

are not willing, reverend sir, to sing that hymn." And yet it would seem that a congregation that had parsed and spelled and committed to memory Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," that really *liked* that baleful poem, should not have been very much troubled at the smell of sulphur in any hymn.

It makes me feel inclined to forgive pious old Dr. Watts for his hymn-horrors, to know that late in life he regretted many of his rhymed "composures," and would have liked to see them wholly forgotten.

Some of the old tunes, too (not Billings's fugues, however), made the soul sink in depression. Wantage, Bangor, Aylesbury, Mortality, Funeral-Thought, fairly groaned in song; but perhaps they were just as desirable, inky-black though they were, as dance and opera music.

It was almost universally deemed imperative that each performer in the choir, and sometimes each person in the entire church, should beat time visibly and with emphasis; and comic indeed was the result. Some sturdy old soldiers threw the entire forearm up and down, as if preparing for battle; others swung the arm in a semicircle; some mild trebles mincingly lifted and depressed the hand or the forefinger; others swayed the head and body; others beat on the hymn-book; many swayed the hymn-book from side to side. So, when the wave of song burst forth, the entire congregation bent and rose with the force of the tide. As years passed on, the younger folk began to see the absurdity and undignified appearance of this swaying body of singers, and the deacon or choir-leader was ordered to beat time in solitary state, with his hand, in full sight of all the singers. Then that, too, became old-fashioned, and rules similar to this of Wilbraham, in 1770, were common: "Whoever leads the singing shall be at liberty to use the motion of his hand while singing for the space of three months only." Soon all the old, brawny, wrinkled hands that had beat time to the glory of the Lord were forced to keep still altogether in His house, and by that time nearly all the old voices were silenced, too, by death.

Many a bitter trial had these leaders of New England choirs to endure. In almost every congregation would be found some strong-lunged and loud-voiced Christian who would invariably forget which stanzas were omitted in the singing, and would roar out half through the wrong verse, to the annoyance and discomfiture of the choir. And there were always some cracked-voiced old saints who clung to the primitive pronunciations of words. With them do was always *doe*, put rhymed with *but*, earth was *airth*, shall was *shawl*, and before many words beginning with a vowel would be heard a long, buzzing m-m-m, as if the word began with that letter. And there were always some drawlers to be dragged along and hurried up. The joining in the singing of the pious occupants of the "Deaf Pue" tantalized the choir-master and sometimes almost annihilated the music. Other customs, though sanctioned by the choir-leaders and singing-teachers, were equal hindrances to good music: such was the singing of "counter," and the assigning of treble parts to the tenor voices.

Musical instruments were generally introduced into the churches in the following order. First the pitch-pipe of wood or metal, which sounded a single note and thus gave the proper key; then came tuning-forks or brass reeds, sounded with a "fum, s'la, fum-m-m;" third, the violoncello, or, as it was universally called in those days, the bass-viol. For many years these "Lord's fiddles," as they were also termed with unintentional irreverence, were the only musical instruments allowed in many churches. Then the clear flute and the grumbling bassoon helped to swell the sound; then the clarinet and hautboy; then the violin—after much opposition, because associated with low tavern dance-music. At last organs became allowable, then popular, then universal, though many called them "tooting-tubs," "boxes of whistles," etc. The accounts of the contests over the introduction of these various accompanying instruments; of the insults, abuse, and despair which they provoked in peaceable old Christians, form in the records of many towns and churches the most spicy tidbits found by the historian, and show how truly to the Puritan the songs of the sanctuary were indeed sacred.

## A Song of Thanksgiving

By Julia Taft Bayne

The sheep are coming home.  
From far hill-pastures, where the wild winds blow,  
To the fold's shelter thankfully they go;  
And in their meek accord  
They praise the Lord!

The children, too, come home—  
From lands afar, from many a city street—  
Beneath their childhood's roof what memories meet!  
Around the bounteous board  
They praise the Lord!

Dear Shepherd, bring us home—  
When all the days of all our years are told,  
Lead to the shelter of thy heavenly fold.  
Reclaimed, redeemed, restored,  
We'll praise Thee, Lord!



## Thanksgiving in Boston in the Twenties

By Edward Everett Hale

For a child, Thanksgiving began with the Proclamation.

The Proclamation, for old people, was, and is, a test of the Governor's ability to rise above the drudgery of politics to the Idea. And a collection of Massachusetts Proclamations for Fasts and Thanksgiving, such as some one is said to have made some years ago, would show that their Excellencies so regarded that particular duty—as in the light of an exercise which should show at once patriotism, piety, and literary ability.

For me, these Proclamations were heard in Brattle Street Meeting-House, one of the monuments, since lost, of Revolutionary and ante-Revolutionary days in Boston. Of ante-Revolutionary days, for the stately pile was begun and finished in those John Baptist years which were preparing for the Revolution. John Hancock's name, carved in the corner-stone, had been so prodded by the bayonets of English sentries, who paced up and down there before the Massacre Riot, that it was hardly legible afterwards.

Of Revolutionary history, because we boys always looked up to the tower as we entered the church, to see the twenty-four pound cannon-shot imbedded there just above the first window. This is the shot of which Holmes sings:

The simple pile, which, mindful of the hour  
When Howe's artillery shook her new-built tower,  
Bears in her bosom, as a bride might do,  
The iron breastpin which the Rebels threw.

The shot was one which Washington threw from his Prospect Hill batteries before the English left the town.

In that church, or meeting-house, waked for the purpose, very likely, by my mother, that I might listen, I heard Mr. Palfrey, the minister, read all my first Proclamations. He was afterwards a distinguished Free Soil leader—the first with such a party name who ever represented Massachusetts in Congress—not the last, thank God!

I must have heard the instructions of Governor Levi Lincoln in 1824 and 1825. But of these I know nothing. It is in 1826, as I now suppose, that this exploration of mine into the twenties must begin.

A Massachusetts Proclamation would end with these words:

Given at the Council Chamber in Boston, in the year of our Lord 1826, and of the Independence of the United States the Fiftieth.  
LEVI LINCOLN.

By his Excellency the Governor,  
with the advice and consent of the  
Council. EDWARD D. BANGS, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

Observe that even the infant was taught that in Massachusetts no man governs unless his Council consent.

In after years, when we were old enough to know one statesman from another, it was with joy, mingled with awe, that we watched this identical EDWARD D. BANGS as he listened and approved. He sat not ten feet from us, the other side of a narrow aisle, in his own pew. His coat was always brown, and it had a velvet collar. His arm rested on the side of the pew, and he placed his finger on his shaven right cheek as he sat, as I have seen no other man do. He was always at church. Well pleased, as we supposed, he heard the Proclamations which he had attested. We had other statesmen all around us—Judge Thacher was behind, Daniel Webster on the right, Harrison Gray Otis was behind him. But not one of these ever had his name read out by the minister.

The Proclamation was read, not on the Sunday before Thanksgiving, but on the Sunday before that. This was in order that we might all bring our money on the next Sunday for the annual contribution for the poor. This was the only survival or remnant left which indicated in those days that a church had a humane side and must and could take care of somebody. I have since seen the accounts of the deacons of those days, and know where my annual fo'pence-ha'penny went.

It happened, from this general prosperity, that my fo'pence-ha'penny, and most of these offerings, were invested for harder times—funded, in fact. And thus, once a quarter, at the age of seventy-one, I am invited by a proper postal card to attend a Board Meeting which shall determine what shall be done with the interest. Such were the charities of a time before the disease called pauperism had been well introduced into New England.

Every one went to meeting when Thanksgiving Day came—as certainly as on Sunday. I think it was understood that Mr. Palfrey would preach on some subject, not of politics, perhaps, but of public administration. Even we children had a faint hope that there would be something said of carnal or worldly interest which should vary the monotony of the regular service. What children dislike in church services, as in everything else, is their monotony.

There was another relief which we relied more upon. It was the anthem. I say *the* anthem; I rather think that in those earlier days we thought there was but one anthem in the world. So the average American boy to-day might think that there is but one Fourth of July oration—when he reads that "*The* oration was delivered by Mr. Depew."

This was the one variation, in fifty-two weeks, in the form of church service. At the end of the Thanksgiving sermon, after prayer, instead of "Lord, dismiss us," or the Doxology, or other closing hymn, Mr. Palfrey would say, "An anthem will now be sung." No one stood up then when the choir sang. But we boys, in our pew, could turn as we sat and face them; the girls could not. We could see and hear the anthem at once.

Then the benediction, and so we could go home to the Thanksgiving party. Soon came the cousins, on both sides of the family, from their churches, which were not ours. These cousins never met except on this day. Pictures and books appeared which we saw on no other day; among them, as I have since remembered, Turner's earliest engravings. Then the dinner: chicken pie, and turkey with cranberry sauce; squash, mince, Marlborough, and apple pies; cranberry tarts; scalloped oysters and lobster salad; grapes, figs, oranges, nuts, and raisins. Never, observe, soup, or ice-cream, or any modern innovation on a dinner which might, except the Marlborough pie, have been prepared by Madam Winthrop and Madam Hull, and, with the Marlborough pie, could have been prepared by the last of the Madam Sewalls.

And then, while the elders rested, the children, who never rested, so soon as the dining-room was cleared, took their turns in blind-man's-buff, vint-un, commerce, old maid, checkers or chess, or possibly the Game of Human Life, or the Kings of England, until supper came; and, too soon, bedtime, later than usual.

## Miraculous Susan of Quaker Hill

### A Thanksgiving Story

By Hezekiah Butterworth

*Imprimis*, the reader will ask why the woman in our title with the simple name of Susan was called "miraculous," and, *secundus*, where is Quaker Hill. I will answer the last question first, and try to give the reader a view of the picturesque elevation where George Fox preached in the glorious old Rhode Island, of Governor Coddington, and of Roger Williams; and as for that said useful woman, who was indispensable to the old families of the once Indian country of Pokonoket in the trying days of dipping candles, picking live geese, and at "killing-time," our story will seek to portray the one marvelous and mysterious event of her otherwise uneventful life.

I should say that the quaint, plain Quaker meeting-house on the historic elevation near Portsmouth, R. I., is the most interesting church in all America. It stands for the old Rhode Island principle of soul-liberty, as set forth in Roger Williams's day—and what could stand for more? It is now very much what it was two hundred years ago, when a rich Rhode Islander proposed to offer George Fox a salary to remain on the Island as preacher—which caused the good man to flee.

*They* do not do so now, to be sure, but times have a little changed even among the hillside farmers on the Garden Island of the New World.

I recently attended a Friends' meeting at the quaint, roomy church on Quaker Hill. The Narragansett Bay rolled in the distance as clear and blue as when George Fox himself must have beheld it in 1671, or more than two hundred years ago. The Hill is still the Mecca of the Societies of Friends, and may be found on the Old Colony Railroad near Portsmouth, R. I., some eight miles from Newport, and a few miles from the Barton-Prescott house, of historic fame.

The island was Aquidneck when George Fox came there, "a voice crying in the wilderness of the world," and when Bishop Berkeley became prophetic at Newport, and voiced his inspiration in the immortal line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

There are few spots on the earth more serene and lovely than Quaker Hill. There is an ethereal beauty over the blue waterways and bountiful farms, a "Gulf Stream influence" it is called, that seems almost spiritual, and we do not wonder that the good old Quaker spirit should have found its sympathetic atmosphere here. After the long past, the Gospel of the Inner Light and universal Love is still preached on the self-same serene hill of Portsmouth looking over to Mount Hope—the ancient burying-ground of the Indian race—the Narragansett Bay, and the sinking sails of the far sea. It is worth a pilgrimage to spend a Sabbath on Quaker Hill.

The old-time Newport Quakers did not keep holidays, but Thanksgiving was always a benevolent day on the thrifty Quaker farms around the transfigured hill. The mention of the day recalls tables of luxuries that, unhappily, are no more seen. Those were the days of apple dumplings made of Rhode Island greenings which Rhode Island mythology claims to have come from the original Garden of Eden; of pandowdy in comparison with which the modern apple pie merits little commendation; of No Cake, rightly named, for it consisted of parched corn so deftly cooked that it floated white on milk; of plum porridge, hot and cold; of hasty puddings with toothsome sauces; of bannocks; of whit-pot; of all kinds of game—wild geese, teal, partridges, and quail; of pound-cake that induced pipes and fireside slumbers and dreams such as never haunted the self-denying soul of George Fox. The old Quakers of Portsmouth were good livers, but they shared all they had with every one.

Blessed are the graves with their mossy stones around the queer church on old Quaker Hill! The precisianers here lived quiet lives, but their principles of soul-liberty emancipated the world. The little square panes in the gray meeting-house windows, to a student of life, are more