250th

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

TOWN OF

SOUTHAMPTON,

N. Y.

1640 1890

ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE

250TH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

VILLAGE AND TOWN OF SOUTHAMPTON,

JUNE 12TH, 1890,

BY

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Including Introduction, Programme of Proceedings and Original Odes.

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

JOHN H. HUNT, PUBLISHER,
SAG-HARBOR, N. Y.

1890.

INTRODUCTION.

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At the annual Town Meeting of the electors of the Town of Southampton, on Tuesday, April 2d, 1889, it was voted that a committee of five, of which the Supervisor should be one, be appointed by the chair, to make preparations for celebrating the anniversary of the fifth semi-centennial of the settlement of the Town.

P. R. Jennings, chairman of that meeting, after consultation with many public spirited citizens of the Town, appointed as the committee, in addition to the Hon. James H. Pierson, Supervisor, Gilbert H. Cooper* of Sag-Harbor, G. Clarence Topping of Sagaponack, James H. Foster of Southampton

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* Gilbert H. Cooper, one of the committee of arrangements, was a lineal descendant, on the father's side, from "Thomas Cooper the elder," and on the mother's side from Thomas Sayre, both of them among the earliest founders of the town of Southampton. He had very efficiently aided in the arrangements and labors preparatory to this celebration, and with all the glowing ardor of his nature was interested in forwarding the publication of the proceedings and addresses. He met with the printer and writer hereof on Saturday, the 26th day of July, 1890, to consult on these subjects. By arrangement he was to meet the committee at Sag-Harbor on Saturday, the 2d of August, 1890, to promote the object desired. He had retired apparently in his usual health on the previous evening. When, on the morning following, a member of the family called him to rise, the folded hands, the silent lips, the unmoving eye, made no response. Possibly he would have chosen to avoid the painful parting, the gathering infirmities, the lingering pains of dissolution. If his preference was to meet with God's people on that last evening on earth, join in their worship, offer his prayer with theirs, and then hear the Anthem of Heaven, his preference may have been graciously granted. The writer, with the consent of the surviving members of the committee, enshrines the memory of his old schoolmate and friend with these enduring memorials of the Town, and of the memorable event in which he well bore a part.

H. P. H.

County, N. Y., New-York Geographical, Genealogical and Biographical Societies, American Historical Magazine, descendants of Lion Gardiner, Judges of the Supreme Court, Supervisors of Suffolk County, the County Judges past and present, Surrogate, District Attorney, &c.

It had been a difficult problem for the committee to decide where to hold the celebration. The church would be too small, a tent in a storm would be an insufficient protection. Fortunately the large building, 45x120 feet, then erected and being finished, on the south side of Job's Lane, promised accommodation for nearly two thousand people, and was chosen and arranged and magnificently decorated therefor. But even that spacious hall would have proved entirely inadequate but for the ominous thunder and light showers in the early morning and the overcast, threatening look of the heavens during most of the day, preventing a large attendance from remote districts. In the morning and evening the crowd was barely sheltered. In the afternoon not over two-thirds could enter the already packed bnilding.

The interest of the people of the town in this historic celebration grew in intensity until its conclusion. The committee of arrangements labored assiduously to make it the success which public opinion pronounced it to be. In this they were efficiently aided by the hearty co-operation of their townsmen and of the ladies. The organizing genius of Dr. E. G. Howard was never more conspicuous or more successful than in the leadership of the 125 voices that rolled in harmony as one in the music of this historic day.

Of the morning exercise, after welcome to the vast audience by the chairman, invocation was offered by Rev. B. F. Reeve, of Sag-Harbor, followed by the Historical Address, occupying notwithstanding much undelivered, one hour and forty minutes. Of the afternoon addresses, occupying some two and a half hours, the reader can properly judge. At the time

of their delivery the audience accepted them as appropriate memorials of the occasion and the memorable event they were designed to commemorate. The exercises of the evening were necessarily of a character difficult to define. Long beforehand they were dependent on the attendance of professional and representative men who at the last moment might be summoned to attend the inexorable calls of business life. Esquire Foster, somewhat wearied with the exacting labors of this and previous days, had requested Judge Hedges to preside in the evening. The Judge, freed from the responsibility of his long address, was in elastic spirit, but soon found of all the invited speakers for the evening, none were present save Judge Howland and General Swayne. Lengthening out his introductions to enliven and interest the audience, he called on Edward F. DeLancey, of the New-York State Historical Society, who responded for the old and honored society he represented. Hon. John A. King, president of that society, was present, but preferred not to speak on the occasion. Hon. Richard C. McCormick, ex-Governor of Arizona, next spoke, advocating the preservation of the memorials of the olden time, as eloquently presented in the address of S. E. Herrick, D. D. Nicoll Floyd, of Mastic, L. I., great-grandson of William Floyd, of this County, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was next called on, and responded in behalf of his illustrious ancestor, modestly urging the adoption of the plan suggested by Dr. Herrick for preservation of the historic materials and memorials of the olden time. Surrogate James H. Tuthill, President of the Suffolk County Historical Society, in well chosen words responded to the call as representative of that society.

The playful allusion of Judge Hedges to the "supposed dog" which the Judge declared he never owned was to the audience a source of amusement. Evidently the hour for serious historic study had passed and the hour for lighter reading had

come. The brilliant epigram and anecdote of the following speaker, Judge Howland, like a succession of exploding fireworks, fascinated and held the audience in good humor. Gen. Swayne spoke of that tide of emigration moving from Jamestown and Virginia to the territory northwest of the Ohio river, of which his ancestors formed a part, joining there the tide moving from Plymouth Rock and enjoying that exemption from slavery that ensured this Continent for Freedom. An address, based upon the profoundest principles and illustrated with interesting and amusing event and anecdote. Judge Reid made the closing address with facile word and apt allusion, deploring the lack of historic interest in the town he represented (Babylon) latest organized of all the towns in Suffolk County.

The display and sale of memorial medals; the wigwam near at hand constructed by one of the fast vanishing race of Shinnecocks; the residences tastefully decorated with flags and banners; the thunder of cannon at intervals throughout the day; the parade of one hundred young horsemen on gaily caparisoned steeds; the moving through the streets of a whale boat on wheels with some of the ancient mariners therein; were among the novel, interesting and entertaining features of the memorable day.

The programme following may aid the reader to grasp the spirit of the occasion.

PROGRAMME.

The 250th anniversary of the settlement of the Village and Town of Southampton, will be celebrated in the spacious hall at the head of Lake Agawam, in said village,

THURSDAY, JUNE 12th, 1890.

The ringing of bells and firing of cannon will usher in the day. The exercises will be as follows:

MORNING—commencing at 10:30 o'clock.

The meeting in the Hall will open with prayer by Rev. B. F. Reeve, of Sag-Harbor, followed with music by the Sag-Harbor Cornet Band, accompanied by a large Chorus, all under the direction of Dr. E. G. Howard.

James H. Foster, chairman of the committee of arrangements, will speak words of welcome.

An Historical Address will be delivered by Hon. Henry P. Hedges.

An Ode, written for the occasion, will be rendered by the Chorus

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AFTERNOON—commencing at 2:45 o'clock.

Music by the Band and Chorus.

Address by George R. Howell, A. M., of the New-York State Library. Subject: "Our Puritan Ancestors."

Music.

Address by William S. Pelletreau, A. M. Subject: "Changes in Social and Family Life since the Settlement of Southampton."

Music.

Address by Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D. D. Subject: "Our Relation to the Past, a Debt to the Future."

Ode.

EVENING—commencing at 8 o'clock.

Music by the Band.

Several gentlemen have accepted invitations to speak in the evening, among whom are Elihu Root, Frederick Betts, T. G. Thomas, M. D., Hon. Henry Howland, and Gen. J. Wager Swayne.

Per order of James H. Foster,
Gilbert H. Cooper,
Erastus F. Post,
James H. Pierson,
G. Clarence Topping,
Committee.

The pieces sung were "America," Whittier's "Centennial Hymn," Bacons' "Forefathers' Day," the hymn commencing "Let the Hills and Vales Resound," and the two following odes composed for the occasion.

SING FOR OUR SIRES.

Sing a great song for our sires! Tell their fame!
Heroes of faith were they, true men and brave,
Pilgrims of Hope to this lone land they came;
Hope, like a star, shone serene o'er the wave.
Faithful to conscience, and strong for the right,
Guiding their steps by the light of God's word,
Kept they the faith and fought the good fight,
Knowing no fear save "the fear of the Lord."

Sing a great song for our dear native land,
Glorious heritage, gift of the past!
Countless her sons as the grains of sand
Fringing with silver her ocean lines vast.
Riches and power unbounded increase;
Fair as the sunrise are all her wide fields;
Freedom inhabits her borders, and peace
Reigns where the freeman the sovereignty wields.

Sing we this day a great song to the Lord,
Sing to Jehovah, our forefather's God!
God was the King whom the Pilgrims adored,
Counting no human king worthy their laud.
Our King is God! Him we honor and praise,
He is the giver of freedom and peace.
Glorious He, in His wisdom and ways;
Sing to His name! Let His praise never cease!

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

All hail to thee, thou ancient spot,
The loyal knee we bend,
And homage give to Thee, oh God,
Who doth such blessings send.
These spreading plains were opened first
By hands long since grown cold,
And all the hearts that planned this home
For us, are 'neath the mold.
The God of our forefathers rules
This spot now as of yore,
When they from home and kinsmen sailed
To seek this stranger shore.
The music of the mighty sea
The same melodious tones
Bears to the loyal heart to-day,
As ever it has done.
And may the next two hundred years
Still keep true hearts aglow,
That they may sing, as we to-day,
"Two Hundred Years Ago."

The years are gliding swiftly by,
And soon will all who raise
Their voice to-day, be gathered home,
That Better Land to praise.
But when three hundred years have rolled
In grandeur all sublime,
May many who to-day rejoice,
Then see that glorious time;
And homage give, to those who won,
By noble deeds each day.
The honors to whom now we give
The tribute of our lay.
May this the footstool of God's throne
Unsullied still remain,
When still another century
Shall claim a new refrain.
And may the voices then attuned,
With love and joy o'erflow,
When they shall sing as we sing now,
"Two Hundred Years Ago."

A REQUEST.

We the subscribers, residents and citizens (or natives) of Suffolk County, respectfully request that Hon. Henry P. Hedges will consent to having his portrait used for a frontispiece to the volume of *The Proceedings of the Celebration of the 250th Anniversary of the Settlement of the Town of Southampton*, believing as we do that it will be highly appreciated by the public as a memento of one who has so long been identified with the affairs of Town, County and State.

ORVILLE B. ACKERLY, 71 Broadway, N. Y.
JAMES H. FOSTER,
JAMES H. PIERSON,
GILBERT H. COOPER,
G. CLARENCE TOPPING,
ERASTUS F. POST,
} Committee of Arrangements.
WM. S. PELLETREAU,
M. H. TOPPING,
S. G. LUDLOW,
ROBT. E. TOPPING,
HENRY C. PLATT,
J. J. HARRISON.
WILLIAM J. POST,
P. R. JENNINGS,
DAVID H. RAYNOR,
MARCUS E. GRIFFIN,
L. E. TERRY,
E. A. CARPENTER,
JOHN H. HUNT,
JOHN SHERRY,
BRINLEY D. SLEIGHT.
WM. WALLACE TOOKER,
THOS. F. BISGOOD.
SAML. P. OSBORNE,
JOSEPH S. OSBORNE,
DAVID J. GARDINER,
BENJ. H. VanSCOY,
J. T. GARDINER,
J. K. PARSONS,

H. P. Hedges

ADDRESS BY HON. H. P. HEDGES.

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FRIENDS OF SOUTHAMPTON:

An eminent New England logician and divine defined Truth as "the reality of things." If Truth be such in its unlimited domain, then History might be defined as the record of the Reality of past things. Born in the beginnings of time, its recording pen has written the story of age after age with augmenting minuteness and light, until it seems as if "there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed." Errors long uncorrected, mistakes long unrectified, events long misstated, characters long covered with unjust disgrace or undeserved applause; all these the impartial undimmed eye of history has seen and her voice unsparingly declared for the truth. If the myths, the errors, the mistakes, once accepted, now rejected, had been followed by a sound proportioned to the falsehoods exploded, the earth would tremble with the shock. Let us remember that history delights in certainty. The universal patented tradition of pedigree, "there were three brothers came over, one settled in Massachusetts, one in New Jersey and one on Long Island," even that elicits but an incredulous smile over the obvious illusion and the heavy strain on Long Island.

THE COMPACT FOR SETTLEMENT.

In the records of the town of Southampton is an Agreement dated March 10th, 1639, signed by some twenty persons therein proposing a settlement on Long Island. There is no known document so ancient proposing the settlement of a town on this Island by Englishmen.

To the inquiries of the Antiquarian and Historian this Instrument gives many full clear answers. It blazes with light

concerning the origin, the settlers and settlement of the good old town of Southampton. It is entitled "The disposal of the vessel," because it disposed of it to Daniel How, reserving such use thereof as the contemplated colony might require, to found which it had been purchased. Yet it is does more, far more than that. Framed at Lynn, Massachusetts, before the voyage began, which resulted in the removal of the Colonists with their families and goods to Southampton, it bound the signers to submit to righteous, to a fair division and improvement of the property purchased until a church was founded. It was an organic Instrument or Constitution for the Government of the future colony, as truly as that signed in the cabin of the Mayflower. The moment the colonists landed, this compact bound the settlers and never released its hold until some other authority superceded this original organic law. The organizing genius of the Anglo Saxon mind, its capacity to institute and enforce self-government, shine in letters of light in the very origin of the town, and antedate the voyage of exploration for the search and site of the future colony, Since those owning the vessel, thereby might claim exemption from the burdens of taxation, until their advances had been repaid, and dispute might arise, this instrument anticipated and limited such claim. The entire paragraph reads thus: "Forasmuch as we Edward Howell, Edmond Farrington, Edmond Needham, Daniel How, Josias Stanborough, Thomas Saire, George Welbe and Henry Walton and Thomas Halsey, Allen Bread and William Harker have disbursed four score pounds for the setting forward a plantacon, and in regard we have taken upon us to transport at our own prop costs and charges all such persons as shall goe at the first voyage when those of our company that are chosen thereunto shall goe upon discovery and search and to begin and and settle a plantation and furthermore in regard all such persons soe goeinge upon our accompt have in our vessel the

freedom of half a tunne of goods a person it is thought meete that we the forenamed undertakers should not at any tyme or tymes hereafter be lyable to any rates, taxes or impositions, nor be put upon any fencing, building of meeting house, erecting fortifications, building of bridges, preparing highways, or otherwise charged for any cause or reason whatsoever, during the time of our discontinuance in our intended plantation except that, in the fencing in of plantinge lots every man shall with his neighbors, fence or cause to be fenced, by the first day of April 10th wch shall be 1641.'

The extract cited regarding exemption from taxes of the undertakers who were so called because they undertook to found the colony proves more, far more. It shows that some of the company chosen thereunto were to go on a first voyage "upon discovery and search and to begin and settle a plantation." Those going on that first voyage, resulting in the landing at Cow Bay and expulsion therefrom by the Dutch, were on a voyage contemplating no ending with that or any future expulsion. They were on a voyage destined to continue, until their commission "to begin and settle a plantation" had been executed. You will remember that no uncertainty, no doubt, no error can find room here. The record is positive, clear, full, unequivocal, as to the intent, purpose and continurnce of the voyage. In confirmation of this original declaration of purpose the colonial Records of New-Qork (Vol. 2, p. p. 144–6, 150, &c.) show that eight or ten pioneers on this voyage landed at Cow Bay, built a house and were building another when expelled therefrom by the Dutch, 19th May, 16$\frac{4}{5}$0. James Farrett, agent of the Earl of Sterling, the then grantee of Long Island, had by deed, dated April 17th, 1640, intended for this company, given them a right to "sitt down" or locate anywhere on Long Island and "enjoy Eight miles square of land." By a supplemental deed from Farrett, dated June 12th, 1639, (meaning 1640) the location was fixed be-

tween Peaconeck, an Indian villlage at the head of the Peconic Bay, and the easternmost point of the Island "with the whole breadth of the Island from sea to sea."

The deed of July 7th, 1640, from Farrett, limits the eight miles square west of Shinnecock at the place "where the Indians draw over their canoes" and at the "East," including the Neck or Island (now North Haven) over against Farrets Island now Shelter Island.) The deed of April conveys a right to locate. The deed of June limits the right within the expressed bounds. The deed of July finally and forever fixes the location. The voyage begun under the deed of April was intended to locate the territory conveyed and "to begin and settle a plantation." The locating deed of June after the expulsion in May implies a search and continuance of the voyage, and a location fixed between certain points, and in July defined and measured by unalterable natural monuments and bounds. To all objectors and all doubters we say this voyage begun in May was for the declared purpose of beginning and settling "a plantation."

The purpose was a continuing purpose, the voyage a continuing voyage until the chosen pioneers accomplished their mission and "began and settled a plantation." The confirming proof of compact and deeds create a presumption of settlement in June as yet unrebutted and which we submit the objector must rebut or yield his objection. We show a cannon ball rolling down hill and that at some time it reached the foot. If time has effaced its track, if vegetation hid its course, no known obstacle intervening, the presumption that its course was continuous is irresistible, and not overcome by the objection "No one saw it go there." The May voyagers intending settlement as truly after, as before the expulsion, reached Southamption presumably in continuance of the original voyage no known obstacle intervening. It is incumbent on the objector to prove that the rolling ball stopped

short of their destination and not demand of us to demonstrate that a continuing purpose continues.

If the voyage continued the settlement was in June. To prove Southampton settled by some subsequent voyage and not by this, the objector must overthrow the record and overcome all the probabilities of the case. In that day and for fifty years after, a voyage to Boston was so perilous that before sailing, the prudent landsman made his will and the pious seaman asked the prayers of the church for deliverance from danger. In 1676 Ephraim, son of this same Daniel Howe, in command of a vessel bound from Boston to New Haven, was shipwrecked and all on board including his two sons and three others perished, leaving him the sole survivor. (See Atwater's His. New Haven p. 190, and His. of Lynn, p. 124.) Our pioneers had cleared the jutting points of Nahant and Nantasket, crossed the extended shoals of Nantucket, rounded the long Sandy Hook of Cape Cod. The Gay Head Indian may have seen their vessel enter the Vineyard Sound, evade the fearful rocks and reefs that lie North and West and South from that bold headland, steering wide from the sunken shore of No Mans Land. The gleaming eye of the Narraghansett might see them off the stormy Point Judith "high on the broken wave" and his tongue mutter malediction. In spite of sunken rock and hidden reef and jutting point, of yawning billow and muttered curse, they hold their way into and along that magnificent Sound that since has born the commerce of a continent. Does the objector insist that these men, again false to duty, voluntarily returned and encountered the perils they had overcome, when the perils before them, great as they were, might be little in comparison with those they had passed. There must be no unfair arguing by the objector from the present. The Beacon Lights that in 1890 flash warning from every point on our coast and illuminate our harbors and bays and sounds, the tolling bells that planted

on our shoals tell us to sheer away from death, the lowing horn that sends its sounding signal through miles of mist and fog, not all or any of these in 1640 guided our fathers to these shores. Thus the conditions of the times, the circumstances of the case, rebut the presumption of a return voyage. And the records of the town of Southampton, earliest and first born of the English settled towns on Long Island and in the State of New-York, dissipating myth and conjecture and doubt, commencing the earliest of any town on Long Island continuing in unbroken succession to the present day demonstrate her title to priority of Settlement.

Wider reflection, ampler research and crucial controversy, confirm this title. Hence this memorable fifth semi centennial date, and this glad commemoration day.

THE SETTLEMENT ORGANIZED.

At the first the colonists occupied the rudest dwellings, the poorest among them partly or wholly underneath the surface of the earth. (See Records vol. 1 p 79 vol. 2 p. 232 and Atwater's History New Haven p. 523). Within a few years thereafter comfortable and substantial houses were built. Edward Howell first of all the company styled *gentleman*, seems to have been the most wealthy and the Father of the Colony, (Records vol. 1 p. 40). Before the erection of a church edifice, Sabbath worship may have been held at his house as the amplest for the purpose. As early as 1645 allusion is made in the town records to a church previously built, probably in 1641 (Vol. 1 p. 37 and 38). Abraham Pierson the first minister held to the exclusive right of the church to govern, in both church and state. Adhering to this theory of government adopted by the colonies of Massachusetts and New Haven, which admitted only church members to vote or hold office, we can see why he was an ardent advocate for the union of Southampton by confederation with New Haven. Dissenting from the more liberal constitution

of the colonies of Plymouth and Connecticut, he would consent to no alliance or confederation with either. On this question the minister and his flock differed, and their majority decision for union with Connecticut led to his early removal from Southampton. The antiquarian consulting the Plymouth Colony Records of acts of the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England, might be perplexed to find, that at their meeting in Boston in September, 1643, New Haven had liberty to receive into her jurisdiction the Town of Southampton, and at a meeting of the Commissioners at Hartford in September, 1644, the the same liberty was granted to the jurisdiction of Connecticut. (See Vol. IX, pp. 10 and 21.) The adverse views of pastor and people is the key to the conflicting applications and actions of the Commissioners. Going back in fancy a little less than five half centuries to some bright Sabbath morning, we might see some forty rude dwellings sheltering as many families, compactly clustered on either side of the then Southampton street. Each dwelling is fortified by enclosures of palisades, and all are guarded by a like surrounding fortification. Near the centre are both watch house and church. The rolling drumbeat of Thomas Sayre calls the worshipers, (Records, Vol. I, p. 51). Parents preceding children and servants move to the church. The deacons sit fronting the audience, who are seated according to rank and station, the men and women divided by a centre line. The soldiers with their arms are placed conveniently for defence near the door. Minister Pierson, serious, spiritual, severe, just, learned, logical, positive, presides over the assembly; with solemn air they await his utterance; with accent stern he invokes that Jehovah who thundered from Sinai. Perhaps his prayers, his exhortation, his sermon, declare his unalterable conviction concerning the foundations of human government. "The seven pillars," "wisdom hath hewn out," he interprets to mean seven

men by whom authority is to be instituted and organized within the church, within it to be perpetuated forever. We know historically that the founders of Southampton resisted this narrow theory. Perhaps Henry Pierson, sometimes as positive and unyielding as the minister, Edward Howell, devout and self controlled, Thos. Coooper "the elder," Thos. Halsey, self reliant, aggressive, and others unconvinced, repel the argument. He the hammer, they the anvil from which every hammer's blow rebounded. Thus the minister of masterly logic, father of the first president of Yale college, born here during the father's ministry. (See Dexter's graduates of Yale College, p. 59,) failed to convince and carry with him his people. So failing, after some years he removed. All honor to that first band of English patriots, who in this their earliest experience, called to choose between the great principles of civil liberty and partiality for their minister, preferred principle above friendship, freedom above tyranny, the rights and manhood suffrage of the many, above government of the few, the rule of the people before the rule of the church. This resolve, made nearly five half centuries gone by, has been affirmed by a like long experience. For once the people, this people, *our* fathers, were right, and their minister, transcendently great as he truly was, was wrong.

THE EXPERIMENT SUCCESSFUL.

The colony at Southampton, remote from any other English settlement, divided by Peconic Bay from Southold and yet farther removed from the island stronghold of staunch Lion Gardiner, surrounded by wild beasts and wild Indians, set in the wilderness, was like a ship adrift on the ocean, its company uncommanded, unofficered, undisciplined, its course undetermined, its voyage undecided, its destiny unknown. Will the company select and submit to the command of the best men? Will they enforce discipline? Will they project a practical and practicable voyage? Will they steer straight

for the destined port? Will they with united will man the yards, and as the elements permit or compel, spread the canvas or furl the sail? Shall they anchor in the desired haven? Or shall disunion and division leave them victims of their own folly, to founder in mid ocean?

With such anxious forebodings the friends of the Southampton colony might have watched its fortunes, waited anxiously for tidings from the lone settlement and heard with fear lest the news bring the story of disaster and distress, instead of hope and cheer. Has famine, gaunt and ghastly, thinned or exterminated their ranks? Has internal strife blotted out its victims from the face of the earth? Has imprudence and improvidence lost to them the means of sustenance and defence? Has wasting disease cruelly called them to untimely graves? Has some sleeping sentinel let in the watchful, prowling foe? Has the savage blotted out the light of civilization, the English set in his native wilds? Has the victor whoop of the Shinnecock drowned the battle cry of the Anglo Saxon? These are not only the inquiries of friends, but of the great heart of humanity, enlightened and elevated, the world over. At this distance of time, with little remnant of their surroundings but the solid earth whereon we stand, the vital air we breathe, the heaving ocean whose roar they heard, with bated breath we fancy their exposure, their solitude, their danger, and ask tidings of their well being or their doom. This colony may lose the knowledge of Jehovah and worship the unknown God. It may frown on schools and foster ignorance and vice. It may become besotted in intemperance, darkened in superstition, blind to the rights of freemen, unfaithful to human liberty, incompetent for self-government, the plaything of the demagogue, the object of scorn to the good and wise. It may transmit to future times the priceless treasures of ancestral piety, free born citizenship, enlightened intelligence, enlarged education, beneficent gov-

ernment, equal laws, organized industry. Unfaithful to its high mission it may blight and blast all these, and transmit to coming generations, the curse of aims, duties, privileges, possibilities, postponed, perverted, perished.

As time progressed all these questions were favorably answered. The company of settlers were brave, vigilant, intelligent, self-controlled, self-reliant, self-governed. Southampton contained within itself the powers of self-government; and more, it was capable of sending forth colonies endowed with like capacity and thus indefinitely multiplying government by the people. It was like the first tree created by the Lord "yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself."

THE CHURCH IN 1690.

If after the lapse of the first half century from the founding of the colony we in 1690 survey the situation, there appears more commodious and comfortable dwellings. The houses in the site of the town are multiplied. The old palisades, mementos of impending peril, have decayed and disappeared. There are flourishing outlying settlements at North Sea, Wickapogue, Water Mill, Cobb, Mecox and Sagabonack. There are scattered wigwams sheltering the dwindling remnant of the once powerful Shinnecock tribe, "at Sebonac," in the "Neck and on the Hills"; but west of that the territory of the town is an unsettled wilderness.

Cromwell and the commonwealth have flourished and fallen. The axe has struck off the head of the 1st King Charles. The 2d Charles, trifling, deceptive, dissolute, has figured on the stage. The 2d James, arbitrary, narrow, treacherous, has fled to France before the Revolutionary storm of 1688. Mary and the Prince of Orange hold the throne of England. On a June Sabbath morning we look and find a larger and better church has replaced the second and smaller church of 1651, (Records, Vol. I, p. 90.) The Rev. Robert Fordham, minister from 1648 to 1674, amiable, serene, spiritual, has

rested from his labors. The short terms of Harriman, Fletcher and Taylor are passed. Not by drum beat, but by the bell, sent in 1693 to be recast in London, are the people called to worship. Not as in early days when but a handfull responded to the call, but now in thronging numbers, from village and hamlet, in all the four quarters of the heavens, the people gather for worship. I see the bowed form, the trembling limbs, the lingering feet of Job Sayre, sole survivor of the origihal band of planters, move with feeble tread to the house of God. The Rev. Joseph Whiting, called from Lynn, the port of their embarkation, is minister. Learned, devout, sympathetic, he leads the worship in deep felt invocation, in solemn exposition, in yearning entreaty, in song of praise, in divine benediction. The hardy sons of the pioneers reverently listen to the voice of prayer, attend the preaching of the word, join in the song of praise. The ardent zeal, the sublime hope, the fervent faith of the fathers animate the sons. Fifty years of toil in subduing the wilderness, of battle with the wild beasts, of culture of the soil, of adventure on the sea, have not subdued the spirit, dimmed the eyes, or quenched the courage of these descendants of the band of pioneers who first founded this town. Temptation has not overcome them, unbelief has not depressed them, the world has not corrupted them, infidelity has not poisoned them. Strong arms, clear heads, brave hearts, lofty spirits here live to do honor to the memory and the name of their fathers.

THE CHURCH IN 1740, 1790, 1840.

In another half century ending in 1740 the commodious church building of 1707 stood in fair proportions. The Rev. Sylvanus White was minister, son of that Ebenezer, who was the first settled minister in Bridge-Hampton in 1695. The father was pastor there over half a century, the son here 55 years, both "faithful unto death." After another half century, a vision of the church, in 1790, would exhibit little

change. The unmelodious, inartistic hymnology of 1690, has partially passed away in 1740, and in 1790 the reconstructed harmonies of Watts had expelled the barbarous verses of the former age. Although in 1790 there was no settled minister, some supply often officiated. The lifted curtain of an hundred and fifty years would show an audience large, devout, intelligent, clad in homespun, starr'd with revolutionary soldiers. We hear the pitch pipe's sound floating clear the key-note over gallery and aisle. We hear the hymn loved of the fathers, then so often, now so seldom sung :

"Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high,
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye."

The church of 1840 is more the subject of memory than of history. Yet justice demands mention of the then minister, Hugh N. Wilson, D. D., who filled the pulpit, with emphasis on the word *filled*. His profound learning, powerful logic, mellow wit, strong faith, have made an impression, indelible upon his people.

THE TOWN HAS INTIMATE RELATIONS WITH NEW ENGLAND.

The relations of the settlers with the Indians were generally peaceful. Both Pequots and Narraghansetts had invaded the tribes residing on the East End of Long Island, and at times extorted the payment of a tribute. To them the coming of the whites gave promise of an alliance that might shield the Island tribes, from the galling yoke and tributary burden, of Pequot or Narraghansett oppression. Hence in the deed of 13th December, 1640, the provision that the grantees, "the above named English shall defend us, the said Indians (*grantors*) from the unjust violence of whatever Indians shall illegally assail us." (Records, Vol. I, p. 13.) But the Indian was a barbarian, fickle, proud, selfish, resentful, subtle, wily,

scheming, of uncertain temper when left to himself. Both Pequot and Narraghansett intrigued and conspired with the Island tribes to provoke war with the English. Thus the Shinnecocks, from fear of the tribes on the continent to which they were tributary, and suspicion of the English, whose power they dreaded, were as a magazine which the smallest spark might kindle to explosion. Each party were carefully watching the other. Hence the order on the records of January 21st, 1642, for training, and of October 9th, 1642, for a nightly watch. (Records, Vol. I, pp. 26, 27.)

In May 1645, probably influenced by Poggatacut, Sachem of Shelter Island, then the royal sachem, he, the sachems of Montauk, of Shinnecock, and Corchaug. offered their services as against the English to the Dutch. (See foot note by my friend, Wm. W. Tooker, of Sag-Harbor.)

The order of October 29th, 1645, as to bearing arms to the meeting house on the Lord's Day, directs that "the one side of the town shall bear armes the next Lord's daye and the other side of the town shall bear armes the next Lord's daye," &c. (See Records, Vol. I, p. 38.) The order of November 18th, 1644, enjoins those that bear arms "shall have a sufficient coslet of clabboard or other wood in continual readiness." (Vol. I, p. 34.) The word "coslet" is evidently a misspelling of corselet, denoting a breastplate or like defence against arrows. By order of May 6th, 1647, *all* were summoned to bear arms on the Sabbath. (Ib. p. 46.)

The order of October 8th, 1650, enjoining the frequent training of soldiers and choice of officers, shows the sense of impending peril. (Ib. p. 67.) The direction in 1653 for distribution of powder and shot, again indicates the presence of danger. (Ib. p. 94.) In 1657 the town had been assailed and the assault repelled. The houses of Thomas Goldsmith and Mrs. Howell were burned. (Ib. p. 118.) The contribution to Goldsmith on account of this loss and "the fire money"

named in the deed of John Ogden, refer to the tax levied on the Shinnecock tribe, to compensatate the inhabitants for their loss. (Ib. pp. 65, 167.)

In 1655, at the meeting of the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England, at New Haven, Capt. Topping, of Southampton, and John Young, of Southold, appeared with letters, &c., and urgently asked for powder and shot and aid, against Ninigret and the Narraghansetts. (See Plymouth Colony Records, Vol. X, p. 149.) The murder, by Indians, at Southampton, was incited, if not perpetrated, rather by Narraghansett than Shinnecock malice. (Ib. p. 98.)

The commission to Major Mason to go to Southampton with 19 men, &c., is dated May 15, 1657. (See Conn. Colonial Records, Vol. I, p. 299.) The vote of this town of 10£ to Major Mason, March 16, 1857, "given him as a gratuity," evidently relates to the hostilities of this period and the desired aid of this old Indian fighter. (See Records, Vol. I, p. 119.) Southampton and the neighboring towns of Southold and East-Hampton were all within the Narraghansett scheme of universal extermination of the whites, and devoted to destruction. Lyon Gardiner, hero of Saybrook Fort, first English planter resident of the state of New-York, and Wyandance, great sachem of Montauk, and finally of the whole Island, were fast friends to each other and to the whites. It is not improbable that their aid alone saved these towns from destruction. The blood of the sachem has long been extinct. To the many descendants of the honored Island Pioneer, we express our tribute of grateful remembrance. Gardiner may have approved and controlled the choice of site for settlement. His prior residence, knowledge of the country and Indians, and friendship with Wyandance, would impel the locating company to consult him. The eastern shore of North Haven runs southerly in a line almost straight to the foot of Division street in Sag-Harbor, and thence to the ocean, marking, sub-

stantially, the dividing line of the towns of East and Southampton, and of the Montauk and Shinnecock tribes. If the friendship of the Indians could be attained, their hostility appeased or repelled, Gardiner wonld probably know. He knew that the waters, rolling without and within Southampton swarmed with fish, that her forests abounded in game, that flocks of fowl hovered in the air, that her magnificent ocean plain was unsurpassed for the production of corn and its life-giving summer breeze, that the outlook from the cliffs and headlands of her northern shore over her majestic Peconic Bay, was inimitable, and knowing would commend.

THE TOWN HAS INTIMATE RELATIONS WITH NEW ENGLAND.

In the enterprise of colonizing Long Island, the aspiring minds of New England men engaged with zeal. How the Captain of the vessel was a freeman in Lynn as early as 1636, and in 1638 Lieutenant of the artillery company. Edward Howell was a freeman in Boston, who removed to Lynn and owned five hundred acres of land there. In the order of the General Court of 22 October, 1644, there is reference to the ten acre lot of Mr. Winthrop, and eight acres which was appointed unto Mr. Cole, of Hartford. (Vol. I, p. 33.) Winthrop was the referee chosen in the first Farret deed to fix the rent. James Hampton was from Salem. (Ib. p. 130.) Appeals to the General Court at Hartford, were frequent. (Ib. pp. 83, 84, 122, &c.) Delegates from this town went regularly to the General Court at Connecticut. (Ib. pp. 119, Vol. II, p. 22.) Soldiers as Major Mason defended this town —soldiers from this town went to the Main. (Vol. I, p. 103.) Ministers from New England preached here. The like conditions, the like faith, similar purposes, pursuits, perils, thoughts, aspirations, predominated here as there. First of all and over all, was the same religious creed. Second and only second to that, was the like desire of great souls for political freedom in larger degree.

PURITAN THEORY OF GOVERNMENT.

Persecution confirms, consolidates and strengthens the persecuted. All history shows that it defeats itself. The persecution of the Puritans in England is no exception. Organized for mutual help, they fled to Holland, to Plymouth and elsewhere. Disowning all priestly authority they chose their minister from their own numbers and at will they deposed him. The church was one of equals, holding all powers within itself; a pure democracy. The duty of bearing one another's burdens, of mutual aid, of universal love, was of universal obligation. This theory, as they believed, derived and derivable from the Decalogue and the precepts of the Gospel, constituted every church an organic body, vitalized, perpetuated, controlled within itself. The logic of this theory of church organism and church constitution led to the like theory of civil government. Who could not see, that if within the church itself, independent of Priest or Hierarch or Ecclesiastical denomination, by the equal suffrage of her members, ministers could be chosen, government instituted, order established, organic life born and perpetuated; so in the colony or town, the suffrage of the people could organize government, create order, elect magistrates, enact laws. If within the church and by its suffrages power ecclesiastical was derived, the like power in the state from the suffrage of the community was derivable. The eagle eye of Elizabeth, the learned instincts of the 1st James, the presentiments of the 2d James and both the Charles' had discerned danger to the throne in the prevalence of Puritanism. The antipathy was not unnatural and not unfounded. If language had not formulated the epigram, "a church without a Bishop, a state without a King," they understood the tendency of Puritanism, and arrayed their royal power to drive it from the earth as a foe to be destroyed. Puritanism was ever a foe to tyrrany and despotism, a friend to the people and their rights.

TOWN MEETINGS.

The political, organizing, governing genius of the Pioneers shown conspicuously in their Town Meetings. This meeting was composed of that body of Freemen accepted as such by the voters themselves, and those only. It was required that a Freeman be 21 years of age, of "sober and peaceable conversation, orthodox in the fundamentals of religion," and have a rateable estate of the value of twenty pounds. (See Baylis' History of New Plymouth, Vol. I, p. 230.) The suffrage was limited but not so far as to prevent the government in the main from being the wisest expression of the popular will. Six Freemen and one Magistrate being present constituted a quorum for business. (See Records, Vol. I, p. 88.) This Town Meeting, called the "General Court," because in the first instance it tried important cases, above the Magistrate's jurisdiction and heard appeals from their decisions, elected all town officers, and when convened for such election, was called a "Court of Election." (See Records, Vol. I, pp. 76, 83, 86, 87, 105, 108.) Of necessity the meeting must exercise powers of the widest scope, comprising subjects domestic, foreign, civil, martial, military, commercial, religious, national, sovereign. At the commencement, in Jan. 1641, (p. 25) the powers of the General Court are defined, including power to ordain magistrates and ministers of justice, to punish offences, and execute the decrees of court; "to make and repeale laws," to levy taxes, to hear and determine all causes, whether civil or criminal, &c. (Vol. I, p. 26, &c.) But even this definition was imperfect aud limited. Who could correct the errors of the Town Meeting except the town itself? "It's a far cry to Lochaw!" The colony swung free and solitary, as an orb in space, must control itself or fall. Practically it did so govern. If an unwelcome inhabitant sought to intrude himself into their community they would not accept him as such. Whom they would they accepted.

and whom they would they rejected. A power as sovereign as that of naturalization, they exercised without scruple or doubt, and often forbid the entrance of convicts and tramps into their community. No drone was allowed in their hive. No crime escaped its prescribed penalty. The Records abound in instances of exercise of the highest powers. By the terms of the Indian deed of 13th December, 1640, the grantees were bound to defend the grantors "from the unjust violence of whatever Indians shall illegally assail us." This league or alliance, agreed to in the purchase of the territory and made a condition, was binding or considered so on the town or Town Meeting, which made or authorized its Magistrates to make regulations, rules, treaties or ordinances as a Sovereign Power dealing with the Indians. (See Records, Vol. I, pp. 22, 30, 37, 89, 90, 114, &c.)

It is intensely interesting to study the workings of this town government, by Town Meeting. The meeting all the while assuming increasing power because the circumstances required it and because no power was near enough to be felt, to reverse its acts. If an inhabitant desired to sell his land to a stranger, unless allowed by the town, he could no more then invest an alien with title than he can now do so under our present law of escheat. The power of the Town Meeting over the town territory, to prevent transfer of title to a stranger or unaccepted unnaturalized inhabitant was exercised as absolutely then as now by the State. (See Records, Vol. I, pp. 25, 49, 78, 90, 111.) The Town Meeting, composed wholly of proprietors, regulated the inprovement, fencing, pasturage and division of lands. (Ib. pp. 34, 38, 42, 76, 77, 78, 79, 84, 85, 91, 98, 115, 129), imposed taxes, (Ib. pp. 39, 44, 118), directed the laying out of highways and labor thereon, the building and repair of bridges and sidewalks, (Ib. pp. 24, 53, 103, 114, Vol. II, p. 110.) It elected delegates to the General Court of Connecticut, (Ib. p. 119), it provided

for the settlement of estates of persons deceased, (Ib. pp. 64, 65, 95, 109), it provided property inducements for the settlement of mechanics and ministers, (Ib. pp. 81, 84, 102,) it ordered a prison built, (Ib. p. 37), it voted a bounty for the destruction of wolves and wild cats, (Ib. pp. 31, 85, 185), it commanded aid to be given to the miller to obtain a fall of water, (Ib. pp. 78, 94), it regulated trade with the Indians, (Ib. pp. 22, 30, 60, 89, 90, 114), it controlled the whaling enterprise, (Ib. pp. 23, 91), it prescribed a watch and ordered a watch house built, (Ib. pp. 89, 164.)

These are but a few cases of the exercise of power by Town Meeting, and could be almost indefinately multiplied. At an early day our ancestors had acquired experience in the method of conducting this meeting. In the Record of July 7, 1645, we read this: "It is ordered for the prevention of disorder in the Court that no person whatsoever, except the magistrate or magistrates, shall speak in any business which concerns the General Court unless he be *uncovered* during the tyme of his speech. And not to move or speak to any other matter until the former matter be ended. And that there be noe private agitation by any particular person to prevent the proceedings or issueing of any matters. And whoso shall make default shall be lyable to paye sixe pence and the constable shall distress upon the goods of the offender and to present the said fines to the next General Court."

Absence from the Town Meeting, or neglect to vote when there or refusal to accept office were punishable by a fine. (Ib. pp. 23, 30, 76, 103, etc.) That government by the people might not fail, attendance at Town Meeting, voting there, and acceptance and service by an elected officer, were compulsory, neglect finable. The fathers permitted no shirking of duty. Their system was *thorough*. Let it not be thought that order cost no struggle. Sometimes the authority of magistrates and the town itself was ridiculed and defied.

Even the most respected pioneers would be overcome by wrath to unjust expression. But if Thomas Halsey "obstinately hindered the time of the Court," if Henry Pierson, venerated name! threatened if any man should strike his dog "he would knock him down," if Arthur Bostic challenged Mr. Stanborough "to fight," and if Mr. Stanborough unlawfully "rescued a distress," the strong hand of the magistrates, and Town Meeting as a General Court, censured and fined the transgressor. The heavy arm of Justice, embodied in Town Meeting, fortified by public sentiment, irresistible by public approval, compelled the delinquent to submit to the sentence, and acknowledge his fault or pay the fine. All resistance to the will of the people was overcome. All individual defiance and disorder was crushed out. (Ib. pp. 39, 401.) The Town Meeting moved with the momentum of the many and put down private and personal opposition. Fist law and shot gun law and chaos failed. Town Meeting reigned. Some of the most strong-willed, pugnacious, combative souls that first trod this continent, tried their individual strength against the collected will of the town. The beating wave no more moves the unshaken rock, than the individual wave of wrath moved the Town Meeting from its fixed position. The authority of government by the people for their good stood like a pyramid on its base, unmoved by all individual assault. The fiery chieftain whose pugnacity was a proverb in 1656, "for his unreverent carriage toward the magistrates, contrary to the order, was adjudged to be banished out of the town, and he is to have a week's liberty to prepare himself to depart," &c. (Ib. p. 112.)

After this signal failure to resist or subvert the authority of the Town Meeting, resulting in the inexorable sentence of banishment, who could hope to overthrow an authority so firm, so invulnerable. If the Bull Rider of Smithtown failed to batter down the citadel of town authority, no one giant

hand could do more. The American boy who remembers the Town Meeting of three and four score years gone by, its material and appetizing attractions, its athletic sports, the collected might of the yeomanry, the exalted wisdom and dread majesty of the moderator, the imposing array of strength and numbers, the overcoming vote of the majority, the shrinking, dwindling vote of the minority; to him, the colossal proportions of Town Meeting as a vital political force in the public history of the town, is not fancied or unreal. The French writer DeToqueville, some half century since, philosophizing concerning this subject, saw Town Meeting from the undiscoverable standpoint of France. Bryce, the late English writer on the American commonwealth, looking from the standpoint of the British Isles, saw through the splendors of the British throne. that original foundation political institution known as Town meeting, and declared it "has been the most perfect school of self government in any modern country." (Vol. II, p. 276.) To the born American, undazzled by the splendors of the throne, unaffected by the electric light of rank, living

"Where none kneel save when to Heaven they pray,
Nor even then unless in their own way."

To him, the Town Meeting is the bed rock of American freedom, on which her free institutions and the fair temple of her liberties were reared. Child of the people! born in the wilderness, cradled in peril, trained in hardship, surviving the challenge of disorder, the seductions of wealth, the arts of the demagogue, the frown of royalty, the cynic's sneer; may it live forever! the beneficent gift of America to the unborn millions of every age, of every clime.

SOUTHAMPTON CONFEDERATES WITH CONNECTICUT.

May 29th, 1643. the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven, with the plantations in combination with them, adopted Articles of Confederation for thei

mutual welfare and protection. (Palfrey's History of New England, Vol. I, p. 262, &c. Atwater's History of New Haven, pp. 181-2.)

"March 7th, 1643-4, it was voted and consented unto by the General Court that the town of Southampton shall enter into combination with the jurisdition of Connecticut." (Records, Vol. I, p. 31.) The order of Town Meeting of June 20th, 1657, fixes the date when the town was received into the combination, as "May 30th, 1645," (Ib. p. 136.) The combination with Connecticut made Southampton not only a member of the colony of Connecticut but also a member of the general confederation of the four colonies. Thereby, while Southampton was bound to aid in defending Connecticut and the whole confederacy, they were pledged, with all their power, to aid in her defence. (Palfrey's History of New England, Vol. I, p. 263, &c. Atwater's History of New Haven, pp. 181-2. Howell's History of Southampton, p. 5.) The confederation was called "The United Colonies of New England." It was represented and spoke by two commissioners chosen from each colony. The internal affairs of each town and colony were left to their control. Question of "offence and defence, mutual advice and succor upon all just occasions, both for preserving and propagating the truth and liberties of the gospel, of their own mutual safety and welfare," were controlled by Commissioners representing the colonies so leagued and and confederated. Except "the exigency constrained, one colony might not engage in war "without the consent of all." Except "by consent of all," no two members shall be united in one and no new members shall be received. (Ib.) The appointment of men, money and supplies for war, were to be assessed on the respective colonies in proportion to the male population, "between the ages of sixteen and sixty," and "the spoils of war were to be distributed to the several colonies on

the same principle." The concurrence of six commissioners controlled, and failing this, the questions being referred to the general courts of the several colonies, the concurrence of them all was binding. The Commissioners were to meet yearly on the first Thursday in September, and oftener if occasion required, at places prescribed. The choice of a President, the general policy of proceedings toward Indians, the return of fugitives from justice or service, the remedy for breach of the alliance by an offending colony—all these subjects were included in and provided for in the Articles of Alliance and Confederation (Ib.) Thus early on American soil, was institutod this first of all confederacies of the colonies, so complete in its anticipation of contingencies, in its conception of surroundings, in its adaptation to circumstances, that it endured assaults, external and internal, for twenty years, until the invasion and subjection of New Netherlands by the English, and the enforced rule of Royal Governors under the then Duke of York, in 1664, afterwards King James the 2d. This league so complete in its extent, so just in its provisions, so wise in its principles, so practical in its policy, comprised in its scope the democracy of the Town Meeting, the representation of Towns in the Colonial Assembly, (called also the General Court,) the representation of the united colonies in the body of Commissioners. Seemingly complex, it was in in reality simple. Its machinery was well fitted for the work it had to do.

In all local and town affairs the practical knowledge of the yeomanry of the town, assembled in Town Meeting, was superior to that of any non-resident, however wise. They knew their wants, their grievances, their interests, their ability and inability, their circumstances, and could best devise measures for relief or redress. The delegates of the towns composing the colony assembled as its legislature and highest court, representing the whole and every part of the colony,

could wisely legislate and decide for all. The Commissioners of the united colonies representing their union and clothed with powers that covered and only covered subjects of general concern, affecting the welfare and safety of all the so united colonies, could best legislate for the union. It is needless that I stop here to show that this machinery of government by towns, by colonies, by confederated states foreshadowed what was to come. The thought of the hearer outstrips the words of the speaker. Before the recital ends comes the flashing conviction that in the early history of these colonies the free institutions of this wonderful nation of the United States was born. The self-constituted government of Southampton and other early settlements in their Town Meetings or general courts was an ancestral immunity transmitted to posterity out of which the modern Town Meeting was born.

The delegates from all the towns in a colony assembled as its Legislature, to ordain and enact laws for the general good, and called the General Court of the colony, foreshadowed the state governments which were born of the colonies. The confederation and union of the four colonies of New England, including in the colony of Connecticut the towns of Southampton, East-Hampton, and afterwards Huntington and Setauket, predicted the coming union of the colonies and of the Independent States. By the laws of growth, by organic development, in modern scientific terminology by *evolution*, this transfiguration must transpire. The Provincial Congress must grow out of the Colonial Assembly. The Continental Congress and Confederation must grow out of the root of the New England confederacy and union. By a logic and a law, in politics as universal as simple, as immutable, as eternal, as the law of attraction, the one must precede and produce the other. At the time of this confederacy in the New England colonies, of which our town was part and parcel, the civil war was raging in England. The Long Parliament was sit-

ting. The first Charles was claiming as regal the same power which Parliament, under the British constitution, claimed as pre-eminently its own. The conflict between these two involved all the strength and energies of old England. New England unhelped, uncared for, unnoticed, must defend, protect, preserve herself, or perish. Thus in 1643, out of the necessities of the case, the impending peril so near, the far off absence and constrained neglect of old England, was born the union of the New England colonies.

REPRESENTATION.

Writers upon Representative and Confederated Government have sought by the analogies of the Achœan League, of the Grecian and Roman Republics, of the Swiss Cantons, of the Dutch Republic, of the Iroquois or six Indian allied nations, of Ecclesiastical and Church government, to derive therefrom the origin of the Government of these United States. Theories these, *all* far fetched. Our magnificent constellation of republics and their union were born upon our own soil, nurtured by successive generations of freemen, evolved from colonial childhood and "*The United Colonies of New England.*"

CAUSATION.

At the time of the Union the colony of Plymouth contained eight towns; Massachusetts thirty; Connecticut, including Saybrook and Southampton, six; and New Haven, including Southold, five. (Palfrey's History of New England, p. 275.) Forty-nine organized democracies, represented in four colonial assemblies, and all in the Commissioners delegated to act for the union, the seed corn which planted grew from ocean to ocean. It is improbable that the early colonists had any thought of an independent republic in voyaging over the Atlantic, or in their exile on its western shore. To Winthrop, compeer of our fathers, came the vision of a renovated England in America, enlightened, purified, spiritualized, dominated by loftier principles, aiming at higher results, moving

towards a higher destiny. (Ib. p. 110.) Independence, as an object attainable, and to be attained, came as the hard alternative of degradation and servility, postponed until forced to command regard. Sudden as the lightning flash it broke out of the clouds and storm of war, and the whole electric air of the continent felt its flame of fire. Yet sudden, and startling, and surprising, as was the battle cry of Independence, who can doubt that the long school of hardship, the long experience of Freemen in the government of their towns, the early establishment and maintainance of churches and schools, the training of their militia, the constant watch and guard against the savage, the conflict with the Pequot, and Narraghansett, and Mohawk, the wars with France and Spain, the siege and capture of Quebec and Louisburgh, the temerity and defeat of Braddock, the masterly retreat of the young Provincial Washington; the whole antecedent history of the settlements on the western shores of the Atlantic, from Plymouth Rock, for over three half centuries, was but an augmenting stream of causation that burst all barriers of thrones or dynastics, cast away all obstacles of Kings or Nobles, called for the reign of the people and that only. Even Franklin and other great souls, laboring earnestly for the redress of wrongs, like the prophets of old, unknowing the meaning of the revelations made to them, awoke as from the profound sleep of submission to the battle call for Independence.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

The wave of the Revolution found the Town of Southampton comparatively populous. The census of 1776 showing 1,434 people residing east of the Watermill, and 1,358 west thereof. All were animated by the burning spirit of Patriotism. All who were liable to military duty were enrolled, officered, organized, armed. The second regiment of Suffolk County counted nine companies of 760 officers and men, commanded by David Mulford, of East-Hampton, Colonel, and

Jonathan Hedges, of Bridge-Hampton, Lieutenant Colonel. East-Hampton furnished two companies, Bridge-Hampton two, Sag-Harbor and Bridge-Hampton jointly two, and Southampton three. In addition to this the regiment of minute men commanded by Col. Josiah Smith, of Moriches, called from Southampton one company commanded by Capt. Zephaniah Rogers, numbering 61 officers and men, and another from Bridge-Hampton numbering 59 officers and men. Of these selected minute men, Elias Pierson, Corporal in Capt. Rogers' company, stood 6 feet 6 inches high, tallest of the tall. The relative importance of the county of Suffolk and the early history of its towns is shown by many facts, and briefly thus, "581 quota of Suffolk, 200 of Queens, 175 of Kings, 58 men to reinforce the Continental army at New-York, June 7th, '76." (See Onderdonk's Revolutionary incidents of Suffolk and Kings counties, p. 27.) The latest research shows that the whole force of Eastern Long Island was engaged in the disastrous battle named from the Island whereon it was fought. Thereafter very many joined the Continental army, and the defence of the people and stock on Long Island required the presence there of every available man. The subsequent military occupation of the Island by the British, broke up the regiments organized or organizing by the Americans there. Time fails to tell the story of that armed occupation. Who can photograph the depression of defeat, the confusion of the fleeing, the consternation of the defenceless, the quartering of hostile troops, the extorting of supplies by the British, the destruction of supplies by Americans, each grasping to starve the other and thereby starving the people, plundering by the lawless of both, insults of the brutal, the provoking exultation of the foe, the sullen submission of the subjugated, their fears for the safety of absent friends fighting for freedom on land and sea, defeats of the American army magnified, their victories belittled, every aspiration for inde-

pendence answered by the raven cry "Nevermore." If the amenities of Gen. Erskine sometimes let in a gleam of light, the barbarities of Major Cochrane soon transposed darkness for light. For seven years after the battle of Long Island her patriot people endured the blighting scourge of the conqueror, the gnawings of unsatisfied hunger, "the pinching hand of poverty," the shivering, wintry blast, the horrors of hope destroyed; seven vials of wrath poured out upon her inhabitants and her soil. Washington said that Long Island furnished him, of all places, the earliest and most correct intelligence of movements of the foe. Not until Evacuation day were the pent-up patriot passions of this people released from the hydraulic pressure of British power. No town in the old thirteen states welcomed Independence with a louder shout than Southampton.

CELEBRITIES.

Nor is this town undistinguished by men whose names have been illustrious. Is a councilor wanting in 1665? Capt. Thomas Topping of this town is chosen. Is a speaker required for the Assembly in 1694? Henry Pierson of this town is chosen. Does the great city of London in 1773 require a High Sheriff to repress disorder and execute decrees of courts? This town supplies the officer in the person of Stephen Sayre, a native born citizen, friend of Franklin, friend of freedom. Does the Empire State demand a chancellor to preside over its High Court of Equity? Nathan Sandford, a native of this town, is appointed thereto. Does the old county of Suffolk summon her selectest sons to preside over her courts? What town but Southampton can furnish in succession judges like Hugh Halsey, studious, upright, learned, or Abraham T. Rose, eloquent, gifted, accomplished. For three successive Presidential campaigns the village of Bridge-Hampton supplied the successful candidate for election, in 1840 Gen. Abraham Rose, in 1844 Judge Hugh Halsey, in

1848 Judge Abraham T. Rose, each actually voting for the elected candidate. Does Japan seal her ports against all Christian intercourse and commerce? Mercator Cooper, master mariner, stem of the old Southampton stock, rescues from starvation and death twenty-two Japanese, and in 1845 boldly enters the prohibited port and returns them to their native land, bearing in his mission of humanity at the mast head of the whaleship Manhattan, the stars and stripes, (excepting the limited Dutch traffic) the first Christian flag that floated in Japan air, the first Christian ship that entered a Japan port, the first Christian master who dare defy the nation's sentence of exclusion. What shore so desolate? what solitude so secluded? what island so remote, that the ships of Sag-Harbor have not visited? In all her long history the sons of Southampton have upheld her honor, in the sphere of adventure, of music, of painting, of the arts, of learning, of legislation, of the legal, the medical, the ministerial professions.

THE PURITANS' MERITS.

Let it not be said that the theme is hackneyed, that language has acquitted itself in proclaiming the sublime self-denial, the heroic fortitude, the Spartan courage, the devoted patriotism, the steadfast faith, the fervent piety of the Fathers, that art has paid its debt in monuments of magnificence to commemorate their virtues, that learning has meted its full measure to perpetuate their remembrance. Neither language nor learning nor art can adequately express the lofty ideal they attained; the self-consecration they made. Early in the dawn of historic light, the patriarchal characters stand out like giant profiles; masterly types of personified virtues, priest and prophet, sage and lawgiver, hero and bard, at long intervals succeed each other. It was not inappropriate that the pen of Jehovah should outline the perfected piety of Enoch, the persevering obedience of Noah, the unreserving

faith of Abraham, the unfaltering trust of Job, the great loving heart of Joseph, the lofty patriotism of Moses, the resistless valor of Joshua, the superhuman strength of Sampson, the strategy and songs of David.

These great spirits gave for their posterity and for the race their utmost in word, in deed and life. The long self-denial, the unfailing patience, the undoubting faith, the stern justice, the high resolve, the pure patriotism of our fathers, seem allied to the greatest and first-born of the sons of earth. No mere human words, no monuments of art, no expression of human learning, however exalted and however graceful, will exhaust the subject or overpay the debt humanity owes to the founders of the infant colonies of this transcendently great, free and happy nation. Let music sing its highest harmonies, let eloquence attain its loftiest utterance, let painting portray its most exquisite lines, let statuary unfold its grandest conception, let monumental art lend its perfected ideal, let poetry breathe its selectest sentiment, let piety consecrate her purest offering, and then, ah, then, the light that shines from the Pilgrim's tomb, the song his soaring spirit sings, the sentiment his life made real, shall be more radiant, more elevated, more pure, than all expression of art, of music, of eloquence. Since the founders of this town first landed on its shores, eight generations have come and gone. The innocence of infancy, the joy of youth, the vigor of maturity, the decay of strength, the decrepitude of age, the inevitable end, have chased each other. On this fleeting hour, and on us now living, has devolved the sacred duty of celebrating this day, and commemorating the memory, the history, the solid worth of our ancestors. Standing over the crumbling consecrated dust of eight generations who have followed them, as wave follows wave, the solemnities of the occasion are severe. To the ears of their dying came the ocean's moan; with the ebbing of its tides their lives went out; over their burial place sounds its

unceasing requiem roar. Inheriting their names, receiving the fruit of their toils, depositors of their fame, entrusted with their free institutions, children of their affection, guardians of their graves, let us cherish their achievements; let us treasure their traditions; let us preserve their principles; let us honor their memory; let us transmit, unsullied and unimpaired, our bright inheritance to succeeding generations.

One of our own untiring antiquarians has recorded the tradition, that at the first landing of the Pioneers one of the number, a woman, said: "For conscience sake, I'm on dry land once more!" This expression of a past disquiet, of a present gratification, is impressed upon the spot, which from that day to this has borne the name of "Conscience Point." Name not inappropriate and not unknown to the Argonauts of Southampton. For "conscience sake" their fatherland is forsaken. For "conscience sake" they crossed the stormy ocean. For "conscience sake" they suffered and they toiled. In all her long career, inscribed on the banner that floated over Southampton, that streamed in her pure air, that signified her ruling motive, that impelled her to action, was written her watchword, "Conscience." No insignia of rank, no emblazoning of heraldry, no bearings armorial, no symbol of command, so appropriate and so true. Till time shall end, till the earth shall be dissolved, till "the elements shall melt with fervent heat," let her watchword be unchanged. Aye! in that grand concurrence of the Nations called by the Archangel's trump to hear the eternal equities, inscribed on her banner, may there be nothing more unworthy than her own glorious countersign, "Conscience."

As if responding to the utterance of the mighty shades of of the dead, let us live as they lived, let us look as they long looked for the coming triumphant march of their principles. Burdened with the weight of years, your speaker in this public utterance, (possibly his last), cannot forget the generations vanished, the mutability, the mortality of all humanity.

"A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where storms shall cease,
And surges swell no more."

Nor will we forget the cheering promise our history portends. Rescued from all perils, triumphant over all foes, undivided by all differences, you, with me, will look forward to advancement of the nations, to the progress of humanity, the elevation of mankind; you with me will say:—

"Hail! to the coming singers!
Hail! to the brave light bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.
The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,
Pure, generous, brave and free.
A dream of man, and woman
Diviner, but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the age of gold!

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.
Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown;
Your triumph is my own!
I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving."

The natives of the east end of Long Island made frequent visits to New Amsterdam, Hartford, and sometimes as far north as Boston. On the 24th of May, 1645, the Sachem of Shinnecock, Witaneymen, with forty armed Indians, appeared before the Director and Council of New Netherland, at Fort Amsterdam, Manhatten Island, and offered their services. Therefore he and his Indians were permitted to embark in one of the Company's

vessels and were sent up the Hudson river to discover the Indians who were then at war with the Dutch. Having discovered their whereabouts, he was to attack them, and to return, when he would be rewarded as he deserved. This duty he performed, and five days later brought in the head and hands of one of the enemy. Wittanymen is the Sachem, called in the East-Hampton deed of 1648, Nowedonah—the "seeker." It is probable that he derived this latter title from the above fact, that he was to spy and to seek out the enemies of the Dutch, who were Indians living about Esopus Creek. The Indians frequently changed their names from similar happenings in their lives. On the same day, (May 29th, 1645) having shown what he could do, Wittanymen again appeared before the Council of New Netherland, declaring to be empowered by his three brothers, to wit: Rochkouw, the greatest Sachem of Ahaquatuwamuck (Shelter Island and parts adjacent), Momoweta, Sachem of Curchaug, and Wyandance, Sachem of Montauk, and stated in his own name, as well as in that of his brothers that they had taken under their protection the villages named Unkechaug (on Mastic Neck, Brookhaven,) Setauket, Secatogue, (Neck at Islip,) Nissequogue (a locality on the river of the same name,) at which place the Mattinecocks then resided, and Rockaway, and requested to walk in friendship. The Council promised them peace and protection as long as they and the villages named, remained in their duty. These 47 armed Indians, were probably not all from the Shinnecock tribe, but were culled from the bands ruled by the four brothers. (Col. His. N. Y. Vol. XIV, p. 60.)

The year previous (1644) the brothers, with Yoco or Rockouw, at their head appeared before the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England at Hartford, on the same errand, and asked for a certificate of protection, which was given them. (Plymouth Col. Records, Vol. IX, p. 18.)

That both the Dutch and English considered it policy to propitiate the Indians of Long Island in every way that lay in their power, is amply proven by many of the early records. In 1647 it came to the notice of the Council of New Netherland that the Sachem of Massapeag in what is now South Oyster Bay township, had excited, by gifts, some Indians to war against the Dutch and English, and that they were resolved to destroy the English at Hempstead, while they were in their fields harvesting, to which plot the chief of Curchaug (Southold town,) Momoweta and his brothers at Montauk, Shinnecock and Shelter Island had agreed. Although the Dutch considered this an idle report of the English, they believed it to be of sufficient importance to send Sec'y Van-

Tienhoven, who understood the Indian language, in a sloop to the east end of Long Island to enquire of the chief Momoweta of Curchaug, whether the report be true or not, and to present the chief and his brothers with three cloth coats and some trifles. This record from the Dutch archives seems strange when we consider the proximity of the English settlements, but the fact remains that at this period harmony did not prevail between the nations and the settlers. At this time the Shinnecock Sachem and probably most of the tribe were residing on the north shore at or near Sag Harbor. (Col. His. N. Y. Vol. XIV, p. 79.) Even as late as 1675 Gov. Andros would not permit the Indians of Rockaway, Unkechaug and parts adjacent to assemble at Secatogue (West Islip) for a Kintecoy, "to sing and to dance," and directed the constable of Huntington to take away their arms and to order the Sachems to proceed to New-York to meet the Governor. (Col. Hist. N. Y. Vol. XIV, p. 709.)

Complaints were frequently made against the Dutch, who at that period, as well as to-day, were born traders, eager and greedy, for the skins, wampum and other commodities that were produced by the red men and procured by easy barter. This greed often led them into waters not under their jurisdiction, thereby causing trouble and annoyance to the English settlers who found their red neighbors in possession of implements of war, obtained in some way unknown to them, thus becoming a constant source of worry and anxiety to the simple tillers of the soil. The following is the result of a complaint from the town of Southampton against Govert Loockmans, of the sloop Good Hope; he is often mentioned in the Dutch records. On Sept. 28th, 1648, two sailors appeared before Cornelis Van Tienhoven, the Secretary of New Netherland, and declared it to be true that they had been in the months of October, November, 1647, with Govert Loockmans in his bark along the coast from New Amsterdam, Pehehetock, (Peconic) Crommegouw, (Gardiner's Bay) and New Haven, during which voyage they did not see, nor even know that Loockmans himself, nor any of his crew, had directly or indirectly, traded or bartered with the Indians, there or elsewhere, any powder, lead or guns, except that he made a present of a pound of powder to the Chief Rochbouw in Gardiner's Bay, and bought two geese from him, and half a deer at Pahetoc, (Peconic or Pehik-konuk, probably Indian Island, Riverhead town. It means a "small plantation or village") with powder without having given or exchanged anything else.—(Colonial History N. Y. Vol. XIV, p. 94.)

The complaint is referred to in a letter from Gov. Eaton, of

New Haven, to Gov. Stuyvesant, at New Amsterdam, dated May 31st, 1648, as follows:

"Janua. the 3d, 1647, a complaint was brought from the English att Southampton, that Govert Lockoman had bynne latelie trading with the Indians of those ptes, who reported that after he had sould them some coates he declared that if they would buye more, with everie coate hee would giue a pound of powder, which pcured him a quicke markett and soe furnishes the Indians with powder that they could sell to the English; and the same Indian further testified that Govert wisth them to cutt of the English and the Dutch (to such a worke) would furnish them with peeces, powder and shott enough, wch soe provokes the Engl. at Southampton, that had they order they would have ꝑtaide Govert and his vessell."—New Haven, Col. Records, Vol. I, Appendix p. 524.

ADDRESS BY GEORGE ROGERS HOWELL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: A few days after I received the courteous invitation to take part in the exercises of this occasion, I wrote to Judge Hedges, who deservedly was chosen as orator of the day, inquiring what was to be the theme of his address, inasmuch as I did not wish to be in danger of selecting by accident the same subject for my own remarks. You shall judge if I did not receive a characteristic answer. "If a whale," said he, "should swim in the ocean from Wainscott to Seatuck in the forenoon, in the afternoon four more whales would find the ocean left and could swim the same. So you will find in the afternoon the ocean left."

Now as it really happened, my caution was justified. If I had not done this, *one* whale would have been grounded. For, after casting about for a theme, I had concluded to make prominent the theory that our national republic had been the natural outgrowth of the early Southampton Town Meeting. But I feel sure that this question or theory has been the more ably treated by one who has had the benefit of a legal training, and of whose attainments and judicial fame the town and county are justly proud. His familiarity with the law indeed is such that I doubt not his earnest advice to his neighbors is, always to keep entirely out of it, and to settle their disputes over a glass—of lemonade. Perhaps the best thing I can say for his perspicacity is in matters theological. If the system of marking in the schools were carried out in manhood, in all the various relations of life we should have to give him the perfect mark, save one. In church doctrine, by his superior spiritual insight, he has been all his life heterodox, until at last the church has caught up with him and made him ortho-

dox. As his modesty is equal to his worth I will spare his blushes and proceed.

The celebration of the day, among other things, furnishes opportunity to commemorate the settlement of the town and to consider the character of our ancestors. In regard to the first I have but little to say. My labors in this field are already in print. According to that old manuscript that I *might* have found in the old writing desk of my grandfather, and according to other and abundant evidence, two hundred and fifty years ago to-day, then or thenabout, the first ship-load of Englishmen with their wives and children to found a colony in the State of New-York, was landed at North Sea, or Cold Spring Harbor. They were here in June, and in time to raise a crop of Indian corn, barley, beans, pease, turnips, and pumpkins. Potatoes were not known to the world until more than a hundred years later. Their numbers were continually increased by accessions of families. The rapidity of the colonizing is clear from a comparison of the names of the signers of the articles of settlement and of the list of watchers on the beach for whales in March 1644-5. Of the twenty signers in March 1639-40, only six remained as settlers, and of the fourteen who thus intended to come, most never came at all, or removed during the first year. On March 7th, 1644-45, we find 27 additional family names not on the list of signers before mentioned, and all or nearly all of these were probably married men. Of these 27 additional names eleven men with their families left the plantation to become the founders of East-Hampton, in 1648. In the list of March 1648-49 or 1649-50, we find eight other family names added to the settlement. Thus it grew by steady gradual accessions and by the natural growth and increase of population. For many years in the first century of its life it was the second town in population, wealth, trade and importance, in what now constitutes the state of New-York. The county courts

were held here. It is the only town on the east end that is found on many of the early maps, even after the settlement of Southold and East-Hampton. Cargoes of whale oil were shipped directly from Southampton to London. Later on, to be sure, a number of other towns either grew up or sprung up, such as Brooklyn, Buffalo, Albany and Rochester, whose population according to the last census is somewhat greater than that of Southampton. But, a rediscovery of the town about 1877 by some wealthy navigators, or other citizens of New-York city, has resulted in making the village a second Newport. It was a creditable discernment on their part, as a more genial summer climate, or a more healthful or lovelier village it would be hard to find within two hundred miles of the metropolis of America. What it is to-day needs no words of mine to delineate. It lies before you. It certain,y is not the sleepy hollow of my boyhood days, and if it be a summer resort, it is a matter for congratulotion, as it grows fairer to the eye with its elegant residences and green lawns, no drunken brawls make night hideous, but the ocean lulls to repose a village whose denizens have earned a rest by honest work of hand and head. But we must be retrospective to-day. We must call up in imagination, as best we may, our ancestors and ask ourselves what manner of men and women they were. What had they in common with us? On what points do we touch them and they us? Are they to-day nothing but names and intangible shadows? Let us apply a test. Do we sympathize with them, or have any feelings in common with them, when we mention railroads, the telegraph, or Browning or evolution. No. Unless their gaze has swept down on the earth and followed the march of the race, these are meaningless words to them. But ask them, did you love the Christ? Yes, they say, and our hands are grasped in quick sympathy. They are our brothers and sisters as well as our ancestors. Ask them again: Do you love

man? "Yes, yes; see what from scanty means we raised to redeem Christian captives from Algerine slavery." Did you love your country? "Let the soldiers who went from our midst to defend the remote borders of the north from the ravages of the French and Indians answer. Let another generation of our patriots in the revolution tell you the story of their marches and battles and the sufferings of Valley Forge." Ask them still once more: Did you love your wives and children? "Did we love them? For them we left our English homes to brave the perils of the ocean, and the unknown dangers of the wilderness, to found a shelter for them and to transmit to our children both lands and liberty."

Here, then, we find, in all the essentials of true manhood, grounds of sympathy full and perfect. John Cooper, Christopher Foster, Thomas Halsey, James Herrick, Edward Howell, Richard Post, Thomas Sayre, John White and others are then no longer mere names—they are strong sympathetic men, laying the foundations of a new republic and doing their work well. They were puritans. Of late years there has been, I think, an attempt to draw too great a distinction between the Pilgrims and the Puritans. The so called Pilgrim fathers came hither from Holland in 1620 and settled Plymouth and the surrounding country. Up to their union with the Massachusetts Bay colony in 1692, they only numbered 13,000. The fiercest and most unrelenting of the Indians lived far to the south of them, beyond the Puritan settlement of Massachusetts Bay, so that their situation saved them from the wars of self-defense waged by their sister colony. It has been said that they learned religious toleration from the Dutch during their residence in Holland, and that in their dealings with the Indians they were less cruel, and with other religious sects they were less intolerant than their Puritan neighbors. It must be remembered that they also were Englishmen, smarting no less than the Puritans under persecution at home.

Their residence in Holland was but ten or twelve years, and that time was certainly too brief to change their character, and for one, I doubt if the Dutch was at that time the nation to teach toleration, when for twenty-five years in Albany the same Dutch people did not permit public worship by any denomination except their own. In religious doctrine and church government the members of both colonies are Presbyterians and Independents, living, not as some have described them, as cats and dogs, but in good harmony together.

The movement for greater religious freedom in England began under the teaching of Wiclif in 1378. His translation of the Bible into the English language sustained the new doctrines, and the reading of the same version, revised later by Cranmer, carried on the good work. The people were on fire for knowledge of the word of God and for a public worship in their own tongue, without ritual. The potentates of the English church, then severed from Rome, resisted the movement and burned the Bibles. Under the protection of the reformation on the continent the printing presses of Germany flooded the market with English Bibles, which were bought by the merchants of London, and by them disseminated throughout England. Under the short reign of Edward the VI., the movement flourished, and the hopes of the Lollards, as the reformers were called, grew brighter. The accession of Mary the Saturnine lighted the fires of Smithfield, and checked the advance of the reformers. Under the long reign of her sister Elizabeth, persecutions ceased and the reformation was firmly established. As the years went on from the dawn of the English reformation, the cause gradually but surely advanced. Like a rising tide, while there is a constant backflow of the waters, yet each incoming wave creeps up a little higher than the last. Under the Stuarts came the high tide of Puritanism,—but, to drop the figure, there was then no room for them longer in England. "No

bishop, no king," said James the First. "Unless they conform," said he again, "I will harry them out of the kingdom." And so they left their native land to found a church without a bishop, and a country without a king. So far as royalty and its complicated supporters in church and state were concerned, there was also a relief. A disturbing element was removed. People who think for themselves are apt to disturb tyrants. And then, there came from the distant colonies a steady stream of gold from taxation, from the sale of lands, and from trade. Puritanism 2000 miles away was also more easily tolerated, and shocked no man's sensibilities. But these men, these Puritan colonists were terribly in earnest. They had a rugged theology, born of their history, and the central idea of their government was a theocracy, and God was their king. In our day only has the idea of the great fatherhood of God been made prominent. They had always lived under kings, and in their minds God was but a bigger king. As evidence of this, note the preface to the code of laws under which the Southampton colonists lived during the first four years of the settlement while they formed an independent republic. "An abstract of the lawes of judgment as given by Moses to the commonwealth of Israel, soe farre foarth as they bee of morall, that is, of perpetuall and universall equity among all nations, especially such where the church and commonwealth are complanted together in holy covenant and fellowshippe with God in Jesus Christ, being jointly and unanimously consented unto by the inhabitants of this colony of Southampton." With all their faults the Puritans were the best men and women the world had ever seen. Their principles were not for sale. They were unsafe men to attempt to bribe. They were just men and carried out their idea of justice in the minutest details of life. The possible vagaries and mental obliquities even of dogs and little pigs were subjects of legal enactment. They had a

high sense of justice and in some things at least, a liberal spirit. Witness how in their articles of agreement they declared that no man should "claim any exclusive interest in seas, rivers, creeks or brooks howsoever bounding or passing through his grounds, but freedom of fishing, fowling and navigation shall be common to all within the banks of said whatsoever." They recognized the old principle of English law that the fish running wild in the waters, and the game in the forest, were the property of him only who caught them. They allowed a margin even for the improvident man to secure a dinner if he could and would, from the common storehouse of nature.

I have said that they were the best men and women the world had ever seen. If you doubt it, search all the records or the past for better types of manhood and womanhood, and you will search in vain. But I believe their descendants are both better and superior to them in many ways. We have in the main inherited and practice their virtues. We may have a mild belief that those who differ in opinion from ourselves are cranks or old fogies, yet we do not persecute or even tithe them. We would not if we could. We have good authority for holding charity to be the greatest of christian virtues. That flower of christianity blossoms best in a land of liberty, and was reserved for our day and is to some extent an evolution of our free institutions. The charity I mean includes toleration and every grade of kindly feeling from mere benevolence to a universal mighty love for the brotherhood of man. I cannot stop to elaborate this. This charity is not perfect, but it is abroad in the world and growing daily. I have marked its growth in my own lifetime. I picture to you a scene that was once witnessed doubtless by some before me. A good woman died in this village within a month of her 78th year. The relatives and friends were gathered to pay the last rites of earth to the

deceased. She had lived a pure sweet life, her soul filled with charity and her life with good deeds. But her name was not on the roll of the visible church. Years and years ago some peripatetic revivalist visited the east end of Long Island and frightened two generations with his denunciations of those who dared enter the church without certain and sure evidences within their souls of their personal faith and holiness. Abashed by the terrors awaiting those who might unworthily partake of the communion, she never dared to confront the session, but lived along, indulging a secret hope in the savior of an invisible church. The mistaken soul who did the alleged preaching at her funeral, confined, as he was, in the straight jacket of a medieval theology, consigned her to everlasting flames and held up her example as a warning to the unrepentant. Now I say no such ghastly scene is possible in this church to-day. We are wiser and better than our Puritan ancestors in that we have a broader charity and more trust in the father-love of the Almighty. We recognize elements in the problems of life and morals that they either did not perceive, or if they did, they refused to take into account in their estimate of human character and responsibility. Inherited tendencies for good or evil, the circumstances and environment of early life, all of these contribute largely to the formation of character, and for not one of these is a man or woman personally responsible. A man is the result of his antecedents modified by his environments. Let me mention one other point in honor of our ancestors. The degree of civilization of any country is measured by its treatment of its women. They came from a country where wife-beating was common, and where it is legally permitted to this day, when in the judgment of the husband correction is needed. But I do not remember to have seen a single case in the American history of the Puritans where this brutal treatment was ever imposed on a woman. The fact is, the men saw

their wives and mothers and sisters bravely accepting the lot of colonists, performing cheerfully their duties with a dignity and self-reliance that won their respect. For obedience without discussion, there came to the wife a responsibility without limit. The women grew equal to the demands upon them. Their facile fingers wrought the little ornaments, and their fertile brains suggested the little comforts that made the first rude houses into attractive homes. They were the intellectual equals, and in devotion, often the superiors of their husbands. As the years went on, instead of losing this honorable position, the women of the country won still higher honor. European travellers in America about the time of the revolution write of their surprise at the attainments and the brilliant conversation of the women they met in public assemblies, surpassing the female leaders of society in the capitals of Europe. When at a brilliant assemblage of the President and high government officials and foreign ministers at Philadelphia in 1790, the English minister said courteously to Senator Tracy, of Connecticut, "Your American women would be admired even at St. James." "Yes, I have no doubt of it,—they are admired even at Litchfield Hill."

Our ancestors have been charged with vanity in perpetuating, or their friends for them, their titles, military, civil or ecclesiastic on their tombstones. Why not? All the world does it and always has done it. The epitaphs of European cemeteries show more titled names than are found in the official blue-books fresh from the printing press. Why should not these sturdy captains and good deacons be recognized on the mortuary tablet? Why should any one grudge them the honors which their virtues, their integrity and their intellect had won for them from their fellow men? Who calumniates the oak for towering above his fellow? Let the little oak push up, if it will, the sky is broad and there is room enough for all in the upper heights.

Southampton people have done their work in the world, and have passed on. Their descendants are in half the states of the union, and are generally among the most intelligent and substantial citizens of the state in which they live. Has the town furnished any great men in the history of tne nation? What is greatness, anyhow? How do you measure it? Events, circumstances beyond their control, and opportunities make so called great men. Furthermore, great men are like objects in a fog,—the nearer you approach them the less like giants they appear. I believe you may duplicate the heroes of our five wars on land and sea, in every State in the Union. There are Hampdens and Sidneys in every village. It was not Corliss alone who made the great engine that Gen. Grant set in motion at the centennial exhibition of 1876. Knowledge is cumulative, growing like a big snow ball rolled in soft snow. It took 6,000 years and 500 generations back of Corliss to make the work possible. But, it is moral greatness, after all, that carries the brightest light into the other world and there receives the greater honor. And high moral worth has no sex. Among women there are more martyrs now living than have ever died at the stake. Let it be remembered to-day, that for moral heroism, for all in human character that is worthy of our respect and admiration, our foremothers are in no whit inferior to our forefathers.

As to success in accumulating wealth,—you remember Bunyan's man with the muckrake. He stepped down from the highest plane of manhood, he lost sight of the beauty and glories of the world, and the satisfaction of benevolence and the sacred ministrations of charity, but,—he raked up the dollars. Observe a group of boys playing with their marbles. One has half a dozen, another a score, and another a hundred. The latter may have used the muckrake or he may have inherited them. What matter? You a man look at them. A

farm absorbs your cares—that means a larger horizon, provision for yourself, your wife and children. The interests of a family or a community are interwoven with yours. Or you are engaged in still larger enterprises, or making laws for States, or defining the policy of nations. Do not the marbles seem a very trifling affair, fit only for children? Now turn to the works of the Almighty, see the million forms of organic life, all interdependent, growing up under mysterious laws, perpetuating themselves and dying to make room for others,—is there not here a field for a reverential student's devotion? Study the globe itself, a mausoleum of whole races of living creatures and unfamiliar vegetation, and you will find you need many lifetimes to read its history. Point your telescope to the heavens and watch the march of suns and constellations into distance beyond distance, with other planetary systems trailing in their wake, many or all inhabited by intelligent beings,—and the boys with their marbles, and the man of the muckrake appear to shrink in value and importance. And what is this world, or all worlds compared to a good man or a good woman? The worlds will perish,—they are even now occasionally snuffed out of existence,—but the children of God live, live, live. And these are the men and the women who for eight generations have been going up higher from your midst. The question is answered. They are now great, beyond all earthly greatness, these Puritan ancestors of Southampton.

ADDRESS BY WILLIAM S. PELLETREAU.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF SOUTHAMPTON :

When our esteemed friend, Mr. George R. Howell, was about to prepare his address, he wrote to the Hon. Henry P. Hedges to inquire as to the principal points of his oration, in order that they might not trespass on each other's ground. He received the characteristic reply, "If a whale from Amagansett meets another whale coming from Seatuck, they will both find plenty of room to swim." That letter was in this case our salvation. It seemed to say, "play the part of a little fish and take good care not to get in the whale's way." When one whale meets another in our vast ocean, they pass by in silent majesty, but if they meet the little fish,—the little fish finds himself inside the whale. Jonah was a great man and he left an immortal name, but I would not go through his experience to be called a prophet, even in my own country. With this in view, I very willingly yield to my honored associates the field of eloquence and theory, and content myself with the simple facts that make up history; being comforted by the consoling thought that little fish can swim where great whales would certainly run aground.

Returning to our native town after a lengthened absence, we feel like a son (I trust not the Prodigal) returning to his father's home. And all the villages that we have known so long and so well—Bridge-Hampton, Sag-Harbor, North Haven, Sagg, Good Ground, Atlanticville, Quogue, West-Hampton, Speonk, Eastport, Flanders, North Sea—Southampton welcomes you all.

The stranger who visits this ancient town, cannot fail to notice first of all, the solid and substantial nature of the

dwellings that remain as relics of the days when the settlement was in its infancy. Houses still exist that sheltered men who could remember the dawn of our history. One, the oldest of all, has passed its two centuries of existence, and with care and attention may see another. We once asked a practical carpenter why it was, that people in the olden time used such immense timbers when half or a quarter of the size would answer the purpose. His reply was, that timber was plenty in those days and they might just as well use it as not. There is a much better reason than that. During the past few years it has been our fortune to reside in various portions of the State. Not like the ordinary traveler who passes through on a railroad train, stops at a hotel, looks around for an hour or two and thinks he has seen the whole; but living long enough in each particular locality to gain a knowledge of its history and of the inner life of the people. In one section we noticed with surprise the very inferior character of all the old buildings. Everything built previous to the early part of the present century, if made of wood, was sure to be in the last stages of dilapidation, and if built of stone there was an unmistakable air of cheapness about it. The first impression was that they must have been built by a poverty-stricken class of settlers who could afford nothing better. A more careful examination showed an entirely different reason. That entire section of country was embraced in an immense land grant covering thousands of acres, and formerly owned by one of the famous historical families of the State. The arable portion of this land grant was divided into farms of two or three hundred acres each, and leased to tenants on life leases, leases for one, two, and sometimes three lives. Now here was a system of land tenure based upon the most uncertain of all contingencies, the duration of human life. The man who took the lease and built his house had, of course, no assurance as to

how long he might enjoy it, and the lives that came after his were equally uncertain. Accident or disease might cut them short at any moment; an epidemic might extinguish the titles of half a neighborhood, and as the three lives were sometimes running simultaneously, the time at best could not be very far in the future when the land would revert to its original owner. Occasionally a man would sell his lease with the improvements; this was invariably done at a loss, for the time that had elapsed took away just so much from the sum total, and besides there was the element of uncertainty, which was a most important item in the calculation. The natural result was that anything that looked like permanent improvement was very carefully avoided. Houses and buildings of all kinds were put up as cheaply as possible, and without the slightest regard to durability. If they lasted their time, it was enough; beyond that they had no care. In a region where fruit trees will grow with a luxuriance and produce with an abundance, which we, accustomed to Southampton soil and Southampton climate cannot understand, it required the most stringent clauses to be inserted in the leases, in order to compel tenants to set out orchards, the benefits of which they would be almost certain to enjoy.

Now, when we come to Southampton, we find an entirely different state of things. From the very earliest settlement down to the present day, every man owned his land in fee simple absolute. When a man built his house he did it, not only with the assurance of enjoying its shelter while life to him remained, but with an equal assurance of transmitting it to his descendents, or if he wished to dispose of it, he was equally certain of obtaining a fair valuation. Now, when we look upon these ancient houses with their massive frames and solid covering that has withstood the storms of two centuries, it is not "because timber was plenty and they might just as well use it as not," but because the men who built them

knew that they were building for posterity. Timber was just as plenty in Ulster County as in Southampton, and stone was infinitely plentier, but here there was every inducement for permanent improvement, and there, there was no inducement at all.

What was true of this place was equally true of all the New England settlements, and had no small effect in determining the character of the people, and if there is any trait that has marked the people of the east end of Long Island in the past, and in the present, and we trust will continue in the future, it is stability.

The first settlers brought with them all the customs and modes of thought and action to which they had been accustomed in their native land. Men may change their locality, but in all other things they do not change; the truth is that wherever a man goes he carries himself with him, and the same peculiarities and habits that mark him in his native village will mark him at the North Pole or in Central Africa. Perhaps this is what the Ancient Poet meant when he said:

"The skies above us change, but we change not,"

and,

"What exile from his country can flee himself as well?"

Most of the early settlers of East-Hampton were originally dwellers here, and their separation and departure is the first event of importance in our history. Most of them appear to have come from Kent, while those who remained were probably from Yorkshire and the adjoining regions. The individual members of the two settlements do not appear to have been connected by the bonds of relationship, and from that time forth they formed two distinct colonies. Considering that East-Hampton was the nearest settlement, it is surprising how little communication there was between the two places during the colonial period, and the separation has been quite as complete in later time. It is difficult to imagine a

town more completely isolated from the rest of the world, for a period of several generations. If the communication with East-Hampton was little, that between Southampton and the next western settlements in the town of Brookhaven was still less. A long journey through a dense forest separated them from Setauket and the Manor of St. George, and the Patentship of Moriches. Between the inhabitants of the two towns there was neither relation or acquaintanceship, and the occasions when they came in contact were few and far between. On the south there was the barrier of the mighty ocean, while on the north the wide bay which, in contradistinction from the ocean, they called the "North Sea," (a name perpetuated by a village on its shores), separated them from the equally early settlement of Southold. Within these narrow limits the Colony grew and flourished, the sons and daughters of the settlers intermarried, and in the early part of the last century there was scarcely a family which was not more or less closely connected with the rest. The natural result was a fellow feeling of sympathy, based on the well known principle that "blood is thicker than water." The few who went away did not materially decrease their numbers. The few who came from abroad soon made the manners, customs and mode of thought of the new home, their own, and so for a long series of years they formed a typical community, apart from all the world, and where

"Far from the madding crowds' ignoble strife,
Their humble wishes never learned to stray.
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They took the noiseless tenor of their way."

In such a community permanence of customs would be the rule, and changes the exception, and any important change would come from causes outside of themselves.

We have said that the founders of the towns brought with them the ideas and modes of thought to which they had been accustomed in the old country. One of these was the respect

for lawful authority, which had been impressed upon the minds of so many generations of Englishmen that it had become a second nature. During the few years that Southampton was a government by itself, the General Court, consisting of the freemen of the towns, elected all officers, and to these, the people readily and without reserve, transferred the respect and obedience which they had so long been accustomed to yield to the officers appointed by the British Crown. It should be noticed that no new officers were made. The officers with their titles and their duties were precisely the same as those to which they, and their fathers before them, had rendered obedience, and honored as standing in the place and representing the authority of the King. The highest of these in the new settlement were the Magistrates, the Constables and the Captain of the train band. To the first of these as Justices of the Peace, honor and respect has been justly given through all the long period that has elapsed since the founding of our town down to the present day, and the office for two centuries and a half has been filled by men who have commanded the respect and esteem of their fellow citizens, from their innate worth, integrity and nobility of character, as well as from their official position. But it would be curious indeed to trace the office of Constable from the time when it was the highest office in the town, and sought for and held by the best citizens, down to the present day, when it is not always easy to find a suitable person willing to accept the position. It was a high office when the town was independent. It was higher still when under the dominion of the Duke of York; the "Court of the Constable and Overseers" was the highest tribunal of the town and the Constable was the head of this tribunal. No wonder then that the most prominent citizens were appointed to the office. He was on a level with the minister, which was saying a great deal in those times. A curious illustration of this is

found in the record of the laying out of Hog Neck in 1680; when it was expressly stipulated that no man should sell his lot to any one "who was not approved of by the minister and the constable." Now Hog Neck (or North Haven as it is now called) has a pretty respectable class of inhabitants, but we greatly fear that if this rule were enforced, some would find it necessary to move to the Sag-Harbor end of the bridge. In those days if the pulpit was vacant and a new minister required, the Constable would be considered a very proper person to send for one. It would hardly be thought so now. He was probably the only civil officer who wore a uniform, and carried a sword as part of the insignia of his office. Little by little in after years the powers of the office were lessened, and upon the formation of counties the Sheriff succeeded to the power and dignity that the constable had once enjoyed; and though, at the present time, the office in this town is filled by good and worthy men, yet they cannot be said to derive much honor from their official positions.

While our neighboring town of Southold was founded with the avowed intention of strictly uniting Church and State, our own town was not founded on any such plan. From the statement in the Agreement of the first settlers, or "undertakers" of the plantations, "that when it should please the Lord to add to their number men who should be fit matter for a Church," they would submit to them "to be, or not to be, received as members, according as they should perceive the work of God to be in their hearts," we should conclude that the founders of the town were not Church members. However that may be, it remains certain that when it might seem as if all their time and labor would be fully required in prepareing homes and shelter for themselves, the minister and the Church were provided for first of all. From that time until after the Revolution the minister, without exception, was in all social matters, the foremost man in the community.

He was the only man of liberal education and this, in itself, placed him far beyond the rest, for learning was scarce, and valued accordingly. A comfortable home was provided, and the stipulated salary always promptly paid; small as it might seem now, it was large in proportion to the means of the people, and ample for the wants of the times.

As the Church and the minister have ever formed so important a portion of the social life of our community, any attempt to describe the social changes of the past, which would not be largely devoted to them, would certainly fail of its object, for there is nothing that shows in so marked a manner the contrast between the past and the present. When the Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D. D., whose eloquence has charmed us all, and to whom no one has listened with greater pleasure than myself, had arrived at the ripe and mature age of nine years, and was consequently fully competent to grapple with all the problems of life, he communicated to us his grand plan for getting rich. He assured us that "as soon as he was a man" he intended to start three businesses at once, and be a shoe-maker, a store-keeper and a minister. His plan, which he explained with much earnestness, was to have a store with a shoe-maker's bench at one end. When there were no customers to wait upon he could make shoes, and on Sundays, when, of course, he could neither make shoes nor "'tend store," he could preach. Circumstances, it seems, have prevented him from carrying out two-thirds of this ingenious scheme; but the other third has been accomplished with such marked success that we can readily pardon the omission of the rest. But the curious part of it is that there was a time in the history of Southampton when such a scheme, which might now seem so ludicrously impracticable, was not only perfectly practicable, but actually put in practice. All of our early ministers had the use of the Parish farm, and cultivated it with their own hands. Rev. Sylvanus

White, who was identified with this town and parish for a greater length of time than any other pastor, was born in 1704; graduated at Harvard in 1723; settled in Southampton as minister in 1726, and, after an unbroken pastorate of 55 years, died in 1782; his mind not enfeebled by age. Of all that he must have written during his long career, it is passing strange that not a scrap remains, except his Day Book of accounts, which, fortunately, still remains, a most interesting relic of the past. (*See note A.*) Every item of income and expenditure appears to be entered in a most methodical manner, and affords abundant data for estimating the cost of supporting a family of prominence and respectability. To this we will allude more at large when we come to speak of the changes in family life. In addition to carrying on his farm, he kept a boarding school on a small scale, and taught a few boys, sons of wealthy and prominent men, in this and the neighboring towns, the elements of the Latin language. Minister White could say with the utmost propriety and the strictest truth, "I am a farmer, a school-teacher and a minister; during week days I 'farm it' and teach boys Latin, and on Sundays I preach." It would be difficult to find any radical difference between this plan, actually carried out, and the one that existed in the youthful mind and vigorous imagination of his eloquent and talented successor. This plan of uniting pastoral labors with manual work, continued till a comparatively late date. When the Rev. Mr. Babbitt came to Southampton in 1816, he was (without having learned a trade), a mechanic of no mean ability. His wife was a skilled tailoress. Neither of them hesitated to earn an honest dollar by these means; and this, in connection with the fact that board was two dollars a week, explains the fact that he was able to lay up money on a salary of Three Hundred Dollars a year. (*See note B.*) Times have changed to such an extent that any such arrangement, at the present day, would be de-

rogatory to both minister and people. One of the greater changes in connection with pastoral life, is in the nature and amount of personal intercourse between minister and people. This, in the old times, was of the closest kind. The pastor was the personal friend and acquaintance of every person in his extensive parish; the counsellor of the old; the adviser of the young; the assistant of the widow; the protector of the fatherless. From the cradle to the grave, their lives and actions were his care and solicitude. When books were few, and of newspapers none, the sermon was remembered and discussed during the week, with an earnestness that cannot now be realized. Ministers' sons were always supposed to set a good example to godless youth; and their wives and daughters were always expected to be the visitants of the sick, and the comforters of the afflicted. It would be better for all concerned if we had not left these things behind.

We have spoken of books as being few; they were few indeed; and it is very characteristic of the times that, previous to the Revolution, a very large proportion of them were religious works and volumes of sermons were more numerous than all others. Those were generally published by subscription, and contained at the end a list of the subscribers. Benjamin Franklin was a free thinker, but more than half the books he printed were religious works. A few volumes of history were owned by fortunate persons; these were carefully studied, and to say of any one that he was a "well read man" was a mark of distinction. A college education was something very rare. In the burying ground at Sagg there is a moss grown tombstone with the inscription "Here lies the body of Mr. Henry White, Student of Yale College, who died May 5, A. D., 1748, in his 23d year." (*See note C.*) The fact that he was a student being considered of sufficient importance to record in that lasting manner. When Capt. John Wick died in 1719 he made provision in his will that

one of his sons should be sent to College, and sets aside a certain amount of property for that purpose, a sum which would not be sufficient to defray six months' expenses at the present time. Notwithstanding the veneration in which learning was held, very little money was spent on schools till within the last fifty years; and what little was spent, was done grudgingly and, to use the common expression, "came like drawing teeth." There never was a time when it would not be twice as easy to raise money to build a new Church, as to build a new school house. The wretched shanties that passed under the name of school houses, and the last of them has very recently disappeared, were sad exemplifications of that fact. To fully understand the reasons for this requires a careful study of the inner life of people in the olden times. Our first settlers came here and found a wilderness to conquer. All their time and labor were required to gain a living; their homes, their clothing, their food were of the plainest kind, and, from the day they landed till long after the Revolution, there was not a man or woman in Southampton who did not earn their daily bread by their daily labor. The class, now quite numerous, who, like the lilies of the field "toil not, neither do they spin," have only existed here for a very few years. Every thing was done by hand; their food, their clothing, the tiling of the soil, and the making of the tools with which their daily work was done; every thing was performed by manual labor; a day's labor meant from early in the morning till sun down; and, as for woman's work, that was never done. A few generations spent in this manner, and work became a second nature. To work was considered the natural lot of all; to say that one was a "hard-working-man" was high praise; whether he made anything by it was of much less consideration. Under these circumstances, anything that interfered with work, and called a man or boy away from it, was looked upon with suspicion. When the first settlers

came here they brought minister and Church with them. Connected, as they were, with all their hopes of the eternal world, they became part and parcel of themselves, and were as necessary as the breath of life. The minister must be supported, no matter how hard they might toil; the Church must be built at any sacrifice; but schools and education were looked upon, either as luxuries they could do without, or as necessary evils. It was considered necessary that a boy should learn to read and write, but the time spent in learning was just so much taken from farm labor. It was not considered necessary that a girl should learn these things, the large number of women who made their marks, when signing Deeds, is ample proof of this. The pay of the school master was small, even for those days. In 1694 Mr. John Mowbray engaged "faithfully to teach the school in Southampton" for six months for 12 shillings per scholar; he was guaranteed twenty-two scholars, which would make his salary about Forty Dollars, and he boarded himself. It would be curious to compare the school of those days with that of the present time. The first qualifications of the school master was to be a good penman. The autographs of some of them are to be seen among our Town Records, and their complicated flourishes must have excited much admiration. Beyond this, little was required, except a fair knowledge of arithmetic. His salary was increased by small sums for writing Deeds and Wills, and he would assist the Town officers in settling Town accounts. The school books were very few in number, but we know that slates and spelling-books were used in the middle of the last century and they cost two shillings, six pence apiece. Boys who studied arithmetic had a blank book, in which "sums" were carefully copied, after having been wrought out on a slate. It seems to have been the pride of a good scholar to have a neat copy-book. Some of these we have seen, with examples illustrating all the rules of the

arithmatic, especially the "Rule of Three," or, as it was then called on account of its supposed importance, the "Golden Rule," which is now superseded by the more rational process of analysis. Geography and grammar were only studied by a few; and if any were ambitious to go beyond these, they had to employ the minister as a private teacher.

And speaking of geography reminds us of the wonderful changes of the last century. Prior to the Revolution there was no Western country. After that, the "West" meant the middle of the State of New-York. To the next generation, the "West" was the Ohio region. When the oldest persons present were boys, the "West" meant Illinois and Indiana, and the Mississippi was the boundary of an unknown land. When the middle aged were children, the "West" was Kansas and Nebraska. For the children who now throng our schools, the circle has returned to its beginning, and there is no "Western country."

Next to the minister and the school master comes the doctor, for the former were here long before the latter. For long years after the settlement, there appears to have been no physician in town. A "Dr. Craig" is once mentioned, but he certainly was not a permanent resident. Families then "doctored" their ailments with domestic remedies. It was a part of the duty of a good hourewife to lay in a good stock of herbs at the proper season. "Yarb teas" of all kinds were given in cases of sickness; and, if they did no good, they certainly did no hurt. It is quite a question whether many of these herbs were not brought with the first settlers from England, with the traditional knowledge of their efficacy. Some of them are never found, growing wild, far from the haunts of men. However this may be, each plant had, in their idea, a peculiar good quality. Catnip was "soothing to the nerves." Indian Posy "good for colds." Comfrey was "strengthening." Boneset (which is certainly indigenous)

was "good in fevers." Skunk Cabbage (the first flower that blossoms) was used for rheumatism, but never cured it; nor did any other of the thousand-and-one remedies for that painful complaint. The first physician who appears to have settled here was Dr. John Mackie, who was here previous to 1736; he died in 1758, and of his medical practice we have no knowledge whatever. Succeeding him came Dr. William Smith, son of Nathaniel Smith, Esq., who owned a very large estate at Moriches; he first came to Southampton as scholar to Rev. Sylvanus White, in 1742; (*see note D*) he studied medicine in Philadelphia, and settled here in 1754, and remained until his death, 1775. His son, Dr. John Smith, was physician here for many years, but the real successors of Dr. William Smith were Drs. Henry White and Silas Halsey; the latter removing to the western part of the State after the Revolution. Of a doctor's practice, during the latter part of the last century and the early part of the present, we have a very full knowledge from the account book of Dr. White, which is still in existence. If the present physicians followed their scale of prices, we could almost afford to be sick. Phlebotomy and cathartic medicines, or as he expressed it in much plainer English, "bleeding and a purge," was the beginning, the middle and the end. No matter what the disease might be, a purge was the first remedy they administered. His prices certainly were moderate; a visit in the vicinity was one shilling; for a visit at more than a mile distance, three shillings; and four shilling for going in the night; a visit to North Sea would be five shillings; and if he stayed there all night, and furnished medicines, it would be nine and six pence; it would be seven shillings to Seth Squires at Squiretown; and eight shillings to Wakeman Foster's at Pon Quogue; and the same to Red Creek. A visit, with paregoric, cost 'Squire Herrick (a near neighbor) two shillings, and for three visits, with spirits of nitre, he charged three and six

pence; a visit to Wickapog in the night, with castor oil and paregoric, was ten shillings. He made a good many visits to Mr. Samuel Jagger's, at Long Springs, at three shillings each. His son, Sylvanus, made a good many more, but he got a wife by them. The fee for extracting a tooth was one shilling; a "purge" was one shilling four pence; an emetic the same; also a dose of rhubarb. Two visits to Shinnecock with sundry medicines, cost some Indian twelve shillings; a visit to North Sea, with bleeding thrown in, was four shillings. A large part of his pay was taken in barter and days' work. At one time he gets a load of sea-weed for a visit with the inevitable "purge"; and again, he brings home a fine bass, at a cent-and-a-half a pound. We have no doubt but that his successors in the profession would be glad of such a chance occasionally. In one instance a wealthy family at North Sea, for divers visits and doses, had run up a bill of nine pounds, seven shillings and six pence; this was paid in what the doctor, very justly, calls "sundries," and includes apples, flax, wood, pears, timothy seed, beans, clams, fish, eels, pigs, watermelons and geese. His accounts show that all the medicines he used were of the very mildest kind; and it is doubtful if they ever killed or cured. If the patient recovered, the doctor had the credit of it; if he died, it was charged to Providence.

When Dr. Smith wished to replenish his stock of drugs, he saddled his horse, fastened his saddle-bags and started for New-York. The end of the first day found him at Patchogue, where he "tarried" at the tavern over night. The next evening found him in the City, which then extended almost to Canal Street. Having accomplished his business, he started on his return; and Saturday night found him safe at home.

There is no word, once in such general use, and occupying so large a share of public attention, that has so completely fallen into disuse, as the word "Tavern." At the present

time, every house of entertainment, no matter how meager its accommodations or limited its capacity, rejoices in the title of "Hotel." Most of our social changes came gradually, but this came all of a sudden. The word "Hotel" was imported from France about the beginning of the present century. It found its way into the Dictionary in 1806, and was defined as "an inn for genteel people."

This, at once, accounts for the change. Between the tavern keepers in any village there was an intense rivalry. Each one thought that *his* Inn furnished the "best accommodations for man and beast." *His* house was the one for "gentlemen" to stop at on their travels. As for the lower class, the place for them was "the tavern across the way," or "down the street."

When "Hotel" was introduced as an "Inn for genteel people," each one was convinced that his house was just the one that answered that description, and the sign was changed accordingly. The neighbor, who entertained precisely the same idea concerning his own establishment, promptly followed suit, and "Taverns" quickly became obsolete.

When Rip VanWinkle waked from his twenty years' sleep, one of the changes that astonished him was to find that Nicholas Vedder's "Tavern" had vanished and Jonathan Doolittle's "Union Hotel" was in its place.

We may state that, in the old times, the charge for horse and man, over night, with meals, was three shillings.

On a cold winter's day the tavern fireplace (for there were no stoves in those days) would be a very comfortable resort. The well known story tells us of a half frozen traveller who on coming in and finding every seat in front of the fire occupied, and no chance to thaw himself, loudly called out, "Hostler, give my horse a peck of oyster shells." When the curious crowd had gone out to see the horse devour this new kind of provender, the traveller comfortably ensconced himself in the

warmest corner, and when the hostler reported that the horse refused to eat them, calmly said, "then give him his oats."

The minister, the school master and the doctor have been for long years among us, but the lawyer is a modern introduction. When Rev. Dr. Dwight, of Yale College, travelled through Long Island in the early part of this century, he reports that no lawyer had ever yet been able to get a living in Suffolk County. But times have changed, (some say for the worse), and the legal profession is now prominent, and its individual members appear to be prosperous. One day, when this century was young, there was a boat on the shore of Mecox Bay and some oysters in it. There was also disputed ownership, high words, a quarrel, a fight, a suit for assault and battery: all these followed in natural and rapid succession. The defendant hastened to Abraham T. Rose, then just fledged as a lawyer, and ready to defend injured innocence, for a consideration. The suit came off in Southampton before Squire Jonathan Fithian, then a young Justice of the Peace. With the eloquence that in after years made him the bright and shining light of the Suffolk County bar, the young lawyer pleaded the cause of his client so successfully that the jury brought in the verdict "not guilty." The over-joyed but unsophisticated client promptly sought his counsel and asked his fee, and was told Two Dollars. "Two dollars? Heaven and airth! Why, here I have to take my hoe and hoe corn all day long for fifty cents, and you just come here and stand up and talk two hours, and charge two dollars. I'ts outrageous, and I won't pay it!" "Very well, what will you pay?" The client's hand went down into the depths of his trousers pocket, fished out an eel skin purse, and taking fifty cents tendered it as the "fair thing." The young lawyer accepted it and both adjourned to Herrick Rogers' bar room, where it was quickly exchanged for "liquid refreshments," of which the client had a full share, and that was the end of the first

lawyer's feet hat we have any account of in this village. Now doctor's disagree, and ministers dispute, but lawyers will always stand by each other, and I do not suppose there is a member of the legal fraternity present but will declare by his faith in Blackstone, that two dollars pay for two hours talk was a fair and reasonable charge, and the service well worth the money.

We cannot conclude this part of our discourse without offering our slight tribute to the memory of a man who in his day found few that could equal him, still fewer to surpasss. In the northern part of Bridge-Hampton there is still standing a farm house of the ancient kind, that has endured for more than a century in its plain and homely solidity. In the village of Flushing, there is a mansion, one of the most magnificent erected in this country prior to the middle of the present century. When we saw there the doors of solid mahogany, the walls, floors and pillars of polished marble, it seemed indeed as if one there might "dream that he dwelt in marble halls" and wake and find his dream a reality. Such was the birth place, and such the dwelling place, in the after days of his glory, of Nathan Sandford, Chancellor of the State of New-York, and Senator in the Congress of the United States. Like too many in high stations he builded the palace unmindful of the sepulchre, and the home with all its magnificence has long since passed into the hands of strangers. (*See note E.*) It is no injustice to the dead, nor disparagement to the living, to say that Chancellor Nathan Sandford was the most distinguished and eminent man ever born within the limits of the town of Southampton, and of his greatness and his fame, his native town, his native county and his native State may well be proud.

The changes in social and family life are so closely connected that it is sometimes difficult to determine in what class certain changes should be placed. It might seem to some

that an old account book would be the dryest and most uninteresting reading that could well be imagined, yet from these almost all our facts are derived. The Day Books of Rev. Sylvanus White, Capt. Elias Pelletreau and his son John Pelletreau, form an unbroken series, from the early part of the last century down to a period within the remembrance of people now living. They tell us the prices of labor and all the commodities used and dealt in at that day. They tell us what was high and what was low. What was in daily use, and what was seldom used, what were considered necessaries and what were luxuries. In fact a complete picture of family life can be drawn from them. The most remarkable of all changes has been in the price of labor. For a period of 100 years the wages of a laboring man were 3 shillings a day or 37½ cents. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that until the Independence of the United States all accounts were kept in pounds, shillings and pence, or the English currency. Even after the new order of things, when a Federal currency of dollars and cents had been established, old people still clung to what they had learned when boys, and had always been used to, and kept their accounts in pounds, shillings and pence to the end of their lives. The pound was two dollars and a half, the shilling 12½ cents, and the penny a triffle more than a cent. The Spanish dollar was 8 shillings, and this is our unit of value. The reason why wages were so low, and remained so for such a lengthy period, was owing to the fact that there was no diversified industry, the whole community was engaged in farming, and there was nothing else for unskilled labor to do. The old adage says, "where all shovel and hoe, wages must be low." On the other hand everything produced by the community was also low, for there was no outside market, and the supply was equal to the demand, and generally in excess. Still more remarkable has been the change in the price of female labor. During all the long

period we have mentioned, a woman's wages were one shilling or 12½ cents a day, and young girls who could not do a full day's work, had less. As a shilling a yard was the price paid for weaving flannel we might conclude that a yard was a fair day's work. A man hired by the month had 7 dollars and a half, and a man could be hired to work a year on a farm for 22 pounds, or 55 dollars. In the early part of the present century wages were 4 shillings a day. As late as 1817 the wages of a hired girl were 5 shillings, or 62½ cents a week, and up to the time of the war a dollar a week was good pay. The price of a shilling a day for women's work continued till after the Revolution. In 1814 it had risen to one shilling and sixpence. In 1832 the wages of a woman for cleaning house were two shillings. Skilled labor among men was a trifle higher. During the last century, carpenter's wages were 4 shillings a day. In 1767 a carpenter and his apprentice worked at a building three days for one pound six shillings, or at the rate of 85 cents a day for both. In 1805 wages had risen to six shillings a day, and they soon after rose to seven, and finally about 1825 reached a dollar a day, which was then the price of a bushel of wheat. A mason's wages in 1762 were five shillings a day, and rose to seven, in the early part of the present century. All other kinds of mechanics, as tailors and shoemakers, worked by piece work, their prices being equally low. In women's work there seems to have been no difference between skilled and unskilled labor, the tailoress and the woman who sewed on a "gown" had the same wages as the woman who helped clean house. Twenty-five cents a day was the usual price till after the War of 1812, and a day's work at sewing meant from early in the morning till the tallow candle burnt out at night. Dressmakers' wages rose gradually to 50 cents. At the time of the war, like other things, they made a sudden bound. What they may be now we cannot tell, as we have very slight personal interest

in the matter, but there are doubtless plenty of unhappy married men present who can testify with sadness of heart that they have not grown any less. We regret that we cannot offer them any consolation. So far as we can judge of the future from the past, it is "bad times and worse a'coming."

The great characteristic of those days was that everybody worked. Every man and woman and the children who were large enough, earned their daily bread by daily labor. It was reserved for the folly of modern times to discover that it was derogatory or degrading for women to work for themselves or other people. Every family expected to do its own work, but if hired help was needed, all that was necessary was to go to the nearest family that had grown up daughters. The person who should try this now might possibly escape with his life, but the experiment would be what the Insurance Companies call "extra hazardous." In 1768 the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the town, purchased of Capt. Elias Pelletreau a pair of silver shoe-buckles for 19 shillings. She paid for them by spinning 33 days at 7 pence a day. (*See note F.*) Most of our young ladies, if required to get them on those terms would probably conclude that shoe buckles were something they could do without. Although everything produced here was low, yet wages appear to have been lower than anything else. The laboring man with his three shillings a day could buy 3 pounds of butter. It would take him two days to earn a bushel of wheat. A day's work would not buy a bushel of corn. He could buy 12 pounds of pork, or a pretty good sized pig. He could get 12 pounds of beef or 12 pounds of mutton, or a bushel-and-a-half of potatoes. As for fish he could get the best for a cent-and-a-half a pound, and oysters for long years were 25 cents a bushel. If the Town Trustees will only bring back that happy time, they are welcome to Mecox bay. Rye he could get for four shillings a bushel, a goose could be bought for a shil-

ling. So much for his food. Let us see how the price of labor compared with the cost of clothes. Tow cloth, then quite generally worn in the summer, was two and sixpence a yard, so two days' work would not buy him a pair of trousers even of this course material. Common woolen cloth was three shillings a yard, and fustian (a coarser kind of cloth) was three and sixpence. Flannel was four shillings, and linen three shillings and sixpence a yard.

There is an idea quite prevalent, that in old times people were more on an equality and that social distinctions were less marked than at present. The truth is just the reverse. Our first settlers come from a country where social lines were very closely drawn; they brought with them a veneration for aristocracy and high family. It would be useless to attempt to convince us (possibly more difficult to convince their descendents) that Edward Howell, Gentleman, and Capt. Thomas Topping were not several degrees higher in social life than Goodman Jones or Goodman Brown. "Mr." was something more than an idle compliment, and "Esquire" was not an empty title. Everything goes to show that the deference due to superior rank was willingly paid. When in our earliest days persons were appointed to seat people in the meeting house in accordance with their rank and station, we find no complaint. It was well understood who were entitled to the higher seats in the synagogue, and who should take a lower place. Just imagine the result if anything of this kind was attempted now. The distinction between high and low, rich and poor, was then far greater. Instead of growing more aristocratic we have grown more democratic. Some of the settlers brought with them more ample means than others. This gave them a head start in the race and they kept it. Their descendants had, through the division of lands, large estates, and became wealthy families. While everything that was raised here was cheap, everything that was not produced

here was high. Domestic cloth made in families was low, but cloth imported from England was very expensive. It was the policy of Great Britain to discourage manufactures in the Colonies, and to make there a market for her own productions. Everything that looked like luxury, either in dress or living, had to come from abroad and be paid for at a high price. The "Gentleman" then was known by his dress. To be clothed in imported goods was a sign of wealth or extravagance. To be clothed in homespun was an evidence of thrift and economy, and at the beginning of the Revolution was a proof of patriotism as an encouragement of home productions. Times have so changed that for any family at the present time to attempt to make its own clothing, instead of being an evidence of thrift and ecmonoy would be proof of extravagant eccentricity, for the same amount of labor necessary to prepare the wool, from the time it came off the sheep's back till it goes on to the back of the man, would at modern wages buy the finest broadcloth.

We have seen the price of necessaries, let us now observe the price of imported luxuries. In 1767 a watch was worth seven pounds, or about eighteen dollars, almost the price of an ox. Silk for a cloak was fourteen shillings a yard, more than four times the price of flannel. A silk handkerchief was worth seven shillings and seven-and-sixpence; a hank of sewing silk four shillings. A paper of pins in 1760 cost one shilling four pence; better ones can now be had for two cents. What becomes of all the pins is a question no one seems able to answer, but we know what became of some of those. One hundred and twenty years ago the owner of the account book pinned some of his bills fast to the pages, and they are there to-day. The heads of these ancient pins are made of fine wire. Solid headed pins are a late invention. Now if a laboring man wished to indulge in these foreign luxuries he would have to count the cost. A day's work would buy him

a thimble. It would take four day's work to buy a yard of Taffety, but he could earn a gallon of molasses or four pounds of sugar in one day. It would take fifty day's work to buy a watch. It was then a rich man who could sport one. Tea and coffee were not then necessary comforts, they were unnecessary luxuries to be used on rare occasions. The best part of a week's work would be necessary to buy a pound of each. If he kept a gun it would take a day's work to buy a pound of powder. If he was hired to do mowing, it would take two days and a half to pay for the scythe. It seems that they were made in this country, and to get a "Philadelphia scythe," he would have to sweat in the field three days. A hoe would cost him five shillings, but probably the village blacksmith made that. It would take two days and a half to earn a pair of shoes for himself, and they were not fancy ones either. Probably none of the young ladies present would feel particularly proud of being the owner of a calico dress, but they would be if it cost five shillings a yard, and they had to work fifty days to get it. Let any young lady imagine working hard for 50 days to get a calico dress, and then talk of "the good old times when everybody was happy." When postage to New-York was 22 cents, people did not write oftener than necessary. It would take a man's labor five days to get an iron pot to cook his dinner in. If he was ambitious, or foolish enough to wish to dress like a "gentleman," it would take him nearly a month's work to buy the broadcloth for a coat, to say nothing of the other expenses. It is not so many years when "to be able to wear broadcloth" was synonymous with wealth. We need not go further, to show how utterly impossible it was, in those times, for a large part of the community to possess things which we call necessaries.

There was one article of luxury that the wealthy families always made it a point to obtain, and that was silver plate.

These articles, many of which remain in the possession of the old families, comprised tankards, porringers, spoons, knee-buckles and shoe-buckles. They were, in fact, the most common sense luxuries that a family could indulge in, for they always had an intrinsic value, and they never wore out, but would go down with unimpaired usefulness to succeeding generations. We have ample data as to the cost of these things. In 1772 Elias Pelletreau made for Hugh Smith, Esq., of Moriches, a three-pint tankard which weighed thirty-five ounces, seven pennyweights, which, at nine shillings four pence an ounce, came to sixteen pounds, ten shillings and ten pence. The making (or "fashioning," as it was called) cost four pounds, eight shillings and eight pence. Engraving a "cipher," or the initals of the owner in monogram, which was done in a very artistic manner, cost six shillings; the whole cost being twenty-one pounds, five shillings and sixpence, or about fifty-three dollars and eighty cents. This tankard is yet in existence, and we have had the pleasure of seeing it. Its value represents one hundred and forty-one days' labor of a laboring man, at that time. Of course none but wealthy families had tankards. A porringer was a silver dish holding about a pint, and beaten from a lump of silver, with an ornamental handle added. The silver weighed eight ounces, twelve pennyweights, and at nine shillings, three pence an ounce, was worth three pounds, nineteen shillings; the making, or "fashioning," was twenty shillings, making the whole cost four pounds, nineteen shillings, or twelve dollars and thirty-seven and one-half cents. A laboring man would have to work thirty-three days for one. To say that a person "could eat his pudding and milk out of a silver porringer" meant something in those days. Four table spoons cost three pounds, seventeen shillings, or nine dollars and seventy cents. An average set of six tea spoons cost one pound, eight shillings and three pence, or three dollars and fifty-three cents.

A man would have to work nine days and a half for them. To say that a person was "born with a silver spoon in his mouth" meant that he was a child of wealthy parents, and one to be envied. No gentleman's costume was complete without handsome silver knee-buckles and shoe-buckles. They were made of solid silver, and handsomely wrought. A pair of shoe buckles of the most expensive kind, cost one pound, eight shillings and seven pence, or three dollars and fifty-seven cents. Ladies also wore shoe-buckles of the same style and cost. A man would have to work about ten days, and it would require a woman's work for more than a month to earn a pair. It is needless to say that every one did not wear silver buckles. Knee-buckles were not as costly as shoe-buckles; they ranged in value from eight shillings to twelve shillings; brass buckles could be had for four shillings and six pence. A hat, one of the three-cornered kind, such as gentlemen wore, would cost one pound eight shillings, or three dollars and a half. A man must work nine days for such a hat. Broadcloth was twelve shillings six pence a yard, and the fashion required a liberal pattern for a coat. The buttons were no small item in the cost; a set of gold ones, (then fashionable), were worth two pounds, five shillings and eight pence, or five dollars and seventy cents. Bright colors, as blue and red were commonly worn.

It seems that the dictates of fashion, which starts with the "400" and works their way up (or down) to the 400,000, have declared that it is no longer "good form" to call a certain very important article of mens' costume by the name of pantaloons, but "trowsers," is to be the fashionable name. The arbiters of fashion, and the fools who follow them, certainly hit on nothing new in this case, for that was the name by which they were known here 175 years ago, and they still continue to be called so by old fashioned people down to the present time. When our ancestors left England, "pantaloons"

was a strange, out-landish name, recently introduced from France or Italy, and so new as to require a definition. The definition was "a garment composed of breeches and stockings, fastened together and made in one piece." We doubt if Edward Howell and his company ever heard the name. Trowsers, on the other hand, is as old as Shakespeare's time, and when this town was settled seems to have been gradually getting into general use; but the word they brought with them was plain and homely "breeches." These, for every-day use were frequently made of leather; and doe-skin was in great demand for them. The old fashion of short breeches and stockings has been partially revived in late years, under the name of "knickerbockers." The general use of pantaloons came about the time of the French Revolution, when a large part of our population was in active sympathy with France. In that country the name "sans culottes," or no stocking people, came to distinguish the Democrats and lower class from the aristocrats. Here the Federalists, who represented the conservative class, and were accused by their enemies with favoring England and aristocratic ideas, still clung to the old style of stockings and knee-buckles. The last man in Southampton who wore them was Deacon Thomas Jessup, who lived where Capt. Barney R. Green now lives; he died in 1809. Now, let us suppose that some of our prominent citizens, (our esteemed Member of Assembly, for example,) should appear in our streets with a large three-cornered hat on his head, a bright blue broadcloth coat, reaching to his knees, ornamented with gold buttons about as large as a twenty-five cent piece, a bright red vest, reaching to his hips, with bright silver buttons with his initials engraved on them, black velvet breeches, white silk stockings, with large and bright silver knee-buckles and shoe-buckles; and last, but by no means least, a long sword at his side; it is possible—in fact, it is quite probable—that he

would attract considerable attention. But that is precisely the way he *would* have appeared, had it been our misfortune that he had lived 150 years ago. And I cannot neglect this opportunity to express my sincere, personal satisfaction that Southampton should have honored herself, by sending to the Legislature of the State one of her noblest sons, and a worthy representative of her oldest families. And, while in common with all others of his friends, I cannot but regret that his voice had not oftener been heard in discussing the great and important questions of the day, yet it is a pleasure to testify that every word and act and vote of his has been an honor to his native town and the county that he represents.

Slavery existed here in the olden time, but in a mild form. It was an unprofitable institution, and when, after the Revolution, laws were passed for its gradual abolition, no one lost anything by them. A negro girl, thirty-six years old, was worth thirty-five pounds, or eighty-eight dollars, while a man thirty-three years old was worth two hundred and fifty dollars.

There are some false notions connected with old times which may be worth mentioning. The first is that people lived longer than now. The old tomb-stones in our ancient burying grounds tell a very different story. Another is, that people in the olden times were healthier and stronger. The truth is that they were subject to all diseases that now afflict humanity, without possessing the knowledge necessary for their prevention; nor the means adapted for their cure. Another very common belief is that the seasons have changed; but we find that 150 years ago men were planting corn the first week in May; hilling corn the last of June; mowing the first week in July; cutting grain the last of July and the first of August; gathering corn, (which was then allowed to ripen on the stalk), in November. This shows that the seasons have not changed. We once heard a learned physician argue

that the climate of Long Island must have changed, as fatal cases of lockjaw are not so common as they once were. It did not occur to the learned doctor that a much simpler explanation is close at hand, and is a curious instance of a change in the manners and customs of a people making a change in things not apparently connected with it. Men and boys do not go bare-footed as they once did. It was customary for boys to begin going bare-foot on "Town Meeting day," (the first Tuesday in April), and it was kept up till frost came. Men always went bare-footed when fishing or engaged in farm work during the summer. A large percentage of fatal cases of lockjaw came from injuries to unprotected feet, and when the practice was discontinued, one of the principal causes of the disease was removed, and the effect was diminished in the same proportion.

There are two articles of personal luxury and adornment which well deserve mention. War and fighting seem to be the natural life of the Aryan race from which we spring. Everything connected with war and military life has always been held in the highest honor. Once all men went armed from necessity, and they kept up the custom long after the necessity for it had passed away. Even the simple custom of turning to the right when we meet a person is supposed to be derived from the time when men, carrying their weapons on the left, always turned their armed side to whoever they might meet, for they were quite as likely to be enemies as friends. In the old times we speak of, a sword was one of the distinctions of a gentleman, and were not confined, by any means, to military men. In old wills men very frequently left their swords as a legacy to a favorite son. Josiah Howell's silver hilted sword cost him £7 in 1774, or $17.50, nearly the price of 50 days' work of a laboring man. Who the last man was who wore a sword we are not informed. The custom ceased for all but militia officers shortly after the

Revolution. Among the articles of female adornment was one that was a source of pride to those who wore them, and of envy to those who could not. This was a string of gold beads. Like silver plate they had a constant intrinsic value, and were very durable. A string of beads cost from $10 to $12, and were very highly prized.

In one thing Southampton and the other towns on the East end of Long Island had an advantage over other settlements in the Colony of New-York. The whales which were plenty along the coast, afforded a constant source of revenue and were looked upon as the special gift of Providence. The oil and bone were sent to England as an important article of exchange for the manufactured goods of the old country. From some items of account we conclude that the consignees made every excuse for paying as little as possible for oil, and charged as much as they possibly could for the goods. The first church bell on Long Island, as far as we can learn, was paid for in whale oil. The general price of whale oil during the last century was two shillings and sixpence a gallon. In later times, in the famous year when five dead whales lay on our beach at one time*, the price was three shillings and sixpence or forty-three cents a gallon. Whale bone was 3 shillings a pound, a price which seems rather high. Of course in the old times before the days of kerosene, tallow candles and whale oil were the only means of illumination. A tin lamp for burning oil cost four shillings. Every family made its own candles. Persons who understood the business made them for a penny and a half a pound, and they were worth a shilling a pound after they were made. In all thrifty families three hundred and sixty-five candles were expected to last a year. It was the custom not to light them until the children, (who were generally on the lookout,) could see three

* Winter of 1847.

stars. More economical people never lighted them until it was so dark they could scarcely see their hands before their faces. Lighting candles before it was dark, and especially burning two at a time, were considered extravagences that would certainly lead to ruin. The candles were made by the old process of dipping and suspending from candle rods, until some time in the present century, when some Yankee genius invented candle moulds, and then tallow dips disappeared forever.

We have stated that Rev. Sylvanus White, in addition to his ministerial duties, kept a sort of boarding school and taught the sons of some of the wealthy families the Latin language. The following items from his account book explain themselves.

Josiah Topping began to learn of, and board with me March 9, 1743, and lived with me a year and a half, till September 9 1744, at 4 shillings a week, comes to £15, 12s. His schooling a year and a half £4.

Wm. Smith, son to Nathaniel Smith, Esq., of Moriches, began to come to school Jan. 4, 1742, went home April 5, about a week.

Nath. Smith, Esq., Dr. to S. White for his son's board for 12 weeks, at 4 shilling a week, £2 8s. Schooling his son, £1, 5s.

Now boarding house diet has never been considered conducive to corpulency, or dyspeptic diseases, and when we find the charge only 4 shillings a week we might have some suspicions as to the abundance of his table or the variety of his bill of fare. But at the time every article of food used in the family were raised on the farm. Things which we consider comforts and necessaries were neither furnished nor expected. Four shillings would buy a large amount of substantial food, and taking everything into consideration, the sum charged was about equal to $4 now.

Suppose some of our elders and deacons should happen to

get a sight of the present clergyman's account book, and find there an item like the following:

REV. SYLVANUS WHITE TO FRANCIS PELLETREAU, DR. 1729

2 pounds of sugar, 1s 4d.
2 gallons of rum, 8s
3 " " 12s
2 pounds of sugar 1s 4d.
3 gallons of rum 12s

They would certainly stare and gasp and have hard thoughts of the buyer, still worse of the seller. If we can put faith in the entries in the account book, 14 pounds of sugar must have been considered an ample supply for his family a year. The cost of the liquor used vastly exceeded this. The general use of ardent spirits was one of the features of the times. Minister and people, Magistrate and day laborer, there were no exceptions, all considered it as one of the necessaries of life. It is probable that clergymen meet now, occasionally, to talk over church affairs, but we do not think that a pint of brandy and a quart of wine would be considered a necessary preparation for the event. To expect laborers in the harvest field, or engaged in any other fatiguing labor, to do without rum, would be considered the same as expecting them to do without water. New England rum was worth three shillings a gallon, but West India rum (a superior article) cost four shillings. When storekeepers, in the early part of the present century, advertised "a good stock of West India goods," this particular item was the most important of the lot. Rum and molasses cost about the same but there were ten gallons of the former sold to one of the latter. Things went on from bad to worse. About 1820 the United States bid fair to become a nation of drunkards, and Southampton was fully up to the times. There is no statement so often made in regard to the past as this, "They had good liquor in old times, and it never hurt anybody." There never was a greater mistake. Human nature is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever, and

that is the reason why the Proverbs of Solomon are just as applicable to the people of America in the City of New-York, at the present day, as they were to the children of Israel in the City of Jerusalem three thousand years ago. Wine was a mocker and strong drink was just as raging in the old times as they are now. They caused redness of eyes, wounds without cause, and laid men in untimely graves the same as they do now. It made widows and orphans, it ruined men in health, reputation and property the same as now. Within the space of fifty years all the farms but two, in the most fertile portion of our town had changed hands through the help of rum. It was a common saying, that rum had washed the face off Wickapogue. While drunkenness was always considered disreputable, and the better class set their faces against it, yet no effort was made to stop drinking. The moral sense of the people at length became aroused, and the formation of temperance societies accomplished a reform the benefits of which we are now enjoying, and the effects of which are seen in the prosperity and in the well established social order of the place.

About the time of the Revolution, Hon. William Ellery left his home near Boston, and rode on horseback to York, Pa., where Congress was then sitting. The journey lasted about three weeks and the account that he gives of it is one of the most interesting pictures of life at that day. On his journey he stopped over night at a farm house in the south part of Duchess Co. After supper the daughter of the family took her wool cards, and commenced carding rolls, while the mother with her spinning wheel began her evening work. The father seated himself on a shomaker's bench and mended the family shoes. In the intervals between the clatter of the shoemaker's hammer, the hum of the spinning wheel, and the noise of the wool cards, Mr. Ellery and his host talked over the affairs of the infant republic. A more perfect picture of family life can scarcely be imagined. But if Mr. Ellery's

journey led him through Southampton he would have found precisely the same. In old times more men learned the shoe maker's trade than any other, the reason being that they could work at that when they could do nothing else.

We cannot better illustrate the changes in social life than by alluding to several men who in times past were well known and prominent. They were not men of the remote old times, for they to us would be like persons at a great distance on the surface of the earth. Although we can see that they are men, yet we cannot tell one from the other. The men we mention lived and died when the old times still remained, but when the new order of things was beginning to come.

During the latter part of the last century the rich man of the town was David Howell and from that fact was well known at that time as "Money David." If a man wished to borrow a hundred dollars, "Money David" was the man to apply to. If anything was to be sold "Money David" was the man with ready cash to buy at a bargain. His farm at Wickapogue was one of the best and had come down to him from an honored ancestry. In his will almost all the property was left to his eldest son, while the younger set out to seek his own fortune. With that energy that never fails to conquer difficulties, he began trade at Sag-Harbor and during his entire life was prominently connected with its business interests. He was one of the first to engage in the whale fishery which brought so much wealth and prosperity, and when he died he left a fortune large even for those times. The older brother, under the influence of that "good old fashioned rum" which we are told "never hurt anybody," went down in the world faster than the other went up, and at length with property gone, and in the hands of strangers, with health and reputation ruined he died, and was buried at the expense of the younger brother to whom nothing had been left.

Seventy years ago, there was no citizen better known than

Ephraim White. A man of wealth and of iron constitution, his name has come down to us as a synonym of industry and economy. Labor of the most unremitting kind was to him a source of pleasure, for he had a constant eye to the results. Economy of the closest and most self denying nature was to him not only no discomfort, but a source of enjoyment. His descendants are among our best known and most respectable citizens. They are neither miserly nor extravagant. They are living in a style of solid comfort suited to their means and worthy of their station. But this style of living is what Ephraim White would have called the most extravagant kind of extravagance. Things which they would consider daily comforts and even daily necessaries, would be to him luxuries that he could never dream of enjoying. He was a man of no small ability and possessed some commendable traits, but the love of money like a whirlpool swallowed up everything else, and when he died his last words showed the ruling passion stronger than ever in death.

Another person equally well known was Sylvanus Rayner, and we have noticed that those who remembered him always spoke of him with respect. A contemporary who knew him well said, "Sylvy Rayner was a man who started to get rich by hard work, and did it." It seems almost incredible that one man could have performed so large an amount of physical labor. To hire out his horse to go to Sag-Harbor, for five shillings, while he took his scythe and walked to North Sea meadows, and after mowing all day walked home at night, was one way of getting rich. To fish on a bunker seine from early morn to dewy eve, and then go on a bass seine and fish till early morn came again, was another way. This process, continued year after year, accomplished his purpose. He accumulated property to the value of $10,000, which at that time was considered a very large fortune. But the natural result followed. An overworked body produced aberration of mind, which led to a violent and untimely death, and the

property for which he had labored so hard passed into the hands of very distant connections. It is safe to say that in the worst days of African slavery, no slave had a master more unrelenting, more unremitting, more exacting than these two men were to themselves.

In strong contradistinction to these was another man who started to get rich by speculations and other people's labor. Probably no man was more prominent at the time and in one sense he might be called the last of the Gentlemen. He was one who wore the broadcloth coat and top boots. If he was not the last man who wore a sword, he was just the man who was likely to be. Somewhat pompous in his manners, a phrenologist would say that his bump of self esteem was very largely developed. But to get rich by speculation in Southampton in those days, was starting in the wrong place. Speculation in not mentioned in Poor Richard's maxims. There is nothing said there about buying low and selling high, and Poor Richard's maxims were exactly calculated for the meridian of Southampton. If there was anything that was constantly impressed on the young it was "save." "A penny saved is as good as two earned; for if you save it you have it, and if you earn it you are not always sure of getting it." Speculation was looked upon with great suspicion for it meant getting money without working for it. A speculator was considered something like a horse jockey, a man who might be honest, but was not likely to be. Under these circumstances to get rich by speculation, would be like expecting a tree that required a deep and fertile soil to flourish on the surface of a barren rock. Although for many years he engaged in more kinds of business than any other man, and conducted them on quite an extensive scale, yet at length the fabric of speculation fell, and for a small place great was the fall of it. Many a woman who had worked for a shilling a day lost the result of her labor, and many a man to whom 50 cents represented a day's work, was equally the loser.

We say that the old times have passed away, and so they have, but till very recently a last lingering relic remained among us. The old Jagger homestead, now in the last stages of ruin, is well known to us all. From the time when the land was a wilderness 250 years ago, it has been owned by the same family. From the time when the foundation stone of the house was laid 183 years since, it has been handed down from father to son, all the generations resembling each other in the most remarkable degree. Their faults, their failings and their virtues were all cast in the same mould, and the generation that so lately inhabited it, was but a copy of what had gone before. David and Harvey Jagger were the last of the old settlers. Their mode of thought, their style of dress, their manner of living—everything was of an age long anterior to their own. To visit them was to go back to the days of the Revolution, and though surrounded by all the busy world of modern life, they formed no part of it. While they lived the old times still remained; when they ceased to exist, the old times forever passed away. Like the ruins of an ancient temple erected in honor of a creed long since vanished from the earth, and to the worship of a god that is no longer adored; so when we see this ancient dwelling hastening to its fall and destined never more to be an human habitation, it is to us the ruin of the Temple of Old Times, a shrine from which the genius has fled, a temple from which the Gods have departed.

NOTE.—The lot on which the old Jagger house stands was laid out in the early days of the settlement, and from a fragment of the Town Records we learn that it was owned and improved by John Jagger, before 1667. In his will (1698) he left it to his sons, John and Jeremiah, and it afterwards appears in possession of the former. He built the old house in the same year that the old Church was built, (1707) and it has descended from father to son, down to the present owner, Mr. Franklin Jagger, who was born in the house one hundred years after its erection.

NOTES.

NOTE A.—Prior to the Revolution the minister's salary was raised by a tax or "rate." Mr. White's account book begins with the following entries:

		£	s.	d.
Mr. Samuel Jennings, Dr.				
April, 1727.	To his rate for the year 1726,	00	06	0
April, 1728.	" " " " " " 1727,	00	11	0
April, 1728.	To fatting a beast,	00	9	0
"	To rate for year 1728	00	10	11
"	To Seponack pasture	00	10	0
Cr. To 150 rails		1	10	0
To 80 posts		00	18	0
Oct. 1733.	To Bushel and half of winter apples,	00	3	0
	To Barrel of syder	00	9	0
	To Bushel of apples	00	2	0
	To 42 posts holed	00	12	0
	To Bushel of Beans	00	6	0
George Harris, Dr.	Rate for 1726	0	13	6
1720. Cr.	23½ pounds of tallow at 5d	0	9	10
	To two bushels of wheat	0	9	00
	To four " " "	0	18	00

A large part of his salary was thus taken in trade.

NOTE B.—In the account book of Mr. John Pelletreau appears the following entries:

1817, July 11.	Rev. John M. Babbitt came to my house.	
	Left my house 4th of August.	
	To 3 weeks and 4 days board at $2,	$7.00
Nov. 18, 1816.	Rev. John M. Babbitt and wife came to my house.	
Jan. 20, 1817.	Mrs. Babbitt left my house.	
Cr.	By cutting a great coat	2s.
	By sundry of cutting clothes	6s.

Mr. Babbitt is said to have made the first yarn reel used in the town, which was furnished with a contrivance for making a clicking sound indicating when a knot of yarn had been wound.

NOTE C.—In Minister White's account book occurs the following notice of Henry White, who was son of Elnathan White, of Sagg, and grandson of Rev. Ebenezer White. He was consequently nephew of Rev. Sylvanus White.

		£	s.	d.
Jan. 4, 1743.	Henry White began to learn of me.			
Sept. 9, 1744.	Went away to New Haven.			
Dec. 5, 1744.	Came again to school.			
Aug. 24, 1745.	Went away.			
	Charges	7	1	11
Mr. Elnathan White, Cr.	To a steer	4	10	02

NOTE D.—From Rev. Sylvanus White's account book.

Wm. Smith son of Nathaniel Smith Esq.

Began to come to school Jan. 4, 1742. Went home April 5, absent a week.

Nathaniel Smith Esq. Dr. to Sil. White

For his son diet for 12 weeks viz. from Jan. 4 to April 5 at 4s. a week, 2£ 8s.

Schooling his son 1 5. "

NOTE E.—The following inscription appears on his monument in the Episcopal Church yard at Flushing:

IN MEMORY OF
NATHAN SANDFORD.
Born at Bridge Hampton
L. I. 5th November 1777.
Died at Flushing L. I.
17th October 1838.
Late Chancellor of the State of New-York, and Senator in the Congress of the United States.

The magnificent mansion still known as "Marble Hall," was built by him at an expense of $90,000, exclusive of the cost of the land. The whole was sold soon after his death for less than $16,000. It is now a private lunatic asylum.

NOTE F.—From Capt. Elias Pelletreau's Account Book.

		£	s.	d.
1768, October 5th.	Mary Scott, Jackson Scott's daughter, Dr.			
	To a Pair of Shoe Buckels	£0	19s.	3d
Cr. Oct. 1768.	By 28 days Spinning at 7d pr day	16	4	
	By 5 days spinning,	2	10	

ADDRESS BY REV. SAMUEL E. HERRICK.

Our prevailing sentiment to-day, I am sure, is one of gratitude—of gratitude touched with generous pride. We rebuild the sepulchres of our fathers, not with Pharisaism, but with devout and humble thankfulness. We rejoice as we ought in our godly ancestry and our goodly heritage. Many of us can look back through an unbroken lineage of six, seven, or eight generations of good and true men and women to the very beginnings of Anglo-Saxon life on this western continent. We are thankful for the "blood of ancestry, in which," as Lamartine says, "is found the prophecy of destiny." To-day we trace our connection with the mighty past. We devote the hours to what the conveyancers call "searching the title," generally the most important and the most profitable work which the conveyancer has to do. There is this difference, however, with us. We search our own title, save the conveyancer's fees, and keep the profit to ourselves. At any rate our legal adviser is one of ourselves, belongs to the family, and has common interest with us. The HEDGES have been kept up well.

We find ourselves to-day standing in close connection with all that was greatest, noblest, and best in the mother-land in the most heroic period of her magnificent history. No other period of equal length in that history presents us with such impressive contrasts of good and evil, piety and wickedness, sainthood and diabolism, profound learning and brutish ignorance, high tragedy and low comedy, as the great central portion of the seventeenth century in which our English towns were colonized. It was an age of immense literary activity. If we leave out of account the single name of Shakspeare, the first settlers of Southampton were contemporary

with a body of men vastly superior in numbers and in weight to those who gave lustre to the boasted age of Elizabeth. Glance for a moment at a handful of names caught up almost at random from the century's history—names which must have been as familiar to our fathers as are those of Gladstone, and Grant, and Bismark, and Stanley, and Tennyson, and Longfellow to ourselves. The church was renowned during these years by such a constellation as never shone before or since upon her calendars. There were Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Ken, Tillotson and Barrow and South, Bishop Burnet and Archbishop Usher, Thos. Fuller and Bishop Hall. And the Puritans matched the church, with Baxter and Owen and Bunyan, John Howe and Philip Henry. Sir Matthew Hale was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Sir Isaac Newton was writing his *Principia*, Shakspeare had been but few years dead when our settlers came—some of our fathers may have seen and talked with him—Ben Johnson was living, and Sir William Davenant. And then there were a host of poets and dramatists, big and little, ranging almost from the zenith of angelic song down to the nadir of the Restoration grossness and blasphemy: holy George Herbert, and Milton singing of *Paradise Lost and Regained*, and Fras. Quarles and Habington and Crashaw, Dryden and Butler, Cowley and Waller and Lovelace and Prior, Dorset and Roscommon, Sedley and Rochester and Etherege and Wycherly. What a list! headed with glory and ending with the stench of the sulphurous pit! And the philosophers and historians—Cudworth and Hobbes and Henry More, Clarendon and Evelyn and Burnet and Pepys with their scandals and tittle-tattle. And finally, to cut short what might be indefinitely extended, and leave sweeter suggestions in our thoughts—Izaak Walton, angler and contemplative saint, and patient Lady Rachel Russell.

Our settlers saw the whole wretched career of the Stuart

dynasty, its interruption by the Protectorate, its brief and disgraceful Restoration, its downfall in the Revolution and the safe re-launching of the Ship of State with William of Orange at the helm. In this brief space came the plague, the great fire of London, the Westminster Assembly, the long Parliament, the Savoy Conference, and the ejection of two thousand of the best ministers of the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity. The canvass of the century is crowded with notable figures and mighty events. We cannot dissipate time and thought by dwelling upon the general scene. I have hinted at it only by way of furnishing a proper background. The central and most important fact is what chiefly concerns us here and now, the evolution from this *melange* of the Puritan life which gave birth to the New England colonies, those of Long Island being among them.

At the core of the Puritan movement there was a two-fold protest—against class-privilege in church and state, and against worldliness of life. For several centuries the church of England and the great universities which were its feeders had done little for the great masses of the people. The church cared little or nothing for the man who plowed the fields save to be sure of receiving her tithes from his crops. All learning, whether secular or religious, was reserved as the peculiar privilege of the uppermost stratum of society. Church and aristocracy were bound together in closest alliance —were almost identified, indeed, in their mutual and exclusive devotion to each other's interests. They would christen, marry, and bury the poor rustic at the times respectively appropriate for such slender services, provided the appropriate fees were forthcoming, and God might take care of his soul. Sir James Stephen, surely an unprejudiced witness, tells only the sober truth when he says: "To the great, the learned, the world-wise, the church for three centuries afforded a resting-place and a refuge. But a long interval elapsed before

the national temples and hierarchy were consecrated to the nobler end of enlightening the ignorant and administering comfort to the poor. Rich beyond all Protestant rivalry in sacred literature, the Church of England, from the days of Parker to those of Laud, had scarcely produced any one considerable work of popular instruction. The reigns of Whitgift, Bancroft, and Laud were unmolested by any cares so rude as those of evangelizing the artisans and peasantry. Jewell and Bull, Hall and Donne, Hooker and Taylor, lived and wrote for their peers, and for future ages, but not for the commonalty of their own."* But Puritanism created a new era. It did something far greater than bring in the commonwealth politically. It revealed "the Republic of God," and insisted upon the blessings of Christianity as the rightful possession of all human souls—the "commonwealth"—in which no man can claim a share to the exclusion of his lowliest neighbor. *The Pilgrim's Progress* threw open not only the mansions of the Celestial City, but all the immunities and privileges to be found by the way to the tinkers of Bedford. And the *Saint's Everlasting Rest* brought the brightest cheer and the most lustrous hopes of the Gospel of the blessed God into the cabin of the humblest weaver of Kidderminster. No wonder our grandmothers were wont to keep these old Puritan books where you and I used to see them in our childhood upon the stand along with the old family Bible, and venerate them with an almost equal reverence.

The movement was also a protest against worldliness, formalism, and immorality of life. With our Puritan forefathers, religion and the church meant supremely personal religion and obedience to the personal conscience. "It meant truth and righteousness, obedience and purity, reverence and

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* Sir James Stephen's *Miscellanies*, Essay on the *Life and Times of Richard Baxter.*

intelligence everywhere—in the family and in the field, in the shop and in the meeting-house, in the pulpit and on the bench. When they came here it meant compassion and charity toward the savages among whom they found themselves, and good works as the daily outcome of their faith "† I have heard it hinted that the Puritan was an uncomfortable neighbor, a hard man to get along with. The fact, if it were a fact, came out of this protest of which I have spoken. A half-dozen unimpeachable yard sticks, I take it, would make uncomfortable companions in a load of very crooked cordwood. The moral law is an uncomfortable thing in an immoral community, because by it is the knowledge of sin. But it is too late in the day to set up a defense of the Puritans. They need none. Their works have gloriously followed them. We may be content to leave the charges of the past to the records of history. The gross and festering scurrilities of Hudibras are abundantly offset by the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Paradise Lost*, and the *Saint's Rest*. John Winthrop and William Brewster and Abraham Pierson: there are no names of kings or courtiers in the seventeenth century to rival these in brightness—none that in passing have left behind them a track of beauty and of blessing more lustrous, more beneficent, more permanent. We may claim it, for it is easy of demonstration, that the seeds of our liberty, our toleration, our free institutions, our church not established by law, but establishing itself in the hearts of men, were all in the simple and single devotion to the truth, so far as it was revealed to them, which was the supreme characteristic of our Puritan forefathers.

For two centuries and more the old Puritan spirit and the old Puritan life have been maintained to a very remarkable

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† Bishop H. C. Potter, Address before the New England Society, New York, December 23, 1878.

degree in these eastern towns. It has largely constituted their charm for those who have been so fortunate as to stray in upon them from the outside world. They have been like sheltered nooks of quiet and undisturbed repose to the townsman wearied by the rub and tear of a more compact and secular life. Our Eastern towns owing to their insular position have been comparatively isolated. Their inhabitants, marrying much among themselves, have strongly preserved hereditary traits and traditions. They have been most naively and attractively *sui generis*. The influence of these broad, level lands and open-eyed skies has been kindly to the preservation of a religious and worshipful temper never found so dominant where men are shut in between narrow walls of city or even of mountain life. The sailor life of such a large proportion of the population has also conspired to hold the common thought in intercourse with infinity and eternity. The hard work upon the farm and the livelihood wrested from the waves have alike nursed the sterner virtues of prudence, economy and independence.

But the war and the railroad have made a new Long Island. Life is becoming more various and complex, and more completely assimilated to the life of the world. I suppose there are rustlers now in the streets which once knew nothing more lively than Deacon John White's "schooner," or Captain Bill Green's new horse. There is certainly a new Southampton. And with all our laudation of the past to-day, I do not suppose that any of us desire that the good old town should be remanded to the Puritan times. Many things that were good in their day ought to become obsolete. "God fulfills himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world." It is not the good old customs that need to be preserved, but the good old spirit. The essentials of true life never change; the forms of life are ever variable. Water, air, light, retain through the ages the

identity of their composition. The cup, the wind, the lamp, will be adaptable. Out of the old-time life there has come down a shining current of thought, power, purity, and moral energy. That current, however it may broaden, deepen, strengthen, and cut for itself new channels, must not be interrupted. Our business is to see to it that these same elements which made our fathers what they were and gave us whatsoever virtues we possess, shall go on into the future.

And now permit me to use the few moments that remain to me, in urging upon you the importance of guarding with some greater care the vouchers of your noble descent, the memorials of your venerable history. Our gratitude to-day ought to materialize in an endeavor, which shall reach down into the future. Lord Macaulay has said that "any people who are indifferent to the noble achievements of remote ancestors, are not likely to achieve anything worthy to be remembered by their descendants." I am sure, from what I have seen both at home and abroad, that there is no force to hold a community up to virtue like a perpetual impression of noble descent. The memorials of the fathers are the safeguards of the children. The thought of Westminster Abbey fired the heroism of Nelson at the battle of the Nile. The crossed swords in Prescott's study did not make a soldier of Prescott, but they nursed in him a brave, heroic spirit which enabled him under sorest calamity to win the choicest victories in the battle of a scholar's life.

Many of our town's most precious memorials have vanished forever. Our fathers were too busy in planting and colonizing, in wresting life from hard conditions, to think much about leaving behind them personal souvenirs. We have few of their portraits, few of their letters, few of the books they handled, few of the household materials which ministered to the narrow comforts of their life. The golden opportunities for constructing the infant history of our colony

have for the most part passed away. Those which remain ought to be seized with the greatest avidity. Negligence here and now is criminal. Much has been done by the intelligent and reverent researches of Judge Hedges, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Pelletreau. Two hundred and fifty years from to-day the men of Southampton will be more grateful for their work, if possible, than we are. A noble beginning has been made in the *History of Southampton* and the printing of the town records, worth more than their weight in gold. It makes one shiver to think how those priceless pages from generation to generation were moved about in an old wooden chest from one garret to another, now to a grocery store, and now to a shop, and now to some farmer's bedroom, subjected to the contingencies of flames and to the certainty of rats. "After us the deluge!"

The present era of historical criticism is giving us back the ages that were beyond the flood, showing us the habitations men lodged in, the garments they wore, the food they ate, the language they spoke, their method of social intercourse, and the sort of government under which they lived. They have resurrected the Pharaoh of the Exodus and given us his photograph. I would give more to see the face of Abraham Pierson and to get a vision of the life of Old Town as it was in 1645. But alas for us! It is far easier for us to get a picture of Zoar or Nebuchadnezzar. Now let us remember that as we feel about the memorials of the settlers, the men of the generations to come will feel interested in us. We owe a debt both to the past and to the future, which it is high time for us to begin to pay. Pardon me. We *have begun*—but only begun. Shall I give you an outline of what ought to be in this fine old town, of what it will be a shame by and by if it is not, in this oldest English town of the Empire State, *pace* Dr. Whitaker?

First then I would like to see the fairest lot of land to be

found between Long Springs and the beach devoted to a memorial use. Spare an acre or two from your generous farms, upon it to be erected a modest but dignified structure of stone or of brick, fire-proof, which shall contain primarily a public library. Mr. Howell and Mr. Pelletreau, how much do you and I owe to that old district library that used to be kept in Capt. Henry Halsey's back kitchen! It did not do as much perhaps to fit us for college examinations as the old academy, but that back kitchen was the porch through which we entered into the knowledge of good literature. Let the library room serve also as a memorial hall in which tablets shall be placed inscribed with the names of the first colonists, the names, so far as they can now be recovered, of those who served in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812, and above all, of those who enlisted in the war for the preservation of the Republic. Let those be thus remembered also who have deserved well of the old town for their conspicuous service, whether in civil, judicial, or executive relations. Let a place be provided also in the building for the town clerk's office and for the preservation of its records. Then into this repository let every native and every citizen take a pride in gathering whatever shall preserve the memory of the past or throw a light upon its life. The place and time to begin are here and now.

Begin with to-day and work backward as fast and as far as possible. Let the records of this notable anniversary be religiously preserved. Is there in existence a complete file of our town's breezy little newspaper, the *The Sea-Side Times*? Believe me if it is not gathered at once, in a few years it will be utterly impossible. What would not a perfect file of the old *Suffolk Gazette*, the *Sag-Harbor Corrector*, or of its younger contemporary be worth? Do you know that for thirty years without a break the old *Daboll's Almanac*, which used to hang in the chimney corner of every farm-house, gave

the names of ships owned in the port of Sag-Harbor, their tonnage, the names of their agents, the names of their commanders and their last date of sailing? Who has a file of them covering that thirty years from '44 to '74? I would like to see a complete set of the school-books used by my old grandfather Squire Herrick during the long time that he served in the two-fold capacity of pedagogue and town clerk, to say nothing of the primers and horn-books of a remoter age. But I cannot even find a *Peter Parley's Geography* with its wonderful poetry,

"This world is round and like a ball,
Goes swinging through the air,
The atmosphere surrounds it all,
And stars are shining there,"

which I used to study wearily in the long summer afternoons in the dame-school of good Mrs. Proud. Who can furnish a complete list of Dr. Wilson's printed discourses—two on the death of President Harrison, one on the Rev. Samuel Huntting, one of our most beloved young townsmen, who died when he had barely assumed the pastorate of our sister church of East-Hampton, one on Rev. Amzi Francis, and various thanksgiving and fast-day discourses? And the sermons of Mr. Bogart, to go no further back, that polished gentleman and ripe scholar whom we Yankees wooed and won from the Dutch at the West. Where are the *Journals of our Early Whalers?* Where, O where, is the log-book of Captain Mercator Cooper on that historic voyage which gave to Southampton the honor of opening up Japan and introducing the wonderful people to the family of nations? Where are preserved the portraits of Judges Halsey and Rose *par nobile fratrum*, and I may ask also, of his honor the orator-in-chief of our anniversary? The best materials for the construction of future history are evanescent. I make a plea for their salvation in behalf of those who come after us. They cost little

or nothing at the time of their issue, their loss is utterly irreparable. Let me note this fact by way of encouragement, a fact abundantly verified in my own experience, of which if there were time I could give you abundant and most romantic illustration. Whenever an individual or a community fairly enters upon this work of preserving the memorials of the past, a sort of whirlpool current is created about the collection which rapidly brings in the rarest materials, even from the most distant and unpromising quarters. Gradually the past will be restored, the lost will be found. Long-hidden treasures will leap from their hiding-places to find their companions and congenial associates. To him that hath shall be given, *but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.* How much of value has been thrown away for want of a place to keep it! The spaces upon your shelves or in your cases will appeal powerfully to generous possessors. In the long run things tend to go where they are greatly wanted and where they ought to be. Thus gradually there will come to be in our midst nothing less than a sort of village university, at once a centre and fountain of reverend and patriotic influences, a fostering nurse of affectionate veneration for the past, of brotherly feeling and social goodwill for the present, of generous forethought for the great future, whose generations will bless us in the coming centuries as to-day we bless the memory of our goodly ancestors.

SAM'L E. HERRICK.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

ERRATA.

Page 10, 5th line from top, before "does" insert "and;" 9th line from top, after "righteous," insert "laws."

Page 11, 6th line from top, for "er" read "or"; 10th line from bottom, for "Qork" in part of the edition, read "York"; 6th line from bottom, for "1670" read "1640."

Page 13, 1st line, for "their" read "its."

Page 15, 11th line from top, strike out "the."

Page 16, 12th line from top, after "ministry" insert comma.

Page 18, 4th line from bottom, for "murning" read "mourning."

Page 19, 9th line from top, for "origihal" read "originnl."

Page 24, 16th line from top, for "denomination" read "domination."

Page 25, 2d line from top, for "shown" read "shone."

Page 29, 10th line from top, for "Toqueville" read "Tocqueville."

Page 30, 6th line from top, for "jurisdition" read "jurisdiction."

Page 31, 12th line from top, for "institutod" read "instituted."

Page 50, 6th line from top, after "of" insert "the," and after "said" insert "waters."