be devoted to expounding and defending the Constitution of these United States, framed in his childhood.

Aside from its historical associations, Mr. Webster was a great lover of the place and its situation. In the first quarter of the century, while journeying along the shore, he passed the house that was destined to be his future home, and was struck with the scenery, which had a sort of wild, uncultivated look, partially wooded, with an undulatory surface of small heights which afforded picturesque views of the sea and the extensive reach of marshes. Gazing upon the attractive scene, Mr. Webster said to his wife: "I am going to buy that place," and suiting the action to the word, immediately turned back and began negotiations for it, which he soon brought to



WEBSTER HOUSE.

a close by letting the owner name his own price. The place was owned by the Thomas family, which had from the earliest times been associated with the history of the town, but the family having been Loyalists in the Revolutionary War, part of the place had been confiscated, and the owner at that time had become involved in keeping it up, so that he was glad to sell to Mr. Webster, who offered to the old people a home in the house as long as they lived, an obligation on Mr. Webster's part which he fulfilled to the letter. While the place was a good-sized farm, Mr. Webster kept enlarging it, until he owned something over one thousand acres. This large tract he cultivated scientifically, and spoke of it with pride as his farm. He had herds of cattle of which he was very proud, having them severally named, and a short time before his death, when he was able to sit out of doors, he had them driven past him, calling each by name.

Here Mr. Webster lived during all of his leisure time from his official duties and his legal practice, and here he entertained his distinguished friends. Whatever were his public faults, his broad human sympathies and love of all living things were here shown in a marked degree.

“ He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small:
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Although he hunted game birds on the shore, he would allow nothing to be killed on his farm, and used to say that

he never but once acted as a counsel where a life was in jeopardy, and this sole instance was the celebrated and most atrocious White murder in Salem. He was greatly beloved by all the people of Marshfield, with whom he mingled in easy familiarity. His last public speech was made to them on coming home from Washington, a few months before his death. One small extract is a key of the whole, having all the felicity of expression that is shown in his most noted addresses :

I deem it a great piece of good fortune that, coming from the mountains, desirous of having a summer residence on the seacoast, I came where I did and when I did. Many, when they come down through these pine woods and over these sandy hills to see us, wonder what drew Mr. Webster to Marshfield. Why, gentlemen, I tell them it was partly good sense, but more good fortune. I had got a pleasant spot, I had lands about me diversified, my fortune was to fall into a kind neighborhood, among men with whom I never had any difficulty, with whom I had entered into a well-understood covenant, that I would talk with them on farming, and fishing, and of neighborhood concerns, but I would never speak a word to them, or they to me, on law or politics. They have kept their side of the bargain, and I have kept mine.

It is somewhat remarkable to notice in this last year of the century how the fame of Mr. Webster has grown, considering, too, that probably the great majority of his countrymen now think that many of his public actions of the last twenty years of his life were political mistakes. Of the eminent public men who lived in his time, from the first quarter to the middle of this century, he seems to be the only one whose speeches, legal arguments, or writings are much read today, or which will have a place in the literature of the language; and perhaps one of the reasons for this is the aptitude of his phrases—that however much his words might be weighty with thought, their expression was simple and direct.

Mr. Webster owned a farm in New Hampshire, where he was born and bred, which he used occasionally to visit. He once said, that in three days of the year he could see all there was to be seen up there, but he could find something new for every day of the year in Marshfield. Mr. Webster had a large library in the Gothic addition on the left side of the house shown in the illustration; this he particularly valued, as it was planned by his daughter Julia, who died quite early in life. He had in it many curious and interesting articles presented to him by societies and friends; but he considered as almost the most valuable of his possessions the thirteen silver medals which the Old Continental Congress had presented on different occasions to General Washington; and this was the way they came into his possession: At an early date in the century one of the Washington heirs offered them to Congress for a reasonable sum. The lawgivers took the matter under consideration, and profoundly discussed it pro and con, at several sessions. Mr. Webster, who was in Congress at the time, feared that the purchase would not be made, and proposed to his wife, who was about to buy an expensive shawl, that she should use the money in buying the medals, to which she gladly consented. Finally after a due amount of consideration Congress concluded to buy them,—but the chance was gone. The house of Mr. Webster, an illustration of which fronts this chapter, was burned some twenty years ago, and a more modern residence built upon the spot, which his grandchildren inhabited till their death. It is now the property of Mr. Walton Hall, a Boston merchant. There is only one building left on the place that was

there in the time of Mr. Webster. This one is a sort of garden-house, in which the Ashburton Treaty with England was made, 1840-50, Lord Ashburton visiting Mr. Webster at the time.

A short distance from the mansion is Old Burial Hill, on which is the ancient burial ground of the town. In front of the

enclosure stood the ancient church. There was a stone in this yard bearing date 1651, but it has long since fallen into fragments. The oldest one that can be deciphered now bears the date of 1699. In about the center of the enclosure is the Winslow tomb, covered by a stone slab, on which is elaborately cut the Winslow coat of arms, an illustration of which is shown as a tail-



piece to this chapter. The slab containing the original coat of arms was so chipped by relic-hunters that it was removed to Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth, as previously stated, and a new one set in its place, which bears this inscription:

THE HON. JOSIAH WINSLOW,

GOV. OF NEW PLYMOUTH,

DYED DEC. YE 18, 1680, ÆTATIS 52.

PENELOPE YE WIDOW OF GOV. WINSLOW,

DYED DEC. YE 7, 1703, ÆTATIS 73.

THE HON. ISAAC WINSLOW, ESQ.,

DYED DEC. YE 14, 1738, ÆTATIS 67.

HON. JOSIAH WINSLOW, ESQ.,

DIED APRIL 17, 1774, ÆTATIS 72.

ISAAC WINSLOW, M.D.,

DIED OCTOBER 24, 1819, AGED 80.

JOHN WINSLOW, ESQ.,

DIED AT NATCHEZ, AUG. 24, 1822, AGED 48.

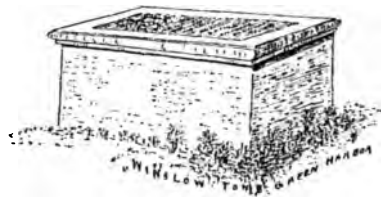
This tomb is known to contain the remains of other members of the Winslow family, but the names of few of them can now be ascertained. Within the enclosure are burial stones to the memory of other members of this family.

Forming a part of this enclosure is the Webster lot, containing the Webster tomb, and stones about it to the several members of the Webster family. This burial ground is neatly enclosed with a fence, the proceeds of a fair held in Marshfield in 1854.

The view from the hill is varied and interesting; to the north lies a wide extent of salt marsh, from which the town derives its name; to the south and west, woods sprinkled with settlements, and about two miles distant to the east is the ocean.

Nearly all the people who knew Mr. Webster have passed on; but one who was intimate with him as his farm foreman, Mr. Porter Wright, still lives in a cottage that was once a part of the Webster farm.

Near the "Webster place" on the same road, stands the pleasant home of the late Adelaide Phillips, the well-known songstress, who held a high place among the musical fraternity. She, too, sleeps on the Old Burial Hill, within sight and sound of the sea she loved so well.



XIV.

THE FRENCH CABLE.

“ I’LL put a girdle round about
The earth in forty minutes.”

AS the North American end of the cable is in Duxbury, a brief description will be given of the company, and the ceremonies that took place at the time it was landed, in July, 1869.

The concession for laying and operating this cable was granted to Baron Emile d’Erlinger of Paris and Julius Reuter of London, in 1868, by the French Government, and conveyed the right to run a cable from France to the United States, and to work it for twenty years, under the conditions that no soil other than the United States and France be touched by the cable in its transit, and the price of a dispatch of twenty words not to exceed twenty dollars. The French Government bound itself not to grant any other concessions for lines between these two countries during this period. The company was organized with a capital of \$6,000,000, and it is said that in less than eight days the subscription list was filled by the most reliable banking houses of Europe. In a very short time the shares were selling at a premium of two to three per cent at the London and Paris exchanges. The company that manufactured the Anglo-American cable was given the contract of making and laying this one. Routes were surveyed, and the

one adopted went from Brest to the southern end of the Grand Bank, thence to the French island of St. Pierre, off the south coast of Newfoundland, and thence down past Cape Breton Island and Nova Scotia to the shore of Massachusetts. The length of cable from Brest to St. Pierre is 2,584 miles; from St. Pierre to Duxbury, 749 miles; the line has a total length, therefore, of 3,333 miles from end to end, nearly 1,200 miles more than the Anglo-American cable. The bed of the cable, extending from deep water off Brest to the junction with the shore end of St. Pierre, lies on one of those great plateaus which are known to exist at the bottom of the Atlantic. This plateau is at a depth of about two thousand fathoms. The cable was laid in the arc of a great circle, the most northern point being in about latitude forty-eight, and the most southern point is about latitude forty-two. When approaching the Grand Bank it was laid far enough away to insure a depth below the grounding line of icebergs. Although the depth to which icebergs actually reach is unknown, it is assumed by experts to be as low sometimes as ninety fathoms. From St. Pierre a line was taken that avoided the anchorage ground of fishing vessels, and was in such comparatively shoal water that repairs might be easily made.

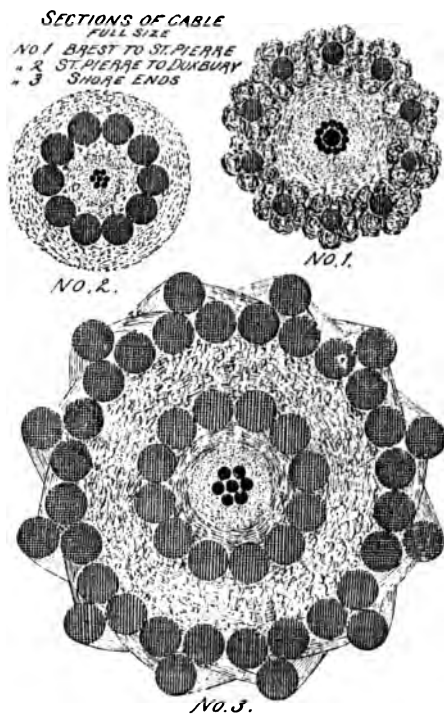
The draught of cable sections shown in the illustration are the actual size, and show the manner of construction.

The central core is composed of copper wires; around this are placed gutta percha and Chatterton's compound, the former being the insulation material; around this is wound tarred manilla, and over all is twisted iron wire, either bare or covered

by strands of tarred manilla, which is said to be nearly indestructible under the action of salt water.

The ocean cable No. 1 is light, weighing only 3,500 pounds to the mile.

The vessel used for carrying and laying this cable was the



“Great Eastern,” the largest vessel ever built, some twenty thousand tons burden, and this was the best use to which the great ship had been put. The cable was stowed in three great tanks. The main one held 1,112 miles of cable, the after one 912, and

the forward one 728 miles. Ingenious and heavy machinery was used for this work, great drums for paying-out and winding-up purposes, and large iron buoys for buoying the cable when necessary. Three vessels accompanied the "Great Eastern" to lay the shore ends, each fitted with similar machinery, including grappling irons, tongs, and picking-up apparatus.

The "Great Eastern" left Brest about the middle of June and reached St. Pierre about the middle of July, while two of the smaller vessels, the "Chiltern" and the "Sanderia," proceeded to Duxbury with the cable for this end, and arrived off Rouse's Hummock on Friday, the 23d. It was a beautiful summer day, the sea unruffled. Two large boats were lashed together and a platform built over them, on which enough cable was coiled up to reach the shore. To this sort of raft was attached a large boat manned with sailors. At a signal they were cast loose from the "Chiltern," and the sailors, bending to their oars, moved slowly to the beach. People had come down from Boston to witness this landing, as well as many from the surrounding country, to the number, it is said, of a thousand people. When the boats reached the beach the sailors seized the cable and dragged it up the beach to the Hummock amid cheers from the people, waving of handkerchiefs, and an artillery salute from the "Chiltern" and "Sanderia." It is said that many of the gentlemen who came from Boston also seized hold of the cable and assisted in pulling it up the beach. A message was at once sent to the Emperor Napoleon in France, announcing the successful ter-

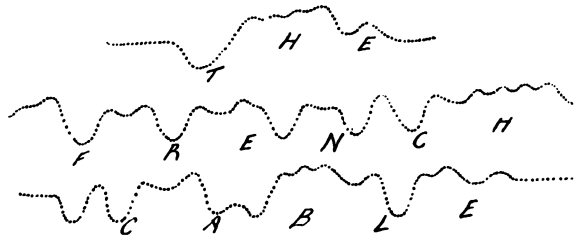
mination of the enterprise, and an answer was received back, showing the connection was perfect. One message was received announcing the rise in the price of cable shares in Paris.

The City of Boston, thinking the occasion great enough to warrant their official action, appointed a committee of aldermen and councilmen to make arrangements for celebrating the important event. On the day succeeding the landing this committee, with Mayor Shurtleff, visited Duxbury, and tendered their co-operation, in the name of the city, in celebrating the occasion. This was done on the following Tuesday by a salute of one hundred guns on Boston Common, and the display of the national colors from the public buildings. A local committee had been formed in the meantime, consisting of the late Mr. S. N. Gifford, clerk of the Senate, and other gentlemen of the town, and arrangements made to have a celebration. A large tent was pitched on Abram's Hill, a plateau north of Powder Point, to which an extension of Cove Street now leads. This spot overlooks the ocean, the Hummock, the track of the cable across the marsh, the town, bay, etc. In this tent plates were laid for six hundred guests. In the words of the day: "The flags of America, France, and England were gracefully and lovingly intertwined, a fitting symbol of the sentiments of peace and good-will, which this electric cord binding together the three nations, tends to fasten and cement." The accounts of the time also say that "among the distinguished arrivals were Sir James Anderson, Lord Cecil, Viscount Parker, Mayor Shurtleff, Mons. Britsch, a noted French electrician, Judge Russell, Professor Pierce of Harvard College,

Mr. Watson, the financial agent of the cable company, and many others."

Governor Claflin sent down a light battery with twenty-five men, a banquet followed with the usual toasts, responded to by the noted gentlemen present. Messages were received during the exercises from the prefect of Paris, addressed to the mayor of Boston. The festivities of the day were appropriately closed by an entertainment given by the late George W. Wright and his accomplished wife, at their residence, where in addition to the distinguished guests of the day, the governor of the state, Governor Claflin, was present.

The tailpiece following shows a part of the alphabet as now used. This is a facsimile of full size. It is on a paper-tape seven-tenths of an inch in width, and the operator writes off the message as it unrolls. When not recording a message the instrument makes a straight line of dots in the middle of the tape, as is shown at the beginning and ending, before T and after E. The system is a modification of the original Morse method of dots and dashes, that were given by sound. The same general idea is here followed, dots being above the line and dashes below it. The recording instrument is the invention of Sir William Thompson, and has been in use since 1877.



XV.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE TOWN'S SETTLEMENT.

THIS anniversary occurred on June 17, 1887, and this was also the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, with which the celebration will always be connected. A committee was chosen by the town at the annual town meeting of 1886 to consider the subject, and report at the town meeting in 1887. This committee comprised Laurence Bradford, William J. Wright, William J. Alden, Jr., and LeBaron Goodwin. This committee devised various ways of raising money, and by the next town meeting had collected a considerable sum and received what they considered was sufficient encouragement to go ahead, if the town would make an appropriation. An appropriation was made, and the same committee reappointed and increased in number. The town's contribution was augmented by many gifts from private sources; so, having money enough, the undertaking was pushed rapidly. Mr. William J. Wright was made chairman of the committee, and it is through his exertions that the celebration was made so much of a success. The writer was not present, being in Montana at the time, and so can give no account of the proceedings from personal knowledge, but a description is added, published in a Boston paper at the time, written by Mr. Wendell O. Hunt, who witnessed

CELEBRATION OF DUXBURY'S QUARTER-MILLENNIAL.

For an hour after sunrise on the morning of June 17 the bells of all the churches were rung, while at several points discharges of cannon were heard. The people were abroad early, and the streets were alive with happy groups. Here an old man welcomes his former schoolmates with a warm grasp of the hand, and recalls some youthful frolic; there some school children of today, with bright faces and white dresses, hurry to be ready for their part in the exercises.

From far and near, by trains, in carriages, and on foot, the number constantly increased, until the neighborhood of Soule's Corner presented an unwonted scene, for here the first exercises of the day commenced by a review of the three Grand Army posts, constituting the Plymouth Rock battalion, which took place at 8 o'clock. The day was warm, the sky was clear, and everybody was happy and proud.

At 9 o'clock a concert by the American Band of South Weymouth was given at the South Duxbury station. The first train from Boston brought a large number of the sons and daughters of old Duxbury, who had returned to the homes of their childhood to help celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her incorporation. At 10 o'clock the formation of the procession began, and at 10.20 a special train arrived from Boston, bringing Governor Ames and the invited guests, who were welcomed with a salute of seventeen guns. Promptly at 10.45 o'clock the procession moved from South Duxbury station, under the direction of James Downey, a war veteran of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, chief marshal, assisted by the following as aids: Samuel Atwell, Jr., James H. Killian, John H. Haverstock, and George B. Wright.

The procession moved from South Duxbury station by way of Hall's Corner and Main Street to the speaker's tent, on the "Harvey Baker" field, in the grounds near the handsome residence of George W. Wright, in the following order:

Chief Marshal, James Downey.

Aids, Samuel Atwell, Jr., James H. Killian, John H. Haverstock, George B. Wright.

Silver Fife and Drum Corps of Plymouth.

Collingwood Post, No. 76, G. A. R. of Plymouth, Commander A. O. Brown.

His Excellency, Governor Ames, and invited guests in carriages.

American Band of South Weymouth.

William Wadsworth Post, No. 165, G. A. R. of Duxbury, Commander

John W. Tower.

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Martha Sever Post, No. 154, of Kingston, Commander George E. Owens.

Randolph Band.

Grand Canton Bunker Hill, I. O. O. F. of Charlestown, Commandant

Major E. W. Brown.

Plymouth Band.

Sagamore Encampment, No. 45, I. O. O. F. of Plymouth.

Adams Lodge, No. 189, I. O. O. F. of Kingston.

Mattakeeset Lodge, No. 110, I. O. O. F. of Duxbury.

Citizens of Duxbury and adjoining towns.

The tent was completely filled, the large audience being seated under direction of the committee. The scene was very impressive. Upon the platform in front of the table sat William J. Wright, president of the day. At his right sat Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University, the orator of the day, and at his left Rev. Frederick N. Knapp, the chaplain. There were also seated upon the platform His Excellency, Governor Ames, Hon. Halsey J. Boardman, president of the senate, Hon. John D. Long, M.C., Henry B. Peirce, secretary of state, Hon. George B. Loring, Hon. Benjamin W. Harris, Capt. J. G. B. Adams, sergeant-at-arms, George W. Wright, Myles Standish, Colonels Wild and Abbott of the Governor's staff, and others. The exercises began at 12.15. Rev. F. N. Knapp offered prayer, after which the president of the day, with a neat speech of welcome, introduced Justin Winsor, who delivered the oration.

The oration was followed by the original poem written by Miss Lucia A. Bradford, a descendant of Governor Bradford, read by Rev. F. N. Knapp:

The memories of today,
They take us far away
To times long gone;
To times of toil and care,
To scenes where joys were rare,
To times of scanty fare,
To us unknown.

But here were homes more true,
Myles Standish, far to you,
Than England's halls;
Though winter's storms were drear,
Though savage foes were near,
Yet there was Pilgrim cheer
Within your walls.

The Mayflower-perfumed air
 Bore up the Pilgrim's prayer
 For labors blest.
 In autumn's chilly dew,
 Our flower of heavenly blue,
 Rose Standish, bloomed for you
 In peace and rest.*

The bluebirds in the spring
 Sang their sweet welcoming,
 To rouse and charm;
 Where first John Alden came,
 Their haunt is still the same,
 Still bears its Pilgrim name:
 "John Alden's Farm."

Here rose the precious fame
 Of Elder Brewster's name
 And works of love;
 From want and woe to save,
 And the blest hopes he gave
 Of rest beyond the grave,
 In heaven above.

This closed the exercises of the morning.

In the afternoon a series of field sports was given under the management of F. B. Knapp. At sunset a salute of guns and bells, and, as a grand finale, a beautiful display of fireworks was given in the evening on the hill near the Hollis House. The night was mild and free from dampness. No summer's evening could have been selected better adapted to out-of-door amusements.

At 9 o'clock Duxbury Hall was thrown open to the public for social intercourse, and from that time till midnight there was dancing, under the floor direction of Levi P. Simmons, one of the seventh generation of Peregrine White; William J. Alden, Jr., a direct descendant of John Alden, and James L. McNaught, and Messrs. David S. Goodspeed, Charles P. Dorr and John W. Tower as aids.

The committee of arrangements consisted of William J. Wright, chairman; William J. Alden, Jr., secretary; Laurence Bradford, treasurer; Levi P. Simmons, Hambleton E. Smith, George Bradford, Frederick B. Knapp, George W. Wright, John S. Loring, John B. Hollis, Jr., Josiah Peterson, Albert M. Thayer, Joshua W. Swift, Benjamin C. Cahoon, LeBaron Goodwin and John W. Tower.

* The fringed gentian blooms about the Standish place in October.

XVI.

THE CLAM.

"INGLORIOUS friend! Most confident I am
 Thy life is one of very little ease;
 Albeit men mock thee with their similes,
 And prate of being "happy as a clam!"
 What though thy shell protects thy fragile head
 From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea?
 Thy valves are, sure, no safety valves to thee
 While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,
 And bear thee off, as foemen take their spoil,
 Far from thy friends and family to roam;
 Forced like a Hessian from thy native home
 To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
 Though thou art tender, yet thy humble bard
 Declares, O clam, thy case is shocking hard!"

DUXBURY is known by this bivalve where Myles Standish was never heard of, and where the stories of the grey fathers, if ever heard, would be considered myths; yet if you would go further in a literal sense, the old saw of faring worse, might be reversed; as the writer once found years ago when in an out-of-the-way place on the California coast, he was asked, on making it known that he was from the Eastern States, if he had ever seen the place where those Duxbury ships were built? This was too far for even the delicious flavor of the clam to have been wafted.

Perhaps in a homelier vein, too much praise can scarcely be given to this denizen of the flats; without him the wisdom of the early governors would have failed; the piety of Elder

Brewster have had a short duration; the martial valor of Myles Standish have been uselessly exercised against the enemies of the weak and struggling Colony, and John Alden's pastoral virtues never have reached an appreciative posterity.

What orators and essayists ascribe to an all-wise Providence, was justly due to the clam, or the higher influence working through him; in other words, his claims were not acknowledged in the sequence. It was the clam that nurtured the infant Colony, which is said by some to have contained the seed of the Republic, and prevented it from following the fate of like enterprises in other parts of the country.

Daniel Webster, who lived just over the line in Marshfield, as mentioned before, was a devotee to the excellence of clam chowder, often treating his distinguished friends to that famous dish; on such occasions, it is said, he would not permit his cook to mix the ingredients and cook the chowder, saying that a clam chowder was too easily spoiled to allow an unskilled hand to make it.

The ancient glories of the Duxbury clam have now somewhat departed. We are told the sinful marketmen in the cities palm off on unsuspecting purchasers a spurious article, that has never hailed at low water, or any other time, the Gurnet Lights; be this as it may, we do not now see for sale the large-sized white-shelled article that once abounded in the markets. The demand exceeds the supply, and they are sought so assiduously, that they have no time to grow. Why not protect them? That is easily said; but it is the same old story that is connected with the protecting of any marketable

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product. In the case of the clam, those who wish to protect them do not dig them, and those who personally dig, or market them, prefer the present gain to some prospective profit, which they themselves can never hope to realize, or so they think; and also, that if protected, some other fellow will get ahead of them. You may say the game is protected; and so it is with the choicest kinds of fish; for the simple reason that those who hunt or angle for them are interested in their preservation. Should the time ever come when the liquor dealers wish to enforce the law against the unlawful sale of intoxicants, such unlawful sale will practically cease.

“O clam, how humble is thy state,
 In mind, and form, and soul so low;
 What thought on thee may we bestow,
 And what of eminence relate?
 To sustain a gormand's palate!
 And all thy excellences sure,
 Simply to please an epicure!
 Can we of thee no more relate?
 Tales of yard-arms in combat crossed,
 Of Duxbury's ancient fame,
 Shall ne'er be mingled with thy name;
 Nor valiant ships in cyclones lost.
 But thine a greater glory yet:
 A mighty nation to beget.”



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