

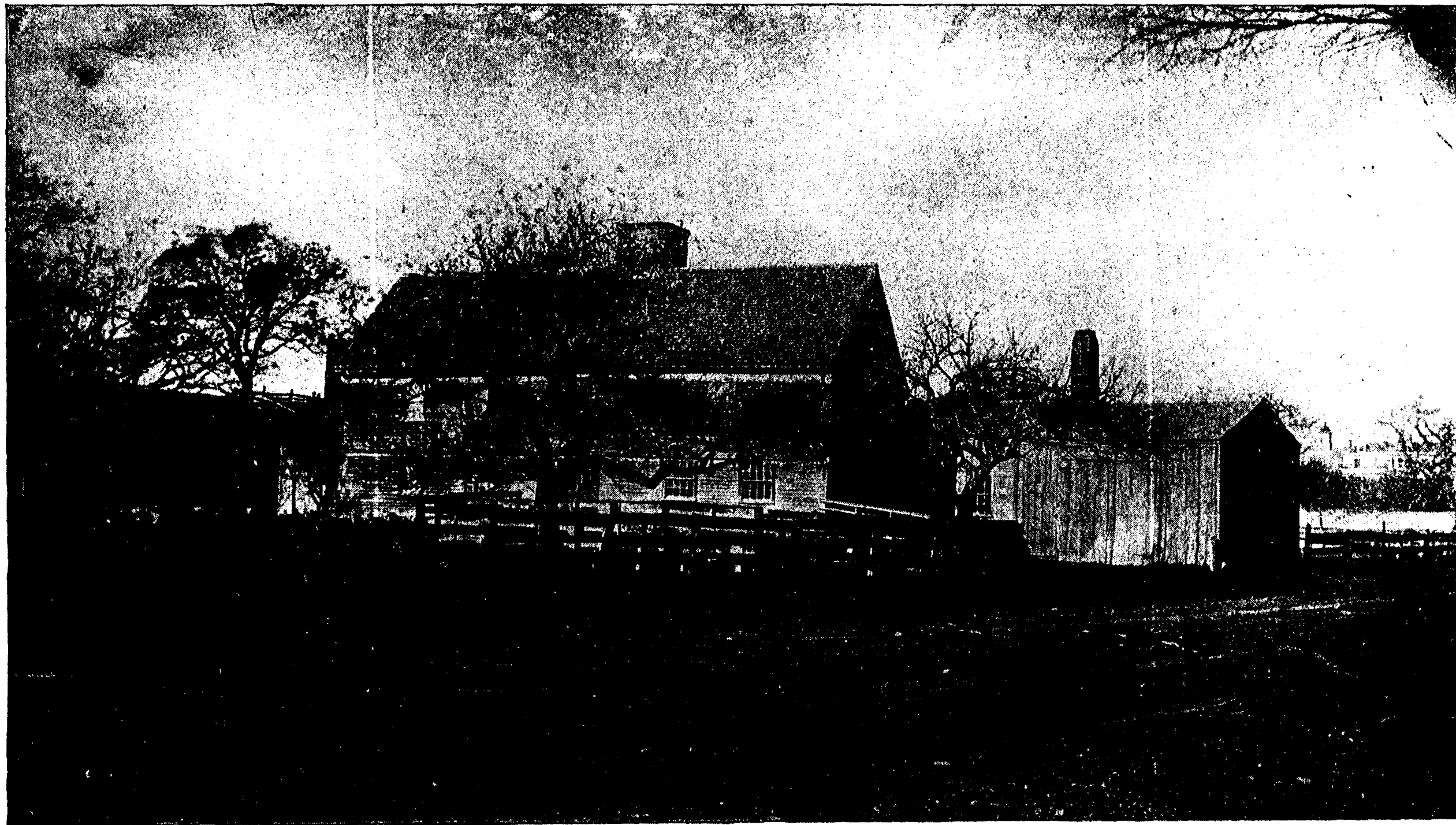
ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
REUNION OF THE PILLSBURY FAMILY
AT
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION SHOWING THE ANCIENT PILLSBURY MANSION
AT NEWBURYPORT.

FIFTY COPIES PRINTED.

SALEM, MASS.:
THE SALEM PRESS PUBLISHING AND PRINTING CO.
The Salem Press.
1891.



ANCIENT PILLSBURY HOUSE,
PILSBURY PLACE, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.
1891

PROCEEDINGS AT NEWBURYPORT,

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

THE 250th anniversary of the settlement of William Pillsbury in New England was duly observed by his descendants, in Newburyport, Mass., in such a manner as to make the occasion a memorable one.

This is the third meeting of the family and it brought out the largest gathering that has yet attended. They came from all parts of the United States. These family reunions were brought about through the influence and exertions of Misses Emily A. and Ellen P. Getchell, who are among the descendants and who have spent considerable time in preparing the genealogy of the Pillsbury family. In this work they have taken a great interest and yesterday there were present 176 descendants to the tenth generation. The oldest was Judge Nehemiah O. Pillsbury, of Montclair, N. J., who is in his eighty-fifth year; the youngest, Laura Evelyn Merrill, of Danvers, aged twenty-one months. It is interesting to note that between the ages of 50 and 55, 11 were present; between 55 and 60, 6; 60 and 65, 10; 65 and 70, 6; 70, and 75, 5; 75 and 80, 4, and 80 and 85, 4.

The first meeting was held in 1888 with 106 present. In 1889 there were 111 and this year, a gain of 65 was made.

The President, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury of Boston, called the assemblage to order. The exercises opened with an organ selection by Perley Pillsbury of Lynn. After prayer was offered, the president made an address of welcome in which he expressed his pleasure at meeting so many on this occasion. He said that they were there to do honor to the family and spoke of its eminent respectability and social standing; its early genealogy and organization, and thought it especially fitting that the family of Pillsbury should gather here in the very spot where it first took root. He heartily congratulated the family on the good progress made and the large attendance on this day. The following original hymn was sung :

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

BY MISS D. B. PILLSBURY, OF ROCKLAND, ME.

On this reunion day
 Let every heart be gay,
 Tuneful each voice !
 Let the loud anthems rise
 Until they reach the skies,
 Where souls in paradise
 With us rejoice.

Come, let us tell in rhyme
 How from old England's clime
 O'er the wild sea,
 William, our founder came,
 Bearing the Pillsbury name.
 Ever to live in fame—
 In history :

How in this ancient town
 Set he his standard down,
 Builded a home ;
 Children around his knee
 Clustered and laughed in glee,
 Happy and blest was he
 Nor cared to roam :

How centuries rolled away,—
 Two and a half to-day,—
 Since William came ;
 And here his progeny
 This anniversary,
 From near and far away
 Meet in his name.

Age, youth and childhood sweet,
 Gladly together meet,
 Smiles everywhere !
 Statesmen and scholars grand,
 Merchants and lawyers stand,
 Greeting with friendly hand
 Each other here.

May every hour be bright
 With beams of pure delight,
 Father! we pray;
 And when we're called to part,
 Never from any heart
 Shall the mem'ry depart
 Of this grand day.

Prof. John H. Pillsbury of Smith College was next introduced who said :

The greatness of any people depends not upon the age in which its lot may fall to work out a destiny for itself, nor yet upon the portion of this with which it may bring in subjection to its own peculiar control. Nor is national grandeur measured by the magnitude of its property.

The traveller in Egypt is struck with amazement as he stands before the monument of a once mighty people, relics of so grand an age that he wonders in what period of human history they can have existed. In magnificence of conception and difficulty of execution they seem the results of the present century. But when the historian seeks to learn to what age they belong he finds that they date beyond the reach of authentic history. We are hardly conscious, the speaker said, of the influence of this grandeur of achievement upon the civilization of this century.

He spoke of ancient proud monuments, achievements of fame, magnificence of art and architecture of ancient days and the progress being made by old countries in civilization, religiously and morally, holding that the people were ambitious in seeking after truth and light. Of Egypt

and Babylon, China, India, Rome and the ever changing condition of the Jewish people, the speaker dwelt upon interestingly and in support of his theories.

Nor must we forget, he said, to look across the miles of ocean that lie between us and a little island on the outskirts of Europe, separated it would seem from contention for place and power and yet the source of more that is grand and promising of future grandeur in modern civilization and thought than any other spot of equal size on the whole earth.

What was true of the arts and arms of ancient Rome is now significantly true of the culture and civilization of Great Britain; not only reaching civilization herself but having done a liberal share in the civilization.

Those influences which take hold upon the minds and hearts of men are those which endure beyond the present term.

The speaker felt that he would be out of fashion to an almost unwarrantable degree did he not follow the custom prevailing in town and family celebrations and glorify the marvelous progress of this beloved land of ours, with its unprecedented progress of mutual prosperity and æsthetic resources, and many things which are the admiration of other nations and which certainly are justly the pride of every loyal citizen of the republic.

It was his present purpose to call attention to what he felt sure he would be agreed with in thinking was of more value and importance, viz. : the peculiar spirit of the true American citizen. In answer to what it is he would say :

"Love of Liberty,"—liberty of life and limb, liberty of thought and speech, liberty of conscience.

Coming down to the early settlement of New England, the establishment of freedom and free institutions, one is impressed with the love these settlers bore for their old homes by the way they duplicated the towns of their native countries here in New England soil. From Derby and Somerset, from Essex and Suffolk, Norfolk and York came these noble men.

The constant and rapid influx of foreigners, with no knowledge of our institutions, the speaker held was a menace to our future prosperity. He thought the only remedy was through the education of the masses that come to our shores in the public schools and by teachers in perfect sympathy with American institutions. The public school is the nursery of the republic. Long live the public school founded by our fathers, and he is the most dangerous of traitors who is the enemy of public schools.

The other great danger is the social unrest which pervades all our large cities: the agitation of class feeling and distinction, the contest between labor and capital are the more prominent forms in which the social unrest is shown. Legislative and labor combinations will not afford the relief. The same power that gained in the race for wealth will gain in every contest between capital and labor unless another and nobler spirit enters the arena. One truly christian capitalist can do more for the laboring classes than all the labor organizations of the country have yet done. Thank God there are a few who are alive to this

opportunity but, alas ! too many offer the laborer only as good as he gives. We want not theology but religion. We have theology enough in the past to send us all to perdition. For Christ's sake, let us have a christianity that takes hold on the masses and reaches every avenue of public and private life. As I have looked over the worthy names of our brothers and sisters who have made us who are unknown to fame proud of the name we bear, I am impressed with the fact that one may find every shade of political, social, theological and commercial life. The only thing I am unable to see that we lack is a blue Puritan persecutor.

Mrs. Lucy (Chandler) Pillsbury of Lynn rendered a vocal selection in an admirable manner, which evoked the hearty applause of those present. Being encored, she sang "Home, Sweet Home."

Next was an original poem by Miss Emily Getchell of this city. It was ably delivered by Miss Getchell, and well received. The poem is given below :

I KINGS, VIII : 54-66.

In the grand history of the human race,
The Almighty Author many a page repeats ;
What boots it whether on the Judean hills,
'Mong northern snows, or where the western seas
Beat sand or rocky shores, the chapter lies ;
The story is the same, who runs may read.

The Stuart sits brooding in fair Whitehall ;
Over its turrets the wind blows free ;

He plots and schemes best how his purse to fill,
 For careless of honor or truth is he ;
 While from castle and manor and cottage door,
 Gentle and simple, the rich and the poor,
 To port and haven flock more and more :
 The nation's best blood dares the western sea.

Down the rough channel the little waves dance,
 While salt and sweet blows the west wind free ;
 And challenging hindrance the ships sail out,
 Bearing seed of a nation that is to be.
 "Farewell, dear England !" the wanderers say,
 As widening the waters grow chill and gray
 With a low-hanging storm that broods over the way ;—
 A path that leads on to uncertainty.

The prayer and praise rose from fervent lips,
 Through storm and shine on the west wind free,
 Till the sea-worn barks with their canvas furled,
 Dropped anchor at last in a harbor's lee ;
 While forth from the pine-cooled solitude
 To the souls that hungered for hope's sweet food,
 Voices seemed murmuring of cheer and good,
 In the new strange country they longed to see.

The slow months came, and the slow months went,
 While sorrow and death mocked the west wind free ;
 And the wilderness grim, like the giant of old,
 Was a fierce unconquered enemy.
 And mutterings of jealousy, wrath and fear,

Came on the winds to their anxious ear,
 And wreck and ruin seemed hovering near :
 The price was costly for liberty.

They builded for times that they should not see,
 With brave unselfishness born of trust
 That the God who guided them over the deep,
 Would lead their children when they were dust.
 Leaving the fatherland not for greed
 Of gold, or pressure of earthly need,
 Or lust of adventure ; they could but plead
 Zeal for conscience and worship just.

Stout words come back from the dim old years,
 The wind of the past brings them fearless and free ;—
 “I count that my country where dearest friends are,
 And where God by my deeds shall most glorified be !”¹
 In the city he nursed, stands his statue on high,
 Where the tumult of traffic rolls ceaselessly by ;
 But all things are changed save the same arching sky,
 The blue misty hills, and the restless sea.

’Tis an old, old story, told many times o’er,
 Till its phrases are worn, like the characters brown ;
 In our lives of whirl and bustle, the din
 Of to-day impatiently crowds it down.
 Our fathers slow journeyed by forest and stream ;
 We annihilate space by the giant of steam,
 Make the lightning answer the wizard’s dream
 And speak by his mandate from town to town.

¹ John Winthrop.

While with comfort lapped round who remembers the time
 When coarse was the loaf and but scanty the cheer,
 And the homespun garment of fashion rude
 Was but half defence from the winter drear?
 When a pitch-knot lighted the low-browed room
 Where the goodwife toiled at her wheel or loom,
 And the children pored in the semi-gloom
 O'er the few poor books from their meagreness dear?

When life was a monotone, serious, sad ;
 The earth was a desert, and God a judge stern ;
 And labor in sweat of the brow the decree,
 The primeval curse which the youngest must learn?
 When no festival shade was on any day thrown,
 When Christmas was Popish, July 4th yet unknown,
 And November's Thanksgiving stood chilly and lone,
 While feasting to fasting was ready to turn?

Their narrowness causes a tolerant sigh ;
 Our judgment more lax would their straightness deride ;
 Forgetting the time ruled the temper and men,
 While we walk in the light to their footsteps denied.
 They sowed and we reap : on to-day's harvest-plain,
 Our hands overflowing with joy's golden grain,
 Speak the yesterday's seed-time of patience and pain !
 We are richer because they have lived and died.

A business meeting was next held. Reports were presented by the secretary, treasurer and genealogist, and it was voted to proceed to the election of officers.

A nominating committee was chosen to report a list of

officers for the year ensuing. Their report recommended the old board of officers with a single exception, and they were accordingly elected. They are :

Vice-president—Hon. W. S. Pillsbury of Derry, N. H.

Secretary—Hon. E. L. Pillsbury of Charlestown.

President—Hon. A. E. Pillsbury of Boston.

Treasurer—Charles E. Pillsbury of Biddeford, Me.

Finance committee—Luther B. Pillsbury, Samuel H. Pillsbury, Caleb K. Pillsbury.

Committee on reunions—Samuel Pillsbury, Harvey H. Pillsbury, James N. Pillsbury, Ellen P. Getchell, Chas. A. Pillsbury.

Committee on genealogy—John H. Pillsbury, Albert F. Bradbury, Emily A. Getchell.

Historian—Emily A. Getchell.

The anniversary ode was then sung as follows :

BY MRS. HANNAH (PILLSBURY) CHAMBERLIN OF DOVER, N. H.

Hail, happy day ! we've longed to greet
With joy each loving face we meet ;
We clasp the hands of kindred dear
From distant homes who gather here.

From north and south, from east and west
We meet here where our fathers rest.
To see and tread the hills and plains
Round which their memory still remains.

We think of those who long ago
In these rude wilds saw freedom grow,
And won for us thro' toils' annoy,
The blessings that we now enjoy.

May we all tread the paths they trod,—
 The children serve the fathers' God ;
 And when on earth we meet no more
 Rejoin them on the deathless shore.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

The family adjourned to Fraternity hall where awaited them a fine dinner served by caterer Howard P. Currier.

Interesting remarks were made after dinner by Judge Nehemiah O. Pillsbury of Montclair, N. J. ; Parker Pillsbury of Concord, N. H. ; Hon. George A. Pillsbury of Minneapolis ; Hon. John S. Pillsbury of Minneapolis, ex-governor of Minnesota ; Charles A. Pillsbury of Roanoke, Va. The latter delivered an impromptu verse which is as follows :

“Strolling by the market-place on a busy day,
 Listening to the voices, chanting o'er the way,
 I hear above all others, the old familiar cry
 Berries fine, for jam and wine, now's your chance to buy.”

“Berries gathered here to-day are not bought and sold,
 Never wilt in any clime, mild or hot or cold,
 The wine and sauce they yield is joy and peace to man
 The pleasant Newbury port and choice Pillsbury jam.”

At the close of the post-prandial exercises, cars were taken on the High street line to visit the site of the old Pillsbury house on High street, which has been recently replaced by a new dwelling, an exact duplicate of the ancient one.

This is the home of the Misses Getchell, descendants in the ninth generation of the original dwellers. This property came into the possession of the Pillsburys in 1651. An hour or two was spent pleasantly here, after which the family took evening trains for their several homes, well pleased with what had been a glorious reunion.

NOTES.

President Pillsbury had the pleasant task of presenting to the secretary an oaken cane and to the treasurer an oaken box made from timbers taken from the ancient Pillsbury house.

The Misses Getchell were presented with an oil-painting of the interior of the old house.

With the celebration of the 250th anniversary ends the insertion of later events into the family history, in order to make good the title of the book, "250 years of the Pillsbury family in America."

PILLSBURY GENEALOGY.

The undersigned is devoting time and energy to making the family records already secured as complete as possible, and will be pleased to correspond with any one bearing or connected with the name of Pillsbury.

She is desirous of obtaining names of Pillsburys who have graduated from any of the colleges in the United States; also, names of Revolutionary soldiers, of the veterans of the war of 1812 both army and navy, and the war of the Rebellion.

Information is greatly desired respecting the family of one Abel Pillsbury who was living in Charlestown, Mass., in 1717 or 1718, and married there Mrs. Susannah (Adams) Prichard. Their children were Thomas, b. 1720, Susannah, b. 1723, Joshua, b. 1725, John, b. 1728, Margaret, b. 1730, and possibly others.

Members of this family are thought to have emigrated to Maine.

EMILY H. GETCHELL.

Pilsbery Place, Newburyport, Mass.

