



OLD DARTMOUTH HISTORICAL SKETCHES

No. 50

Special Meetings

November 11, 1920—Mayflower Celebration

December 4, 1920—Scrimshaw by Frank Wood

December 22, 1920—Pilgrim Anniversary

SCRIMSHAW

By Z. W. PEASE

"THE BLUES"

A Social and Literary Organization

By Z. W. PEASE

SPECIAL MEETINGS

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE OLD DARTMOUTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY WAS HELD NOVEMBER 11th, 1920

A good many of the signers of the compact of the Mayflower on the 11th of November, 1620, were represented in the gathering of members of the Old Dartmouth Historical society that filled the colonial room of the society's building yesterday afternoon to listen to a paper by Mrs. Herbert E. Cushman.

At the close of the paper, the president of the society, Herbert E. Cushman, read over the names of the signers, and found that descendants of John Howland were in the majority among those present, and several

could trace ancestry to four or five of the men who signed the historic document in the harbor of Provincetown.

Mrs. Cushman's paper included a number of extracts from Gov. Bradford's diary, touching on many of the important events in the career of the Pilgrims who established the free government in America. She was given a rising vote of thanks at the close of the reading, and tea was served afterwards with Mrs. William C. N. Swift and Miss Ellen R. Hathaway pouring.

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY WAS HELD AT THE ROOMS, ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4th, 1920, WHEN THE CURATOR, MR. FRANK WOOD, SPOKE ON THE SUBJECT OF SCRIMSHAW

The scrimshaw exhibition at the rooms of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society opened Saturday afternoon. It is a fascinating assembly of folk art of distinction. Tea and coffee were served. Miss Mary Bradford and Mrs. Henry B. Worth pouring. In the course of the afternoon Frank Wood, the curator, spoke, entertainingly of scrimshaw.

"I hope you have all read Mr. Pease's editorial on Scrimshaw in Thursday's Mercury," said Mr. Wood. "If you haven't, I hope you all will. It is admirably written and gives a graphic description of the work. He makes a stirring appeal, too, to New Bedford people in behalf of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society.

"Assuming that you have done this or that, you will do it, I feel that what I can say will be merely supplementary, and yet there are a few points that he has not covered.

"James Templeton Brown, in his history of Whaling, tells us that the

word Scrimshaw is of doubtful orthography, being variously written, and that it has like many of the idioms that form the very pith and essence of the whaleman's language, gained currency at the leading whaling centres, though seldom heard away from a seaport town. Mr. Brown claimed to have traced its antecedents to Nantucket and that it is of Indian origin, but this he has not been able to substantiate. Other authorities assert that the surname Scrimshaw, if not actually the source, may have influenced the form of the word.

"Scrimshaw was the art, and art it truly became, of the making by sailors of innumerable articles from the teeth of sperm whales, bone and wood. It was one of the more fruitful sources of amusement to our whalers, and it did much to fight off the dull monotony of the long cruise.

EDITORIAL IN NEW BEDFORD MERCURY

DECEMBER 2, 1920

By Z. W. PEASE

Throughout the Pacific, and also in Nantucket, and New Bedford, and Sag Harbor, you will come across lively sketches of whales and whaling scenes graven by the fishermen themselves on sperm whale-teeth or ladies' busks wrought out of the right whale bone, and other like skrimshander articles, as the whalemén call the numerous little ingenicus contrivances they elaborately carve out of the rough material in their hours of ocean leisure. Some of them have little boxes of dentical-looking implements, especially intended for the skrimshandering business. But in general they toil with their jack-knives alone; and with that almost omnipotent tool of the sailor, they will turn you out anything you please in the way of a mariner's fancy.

Long exile from Christendom and civilization inevitably restores a man to that condition in which God placed him, i.e., what is called savagery. Your true whale-hunter is as much a savage as an Iroquois. I myself am a savage, owing no allegiance but to the King of the Cannibals; and ready at any moment to rebel against him.

Now, one of the most peculiar characteristics of the savage in his domestic hours is his wonderful patience of industry. An ancient Hawaiian war-club or spear-paddle, in its full multiplicity and elaboration of carving is as great a trophy of human perseverance as a Latin Lexicon. For, with but a bit of broken sea-shell or a shark's tooth, that miraculous intricacy of wooden net-work has been achieved; and it has cost steady years of steady application.

As with the Hawaiian savage, so with the white sailor-savage. With the same marvelous patience and with the same single shark's tooth, of his one poor jack-knife, he will carve you a bit of bone sculpture, not quite as workmanlike, but as close packed in its mazziness of design, as the Greek savage, Achilles's shield; and full of barbaric spirit and suggestiveness, as

the prints of that fine old Dutch savage, Albert Durer—Moby Dick.

The exhibition of scrimshaw work which the Old Dartmouth Historical Society is arranging is an important event. There should be in this museum in New Bedford the finest permanent collection of scrimshaw in the world, whereas it is only fair. The assemblage includes the particularly fine collection of jaggging wheels made by Frank Wood, the curator, another collection made by Nathan C. Hathaway, also the collection made by the late Andrew Snow, Jr., donated to the society and casual contributions. But as a result of the belated interest of the people of New Bedford in creating a whaling museum, and the impossibility of perfecting it in any particular in the relatively brief years since its establishment, private collectors who have recognized the ultimate value of the examples of the whaleman's artistic efforts, have outstripped the museum. One New Bedford dealer has assembled five hundred pieces within a few years which we understand he is holding for \$10,000. This collection should have been diverted to the museum. In the realization of the necessity of creating interest in this feature of the museum, all citizens owning examples of scrimshaw work are asked to loan it to the museum and it is hoped that the permanent collection will be largely augmented before many years.

Herman Melville, in the quotation from "Moby Dick" printed above, gives tribute to the curious art developed by the whalemén. Scrimshaw is folk art devised by whalemén. It has ben said to be the only branch of art indigenous to America. It represented the striving of men, exiled on long whaling voyages, to attain something beautiful with the crude implements and materials at hand. It is extraordinary that the sailor etched and carved at all and it is no less extraordinary that he did it so well. The etchings on whales' teeth are often very effective. Artists ashore who

have attempted the work have failed to achieve the results with modern engraving and carving tools, lacking, perhaps the patience which was such a factor in the production. The whalerman worked, almost exclusively, with a jack-knife. The tooth of a whale, just caught, is, to be sure, softer than the teeth of whale at the disposal of those ashore, the ivory becoming hard and brittle with age. The scrimshaw artist aboard ship has the trick, also, of dipping the tooth in hot water as he works, which softens the surface.

Many writers have discussed scrimshaw, none, it goes without saying, with the charm of Melville. Frank T. Bullen writes in "The Cruise of the Cachalot":

"After every sign of the operations had been cleared away, the jaw was brought out and the teeth extracted with a small tackle. They were set solidly into a hard white gum, which had to be cut away all around them before they would come out. When cleaned of the gum, they were headed up in a small barrel of brine. The great jaw-pans were sawn off and placed at the disposal of anybody who wanted pieces of bone for "scrimshaw" or carved work. This is a very favorite pastime on board whalers. Our carpenter was a famous workman at "scrimshaw" and he started half a dozen walking sticks forthwith. A favorite design is to carve the bone into the similitude of a rope, with "worming of smaller line along its lays. A handle is carved out of a whale's tooth, and insets of baleen, cocoa-tree or ebony, give variety and finish. The tools used are of the roughest. Some old files, softened in the fire, and filed into grooves, something like saw-teeth, are most used, but old knives, sail-needles and chisels are pressed into service. The

work turned out would, in many cases, take a very high place in an exhibition of turnery, though never a lathe was near it. Of course, a long time is taken over it, especially the polishing, which is done with oil and whiting, if it can be got—powdered pumice if it cannot. I once had an elaborate pastry cutter carved out of six whale's teeth, which I purchased for a pound of tobacco from a seaman of the Coral, whaler, and afterwards sold in Dunedin, New Zealand, for £2, 10s., the purchaser being decidedly of opinion that he had a bargain."

In the natural state the whale's tooth is not smooth, as is usual in the specimens seen ashore. It is ribbed. The sailor files it smooth, then sandpapers it, and the ashes from under the trypot are usually employed in polishing, rather than whiting or pumice, as in the process described by Bullen. Upon these surfaces the sailor etched, often with skill and imagination, ships, whaling scenes, novel scenes among the isles of the seas and dreams of fair women. Many of the latter etchings signify that sentiment and romance were highly developed with the American whalermen. These engravings were wrought with the patience and loving care which the monks of old devoted to the illumination of the missal. The definition, "scrimshaw", is restricted to engraving into which pigments are rubbed, but the word is popularly applied to carving as well and the Old Dartmouth Society so employs the word is soliciting contributions. New Bedford people should take pains to see that the object of the society in creating here the most complete exhibition of the quaint and curious folk art of the whalerman, is achieved.

OLD DARTMOUTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY OBSERVES 300th ANNIVERSARY OF LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

DECEMBER 22, 1920

With a simple but impressive service, programme, the principal feature of which was an inspiring address by Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin, on "The Pilgrim Spirit in the Twentieth Century," the Old Dartmouth Historical Society celebrated the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, at a meeting held in the High school auditorium yesterday afternoon. There was a large attendance.

The public meeting was preceded by a luncheon for the members of the society and their friends, 120 in number, at their rooms.

Five grains of parched corn comprised the first course. This was symbolic of the division of supplies among the Pilgrims during their first winter at Plymouth. The luncheon was served in the room occupied by the whaling bark Lagoda. During the luncheon a quartette sang several songs from the deck of the Lagoda. The committee who supervised the plans for the luncheon follows: Mrs. Frank Wood, Mrs. Herbert E. Cushman, Mrs. F. Gilbert Hindsdale, Mrs. John S. Howland, Mrs. Henry B. Worth and Miss Rosamond Clifford.

The meeting in the High school began at 3 o'clock. The musical part of the programme was provided by the High school orchestra, and a double quartette comprising the following: Philip D. Drew and Clarence J. Beardsley, first tenors; Thomas Kirkham and Harry Phinney, second tenors; Louis W. Macy and Christopher Best, baritones; and Dr. W. C. Macy and Clarence P. Jenney, basses.

The program:

Music.

High School Orchestra.

A few minutes of silence to show our respect and reverence for the Pilgrim Fathers.

Singing—"The Breaking Waves Dashed High."

Double Male Quartet.

Reading selections from the speech of Daniel Webster at Plymouth in 1920.

By Rev. Frank E. Ramsdell.

Singing—"America the Beautiful."

Double Quartet.

Reading of poem written by LeBaron Russell Briggs and read by him at the 1920 celebration at Plymouth, December 21st, 1920.

By Henry W. Mason.

Singing—"Pilgrim Song."

Double Quartet.

Address—"The Pilgrim Spirit in the 20th Century."

By Rev. Dr. E. Stanton Hodgkin.

Singing—"America."

Double Quartet.

Benediction.

Rev. Harry Beal.

In opening the meeting, Herbert E. Cushman, who presided, said:

"We are gathered here this afternoon to pay our respects to the memory of those brave men and women who three hundred years ago landed upon our coast. They were filled with the spirit of freedom and enthusiasm for the future and they had their vision of the liberty which should endure for all time. Let us now, in respect to their memory, and in appreciation of what they did for those that have followed them—the past generations and the future—remain silent for a few moments."

After a brief period of silence, followed by a quartet selection, Mr. Cushman introduced Rev. F. E. Ramsdell. "In Plymouth, one hundred years ago," he said, "Daniel Webster delivered an address commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. There are few people living who knew this famous man, but there are some, among them, William W. Crapo of our city, and therefore the Two Hundredth Anniversary and Three Hundredth Anniversary are linked, to a degree because of that fact. It seems fitting, therefore, that we should present to you today the words that were spoken so feelingly and eloquently by Daniel Webster at that time, and we are glad that Mr. Ramsdell has been willing to give us that message."

Mr. Ramsdell then gave his reading, which occupied about forty minutes.

Rev. Mr. Hodgkin's address was as follows:

"I think it was Edward Everett

Hale who said 'God takes care of children, fools and the United States.' This was not meant primarily as either levity or satire. It was his striking and graphic way of setting forth the buoyant, childlike and at times, even careless and foolish faith with which this nation has gone forward and taken its place among the nations of the world.

"When we see how Plymouth rock has expanded and enlarged and grown until it reaches half way around the world, including within itself Alaska, the Philippines and the far flung islands of the sea; and when we see how that little band of one hundred and two Pilgrims that set foot on that rock three hundred years ago, has multiplied more than a million fold, and when we realize how many dangers and difficulties have beset it all along the way, how many hairbreadth escapes from disaster it has had, and yet withal, how gaily and with what childlike abandon it has rushed along from one danger to another, how marvelously well it has come through it all and what a good time on the whole we have had—we can but feel that we must have been under the guidance and protection of some power that is more than human, even as the child is guided and protected through thousands of dangers into which it rushes with such abandon.

"Just as Plymouth Rock has expanded until it has become a continent, and as the little band that landed there three hundred years ago has multiplied into millions, so the Mayflower is in our thought no longer a material ship of measurable dimensions confined to time and space, but has become the great symbolic ship of progress that sails on the ocean of eternity. Looking at it today in this symbolic sense, we see in its cabin all of the brave and courageous men and women of faith and hope of all ages; all who have gone forth in response to some guiding voice within, never doubting that they were being guided by a power greater than themselves to serve some eternal purpose of the ages.

"We see there the Patriarch Abraham, as he takes his departure from Urr of the Chaldees and makes his way across the desert steppes of Arabia, not knowing whither he is going, but sure that some great destiny awaits him and his descendants.

"We see the mythical Aeneas escaping from ancient Troy and driven hither and thither, enduring hardships and adventures, but all the time being protected by the Divinities, until through his faith and his persevering endurance he becomes wor-

thy to be the father of that marvelous Roman civilization that gave the world its stability for so many centuries.

"We see there the great Columbus, standing erect, ever facing the westward, he who was daunted by no discouragements and when his crew attempted mutiny quelled them by sheer force of character and compelled them to sail on, and on, and on, as is so graphically and truly set forth in Joaquin Miller's familiar lines.

"As our symbolic Mayflower, the good ship Progress, sails on, it becomes identified with America, so largely have the Americans become the forward looking people of the world. And we identify Jefferson and Hamilton and Madison and others refitting the sails and rigging as she sails forth into the unknown waters of self-government with the firm, steady hand of Washington on the wheel. We see the officers of the other great ships of the sea look upon this novel craft with scorn and contempt, predicting that it will soon be either broken upon the rocks of indifference or shattered in the tempests of selfish passion, but it sails on and takes on such majesty and strength and meets the buffetings of the waves so staunchly that others no longer sneer, but many begin to follow in her wake. After a time it is clear that all is not well with the good ship. She is evidently confused by the cross currents and counter current; the star of liberty by which she was steering has become obscured by clouds of selfishness and passion; a terrible mutiny breaks out on board; the ship is drifting helplessly toward the rocks and all seems about to be lost when out of the steerage, from the most unpromising quarter, the towering, swarthy figure of Lincoln merges and takes command. He soon brings the ship out of the mists and fogs of provincial confusion into the sunlight of a new day and it goes majestically on its way more serene and secure than ever, after having discharged its unholy cargo of slavery.

"After the great ship has sailed majestically on for a time we are horrified to see all the other great ships of the sea, suddenly join in deadly combat. Our good ship stands by rescuing the drowning and succoring the innocent as best she can, but since she had nothing to do with the cause of the combat that she must take no part in it. But when it becomes certain that those freighted with the more precious cargo of liberty are losing, her pilgrim spirit flames up and without counting the cost, steers into the thickest of the fight under full sail and the impact is such that the opposing vessels sur-

render and the precious freight is saved. But the surviving fleet is so desperately shattered and the crews so depleted and exhausted, that it is clear it can never survive another such encounter. So our captain declares, 'No longer must these ships of state sail the sea of life, each a law unto itself, riding each other down and robbing and interfering with each other at will. They must be coordinated into some sort of fleet, and obey a few common orders, so they may aid each other in their desperation instead of destroying each other. The various ships timidly and haltingly at first, but with more assurance as time goes on begin to respond and begin to form themselves under the good ships leadership, when to the amazement of all it become apparent that there is trouble among the crew of our ship, there is a difference of opinion as to what should be done and finally our ship turns about and leaves the fleet in confusion and uncertainty. As she sails away, many reasons are given. Some say we are more likely to interfere with each other and to bump into each other if we attempt to sail together, than if each sails his own course. Some extermest? declare it is only a conspiracy to lure out to sea when all will turn upon us and scuttle us. Some say it will only divert us from our own destination; we shall be obliged to go where the fleet goes instead of sailing straight for our own port. Some say the impulse is good, but the plan is all wrong. We must disassemble and scatter the ships and then call them together again under a new manifesto and a different leader and sail under other orders. And there we are today, and we are saying one to another, 'Where is the pilgrim spirit today! Where is the Mayflower? Has the good ship Progress disappeared? Has it ceased to be longer identified with America? Have we suddenly become afraid to venture into uncharted seas, because there is danger in it. Are we afraid to try the splendid ideal because it has never been done before? Is that the Pilgrim spirit in the twentieth century? Are we shrinking back just at the possible dawning of the day for which the prophets and seers and poets have dreamed and for which they have prayed since the beginning of time?"

"Where is the good ship Mayflower, symbolic of progress, today? Must we look for it in some other quarter of the globe? Has it become identified with some other standard? Shall we find it in the direction of Russia? Some think they see it over there; that the Russians alone have the courage and the daring and the prophetic vision to really face the future

at any cost and to foretell the coming new and better order of life? To most of us the ship they seem to see in that direction is only a phantom ship of their own imagination; only a mirage of their superheated hopes: the real Russian ship as we see it is only a foundered hulk drifting without chart and compass, the most hopeless of them all.

"Shall we find it in the East? Some declare that the next great burst of Prophetic power and courage will come from the Orient, and we must look in that direction for salvation.

"Or is the good ship still in our midst only lost to view for the moment in the confusion? Has she simply steered into port for a moment to refit her sails and to rechart her course and shall we see her soon again standing to her course more majestic and surer of herself than ever before? Let us hope so. Let us pray that it may be so. Let us do more than that; let us be resolved that through our efforts and with God's help it shall be so.

"What is the pilgrim spirit today? Who has sounded its call more clearly than James Russell Lowell?

"Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?

Turn those tracks toward Past, or Future, that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

"They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts, Unconvinced by Axe or Gibbet that all virtue was the Past's; But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that has made us free,

Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee The rude grasp of that great Impulse that drove them across the sea.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide, In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side; Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right, And the choice goes by forever, twixt that darkness and that light.

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;

They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth.

Lo, before us gleam her campfires!
we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer
boldly through the desperate
winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's Portal with
the past's blood-rusted key.'

"Is this Pilgrim's spirit, the spirit
of our youth today? If so then all's
well with the world."

"THE BLUES"—A NEW BEDFORD SOCIAL AND LITERARY ORGANIZATION

By Z. W. PEASE

The last member of "The Blues" died a few months ago, just 75 years after the founding of the club. The records of the organization, covering the period from 1845 to 1905 when the last entry was made, are in existence, having passed to one of the third generation. On account of the intimate nature of the archives the surviving members once determined to destroy them and so voted. If that vote had stood there would have perished a chronicle of surpassing human interest and a collection of wit and humor in verse and prose which enrich the annals of this neighborhood. Most wisely, the members changed their minds and reconsidered the vote, providing that on the dissolution of the club, the records should go to the late Leander A. Plummer, Jr., whose father, Leander A. Plummer, was a member, as was Mrs. Plummer's father, John A. Hawes. Finally the records came by inheritance to Leander A. Plummer the 3rd, whose grandfathers were conspicuous members. With a paternal grandfather and a maternal grandfather, original members of "The Blues," Mr. Plummer has a better claim than most to "blue blood."

The membership of "The Blues" comprised a group of men of more than average distinction. Their ages ranged from 19 to 22 at the time the club was formed. Most, if not all of them, had attended Friends Academy. The membership included William G. Baker, born Oct. 6, 1824; John A. Hawes, born Sept. 27, 1823; William A. Hussey, born Jan. 24, 1824; Edmund Rodman, born Jan. 18, 1824; Gilbert Russell, born Dec. 1, 1823; Charles S. Randall, born Feb. 20,

1824; S. Rodman Morgan, born Aug. 18, 1824; Edward R. Anthony, born Feb. 4, 1823; John B. Hussey, born April 4, 1826; Thomas R. Rodman, born Sept. 27, 1825; Walter Mitchell, born Jan. 22, 1826; H. A. Johnson, born Feb. 17, 1825; Frank Grinnell, born Nov. 5, 1822; L. A. Plummer, born Dec. 22, 1824; Joshua C. Stone, born Aug. 28, 1825.

All of these were men of breeding and grace. They were fortunate youths in the incidents of birth and environment. A number of them were men of high culture and literary achievement, such as Mr. Baker, a former editor of the Mercury, a man of versatile talent. Mr. Baker was educated abroad. He was a linguist, a musician, a felicitous writer of prose and verse and an amateur actor of unusual capabilities. He wrote a number of plays in English and French for amateur performances which, unfortunately, he destroyed after they had served their immediate purpose. He not only played the piano and organ but he attained some measure of success in musical composition. He was a polished writer and treated social topics in a vein of good-natured whimsicality. The ephemeral recognition which comes to the man who writes with marked talent for the newspapers, came in good measure to him while he wrote for the Mercury. After leaving the Mercury he became an editor of the New York Herald and later an assistant librarian at Columbia College. Then there was Walter Mitchell, who became a law partner with Eliot & Pitman, later studying for the ministry at Harvard and becoming an Episcopal minister. He wrote a well known

polemic novel, "Bryan Maurice," and was a prolific writer of verse and prose for magazines and papers, one of his best known poems being "Tacking the Ship Off Shore." There were politicians, artists and men of business affairs. Mr. Randall became a congressman, while Mr. Hawes was elected to the state senate. Two of the group, Captain Hawes and Captain Thomas R. Rodman, served their country in the war. The annals, of which we are writing, give evidence of the brilliancy and wit of the members of "The Blues."

"The Blues" met regularly for nearly three quarters of a century and kept up the records of the meetings until 1905. The volume is rich in human interest, an expression which is overworked in the newspaper vernacular of the day. In reading the legend it must be considered that the early records were written by youths just coming of age. They met at the houses of their fathers. From the very first, an effort appears to have been made on the part of the club secretaries to get away from the routine. The reading of the records, such a tedious ceremony in most organizations, was designed from the outset, to be an entertaining incident of the meetings. From the beginning there was a disposition to dwell upon things to eat and drink. At first we find a tendency to grow enthusiastic over apples, grapes and cigars. Later, the spreads were more elaborate. There were sherry cobblers. And at the sherry cobbler period, the literary features of the programme were sometimes subordinated to a fistic round. Then these young gentlemen sallied forth with great spirits and appetite for merry outings to Potomska and Dumpling Rock. There was a cruise on a yacht with "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm." The records of these events is preserved in song and story. It was the jovial time of four and twenty of which Thackery writes so sympathetically. "When every muscle of mind and body was in healthy action, when the world was new as yet and one moved over it,

spurred onwards by good spirits and the delightful capability to enjoy. If ever we feel young afterwards, it is with the comrades of that time. The tunes we hum in our old age are those we learned then. Sometimes, perhaps, the festivity of that period revives our memory, but how dingy the pleasure garden has grown, how tattered the garlands look, how scant and old the company." These things are emphasized in the record of "The Blues." Later, in the course of the chronicle, the members were in circumstances to give ample entertainment in their own homes. The feasting grew more sumptuous. Turtle, canvas-back ducks, venison, prairie hens and wines furnished forth the table.

There was a period of 36 years following a dinner in 1846 at which 13 sat at the table, in which no member died. Then the members at the meetings began to grow less. The members were scattered and began to make excuses when the annual dinner came around. One wrote of the "venomous gout" which afflicted him. The records lost some of their ebullition. The secretary records a tendency of the members to gather around open fires and indulge in reminiscences. "Gray hairs had come on like daylight streaming in—daylight and a headache with it. Pleasure had gone to bed with the rouge on her cheeks." Members writing from distant points, yearning to meet their old associates, tried to convince themselves there were compensations for youth. One wrote: "With the little grandchildren climbing over me with their joyous laugh and prattle, a man should never think himself old." The education which life afforded these men was to better advantage than that of Henry Adams. "I begin to understand," wrote another in the calm evening of his life, "the feeling of you boys on the firing line when men begin dropping to right and left—not exactly scared or uneasy, but aware that the enemy has got the range and is making the most of it."

At the beginning, the club met

several times a month. After four years, it was voted to confine the meetings to an annual reunion to be held on January 26th of each year. Fifty-six of these annual reunions were held, of which number 16 were of record. Of one held in 1870, there is the bare memorandum, undoubtedly in jest. "Met at Randall's. This meeting of no account. J. A. Hawes, secretary." All the other records are complete to the last detail, a feature being made of the "eatables, drinkables and jokeables," quoting a phrase of Secretary Hawes's. There were fifteen meetings at the house of Charles S. Randall, thirteen at the Parker House, seven at the house of L. A. Plummer, five at the house of John A. Hawes, two at the house of William G. Baker, two at the house of Gilbert Russell in New York. Meetings were held at the houses of John B. Hussey and Edmund Rodman and a number of meetings near the close of the record, were at the house of Thomas R. Rodman.

There were outings at the farm of Francis Grinnell at Potomska. The peninsular was, in 1812, the property of his father, Cornelius Grinnell, who made it his residence for a time and who was so identified with it he was dignified with the title of "Count of Potomska." The farmhouse was plain, but Frank Grinnell made it radiant with hospitality.

Included in the property of the club, which has descended to the Plummer family, is the Dumpling Rock silver "ladle," which figures prominently in the record. The ladle was brought forth at the annual dinners—to serve the soup we may assume—and it was regarded with veneration such as Amherst men bestow upon "Sabrina fair." In a letter in the archives of "The Blues," Mr. Randall wrote out the history, in turning over its possession to L. A. Plummer, Jr., who held the custody of it toward the end of the organization's life upon the condition that he should surrender it to the club for use on the night of the annual dinners. Levi Smith was the keeper of the lighthouse on the Rock and

the Smiths served "The Blues" chowder and fried fish. In return for their loyalty to "The Blues" the club on one occasion presented the ladle to Mrs. Smith. Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith and the children were summoned and Edmund Rodman made the presentation, closing the ceremony with this toast:—

"Here's to Levi Smith—
When Levi leaves
Then leave I."

The Dumping Rock record is preserved in a special volume. It was in the possession of the late Nathaniel Hathaway at one time. We have not learned its final disposition.

The last reunion of "The Blues" was held at the Rodman mansion on the evening of October 17, 1905. It was the 60th anniversary night. Six out of the group were then living: Thomas R. Rodman and John B. Hussey in this city, Frank Grinnell in Ohio, Walter Mitchell and William H. Hussey in New York, Henry A. Johnson in Boston.

The rooms, where a little group sat together for the last time, were decorated significantly with autumn leaves. It was "the season when the light of dreams around the year in golden glory lies." Autumn "waiting for the winter's snow."

"The election of officers was omitted," says the record, written by Thomas R. Rodman as secretary. "We gathered about the library fire and recalled the memory of New Bedford worthies. Those old memories should be recorded, but who shall be the historian? We adjourned after a very pleasant evening at 10¼ p. m."

"Thus pleasures fade away,
Youth, talents, beauty they decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn and grim."

But it was not for fifteen years after this entry in the chronicles that the last member died. He was William Howland Hussey of New York, one of the heirs of Sylvia Ann Howland, one of the few who could recall his great-uncle, Gideon Howland, Jr., the father of Sylvia Ann Howland.

The secretaries who wrote the records were John A. Hawes, Edmund Rodman, William G. Baker, Charles S. Randall, John B. Hussey and Thomas R. Rodman. Most of the chronicles in the later years are in the handwriting of Thomas R. Rodman. It was his devotion to the society, and his industry, which is responsible for the preservation not only of the formal story of proceedings, but of biographies, sketches and much interesting correspondence which Mr. Rodman filed to embellish the volume of annals.

Records of the Blues.

We have printed the last record. Now we will "cut-back," to employ the vernacular of the cinema, to the first record when "The Blues" were in the summer of their youth, before time had cropt the roses of their cheeks. It was a group of gay young men, many just out of college. We think of them as in that early scene in "Ault Heidelberg," where the student arises among his fellows, lifting his glass and shouting the toast—"We're young—and it's May—and we're glad to be here!"

The first entry is written in handsome script by John A. Hawes. Those of this generation who remember Mr. Hawes at all, think of him as a white-haired man. When he wrote this first entry in the records of "The Blues," he was 22 years old. One of the fascinating things about the annals of "The Blues" is the changing quality of the style of the secretaries. A number of them wrote the records as youths, again as mature men. The records emphasize not the seven ages of man, but five, and the dates, which are the milestones in the volume, are not needed to mark the development of the men in so many ways. The real literature appears near the close of the chronicles. The first attempts at wit and humor are boyish and often rather crude. Later it is more subtle and felicitous. There is all the difference in outlook than one may find

in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," and "De Senectude."

And before we quote the records at all it should be explained that the members took delight in gibes at each other's expense and there is much of so personal a nature that it might spoil good neighborhood to reveal it. The records were not intended for any outside the circle and if they were accepted literally they would do tremendous injustice. The scribes loved to indulge in burlesque and raised laughs by gross perversions of the truth. For example, the most dignified member of the club, one who never drank anything stronger than water and who was most deferential toward women, is perpetually represented in an opposite character. He is portrayed as getting drunk, fighting with policemen, flirting with waitresses at the annual dinners and conducting himself as a roysterer and a rake on all occasions. Once this staid member is formally charged with going to the opera in Boston with a prominent citizen who is brazenly described as "an individual of well known immoral habits." "And we find," the record runs, "that the said member did on returning from the said opera, so indulge in whiskey skins at the Tremont House that he became very tight and boisterous and after going to bed, he did then and there, being out of his right mind, communicate to the aforesaid a narration of all the events of his life, including not only his business affairs, the affairs of the heart and his numerous disappointments, but did then and there violate his word, honor and oath by communicating to the aforesaid many important secrets of our club. And in consideration of his departure from morality and honor your committee would recommend that our brother be deprived of his right to vote in our club for one year from this date. And your committee beg to add that the sentence would be much heavier but they had themselves experienced the dangerous and insin-

uating influence of whiskey skins and are willing to show all possible leniency." This vote was passed unanimously. It is judicious that the annals of "The Blues" shall only meet the eye of the discreet and of those who understand. We are only seeking to divulge things which we think will be interesting to those who admire clever and congenial company and we hope we are disclosing no confidences in the record which would give pain or regret to any of this company of choice spirits or those who take pride in their kinship.

And it must not be inferred that the purpose and accomplishments of the society were principally along social lines. The literary development of the members was the original idea of the organization and it was not neglected. Mr. Mitchell, in a letter to Thomas R. Rodman in 1904, sending regrets at inability to attend a meeting, writes: "I do not intend to be a laudator temporis acti, but I must say I think we boys of '46 had a great advantage in growing up when we did. The extent and quality of the home culture in our families was such as I doubt would not easily be found today. We certainly know something of the older literature and we were kept abreast of the best work of the day. I think I told you of Hoar's story of his private secretary, a young Harvard graduate of good standing and ability who did not know what 'Doctors' Commons' meant and had never read a line of Dickens."

As we were saying, we will reproduce the first record in its entirety since it sets forth the original plan of the young men in their association:

Saturday, Oct. 18th, 1845. It was the evening of this day when the Members of the Club, without a name, were to hold their first regular meeting. The place of meeting was at the house of Brother Randall. The time, half past seven. The time had nearly arrived, when the door bell announced that one had come, then another, and soon all were seated in the parlor, waiting until the room in which we were to carry on our mysterious rites, was prepared. The door is opened, a messenger ap-

pears, who brings the joyful tidings that all is ready. "Then there was hurrying to and fro," that we might make our entry in a clublike manner. We formed, 'twas single file, Brother Randall led the way. Baker brought up the rear. The word was given and the nameless Club marched on, with heads erect, and keeping step to the music of their own happy thoughts. We soon seated ourselves around the table, then Brother Randall brought out from that mysterious place, a pocket, a parcel of papers. These were the essays which we were required to write, that each one might receive the benefit of each others thoughts on different subjects. Brother Randall then began, by blowing some of the members up, (if I may be allowed the expression), for taking such little pains with their manuscript. After he had given full vent to his wrath, he read a historical piece, concerning Eleanor, the consort of Henry II. of England. The next was a few remarks concerning the Club, its duties, etc. Next, "Contrast between the characters of Scott and Byron," then, some remarks on "The Levelling System," "Irish Repeal," then a narrative, and lastly a piece in which was told us, not what we were, but what we were not, in which piece were some remarks recommending cigars to the club, as a pleasant way of passing part of the time, and puff ourselves up in our own good estimation. When Brother Randall had finished the reading of the essays, brother Hawes arose and made a few remarks concerning one of the pieces which had been read. He did not object to it, but thought it would be the best as a general thing, not to write such pieces in the future, which was agreed to.

A few remarks were then made concerning the reading of pieces, and it was finally agreed that each one should read his own piece, or exchange with one another. Thinking that there was everything in a name, we next proceeded to give the Club a name. After many very good ones had been suggested, we agreed that hereafter we should call ourselves "THE BLUES." Now, we were not a nameless thing, subject to the world's scorn, but a thing of life, christened, and, hoping by each other's assistance, to foster, and guard it well, that the now young being should grow and become strong, having for its motto, "Love toward each other." As order had not reigned supreme during the evening we chose one by whose sober mien, and dignified air, Dame Nature had marked as one fitted to preside over the affairs of Clubs, that one was Brother Baker, who at once took upon himself the arduous task of keeping us in order. He, thinking that probably it would be well to keep some records of the meetings, suggested the appointment of a Secretary, and Brother Hawes was called to that important station; feelings too overpowering to be mentioned filled his bosom, while he mentally replied in the well known words of the gallant Col. Miller, "I'll try, sir." While we were in the midst of our mysterious rite the door suddenly opened and the form of one of Nature's gentle beings softly glided through the room, and soon as softly glided back again. Many



A GROUP OF "THE BLUES", (INCOMPLETE) FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY BIERSTADT IN 1866.

From left to right — William G. Baker (sitting), John B. Hussey, Charles S. Randall, John A. Hawes, Henry A. Johnson (sitting)
Edmund Rodman, S. Rodman Morgan, Leander A. Plummer.

important things were said and done which have escaped my memory. But the gallant Charlie, (but why should I particularize him, for who of the Blues is not gallant), had promised to escort some Ladies home, and we joined hands, then parted to meet the next time at Brother Rodman's.

J. A. Hawes Sect.

The significance of the name "The Blues," is not defined in the records. We assume it referred to the quality understood by the designation "true blue." The definition of "blue" as applying to a state of low spirits, gloom, melancholy, would have been inappropriate to this merry group. Nor would that other use of the word "blue," as applying to those severe and overstrict in morals, sour religionists, fit. "Blue" in the literary sense is applied exclusively to women, being an abbreviation of "bluestocking." By the process of elimination we must conclude that these youths aspired to be "true blue" and proclaimed it in the name they adopted for their organization.

During the first five years of the club John A. Hawes, Charles S. Randall and John B. Hussey served as secretaries. Among the topics of the essays, or "pieces" as some of the secretaries denominated them, were "Music," "Byron," "Ceremony," "Thanksgiving," "Boys of Nowadays," "Affectation," "The Tariff," "Politeness," "Theatres," "The True Gentleman," "Admission of Blacks to the Lyceum," "Guy Man-nering," "The Character of Iago," "The Influence of Modern Civilization Upon Poetry," "Oregon." On New Year's Eve, 1846, there was a supper at Mr. Anthony's, roasted oysters, quail and partridges. Secretary Hawes records:

In this were hoax cum quiz and jokes
And toastem, smokem, roastem folkses.
Fee, Fo, Fum.

With baked and boiled and stewed and
toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked and
roasted,

The Blues were all at home.

The first pilgrimage to Potomsk occurred Saturday evening, November 14, 1846. The club made the trip in an omnibus. There was a turkey supper and the club members

danced a cotillion and break down. The fore and after was danced at a number of the meetings. "Lamp-lighters and cigars were brought in," is an entry.

John B. Hussey as secretary was disposed to exploit the sporting events rather than the literary side of the meetings and wrote up mills between "the fancy men of the club," by rounds. Mr. Hussey faithfully records the reading of "Leroy in Search of His Grandmother." "The expected chapter of Leroy was not forthcoming," he wrote in one of his entries. At one meeting Mr. Hussey narrates that the club was harassed by the puns of Brother Ned, which led one member to remark that Brother Ned must have traveled in the Punjab, "which is very good," Mr. Hussey records, "although he got it out of a book." "That a man with his unassisted reason," observes Mr. Hussey, "should take the most trivial word—such as dog, cat, pig, and get something good out of it, is a triumph of mind over matter, another spoke forward in the great wheel of mental progress."

Then followed a span of years when "The Blues" might more properly have been designated "The Reds," so gay were their spirits and so brilliant their annual gatherings. The dining was chronicled in detail. So great was the rivalry between the entertainers that one year, when the Husseys were to be the hosts, the regular meeting was postponed because, as good sportsmen, they would not give a dinner without game and their dogs failed to start the quail. One record by Mr. Baker is almost entirely in verse.

The Ball.

In 1855 "The Blues" held a meeting at which it was decided to give a party, or ball, at Mechanics Hall. Edmund Rodman, William G. Baker and John B. Hussey were appointed a committee to make the arrangements. The story of the ball is told in the following entry:

Wednesday, March 7th, 1855, arrived at last. Hussey was frantic, all were excited and impatiently waiting for 8

o'clock P. M. to arrive, "The Blues" had "respectfully" invited 60 beautiful women to their ball at Mechanics Hall and had also "respectfully" invited about forty ganders to "respectfully" help them foot the bills; the manner of wording the elegantly printed invitation did not do "The Blues" much credit and was about on a par with the elegance of style of that note of nigger Sara Johnson's who "respectfully" lamented that circumstances were repugnant to the acquiescence of the invite—but to proceed. Mechanics Hall was hired, was lighted and had put a new shirt on, or in plain English, the floor was covered with cotton cloth drawn very tight, a very creditable thing to the managers as it proved admirable to dance on, prevented the appearance of the least particle of dust and gave the Hall and the company a cheerful and bright appearance. Smith's Quadrille Band numbering six pieces was there, Menage with half dozen good looking and respectful nigger servants were there—I was there.

At half past eight the dancing commenced and a more beautiful set of ladies could not be assembled. Number was about equally divided, there being about five more ladies than men and these five, four elderly married ladies who did not care to dance, and one old maid who couldn't if she would and wouldn't if she could, so that such a thing as a wall flower was not seen that evening. The old maid alluded to deserved the thanks of every gentleman there for she brought with her one of the most beautiful girls so rarely seen, in whom are found combined grace, beauty, ease, intellect, simplicity, liveliness. She was pronounced the Belle of the Ball, and as she was a stranger we must in courtesy admit it. Hussey devoted himself to several ladies, but to one in particular; Baker was omnipresent; Hawes was floor manager, felt his oats and did his duty. Rodman was the Beau Brummell of the occasion said many flowery things, made some horrid puns, engaged himself for two dances with a certain lady and forgot her both times, but after all he was as usual the gentleman and danced with Miss —. Baker asked Hussey if he would be kind enough to dance with her. He said he would be damned if he would. Baker then asked Randall to dance with her; he said he would and did not, for he did not mean to. Now which of the two was the greatest sinner? Plummer it is inferred from his deportment during the evening was a self-appointed committee and did his duty faithfully. R—, the ugly old cuss that wasn't going to have anything to do with it and bet his wife \$10 to \$5 he wouldn't go, was there, danced every set, and was as lively as possible to the no small amusement of many who were there and had heard him assert positively and with such round oaths that he would not go. We would admire him the next time if he don't mean to go to stay away—nobody cares—but to say less about it.

At 11 o'clock Menage sent in the escalloped oysters, done to a T, hot, excellent, plenty of them and no crowding, and such coffee, even W. H. R. declared that during an existence of seventy years he had never drank bet-

ter. At half past twelve ice cream and cake came round with nice clean napkins for the ladies, and about one all went home after an evening pronounced unsurpassed in the Annals of New Bedford Balls.

Do it again, Blues, next year, and take this council, in the first place give the party and pay all the bills. Let each Blue subscribe the amount he feels able to pay and no more, and above all things don't say you "respectfully" invite your friends.

C. S. Randall, Secretary.

The expense of The Blue dance may interest the reader.

Expenses of Blue Dance.

The Blue Club in account with			
Dr.	J. B. Hussey.		
To	Smith & Hanes, Bill Music	24.00	
"	Use of Hall	6.00	
"	Menage-Entertainment	64.00	
"	Tristram Nye, furniture & cloth	12.75	
"	B. & Macy, cotton cloth	22.75	
"	Wentworth, Hack	5.00	
"	W. P. S. Cudwell	1.58	
"	Vaughns, attendance	2.00	
"	C. & A. Taber, stationery	3.00	
"	Printing Invitations	2.00	
"	Cynthia Pots, waiting	1.00	
			\$144.09
Cr.			
By	amount rec'd. from subscribers	80.00	
Balance	due from Blues	64.09	144.09

E. & D. E.

New Bedford, March 23, 1855.

"The Blues" in Verse.

Interspersed through the records at this period, were many gibes in verse such as the following, alluding to the absence of Hawes from one of the meetings. The authorship is attributed to the Mattapoisett correspondent of the New Bedford Mercury:

"Through streets gas lighted, loud the
north wind roars,
But mid the shivering passers nowhere
Hawes,
A house on Spring Street stands with
open doors,
And many enter but not there is Hawes,
The cheerful light through opened
shutter pours
But gains no radiance from the face of
Hawes.
I see a table set with meats and sauce
But with the revellers is not Johnny
Hawes.
Striker is cocked and primed with many
saws
But none of them he runs on Johnny
Hawes,
I hear the boisterous shout and laugh-
ing roars
But cannot catch the jolly laugh of
Hawes—
I search New Bedford, but the oily
pound
Has not one place where Johnny Hawes
is found.

"By friendship fired, my Spirit spreads
her wings
Across Acushnet's waters soaring
springs
To yon two story window whence a ray
Of burning taper finds its feeble way
What form paternal's that o'er infant
bending?
Tis Johnny Hawes his little baby tend-
ing,
Pale are those cheeks and haggard are
those eyes,
Remarkable for nothing but their
size—
A cotton shirt Fairhaven's son has on,
Wamsutta's looms the flimsy fabric
spun—
The conscious infant strained in close
embrace
With fingers scarifies the parent's face
The patient father gently moves the
hands,
And now walks up and down, now sadly
stands.
Full oft the baby cries, full oft the
man of jam,
Musters his strength to choke the
rising 'damn,'
Blest sight, more blest than any to be
seen,
The soul mid trials tranquil and
serene.
Patience, good friend, full soon to
slumber goes
Thy little baby—then thou shalt seek
repose,
Thou man of aching feet and painful
toes."

During the years of the war there are frequent allusions to political discussions but the social side of the meetings continued to be exploited. There was a meeting after the war at which it is recorded that Capt. Hawes related some of his experiences.

In the 70's the literary features of the record began to take on a mellowed character. The wit achieved a certain elegance. It was always the wit of gentlemen. There was a notable meeting in 1874. The record, by William G. Baker, was a paraphrase of "The Christmas Carol" of Dickens. It commenced:

"Randall was gone to begin with. There was no doubt whatever about that. His passport had been duly signed at the Custom house office, his little bills had all been paid and pigeon-holed and his name had appeared in all the New York papers and been copied into all the little country papers among the list of passengers for Europe. Old Randall was gone sure. Plummer knew he was gone. Of course he did. He was his partner. The firm was known as Mackay & Co. That was a company that had a sole. Some people did not know which was Randall. But everybody knew Plummer," etc.

At this meeting the following poem by Mr. Mitchell was read:

"47—74."

Bottom side up—hind side before
"Forty-seven" reads "Seventy-four,"
Our hearts are young if our heads are
white
And we've met to put those figures
right.
"Forty-seven" Thirteen in all
Met in Dame Sarah's Banquet Hall—
Bachelors every one of the lot—
Baker engaged, declared he was not—
Ned suspected and meaning to be,
All the rest of them fancy free.
Light of limb and clear of head
Ready at night for aught—but bed.
Suppers at ever so much o'clock
Nerves next morning firm as a rock.
Drink with tincture of lemon peei
Never a headache made us feel—
Ready of tongue and free of wit,
Wherever we saw a head we hit—
(There was one Stryker we all can
swear
And a Sherry Cobbler always there)
Every one in that company can
See in himself the coming man,
This is bound for a judge's chair
That is sure for a millionaire
Here is the famous author of—name
Not quite chosen—and more of the same
There is the quiet American—weil
When he has settled what—he'll tell
But one and all each sure to be
Somewhere up at the top of the tree.

NOTE.

As to the supper, records declare
Gib asserted the meal was square,
Stryker remarked as he pegged away
The child unharmed with him could
play.

Some, as Hawes averred they ought
(Like Rod and Randall) ate and thought,
Some (like Walter) ate and talked
Till Hussey vowed he would have him
caulked.

"But it was observed" we beg to state
That they who thought and also ate
Ate more and thought more, by a long
chalk,
Than those who did only eat and talk.

Seventy-four and here are ten
Quite respectable family men
All but that wild young artist Ned
And his excuse is easily said—
As a school-committee man—every
dame

Has on his heart an equal claim,
Only a Mormon could marry all
So he never has let the handkerchief
fall.

Here we are! Our legal brother
Is a capital judge—of something or
other.

Our millionaire is one we'd choose
Before six Stewarts and fifty Drews,
Our author stands before you con-
fessed.

Of one sermon published by request,
On the death of Honorable Eldad
Shew.

(The publisher has a copy or two)
Our soldiers—we'll they did not fall,
In their hot youths—were up to a ball,
Cedaret Arma togoe—withdraws,
The Captain—enter Senator Hawes.

Forty-seven and Seventy-four
Tonight we turn the Almanac o'er,
Just go back to the good old time
One good handshake for Auld Lang
Syne,

Faces may change—but hearts remain
Bound by the same old azure chain,
Here is my toast and we'll drink it all
The Blues—and belongings great and
small.

Mr. Baker's verses appear most
frequently. We give an example,
"Thoughts Suggested by Memories,"
read at a dinner on the evening of
January 26, 1880:

Oh Johnny turn the hour glass down
Gently upon its side,
And stay the endless running sands
That all too swiftly glide.

I know they fall as noiselessly
As leaves fall on the grass;
But fatally as mountain slides
Come crashing down the pass.

And underneath lie castle walls
We airily built high,
And heroes in the pride of youth
Buried from mortal eye.

Say where is he, that Harvard boy
With graceful falling cloak,
And slouched cap on his broad white
brow
Put on with careless poke.

I see him with those yellow locks
And manly padded bust
Blue specs he wore upon his nose;
The doctor said he must.

Ah festive days of love and hope,
Those scenes I oft renew,
When in the light of maidens' eyes
We made our grand "daboo."

But Johnny all in vain you place
The hour glass on its side,
For still the clock goes ticking on
The pendulum swings wide.

Remove those hands that cruelly
Steal round the dial's face,
Bring back the days of old again,
The gold old times replace.

I hardly know my boyhood's home
And as I walk about,
I see familiar signs are gone
And shingles new hang out.

Where's Gilbert Howland, guileless
man,
Never quite free from pain,
I see him limp to the P. O.*
And then limp back again.

Where's Nehemiah,—buying ore,
Dividing light "from dark"?
I see him standing on a cask
And smiling like a shark.

While Edmund blending toil with play,
Without which life is blank,
Now tries his notes upon the flute,
Now on that cussed bank.

Gone from the mart those whale-oil
kings
To farms, to art, to peace,
The Howlands, Leonards, Jackass Joe,
No longer reign in grease.

Gently the river glides along,
The tide flows in the same,
As when those sires and sons first gave
Bull Island name and fame.

How busy was that rising youth;
Though yet on change unknown,
'Twas wonderful how well he could
Negotiate a loan.

"Charley" they called him on the street,
Niggers and whites and all,
And housewives ever smiled on him
Whene'er he made a call.

A kind of Don Juan he was
Moral of course, you wot,
And recognized as quite the ton,
E'en though his coal was not.
"O fortunatus minium!"
Bending with weight of gold,
He's now a grand-papa blase,
And prematurely old.

But Johnny it will nought avail
The ticking clock to stay
The stars are moving on their course,
And follows night the day.

Some Joshua must bid the Sun
Stand still on Gibeon
And even he may not recall
The moments that are gone.

Yet memory keeps the past still fresh
Each scene, the time, the place,
Pictures that bright ever remain,
And years cannot efface.

As in some ancient gallery,
Whereoft the sun-light falls,
I see the faces I have known
Hanging upon the walls.

There's Hussey with a far off gaze,
His thoughts on game intent,
A mute inglorious Webster
Trying to read up Kent.

And there's a lovely female head
Worthy a Vandyke fame,
She lived close by on Smith St. once,
Belinda Smith her name.

And here is Mitchell on the rock,
Where "breaking waves dash high"
Glasses he wore in tender youth,
Because his sight was nigh.

This is Grinnell with genial smile,
His meal of clams dispatched,
Counting the profits of his farm,
From chickens never hatched.

The artist there has tried his skill,
With singular good luck,—
A Venus rising from the sea,
With face of Forney Tuck.

And this you'll recognize as Rod
With straining eye and ear,
Watching by moonlight near his barn,
For what—doth not appear.

Yonder is Mrs. Ingalls face,
With eyes that fiercely glare,
As Baker saw her, when he asked
If Merrihew lived there.

And this is Gib his portrait,
When his heart was full of hope
As he gave his thoughts to Fanny,
And dealt in whale oil soap.

So all along the gallery
The walls are covered o'er,
With the pictures I have shown you
With these and many more.

But best of all the masterpiece,
In color strong and bright,
Is a group of kindred spirits
Keeping their festal night.

Bill Hussey is pouring brandy in
His glass with other things
Tom sits at ease, with vest undone,
And Plummer tuneful sings.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll take a cup of kindness yet
For days of Auld Lang Syne.

The first break in the society came in a long span of years with the death of John A. Hawes in 1883. Mr. Hawes had just been elected president of the club. A tribute to his memory appears with a black ruling about it. From that time, those black rules are found on almost every page, for the records of the meetings were made brief now.

The writer was pleased to find he had inspired one flash of wit. The record of the dinner in 1884 announces a call from Mr. Pease, who was at that time a reporter on *The Mercury*. Mr. Pease was furnished with statistics of the society, the record runs, "and was informed by Brother Randall in a burst of confidence worthy of Wilkins Micawber, 'We began, Mr. Pease, as a literary society and we have ended as a criminal society.'"

More of Mitchell's Verses.

Mr. Mitchell's verses were forthcoming at nearly every dinner in the late 90's although he seldom appeared. In 1897, he wrote:

An unsoiled plate, a vacant chair,
A glass (or glasses) unemployed;
And in my heart a grim despair
With underneath an aching void!

Yet as to-night I sadly sit,
Striving to picture all the scene,
The glad reunion and the wit,
The reminiscent chat between,

Again to memory's eye expands
The circle which I knew of old
I feel the touch of clasping hand
The songs once sung, the tales retold.

But in my company no breaks,
No silenced voice, no missing face.
All, all are there and each partake
An equal welcome to his place.

So vanishes the parting stream
Which we draw near and they have
crossed

And, reunited in my dream
I blend the living with the lost.

These verses came from Mitchell in 1899:

When in the good old feudal days the
monarch did incline
To season with a pleasant song his
venison and his wine
He bade the minstrel fill his pipe (twas
ere Sir Walter brought
The Cigarettes of Acconac, which Pocahontas wrought).

To fill his pipe, by which I mean, of
course his lay to raise
(Tobacco-nallions are the fruit of these
degenerate days)
But first like that good dowager of
Monmouth and Bacclough
He had a sherry cobbler brought and
saw him put it through.

Then heaped his plate, because he said,
as you in Holmes may read,
"The true essentials of a feast, are
only fun and feed."
"No song, no supper," was the phrase,
but this is clearly wrong,
It ought to be transposed to this, "No
supper, then no song!"

You ask a verse, My Brother Blues, of
one condemned to fast
As if one's appetite could thrive on
banquets of the past.
How can I pen a stanza when rebellious
memories rise
Of nights immortalized by Charles, the
nights of "Old Tom's Fries"!

And yet the chance I will not miss to
be with you once more
Be heard, not seen, like Boswell, Sam,
dining behind the door.
When first we gathered as a club, our-
selves we counted men
At twenty-one. We now are boys at
three score years and ten.

We've had our taste of fortune's gifts,
life's pleasures, toils and pains,
But still the fond old fellowship, all
unimpaired remains.
In second childhood of the heart, by no
means of the head,
We drop all titles and respond to Tom,
Jack, Bill and Ned.

For Time his scythe has gently swung,
though clipping here and there
As souvenirs of vanished years memo-
rial locks of hair.
We must not grudge old Time his dues.
In just the self same form
The Indian took his neighbor's scalp
to keep his own wig-warm.

Then here's a health to those who
meet, regret for those who fail,
A silent memory of those now passed
behind the veil.
And once again the loving toast, with
clasping hands we take,
"The Blues, the steadfast Brotherhood,
too strong for aught to break."

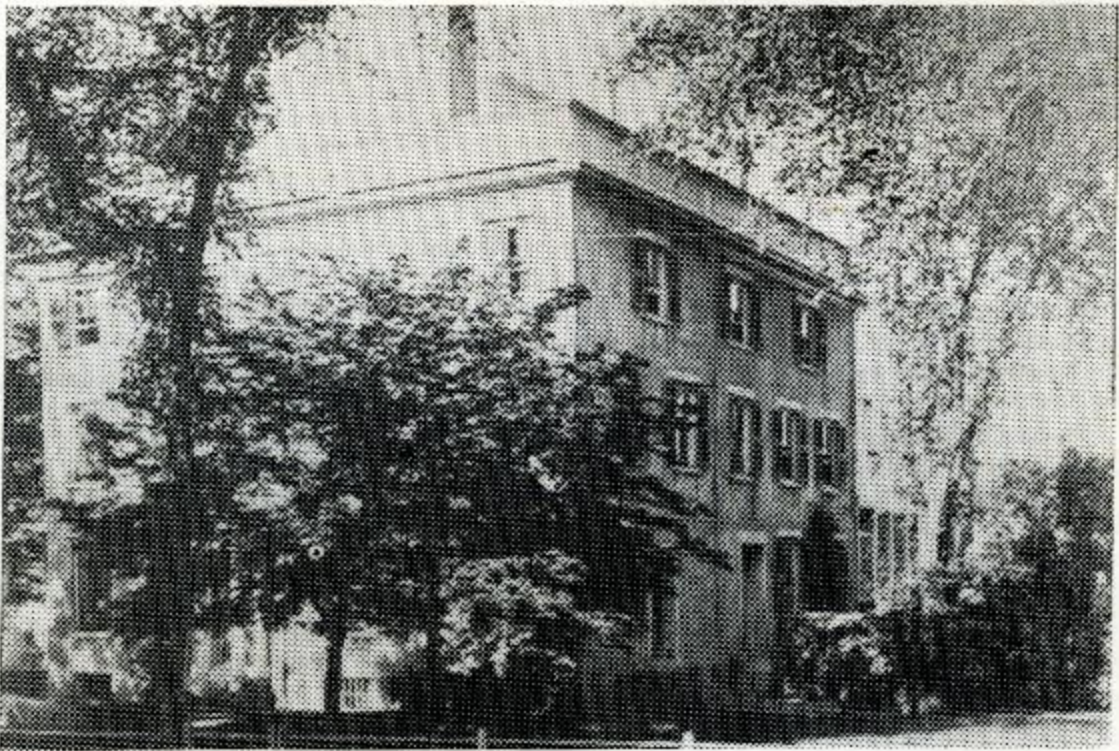
Who's Who In "The Blues."

I've been with old men
Shadowy and slow,
Men dead and buried
A long while ago;
But the songs that they sang me,
Grave songs and sweet,
Held me the whole day

Stretched at their feet.
 Fire danced, and water
 Whirled to the tune;
 Laughter went ringing
 Down the long noon.
 But oh, what I loved most
 Was not song at all!
 Not the rich cadence,
 The silvery fall
 Of passionless voices
 Kept me in thrall;
 But the unquenched ardor,
 Pitying, wise,
 That lit their frail features
 And flamed in their eyes
 With a flame that transfigured
 Starlight and dew—
 The deep peace of old men
 When singing is through.

—Bernard Raymund in Poetry.

which was attached to the Third Mass. Regiment as Co. E. The regiment entered into service Sept. 23, 1862, did effective work in the department of North Carolina, participating in the battles of Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsborough, and having its full share in the rough experience of the war. Captain Hawes was popular with the men under his command and with his fellow officers. He entered the service under no stress of circumstances, but impelled by a sense of duty; and he faithfully discharged the responsibilities revolved upon him. He was four times elected to the senate from this district, in the years



The Rodman Mansion at the Corner of County and Spring Streets, Where the Last Dinner Was Served "The Blues."

John A. Hawes was the first of the group to die; 38 years after the organization. Mr. Hawes was born in Fairhaven, September 27, 1823 and died at his home in his native town, March 10, 1883. He was fitted for college at a school in Needham, and graduated at Harvard in 1845. He studied law in the office of the late Hon. John H. W. Page, and after admission to the bar opened an office in Fairhaven, but soon relinquished the practice and became secretary of an insurance company in that town. Soon after the opening of the Civil war Mr. Hawes raised in New Bedford a company of nine month's volunteers, of which he was captain, and

1871 and 1872, and again in 1874 and 1875; in 1852 and 1853 he was chairman of the Fairhaven board of selectmen. Mr. Hawes was an active and prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic at one time being its department commander for the department of Massachusetts; and was also one of the trustees of the Soldiers' Home. He was interested in agricultural matters, in the formation of the New Bedford Yacht Club, of which he was commodore and in the First Congregational Society of this city of which he was an efficient member, and which he served as clerk for 20 years with unexampled zeal and fidelity.

Leander A. Plummer died at New Bedford September 24, 1884. He was born in New Bedford, educated at the High School, entered at an early age the office of the New Bedford Cordage Co., of which he afterwards became the treasurer.

S. Rodman Morgan died in London, England, November 21, 1891, having gone abroad for the benefit of his health. Born in New Bedford, he was educated at Friends' Academy and at Haverford College, Pennsylvania. About 1855 he removed to Philadelphia, making that city thereafter his permanent home.

Edward R. Anthony died at Plainfield, New Jersey, July 11, 1892. He was born at New Bedford, educated at Friends' Academy and a school at Princeton, New Jersey, was afterwards teller at the Marine Bank—now First National—of New Bedford, then cashier of Machinists bank, Taunton. In 1849 he went to California and returning after a few years' absence engaged in the insurance business in New York city.

Gilbert Russell died in New York, Dec. 12, 1893. He was born in New Bedford, educated at Friends' Academy and Harvard university; he removed to New York in 1848, entered the House of Beals, Bush & Co., was afterwards employed in the New York custom house. His health failing, he retired from all active pursuits about twenty years before his death.

In the annuals of "The Blues" is the following tribute written by Walter Mitchell:

Cheerful and patient in his city room
Through dull eventless days he sat
serene,
Greeting all friends with that un-
clouded mien
Which gave no sign of the relentless
doom
To weary hours, shut in a living tomb,
We may have deemed him dull, while
yet unseen
The nobler self, writ life's coarse
lines between,
Now brought to light by fires which
did consume
His later days. At last we know our
friend
For one whose genial word and
kindly act
Were fashioned on the old enduring
plan.
Brave, true, unselfish to the very end,
His simply-kept ideal nothing lacked
To grace the rare old name of Gentle-
man.

Edmund Rodman died of Bright's disease at the age of 78 years. Mr. Rodman was a son of Samuel Rodman and a brother of Thomas R. Rodman. He was born in this city, educated here and always lived here. From his earliest years he took a deep interest in public affairs and was an active factor in several organ-

izations of a public spirited nature. The public schools always claimed much attention and consideration at the hands of Mr. Rodman, and for twelve years, from 1862 to 1868 and from 1871 to 1877 he served as a member of the school committee. He was a clever draughtsman, and had not a little talent as an artist on canvas. Mr. Rodman was the first president of the Y. M. C. A. at the society's incorporation in 1882; became a member of the Protecting Society in 1844 and was elected a director in 1867, had served as secretary of the Port society; was vice president of the Farmer's club in 1882. He was a prominent member of Grace church, of which he had been one of the wardens. Mr. Rodman was president of the Triumph Heat & Light company when it was organized in 1888. He was leader of the Audubon society movement in this city, and was instrumental in securing signatures to the society's pledges among the school children of the city. Mr. Rodman never married.

Charles S. Randall died in his 81st year. Charles Sturtevant Randall, son of George and Martha Sturtevant Randall was born in New Bedford February 20, 1824. He came of a staunch family who landed in Nantucket in 1640 and on his father's side from Tristram Coffin, who landed in Nantucket in 1640, and on his mother's side from Samuel Sturtevant, a surveyor, who was in Plymouth as early as 1637, and Richard Bourne, one of the incorporators of Sandwich in the same year. His grandfather, Charles Sturtevant, served at the battle of Lexington as corporal of a militia company from Rochester. Mr. Randall went to New Bedford High school and afterward prepared for Harvard under the private tutorship of John H. W. Page. Instead of entering the college, however, he went to a school in France. On his return he entered business, taking a position in the counting room of O. & G. O. Crocker. Subsequently he became clerk in the Merchants bank under his uncle, James B. Congdon, then cashier. In 1848 when gold was discovered in California, Mr. Randall's father acting on advices received from a friend from the west fitted out the whaler Mayflower for a trip around the Horn. A company of whalers, artisans and collegians—Charles S. Randall being among the number—embarked on the Mayflower in the fall of 1848. The expedition was known as the New Bedford & California Mining & Trading company. On the way out Captain Randall died from injuries and after that the expedition ceased to prosper. California

was reached in 1849 and the members of the company including Mr. Randall engaged in mining. Returning to New Bedford in 1851 Mr. Randall engaged in the commission and shipping business. In 1860 he organized the New Bedford Copper company, of which he was treasurer for seven years. Resigning from his position he once more took up the commission and shipping business and also took part in the management of the McKay Manufacturing company. In 1872 Mr. Randall retired from active business, and devoted the next two years to travelling through Europe with his family. His political career began in 1882, when he was elected to the Massachusetts state senate, where he served with credit for two years. Mr. Randall was elected to the 51st congress in 1888 and was re-elected in 1890 and 1892. In 1894 Mr. Randall was a candidate for the nomination, but was opposed and beaten by John Simkins of the Cape, who was sent to Washington in his place. Again in 1898 the Democratic congressional convention in this city nominated Mr. Randall for congress, the Fall River contingent forcing the nomination through in spite of the opposition of the New Bedford Democrats. Mr. Randall declined the nomination, however, and since that time had not been an active figure in politics. Mr. Randall was a member of the New Bedford Protecting society, a director and stockholder in many local corporations, actively interested in the Old Dartmouth Historical Society, and largely instrumental in bringing about the erection of the Gosnold Memorial, Cuttyhunk. In 1851 Mr. Randall married Sarah Spooner, daughter of Jireh and Nancy (Nye) Perry. They had two daughters, Harriet, Mrs. Walter Clifford of this city and Sarah, Mrs. John Griswold, of Troy, N. Y.

Rev. Walter Mitchell, formerly of New Bedford, died in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., at the age of 82 years. Mr. Mitchell was born in Nantucket in 1826 and came to New Bedford when a young man. He studied law, was admitted to the Bristol county bar and practiced for some time in this city, first alone and then as the junior partner in the firm of Eliot, Pitman & Mitchell. This was about 1850 and after practicing in this city he left the bar and entered Harvard college. After completing his studies there he entered the Episcopal ministry and presided over several churches in the east. He was connected editorially with The Churchman, and during middle life was a prolific contributor to magazines and papers, writing both in verse and in prose. During the

last few years of his life, he retired from the ministry living a quiet, studious life at Poughkeepsie.

William Goddard Baker was the son of the late George T. Baker and was born in Nantucket on the 6th of October, 1824. His father came to New Bedford in the 30's and engaged in the oil business. He built the factory on South Water street, now owned by William A. Robinson, and he was at one time a partner with the late Oliver and George O. Crocker. William G. Baker received his school education here in New Bedford, fitting for Harvard, but not entering. In 1844 he went abroad with Charles S. Randall, who had been his life-long friend, spending a year in study. When he returned he entered the publishing house of Little & Brown of Boston, remaining there some years. Then he came back to New Bedford, and became a member of the firm of Fessenden & Baker, which bought the Mercury in 1861, and continued the publication of that paper until May 1, 1876, when they sold out and dissolved the firm. Mr. Baker went to New York immediately afterward, served for a short time as one of the night editors of the New York Herald, but soon went to Columbia college as assistant librarian. He remained there until about a year before his death when, on account of ill health, he was retired with a pension. Since then, in feeble health, he lived in New Bedford at the home of his son-in-law, Elisha D. Anthony, where he died. He could write admirably in both prose and verse, and had written several creditable plays in both English and French for amateur performance. He had, too, a talent for acting, and had appeared in amateur theatricals with exceptional success. As a player on both the pianoforte and the organ he was excellent, and he had ventured with good results into the field of musical composition. As an editorial writer for The Mercury, he displayed much ability, writing with easy grace and with clear directness.

Thomas R. Rodman was known throughout the state for his patriotism and interest in the Grand Army of the Republic. As well known as he was in Grand Army circles he was even better known among the Episcopalians of Massachusetts, and was one of the most prominent laymen of the church in this commonwealth. He always attended the diocesan convention as the representative of the Grace church, in which society he felt as keen an interest as in the G. A. R. He was senior warden of that church and vice-president of the Brooks club.

Captain Rodman was born in New Bedford, Sept. 27th, 1825, and was a son of the late Samuel Rodman. After finishing an academic course in the Friends' Academy he entered Harvard college, graduating in 1846, when he became manager of his father's estate, which was quite an extensive one. For a time he was the treasurer of the Phoenix Cotton company of Shirley, Mass., and until within a short time of his death had been employed occasionally in the office of the Wamsutta mills. His only connection with the city government was in 1878, when he was a member of the common council, serving as president of that branch in that year of Mayor Richmond's administration. In the summer of 1862, then in his 36th year, he assisted his cousin, William Logan Rodman, in organizing a company for the 38th Massachusetts regiment, a command which saw three years of hard service. He was commissioned captain of company H, and his term of service expired July 11, 1865, at the close of the war. Port Hudson, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek were among the engagements in which the regiment participated. He went into the service as captain and retired in the same capacity, but not because of lack of opportunity for advancement. He believed in his men, and his choice was as commander of the boys from home. When R. A. Peirce post of the Grand Army was formed he was prominent in its organization, and was always one of its most deeply interested members. Captain Rodman was always interested in weather observations, and for years kept up a record which his father started early in the 19th century.

Francis Grinnell, who owned Potomaska for a time, moved to Ohio, where he engaged in stock raising.

John B. Hussey, born Sept. 27, 1823, was associated with his father, George Henry, for a period in shipping enterprises, but was not engaged in active business in later life.

Joshua Clapp Stone was born in Boston on Aug. 28, 1825, and was the son of Henry Baldwin Stone and Elizabeth (Clapp) Stone. His father was for many years the cashier and afterwards the president of the Suffolk Bank of Boston. On his father's side, he was descended from the Stone and Baldwin families of Worcester County, and on his mother's side from the Clapp and Mather families of Boston. He was fitted for college at the Leicester Academy of Leicester, Massachusetts, and was graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1844. He was a member of the Porcellian Club and Hasty Pudding Club of Cambridge. In 1844 he entered the Harvard Law School and in 1846 he con-

tinued his professional studies in the office of John H. W. Page of New Bedford, Massachusetts, interrupted only by his absence in Evansville, Indiana, on business with the United States land office. He was admitted to the bar in Bristol County in 1849. From that time, he was associated in practice in New Bedford with Mr. Page until 1853, when he formed a partnership with Lincoln F. Brigham, late chief justice of the superior court, which continued until Judge Brigham's appointment to the bench. In 1859 he removed to Boston; but in 1862 his strong attachments for New Bedford induced his return, and he formed a partnership with William W. Crapo, which continued until his death. For several years, he held the office of Judge of Insolvency for Bristol County; and in 1866 and 1867, he was a representative to the general court from the eleventh Bristol district. On Sept. 17, 1850, he was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel and Anna Hathaway, of New Bedford, and they had the following children: Henry Baldwin Stone, of Chicago, Illinois, who died July 5, 1897, late vice president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad and president of the Chicago Telephone Company; Nathaniel Hathaway Stone of the firm of J. M. Forbes & Co. of Boston; Francis Hathaway Stone of New Bedford, a sea captain in the merchant service; Frederic Mather Stone, a lawyer of Boston; and Caroline Stone of New Bedford. He died at his home in New Bedford, on Jan. 2, 1869.

Henry A. Johnson was a lawyer. After removing from New Bedford he practiced in Boston.

William Howland Hussey, the last of "The Blues," died in New York city a few months ago at the age of 96. He was born in New York, Jan. 24, 1824, and held the distinction of being the oldest of the Sylvia Ann Howland heirs. He was educated at Haverford College and recalled riding in boyhood on the Old South Amboy railroad line, behind the locomotive named the John Bull. He went to the front platform of the train to see the sparks from the smokestack, wood being used as fuel, and recalled his hat caught fire and was destroyed. He moved to this city with his parents in 1842, but remained here but four years. He was interested in mining and cotton enterprises in Nicaragua in the early 60's and later in the shipping and oil business, finally in the plumbing supply trade. He held the record for mileage as a commuter, it being estimated he traveled over 323,000 miles between New York and his New Jersey home, equivalent to thirteen times around the globe. When these figures were made Mr. Hussey was 86.