

*Elizabeth S. Jones.*

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REV. MR. BRAMAN'S

JUBILEE DISCOURSE,

1847.

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A

# SEMI-CENTENNIAL DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN

GEORGETOWN, JUNE 7, 1847,

ON THE

# FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF HIS ORDINATION,

By ISAAC BRAMAN,

SEN. PASTOR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN THAT TOWN.

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GEORGETOWN:  
CHARLES NASON, PRINTER, WATCHTOWER OFFICE.  
1847.



## DISCOURSE.

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JOHN 1 : 22.

“ THEN SAID THEY UNTO HIM, WHO ART THOU ?—WHAT SAYEST THOU OF THYSELF ?”

Egotism, or saying much of one's self, is not, in general, approved or thought judicious. But the present is no ordinary occasion ; and I, who am almost an octogenarian may be excused if I so far deviate from the common course of those in younger life, as to give somewhat of an autobiography, interspersed with such remarks as naturally occur, concerning others, and particularly concerning this beloved church and people, between whom and myself, a very sacred connexion was formed fifty years ago this day.

It may not be necessary for me to say *who* I am, expressly, or to give my name to this respected audience. Probably I am not entirely unknown to any of you.

According to the record, I was born the youngest of eleven children, on the fifth day of July, in the year of our Lord 1770. Since which date nearly 77 years have rolled away. Alas for the rapid flight of time ! Our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. How important that we wisely improve them as they pass.

The place of my nativity, is Norton, county of Bristol, Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The period of my birth was almost five years prior to the commencement of the Revolutionary War. Of course I have some general remembrance of that war and of the Declaration of Independence, when our venerable fathers, by their delegates, in Congress assembled, declared the colonies of New-hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island and Connecticut, New-York, &c., thirteen in number, to be free and independent states.—From that time, they felt at liberty to make, execute and enjoy the protection of their own laws without any regard to the laws and

mandates of the government which they had renounced, and from which they had separated. I have some faint recollection of the trials and hardships of the soldiers, whose services, under God, were necessary to the achievement of our Independence. Their sufferings, from want of food and clothing, were often extreme, and their footsteps were not unfrequently marked with blood. The rapid depreciation of the paper currency of that day, reduced their pay to little value before it could be used for their benefit or that of their families.

It is much to the honor of our national Legislature, that when the country became better able to reward the sufferers, they granted a pension to them and their families during the natural life of the parents. The workman is worthy of his hire.

In the Autumn of 1782, before the close of the war, my honored father, a professor of religion, went to his reward, and left me an orphan at about 12 years of age — an age at which we are wont to think a child needs the guardianship, counsel and good example of pious parents to save him from the paths of the destroyer, and to guide him in the way of truth and righteousness. But God is wise and orders all things well, though his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. I had a praying mother, who maintained family worship, while the family were left together. After a while, she was united to another husband and the unmarried children were separated. I was, however, reared up in a family where daily prayer was wont to be made.

Here, if it would not be thought out of place, I would mention an amusing incident which occurred a short time before the close of the dreadful war, which has been mentioned. An egg of the common domestic fowl, was produced, said to be found in the nest, on which was plainly written in raised letters of the consistence of the egg, "Piece to America." The excitement, at the news, and especially at the sight of the egg, as we might well suppose, was great. Which was the more prominent, the astonishment or joy of the multitude, it is not easy to say — certainly, it must be something supernatural, was the voice of many. No ordinary hen, if left to herself, would lay an egg of that description. The war would soon be ended, and we should have peace in our borders, when every one might sit under his own vine and fig-tree, without fear of an enemy or any danger.



I was but a child, as I have said ; but children can, sometimes, spell short and common words as well as adults ; and there was one little circumstance which convinced me that the prophetic egg was a sheer humbug. The word which caused so much joy, instead of being spelt Peace, was Piece. The thought struck me at once, that if an angel or any superhuman agent had been sent to perform the work, he would not have been guilty of misspelling a word, the sight and sound of which were so grateful to the war-hating Americans. But whoever was the author of the words, they uttered a true prophecy, as was proved by the event. The war was soon ended, and Peace, rightly spelt and understood, was proclaimed, to the joy of the whole land.

I have some recollection of the hardness of the times, during the war, and for a number of years after. The rates, as they were then called, were enormous—and food and clothing were such, as few would think to be tolerable, at the present day. If my hearers could witness the tables and the dress, of even respectable people at that time, they would, perhaps, be more astonished than were the Nortonians at the appearance of the mysterious egg. No tea and no coffee were used, except an insipid weed called cross-wort, for the former, and wheat, rye, barley, brown-bread crust, chestnuts and acorns for the latter. The penalty, for drinking boughten tea, would have been a somewhat lengthy ride upon a rail, with the stigma of tory attached to the name of the culprit ever after.

The expense, of making a free use of real coffee, would have subjected one, in a great measure, to the privation of the more solid articles of food, and must, therefore, have been a great evil. As a substitute for any kind of tea and coffee, for those who did not wish to incur the expense of sugar, when milk was wanting (which would not unfrequently happen,) bean porridge or broth, made of salt beef or even salt pork, were served up for supper and breakfast, in pewter basins or wooden bowls, with pewter spoons. A silver spoon was a rare thing in families in the country, and where there was one, it was generally without a mate. For plates, wooden trenches were used by many, on which, they were accustomed to cut and eat their meat at dinner. The wearing apparel of both sexes was homespun, which, at that day, was very coarse and of mean appearance. If any persons present, who can look back, to the times that have been mentioned, have never

witnessed these things, I can only say to them, that *I* speak what I have often seen, and know to be facts.

The dark day, as it was called, I well remember. It was the 19th day of May, 1780, when I was in my tenth year. The darkness was so intense, that people found it necessary to use artificial lights, that they might see to eat their meals. Beasts thought it was night and conducted themselves accordingly. Cattle repaired to their yards, geese to their pens, and the lesser fowls to their roosts. Many people were apprehensive that the last day had come, and were greatly alarmed.

Happy, if we all might view our last day as near, and prepare to meet our God. The day, of one's death, will as really be the last day to him, the last day of his probation, as will be the end of the world to all who shall then be upon the earth.

Various theories have been invented to account for the darkness of that dark day. But I know not if anything entirely satisfactory on the subject, has ever been brought to light. Whatever was the immediate cause, the hand of God was in it, and it should serve to remind us of our entire dependence upon him for the light, natural and spiritual, and the numberless other blessings which we enjoy, and of our duty to improve all to his glory, and to fit ourselves for those realms, where there shall be no night nor darkness but perfect light and joy to the blissful inhabitants.

A short time after the war, there was great uneasiness in the minds of many, on account of the scarcity of money, the burdensome taxes, and diverse other evils, which were the natural results of the long protracted contest with our mother country. These evils were unjustly and foolishly imputed to our rulers, who had their full share of them, and who would as gladly have been rid of them, as would those who made the most complaint in the matter. Being unable to obtain a redress of their grievances, because no man or body of men had power to redress them, they undertook to resist the government, and there broke out a most fearful rebellion in this Commonwealth. At the head of the rebellion, was Daniel Shays, as Generalissimo. This man was a captain in the Revolutionary War, and was said to have done well in that situation. But being unprosperous in his pecuniary affairs, he became dissatisfied, and doubtless hoped, that by turning things upside down, he should effect a change in his favor.



The other generals were Luke Day, Adam Wheeler, and Eli Parsons. Besides them, there was a competent number of subordinate officers. Thus organized after their manner, they undertook to show their prowess, and I suppose, expected to gain their point by attempting to stop the county courts. In some instances, I think, they succeeded for the time; in others, they failed. I well recollect, on one Lord's day, when at the house of worship, orders had come from the higher powers, to call out the militia to protect the court, which was to sit that week in Taunton, county of Bristol, and was expecting opposition. The people, then, were generally in the habit, in the summer season, of passing the intermission in and about the church, instead of going to their respective homes. Agreeably to the aforesaid orders, the sergeants and corporals went about, warning every soldier they met, to appear at the house of their captain, by the rising of the morrow's sun, complete in arms and ammunition and three days' provision, there to wait further orders. They went to their captain's, but for some reason, did not go to the court.

We should hardly think this a desirable business, in the interim of divine worship, on God's Holy day. A Sabbath school, in which children may be taught to know and fear God, to treasure up in their minds the truths of his holy word, by which they may learn how to enjoy his favor here and hereafter, seems to us a much more suitable employment.

How thankful ought we to be, that instead of being compelled to say, "The former days were better than these," we can say in regard to religious privileges, for ourselves and our children, we have greatly the advantage of those who lived in the days we have mentioned — that although we are involved in a bloody and wicked war, with a nation living near us, we are free from that state of civil hostility, with which our fathers were afflicted.

The Insurgents, or Shayites, as they were sometimes called, persevered in their efforts to impede the measures of government, and to rouse the indignation of the people against their rulers. In this they were too successful. It is a melancholy fact, that, at one period, a large portion, a *very* large portion, of the yeomanry, favored the cause of the rebels, and were disposed to bid them God speed. Many, actually, enlisted under the banner of the redoubtable general, threatening to bear down all opposition. Fears were seriously

entertained, that they would obtain their object, and prostrate all civil government in the Commonwealth. But as persons, who rise up against lawful authority, are usually timid, dastardly souls, ready to quail before those who have a legal right to oppose them, so it proved in this case. General Shepard, with a small band of soldiers, was stationed at Springfield, to guard the military stores in that place, when Shays appeared with a numerous host, armed, some with guns and others with almost every kind of weapon that can be named, even down to pitchforks and clubs, (as was said,) doubtless intending to furnish his troops with more efficient arms from the magazine, which Shepard, with his handful of soldiers was set to defend. But no sooner did the lawful general open a fire upon them, prostrating four miserable objects in the dust, than the whole rebel army was dispersed, and fled like sheep pursued by ravenous wolves. Never again did they gather, I believe, with the hope of doing anything to promote their nefarious cause.

Governor Bowdoin issued a proclamation, offering, if my memory serves me, for I write without book, one thousand dollars per head, for the apprehension of the aforesaid generals, in the rebel cause. Some, if not all of them, were taken, tried, convicted and condemned to suffer death for their treason. But before the time, for their execution, arrived, there was a change of rulers. Hancock, the people's idol, was elected Governor, and he, in his clemency, pardoned the criminals. This merciful act, of so popular a man, had a very salutary effect — it softened the feelings of the adverse party, and put an end to the rebellion.

This daring rebellion, though justly deemed a great evil, was overruled in Divine Providence for the public good. It did much toward preparing the minds of Congress for forming, and the people for adopting the Constitution of the United States, which has hitherto proved a great blessing. As is well known, this constitution was to be established, and go into operation, as soon as nine States should give their assent to it. The thing, at first, went on slowly. When the Convention of this State met in Boston, to consider the matter, there was a great and powerful opposition — probably two-thirds or more of that body, with Governor Hancock at their head, were against it. What was to be done? Nothing certainly, unless the worthy governor, a man of such powerful



influence, could be converted. This, if possible, must be effected, and the following was the plan adopted by the friends of the constitution to bring it about. They selected a shrewd and sensible man, a friend and college class-mate of the governor, to go to him at his own house, and to use every possible means to bring his Excellency over to the right side. It *should* be known, if it is not already known, that Governor Hancock, with all his great and good qualities, was very susceptible of flattery. And this, his friend dealt out to him in no very frugal measure. He told him how much he was esteemed by the people, what a blessing he had been in the cause of liberty, how all eyes in the Commonwealth were upon him to continue him their chief magistrate, the highest office in their gift. He told the governor what an inestimable blessing the Federal Constitution would doubtless be, if adopted, and how much it would eventually redound to the Governor's honor and popularity, to give his aid in establishing it. This flattery of his friend had the desired effect. The Governor went to the convention, the next day, a changed man, and gave his voice in favor of the Constitution. His former party were non-plussed. They had lost their champion and could do nothing. The Constitution was adopted by a handsome majority.

I have seen a different version of this story in print—but I am confident I have given substantially the truth in the case; for I had it from an authentic source, more than half a century ago, even from the mouth of the gentleman, who went to the Governor, as now stated.

I need not mention the war of 1812, which must be fresh in the memory of many present.

But it is time to return to the subject of our Biography. In my younger years, I had an ardent desire to obtain a collegiate education. Meeting with powerful obstacles, my guardian being unwilling to give his consent, the matter was deferred, until I had gotten very far into my teens—when I was determined to break through all opposition, and accomplish my object. I commenced my studies, near the close of my eighteenth year, entered Harvard University, at twenty, in the year 1790, graduated 1794, being, of course, twenty-four years of age. Having, with prayerful consideration, chosen the Gospel ministry for my profession, though sensible of great unworthiness, I did not long neglect to seek a place, where I might study to prepare myself for the work.

It is doubtless well known to most of my hearers, that there were no Theological Institutions, at that day, in which young men might be educated for the ministry. Those, who sought the employment, were necessitated to put themselves under the tuition of some individual minister, for the purpose. There were several clergymen, in the vicinity of my residence, who were in the habit of taking pupils. But there was no small difficulty in making a choice. Some were called Hopkinsians, some Calvinists, some moderate Calvinists, and some Aminians. Between the two last of these, moderate Calvinists and Aminians, there was no essential difference. They both held, that men were to be saved by their virtuous deeds, and that there was no need of any radical change, except what they could effect in their own strength. The other two sects, Hopkinsians and real Calvinists, both held to what are called the doctrines of grace; though there were some shades of difference, in their manner of explaining them. But against Hopkinsianism, there was a very strong prejudice. Many were disposed to apply to it what the poet said of vice:—

It is a monster of so frightful mein,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen.

And, all things considered, this prejudice is not much to be wondered at. Some young men would study with a gentleman of that order, for a few months, in which time, they got little else than the peculiarities, and more obnoxious parts of the scheme, which they would deal out and dwell upon, on every occasion, setting churches and religious societies in a flame, wherever they went. I freely confess, that I partook of the prejudices of the time and place in which I lived; though I am now convinced, that the more intelligent part, of the Hopkinsian order, understood the doctrines of the gospel as well as did the most who opposed them. I did not study with a Hopkinsian, but with several distinguished men, who did not harmonize, in all things, with that denomination.

The time, of studying for the ministry, was not as long as it is now. I began to preach, as a candidate, near the close of 1795. East Medway was the place where I commenced this kind of service. There, I received an invitation to settle in the ministry; but the opposition was great, on the ground of sentiment, and, after preaching to them six or seven months, I finally left them. Having labored



some weeks, or months, in divers places, I came to this place, then called New Rowley, November 8th, 1796, and preached my first sermon here the following Sabbath, the 13th of that month. After preaching a few Sabbaths—longer than young gentlemen usually preach, as candidates, at the present day—I received a call from the Church, January 26th, 1797. In due time, the same was concurred in by the parish. Some weeks elapsed before I gave my answer, which was in the affirmative.

I would here observe, there was, what was considered, a powerful opposition to my settlement, owing, as in the other case, to difference of sentiment. Father Chandler, my venerable predecessor, who, by the way, was the only settled minister in the place, before me, and was ordained October 13th, 1732, nearly 115 years ago, deceased April 17th, 1789, six years and seven months before my coming here. Some years before this, he was taken off from his public labors, so that there was a long vacancy. During which period, there were employed sixty-three candidates—I, of course, was the sixty-fourth.

In view of these things, my hearers will not wonder that this was a divided people. Several of the candidates received a call, with a greater or less degree of unanimity. Among them was the Rev. Mr. Kellogg, for many years a minister in Portland, Maine. In him, I think, there was a good union—but having, at the same time, a call where he finally settled, he negatived the one received from this people. The Rev. Samuel Tomb was invited to settle here, but, for some reason, declined. Another of the candidates received a bare majority, and did not accept.

Do any inquire what got this people into this divided state, and led them to think so differently on the subject of religion? I will mention one thing, which tended greatly to produce this unhappy effect. There was, in the vicinity, a theological controversy between two divines of distinction—the one called a Calvinist, the other a Hopkinsian. The dispute was somewhat warm, and the people here, as well as in other places, took sides. Some were Hopkinsians, and some were Calvinists. None of the people were willing to be thought deserving a lower name than one of these; and, having no minister, each party were determined to obtain one of their own stamp. I believe most, if not all the candidates, soon made it evident to

which party they belonged, and thus settled the matter at once, with regard to their friends and opposers.

As to myself, I had not studied divinity systematically, and, consequently, was not particularly versed in the isms which prevailed here, nor in any other theological ism of the day. My object was to exhibit the gospel in its purity, without considering whom it might please or displease. The consequence was, they knew not on which side to place me, and some of the more prominent persons of both parties favored my settlement, and some of both were opposed. Among the latter, as well as the former, were respectable men, and women also.

At that time, there were twelve resident male members in the church. Nine, as I was informed, voted in favor of my settlement, and three against it. Only one of the twelve is living. Another, who was then a non-resident member, is now residing in the place. How many females there were connected with the Church, I cannot say with certainty, as the Church Record had not been accurately kept for some years. All who had made a profession, did not live in the place, and some, who partook with us, were members of other churches. This is a fact, the number of females in the church was small. In the society, there was quite a division with regard to the settlement.

Some may be ready to wonder what could induce me to settle, with opposition so great and formidable. It must be confessed, the prospect was not very bright, in my own view, nor probably in the view of any other, who knew the circumstances. The best answer may be, that He, who controls events, and has the hearts of all men in his hands, so ordered it in his Providence. The probability is, that, had I given a negative answer, the majority, after all the trouble they had experienced, would have been discouraged from making any further attempts, and that they would not have had a minister for many years, if ever.

After it was determined, by leave of Providence, to have an ordination, many were unwilling that it should take place in the winter, as that is an unpleasant season of the year, and the weather and travelling often unfavorable. The 24th of May was proposed by the Church; but, in consideration of the scarcity of hay, it was thought necessary that the horses should feed on grass, and that a



later period would be preferable. The society, therefore, fixed on the 7th of June, for the ordination, which took place accordingly.

For the ordaining counsel, sixteen churches were invited, viz:—The first church in Dedham, churches in Walpole, Needham, Norton, and Stoughton, three churches in Ipswich, North church in Newburyport, first church in Rowley, churches in Topsfield, Linebrook, and Byfield, church in West Haverhill, West church in Boxford, and the East church in Bradford. Only one of the council, Rev. Dr. Eaton, of Boxford, is now living. Each of the churches, here named, was present, by its pastor, or delegates, or both. I say delegates, for churches, at that day, uniformly sent as many as two delegates, with their pastor. I have known three delegates, chosen in one church, to go to an ordaining council. I was once on an ordaining council, in a populous town, to which thirty churches were invited, with President Willard and Professor Tappan, of Harvard University, in addition. Most of the ministers, with their delegates, were present. It was difficult to find a room in town, where all could conveniently stand; to sit, was out of the question. One reason, for sending more than one delegate to councils, in former times, was thought to be a jealousy in the churches, lest the clergy should acquire too much power. Whether churches are less suspicious of their ministers, at this time, I am unable to say.\*

The council, in this place, met in the morning, on the day of ordination, at the house of Captain Benjamin Adams. After it was duly organized, and had addressed the Throne of Grace, by its moderator, Rev. Mr. Cleaveland, of Chebacco, now Essex, and was ready for business, a remonstrance was presented, signed by eighteen persons, three church members, and fifteen others. The objections were, that the preaching was not agreeable to their minds. One or two said that I did not preach like Rev. Mr. Chandler. As to that, I had no answer to give, not then having seen any sermon of that worthy old gentleman. Others complained, that certain doctrines were not preached to their satisfaction. The attention paid to the opposers, in addition to the ordinary business of the occasion, detained the council until a late hour, and the ordi-

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\* Here the speaker, being somewhat fatigued, requested the choir to perform a piece of music, that he might rest a moment.

nation did not take place until, the latter part of the day. The public services were closed, about the setting of the sun. The introductory prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Clark, of Norton ; sermon by Rev. Mr. Palmer, of Needham ; introductory address, and consecrating prayer, by Rev. Mr. Cleaveland, before named. Charge by Rev. Mr., afterward Dr. Dana, of Ipswich ; right hand of fellowship by Rev. Mr. Bradford, of Rowley ; concluding prayer by Rev. Mr. Adams, of West Haverhill, a native of this town.

It was the custom of the times, to attend to the ordination service before dinner. Accordingly, the council, on that day, did not dine till evening, after their public labors were ended. Agreeably to the practice in this region, the council were divided in the matter of dining. The ministers of the council, and other ordained ministers, dined about a mile and a quarter South of this, at the house of Captain Benjamin Adams. The delegates, two miles South-west, at Mr. David Mighill's ; and the candidates, half a mile East, at Mr. John Palmer's. The number, of people present, at the ordination, was larger than I had ever seen on any similar occasion. There had been no ordination here, for many years. In the neighborhood, they had been rare, and people took a deeper interest in the thing than is usual at the present day.

After the ordination, a number of the disaffected families left us, and united with the Baptist Society, in this place, leaving us, a comparatively small congregation, to assemble in this house. In this small body, there was, for a while, a good degree of union. But afterwards, difficulties and dissensions arose. I have waded through a sea of troubles, all of which, were there time, it might not be advisable to mention on the present occasion. Several, however, may be noticed.

At the time of my settlement, and for some years after, this was the only incorporated religious society, within the limits of the parish.\* All claimed a right to belong to, and vote with it, in ministerial matters, wherever else they might worship. At an early period of my ministry, certain restless souls, of whom we have never known a deficiency, made an effort to prevent the voting of the salary,

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\* The Baptist Society was not incorporated till 1811, though they had worshipped by themselves for a number of years.



enlisting all they could obtain, in their cause, whether belonging to us or not. As it appeared, they came to the meeting, very sanguine of success. But the way of man is not in himself. He may form plans, but God, if he please, can frustrate them. So he did in this case. There was a handsome majority against the opposers, and no attempt of the kind has since been made.

In years that have gone by, we have had a variety of sectarian, itinerant preachers, laboring hard, to build up their cause, upon the ruins of existing societies. Some of them, it is believed, did little else, in their preaching or private intercourse, than denounce the doctrines, generally believed among us, endeavoring to bring them, and those who inculcated or believed them, into disrepute. This may not have been the practice of all. I recollect in regard to a certain preacher, who drew a few persons after him, I asked one of his hearers, what sentiments his minister preached? His answer was, I believe, he does not preach much of any sentiment, his object is to commend religion in general. Another stroller, I have in mind, who, I suppose, preached something which he called sentiment, for he founded a church of seven members, reminding us of the words of the wise man, Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars. Wisdom's pillars, we must believe to be firm and unshaken. But as to those erected here, they soon fell, and the whole building came to naught. One in later years, a Freewiller, or *Christ-ian*, moved into the place with his family, and preached, for a considerable time, to a number of hearers, in a school-house, not now standing. He finally left the town, and was settled, once and again, over Congregational churches, as a Unitarian minister. A part of those who were his hearers, while here, afterwards joined our society, and are among its respectable members. Others joined elsewhere, and the society is extinct.

A certain class of lecturers, mock-philanthropists, under the guise of friendship for the slaves, and pleading their cause, have done immense mischief in this place, causing unpleasant feelings in the church and society, which, it is feared, has not wholly subsided, and divisions which are not, perhaps, wholly healed. Some were deceived and led away by them—others were soon convinced that, however great their love for the slave, their hatred of the church, of the ministry, and of all our religious institutions was much

greater. The more prominent among them, have since become avowed infidels, renouncing not only the church and the ministry, but the holy Sabbath, the Bible, civil government, and everything that the true Christian and the patriot hold most dear. One of them, however, Rev. Mr. Beach, who was guilty of creating as much disorder and outrage as any of his associates, and who is now gone to his account, it is said, repented of his misconduct, and made humble confession before his decease. If his repentance was genuine, he was, doubtless, through the tender mercy of our God, forgiven and saved. Happy would it be, if all of us would repent, in this our day of our sins, both of omission and commission, that we may become new creatures in Christ Jesus, and heirs of Glory.

In the year 1829, a Universalist society was formed. This society was made up, in a measure, of those who had before met with us on the Lord's day. It was not pleasant to part with them—we should have liked their friendship and continuance with us, had their hearts been here. But as they could not be content to tarry, and cast in their lot with us, it was doubtless for the peace and quietness of both parties, that a separation took place. We wish them well, and pray God to give them a right understanding of Divine Truth, and Grace, that they may receive and obey it from the heart, and thus become wise unto salvation, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. With regard to their prosperity, as a society, at this time, I know but little, and shall say nothing.

Six or seven years since, there came a preacher into the place, with a design of building up another society, of which he might be pastor. He was, professedly, a Congregationalist, and had a number of times been settled as such, for he was a locomotive concern, and never able to continue long in one place. In his religious belief, he was an Oberlin Perfectionist. He was a man of some knowledge, of greater zeal, and of vanity and self complacency, greater than either. One of his strong reasons, for wishing to establish himself here, was, that he might inculcate his own views of the gospel, and instruct the people in the true religion, which, he professed to think them, deplorably ignorant. When asked, Do you think, sir, you understand theology better than your fathers and brethren in general? His answer was, I think I do. With such ideas, of his superior wisdom and knowledge, who can wonder that he should wish



to impart a share to the ignorant and erroneous. But notwithstanding his high opinion of himself, there was abundant evidence, that he was not remarkably well versed in the Holy Scriptures.

This gentleman held his meetings, alternately, in the Universalist Church and Savory's Hall. For a time, I was told, he had something of an audience. There were conversions under his preaching, it was said. As to that, I need give no opinion. One thing is certain, he was not able to learn him who stole, to steal no more; and I know not if the moral or religious character, of any of his converts, was improved by their conversion. Still, a portion of them were perfect in their own view, if not pluperfect.

It was prophesied, that the great preacher would finally prevail, bear down all opposition, and draw the multitude after him. Indeed, it was said, by some of his followers, they had gotten all, or nearly all the religious people, on their side. I was seriously asked, by a gentleman living at a distance, after he had held an interview with the said preacher, and some of his friends, who there was remaining in our church, who gave any evidence of piety. I told him, I thought there were some left. But it seemed, by his manner, that he scarcely believed it could be so. It was publicly said, at one of their meetings, as I was credibly informed, that this whole parish, including Congregationalists, Baptists, Universalists and I suppose, Nothingarians, also, (if there were any such) was not too large for one society, and might well be united in one. Could this thing have been effected, it was, doubtless, well understood, who expected to be pastor and teacher. Great efforts were made, to get the said preacher into this house. But God, in his providence, forbade it. The man never gained the honor of performing in this pulpit, and, consequently, had not an opportunity to create that disorder and confusion in the society, which he doubtless would have done, had he been admitted.

I might have said before, the preacher, with his religious friends, labored much to form a church, of which he was to be overseer. But in this, the adage, "Many men of many minds," was verified. They could not agree upon their articles of faith, and the matter was given up. Some, it was said, wanted a creed, and some did not. And those, who wished for one, could not agree as to what doctrines it should contain. The minister tarried through the winter, obtained

the support of himself and family, and how much more I am unable to say. Although, his friends could not agree in their articles of faith, I think they were generally agreed, after his winter's service, to let him depart in peace.

I have no disposition, unnecessarily, to wound the feelings of those, who, for a while, favored the cause of this man. I believe they are, now generally, convinced that the movement was not wise, nor calculated to promote the cause of true religion among us. But it has become a part of our history, and on an occasion like this, when stating the trials of your aged minister, could not well be omitted.

After the extraordinary preacher had left, and shaken off the dust of his feet against us, he drank in the philosophy of elder Miller, an illiterate and conceited man, of a speculative turn, who, suddenly becoming wise above what is written, took it into his head to predict that the world was coming to an end, in 1843. By his sophistical reasoning, many were deluded, and were greatly injured in their worldly concerns, if not in those of vastly more importance. Many instances of insanity and suicide, have resulted from a belief in this wild theory of the elder. With himself, and his more cunning disciples, it was, unquestionably, a money making concern. They lectured frequently, to large assemblies, and collected no inconsiderable sums, from the infatuated multitude, which doubtless, they knew how to use to their own advantage. Whether the world did actually end in the year 1843, I think the sapient elder has not informed us. In this all-important matter, we are left, to judge for ourselves. What are the views of the preacher upon the subject, who, during his stay in this place, caused such an excitement, we have not been told. For a while, he labored with great zeal in the Miller cause, and doubtless made as many converts to it, as he did to true religion. He was thought to have lost the balance of his mind, if he ever had any thing of the kind to lose. Several years since, we heard of his being incarcerated in some part of Connecticut, as a vagrant. When he obtained a jail delivery, for himself, and again became a free man, I have not learned. The last account, I had of him, was, that in a distinguished town, in this state, he tarried several months, laboring to do what he called good, and then eloped, to parts unknown, with a spiritual sister, as he called her.

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*



I could mention many other unpleasant scenes through which I have passed, quite as trying as any I have brought to view. But, I forbear, believing I have named enough to maintain my position, that I have experienced many troubles, during my connexion with you.

But I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. God has in his wrath remembered mercy, and poured his blessings upon us.

In 1824, a Post Office was established here. Before that, we suffered great inconvenience, in corresponding with friends and others at a distance. The first Post Master was Benjamin Little, Esq., who, with his brother Joseph, has done much to improve and benefit the place, since they came among us. Mr. Little sustained the office of Post Master, more than twenty years, till superseded by the present incumbent, Mr. Lowe. In 1836, the Manufacturers Bank came into operation, of which Mr. Little was appointed President, and George Foot, Esq., Cashier; which offices they hold at the present time. The duties, of these offices, it is believed, have been faithfully performed, by the gentlemen named.

In 1838, the greater part, of New Rowley parish, with a portion of the parish of Byfield, was incorporated as a town by the name of Georgetown; which, among other benefits, has greatly diminished the travel of those, who were wont to assemble to transact town business, and to attend to other public duties. Before that, some had to go a distance of nine miles or more to town meeting; now few go more than three miles.

Other great changes have taken place, both in the state and appearance of things, and the views of the people, since my coming here. Then, and for many years before, there was only one town school kept annually, in the winter season, in New Rowley. The teacher was Mr. Greenleaf Dole, a native of the place, who graduated at Harvard University, in 1771. This gentleman, if I mistake not, taught the school as many as thirty years. Besides, that school, one or two private schools were kept a short time, in the summer season, by females, not always remarkably well educated; as but few of the sex were at that day. We have, now, some half a dozen or more town, as well as private schools, kept for a longer or shorter time, in the several districts. We have, also, one high school, taught by Miss Mariann Nelson, of Worcester.

At that day, it was thought a great affair to go to Boston, and was the subject of much conversation. Now, individuals can go further than that, without causing any great excitement among the stayers at home. Dwelling houses were then few and far between. They are now, in several places, somewhat compact, and their number greatly increased. There was, in that day, no store at which to purchase goods. We were obliged to go out of town for that object. Now, the people are well accommodated in this respect. There was not a single painted house, if we except one, which had many years before, been painted red, and the paint had become scarcely visible. There was then, no carpeted floor, and but two or three papered rooms. One of these, was a chamber, on which the paper hung loosely. One other, was a sitting room, on the ground floor, whose paper was old, and much soiled, and really no ornament to the room. A gentleman, of my acquaintance, from the county of Norfolk, said to me, one day, as he was looking abroad, How can you live here? But I was not at all unhappy, so far as the appearance of inanimate things was concerned. Time has effected great changes. Casting your eyes about, you will see there are now some painted houses, and if you enter them, you will observe well finished and furnished rooms. The dress and manners of the people, are somewhat improved here, as in other places. It was then the custom of ladies, as soon as they changed their state of single blessedness, to wear a black bonnet, and that not of the most comely appearance.

Our religious society, notwithstanding the various and powerful efforts to destroy it, has, by a kind Providence, been preserved to the present time, and in external circumstances, flourished beyond the most sanguine expectation of its friends. It has been gradually increasing, for years, until it has become respectable for numbers, and I suppose, in this regard, would bear comparison with most of the neighboring societies.

The church has also increased, though not to that degree, which the friends of religion, would have rejoiced to witness. There have been some revivals of religion, so far as the eye of man could judge. The greatest of these, was in 1831; when about one hundred professed a hope in Christ, though but little more than half of them made a public profession, at the time. In some, a goodly number, there appeared to be a radical change of character, for the better.



There were others, whose goodness was as the morning cloud and early dew, which soon vanishes away. About two hundred and fifty have been added to the church, by profession and letter, since my ministry here commenced. There have, of course, been many deaths of professors; also some removals to other churches, and some ex-communications. The present number of members is one hundred and eighty-four — sixty seven males, and one hundred and seventeen females. Several more are soon to be added. The deacons of the church have been ten, viz: Col. Daniel Spofford, Mr. Jeremiah Searl, Mr. Thomas Merrill, Moody Spofford, Esq., Messrs. Stephen Searl, Thomas Merrill, Jr., John Platts, Asa Nelson, Asa Wilson, and Sylvanus Merrill. Messrs. Asa Nelson and Sylvanus Merrill are the present officiating deacons. The baptisms have been comparatively few, as numbers of the church have views different from those of their fathers, in the church, on that subject. The marriages, I have solemnized, are a little short of three hundred couples.

In the Autumn of 1815, the bell, upon this house, was obtained by subscription. Before that time, we experienced some inconvenience, with regard to the punctual attendance of all, at the right hour for worship. For myself, I lived, at that period, a large mile, at the West of this, and having no time-piece, was guided by a respectable neighbor, who lived beyond me, and who, extras excepted, was sure to repair to the house of God, every Lord's day, in due season. In the year 1816, Mr. Jesse Adams left a legacy of two hundred dollars, the income, of which, was to be given to the more indigent members of the church. This sum is called the Adams' Fund. The Church is now in the habit of contributing something on communion days, which, added to the interest of two hundred dollars, makes a pretty little sum for the relief of the needy.

In 1837, a Sabbath School was established, which has generally flourished. A goodly number, of those connected with it, have been hopefully brought to the knowledge and love of the truth. The present number of members, teachers and pupils, is two hundred and sixty-six. The average number of attendance, since its reorganization, in April last, is rising of two hundred and twenty. The names of the superintendents are, Hon. Samuel Adams, Deacons Thomas Merrill and John Platts, Amos Jewett Tenney, Esq., Charles S. Tenney, Esq., Josiah Adams, B. Addison Merrill, Luther P. Palmer, and Charles S. Tenney, Esq., again.

On this occasion, the choir should not be passed unnoticed. They deserve our gratitude and praise, for the unanimity, fidelity, perseverance and skilful manner, with, and in which, they have performed this very delightful part of religious worship. Their performances, it is believed, are not excelled by any choir in the vicinity. God grant they may all be prepared to sing his praise in his Heavenly Kingdom. The choristers, during my residence here, have been Messrs. John Tenney, Jacob Spofford, Captain Eliphalet Chaplin, Amos Jewett Tenney, Esq., Deacon Asa Wilson, Colonel Joseph Kimball, Messrs. Richard Tenney, and Charles S. Tenney, Esq. Mr. Benjamin Pickett was, for a time, assistant chorister.

The annual subscription, for charitable objects, it is thought, will average five hundred dollars.

The meeting house has been three times altered. The second and third time, it was enlarged as the society increased. After the first alteration, when the square pews were exchanged for slips, and the pulpit placed at the East end, it was thought the house should be re-dedicated, which was done, December 6th, 1832. At the first enlargement, fifteen feet were added at the East end, making room for twenty-eight additional pews, and one hundred and thirty-two seats. At the second enlargement, when wings were placed at the sides of the house, room was made for forty pews, and two hundred seats. Both additions make room for three hundred and thirty-two seats. A new pulpit was erected, towards the expense of which, and its appendages, Mr. George Peabody, a native of Danvers, now living in London, brother to Mrs. Jeremiah Russell, made us a donation of two hundred and fifty dollars. At the same time, the orchestra was greatly improved, being carpeted and cushioned, with money, I suppose, from the same source, or from the sister just mentioned. Since that time, the same gentleman gave fifty dollars toward increasing our Sabbath School library. Mrs. Apphia Tenney, relict of Amos Jewett Tenney, Esq., gave a beautiful clock, for ornament and convenience, in this house.

I may here mention, that several years ago, Mr. David Pingree, of Salem, a native of this town, gave two hundred and fifty dollars, towards the enlargement and improvement of the old Cemetery. His mother and brothers, Messrs. Thomas and Asa Pingree, also, made handsome donations to the same object.



In 1828, Mr. Paul Spofford, also, a native of this town, now a merchant in New York city, gave a valuable stove for the benefit of the worshippers in this house. The first stove, of less value, placed in the house, 1822, was removed. For these valuable donations, our thanks are due to the respectable donors. May they have their reward in a better world.

The ministers of the gospel, who have been raised up in this society since I have been with you, are five, viz., Rev. Messrs. Joseph and Nathaniel Merrill, Jeremiah Searle, Milton P. Braman, and Richard Thurston Searle. There have been two, also, in the Baptist Society, Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin, sometime President of Waterville College, Maine, and Rev. Charles Wheeler. The physicians who have grown up among us, are seven, viz., Drs. Moses D. Spofford, John Pillsbury, David Mighill, Hon. Jeremiah Spofford, Richard S. Spofford, Isaac G. Braman, and James Trask. Of lawyers, none have been raised up here; although there are three gentlemen of that profession, now residing in the place, viz., Jeremiah Russell, Benjamin Poole, and J. P. Jones, Esquires. There are also two resident physicians, who were not born here, viz: Drs. George Moody and William Cogswell.

In June 1846, a Printing Press was set up in this place. From this press, a weekly paper, the Watchtower, edited by Rev. Henry A. Woodman and William W. Kellogg, was issued. The press is now in other hands, but the paper is still published.

Some half dozen years since, it was thought advisable there should be a colleague Pastor settled with me. Accordingly, Rev. Enoch Pond was ordained, as such, Dec. 3d, 1842. The churches invited to assist in his ordination, were, the North Church in Newburyport, Temple street, do., Belleville, Newbury, Byfield, Rowley, two in West Newbury, West and East Bradford, South Boxford, Topsfield, North Danvers, Winnissimet, Chelsea, First Church in Ipswich, and Rev. Dr. Pond, of the Theological Seminary, Bangor, Maine. The ordination services were as follows: Invocation and reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Edgell, of West Newbury; Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, of Chelsea; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Pond; Consecrating Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Kimball, of Ipswich; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Withington, of Newbury; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Braman, of Danvers; Address to the Church

and People, by Rev. Mr. Dimmick, of Newburyport; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. March, of Belleville; Benediction, by the Junior Pastor.

At that time, Mr. Pond was thought to enjoy perfect health. But at an early period, his health began to fail. In general, he was able to perform the duties of his office until March 15, 1846, about three years and a quarter, when with difficulty he preached one sermon, and was never able to perform that service afterwards. He lived, gradually declining, until Dec. 17, of the same year, when he deceased, in the triumphs of faith. He died in Bucksport, Maine, and in one week after, his remains were deposited in the new Cemetery, in this town. During his short ministry, we lived in friendship and harmony, as fellow laborers in our Master's service. There were a few hopeful conversions, two of whom, with nine others, whose hope was of longer standing, were received into this church, by profession while he lived.

On the 3d of February last, my present colleague, Rev. John M. Prince, was ordained. May his ministry be long and glorious, and instrumental in bringing many souls to believe and obey the gospel. Mr. Prince, when he received his call, had a large vote, both in the church and society, considerably larger than was ever before given, on a similar occasion. It was hoped that no root of bitterness would spring up to trouble us, but that all things would go on well. But it soon appeared, that there was uneasiness in the minds of some, and not a small number signed a remonstrance against his ordination. The council, consisting of judicious and candid men, paid proper attention to the signers, giving due weight to their objections, and after mature and prayerful deliberation, thought it advisable to proceed to the business, for which they had met, and the candidate was ordained. The Churches, invited to assist in the ordination, were Wiscasset, Maine; Winnissimet, Chelsea; North Danvers, West and South Boxford, West and East Bradford, West Newbury, Byfield, Rowley, Federal Street, Newburyport; and Rev. Dr. Dana. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Coggin, South Boxford; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Balkham, Wiscasset, Maine; Consecrating Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Dana, Newburyport; Charge, by the Senior Pastor; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Munroe, West Bradford; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, of Chelsea;



Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Braman, of Danvers ; Benediction, by the Jun. Pastor.

And here justice requires me to say, in regard to the disaffected, that many of them have acted honorably, since the ordination, have statedly attended public worship, and seem disposed to make no difficulty. It is my earnest prayer, that the blessing of God may come upon them, and that the solemn transactions, of the ordination day, may both redound to the glory of God, and the eternal well-being of them, and their children and children's children, to the latest generation.

It may be proper here to say, that Rev. Mr. Chandler gave Henry's Commentary, to the church, for the use of their ministers ; and a few valuable books, of a religious nature, to the society, to be safely kept, and loaned for their benefit, as there might be opportunity. These books were written by such men as President Edwards, Bishop Newton, Rev. John Newton, President Davies, and others of similar Theological sentiments.

A number of years since, (I cannot give dates in all cases,) Captain Benjamin Adams presented a convenient Bible for the pulpit. In view of these things, my brethren and friends, of this church and society, we see abundant cause for gratitude to God for what he has done for our benefit. *I*, for his goodness and mercy, which has followed me all my days; and *you*, with me, that he has sustained us under all our trials, as minister and people, continued to us the enjoyment of our privileges, and caused our enemies to be at peace with us. We bless His Holy Name, that he has, in some good measure, built up his Zion here, and pray that he would continue to appear for us in mercy, that he would pour out his spirit in copious effusions, bring such as are now careless and disobedient, into the kingdom of his grace, and cause that many sons and daughters, from among us, shall finally ascend to glory.

My dear friends, my days on earth are almost numbered and finished. If, through the goodness and forbearance of God, I should be spared a little longer, my *labors*, among you, will be comparatively small. Though conscious of great imperfection, I think I have been enabled, during my ministry, to present to you, much important Gospel truth. At least, I have *endeavored* to do it — truth adapted to the saint and the sinner — to the aged, the

middle aged and the young—to those in prosperity and those in adversity. I have given you good council, I say *good*, because it was the council of God, which is always good; and to which you will do well to take heed. Let me exhort you all, to receive and obey the truth as it is in Jesus—that you may enjoy the favor of God and be heirs of eternal life. Listen with candor and docility to him who is now, your stated teacher. If at any time he should advance, what you do not understand, or what seems to you, not to accord with the oracles of truth, let me advise you who are parents, not to complain of it before your children and others, not to try to prejudice those who are less informed than yourselves, and who are wont to confide much in your judgement. I say, be advised not to do this, until you have gone to your teacher, stated to him your difficulty, and given him an opportunity to explain himself, which he would probably do to your satisfaction. Much evil is sometimes done by pursuing a different course. My prayer to God is, that you and your preacher may live long and happily together, that he may faithfully declare to you all the council of God, speaking the truth in love, and that you may drink in the sincere milk of the word, which, through faith and holy obedience, is able to save your souls.

✓ Brethren and friends, if you wish to prosper, live in peace; study the things which make for peace, and things whereby one may edify another. And may the God of love and peace, be with and bless you.

I would now express my cordial thanks for all your acts of kindness, during my abode with you. These have been many and great. I would particularly mention the circumstance of my sickness, some forty years ago, when I did not preach for twenty Sabbaths, and received much sympathy and help from my beloved people. I will also gratefully acknowledge the pecuniary aid that I received in erecting the house in which I dwell. Various other instances of kindness and assistance, during my ministry, both from ladies and from the other sex, too numerous to be mentioned, I am disposed thankfully to remember. The Lord reward you, a hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come, with life everlasting.

I have one word to this great assembly. Respected friends, our next meeting will doubtless be at the judgement seat of Christ!—



Farewell, till then. Be it our concern to prepare for that all-important event, that we may give up our account with joy, and enter the joy of our Lord.

At a meeting of the First Congregational Church, in Georgetown, April 30th, 1847, the propriety of celebrating the 7th of June next, it being the 50th anniversary of the ordination of their Senior Pastor, Rev. Isaac Braman, was suggested. The proposition met with universal favor, and a committee was chosen to invite him to deliver a discourse upon the occasion, and to make such other arrangements as an appropriate observance of the day might require. The Committee consisted of

JEREMIAH RUSSELL, ESQ.,  
CHARLES S. TENNEY, ESQ.,  
DEACON ASA NELSON.

The Committee waited upon their Pastor, and having obtained his consent, a special meeting of all interested in the event was called by them, to consult as to the best method of celebrating the day. The following gentlemen were then added to the committee:

WILLIAM COGSWELL, M. D.,  
ORIN WESTON,  
GEORGE SPOFFORD,  
RICHMOND DOLE,

The result of their deliberations, and of the action of the Committee, the sequel will show.



## APPENDIX.

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THE 7th of June, 1847, was one of the finest days of the season. At 2 o'clock P. M., a large assembly, including many from the neighboring towns, convened at the Old South Meeting House, to listen to the discourse from the venerable Pastor. The exercises upon the occasion were as follows:—

### ANTHEM.\*

“THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED.”

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### INVOCATION AND READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. J. C. HARTSHORN, PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

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### ORIGINAL HYMN.

WRITTEN BY MRS. L. S. WESTON.

“*A Jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you.*”—Lev. 26. 11.

O God of Israel's chosen race !  
Maker of earth and sky and sea,  
We come with praise before Thy face,  
To keep this day of Jubilee !

Thanks ! that Thy hand hath blest this vine,  
Our fathers planted—small yet free,  
Nourished by dews of grace divine,  
It hails with joy this Jubilee !

Teachers, to speak Thy written word,  
The fathers saw—the children see ;  
Let Thy great name be loud adored,  
For this bright hour of Jubilee !

Our aged shepherd lives this day,  
To bless his flock sustained by Thee,

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\* This anthem was sung at Mr. Braman's ordination, June 7th, 1797.

Who through long years hast been his stay,  
And brought him to this Jubilee !

Five times ten years the annual sun  
Has rolled the wheels of time away !  
Fresh the young pastor then begun,  
Who writes this day his Jubilee !

Change upon change his eye hath seen,  
His friends, his flock, his colleague die  
Till few remain, who cheered him then,  
To greet with him, this Jubilee !

Our aged sires now sleep in dust ;  
Their favored children blest are we,  
Who, through the God they made their trust,  
Can sing, All hail ! this Jubilee !

One boon with reverence still we seek ;  
Our youthful pastor ; grant that he  
May with our children's children keep,  
The next glad year of Jubilee !

Bless us, O Lord ! through thy dear Son,  
His humble followers may we be ;  
Then shall we all before thy Throne,  
Keep one eternal Jubilee !

## PRAYER.

BY REV. MILTON P. BRAMAN, OF DANVERS, SON OF THE AGED PASTOR.

## HYMN.

429 SELECT.—TUNE, "*Ocean*."

## DISCOURSE.

BY REV. ISAAC BRAMAN.

## ORIGINAL HYMN.

WRITTEN BY W. B. TAPPAN. TUNE, "*Brattle Street*."

The Church is graven on thy hands,  
Her walls before thee shine ;



O God! the worship and the word  
 And ministry are Thine.  
 She, the Restorer, sitteth where  
 Our ruined planet weeps,—  
*When* will she sing the Jubilee  
 That Earth, the ransomed, keeps?

Thine only is it to appoint  
 Her watchman for their toil;  
 The unction shed upon their hearts,  
 Upon their heads the oil.  
 Of those anointed, some forsake  
 Their post in peril's hour;  
 And Death has bowed the strong and tall  
 And crushed the manly flower.

Yet *these* thy servant long has led,—  
 The favored of thy flocks;—  
 How kindly Grace has touched his heart!  
 How gently Time his locks!  
 And he has formed the vigorous mind  
 In Wisdom's heavenly mould;  
 And he has watched the little lambs  
 That bleat about the fold.

And longer on these noble walls,  
 May he, O Lord, remain;  
 And in the conflict of the Cross  
 Still newer trophies gain.  
 And THOU, for Zion's thronging sons  
 Her gates wilt open wide;  
 And gifts beyond the pearls and gold,  
 Shall deck the Church, the Bride!

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## PRAYER.

BY THE JUNIOR PASTOR, REV. J. M. PRINCE.

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## CHORUS.

"GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH."

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## BENEDICTION.

BY THE JUNIOR PASTOR.

## COLLATION.

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At the close of the public exercises, a procession was formed under the direction of Dr. William Cogswell as Marshal, and, preceded by a band of music, moved to Tenney's Hall, there to partake of a sumptuous collation, prepared by Mr. Amos Spofford, of this town.

Charles S. Tenney, Esq. presided at the table. The Hall was crowded with gentlemen and ladies, including invited guests, citizens of neighboring towns, and many of the inhabitants of Georgetown, who sat down to the feast. At the right of the President, were seated Rev. Mr. Braman, Rev. Dr. Dana, of Newburyport, Rev. Dr. Perry, of Bradford, and Rev. Messrs. Braman, of Danvers, Phelps, of Groton, Withington, of Newbury, and Prince, of Georgetown; and at the left, Rev. Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, and Rev. Dr. Cogswell, and Judge Cummings, of Boston, and A. Huntington, Esq., of Salem.

A blessing was invoked by Rev. Dr. Pierce. After all had partaken of the refreshments, provided for them, the company united in singing to the good old tune of "*Auld Lang Syne*," the following

## ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY MRS. L. S. WESTON.

Let retrospection call to view  
The scenes of by-gone time;  
And memory back its sun-light throw  
On days of "*Auld lang syne*."

That morn, now fifty years ago,  
Which on our fathers dawned,  
Fresh in their youth and manhood's flow,  
To us, is "*Auld lang syne*."

They hailed with joy that festal hour,  
Light on their Zion shone,  
And freed from dire dissension's power,  
A pastor—called their own.



They saw a shepherd for the flock,  
 Long left to mourn and pine ;  
 Their aged teacher's place to take,  
 Like days of "Auld lang syne."

They worshiped in their house of prayer,  
 Nor thought of fresco fine ;  
 In simple garb—with hearts sincere,  
 Those hearers of "lang syne."

The days of wigs and cocked-up hats,  
 Were days of trying time ;  
 And well their wearers filled their parts,  
 In years of "Auld lang syne."

We'll bless their virtues while we sing,  
 Those ancient worthy men ;  
 This tribute to their memory bring,  
 Our sires of "Auld lang syne."

Rich blessings on their once young priest,  
 Now old—he bides his time ;  
 And waits to hear the high behest,  
 "Join friends of 'Auld lang syne.'"

And bless thy aged servants, Lord !  
 Our welcome guests to day ;  
 Whose years thy goodness has prolonged,  
 To see their Jubilee.

And still pour down each precious gift,  
 On heads of younger sons,  
 The fathers gone—the children left,  
 To bless this day "lang syne."

Mr. TENNEY then addressed the company briefly, and offered the following sentiment.

*The Friends of Mr. Braman's Youth.*—Who among his Neighbors in the Ministry then, is here to greet him now?

The REV. DR. DANA, of Newburyport, responded, being the only representative of the ministers who were present at Mr. Braman's ordination. He paid a handsome tribute to the character of his predecessor, Mr. Chandler, who was the first pastor here, and in the office considerably more than fifty years, representing him as a most excellent man ; and bore equally decided testimony to that of Mr. Braman, for whom he expressed a warm sympathy and strong attachment. He spoke of him as a man of prudence ; and it was owing to that trait in his character, he supposed, that he had kept his position in troublous times, such as had been referred to in his discourse this afternoon.

When he had set down, DR. COGSWELL, the toast-master, proposed the following sentiment.

*The Pastors of Fifty Years.*—The elders rise up before them, and the children call them blessed.

This called up the REV. DR. PIERCE, for whom such respect and affection had been shown at his recent Jubilee, though a very large share is what he meets always and everywhere. It did us good to set eyes on him again. His vigorous frame, full head of hair, white almost as the driven snow, his countenance fresh almost as youth, and kindly beaming eye make him an object of interest and attraction to every one that loves to look on man in his finer developments and nobler bearing, physical and moral. The Dr. knew what to say, how to say it, and when to stop. He said there were in the State forty-one ministers of fifty years; five had had their Jubilee; and three were present. He bore testimony to the good college standing of Mr. Braman, with whom he was very intimate for three years, being one year his senior; and inferred that his own must have been tolerably good, from the fact that such intimacy was allowed him. From his vast store house of anecdotes and facts, he brought out just enough to give us a good taste, and make us wish for more. Among the rest, in allusion to what Mr. Braman had said in his discourse of his recollections of 'the dark day,' he told one of that strange genius, Matthew Byles, a minister in Boston before the revolution. It was he of whom some one said, that when he saw him in the pulpit he thought he ought never to go *out* of it; and when out, that he should never go *in*. A lady sent that day to Dr. Byles to know the cause of the darkness. "Go, tell your mistress," said he, "that I confess I am just as much *in the dark* as she." Mr. Braman had spoken of illiterate preachers, that had sometimes come in to trouble him. That reminded him of one who many years ago sent to a pastor in this State, with a request to be permitted to preach in his pulpit. He was asked for his credentials. "O, I have a commission direct from Jesus Christ. He says, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'" "Yes," said the pastor, "but he does not say that every *creature* must preach the Gospel." Here was an explosion, in the midst of which the Dr. sat down, to the regret, no doubt, of all.

The next sentiment proposed was,

*The Christian Ministry.*—As it was in the early days of New England, so may it be in time to come.

THE REV. DR. COGSWELL, of Boston, responded. He spoke of the number of ministers in those early days. There was one, often two, a pastor and a teacher, to every five hundred souls, and even less. They were distinguished for piety, learning, and industrious toil; preaching to themselves as well as to their hearers; and sometimes uniting the profession of physician with that of the sacred office. The first three Presidents of Harvard College practiced both. Their ministry was permanent, and their lives commonly long. Of the eight hundred and forty deceased, that were graduated at Harvard between 1642 and 1826, the average life-time was more than sixty years, and the duration of their ministry more than thirty-eight.

How different is it now. Commonly men remain but a very few years in one place; when arrived at middle life, they are thought too old to preach; and if they have a few grey hairs, are laid aside as superannuated. This was a wrong conclusion, and a great evil.

The speaking was interspersed with music, vocal and instrumental; and at this point, three young men, Messrs. D. Barnard Tenney, Daniel Palmer, and Alfred Holmes, sung



with fine effect, to a very rich tune composed by Mr. Tenney, that noble and familiar song,

### THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The Pilgrim Fathers, where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er

Still roll in the bay and throw their spray,

As they dash along the shore.

Still roll in the bay as they roll'd that day,

When the May-flower moored below,

When the sea around was black with storms

And white the shore with snow.

The pilgrim exile,—sainted name,

The hill whose icy brow

Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame,

In the morning's flame burns now.

And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night

On the hill side and the sea,

Still lays where he laid his houseless head,

But the pilgrim—where is he?

The pilgrim spirit has not fled,

It walks in noon's broad light,

And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,

With the holy stars by night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,

And shall guard this ice-bound shore,

Till the waves in the bay where the Mayflower lay,

Shall foam and freeze no more.

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This sentiment then followed the song.

*The Sons of Ministers.*—When they enter other professions, it is not always to forget the value of good morals, nor to fail of being useful.

It was intended to call up Mr. HUNTINGTON, late County Attorney; and, on perceiving that it was so meant, he came at the call. He is a son of a former minister of Topsfield, who has been many years dead: and said that since his childhood, first as the friend of his father, he had known Mr. Braman well. As he recounted his trials this afternoon, there were some thoughts passing through his mind, to which he would give utterance. These experiments of impostors and mock philanthropists, that come with the pretence of wishing to enlighten the people, should be discountenanced altogether. If we would promote what is good and valuable in society, we must discard them all. If the country was indebted to any one class of men more than another, it was to an educated, faithful ministry. They were the teachers of religion, the friends of education; and the rearing of colleges was their work. Reformers of one idea—no not half an idea—should be branded as the enemies of their country and their race.

Next came the following regular sentiment from Dr. COGSWELL.

*The Pastors of Essex North.*—A few of them are growing grey in watching over the flocks of their Youth.

The Rev. MR. WITHINGTON, of Newbury, seemed reluctant to believe that he was meant, but after a little demurring arose. It was true, he said, he was growing grey; but he was not so old as to have forgotten how, as he used to pass this way when a student of theology, he always stopped on yonder hill, where Mr. Braman formerly resided. He had vivid and delightful recollections of the social qualities he used to see displayed there. The venerable pastor had spoken of the smallness of his society in early days of his ministry, when there was but one in the place; and of the divisions that had been made. Yet these divisions, said Mr. W., seem always to have increased their number; and while it was so, they were not to be regretted. He attributed the pastor's long continuance here to his prudence; and said that all who were remarkable for their long settlements, were men that brought beaten oil into the sanctuary.

The next sentiment proposed was,

*The former Neighbors of Mr. Braman, now in other fields of labor.*—They toil not in vain.

The Rev. MR. PHELPS, of Groton, formerly of Haverhill, in responding, said he was almost a pastor of Essex; and he had been all day wishing he had never left it. It was pleasant to be here on such an occasion. Yet it was also sad, because few celebrations would hereafter occur. There would be none such by and by. Everything was changing. A minister had now no home. Before sitting down, he submitted the following sentiment for Mr. Braman.

*The Next Fifty Years of his Pastorate.*—May they be free from itinerant storms,—and may they be all brightness and sunshine.

Mr. Braman said a few words in response. He thought his brethren had expressed too high an estimate of him, but was grateful for their good opinion.

Here there was a call for volunteer toasts, and the Rev. Dr. PERRY, of Bradford, arose and repeated a remark made at the ordination of the Junior Pastor, which was, that the people of Georgetown had never yet learned to dismiss a minister. He said it was also so with his own people; and after stating some facts respecting them, submitted the following sentiment.

*The People who have never yet learned to dismiss a Minister.*

Then came a sentiment complimentary to the Judiciary of Massachusetts, and designed to call up a native, and, till within a few years, a resident of Essex County, present.

Judge CUMMINGS, of Boston, responded. He spoke of distinguished individuals among the dead, legal and clerical, once resident in this county, and particularly of the Rev. Mr. Huntington, of Topsfield, who was his Pastor and teacher, in terms of high commendation. He was industrious, labored with his hands, and was in great measure independent of his people. He used to make his pupils also industrious in their studies. And though they might not have been satisfied with it then, they had abundant occasion in after life for gratitude that he did not allow them to be idle in their youth. If he might be allowed to give advice to the clergy, it would be, to imitate the pastor of his youth in making himself independent of his people. He concluded by submitting the following sentiment.



*The Rev. Mr. Huntington.* He was a man respected and beloved by all his townsmen.

Then came the singing of the last

## ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY MRS. L. S. WESTON.

Blessings rest on those who 've joined us,  
From the greatest to the small;  
All, who 've left their cares to meet us,  
In our social, festive hall.

Those, of every rank and station  
By their name and virtues known;  
Blessings, both of State and Nation,  
Favored, rare, and honored ones.

Bless the standard bearers waiting  
Round the banner of the Cross;  
Those, possessed with gifts of healing;  
Those, who traffic for our use.

Those, of every gift and calling,  
Sons of industry and art;  
Those, who Thy glad earth are tilling,  
Every blessing be their part.

After the Hymn, Dr. Cogswell submitted this sentiment,

*The Physicians of Mr. Braman's Youth, and their Successors.*

DR. JEREMIAH SPOFFORD, of Bradford, a native of this place, arose and spoke of his recollections of the ordination, of scenes that then transpired; of the coming of the first Mrs. Braman into the town, and the great treasure the Pastor had had in his companions.

By this time the darkness was fast coming on, and Dr. COGSWELL offered the last regular sentiment, to which it was too late for the gentleman for whom it was intended to respond.

*The Religious Societies of Georgetown.*—May their present harmony never be disturbed.

Several volunteer toasts were then read. The following came from an elderly and very respectable gentleman of a neighboring town, in allusion not only to the collation, but besides to a remark that will be remembered in Mr. Braman's discourse.

Though good people of Georgetown in cold and long May  
Have used up their quantum of fresh and salt hay,  
Yet on this blest Jubilee, this afternoon,  
They have given a supply of rich pasture in June.

*Georgetown.* My native and beautiful home.

Sweet home "of vale and hill,"  
"With all thy faults I love thee still."

*The Departed Pastors of this ancient Church and Society, the venerable Chandler and the youthful Pond.*—The one revered, for his warm ministerial devotedness and zeal in

his Master's cause, by generations long departed; the other beloved for the same qualities, by those now living and acting.

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.

*The health of our aged Pastor's oldest surviving Parishioner, the venerable Mrs. H. Harriman, now numbering the days of her pilgrimage, at ninety-nine years and nine months, and whose mental powers still flourish in a green old age. The eloquent living chronicle of scenes and events, that are known only as history to those, whose locks are whitened with the snows of threescore and ten winters.*

Beloved, revered, and worthy she,\*  
To be remembered at our Jubilee.

The Editor of the Watchtower, a weekly paper printed in this place, whose account of the celebration we have been permitted to use in making up the foregoing, thus brings it to a close:—

In concluding, we volunteer this sentiment for our readers and all concerned.

*The Pastors that retain the early affection of their People, and the People that retain their Pastors till their days on earth are ended. Among Ministers and Churches they are Favored Ones.*

Some letters were received by the Committee, from gentlemen to whom a particular invitation to be present had been extended, but too late to be read publicly.

After the exercises at the Hall, a large portion of the Society and friends, repaired to the residence of Mr. Braman, to extend their congratulations. The house was literally filled to overflowing. A table was prepared for the occasion, by the ladies, loaded with a rich abundance, and tastefully adorned with flowers. It was brilliantly lighted with a beautiful solar lamp, standing in the centre on a rich mat, both of which were left for the convenience of the family. A blessing was asked by Rev. Dr. Dana, of Newburyport. An interesting letter was read from Mr. Pettes, of Boston, who was present at Mr. Braman's ordination. The company then partook of the refreshments, after which, the venerable Pastor expressed his gratitude for the respect and attention shown himself and family. Several ancient tunes were sung, and prayer offered by the Junior Pastor. All seemed happy that such an opportunity was afforded them, of presenting some testimonial of their high esteem for him, who, for fifty years, had been their spiritual guide.

The singing of the following original hymn, composed for the occasion, by Mrs. L. S. Weston, was intended to close up the interesting exercises of the day and evening.

Day has fled—and shadows deep'ning,  
Close around this happy scene;  
In each heart fond memory wak'ning,  
Years now gone—yet dear we ween.

This day's happy scenes and hours,  
Now we number with the past;  
Long in memory's treasured bowers,  
Shall their sweet remembrance last.

Blissful hours of sweet communion,  
Swift ye sped your peaceful flight!  
While with hearts in joyful union,  
We've assembled here to night.

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\* Mrs. HARRIMAN completed her one hundredth year, September 11th, 1847.



Our loved shepherd's presence seeking,  
 For his blessing ere we part ;  
 While with deep emotion waiting,  
 Hope is springing in each heart.

Hope, each future year shall find him,  
 Peaceful, waiting for his rest ;  
 Joyful, when stern death shall call him,  
 In triumphant garments drest.

But now hastes the hour of parting,  
 Pastors, guests, and friends adieu !  
 Long we'll bless this friendly meeting,  
 Long we'll bless this day and you.

After spending a short time in pleasant conversation, the company retired, highly gratified with the proceedings of the day and evening, leaving behind them tokens of remembrance to the amount of more than one hundred dollars. A rich silver cup was found, bearing the following inscription :—

PRESENTED TO THE  
 REV. I. BRAMAN,  
 June 7, 1847,  
 IT BEING THE 50TH  
 ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ORDINATION  
 OVER THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND SOCIETY  
 IN GEORGETOWN,  
 BY  
 GEORGE J. TENNEY AND WIFE.

A large reclining chair was presented, by the young men, to their aged friend, which will contribute much to his comfort in his declining years. The ladies, not unmindful of the Pastor's wife, procured one of a similar description for her special benefit. His daughter was also kindly remembered by her Sabbath School Class and other friends. Other valuable articles, too numerous to mention, were found, which will conduce to the comfort of the family in days to come.

After the labors and trials of half a century, it must be delightful to a Pastor to receive such pledges of esteem and affection from an endeared flock, and to witness, in his youthful colleague, to whom he has resigned the more *active* duties of the sacred office, an affectionate interest, similar to that of a son, on beholding a beloved parent receiving proofs of the unabated confidence of the friends of his earlier years.