

# STANDISH MONUMENT.

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EXERCISES AT THE CONSECRATION,

AT

DUXBURY, AUGUST 17, 1871.



## STANDISH MEMORIAL.

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THE great interest taken by the public in the erection of some suitable memorial to Captain MILES STANDISH, has properly taken the subject from the hands of a few of his immediate descendants, and placed it in charge of the American people at large, the representatives of whom, as shown by the list of the officers of the Association, are fully capable of taking care of the subject in all its bearings. The military of the United States very naturally claim a large share in perpetuating the memory of the first commissioned military officer of the New World, especially when the martial character of the man, after more than two hundred and fifty years' test, still stands out almost unparalleled in the history of the country.

It has often been said that the military powers of Standish, together with his great executive ability, and incessant labor in the various departments of the colony, saved it many times from dissolution. Be that as it may, there is abundant evidence that the colony always held him in high confidence and respect. The last commission against the Dutch, so near his death, proves that even in his old age their confidence was not diminished.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic alone would cheerfully erect a monument; but some of our first merchants and citizens are too sensible of the great service of our soldiers to allow them to be at this expense, and offer liberally in its behalf. It is to be presumed that the sum of fifty thousand dollars can be easily raised for such a purpose. President Grant and many of his

Generals have signified their hearty approval of the object, and citizens from almost every part of the country offer their aid and support.

The spot chosen for the monument is Captain's Hill, on the old Standish Farm, at Duxbury, where Captain Standish lived and died. This farm was given him by the colony about 1630, and remained in the family till the middle of the last century. The hill is one hundred and eighty feet high, and overlooks Plymouth and Duxbury Bays, and is now much used as a sighting point to navigators in entering Massachusetts Bay. When the shaft is up it will be most useful to the coast survey as well as to navigators.

Thus, after two and a half centuries, this tribute is offered to the memory of one who left the allurements of wealth, luxury, and power, for the wilderness of New England, there to give a life-service in sowing seeds for the fruit we to-day enjoy.

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### STANDISH MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE 1ST. — The object and and purpose of this Association is to cause to be erected a suitable and proper Memorial Monument, Obelisk, or Tablet, to the memory of Captain MILES STANDISH, on or near Captain's Hill, Duxbury, Massachusetts.

ART. 2D. — The Board of Directors of the Association, for the time being, shall constitute the Board of Management, and have full power to act and do all things necessary to secure the object of the Association, appoint agents and assistants, and fill all vacancies in their board.

ART. 3D. — The property and funds of the Association may be held by one or more trustees, or a treasurer, who, with the officers of the Association, after the year eighteen hundred and seventy-one, shall be chosen by the subscribers to the fund, under such rules or by-laws as the directors or subscribers may adopt at any regular meeting.

ART. 4TH. — The officers of the Association shall be a President, one or more advisory or Vice-Presidents, Trustees and Directors, Secretaries and Treasurer, and such other officers or agents as may be appointed or chosen for the necessary purposes of the Association; and the Selectmen of Duxbury are to appoint or approve the first officers of the Association.

ART. 5TH. — The President, or any five Directors, may call a meeting of the Directors when needed. The annual meeting for the choice of officers and other business shall be held, after notice, the first Tuesday of January in each year. All officers may hold over till new ones are elected in their place.

ART. 6TH. — An Executive Committee of twelve shall be chosen, who shall have special charge of the planning and building the Monument, under the control of the Board of Directors.

ART. 7TH. — The foregoing Constitution, Rules and Specifications may be altered and changed by the subscribers or directors at any regular meeting of the officers of the Association.

DUXBURY, December 21st, 1870, and the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of MILES STANDISH with the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, December 21st, 1620.

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PRESIDENT. — Gen. Horace Binney Sargent.

ADVISORY PRESIDENTS. — His Excellency Marshall Jewell, Connecticut; His Excellency James A. Weston, New Hampshire; Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Massachusetts; Rev. Dr. George Putnam; Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, Maine; Hon. Alexander H. Rice; Dr. George B. Loring; Hon. John H. Clifford, Massachusetts; Gen. A. E. Burnside, Rhode Island; Hon. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Boston; Hon. E. S. Tobey, Boston; Hon. Horatio Harris, Boston.

DIRECTORS. — Hon. Onslow Stearns, Concord, N. H.; Hon. Thomas Russell, Boston; Nathaniel Adams, Boston; Lemuel Miles

Standish, Boston ; Samuel Little, Boston ; Samuel Loring, Duxbury ; Nathan Matthews, Boston ; Frederick C. Adams, Kingston ; Francis Standish, Boston ; Wm. Whiting, Boston ; Nathan Morse, Boston ; Isaac Keene, Duxbury ; Jonathan S. Ford, Duxbury ; Rev. Josiah Moore, Duxbury ; Dr. James Wilde, Duxbury ; James Ritchie, Boston ; S. M. Allen, Boston ; Edwin Adams, Boston ; Edwin C. Bailey, Boston ; Stephen N. Gifford, Duxbury ; Joseph S. Beal, Kingston ; Alden S. Bradford, Kingston ; George B. Standish, Duxbury ; Alden B. Weston, Duxbury ; Elbridge Chandler, Duxbury ; Hamilton E. Smith, Duxbury ; Oliver Ditson, Boston ; John G. Jackson, Boston ; Dr. Cushing Webber, Boston ; Gen. B. F. Butler ; Jonas Fitch, Boston ; Jacob H. Loud, Plymouth ; George Bradford, Duxbury ; John S. Loring, Duxbury ; Harrison Loring, Boston ; Wm. G. Russell, Boston ; Alden Frink, Boston ; W. S. Danforth, Plymouth ; George W. Wright, Duxbury ; Dr. Calvin Pratt, Duxbury ; Parker C. Richardson, Duxbury ; Job A. Turner, Boston ; Joshua M. Cushing, Duxbury.

SECRETARY. — Stephen N. Gifford, Duxbury.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY. — Stephen M. Allen, Boston.

TREASURER. — Jacob H. Loud, Plymouth and Boston.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. — Nathaniel Adams, of Boston ; Lemuel Miles Standish, Hon. E. S. Tobey, Samuel Little, Francis Standish, James Ritchie, S. M. Allen, Edwin Adams, Jacob H. Loud, Harrison Loring, Job H. Turner, Gen. H. B. Sargent.

FINANCE COMMITTEE. — Horatio Harris, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Hon. E. S. Tobey, Nathan Matthews, Oliver Ditson, Dr. Geo. B. Loring, Samuel Little, Jacob H. Loud, Nathaniel Adams, Jonathan S. Ford, George B. Standish, Gen. B. F. Butler, George W. Wright, Jonas Fitch, W. S. Danforth, Hon. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, George Putnam, and Joseph S. Beal.

[EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.]

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## STANDISH MEMORIAL EXERCISES,

CAPTAIN'S HILL.

DUXBURY, AUGUST 17, 1871.

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THE first train on the new Duxbury & Cohasset Railroad arrived at the Duxbury station at seven o'clock the evening previous, with freight and passengers, and bringing a section of two guns and twenty men of the First Battery, under command of Capt. E. C. Langley and Lieut. I. C. Foster. On the morning of the seventeenth, on the arrival of the cars and steamboat, the exercises of the day commenced with the firing of one hundred guns by the battery.

A procession was formed at the depot, under the direction of Joshua M. Cushing, the marshal of the day, the Standish Guards, Lieut. Lanman, commanding, acting as escort.

Arrived at the monument grounds, the assembly were called to order by Gen. SARGENT, President of the Association, and the following named gentlemen appointed as committees:—

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Nathaniel Adams, of Boston; Lemuel Miles Standish, Hon. E. S. Tobey, Samuel Little, Francis Standish, James Ritchie, S. M. Allen, Edwin Adams, Jacob H. Loud, Harrison Loring, Job H. Turner, Gen. H. B. Sargent.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.—Horatio Harris, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Hon. E. S. Tobey, Nathan Matthews, Oliver Ditson, Dr. Geo. B. Loring, Samuel Little, Jacob H. Loud, Nathaniel Adams, Jonathan S. Ford, George B. Standish, Gen. B. F. Butler, George W. Wright, Jonas Fitch, W. S. Danforth, Hon. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Rev. Dr. George Putnam, and Joseph S. Beal.

## MUSIC BY THE WEYMOUTH BAND.

*Hail to the Chief.*

## PRAYER.

BY REV. JOSIAH MOORE.

## ODE TO MILES STANDISH.

AIR — *America.*

Sung by the Audience.

ALL Hail, departed Chief !  
 The Nation to thee brings  
     An offering free ;  
 Not of mere bronze or stone,  
 Nor set on hill alone, —  
 Our memories long have flown  
     O'er land and sea.

Fond hopes in Britain left,  
 Of wealth and power bereft,  
     Still, spirit free,  
 You braved the ocean's roar,  
 You wooed a frozen shore,  
 That we might evermore  
     Wed liberty.

That seed of freedom sown,  
 Through frost and blood hath grown  
     A Nation free !  
 An empire, great in trust,  
 A people full of rest,  
 Millions, thus happy blest,  
     All honor thee.

After the singing, General Sargent was formally introduced to the audience, by the Secretary, Mr. Gifford, and addressed them as follows : —



## ORATION.

BY GEN. HORACE BINNEY SARGENT.

It would have been more fitting to the grandeur of a noble memory that a distinguished connection of Myles Standish should have addressed you to-day. It would have been most agreeable to myself, as well as to you, that one of the many, illustrious by letters or by deeds, with whom the Pilgrim blood is blessed, should enjoy the honor of speaking before an audience familiar with the simple, grand traditions which I can only repeat like a twice-told tale to you. I crave your courteous patience for my short recital of a well-known story, and my reverent tribute to a life supremely brave.

Two memorable pictures, representing widely separate decades, hang on the wall of American history. Two and a half centuries span the gulf of time between the first decade, when a little band of Englishmen floated into Jamestown, and another little band, a few years later, became entangled in the shoals of Cape Cod; and the last decade, when, with a shock of arms that shook the world, the descendants of the Cavaliers, repeating English history, surrendered the

wreck of all their armies,—infantry, cavalry, and cannon,—with all hope of separate empire, to the descendants of the Puritans and to national supremacy; each combatant bound to the other, henceforth forever, by mutual reverence for proven valor; both, victor and vanquished, destined to stand hereafter, shoulder to shoulder, against the world in arms, and clasp each other's hands as brethren,—joint heirs of all America!

The giant timbers of English oak with which Nelson humbled France would once have been an easy prey to the tiniest squirrel of the wood. And the germ acorn did not more differ from the line-of-battle ship, than did the colony of the Mayflower from our veteran nation of to-day. As the oak had gathered to itself all elements of the universe from ten thousand storms and showers, until its top reached out to heaven, and its roots, like anchors, grappled with the world, so the colonies have incorporated the energies and assimilated the qualities of many peoples. But the germ principle has controlled them all. As no method of culture, no fertilizing agent, no icy cold or fiery heat, would have developed the acorn into anything but the oak, so the Pilgrim spirit, while absorbing, with all the vigor of vitality, the masses of life, wealth, poverty, ignorance,

and culture that have been wafted to these shores, could grow into nothing else than an independent, popular government. Dissenters from those who dissented — even from dissent — must necessarily have founded a state with an inborn, hereditary tendency to rebel against assertion of creed or sceptre. The fugitive residents of the home-like community of Leyden, which, after an exhausting war, had chosen the princely boon of a university rather than immunity from onerous taxation, might naturally develop that cradle of independent thought, — the common school-house.

But to develop anything, it was first of all essential that the Pilgrim colony, stranded on a sterile cape in a New-England winter, among savages, should survive. And the wonderful providence of God is not more evident in the protecting husk that he gives to the ungerminated acorn, with which, amid the thunder of battle, he purposes to override a nation, than it is in creating the Moses and the Joshua to lead an infant people. The rough tent of a trooper, the unsurveyed forests of Virginia, the flat-boat of the Mississippi, the rude log-cabin of the West, as well as the sheep-folds of Israel or the cattle-shed of Galilee, may contain the fate of empires.

About the time that all Christendom was in mourn-

ing for the murdered Prince of Orange, and deploring in his death the overthrow of the bulwark of the Protestant faith, a little fair-haired child was playing among the hedge-rows of England, who was destined to learn the art of war in the armies of that king's more warlike son, Prince Maurice, then a boy of seventeen, and to be a tower of defence to the unsoldierly Pilgrim colony of Protestant America.

That child — whose bones, after nearly fourscore years of toil and war, were laid somewhere on this hill-side, perhaps under our unconscious feet — was Myles Standish, the great Puritan captain! He was born about the year 1580, of English ancestry, dating back to rank and opulence as far as the thirteenth century. Of his childhood, little is known. To defeat the title of his line to lands in England, the rent-roll of which is half a million per annum, the hand of fraud is supposed to have defaced the page that contained the parish record of his birth. Unjustly deprived of these vast estates, as he avers in his will, in which he bequeaths his title to his eldest son, it seems probable that he went to Holland near the time of his majority. Queen Elizabeth signed his commission as lieutenant in the English forces, serving in the Netherlands against the cruel armies of the Inquisition. As she died in 1603, about two years

after his majority, it is not improbable that we are indebted to that first disappointment, which may have driven him, in his early manhood and some despair, into the army.

From 1600 to 1609, the year of the great truce between Prince Maurice and the King of Spain, the contest was peculiarly obstinate and bloody. In this fierce school the Puritan captain learned the temper and art of war.

From 1609 to 1620, a period of truce but not of civil tranquillity, the Low Countries were inflamed by those theological disputes of the Calvinists and Arminians which brought the excellent Barneveldt to the scaffold, and drove the great Grotius — a fugitive from prison — into exile. In this school, perhaps, Myles Standish learned some uncompromising religious opinions, which brought him into strange sympathy and connection with the Pilgrim church in Leyden. Both periods seemed to leave their impress on his character. The inventory, recorded with his will, mentions the Commentaries of Cæsar, Bariffe's Artillery, three old Bibles, and three muskets, with the harness of the time, complete. His Bibles were old. A well-worn Bible for every musket; and, thank God, a musket, not an old one, to defend each Bible!

The schedule of his books, some forty in number, records nearly twenty which are devotional or religious. With the memory of one act of singularly resolute daring, when, in obedience to the colonial orders to crush a great Indian conspiracy, he took a squad of eight picked men into the forests, and deemed it prudent to kill the most turbulent warrior with his own hands, we may imagine how the pilgrim soldier, friend and associate of Brewster, disciple of the saintly Robinson, rose from the perusal of one of the old Bibles, or of "Ball on Faith," "Sparkes against Heresie," or "Dodd on the Lord's Supper," to stab Pecksuot to the heart with his own knife; a giant who had taunted him with his small stature in almost the very words of Goliah, in his insulting sneer at David, long before; and to cut off the head of Watawamat, which bloody trophy the elders had ordered him to bring home with him. We can imagine him on the evening of that cheaply victorious day, taking more than usual pleasure in the exultant psalms of the warrior David, and in a chapter of Burroughs's "Christian Contentement" and "Gospell Conversation," especially as he had his three muskets with bandoleers, and Bariffe's Artillery, close at his hand. One can feel the unction with which the valorous pilgrim would religiously fulfil the colonial

order to smite the heathen hip and thigh, and hew Agag in pieces before the Lord.

Not originally, and perhaps never, a member of the Pilgrim church, and possessing many traits which might have belonged to the fierce trooper, in an army whose cavalry was the legitimate descendant of Cæsar's most formidable enemies, — the Batavi, celebrated for cavalry qualities, and long the body-guard of the Roman emperors, — the appearance of the somewhat violent soldier, in the saintly company of Parson Robinson's church, is an anomaly.

It has been proven many a time, from the days of Bannockburn, when the Scottish host sank on its knees to receive the benediction of the Black Abbot of Inchaffray, even to our own late day, when many of the best fighting regiments were blessed with the most earnest chaplains, that men never tender their lives more gallantly to God and mother-land than when they are fervently preached to and prayed for.

Yet the all-daring contempt for peril, the roughness of temper, the masterly economy with which Standish saved human life by consummate indifference to personal homicide upon prudent occasion, his power of breathing his own fiery heart into a handful of followers, till he made them an army able to withstand a host in the narrow gates of death, would lead

us to expect such a colleague for the saintly Brewster as little as we should expect to see Sheridan —

“ Cavalry Sheridan,  
Him of the horses and sabres we sing ” —

prominent among the Methodists.

In truth, with the poem of our sweetest and most cultured bard in our minds, and with the memory of those fierce monosyllables with which our great cavalry leader rolled back defeat upon the jubilant rebel host, and rescued victory at Winchester, fancy can depict the foaming black horse pressed into the rush of the shell-shattered guidons by the iron gripe of knees booted in “ Cordovan leather,” and imagine that little Myles Standish rode that day in the saddle of little Phil Sheridan.

To the genealogist, who believes that names represent qualities and things, it is not unpleasing to find in the family record of Standish and Duxbury Hall, in the parish church of Chorley, Old England, the name Milo Standanaught. To stand at nothing, in the way of a duty commanded by the civil authority, seemed the essence of character in Myles Standish; and thoroughness stamps the reputation of the name and blood to-day.

The materials for personal biography are scanty. His wife, Rose Standish, — an English rose, — whose very name augurs unfitness for a New-England



winter on an unsettled cape, died within a month of the landing. A light tradition exists that his second wife, Barbara, was her sister, whom he left an orphan child in England, and sent for. She arrived a woman grown, and the valorous captain added another illustration to the poet's story, that Venus and the forger of thunderbolts were married.

From the first anchorage, Captain Standish, as the soldier of the company, was charged with all deeds of adventure. At first, certain grave elders were sent with him for counsel. But ultimately his repute in affairs, both civil and military, was such that he was for many years the treasurer of the colony, and, during a period of difficulty, their agent in England. As a soldier, he was evidently the Von Moltke of the Pilgrims. They invested him with the general command. Even in extreme old age — the very year that he died “very auncient and full of dolorous paines” — he received his last and fullest commission against new enemies, his old friends, the Dutch.

It is singular that among the primitive people, who must often in the later Indian wars have missed his counsel and conduct, as the poet describing Venice, sighs, —

“Oh! for one hour of blind old Dandole,”

no clear tradition has descended of the place where

the war-worn bones of the soldier-pilgrim lie. Sent, like Moses, to guide and guard a feeble people to a promised land of power that he might never see, no man knoweth his burial-place until this day.

More than one hundred years ago, the following paragraph appeared in the Boston "News-Letter," dated Boston, January 22, 1770: "We hear from Plymouth that the 22d day of December last was there observed by a number of gentlemen, by the name of the Old Colony Club, in commemoration of the landing of their ancestors in that place."

The fourth toast on that occasion, a hundred and one years ago, was, "To the memory of that brave man and good officer, Capt. Miles Standish."

Over the graves of the guests at that dinner, —

"For fifty years the grasses have been growing."

But the principle of public fidelity shares the immortality of God and Truth. Reverence for it never dies till the decay of nations. And to-day we come together, the dwellers in the city and the dwellers on the shore, men of every age and all professions, to dedicate one spot of this parental soil for an enduring monument to the same Myles Standish of the same unfaded record. The sunlight of near three hundred years, that has shone fatally on many a reputation

since his baby eyes first saw the light of England, has only brought out the lasting colors of his fame.

Believing, as I firmly do, that he was a useful, a necessary citizen, because he was "that brave man and good officer" at a time when soldierly qualities were essential to the very life of the infant colony, it seems to me providential for the colonists that one of their number was, by temper and training, unable to sympathize with that soft tenderness for human life which is wont to characterize saintly-minded men, like the Rev. Mr. Robinson, who, when he heard of the marvellous conflict where Standish, with three or four others, in a locked room, killed the same number of hostile chiefs that were gathering their tribes to exterminate the English, uttered these sorrowful words: "Oh! that you had converted some before you had killed any!" The soldier practised that terrible piece of economy which no saint of the company would have dreamed of doing with his own hand. To borrow the diction of the time, the gauntlet of the man of wrath was the fold of the lambs of God. It was fortunate for us who believe in Plymouth Rock, that one trained soldier, who had faced war conducted by the Duke of Alva, came out in the Mayflower. Some little love of high position, some thirst for gain in office, some disposition to confer

office on men for their "forwardness" rather than for their fitness, were seeds of weeds that the Mayflower brought over to the congenial soil of America. Even in the second expedition inland from the barque, "the Gunner was sick unto death," "but hope of trucking made him go." It is to be feared that the mantle of that gunner falls upon some camp-follower in every regiment.

Had the fate of the Pilgrims depended on such motives, Elder Brewster and his company would have been buried in some Krossaness, like the earlier explorer, the son of Eric the Red, and American civilization might have been for centuries deferred.

Myles Standish represented the true idea of public service, vigorous fidelity and trained fitness for his place. In his single heroic person he exhibited the true idea of the army, — skilled military force in loyal subordination to the civil authority. The confidence that the colony reposed in him to execute their most difficult commands as a citizen soldier, seems to prove that he revered, in the words of Mr. Robinson's farewell sermon, "the image of the Lord's power and authority which the magistrate beareth," — words that can never be too forcibly impressed on the minds of the penny-wise, who would diminish the dignity of the magistrate's office by inadequate compensation,

or destroy his independence by the vulgar device of the social charlatan, gifts to supplement judicial salaries. If one may venture on such high speculation, it may be that God is just, partly because he is supreme, and to Him belongs the earth "and the fulness thereof." Freedom from obligation is of the essence of independence in the magistrate who bears "the Lord's power and authority."

As a dissenter from dissenters, saturated with the spirit of liberty, Standish, as an agent of authority, never fell into the heresy with which the rogues of the body politic cajole its fools,—that a weak execution of the laws, an imbecile or impotent manifestation of government, is test or evidence of freedom. Nor did the Northern Pilgrims ever fancy that a government founded upon compact was less panoplied with positive authority, within its sphere, than the superior government of the crown.

Even when every English life was precious to the settlements, the Pilgrims did not hesitate to execute three Englishmen for the murder of one Indian. In flying from civilization to a desert in pursuit of liberty, the Pilgrims did not fly so fast and far as to leave majestic law behind them. That dear, pale banner of the State, which the great-hearted, true-hearted, stout-hearted war minister of Massachu-

setts, John Albion Andrew, of all-blessed memory, thanked God that no one of fifty-three regiments then in commission had ever left on any field of battle, bears the device that might have been inspired at that early hour, — an Indian erect, in all the dignity of manhood, ready for peace or war, and the armed hand of protecting power raised above him, ready to guard or smite, and the legend *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*.

And this is the end and path of government, — the armed hand, seeking serene repose, under liberty, by the sword, raised, but not needlessly descending; or if kept in the scabbard, kept always sharp.

To us, who sometimes ignore the uncanceled, unpaid debt of the nation to the military academy, and to the professional soldiers who there learned the art of victory; — to us, who sometimes imagine that the practice of gymnastics, with a musket, makes all the difference between a citizen and a citizen soldier, and dispenses with that code of new sensations, subordination, the soldierly habit of mind and temper, exact obedience and reverent loyalty to authority, which no muster-field or training-day can give, and which nothing but military discipline in a camp of instruction can inspire; — to us, who have learned, by bitter

experience, how much time and blood and gold it costs to convert a patriotic mob into an effective army of soldier citizens; — to us, who are suffering oppressive taxation for our ignorance and forgetfulness that true economy is always to be prepared for war, a blunder and a crime which we have no moral right to fasten upon the purses of posterity, for the blunder was our own; — to us, thus criminal and suffering, it is profitable to reflect, that if Myles Standish had not been a trained soldier, the reverend heirs of the elders of the little church of Leyden would probably have adorned the wigwams of “the Massachusitts.” His grand heart might have been as true and loyal and brave as it was; his arm — now dust, mouldering somewhere under the sod of this hill-side — might have been as strong. But if he had not learned from his own experience, and the well-conned commentaries of his beloved Cæsar, how contemptible are the most vigorous and patriotic multitudes without real discipline, Plymouth Rock would have been of no importance except to some leisurely antiquarian; Northern civilization would have been smitten with sudden death by savage tribes; even this beautiful headland might have been tilled by Virginian slaves to-day.

Special fitness for special work — education adapted to a purpose — is the lesson taught by the

Pilgrim life. Well might we profit by it, in teaching the industrial arts of common life to the pupils of our common schools, which now, neglecting the practical arts of daily household duties, fill the world with helpless people, — starving, lady-like teachers, without pupils; accountants, who have nothing to add up, — useless members of society, ignorant of every duty that a home demands, and demanding a home that their refinement craves and station cannot give. That even the Pilgrims found, that overmuch unpractical culture was incompatible with provision for the needs of rugged life, is indicated by the fact that the second generation was less refined and more skilled in practical arts than the first.

To be the founders of states is the first of glories, according to Lord Bacon. The career of our Pilgrim hero is a beautiful illustration of an education fitted to the great mission for which he seemed peculiarly, strangely ordained.

In grateful memory we consecrate this spot of earth to a monument of the great Puritan captain. May its shadow fall upon his grave! For two centuries the stars have looked upon it. At what moment of the night the circling moon may point it out with shadowy finger, no mortal knows. No mortal ear can hear the secret whispered to the night, "Beneath this spot lies all of a hero that could die."



High as the shaft may tower over headland and bay, deep as its foundation-stones may rest, brightly as it may gleam in the rising or setting sun upon the mariner returning in the very furrow that the keel of the Mayflower made, the principles of common sense, a citizen soldier's education for a citizen soldier's work, the principles of moral truth, manly honesty, prudent energy, fidelity incorruptible, courage undaunted, all the qualities of manhood that compel unflinching execution of the states' behest, — are firmer and higher and brighter still. And to crown them all is reverence to the Supreme Executive of Earth and Heaven, who knows no feebleness of heart or hand, and whose great purpose moved the war-worn Pilgrim's feet to seek his home upon this rock-bound continent, where the unceasing waves of two unfettered oceans roar the choral hymn of Freedom.

General Sargent's address was listened to with marked attention and received frequent applause as he alluded in glowing terms to the heroic virtues of the founder of the town of Duxbury.

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MUSIC BY THE BAND.

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CONSECRATORY PRAYER,

BY REV. R. H. NEALE, D. D.

## HYMN. — OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

AIR — *Auld Lang Syne.*

Sung by the audience.

AWAKE! the slumbering Hero comes!  
 Arise! his spirit nears,  
 To marshal back to "Pilgrim Homes"  
 Our sires from other spheres.  
 For "Auld Lang Syne" they come,  
 For "Auld Lang Syne,"  
 And gather round those "Pilgrim Homes,"  
 Of "Auld Lang Syne."

Hosannas to our Pilgrim Sires!  
 Bright memories round them twine;  
 Our prayers invoke celestial lyres  
 Around their homes divine.  
 For "Auld Lang Syne" we sing,  
 For "Auld Lang Syne,"  
 We'll ever pray for Pilgrim Sires,  
 For "Auld Lang Syne."

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At the close of the exercises on the monument grounds, a procession was formed for the dinner tent, which was reached at about half-past two. General Sargent led the guests, consisting of General Butler, General Schouler, Dr. Geo. B. Loring, Hon. Jacob H. Loud, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Ex-Mayor Shurtleff, Mayor Gaston, Hon. William T. Davis of Plymouth, members of the Executive Council, and Hon. Oliver Warner, Secretary of State, Rev. Dr. Caswell, Hon. A. C. Barstow, Rev. A. A. Miner, Rev. Edward E. Hale, Hon. Otis Cary, and others.

After the company were seated, they were called to order by General Sargent. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Burgess. After about an hour spent in eating, General Sargent rapped to order, and introduced the speech-making by expressing the satisfaction which he enjoyed, after having been tortured by making a speech earlier in the day, to torture other gentlemen by calling upon them

for speeches. In introducing the first toast, he made a very complimentary allusion to General Butler, which was applauded.

He announced the first regular toast as follows: "The President of the United States and the great Puritan Captain: trained soldiers both, and none the less determined to carry out the will of the people without any policy of their own."

Responded to by General Butler.

After more music by the band, the second regular toast was given to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and both Gov. Claflin and Lieut.-Gov. Tucker being absent, Hon. Oliver Warner, Secretary of State, was called upon for a response, but had left the tent, and the sentiment was passed over.

After the performance of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the band, the next regular toast was given as follows: "Practical education and the industrial arts; their seeds were sown in America by the Pilgrims who had to labor or starve."

To respond to this, Dr. George B. Loring, of Salem, was called upon. He was received with applause, and responded in an eloquent manner, which was loudly applauded by the audience.

The President then said, "The next toast is 'Captain's Hill; it speaks to-day in all its pride,' and I have the honor of introducing Mr. Justin Winsor, a citizen of Duxbury formerly, and now at the head of the Boston Public Library."

Mr. Winsor responded with the fine poem, entitled "Captain's Hill."

The next regular toast was "Rose Standish — the type of womanly sacrifice; her mantle has fallen on American women." To this Rev. E. E. Hale responded in a sportive and interesting manner, his eloquence being frequently applauded by the audience.

The next toast was, "The first and the last Surveyors of the Cape — The last has enabled us to pay our tribute to-day to the first."

It was responded to by Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., who in a pleasant and facetious address deprecated the growing custom of speech-making, urging as his reason for this action that they could not find any record of the pilgrims' public speaking.

The next regular toast was proposed as follows: "Roger Williams, Champion of the Pilgrims, the Apostle of Social Liberty."

Rev. Dr. Caswell was called upon to respond, and did so in an eloquent speech, in the course of which he regretted that Rhode Island had consecrated no spot to Roger Williams' memory, although they had forwarded to Washington a statue of him.

The next sentiment was this: "The Seeds of Civil and Religious Liberty — planted on our sterile soil by our Pilgrim Fathers, they have brought forth a harvest in which all Christian sects find an inheritance." Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner made an eloquent speech in response.

The next regular toast was then announced as follows: "The Pilgrim Colonies — their records have the simple poetry of mythology and the philosophic truth of history."

To this toast Dr. Shurtleff responded. His remarks were full of beauty and historic interest.

The last regular sentiment was the old toast of a celebration of 1770, "Miles Standish, the brave man and good officer." It was intended to draw out some of the name of Standish who were present, but with their usual modesty they kept silent. One young lady, Miss Rose Standish, attracted a great deal of attention from those who learned her name, but carefully concealed a face which the audience would have been glad to see and willingly recognize as a fair ideal of the original Rose.

The exercises were concluded by "Auld Lang Syne" by the band.

Owing to the extreme uncertainty of the railroad being finished in season to transport the guests, the committee, with much regret, were obliged to withhold many invitations till the last moment, which rendered it impossible for some of the distinguished invited guests to be present. Many letters of sympathy with the cause were received, but with regrets that intervening engagements would prevent their presence on the occasion. Lord Parker was present on the grounds during the day, remaining till the exercises were over, and showing much interest, but carefully avoided being called out. Lord Walter Campbell sent his regrets, as did many distinguished citizens who would, if possible, have been present. Extracts from the following letters show the great interest in the Memorial to Standish, and the press of the country have univer-

sally and strongly favored this tribute to the memory of the old hero. The generals and other officers of the army, as well as the privates of the Grand Army of the Republic, all approve of erecting a monument to the memory of the first-commissioned officer of the United States, and some of the best soldiers, as well as many distinguished civilians, are already members of the Association. The expenses of the festival were borne by the citizens of Duxbury, who, together with the selectmen of the town, are deserving of much credit for their perseverance and energy in trying to make so large an audience comfortable under such disadvantageous circumstances, and without any expense to the Memorial Association.

Five acres of land for the monument has been donated by the owner of the Standish farm, at the request of the Standish heirs, and ten acres more of adjoining land has been placed by him in the hands of the treasurer of the Association, to be by them assessed and sold for betterments, if, in the opinion of the directors, the erection of the monument shall in any manner benefit pecuniarily the balance of the Standish farm, — if not, the same is to be re-deeded to him.

The old Brewster place, adjoining the Standish farm, also of much historic interest, and not far from the site of the monument ground, having with other lands (under the new impulse of railroad and steamboat communication just opened near their place) been laid out by a company in lots for villa sites, upon which some fifty thousand dollars has been expended, and some allusions having been made to that fact by the country press, it is only necessary to add that neither the Association, nor the owner of the Standish farm had, or ever expects to have, any pecuniary interest in the company aforesaid, or its lands; and cannot approve of the allusion that the aid of individual members of that company to the celebration, or to the erection of the monument, was governed by any selfish or pecuniary interest; but, on the contrary, the Association feels thankful to them for their active efforts in behalf of the Memorial Association, and for doing so much for the entertainment and comfort of visitors on the day of the consecration at their hotel.

## LETTERS.

“I am heartily with your Association, in sympathy with any movement to honor one who was as prominent in the early history of our country as Miles Standish; but my engagements are such that I regret I am unable to promise to be present at the dedication in August.

With many thanks for your kindness in sending me the invitation,  
I am respectfully yours,

U. S. GRANT.”

GENERAL SHERMAN writes: “Of course the proposition to erect a monument in sight of Massachusetts Bay, to that staunch old soldier, Miles Standish, meets my hearty approbation, and I should be most happy to assist.

But I have been away so much that I ought to stay at home,” etc.”

FROM GENERAL SHERIDAN.

“I do not know that my engagements will permit of my being present at the time mentioned, but will do so if I can.

“In any event, allow me to assure you of my admiration and respect for the services and sturdy character of the man, and my hearty approval of the object of your Association.”

“I beg to say that I heartily approve of your intention to erect a Memorial to Captain Standish, and I think there is no more fitting spot than the one you have chosen for that purpose.

“I shall be glad to be with you, if possible. Thanking you for your courteous invitation,

I remain, yours very truly,

A. E. BURNSIDE.”

“I regret to state that my engagements for the month of August are such, as to render it impossible for me to join you on that memorable occasion. It is unnecessary for me to say that I deeply sympathize with the object of your meeting. I have been an admirer of the character of Miles Standish from my boyhood up, and

would like to be identified with any body of gentlemen engaged in commemorating his great virtues. To me, his civil and military character towers far above his contemporaries, and they, if I mistake not (when history shall be truthfully written), will be made to appear to be the most remarkable body of men that ever lived. Viewed from our present standpoint, in my opinion, they are now entitled to that judgment. It will be a graceful act on the part of our friends, to erect a monument to his memory ; but it must not be expected to add to his fame or immortality. Industry, valor, and integrity, were regarded as the cardinal virtues of our forefathers, and I hope they will never be held in less estimation by their descendants. One of our gifted poets has happily named ‘Plymouth Rock’ as the corner-stone of the nation. The superstruction promises to be worthy of the foundation. With great respect, I have the honor to be your friend and servant,

“J. HOOKER,

“*Major-General.*”

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The Speeches in answer to the Toasts, as well as other Letters, will be published in the Memorial proceedings in another pamphlet.

