

**A DISCOURSE DELIVERED ONE
HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS
AGO, PP. 5-30; A PARENTS
ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN**

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A Discourse Delivered One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago, pp. 5-30; A parents Advice to his Children by George Weekes

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GEORGE WEEKES

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DISCOURSE

DELIVERED

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One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago.

By GEORGE WEEKES,
OF HARWICH, MASS.

WITH A PREFACE BY SIDNEY BROOKS,
A DESCENDANT.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.
1876.

P R E F A C E.

THE wonderful escape of EBENEZER TAYLOR, of Yarmouth, who was buried up for ten or twelve hours in a deep well, and afterwards dug out alive; and the preaching of a sermon on the occasion, by GEORGE WEEKES, of Harwich, my mother's ancestor, — was one of the many stories that she used to relate to her children.

The event occurred, August 6, 1726. The discourse was prepared soon after the rescue of Mr. Taylor, and appears to have been delivered with all the ceremony of a funeral sermon; Mr. Taylor himself, his wife, and his children being separately addressed.

The only copy known to be extant was in possession of the late Amos Otis, Esq., and was found among the historical documents and other papers — printed and manuscript —

left in his donation to the Yarmouth Library; and was obtained by the writer through the courtesy of the Committee. It is covered with coarse woolen cloth, much moth-eaten; very much worn, but well preserved for a book one hundred and fifty years old. Appended to the discourse is a treatise on FASHION, addressed to his son; making in all a book or pamphlet of fifty printed pages.

Since the writing of this Preface, another copy has been found, in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Library, from which we have been permitted to supply the title-page and other portions torn away from the other copy.

It is hoped that in the next Centennial year of our Independence, A.D. 1976, some other descendant of George Weeks, if existing here, will again perpetuate this heirloom, if necessary, by another reprint.

GEORGE WEEKES

was great-grandson of George Weekes, one of the one hundred "godly people" who came

from England in a ship with Rev. Richard Mather, in 1635, and settled in Dorchester, Mass.; having married, in England, Jane Clapp, sister of Capt. Roger Clapp, and having with him his little son, Ammiel, two years old.

The son, Ammiel, is mentioned in the history of Dorchester, in 1673, as one of the constables of the town. He had sons, Ammiel, Ebenezer, and Joseph; and daughters, Thankful and Elizabeth.

Ammiel Weekes, Jr., married Abigail Prescott, daughter of William Prescott; and had a son, Ammiel, a daughter, Abigail, and another son, George, who came to Cape Cod, and was known as a preacher to the Indians. He removed his relation from the Old South Church in Boston in the year 1720, and joined the church in Harwich, North Side, now Brewster, then under the care of Rev. Nathaniel Stone. He married Deborah Wing, and afterwards lived on the south side of the town.

It is the glory of Cape Cod that the early settlers lived in peace with the Indians; and,

so far from waging with them a war of extermination, made early efforts for their conversion to Christianity. Cotemporary with Eliot, who had at Natick and Nonantum, his eleven hundred praying Indians; and the Mayhews, who at Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, numbered their fifteen hundred; and Richard Bourne, who commenced the work on the main-land of the Cape; and Robert Treat, who gathered his flock of five hundred at Nauset and the lower towns,—were other good men who bore a part in these labors, whose names do not appear on the pages of history; who, perhaps, engaged in it as a private enterprise. Among these was George Weekes. He was not liberally educated, but well read in the theological books of his day, as the large folios of his, now in the hands of his descendants, will show. He probably pursued the vocation of a farmer while he instructed his red brethren, who yet lingered in considerable numbers in the town. The Indian meeting-house stood near the Long Pond. Here he taught his dusky congregation how to worship aright the Great

Spirit, whom they already worshipped according to the dim light of Nature.

It was a strange Providence that scattered this flock sooner than the gradual melting away of the race would have diminished it. The shepherd himself was smitten. The last end of the good man is generally peaceful, and he comes to his grave "like a shock of corn fully ripe." But again he is brought to grief in old age, and his sun is obscured before it sets, and goes down in clouds and darkness and tempest. No one knows the exact cause of the grief that oppressed him and ended in lunacy. He received an admonition from Mr. Stone for preaching to a part of his congregation in private houses. The document, now in my possession, contains Scripture references to the effect that laymen should not preach. The "unkindest cut of all" is a quotation from Chronicles, signifying that one of the kings of Israel "made priests of the lowest of the people." That a work now so prized by the churches, namely, lay-preaching and mission-chapels, should be condemned as hostile to the spirit of the gospel,

which was with him "as fire shut up in his bones," was, perhaps, a sufficient cause for the beclouding of his mind.

HIS DEATH.

My mother's story concluded thus: —

"In his wanderings from place to place, he returned home only at nightfall, or at the call of hunger or fatigue. On one of those winter days when the sun grows dim soon after noon-time, and the short day is made shorter by thickening clouds, he had travelled very far from home before he began to retrace his steps. A rising east wind drives the snow-flakes full in his face, and the storm and darkness gather upon him when he is yet far from the fireside and waiting-board of the relative who looked after him.

"The deep hollow south-west from the meeting-house, where the school-boys play ball in winter and hunt for birds'-nests and squirrels, in the surrounding pines and ground-oaks, in summer, was once a dismal-looking place. None liked to pass through it alone after