

EMERY
FAMILY
REUNION
SEPT. 14,
1887

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ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

EMERY FAMILY,

IN THE

MEIONAON, TREMONT TEMPLE,

BOSTON, MASS.,

Wednesday, September 14, 1887.

ADDRESS

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REV. SAMUEL HOPKINS EMERY, OF TAUNTON, MASS.,

First President of the Association,

POEM, HYMNS AND OTHER EXERCISES.

PRINTED AT
DAVOL'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
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1888.

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TO THE
Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers,
Sons and Daughters,

OF THE NUMEROUS

EMERY FAMILY,
IN THESE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

LARGELY THE DESCENDANTS OF
JOHN AND ANTHONY EMERY OF
"OULDE NEWBERRIE,"

THIS COMPILATION IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated.



m. b. D. Dec. 8 '07.

ADDRESS.

MEMBERS of the already large and still growing Family of the EMERYS, who have come from far and near, to this FAMILY MEETING,—honored and beloved:

You have already received a hearty welcome from our esteemed President, who speaks in the name and on behalf of us all, but I desire, on my own account, personally, to give expression to the deep interest I take in this Family Gathering. Nothing save this interest would have gained my consent to appear before you on this occasion. Those of you who were present at our last meeting may remember, that it was my proposition, that the Committee of arrangements for this meeting should provide an orator and a poet, from this family, to instruct and entertain us to-day. The chairman of the Committee, our worthy President,—let me bear witness,—has not been negligent or remiss in this matter. He has shown himself well nigh ubiquitous, I do not mean in person but by pen,—hunting as did Diogenes with that famous lamp of his, by day as well as night,—for the man or the woman, bearing the name of Emery, who might speak to us eloquently, charm us by his oratory, or instruct us by his logic and learning. All in vain. The good man came to the conclusion, I hope a wrong one, that the talents of this Family, whether one or

many, were sewed up in napkins, and their light, instead of being on a candle-stick, was hidden under a bushel. Else why did he send me, not many days ago, the following letter :

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1887.

My dear Kinsman :

Yours received. I have thus far been unable to find a poetess or poet. One more thing, that is, the orator. I can not secure one. Is your son, S. H., at home, and will he give us a short oration, historical, philosophical or otherwise? If *he* should not be able to do so, will *you* do it yourself? I do not want to look any longer. Now, please take pity on us, and *one* of you give us a speech.

Yours very truly,

RUFUS EMERY.

Straightway I sat down and replied :

Dear Cousin Rufus :

Be no longer troubled by that difficult question you have had on your mind. Be of good heart, this hot weather. I will see you have an oration and a poem—either separate or combined.

Yours faithfully and forever,

S. H. E.

. So then, having just finished a half century Discourse, which was a review of a ministry in Taunton and elsewhere for that length of time—but which I do not propose giving you—and *not* having finished a thousand and one other things, which come daily along, I sit down to redeem my pledge to “Cousin Rufus” as chairman of the Committee of arrangements. And first, let me read you the reply to a letter sent in the interest of this Committee, to the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, a distinguished member of this Family by marriage.

BANGOR, MAINE, May 11, 1887.

My Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your kind and cordial letter of the 7th inst.

You extend to me an invitation to address the Emery family at their meeting in Sept. next, in Boston, Mass. While personally I would be glad to oblige you and the Emery Association, I feel compelled from my age, to decline, and you must excuse me. At the time named I shall be in my seventy-ninth year.

Yours truly,

H. HAMLIN.

REV. S. H. EMERY,
Taunton, Mass.

I violate no pledge to secrecy by introducing a letter I received from my life-long friend Whittier, to whom I wrote, hoping he might be moved to send us a hymn suggested by the Emery love of the Quakers, in the olden time. He thus writes:

DANVERS, MASS., 1st Mo. 30, 1887.

My dear friend of the old anti-slavery days:

I am very glad to hear from thee, and see that thou art still bravely at work as a Christian and philanthropist. The circle of our old comrades is narrowing fast, and we who remain must soon pass. I had not seen H. B. Stanton for many years. Theo. D. Weld is living; I dined with him and my old friends Sam'l E. Sewall and wife, and Mrs. Harriet Minot Pitman, a few weeks ago. I am now in my 80th year, and feel the burden of age. I cannot write or study much. But I have no cause of complaint. God has been good to me. I quite agree with thy temperance views, and was glad to see Pierpont's noble verses once more. The Lord bless my dear friend! I am very faithfully thine,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I think the noble stand thy ancestors Emerys took in behalf of freedom of worship so long ago should be kept in memory. My ancestor united with them.

J. G. W.

My son, to whom I had written at the President's request, responded as follows :

Please tell Rev. Rufus that I feel greatly flattered by the suggestion of an oration, and don't know any honor I should more gratefully accept, but it is simply impossible. In the first place, it is not at all probable that I can be at the meeting, and then it would be utterly impossible for me to prepare the oration ; I am busy day and night.

Yours,

SAM.

You need no further explanation of my appearance before you—no ampler apology. When a son fails to respond to a father's appeal for help, what is to be done but to take hold and do the best the circumstances permit, especially, as unlike Whittier and Hamlin, altho' older than some of you, we are not yet in our 79th or 80th year.

It may not be uninteresting, as a matter of history, especially to the new-comers, to hear how this Emery meeting, in which we all are becoming so much interested, originated.

In the New England Historical and Genealogical Register and Antiquarian Journal for October, 1869, at the 414th page, will be found an interesting article on Emery or Amory, written by my friend, John Wingate Thornton, now dead. And what has always struck me as a most remarkable circumstance, against the occurrence of which, without any human planning, there must have been millions of chances, the very next article on the 417th page of the same number, is on Philip Welch of Ipswich, Mass, and his descendants—my ancestor on my mother's side. But it is to Mr. Thornton's article on the Emerys I wish to call special attention. He thus writes :

“The name, in its first form, does not seem to have yet accumulated, in any one person or family bearing it, enough

of generous and laudable interest to come up to the level where such studies can be appreciated. But Rome was not built in a day."

And again, at the very close of his article, Friend Thornton gives the Emery Family, to which he was distantly related, another sharp thrust, on this wise :

"Our Anthony Emery was a man of intelligence, energy and deeds. There *ought* to be *men* of the name of a grateful appreciation sufficient to a suitable biographical memorial of the man who planted what they reap."

The rebuke of a friend is healthful and inspiring. Now, altho' I am not a direct descendant of Anthony, I am of his brother John—who was just as good a man—and I confess Thornton's gentle reminder clung to me, especially as he often took occasion in his little office in Boston, to tell me the same thing, and I can hear him now shouting, "Emery, why don't you write a history of the Emerys ; you had such a grand start in this country in Oulde Newberrie ?"

And now you have the secret of how this Emery meeting had its beginning.

In 1879, ten years after this article appeared in the Register, and some years after my good friend Thornton had gone hence, I was moved by some influence, which I believe came from above, to send out circulars asking such as bore the name of Emery, and known to me, to join in calling a Family Meeting in the old town where, in this country, we originated. The result of that appeal is in this package of papers I hold in my hand, a package, you will see, of considerable size, and in this book, where are recorded the names of the attendants on the first meeting.

The letters received from all parts of the country were enthusiastic and encouraging. Some responded that distance and disease might keep them at home, but their hearts would be with us. No one could tell exactly who or how

many would assemble at 9 o'clock, on the morning of Wednesday, the 3d of September, 1879, at the Merrimack House, Newburyport. Those of us who were there, will not be likely to forget what an exciting scene it was, when, for the first time, the Emerys came together. Those who had been in close correspondence over the matter had never met. With what keen, scrutinizing interest we looked into each others' faces! How quick to discover resemblances! What grasping of hands, and what loud, eager talk on the part of men as well as women. We were all members of the Genealogical Committee that day. Nobody failed to find out who his grand-father was, and there were surprising relationships discovered before the sun of that Wednesday went down. It did not take long to decide to organize, not only for that year, but for coming years. The meeting was no longer a doubtful experiment—it was a grand success. We had not been certain we should meet more than once—annual meetings had not been deemed possible. They might be bi-ennial or tri-ennial—but nothing short of annual could satisfy the enthusiastic crowd. We took barges, as they call 'busses that way, and we held memorial services at the spot where the ashes of our honored ancestors repose. There was no stiff formality about our meeting—it was altogether free and easy, and the after dinner speeches were all that could be desired. I remember well the enthusiasm of one most interesting brother from New Hampshire, from Atkinson, I think, who has since passed away. He came the second year—when too sick to be there—but he told us he could not stay away; he must meet the Emerys once more! And who of us can forget the quiet, peaceful, saintly look of the venerable Dr. Samuel M. Emery of Newburyport, who was our first Treasurer, and who invoked God's blessing, when we sat down to our first dinner together? He, too, was summoned home, soon after our second, possibly our third meeting.

What has been the result of these meetings? What good have they done? If nothing more than to have led on to a better acquaintance with the existing, living members of the large Emery Family, this had been enough to compensate for the time and money spent. But this is not all. An enthusiasm,—earnest work in the way of genealogical research,—has been begotten, which, I confess, surprises me. Interested as I am in such matters, I was not prepared to see so much attempted, so much accomplished. If we have been brought nearer to the living, and parts of the family long separated have been re-united in loving kinship and fellowship, the much larger number long dead, whose names even had been well nigh forgotten, have come up before us in revered remembrance. It is a long procession of ancestral worthies, which filial love has summoned to pass in grand review, as if instinct with life, once more on the stage of this world's activities. At the head of the column stand those two robust, stalwart men—John and Anthony Emery—*fratres nobiles et clarissimi*—the parent stock of a prodigious progeny. And lo! these generations of men and women come marching on by hundreds and by thousands, until they seem an almost innumerable company. There is a striking family resemblance among them all. They come from the extreme north and the extreme south—from the Atlantic and the Pacific slope. All the learned professions, as they are called, are represented, all the avocations and pursuits of life. They all answer the roll-call, and all are proud to bear the honored name of Emery—to claim their descent from the best French and British blood, thro' John and Anthony, men, who, like Washington, the father of his country, never told a lie, and who, *unlike some of the fathers and mothers of New England*, instead of persecuting, entertained and sheltered the poor Quakers, who, if anybody ever did, needed a pitying friend.

But I must stay my pen, which runs on at an unsuitable length, and as I speak of pity, must not forget to pity and spare you a longer infliction of my dull prose. Y do not forget my promise to provide a poem, if within the bounds of possibility, for this occasion. It is an axiom in law—*qui facit per alium facit per se*. So then, I have a legal claim to the authorship of the following, although my wife's sister did write it. The good sister, Mrs. Eleanor Sherbourne Deane, insists upon it, she is an Emery by marriage, because I married her sister, 50 years ago the 7th of next March. So as an Emery, she sends in the following, which I delight to read :

As travellers in foreign climes
Seeking for knowledge, pause sometimes

To make review,

And note how those who went before
Laid out the paths they now explore,

And gave the clue

To regions yet unvisited ;

So we, who stand so far ahead,

In thought and deed,

Of all our slow-paced fathers wrought,

Read back, and find how dearly bought

Is this our need

Of honor. Those true men endured

Wandering and exile ; were injured

To loss and shame ;—

Gain for themselves to purchase? Nay!

They tamed the wilds, they fought the way,

In God's high name,

To faith's pure altars, in a land

Where those who fled oppression's hand

Might yet be free.

What wonder, if, from ground thus gained,

We climb to heights they ne'er attained?

Thus should it be.

The Emery race, the Emery name,
 You love it, proudly wear it, claim
 Antiquity,
 And honest worth, and noble truth,
 And gentle piety and ruth
 Their own to be.

How large your numbers, and how grand
 The attitude in which you stand
 In church and state !
 From sea to sea, across the lands
 Planted in families and bands,
 You still grow great.

How vast your wealth ! What spindles turn,
 What forges strike, what engines burn
 At your behest !
 What forces of the earth and air,
 Chained to your car what freightage bear,
 And serve your quest !

You ply all trades ; your name is found
 In city marts, on country ground ;
 The pioneer
 In border-lands, in woods and mines
 Some Emery gone before him finds,
 And feels the cheer.

And by your well-aimed enterprise
 Do peopled villages arise ;
 And with it still
 The love of learning keeps full pace,—
 In colleges an honored place
 Your scholars fill.

Your jurists plead of right the cause,
 Your legislators teach the laws ;
 For human weal
 Your clergy preach, by love made strong ;
 Philanthropists attack all wrong
 With faith and zeal.

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How comes it thus? In records old
Of Newbury town, 't is simply told

How Anthony

And John his brother, carpenters,
By good ship "James," the line avers,
Came over sea.

With sturdy strength their lands they cleared,
Planted their fields, their houses reared;
Just rule they sought.

The general good their noble aim;
Humanity ne'er urged a claim
On them for naught.

(Scorn not the founders of our state,
Though foible mingled with their great
And vigorous sense.

Though, when one sect professing Christ
Their ministers anath'metized,
In self defence

Their laws expelled them, and forbade
All citizens to give them aid,
Or rest afford.

If we may trust what history says,
That quiet sect used sometimes ways
Unlike our Lord.)

So, when, upon a cheerless night,
Two men, two women, in their flight
From place to place,
Driven from their homes, in want of bread,
With not a place to lay their head,
In dire disgrace,—

When these petitioners stood before
John Emery, would he close his door,
And turn away?

Not thus he read his Lord's command,—
He took each outlaw by the hand,
And bade them stay.



'Twas not in ignorance he gave
 The covert of his roof to save
 The shelterless.
 They might be charged with crime, or proved
 Wrong-doers ; still his soul was moved
 By their distress.

Was not he, too, a sinner, whom
 Grace only saved from hopeless doom?
 And should not he,
 Forgiven so much by Jesus' love,
 Rise selfish policy above,
 And patient be,

When called to suffer for such cause?
 He took no stand against the laws,
 He paid the cost ;
 And conscious joy and inward peace,
 And blessing of the poor were his.—
 'Twas gain, not loss.

Anthony, too, not John alone,
 Suffered for deeds of mercy done ;
 And, in good part,
 Bore censure, paid the penalty,
 Some Scripture texts for such as he
 Laying to heart.

True sons of some true sire, whose name,
 Though found not on the lists of fame,
 Is writ above.

Their joys self-seekers never taste,
 Treasures like theirs no rust can waste,—
 Their name is *Love*.

Such was the spirit of your race ;
 Hearts shrine them, and their virtues trace
 With honest pride.

Such deeds adorn th' historic page ;
 Their fragrance lives from age to age,
 Will aye abide.

These two were of no stock unknown ;
 Their ancestors the Conqueror's throne
 Helped to attain.

Bold barons of the Norman Duke,
 For loyalty they France forsook
 And joined his train.

Later, when Europe's nations lay
 In gloom shot with faint gleams of day,
 When crime was rife ;
 When superstition held enchained
 Men's minds, and brutish passions reigned
 In human life,—

In Palestine, where once had walked
 The Prince of Peace, the Moslem stalked,
 Beneath whose sway
 Pilgrims from western lands, who came
 To worship in their Saviour's name,
 Were driven away

With wounds and insults from the shrine
 Made sacred when the Christ divine,
 The crucified,
 Left there His body to repose
 Till that great morn when He arose
 As He had died.

The age was dark. The nations rose,
 With battle-axes, swords and bows
 Armed Europe's throngs.

They marched with slaughter through the lands,—
 They died by scores 'mong desert sands,—
 T' avenge such wrongs.

(Whatever sordid ends were sought ;
 Whatever barbarous acts were wrought ;
 What horrid crime ;—

Some souls sincere with love were fired
 With fervent piety inspired,
 And faith sublime.

This the true army of the cross.—
 They sought not gain, they shunned not loss,
 Nor held life dear.
 Honored by millions yet to be,—
 The whole world's—"Flower of Chivalrie"—
 Our hearts reverse.)

From France some heroes of your name
 Assumed the cross. Historic fame
 Records them true.
 Three in Jerusalem were throned ;
 A fourth was king in Cyprus owned,
 And Patriarch, too.

Yet further, we are called to note
 What, late, an antiquarian wrote,
 Nor fails to prove ;
 For your ancestral, honored name
 He makes in soberness a claim
 Your pride may move.

That name has changed as ages roll—
 And that which now you Emery call,
 Or Amory,
 Is, Latinized, "Americus,"
 In Doomsday Book 't is almost thus,
 As you may see.

In Italy "Americo"
 Expresses it ; and well we know
 'T was borne, men say,
 By an adventurer brave, the same
 Who gave our continent the name
 It wears to-day.

Illustrious name ! Illustrious race !
 The nations have no grander place
 Than you may reach.
 Your honors will be nobly won
 While men like Anthony and John
 Like lessons teach.

The following notice of the Emery re-union in 1887, appeared in the *Boston Post*, Thursday morning, Sept. 15 :

Nearly two hundred members of the Emery family assembled at the annual re-union at the Meionaon yesterday. The meeting was called to order at 11.30 by Rev. Rufus Emery of Newburgh, N. Y. Rev. Charles M. Emery of Portland, Me., offered prayer. A hymn, written for the occasion by Miss Mabel S. Emery, of Lynn, was then sung. The annual address was delivered by Rev. Samuel Hopkins Emery, of Taunton, who spoke of the family's early history and read letters from J. G. Whittier and Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, connections of the family, and also a poem by Mrs. Eleanor Sherbourne Dean of Taunton.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year :

President, Rev. Rufus Emery, Newburgh, N. Y.

Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas J. Emery, Esq., Boston.

Vice Presidents, Hon. George H. Emery, ex-Governor of Utah, now of Marshfield, Mass. ; Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Bangor, Me. ; Samuel H. Emery, Jr., Esq., Quincy, Illinois ; Hon. C. F. Emery, Ohio ; Rev. S. Hopkins Emery, Taunton, Mass. ; Hon. Matthew G. Emery, Washington, D. C. ; Rev. E. J. Emery, Greenville, N. H. ; Hon. John C. Emery, Montpelier, Vt. ; Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., Bradford, Penn.

Executive Committee, William H. Emery, Francis F. Emery, Hiram Emery, John S. Emery, Emery Cleaves, all of Boston, and Hon. Mark P. Emery, Portland, Me.

Genealogical Committee, Rev. Rufus Emery, Newburgh, N. Y. ; Thomas J. Emery, John S. Emery, both of Boston ; Edwin Emery, New Bedford ; Rev. George F. Clark, Hubbardston, Mass. ; Rev. E. J. Emery, Greenville, N. H. ; and Charles Woodman Emery, Canterbury, N. H.

It was voted to hold the next annual meeting in Boston. A hymn written by Miss Anu D. Reed, of Taunton, was sung. At 2 o'clock one hundred and nine members of the family sat down to dinner in a room adjoining. After dinner, they again repaired to the main hall. Rev. Rufus Emery sketched the family history, and Rev. S. H. Emery

called for those who had been present at all the re-unions. Six hands were raised. Short addresses were made by Rev. G. F. Clark of Hubbardston, Rev. Dr. Cook of Newton, George H. Emery of Marshfield, Rev. E. J. Emery of Greenville, N. H., and Mr. Sumner Emery of Toledo, Ohio.

The meeting then adjourned.

The following hymns, referred to in the above notice, were sung with spirit by the family :

HYMN BY MISS MABEL S. EMERY, OF LYNN, MASS.

Tune—Federal Street.

O Father of the sons of men,
Whose wisdom kind controls our birth,
Thy children seek with reverent hearts
To do Thine opening will on earth—

To see the beauty strewn so wide,
To learn the truth and work the right;
To lose despair in loyal hope,
And flood the world's dark ways with light.

Our hearts with faithful love inspire
For brothers toiling on their way—
Be strong our sense of human ties,
Be real our kinship when we pray.

O Father of the sons of men,
Where'er thy children's feet may roam,
Thy spirit makes our spirits one,
Thine arms enclose our farthest home.

HYMN BY MISS ANN D. REED, OF TAUNTON, MASS.

Tune—America.

Our country, not to thee,
Land of the brave and free,
To-day we sing.
But name of Emery,
Name of this family,
Of John and Anthony,
Let praises ring.

Where men with clashing blades
Fought in the old crusades
Were Emerys found.
The blood flowed from their veins,
Dyeing those burning plains
Freely as autumn rains
On thirsty ground.

And when oppression sore
Drove from their native shore
The nobly free,
They loved but left the land
To join the Pilgrim band
And with them boldly stand
For liberty.

Their deeds are known to fame,
No blot is on their name
Or memory.
So we will keep from blight
By acts that bear the light,
The name forever bright
Of Emery.

John Wingate Thornton, Esq., of Boston, in an article in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, October, 1869, p. 416, thus writes :

Lower's *Dictionary of Family Names*, 1860, gives the following derivation :

"Amory, Amery. From the personal name Emeric or Americus, equivalent to the Italian Amerigo, latinized Americus, whence the name of the great western continent. It seems to have undergone the following changes : Emeric, Emery, Amery, Amory, Ammory, and in Domesday, Haimericus. It is asserted, however, that "the family of D'Amery came to England with the conqueror from Tours."

Edwards, in his *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, 1868, pages 3-5, quotes a letter from John Hooker to Sir Walter :— "Your ancestor, Sir John de Raleigh, married the daughter of D'Amérie, D'Amérie of Clare, Clare of King Edward the First ; which Clare, by his father, descended of King Henry the First. In like manner by your mother [Champernoon, who was also mother to Sir Humphrey Gylbert] you may be derived out of the same house."

In a volume of French history, it is said that when Napoleon had resolved to negotiate "avec Rome pour rétablir l'ancien culte," his first advances were "sous la direction religieuse du respectable abbé EMERY, supérieur général de Saint-Sulpice." This was in 1803. Thus we find the name Emery in France in our day the exact equivalent—*idem sonans*—of Amory in England and New England, and a demonstration of their identity, varied in accent or sound, and in the initial letter, as the family happens to be Gallican or Anglican, north or south of the British channel.

