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ADDRESS

AT THE

2nd SECOND MEETING OF THE DESCENDANTS

OF

RICHARD HAVEN,

OF LYNN,

HELD AT FRAMINGHAM, MASS., AUGUST 30, 1849.

BY REV. JOSEPH HAVEN, JR.

OF BROOKLINE, MASS.

ALSO,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AND EVENTS OF THE DAY,

BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

PRINTED BY DIRECTION OF THE MEETING FOR THE USE OF THE FAMILY.

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ADDRESS.

RESPECTED AND VERY RESPECTABLE COUSINS :

Were I to thank you for the honor conferred on me by the invitation to address you on this occasion, I should thank those who probably had very little to do with the matter, inasmuch as the invitation came from the Committee of Arrangements. Were I to thank *them*, it is quite possible that after hearing the address, you will hardly join in the thanks. Were I to regret that the duty assigned me had not fallen to some one more worthy and more competent, I should only anticipate a conclusion at which, in all probability, you will soon enough arrive without any help. I deem it, therefore, the most sensible course to proceed at once to business, and say nothing by way of apology.

A stranger coming among us to-day, would naturally inquire the object of this gathering. What means this coming together of many from distant places, this marching to and fro, this assembling of young and old in one place, these religious rites — all this ceremony and parade? It cannot be a military or a masonic celebration, for we carry neither arms nor aprons. Odd Fellows we may be, not a few of us; but we show our oddity not according to any rule or order. It is not a political gathering, for we have come with our wives and daughters — a more respectable assembly than is wont to meet at the political caucous. It is not a Fast-day, nor yet the annual Thanksgiving. No Governor's proclamation has called us hither. It is neither a cattle-show, nor an agricultural fair, nor in fact a town-meeting. It is not for purposes of trade and commerce that we are here. Some valuable goods we have brought with us, it is true, but not such as we have any idea of selling. And yet it is evidently not an accidental meeting, a hap-hazard gathering to spend an idle hour, for we have come together at some pains, from places diverse and remote — have relinquished for the time, our various pursuits, have left our business, and thrown aside our care and toil, and have come hither with expectation, a purpose, and a meaning.

And pray, what may it be, then? asks the stranger. It might not, perhaps, materially relieve his embarrassment, or satisfy his curiosity, to be told that this is a gathering of the descendants of RICHARD HAVEN.

Richard Haven? Who is *Richard Haven*? — he would be very likely to ask — and what are his descendants more than anybody's else, that they should make all this ado about one another?

Allow me then to say for you, in reply to any such inquiries, that we do not regard ourselves as worthy of peculiar honor, or as having any better reason for assembling in this way, than any other family in the land may have. We have done nothing to distinguish ourselves, that I am aware of, either good or bad; have made ourselves in no way remarkable; have managed in one way and another to keep out of the State's prison, and for the most part, out of Congress; are a sober, respectable, plain sort of people, having *Richard* for our father, and thinking no more highly of ourselves, on that account, than if we had been descended from Moses, or Nathaniel, or some other patriarch. We have not constituted ourselves into a Mutual Admiration Society, nor do we intend to; neither do we suppose that our respected ancestor was one whit better in his day than a great many other plain, sober, virtuous, hard-working men, that managed to bring up large families. We come together to do honor to our ancestry *such as it was*, and to cultivate that acquaintance with one another, which, as descendants from a common stock, we cannot but cherish. A double motive constrains us, — the respect we feel for our ancestry, — the interest we feel in each other, as descendants from that common ancestry; and he who cannot appreciate such motives, or feel the force of them, who looks on with half-suppressed astonishment at our congratulations and greetings and rejoicings to-day, unable to understand what all this means, is at perfect liberty to go about *his* business, while we go about *ours*.

I know not that I can more appropriately employ these moments, than in presenting such facts as I may be able to gather, respecting *the early history of our ancestors; the times to which they belonged; what sort of people they were; what sort of life they led*; — incidents which, if they do not in all cases pertain to our progenitors exclusively, but only to them in common with their contemporaries, the early settlers of the colony, may nevertheless give us a better picture of the men whom we honor, than we might otherwise obtain.

Every one who is conversant with the history of this country, is aware that, for the first quarter of a century after the settlement at Plymouth, a remarkable tide of emigration set towards the shores of the New World. It is computed that within twenty years from the first landing of the Pilgrims at Cape Cod, there came to this country not less than two hundred and ninety-eight ships, bringing in all, some twenty-one thousand two hundred passengers, or about four thousand families. Seventeen of these ships came in 1630, bringing some fifteen hundred emigrants, not a

few of them belonging to illustrious and wealthy families in England, some of them of noble descent. These settling chiefly at Salem, Charlestown, Cambridge, and a few other places along the bay, formed the Massachusetts, in distinction from the Plymouth Colony. In 1640, the religious and civil affairs of the mother country assuming a brighter aspect, emigration to this country for the most part ceased. After that period it is supposed that for a time as many persons returned as came. Nevertheless, for a number of years there continued to be arrivals from Europe, bringing over hardy, industrious, laboring men, who sought to better their fortunes in this new land. Among this number came, in those years, one Richard Haven, house-carpenter, from the west of England, and landed at Boston, whence he subsequently removed to Lynn. From this same Richard are we descended who are this day convened.

Of the precise time of our ancestor's arrival in this country, nothing is known with certainty. It has been generally supposed that he came in 1644; but of this there is no conclusive evidence. It is stated on the authority of Lewis and Farmer that he settled at Lynn, in 1645. It is also known that before settling in Lynn he endeavored to establish himself at his trade in Boston, where it is said he was offered two acres of land on Cornhill, in part pay for building a house; a condition not to his liking. How long he lived in Boston before going to Lynn we do not know. His first child, it seems, was born in 1645; but this surely does not prove, at least according to the ordinary rules of logic, that he came to this country the year before.

On the other hand there are some things which indicate an earlier arrival. I have already stated that emigration to this country had almost entirely ceased by 1640. Very few persons came over during the next five years after that. The only ships that arrived from England in 1644, of which Winthrop makes mention in his Journal, were one of twenty-four guns, under Captain Stagg, and another, also armed, under Captain Bailey, from London. In the latter came several persons and a few families, and it is possible, though not probable, that Richard Haven was of that number.

Another thing favors the supposition that he came previous to 1644. It is known that certain brothers of Richard came also to this country, and settled on Long Island. Now we find that in 1639, a number of persons in Lynn, finding themselves straitened for room there, undertook a settlement on Long Island, at the western end, whence, on account of difficulties with the Dutch, they removed, shortly after, to the eastern part. They seem at that time to have been increased by a number of

families additional from Lynn, where, before going, they first formed themselves into a church, and drew up the outline of a civil government. As the name Haven subsequently occurs among the names of the principal proprietors of estate on the island, it seems reasonable to suppose that these brothers of Richard formed a part of the original colony. If so, they must have been in the country previously to 1640; and not improbably Richard came over with them, he staying awhile in Boston, while they settled at first in Lynn.*

The name Haven does not occur in the list of Freemen inserted in the Appendix to Winthrop's Journal, which includes those admitted from the first settlement of the Massachusetts Colony, till the death of Governor Winthrop, in 1649. Still, as only members of the church were at that time admitted to the condition and privileges of freemanship, it is very probable that this may be the reason why his name is not to be found on the list; at least, it is not necessary to infer from this fact, that he was not at that time a citizen.

We may then regard the history of our ancestor, and so of our line, as commencing in 1640, at or about which time he probably came over from the mother land. It is a matter of interest to connect this date in our minds with other events and incidents of note to which it stands related in time. It was two years after the founding of Harvard College; one year after the setting up of the first printing press in New England; twelve years after the first settlement of Salem and Charlestown, which were the beginning of the Massachusetts Colony; twenty years after the settlement at Plymouth. It was the same year in which the first body of laws ever compiled in New England was drawn up; three years before the assembling of the divines, at Westminster, who composed the famous catechism, well known to the children of the former generations; six years before the meeting of the synod at Cambridge, which drew up the famous platform of Congregational order and discipline; five years before the passage of that law in Massachusetts—never to be forgotten in the history and glory of our noble State—which prohibited the buying and selling of slaves.

New England had at this time about fifty towns and villages, thirty or forty churches, a College, and a Castle.

Our respected ancestor, if we go back to the time of his arrival in this country, seems to have been in no way distinguished. On the contrary,

* Since the above was written, I find in Lewis's History of Lynn, a work of rare merit as regards its details of the olden time, the name of RICHARD HAVEN among those who settled in that town about 1640, which fully verifies what, for reasons above stated, I had been led to conjecture.

he was a plain, obscure man, dependent on his own exertions, seeking his fortunes in a new world, where honest industry and patient toil were sure passports to success. It is doubtful whether he was of age when he came over. Tradition says he was in England a poor boy, bound out as apprentice to a master; that his master dying, and his mistress undertaking to carry on the business, it fared ill with Richard, as not unfrequently happens in such cases. He accordingly acted as any sensible young man would have done,—that is, he *ran away*, and so came to this country, a pilgrim father, *on his own hook*. This, then, is the origin and beginning of things with our line.

If any one is disposed to think lightly of the race, as proceeding from such lowly and humble origin, let him trace back his own lineage, for two hundred years, to something more respectable, if he *can*. Not every man's line would come out at the distance of two centuries as well as this. Not every man's progenitor would have had the *spirit* to run away from evils that he could not remedy. I can hardly suppose that any of Richard's descendants, to say the least, will think the less of him for taking leave as he did of the mother country; if there be one so degenerate, he had better imitate his ancestor's example, and *be off*.

“Richard Haven, and Susanna his wife,” say the records.—And who was *Susanna*? Alas, in these days no one knows. The image rises before us of a fair, hearty, healthy, rosy-cheeked maiden, born neither to affluence nor distinction, fit companion in life for the enterprising young adventurer. She had probably come to this country when a child, with other emigrants, from England. It cannot be said of her, however, as of many distinguished characters, that only her *name* remains. Her name is the very thing that is wanting; but in place of it, she has left a *very likely company of descendants*, as this day's gathering will testify.

Of the personal accomplishments and acquirements of the damsel, nothing is known. Whether she were handsome or ugly, learned or illiterate, good-natured or cross, can only be conjectured, though it is certainly fair to *presume* somewhat in these matters upon the good taste of Richard in his selection, and also to *infer* somewhat from the known character of the *descendants*. It is hardly probable that Susanna spent much time upon the piano, and it were not strange if her French and Latin had been neglected. No doubt, however, she could play well upon the distaff, and talk plain sense in good mother English, which is more than every young lady can do. It has been doubted whether Richard could read and write, from the fact that his will is signed with a *mark*, instead of his name. It is to be hoped, for the credit of the family, that Susanna could at least do this. We may presume, however, that she was

not so unwise or unfortunate as the wife of Governor Hopkins, of Hartford — “A godly young woman, and of special parts,” says Winthrop, “who by close attention to study, lost her reason. Her husband being very loving and tender of her, was loth to grieve her; but he saw his error when it was too late; for if she had attended her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, &c., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her.” (Winthrop’s Journal, ii. 216.)

We naturally feel a desire to know something of the *place* where our ancestors Richard and Susanna fixed their dwelling. Mr. William Wood, in his description of Massachusetts, written about 1633, gives the following topographical account of Lynn, or Saugus, as it was then called:

“This town is pleasant for situation, seated at the bottom of a bay which is made on the one side with the surrounding shore, and on the other side, with a long sandy beach. This sandy beach is two miles long, at the end whereon is a neck of land called *Nahant*. It is six miles in circumference, well wooded with oaks, pines and cedars. * * * *

“In this neck is store of good ground fit for the plough; but for the present, it is only used for to put young cattle in, and wether goats, and swine, to secure them from the wolves. A few posts and rails from the low-water mark to the shore, keeps out the wolves and keeps in the cattle. * * Upon the south side of the sandy beach the sea beateth, which is a true prognostication to presage storms and foul weather, and the breaking up of the frost. For when a storm hath been, or is likely to be, it will roar like thunder, being heard six miles.”

Such was Nahant and its famous beach in those days—a pasture ground and enclosure for young cattle, and goats, and swine. It has probably changed somewhat in its general aspect and character since then, as also in the class of boarders which it accommodates; but the tired denizen of the hot and dusty city, as he refreshes himself of a summer day with a stroll along its rocky shores, or a bath in its cool waters, is even now reminded, by the numerous cattle grazing on the hills, of the former inhabitants of the place. The sea also keeps up its old habit of beating on the beach, and roaring “when a storm hath been, or is about to be.”

Our historian farther describes the town, in respect to its resources, as abounding in fish and game,—wild geese and ducks in the creeks and marshes,—alewives innumerable in the rivers, “of which they make good red herring;” also smelts and “frost fish, much bigger than a gudgeon,”—rook-cod, also, and mackerel, and bass, “inasmuch that shoals of bass have

driven up shoals of mackerel from one end of the sandy beach to the other, which the inhabitants have gathered up in wheelbarrows; clam-banks, moreover, and muscle-banks, and "lobsters amongst the rocks and grassy holes."

"The ground he describes as being very good, and a large proportion of it arable land. "In this plantation," he says, "is more *English tillage* than in all New England and Virginia besides."

Lewis, in his history of Lynn, gives the following account of the place and of the people, as they were in those days :

"The first settlers of Lynn were principally farmers, and possessed a large stock of horned cattle, sheep and goats. For several years, before the land was divided and the fields fenced, the cattle were fed in one drove, and guarded by a man who from his employment was called a hay-ward. The sheep, goats and swine were kept on Nahant, where they were tended by a shepherd. The people of Lynn, for some years, seem to have lived in the most perfect democracy. They had town meetings every three months for the regulation of their public affairs. They cut their wood in common, and drew lots for the grass in the meadows and marshes. * * * The chiefest corn they planted before they had ploughs was Indian grain. Their corn at the first was pounded with a wooden or stone pestle, in a mortar made of a large log hollowed out at one end. * * * Their first houses were rude structures with steep roofs, covered with thatch, or small bundles of sedge or straw laid over one another. The fire-places were made of rough stones, and the chimneys of boards, or short sticks crossing each other, and plastered inside with clay. In a few years houses of a better order began to appear. They were built with two stories in front, and sloped down to one in the rear. The windows were small and opened outward on hinges. They consisted of very small diamond panes, set in sashes of lead. The fire-places were large enough to admit of a four-foot log, and the children might sit in the corners and look up at the stars."

In such a house as is here described, we are to conceive of Richard and Susanna as comfortably located, in those now far-off days; the roof sloping in the rear, the small windows of diamond panes, set in lead, the front facing the south, that the sun might shine square at noon, the large stone fire-place, with its four-foot logs, the rough and simple furniture, the large wooden mortar with its stone pestle, the deal table, the wooden stools, or possibly by way of luxury, the flag-bottom chairs,—these complete the picture of the humble dwelling and its conveniences, which constituted the home of our venerated ancestor. There he rested at nightfall from the toils of the day, and listened to the dull, monotonous

roar of the ocean, as it beat heavily in constant surges upon the smooth beach, and against the precipitous rocks of the Great and the Little Nahant. There he mused of a summer evening, or chatted with a neighbor, or watched his children at their sports. There of a Sabbath he taught those children the oracles of truth, and the way to heaven. There of a winter evening, in the corner of the immense, open fire-place, sat those little ones, looking up at the sky and the clouds and the stars; and in the stormy night, snugly in their beds, lay listening, with feelings of awe and wonder, to the thunders of that ocean, shaken and tossed with the tempest. In that lowly, peaceful dwelling grew up those children and grew old those parents. Parents and children and their plain dwelling have long since passed away, but the memory of them, and their simplicity of life, and their virtues, will we cherish as we do this day.

It may be interesting to know still more of the habits and manner of life of these our ancestors; nor are the materials wanting. The ordinary dress of the laborers of those days — and in those days all were laborers in some sort — consisted of the plainest materials. Cottons and calicoes were not to be thought of. Susanna in her homespun gown and clean checked apron, had no occasion to be ashamed of her Richard, as he sat down to table in his sheepskin breeches, and coarse tow frock dyed with oak bark.

Nor were there to be found on their table the luxuries of the modern Nahant. No Souchong nor Mocha did the fair Susanna pour for her lord. These were little known in those days. But with ready hand and sweet smile she filled for him the smoking bowl of good bean or pea broth, for his breakfast, and at noon, if his business allowed him to dine at home, just as the sun shone square on the window sill, the frugal board was again set forth, with hot corn cake, a dish of boiled meat or fish, and that unfailing article, a hot, smoking, red, hard-boiled, Indian pudding; at night, pea broth again; or, if it were summer, then corn bread and milk, in place of this, for supper and breakfast. This was their ordinary fare; good enough for him, and so good enough for her. Such as it was, it satisfied them. They earned it with hard toil; they were content with it; they asked God's blessing on it, and with good appetites, and a good conscience, we doubt not they enjoyed it. May their posterity to the latest day never fare worse.

In addition to the articles of food already mentioned, there was another, which seems to have been from the earliest times a staple commodity in New England. "And let no man make a jest at *pumpkins*," says one Mr. Johnston, of ancient memory, "for with this food the Lord was pleased to feed his people to their good content, till corn and cattell were increased." With this accords the old song of those days,

'Stead of pottage, and puddings, and custards, and pies,
 Our turnips and parsnips are common supplies;
 We have pumpkins at morning, and pumpkins at noon,
 If it was not for *pumpkins we should be undone.*"

From what has already been said, it will be inferred that *temperance, industry, and frugality*, were among the prominent virtues of that early time, and that truly noble race. Lewis relates that it was the custom of the first settlers to wear long beards, and that "some had their overgrown beards so frozen together, that they could not get their *strong-water bottles* into their mouths." It was not to be inferred from this that our ancestors were men addicted to the use of the "strong-water bottle." As early as 1630, Gov. Winthrop, "in consideration of the inconveniences that had arisen in England, from the custom of *drinking healths*, restrained the practice at his own table, and discountenanced it among the people." (Holmes' Annals, i. 205.) And at the General Court in 1639, according to Winthrop's Journal, "an order was made to abolish that vain custom of drinking one to another." This was an early instance of legislative temperance action.

There seems, however, to have been a substitute for spirituous liquors in those days, in the shape of a more innocent and less expensive beverage. For the old song runs,

"If barley be wanting to make into malt,
 We must then be contented and think it no fault;
 For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips,
 Of *pumpkins, and parsnips, and walnut tree chips.*"

"And let no man make a jest of *pumpkins*," saith Mr. Johnston.

Nor fared it much better in those days with the lovers of *tobacco*. In the New England Company's second letter of instructions to Governor Endicott and his Council, in 1629, they write thus: "And as in our former, soe now againe, wee espetically desire you to take care that noo tobacco bee planted by any of the new Planters under your government; unless it bee some small quantitie for meere necessitie, and for phisick for preservacon of their healths, and that the same bee taken privately by anntient men, and none other." (Hazard's Collection.) And in 1638 it was ordered by the General Court of Massachusetts that "No man shall take any tobacco within *ten poles* of any house, or near any barn, corn, or haycock, as may occasion firing thereof, nor shall take any tobacco in any inn, except in a private room there, so as neither the master of the said house, nor any other guest there shall take offence thereat. (Young's Chronicles of Mass., 183.) Nor was this a mere puritanical notion, for, long before this, on his first accession to the

throne, King James had blown his "counterblast to tobacco," and had in 1620 issued a proclamation forbidding the planting of it in England, or the importation of it, except under certain restrictions and by licensed persons.

We may conclude then, that the tobacco box, and the strong-water bottle, formed no part of Richard's equipments, as with saw, hammer, broadaxe and foreplane, he sallied forth of a morning to his day's work. Nor did the fair Susanna place a Dutch pipe in her girdle beside the knitting sheath.

Nor was the *industry* of these our ancestors less conspicuous than their temperance and frugality. The men of that day were a hard-working race—of necessity so. In no other way could they live, in no other way subdue the forests, and lay the foundations of future prosperity and abundance. "And whereas," says William Wood, writing in 1633, "many do disparage the land, saying a man cannot live without labor; in that they more disparage and discredit themselves, in giving the world occasion to take notice of their dromish disposition; * * * * and it is as much pity that he that *can* work and *will* not, should *eat*, as it is pity that he that would work, and cannot, should fast. * * * *

For all New England must be workers in some kind. And whereas it hath been formerly reported, that boys of ten or twelve years of age might do much more than get their living, that cannot be. For he must have more than a boy's head, and no less than a man's strength, that intends to live comfortably." This might be expected in any new settlement. Yet, as competence is generally the reward of industry and frugality, the world over, so it was with the Massachusetts colonists. There was very little poverty there, notwithstanding their plainness and their toil. "And surely," continues Wood, "that place is not miserably poor to them that are there, where four eggs may be had for a penny, and a quart of new milk at the same rate; where butter is sixpence a pound, and Cheshire cheese at five pence. Sure Middlesex affords London no better penny-worths. * * * *

And can they be very poor where for four thousand souls there are fifteen hundred head of cattle, besides four thousand goats, and swine innumerable? In an ill sheep year, I have known mutton as dear in Old England, and dearer than goat's flesh is in New England; which is altogether as good, if fancy be set aside." (Young's *Chronicles of Mass.*, 413, 414.)

In the Massachusetts Company's second letter to Governor Endicott, they instruct him to appoint a "carefull and dilligent overseer to each familie, to see that each one is employed in his proper business," and in a blank book, "to keep a perfect register of the dayly worke done by each person in each familie." The Governor is also instructed "to bee very circumspect in the fancie of the plantacon, to settle some good orders, that noe idle drone be permitted to live amongst us; which if you take care now at the first to establish,

will be an undoubted means, through God's assistance, to prevent a world of disorders, and many grievous sins and sinners." (Hazard's Coll., Holmes, i. 197.)

The price of labor for mechanics, as fixed by statute of the first General Court, held at Charlestown in 1630, was *two shillings, or fifty cents, a day*, to carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, sawyers, and thatchers, with a penalty of ten shillings to him who should either give or take more than this. This, then, we may suppose to be the regular day's wages of our hard-working, industrious ancestor. We trust he never trespassed in this matter, or allowed himself to bring in too large a bill, as did one Edward Palmer, an unlucky wight, who for his extortion, say the records, in taking two pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence for the wood work of Boston stocks, was fined five pounds, and had the privilege of sitting one hour in his own handiwork, a warning to all mechanics.

A very plain and simple people were our ancestors. They dealt very little in titles and empty compliments. Not even the appellation *Mr.* was then commonly given in addressing men, or speaking of them, but in place of it, they said *Gudeman* Richard and *Gudewife* Susanna. *Mr.* was a title belonging to but few in the whole list of Freemen, and was even forfeited by them in case of misdemeanor.

But no one trait is more strongly marked in the character of our early ancestors, than their regard for religion, and their strict observance of its duties, especially their veneration for the Christian Sabbath. They were men who feared God, and kept his commandments. They went not forth to their daily work, nor sat down to their frugal meal, without first asking his blessing. On Sabbath, they laid aside entirely their ordinary pursuits, sought the house of God, and afterward instructed their children at home in sacred things. It was a day of rest, a peaceful, hallowed day; a day whose soothing influence they needed to strengthen the heart and sustain the spirit, in struggling with the manifold privations and hardships of their lot, and whose power to produce this needed result, to calm and strengthen and sustain them, they both felt and appreciated. It was to them, amid their toils, a most welcome, grateful day, bringing rest to the weary body and assuring the disheartened spirit of that Sabbath which remaineth for the people of God, — "The end of cares, the end of pains."

The first church in Lynn was gathered in 1632, under the pastoral care of Rev. Stephen Batchelor. "The first meeting-house was a plain, small building, without bell or cupola." "It was placed in a hollow that it might be the better sheltered from the winds, and was approached by descending several steps." (Barber's Hist. Coll.) It was the custom in those days to assign, by a committee, the place of each man and woman in the meet-

ing-house. Accordingly we read that Sargeant Haven, and seven others, were by vote allowed to sit in the pulpit, probably on account of age and deafness; likewise that subsequently his sons Nathaniel and Moses, then residing in Framingham, were "ordered to sit in that seat behind the table." The following description of the old meeting-house in Newbury, built in 1698, will explain what is meant by this *seat behind the table*, and will also furnish an idea of what was probably the better class of houses for public worship in those days:

"The body of the house was filled with long seats. Contiguous to the wall were twenty pews. The spaces for the pews were granted to particular persons who appear to have been principals. Before the pulpit and deacon's seat was a *large pew containing a table, where sat the chiefs of the fathers*. The young people sat in the upper gallery, and the children on a seat in the alley, fixed to the outside of the pews. The floor measured sixty and fifty feet. The roof was constructed with four gable ends or projections, one on each side, each containing a large window which gave light to the upper galleries. The turret was on the centre. The space within was open to the roof, where was visible plenty of timber, with great needles and little needles pointing downwards, which served at once for strength and ornament. There were many ornaments of antique sculpture and wainscot. It was a stately building in the day of it, but it was not my lot to see it in all its ancient glory." (Sermon of J. S. Popkins—Barber's Hist. Coll.)

More simple than this, doubtless, yet like it in its general arrangement, was the plain edifice, sheltered from the winds in the hollow of the ground, to which by the flight of steps, Richard descended with Susanna and the little flock, of a Sabbath morning in those years now far remote. To it they came not in the modern vehicle, or vehicle of any sort, — for carriages as you must know were not then in use, nor till long afterward, — nor were there then such roads as admitted of wheel carriages, — but either on foot, trudging it through the sand, which was probably the way with Richard and his family, or else on horseback; the gudeman mounted in front, the gudewife on a pillion behind her lord, and the children wherever it was convenient. Gone now that old church, in the hollow, with its flight of steps, its door in the side, its deacon's seat, and pew in front, with the large table for the worthies; gone too the congregation that worshipped there, and their venerable pastor; gone the sounding board, the long prayers, and longer sermons; gone the simplicity of those manners, and of that time; but *not* gone, we trust, and never to be gone from New England, the virtues they cherished, the religion they honored, and the God they worshipped.

I have briefly sketched, as was proposed, some of the leading characteristics of our ancestry, and of the age to which they belonged. There are,

however, one or two points which claim our further attention, for a few moments, before we close.

We can hardly fail to notice, on an occasion like the present, the very rapid increase of the family from which we are descended. To Richard and Susanna were born twelve children, thirty-one grandchildren of whom we have record, and one hundred and fifteen or one hundred and sixteen great-grandchildren whose names are mentioned in the Genealogy, of whom one hundred and eleven are descendants of the three sons of Richard, — Moses, John, and Nathaniel, — who settled in Framingham. Moses alone has fifty-three grandchildren.

It will be seen that the first several generations increase by about the multiple 3; i. e., the second is nearly three times the first in number, and the third a little more than three times the second. Supposing this to be the actual ratio of increase, the fourth generation from Richard would number 350, the fifth something more than 1,000, the sixth 3,000 and over, the seventh 9,000 and over, the eighth (which I suppose is about as far as we have yet gone,) 28,000 and over;—in all, 42,000 and over. More than three-fourths of this number,—if we suppose the seventh and eighth generations to be nearly complete,—are *children* now living.

To one who has never examined genealogical statistics, it will be a matter of surprise, to learn how large a number of the direct descendants of any man in the course of two hundred years *lose the name* of their progenitor.

As a matter of fact, there are comparatively few of those here present to-day, and who truly belong to the family, who bear the name of *Haven*.

Comparatively few bearing the name could probably be found, whether present or absent, among the living or the dead. The reason of this will occur to every one on a moment's reflection. The proportion of males and females in a family being about equal, one half of the first generation will of course lose the name by marriage, and in the next, not only all the descendants of this female branch will lose the original name, but in addition one half the descendants of the male branch will pass over to the other side, and so on, in a very rapidly increasing ratio. If, again, in the first generation from Richard Haven there are two sons and two daughters, only the sons, of course, will perpetuate the name. If to each of these children are born two sons and two daughters, and so on through the generation, then in the second generation there will be 4 who keep, and 12 who lose the name; in the third, 8 who keep, and 56 who lose it; in the fourth, 16 who keep, and 240 who lose it; in the fifth, 32 to 992; in the sixth, 64 to 4,032; in the seventh, 128 to 16,256; and so on, making in all, at the end of the seventh generation, 254 who have had the name of Haven, to

21,590 who have lost it, or never had it. And the number of different families, and, of course, different family names, that will be comprised in these seven generations, will be more than 1,500.

Verily, what a host of ancestors has any man, if he will trace himself back a few centuries, and with what an almost innumerable series of other families and other names does his line connect itself, these still branching out into others, till any man may safely say that he is descended from almost everybody! If the glory of children are the *fathers*, surely we have glory enough to satisfy one generation.

Were all the descendants of Richard Haven that are now living, collected in one assembly, what a multitude, what a various host! and were the veritable Richard and Susanna to be introduced to the assembled family, who can picture the astonishment, the blank and utter *bewilderment* with which the good couple would look around upon the gathered thousands, and then at each other, exclaiming, "What! all these *our* descendants!" We should be obliged to reason out the matter with the gude man, and remind him that if one begins, as he did, with ten or twelve, it is hard computing what he will come to in the course of two hundred years.

As we look over the tables which contain the genealogy of our family, it is interesting to notice the names which, in the early times, our fathers were wont to bestow upon their children. Believing that there's something in a name, and that a rose would not smell *quite* as sweet if you were to call it a cabbage, they took care to name their children after such graces and virtues as most adorn the character. Sybillah Haven was the daughter of *Patience*, and accordingly we are not surprised to learn that after her marriage with Samuel Eames, Jr., of this town, *she has Patience*. Whether *he* too had *Patience* we are not informed, but it is to be presumed.

Not less fortunate in the selection of a partner was Nathan Haven. His wife's name was *Silence*, and, as might be expected with such a wife, he *has Silence*. Whether the little *Silence* ever cried, or whether the father had *patience* when she did so, we are not informed. Certain it is that *Patience* and *Silence* have from the first figured conspicuously, in name at least, among the cardinal virtues of our family. Better names than these, better wives and daughters, who could desire?

But it is time that this address were concluded. I cannot, however, dismiss the theme without reminding those here assembled how greatly they are *indebted* to the men of whom I have been speaking. We have met this day to honor our ancestry, and God be praised, we have an ancestry that is *worthy* of our esteem. If any class of men under heaven deserve especial honor and regard at the hands of the present generation, it is the men who came, two hundred years ago, to this country, and from whom *we* are

descended. They laid here the broad and deep foundations of whatever is valuable, whatever is great, whatever is good in our present age ; and they did it at the expense to themselves of such privation, and hardship, and toil, as we little realize. Respect and honor is always due to the past, but especially when, as in the present case, we can trace directly back to the men of an earlier period, not only our personal lineage and descent, but, under God, all the innumerable advantages and blessings of our condition. Has any one of us duly considered within himself how much he is indebted to these men, his truly noble ancestors? If they were industrious, frugal, temperate, inured to hardship and want, ready to make any sacrifice, and endure any privation, toiling patiently on through summer and winter, through day and night, it was for us, and not for themselves that they did it, and we and our children do reap this day the benefits of all their toil.

All honor, then, to these our noble sires. They have passed away long since, passed over to the mighty congregation of the dead, and their works do follow them. But though gone, they shall not be forgotten.

The blest remembrance of the just,
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

We will cherish their virtues, we will honor their names, we will keep alive their memory in our hearts. Nay, we will do more than this. We will imitate them in all that was praiseworthy. We will transcribe, and make our own, their industry, their frugality, their self-sacrifice, their temperance, their toil, their high purpose and large endeavor, their noble consecration to the future, and to God. Like them we will live, not for ourselves, but for others, for the coming age and its glorious Maker. Like them will we transmit to our posterity, three things—good constitutions, virtuous examples, and a lineage of which they shall never be ashamed. So, when we too are gone, in the far, far future, shall our children arise, and speak the praises of *their* ancestry, as we do, this day, of ours.

ACCOUNT OF PROCEEDINGS, &c.

THOSE who were present at the first assembling of the Haven family, in 1844, will never forget the high enjoyments of that occasion. A meeting of so novel a character, bringing together, as it did, a multitude of persons, the majority of whom, till that day, had been strangers to each other, was, to say the least, a bold experiment, and in the opinion of many, not likely to be soon repeated. Once in twenty, or fifty years, thought some, is often enough for such festivals. In fact, a humorous cousin wrote from the western part of New York, in answer to the invitation sent him, that he had been disappointed in not being able to attend the first meeting, and had hoped to come to the second, but, having at first presumed it would not occur for a *century*, he had arranged his affairs accordingly, and feared he should not be ready *at so short a notice*. In fact, after the lapse of five years, a second meeting has taken place, hardly less numerous than the first, and with results equally happy and delightful.

The Committee of Arrangements appointed in 1844 to call a second meeting, to be held at Framingham in 1849, consisted of Wm. J. Adams and John C. Park, of Boston; Samuel E. Coues, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Samuel F. Haven, of Worcester; and John J. Marshall and Josiah Adams, of Framingham. Feeling bound by their instructions, this Committee met in Boston on the 16th of June last, and the result of their conference was, the unanimous conviction that a second meeting would not prove a failure. Besides the interest manifested in Massachusetts, numerous letters of inquiry had been received from other parts of New England, and even from distant States. Many, who had been prevented from attending on the former occasion, or had not learned in season the fact of their own membership, were now anxious not to miss this new opportunity. Accordingly a printed circular was issued, inviting, as before, "all the descendants of Richard Haven, including such as either *are, have been, or INTEND TO BE* connected with them by marriage," to meet at Framingham, on Thursday, the 30th of August. The Rev. Joseph Haven, Jr., of Brookline, was also chosen to deliver an Address.

After the graphic and spirited account of the first meeting, drawn up by its Chairman, and published with the Address then delivered,

the present Committee of Publication deem it unnecessary to enter so much as before into details, and will attempt to describe more briefly the principal events and proceedings of the day.

The officers appointed were as follows :

President, * Hon. John D. Willard, of Troy, N. Y.

Chief Marshal, Col. William Hemenway.

Assistant do., Maj. James W. Brown.

Committee of Reception, Elbridge M. Jones, Benjamin Hemenway, Charles M. Briggs, Charles E. Horne, James J. Randall, Albert Ballord.

Director of the Band, Franklin Manson.

The weather, early in the morning, as well as during the day previous, was by no means favorable, being dark and cloudy, and foreboding rain. And this circumstance, no doubt, prevented the attendance of many who would gladly have been present.†

But, as on the former meeting, the smile of Heaven seemed to rest on this. From about eight o'clock, the sun shone out bright and clear,—the air was exhilarating,—and the impending storm, as if providentially, was postponed till the following day.

By nine o'clock, the quiet village of Framingham gave signs of some unusual excitement. From far and near,—on foot, on horseback,—in chaises, carryalls, and railroad coaches,—came old and young, singly or by families, as if drawn toward a common centre by mutual attraction. The Committee of Reception found occupation enough. Private houses were thrown open, and, for want of room at the Hotel, the Town Hall had been fitted up, where a large number were glad to find a resting place. Everywhere might be witnessed the interchange of greetings, self-introductions, mirthful attempts to trace and explain a remote cousinship, entire dismissal of ceremony, and the most cordial good will.

Soon after ten o'clock, a grand procession was formed, into which all ages and both sexes fell, without precedence, and almost without arrangement. Starting from the Town Hall, with instrumental music by a band procured from Lowell, the dense column was led

* John C. Park had been first appointed to preside, and had accepted the appointment; but a message having been received from him during the morning, deeply regretting his inability to attend, Judge Willard was invited to take the chair in his place.

† The prevalence of that fearful epidemic the Cholera, which was then ravaging almost every part of the United States, was pleaded by many residing at a distance, who were unwilling to leave their families during such a season of alarm. Several letters of that import were received.

around the Common, to the meeting-house belonging to the society of Rev. Mr. Tarbox. This building, the largest and most commodious in the place, and on that account kindly granted for the occasion, was soon filled. Several of the clergy who attended as members of the family, took seats, by request, either in the pulpit or adjacent pews. The President having taken his chair on the platform in front of the pulpit, the exercises proceeded in the following order, as copied from the printed programme distributed among the assembly. The names of the authors of the hymns, not then given, are now inserted.

I. Instrumental Music, as the Procession enters.

II. Original Hymn. Tune, "Old Hundred," sung by the Congregation. Words by Rev. Erastus O. Haven, of New York. Read by Rev. Benjamin F. Hosford, of Haverhill, Mass.

Our fathers' God, to thee alone,
A favored band, our songs we raise :
Our voices blend—our hearts are one—
To own thy love and hymn thy praise.

Two hundred years have passed their bound
Since first thy servant trod this shore ;
And peaceful arts a home have found,
Where savage war-whoops rang before.

We love our home, for thou, O God,
Hast deigned to bless the Pilgrins' land ;
And Freedom here makes her abode,
And Plenty spreads her bounteous hand.

Long may our favored land rejoice—
"New England's stern and rock-bound shore,"—
While children's children blend their voice,
To bless the patriot deeds of yore.

III. Prayer. By Rev. John Haven, of Stoneham.

IV. Original Hymn. Sung by the Congregation. Tune, "Wells." Words by the Rev. Benjamin F. Hosford. Read by Rev. Benjamin A. Edwards.

Kind is the Guardian Hand above,
In giving man these smiling days ;
But kinder still, whene'er his love
"The lonely sets in families."

Who are these tottering, grey-haired few,
Bending beneath the weight of years ?
And whence these youth, as drops of dew,
With brows as yet unmarked by cares ?

Why come they from the distant home,
 Like gladsome Jews to Jubilee ?
 What is the tie that holds as one
 This great and varied company ?

Moved by the throb of *kindred hearts*,
 This numerous throng has gathered here ;
 Each in the scene to bear a part,
 Each in a common joy to share.

But where are some whose speaking eyes
 Lighted our former festal day ?
 A whisper answers from the skies,—
 “ Joined the Celestial Family !”

One by a kindred blood are we,
 From far or near—the old, the young ;
 And with God’s blessing all may be
 One in that happy, heavenly home.

Join then warm hands, as kindred may,
 While praising Him for goodness past ;
 Join hearts and voices, as we pray
 “ GOD BLESS THIS RACE WHILE TIME SHALL LAST !”

V. Address. By Rev. Joseph Haven, Jr., of Brookline.

VI. Prayer. By Rev. Benjamin A. Edwards.

VII. Hymn, by Watts. Tune, “ St. Martins.” Sung, two lines at a time, after the manner of the ancient Puritans, as read by Rev. Jotham Haven, of Saxonville, who officiated as Deacon.

Let children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God performed of old ;
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,
 His works of power and grace ;
 And we’ll convey his wonders down
 Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs,
 That generations yet unborn,
 May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone
 Their hope securely stands ;
 That they may ne’er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

VIII. Benediction. By Rev. Joseph Haven, Jr of Brookline.

The following ORIGINAL ODE, by Mrs. Jane Ermina Locke, of Lowell, accompanied the Programme, and was designed by the Committee to be sung either in the Church, or at the dinner, but was necessarily omitted, on account of the difficulty of adapting the words to any well-known music.

Far on the Eastern beam,
Breaketh a white sail's gleam ;
While from the deck Hosannas loudly swell ;
It neareth the stern coast,
And hath it many a boast
Of perils past, and future hopes to tell.

One leapeth to the strand,—
And there, with outstretched hand,
Lifteth to God his heart in humble prayer ;
God heareth and doth bless,—
For soon the wilderness
Doth blossom as the rose around him there.

Descendants of that sire,
Hither do we retire,
From labor's earnest call, joyous to claim
With each a kindred tie,—
Bonds of fraternity,—
And thus commemorate a good man's name.

A strong true-hearted band,
From hill and ocean strand,
And many a field of toil, we gather near
The love-feast newly spread,
While softly of the dead
We speak, whom late we hoped to welcome here.

Childhood with flowing hair,
Age hoar, and bent with care,
And noblest manhood, glowing in its pride,
Here joyful bend the knee,
And hail the Jubilee,
In honor of his name, who dared the tide.

Tis well beneath the skies,
To cherish all the ties
That bind our hearts in holy sympathy ;
And well to pause from care,
Life's hallowed joys to share,
In bonds of love bright for eternity.

As future years shall swell,
Then let our children tell
In hallowed story, and in sweeter song,
That on this spot, our sires
Kindled their altar fires,—
And keep these bonds religiously and long.

The exercises in the Church being concluded, the procession again formed, and was conducted, with music, to the Common, where a spacious tent had been erected, covered with canvas, and containing four parallel tables, each above 150 feet in length. A blessing having been invoked by the Reverend Orator of the day, more than six hundred of the descendants sat down to the "substantial and plain dinner" promised in the circular of invitation, and furnished in most creditable style by Mr. Fuller, the same popular landlord who provided for the family in 1844.

At the table, speeches, toasts and sentiments were dispensed with; it being understood that the whole company would return to the Church, a place much more convenient and agreeable both for speaking and hearing. Still, the banquet was a "feast of reason;" and although unstimulated by any stronger libations than pure cold water, there was an abundant "flow of soul." Families, or particular friends, were seen sitting in social groups, and strangers found pleasure in making each other's acquaintance.

After dinner the whole company reassembled in the Church, and the President of the day resumed the chair. It being now between two and three o'clock, and a large number, including the President himself, being obliged to leave town by the cars at four, all other business gave way to an expected communication from the Ladies. The organ selected by them for this purpose, was Miss Catharine F. Coolidge, who, attended by two other fair young cousins, all three arrayed in white and crowned with flowers, now came forward, conducted by one of the Committee of Arrangements. Miss Coolidge, having been thus introduced to the President, and her object briefly intimated, turned towards the author of the "Haven Genealogy," and addressed him as follows:—

"SIR:—In behalf of the ladies, descendants of Richard and Susanna Haven, I am requested to offer you a small memento of our regard, and our appreciation of your untiring labors, in resewing from the mouldering relics of past times, and the fleeting annals of the present day, our family History, replete with interest to all its members.

"With magic spell have you called up the venerable forms of our Ancestors, and we almost see them, living again by their own firesides, where wit enlivened, and piety hallowed their humble homes."

"With another touch of the enchanter's wand, have you drawn together, in fraternal sympathy, their living representatives. And, Sir, while we ask your acceptance of this trifling memorial, we feel it is but dross, compared with that golden chain which you have wrought, binding our circle together in one great bond of family

union. May nothing occur to sever these ties; but may they remain unbroken, until we join the great family in our Father's house in Heaven. Accept our heartfelt wishes for your health and happiness."

The memento thus presented to him who was beyond question the first suggester of these meetings of the Haven family, and but for whose patient researches it is probable they would never have taken place, must have been deeply touching, yet gratifying to his feelings. It consisted of a Silver Pitcher, large and costly, of a simple, yet elegant pattern, and bore the following inscription:—

2019587

“Presented,
at a Family Meeting in Framingham,
August 30, 1849,
to
JOSIAH ADAMS,
By the Ladies, his Cousins,
As a token of gratitude for his labors as Author of
‘The Genealogy of the Descendents of Richard and Susanna Haven,’
their Common Ancestors, who settled in Lynn,
A. D. 1644.”

It should here be added, that, after the meeting, the pitcher was found to contain a handsome sum in *gold pieces*, being in fact the surplus of a subscription which had been raised for this occasion, and exceeding in amount the cost of the vessel itself.

Mr. Adams was evidently much affected by this voluntary expression of regard, thus publicly yet delicately conveyed, and with utterance somewhat obstructed by deep emotion, made the following reply:—

“This rich and beautiful ‘token of gratitude,’ presented, as such, by the daughters of Richard and Susanna Haven, in a *manner*, and on an *occasion* too, most appropriate and acceptable, whatever may be its intrinsic worth, will be valued principally for its *inscription*;—an inscription which assures me that my *labors* (a most fit and significant word,) have been acceptable to my kind cousins, the donors; and I take leave to infer, acceptable also to my other cousins.

“To be *thus* noticed, in such a meeting, excites feelings far beyond the power of language. The usual forms of expressing gratitude, by superlatives, would leave the emotions untold and untouched. There are some occasions, when *silence* is better than *words*. Because there are some *feelings* which words were never intended to reach. Such were the feelings of a daughter of Richard and Susanna Haven, (unfortunately not able to be with us to-day,) to whom,

many years ago, I addressed a few complimentary and well-deserved lines, on her birthday. Her reply, which was brief, I have before me; and, it being to my purpose, I propose to adopt it, with slight alterations suited to the occasion, as expressing not all I desire, but all I feel able to add.

‘If, when the heart is fullest, words could tell
The strong emotions rushing o’er the soul,
Full easy, then, and rich would be the flow
Of words unstudied, from a grateful heart,
To thee!’ the welcome bearer of the cup!
To you! fair donors! and to you! my cousins,
To each and all, for your approving smiles.
‘But words are weak. When feeling’s current sweeps,
It drowns expression in the rapid tide;
And all the outward show of chosen words,
And classic forms of smooth and honied speech
Seem poor and trivial to the SENSE WITHIN.’”

The President now introduced with a few remarks the following *sentiments*, which had been handed to him for announcement by the Committee of Arrangements.

1. The *bond of Consanguinity, or Family Feeling*. It is that which has brought us together. Let us cherish it, as among the best gifts of the Giver of all good things.

2. *Richard and Susanna Haven—our venerated common Ancestors*. May each of their descendants honor their memories, not so much in words, as in life and conduct.

3. *Our deceased cousins, who partook of the joys of our former meeting*. Honor and peace to their memories.

4. *The absent descendants of Richard and Susanna Haven*. We would they were with us. Love to them all.

5. *Our children*—may they grow wiser than their forefathers, but never cease to remember them with love and reverence.

6. *Posterity*—be it our endeavor to do for them as much, at least, as our fathers have done for us.

Numerous volunteer sentiments were now handed in, from which, as the hour of adjournment was approaching, it became necessary to make a selection. The first in order was—

By a Lady.—*The Historian of the Haven Family*. May his bowl never be broken; may his *Silver Pitcher* be filled with *gold* to the brim.

Mr. Adams replied:—

Cousins: You cannot but know my feelings, though I have not attempted to describe them. Silence is still my best answer.

2. By a Gentleman.—*The Ladies*—never weary in the performance of beneficent and generous deeds.

3. By a Lady.—*Old Bachelors*—if they do not, on this occasion, see the worth of family ties, let them *continue* to sew on their buttons and mend their own stockings.

4. By Josiah Adams, Esq.—The invited ladies and gentlemen not *yet* belonging to the family, but attending to-day as *amateurs*; we bid them welcome. May their best hopes be realized.

5. By the Chairman of the Committee.—*Family Pride*—a certain degree of it one of the best preventives of *Family Shame*.

6. By a Lady.—*The Orator of the day*;—we are sorry to pronounce him *no prophet*;* for we *certainly do* thank the Committee who invited him to address us.

Here the Reverend gentleman rose, and after pleasantly remarking that such a denial of his prophetic powers by one of his *own country-women* was itself a scriptural argument in his favor, he feelingly acknowledged his deep sense of the attention and interest with which the Address had been received.

On motion of the Rev. Abner Morse, it was voted unanimously, that the President take time to appoint a Committee of three, to request of the Rev. Mr. Haven a copy of his interesting and instructive Address, for publication; and that they cause the same to be published, together with some account of the proceedings of the day, in a size and type corresponding with the “Genealogy,” so that they may be bound together. The President subsequently appointed W. J. Adams, John C. Park, and John J. Marshall, to constitute this Committee.

For reasons already stated, an early adjournment was deemed necessary. This is to be regretted, as it checked too abruptly the full tide of enjoyment, and doubtless precluded many good things which remained to be said and done. Amid general expressions of satisfaction, mutual good wishes, and cordial shaking of hands, the family now separated, singing, to the tune of “Auld Lang Syne,” the following words:

By Miss Rebecca Marshall, of Framingham.

Should our great grandsires be forgot,
 And never brought to mind,
 When toil and peril were their lot
 In days of auld lang syne?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne;
 We'll take a look of kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

* In allusion to the opening paragraph of the Address, see page 3.

They made the British lion yield,
 And look not half so fine ;
 They gathered laurels in the field,
 In days of auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And since, dear cousins, we have met,
 In smiles and greetings kind,
 In after years we'll ne'er forget
 This day of auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

If e'er again we meet, I'll take
 Your hand, and give you mine,
 And we will have a right good shake,
 For days of auld lang syne.
 For days of auld lang syne, my dear,
 For days of auld lang syne ;
 We'll take a look of kindness yet,
 For days of auld lang syne.

NOTE.

This Pamphlet being of a size and shape to admit of being bound with the "HAVEN GENEALOGY," the following corrections and additions, to be made in that work, are here inserted at the request of the author:

On page 28 of the "Continuation," (near the bottom,) for Abijah Hall^s read Abijah Hall^e.

Page 29, line 1. The three daughters of JOSEPH HAVEN^s, are—1, *Mary*, born 11 Oct. 1807, who m. *Hiram W. Dawley*, of Somersworth, N. H., and has two children living, Albert H. about 19, and Ann Maria, about 17; 2, *Dolly*, who m. *Porter A. Glauwin* of Saybrook, Conn., and lives in Lowell; 3, *Rebecca*, who lives in Boston.

Same page, line 11. After the statement that RUTH HAVEN "m. Rev. SOLOMON ADAMS, and had one child," insert, "viz. *Harriet Mary*, b. 20 Sept. 1824, m. *William A. Harris*, a merchant in Boston, in 1845, and has one child, *William Brown*."

Same page, line 13. NOAH BAILIE HAVEN, son of the Rev. Joseph Haven, of Rochester, is erroneously stated to have left children. The mistake arose from the following entry in his father's family record, viz. "Bayley had sons Daniel, Noah, and Eliphalet, and a daughter Miriam." Who this "Bayley" was, the author has found no one able to inform him.

