PROCEEDINGS

AT

THE REUNION OF THE

Descendants of John Eliot

"The Apostle to the Indians"

AT

GUILFORD, CONN., SEPT. 15TH, 1875

Second Meeting at South Natick, Mass.

JULY 3D, 1901

AND THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Founding of South Natick

BY

JOHN ELIOT AND HIS PRAYING INDIANS

JULY 4TH, 1901

ELIOT CHURCH AND OAK,

SOUTH NATICK, MASS.

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AT

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A self-appointed committee composed of George E. Eliot, John A. Stanton, Lewis R. Eliot and Whitney Eliot, after consulting a sufficient number of the descendants of John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," called a meeting of all the said descendants at the Point House, Guilford, Conn., Sept. 15th, 1875, to which about two hundred responded by their presence from various parts of the country.

The meeting was called to order by Whitney Eliot and George E. Eliot was chosen chairman, Rev. Jared Lay Eliot offered prayer, Charles Wyllys Eliot delivered the address on John Eliot "The Apostle to the Indians," Ellsworth Eliot an address on Rev. Joseph Eliot and Lewis Eliot Stanton an address on Rev. Jared Eliot. The other speakers were Henry H. Eliot, Judge Othniel S. Williams, Rev. Owen Street and W. R. Richards.

Letters of regret were read from Rev. J. A. Benton, and the daughters of Rev. Elisha Mitchell, Professor in the University of North Carolina.

Mrs. Ellsworth Eliot sang "The Mocking Bird Song," Miss Grace Eliot and Miss Brown sang a duet, Mr. Henry Fowler accompanying.

A poem by Mrs. Ethel Lynn Eliot Beers was read, and a poem by Miss Wilimena Eliot was presented from memory.

The relics and portraits were numerous and valuable, among them an Eliot Indian Bible, the gold medal presented to Rev. Jared Eliot by the Royal Society of London, and the silver porringer once owned by Rev. Joseph and Mary Wyllys Eliot.

Among the portraits were Rev. Jared and his wife, Hannah Smithson Eliot.

The meeting was a happy event and very much enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to attend.

The following is from the New York *Observer:*

"Before the sunset has gilded the waves of the Sound, the gathered leaves of the Eliot ancestral tree, which have whirled together, again scatter, East, West, North, South, and there is only the happy memory of the Eliot gathering left, like golden sands that we may gather up and keep forever."

Before the benediction by Rev. Jared Lay Eliot, it was voted that the committee continue in office, (Lewis R. Eliot having died his son Edward was chosen in his place,) and call another meeting when they should see fit. Accordingly, after a lapse of twenty-six years it was decided to call a meeting in connection with the celebration at South Natick, Mass., July 3d, 1901.

Thus the way was paved for the second Eliot meeting.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

SECOND MEETING OF THE DESCENDANTS

OF JOHN ELIOT

"The Apostle to the Indians"

AT

SOUTH NATICK, MASS., JULY 3d, 1901

SOUTH NATICK, MASS., JULY 3d, 1901.

CLINTON, CONN., February 1st, 1901.

The surviving members of the Committee who were requested at the meeting of the Descendants of John Eliot at Guilford, Conn., in 1875, to call another meeting, have, in accord with the wishes of a large number of the family, selected South Natick, Mass., as the place, *and the 3d of July next* as the date.

The citizens of Natick, and others interested in its history, will celebrate on the 4th day of July the 250th anniversary of the founding there of John Eliot's Village of "Praying Indians," now known as South Natick, Oldtown, Old Natick.

His descendants will be invited.

The committee for this celebration have generously offered every facility at their command for our gathering.

South Natick is about sixteen miles southwest from Boston.

Newton, where our ancestor first preached the Gospel to the Indians, and Roxbury, where he lived, died and was buried, are not far away. Much time can be profitably spent in visiting Boston, and Harvard University. Guilford and Clinton, Conn., the homes of many Eliots, are easily accessible to travelers by rail between New York and Boston.

The object of this circular is to ascertain how many will be present so that provision may be made for their entertainment, and to solicit every descendant to do his utmost to make the meeting successful. Provision will be made for the exhibition of relics, portraits, books and manuscripts of interest to those who attend the meeting.

Will you inform the committee of any such article in your possession which can be shown there?

It is the intention of the committee to send a copy of this circular to every descendant of John Eliot and of all collateral families whose address can be obtained.

Should there be omissions it will be a favor if notice to that effect be sent to any member of the committee.

An early reply sent to Geo. E. Eliot, Clinton, Conn., is requested. Correspondence is also desired.

GEORGE E. ELLIOT, Clinton, Conn.,
JOHN A. STANTON, Clinton, Conn.,
WHITNEY ELLIOTT, North Haven, Conn.,
EDWARD ELIOT, Guilford, Conn.,
(In place of LEWIS R. ELIOT, deceased)
Committee.

For days preceding the 3d of July, 1901, the Eliots had been gathering at the pleasant village of South Natick, visiting various places of interest connected with the history of their ancestor: the old Oak under the shelter of which John Eliot had preached to the Indians; the Eliot Church on the site of the first Indian Meeting House; the bridge over the Charles River at the place where Eliot and his Indians had constructed the first bridge, and other localities memorable in association with the early times of Old Natick. Under the able supervision of Mr. John A. Stanton and Miss Florence V. Eliot many articles of special interest were displayed in the parlors of the Eliot Church, which had been kindly opened for the exhibition of portraits, ancient books and other relics of the Apostle and his descendants. Some of the portraits were of Griswold Eliot Warren, Rev. Jared Eliot and his wife Hannah Smithson of Killingworth, Jared Eliot, a grandson of the Rev. Jared and his wife Clarissa Lewis. Among the books were the Eliot Indian Bible, the Bay Psalm Book and many others, an old oak chair of John Eliot, now belonging to a church at Braintree, Mass., an ancient carriage body in which Jared Eliot, son of Rev. Jared, traveled with his bride, Elizabeth Walker, from Boston to Killingworth, and other pieces were on exhibition and gained the attention of a large number of interested visitors.

1598. 1604. 1631. 1690. 1875. 1901.

RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS.

SECOND MEETING OF THE

Descendants of John Eliot, "The Apostle to the Indians."

South Natick, Massachusetts, July 3, 1901.

Committee.

George E. Eliot, John A. Stanton,
Whitney Eliot, Edward Eliot.

Secretary.

Florence V. Eliot.

Chaplain.

James De Normandie, D.D.

Reception Committee.

Dr. Ellsworth Eliot,

John A. Stanton,	Edward Eliot,
Charles A. Eliot,	Ely A. Eliot,
Mary C. Eliot,	Fannie C. Eliot,
S. Genevieve Eliot,	Susan P. Eliot,
William H. Eliot,	George E. Eliot, Jr.,
John L. Eliot,	Mary E. L. Eliot.

Badge.

White ribbon, Gold Letters.

Directors of Music.

Henry Eliot Fowler, Mrs. Grace Eliot Rogers,
Mrs. Frances Eliot Clarke.

Assisted by Mrs. George S. Davis, Misses Charlotte E. Benton, Fanny C. Eliot, George E. Eliot, Jr.

The second meeting of the descendants of John Eliot was held in the Eliot Church at South Natick, Massachusetts, on Wednesday morning, July 3d, 1901.

At the close of the organ prelude, Largo, from Handel, rendered by Mrs. Grace Eliot Rogers, the meeting was called to order by George E. Eliot, Chairman of the Eliot Committee.

The address of welcome by the Rev. Leverett R. Daniels in behalf of the Church and the citizens of South Natick, and response by the Chairman, was followed by prayer by the Chaplain of the Association, the Rev. James De Normandie of the first John Eliot Church of Roxbury.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

REV. LEVERETT R. DANIELS, PASTOR ELIOT CHURCH, SOUTH NATICK, MASS.

Mr. Chairman, and members of the Eliot family of America—It is a great pleasure for me to welcome you this day to this old village and to this church which bears the name of your great ancestor. The citizens of this village ever think of its historical ground as sacred, made so by John Eliot in his self-sacrificing and noble labor for the uplifting of a benighted people. Here he planned, taught and prayed in the spirit of his Master, and in the name of his God. Here he showed the world, and for all time, that there was but one true way to deal with the wild man of the forest—that way, the way of patience and love, the way of Christ. He would christianize by humanizing, and humanize by christianizing. We are not here at this time to speak at length about your great ancestor. You know full well the facts of his life. I need not tell you that this village was founded by him 250 years ago and that it became the principal village of his praying Indians. I need not tell you how he came and went through long years, ever inspired by a holy zeal to educate and redeem those whom he ever held were God's children, and therefore his brothers. All this is fast becoming a household word throughout the land, just as this village and spot is becoming the Mecca, in these parts, for those who are deeply interested in early Indian history. In our closing word, let us say, that the citizens of this village, with myself, are greatly pleased, not only to welcome you at this time to this sacred spot and this church, but also to have the privilege of looking into your faces, the faces of those who

are so highly favored as to be descendants of him who, after putting his hands to the plow, turned not back. To-day this village is yours and this church is yours. On the morrow we hope to have you with us to join in the celebration which marks the 250th birthday of this village which was planted among the hills.

RESPONSE BY CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE.

I am authorized to say to you, sir, in behalf of our committee, and the large family whose representatives we are, in speech too inadequately expressing our appreciation and high consideration of the cordial and courteous words which you have spoken, and the kindly welcome you have extended to us, as well as for the use of the beautiful audience room and parlors of your church for our gathering—mere words are not enough to state the obligations under which we are placed by your kindness.

And it is proper that I should say to you, sir, as standing for the people of this old town of South Natick, that we place great value upon the enthusiastic greeting which has been manifested towards us and upon the place and all its associations and environment, as being the ground upon which our venerated ancestor put forth so much of mind and thought and labored so manfully and for so many years. And now allow me in few words to reply to the queries which are forming in your minds:

Who are you?

We are descendants of John Eliot, he who by his contemporaries was fitly styled "The Apostle to the Indians." Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, kinsmen all.

We are doctors of divinity—ministers of the gospel of peace—seeking to uplift the moral and religious life.

We are doctors of medicine healing the sick—making the lame to walk, the blind to see, the deaf to hear and caring for all the physical ailments our human race is suffering.

We are doctors of law—most necessary of all—binding up the wounds of strife, seeking to unravel the many entanglements which perplex us on all sides.

We are professors, teachers, farmers, tradesmen, bankers, sailors, soldiers, men and women of all the various forms of industry and labor.

Whence do you come?

From the cities, towns and villages of the United States; from the old New England states; from New York; from New Jersey; from Pennsylvania; from Ohio; from Michigan; from Indiana; from Illinois; from Kentucky; from Minnesota, and from many of the states west of the great Mississippi river: Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and lands nearer to the setting sun.

Our good deeds are manifest over all the wide land.

Why are you here?

We do not come to celebrate the victories and success of our arms and armies in the Orient or in the West Indies, nor the brave defense of rights in the Celestial Empire—though some of us may have been there—or the peaceful annexation of Hawaii and other islands as the territories of our Republic (colonies I suppose we may call them now), but to recall to our memory and to fasten there the doing of the noble and heroic deeds and labors of the Apostle, and to do honor to him and to his children and grandchildren who all have lived and filled their place and did so well their part at the foundation and upbuilding of our nation's life in the early days, and that their spirit of self-consecration and sacrifice may fall upon us as we are gathered here, and shall abide with us when we go hence, making us more intent upon doing faithful and earnest service for the well-being of our race and country and our homes.

Upon motion of Dr. Ellsworth Eliot the meeting was formally organized with George E. Eliot of Clinton, Conn., President, and Miss Florence V. Eliot of Bloomington, Ill., Secretary.

"O God, beneath thy guiding hand," sung by the choir and the assembly. Written by Leonard Bacon, D.D.

O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

The red man's friend, with faith in God,
  Came an apostle o'er the waves,
And where his sacred feet have trod
  The God he trusted guards his grave.

And here Thy name, O God of love,
  Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
  And spring adorns the earth no more.

JOHN ELIOT.

Oration by

WILLIAM SIDNEY ELLIOTT, JR.

Sweet Kinsmen of the Apostolic Household:

From the "bad lands" of the West I come, o'er winding trails, across prairies wide and vast, through forests dense and dark, by mountain gorge and deep ravine, over raging flood and foaming wave, back o'er the wastes of space, beyond which the tides of empire have westward swept their resistless way, back through the sullen years to Waban's door, back up the old hills our father trod, back into the old homestead, under the old rooftree, here with you for a night and a day, in song and story, to celebrate the imperishable fame of our great ancestor and the undying renown of the ancient Eliot race.

From the far islands of the sea; from the Sierran slopes "where rolls the Oregon"; from the Golden Gate of California; from the mining camps of Colorado; from the harvest homes of Nebraska, Iowa, Indiana, Missouri and Illinois; from the pineries of Michigan and Wisconsin; from the cattle plains of Texas; from the cotton fields of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas; from the grass lands of Kentucky and Tennessee; from the palmetto groves of the Carolinas; from the green vales of Virginia and Maryland; from the sheep-folds of Ohio; from the coal and iron beds of Pennsylvania; from the marts and mills of the Empire State; from the granite hills of New England; from the wide, wide world come we all, pilgrim children of the great Apostle, faithful and true to the traditions of an unsullied past, here to deck with fresh laurels his radiant brow, to lay at his feet the tributes of our tireless pride, to breathe again the inspirations of his spotless life,—to look once more upon the rock from whence we are hewn.

Pride of ancestry is an inseparable attribute of refined individuality. Indifference to ancestral status is a confession either of personal or ancestral failure. The celebrants at this gathering are ashamed neither of themselves nor of those from whom they have been derived. They are the children of a mighty sire; he was the progenitor of a race of valiant sons, whose prowess has been recognized and acknowledged in American commerce, art, science, letters, press, forum, State and Nation for two hundred and fifty years.

Exercising the function of spokesman sagamore at this reassembling of our long scattered tribes, I greet you in the bonds of a peerless kinship and place upon your travel-bronzed brows the diadem of a stainless name. Surely, to us, the exultant sons of the great apostle of Natick, it cannot be denied here upon these sublime heights to sound the acclaim of our proud heritage and the patrimonial glory of our ancestral blood, the fountain source of which arising in this consecrated hill, has streamed abroad into all lands and into every clime, enriching civilization with its stimulating tide.

For eight hundred years the name of Eliot has been emblazoned upon the heraldry of the English-speaking world. Eight hundred years of thrilling history, every page of which is glittering with the sheen of magnificent accomplishment, have not dimmed the luster shed upon the path of human progress by the heroic deeds of those who have worn the Eliot crest. On sea and shore, at home and abroad, in halls of learning, in temple and mart, in parliament and commons, the name studs the heavens of British achievement with countless stars.

When Sir William de Aliot, at Pevency in 1066, gave seizin of the British soil to the Conqueror, he placed upon the Norman's brow the royal crown of that limitless dominion upon the expanding confines of which the sun never sets, and raised the standard of our historic race which now for nearly a thousand years has conferred increasing honor upon all who bear the racial name. When William, in acknowledgment of the fealty of his loyal knight, added to his coat of arms the motto, "Par saxa, per ignes, fortiter et recte," "Over rocks, through fires, bravely and honorably," he unconsciously paid prophetic tribute to the unfaltering courage of his valiant progeny, which for six centuries from that doughty warrior to the glorious martyr defied the opposition and won the crown.

Col. Robert Caverly, in his brilliant monograph upon the life of our ancestor, speaking of Sir William says: "From that noble

knighthood have descended Maj. Gen. George Augustus Eliot, honored as Lord Heathfield; Sir Gilbert Eliot, the Earl of Minto; and most, if not all, the many thousands of distinguished Eliots who have since lived in England, including those who, within the last two hundred and fifty years, have landed and lived on these, our New England shores. And proud may the race be that the same heroic blood that moved one of the old conquerors is fruitful of inspiration in the veins of the generous Eliots in this our day. For more than four score years, it came—coursed and moved the Apostle, inspiring life and light and love divine, on his mission to the heathen tribes of the wilderness. Aside from the Eliot ancestry in England, now unremembered, unknown, in spite of oblivion, which in stealth creeps in, overwhelming the generations of the earth, the Eliot name everywhere still adorns the English annals."

From such lineage do we descend, and, although unmerited, I count it high distinction to have been called by your grace to speak of the life and character of our sainted forefather at this grand reunion of the descendants of the Apostle John, the most illustrious person that ever bore the Eliot name.

And it was meet that you should have summoned one from the great West to the discharge of this privileged office, at this jubilee time. Since the publication of the "Eliot Genealogy," in 1854, which gives but meager account of those descendants of the Apostle who in the early years had swarmed westward from the ancestral hive, little has been known and less heard of those whom the "Genealogy" found in the cradle and swaddling clothes; who and whose children have since risen to distinction and renown in every state in our Union, and who in every field of human activity have shed new honor and fresh luster upon the Eliot name. We, as well as you who have kept the fires upon the old hearthstone, are proud of our ancestry. We, too, have struggled agreeably to our crested motto, against insurmountable obstacles and great discouragements; but never disheartened, never cast down, we have achieved conspicuous victories, the laurels of which we come to deposit in the ancestral shrine. We come from the wide continent to the old cradle of the race to add our attestations of filial affection at this convention of those who honor him who first honored them. To us the name of Eliot stands for all that is sweet, kind, self-sacrificing, grand, noble, heroic, inspiring, masterly, courageous and sublime. We have studied the character and noted the sacrifices of our sainted ancestor,

we have emulated his example and exploited his works. We have tried to be worthy of the name we bear, and although we have been *filius nullius* to the tables of the "Genealogy," we have lived in the expectancy that, if not in our day, at least in that of our posterity, our names might find a place upon the envied roll. In the "Genealogy" he whom you have been pleased to honor is inscribed as dead. Mendacious epitaph! Though dead, "he yet speaketh," grateful for the service to which he has been called.

John Eliot.

Inviting his readers to a study of the life and example of John Eliot, Col. Caverly says: "Nothing in the acquisition of knowledge shall prove more profitable than the study of the lives and characters of great and good men. Such men, like an index, serve to lead the way to an improved civilization, and to a more devoted fidelity to God and to mankind. To study and know them is wisdom; to follow their precepts and examples bespeaks an abundant success in this life, and a gain of a glorious reward beyond it. The lessons thus learned are practical; tending to manliness, to sobriety, to a stern integrity, to a diligent industry and a fervent faith."

No mere address can adequately portray the ineffable majesty of this man of steel. He stands among the honored throng that adorn the colonial epoch of American history with matchless grace, the preëminent one who, without consideration of self, ever trod the path of duty, hewing to the line, letting the chips fall where they would. Volumes have been written of his life and character, but we must content ourselves at this time with the consideration of a few only of his many exalted attributes.

John Eliot was the child of Bennett Eliot and Letty Aggar, who were married at Widford, England, on the 30th of October, 1598. Bennett Eliot was a brother of Sir John Eliot, the martyr, who died November 27th, 1632, in the Tower of London, to imprisonment in the dungeons of which he had been consigned by the "Crown" for his fearless declaration in the House of Commons that "the council and judges conspired to trample under their feet the liberties of the subject and the privileges of Parliament." Although offered immunity conditional upon a recantation, with characteristic Eliot firmness, Sir John refused to recede from the position he had taken and for his fidelity perished, in chains.

The exact date of the Apostle's birth is not known; the "Eliot Genealogy" gives it interrogatively as December 20th, 1604, but as recent explorations have shown the date of his baptism to have been August 5th, 1604, it is certain he must have been born some few days at least prior to the latter date.

It is supposed from his having been baptized there, that Eliot was born at Widford, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, where and in the neighboring parish of Nasing, Essex County, England, he spent his childhood, under the faithful instruction and tender care of his pious, Christian parents. Through the kindly offices of the amiable Dr. Ellsworth Eliot of New York, a lineal descendant of the Apostle, whom he so much resembles in enviable characteristics, the grateful descendants of John Eliot, in 1894, erected a beautiful and appropriate memorial window in the church where he was baptized in Widford. Hon. Thomas Bayard, the then United States minister to England, who was present at the dedication, says: "The little church and adjacent rectory are in a quiet nook of that rural scenery in which England so excels. . . . I wish it had been possible, with the aid of a camera, to transfer an idea of its picturesque beauty." This modest structure thus adorned should become the Mecca of the coming generations of Eliot's sons. It is a notable fact that the record of Eliot's baptism at Widford is one of the few of concurrent inscription which remain legible now after the lapse of two hundred and eighty-nine years. It would seem that all that pertains to this gracious man is favored with an enduring persistence.

The parents of John Eliot were of the Puritan school and his early baptism suggests a highly religious trend of soul. Any one familiar with the austere character of the Puritans of England will realize the unyielding mould in which the Apostle was reared, and appreciate the significance of his words when speaking of his parents he said, "I do see that it was a great favor of God unto me to season my first years with the fear of God, the word and prayer." They were at great pains and expense in providing for his matriculation at Jesus College at the University of Cambridge, England, an institution of commanding influence then and since, where he was liberally schooled in all branches of polite learning, Greek and Hebrew, to his diligent training in the latter of which can be largely ascribed his remarkable success in the translation of the Bible into the Indian language, for which conspicuous exploit he has heretofore been chiefly famed, and which must always remain a master work of philological skill.

John Eliot came to America in 1631 on board the ship Lion with a large company of colonists (among them being the wife of John Winthrop, of Pilgrim fame), who settled in the New England community, where they afterwards were variously distinguished for their pious and philanthropic lives. Three brothers and three sisters of the Apostle are said to have come over with him or soon after his arrival, thus greatly swelling the reproductive area of the Eliot family in the New England Colony. We, however, hear of no case of demerit among them all, and we may well believe that being exiles from the mother country and fresh from the persecutions of which their eminent uncle was lately the victim, they were deeply impressed with the serious calamities from which they had escaped, and with the necessity of entering into the new conditions with grave and earnest determination.

The Apostle, after a short pastorate at Boston, settled at Roxbury, Massachusetts, where for over sixty years he purveyed to the spiritual necessities of his flock, who, like himself, were outcasts from the intolerable conditions of the old world. Here his duties were performed with untiring energy, and while at times complaint was made of his overzealousness in the cause of truth, liberty and justice, yet no record is made of his failure to meet each matter of parochial concern with heroic and uncomplaining zeal. To another has been assigned the elaboration of his work at Roxbury, and we leave this field of achievements to the exploitation of his masterful hand.

From Roxbury as a center, when not prevented by the duties of his pastoral charge, Eliot wandered forth on foot or on horseback into the surrounding wilderness in pursuit of opportunity to be of service to those in need of physical or spiritual aid. His presence was always welcome, and we are told that his appearance in home or wigwam was always hailed with manifestations of delight. He became interested in the civilization of the savages, and in a spirit of determination seldom displayed, set about collecting them into settlements for their better instruction in letters, religion, agriculture and the useful arts. At Nonantum he labored for five years with great success; the commemoration of which, in 1896, was made the occasion of a quadrimillenial celebration by the generous municipality of Newton, as Nonantum is now called, at which time a graceful memorial, erected there upon the site of Waban's wigwam, wherein the first meeting for the conversion of the Indians

was held, was dedicated to the memory of Eliot and his colaborers in the noble work. At Natick, the scene of our present celebration, he founded in 1651 the first village of "praying Indians," and for years thereafter, here and elsewhere, by prayer and consecrated effort he labored for the enlightenment of the red men. He taught them horticulture, architecture, bridge-building, house construction and in all of the occupations of a regulated life. He prepared numerous books, secular and religious, for their use, and with tireless industry attempted the reclamation of those brawny children of the wilderness, whom no one else so well as he could impress with the desirability of living as the white man did. To inculcate into their benighted minds an appreciation of the gracious benedictions of the glorious gospel, he endured unequalled deprivation; and the herculean work which he performed in the translation of the Bible in the Indian language is without precedent in the annals of disinterested effort.

Eliot was a contemporary of Marquette, Hennepin, St. Louis, Joliet, Tonti and numerous other Jesuit fathers who planted the standard of the Cross in our western world, whose labors are so thrillingly described in Dr. Parkman's work, and who are canonized as sainted heroes in the history of our occidental civilization. Their names are inscribed upon our national highways, municipal thoroughfares, buildings, monuments, parks and temples of art; but the narrative of their methods is not like that of our ancestor. In his efforts to reclaim the Indian to the gracious tenderness of God, he labored to touch his savage heart with the truths of Christianity. The Jesuit missionary was content with sprinkling his brow with holy water; Eliot sought to reach his soul with cleansing grace. No other man so influenced the savage as he. Converse Francis, in his "Life of John Eliot the Apostle to the Indians," speaking of this fact, says: "It is no dubious evidence of the excellent spirit in which Eliot conducted this Christian enterprise, that he secured the hearty affection and the profound respect of the Indians. They loved and venerated him as a father; they consulted him as an oracle; they gathered around him as their best friend. They would make any sacrifice to serve him, and run any risk to defend him." In his presentation of the gospel to them, his patience was often sorely tried, his long suffering endurance well nigh exhausted, but still persistently he proffered the rejected food, and the refrain of his life among them was, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

One great secret of Eliot's wonderful success with the red man was the similarity of sentiment existing between the Indian and himself. Both were simple children of Nature, and for the same reason turned to Nature's God. Each loved, along the forest trail, to hear the wild winds, with fairy fingertips, touch the leafy strings of Nature's lyre into sweet anthems to Manitou. By mountain stream, in sylvan glen, they loved to hear the water fairy's song. To each the dance of sun on restless wave was elfin sport in Nature's pastoral. To each the lightning's fury, zigzagging the black canopy of night, was Nature's beacon, gleaming the way to home and wigwam door. To them rains, hails, winds and storms were the concerted orchestration of Nature's scheme of praise. To each the thunder's roar voiced the command of the Great Spirit, as the tempest's artillery charged the embattled ramparts of the sky. The mad conflict was congenial to their souls and they deemed themselves of the *dramatis personae* of the tragic play. To them the dirge of winter snows and the requiem of the stars were preludes to the grand drama of the spheres, in which they and God were correlated factors—the happy hunting grounds of the great hereafter the pleasing epilogic theme.

Eliot is called the "Apostle of the Indians" because of his persistent efforts for their conversion and welfare. Hawthorne concludes his eloquent and instructive description of the life of John Eliot, contained in chapters seven and eight of "Grandfather's Chair," in these words: "Since the first days of Christianity, there has been no man more worthy to be numbered in the brotherhood of the Apostles than Eliot." St. Germains, in 1852, said: "No title more honorable than that of 'Apostle to the Indians' illustrates any pedigree."

Eliot was the friend of education. He was unremitting in his efforts for the establishment of schools. Schools, schools, was his cry. These he deemed indispensable to church and state. His zeal on this behalf knew no bounds. Those who have most closely studied the results of his labor do not hesitate to accredit him with being education's most earnest friend in the New England settlement. He realized the necessity of the enlightenment of the masses in the fundamental principles of common knowledge. At death he bequeathed funds with which to found schools and carry on the work he had begun. He has been called the "father of the free school system" of our country, and is justly entitled to the name.

The philanthropy of Eliot was a silent attribute of his character. He cherished the welfare of his fellow-beings with a consuming desire. There was no sacrifice too great for him to make to relieve those in distress. He disparaged war, and when the Colonists broke over the bounds of endurance and threatened offensive operations against their marauding Indian neighbors, he was always found deprecating resort to arms. His whole life was devoted to the amelioration of all ranks and conditions of society, and his example in this respect will ever remain worthy of the emulation of those who aspire to excellence in philanthropic sacrifice.

John Eliot was a broad-minded and charitable man; so cordial was his love for mankind that no one ever approached his door to be turned away. Puritan that he was, when Druillitis, the Jesuit priest, in passing through the New England Colony in pursuit of his religious mission, called upon the Indian Apostle, Eliot bade him welcome, invited him into his home, explained his work in detail, and offered him the hospitalities of his domicile for the ensuing winter. This fact must ever remain a monumental tribute to his great latitude of character. The Jesuits were the implacable enemies of the Puritans, and the conflict between them for the religious conquest of the New World was fierce and unrelenting.

Eliot was of the indefatigable mould, and as such is recognized by his biographers, who never tire of proclaiming his patient effort in the path of duty. The Rev. Martin Moore, in his "Memoirs of the Life and Character of John Eliot," says of him: "Eliot was a man of untiring industry. He did not form a plan, pursue it a little while, and then abandon it. Having formed his plan, he pursued it day by day. He was forty-two years old before he commenced the work of acquiring the Indian language. Most men when they arrive at this time of life think that they are too old to engage in any new enterprise. The most that they can do is to pursue the track in which they have been accustomed to walk. But Eliot struck out a new, unbeaten path." Col. Caverly, in his work before referred to, says: "The obstacles which encumbered his way were hazardous and fearful, yet valiantly he advanced. History points to no one man of so much force, against such embarrassments; of so much perseverance, against such discouragements; of so much patience, under such provocations; of so much labor and industry, with an apparently slender constitution; of so much endurance, under severe hardships and keen sufferings; and with so much faith and consecration to

his God and to his fellow-man—never failing, never faltering. For two centuries, Eliot, with the faith and fruits of his mission, hath been estimated as the common property of all New England. Like as from a province of real estate, held jointly, the generations have hitherto been constantly benefited by his example, productive of life and character; still onward, in this light of history, Eliot's force—his holy aspirations, his labors of love, his vast undertakings, and his valiant perseverance in the midst of opposition, still exist and shall afford to the intelligent reader pleasure and profit forever."

But our thoughts must lead us abroad from the beaten road. Eliot no longer belongs to New England alone. His place is in the World's Hall of Fame. Too long the record of his masterful acomplishments has been the conceded possession of the East. The influence of his great character has extended beyond the confines of local hold. It now belongs to the republic of progress and achievement, founded upon the immortal principles to the service of which he gave his life. The magnificent orations of the Hon. William Everett and others, delivered at the Newton celebration in 1896, set the pace of a new pretension, and call us to view the larger space which Eliot is to fill in the national narrative.

Eliot was a profound patriot. He lit the fires of patriotism upon the altars of his country from whence has spread the blaze of war. His children have followed his example. Jared Eliot, his grandson, the great physician, philanthropist, politician, statesman and philosopher, was the warm personal friend of Benjamin Franklin, who often lodged at his home, and when the latter signed the Declaration of Independence, saying, "we must all hang together or all be hung together," he was inspired to his deed by consultations with Jared Eliot, who encouraged his halting resolve with repetitions of patriotic sentiment, instilled while sitting upon his grandfather's knee.

The patriot is not he alone who stalks forth to war. Patriotism is the love of home, wife, child, father, mother, sister, brother; the sacred associations of the fireside, the trundle-bed, the cradle and its lullaby; the morning and the evening prayer; the Sabbath song and hymn of praise; the dooryard thyme, the hollyhock, the sunflower, the morning glory and the rose; the ancient elm, standing beside the homestead road; the old well sweep and its cooling draught; truth, liberty, love, courtship, honor, manhood; the school, the church, the graveyard, the tombstone and the epitaph—these are patriotism; from these patriotism springs; and he who holds them dear is a

patriot. The promotion of a love for these Eliot made a constant feature of his prayerful care. It is these that have made New England great. It was for these that the patriots of the Revolution struggled, bled and died; and for these their sons, if necessary, will lay down their lives.

Washington has been called the "father of our country," Lincoln its savior. If Washington was its father and Lincoln its savior, it was Eliot and his Puritan compatriots of New England who made it a country worthy of birth and entitled to salvation. If Washington and Lincoln struck the alarm of war upon the bell of liberty, it was Eliot and they that fused the metal and tempered it with resounding power. If Washington built and Lincoln conserved the Temple of Freedom, it was Eliot and the Puritan fathers who dug the foundation trenches deep and wide, and based the noble pile on human character, moulded stable as the hills, as enduring as Nature, as lasting as God. When the dimension stones were laid, before Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Jay and Jefferson took the trowel, Eliot and the Puritans were there and by the square, plumb and compass of their pure and exalted example, reduced the substruction of the stately edifice to the mathematical dimensions of an enduring exactitude. All hallowed be the memory of Washington and his illustrious fellow-builders of the Republic who reared the comely superstructure, but we recall with pardonable pride that it was our father and his Christian confreres who furnished the granite blocks upon which it securely stands.

Great credit is justly given to those immortal statesmen who devised the constitutional polity of our government of regulated responsibilities. To them has been accorded the honor of devising the superexcellent provisions of that renowned instrument; but those who are familiar with the history of Eliot's life and career, know that long before Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison and Jay lived and wrote, Eliot devised the "Christian Commonwealth" for the use of Cromwell's proposed republic of the common people of England, which he was precluded from establishing by his untimely taking off. Eliot was the friend of Cromwell, and during the protectorate of that great reformer in England, the Apostle was the warm advocate of his republican propaganda. They were friends and college fellows in early manhood, and Eliot from the New World freely submitted to him this proposed scheme of government, which, although its publication nearly cost him his life, subsequently became

the skeleton plan after which the constitution of the Republic was framed. While no copy of this celebrated promulgation is known to survive the edict for its suppression, we are acquainted with its fundamental provisions, which were largely those employed in the regulation of Eliot's Indian villages, fashioned after the rescripts of the Mosaic Code and which, being recodified and readjusted, are none other than those which have expanded into the enduring articles of the Constitution of the United States. Eliot was the first architect who planned for a republic. The fathers built upon the foundation projected by him. The "Christian Commonwealth" was the potent entering wedge of republicanism which split the structure of empire and overthrew the throne. It was suppressed in Eliot's day, but its proposal of a government without a king would not down. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner."

Eliot was the first aggressive advocate of the anti-slavery movement, and the one who kindled the flames of indignation which, smoldering for two hundred years, blazed into the consuming furnace of the Civil War. Gen. Green B. Raum, in his "History of Illinois Republicanism" in its "Review of events which led to the organization of the Republican Party," names Eliot as one of the earliest foes of human servitude, and referring to his petition to the Governor and council at Boston, June 13th, 1675, containing the following words, "To sell souls for money seemeth to me a dangerous merchandise," accredits this protestation with the preliminary effort in that work of humanization which terminated in the liberation of myriads of American slaves. John Brown and Owen Lovejoy trod in the path blazed by him. This sentiment, developing through the centuries, inspired Webster, Garrison, Smith, Phillips and Beecher; ripened through Lincoln's "this country cannot long survive half free and half slave," into internecine conflict, the expenditure of billions of treasure, the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, the proclamation of emancipation, and the unfettering of every human chattel in the civilized world. Eliot's was the first blow upon the opening conscience of man; and when Lincoln the immortal set the pen of Liberty to the writ of emancipation, he heard the loud call of God's command thundering down New England's hills from the parsonage of the prophet of Roxbury. Many of the descendants of Eliot were bitter foes of slavery. My father was a rabid abolitionist,—a faithful exponent of the traditions of his distant ancestor.

I am told that in infancy and childhood, in the pineries of Michigan, I have often slept upon a bed beneath which was concealed a fugitive slave on his way from the thraldom of the Southern Cross to the freedom of the North Star.

The domestic life of the Apostle has thus far escaped our consideration, but must not pass unobserved. Before leaving the land of his birth and the scenes of childhood, Eliot had become engaged to a sweet and gentle lady. He crossed the ocean before to prepare the way for her coming. She arrived in the following year, and they were married September 4, 1632. The Eliots have always been favored in the selection of their wives and our earliest ancestor was no less successful than his sons. Their wives have been the salvation of the Eliot men. Our prepotent women have strengthened the racial strain. Ann Mountfort, or Hannah Mumford, as sometimes in the biographies called, was a woman of most exemplary character and conversation; no one can read the story of her marital life without exclamation of liveliest admiration. If I were to lift the saintly halo from the Apostle's brow, it would be to place it upon that of his angel wife. Her sacrifices were no whit less than his. When reading of his inconsiderately lavish charities and utter lack of concern for temporal affairs, I have wondered whence Ann Eliot obtained the subsistence upon which were fed her brood and the often angels entertained unawares. I have concluded that as she lived in Boston, the home of the eccentric fad, she must have been the first Christian Scientist, and have nourished the inmates of her household upon the solid pabulum of mental suggestion. Her long ministration to the comfort of her husband and large family was the work of a heroine, and I will do her the justice of saying I think she was "the whole thing" of the Eliot home. A man that knew not his own kine when they came lowing at his door was certainly one to require a saintly temperament in the companion of his life. I can fully appreciate his funeral wail, when at her bier he cried, "Here lies my dear, faithful, pious, prudent, prayerful wife." None other could have filled the bill. She was gifted in physic. How she found time to master the science of medicine and come into the universal demand of those in need of therapeutical skill, I cannot understand, but we learn that she was celebrated far and wide for her prowess in conflict with disease. To this lady's penchant for the practice of medicine I attribute the large representation of physicians among her sons. Upon them a predisposition to medicine seems to be

strongly impressed. She passed away March 24th, 1687, at eighty-four years of age, bemoaned of all who knew her. We cannot turn from the contemplation of her saintly life without placing the rose garlands of our devout and unfeigned affection upon her consecrated tomb. Of John and Ann Eliot it may be said that, together they illuminated the bedside of the dying with the consolations of the sainted physician and the sinless priest, while the spirit winged its flight to God. In the "Lamb's Book of Life" the name of Ann Eliot is inscribed in letters of fire; it will be quickly seen when its pages are scanned by the Master's eye.

John Eliot died upon the 21st day of May, 1690, eighty-six years of age. As a shock of corn fully ripe, he was garnered into Heaven's threshing floor. He trusted implicitly in Jesus Christ, and his only inquiry under given circumstances was, what is the will of the Master. He ordered his conduct in strict conformity to the teachings of that "Up Biblum God" of which he was the carnal transcript; whose sacred pages had been the theme of his thought by day and of his dreams by night. The touchstone of his conduct was what saith the "Word"? To him its very syllable was the voice of the Almighty Father. "The only Magna Charta in the world," said he, "is the Holy Scriptures." He knew of no other rule of behavior than that revealed by his sacred oracle, speaking by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. The answer sought thus, when given, became his law. When the death summons came calmly he replied, "Not my will, but Thy will be done." As he passed into the dark waters, we hear him say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." Like Enoch of old, "he walked with God, and was not, for God took him." He and his sainted wife lie in the old Eustis street burying-ground, in Boston. The decadence of his tomb is a credit neither to that city nor to those here convened.

It has sometimes been claimed that Eliot's life was a failure; that his effort on behalf of the Indian was a fruitless one; that his translation of the Bible was love's labor lost. It is asked, what good was conserved by this latter work? The Indians who could understand it and in whose language it was written were dead or banished, almost before the ink was dry upon its sacred page. No one now living nor who has lived for two hundred years can read its solemn lines. It lies moth-eaten and mould-incased. Those who were to be

the beneficiaries of its transcriptions have faded from the land. Their homes and acres have become the possessions of the paleface. The vast forests through which they roamed have wasted away. The rivers which they skimmed in their bark canoes have become the highways of an opulent commerce; their prairies have become the harvest fields of busy cultivators of the soil. What good has come from this work of love?—It speaks a silent language more eloquent than lip or tongue. It is the voiceless accuser in the narrative of the white man's shame, whose crimes against the North American Indian are a blight upon the annals of progressive civilization. Upon other shores when Time shall be no more it will be read again; out of its sacred pages will be judged the deeds of those who disregarded its teachings in their dealings with the guileless sons of the forest, who were led by its sacred precepts into the ways of eternal life. God will not forget in his judgment upon this Nation its cruel robbing of the aborigine, the nomenclature of whose language has furnished the name of almost every river, lake, city, county and state in the Western World. It is a consolation to the children of Eliot, that there was one man at least who would do them no wrong, and that was John Eliot, their ancestor, the Indian's always sympathetic friend. And gathered here beneath the architraval boughs of this venerable tree, within this temple of Nature, wherein Eliot often preached and sang to the Indians centuries ago, we may with profit pause in the pursuit of our theme to contemplate the lines of "Eliot's Oak," by Longfellow:

"Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitud'nous murmurs of a crowd;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speak'st a different dialect to each;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone."

Eliot did not fail; the inspirations of his great life and character are as undying as God. The star of his genius arose upon the hori-

zon of American history two hundred and seventy years ago, and has shone with increasing luster from year to year; it will grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day. It can never grow dim because its flame is kept by Him "whose promise hath ne'er been broken," who hath said that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

Eliot was a great sire. Although but one son, Joseph Eliot, has male descendants living bearing the Apostle's name, yet through him have descended a countless progeny, and in every part of this land the family legends are kept bright by these children of the Evangelist of Roxbury; the names of eminent physicians, teachers, ministers, lawyers, judges, statesmen, philanthropists, musicians, poets and patriots have adorned and are inscribed upon the racial scroll. They have not all scaled those dizzy heights "from whence Fame's proud temple shines afar," but in shop, on boat, in mart, on farm, in school and pulpit, in peace and war, they have worked, wrought and fought in the Master's name, caring not for other reward than the approval of their own conscience and the "well done" of their all-seeing God. No descendant of Eliot has fallen in the path of duty; given opportunity, they have never been known to fail—ever pressing forward in the march of life, they have been each night found a day's journey nearer Heaven's door.

This reunion hour will soon be sped. What lesson shall we take to our far homes from this scene of fraternal exultation? The Apostle is safe with history. No hand can remove him from its shaft of fame. There he has turned to bronze. Washington, Hamilton and many of the immortal fathers left no progeny to share the glory of their great renown; but to us is bequeathed the heritage of a matchless narrative and the fellowship of a peerless kin. Every descendant of Eliot should in one way or another be called by the Apostle's name. If I had another son to christen I would call him Eliot Elliott. The name is one to conjure with. It is an inspiration to effort and an invitation to success. No man should transmit to posterity less than he received from those who have gone before. Each owes to the future as much as he has derived from the past. The day is pregnant with opportunity. With courageous hearts and high resolve, "with a soul for any fate," let us pursue the paths our ancestor trod, trusting Heaven for the sure reward. We cannot all inscribe our names high upon the shaft built by Fame; but there

is room for every pen at the base of its shining spire. The greatest heroes on the world's field of battle are those whose valor is only known to God.

HYMN

Sung at dedication of the memorial window at Widford Parish Church, Hertfordshire, England.

TUNE.—*Boylston.*

For Thy dear Saint, O Lord,
  Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
  Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy Saints, O Lord,
  Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
  And strove in Thee to die.

They all in life and death
  With Thee their Lord in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
  To suffer and to do.

For this, Thy name we bless,
  And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness
  And live and die in thee.

Mr. JOHN A. STANTON—I have a request from Mr. Henry B. Thompson, President of the John Eliot National Memorial Association, that he be granted opportunity as early as possible to address this meeting in behalf of the Association which he represents.

THE CHAIR—Let the matter come before the meeting in regular order—say in the form of a motion.

Dr. Ellsworth Eliot moved that Mr. Thompson be permitted to address the meeting, which was seconded and carried unanimously.

Mr. Thompson set forth the object and work of the Association and was given very thoughtful attention.

At the close of Mr. Thompson's address a resolution of approval of the objects of the Association was read by Mr. John A. Stanton and unanimously adopted.

The descendants of John Eliot, assembled at South Natick on the 250th anniversary of his founding the first Indian community, have heard with pleasure of the plans of the citizens of that community to fittingly honor the name of our great ancestor.

Resolved:—That in heartily approving of these plans we commend them to all Americans and pledge ourselves to coöperate with the John Eliot National Memorial Committee of South Natick, Massachusetts, in efforts to secure funds for an imposing memorial to be located on the banks of the Charles River.

Rev. JARED ELIOT of Killingworth.

Oration by

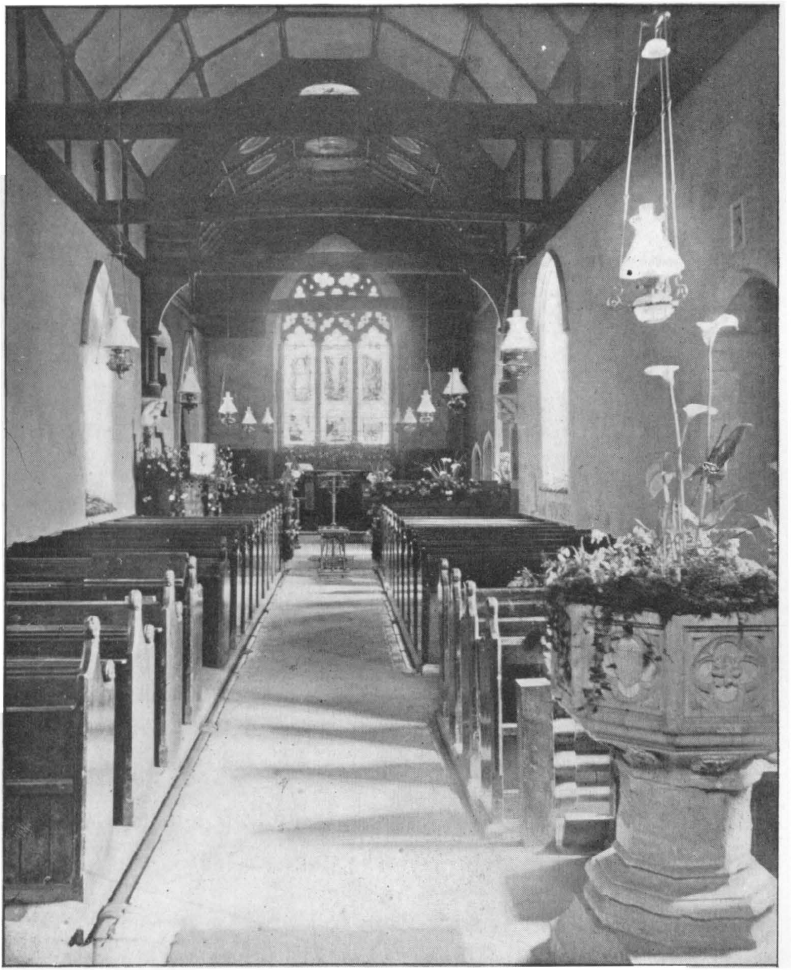
William R. Richards.

In Connecticut on the little Bay of Killingworth, looking out over the waters of Long Island Sound towards Shelter Island, lies the pleasant little town of Clinton, beautifully shaded by tulip and elm trees—a resort where, in the month of June, the soft winds gently blow and the mind at rest might easily enter into thoughts of the subtlest philosophy,

> With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
> To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.

Some eight miles distant towards New Haven lies Guilford, where the descendants of John Eliot, the Apostle, met twenty-five years ago in his remembrance, and we can all recall the charm of its surroundings as we there gathered together. These two towns have for us at this moment an especial interest. In the latter Jared Eliot, the subject of my theme, was born November 7th, in the year 1685, and in the former his life was spent soon after his graduation from Yale College in 1706 until his death, April 22d, 1763, as Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Clinton, then Killingworth.

It may interest some of you to know that the pastor of this Church prior to Mr. Jared Eliot was the Rev. Abram Pierson, who had, in 1701, been called to take charge of the Collegiate School of the Colony "in its instruction and government, with the title of Rector." The college building was established at Clinton, then known as Killingworth, and education was there given until stress of circumstances compelled removal to Saybrook, which in its turn had to yield



WIDFORD PARISH CHURCH,
ENGLAND.

to the demands of New Haven and the christening there of this collegiate school under the name of Yale College in 1718. 'Twas at this Collegiate School that young Eliot received his education, and under the tuition of Mr. Pierson his mind, perhaps, bent towards that physical research that was one of his distinctions in later life, as the Rector, we find, at the time was writing a work on Natural Philosophy, which he introduced later into the school.

The traditions of young Eliot's school life do not point to any marked ability, proficiency or quickness; on the contrary, he had been recorded as slow to learn, but what once he had acquired he never lost, having been blest with a very retentive memory. As he grew in knowledge his mind became stronger and stronger in comprehension and apprehension, until he was recognized in Connecticut and New England as one of its strongest intellects. It is related that at one time in his school days he had dropped a book into the water and, seeking to dry it, it fell into the fire, whereupon young Eliot ejaculated—that book is a lunatic, first it's in water and then it's in fire. This was reported by the teacher to his father to show that the boy was not to be despaired of.

For twenty years prior to the birth of Jared Eliot, the events had been shaping themselves in rapid sequence. The war with King Philip had been fought and won and King Philip's son sold into slavery in spite of the remonstrance of Col. Church and Apostle Eliot, the one guided by policy and the other by humanity. In consequence of this and the Pequot war, the Indians at the time of the birth of Jared barely numbered five hundred, and no longer in their abasement to be feared by the whites in Connecticut.

The Dutch no longer menaced the colony on the south, and the rivalries between the two colonies of Connecticut with Hartford at its head under the leadership of Thomas Hooker, and the theocratic government of New Haven, had been brought to a termination by the charter which Governor Winthrop had obtained in 1662, and under which the New Haven colony was gradually absorbed.

Charles the Second had died the February previous to young Jared's birth, and Connecticut, stronger in the possession of that charter, was preparing to meet the advances of Sir Edmund Andros under a patent the Duke of York had proclaimed, which infringed on the territorial rights of Connecticut.

Two years later, in 1687, we remember the tale of the disappearance of that charter in the famous charter oak, after the blowing out

of the candles, and its reappearance in 1689, when William and Mary had ascended the throne, and Andros had been thrown into prison by the people of Boston. Such were the stirring events in the colony which marked the advent of young Eliot into the world. On graduating from the Collegiate school he was appointed school master of his native town for the ensuing year, when his former instructor, Rector Pierson, dying, recommended his people to make this, his favorite pupil, his successor, and on the record of the church of Killingworth Mr. Eliot appears entered and engaged in his ministerial office June 1st, 1707. Owing to his contract with the school, and thereafter because of a certain timidity, possibly, to assume the responsibilities of the office at so young an age, his ordination did not take place until October 26th, 1709.

The town records of Killingworth show a strong desire to have this young bachelor assume the duties of his office, for we read of provisions made for the payment of his salary by a rate "levied upon the estates of ye subscribers to the covenant in the Town." On the other hand, I fear that they were inclined to bribe him to marry, for we read: "The town do agree to give to Mr. Jared Eliot, when he the said Jared Eliot shall marry, or have a family, sixty loads of good fire wood a year.

As this did not suffice, we find the amount later in 1741 enlarged to eighty loads, with a salary of £120, outrivalling threefold Goldsmith's village parson and yet like him, for

> A man he was to all the country dear
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

A biographer of Jared Eliot speaks of him as socially primus, being the son of Rev. Joseph Eliot of Guilford, and Mary the eldest daughter of Hon. Samuel Wyllis and Ruth (Haynes), daughter of Gov. Harris of Hartford. His paternal grandfather was the Rev. John, the Apostle to the Indians. The commentator observes "if such matters were of value, it were easy to trace his descent through the Harbakendens and Suffolks to the royal family of England. It is a far higher honor that he was of the family and a near relative of Sir John Eliot, one of the purest patriots and one of the most eloquent statesmen of England—a martyr to the tyranny of Charles the First.

Jared Eliot married Miss Elizabeth Smithson October 26th, 1710, daughter of Samuel Smithson, a recent emigrant and of the Church

of England, by whom he had eleven children, two of whom were daughters.

Installed as pastor of the First Church at Killingworth, he devoted himself to the duties of his office with assiduity and devotion. Rev. Thomas Ruggles, who delivered the funeral sermon over him, describes him as a divine possessing enlarged views of the system of religion contained in the Scriptures, and who held the doctrines generally believed by the divines of New England. In his preaching, he was plain and familiar, happy in allusions to Scripture, and abounding in original and laconic expressions.

I think any one reading the printed sermons that have come down to us, and they number some eight or ten, would be apt to agree with Rev. Thos. Ruggles in these latter characterizations. His sentences seem generally short and clear, and he never is at a loss for an illustration from science and history, or quotation from the scriptures to make his meaning plain. Throughout, the practical side of his nature seems to irradiate his theme.

For the last forty or more years of his life, he never failed to preach some part of the Sabbath, either at home or abroad. At one time, before the Trustees of Yale College, he came near going over to the Episcopal Church, by signing with six others that memorable declaration of October, 1722; perhaps, as has been suggested, through the influences of the prayer book brought over from England by his father-in-law, Samuel Smithson, who, we have seen, belonged to the English Episcopal Church; but his determination was overcome by the persistence of his Congregational brethren, and never thereafter did he depart from his moorings. But this attempt to change the form of his religion would seem to indicate a tendency towards independence, which one would assume would lead him to espouse a change within the doctrine of his church when based on justice. Dissenting churches had, during his ministry, sprung up who resented being taxed for the support of the established churches and coerced by the state to bear their proportion toward the payment of salaries of ministers whom they could not follow.

In the great revival of 1741, with Jonathan Edwards and Whitefield as leaders, we should have looked to have seen Jared Eliot among them as one of the *new lights,* as the maintainers of freedom for new methods were called, but Mr. Eliot appears to have been of a cautious temperament and probably drew back from the extrav-

agances which new doctrines and practices involved, and so remained "an old light." Certain it is that when President Clap proposed to set up a separate church within the Yale College walls, Dr. Eliot opposed him with earnestness.

The prudential wisdom of his position is seen in what happened when the new lights party, still calling themselves Congregational, were taxed practically out of existence in striking contrast with denominations other than Congregational, who under one act or another were finally exempted from taxes save in support of their own ministers, and it is only after the death of Jared Eliot that the new light party gathered strength from undue persecution, and the Saybrook platform, through which they had suffered, was given up.

As we look upon the picture of Jared Eliot in the room close by, brought hither by his descendant, George E. Eliot, from Clinton, for our pleasure, we can well believe the description given of him by the Rev. Thomas Ruggles, in the funeral sermon to which I have referred. His person was well-proportioned. The dignity and gravity and openness of his countenance were plain indications of the penetration of his mind, and the agreeable turn of his conversation. He was favored with an excellent bodily constitution.

Idleness was his abhorrence, and every moment of time was filled with action by him. Perhaps no man slept so little in his day and did so much in so great a variety.

This brings to mind that other profession, in which, according to Thatcher in his Medical Biography, Jared Eliot was more known by the public, namely as a physician, and according to that author he was very eminent for his judgment and skill in the management of chronic complaints. In these he appears to have been more consulted than any other physician in New England, frequently visiting every county of Connecticut and being often called to Boston and Newport. As I regard Jared Eliot in the two-fold capacity of usefulness, there comes to me those lines from Marcus Aurelius wherein he says, "As surgeons keep their instruments and knives always at hand for cases requiring immediate treatment, so shouldst thou have thy thoughts ready to understand things divine and human, remembering in thy every act, even the smallest, how close is the bond that unites the two." Whether Jared Eliot had read the lines and put them into practice, I know not, but he is said to have been a good linguist, and in his treatment of diseases in the sick room he never forgot that he was a clergyman likewise.

To have covered so much of the New England colonies, going not only to Boston to practice but to preach, as is evidenced by some of the printed sermons extant, shows how hardy and strong he was physically, especially when one recalls that communication between Killingworth and Boston by land was of the roughest kind and made almost entirely on horseback, save where an occasional ferry varied the monotony of locomotion or gave opportunity for rest en route. Madam Knight gives a graphic description of a journey she made in this wise in 1704, from Boston to New Haven, passing through Killingworth. It is evident from her traveling entirely alone, save for an occasional postal carrier who gave her escort, that there was nothing to be feared at that time from the hostile Indian or marauder, but the terrors of the journey were in the lack of hostelries or accommodations fit for man or beast and the inability to get required rest after the hard joltings of the day's journey.

Much of her traveling was perforce by night, and a little humor is added to the sombre scene in the lines she thus indites to the moon:

> Fair Cynthia, all the homage that I may
> Unto a creature, unto thee I pay;
> In lonesome woods to meet so kind a guide
> To mee's more worth than all the world beside.
> Some joy I felt just now, when safe got or'e
> Yon surley river to this rugged shore,
> Deeming rough welcomes from these clownish trees,
> Better than lodgings with Nereides.
> Yet swelling fears surprise; all dark appears,
> Nothing but light can dissipate those fears.
> My fainting vitals can't lend strength to say,
> But softly whisper, O I wish 't'were day.

Some of the disagreeable features of traveling in those days she makes clear in the following passage on meeting and traveling with a man, "on a sorry lean Jade and behind him his daughter, with only a bagg under her for a pillion." She says—"we made good speed along, which made poor Jemima make many a sowr face, the mare being a very hard trotter, and after many a hearty and bitter Oh, she at length low'd out; Lawful Heart father! this bare mare hurts mee Dingeley, I'me direful sore I vow, with many words to that purpose. Poor child sais Gaffer—she us't to serve your mother so. I don't care how mother us't to do, quoth Jemina, in a passionate tone. At which the old man Laught and kikt his Jade o' the side, which made her jolt ten times harder."

Madam Knight consumed about five days in her journey to Killingworth. It was related that Jared Eliot acquired the habit of reading on horseback because of the time consumed and lost in these long journeys, or would then think out his sermons and be so absorbed in thought as to become unmindful of all about him, and his horse, now and then taking advantage of this opportunity, proceeded to graze along the roadside and then turn into a field, until Mr. Eliot, aroused from his meditations, found himself not much nearer his journey's end but facing a hay stack.

In spite of the already great variety in his occupation and the demands upon his time so often at a distance, we find our reverend doctor deeply interested in still other pursuits and studies. He was well read in history and also a keen observer of nature, and he did much in the line of scientific agriculture, in which he was often consulted by Benjamin Franklin, as can be easily verified by letters still extant from that statesman and philosopher to him, ranging from questions on the culture of grass in meadows to the planting of hedges and the properties of water, and the origin of storms, in which he does not overlook the mineral conditions of Connecticut.

This commendation from Franklin to Eliot should not escape our notice—"I have the sincerest esteem for you as an ingenious man and a good one, which together make the valuable member of society."

Franklin and he had been long time friends, and in the journeys of the former between Boston and Philadelphia Franklin was wont to stop over at Eliot's house. There is a tradition in the family that the first meeting of these two worthies was the result of horse sense —for Franklin had been traveling, reading as he rode, very much as we have seen was Eliot's habit, when suddenly Dr. Franklin observed his animal had taken him up a lane in Killingworth and was grazing in front of a strange house from whence the horse strongly objected to being turned. Dr. Eliot saw the predicament and accosted the gentleman on horseback, and in reply to Franklin's apologies, the Doctor said the animal knew where he had been well used, as at one time he had owned him. This served as an introduction and the beginning of their acquaintance. Dr. Eliot's essays upon field husbandry, published in Boston in 1760, was a book much consulted and attracted attention from the savants of the time. He introduced the white mulberry into Connecticut and with it the silk worm, but his greatest scientific fame came from his proving

that the common black sand of the coast could be wrought into iron. For this, in 1762, the London Society of Arts unanimously voted him their gold medal; whilst in 1756 or 7 he had received the extraordinary honor of being elected unanimously a member of the Royal Society of London. He numbered among his correspondents some of the most distinguished men of his time, like Bishop Berkeley and Dr. Franklin, Peter Collinson, Peter Oliver, Ezra Stiles and many others.

He stands second on the list of those who have received an honorary degree of Harvard College. With all such pursuits of honor and learning, Dr. Eliot did not, like many a student of our day, lose himself in theories, but on the contrary, we find, he was one of the first to develop the iron mines at Salisbury in his state, and in starting the iron works near Killingworth, both of which did good service in aid of the continental troops in the Revolutionary War.

At his death he had acquired a large amount of property in land, a rich inheritance for his family, and during his life his farms were among the most productive in the colony. He was generous and charitable withal, giving to Yale College the first donation for its library fund besides many private gifts, and his home was noted for hospitality. Taylor, in his 'Connecticut,' speaking of the old families at Hartford, notes how the old family names have disappeared—not so in old Killingworth, our present Clinton. Eliot owners still hold Jared Eliot land. The ground on which the old church stood—replaced by a successor—is still hallowed by the name of Eliot, whilst opposite on land he owned as a parsonage rises the dignified residence of a lineal descendant, who dispenses the same generous hospitality as in the days of yore, whilst before the house stands a tall ancestral tree, waving its branches of welcome and summoning back memories of the past and the days of Jared Eliot. His leaf also shall not wither.

The choir then rendered a hymn from the "Fift Booke" of the Bay Psalm Book, Psalm 107:

TUNE.—*Dundee.*

O Give yee thanks unto the Lord,
because that good is hee:
because his loving kindenes lasts
to perpetuitee.

So let the Lords redeem'd say: whom
hee freed from th' enemies hands:
And gathred them from East, & West,
from South, & Northerne lands.

O that men would Jehovah prayse
for his great goodnes then:
and for his workings wonderfull
unto the sonnes of men.

Because that he the longing soule
doth throughly satisfy:
the hungry soule he also fills
with good abundantly.

And sacrifices sacrifice
let them of thanksgiving:
& while his works they doe declare
let them for gladnes sing.

Who so is wise, & who so will
these things attentive learne:
the loving-kindenes of the Lord
they clearly shall discerne.

Address—"WORK OF JOHN ELIOT AT ROXBURY," by James De Normandie, D.D., Pastor of first Eliot Church, Roxbury; and he also exhibited the original records of the Eliot Church at Roxbury, and the records of the school founded by John Eliot, now the Roxbury Latin School.

Then followed the hymn composed by Mrs. Ethelinda Eliot Beers.

To be sung by the descendants of John Eliot, Apostle of the Indians, in commemoration of his landing at Boston, Mass., Nov. 14, 1631.

"We give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those thy servants who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors."

TUNE.—*Federal Street.*

We praise thee, God, the Pilgrim's stay,
Whose hand supports Thy people still,
Since first the sea became a path
Beneath the footsteps of Thy will.

A silver link from shore to shore,
By true Evangel safely crossed,
Held fast by prayer at either end,
Tho' shaken sore and tempest-tossed.

We bless Thee, for the solemn psalm
That stirred the forest arches then,
Whose echoes, ringing down the years,
Still blend to-day, with our Amen.

We thank Thee for our common sire,
God's freemen, by the truth made free,
A lineage more blest by far
Than kingly line could ever be.

So teach his children's children still
To walk as wisely as he trod,
And thanking Thee for Pilgrim sire,
Help us to trust the Pilgrim's God.

THE CHAIR—The Chair understands that there are some resolutions to be presented—if so, this is the time for them.

Mr. STANTON—I would move that a vote of thanks be tendered to the pastor and people of the Church of South Natick for their hospitality, their kindly assistance and for the use of their church. (Seconded and unanimously carried.)

Also a vote of thanks to Dr. De Normandie for his services as Chaplain and his address at this meeting.

Also to Hon. William Sidney Eliot of Chicago, and the Hon. William R. Richards of Boston, for their addresses.

(Mr. RICHARDS—Mr. Chairman, I move a division of that resolution. I wish to vote on part of it myself. (Laughter.)

THE CHAIR—No division necessary.

The Chair overrules motion for division. Unanimously carried.)

Also that a vote of thanks is due to the Eliot Committee, the promoters of this meeting, for their untiring efforts whereby this meeting has been successfully accomplished.

Also, resolved that this committee be empowered to call another meeting at such time and place as they shall think proper.

All the above were unanimously carried.

On motion of Dr. Eliot, an opportunity was given the descendants to make a voluntary contribution to defray the expenses of the meeting, and a collection was taken for that purpose.

Recognized by the Chair, Mr. John A. Stanton preferred an earnest request that every descendant remember to register his or her name in the Register Book of descendants at this meeting.

THE CHAIRMAN—If the Chair remembers correctly, there are 502 names in the Address Book to whom circulars were sent and from these 145 replies were received.

Dr. ELIOT—I would move that a vote of thanks be tendered the organist and the choir of sweet singers who have contributed so much to the enjoyment of this occasion.

Put by the Chair and unanimously carried.

JOHN A. STANTON—That the vote of thanks be extended to the Chairman and the Secretary for their services.

Seconded by Dr. Eliot. Put by Wm. R. Richards and unanimously carried.

Owing to the absence of the Necrologist, Mr. Whitney Eliot, that report was omitted.

The audience led by the choir then joined in singing:

TUNE.—*Old Hundred.*

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as this world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Dr. De Normandie pronounced the benediction and the assembly dispersed, Mrs. Grace Eliot Rogers rendering as postlude Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise.

FLORENCE V. ELIOT, *Secretary.*

After the adjournment at the Church a luncheon was served in the hall of the Eliot School Building by Seiler, caterer of Boston, at which a vote was passed continuing the present committee, requesting them to call another meeting within five years.

Also a vote authorizing the Chairman to appoint a committee to revise and extend the Genealogy prepared in 1854 by William H. Eliot of New Haven, and the Chair named Dr. Ellsworth Eliot of New York City, Mrs. Willamena H. E. Emerson of Detroit, Mich., and George E. Eliot, Jr., of Clinton, as such committee.

At the call of the Chairman, after dinner, addresses were made by Dr. Ellsworth Eliot, William Sidney Eliot, William R. Richards, George E. Eliot, Jr., Frank C. Osborn, Ledyard Eliot Benton, John A. Stanton, Mrs. Frances Eliot Clark and others. Mrs. Emerson recited an original poem.

THE NAME OF ELIOT.

I have a little tale to tell—
Perhaps 'tis new to you as well,
It dates as far back as man's woes
Where the tower of Babel rose.

It seems the letters got so mixed—
After that high brick wall was fixed—
They joined themselves in pure affright
For fear they'd lose themselves outright.

Three vowels, a liquid and a t
Clung together for company;
The i was thin, the o was round
E had a good strong base 'twas found,

So it took the lead and liquid l
Followed the E and loved it well;
While sharp, thin i and fat, round o
Were followed by t, who was shy and slow.

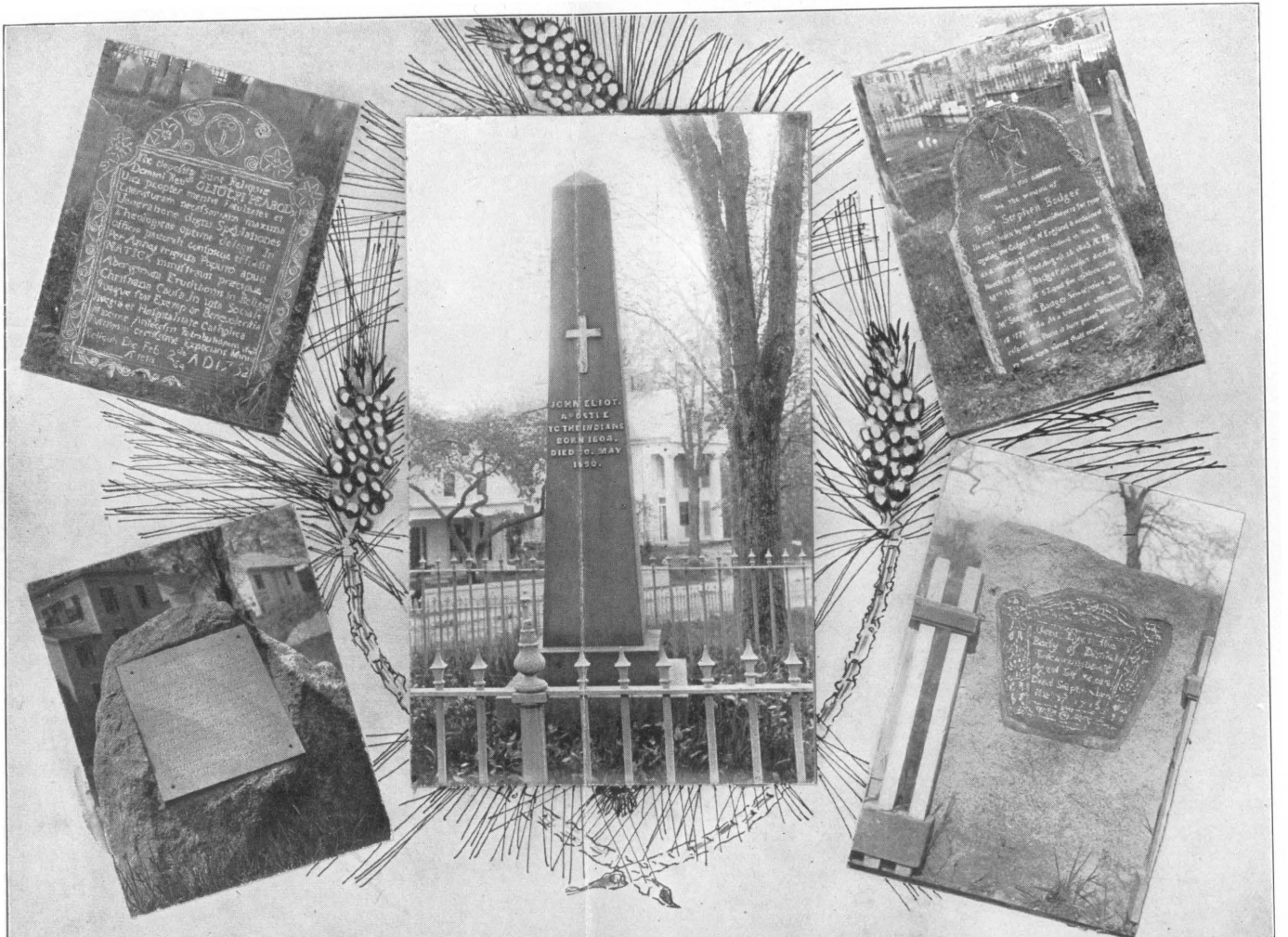
And many have borne this curious name
Since Babel first was known to fame,
And many have tinkered and many have tried
To make it different—more long—or wide.

They have doubled the l
"To make it swell,"
They have added a t
"To be odd you see."
Some have put a y
In the place of i—
But still it spells
E—l—i—o—t.

Now kinsmen and kinswomen here to-day
I've an axe to grind and a chip to lay—
Why not scratch out one l and banish one t
And all spell our name E-l-i-o-t.
And if two good reasons I must show,
First our *great* Eliot spelt it so—
And next—the anagram is toile
The greatest, grandest privilege of man,
Whether to do great deeds or till the soil.
Therefore I say adopt the ancient plan
E—l—i—o—t
T—o—i—l—e.

Mrs. Clark led in the singing of 'America.'

Rev. Mr. DANIELS—All descendants are specially invited by the Committee of the Natick Celebration to participate in the proceedings on the Fourth, commemorating the founding by John Eliot of the first village of Praying Indians at South Natick, 1651.



Eliot Monument, surrounded by the Head-stones of Takawambpait, Peabody, Badger, and the Stone marking the Indian Burying-ground,
SOUTH NATICK, MASS.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

FOUNDING OF SOUTH NATICK

BY

JOHN ELIOT AND HIS PRAYING INDIANS

JULY 4th, 1901

LOOKING BACKWARD

Not after the manner of Mr. Edward Bellamy, but really looking into our own past, was the thought of the South Natick Historical Society at its annual meeting held at the beginning of the last year of the nineteenth century, A. D.

The calendar indicates January 10th, 1900, as the day of this meeting, and the method then and there determined upon of looking backward was a "Historical Field Day." Consequently in due time the following announcement and program was sent broadcast in our little community:

A FIELD DAY, 1900.

By the Historical Society.

REV. L. R. DANIELS, MRS. W. D. RUDD, GUSTAVUS SMITH,
Field Day Committee.

The Historical and Natural History Society will hold a Historical Field Meeting on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 30,—Memorial Day,—to which you are cordially invited. Place of meeting, Eliot Square, South Natick. Time, 2 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Four original ten minute papers will be read as follows:

First; at Eliot Square, 2 o'clock, by Dr. C. F. MORSE. Subject: The Early White Settlers of Natick. 1718-1790. Who they were and whence they came, with some descriptions of their Homes and their Graves in the Old Burial Ground.

Sites of the homes of these early settlers will be shown as we proceed up Eliot Street to a point on the bank of the river opposite the late residence of Mrs. Cook; here on the site of the first Mill ever built on Charles river, we listen to paper the

Second; by Miss NELLIE HAYWARD. Subject: The Industries of these Early Settlers, their Mills and their Farms, with some description of how they provided themselves with clothes and victuals.

Returning by Eliot and Mill Streets to the great Stone Bridge and the site of the home of Deacon William Bigelow, [1778] we have paper the

Third; by HORACE B. GALE, Esq. (a great grandson of Dea. William Bigelow). Subject: Prof. Calvin E. Stowe,—a South Natick boy,—his wife, the famous Harriet Beecher Stowe, and her 'South Natick' Novel,—Oldtown Folks.

Site of Prof. Stowe's birth place and his early home to be pointed out.

Proceeding to the front of the Bacon Free Library, we hear paper the

Fourth; by Rev. Leverett R. Daniels. Subject: John Eliot and his Natick colony of praying Indians. 1651-1752.

Visitors are now invited to inspect the Library and the Museum of the Historical Society.

At the appointed time two or three hundred people gathered at the entrance of the Old Burial Ground, the weather being perfect for our purpose, and listened to the following paper, read by Dr. Morse:

EARLY WHITE SETTLERS OF NATICK.

Who They Were and Whence They Came, with Descriptions of Their Homes and Graves in the Old Burying Ground.

Unlike many surrounding towns, Natick, for the first seventy years of its history, was almost exclusively an Indian village, and while its inhabitants during this time supported a church, conducted a form of local government, and in general adopted to the best of their ability the manners and customs of the civilization of their day, its period of actual white settlement is exceeded in length by Sherborn, Framingham, Weston, Needham and Dedham. For everything they ever acquired of religion, morality, education, even the land to hold, the Indians were indebted primarily to the sagacity and energy of their friend, John Eliot; but when the good influence of Eliot and his associates began to wane, they forgot many of the helpful lessons they had learned, while simultaneously, owing to the action of several definite causes, their numbers became much reduced. These circumstances combined to make an opening for the white man, who had long looked with envious eye on the rich farming lands possessed by the Indians, and from the time of the first white settlers, about 1718, we have handed down to us a record, striking, and not without its pathetic side, of the gradual displacement of the original owners by the incoming and stronger race, which change was practically, if not entirely, accomplished in less than fifty years.

The Indians depended on some one of their number or an occasional outside preacher for religious instruction from a few years before Eliot's death until 1721. In that year the Rev. Oliver Peabody was sent to the church at Natick by the "English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the heathen of New England," and on his arrival he found but two white families in the town.

For eight years he preached as a missionary, after which a church was embodied (1729) and he was ordained its minister, a meeting house, the third on its site, having already been erected. The first church, built by the Indians with Eliot's assistance, was blown down about 1699, but with the aid from the General Court a second one was completed the next year. A new minister, however, must have a new church, so the Peabody building dates from soon after his coming.

Mr. Peabody was a zealous and untiring worker, and we are told that during thirty-one years of service in this, his first and only pastorate, he improved the moral and spiritual state of the Indians, helped many to throw off the habits of intemperance, which had become fastened upon them, taught them to read and write, and till their farms more economically and skillfully. In this time he baptized 191 Indians and 422 English. The Peabody family lived in a house built shortly after the missionary came, and destroyed by an incendiary fire in 1867. It stood on the site of the present residence of A. F. Hunter, on Eliot street, and was for years known as the "Haunted House."

In the spring of 1722 the Indians brought as tokens of their good will two elm trees, "The Friendship Elms," planting them with much ceremony in front of the house. These flourished about ninety years, when failing, they were cut down.

The Indian proprietors of the town granted to Mr. Peabody and his successors (1731) a piece of land to be used as a burying ground, and now known as the Old Burying Ground. The first person interred here was Mrs. Mehitable Dyer, two years later. Mr. Peabody died in 1752 and his grave may be seen marked by a stone covered with a long inscription in Latin. Surrounding it are the graves of four of his children. Near by lie buried a son and two daughters of Deacon John Eliot of Boston. This John Eliot was a grandson of Jacob Eliot, a brother of the apostle to the Indians, and for his third wife he married Hannah, widow of Oliver Peabody. The son who was buried here died the year preceding his father, but it is supposed the two daughters came to Natick to live with Mrs. Eliot after their father's death. They were mutes, and in the collection of the Historical Society is preserved one specimen of fine needlework from their skillful fingers.

The white settlers who were here to greet Mr. Peabody were Thomas Sawin, his son John, and Jonathan Carver. Four Sawins,

brothers, emigrated from England, and one of them, Thomas, settled in Sherborn (1679), where he built a grist mill. The Natick Indians, desiring a mill nearer at hand, deeded some of their land to Sawin on the condition that he build a mill upon it and give them the preference in grinding corn. The deeds transferring this land are dated 1685–86. It is now occupied by lineal descendants of the original owner.

Jonathan Carver was the next white settler, locating on the south-east slope of the hill which now bears his name. His house was one of the first frame dwellings in this vicinity, and after being considerably altered in 1775 by the addition of a second story, is standing to-day.

David Morse, coming from Sherborn in 1732, built a home on the site of the Caswell homestead. He was long a leader amongst whites and Indians, and when the former were numerous enough to support a military company, he was chosen captain.

His oldest son, Pelatiah, built in 1748 on the lot adjoining his father's, now known as the Gannett's place. Here for many years "Pelatiah's Tavern" was a famous resort.

Neither Sawin nor Carver found their last resting place in the then new burying ground, but some of the oldest stones there are those marking the graves of Captain David Morse and his family.

After Mr. Peabody's death the church seems to have disbanded, for on the arrival of his successor, the Rev. Stephen Badger, in 1753, the people were gathered into a new church, and it was in the next year that the erection of the fourth meeting house was begun on the site of the former ones. This building stood until 1800, was then torn down, and twenty-eight years elapsed before the present one replaced it. Mr. Badger, a native of Charlestown and a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1747, was selected by the same English society which sent Peabody and ministered to the spiritual needs of the community through a long lifetime. In "Parson Lothrop" of "Oldtown Folks" Mrs. Stowe has cleverly depicted him and his labors here. The Badger parsonage, still standing on Eliot street, may be seen to-day, almost 150 years old. In front of the house will be noticed a large elm tree, which is the surviving one of two planted here by the Indians, who thus signified for the second time their friendship toward a new minister. In the old burying ground are the graves of Mr. Badger; also members of his family. He survived his first wife by twenty-one years, but his second, who

was lady Lothrop of "Oldtown Folks," outlived him twenty years. It was the contest amongst the legatees of the last two of the numerous wills she made which aroused dissension in the ranks of South Natick society, and eventually carried most of its prominent members to Cambridge that they might give their testimony before the court.

William Biglow, who subsequently became one of the substantial men of the town, came here from Weston about 1778. Until a few years ago the old Biglow house stood on the site behind the present library building, and here it was that Deacon Biglow and his wife Hephsibah brought up their large family of children, lived and died. His son William, Harvard 1794, became an accomplished scholar and poet. He was the first historian of Natick. In the family lot rest the remains of the original Biglow and his family.

Amongst other early Natick families whose descendants are still living in the town, and who left the impress of their lives on its history, may be mentioned the Broads, the Perrys and the Bacons. It is through the generosity of a member of one of these branches, the late Oliver Bacon, that the town enjoys the privileges of a free library. Numerous other families have passed away, leaving hardly a living representative. This old burial ground—well worth our attention—tells us they lived and died and often something more, in a quaint epitaph, while all else of their history is left to tradition or conjecture. The written records covering the first 200 years of the town's existence are necessarily incomplete, consequently many an instructive or interesting fact and many a helpful lesson in the lives of those early settlers who reclaimed the land and established the foundations of the present future town are irretrievably lost to us who might most profit by them.

The company now took its line of march along the north side of the river Charles, and the committee pointed out places of historic interest until the site of the Indian Mill, the first ever built on this river, was reached, when Paper No. 2 was read by Miss Hayward as follows:

EARLY NATICK SETTLERS.

The Industries of These Early Settlers, Their Mills and Farms, with Some Description of How They Provided Themselves with Clothes and Victuals.

You have heard of the early settlers and their ancestors. Now let us, from their standpoint, consider a question six thousand years old. What shall we eat and drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed? The answer may be found in an extract from a letter written by the Rev. Mr. Higgeson in 1829. He vouches for his statement as follows: "Shall a man such as I lie? No, verily; it becometh not a preacher of the truth to be a writer of falsehood in any degree." "The land at Charles River is as fat blacke earth as can be seen anywhere. Though all the country bee, as it were, a thicke wood for the generall. The fertilite of the soyle is to be admired at, as appeareth in the aboundance of grasse that groweth everie where, both verie, verie thicke, long and high. But it groweth wildly with a great stalke and broad ranker blade. We have already a quart of milk for a penny. In the setting of 13 gallons of corne a man hath had increase of it 52 hogsheads, every hogshead holding seven bushels of London measure and hee made about 327 pounds of it the yeere following. The corne is of varietie of colours as red, blew and yellow. Little children here by setting of corne, may earne much more than their own maintenance. Our Governor hath store of green pease growing in his garden as good as ever I eat in England.

This country aboundeth naturally with store of roots of great varietie and good to eat. Our turnips, parsnips and carrots are here both bigger and sweeter than is ordinary to be found in England. Here are store of pumpions, cowcombers and other things of that nature which I know not. Also divers pot herbs and plenty of strawberries in their time, pennyroyall, winter saverie, sorrell, brookeline, liverwort, camell and water cresses, leekes, onions and divers physical herbs. Mulberries, plums, raspberries, corrance, chestnuts, filberds, walnuts, smallnuts and hurtleberries.

For beasts, there are some beares, lyons, deere, wolves, foxes, beavers, otters, martins, great wild cats, a great beast called a wolfe as bigge as an oxe."

As to fish, thirteen kinds are mentioned. He says: "I have seene some lobsters myselfe that have weighed 16 pounds, but others have

had so great lobsters as have weighed 25 pounds as they assure me. Our fishermen have brought home very good salt which they found candied upon a rock by the seashore. Sea and land hawkes, partridges, pidgeons, wild geese and ducks abound. The country is full of dainty springs, some great rivers and lesser brookes.

The temper of the aire of New England is one speciall thing that commends this place. For here is an extraordinarie cleere and dry aire that is of a most healing nature to all such as are of a cold melancholy, flegmatick, rheumatick temper of body. Though it bee here somewhat cold in winter, a poore servant here may afford to give more wood for fire and timber than many noblemen in England. Here is good living for those that love good fires." They had fish oil for lamps and fagots for candles. This writer says of the Indian: "The men for the most part live idley. They doe nothing but hunt and fish. Their wives set their corn and doe all their other worke. They have little household stuffe as a kettle, some trayes, spoones, dishes and baskets."

The clothing of our ancestors would not fill one of Miss Flora McFlimpsey's thirteen trunks. The men had a decent coat, vest and small clothes and some kind of a fur cap, also a silk handkerchief for holidays. Old men had a coat and a pair of boots which reached to the knee and lasted a lifetime. This was Sunday garb. Everyday garments were made of homespun flannel. In summer they wore wide petticoat trousers reaching half way from the knee to the ankle, and no shoes or stockings when at work. The oldest son had a pair of small clothes made of everlasting cloth, and these were handed down to the next son, and so on. When long trousers were first introduced they were called tongs.

The women wore home-made flannel gowns in winter, and in summer wrappers made without waists and gathered around the neck. A checked apron completed this costume. They were usually contented with one calico gown but generally had a camlet. The sleeves were short and came to the elbow. On holidays they wore one, two or three ruffles on each arm, sometimes ten inches wide, and a white lawn apron. When in full dress a cap was worn. Their shoes had peaked toes and heels an inch and one-half high. Some had small muffs and wore masks. Everybody went to church in those days, and if they owned a horse shared it with less fortunate neighbors.

In winter dinner consisted of porridge with a few beans and summer savory—Indian pudding and sauce—boiled pork and beef, turnips and a few potatoes. Potatoes were scarce. Three or four bushels were considered a large crop, and they were no larger than a hen's egg. Supper was usually milk and toasted bread or sweetened cider with bread and cheese. Sabbath morning, chocolate or bohea tea sweetened with molasses or brown sugar, and roast turkey, goose or spare-rib for dinner, with a stew-pie in spring and summer. Corn and beans were used for voting in their elections, the corn indicating the yeas and and beans the nays.

Now let us glance at their industries:—

THE MILLS.

The most primitive was a large log hollowed out at one end. The grain put in this was pounded with a wooden or stone pestle.

There is a legend that the Indians came to the south slope of Carver hill to grind their corn before the mill was built. Be this as it may, there is a large boulder with a place hollowed out near the top, so all else needed is the corn and the upper mill stone.

The first mill in this section was located on Waban Brook, a few rods from Lake Waban. It was built about 1658 and antedates any mill in Old England. It was of such note that the lake and brook were for a long time known by the name of Saw Mill Pond and Brook. In April, 1671, the murder of a young man named Zachary Smith by an Indian, who was afterwards hung on a gallows on Boston common, aroused such feeling that the mill was destroyed. Smith's body was found near the sawmill. As a warning to all Indians, after the execution the head of this one was set upon the top of the gallows and was there five years afterwards. Until 1797 this same Saw Mill Brook was a boundary of Natick and was then exchanged for Walnut Hill.

In 1679 Thomas Sawin built a mill in Sherborn on Chestnut Brook. The Indians were so desirous of having a mill of their own that they offered to grant him land if he would come to Natick. This land was given in 1685 and more the following year. Mr. Sawin petitioned the General Court to purchase this land, as gifts of this kind were not permitted. After some years delay this request was granted.

The Indians required that at this mill they should have the preference. A white man's corn could be taken out, at their request, and

their corn ground first. This is still a law if we could find an Indian to make the demand.

There is no record of a mill being built on the Charles River prior to 1720, when Lieut. Thomas and his son, John Sawin, put a dam across the river and built a mill in front of the Hezekiah Broad place, the late Cook estate. Medfield people complained that their meadows were flooded by this dam and he moved his machinery to a new mill near the house now known as the Stillman farmhouse. This same year, 1720, he and his son John received a deed of the flowage rights and privileges of the brook known by his name running out of Little Pond. Later the mill was moved farther up the brook to its present location. This was a corn, saw and boulting mill and there was also a shingle machine.

A Mr. Hastings bought the old site, but Medfield still objected and the mill was moved to the present location of the cement mill. Deacon William Biglow bought the property about 1778. In December, 1807, the ice piled so high that the young men cut port holes to let the water through. On the south side it was over six feet. The north side of the dam broke away and was temporarily replaced until 1808, when it was rebuilt a foot higher. At the time of the "great freshet the deep hole was washed out," thus making an island and necessitating the south dam.

In 1850 new mills were built and the dam raised again. A paper and grist mill and wool carding machinery were added.

In 1860 these mills were owned by a Mr. Curtis, and their history since then is known to most of you. To return to the south side. About 1800 we find here a large low building used as a trip hammer and blacksmith shop, and later one of the first nail-cutting machines in America. The nails were first made without heads and several men were employed in heading them with a hand hammer. Straw carding and trimming was carried on here.

In 1814 this building was turned into a wheel factory and leased for twenty-one years. Wagon and pump making, turning of nine pins, balls, bedposts and cabinet work generally were all carried on here and twenty to thirty men were employed. The management caused failure and the building was moved to Natick center and made into a dwelling house on the land of Ruel Morse, near the present Morse Institute. Other mills in Natick were a saw mill on Bacon Brook at Mr. Hunter's place; a corn mill on Steep Brook at West Part near Jackson Parker's property; a trip hammer and

blacksmith works at Natick center near the corner of Washington street and South avenue, run by the water of Pegan Brook.

On the western shore of Lake Cochituate near the outlet of Steep Brook was once quite a flourishing brickyard. Earthenware was also made of the clay in some sections of the town.

Men are seldom satisfied with the pace of their ancestors. This was as true two hundred years ago as it is to-day.

Our red brothers, tired of catching only one fish at a time, constructed wyers, wiers, weirs. These were walls of stone built from each bank of the river and gradually converging until near the center when almost a letter V had been formed, a space was left and in this was placed a deep basket woven of boughs and twigs bound together by strips of bark. This basket was known as an eel pot. These wiers seem to have been owned by several persons, possibly a stock company. Four are mentioned between here and Cheney's Bridge. The nearest one was opposite the grove of Mr. A. H. Morse.

There is not space to mention any of the weird stories of the black man of those early days. Natick was said to have about fifty families belonging to the African race near the last half of the eighteenth century.

If there is anything in a name, might not some portion of the spirit of the great apostle to the Indians descend upon us if we perpetuate his memory by naming our village Eliot or Eliotdale, the place of which George Washington said, "Nature seems to have lavished all her beauties here."

The company now returned to the center of the village, and at the site of Deacon William Biglow's residence, the Historical Society received a present of the original muster roll of the Natick Company of Volunteers commanded by Capt. James Mann, and attached to Col. Samuel Bullard's regiment, taking part in the battle of Bunker Hill.

This valuable document was presented by Col. Wm. Nutt.

Taking full possession of the Library grounds, we listened to the following paper read by Horace B. Gale, Esq., entitled "Scene and Real Characters of Mrs. Stowe's Natick Novel."

One hundred years ago, on the northern shore of the Charles River, just below the mill-dam, where the water murmured and

sparkled over the pebbles then, as it does to-day, stood a big, square, old-fashioned house. This was the home of my great grandfather, Deacon William Biglow, whose character is faithfully portrayed in that of "Deacon Badger" in Mrs. Stowe's story of "Oldtown Folks." The site of the house, the appearance of which I can barely remember, was near the southeast corner of the present library grounds. Close by it, at the end of the dam, stood his saw mill and grist mill, where the people of the neighboring towns brought their logs to be sawed and their corn to be ground.

Deacon Biglow had settled in Natick with his family in 1778. They had previously lived in Weston, from which place he went as a minute-man to the Concord fight in '75.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the deacon was just on the shady side of fifty, and is described as "a serene, moderate, quiet man, with an affable word and a smile for everybody—a man of easy habits, never discomposed and never in a hurry." He seems to have been fairly prosperous for the times, as he owned something of a farm, besides the mills, and was a versatile man withal; for, in addition to the sawing of logs and the grinding of corn, he manufactured paper of a fair quality, which was used by a Boston firm for printing books.

He was justice of the peace, deacon of the church, and selectman, and with the exception of the minister, Captain Brown and Sheriff Jones—who wore ruffles, and with their families constituted the aristocracy of the village,—and perhaps also Major Hezekiah Broad, none stood higher in honor and authority than good Deacon Biglow. The three children whom he had brought with him from Weston had augmented in number to ten, among whom William, Isaac, Eunice, Abigail and Hepzibah figure respectively under the names of Uncle Bill, Uncle Jacob, Aunt Lois, Aunt Keziah and Susy, in the story of "Oldtown Folks." William, or "Uncle Bill," received a college education, which bore fruit in a history of Natick, published in 1830.

On the westerly side of Biglow's mills lay the main stage road between Boston and New York, now Eliot street, and beyond this road, in the place where Bailey's hotel now stands, was the old tavern, built in 1782 by Eliakim Morrill, with a swinging sign-board on a high post in front, and, within, a bar where the various articles proscribed by the temperance societies were in those days allowed an open and respectable standing. Even the village minister, Rev.

Stephen Badger, the "Parson Lothrop" of "Oldtown Folks," "in all the magnificence of his cocked hat and ample clerical wig, with his gold-headed cane in his hand, would sometimes step into the tap-room of a cold winter morning and order a mug of flip, and, while he sipped it, would lecture with a severe gravity a few idle, ragged fellows who were spending too much time in those seductive precincts."

Near the tavern, about where Cooper's drug store now stands, was the store, where was sold everything from hoe handles up to cambric needles, where the post office was kept, and where was a general exchange of news. There Sam Lawton, the village gossip and do-nothing, whose name Mrs. Stowe has changed in her story to Lawson, used to sit on a convenient barrel and swap stories with the farmers whose wagons stood hitched around the door, while their wives and daughters were shopping among the dress goods and ribbons.

"Sam Lawson" is the most unique character in the Oldtown story, and is also one of the most true to life. Those who remember the real Samuel Lawton say the sketch of him is not at all exaggerated.

Just south of the present site of Merchant's block, there stood, a hundred years ago, a small house occupied as a dwelling and bake-shop by Samuel Stowe, who married Deacon Biglow's daughter, Hepzibah, or "Hepsey." Samuel and Hepsey Stowe were the parents of Prof. Calvin Ellis Stowe, who was born in this little house in 1802. When he was six years old, his father died, and his mother returned with Calvin and his younger brother Bill to the Biglow homestead, where the two boys passed their childhood dependent upon the generosity of their grandparents.

Professor Stowe's youth is well portrayed in the character of Horace Holyoke, the visionary boy of the story, who, in the scanty intervals of time between doing chores and running errands, delighted to wade over to the island by the mill-dam, and, shut in a leafy thicket, which he called his "study," pore over the old books left him by his father.

A more cheerful place for the boy was Deacon Biglow's hospitable kitchen, which was one of the social centers of the town. Here, in front of the wide fireplace, which swept well nigh across one side of the room, with its great fire of cord wood, built upon architectural principles known to those days, all classes of villagers would gather for an evening chat.

Natick society at this period was in many respects peculiar, and furnished a picturesque background for the fanciful characters of Tina, Harry, Elery Davenport, and other fictitious persons by which Mrs. Stowe's art has enlivened the humdrum of the actual life of a New England village.

The traditions of kindness and friendliness for the Indians which the influence of the apostle Eliot had impressed upon the community, had given to that roving people certain established rights in every household.

At the Biglow homestead, "the wandering Indian was never denied a good meal, a seat by the kitchen fire, a mug of cider, and a bed in the barn." Horace Holyoke says in the story, "My grandfather, out of his ample apple orchard, always made one hogshead of cider which was called the Indian hogshead, and which was known to be always on tap for them; and my grandmother not only gave them food, but more than once would provide them with blankets, and allow them to lie down and sleep by her great kitchen fire."

Every Sunday, in the old barnlike meeting house on the site of the present Eliot church, came together the entire population of the neighborhood, men, women and children, aristocrat and vagrant,—to all of whom impartially Parson Badger, in flowing black silk gown and spotless bands, preached sound Calvinistic doctrine. Those who did not care for the sermon would come to see Major Broad's scarlet coat and laced ruffle and his wife's brocade dress. Even the Indians, the diminished relic of Eliot's flock, were included in the congregation, certain benches being reserved for them in the middle of the church. Conspicuous among them was the tall form of old Justice Waban, the Indian head magistrate, and there were the devout Indian deacon, Ephraim, and his wife, Keturah, Lem Sudoc, Dick Obscue, and among the women, Deborah Kummacher, Betty Poganut, Patty Pegan, old Sarah Wonsamug and others.

A side gallery was devoted to the few negroes of the town, prominent among whom were the stately old Boston Foodah, an African prince from the Guinea coast, his wife Jinny, the gigantic Primus King, and Caesar Biglow, the jovial servant of the deacon.

The Indian and negro characters of "Oldtown Folks" are, I believe, all real, and are called by their true names.

It was a part of the theory of those times never to warm the meeting house by a fire; but in the coldest weather nobody thought of staying away on that account. All sat and took their hardships in

common, as a plain, necessary fact of existence. In this and other respects, times have changed considerably in Natick during the past century.

Deacon William Biglow died in 1813, and is buried in the old cemetery, where may be seen also the graves of most of the other Oldtown characters. His sons, Isaac and Abraham, carried on the mill business here successfully until 1831, when they failed, and the property was sold at auction to a Mr. Bird of Walpole.

Mrs. Oliver Bacon, whose monument is this Bacon free library, was a daughter of Isaac Biglow, and the building appropriately adorns the site of the old homestead.

Calvin Stowe was sent to Bradford Academy and to Bowdoin College, for which the author of "Oldtown Folks" has substituted Harvard. Beyond this point the story does not follow him. He graduated from Andover Theological Seminary in 1828, and in 1830 was appointed Professor of Ancient Languages in Dartmouth College. In 1833 he was chosen Professor of Sacred Literature in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, of which Dr. Lyman Beecher was president.

While here, his first wife died, and about two years later, in 1836, he married Harriet Beecher, the daughter of the president of the seminary, and a sister of Henry Ward Beecher.

While connected with Lane Seminary, Professor Stowe visited Europe to purchase a library for the institution, and on the eve of his departure was appointed by the Legislature of Ohio to investigate the various systems of public education in the countries of Europe. The result of this investigation was a report which was considered at the time one of the most valuable educational documents ever published in this country.

In 1850, Mr. Stowe was chosen Divinity Professor in Bowdoin College, and in 1853, Professor of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary.

While the Stowes were living in Brunswick, Mrs. Stowe wrote her famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and, in 1852, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe visited Europe together on the much-talked-of "Uncle Tom Tour," an account of which is given in Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories."

Professor Stowe's literary work was mostly in the line of Hebrew and Biblical scholarship; but his fund of learning, talent for accurate observation of men and things, retentive memory, and critical

ability contributed not a little to his wife's success as a literary woman. He belonged to that nearly extinct species, the "general scholar"; and Mrs. Stowe has herself acknowledged her indebtedness to him, saying, "with a twinkle of amusement and pride, that she never could have done anything without Mr. Stowe. He knew everything, and all she had to do was to go to him."

Especially is this true in regard to the book "Oldtown Folks." Mr. Stowe always kept a warm affection for the home of his youth, and was never tired of relating stories of the queer characters that he remembered so well. He had a lively sense of humor, and as a mimic and story-teller had few equals.

He was very desirous to have his wife preserve these scenes and incidents in a book, which should also be a true picture of New England life at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and in November, 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe came to South Natick to visit his old haunts and to collect materials for the story of "Oldtown Folks." They spent some time at the house of my grandfather, Abraham Bigelow, and my mother remembers spending an evening with them and hearing Professor Stowe relate in his droll way many of the stories which his wife has woven into her book almost exactly as they fell from his lips.

The book was published in 1869. Of it Mrs. Stowe said: "It is more to me than a story; it is my resumé of the whole spirit and body of New England, a country that is now exerting such an influence on the civilized world that to know it truly becomes an object."

While Mrs. Stowe's South Natick novel contains many true stories, and her characters are many of them drawn from life, yet it is in no sense a history, and purports to be no more than fiction. It is not accurate as to dates or geography, and some of its principal characters had no counterparts in the early life of this village. The book is a literary tapestry, of which the Natick of a century ago forms the canvas background; but over and through the sober threads of fact the genius of the author has woven the brighter threads of fancy to make an artistic and harmonious picture.

So far we have heard of the happenings of a hundred years ago and events of later date, but now comes Rev. Mr. Daniels with a narrative of Eliot's work more than two hundred years ago, as follows:

We have heard through Dr. Morse about the early white settlers, and their industries—their mills and farms, by Miss Hayward, and from the great grandson of Deacon Badger of "Oldtown Folks" about Professor Stowe, his famous wife, Harriet Beecher, and her novel and our novel. And now we return, as it were, to first principles; namely, John Eliot and his Natick praying Indians.

Although many long years have passed since John Eliot trod this sacred ground, and his disciples of the wilderness knelt at his feet, yet is he and they not utterly forgotten in this our modern day of material expansion and intellectual culture? No, the multitudes may pass, the heedless forget, the careless destroy, the stranger not know, yet that which was enacted here, that which was lived by lives on this very spot, cannot and will not be utterly forgotten. Things so high, so noble, cannot die. The ages seek out the high hopes, the self-sacrificing aspirations of individual men, and enshrine them in the hearts and minds of future generations.

How little the first white settlers thought of the work that had been and was being done here! How little did he who sought to build the first mill on yonder bank think of the effort of the first Protestant apostle to the Indians! How little did the white men of Deacon Badger's time realize that they were heirs to a history, unique and abiding! And since that time of a hundred years ago, how little have the rising generations thought or known of him and they whose lives entwined will ever make the name Natick known to all history, a name thus growing brighter and brighter! And why do I make this last statement? Why should there be a growing interest in this Oldtown spot? Not alone through the work done for it by the great authoress or her distinguished husband. And not alone because one man came here and taught in the name of the Lord. Not John Eliot, the young Englishman and the new pastor of the First Church in Roxbury, but John Eliot, the red man's friend, the lover of his soul, the enlightener of his mind, the learner of his language.

That which makes the name John Eliot so great, and still growing, is the fact that its possessor saw with undimmed vision that the "dead Indian" was not the best Indian, but the educated and Christianized Indian. John Eliot was centuries ahead of his time in this our country. To-day his ideas of education and Christianization are accepted and being carried out, not only in Hampton—Carlisle—but in scores of other places. This accepting of his ideas is what is creat-

ing a growing interest in this spot, and is what brings to this place every year educators and pilgrims from far and near. The great English prelate, Dean Stanley, when stepping upon our shores, said that "there were two spots above all places that he wished to visit and see—one, Plymouth Rock, on which the Pilgrims landed; the other, the grave of John Eliot and the scenes of his labors."

I need not take your time in pointing out or rehearsing all the history of John Eliot and his Natick praying Indians. You are familiar, or may be familiar with it. The written page tells us how it was that he became the appointed apostle, and how he went out and gathered his brethren of the wilderness, and how, after a few attempts, he conceived of the idea that to be successful he must not only learn their language, transcribe the Bible into their own tongue, but remove them, or gather them upon a plantation and at a safe distance from the degenerate white man.

The written page tells of how he and his dusky followers went to seek or search for such a place, and after much looking around they selected this valley so beautiful, and these hills for their future kingdom of God. They called it Natick—meaning either the "place of search," or the "place of hills." The written page tells of how certain streets were laid out and lots bounded off, and a foot bridge built across the brown waters of the Charles. And then came the house of God, the real meeting place on yonder spot. A few scattering words tell us something of the succeeding years of ups and downs, of joys and disappointments. How we wish that there had been transcribed in all fullness, not only the exact and full history, but the inward thought and life of the noble man during those years of his constant care and ministry. But we may not believe that for once even did he lose faith in his great ideal; once even lost faith, in that the Indian could be Christianized and thus civilized.

To be sure, we hear very little about his project being successful. It is generally thought of as ending in defeat. The common thought of the common white man is that it was a failure, an utter failure. But this opinion and conclusion is not strange. We have seen and heard good citizens of old Concord say that Emerson and Thoreau and Bronson Alcott and Nathaniel Hawthorne were of little account, except to show the world how strange men can act and think when once they try. Perhaps no great and visible victory, or success, came from John Eliot's endeavors here. But how about the invisible? The good life he lived here, the noble example he set,

the ideals that he attempted to carry out, the inward spirit and influence that actually permeated this whole region and lives to-day. We do not see John Eliot's form roaming these streets. We do not see him crossing yonder stream as of yore. He no longer stands under yonder great oak to teach. Still he is here. His soul goes "marching on" and ever will, even here. But there creeps in upon us a feeling of sadness. We go in thought and imagination to those first days—those first days when they, the praying Indians, sat at the feet of the apostle and drank in his inspiring words, and felt the goodness of his soul. How they trusted him, how they believed in him, how their souls warmed and grew under his fatherly care! It was a new world to them. More light had appeared to them from on high. But the dark days came. Eliot passed away. Others came, like the good Badger and Peabody. Takawambpait, whose tablet you see yonder, did his best in his time. Still the trend of the world was not in their way. The fates were against them. The white man's greed, the white man's lack of sympathy and good will, the white man's lack of wisdom, the white man's habits (the bad habits) were too much for those simple and primitive souls. The doom was pronounced. The years found them growing less and less, weaker and weaker, until one day—long ago—long ago—the last one departed, either to the world beyond or to distant parts. And so no more does this place know the Natick praying Indian. He is a distant, a far away memory. But although we ride, drive and walk over his grave, over those of the men, women and children of generations, thoughtlessly, carelessly, yet we trust that he is not, nor will be forgotten.

Recently we have cared enough for him to once more fix yonder tablet of Takwambpait in a fine and enduring base, and here we have set up a tablet marking the boundaries of this burying ground. But we shall not have done our duty, dear friends, until we set up near yonder ancient oak a statue, a bronze statue, not of a fighting Indian, one adorned with war paint and fighting feathers, with hands gripping tomahawk and knife; but a bronze statue of a praying Indian, such as was Takawambpait, in reverent posture, with hands clasped and head bowed in meditation, yea, in prayer, before his Maker.

An hour spent socially in the Historical Museum completed the exercises, and it was then and there determined to have a series of field days.

Rev. Mr. Daniels suggested the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the migration of the praying Indians to South Natick in 1651, and, accordingly at the Society's annual meeting in January, 1901, a committee was chosen to arrange such a celebration, consisting of Rev. L. R. Daniels, Mrs. M. V. B. Bartlett, Miss Nellie A. Hayward, Mr. Wm. D. Rudd and Gustavus Smith.

This committee conferred with the Society formed by the descendants of John Eliot and they decided to hold their second reunion in South Natick on July 3, and July 4th was selected as the day for our celebration of the founding of our village. So it happened that the Historical Society's Field Day grew to be a popular celebration. The committee of five called a meeting of the village people in School House Hall one evening in May to ask for help in making it an event of the whole village.

At this meeting Frank P. Caswell, H. B. Thompson, P. F. Hallinan, Henry Pfeiffer and Rev. A. J. Benedict were chosen an advisory committee and both committees merged in one, organizing as follows; Rev. L. R. Daniels, Chairman, Mr. M. V. B. Bartlett, Treasurer, Miss Nellie A. Hayward, Secretary.

The following sub-committees were afterward chosen: Reception Committee, General Committee; Fireworks and Police, Chairman, W. D. Rudd; Decorations, Chairman, H. B. Thompson; Regatta, Chairman, Rev. A. J. Benedict; Transportation, Chairman, P. F. Hallinan; Marking Historical Places, Chairman, G. Smith; Printing, Chairman, Rev. L. R. Daniels; Float, Chairman, Henry Pfeiffer; Erecting Stages, etc., Chairman, F. P. Caswell.

The first thing demanding attention was the matter of "Ways and Means."

It was decided to try to raise eight hundred dollars. This seemed a herculean task, as we thought it wrong to ask the town to appropriate of its funds even a dollar for this purpose. We laid deep schemes and went to work to secure this sum if possible. Our success overwhelmed us, for we soon found nearly double that amount at our disposal.

We had heard of the celebration of 1851, with its attendant "Cornwallis" Day and determined that no Cornwallis day should

follow this. Every family of the village and nearly every business man of the town contributed something to our fund. It was to be a distinctly South Natick day. Yet large donations were made by the Hunnewell family and some others in Wellesley.

Right here let it be noted that Old original Natick was bounded by the Charles River as far as "Saw Mill Brook," now Waban brook, thence by Waban brook and Waban lake, including all the present Hunnewell estates.

How to spend so much money on a local celebration was a serious problem. The committee met every week, and the plans discussed, the correspondence, the advice received and poetry and other things contributed for our use on that day, would, if all reported, make a large book. Our Secretary asserts that she wrote a thousand letters for the committee, and her veracity is seldom questioned.

Some members of our committee were confident that this was the most favorable time to secure funds for a permanent monument to John Eliot's memory, and evolved the following:

First, a mass meeting of citizens was called on the evening of June 7, to consider the plan of "The John Eliot National Memorial," and the following committee and address appeared in our printed program:

THE JOHN ELIOT NATIONAL MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

HENRY B. THOMPSON, *Chairman.*

P. F. HALLINAN, *Treasurer.* MISS IDA MORSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. L. R. Daniels	Miss Ida Diehl	C. M. Blanchard
Rev. A. J. Benedict	Miss May Bailey	W. D. Rudd
Miss Nellie Hayward	Miss Celia Jennings	P. F. Hallinan
Miss Florence Bartlett	Miss Nellie Robbins	Henry Pfeiffer
Miss Ella Bailey	Miss Mabel Smith	Charles Richardson
Miss Sarah Sweeney	Miss Grace Elwell	Frank McCullagh
Miss Helen Reardon	Miss Louise Boinay	E. E. Taylor
Miss Ida Morse	Mrs. George Ingalls	Charles Elwell
Miss Maggie Dowd	Mrs. Andrew Fuller	Michael H. Sweeney
Miss Julia Bolen	Mrs. C. M. Blanchard	Jas. P. Keating
Miss Isabelle Heinlein	Mrs. Ella Karb	Ferd. Schaller
Miss Marie Bolen	Mrs. W. D. Rudd	John Jennings
Miss Maud Robbins	Mrs. Henry B. Thompson	James Brown
Miss Cora I. Thompson	Mrs. James Cooper	Osborne Perry
Miss Rosa Schaller	Mrs. Sarah Griffin	Carl Godendorf
Miss Lizzie Pfeiffer		Will Foster

OUR OBJECT.

To build at South Natick a fitting Memorial of John Eliot, one of the noblest Puritans in Colonial History.

OUR AIM.

To enlist the coöperation of all so that our plan may become national in scope.

Citizens of South Natick assembled in mass meeting, June 7th, for the purpose of considering plans for The John Eliot National Memorial:

Resolved: To pledge themselves to give their labor, time and contributions to the memorial according to their ability.

Resolved: That the faithful administration of the work of developing and promoting an interest in the memorial will have their constant watchfulness to insure an honorable and successful result.

Resolved: That the aims of this memorial appeal to the members of all organized bodies of Christian workers wherever they are addressed, and that we request all Churches and Church Societies, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Societies of Christian Endeavor, King's Daughters and similar bodies to coöperate with us and take official recognition of this praiseworthy memorial to the memory of one of America's early Christian workers, the records of whose noble, brave and true life we wish to perpetuate in a fitting memorial.

Resolved: That we ask the coöperation of all historical and colonial societies in presenting the plans of this memorial to their members and friends, so that this history and life work of John Eliot and his faithful Indian followers may be fittingly recognized in this, the field of their labors and first organized community.

Resolved: That we ask the hearty endorsement and coöperation of the Eliot Association at their meeting, July 3.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to reproduce here a poem, evolved from the "inner consciousness of a Wellesley College girl," published in the Natick *Citizen* and dedicated to the "Celebration."

This effusion appeared a week before our event, so that we cannot claim it as any part of the performance.

It is not quite accurate to say that this was all evolved from the "inner consciousness of the Wellesley maiden," for it embodies several well known legends which have existed in Natick folk-lore for a long time, some of which have before been published.

TAKAWAMBPAIT'S DAUGHTER.

(Dedicated to the Eliot Anniversary at South Natick.)

As the sun's declin'g radiance
Fell on Waban's rippling blue,
And from the glowing treetops
The parting gleams broke through
Like a shower of burning embers
Sparkling o'er the ripple's crest,
Slowly fading out in beauty,
In the splendor of the west.
While I sat beneath the tupelo,
Enraptured with the view,
Gazing out upon the water
With its ever changing hue,
I could watch the swallows skimming
Over Waban's silvery sheen;
And terraced art with nature blend
In many a shade of green.
And the woodland's sweetest music
Floated on the zephyrs cool,
And the fragrance of the lily
Was wafted from the pool.
And I said, "Thou lake of beauty,
Hast thy charm been the same
Since the Indian roved thy forest,
And stalked thy lordly game?
Did the scented breath of evening
Fan the forms that once moved here?
Did they stroll by shady tupelo,
Or paddle on the meer?"
And the present seemed to vanish,
And the shadows of the past
Came, distant, stealing on me,
Like the sighting of a mast,
That from the dim horizon
Sails onward to the view,
Till you hear the creaking tackle,
And the shouting of the crew.
And the shadows took the form
Of the plumed and painted brave,

And a phantom birch flotilla
Seemed to rest on Waban's wave
A moment, and the strange mirage
Had melted and was gone,
And on the beach an Indian maid
Stood near me, and alone.
Her face was fair and her bright eyes
Held the deep hue of summer skies.
And scarce a feature here betrays
The Waban race of former days;
But more the type the sagas sing
Of maids in days of bold King Ring.
So strange her garb, and proud her mien,
I scarce from wonder could refrain.
And with respectful phrase inquired,
By whom this honor was inspired.
She spoke in gentle accents,
"Fear not my steady glance,
For with my eyes I hold you
In the spirit land of trance.
I bring a story from the past,
Mark what I speak is true
As thy face in crystal Waban
Is mirrored to the view.
Full oft in happy childhood
I sported in the shade,
I, Takawambpait's daughter,
A free-born Indian maid.
Yes, princess of a royal line,
I trace my lineage back
To when the viking sought our shore,
From the ocean's unknown track.
For when the sturdy Norseman
Did up the Char-les glide,
He wooed an Indian maiden
And won her for his bride.
And long at Norumbega
They held their regal court,
The towers of Norumbega
Were then a mighty fort.

And all the country marveled
At this viking's love so true,
For the dark-eyed Indian maiden,
And he with eyes so blue.
And all the country marveled
That this swarthy Indian fawn,
Should give her heart in keeping
Of this strange and pale-faced man.
But long they lived and happy,
And with many sons were blessed,
And daughters too, as comely
As any in the West.
And from this happy union
A goodly nation sprung
And for many a generation
They spoke the Norland tongue.
And for many a generation
The lineaments of their sires,
Was seen in many a feature,
Around their lodge's fires.
And I, the favored daughter
Of Takawambpait, chief,
Bear semblance to the vikings,
Who roved the seas with Leif.
And well our ancient sachems
Could turn their wampum o'er,
And tell the quaint old legends
Of the golden days of yore,
When the Indian and the paleface
Had known no deadly hate,
And the walls of Norumbega
Had no latch upon their gate.
How oft within her stately halls,
The festive board was spread,
While round was passed the mazer bowl
From the white man to the red.
And mighty chiefs would here declaim
Their deeds in battle done,
And proudly boast with warrior pride
The trophies they had won.

And some would sing of salvin sport
And show the monster's pelt,
And praise the trusty tomahawk,
That dangled from his belt.
And others told of marvels done
By tempest, flood and tide,
Or how some fearless viking
Won a mermaid for his bride.
But those wild rovers of the sea,
Who long had been our guest,
Chafed for their native land again,
The land they loved the best.
And soon was manned the last good ship
That rode within the bay,
And many a sad heart mourned the fate,
And parting of that day.
And long they watched the foaming wake
That rose behind their track,
And wished those wanderers of the deep
A hearty welcome back.
But this was years and years ago,
'Ere the white man came again,
Who brought destruction to our race
And ruin in his train.
Oh, had they learned with gentle hand
And love's kind, subtle power,
To pluck the rude thorns from our path,
But spared sweet virtue's flower.
For we had virtues nature-given,
With innocence to bloom,
And round our simple lives
To shed its sweet perfume.
Our streams and forests
Freely gave the wants that love required,
And our rude huts were homes to us
With filial love inspired.
But base injustice, wrong on wrong
Woke many a savage vice,
Till forced to strike for liberty
Or death at any price.

And history chronicles the tale
Of conflicts fought and won,
That robbed us of our birthright,
And left our race undone.
But while oblivion's shadows hung
A chaos round our fate,
While we groveled in our destiny
And cursed our base estate;
There was one kind heart was bleeding
With a generous, unfeigned grief;
On his forehead love was written,
In his hand the olive leaf.
Eliot, prophet, friend and father,
Saw our helplessness, and came
And with words of gentle import,
Spoke a blessing in His name,
And through years of labor,
Led us to a higher plane,
Exhorting us by word and precept,
Till our hearts took hope again.
At the meeting house on Sabbath,
Shone his kindly, revered face,
That they might receive his blessing
Old and young would round him press.
And the paleface, now our brothers,
Came and heard the spoken word,
Came those stern pioneersmen
And with them came young Harry Bird,
Eldest son of bold Noanet,
Now an exile from his tribe;
For that haughty chieftain never
With the white man would be sibe.
Harry, now a fearless ranger,
Ancient Dedham's trusted scout,
Who with savage bear and panther
Closed in many a deadly bout,
That the flocks might graze in freedom
Where the choicest forage grew,
In the kingdom of Noanet,
Many and many a wolf he slew.

And his days of lonely hunting,
Brought him oft for food and rest
To the lodges of my people,
For they held him friend and guest.
But to me his manly beauty
And his kind words, soft and low,
When his bright eyes gazed upon me,
Oh! my heart just loved him so.
We trysted neath a spreading oak,
It is standing there to-day,
A sad reminder of the time
When our young hearts were gay.
No fonder lovers ever met,
Nor kinder words e'er said,
Than those we whispered tenderly
Beneath its pleasant shade.
How blessed had been our days of love,
But for King Philip's strife,
And for that cursed Medfield Raid,
I might have been his wife.
I see him yet, the runner pale,
Dash from the forest shade
And call for help to save the town,
And stop the bloody raid.
I see my Harry's last fond look
As from my side he drew,
I see him at the forest rim
Wave back his last adieu.
And soon he met six painted braves,
Of Philip's murderous band,
With their cruel leader, Sullen Wolf,
A rival for my hand.
And, swift in mortal combat
The foremost five laid low,
When from behind, that rival's spear
Thrust home a deadly blow,
And I, who closely followed,
To watch the dreaded scene,
Sent through the rival's treacherous heart
An arrow sharp and keen.

I ran to my fond lover's side
And tried to staunch the flood,
But soon fair Medfield's flowery mead
Had drank his dear heart's blood.
Then slowly back to Natick town,
The precious load we bore,
And all the people's hearts were hushed,
Their grief was sharp and sore.
And when the church's prayers were said,
We bore him to the grave
That lies on yonder western slope,
Hard by Lake Waban's wave.
But e'er a month of silent grief,
And yearning for his love,
They found my body on his grave;
Our souls had joined above.
They placed me side by side with him,
Death could not part us long,
And sadly round our lonely graves,
They sang their farewell song.
And long and peaceful was my rest,
By Harry's side inclosed,
Until rude workmen broke my cell,
And left my bones exposed.
They placed them high on yonder tower,*
To meet the curious eye.
But oh! my spirit cannot rest
Till back with him I lie.
And through these lovely bowers of green
My shade doth silent creep
And nightly by his lonely grave
Its constant vigils keep.
I read the musing of your mind,
I marked the theme it cast,
And took this time and place to sing
My romance of the past.
But why prolong so sad a tale,

* The skeleton of an Indian was found in a lonely grave on the western slope of Lake Waban a few years ago, and is now on exhibition in the Natural History museum, Wellesley College.

For soon the cock must crow,
And I must back into the gloom,
Where troubled spirits go.
And while she spoke, a silent bat,
Flew twixt her shade and me.
I woke and found 'twas but a dream,
Beneath the tupelo tree.

Numerous were the invitations sent by the committee to notable people to come to our festival, and the letters of regret from those who could not be present are filed in the archives of the Society. One of these we give in full.

It is from Rev. Charles E. Stowe, a son of Calvin E. Stowe, and is certainly characteristic.

To take exceptions to statements from such authority will seem invidious. Nevertheless, upon consulting the "Magnalia" the Catechism attributed to the "dear good man" was found to be credited by Mather to quite another source. Our Eliot was not prone to dwell upon the "terrors of the law" in his teaching.

This letter, sent to the Chairman of our Committee, was published in the Natick *Bulletin.* The original is filed in a scrap book of valuable historic matter in our Museum. He says:

"I regret very much that I cannot be present and take part in the exceedingly interesting celebration of your 250th anniversary on the fourth day of July next, but unfortunately my stay abroad is to be protracted beyond that date.

I feel a most genuine and hearty interest in the occasion, both on account of my father and family and also on account of the Apostle Eliot and his 'praying Indians.' I am thousands of miles away from Mather's Magnalia and other interesting sources of information concerning John Eliot and his Indians, but I have a dim recollection of a catechism on heaven and hell which the dear good man prepared to enlighten these dusky children of the forest concerning 'things not seen,' which was certainly realistic enough to have satisfied the Salvation Army. For example: 'What sort of food do they have in hell? Answer: Hot ashes and serpents.' Truly a lively diet. Let us hope that no one of the praying Indians was ever reduced to such a menu.

In 1634 John Stowe with his wife Elizabeth came over to New England in one of the Winthrop companies and settled in Roxbury in Eliot's parish. In the handwriting of the venerable apostle it stands recorded that Elizabeth, having lived for many years among them a righteous life, died, 'leaving behind her a godly savour.'

No doubt she was named for good Queen Bess. It was just forty years after the sinking of the Spanish Armada that John and his wife landed. It was within fourteen years of the peace of Westphalia and the end of the thirty years' war in Germany. His most gracious majesty Charles I was on the throne of England and had not as yet lost his head. Louis XIII of France was quarreling with his mother and, under the guidance of his great minister, doing his utmost to stamp out Protestant Christianity at home and abroad. This was the world in which John and Elizabeth lived with the good apostle John Eliot. It was a world of strife. Ormutz and Ariman, light and darkness, God and Satan were at war. In those days Satan was terribly real. If some one said 'devil' no one laughed. The Catholic crossed himself and the Protestant looked up to heaven, murmured a prayer and tightened his grasp on his Bible.

Who, then, were these dusky savages in the new world? Who indeed but the lost tribes of Israel whom Satan had spirited away to keep them out of the reach of the gospel!

Satan was to our fathers a mighty spiritual Philip II or Louis XIII. Satan was the sworn enemy of the New England theocracy. John Eliot was like a brave general determined to carry the war into the enemy's country; hence his mission and Indian Bible. How Satan must have raged and trembled as this doughty soldier of the Cross dealt resounding blows against the gates of his stronghold among the children of the forest. What a history lies behind that Indian Bible! What long, patient hours this Ulfilas of the New England woods must have spent in listening to the strange sounds which fell from the lips of his spiritual children before he could write in their own tongue that immortal hymn of love divine, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want!'

Sad indeed was the fate of the 'Praying Indians' in that life and death struggle between the native savage and the invading white man. Perhaps the sturdy colonists were justified in suspecting that these 'Praying Indians' could fight as well as pray.

No spot on earth can be more interesting to me than Old Natick. My mother's 'Oldtown Fireside Stories' were not her invention

but Natick folk-lore. I used to hear my father tell them for many a year in almost the exact words in which she afterwards wrote them out. They are consequently more valuable than if my mother had invented them. They are a part of Natick's history and of New England's history. They give a true picture drawn from life of the social, moral, religious and economc conditions of New England life as it was in my father's boyhood.

'Sam Lawson' is as historical as Plato's 'Socrates,' with whom he has no mere superficial likeness. Sam was a philosopher who had thought as long, as deeply and as vainly as any great thinker, either ancient or modern, had ever thought on the deep problems of life and mind, time and eternity.

'Bless my soul and body, Calvin, yer bin ter college and studied. Ken yer tell what ther waz when ther wan't nothin?'

'Bless my soul and body, sometimes I think an then agin I dunno! Wall! the fact on't is we dunno nothin' 'bout them things, and we allus did!'

Sam was filled with a most fervent patriotism and had great plans for Natick's aggrandizement. In a moment of confidence he said to my father, 'Lord a massy, Calvin, if I only hed thirty dollars, I'd make old Natick shine, I kin tell yer!' Thirty dollars was to Sam infinite wealth. In the most delirious revels of his imagination he could conceive no greater.

'Oldtown Folks' is the 'Dichtung and Wahrheit' of my father's boyhood in Natick. It gives the Natick of his childhood as he saw it, looking back upon it in old age.

Well! in conclusion, if not by reason of Sam Lawson's thirty dollars, for other reasons both manifest and glorious, I trust that old Natick will shine on the fourth of July next. If I only had one of the old witches' broomsticks I should certainly mount it and be with you on that day.

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES E. STOWE."

Announcements of the coming festival appeared in all the local papers and the Boston *Journal, Herald, Globe* and *Post.* The following are extracts from the announcement in the Boston Sunday *Herald* of June 30:

TOWN TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD.

SOUTH NATICK TO OBSERVE HER SESQUI-CENTENNIAL.—WILL HOLD A CELEBRATION ON INDEPENDENCE DAY.—MEMORY OF JOHN ELIOT, THE FOUNDER, TO BE HONORED.—ALL-DAY PROGRAMME MADE UP BY COMMITTEE.—DESCENDANTS OF THE APOSTLE WILL MEET JULY 3.

SOUTH NATICK, June 22, 1901.

In her popular and widely read book, "Oldtown Folks," Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the gifted authoress, has drawn many realistic pictures of the romantic locality in the beautiful valley of the Charles river, to which Washington is said to have paid such high tribute, and of the natural attractiveness of which a great deal has been said and written.

Some time since there developed in this community a spirit among the members of the Historical, Natural History and Library Society, as well as the people, that prompted action in the direction of holding on the forthcoming anniversary of a nation's birth a celebration of what is known as the founding of South Natick by John Eliot and his praying Indians, the present being the 250th year that has elapsed since that important event.

The Apostle John Eliot landed from the ship Lion, Nov. 14, 1631, his birthplace being Nasing, Essex County, England, and the year 1603. The wife and children of Gov. Winthrop came over in the same ship. Mr. Eliot was invited to preach in the First Church of Boston, owing to the absence in England of the pastor, the Rev. John Wilson, which he did and with much acceptance. Nov. 5, 1632, Mr. Eliot assumed the position of minister at Roxbury, remaining there until May 20, 1690, when his death occurred.

In the northwesterly portion of what is at present the city of Newton was once an Indian village called Nonantum and in that locality the apostle held religious services for the benefit of the natives. This was from 1646 to 1650. In different portions of the state he pursued his missionary labors and it is stated by those who have made a careful study of Eliot's career that at least 14 settlements of praying Indians resulted from his efforts. In many ways was the untutored savage benefited by the ministrations of this individual.

The selection of the Charles river valley as a desirable place for a Praying Indian settlement was made in the year 1650, and from the region roundabout came the red man on invitation of the personage

in whom they appear to have placed so much confidence and for whose labors they entertained so great a degree of respect.

In the autumn of the year indicated a bridge was built across the river by the Indians, and although a very rude structure of wood, fashioned in the form of an arch, it served well their purpose. This bridge was 80 feet long and nine feet high in the middle. Tradition says that on its completion Eliot caused the Indians to assemble upon it and that there simple religious services occurred, the builders at the same time being commended for their work in that direction.

In the year 1651, and quite early, progress begun in constructing an Indian village here, both banks of the river having been selected for available sites for the primitive dwellings occupied. Following this effort came another which resulted in a building being furnished in which a week-day school was established and preaching services on the Sabbath provided. This was a two-story building, 50x25, and 12 feet high between the joists. With the exception of some directing how the work on it should be done, which was performed by a white carpenter, the labor was all carried on by Indians, and here again they were afforded encouragement in the direction of a better type of civilization.

The teacher secured for this school was named Monequassen, an Indian, and he could read, write and spell in the English language. All of his efforts in an educational direction were under the direct supervision of Eliot, who branched out from time to time, as the circumstances would permit, in his work of showing to the savages what they could do for themselves and in many respects better their condition.

It was on August 6, 1651, that the praying Indians from different places held an important gathering in Natick for the consideration of a proposition made by their spiritual leader and instructor, which was in the direction of adopting the Mosaic code, inasmuch as it relates to civil officers. The history of South Natick, or "Oldtown," is very interesting as regards the progress made by the class of people who sought a home in its fertile valleys and by the banks of its beautiful river.

The "Eliot oak," which enjoys something more than local distinction, was one of three "monarchs of the forest" standing here early in the century just past. It alone has withstood the blasts of these many decades, and the people of "Oldtown" have long ago come to revere it because of the sacred associations clustering around and about the tree. To-day this lonely sentinel, located at the junc-

tion of the roads, only a few rods easterly from the Unitarian, or Eliot meeting house, stands intact. It is of the species known as the white oak, and there seems no doubt of its being matured 200 years ago, as the opinion is shared by the people here, and endorsed by students of tree growth and habits, who have examined the specimen.

It can be stated as proof of its vigor that a member of the celebration committee swung on its branches as a boy nearly fifty years since, and to-day could perform the same feat on the very limbs he utilized in his youth. However true the statements quoted may be, it is certain that the Eliot oak is a wonderful relic of the past age. In circumference it is 18 feet, and underneath the wide spreading branches there has assembled people from many commonwealths and municipalities of this Union.

Not alone has it been made celebrated by John Eliot, for other people of distinction have been glad of the opportunity to enjoy its cooling shade and at the same time pay homage to its worth and influence as a factor in the earlier civilization of New England.

The purpose of this sketch is to deal with the South Natick of to-day and the plans of its progressive men and women in connection with a fitting celebration of the founding of a community that has achieved considerable reputation; no attempt will be made to go into such matters in detail.

On the 4th day of July the people of Natick will assemble in a manner that will cause all participants to remember vividly the event; as on Thanksgiving day, so will people come to the reunion and celebration that has been planned.

At the Harris Riverside Park, which resort is private property charmingly situated on the banks of the Charles, the principal exercises connected with the celebration takes place. A banquet will be served and addresses given by several gentlemen. Eliot Hall has been selected for the banquet. The hour is 1 o'clock. About 300 persons are expected to be present.

In order to accommodate the visitors a tent 50x100 feet is to be pitched, and here refreshments will be served. There will also be an emergency tent provided with a force of physicians in attendance.

A feature of the whole affair, which will in every sense be a dignified and important historical occasion, will be the pitching of tents at different places, which are to be occupied by representatives of the American Indian, the design being to present the contrast between uncivilized and civilized modes of life. These temporary abodes are

to be decorated with such colors as red, copper, green and white. A band of imitation savages will also participate in the boat races to be held.

The decorations of buildings, etc., will be on quite an elaborate scale, and late in the evening there will be an exhibition of fireworks. Ten thousand programs will be issued by the committee in advance, and invitations to participate will be issued to every pastor and his people located within 10 miles of South Natick. Two clergymen are especially active on the arrangements committee.

While not a part strictly of the town jubilee, or really in any way connected with it, the July 3 meeting and reunion of the "Descendants of John Eliot," which will take place in South Natick, will be an historical event of considerable importance, although the association has not a single member in the town.

Now comes the program, which was in pamphlet form, of which ten thousand copies were printed. More than half of these were distributed in the neighboring towns several days previous to the 4th.

This program was carried out entire, except that the chorus, 200 of whom were invited to seats on the speaker's stand, did not materialize. The great audience, however, was well furnished with singers.

MORNING PROGRAM.

9.00 A. M. BAND CONCERT .....Natick Cadet Band
10.05 A. M. MARCH TO AUDITORIUM.
10.15 A. M. RECEPTION OF GUESTS AT AUDITORIUM.
OVERTURE.....Natick Cadet Band
INVOCATION ..... Rev. F. E. Sturgis, D.D.
ADDRESS OF WELCOME.....Rev. L. R. Daniels, South Natick
STATE.....Lieut. Gov. Bates, Massachusetts
JOHN ELIOT.....Principal G. E. Eliot, Connecticut
SINGING: "Star Spangled Banner".....Chorus and Congregation
ADDRESS: "The Duty Massachusetts owes to the Memory of John Eliot".....Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, Boston, Mass.
POEM: HISTORICAL,
Written and read by Mrs. Eliot Emerson, Detroit, Mich.
ADDRESS.....Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Boston, Mass.
ADDRESS.....Hon. J. J. Myers, Speaker House of Representatives
SINGING: "America" .....Chorus and Congregation
1.00 P. M. BANQUET IN SCHOOL HOUSE HALL.
DINNER IN TENT.

REGATTA.

1. 2.15—Single Paddle Canoe, local.
2. 2.25—Swimming.
3. 2.30—Working Boats, single, local.
4. 2.40—Tub Race.
5. 2.50—Canoe, Tandem, local.
6. 3.00—Working Boats, double, local.
7. 3.10—Polo Horse Race, local.
8. 3.20—Canoe, Fours, local.
9. 3.30—Steam Launches, local.
10. Indian Canoes, Tournament, etc.
11. 3.50—Singles, Canoe, A. C. A.
12. 4.00—Working Boats, open single.
13. 4.10—Canoe, Tandem, A. C. A.
14. 4.20—Working Boats, double open.
15. 4.30—Hurry-Scurry, Water Polo, etc.
16. 4.50—War Canoes, 9 men, A. C. A., straightaway.

Prizes will be given in all the events. Natick Cadet Band will be present all the afternoon.

It will be necessary to start promptly, and to keep the races following very rapidly. Contestants will please note this and be in readiness.

EVENING PROGRAM.

6.45 P. M. Eventide Assembly at the Eliot Oak.

MUSIC.....Natick Cadet Band

ADDRESS.....Hon. Charles Q. Tirrell, Natick

RECITATION: "Eliot Oak".....Miss Carrie May Perry, Natick

(Sonnet by Henry W. Longfellow.)

ADDRESS.....Mr. William Reed Bigelow, Natick

Greetings to the Convention of the John Eliot Association, July 3, and the 250th Anniversary Celebration, July 4, at South Natick, Mass.

"The International Jubilee Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association send greetings to the citizens of Massachusetts about to celebrate the 250th Anniversary of John Eliot's life work. We wish them Godspeed in their memorial work of this grand patriot in his Master's service. He braved all the dangers of his perilous times and left God's Word as a light to the path of the first Christian Association of Indians in America."

8 P. M. FLOAT.

The shores of the Charles and boats and canoes will be decorated with many lanterns. Two suitable prizes will be awarded to owners for the best decorated floats.

BACON FREE LIBRARY,

SOUTH NATICK, MASS.

8.30 P. M. FIREWORKS.

Rockets, Bombs and Shells, Indian Tableaux, The Flag Raising, John Eliot, Revolving Rings, "The Glory of the Dawn," South Natick, 1651–1901.

GOOD NIGHT.

We come now to the day thus prepared for and must chronicle its actual happenings. Preliminary to this a description of the decorations must not be omitted.

An incident in the work of decorating Pleasant street will not soon be forgotten by our village people.

"The Eliot Association of America" were to hold a grand family reunion here on Wednesday, July 3, to which all the known living descendants of John Eliot had been invited. Our Committee on Decorations determined to have the decorating all done before this meeting convened.

So, on Monday and Tuesday the red, white and blue bunting combined with the Indian yellow, and numerous flags were hung to trees and poles on both sides of the road for nearly half a mile in tastefully arranged festoons and elaborate designs, and as the committee were congratulating themselves on a "good job well done," all at once there came a mighty wind with torrents of rain. In less than two hours it was all over and so were the bunting decorations. The festoons were torn to ribbons, the wires broken, and the whole fabric lay in a drabbled mass in the gutters, in the river, and in the fields, an utter wreck. After the first shock of dismay had passed, the committee, like the sensible men they were, went to work with an energy never before equalled and cleared away the debris, then rehabilitated the poles and wires with bright new bunting, and had everything in order before the dawn of Thursday, the glorious "Fourth."

The following description of the decorations is from the Natick *Bulletin* and Boston *Herald:*

South Natick, the scene of the labors of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, the "Oldtown" of Harriet Beecher Stowe, never presented a more beautiful appearance than it did on the Fourth, when it was decked in its holiday attire in honor of its 250th birthday.

Descending Carver hill, a brilliant sight met the gaze, for nearly every residence and public building was decorated, and streamers of red, white and blue, and orange and green, the Indian colors, adorned the streets, the effect being very pleasing. The square was one mass of bunting, every building being lavishly decorated. The school house was handsomely decorated with red, white and blue bunting and artistically draped flags. The Indian colors were also displayed. The Eliot church (Unitarian) was also finely decorated, and its beauty was something to admire. The bridge across the Charles, the site of the original bridge built by the Indians, was also brilliant in gay colors, and banners, bearing the names of the Indians associated with John Eliot in founding the village, were suspended at frequent intervals. Markers were placed at each point of interest, so that the many interesting places which were mentioned in "Old-town Folks" were easily found.

Bailey's hotel and residence were particularly fine. The hotel was covered en masse with bunting of red, white and blue, and red, white and yellow, while patriotic emblems and the state seal added to the beauty of the decorations.

The residence and store of Frank Pfeiffer were finely decorated with flags and bunting of red and white and of red, white and blue.

The residence and store of M. V. B. Bartlett deserve special mention, with the decorations of red, white and blue, green and yellow bunting. Few residences in the town had more effective decorations.

The "old mill" owned by the Boston Rubber Cement Co., on the site of Deacon Badger's mill, was handsomely decorated, and the beautiful appearance it presented is worthy of special mention. The Bacon Library was also beautifully decorated with bunting and flags.

The following places were decorated with various colored bunting: The residences of P. Slamin, P. Hallinan, carriage and blacksmith shop and residence of Wm. J. Burke, residences of Thomas Slamin, James Sweeney, Frank Schuman, The Eliot House (Fred. Hopf's property), store of John King, Heinlein's store, Cooper's drug store and residence, the residences of Henry Robbins, Dr. Hills, Edward Welch, M. Morgan, Gustavus Smith, Andrew Fuller, R. W. Putney, John Gregg, Mrs. Walter Ingalls, Geo. Ingalls, Wm. Foster, the Fire Station, residences of Wm. Oaks, Rev. A. J. Benedict, E. Dowd, Mrs. Leavitt, James Dowd, Martin Hopf, V. Boinay, Charles Pfeiffer, Charles Elwell, shop and residence of W. Healy, residences

of H. Hancock, M. Welch, John Eliot Church. The residences of Miss Martha Hartwell, Alfred Hartwell and H. B. Thompson of Pleasant street were also handsomely decorated and deserve special mention, as do also the residences of Ed. Dowd and V. Boinay.

At Wm. Rudd's, the old Bacon house, built in 1710, the decorations were beautiful, and the large windmill was a mass of colors. The decorations were in charge of H. B. Thompson, chairman of the decorating committee, to whom great credit is due for the success of this feature.

[Special despatch to the Boston *Herald.*]

SOUTH NATICK, July 4, 1901.

Of much more than ordinary interest to the people of South Natick and their neighbors in several Middlesex and Norfolk county localities, were exercises connected with the celebration to-day in commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of the place by John Eliot and his praying Indians. The village was most beautifully decorated in honor of the event. Never before, probably, have so many persons wended their way here, and the whole town of Natick was represented by persons occupying high stations in public and private life, as well as by the citizens in general.

These people came as visitors, as did those from other localities, for the celebration was distinctly a South Natick one, not a cent of the $2,000 expended in carrying out its many details coming from the treasury of the town.

The occasion was honored by the presence of statesmen whose mission was to speak for their own commonwealth, if not in the broader sense of past and future lawmakers at the nation's capitol.

Everything connected with the celebration was arranged with one end in view, and that was to keep ever prominently in the minds of those participating the fact that John Eliot was a man whose memory should be revered. Even on the title page of the handsome souvenir program of the affair, of which 7,000 copies were distributed gratuitously, there was printed a well-executed half-tone representation of the apostle in the act of expounding gospel truths to the large and interested company of savages about him, who were represented as most attentive listeners. On its back was shown a view of the great Eliot oak, and also of the meeting house of the Unitarian faith bearing his name. Most beautifully blended into many of the decorations were the hues favored by the Indian.

These colors were dull shades of red, bordering on copper, and green and yellow.

All of this section was astir at early dawn. By trolley car and by private conveyance came thousands of people to the village. The visitors were shown articles of much value by the local society, which maintains a real museum of antiquities and some of them go back to the days of the Indian apostle. Some of the branches of the Eliot oak, having been pruned during the month of April, were placed on sale to-day as mementoes, a signed certificate being given with each. The design was to swell the fund being raised for the Eliot memorial. In a wigwam these were offered.

Again, from the *Bulletin*, is appended reports of the exercises, speeches and festivities of the day.

The Morning Exercises.

Everything transpired to make the celebration a success; the weather was glorious and no casualties occurred to mar the festivities of the day. Crowds began to pour into South Natick on the early morning cars, and the numbers kept slowly increasing until the float and fireworks on the river, when there were several thousand present.

The day's program opened with a concert in the square, by Dodge's band of Natick, at 9.30 A. M. After the concert the band, headed by a platoon of police, marched to the Wellesley line to welcome the guests of the day, Lieut. Gov. Bates, Hon. John Fitzgerald, Speaker Meyers, who had come to do honor to the memory of John Eliot, founder of South Natick and Apostle to the Algonquins. The South Natick "Indians," consisting of Fred Bond, Harold Bond, Henry Beekman, Archie Kline, William Diehl, Robert Diehl, William Close, Wm. Pfeiffer, Alex Schallar, Wm. Hopf, Charles McKenny, M. Devine, Sam Doyle, Henry Pfeiffer, Thomas Goodwin, Thomas Barnicle and Jas. O. Day, comprised the guard of honor and escorted the guests to the auditorium, where the exercises of the day were to be held.

The place selected for the speakers' stand to be erected was upon the land of Mr. Fred Harris, where the land, sloping gently from the house to the rushing Charles, makes a natural amphitheatre. At the foot of the slope the stand had been erected, resplendent with bunting and flags.

It was 10.30 when Rev. L. R. Daniels, Chairman of the General Committee, and master of the day's ceremonies, called the meeting to order, and introduced Rev. F. E. Sturgis, who invoked the Divine blessing. Rev. L. R. Daniels then extended a welcome in a very felicitous address.

Address of Welcome.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens:

We are very happy this morning, the residents of this "Oldtown"; first, because kind Providence has smiled upon us, and thus given us a grand day, and secondly, because so many of you are with us. We feel greatly honored by your presence. We welcome you to our old village with all our hearts on this, its 250th anniversary of its founding by John Eliot and his praying Indians. I am not a prophet, or a son of a prophet, but I am deeply impressed with the thought that when the great apostle and his friends and followers sought this place and selected it as the future center of their activities in this region, chose it and fixed upon it as their future dwelling place, that the angels of heaven sang for joy. I cannot but believe that on this day, after 250 years, and as we are assembled to do honor to the noble past, that the angels of heaven are again singing their songs of joy. Again let me say that we are happy—happy because this old village, after these many years, is to-day coming to its own. You will visit its interesting spots and as never before will come to know, not only the beauties, the charms of the old village, but how sacred is its soil. True is it, that we are on holy ground, and may it be that every aspect and feature of our celebration day will be in keeping with our high estimate of the noble past. Again let me welcome you to the old village and the exercises of the day. On yesterday it was freely given over to the noble descendants of its great founder, to-day it is yours—we welcome you.

He then introduced Lieutenant Governor Bates, who took for his subject the "State," and he made a very scholarly address.

Lieutenant Governor Bates' Address.

He took occasion to extend his own congratulations and that of the Chief Executive of the State—Governor Crane, to the committee in charge of the celebration for the splendid decorations he had seen in his ride through the historic town. He spoke of the richness of the old Commonwealth, not the richness that is born of

commerce, but of the richness which is born of noble ancestry, of the richness of the State in its wealth of historic landmarks, of which none stand out more prominently than does the Eliot oak of South Natick. Eliot was a powerful factor in the early development of the Massachusetts colony, and without his influence among his praying Indians during the dark and trying times of King Philip's war, the colony would have been exterminated. Those few Indians whom he had converted proved their gratitude many times during that cruel war.

The speaker complimented the people of South Natick for observing the anniversary of their town and for honoring the memory of its Christian founder. Festivals are signs of character. "Tell me," he said, "what festivals are celebrated by a people, and I will tell you their characteristics," illustrating his point by citing examples of the cruel sports and festivals of the Roman citizens in those days when Rome was a mighty power. He then spoke of Eliot's work among the Indians, and his wonderful success. He concluded his address with well wishes for the future prosperity of the town.

Principal George E. Eliot of Clinton, Conn., was next introduced as a descendant of the apostle, who delivered an oration upon the life and labors of John Eliot.

Principal Eliot's Oration.

Two of the noblest emotions that find lodgment in the human heart are the love of father and the love of home. You and I, therefore, stand on common ground to-day; you in affectionate retrospect recall the founder of your firesides; I with filial admiration remember the founder of my family. You hark back to that August day in 1651 when John Eliot saw the first fruits of prayer and pains and perseverance in the establishment of a civil government at this "Place of Hills." I turn to that day in November just a score of years earlier when the ship Lyon dropped anchor in Boston harbor, and the first Eliot stepped upon the shores of the New World. To the character of our first cause and progenitor, who, in the words of one of his friends, possessed a "most sweet, humble, loving, gracious and enlarged spirit," we together look in veneration. It is in this spirit, stimulated by civic pride, that you have arranged this commemoration: it is in this spirit, stimulated by filial pride, that I, however inadequately and ineffectively, utter to-day my tribute of appreciation.

The intimate personal details in the life of this man whom we are met to honor have felt the blurring touch of the centuries. The known facts are few; and to dwell upon these few with anything like elaboration is entirely unnecessary; for even were they not familiar to every schoolboy in this village, the admirable address of yesterday would have served to refresh the memory. It is therefore superfluous to remind you that, with sturdy yeoman blood in his veins, he was baptized at Widford, England, August 5, 1604; that in his eighteenth year he took his bachelor's degree at Jesus College, Cambridge; that he entered holy orders, taught in companionship with the godly Hooker, and gained from him the inspiration of that noble Puritanism which led him across the ocean and set him in the wilderness. There is no need to call to your mind his acceptable services to the Boston church, nor his subsequent settlement at Roxbury in 1632, where he labored for almost three score years, a faithful shepherd of his flock, and left his mark on school as well as church. It is certainly unnecessary to linger on the details of the great work that lay nearest his heart, and that has won for him immortality as the apostle to the Indians; to trace the development of his enterprise from the first meeting in Waban's wigwam at Nonantum in 1646, through his arduous journeys to the red men in the wilderness, to the culmination of his desires in the settlement at Natick 250 years ago. Then came the frostbite of unkindness and distrust that during King Philip's war blighted his hopes, and the strenuous but only partially successful efforts at recovery. Nor shall I dwell upon that magnificent expression of herculean effort when he not only acquired a colloquial knowledge of a barbaric tongue, but reduced it to grammatical treatment, and twice printed in the Mohegan language the priceless treasures of the Word of God.

It is impossible on this occasion and in this place to touch thus summarily upon the events in the life of John Eliot and not dwell for a moment, even at the risk of tiresome repetition, on that point in his career which is particularly associated with this locality. He would place his Indian proteges "more remote from the English," and Natick was chosen. "The place was of God's providing," he tells us, "as a fruit of prayer." The 6,000 acres granted by Dedham and confirmed by the General Court became a scene of busy activity. With what satisfaction must Eliot have beheld the substantial stone bridge arching the Charles; with what pleasure

must he have watched the red men sowing their fields, planting their orchards, raising their forts, building their dwellings, and constructing the House of God; with what devout ingenuity he developed their scheme of government from biblical suggestion; and with what joy he assisted in the formal establishment of that government on the sixth of August, 1651. "It seemed to me," to quote his own words, "as if I had seen scattered bones go bone to bone, and so live a civil political life." And then came the nine years of constant care and instruction till the church followed the State into existence. Fifteen years more of fortnightly visits and he sorrowfully watched the deportation of his charges, objects of ill-founded suspicion and distrust; and then when the war was over, the shattered remnants straggled back; but their glory had departed. Increasing age lengthened the intervals of the apostle's absence from the Prophet's Chamber; Takawambpait filled his place as pastor, and the younger Gookin as instructor, and so came the eventide and then the night.

As the night closed in, it shrouded in its obscurity many an important detail of his career. But though definite knowledge of his life is limited, though even the place and date of his birth stray in the mists of uncertainty, though no authentic portrait presents to us his lineaments, yet his character still lives. In the comments of his friends and the animadversions of his critics, in his own writings, and more than all, in the work that he did, the real man exists for us as no biographical minutiae and no artist's brush could create him. We can see his face with the prophet's dreaming eyes beneath the scholar's brow, balanced by the square jaw of determined energy, lighted by that kindly smile of charity for men, and beatified by faith in God. We can portray the man with his childlike simplicity of manner and of habit, a gentleness that bred affection, a magnetism that drew to him even the hearts of the savages, a sense of righteousness that, when roused to reproof, "flashed forth as many thunderbolts as words." "A hater of contention, he would," in Mather's quaint phrase, "ring aloud the curfew bell whenever he saw the fires of animosity." His benign influence drew from his friends the acknowledgment that, "They never were with him but they got or might have got some good." He was a Puritan of the type of Milton:

> "Such priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays,
> Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew."

While we sketch thus roughly in outline the character of our subject, certain dominant traits stand prominently in view. As in a Wagnerian overture we hear the blending of motifs which are later elaborated individually into superb episodes, so in a casual review of the career of John Eliot we notice leading characteristics which in the fuller development of his existence form the basis of action, the causal principles in the shaping of his life. One of these motifs is self-sacrifice, the absolute immolation of self upon the altar of service. You who have but to lift your eyes to see comfortable homes, effective public buildings, and well tilled fields; who are almost within stone's throw of two of the great educational institutions of the world; who are suburban to the material comforts and intellectual culture of a great city famed for both, must make a distinct effort to realize the desolation of the wilderness which two and a half centuries ago buried in its unthreaded solitudes the earnest young scholar fresh from the university. Three thousand miles of ocean rolled between him and the homeland. Behind him broad acres, an established station, family and friends, the refinement of a developed civilization, the satisfying complement to scholarly tastes; before him—barbarism. This was of course the sacrifice which every colonist made. There is less of the type and more of the individual when we reach his missionary efforts. Almost alone, almost unaided, he devoted himself unsparingly to the prosecution of his purpose. The scanty remittances that dribbled from England would never have served their turn had they not been supplemented by his open purse and his ceaseless labors. That the work might prosper, his own family knew want. That the object of his effort might be attained, he gave his life itself to its fulfilment.

Another motif that attracts us in a study of Eliot's character is his sublime faith: faith theological and prophetic, faith in the guidance and support of God, and faith in the ultimate effectiveness of his work. At the end of his Indian grammar he placed this suggestive comment: "Prayer and pains through faith in Jesus Christ can accomplish anything." This was with him the spiritual mainspring that impelled action. Was he perplexed with vexing questions of expediency, he brought his riddles to the mind of the Omniscient; was he harassed with the inadequacy of human means and the weakness of human effort, he laid his necessities at the feet of the Omnipotent; and we read the exaltation of perfect trust and perfect courage in his words: "I am engaged in the work of God

and God is with me, I fear not all the sachems in the country. I shall go on in my work, and do you touch me if you dare." And this unquestioning faith in the Almighty inspired his optimism. Emerson tells us:

"Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky born music still.
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers;
But in the mud and scum of things—
There alway, alway, something sings."

John Eliot possessed the hearing ear, and in the mud and scum of humanity he discerned the harmonies of the immortal soul. Steeped in barbarism, sunk in ignorance, shrouded in superstition, lazy, improvident, often vicious,—such was the Indian of 1646 for whose spiritual salvation and civic betterment Eliot ceaselessly and hopefully wrought. Nor was his hope unfounded, and in five years he had accomplished more toward the uplift of the red man than has been done by our nation in a century and a quarter. With a prophet's joy must he watch to-day the success of his methods at Hampton and Carlisle; with a prophet's eagerness must he await our solution of the new problems of the backward races which the fortunes of war have thrust upon us.

But the apostle to the Indians was not merely a man of sentiment; he was preëminently a man of sense. He was no fanatic visionary lost in sublimated ideals. He expressed the martyr's spirit of self-sacrifice; he possessed the prophet's faith; but he had in no less degree the statesman's balance. Very early in his experience with the savages, he says: "I find it absolutely necessary to carry on civility with religion"; and this was the principle on which he worked. He gave them the hoe as well as the Bible, built the bridge as well as the meeting house, established the magistrate as well as the minister, and organized the Commonwealth as well as the church. The practical virtues were impressed upon them concomitantly with the ideal. "In proportion as you become wiser and better Christians," he told them, "you will be more industrious and orderly." No hunger for converts induced indiscreet haste in the acceptance of professions. For fourteen years he preached and taught and catechised. Twice, at least, were his proteges subjected

to a rigid examination by the divines of the vicinity in solemn convocation, before the "praying Indians" at Natick were admitted to church membership.

But perhaps the dominant motif in the character of Eliot was his indomitable energy, his capacity for work. The ingenious Mather has indicated that the anagram of Eliot is Toile. During the forty-four years of his missionary labors among the Indians, he was performing faithfully, and often without a colleague, his pastoral duties at Roxbury. To these were added not only his work with the Nonantum Indians and the subsequent establishment and upbuilding of the settlement of Natick, but extended and repeated journeys to the haunts of the savages in distant parts of the colony. He reasoned of righteousness with the mighty Passaconway on the Merrimac; he discoursed to the natives on Cape Cod; he established seven towns in the Nipmuck country. From Martha's Vineyard to Brookfield, from Concord to the Connecticut border he traversed the wilderness. Pathless solitudes echoed with the hoof-beats of his horse. Swollen streams opposed no barrier. Buffeted by storms, drenched with rain, he pressed through the forest and slept beneath the dome of sky. He encountered the jealousy of powwow and the enmity of chief; but "God stept in and helped," he writes, "I considered that word of God, 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ.'" The physical hardships were not, however, his most strenuous expression of energy. It is his work with brain and pen that astonishes us with its magnitude and appalls us with the difficulties that beset its execution. I do not refer to the jolting roughness of the Bay Psalm Book, the first book from an American press, nor to his Christian Commonwealth, which evoked the wrath of the authorities, nor to the scores of letters and dozens of tracts which explained the progress of his work, but to his gigantic accomplishment in philology and translation. We should consider it no trifling task to transfer the entire Bible into French or German, Latin or Greek, languages the structures of which are known, the vocabularies of which are voluminous; but to acquire a barbarous dialect solely by conversation, to develop inductively its principles of etymology, to acquire a vocabulary that could express nobler thoughts and loftier emotions than the race ordinarily experienced, then to transcribe into that speech both the New and Old Testaments, and to supervise their impression with only one of the three printers understanding a word of the copy,—that was

the undertaking which covered nineteen years of Eliot's busy life. Nor was this the sum of his labors. Besides the two editions of the Bible, no fewer than eight books were printed in the Indian language. And all this, toil and travel and translation, was the work of one man. Fittingly to him might have been addressed Cicero's encomium on accomplishment: "Labor in negotio, fortitudo in periculis, industria in agendo, celeritas in conficiendo, consilium in providendo."

As his life drew toward its close, he felt the sunset weariness of the worker. Climbing slowly, one day, the hill to his church, he remarked to the friend upon whose arm he leaned: "This is very much like the way to heaven; 'tis uphill; the Lord by his grace fetch us up." It had been for him a long struggle; but he was nearing the top. In his last letter to Boyle, he had wistfully exclaimed: "I am drawing home." His faithful wife and four of his six children were waiting for him there, and it was almost with impatience that during his last illness he bade his sorrowing colleague, "Pray that I may have leave to begone." At last, after eighty-six years of unremitting service, the summons came, and murmuring in ecstacy, "Welcome joy!" he entered the abode of the blessed, where the weary are at rest.

And now as we pass in review the labor of his life more than two centuries after its consummation, we ask for results. The church he established lives, the school he founded flourishes; but the Indians, to whose betterment he devoted his most strenuous efforts, have vanished. They had barely entered the portals of civilization when they were scattered and thinned by war. Other causes contributed to their extirpation, until to-day not a human being speaks the language in which Eliot preached, or can read the Bible which he was at such infinite pains to prepare. Was all his self-sacrifice, all his faith, all his statesmanship, all his energy wasted? You remember the great dramatist's simple illustration of a moral truth:

> "How far that little candle throws its beams,
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

The taper was insignificant, the light but a blur, to be extinguished by a careless breath, or swallowed in the darkness of the black night; but it served its purpose in the world, if, during its brief existence, its feeble ray beckoned a welcome home and guided the weary steps of one belated traveler to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Hon. John F. Fitzgerald's Address.

After the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by a chorus and the audience, Hon. John F. Fitzgerald of Boston was introduced, his address being, "The Duty Massachusetts owes to the Memory of Eliot:"

I think it most appropriate that words of eulogy should be heaped upon the memory of a man whose claim to greatness rests not upon any great commercial results which he achieved, but rather upon his noble perseverance of duty to God and humanity. Two hundred and fifty years ago John Eliot founded in this village a praying band of Indians.

What tender memories cluster around Eliot's Indian Bible! What a lesson it must speak to each heart and what associations does it not present to our mind! The Word of God written in a barbarous dialect, of a tongue we do not understand, that will never be spoken again, and of a people which have practically ceased to exist.

John Eliot's life teaches us that labor has a quasi-omnipotence, that without it there is no excellence, that it is the law and condition of all progress, God's true wonder-worker and beautifier of the earth, realizing day by day yesterday's impossibilities.

When we consider the materialism of the present age, must we not ask ourselves if the race of God-fearing men is not dying out? Observant minds, no matter how great their faith in popular government, no matter how much they love America, cannot contemplate our actual condition without a sense of disquietude, for there are aspects of our social evolution which sadden and depress even the most patriotic and loyal hearts. It would seem with us, for instance, that while the multitude are made comfortable and keen-witted, the individual remains commonplace and weak, America to-day is not rich in the highest type of man, in whom soul, that is, faith, hope, love, courage and intellect, is supreme.

It is true we have our popular heroes; but so has every people. In our earlier days America was famed for men who placed the spiritual and moral above the material welfare. Now the opposite is the case. What hope is there for the future when the press and education of the day fill the young mind with the actions of the material world rather than the spiritual; when money and what money buys is the goal to be reached? The individuality of John Eliot counted much for his success with the Indians. Individuality is man's noblest triumph over fate, his most heavenly assertion of

the freedom of the soul; and a world in which individuality is impossible is a slavish world. The world to-day is a slavish world as far as individuality is concerned.

If our country is to be great and forever memorable, something in addition to wealth and numbers must make it so.

To be more, not to have more, was the guide and spirit of John Eliot's life. Not for a higher office, but for greater worth; not for fame, but for knowledge. He felt it his duty to man to make himself like God. John Eliot's life teaches us that it is better to be than to have, and that a man is worth only what he is. His life teaches us that we should ask God to inspire us with noble thoughts, and to keep us still strong in the knowledge that an all-wise and divine providence is guiding our destinies.

Mrs. Wilimena Eliot Emerson of Detroit, Michigan, then recited an original poem in a very creditable manner.

POEM DELIVERED AT THE NATICK CELEBRATION, JULY 4, 1901, BY WILIMENA H. ELIOT EMERSON.

All hail, ye verdant hills and leafy streams!
Ye forest rocks and bays! our childhood's dreams
Were woven in your magical embrace
Whose sweetness naught can ever quite efface.

Our fathers found thee! saw the primal plan
Of meadow, brook and glade unspoiled by man,
The sylvan solitude, th' unsullied mountain brow—
Wearing its summer's green, its winter's snow.

New England beautiful! to-day we pour
Libations free and gladsome on thy shore!
After two hundred years and fifty more have sped
We greet the living and invoke the dead!

I

Our fathers came to gain
Freedom of heart and brain—
To worship God alone—
And found a home.

He only wins who dares—
The waiting land was theirs—
By purchase, not by might,
The plan was right.

Soon woodland bower and farm
Heightened the rustic charm,
Many a brave family
Came over the sea.

Each band with its man of God,
Pastor or teacher,
For the leader of those days
Was the preacher.

And if this tale were all
My muse could now recall—
I'd sing a pastoral lay
Fragrant with May.

But Want was there and Cold
And Hunger, lean and old;
Pale Pestilence their child—
Haggard and wild.

These ghosts of deadly blight
Tho' daily put to flight
Anon returning, gave
Many a grave.

Yet time and skill dispose
Of lean and bloodless foes,
Alas! our fathers knew
A deadlier crew.

The other foe was red—
Tall eagle-eyed, the dread
Lord of the land, a man—
An Indian.

Quick as a child to learn,
Swift as a snake to turn
And sting, then gravely get
The calumet.

Or crouched in hideous glee—
Slinking from tree to tree—
In all but form at least
Most like a beast.

II

Brothers and sisters, we whose pulses leap
In thinking back to those Acadian days
When England's sons daring the cruel waste,
Laid the foundations of our modern state,
We see it clearly now, 'twas fear that drove
The red man on to deeds of bloody fray,
Fear posed on ignorance that led our sires
To treat the red men other than a child.

Greed for their lands that led our men to give
Beads, wampum, clothes, unheeding that we clothed
Their bodies but forgot their souls, and left
The seeds of evil—fear, distrust and greed,
Those elemental passions of the world,
To fester and breed theft, hate, murder and despair.
Ye heavens look down and weep mistakes like these—
And angels pity, pardon and appease!

III

As if in answer to a prayer
Breathed by those spirits of the air
Who watch above our mortal state,
Appeared the form of Eliot.
No longer young but in his prime,
He seemed to see beyond his time,
The marks of brother in each face—
The thread of kinship in each race.

And as we look behold them come,
Wilson, Mahew, Leverich, Bourne,
Cotton, Williams—soul of fire and flame—
Many more had we the time to name—
All gathered round the gentle John,
His mouth firm set, his blue eyes shone
With kindness, like that last soft gleam
Flooding the west when day is done.

Methinks we hear him pleading low,
"O friends and comrades, these fair lands
Are ours by purchase, but we owe
More than mere pelf, these savage bands;
They fawn upon us, speak us fair,
But fear our ways, and when thro' greed
An English boor forgets their right,
They turn and rend us in their might.

The meek and lowly Jesus grieves
To see us treat our brothers so,
Nor will he bless the one who lets
From deed or creed his message go;
Our duty here is rendered clear
By words he left us to revere—
'Go teach my name from East to West
For I am Love and Love is best.' "

The teachers heard and hastened forth,
Eager to test the Indian worth,
Difficulty vanished, courage rose,
The book of trouble seemed to close,
Nonantum's fields were first to view,
One red and gold October day,
The gathering of a dusky band,
The birth of Missions in our land.

Then followed days of anxious toil,
Seed sowed upon a stony soil,
Muttering powau, wild-eyed priest,
Tried curses, charms, nor torture least,

Anon the Puritans confessed
None could be held nor aught be blessed,
Unless a Home should be the rock
To anchor fast the Indian stock.

And thus behold fair Natick rise,
Whose birth this day we solemnize,
Spirit incorporate of Home,
Bidding her brood no more to roam!
A very Eden and bower of bliss,
Immortal type that day to this
Of all that makes a nation great,
Of all that conquers Time and Fate.

Nor she alone, for towns as fair
Tempted the Indian from his lair,
The hearthstone and the church became
The peaceful privilege and the aim
Of those red men who long ago
Were true to friend and Puritan;
When Philip dared to plot and plan
And all the welkin rang to woe.

IV

Do you see them passing—
  Swaying along—
On the meadows massing—
  A dusky throng?
Waban, Jaccomes—
  Ponampan, too—
Wampas, Hiacomes—
  Nishokou.
Sassamon student
  Yet known to few;
Daniel Takawambpait,
  Pastor true;
Wannalancet warrior
  Doughty and bold—

Pasaconaway—sachem
  Mighty and old;
Habanocko evil
  Send far away,
"Fight strong the Devil"
  Eliot say—
Singing, preaching, praying—
  Teach how to live;
Then humbly saying,
  "Forbear, forgive."
Do you see them passing,
  Swaying along—
On the meadows massing—
  A dusky throng!

V

Ah, well! the mighty centuries roll on,
Seeming to crush the weak and spare the strong;
But you and I, for whom the seers to-day
Have raised the curtain of that fleeting play,
Played on this stage and chorused by its birds,
Framed by these hills and sentried by its herds,
What do we see as down the past we glance
Noting the slow march of the years advance?
God gave us Law and Love in those far days,
When man first woke to beauty, joy and praise.
Man broke the law and so came fear and hate,
Who, waxing strong, drove love abroad to wait.
Immortal child! love never waits in vain—
And he who takes her to his heart and brain,
Doubles her strength, drives away fear and pain.
In all the ages of this ripening earth,
Some men have had a vision of the truth—
Such were our saintly Eliot and his peers,
Who tried to stem the current of the years
Teaching the red man of the gentle One,
Upon whose Cross the new love was begun.
It was too soon, the red man's soul was dumb,
The leaven must work for centuries to come;

But now, to-day, the heavenly vision clears,
The multitude and not the few are seers—
Hampton, Carlisle, Tuskegee—many more—
And mission dotting this and every shore,
Show to the world that Black and White and Red
Are but the colored strands of one great thread
Which somehow got unravelled as they wove,
But now is being knitted up by Love.
Did Eliot fail? Was Natick vain? We see
By them indeed how much diviner it may be
To seem to fail like these than to succeed
According to the measure of man's greed.
They are the Beacon Lights which brightly show
Adown the centuries the way to go.
God's purposes elude our grasp, we grope
Our weary way, bereft of all but Hope—
Till one day, in a rapture of delight,
We catch a vision of that distant light—
Shining for you and me to keep us right—
And recognize, with swiftly blinding awe,
The Christ in man, whose Love has conquered Law.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale was the next speaker, and when that venerable author and speaker was introduced, a tumult of applause broke out. Following is his address:

Address by Rev. E. E. Hale.

There are two men who have been great leaders in Massachusetts before the Revolution, John Eliot and John Endicott. John Eliot stands out among less than a dozen since the rule of twelve apostles was concluded.

The committee have permitted me to say a few words about their life, and about which he is remembered to-day. I have brought with me this book, a book just printed; a book which Uncle Sam has permitted me to bring here to-day; a book which is dedicated to South Natick. This book is the "Dictionary of Eliot's Bible." I am not going to read the dictionary through, but I will tell a story which I think will interest you. Gilberton, who I believe dreams in "Injun," found a copy of John Eliot's prayer and he showed it to

a number of his friends. They passed it from hand to hand and they could make nothing of it, but when Gilberton read it to them, they caught on to some of the words and by the time he had read the prayer ten times, they could tell all from beginning to end. Now a language like that is not to be forgotten.

It is worth while as we are bringing memorials of Eliot together, that we should bring memorials of his works. The great philologists assure us that of all languages that have ever been known, none are more familiar. I am not saying that it is an easy language, I am saying that it is the language that the students of the best languages would say, "It was the most interesting language in the world." I want to form a scholarship and have a young man and a young woman who will study this language and will not let it die. This language shall live as God lives and from this time forth, South Natick will be able to explain to us the noblest language upon earth.

The last speaker was Hon. J. J. Meyers, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who spoke as follows:

Hon. J. J. Meyers' Address.

I do not forget, if you do, and I presume you do not, that one o'clock is almost here and that before one o'clock we must sing that great hymn "America." I shall not detain you long, only to strike one string that has been struck by the chairman here to-day. I have tried in vain in some measures to visionize that scene two centuries and a half ago. Educated in the University of England, Eliot came to this spot to preach to the Indians. He came to preach the gospel to one of the backwoods races. He made them see that he realized the brotherhood of man, not the brotherhood of the white race.

About one hundred and twenty-five years back on one Fourth of July in Philadelphia, it was proclaimed that all men were created equal, and for a little time the white race dreamed that it was true and did something to make that dream a reality.

One has said that good statesmanship was to determine the question whether a government conceived in liberty was to stand. These words meant the enfranchisement of that black race which was one of the backwoods races. John Eliot came to preach to the red man, Lincoln redeemed the black race, and for a time the skies looked bright for him. Yes, they look bright to-day, but is there

not something that makes us think of the white race who have taken these lands from the Indians. Are we living up to the ideal that John Eliot had when he came to preach to the red men. You know it was not long after "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came forth to tell the world a little of what was going on in the South that that beautiful woman told the story of the "Oldtown Folks of Natick." I have been wishing that out of this gathering and all the gatherings that are occurring to-day, on this Fourth of July, there should go a sentiment that the backwoods races are not to be forgotten, and so, whether it be the remaining red man of the forest, or the black man, or the brown man in the East, wherever the white race go, I would have them carry the same spirit to the backwoods races that John Eliot preached in the beautiful town of Natick.

The chairman now explained the plans of the committee on permanent memorial and a collection was taken up in its aid amounting to over fifty dollars.

After singing "America," by the audience, the meeting adjourned and repaired to the banquet hall and the dining-tent for a mid-day meal.

At 2 o'clock P. M. the whole assembly swarmed to the river banks above the mill dam to witness the

Regatta.

Crews from the Quinobequin and Wabewawa were entered in the open events, and although the course was not all that could be desired, events were closely contested and good time was made. The single canoe race was a close one, and was finally won by French of the Quinobequin, with Notman of the same club second.

The tandem canoe event was won as usual, by Johnson and Pratt of the Wabees, and the war canoe race won by the Quinobequins, although it looked to the spectators as if they fouled the other crew.

One of the features of the meet was the rowing of the Rev. A. J. Benedict, the old-time Yale oar, who took the place of one of the crew of a working boat.

The racing men were royally entertained, and all had a good time. The local races, which were very exciting, were won by the following:

Single paddle canoe, local—Won by Silas Hayden, Fred Thauban second, Fred Hunter third. Time, 6m. 14¾s.

Working boats, single local—Won by James Brown, Thomas Brown second, W. B. Ambler third. Time, 5m. 39s.

Tub race—Won by William Hallinan.

Canoe tandem, local—Won by Silas and Douglas Hayden, Randall and Billings second. Time, 5m. 26¾s.

Working boats, double, local—Won by James and Thomas Brown, Archie Klein and William Pfeiffer second. Time 6m. 55¼s.

Polo horse race, local—Won by William Hallinan, Neal Burr second, Alfred Brannagan third.

Canoe fours, local—Won by S. B. Hayden, J. W. Gregg, Shields Burr and D. R. Hayden; William Dodge, G. H. Burr, C. L. Thompson and Robert Hayden second. Time, 5m. 7s.

Following this the visiting canoeists gave an exhibition of water polo and other aquatic sports.

The races were in charge of Rev. A. J. Benedict, chairman of the committee, Clarence L. Thompson, clerk, W. H. Hall, commodore eastern division, A. C. A.; M. B. Giddings and H. L. Pfeiffer, judges. George N. Cobb, timer.

During all the time of the aquatic sports on the river, those to whom athletics were not attractive were entertained by an exhibition of relics in the Unitarian Church.

Here is an account of it from the Natick *Bulletin:*

"The interior decorations of the Eliot Church were especially fine. High up on the walls back of the pulpit were draped red, white and blue banners; beneath was a banner of green, white and yellow, daintily festooned. Red, white and blue bunting completed the decorations of the pulpit. The sides were adorned in a like manner. It is safe to say that never did the church look more handsome than it did in its holiday attire of the Fourth.

An exhibition of relics pertaining to the Eliot family history was held in one of the anterooms of the church and attracted much attention from the crowds of onlookers who thronged the church. One of the most interesting exhibits was a large old-fashioned black walnut chair, used by Eliot in his study. A gig body of superior workmanship and design, used by Eliot, also attracted considerable

attention. Upon this was emblazoned the coat of arms of the Eliot family, an elephant's head and the motto in Latin, 'Clouds may intervene.' A silk dress made by one of the Eliot family was especially interesting to the ladies. This dress could literally stand alone. The lining of the dress was homespun, and thorns instead of needles were supposed to have been used in its making. Beautiful embroideries, which the fair hands of some of the Eliot family had made, were also on exhibition. Numerous pictures of the early Eliots adorned the walls, but that of the apostle to the Indians was conspicuous by its absence.

Among the interesting books on exhibition were the Eliot family Bible and the Bible in the Indian language. A petition to the General Court was also displayed to view. John Eliot's name appeared among the list of signers. His name was written plainly in a small, round hand, much more effeminate looking than the writing of ladies to-day, who are striving to write us a bold hand. Several pieces of old-fashioned crockery were also upon exhibition."

After a hasty tea great crowds of people assembled at the Eliot oak to hear the music of the band and the

Evening Exercises.

The early twilight found an attentive audience gathered, as the Natick Indians of old did, around the noble great oak which was the "meeting house" of John Eliot, and listened to an address of scholarly lines from Hon. Charles Q. Tirrell, who claimed to be a son-in-law of the town, and from W. R. Bigelow.

Hon. C. Q. Tirrell's Address.

It does not require any great stretch of the imagination in passing by the Riverside station and glancing down upon the river, seeing it alive with canoes darting hither and thither, filled with happy pleasure seekers from Newton and the surrounding towns, to go back 250 years to the Charles River here in our village at this twilight hour, alive with bark canoes, propelling the dusky denizens of the forest, making their way to yonder banks and then to this spot to listen to the admonitions of the great missionary. It was, indeed, a peculiar people whom he addressed. Their like "we shall never see again." In their characteristics they differed from all

other races from the earliest epoch. Whence they came is shrouded in mystery; not even from their own legends can a glimpse of their origin be seen.

Races steeped in barbarism, brutality and ignorance have at least had traditions from which the historian could weave a theory, but the American Indian furnished no information, indeed, had no record of his predecessors, and left no footprints on the sands of time. He lived his generation and passed on, as he believed, to the happy hunting ground of his fathers. His sons lived, feasted and hunted, followed the war path, scalped the enemy, or perchance fell in the ambush of a stealthier foe, even as he had done. To live within the limitations Indian customs enforced, was enough for him. Almost superhuman influence was necessary to change him. He was intelligent. Has not every school boy rehearsed his speeches made by the council fires? He was domestic; his wife and children were as dear to him as yours to you. He was hospitable. What stranger was turned from his tent provided he came with outstretched hand. He was industrious, that is, in his way, in the narrow field of action, in the war and in the chase, for which alone he had a natural inclination. He was religious, in that he believed a Great Spirit somewhere ruled and ever manifested himself in nature. He was in the sigh of the wind, the murmur of the river, the thunder as it rolled through the heavens, the lightning as it flashed across the sky, the tempest as it swept the earth, the sun and the moon, as the one sent its scorching rays to wither or the other its silvery beams to play around his hearthstone. He was haughty and implacable. Who could read his inscrutable countenance? He was ambitious for glory as an Indian viewed it, and fire and sword and torture could not blanch that dusky face or cause to quiver the flesh of that manly form.

Such were the men 250 years ago, gathered around this tree to listen to a strange doctrine and have pointed out to them a new way to immortal life. Suppose for the moment we personate the gathering; you shall be the audience, and I the preacher, but only as far as may be necessary to propound the interrogatories. I have grown more cautious, if not wiser, by advancing years. Once, when familiar with Edwards on "The Will," Paley on "Evidence," Hickox's "Christian Science," and Hamilton's "Metaphysics," I might have attempted to answer. Now I prefer you should, that you may form some conception of the capabilities of the untutored

savage. For instance, he asks Eliot, "What is a spirit?" "Can a soul be enclosed in irons so that it cannot escape?" "When Christ came whence came his soul?" "Was it the same as ours and whither did it go when he arose from the dead?" Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the "Gates Ajar," would have delighted an Indian tribe by her answer to the next question. "Shall I know you in heaven?" "Our little children have not sinned, whither do they go?" "Do they in heaven dwell in houses, and what do they do there?" "Do they know things done on earth?" "Why did not God make all things good?" "Does God know who will repent?" "When you choose your magistrate how do you know who are good and whom you can trust?" If any of my townsmen can answer this, I can guarantee him a monument by the side of Eliot's. "Where shall I find happiness?" Alas, we are all seeking it now and few of us know the way. Civilization does not confer it nor creed assure it. I wonder how he answered them. Did he from the philological erudition he had amassed, seek to enlighten their simple minds on these questions that have staggered the ages, or did he through that linguistic fluency for which he was renowned, guide their thoughts into more practical and understandable themes? We shall never know, but what we do know is, that 4,000 of these praying Indians were brought together by him and some, at least, were led into the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace. At least 1,500 must have been assembled here. It is recalled that the government of the village was in their hands until 1733.

The last Natick Indian died in 1875. Some say the mission was a failure. They ask, "How many converts were made?" "Are you sure there were any?"

At any rate, was it not a transient episode in missionary effort? How many escaped the pillage of King Philip's war in 1675? Were not the Indians almost exterminated, especially the Massachusetts Indians, the tribe Eliot gathered together? Did they not ask his protection because they were the weakest, and the Narragansetts, Nipmuks and Mohegan, the stronger tribes, their natural foe? Was not religion a cloak they wore to insure the aid of the paleface against these tribes? Did not these tribes so view it? All this may indeed be true, but it does not detract from the significance of the event we now commemorate.

"They never fail who die in a great cause.
The block may soak their gore,
Their bodies hang on city gates or castle walls,
But still their spirit marches on."

We measure events by how they direct and mould the future. If but the effervescent experiment of the moment, they fade into oblivion, scarcely worthy of a passing notice. But if representative of some great principle or line of action, they live on through the ages. Such was Eliot, for he first laid down upon this spot the line upon which missionary effort can alone be successfully conducted. He never expected to convert many Indians; such, at least, was not his immediate object. His plan had deeper significance. It aimed to bring them to a civilized method of living, to interest a few, at least, in a Christian doctrine, and then send an Indian Christianized among his people, there in his own way to lead them into a better life. In India, China and isles of the sea, this is the method Protestant and Catholic now pursue, and a hard experience has demonstrated, is the only way. Our foreign missionaries should have studied from Eliot's record made here under this overshadowed tree.

What a life was his! Was it not enough to tax the strongest constitution to be pastor of a large parish in Roxbury, to preach two sermons on Sunday which must be an hour or two in length, to be the spiritual and civil advisor of all his parishioners, and perform the service of pastor and magistrate of his flock? To him it was nothing. His labors were prodigious, almost beyond comprehension, for to them he added the acquisition of the Algonquin tongue, the translation of the Old and New Testament into their language and an Indian grammar to assist in his work.

Yonder monument erected in his memory and now mouldy with age will crumble into dust. This oak that has withstood the storms of so many winters will be rent asunder and hurled to the ground. Not a vestige of the praying Indians, except those artificially created, will remain.

But what Eliot did here and taught here and planned here will forever remain an imperishable monument of one of the few of the immortal names that were not born to die.

Miss Carrie May Perry of Natick then gave a recitation on "Eliot's Oak."

The closing address was made by William R. Bigelow, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF W. R. BIGELOW, ESQ.

We have spent this first Fourth of July of the twentieth century in commemorating a noble life and noble deeds done here two hundred and fifty years ago. What is the work which was accomplished here that calls us to this spot? It was first of all a supremely unselfish effort in behalf of Christianity and civilization. In this village John Eliot solved the race problem of North America. He believed that the Indians could be civilized, but he believed that this could be accomplished only by training them in the mechanical and industrial arts. He believed that they could be educated, but that this must come not alone from the schools which he instituted, but also from social and moral instruction and example. He believed that the Indians could be Christianized, and that this must result not merely from training in the Scriptures, but from the reading of the Bible in their own tongue. The land which he divided among them here was bought and paid for. He hoped to establish Utopia on these banks of the Charles, where his red brothers could live in goodness and quietness. This happy vision was dissipated, however, by the suspicions and misfortunes that grew out of King Philip's war, and he always had to deal with the further enemies of drunkenness and laziness.

The methods which Eliot adopted in this original "Oldtown" of praying Indians have been the only methods that have ever succeeded in this country in the elevation of the Indians or the colored people. They are the accepted methods to-day at Hampton, Tuskegee, and Carlisle; the methods which make men temperate, industrious and honest.

We ought to note also that John Eliot was an educated man, a graduate of Jesus College, Cambridge University, England, a man who could read Hebrew and Greek and was qualified to perform the remarkable labors of constructing a written language out of the Indian tongue and then of translating the entire Bible into that Indian language. He fully realized the responsibility which every educated man ought to feel for the public welfare and the interests of all the people; and he labored here for thirty years among the natives without adequate compensation and without hope of financial reward. If there is any lesson which the times demand, it is the lesson that the accumulation of wealth is not the chief end of

man, but rather the service of his fellowmen. John Eliot fulfilled that paramount injunction of Scripture: "Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all." Under this ancient tree, which listened to the voices of Eliot and his disciples and has outlived them all, we gather to-day to pay respect to the permanence and eternal power of exalted purity of personal character.

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

But there is a national lesson which we ought not to overlook upon this, our national day. The Indians of 1651 have disappeared. Their children have died after them. They are to-day almost an extinct race. The Bible which Eliot translated is in an unknown tongue. No living man can read it. This is the oft-repeated tragedy of civilization, the higher crushing out the lower. But in place of these aborigines there have come to these shores during the past two hundred and fifty years, thousands and millions of men and women from every race and tongue on earth. They have spread over this great continent and possessed it, and reached out to the islands of the sea. At the present time the United States of America is instituting a new form of civil government in the islands of the far East, ten thousand miles away; and on this very day we are there inaugurating a civil governor over ten millions of Indians of another blood and many tribes. There is but one course which this nation can pursue with them. We must deal with them as John Eliot dealt with the Natick Indians. We must educate them; we must train them in the industrial arts; we must give them the Bible in their own tongue; and above all, we must deal justly and generously with them.

The United States of America is become the crucible of all nations. Men of all the earth have gathered here to make a new nation, "and certify to earth a new imperial race." It is the land of liberty.

> "She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
> She of the open soul and open door,
> With room about her hearth for all mankind."

It is for us to see to it that this great democracy of the twentieth century shall not fail. In the building up of this nation these friendly Indians of "Oldtown" had an honorable part. They were loyal to the whites during King Philip's war, more loyal than were the whites to them. The Natick Indians fought for America at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and we have strong historical reasons for believing that

the first victim of the Boston Massacre, Crispus Attucks, was a member of the tribe of Natick Indians.

I can do no better than to close these exercises with a stanza from the remarkable poem which was read by a brilliant adopted citizen of this Commonwealth at the dedication of the monument on Boston Common to Crispus Attucks and his fellow martyrs:

"O, blood of the people! changeless tide, through century, creed and race!
Still one as the sweet salt sea is one, though tempered by sun and place;
The same in the ocean currents, and the same in the sheltered seas;
Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympathies;
Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and Gaul—
Mere surface shadow and sunshine; while the sounding unifies all;
One love, one hope, one duty theirs! no matter the time or ken,
There never was separate heartbeat in all the races of men."

At 8 o'clock larger crowds than we had before seen lined the river banks and every available point for sight-seeing to view the float and the fireworks. An adequate description of either float or fireworks is simply impossible. To say that they far surpassed anything of the kind ever before seen in South Natick, but feebly expresses the feeling with which we viewed the wonderful beauty of illuminated boats on the river, the flight of rockets with the alternate bursting of booms and glare of the many-colored fire in the field. The first prize was awarded to Dexter Richardson and Miss Lizzie Pfeiffer for the most beautiful boat. Just a word may be said of the orderly conduct of the great throng of people who witnessed these scenes. The whole day and evening were characterized by unusual decorum in all the changing crowds on the streets, at the morning and evening exercises, in the church and historical museum, which were crowded with visitors all the afternoon. How much of this was due to efficient police protection of course we cannot tell, yet the fact must be noted that the police did very effective and excellent work during day and evening, and it was done in a very quiet and unobtrusive way. They seemed to possess an intuition which led them to every place where disturbances might be looked for in season to prevent outbreak and preserve the best of order. We thank our police force for their faithfulness.

One of the Boston dailies estimated the number of people entertained by the fireworks at eight thousand.

This record would not be complete without the appended acknowledgment by the committee, and comments of the press.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the many people of our village; to our neighbors in Wellesley; to our townsmen in Natick Center; to our former residents, now living elsewhere—we are grateful for the earnest support and liberal contributions which have insured the successful preparations for the events here announced.

The committee also acknowledge with thanks the following contributions from Boston houses:

Jordan, Marsh & Co., 600 yards cotton bunting.

R. H. White & Co., 60 flags.

Gilchrist & Co., 300 yards cotton bunting.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Co., 3,000 yards of iron wire.

And to our townsman, A. Bailey, for free transportation of all decorative material.

CARD OF THANKS.

The committee in charge of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of South Natick wish to express their gratitude to the speakers for their eloquent and appropriate addresses; to the press for their generous notice of the event; to the citizens for beautifying and decorating their places; to the police for the splendid order maintained; to the selectmen and road commissioners for their assistance; to the electric railroad and caterer for performing their arduous duties with such success. Also the Natick Gas & Electric Lighting Company and Mr. F. L. Harris for the use of their grounds.

Rev. L. R. DANIELS, *Chairman.*
NELLIE A. HAYWARD, *Secretary.*

The following is from the South Natick correspondent of a local paper:

One of the oldest houses in this locality and one of considerable historic interest was not marked with a tablet at the time of the celebration here—the "Ephraim Dana" homestead, for many years the home of the Dana family and their descendants. The original house is still standing, although it has lost much of its antique appearance by repairs from time to time, but was certainly

worthy of some mark to denote its age. This house was built prior to 1761, in which year David Morse, who lived on what is now known as the Caswell place, deeded the land, consisting of forty-eight acres, with the buildings thereon to his son, William Morse. Ephraim Dana had a blacksmith shop for many years on the corner of Leach Lane, near his dwelling. The ell of the house was built for a dry and fancy goods store, which was kept by the Misses Dana until their marriage, and later by their cousins, the Misses Holbrook of Sherborn. Many have been born, married, and have gone to their last resting place from this house; among them Rev. Gorham Abbott, LL.D., who died here in 1874.

The Treasurer's report is given in detail because we consider the financial success phenomenal.

H. and N. H. Society Celebration Committee.	Dr.	Cr.
Amount of Cash contributions	$1,576.98	
Received for Flags and Bunting sold	26.01	
Received for Souvenir Books and Posters	81.05	
Received for Banquet Tickets sold	31.25	
Received for Lumber sold	30.00	
Total	$1,745.29	
Paid for clearing ground, for material and carpentry in erection of the Grand Stand for speakers and singers		$98.27
Paid for Material and Labor in fitting up grounds for care of Horses, Bicycles, &c.		7.80
Paid for Rent, Transportation and damage by rain, of Tents, Chairs and Tables, also for pitching tents and the construction of a Wigwam, &c.		99.25
Paid for Stationery, Postage, collecting money subscribed, and for other material used in Secretary's work		22.16
Paid for Printing Programs, Souvenir Books and Posters, and Newspaper Advertising		337.15
Paid for Placarding Historic Sites, Residences, and other places, and painting names of original Natick Proprietors		40.47
Paid for Flags, material and labor for Street Decoration		222.47
Paid cost of Regatta (Prizes, Boats, &c.)		73.00
Paid cost of Float (Lanterns, Red Fire, Prizes, &c.)		89.25
Paid for Fireworks and clearing ground for them		304.00
Paid for Police Protection of Decorations, &c., and Dinner and Supper for whole force		29.00
Paid for Banquet, Carriages and Entertainment for Speakers and other guests		75.75
Paid for Band, 25 pieces (services, dinner and supper)		225.00
Whole amount expended		$1,623.57
Cash balance turned into the Treasury of the Historical Society....		121.72
Total	$1,745.29	

This from the Natick *Citizen:*

South Natick did herself proud last Thursday and is entitled to a great amount of credit. When a handful of people can attract eight thousand persons to their borough, with celebrations in towns bordering them, it speaks volumes for their enterprise and management. It simply goes to prove the fact that Natick Centre should have a July 4th celebration every year for the benefit of the town and also that a small number of persons could make it a success if they worked in harmony. We doubt if a cleaner or more entertaining affair was ever held in the state, and it doesn't seem possible that it could be improved on. Natick Centre figured very slightly in the affair. South Natick wasn't dependent upon this section and proved it beyond a doubt. As a matter of compliment the Hon. C. Q. Tirrell was requested to speak, and his address was most enthusiastically listened to. The closing address by Wm. R. Bigelow, also from the Centre, was very interesting.

Let us close our narrative with a very appropriate poem from the pen of one of our best known and much respected townswomen, Mrs. Mary R. Esty.

THE ANCIENT DWELLERS BY THE RIVER CHARLES.

[Suggested by the recent anniversary.]

Shades of the past, whose mortal atoms rest
Beneath the lowland turf or on the upland crest,
Draw back the curtain of the vanished years
And show what on the thither side appears!

Tell us of days before the paleface came
To fish your streams and scare your woodland game,
To place his conquering foot upon your hills,
And turn from nature's course your wimpling rills!

How sighed your towering pines in winter's blast,
How shook your beeches down their fruity mast,
How shy-eyed, wild things sought the river's brink
To slake their thirst with nature's cooling drink.

Where drooping willows laved their golden fringe,
Or glowing alder berries showed their crimson tinge,
Or pink hibiscus, with its giant, rosy cup,

Reflected in the water, gazed in splendor up,
As season after season, age on age unrolled
Through summer's burning heat, or winter's bitter cold.

Speak, shadows, from your homes in other spheres!
Is there no record of those vanished years?
No Runic character on tree or stone
To tell how centuries have come and flown?

To tell of creatures lithe and wild now known no more?
To mark the ancient boundaries of wood and shore?
To show how rocks have crumbled, streams have dried?
How tree, and plant, and flower evolved and died?
No work of art, no scroll, however rude,
To show the vital spark of God your souls imbued?

Tell, then, of those who peopled this fair land!
What tribes and races, families and bands
Filled the broad fields and drew the straining bow,
And sent the arrow forth on work of death to go!

How little children through the meadows played,
And gathered nuts in autumn's shine and shade!
How swarthy lovers pushed their birchen boat
Where rushes raise their lances and creamy lilies float!
How worshipped they? What forms and faith were theirs?
What were their Gods? To whom arose their prayers?

No voice replies. 'Tis silent all and dumb.
No answers to our wondering questions come.

Where rest ye now? What are your types and kinds?
Do deeds and thoughts of progress now inspire your minds?
Have earth conditions from your struggling souls been driven
Like darkling clouds by summer breezes driven?

In vain! Nothing in earth or heaven replies.
No whisper comes from shore, or sea, or skies.
Oblivion. Not a line remains to say
Who strove and toiled—who came and passed away.

So let it be! They came at Nature's call,
They lived and died. Now let the curtain fall.

M. R. E.

The Committee of "The Descendants of John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians," **George E. Eliot,** Clinton, **Whitney Elliott,** North Haven, **John A. Stanton,** Clinton, and **Edward Eliot,** Guilford, all of Connecticut, at the meeting at South Natick, Mass., July 3, 1901, by vote were directed to call another meeting within five years. Clinton, Connecticut, has been selected as the place and September 5, 1906, as the date. No formal orations may be expected but voluntary or off-hand addresses will be heard with pleasure. Will you or representatives of your family be present and take part in the proceedings? **An early response is desired** so that arrangements may be perfected for entertainment. Replies may be addressed to any member of the committee, preferably to George E. Eliot, Clinton, Connecticut.

JANUARY 1, 1906.