

# *American Bibliographical Notes*

## RECENT ACQUISITIONS:

### NINE MASSACHUSETTS BROADSIDES, 1677-99

The American Antiquarian Society has acquired in the last several years nine broadsides printed in Massachusetts before 1700. Seven of these pieces were completely unrecorded, and apparently exist only in the copies now at the Society. The existence of one of the others had long been surmised, although it had not been seen until the unique copy was discovered. The only other known copy of the ninth is at the Massachusetts Historical Society. The discovery of these broadsides, in two separate lots, demonstrates once again that previously unknown material from the early American press can continue to come to light despite generations of searching by scholars, booksellers, collectors, and librarians.

Five of the broadsides have evidently been together since the seventeenth century. These are the funeral elegies for Daniel Denison, Thomas Savage, and John Foster, Thomas Thacher's broadside instructing the citizens of Boston how to care for smallpox, and an anonymous broadside poem. These pieces were tipped into or mounted on leaves of a large folio volume of the collected works of William Perkins, published in London in 1631. Insertion within the volume undoubtedly accounts for the survival of the broadsides, although the Thacher broadside was trimmed at the top with the loss of four lines of text, and several of the others suffered slight paper loss. It is not possible to establish who mounted the broadsides, although most of the volume's owners can be identified. The first signature on the title page with an American connection is that of Veren Lindall, born in Salem in 1689/90, and killed by Indians in a fight at Haverhill in 1708. The next signature is that of Benjamin Wadsworth, Lindall's first

cousin. Wadsworth was born in Milton in 1669/70, and graduated from Harvard in 1690. He, or his parents, Samuel and Mary Wadsworth (she being Veren Lindall's aunt), are the most likely candidates for collecting the broadsides. Benjamin Wadsworth went on to become president of Harvard in 1725, and died 1736/37. When the volume left Wadsworth's possession is not certain, but it passed into the hands of John Morse, of the Harvard class of 1751 and later minister at Berwick, Maine. Evidently the book remained at the parsonage after Morse's death in 1764, for there are annotations by Matthew Merriam, who succeeded Morse, and by Merriam's son-in-law, William Mather (not related to the distinguished family of divines). Eventually the volume was recovered by Morse's remarried widow, Sarah Carr, who presented the volume to William Shorey in 1802. After this the volume remained in the possession of the Shorey family until it was sold to a New England bookseller, who in turn sold it to the Society.

The second group of broadsides consists of the funeral elegy for Elizabeth Stetson and three proclamations made by Lieutenant Governor William Stoughton in 1696 and 1698. These were purchased from the Salem Athenaeum by another New England bookseller and sold to the Society along with several post-1700 broadsides.

In addition to these substantial pieces, the Society received as a gift two printed legal blanks, probably printed in Boston in 1694 and 1696 by Bartholomew Green and John Allen. Both are completed in manuscript, and order the sheriff of Suffolk County to seize property in lawsuits. While such forms are not unknown, the collections of the Society possess only a few from this early date.

The broadsides are described in the following nine entries, the first five being those from the Wadsworth volume and the four following being the Salem Athenaeum group.

William S. Reese

[*A | Brief Rule | To guide the Common People of | New-England*] |  
*How to order themselves and theirs in the | Small Pocks, or Measels. |*  
 [text in double columns.] Boston: John Foster, 1677/78. Broad-  
 side, 32 by 29 cm. This copy lacks the top four lines of the title.

This is one of two known copies of this broadside; the other, complete, copy is at the Massachusetts Historical Society. Its significance as an early American medical item is discussed by Morris H. Saffron in his essay that follows.<sup>1</sup>

Thomas Thacher, the author, was not a doctor but the first minister of Old South Church. Born in Somersetshire in 1620, he came to Boston in 1635. He was minister at Weymouth from 1644 to 1669, and at Old South until his death nine months after this broadside was printed, on October 15, 1678. He was also closely associated with the press in Boston, since he and Increase Mather were 'added unto the former licensers' in 1674, when the General Court permitted the establishment of a printing press elsewhere than Cambridge.<sup>2</sup>

*A | Funeral Elegy | Dedicated to the memory of his worthy friend, |*  
*The Learned & Religious | Mr. John Foster; | Who Deceased in Dor-*  
*chester, the 9th. of September, 1681. |* [text of 104 lines in two col-  
 umns.] [Cambridge: Samuel Green, 1681.] Broadside, 31 by 18  
 cm., printed area 30.4 by 17.5 cm.

The existence of this broadside has been surmised for over a century, and it is a notable event for the actual piece to appear at last. Written by Thomas Tilestone of Dorchester, it memorializes John Foster, the brilliant young printer, mathematician, and astronomer, the first printer in Boston, and the designer of the first

<sup>1</sup> The broadside is Evans 242, Ford 72, Austin 1881, and Guerra a8. It is reproduced in Samuel A. Green, *Ten Fac-simile Reproductions Relating to Old Boston and Neighborhood* (Cambridge, Mass., 1901). Charles Evans, *American Bibliography* (Chicago, 1943-59); Worthington Chauncey Ford, *Broadsides, Ballads &c. Printed in Massachusetts 1639-1800*, Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, vol. 75 (Boston, 1922); Robert B. Austin, *Early American Medical Imprints 1668-1820* (Washington, D.C., 1961); Francisco Guerra, *American Medical Bibliography 1639-1783* (New York, 1962).

<sup>2</sup> John L. Sibley, *Biographical Sketches of Those Who Attended Harvard College* (Cambridge, Mass., 1873-1958), 1:417. Frederick L. Weis, *Colonial Clergy and Colonial Churches in New England* (Boston, 1936), p. 202.

map and woodcut printed in English America. Foster died tragically young, evidently of consumption. The Tilestone broadside, with another broadside elegy composed by John Capen, was advertised for sale in William Brattle's 1682 almanac, printed by Samuel Green in Cambridge—who almost certainly printed both broadsides. The advertisement reads: 'There are suitable Verses Dedicated to the Memory of the **INGENIOUS** Mathematician and Printer Mr John Foster. Price 2d. a single Paper, both together 3d. . . .'<sup>3</sup>

In 1857 Thomas C. Simonds, in his *History of South Boston*, printed the texts of both elegies from manuscript copy in the hands of collateral descendants of Foster. Simonds's texts were later examined by Samuel A. Green, who published a somewhat different version of both in his work on Foster. Although the manuscript cannot now be located, Green surmised from the capitalization in the poems that they had been copied from a printed sheet, and this, along with the almanac notice, lead both Evans and Ford to assign numbers to both surmised broadsides. In the case of the Tilestone elegy, at least, they have been proved correct.<sup>4</sup> Both of the versions printed from the manuscript have considerable corruptions of spelling, punctuation, and capitalization from the actual printed text.

Thomas Tilestone was already seventy years old when he wrote the Foster elegy, and 'seems to have refrained from verse until the tragic death of his brilliant young relative by marriage, John Foster,' according to Harold S. Jantz. A solid citizen of Dorchester, Tilestone was born in England in 1611. He came to New England by 1634, and became a freeman two years later. Jantz remarks that 'some of his verse is not at all bad, and his anagram on John Foster, "I shone forth," is one of the most appropriate of the century.'<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> William Brattle, *An Ephemeris of Coelestial Motions* (Cambridge, Mass.: Samuel Green, 1682). Evans 314.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas C. Simonds, *History of South Boston* (Boston, 1857), pp. 34–40. Samuel A. Green, *John Foster* (Boston, 1909), pp. 34–42. The Tilestone elegy is listed as Evans 308, Ford 83.

<sup>5</sup> Harold S. Jantz, 'The First Century of New England Verse,' *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* 53(1943):257, 479. *History of the Town of Dorchester, Mass.* (Boston, 1859), pp. 39, 87–88.

A  
FUNERAL ELEGY  
DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF  
HIS WORTHY FRIEND,  
The Learned & Religious  
Mr. John Foster;

Who Deceased in Dorchester, the 9th. of September, 1681

Amongst the *Mourners* that are met  
(For Payment of their last love debt  
Unto the dead) to solemnize,  
With Sighs and Tears, his Obsequies,  
Loves Laws command, that I appear,  
And drop a kindly friendly Tear.

I'll venture to bewal his *Herse*,  
Though in a homely Country verse;  
Sith to omit the same, it were  
A crime at least *Piacular*.

Our woful loss for to set forth,  
By setting forth the matchless worth  
Of the *Deceased*, is too high  
For my poor *Rural* Poetry:  
And greater skill it doth require,  
Than whereunto I may aspire.

Records declare, how be excell'd  
In *parentage* unparallell'd.  
*Whose* Grace and Virtues very great,  
*He* did himself Improprate  
Unto *Himself*; improv'd, withal,  
By Learning *Academical*.

His curious works had you but seen,  
You would have thought Him to have been,  
By some strange *Metempsychosis*  
A new reviv'd *Archimedes*;  
At least you would have judg'd that He  
A rare *Apelles* would soon be.

Adde to those things I have been hinting,  
His skill in that rare Art of *PRINTING*:  
His accurate *Geography*,  
And *Astronomick Poetry*;  
And you will say, 'twere pittie He

Should dy, without an *Elegie*.

His piercing *Astronomick EYE*  
 Could penetrate the cloudy sky,  
 And soar aloft, ith' highest *Sphere*,  
 Descrying *Stars* that disappear  
 To common eyes: But *Faith* and *Hope*  
 His all-excelling Telescope,  
 Did help his heaven-born soul to pry  
 Beyond the Starry *Canopy*.

His excellencies here, we find  
 Were crowned with an humble mind.

Thus (Grace obtain'd and Art acquir'd  
 And *thirty three* years near expir'd)  
 He that here liv'd below'd, contented,  
 Now dies bewail'd, and much lamented.

Who knows the *Skill*, which to our losse  
 This *Grave* doth now alone ingrosse?  
 Ah who can tell *JOHN FOSTER'S* worth?  
 Whose *Anagram* is, *I SHONE FORTH*.

Presaged was his Apoge,  
 By a preceding Prodigie;  
 Heav'ns blazing Sword was brandished,  
 By Heav'ns enraged wra[t]h, we dread;  
 Which struck us with amazing fear  
 Some fixed Star would disappear:  
 Th'appearance was not long adjourn'd  
 Before our Fear to sorrow turn'd.

Oh Fatal Star (whose fearful flame  
 A fiery Chariot became,  
 Whereby our *Phoenix* did ascend,)  
 Thou art our Foe, although his Friend.

That rare Society, which forth  
 Hath sent such *Gems* of greatest worth,  
 It's *OAKES* and pleasant *Plants* by death,  
 Being pluckt up, it languisheth:  
 Thus dye our hopes, and *Harvards* glory  
 Scarce parallel'd in any Story.

That GOD doth thus our choice ones slay,  
 And cunning Artists take away,  
 The Sacred Oracles do shew  
 A dreadful flood of wrath's in view.

Oh then let every one of you  
 His rare accomplishments that knew  
 Now weep! weep ye of *Harvard* Hall,  
 With bitterest Tears! so weep We all:  
 Chiefly let such as were alone  
 Flesh of his Flesh, Bone of his Bone,  
 Lament indeed, and fill the skyes  
 With th'eccho's of their doleful cries.  
 Let *JAMES*, and let *ELISHA* too, (go,  
 With *COMFORT*, *STANDBFAST*, weeping  
*THANKFUL*, *PATIENCE*, *MARY*  
 Like loving Sisters solemnize (likewise,  
 With Sigh's, your greatest losse! but yet  
 Your *Thankful Hope* do not forget,  
 With perseverance to fulfill:  
 Know, your *Elijab's* GOD lives still:  
*Stand fast* therefore with *Patience*,  
*Comfort* shall be your recompence.

And as you yet survive your Brother,  
 So be like comforts to your Mother,  
 Who like *Naomi* sad, is left  
 Of Husband, and two Sons bereft.  
 So *Bitterly* th' *Almighty One*,  
 Hath to our weeping *Marah* done.

Grieve not too much: the time draws near,  
 You'll re-injoy Relations dear,  
 And All together shall on high,  
 With everlasting Melody,  
 And perfect peace *His* praises sing,  
*Who* through all troubles did You bring.

Thomas Tilestone.

*A Funeral Elegy | Upon the Sudden and much Lamented Expiration  
 of that Worthy, Grave, Pious and every way | Accomplished Heroe, |  
 Thomas Savage Esquire; | Who changed this Life for a Better: and  
 left the Honours of this Transitory World, that he might take | Posses-  
 sion of never fading Glory: Feb. 15. 1681. Aetatis suae. 76. |* [text of  
 10 stanzas in 70 lines; His epitaph, 12 lines; Anagram, 5 lines. In

two columns.] [Cambridge: Samuel Green, or Boston: Samuel Green Jr., 1682.] Broadside, 30 by 18 cm., printed area 27.6 by 17.5 cm.

The funeral elegy for Thomas Savage is signed at the bottom by Deodate Lawson, at that time minister at Edgartown, and later of Danvers and Scituate. This is the only known copy of a previously unrecorded broadside.

Thomas Savage was a leading military figure and merchant of Massachusetts. Born in England in about 1606, he came to Boston in 1635 and was made a freeman the following year. In 1637 he married Faith Hutchinson, daughter of Ann, and was almost immediately caught in the Antinomian controversy, in which he sided with his in-laws. Briefly exiled from Boston, he soon returned and occupied himself as a merchant. In 1651 he became the captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, and from that time on he held numerous official positions. His most important military achievements were during King Philip's War, when, due to Daniel Denison's illness, he was placed in command of the Massachusetts troops. One of the chief civil and military leaders of his time, he died February 15, 1681/82.<sup>6</sup>

Several years before his death, Savage was the subject of a notable portrait, showing him in military garb with Boston Harbor and Beacon Hill in the background. His tombstone, a striking example of Puritan stone cutting, is also extant in the King's Chapel Burial Ground.<sup>7</sup>

Little is known of Deodate Lawson, the author of the Savage elegy. He came to Massachusetts in 1680 from Norfolk, England, and returned there shortly before his death in 1698. In the year after the publication of this broadside he moved to Danvers as minister, where he was instrumental in gathering accounts of witchcraft later published by Cotton Mather.<sup>8</sup> In 1693 he published three other pamphlets and another attempt at verse, *Tbrenodia, Or a Mournful Remembrance, of the much to be Lamented Death of the*

<sup>6</sup> Lawrence Park, *Major Thomas Savage of Boston and His Descendants* (Boston, 1914), pp. 3-5.

<sup>7</sup> Jonathan L. Fairbanks and Robert F. Trent, *New England Begins: The Seventeenth Century* (Boston, 1982), pp. 469-71. The Savage portrait is now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. It is reproduced in color in this catalogue. Timothy Alden, *A Collection of American Epitaphs and Inscriptions* (Boston, 1814), 3:163.

<sup>8</sup> Weis, *Colonial Clergy and Colonial Churches*, p. 124. Sibley, *Biographical Sketches*, 2:326.



*Worthy & Pious Capt. Anthony Collamore*, printed by Samuel Green, Jr., at Boston in 1694.<sup>9</sup>

Savage's funeral sermon was preached by Samuel Willard, and later printed as *The Righteous Man's Death a Presage of Evil Approaching* (Boston: Samuel Green, Jr., 1684). This appeared as pp. 145-62 of *The Child's Portion*, with two other Willard sermons.<sup>10</sup>

#### A FUNERAL ELEGY

Upon the Sudden and much Lamented Expiration of that  
Worthy, Grave, Pious and every way  
Accomplished HEROE,

THOMAS SAVAGE Esquire;

Who changed this Life for a Better: and left the Honours of this  
Transitory *World*, that he might take Possession of  
never fading Glory: Feb. 15. 1681. Ætatis suae. 76.

Now let the *Nine*, their Forces all unite,  
And club their wits, t'inspire my slender  
While I this *Worthy's* Elegy do write: quill,  
Inflame my Fancy, with Heroick skill.  
With undissembl'd grief lament the fall,  
of this great *Heroe*; at our mournful call,  
Appear in sable clad, to grace his Funeral.

And how shall I, Alas! his worth inroll,  
Within the Limits, of my slender Verse:  
The intricacy's of so vast a Soul;  
Too various, for any to rehearse.  
But yet lamenting, let my Verses creep:  
And with the Mourners, doleful measures keep:  
While paper pale with sorrow, seems black tears to weep.

<sup>9</sup> Jantz, 'The First Century of New England Verse,' p. 304. Deodate Lawson's pamphlets are *Christ's Fidelity* (Boston, 1693), Evans 643; *The Duty and Property* (Boston, 1693), Evans 644; *A Brief and True Narrative* (Boston, 1692), Evans 613. Only one copy of the Collamore broadside exists, in a private collection. The Massachusetts Historical Society has a photocopy of it, reproduced in Ola E. Winslow, *American Broadside Verse from Imprints of the 17th and 18th Centuries* (New Haven, 1930). Shipton and Mooney 39312. Clifford K. Shipton and James E. Mooney, *National Index of American Imprints Through 1800* (Worcester, 1969).

<sup>10</sup> Samuel Willard, *The Child's Portion: Or the Unseen Glory of the Children of God* (Boston: Samuel Green Jr., 1684). Issued with three other titles, but continuous pagination. Evans 380.

*Great King of Terrours*, art thou not content  
 To rage and tyrannize, uncessantly,  
 Over the Mortals; of a mean descent:  
 And fill thy craving Urn, with *Peasantry*.  
 But thou must climbing, and aspiring be,  
 To snatch our Men of Note, and high degree:  
 And make them feel thy pow'r, and bow their heads to thee.

The *Night Commandress*, overspread of late,  
 With total darkness; clad in mourning hue:  
 Seem'd to fore-bode, this sad Eclipse of State,  
 And our distressing troubles to renew.  
 When such Stars fall, well may it us fright,  
 In sense of our departing glory's light;  
 Lest we should cover'd be, with dismal shades of night.

A Magazine of Military skill,  
 He was; to exercise the War-like train:  
 He could Command, their Postures at his will;  
 And with a word, reduce them back again.  
 Let Ensignes then, their mournful Ancients vail,  
 And Drums in doleful Tones, his death bewail,  
 Make Muskets drooping move, and Pikos in dust to trail.

*His* Valour in our War, with *Heathben* Foe;  
 May justly cause, the cheeks of Fame to swell:  
 Th'undaunted resolution he did show,  
 All must admire, but none can parallel.  
*Mount-hope*, & *Hampton* both, record his praise,  
 Each to his Name, Triumphal Arches raise;  
 And Crown his valiant brow, with never-fading Bayes.

*He* was in carri'ge courteous, and free  
 From Affectation; charming ev'ry one:  
 All must lament, that now spectators be,  
 And his sad fall, most heartily bemoan.  
 Grieve then in earnest, he that shall forbear,  
 Upon this hearse, to drop a brinish Tear;  
 Let him depart from hence, no room is for [illeg.]

*He* was a pattern, of great Piety,  
 Endeavouring Gods Glory to advance:  
*His* steady and devout sincerity,  
 In holy walking, did his Grace inance.  
 God greatly honour'd him, and he again  
 Did strive to honour God, with might & main,  
 Then sure the Grace of God in him, was not in vain.

A Worthy Senator, Great, Grave, & Wise,  
 Shewed his Rise, of more then Common Blood,  
 Judicious, in whatever enterprize;  
*He* was concerned, for the Publick good.  
 A watchful States-man; of an eagle eye,  
 Who could before-hand, future dangers spye,  
 And greatly did bewail, our hastning misery.

And must we leave him silent in the dust?  
 Yet let us, in our hearts, record his Name,  
 Until the Resurrection of the just,  
 Which Angels shall, with Trumpets sound proclaim:  
 We must remain, yet in our Combatings;  
 While his blest Soul, with *Angels* sweetly sings;  
 Eternal *Hallelujab's*, to the King of Kings.

#### HIS EPITAPH.

*Here lies Insbrined, in this Arched Room;*  
*The quintessence of Worth, whose very Tomb,*  
*Is full of Fragrance; and bis Sacred Dust,*  
*Rests wbile bis Soul, is blessed with the Just.*  
*Could Grace, or Gravity, Wisdome, or Sense,*  
*Have kept him here, he had not gone from hence:*  
*But still bad in bis Orb, sbone bright and clear,*  
*And yielded lustre, in our Hemisphere.*  
*But Reader, since thou see'st him, in this state,*  
*His Grace, and Virtue, learn to imitate:*  
*Tread in bis steps, and walk incessantly;*  
*So live with him, in Bliss Eternally.*

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## THOMAS SAVAGE

*Anagram.*

Aha! so age must.

Aha! what Sighs, and Sobs, our hearts do fill:  
 So as he is, one day, all men must be,  
*Age* turns Men off the stage, Death at his will,  
*Must* over All have petty Victory.

*Honoris ergo Composuit*      Deodatus Lawsonus.

*To The | Memory | Of the Learned and Worthy Gentleman | Daniel Denison Esq; | Major General of the Massachusetts Colony in New-England | For many Years: | Who Deceased Sept. 20. 1682. |* [text of a poem in 60 lines and an epitaph in 18 lines, printed in two columns.] [Cambridge: Samuel Green, 1682.] Broadside, 32 by 20 cm., printed area 31.5 by 19.8 cm.

The funeral elegy for Daniel Denison is signed at the bottom by William Hubbard, minister of Denison's native town of Ipswich, who also delivered the sermon at Denison's funeral. This is the only known copy of a previously unrecorded broadside.

Daniel Denison was an important figure in the Bay Colony. Born in England in 1612, he came to Massachusetts with his parents and two brothers in 1631. He lived for a year in Roxbury, moving to Cambridge in 1632, where he married Patience, daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley. Two years later he was made a freeman, and in 1635 moved to Ipswich, where he dwelt the rest of his life. Denison soon became an important figure in the government of both the town of Ipswich and the Bay Colony, and held numerous posts from 1636 until his death. He was first made Major General in 1653, and held the office eleven different years in his career. These included 1675 and 1676, when he took an active part in King Philip's War. Illness prevented him from taking the field, however, and Thomas Savage assumed the active command. Denison died in Ipswich on September 20, 1682. His funeral was an elaborate one; the magistrates aided his wife in defraying the costs (presumably including this broadside) by a grant of twenty pounds and the remainder of the General's salary for 1682.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>11</sup> D. D. Slade and Augustine Caldwell, *Denison Memorial* ([Ipswich, 1882]), pp. 8-32.

Several contemporaries commented on the high regard in which Denison was held, and praised him for his moderate and fair-minded stance. It may have been this reputation that led the General Court, in May 1658, to ask Denison to revise the laws of the Colony. He did this, in company with Edward Rawson and Daniel Clark, and was paid for his labors with one-quarter of Block Island. The volume of laws was issued in 1660.<sup>12</sup> His only other publication was *Irenicon*, published by Hubbard with the latter's funeral sermon on Denison.<sup>13</sup>

William Hubbard's history of King Philip's War, *A Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England* (Boston, 1677), may have been aided by Denison. It seems likely that the long acquaintance of the two men in Ipswich and Denison's role in the war would have made him of considerable assistance to Hubbard in assembling the material for the history. Denison was also one of the licensers of John Foster's press in Boston at the time the work was printed.<sup>14</sup>

One other elegaic effort may be ascribed to Hubbard. This is 'An Elegy Upon the Death of the Worshipfull Richard Dummer, Esq. d. Newbury, July 4, 1689.' Known only from a manuscript copy in Samuel Sewall's commonplace book, this was supposedly printed in Boston in 1689. The Sewall manuscript is signed with the initials 'G.H.,' which Harold Jantz suggests might represent a Latinization of Hubbard's name to Guilielmus.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *The Book of the General Lawes and Libertyes concerning the Inhabitants of the Massachusetts* (Cambridge, Mass.: Samuel Green, 1660). Evans 60. There are copies at the American Antiquarian Society, Massachusetts Historical Society, New York Public Library, and Boston Athenæum.

<sup>13</sup> William Hubbard, *The Benefit of a Well-Ordered Conversation, as it was delivered in a sermon preached June 24th 1682 . . . also a Funeral discourse upon the first three verses of the third chapter of Isaiab: occasioned by the death of the worshipfull Major General Denison, who deceased at Ipswich, Sept. 20, 1682. By Mr. William Hubbard. To which is annexed an Irenicon of a salve for New-England's sore: penned by the said Major General; and left behind him as his farewell and last advice to his friends of the Massachusetts* (Boston: Samuel Green, 1684). Evans 362.

<sup>14</sup> Randolph G. Adams, 'William Hubbard's Narrative, 1677,' *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 33(1939):25-39.

<sup>15</sup> Jantz, 'The First Century of New England Verse,' pp. 219-508. The Samuel Sewall commonplace book is in the New-York Historical Society.

TO THE  
MEMORY  
Of the Learned and Worthy Gentleman  
DANIEL DENISON ESQ;  
Major General of the Massachusetts Colony in New-England  
For many YEARS:  
Who Deceased Sept. 20. 1682.

Awake my mournful Muse, in silence dwell  
No longer; to Posterity go tell,  
Of poor *New-England's* Chivalry the Story,  
How on the sudden fallen is it's Glory.  
You Souldiers now your sad Alarm sound  
That wont with joy your General surround.  
*Melpomene* craves leave with doleful Verse,  
'Mongst you t'attend this Worthies sable Herse:  
To speak his Praise in full I know would crave,  
A larger Volume, then an Epitaph.  
God grant his next Successor may inherit,  
A double Portion of his Noble Spirit.  
Had he been plac'd in large and higher Sphere  
Wherein t'have had his vertues all appear:  
He had been numbred with the ancient Sages,  
And famous *Heroes* of other Ages.  
He was endow'd with great Sagacity,  
A man of Justice and Veracity;  
In him both Arts and Arms all flourished,  
Wisdom with Piety embellished.  
Rare Wit joyn'd with Seraphick Eloquence,  
Of Judgement deep, and large Experience;  
Well skill'd was in all Mysteries of State,  
And in the antient Histories of Fate:  
He was in natural Philosophy,  
Exactly learn'd, as in State-Policy.  
His Fancy reached *Homer's* Poetry,  
And *Euclid's* Problems of Geometry.  
In him the Graces three, and Muses nine,  
Unto perfection strangely did combine.  
In him each Moral Virtue did reside,  
And Intellectual also abide.

Nature, that is to other Mortals all  
A step-Dame; he his Mother well might call.  
As *Heinsius* once of famous *Grotius* said,  
When th'Honour due to him in Verse he paid:  
Let Shrubs take heed when thus the Cedars tall,  
By fatal stroke we see cut down and fall;  
When Clouds of Darkness gathered are above.  
Men to bethink themselves it doth behove.  
A stormy season seems to be at hand,  
The which they cannot easily withstand.  
When Pillars which the Building do upbear,  
Are ta'n away it's Ruine's very near.  
When broken is the stay and staffe of Bread  
By which the People are maintain'd and fed;  
When as the Mighty Man and Man of War,  
By fatal hand of Death removed are:  
The Judge most sage, and holy Prophet too,  
The Prudent, and the Antient also;  
The Captain of the great and lower Bands  
With Wisdome and with Valour that commands.  
When once removed are the Councillour  
Cunning Artificers and Oratour:  
Such changes sad do unto all portend  
That peoples welfare suddenly will end.  
Lord, thou to whom Earths Shields do all belong,  
Our fears avert, our hopes revive among  
Thy People all, that still within our Land  
May dwell thy glory: Always for us stand.

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EPITAPH

In shady Darkness here doth ly,  
Mirrour of Wisdome Piety.  
If Metempsychosis were granted  
That Souls are in new Bodies planted.  
This body sure did animate  
*Raleigh's*, or *Grotius* Ghost of late  
Lament your loss Relations all,  
Of Husband, Father, General,  
But yet with sorrow moderate,  
The body only yields to fate:

The Spirit it ascends on high,  
 And sayes better Philosophy,  
 They are not lost, but gone before:  
 The Saints all pass through the same door  
 And rest a while it'h common Inne,  
 Till Immortality begin:  
 Then let remain his sacred Dust  
 Till Resurrection of the Just.

WILLIAM HUBBARD

*A Divine Poe[m] | Setting forth the Various Excellency of | Prayer |*  
 [text of 76 lines of verse, in two columns.] [Cambridge or Boston:  
 Samuel Green? John Foster? or Samuel Green Jr.?, 1678-82?]  
 Broadside, 32 by 20 cm., printed area 26.1 by 18 cm. Edge some-  
 what ragged, affecting a few words of text.

Although neither the author nor the place of printing of this broadside can be determined, it is reasonable to suppose it an American imprint from its typography and its association with the Thacher, Denison, Savage, and Foster broadsides. If so, it was probably printed by either Samuel Green in Cambridge or John Foster or Samuel Green, Jr., in Boston, between 1678 and 1682. This is the only known copy of a previously unrecorded broadside.

A DIVINE POE[M]  
 Setting forth the Various Excellency of  
 PRAYER

PRAYER is a most heav'nly Grace; which vents  
 The Soul's Necessities, and Discontents.  
 As Calms asswage the raging of the Winds:  
 So *Prayer* giveth ease to troubled Minds.  
*Prayer* on wings of *Faith* doth fly up hence,  
 And in the Court of Heaven hath Audience.  
 It is the Med'cine, which we may apply  
 To ev'ry Grief, and ev'ry Malady.  
 It is the poor man's chiefest good, by which  
 He prayeth for Content, and groweth rich,



While He enjoyes a World within himself:  
For, sure, Contentedness is the best wealth.  
*Prayer* doth make our *Evils* turn to *Good*;  
And by it, bad Temptations are withstood.  
It qualifies all burning, loose Desires;  
And doth the Soul enflame with holy Fires.  
It giveth Comfort, when the Mind is vext;  
Settles the Thoughts, whenas they are perplex.  
It moderates that Joy, which would exceed:  
And in the Soul, an holy Fear doth breed,  
It is a good, and holy Recreation,  
Whereby the godly man doth make Relation  
Of all his Grievs, his Wants, Infirmities,  
His Wrongs, his Troubles, and his Miseries,  
His Sins, his Sorrows, Suits, and Supplications,  
Praying to be deliver'd from Temptations.  
And in the dark by Night, as well as Day,  
*Pray'r* doth find to Heaven the ready way:  
And like the fiery Pillar, leads us on  
Through the World; to the Heav'nly *Canaan*.  
*Israel* being in extream Distress,  
Did gather *Manna* in the Wilderness:  
This World is like a wilderness of Care;  
The *Manna* that doth feed the Soul, is *Pray'r*.  
This doth refresh the Soul, when it is weary.  
Affliction is the Thorn, which bears this Berry,  
Whereon the Soul doth in the morning feed;  
and being satisfy'd, doth know no need.  
*Prayer* at Noon, is like a shady Arbour,  
Wherein the pious Soul may find cool harbour,  
And underneath the green leaves sit, and shun  
The scorching Heat of sore Temptation.  
*Prayer* at Night, when thou dost go to Bed,  
Is like a Table richly furnished  
With choicest Dishes, wheron thou may [illeg.]  
Thy Soul, before thy Body doth take rest.  
Thus *Prayer*, both at Morning, Noon and [Night,]  
Doth feed the Christian Soul with much del[ight]  
Which, like to a *Camelion*, lives by Air  
Made by the sweet Perfume of zealous *Pray'r*.  
Then since this World is like a Wilderness,

Let our Souls hunger after Righteousness;  
 Which, by the Holy Ghost, is daily given  
 To such as humbly beg this Almes from He[aven]  
 Down then proud Soul! upon thy bended knee,  
 And pray to God, who doth in secret see:  
 For all are Beggars, and had need to Pray  
 To have this *Manna* given ev'ry day.

*Hast thou perceiv'd the sweetness of a Groan;  
 Or try'd the wings of Contemplation;  
 Or hast thou found the balm of Tears, that press  
 Like Amber, in the dreggs of bitterness:  
 Or hast thou felt that secret Joy that flows  
 Against the Tide of common Overtrows;  
 Or hast thou known the dawnings of a God  
 Upon thee, when his Love is shed abroad:  
 Or hast thou heard the Sacred Harmony  
 Of a calm Conscience ecchoing in thee  
 A Requiem from above: a sealed Peace  
 Beyond the power of Hell, Sin, and Decease:  
 Or hast thou ever tasted that Communion  
 Between a reconciled God and Man;  
 That holy Intercourse, those precious Smiles  
 Dissolv'd in holy Whisp'rings between wholes?  
 Here! Here! the Steps lead to her bless'd Abode:  
 Her Chair of State is in the Throne of God.*

*Upon the immature death | Of that virtuous and truly Religious | young  
 woman | Elizabeth Stetson, | Wife of Samuel Stetson of Scituate, Who  
 being De- | livered of two Living Children, April the first; Deceased |  
 April the ninth, 1682. [poem of thirty lines, postscript of six lines.]  
 [Cambridge: Samuel Green, or Boston: Samuel Green Jr., 1682.]  
 Broadside, 30.4 by 18.7 cm.*

This poem was written by William Witherel (or Witherell or Wetherell), pastor of Scituate. Born in Yorkshire in 1600, Witherel attended Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and came to New England in 1635. The Muse seems to have struck him late, for Jantz records two other elegaic verses by him, memorializing Mrs. Sarah Cushing of Scituate in 1679 and Josiah Winslow in

1680. The latter elegy, Jantz states, 'ranks high among the elegies of his generation.' Neither of these latter poems survives in original form, either printed or manuscript, and they are known only through Samuel Deane's *History of Scituate* (Boston, 1831.)<sup>16</sup> Witherel was plainly well acquainted with the Stetson family, who were members of his church from the time he began his ministry in Scituate in 1645.

Samuel Stetson, the bereaved husband, was the fourth son of 'Cornet' Robert Stetson, so nicknamed for his part in the military affairs of the Bay Colony. Robert Stetson settled in Scituate in 1634, and he and his family were prominent in the affairs of the town, holding numerous civic offices. According to John Stetson Barry, the Scituate Town Records show Samuel's first wife as 'Lydia,' which seems a plausible abbreviation of Elizabeth. Their two children were named Elizabeth and Judah; the former grew to maturity, but the latter evidently died in infancy, since the only record of him is his baptism on May 14, 1682.<sup>17</sup> This is the only known copy of a previously unrecorded broadside.

UPON THE IMMATURE DEATH

Of that virtuous and truly Religious

YOUNG WOMAN

ELIZABETH STETSON,

Wife of *SAMUEL STETSON* of *Scituate*, Who being Delivered  
of two Living Children, *April* the first; Deceased  
*April* the ninth, 1682.

Here lies Inter'd a little weary Wight,  
Whose Sun though set, yet there ensues  
no Night;

'Tis always Sun-shine in the Land  
where I,

Am late arrived, for *Eternity*.

<sup>16</sup> Jantz, 'The First Century of New England Verse,' pp. 237, 490. Weis, *Colonial Clergy and Colonial Churches*, pp. 219-20. Samuel Deane, *History of Scituate, Massachusetts, From Its First Settlement to 1831* (Boston, 1831), pp. 192, 395. At the time that Deane examined the Cushing elegy it was in the possession of the Moody family of Newbury, Mass., while the Winslow elegy was owned by the Severn family of Kingston, R.I. Deane does not state if he made his transcription from broadsides or manuscripts.

<sup>17</sup> John Stetson Barry, *A Genealogical and Biographical Sketch of the Name and Family of Stetson* (Boston, 1847).

The Sun of Righteousness, with's golden Beams,  
 Enlights, and watereth with his Chrystal Streams.  
 Frighted with Terrors, while I was with you,  
 Here no such Fears, Plow Furrows on my Brow.  
 Terrors and Fears, pack hence, go take your flight  
 Where Traitors Ghosts, keep an Eternal Night:  
 Temptations must not dare t'assault this place,  
 Where Glory dwells; though oft they weari'd grace  
 Here's a rare Land, thousands of Crowned Kings;  
 An *Heav'nly Host* eternally that sings.  
 A place worth all your pains, but you must fight  
 The fight of Faith, else never see its Light.  
 Pray my dear *Husband*, every Friend, Relation:  
 When they remove, to come to this Plantation;  
 Where is no want, but store of each good thing.  
 The meanest here, no meaner than a King;  
 With truths Divine (*dear Mate*) my Children season  
 When they begin to have the use of Reason.  
 Doctrines of Devils, charge them to avoid,  
 And *Sodom's* sins, wherewith the times are cloy'd,  
 Errors, Lust, Pride, let them have their just doom,  
 And send them packing (*whence they came*) to *Rome*.  
 Could Griefs climb hither, I should grieved be,  
 To see my Friends, grieve and lament for me.  
 I'm out 'the reach of Grief, wrap'd up in bliss;  
 And welcom'd with an Everlasting Kiss.

## POSTSCRIPT.

*May thy sweet Babes, live to th'eternal praise,  
 Of thine and their Creator, all their dayes;  
 Inriched be with Grace, till Grace to Glory  
 Advanced be 'bove starry Heavens Story.  
 Thine and thy dear Relations Friend  
 Till I drop Anchor at Graves end.*

WILLIAM WITHEREL.

[*Pr*]ovince of | *Massachu-* | [*s*]etts-Bay. | [cut of the English royal  
 coat of arms.] | *By the Honorable | The Lieutenant | Governour | And  
 Commander in Chief | In and over His Majesties Province of the |*

*Massachusetts-Bay in New-England, | The Council & Representatives, in | General Court Assembled within the same. | This Court being Affectionately Sensible of the Singular Providence | of God in the Early Discovery of a most horrid & detestable | Conspiracy to Assassinate the Royal Person of our most gracious | Sovereign Lord the King;* [24 further lines of text.] [Boston: Bartholomew Green and John Allen, 1696.] Broadside, 30.8 by 19.7 cm. Left edge frayed, with the loss of a few printed letters.

This broadside proclaims a day of thanksgiving in Massachusetts-Bay after the foiling of a Jacobite conspiracy to assassinate King William. The plot, the most elaborate of several made by disgruntled supporters of James II after his deposition in 1689, sought to kill the Protestant William and return the Catholic James to power. The conspiracy fell victim to an informer, and William announced the discovery of the plan in the House of Lords on February 24, 1695/96. The principal conspirators were swiftly rounded up and more swiftly tried; the ringleaders Robert Charnock, Edward King, and Thomas Keynes were executed March 18, 1695/96.<sup>18</sup>

The present broadside was issued by order of William Stoughton, who served as acting governor of Massachusetts-Bay from the departure of Sir William Phips in 1694 until his death in July 1701, except for the period from May 1699 to July 1700, when Governor Bellomont was in Boston. Proclaimed on May 30, 1696, it refers to the news of the plot as 'intelligences . . . lately arrived' and makes no reference to the trial or execution of the conspirators. June 18, 1696, was proclaimed the day of public thanksgiving.

This is the only known copy of a previously unrecorded broadside.

*Province of the | Massachusetts- | Bay, ss. |* [cut of the English royal coat of arms.] *| By the Honorable, | The Lieutenant Governour, | Council and Assembly. | A Proclamation for a general | Thanksgiving.* / [33 further lines of text.] [Boston: Bartholomew Green and John Allen, 1698.] Broadside, 34.7 by 20.8 cm.

A proclamation by Lieutenant Governor Stoughton, made November 18, 1698, proclaiming December 15 a day of thanksgiving.

<sup>18</sup> Jane Garrett, *The Triumph of Providence, the Assassination Plot, 1696* (Cambridge, Mass., 1980).

Among the mercies of God mentioned are a plentiful harvest, the abatement of a 'contagious mortal Distemper' which threatened during the summer, peace with the Indians of New England, and the triumph of the Protestant cause in England and its colonies. This is the only known copy of a previously unrecorded broadside.

*Province of the | Massachusetts- | Bay in New-England. |* [cut of the English royal coat of arms.] *| By the Honorable, | The Lieut. Governour, | And Commander in Chief, and the Council. | A Proclamation for | a general Fast. |* [30 further lines of text.] [Boston: Bartholomew Green and John Allen, 1698/99.] Broadside, 36 by 22.3 cm. Bottom edge frayed, with the loss of some words of text.

This broadside proclaims a day of fasting and prayer. Issued by William Stoughton on February 16, 1698/99, it sets the day of fasting as March 23 following. Besides general wishes for the health of the people and the king, the prospering of husbandry, and the alleviation of the persecutions of Protestant martyrs, the text asks that the arrival of Governor Bellomont be 'under the Care and Smile of Heaven.' Bellomont had been in New York since April 1698, and did not arrive in Boston until May 1699.

This is the only known copy of this previously unrecorded broadside.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS:  
EARLIEST MEDICAL BROADSIDE

The earliest known medical document published in North America appeared on January 21, 1678(n.s.), in the form of a broadside entitled *A Brief Rule to Guide the Common People of New England How to Order Themselves and Theirs in the Small Pocks, or Measels*. Printed by John Foster at the first Boston press, established some two years earlier, this medical incunabulum must have been literally read to pieces, for it seemed to have survived only in a solitary example. This is carefully treasured by the Massachusetts Historical Society, although photocopies have been made at various times for the benefit of the scholarly community. The recent discovery of a second example of the original printing and its acquisition by the American Antiquarian Society is therefore a matter for rejoicing and warrants a brief discussion of the writer and the importance of his work.

Our author, Thomas Thacher (1620-72), spent his formative years in Salisbury, England, where his father the Reverend Peter Thacher was rector of St. Edmonds. At the early age of fifteen Thomas accompanied his uncle Anthony to the newly founded Massachusetts Bay Colony. Here he continued studies begun in England, including Hebrew and Arabic, under the tutelage of the learned minister-physician the Reverend Charles Chauncy (1592-1672), who had studied medicine during his many years at Cambridge. Chauncy, who became president of Harvard in 1654, taught that there was no firm distinction between physics and theology, and it was in this scientifically oriented milieu that young Thomas must have acquired the lifelong interest in caring for the bodies of his parishioners as well as their souls. Having been ordained at Weymouth at the age of twenty-four, Thacher was called to become minister of the newly established Third Church of Boston (later to become famous as the Old South). A man of unusual versatility and

talent, he later became the author of the first Hebrew lexicon printed in this country, while an unusual dexterity in the mechanical arts made him famous as a maker of clocks. But undoubtedly it was as a practitioner of medicine that Thacher finally found his true vocation. Even Increase Mather in a eulogy agreed that 'the last that I shall mention of the *Excellencies* of this Worthy Man shall be his claim to the Accomplishment of an *Excellent Physician*.'

Of the various infectious disorders with which the settlers of New England were forced to contend, none inspired greater dread than the smallpox. This ancient enemy of mankind, endemic for centuries in the Near East, had first been differentiated from measles (which it vaguely resembled) by Rhazes (860-932), a famous Arabic physician. By the seventeenth century smallpox had become endemic in England, assuming epidemic proportions on numerous occasions. It remained for the famous English clinician Thomas Sydenham (1624-72) to finally separate measles from scarlatina and smallpox, thus defining with utmost accuracy these three common diseases characterized by eruptions of the skin. Nevertheless, as the title of our broadside clearly indicated, Thacher was still sufficiently *retardataire* to relate measles with smallpox, even though his primary source of information was undoubtedly Sydenham's *Methodus Curandi Febres*, published in 1666. In this pioneer work the author considered smallpox to be caused by an 'ebullition' of the blood attempting to rid itself of impurities which were then driven out through the flesh (separation) and finally appeared as pustules on the skin (expulsion). Sydenham vigorously opposed any attempt to force this orderly progression of the disease by the use of heat or cordials, urging the physician not to interfere with the natural course of events. Based on the ancient Greek theory of *vis mediatrix naturae*, this classical approach to a therapeutic nihilism, so utterly opposed to the contemporary tendency to over-medication, was to result in a considerable decrease in mortality and helped to gain for Sydenham the title of 'The English Hippocrates.'



Thacher, who was undoubtedly strongly influenced by this work of Sydenham, follows the master almost slavishly in our broadside, and in fact often quotes verbatim from his book. He also advises a temperate regimen, urging the healer to abjure such strenuous measures as bloodletting or the administration of purges, vomits, or cooling medicines. During the height of the fever he suggests restricting the patient to a semiliquid diet, including 'small beer and toast, water-gruel and water-porridge.' In summer the patient is to rise from his bed as soon as practical in order to avoid overheating of the body. Only when the pustules are beginning to dry up does he recommend the drinking of milk or cordials, both properly 'tinged with a little saffron.'

Calling himself a well-wisher to the sick, Thacher modestly disclaims any attempt to compete with the learned physician, insisting that the information provided is intended only for the benefit of those who find themselves without access to a medical adviser. Published in the midst of a smallpox epidemic then raging and one which, according to the printer John Foster, had already taken the lives of 700 of Boston's 5,000 inhabitants, Thacher's broadside must have been welcomed as eagerly as manna from heaven, forming a source of much-needed information. The best indication of the enduring popularity of the work lies in the fact that the text was to retain preeminence as a standard guide for a full half century, having the distinction of being reprinted unchanged, but now in pamphlet form, first in 1702 and again in 1722. The Reverend Thomas Thacher most certainly deserved to be long and fondly remembered by his countrymen, and we now welcome with pride the addition to the AAS collection of this cornerstone in the history of American medicine.

Morris H. Saffron, M.D.

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