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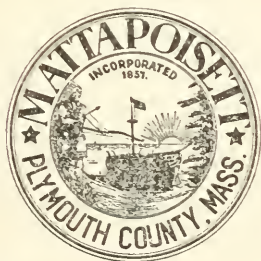


ANNIVERSARY ARCH — WATER STREET



AN ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION  
OF THE  
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE  
TOWN OF MATTAPOISETT  
MASSACHUSETTS

AUGUST 18-24, 1907



NEW BEDFORD, MASS.:  
E. ANTHONY & SONS, INC., PRINTERS.  
1908.

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By IRVING NILES TILDEN

Chairman Committee on Publication

Mattapoisett, Mass.

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Five Hundred Copies of this Book have been printed, of which one has been sent to each person who contributed to the fund for the celebration. The remainder will be for sale at twenty-five cents each.

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## PREFACE

Fifty years ago a Mattapoisett home would have been incomplete, its mistress lacking in taste and sensibility, if the parlor table had not been ornamented with various "Tokens," "Keepsakes" or "Souvenirs"—little volumes bound in black and gold, containing gems of prose and verse, illustrated by steel engravings of Venetian or other foreign scenes, fair ladies and brave men, the latter generally in the characters of Highlanders, Giaours or Pirates.

These are now banished to the top shelf of the bookcase, or packed away in the attic, among other old book friends; too shabby for association with the newest novel in its gay binding and Christy girl frontispiece, too dear to throw away. Too dear, it may be, because of the delicate slanting writing on the fly leaf, bearing the owner's and the donor's names.

In the year which has just passed, we have very much enjoyed observing the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of our town and reading its past history; and on many social occasions or casual meetings there has been much reminiscent talk. The quaint old town characters have been recalled. their witty sayings, practical jokes and doggerel rhymes repeated; and more than once has some one wished that we could have pictures of the village as it looked fifty years ago, and more memorials of the past village life.

Fifty years from now we trust the Mattapoisett people will want to observe their centennial; and they

will be just as curious about our celebration and our times as we are about those of fifty years ago. For their benefit, as well as to hold the passing interest in the Anniversary a little longer, we have revived the old fashion of presenting to our friends a "Souvenir," made up of pictures, prose and verse, which, though it does not aspire to the literary and artistic elegance of the old ones, may yet have some value as a keepsake now, and arouse some interest in the future.

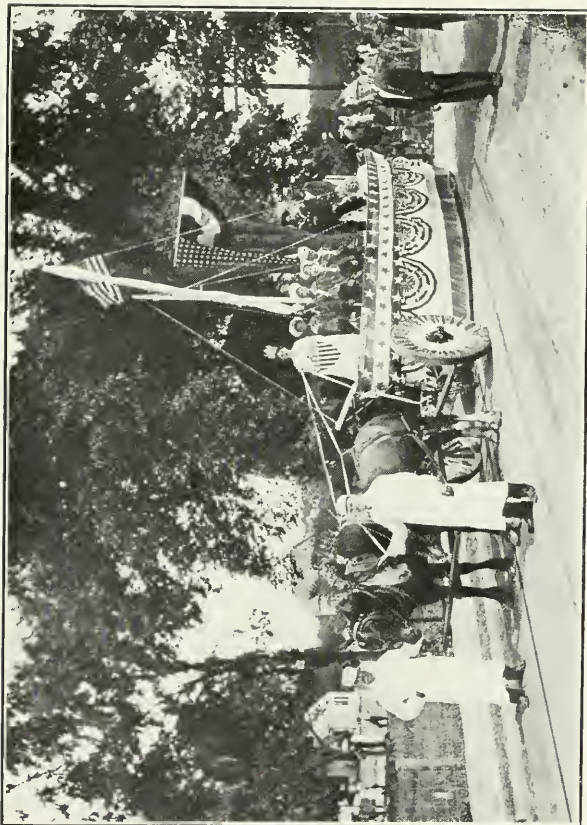
IRVING N. TILDEN, M. D.

MARY F. BRIGGS

GERTRUDE W. DEXTER

Committee.





"THE SHIP OF STATE"  
[PARADE]

## THE CELEBRATION

It has been said concerning birthdays and anniversaries, that it is pleasant to find flowers on the milestones as we pass along. The year 1907 was a milestone upon which flowers were scattered—flowers of rhetoric at least.

The Exposition at Jamestown, Va., the laying of the corner stone of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Monument, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Atlantic Monthly, were all occasions for many speeches and printed articles, commemorating beginnings in our history and letters, and eulogizing the influences which have flowed from them. While Mattapoissett, with the rest of the world, was interested in these observances, she had a few wreaths to twine around the milestone of 1907 in honor of her own fiftieth birthday.

It has been within recent years the fashion—and a most charming one—for country towns to make a holiday fête in the summer, called Old Home Week, which all exiled children, who have “wandered like truants for riches or fame,” are invited home to enjoy. Such a fête and reunion was desired in Mattapoissett, and the suggestion was first made by Mr. Lemuel LeBaron Dexter at one of the Improvement Association meetings, that the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town be observed in that way. The idea met with much favor and was frequently discussed.

At length the time arrived to bring it before the public town meeting, in order, according to the old phrase—

“to get the town’s mind,” also a necessary appropriation of money. Now, “the town’s mind,” as manifested in town meeting, might sometimes be more correctly expressed as a small portion of the town’s whim; and whenever there is a measure of particular interest to non-voters, there is usually some anxiety as to its reception and fate.

In the warrant calling a special town meeting, August 4, 1906, to consider principally the advisability of using the Barstow School funds for transporting High School pupils to Fairhaven, the following article was inserted: “To see what action the town will take in regard to celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation as a town.” At this meeting the motion was made that the town should celebrate the anniversary, and was carried by the vote of one man, Mr. Charles S. Mendell; there was no opposition. This singular indifference can be explained only by the inference that the “town’s mind” was greatly preoccupied by other business.

Another vote was taken instructing the moderator, Mr. J. E. Norton Shaw, to appoint a committee of five to consider the matter—and the manner—of observing the anniversary and report at the next regular town meeting, February, 1907. The committee chosen were: Mr. Charles S. Mendell, Mr. Charles S. Hamlin, Judge Lemuel LeBaron Holmes, Mr. Isaiah P. Atsatt, Mr. Dennis Mahoney, and by invitation of these, the number was increased to eleven. Others were afterwards chosen to assist on sub-committees.

The first meeting of the original committee was held October 27, 1906. It was desired to make the anniversary the chief significance of the celebration, and to





"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE"

|PARADE|



work for the inspiring of interest in the past and endeavor for the future, as well as for a general good time and reunion of old friends. To that end one of the first acts, at the suggestion of Judge Holmes, was the appointment of a committee to compile a history of the town. They secured the services of Miss Mary Hall Leonard of Rochester, who very ably wrote the early history of the town (which history Mattapoisett inherits), and of others who added chapters especially relating to Mattapoisett.

Although hurriedly gotten together, the book was completed in time to be on sale in August, 1907—the month chosen for the celebration on account of its being the usual holiday season for the expected visitors.

As usual in any undertaking the great first need was money. The committee made their report at the February town meeting and asked for an appropriation of \$500. This was granted heartily. A sub-committee on Finance was appointed who sent out requests to the people of the town, former residents and those interested in her welfare, to give according to their ability. The response to these letters was extremely generous, especially on the part of those who spend only their summer season in town. In all over \$2200 was obtained by this means alone. This sum with that appropriated by the town gave the committee a sense of freedom and enabled them to carry out their plans in the best way. A Committee on Invitation was chosen who sent to 272 persons in town a request for the names and addresses of former residents. In response to this request, the committee received 540 names and addresses covering all parts of the United States, England and Australia also included. Under date of July

23 the following invitation was sent to these addresses :

“The town of Mattapoissett most cordially invites you to attend the observance of the Fiftieth Anniversary of its incorporation as a town, which will take place August 20th, 1907.

To all sons and daughters of the old town, either by birth, descent or adoption, and their families, a general invitation to be present is extended.

Come and see how Mattapoissett has progressed, visit your old home and scenes of bygone days, and help us to make our celebration an occasion long to be remembered.

If you are in doubt about being entertained, write to Dr. Irving N. Tilden, Chairman of the Committee on Hospitality, who will arrange for quarters for you.

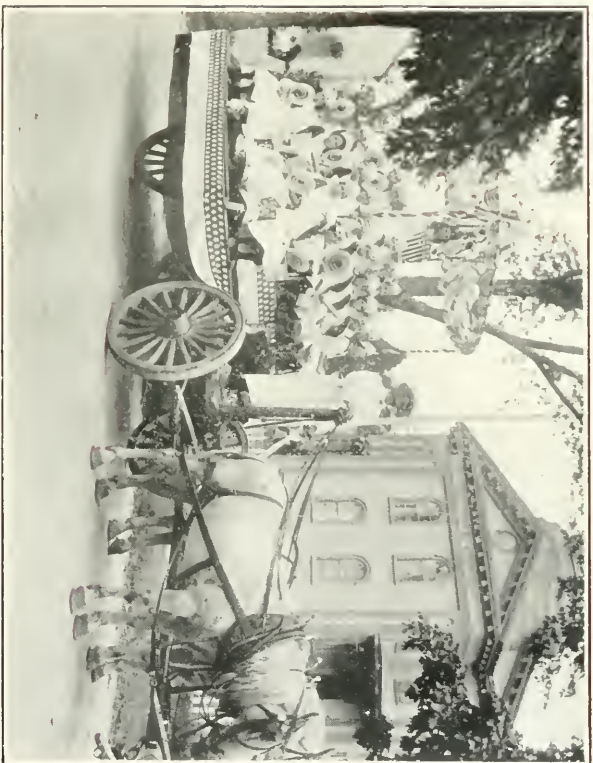
Sincerely,

Committee on Invitation.”

The Hospitality Committee had their headquarters in the Public Library. Their duties were to provide board and lodging for visitors and the town was canvassed for the purpose in advance. It was difficult to secure accommodations, as in nearly every household as many guests were expected as could be entertained. Because of this fact doubtless, there were but few applicants and those were easily provided for.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. sold sandwiches and lemonade to transient visitors from a tent east of Purrington Hall.

A town celebration with no decorations would be like a mince pie without plums. Be sure the plums were not omitted from this pie. Much credit is due the Decorating Committee for their tasteful work. All the public buildings, the stores and many of the private residences were gay with bunting. Church Street was particularly attractive. The trolley poles and wire



THE STATES  
[PARADE]



usually so ugly, were made to serve a decorative purpose by holding arches of bunting. The most charming feature of the decorations was the Grand Arch erected in the main street of the village, just west of Barstow Street. By day its excellent proportions and artistic color combinations made it most pleasing, while at night brilliantly lighted by electricity, it became the centre of attraction. Surmounting the arch were two sketches of a whaler, on one face under full sail, on the other under bare poles. These sketches were made by Mrs. Francis E. Bacon after an unsuccessful search through all this region for a model of a whaler of the right dimensions for the place.

The town is indebted to Mrs. Bacon also for her artistic work in preparing the town sign which still remains at the corner of Church and Main Streets. This is the picture of the welcoming Indian which may be seen on the cover of this book.

The Publicity Committee advertised the celebration through the Press, and the other committees had charge of the various features of the entertainment programme.

The observance began Sunday afternoon, August 18, with a service at the Congregational Church at which all the clergymen in the town assisted. The sermon was given by the Rev. William H. Cobb, D. D., Librarian at the Congregational House, Boston, who is one of Old Rochester's sons by birth and ancestry, both his father and grandfather having been ministers at Sippican.

The following day was a busy one of preparation for the coming festivities and the home entertainment of guests, many of whom arrived then.

On the morning of Tuesday the 20th, the people again

met in the Congregational Church, which under the direction of Mr. I. P. Atsatt had been decorated with flags and bunting, potted hydrangeas and bouquets of flowers.

The Hon. Charles S. Hamlin gave the first address, welcoming the home-comers in the name of the committee. In speaking of the recent death of Judge Holmes which had thrown a shadow of sadness over the observance, he voiced the regret of all who knew of his interest and efforts for its success, that he was not spared to see it.

Mr. Hamlin gave also a warm tribute of praise to the town which was being honored—his adopted home—and after a selection by the orchestra introduced the “distinguished son of Mattapoissett who stands eminent as a jurist among jurists,” Judge John W. Hammond.

In beginning, Judge Hammond said that it would be pretty hard work to come up to what was expected of him after so complimentary an introduction, but as his address was written beforehand, the people would know he wasn't influenced by it. He then read his address, which was greatly enjoyed by the large audience present and is printed in this book for the enjoyment of others.

Judge Hammond was the son of Nathaniel and Maria Southworth Hammond, and was born in Mattapoissett December 16, 1837. He was educated in the schools of his native town, at Tuft's College and the Harvard Law School. He taught school, served nine months in the Civil War, was admitted to the Bar at Cambridge in 1866 and practiced law in Cambridge and Boston, being City Solicitor of Cambridge from 1873 to 1886. In March, 1886, he was appointed to a seat upon the





CIVIL WAR VETERANS  
[PARADE]



Bench of the Superior Court and later advanced to the Supreme Bench. He married Miss Clara Tweed, daughter of Prof. Benjamin Tweed of Tuft's College, and has lived in Cambridge since 1866.

The afternoon of Tuesday was devoted to field sports and contests by the young people on the School grounds. These were very creditable and gave amusement to a large number of enthusiastic spectators. In the evening the houses were illuminated and the Mattapoissett Band marched through the streets and later gave a concert in front of the Town Hall, while the Executive Committee held a public reception within.

In arranging the programme of the week, it was first proposed to have for a social event, a banquet in the Town Hall followed by speeches. At the request of Judge Holmes the plan was given up, and the reception with simple refreshments took its place. This was much enjoyed by the many old friends who met together; and the kindly thought of Judge Holmes that such an evening could be enjoyed by all, while a limited number would probably go to the "banquet," was not forgotten, and his own genial witty personality sadly missed by many friends.

Wednesday morning all of the children, and many of the older people, upon arising looked anxiously out at the weather, for that was the day of the street parade, and Mattapoissett street parades are highly appreciated. The day was fair and the parade led by the Mattapoissett Band was quite the finest ever seen in town. It expressed sentiment and patriotism in the floats containing the old soldiers—whom Mattapoissett always delights to honor—the pretty group of children representing the states, and the very charming "Ship of

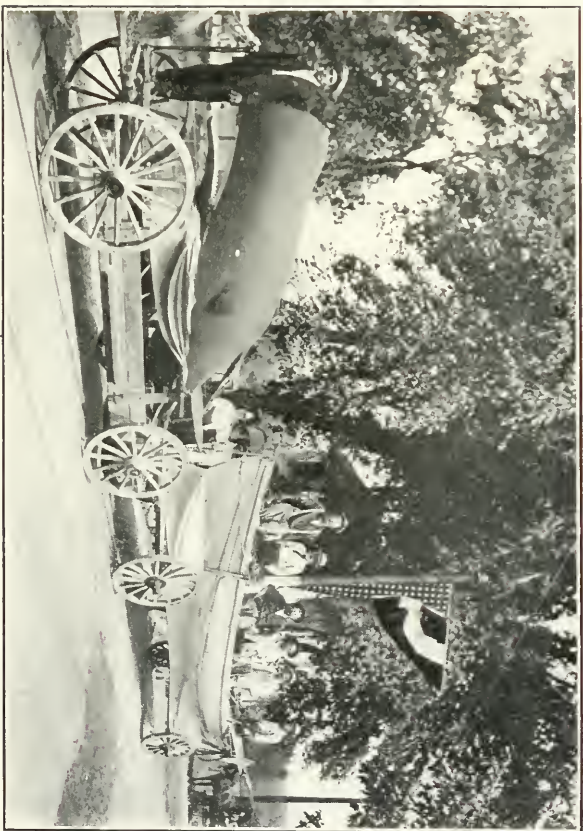
State" with Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia at the helm. More sentiment and memories of bygone days were inspired by the whale boat and whale—to many the most amusing and cleverly designed of all. Fun and humor were supplied by the local hits and grotesque figures after the style of the usual Fourth of July parades, and the carriages, automobiles and business wagons gaily decked with flags and flowers were very attractive and showed the popularity and prosperity of the town in its present role of seaside resort.

After the parade at noon an excellent clambake dinner was served in a tent set up for the purpose at the corner of Church and Barstow Streets.

It has been the custom of the Improvement Association to give each Summer a lawn party and a concert. These were included among the attractions of the week, but they were in charge of a committee appointed by the Association, and the funds received belonged to it, and were not used to defray anniversary expenses. The lawn party, with the various booths prettily decorated, held Wednesday afternoon and evening on Mr. George A. Barstow's lawn, was very attractive, especially when lighted by electricity in the evening—at this date a charming novelty in Mattapoisett. Music was furnished by Milo Burke's Band from Brockton.

On Thursday morning there was a ball game on the School grounds, between the Bristols of Rhode Island and the Mattapoissetts, resulting in victory for the latter in a score of 8 to 3.

The steamboat excursion around the bay on Thursday afternoon was quite a social occasion, so many old friends "visiting" together on board. There at least one could not complain of changes. On the shore to



THE WHALE AND WHALEBOAT

[PARADE]



be sure were many new houses, but the curving outline was the same and it faded away into the same blue shadows, as in the boyhood of some present when they sailed out of the harbor on their first voyage leaving not quite so merry a party waving adieu. There were the same blue waves dancing up to meet the fleecy white clouds, the salt breeze with its dreamy influence, the sunset colors when homeward bound; and all these will be left for the excursion on the bay at the next semi-centennial celebration, although that outing will probably not be taken on the Steamboat "Martha's Vineyard."

At eight o'clock came the concert which the Improvement Association had arranged for, and to the music lovers this was the climax of the week's festivities.

Through the kindness of Mr. Irving Swan Brown of Worcester we were fortunate enough to hear again Mr. Thaddeus Rich who had delighted a Mattapoissett audience the year before with his skillful playing of the violin. He is a young man widely known as a violinist of unusual merit and was for some time concertmeister of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Philadelphia. Mr. Rich gave a number of solos of wonderful beauty and sweetness and was greatly enjoyed in the two trios, with Mr. Carl Lamson of Boston, at the piano, and Mr. Brown adding much to the harmony with his cello.

Mr. Theodore Wood is a deservedly popular baritone in New Bedford and Miss Alice Mitchell, a pleasing soprano in Providence, and both gave their solos most acceptably. Miss Alice G. Anthony of New Bedford accompanied Miss Mitchell in her usual finished style. The musical programme was pleasantly varied by Mrs. Daniel Dulany Addison of Brookline, who amused her

audience with a little comedy—Dr. Moonshine—in which she impersonated the several characters of the story. All of these gave their services freely and therefore are doubly entitled to the gratitude of all who enjoyed this expression of their talent.

The connection of Mattapoissett with her neighbors by trolley is still something of a novelty, and the route which encircles all of the old Rochester territory charming and varied in scenery. It leads through town and country, under stretches of woodland shade, gives fleeting glimpses of the sea and more lingering visions of beautiful lakes and streams. This trolley ride was Friday morning's diversion, with picnic lunch or clam-bake at Brooklawn Park.

At 3 P. M. there was another ball game on the School grounds between married and single players, the married men winning in a score of 3 to 2.

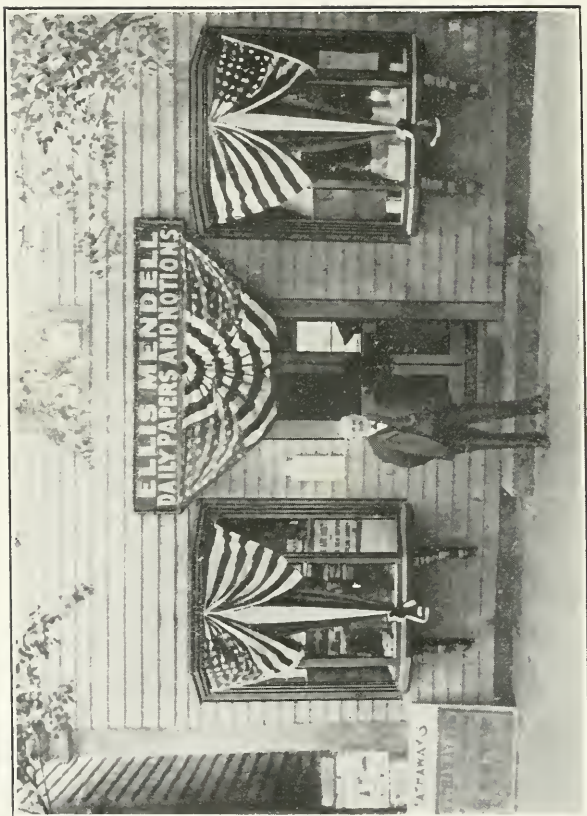
Friday evening there was a dance at the Town Hall, with music by Burke's Orchestra from Brockton.

The success of a week of outdoor festivities depends largely upon good weather, and the perverseness of Nature in weeping upon such occasions, as well as on weddings and picnics, is but too well known. Each day of the celebration had been fair however, until Saturday, the last day, which was stormy. So the yacht and motor boat races—including the boats of the visiting Beverly yacht club—were tardily undertaken and conducted under difficulties. Many people were disappointed in not being able to see from shore and wharves, the fair sight of the harbor white with sails.

The rain did not prevent music lovers from enjoying the organ recital in the Universalist Church that afternoon, but the band concert and fireworks which were







MEDELLE'S STORE

to wind up the week's festivities in the evening were postponed until Tuesday night. Unfortunately that evening also was cloudy, ending in rain, and the last to linger on streets and wharves were caught in the showers, but not before the programme had been carried out. The band played at the head of Long Wharf; the harbor was illuminated with a big bonfire on Holmes' wharf and red lights at various places; visiting yachts were lighted with electric lights and the display of fireworks was a fine one, including two "set pieces" especially designed for Mattapoissett's Anniversary.

The visitors' book at the Public Library records the names, dates of birth and length of residence in town, of just two hundred people. The oldest of these were Mrs. Susan Denham Taber of Fairhaven, who was born in Mattapoissett in 1823 and lived here until 1848; Mrs. Lucy Barstow Gurney of Norfolk Downs, born 1824, left town in 1837; and Mr. Ezra Dexter of Chelsea, a resident of Mattapoissett from 1826 to 1847.

Many of these two hundred guests are frequently in town, others have not been back for years. To all, this little book will serve as a reminder of a pleasant week—pleasant not only because of the excursions and entertainments so hastily sketched here, but for the charm of going back in spirit to one's youth, of visiting places once loved and frequented, of seeing again old friends, and talking over the past with them.

Many of the older people, at least, have a tender memory of such reminiscence chats with Mr. Ellis Mendell in his store,—he who so soon after "joined the great majority."

If any of the visitors or home people are so fortunate

as to see that coming celebration fifty years from now, they can of course make comparisons. No doubt that will be a very fine affair, but this one had some features worthy of being noted.

Mattapoisett has not outgrown her Pilgrim inheritance so but she can still take pleasure seriously. There was no carnival frolicing, no Fourth of July lawlessness, no disorderly or intoxicated persons were seen in town during the week. The observance was instituted and conducted by the most serious citizens with the serious purpose of uniting in a common interest, all who love "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea"—their home past or present.

Incidentally, everybody had a good time; so it was a great success; and that is all which can be expected of the next celebration; even though they should sail over old Rochester-town in an airship or explore the bottom of Buzzards Bay by submarine vessel.



W. E. Sparrow, Jr.    W. E. Blaine    J. E. Norton Shaw    Mrs. J. L. Hammond  
N. S. Mendell    I. N. Tilden    Miss H. F. Nelson.    I. P. Atsatt    L. LeB. Dexter  
E. C. Stetson    J. S. Burbank    C. S. Mendell    D. Mahoney

CELEBRATION COMMITTEE



## FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEES.

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—

Charles S. Mendell, *President*  
 James S. Burbank, *Secretary*  
 Dr. Walter E. Blaine, *Secretary*  
 Lemuel LeBaron Dexter, *Treasurer*  
 Charles S. Hamlin  
 Isaiah P. Atsatt  
 Lemuel LeBaron Holmes  
 Dennis Mahoney  
 J. E. Norton Shaw  
 William E. Sparrow, Jr.  
 Rogers L. Barstow  
 Everett C. Stetson  
 Nathan S. Mendell  
 Lester W. Jenney  
 Dr. Irving N. Tilden  
 Mrs. James L. Hammond  
 Miss Hannah F. Nelson

### SUB-COMMITTEES—

#### Athletic—

J. E. Norton Shaw, *Chairman*  
 Ellis L. Mendell  
 Addison Curtis  
 Louis C. Bacon  
 Arthur C. Perchard  
 Mrs. Frank J. Abbe

#### Book—

Charles S. Hamlin, *Chairman*  
 William E. Sparrow, Jr.  
 Lemuel LeBaron Dexter  
 Mrs. James L. Hammond  
 Lemuel LeBaron Holmes

**Hospitality—**

Dr. Irving N. Tilden, *Chairman*  
John T. Atsatt  
Miss Hannah F. Nelson  
Miss Gertrude W. Dexter  
Miss Mary F. Briggs

**Publicity—**

Lester W. Jenney, *Chairman*  
Charles H. Johnson  
Nathan Smith

**Invitation—**

James S. Burbank, *Chairman*  
Mrs. Charles S. Hamlin  
Mrs. Frank M. Sparrow

**Decoration—**

Nathan S. Mendell, *Chairman*  
Dennis Mahoney  
John S. Hammond  
Charles F. Nye  
Miss Charlotte Parsons  
Mrs. Francis E. Bacon

**Finance—**

Everett C. Stetson, *Chairman*  
Harry W. Griffin  
Theophilus Parsons  
Mrs. Edward E. Wood

**Lawn Party—**

Dr. Walter E. Blaine, *Chairman*  
Mrs. Ellis L. Mendell  
Charles S. Mendell  
Charles F. Nye  
Addison Curtis  
Mrs. Jane R. Stanton  
Mrs. Frank J. Abbe  
Mrs. Lemuel LeBaron Dexter  
Miss Wealtha Stetson  
Miss Abbie W. Bolles





THE OLD STAGE COACH  
[PARADE]



Miss Edith M. Burbank  
Miss Mary E. Ferrell  
Mrs. Frank M. Sparrow  
Mrs. Arthur C. Perchard

**Concert—**

Dr. Irving N. Tilden, *Chairman*  
Mrs. Irving N. Tilden  
Miss Florence F. Purrington  
Mrs. Charles S. Hamlin

**Parade—**

Addison Curtis

**Clambake—**

Isaiah P. Atsatt

## TREASURER'S REPORT

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LEMUEL LeBARON DEXTER, TREASURER  
SEMI-CENTENNIAL FUND

Dr.

For subscriptions as follows:

(Including \$125 especially given toward the preparation of a book of history)		
One of \$150.00,	\$150.00	
One of \$125.00,	125.00	
Ten of \$100.00,	1,000.00	
One of \$75.00,	75.00	
Four of \$50.00,	200.00	
One of \$35.00,	35.00	
Nine of \$25.00,	225.00	
Five of \$20.00,	100.00	
Fifteen of \$10.00,	150.00	
Twenty-six of \$5.00,	130.00	
Thirty-two of less than \$5.00,	47.00	\$2,237.00
Town appropriation,		500.00
		\$2,737.00

Included in the above were contributions from the following New Bedford business firms: Evening Standard, C. F. Wing Co., Household, Steiger, Dudgeon Co., N. B. & O. Street Railway Co., John W. Paul.

Paid orders approved by the general committee:

On account of Committee on Book of History:

Mary Hall Leonard, contract,	\$250.00
Francis T. Hammond, work on map,	1.50
James E. Reed, photographs,	7.90
L. B. Dayton, stenography,	28.50
H. S. Hutchinson & Co., use of photograph,	1.00
Grafton Press, in addition to publishing contract, 26 extra cuts, extra proof correction, and indexing,	252.55
J. S. Conant & Co., village map,	12.50

Frank M. Metcalf, map,	5.00	
J. G. Tirrell, photographs,	8.60	
Lester W. Jenney, typewriting expense,	5.00	
Harriet M. Hammond, typewriting, travel, etc.,	12.30	
William E. Sparrow, Jr., travel and ex- pense,	2.00	
Lemuel LeB. Dexter, typewriting, travel, expenses,	38.15	
	<hr/>	\$625.00

**Committee on Publicity.**

Dennison Manufacturing Co., special stamps,	50.00	
Lester W. Jenney, expense,	4.10	
Geo. E. Barrows, printing,	1.20	
	<hr/>	55.30

**Committee on Hospitality.**

Mary F. Dexter, garment tags,	5.00	
Grace A. Tilden, custodian,	9.38	
	<hr/>	14.38

**Committee on Reception.**

Charles S. Mendell, expense,	2.50	
C. E. Tolman, orchestra,	15.00	
Abbe & Griffin, supplies,	2.39	
	<hr/>	19.89

**Committee on Finance.**

E. Anthony & Sons, papers mailed,	5.75	
Charles S. Mendell, postage, printing, stationery,	42.05	
George E. Barrows, printing,	3.50	
Mary W. Wood, postage and expense,	2.36	
	<hr/>	53.66

**Committee on Invitations.**

James S. Burbank, postage and expenses,	15.89	
George E. Barrows, printing,	8.55	
E. Anthony & Sons, printing,	8.20	
	<hr/>	32.64

**Committee on Sunday Services.**

George L. Shaw, on account of music,	13.20	
Rev. Dr. William H. Cobb, sermon, travel, and expense,	32.00	
George E. Barrows, printing programs,	4.20	
	<hr/>	49.40

**Committee on Organ Recital.**

George L. Shaw, expenses,	50	
Edgar A. Barrell, organist,	5.00	
George E. Barrows, programs,	1.25	
		6.75

**Committee on Semi-Centennial Service.**

Hon. John W. Hammond, expenses,	4.40	
C. E. Tolman, orchestra,	12.80	
Isaiah P. Atsatt, expenses,	2.20	
		19.40

**Committee on Clambake.**

For use of tent,	20.00	
Isaiah P. Atsatt, expenses,	13.22	
		33.22

**Committee on Decorations.**

J. B. Athearn, electric fixtures, rented,	10.55	
J. S. Hammond, arch contract and ex- penses,	78.77	
Blair Sign Co., general contract,	300.00	
H. S. Potter, electric letters,	6.00	
N. B. Gas & Edison Light Co., current, etc.,	25.00	
John S. Dexter, expenses, at beach,	4.00	
J. S. Hammond, trees on Luce lot,	3.13	
		427.45

**Committee on Badges.**

A. R. Lopez & Co., special badges,	12.30	
Warren P. Tobey, general order, badges,	43.25	
S. Lee Sparrow, commission on sales,	8.39	
		63.94
Received from sales of badges,	41.96	
		21.98

**Committee on Events of the Week.**

Addison Curtis, on account of parade,	50.00
Addison Curtis, sports,	50.00
Arthur C. Perchard, for ball game,	60.00
Ellis L. Mendell, for Milo Burke's Band,	100.00
Ellis L. Mendell, for fireworks,	150.00
Ellis L. Mendell, for illumination,	25.00
Joseph R. Taber, Jr., Treas., Mattapoissett Band,	150.00
N. B. & O. St. Railway Co., special cars,	134.50
J. E. Norton Shaw, on account steamer,	75.00

J. E. Norton Shaw, printing,	50.00
J. E. Norton Shaw, incidentals,	50.00
J. E. Norton Shaw, yacht race,	150.00
George E. Barrows, printing,	2.00
Arthur C. Perchard, second ball game,	15.00

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 1,061.50

Cash returned by J. E. Norton Shaw, proceeds of car fares and steamer tickets, as general balance from committee,	109.16
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 952.34

**On account of officers and general committee.**

George E. Barrows, general stationery,	28.40
Charles S. Mendell, typewriting, postage,	21.05
George E. Barrows, general programs,	15.00
George A. Austin, street watering,	15.00
James S. Burbank, Secretary's expenses,	4.25
Walter E. Blaine, Secretary's expenses,	1.25
E. Anthony & Sons, receipts for treasurer,	2.25
Lemuel LeBaron Dexter, treasurer's expenses,	4.05

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 91.25

**Committee on Souvenir Book.**

James E. Reed, photographs,	8.00
E. P. Tilghman, photographs,	1.00
K. K. Najarian, photographs,	1.50
E. Anthony & Sons, printing and binding, cuts, etc.,	195.75
Irving N. Tilden, committee expenses,	3.25
Postage, express and delivery of book to contributors,	7.80

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 217.30

Reimbursed \$10.64 to each of eleven guarantors,	
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 117.04

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 \$2,737.00

## RESOLUTIONS

Adopted by the

## Mattapoissett Semi-Centennial Committee

WHEREAS, in the midst of its labors, the fiftieth anniversary committee of Mattapoissett has been sadly reminded of the uncertainty of life by the sudden death of one of its members, Judge Lemuel LeBaron Holmes, and

WHEREAS, this sad occurrence has filled us with sorrow and regret, and

WHEREAS, we recognize the deep interest he manifested in the welfare of this town and its people—that he cherished the memories of its past, and was full of hope and confidence in its future:

RESOLVED, that we tender our sincere sympathy to the family of the deceased in its deep bereavement,

RESOLVED, that we express our appreciation of his noble and manly character, and his high and honorable attainments—and, that, as we recall the worthy and respected townsmen who have fallen by the pathway of time, another distinguished name has been added to the long list,

RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and also entered in the records of the committee.

Signed,

WILLIAM E. SPARROW, JR.

ISAIAH P. ATSATT

For the 50th Anniversary Committee.





HON. LEMUEL LEBARON HOLMES



# OFFICIAL PROGRAMMES

AUGUST 18-25, 1907

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## Sunday August 18.

Special services in Congregational Church at  
2 P. M.

Speaker—Rev. W. H. Cobb of Boston.

## Tuesday August 20.

10.30 A. M.—Address by Hon. J. W. Hammond  
of Supreme Judicial Court, Boston.

Music—Tolman's Orchestra,  
Congregational Church.

2.30 P. M.—Athletic sports at School Park.

Evening—Band Concert and Village Illumina-  
tion.

General Reception in Town Hall, 8.30 o'clock.

## Wednesday August 21.

9.30 A. M.—Parade in four sections: Antique,  
Business, Driving Horses, and Automobiles.

Mattapoissett Band.

12.30—Clambake on grounds opposite Congrega-  
tional Church.

3 to 10 P. M.—Improvement Association Lawn  
Party with Burke's Brockton Band of 22 pieces  
in evening, at corner Pearl and Main sts.

## Thursday August 22.

10 A. M.—Ball Game, School Ground, Mattapoissett  
vs. Bristols of Rhode Island.

1.30 P. M.—Steamboat excursion in Buzzards  
Bay and Vineyard Sound.

Evening, 6-8 o'clock—Concert by Mattapoissett  
Band.

8 o'clock—Improvement Association Vocal and  
Instrumental Concert in Town Hall.

**Friday August 23.**

8.50 A. M.—Trolley Ride to Marion, Wareham, Middleboro, Lakeville, New Bedford, and Fairhaven.

3 P. M.—Ball Game, School Ground, between Local teams.

Evening—Town Hall, 8 o'clock. Grand Ball, Burke's Brockton Orchestra, eight pieces.

**Saturday August 24.**

1 P. M.—Motor boat races. Beverly Yacht Club races open to all.

3 P. M.—Organ recital in Universalist Church.

Evening—Harbor Illumination, Grand display of Fireworks at 8 o'clock, from wharf. Band Concert.



MATTAPUISETT BAND



## UNION SERVICE

Congregational Church

August 18th, 1907

At 2 P. M.

## THE ORDER OF SERVICE

Organ Voluntary

Mr. Edgar Lord.

Doxology

Invocation

The Rev. C. Julian Tuthill

Solo—Gloria

Mr. W. H. Bassett

*Buzzi-Peccia*

Psalm 90

The Rev. W. H. Falkner

Solo—Come Unto Me

Mrs. L. H. Miller

*Coenen*

Hebrews, 13

The Rev. W. H. Falkner

Solo—The Way of Peace

Mr. W. H. Bassett

*Lloyd*

Prayer

The Rev. P. A. Allen, Jr.

Violin—Largo

Miss Florence F. Purrington

*Handel*

Hymn

*Italian*

Address

The Rev. W. H. Cobb, D. D.

Solo—The Plains of Peace

Mrs. L. H. Miller

*Barnard*

## Hymn

*Tune--Gilead*

The year of jubilee has come  
Here in our Mattapoissett home.  
Thanks be to God, to him give praise,  
His loving kindness brings these days.

O hail the God of Plymouth Rock!  
For he hath blessed a little flock,  
Grown into nation and our state,  
Guided beyond the Golden Gate.

Here on the shores of Buzzards Bay  
Our Fathers met to sing and pray,  
Children of Pilgrims and their God,—  
We follow in the path they trod.

From out the nobler lives of old  
Came thoughts and deeds like purest gold;  
God in the heart, his truth in mind,  
Destiny glorious doth find.

The year of jubilee speeds by,  
'Tis ours to do and then to die;  
Vows unto God we here do bring,  
O Lord of old, be still our King!

—*C. Julian Tuthill.*

## Benediction



## THE OPENING SERVICE

Congregational Church                      Tuesday, August 20, 1907  
At 10.30 A. M.

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### PROGRAMME

Music by Tolman's Orchestra

Idylle Pastorale	<i>Trinkaus</i>
Melodie in F	<i>Rubenstein</i>
Serenade	<i>Widor</i>
Address	Trio—Violin, 'Cello, Organ
	Hon. Charles S. Hamlin
Meditation	<i>Ries</i>
Address	Judge John W. Hammond Supreme Judicial Court, Boston
Home Sweet Home	

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## FIELD SPORTS

AT MATTAPOISETT SCHOOL GROUNDS

Tuesday, August 20, at 2.30 P. M.

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### TUG OF WAR—

Hiller's Team (George R. Hiller, Perkins, Wm. Kinney, Benj. Kinney), defeated  
LeBaron's Team (Alfred LeBaron, Edwin Howes, J. Kinney, J. Peters).

Time 1 minute.                      Prize \$4.00

**SHOE SCRABBLE—**

1st prize—Edwin Perkins	\$1.50
2nd prize—Harry Henry	1.00

**SACK RACE—**

1st prize—Edwin Perkins	\$1.50
2nd prize—Geo. Bolles	1.00

**THREE-LEGGED RACE—**

1st prize—David Hiller and Lester Crampton	\$1.50
2nd prize—Walter Vaughn and Raymond Winslow	1.00

**WHEELBARROW RACE—**

1st prize—George Hiller	\$2.00
2nd prize—A. Skidmore	1.00

**POTATO RACE**

1st prize—Ray Winslow	\$2.00
2nd prize—W. Seebell	} 1.00
2nd prize—John Mendell	

**EGG AND SPOON RACE—**

1st prize—Ellaine Nickerson	\$2.00
2nd prize—Eva Kinney	1.00

**SPEECH BY "BRUDDER JONES"**

Henry J. Purrington

**75-YD. DASH—(Over 16 yrs.).**

1st prize—George Hiller	\$2.00
2nd prize—A. Skidmore	1.00

**CLIMBING GREASED POLE—**

Won by H. G. Tinkham	\$2.00
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**RUNNING BROAD JUMP—**

Lester W. Jenney } Frank Dexter } 16 ft.	\$3.00
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**75-YD. DASH—(Under 16 yrs.).**

1st prize—Harold Dunn	\$1.50
2nd prize—Lester Crampton	1.00

## SHAKING THE RATTLE—

Albert Rowland	}	\$2.00
H. G. Tinkham		

Entries confined to residents of Mattapoissett.

ADDISON CURTIS  
 ARTHUR C. PERCHARD  
 Committee on Sports.

## CONCERT

Thursday Evening, August 22, at 8 o'clock

Mr. Thaddeus Rich, Violin  
 Mr. Irving Swan Brown, 'Cello  
 Mr. Carl Lamson, Piano  
 Mrs. Daniel Dulany Addison, Reader  
 Mr. Theodore Wood, Baritone  
 Miss M. Alice Witchell, Soprano

## PROGRAMME

Allegro from Trio for Violin, 'Cello and Piano—Op. 49		<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	Mr. Rich, Mr. Brown and Mr. Lamson	
The Sword of Ferrara		<i>F. F. Bullard</i>
	Mr. Wood	
Prelude—Le Deluge		<i>Saint-Saens</i>
	Mr. Rich	
Parla		<i>Arditti</i>
	Miss Witchell	
Prelude		<i>Rachmaninoff</i>
Waltz		<i>Chopin</i>
	Mr. Lamson	

Dr. Moonshine—A Comedy	<i>Mrs. Daniel Sargent Curtis</i>
	Mrs. Addison
(a) In some sad hour	
(b) Tick-Tack-Too	<i>F. F. Bullard</i>
	Mr. Wood
Mazurkas	<i>Wieniawski</i>
	Mr. Rich
Oh, for a Day of Spring	<i>Andrews</i>
	Miss Witchell
Trio—Andante	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	Mr. Rich, Mr. Swan, Mr. Lamson

## ORGAN RECITAL

Universalist Church

Saturday, August 24, 1907

At 3 P. M.

Mr. Edgar A. Barrell	-	-	Organist
Miss Gertrude W. Dexter	-	-	Vocal Soloist
Miss Florence F. Purrington	-	-	Violinist



CONGREGATIONAL MEETING HOUSE

THE FOURTH MEETING HOUSE OF THE SECOND PRECINCT    ERECTED 1842



# SERMON

BY

REV. WILLIAM H. COBB, D. D.

Son of Rev. Leander Cobb, of Sippican.

Librarian Congregational House, Boston

TEXT.

*Ecclesiastes VII. 10.*

*Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.*

Whether the old is better than the new is a question sure to be raised afresh in every generation. If it could be decided by majority vote, there would be small hope for the radical side. The party of conservatism holds the masses; the party of progress has to fight for its footing. It was so in the days of Christ; "The old is better," cried the people. It was so centuries before, when our text was written by an unknown sage in the name of Solomon. "What is the reason," said someone to him, "that the former days were better than these?" "You are putting two questions in one," replied the wise man. "I call for the previous question. Are you so sure the days of old were better?" But the lovers of old ways, the conservatives, are not to be put down without a hearing. They should by no means be confounded with the pessimists, who think everything is going to the bad. The conservatives embrace not only the major part of man-

kind, but many of the wise as well. There is much to be said for their side of the question, and it is this side which we will look at first, beginning at the lowest point in our complex life.

I. In what respects do former times seem better? On its physical side, the leading note of the present age is a multitude of inventions, designed to promote our comfort and happiness. It is very pleasant, for instance, to speed over the country in an electric car, and smile at locomotion by horse power; but yet our ancestors had compensations. Now and then, to be sure, a runaway team imperilled some one's life or limb; but now the newspapers tell us almost daily of terrible accidents on electric lines, bringing destruction to scores of passengers. When you reflect upon it, how many thousands of precious lives have already been offered up in sacrifice to this new Juggernaut. We have harnessed the lightning but it is stronger than we. Moreover, there is rest to be feared as well as motion. Were you ever stalled in an electric car, on a bitter cold night, because of a mere snow-drift, which the old-fashioned stage-coach would have floundered through merrily? Failing this, the coach would have returned to the nearest inn; but your modern invention will neither move forward nor backward; wait for the day as patiently as you can.

Nor is nature the only power to dread in such cases. The wide sweep of invention requires the co-operation of a great body of men; but how if they refuse to cooperate? It is but a few years since that fearful experience in Canada, when a long train of steam cars was abandoned at night by the whole railroad force, at a point deliberately chosen to inflict the utmost dis-



comfort upon inoffensive passengers. That was intended to make the strike most effectual. The strike! Here is an invention which our fathers knew not. Its evils grow with the passing years, seldom more potent or portentous than at the present hour. We shall never know the depths of misery such experiments in industrial methods bring in their train.

To touch on another topic, there has been for a generation or two a general movement away from the isolation of country life in order to secure the advantages of the city; but behold! the city is surrendered to organized highwaymen, not always in the ranks of labor, but often in the city government itself. Oh! the former times were better. Then the majority ruled, now the bosses rule. Then most people led an independent life on a farm or in a trade. They stood on their own feet, thought for themselves and said their say. In the good phrase of that period, they took time to make up their minds. Now our very thinking is done by machinery, and served up hot with the daily paper. Instead of trades, we have gigantic monopolies, heartless and cruel; instead of farms we have slums. Formerly, the household grew up in orderly spirit around a father and mother who required and received submission and honor; now, the first rule of the family seems to be, "Parents, obey your children." Then, education meant an all round development; now, it denotes a one-sided specialization. Few books were read in our grandfathers' days, but those few were digested and assimilated by frequent meditation; whereas with us meditation is a lost art, quite superseded by the art of galloping through books as rapidly as possible, what is imbibed today being forgotten tomorrow.

The social and political product most characteristic of our ancestors is the town meeting; the social and political product of our age is the saloon, an institution unknown to our fathers; for while it is true that they had the corner grocery, dispensing rum and cider, the saloon as an institution has been established and sanctioned by modern laws, and constitutes a political machine of tremendous though often unsuspected power.

Ascend now to our moral and spiritual relations. In early times, the line which separated the church from the world was distinct and sharp. A man was convicted of sin, then converted to Christ. He turned his back on the world and joined the people of God in a most solemn transaction, binding himself by sacred vows, the breaking of which he knew would subject him to public discipline. In these days, a boy joins a young people's society and is supposed to keep his religious pledge if he daily reads a Bible verse or two and utters a hurried petition or two. When he grows older, he graduates into the church, but by no means out of the world; for the world is in the church, with its low standards, its frivolous dissipations, its godless Sabbaths, its neglect of eternal concerns. This life is all; the great beyond is pushed out of thought. Even the best of the churches are institutional, chiefly absorbed in ministering to the wants of the present state of existence. Once, life was probation, an isthmus between the oceans of the infinite past and the infinite future.

“Lo, on a narrow neck of land

’Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.”

Fifty years ago, as I remember well, we used to sing that grand hymn in this region, but I have not heard

it sung for many a year. The spirit of the age, the **Z**eitgeist, is out of touch with that whole class of appeals; the entire drift of our times, church life and all, is secular, and intensely, increasingly so. But if the Psalmist was right when he exclaimed, "It is good for me to draw nigh unto God. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison with thee," then it must be that the former times of pious devotion were better than the present times of prevailing worldliness.

So much at least can be said on the conservative side of the question before us. That there is another side will at once appear.

II. The first suggestion we have for our friend who has been speaking for the last few minutes is that he enlarge his vision and gain a wider outlook. Jesus Christ said, "The field is the world," but we have been looking at a small corner of our own favored land. To gain a broader standing ground in time as well as space, let us look back a hundred years instead of fifty. What was the condition of the *world* a century ago and what is its condition today? That is the fair way to attack the problem of our text. The conservative laments, for instance, over the present desecration of the Christian Sabbath. Why, there was no Christian Sabbath a hundred years ago, except in a little fringe of States along our Atlantic coast, and in the British Isles, and among an insignificant minority on the Continent of Europe who resisted the infidelity that was in fashion then both in Europe and America. But where is the Sabbath now? If we could speed around the globe today, keeping pace with the sun in his course, and beginning in the far Pacific, where the mariner

changes his day, we should hear the Sabbath bells ringing from many an island in that ocean whose inhabitants a century ago were pagans. We should find in Japan an imperial edict, adopted for convenience of intercourse with Christian nations, making the first day of the week a rest day for all Japanese officials. In Asia and Africa, we should pass over thousands of worshipping congregations gathered within the century. In almost every country of Europe, we should find that dead infidelity has yielded to earnest efforts for Sabbath reform. And on reaching America, so expanded from those few feeble States a hundred years ago, the Lord's Day would greet us with its sacred privileges from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Grant that the manner of its celebration leaves much to be desired, the very fact of its weekly return cries "Halt!" to the bustle of daily business, and brings us face to face with our Father in heaven. It is possible that the strict prohibitions which hedged the Sabbath in former times were less conducive to a healthy, genial type of piety than the method in vogue in the best homes of today, where light and love and liberty are the favorite watchwords. And whoever asserts that the year 1907 can show, in the territory of the old thirteen States, fewer sweet, pure, thoroughly Christian homes than there were in 1807, simply proclaims his ignorance of either the past or the present or both.

Alas! what a dark, sad world the sun shone down upon a hundred years ago. Tyranny brooded over it; the rights of man were a scoffing and a by-word, linked indissolubly in the minds of most people with the horrors of the French Revolution. The new experiment of



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liberty in America was believed to be foredoomed to failure. Freedom of thought was quenched; the brotherhood of man was an idle dream, reserved for the visionaries of Utopia.

How marvellous is the change! How Christlike is this bond of unity that brings men into fellowship though sundered by the whole diameter of the globe. A famine comes in India, an earthquake in California, a persecution in China; with electric swiftmess the thrill of sympathy traverses the continents; one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. It cannot but be that fellowship of the mind co-exists with sympathy of the heart. If our Christian faith were not designed for the whole race of man, if it were some peculiarly American or European product, we might be justified in trying to confine it within the shell that has come down from our forefathers; we might make our own interpretations of its sacred truths a Procrustes bed, to which all others must be stretched or pruned. But Jesus Christ was no Occidental. His mission was to the Jew first and also to the Greek. All forms of human thought are plastic to the Spirit of Christ. It is our own age that has rediscovered the largeness, the mighty sweep of this glorious gospel. No wonder the men who joined the church in the early days of America were such marked men. There were so few of them that they could not but be conspicuous. They were fenced out by tests of doctrine that represented the metaphysics of theology then current, and they were fenced in by tests of conduct which the Savior never prescribed. Our doctrine, that the child in a Christian home should grow up a Christian, and never know himself as being anything else, is better by far. The motto

for the church a century ago was "Come out from among them and be ye separate," which Paul quotes from the Old Testament; the motto at present is Christ's own word, The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, hid in the meal till the *whole* was leavened. Then, preachers dwelt often on the picture of Christian and Faithful walking through Vanity Fair and stopping their ears; now, the great church of God, like an army with banners, is descending upon Vanity Fair, by its college settlements, by its mission schools, by its bands of mercy, to transform the very citadel of the enemy into the garden of the Lord.

III. Our Consequent Obligations. If the pulpit were a debating school, the congregation a senate, or the preacher a lawyer, it might be profitable to continue this balancing of past and present. The conservative would still be able to strengthen his position and the liberal to answer back. But herein lies the difference between a sermon and other kinds of public speech, that the former aims directly at the hearts and consciences of the hearers, persuading them to do something which changes the moral current of their lives. "Follow me," said the Master to his apostles, "and I will make you to become fishers of men." Every preacher sent from God is an apostle. He casts the gospel net, and now if any of you have been interested in this dispute between the old and the new, you are caught in the net, as I proceed to show.

There is truth on the side of the conservative. The evils and dangers which threaten our age are real. They cannot be met by turning away from them to the bright side, but only by mixing in the leaven persistently and constantly, until the lump is leavened.



Well, then, who is to do this work? You and I of this age, or it will not be done at all. And furthermore; if the Christians alive at any one period will not do this, they lose not merely their own generation but every generation to come, exactly as if all life in the universe should stop for an instant, all life would stop forever. It matters not how many heroes and martyrs, saints and confessors, the church can boast of in the past; if the people of God simply lie on their oars, I will not say for a generation, but for a single year; if this year 1907 sees them sitting at ease in Zion because they think the times are so much better than they used to be; then the enemy will come in like a flood, the choicest vineyard of the Lord will become a prey, the boar out of the wood will waste it, and the wild beast of the field will devour it. If it be true that there is greater Christian progress now than ever in the past, it is because we have a greater multitude of Christian workers, heartily at work, than the past ever knew. In order to change that truth into a falsehood, it is not necessary to do anything but only to stop doing. Let this great army of Christian workers become unchristian idlers, and the thing is accomplished; wickedness exults, and Satan's kingdom spreads over all the earth.

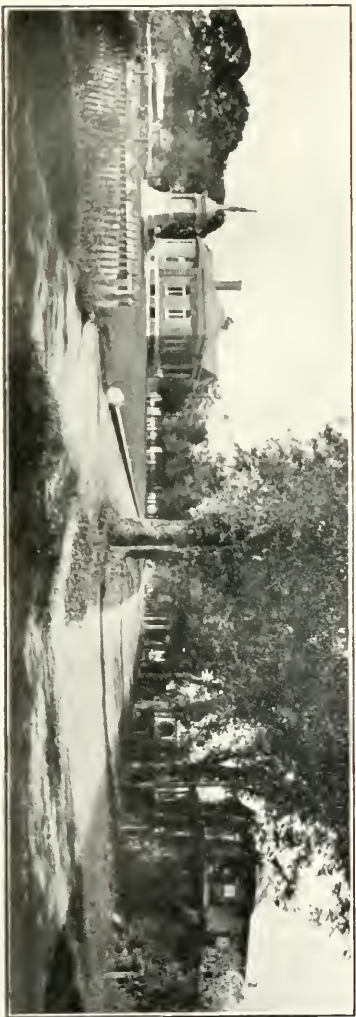
My friend, you grant this readily, for you know that your weight will carry you down hill. A dead fish will float with the stream; it takes a live one to swim against it. I say, you grant this, but what will you do about it? I always delight to take a speculative question and change it into a practical duty. When a man asks, "Do you believe the heathen will be lost?" I am apt to reply, "No, not if you and I save them; what are *you* doing to give them the gospel?" When a

man says, "God's will is sure to be done anyway; so what is the use of my praying?" I answer; "God's will will not be done by you, if you disobey him when he commands you to pray."

Now in the case before us; if you had a million dollars, you think you would spend it in doing good; you think you would accomplish a vast amount; but that is a mere matter of speculation. The only way to learn whether it is true is to observe what good you do with the little you already have. Jesus said: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." The problem before us is a very simple one; to improve upon the progress of the past by taking hold unitedly of the duties next at hand and discharging them in the spirit of Nehemiah's builders, of whom it was written: "Every man builded over against his own house." "The people had a mind to work."

God has endowed each of you with talents, one or two or ten, and for all these things you shall give account at the day of judgment. The recent history of the church is rich in examples worthy of our emulation. It may be that God calls some one of this company to go far hence unto the Gentiles, and preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. There was David Livingston, who took his life in his hand, and finally laid it down, in the patient endeavor to deliver Africa from the slave trade, which he called the open sore of the world. He fell at his post, but henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness.

It may be that God calls some woman in this company to go far hence and minister to the sick and the dying. There was Florence Nightingale, risking her life and wrecking her health in the Crimea, yet gaining a sure



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SHOWING MONUMENT AND LIBRARY BUILDING



foundation for sanitary science whereby the lives of uncounted multitudes have been saved, besides those whom she reached directly. Within the last generation, thousands of women from cherished homes at the North have gone down into our Southern States to labor at the long hard task of counteracting the mass of ignorance and superstition which slavery left as a legacy to our land. They have suffered obloquy, ostracism and persecution: but none of these things moved them; and the promise is theirs; "The teachers shall shine as the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." It may be that for most of us the path of service is so humble that few will ever hear our names or note our efforts. Still, let us be of good cheer.

"Go, labor on; enough while here,  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:—  
No toil for him shall be in vain."

Let us consider fourthly and finally,

IV. Our Inspiring Hopes. If we believed it to be a religious duty to march in procession once a week to the seaside each one of us to cast into the waves a sum of money, I doubt not we should discharge the duty religiously like the Hindoos. But how much better it is to serve a Master who graciously takes us into partnership and shows us what becomes of our money. And not of our money alone, but of our time, our toil; everything which we dedicate to him. In the whole history of the past, there never was so hopeful, so inspiring a prospect before the people of God as the outlook which this twentieth century affords. *Required*, the salvation of the world: *given*,

a consecrated church; the problem is solved, for God puts himself into it and his name is Almighty. The former days better than these? Nay, thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this. We sail out into the coming age in the enthusiasm of a spirit fit to conquer the world, and under a leader whose name is Victor. No need to pray for miracles; there is latent power enough in the Christian church of today to conquer the world for Christ. Consider how our Prince Immanuel is marshalling the hosts of his kingdom. As the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so the forces of Nature are held by our Redeemer in the hollow of his hand. I have only alluded to the power of the Christian home. It is a significant and a striking fact that whereas a wicked household tends to self-extinction in a few generations, it is the law of the holy seed to perpetuate itself from age to age. Some of you may have read that terrible book, "The Jukes," which consists mainly of the bare statistics of the descendants of a single criminal; the genealogy of a vicious stock, vigorous at first and extensively propagated, but dwindling soon into disease and feebleness and at length perishing utterly. Contrast the descendants of that great American, Jonathan Edwards, whose memory has lately been honored by a tablet in the very church in Northampton that once drove him forth into the wilderness. Edwards feared God, loved him and served him; and already a mighty host have sprung from his loins of men and women who walk in his steps and who are respected by all that know them. What is true in a signal degree of the Edwards family has been witnessed often upon a smaller scale. In view of the special occasion which calls us together, it may not

be amiss to remark that the published diary of one of your former pastors, Dr. Thomas Robbins, makes frequent mention of his next neighbor in the ministry, Oliver Cobb, for fifty years pastor in our mother town of Rochester. Out of a large body of his descendants, including now the third and fourth and even the fifth generation, it is safe to assert that the great majority have been consecrated to a life of Christian service. The Lord hath remembered his covenant forever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations. That declaration of the Psalmist throws light upon a striking contrast in the second of the ten commandments. God visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation; but he shows mercy unto thousands, that is, thousands of generations of them that love him and keep his commandments. One of Bushnell's great sermons, in his *Christian Nurture* is entitled "The Out-populating Power of the Christian Stock." Following this thought, the eye of faith looks down the vista of the coming ages and beholds the growth of Christianity under the Divine power of the Holy Spirit penetrating the human race, ever more deeply diffusing itself, ever more widely until the mustard seed becomes a great tree, until the glory of the Lord covers the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Our inspiring hopes for the future are not confined to the normal growth of grace in the family training of Christian homes. There is to be added the entire force of voluntary and associated effort, acting upon the world without. Take, for example, the glorious propaganda of missions at home and abroad: not a spasmodic crusade of enthusiasm, but a vast and systematic advance over

the whole field—which is the world. A few years ago, there gathered in New York city the greatest religious congress of the age, the Ecumenical Missionary Conference. The Christian who would fire his soul with the loftiest hopes built on the soundest convictions, should read the story of that assembly, and learn how nation after nation is being leavened by the sweet persuasive power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The shock of arms may only rouse the worst passions of men and make their opposition fiercer; but the human heart was not made to resist the persistent battery of a love that will spend and be spent, that will lay down its life for those whom it delights to call brethren. Moreover, some of the most efficient agencies for propagating the kingdom of Christ do not wear the missionary badge. Such are the Sunday Schools and the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, all of comparatively recent origin. And I for one confess to an admiration of world wide Christian Endeavor, a noble army of children and youth before whose faith the hoary walls of Jericho shall fall down. What though there be within the order not a little superficiality and zeal without knowledge? Is not the same true of the church at large? Let us thank God for the hearty devotion, the catholic unity, the fervent spirit of these millions who love our Lord Jesus Christ and are trying daily to do what he would have them do.

And now we shall come far short of the inspiring hopes set before us in the gospel if we limit our forecast to this mortal stage of existence. The Christian's best things are to come; in that life which the apostle Paul struggled to express in words that our English



Bible gives inadequately thus: "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The ancients looked back for their golden age; no wonder their life was so often dreary. But our citizenship is from heaven. The King of Love our Shepherd is. Behold, he maketh all things new. He has gone to prepare a place for us. He will come again and receive us unto himself. It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him. The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of him without spot and blameless. And the glory shall be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen.





HON. JOHN WILKES HAMMOND



# ADDRESS

BY

HON. JOHN WILKES HAMMOND

OF CAMBRIDGE

Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court  
of Massachusetts

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*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen : —*

We have many holidays in the course of the year, but to a person of New England birth, education or environment, the dearest of them all is Thanksgiving Day. The day does not, it is true, commemorate any important event of our political history as do the fourth of July, and the nineteenth of April, nor any great crisis in the history of Christianity as does Christmas as now celebrated. Nor is it the day when presents and kindly greetings are exchanged, as on Christmas and New Year's day. And although it had its origin in the thankfulness of the pilgrims at Plymouth for the abundant harvest gathered at the end of their first season in 1621, still its celebration is not now tintured with the peculiar religious fervor of the early times. And yet amid all the changes in the political and religious life of our people, the day keeps its hold upon our hearts, and it does so because it is the domestic holiday. It is the day above all others to which the home lovers look forward. It is the day

when those who have been absent, once more return to give the filial greeting to revered parents, and when all the members of the family from the oldest to the youngest gather in sweet communion around the ancestral hearth and partake of the bounteously laden ancestral table. No matter how inclement the weather, all is joy within; and the joy seems all the greater by reason of the contrast with the storm raging without.

In a similar spirit and with similar emotions we are assembled on this our municipal, or town, Thanksgiving Day. Although for a century and three quarters Mattapoissett was in existence as a part of Rochester, and since then has been for a half of a century a town "on its own hook," yet we have never had such a holiday. We have, however, seen the error of our ways, and in this respect we intend to make amends. We propose to enjoy ourselves, (at least after this address is delivered) to cherish and honor the memory of those who are gone, to renew our friendship with those still here, and in this way to be led to a greater love of the town and all for which it stands.

It is usual upon occasions like this for the speaker to spend much time in relating the history of the town, but fortunately I am relieved from this work. As one of the features of this week's celebration there has been prepared an extended history of Rochester, and of Mattapoissett both before and after its incorporation as a separate town.

I have had an opportunity to see the advance sheets of this work. It is a very creditable work,—much above the ordinary town history in point of ability. It will be the most enduring feature of this celebration, and if old home week had produced nothing else

than this book it would clearly justify itself. I shall have occasion to allude to some of the events mentioned in the book, but as I have just said, shall refrain from any extended historical narrative. Nor is this an occasion for the discussion of any prominent political, theological, or economic question. I conceive that under the circumstances I shall best perform the part allotted to me in this week's exercises, if I attempt to give you some glimpses of the town and of the life and character of its inhabitants at certain epochs in the town's history.

We are proud of the permanent features of our home as made by nature. The fertile soil, the babbling stream periodically filled with its myriads of fishes, the harbor and the bay with the cool summer breezes are here, and here they will remain. It is interesting to note the conditions existing when in 1680 the little band of colonists came to settle around the herring river. Prior to that time, various grants of land situated in Rochester had been made, but for some reason or other no settlement had been made, although it may be that some shelters had been put up and occupied temporarily by the herders of cattle.

In 1680 however settlements were begun. The town was then covered with wood except in places where the Indian maize had been cultivated. The woods abounded in foxes, wild cats, and many other small animals. The war with King Philip was ended, and there was no reason to apprehend trouble from the Indians. From a pioneer's point of view the prospect was good; and the hardy settlers came. As we look back it seems a very long time ago, but it was not. Queen Elizabeth, during whose reign Bacon, Shakes-

peare and other shining lights of English statesmanship and literature had lived, had been dead three quarters of a century, and three score years had elapsed since the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth. Wilson Barstow, for many years a prominent ship builder in this village, who lived to be over ninety years old and who died in 1891, must have known persons who had seen and talked with some of these original settlers. The time seems long not because of the passage of many years, but because of the great changes which have since taken place.

The settlers came to a wilderness. We may be sure they had enough to do, and we may be equally sure that they resolutely set about to do it. I have often thought how interesting would be a vivid and detailed account of the daily life of an early New England settler like those who first came here. What time did he get up in the morning, and what kind of a bed had he been occupying and where did he get it? How did he know what time it was? What kind of clothes did he and the other members of the family respectively put on, and how were they procured? Were his boots ever blacked, if so how? How was the morning fire lighted in the fireplace, how was the breakfast cooked, of what did it consist, either food or drink, and how was it cooked and how served, with what implements did he carry it to his mouth? What were the dishes and where did he get them? What other furniture was in the house; and was the table a simple narrow bench, and were the family ranged along upon rough boards as sometimes now is done at picnic gatherings? What was the nature of the implements he used in clearing the woods and tilling the soil and



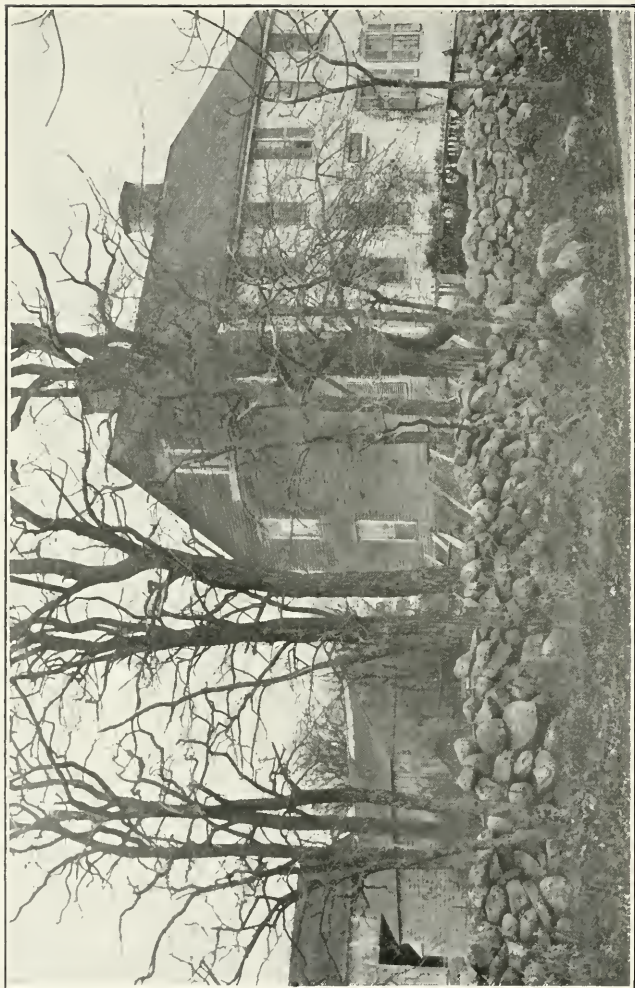
where did he get them and how could he get the money with which to pay for them? Could he afford an overcoat? In a cloudy day when the sun did not shine how could his wife tell when to get dinner, and how could he tell when to come and eat it? and so on. And when the day's work was over and evening came, how was the house lighted; and did the family retire early, or did they sit up around some blazing fire or light; and if they sat up was it that they might work; did they work in the long evenings, if so what work did they do? Did the settlers have any recreations, if so what were they? How did the young people amuse themselves, for they certainly must have played? Youth will smile and play, whatever be the circumstances. Did the women have "sewing bees" in those days, if they did was the conversation upon religion, or upon current topics after the manner of a current topic club of the present day? These and a thousand other questions arise as one contemplates the life of the early settlers. More than seventy years ago Rufus Choate, in an address to an Essex County organization, said that the best way to give the people a vivid idea of those matters was by way of novels which should be true to the subject in all the essential details; and in his characteristically extravagant way he suggested that a thousand of them more or less were needed for that purpose. Some have since been published, but more are needed.

We know at least that the life of these settlers was busy and laborious. Children came frequently, families were large, the domestic duties of the wife were exacting and continuous, and at forty she looked worn and weary. Sometimes the settler was so busy that

he had but little time for preliminaries, and made his wishes known in a brusque manner. An instance of this has come down traditionally to us and is related in the town history in this way:—"Old Deacon Barlow, one of the first proprietors to lay out land, was famous in his day as a deacon, pillar of the church and leader in society. It is said that when the wife of Deacon Barlow died, he mourned her with due propriety for a year and a day. Then mounting his horse, he rode to the house of a maiden lady, and having knocked with his cane without dismounting, he greeted her with 'Good morning, I am in pursuit of a wife; if you will have me, I will come in, if not, I shall go farther.' 'Why Deacon,' was the reply, 'How you astonish me; Thank you, you had better come in.' A few days later there was a wedding, and the deacon took his new wife home on a pillion behind him." Such were the men, and such the women of the time.

Under it all and through it all there was a strong religious current. They lived not for this life alone, but for another and a better. Their faith was unfaltering and they were cheered and sustained by it. They believed the Bible was the word of God, and they read it as such. I have not the time to sketch in detail their religious history. You will find it well set forth in the book to which I have alluded, and I commend it to your careful consideration. A few words on that subject must answer. The whole of Rochester for many years was comprised in one precinct, the people first worshipping at Sippican and afterwards at the centre of the town, the church edifice being nearly if not quite five miles from the early settlers of Mattapoisett. Thus things continued until





"THE OLD MANSION"  
BUILT BY REVEREND LEMUËL LEBARON, 1776-7

1733 when the people of Mattapoisett complained that they were too remote from the centre to attend church there, and asked to be set off as a separate parish. "The matter was delayed for a while, during which an effort was made to have Mattapoisett incorporated as a separate town. But this did not meet the general wishes of the people and in 1735 (more than fifty years after the first settlers came here) the Second Precinct of Rochester was set off," and in 1736, having obtained a letter of dismissal from the church at the "Centre," the Mattapoisett people formed a new church, and built a small meeting house about 25 feet square in what is now called Hammondtown; and, after some experience in hearing other preachers, finally in 1740 settled the Rev. Ivory Hovey as their first pastor. He was a graduate of Harvard and at the time of his installation was twenty-six years old, recently married, and is described as "of slight physique and of studious and serious mind."

There is in the Athenaeum in Boston a sermon which was delivered by this clergyman in 1749, he being then 35 years of age. It was delivered at the funeral of John Hammond, one of the settlers of 1680, who died in his 86th. year. He was for many years prominent in the civil and military affairs of the town; and I think I can give you no better idea of the religious atmosphere of the time and of the nature of the sermons then preached than to give a synopsis of this one. Its title is "Duty & Privilege of Ancient saints to leave their dying testimony behind them to posterity. A sermon occasioned by the death of Lieut. John Hammond of Rochester."

It seems that Mr. Hammond, a few months before his

death, had called his children together to give them some spiritual advice which was afterwards embodied in this sermon; and for that reason his children caused the sermon to be published.

The text, which was evidently selected with care and was apt, is found in Psalm 71. Verse 18. "Now also when I am old and gray headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have showed thy strength unto this generation and thy power to every one that is to come."

The very first sentence contains the key note of the sermon which is strongly tinged with the gloomy theology of the time. It reads as follows:—"There can scarcely be a more pleasing sight under Heaven than to see an aged saint with the Almond tree flourishing, that has begun early in the service of God, even to trust him from his youth and still in the strength going on putting his entire confidence in the same Almighty God in advanced years and breathing out this earnest wish & desire into the bosom of his God, *not* to cast him off *in the time of old age* nor *forsake him* until he has showed abroad the wondrous acts of the Lord," etc. After a few more sentences in this vein the preacher announces the doctrinal truth of the sermon in these words: "That it well becomes an aged saint especially to desire the continuance of his life and God's further assisting grace with him for this end principally, that he may make known the Lord to the present and succeeding generations,

#### OR THIS

That it well becomes an aged disciple of the Lord Jesus, & will be the property of all such who have walked with God in their youth to seek earnestly the Commun-

ion and special presence of the same God with them to their lives' end, that they may be enabled to leave their dying testimony behind them from God to their posterity."

He then proceeds thus, "For the clearing of this doctrine I would endeavor by divine assistance, first to explain it, second to confirm it, and lastly to improve it." Under the first head he has two sub-divisions, under the second head four, and under the third head three, of which the third is further subdivided into two parts, making in all eleven divisions. After spending considerable time in thus developing the doctrinal truth, he proceeds to address the aged widow (who was the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Arnold the first minister of Rochester) in these words: "As to you, his aged consort in particular, who was best of all acquainted with him & to whom he was a very tender & kind husband, however he might bear some resemblance to Elias for a hasty temper, yet I doubt not but you are a witness that he likewise resembled him and some other saints in some of their virtues, especially as he grew towards the evening of his life; particularly in the graces of humility, meekness, self denial & patience which he seemed to be most sensible of being defective in according to his aforesaid constitutional infirmity, which occasioned him often to pray hard for patience & others' prayers that patience might have its perfect work in him, which prayer seemed remarkably answered on his behalf before his departure as you madam can't but be very sensible of."

Who cannot see in these lines the picture of the grand old man, naturally quick tempered and fully aware of that fact, striving under the trials incidental to the

infirmities of old age to conquer himself and by the divine assistance to be patient to the end. Of such fibre were such men made.

After still further words directed to the aged widow, the speaker proceeds at considerable length to repeat in detail the advice the deceased had given to his children, making extensive comments thereon, and directly addressing the children in a manner similar to that in which he had addressed the widow.

The sermon consists of thirty-three closely printed pages, and must have occupied more than an hour and a half in its delivery. It is a typical specimen of the pulpit production of the time.

I can dwell no longer upon these early settlers. They were chiefly engaged in agriculture pursuits, and were an industrious and God-fearing people.

Less than a century after the settlement, the troubles began between the colony and the mother country which finally resulted in the Revolution and our independence. Rochester did its full part in these events. As indicating their spirit I will cite two or three votes passed by the people in town meeting assembled.

In 1768, suspecting one of their representatives of holding Tory sentiments, the town voted as follows: "That if our representative or any other person in this town that either has or shall hereafter basely desert the cause of liberty for the sake of being promoted to a post of honor or profit or for any other mean view to self interest shall be looked upon as an enemy to his country & be treated with that neglect & contempt that he justly deserves." It is needless to say that the representative was not re-elected.

In 1773 a letter was received from Boston asking the



advice of the towns as to what was to be done on the tea question. A spirited town meeting was held. Energetic resolutions were passed, and "the citizens subscribed a solemn league and covenant to abstain from the use of tea, and to transact no business with those who will not become parties to the covenant." This is pretty close to a boycott, and so far as I know is the first example of a provision for a "closed shop" to be found in the records of the town.

The news of the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, was received with joy since it indicated that the struggle for independence was really begun. On May 23, 1776, it was voted, "That when the honorable congress shall think best to declare themselves independent of the kingdom of Great Britain we will defend them with our lives & fortunes."

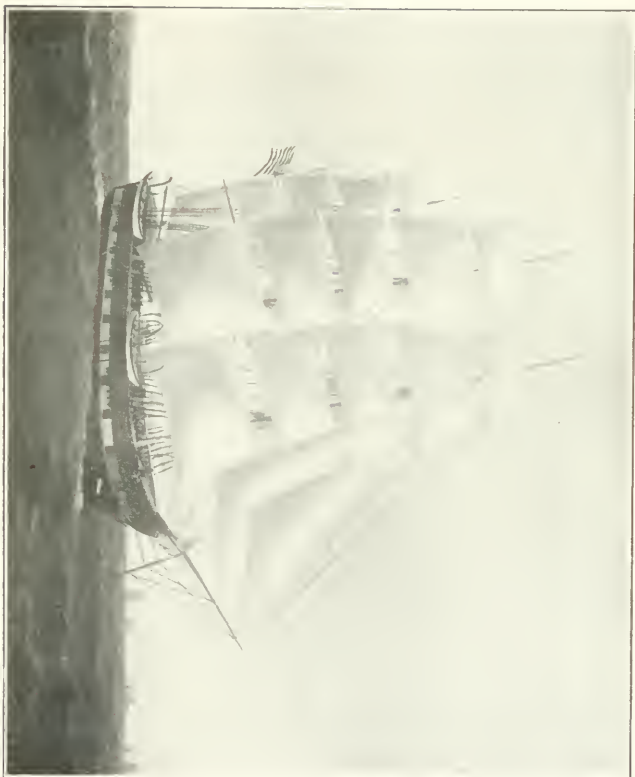
When army reverses had brought a feeling of depression and it was necessary to suppress any opposition to the war, a committee of inspectors was formed to call to account those who uttered Tory sentiments. One of those with whom they dealt had said that "He wished the people of Rochester were in hell for their treatment of Ruggles & Sprague," but on his expressing repentance he was duly forgiven.

When the paper money which had been issued by the government to meet the expenses of the war had become greatly depreciated, the town on May 26, 1779, after certain resolves relating "to efforts to appreciate the currency" had been passed, voted that "Whoever shall directly or indirectly violate either of said resolves made for this important purpose shall be deemed infamous and held up to view as an enemy to the independence, freedom & happiness of his country by

publishing his name in the newspapers published in this state, after which publication it shall be disrespectful in any good citizen to maintain either social or commercial connections with a wretch so lost to all public virtue as wantonly to sacrifice the interest of his country to the acquisition of a little paltry gain." This was a boycott with a vengeance. They did not stop with resolutions. Early, and during the whole existence of the war Rochester did its full part, and Mattapoissett as a part of Rochester, in furnishing and equipping its due quota of fighting men.

As early as 1750 and perhaps before that time they began to build vessels. It is stated by Wilson Barstow, whom I have previously mentioned, that there was no science, vessels being built "by the sight of the eye and good judgment." There was no preliminary drafting and there were no models. Queer results were sometimes produced by this method. Mr. Barstow states that "one Hastings was put in a towering passion by being told that his starboard bow was all on one side; and one sloop was nicknamed 'Bowline' because she was crooked." It is further said that "the old whaler *Trident* of 488 tons built in 1828, was so much out of true that she carried 150 barrels more on one side of the keel than on the other. The sailors said she was 'logey on one tack but sailed like the mischief on the other.'" Of course in due time all this was corrected and vessels were built upon a scientific model.

Soon after the close of the Revolutionary War the village of Mattapoissett was started, and in 1815 there was at Mattapoissett harbor, a thriving village consisting of "perhaps 40 houses, 3 or 4 wharves, a rope walk and ship yards where in 1811 upwards of 3,000 tons of



SHIP NIGER  
BUILT IN MATTAPoisETT IN 1844



shipping, were constructed." There was a coasting trade between the town and Nantucket, Newport, New York and places farther south.

The building of ships continued for many years, and that business and whaling constituted the chief industries of the town. Notice, however, must be taken of the manufacture of salt. During the Revolution, salt had been in great demand, and some was obtained along the shore of Buzzard's Bay by the process of boiling sea water. In 1806 a more important salt industry was established in Rochester as well as in the neighboring towns. The direct cause of this was the Embargo Act shutting out the salt from the West Indies, which had been the chief source of supply. Abraham Holmes, writing in 1821, says, "The principal manufacture of this town is salt. This business is carried on on an extensive scale, and it is believed that more salt is manufactured in this town than in any other town in the Commonwealth; and it is the most productive of any business here practiced."

The water was pumped from the sea by windmills and carried through the pipes (or tunnelled logs) to shallow vats 12 or 15 feet square, from which the water was evaporated by sun exposure, being carried from vat to vat at different stages of the process. There was a salt house to receive the completed product, and at night and in rainy weather great covers or roofs moved by heavy crane beams were placed over the vats to protect the drying salt. One crane usually moved the roof of four of these vats. I well remember salt works of this description existing when I was a boy, on Goodspeed's Island. They were managed by Mr. Jabez Goodspeed, and I have often seen him, when a tempest

threatened, hurry over to the island to cover the vats so as to protect the salt from the rain.

The town of Rochester, especially the villages of Mattapoissett and Marion, continued to flourish, but there was a cloud upon the horizon. These two villages were at considerable distance from the town house located at Rochester Centre; and it was a great inconvenience for their inhabitants to go to the Centre to vote and transact town affairs; and the interests of these villages were in many respects different from those of the mother town. The birth throes of Mattapoissett were severe and prolonged. They began in 1837 and lasted twenty years. The account of the events which led to the final separation, as given in the book which I have named, is exceedingly interesting. The sixteenth article of the town meeting of March 6, 1837 was as follows, "To decide if the town will hold their town meetings in Mattapoissett village for the term of one year from the twentieth of March, 1837." On this article it was voted after an exciting contest that "When this meeting be adjourned it be adjourned to the First Christian Meeting House in Mattapoissett village, and that all the town meetings be held in the village of Mattapoissett for one year from the 20th day of March, 1837." "Mr. James Ruggles of Rochester Centre then arose and gave notice that he protested against the vote in regard to holding town meetings in the village of Mattapoissett and should call for a reconsideration of that vote at the adjournment of this meeting." The adjourned meeting was held April 3, 1837, in the First Christian Meeting House of Mattapoissett, and was the first town meeting ever held in the confines of Mattapoissett. At the meeting the

Rev. Thomas Robbins offered prayer; and after a spirited contest it was found that the vote to reconsider was carried by three majority, the vote in favor being 299, that opposed 296. The method of taking the vote was peculiar. All those that were in favor of reconsidering the vote formed a line on the north side of the street, and those opposed on the south side. Certainly a picturesque way of taking a vote at a town meeting. But the redoubtable Captain Atsatt of Mattapoisett was equal to the occasion; he rose and gave notice that at the adjournment of this meeting he should call for a reconsideration of this last vote. The meeting was adjourned till April 17th. Dr. Robbins states in his diary that although he attended this meeting he did not vote. It seemed to him "an unpleasant affair." On April 17th, the day to which the meeting had been adjourned, Captain Atsatt made his motion for reconsideration and for adjournment to Mattapoisett. The vote was taken by yea and nay. Each side was out in full force, and crackers and cheese were provided for the voters. The house was so crowded the vote could not be taken there, and, after various attempts had failed, the doors were shut upon the older men within the house whose ballots were then taken as they came out through the door; while the younger men were sent through the bars into Mr. Bonney's field and the votes taken as they came out. The motion was lost, 278 yeas to 324 nays. At this meeting Rev. Dr. Robbins voted, the only time he had ever voted in town meeting since his settlement. This meeting was further adjourned to April 24th at one P. M. "When the day came," writes Mr. Holmes, "before nine o'clock a northeast storm (very cold)

commenced, which increased in its fury and by noon was pretty violent. Very few people from the Northwest part of the town attended, but the people of Mattapoissett had a considerable turnout." Captain Atsatt, still persistent, was again on hand and made a motion, which was seconded by Elijah Willis, "to adjourn this meeting to the Rev. Thos. Robbins's meeting house in the village of Mattapoissett, Wednesday, the 26th day of April, at one o'clock P. M." The vote passed by 139 to 137. Mattapoissett was again uppermost, and the meeting was finally held at Mattapoissett.

There is not time for me to enter into this matter in further detail. Suffice it to say that after various contests it finally became evident to all that there should be a division; and at a town meeting held early in 1857 a vote for this division was unanimous. Committees were appointed to arrange details as to the division of town property, etc.; and on May 20, 1857, the act of incorporation was passed by the legislature.

The new town of Mattapoissett then contained about 1,700 inhabitants. Its chief industries of shipbuilding and whaling were perhaps then at their zenith. Many of the young men of the village entered with zest into the business of whaling and became skillful ship-masters. Those who engaged in this were away from home the greater part of the time, the voyages lasting from a year, more or less, to three or four years. Their stay at home between voyages was generally from two to four months in the summer. I remember hearing a woman, who had been married for more than twenty-five years to a well-known ship-master, say that her husband had been away from home so much



of the time that she scarcely felt acquainted with him.

It was a dangerous business. The whales were killed by harpoons and lances thrown from the hands of men in boats. Many an evening when a boy have I listened to the tales of these men—of the manner in which the whale was first sighted by the man on the lookout on the mast—of the hurried preparation for the manning and starting of the boats, of which there were from two to four according to the number of the crew—of the long pull, sometimes in a boisterous sea, to reach the Leviathan—of the hush in the boat as they came near the whale—of the anxious moment when he who held the harpoon was to throw it—of the sudden plunge of the animal as he felt the iron enter his side—of the imperative order to “stern all,” given to avoid injury from any violent movement of the whale—of the rapidity with which the line attached to the harpoon passed out from the tub where in the middle of the boat it was neatly coiled—of the careful manner of slowing the line as it went out—of the attempt to reach the whale again as he rose to the surface—of the skillful way in which the boat was again placed alongside of the whale and of the deep reaching thrusts given by the lance in the hands of the boatheader—of the circular death flurry growing gradually more and more feeble—the reddening of the water from the outpouring blood—and finally the death of the animal as he at last turned over upon his back.

Upon the stones in our village graveyard may be read records of the dangers incurred by these hardy followers of the sea. Of my mother's five brothers three lost their lives in this business—two, both in the same vessel, by the foundering of their ship, and one

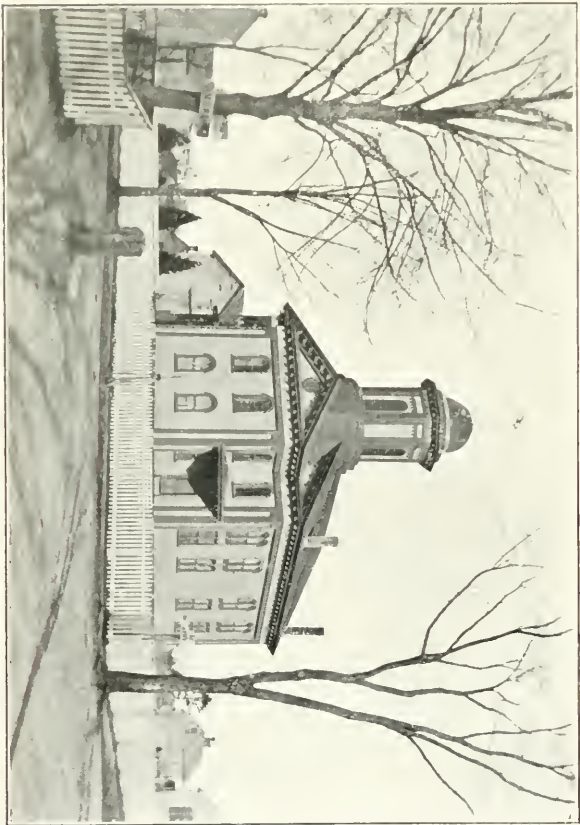
by being caught in the line as the whale was dragging it from the boat. Subsequently whales were shot by a gun, greatly diminishing the danger.

Shortly after the incorporation of the town, this business began to diminish and has been for several years entirely discontinued in Mattapoisett.

The shipbuilding filled the village with a very superior class of workmen. In the busiest period nearly three hundred men were employed; and at the noon hour the streets were filled with them as they went home for dinner. Each man was entitled to the chips which he hewed from the timber, and many a workman on his way home trundled before him a well-filled wheelbarrow. But this industry has also disappeared, and with it has disappeared the noble mechanics who were nurtured in it. The last vessel was built in 1878.

There were no summer vacations. The people kept at home from one year's end to another. The young men generally became ship carpenters or sailors. The young women stayed at home; and the young of both sexes found their amusements in their native village. Although I was born in this village and lived here until at the age of nineteen I went away to school, and although I spent my vacations here and cast my first vote here, I never saw the village of Sippican, now Marion, until I was more than forty years old. There was but little card playing as I remember. My first card playing was clandestine, under an upturned whaleboat which had been beached for the winter.

There were three churches—the Congregational the one in which we now are, the Universalist and the Baptist. Every Sunday there were preached in each church two sermons, one in the forenoon and one in



MATTAPOISETT ACADEMY

BUILT AS THE THIRD MEETING HOUSE OF THE SECOND PRECINCT IN 1816  
AFTER 1870 THE BARSTOW SCHOOL



the afternoon; and, with the exception of the Universalist church, there was also a meeting in the evening at which the pastor usually made a short address. Each church had a flourishing Sabbath school. There was little, if any, social caste. Everybody knew everybody else and was quite closely watched by everybody else,—a state of things quite conducive to upright living.

Much cannot be said in favor of the public schools as they existed in the village. Provision was made for only three months for each child. The children under ten years of age attended the summer school, and those of ten and upwards the winter school. When the first public winter school I ever attended was opened, I was about two weeks short of ten years of age, and I well remember the trepidation with which I appeared the first day. I feared I should not be admitted, but the district school committee man and the teacher after some conference together concluded that I “would do.” As a rule there was a different teacher for each term,—a man, often some college undergraduate, in the winter, and a woman in the summer. Corporal punishment was frequently resorted to, although I do not recall any severe case. The school rooms, often small, were heated with stoves; there was no ventilation, and the small children who sat in the front seats suffered much from the heat. The village proper was divided into two districts, the east and the west; and in the winter time, when there was snow upon the ground fit for snowballs, many a royal battle occurred between the two schools; and woe be to the pupil of either school if during snowballing time he was espied within the territorial limits of the other.

The public schools were supplemented by private

schools at which a small tuition fee was charged. There was generally such a school every summer which pupils too old for the public schools could attend. Many of these schools were very good. About 1856 the academy was opened, to which came pupils not only from the village and the other parts of the town, but also from the neighboring towns. The higher studies were taught here, and by this school several persons were fitted for college.

In an address on Mattapoissett, no one can omit to speak of the alewives of Mattapoissett river. From the time of the earliest settlers to the present day they have contributed to the wealth of the people. The people of the colonial and provincial periods of Massachusetts appreciated the food value of alewives, and many laws were passed for the protection of the alewife fisheries wherever existing, especially on streams where there were milldams. Mattapoissett River received its full share of attention. The early Plymouth Colony laws were liberal in the count, for it was provided in 1637 that "six score and twelve fishes shall be accounted to the hundred of all sorts of fishes." The earliest law I have found especially applicable to Mattapoissett River was passed in November 1770. The preamble is as follows:

"Whereas the town of Rochester have been at great labor and expense in digging out a passage from Snip-tuet Pond to the head of 'Madepaysett' River in said town, in order to let the alewives have free course from the sea into said pond to cast their spawn; and whereas the good fruit of their labors and expense depends on the regulation and government of the stream through which they pass, and there being sundry milldams



MATTAPoisETT HERRING WEIR





across said river, and by reason of many evilminded and disorderly persons setting up weirs, stopping & obstructing sd alewives, the expectation & benefit of their labors have almost been defeated; for remedy whereof be it enacted, &c." This act was followed by several others and there were at least six statutes passed after the establishment of the state constitution, of which the first was passed in 1788. There is not time to review these acts in detail. It is sufficient to say that they provide for the free passage of the fish, for the times in which fish may be taken and by whom; for the choice in open town meeting of herring inspectors who shall take an oath to "prosecute all breaches of the law regulating the alewife fishery in said river"; and for the sale and distribution of the fish, and for the prosecution of persons who shall unlawfully catch them or obstruct their passage. The right to these fish has always been greatly prized, even to an extent which may seem inexplicable to a person who has not been reared in the town. The statute of 1852 setting off Sippican and incorporating it under the name of Marion contains a provision, although no part of Mattapoisett River flowed through the new town, "that the alewife fisheries of the river and the town mills on the river should remain the property and privilege of all the inhabitants of said towns of Rochester and Marion, and said alewives shall be sold, as now, to each and every family residing in the towns aforesaid, at such price per hundred as the majority of the legal voters of said towns should from time to time determine;" and the net profits were to be divided among the towns according to their respective valuations; and the statutes of 1857 which set off Mattapoisett contained a similar pro-

vision for the distribution of the alewives among the inhabitants of the three towns of Rochester, Marion and Mattapoissett. All the other town property could be divided, but each town held with a firm grip upon the alewives, and the ownership of them must be in common. In each one of those acts it is also provided that the citizens of Rochester should have the same privileges as before to take shell and scale fish from the shores, flats and waters of the new town. Marion could not give up the alewives, nor could Rochester give up the clams and quahaugs, or the "scalefish" of the harbor.

This address is already too long, but I cannot refrain from mentioning one educational institution of the town—Harlow & LeBaron's store. It was a country variety store of the usual kind, where one could buy anything from a stick of candy to a gallon of oil, from a spool of thread to a yard of cloth. For the men it was the educational society centre. I wish I could make you see it as I, when a boy, saw it—the dark well-worn wooden floor, the groceries on one side of the store and the dry goods on the other, the small, cylindrical, upright cast iron stove sometimes red with heat on a cold day, the long wooden bench upon the grocery side of the store—the row of men seated thereon, other men sitting or standing wherever there was opportunity. See this store, dimly lighted by one or more oil lamps in an evening, thus filled with the talkative and social denizens of the village, not loafers, but honest, intelligent artisans, every one of them fit for official responsibility, and listen to the way in which any question for the time being prominent, whether of town, state or national importance, is discussed, and you will under-





WATER STREET

stand what I mean when I say it was an educational institution. Many an evening have I, when a boy, listened with rapt attention to those discussions, and many a time when in after years it fell to me to address a jury, did I seem to see before me the very same men I had so often seen in that store—their names different it is true, and their faces not so familiar, but their methods of thought the same—and I knew better how to influence them than if I had not had the previous experience. There is no education more useful to a man who is to move among men, than that which he gets by mingling in the society of a country store in an old-fashioned New England village.

There is no time to speak here of those who have gone out from this town to professions and other pursuits, but the occasion makes it proper for me to speak of one who was one of the prominent actors in the preparation for this week, and who has not been permitted to live to enjoy the festivities he had helped to plan. Lemuel LeBaron Holmes, cut off in the prime of life, was a typical specimen of the best blood of New England. Of fine personal appearance, with a frank open countenance and expressive eyes, mild and unassuming yet reserved in manner, he from the very first favorably impressed all who met him. As a man he was kind and true in all family relations, a staunch reliable friend and a good citizen. Ready to yield in non-essentials, but firm as a rock where principle was at stake—there was Quaker blood in his veins—he won the respect and confidence of all. As a lawyer, he was learned, painstaking and thorough in the investigation of his client's case, and clear and effective in presenting it to the court. He was a safe adviser. In his

arguments to the jury he never took an unfair advantage of his opponent, never appealed to passion or prejudice, but simply to reason. His judgment as to where the strength of his case lay, and on what lines it should be presented to the jury, was excellent. A persistent fighter for what he believed to be right, he was nevertheless always ready to settle upon a reasonable basis.

As a judge, he was patient, courteous and eminently fair. He had a strong grasp of a case, was sure to detect the principle upon which the decision hinged, marshalled well the facts; and his charges to the jury were clear, apt and easily understood. He loved this, his native village and was very much interested in its local history. He was an honor to the town, and to his profession—both at the bar and on the bench. The death of such a man is a loss to the community and to the state.

I have thus touched upon some features of our town history. I would like to speak of others, especially of the ecclesiastical history and of the part taken by the inhabitants of the town in the Civil War; but these must be omitted.

We are at the beginning of the second half century. How shall our town now be described? I can use no better words than those which are found in the book from which I have quoted so much. Here they are—let us read them together and take in their full meaning:

“So Mattapoisett sits today on her beautiful open harbor: the waters of Buzzards Bay roll in as blue as ever: the alewives still go up the river each April: there is still good fishing in the bay and shellfish on



LOVERS' BRIDGE, MATTAPoisETT RIVER





the shore. The catboats ride at their moorings around the buoy, or their sails glisten in the sun far out toward the Falmouth shore. The old family names are on the narrow elm shaded streets, and many of the ancient houses look upon them still. The town is full of pleasure-seekers who play tennis, golf, drive, sail, or fish, or dance at the Casino; but there is always the sense of rest and quiet, the salt air full of ozone, fragrant breath of the pines, and the respite from city noise and dust.

And all along the shore from Aucoot Cove to the Fairhaven line, each year sees some new homes built for those who seek their rest in close touch with nature and old ocean. Vacation and holiday are a part of the world's true needs, and in lending its own quiet charms to those forms of human demand, this seaside village has entered into a new and worthy role, more harmonious, perhaps, than were the activities of the past, with the musical name it carries—Mattapoisett—"the place of rest." "The past at least is secure." God grant that in the future, whatever may happen, the standard set by our ancestors may be proudly maintained.

## A MATTAPOISETT SONG

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[TUNE, "FAIR HARVARD"]

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Mattapoissett, thy children think ever of thee,  
    'Though throughout the wide world they may roam,  
And wherever their fortune casts for them their lot,  
    They still look to thee as their home.  
If where tropical suns beat down fierce on the deck,  
    They remember thy cool southwest winds;  
Or, on wide western plains, under shadowless skies,  
    They long for thy murmuring pines.

Thus, afar, their hearts turn to this home of their youth,  
    To the mem'ry of figures now gone;  
They recall, 'though the thought brings a mist to the eye,  
    All the charms which thy village adorn.  
They remember thy shores, thy elm-shaded streets,  
    Thy river that runs to the sea,  
And they wish that the tide which flows in from the bay  
    Might bear them in joy back to thee.

Mattapoissett, thy children take pride in thy past,  
    Since the Indian first sought thy strand,  
And the settler invaded thy forest's deep growth  
    And established his hold on the land.  
Oh, thy woodsmen have hewn, and thy artisans shaped,  
    The staunch ships that have slid from thy ways;  
And thy captains have sailed into every known sea,  
    From thy wharves which endure to these days.

So, whenever thy children may happen to meet,  
    Whether at home or on far distant sea,  
As they think of Lang Syne they will join in a song  
    To the praise, Mattapoissett, of thee.  
And they'll offer the prayer, that in all future time,  
    Forever, while seasons shall come,  
Their children's descendants may ever have this  
    Place of Rest as their beautiful home.

L. LeB. D.

August, 1907.





The illustrations in this book opposite pages 33, 38, 42, 55, 60, 66, 68, 71 and 72 are from "Mattapoissett and Old Rochester," and are used by courtesy of The Grafton Press.



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and a portion of Wareham*

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