A Heritage of Honor.

AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY REV. DANIEL GOODWIN, Ph. D. IN ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, EAST GREENWICH, R. I., BEFORE THE KENTISH GUARDS, ON THE OCCASION OF ITS ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY, ON OCTOBER THE FIFTEENTH, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE : : : : : : : : : :

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A HERITAGE OF HONOR.

"THE SAME BECAME MIGHTY MEN, WHICH WERE OF OLD, MEN OF RENOWN."

GEN. VI: 4

Sometime in the late summer or the early autumn of the year of Grace 1774, there was held in this ordinarily quiet village a meeting of citizens, betokening much perturbation and fraught with results subsisting to this very hour. Perhaps the gathering occurred in the old Court House, then standing on the same site as the present one.

While the attendants were chiefly young men, there were not wanting among them some of middle age and even smooth faced lads, scarely in their teens. You could have discerned, by the stern features of the elders as well as by the unwonted seriousness of the youths, that the occasion was no holiday assemblage.

There had arisen a call for organized effort, in the protection of hearth and home against an insolent soldiery from abroad and a foe, still more insidious, lurking in the bosom of the community.

The outcome of the movement was the drawing and signing of a petition to the General Assembly of the Colony for an act of incorporation of an Independent Company of Military in the town of East Greenwich and county of Kent. With how much lighter a heart and firmer a step must each man have come forth from that meeting, now that he saw his aspirations for effectual common defence about to be gratified.

On the sixteenth day of October, in that same season, a date most memorable for all true hearted men of Kent, just a century and a fourth ago tomorrow, the prayer of these patriots in embryo was granted.

It was the *Birth Day* of the *Kentish Guards*. I deem it, therefore, no ordinary hour, members and sometime comrades of the Corps thus happily instituted in that faraway day, that I am permitted to speak to you warm words of congratulation on the eve of this signal anniversary.

I must own that my heart beats with a livelier pulsation and that the blood tingles more blithely in my veins, whenever I call up in the chambers of memory, those heroic men, who officiated at the inception of this village company. They were men for us to be proud of and they have transmitted to us an heritage of honor. In view of what they were and of what many of them grew to be, is it too much to say of them, as declared Moses in ecstatic admiration of the colossal figures before the flood, "The same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown"?

It is now a dozen years, my brothers, since I had the privilege of addressing you in this House of God on a similar but less marked occasion. Perhaps, therefore, to some of you, who remember the 113th anniversary of the *Guards*, the incidents which I shall recount tonight will seem like "twice-told-tales." But, nevertheless, these are, in the story of the

Kentish Guards, facts so inspiring that, were I to dare be silent at such an hour concerning them, I should look to see the gray old stones of Greenwich town unseal their granite lips to cry out in protest.

While I cannot, if I would, invent new features in the tale, it is (in order to make it a most winsome one) happily not needful to do so. The case is such a one as that in respect to which the Master Himself declared, "The old is better."

It requires an effort of the imagination to realize the age of the venerable institution whose origin we are now beginning to commemorate. It might almost be said, in truth, that there is nothing old in this town beside your organization. Not an existing religious body, save the now almost extinct Society of Friends, was established until more than a half century later. The *Kentish Guards* were already of three score years standing when the seemingly old parish of *St. Luke* was formed. The honored *Kent Academy*, soon now about to celebrate its hundredth anniversary, is still a creation of the present century rather than, like the *Guards,* of the preceding one.

The antique and graceful County Court House, (the second of its kind), was antedated by them by nearly a generation. Scarcely a dwelling-house, or only one here and there remains standing, which used to shelter the early members of the Corps. Even our grand immemorial elms, rendering so charming the streets in summer, were, if they had been planted at all, but saplings incapable of casting a grateful shade, when Captain Varnum first proudly marched his eighty gallant men through the village's length to the sound of the drum and fife. How pathetic, too, is the chronicle when we are tempted to tell of the human generations, so much more transient than *things*, which have come and gone since that mid October day in 1774. Most striking is it how many of the original members

of the *Kentish Guards*,—Varnum, Christopher Greene, Nathaniel Greene—men cut down in the middle of their days, in the *fatal forties*, ere the Eighteenth Century had drawn to a close. Before the Fiftieth Anniversary had been celebrated, almost every one of them had gone the way of all the earth. Only one or two weary pilgrims, from among all those stalwart youths, plodded on with silvered head and palsied limbs toward the middle of this century. Then the volume of living memories was forever closed. I do not suppose that there is one within the hearing of my voice tonight, who drew his first breath before the *Guards* had entered the third quarter of a century of their corporate existence. Only a few could have reached the age of lads when that period had been completed.

As I look forth on the fresh young countenances before me, I recognize that the Corps is now older by a hundred years than the majority of its present components. So supremely touching is the contrast between the persistence, through the centuries, of human corporations and the exceeding evanescence of the individuals, who at any time, compose them.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

They are but ghostly forms, which challenge our attention at such an hour as this.

It should be noted, at the outset, that the establishment of the *Kentish Guards* was by no means an isolated event, affecting merely a small and comparatively insignificant community. If the movement had began and ended in itself alone,—if it had been the bare founding of a company of village soldiers to variegate with their gay uniforms and enliven

with their martial music the country holiday,—it might have won a passing glance from the rural chronicler, but would never have merited a place upon the page of sober history. But there was a profounder sentiment at the foundation of the act. It was, in truth, a portion of the general aspiration for liberty, then stirring in the hearts of almost the whole civilized world. It was what nearly all the nations of Europe were dimly feeling after. It was the heaven-born instinct which, forbidden its legitimate development in France, shortly kindled there the baleful fires of an unbridled revolution.

The same passion for freedom was it which, at this period, was arousing all of the American Colonies to protest against the high-handed tyranny of the Mother country and, a little later, to set themselves in open rebellion.

A peculiarly bright flame of this sacred fire seems, at this period, to have been burning on the altars of East Greenwich.

When the oppressive *Boston Port Bill* had been passed by the British Parliament, this town was the first in Rhode Island to open a subscription for furnishing with provisions its distressed Massachusetts brethren, an example quickly followed however by Newport and Westerly. What would be thought nowadays of little Greenwich's contributing food to great, wealthy Boston?

There was, also, a growing sense among the high mettled men of the town, of the need of being prepared to resist the encroachments of British soldiers, then cruising around Narragansett Bay on no errands of peace intent.

Not yet, of course, had patriotism given birth to a conscious attempt at revolution and the attainment of independence. It was neccessary to wait nearly two years longer, until July 4th, 1776, for that. But already was there an in-

stinctive shaping of circumstances towards impending events.

What seems to have supplied the immediate occasion for the formation, at this point, of a local military company was an apparently trivial incident, very characteristic of the time. While the greater part of the inhabitants of Kent County were ripe for resistance, there were, as there always must be in such trying cases, certain conservative and cautious men whose loyalty to the King forbade their co-operation. They were naturally exceedingly unpopular, being branded as Tories. One of these, himself a Justice, living a few miles to the northwest, in Warwick, was a leader of the party and, consequently, a pet aversion of the patriotic Greenwich boys.

It happened, on a day in early September, in this same 1774, that the Congregational Church was being raised on this very spot of ground upon which we are now assembled, the building and lot passing by purchase to the new parish of *St. Luke* about three score years later. As was usually the case at country raisings in those good old times, there was, on the occasion much hilarity, not, probably, wholly destitute of a liquid basis. After the especial undertaking of the day had been accomplished, there still remained a large fund of uproarous spirits to be worked off. So some daring incipient patriot suggested hanging the arch Tory of Warwick in effigy, as a supposed appropriate sequel to the earlier exercises. It was not, probably, more than the mad prank of a few excitable youths of, perhaps, the baser class. But when the act came to the ears of the one chiefly concerned, it naturally enough seemed to him a less excellent joke. Taking the indignity in his resentment far too seriously, he proceeded, (although, in the main, a respectable and worthy citizen,) to organize in secret a band of the disaffected throughout the county, with the intention of destroying the village as a reprisal. At

the first inkling of the plot, on the part of the inhabitants, there was general dismay. How could they discover the details of the conspiracy? It chanced at that time that a very shrewd old person kept a little shop in the village for the sale of thread and yarn. She was of Irish birth and Irish wit and rejoiced in the name of Peggy Pearce, her husband, Jeremiah, a sailor, having long before died at sea. This woman volunteered to take a horse-back ride through West Greenwich and Coventry, ostensibly to gather materials for stocking her store, but really to pick up such information as might be dropped by unsuspecting farmers' wives while bargaining away the product of their spinning-wheels in flax or wool.

When thus it came to be known that a mob of several hundreds was gathering at the corner of the roads near the present residence of Mr. Arthur Knight, about two miles west of Greenwich, and was preparing to march on the town and apply the torch, there arose almost a panic. An express was sent in the dead of the night to Providence for military aid. By nine o'clock the next morning the *Cadet Company* and the *Light Infantry* of that town, by the command of the Deputy Governor, were entering the village street. When the insurgents learned that their plot had been unmasked they incontinently dispersed, a few of the ring-leaders only being arrested.

It was, however, a time of boundless excitement. A large crowd of the denizens of the country, beside the visiting soldiers, were gathered in the village until there was hardly room enough in which to lodge them. All the housewives were kept busy baking bread and cooking meats and vegetables, brought in by the patriotic farmers, enough for so great an accession of population. It was the first real taste of war experienced by this immediate community. It seems

to have given rise to a general and emphatic conviction that dependence for defence must not again be placed on outside resources. So, within a couple of months, the *Kentish Guards* were constituted. From that day to this, for five fourths of a hundred years, has there been no time when this village has not enjoyed the protection of its own citizen soldiery.

But although this Company was thus organized, primarily, as a Home Guard, it was not long before it found itself summoned to service in a broader field. In the following spring, on the night of April 18th, 1775, Paul Revere went riding out of Boston to arouse the north country against the threatened British raid.

On April 19th occurred Concord Fight and the Battle of Lexington and "the shot was fired that echoed round the world" with a reverberation never to be stilled. On the next day, April 20th, the news of the outbreak carried not, as it would be now, by steam or electricity, but only by swift horsemen, aroused all New England. On that day two or three hours after the report had reached East Greenwich,—tell it out with pride, ye Kentish men, on each annual recurrence of the day, transmit the story to your children and your children's children, as an honorable heritage,—the *Guards*, all clad in seemly uniform, well armed, with flying flag and shouts of exaltation, James Varnum at the head and Nathaniel Greene, Jr. shouldering a musket in the ranks, were on their march toward Boston, to the aid of their brothers in the old Bay Colony. The eighty or so regular members had been swollen by volunteers to one hundred and ten.

Nor is it any detraction from the courage and determination displayed by these amateur warriors that their services were not in the sequel, at that particular juncture, demanded. Eight men, they had just learned, had been shot to death

by the Red Coats but a brief twenty-four hours before, on Lexington Common, and nothing seemed more likely than that some of the Kentish boys would shortly share their fate. Not a few of them, as they bade a hurried good-bye that morning, to proud fathers and weeping mothers, to clinging wives and little children, with wondering eyes, hanging about their knees, felt, in their secret hearts, that they were looking for the last time on all that they held most dear. If such a turning of the back on home and marching forth to unknown but not unsuspected perils did not constitute heroism, hard would it be to define the term. In the result, when the expedition had pressed on to Pawtucket, whose bridge, at that day, formed the gateway to Massachusetts, another Express from the seat of war reached the officers. The British troops were reported as having retreated to Boston and as being closely beleaguered there by a sufficient body of American militia. There was, of course, nothing to be done by the Minute men of East Greenwich but to repair to their homes and resume their duty of *watch and ward*.

At about that same period there was thrown up on the bluff overlooking the mouth of the harbor, half way between the village and Chepiwanoxet, perhaps on the present estate of Mr. Henry A. Rhodes, an earthwork, dignified by the title of *Fort Daniel*.

Eight or ten cannon of sufficient importance to be removed, after the war, to West Point were mounted on the embankment. Most effectual, too, did this little fortification prove for the exclusion of boat-loads of marauders from the enemy's ships, scouring the bay.

I can see on some dark night, during that long year of waiting for the battle to be actually set in array, a detail of chosen men from the *Guards* taking their turn in keeping

watch, in this tiny fortress, for the dreaded approach of the Britishers around yonder long line of rocks. That grave-faced man, in the flickering light of the lantern, is Col. Richard Fry, who has, ere this, replaced Col. Varnum in the command of the Company. He is directing operations in person tonight. That alert figure, over there by the gun, is Clark Brown, an emigrant from Swansea, whose young wife Mary is trembling in her home in the village, for fear some harm may come to her beloved husband at the post of danger. If I mistake not, one of Mr. Brown's descendants is among your officers here tonight. But notice that lad by the Colonel's side, with ruddy cheeks and shining eyes, waiting to take some order to the farther men. It is Wanton Casey, an enlisted member of the Guards. But think of the times of *stress* and *strain*, when boys grew into men in the compass of a day. To this observant stripling, who at fourteen years of age petitioned for the Charter of the *Kentish Guards* and joined its ranks, is it that we owe the most minute and graphic account we possess of the events under consideration, penned years afterwards, from his vivid memory. The two distinguished Gen. Caseys, Silas and Thomas Lincoln, were his son and grandson and yonder fine bronze, in the north aisle has lately been erected to the memory of an ingenuous youth of the family, a great grandson of Wanton Casey, the soldier child of '74.

But while we have been conversing there has arisen a stir among the guardsmen within the walls of earth. Out there towards Warwick Neck, under the thick night clouds, a light has glimmered into view. Perhaps it is Capt. Ascough, with his vessel mounting well nigh a score of guns. Or can it be, perchance, the still more feared Capt. Wallace, on his warship, with her from twenty to thirty

pieces of artillery and her following of tenders, from which he is able to throw on shore not less than 250 redcoated plunderers? "Stand well to your guns, men," sternly, but with muffled voice, orders Col. Fry, as the one light has parted into several, and all appear to be gliding nearer across Cowesett Bay. This is no children's scare, albeit stout hearted young Wanton Casey's usually blushing cheeks now show blanched in the flare of the candle. For, only a few nights ago, Wallace landed with a number of his braves on Conanicut Island and burned almost all the houses and carried away the furniture, the provisions and the sheep, killing some of the inhabitants and making others prisoners.

Such was the service that, night after night and month after month, the soldiers of this independent Company saw for the first year or two of its existence. Sometimes they were called to march at the dead hour of mid-night, with their two pieces of light artillery, to Quidnesett, to prevent the foe from lifting the cattle from the farms and plundering the houses, under the guidance of obsequious tories. Sometimes the Colonel took them in boats to Warwick Neck to recapture a vessel which had been driven ashore by the British, or to Prudence Island, very early in the morning, to co-operate in preventing Wallace from landing a marauding party on the shore.

It was genuine war that the Greenwich boys had to face in those stirring times and no mere marching and counter marching, in the bright hours of a gala day.

It was the testimony of the most judicious observers that it was due to the vigilance and self-sacrifice of their citizen soldiers that their own town, so accessible from Narragansett Bay, was not burned, like Bristol and Warren or laid waste like Newport.

But when we have recounted the feats of these brave men of an older day, in thus defending their own hearth stones from a brutal foe, by no means have we exhausted the story of their prowess. Rather have we scarcely more than begun the tale of their claims to a place upon the imperishable page.

It is because the local company of this little village was all unconsciously, forming a most effective nursery for the upbuilding of the invincible Continental army, which should, at length, wrest Independence from the king of haughty Britian, that the Corps has won its cardinal title to glory. Here to the lullaby of the coming tempest, was rocked the cradle whence stepped forth completely armed in the fulness of time, "mighty men, which were of old, men of renown."

In the latter part of 1775 and the earlier part of 1776, there were received into the general army of the Colonies, not less less than thirty-five members of the *Kentish Guards*, of whom, if we may trust the Chronicle, all but three became officers, acquitting themselves well. What a marvellous record is that. What a testimony to the excellent quality of Greenwichers one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and to the skillful training of Varnum and Fry and Christopher Greene and Cooke. It is believed that no other company in New England, probably none in all the thirteen colonies, furnished the Continental Army with so many officers of importance. It might almost be said, with truth, that Trenton and Princeton and Brandywine and Germantown and Monmouth and Springfield were first fought out in Quidnesett and on Warwick Neck. Nowhere else, except on the well-known Westmoreland farm in Virginia, may we so confidently look for the one of the chief birth-places of American freedom, as at the quaint old house, down yonder at the Forge, hard by

Potowomut's silver stream. While many of the offices in the Continental Army held by Greenwich men have failed to be recorded in detail, of a goodly number, forming a proud honor-roll, are we enabled to speak accurately.

There was Capt. Thomas Arnold, who held a command at the Battle of Monmouth Court House, and lost his right leg there by a musket ball. What finer evidence do we need of his bravery and worth than the record that he was appointed first surveyor of the port of East Greenwich by George Washington? Capt. Arnold lived to an extreme old age and held his office, then a very arduous as well as honorable one, until infirmities compelled him to resign.

One of his descendants, perpetuating his ancestor's honored memory in his Christian name, dwells among us as a prominent citizen to-day.

Then there were Major Micah Whitmarsh, Major John S. Dexter and Major Ebenezer Flagg, the latter distinguished in the defense of Red Bank in 1777, and slain in action in Westchester County, N. Y., in 1781. Two of the original *Kentish Guardsmen* attained the office of colonel in the General Army — Archibald Crary, an excellent officer, and Christopher Greene, one of *ten* bearing that noted name among the only *thirty-seven* petitioners for the charter of the Greenwich Company. Col. Greene fought gallantly, in company with Montgomery, under the walls of Quebec, and achieved great distinction at the defeat of the Hessians at Red Bank, Congress, in 1777, voting him an elegant sword, out of a high sense of his merit. He surrendered his precious life at the same time as did Major Flagg, in a surprise by Tory dragoons, in 1781, at the age of forty-four. Perhaps the fame of Christopher Greene as an uncommonly brave and praiseworthy officer, would have been still greater than it is, had it not been over-

shadowed by that of his still more eminent kinsman.

Next arises before us, in imagination, almost if not quite, the most brilliant figure in the Rhode Island Colony at the Revolutionary period. Regard him well, for you will not often look upon his like. His forehead is high, delicate and white. His prominent eyes are of a dark blue, and his complexion somewhat florid. His nose is straight, his teeth perfectly white, and his deeply-powdered hair profuse, short in front, and clubbed and queued behind. In form he is well-proportioned, a little inclined to stoutness, but finely constituted for strength and agility. His brick-colored coat trimmed with gold lace, his buckskin small clothes, with gold lace kneebands, and his black silk stockings and high boots complete the picture of a well costumed gentleman of that day of elegant dress.

Now see him removing his cocked hat to us and lightly brushing up his hair in front with his hand, while a fascinating smile lights up his countenance, showing him the courteous knight he is.

It is James Mitchel Varnum, Brigadier General of the Continental Army, and lately first Colonel of the Kentish Guards. You can see the house, built by him before the Revolutionary War, in accordance with his consummate taste and in the prevailing simple, but graceful and substantial Colonial style of architecture, standing next north of this church and occupied by Dr. William Shaw Bowen. The noble trees before the front door were planted under Gen. Varnum's personal supervision. An aged lady, whom some of our older citizens can recall used to relate, with great sprightliness and gusto, the story of being invited, as a belle of the village, to the Varnum mansion, to meet at tea Gen. Lafayette and other officers, French and American. It was at the time of the ill-starred Sullivan's Expedition, in 1778 for the expulsion of the

British from Newport, an undertaking in which the Greenwich soldiers, as well as the distinguished Frenchman, took part.

Gen. Varnum was a fine scholar, having graduated from Rhode Island College, now Brown University, in the first class to leave the institution, in 1769, when only twenty years of age. He was a profound lawyer. His eminence in his profession is exhibited in the fact that Mr. Updike in his account of fifteen prominent lawyers of the last century, in the "History of the Rhode Island Bar," devotes eight or nine times as much space to Varnum as, on an average, to the other fourteen.

But it was as an orator that the General occupied the most peerless position. His eloquence captivated courts and juries and overwhelmed assemblies. Testifies one, who heard Varnum pronounce an oration at the age of twenty-five, "Until that moment I had formed no conception of the power and charms of oratory. I was so deeply impressed that the effect of his splendid exhibition has remained for forty-eight years, indelibly fixed in my mind. I then compared his mind to a beautiful *parterre*, from which he was enabled to pluck the most gorgeous and fanciful flowers." Another declares, "His eloquence," in a certain case, "was almost superhuman." Gen. Varnum had a rare taste for a military life and continued in active service until 1779, retiring with universal esteem, as a good and gallant officer. What might he not have achieved, had it not been that his whole life numbered but forty years?

I have reserved to the last the most splendid name of all those which have helped to render the early *Kentish Guards* so illustrious a corps, Nathaniel Greene.

There is the less need, too, of dwelling upon it here, because it is already a household-word by every hearth. Major General in the series of famous battles in New Jersey, supreme commander in South Carolina and Georgia and at length

Liberator of the South, universally conceded to be, of all the figures of the American Revolutionary War, second only to that majestic one, who dominates the period and stands alone. Greene requires, at this late day and so near his birth-place, no eulogy from me.

Although seven years the senior of Col. Varnum and conscious, as he must have been, of his own superior military genius, he was satisfied to serve under him as a private. Indeed the first soldierly office he ever held was not in the *Guards*, but that of Brigadier General of the R. I. Army of Observation. Later, as a Major General in the Continental Army, he continued in the Army until its disbandment in 1783, his death occurring only three years later, when he had reached the age of but forty-four.

There is a pleasant myth concerning Greene's first entering the army, to be found in print in more than one book. It is related that his excellent mother, Mary Mott Greene, after having tried in vain to dissuade her son from a step so opposed to the peaceful principles of the Meeting, declared with spirit: "Well, Nathaniel, if thee must engage in this carnal warfare, never let me hear of thy being wounded with thy back to the enemy." Doubtless this is one of those "ben trovato" stories, which are often truer than truth. Mrs. Greene would, undoubtedly, have so spoken had she not died twenty years previously.

How I wish that there were time to trace the later history of the *Kentish Guards* and notice them ever renewing their youth, from generation to generation, and never younger or more vigorous than now, at the close of their fifth quarter of a century.

But I will spare you, if you will pardon me for alluding, even at the risk of greatly wearying you, to a single farther

scene. We pass on, some sixty years, to 1842. There have been riotous proceedings in Providence under the lead of the illegally elected Governor, Thomas Wilson Dorr. Col. G. W. T. Allen, at this date in command of the *Kentish Guards*, has ordered his men, as in duty bound under the charter, to be ready at a moment's notice, to march to the aid of the lawful government of the State. But it has not been really believed that the outbreak would be serious enough to require the service of country soldiers.

Now, however, on a quiet Sunday afternoon in June, the tocsin of war is once more sounded on Greenwich streets. The congregations are gathered in the churches, and the worship of the Prince of Peace is proceeding just as quietly as it has done hundreds of times before. Mr. Crane, not the veteran Doctor in Divinity of three score and ten, whom many of us remember, but the young, middle-aged man of forty-two, is the recently settled pastor officiating here in old St. Luke's. While the service of prayer, or psalm, or sermon, is hovering on the air in the different sanctuaries, the Court House bell suddenly rings out an alarm. A special train has come down from Providence to announce that the rebels are making a serious demonstration at Pawtucket, and to summon the Greenwich *Guards* to the front.

In a moment the churches are emptied. There is a swift rushing to arms. The ranks of the Company are filled and soon it is on its way to the seat of war. History has repeated itself. Again, as in 1775, the *Kentish Guards* find themselves (on June 27th, 1842), before Pawtucket Bridge — but this time with a real, although unorganized foe, facing them, intent on violence. Although the outbreak is quickly quelled with the loss of no life on the loyal side, yet the "Men of Dauntless Kent," as Bishop Briggs styles them in

his spirited verse upon the incident, have proved once more their courage and devotion.

On the return from Pawtucket, the Company remained several days in Providence, billeted upon some of the hospitable law-and-order families of the city. One of the new recruits was a North Kingstown lad of sixteen or seventeen, belonging to a well-known family, who joined the *Guards* mainly, perhaps, from a love of adventure. The old Quaker lady, at whose house his squad was quartered in the city, observing his extreme youth, as he once told me took aside the laughing-eyed boy and interrogated him solemnly, "Samuel, did your mother know you were coming?" When the Company returned in safety, on Friday the first of July, to their village home there was joy in almost every house. With great appropriateness, the men were marched, to give thanks for their preservation, directly from the railway station to St. Luke's Church; so continually has the history of this corps been intertwined with the sacred structures upon this consecrated spot. A large assemblage of citizens was present to receive them. After suitable collects of thanksgiving and a hymn, Mr. Crane delivered a most interesting and impressive address, which was subsequently printed. Once more the *Kentish Guards* had fulfilled their ancient tradition and done their duty.

We are now, my brothers, on the threshold of a new century. You are entering, at almost the same moment, upon the sixth twenty-five years of your corporate life, and upon the wonderful, untried Twentieth Century of the Christian era.

What experiences these new periods of recorded time may have in store for you, it is, of course, impossible to foretell. But you will surely behold *some* magnificent and now un-

dreamed-of developments of human destiny. Be certain that, as in the past, there will open fresh opportunities to try what manner of spirit you are of. How many of the soldierly organizations of the Colonial period, when you had your rise, have already passed into the land of misty memory? "Where is the King of Hamath, and the King of Arphad, and the King of the City of Sepharvaim, Hena and Ivah?" asks, in lofty irony, the Assyrian general, on the mysterious page of Isaiah. So are we tempted to inquire to-day, "Where now are the 'Kingston Reds,' and the 'Pawtucket Rangers,' and where the 'Scituate Hunters' and the 'Providence Cadets?'" Be sure, my brothers, that your noble company has not been so exceptionally preserved for naught. In the history of this land, there has been a war, generally unexpected until the blow was almost struck, on an average, once in every generation. What has been is likely to be again. If, in the coming century, you are called upon to defend your fatherland and your homes, recall the illustrious example of your heroic forerunners in the *Kentish Guards*. You have heard recounted a part of the glorious bead-roll of the Corps, to-night. Prove yourselves worthy of this rich heritage of honor. The days for the exercise of sacrifice and courage and for deeds of high emprise are not over. Perhaps in some new and transcendent sense they are but just beginning, and you, happy last born sons of time, are the ones counted fit to win the high calling's prize.

Be brave, then. Be gentle. Be true. Above all, be Christian men. Without religion there is no true soldierly manhood.

Is Varnum your model? In many respects you could not have a fairer one. He lived too free and liberal a life, it is true, but in one of the most patriotic letters ever penned,

sent from the far-away North-Western Territory to his idolized wife in Rhode Island, whom he knew he should never see again, that proudest-spirited of men wrote: "I know of but one source from whence can be derived complete consolation in a dying hour, and that is the Divine system contained in the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Would you ascend to the lofty plane on which Nathaniel Greene won his shining career? Gen. Greene was reared in the straitest sect of that most devout body, the Friends. It was in the old Quaker Meeting House, that stood, in such bare simplicity, for a hundred years, out by Paine's Pond, that Greene, in boyhood, "nourished his soul sublime." The men have not been long dead who remember seeing him (in his sterner manhood, too), coming out and watering his horse at the old stone horse-block before the meeting house door—a grander souled man for having hung on the lips of his saintly father, a valued preacher of the day. It might almost be said that Georgia and the Carolinas were set free from the dreaded foe by means of the lessons of endurance and integrity learned in that desolate, old-time sanctuary.

Take these honored founders, then, for your examples. So live that when another one hundred and twenty-five years shall have been added to the record of your glorious Corps, and when, perchance, the *Kentish Guards* of the year of our Lord 2024 shall be commemorating the anniversary at the end of a quarter of a thousand years, they may be able to peer back through the vista of time and say of *you*, too, "These, in their turn, became, also, mighty men, which were of old, men of renown."