

**A SERMON DELIVERED AT LEE,  
DECEMBER 22D, 1820: BEING THE  
TWO HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE LANDING OF OUR  
ANCESTORS AT PLYMOUTH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649244881

A Sermon Delivered at Lee, December 22d, 1820: Being the Two Hundreth Anniversary of the Landing of our ancestors at plymouth by Alvan Hyde

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ALVAN HYDE**

**A SERMON DELIVERED AT LEE,  
DECEMBER 22D, 1820: BEING THE  
TWO HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE LANDING OF OUR  
ANCESTORS AT PLYMOUTH**



A  
**SERMON**

DELIVERED

AT

Lee, December 22nd, 1820 ;

*BELONG THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE LANDING OF OUR ANCESTORS  
AT PLYMOUTH.*

—  —  
BY ALVAN HYDE, D. D.

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN LEE, MASS.

—  —

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

---

*STOCKBRIDGE;*

PRINTED BY CHARLES WEBSTER.

— 3 —

1821.

## SERMON.

---

### PSALM XLIV. 1. 2. 3.

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out. For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto them.

REVOLVING time, whose progress no created arm can arrest nor retard, has brought us, protected by a merciful providence, to witness, this day, the completion of two hundred years, since the landing of our forefathers, at Plymouth. We have reached a period, which must excite a deep and lively interest in every reflecting mind, and which will be distinctly marked by the future historians of this country. A similar occasion has not occurred, within the recollection of the oldest person present, and will not again occur, until long after every individual, in this assembly, shall be numbered with the great congregation of the dead. Of all the children, which shall be born, within twenty years to come, few indeed will see the completion of another century. The occasion is a memorable one. Both reason and religion dictate, that we with our families appear, this day, before the Lord to refresh our minds with the wonderful works which he wrought, in planting our fathers in this land, and to erect a monument of praise to his great name.

The words which have been selected, as the foundation of a discourse, seemingly could not have describ-

ed the case of the pilgrims more perfectly, nor have been more appropriate to the present interesting occasion, if they had been dictated by the Holy Spirit for no other purpose. "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out. For they got not the land in possession, by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto them." The writer of this Psalm, who was David or some other prophet, recollecting the instances of divine goodness and divine interposition, experienced by his fathers before him, and continued to his day, and the rich blessings and privileges, which Israel, as a people, enjoyed;—privileges, which pre-eminently distinguished them from surrounding nations, was led devoutly to make the acknowledgment in the text. It was the practice of the pious leaders in Israel to record all instances of special divine interposition, that the knowledge of them might be transmitted to succeeding generations to encourage their hope in the mercy and protection of the God of their fathers.

If any portion of people, on the earth, are under obligations to acknowledge that God has been favourable to them, and to their fathers before them, it is the people of New-England, the descendants of those pious pilgrims, who subjected themselves to all the dangers of the ocean, and the privations of a howling wilderness, to find a peaceful asylum in this new world. With a hope, my brethren, of awakening in our own breasts, and in the breasts of our children, the heaven-born feeling of pious gratitude, let us devoutly consider what works the Lord wrought in the days of our fathers, and mark some of the prominent instances of divine goodness to the people in this land. This is the appropriate business of this centurial celebration

they gave up themselves, *first unto God, and then to one another*, and solemnly engaged to maintain the worship of our Lord Jesus Christ, free from human inventions. Viewing the Act of Uniformity, passed by the first Parliament under queen Elizabeth, which was rigorously enforced, as destroying all their religious freedom, they conscientiously refused to conform. With the doctrines of faith, contained in the thirty-nine Articles, they fully accorded, but they considered the modes and forms of religious worship, imposed upon them by authority, as unscriptural. They not only separated themselves from the church of England, but they voluntarily embraced a banishment into Holland. After residing a short time at Amsterdam, to which place they first removed, they finally settled in the city of Leyden. This was about seven years from the time they entered into covenant with one another in England. "In that city," says Dr. Cotton Mather, "this people sojourned, an holy church of the blessed Jesus, for several years, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Robinson, who had for his help in the government of the church, a most wise, grave, good man, Mr. William Brewster, the ruling Elder." But it was not the will of the Head of the church, that this should be the place of their final residence. On witnessing the profanity of their neighbours, and their habitual violations of the sabbath, their minds were soon filled with deep concern for their posterity. It was with pain, that some of these pilgrims saw their sons, with a view of obtaining a livelihood, enter the Dutch armies and navy.

After much consultation, fasting and prayer, they resolved, if God should prosper them, and, in his providence open a way, to remove to America, having heard many favourable reports of this western world. This church had considerably increased, at Leyden, and contained three hundred communicants. It was resolved, that only a part of the church, consisting of younger members of the most vigorous con-



stitution, should first embark for America, and that the pastor should abide with the others, for a season, with the full expectation of following them, as soon as divine providence should render their removal expedient.

Having made the best arrangements they could, under their circumstances, and hired two ships, one called, *The Speed-well*, the other, *The May-Flower*, they once more solemnly set apart a day for fasting and prayer. On that occasion, Mr. Robinson preached from Ezra 8th, 21st.—*Then I proclaimed a fast there at the river Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance.* They now took their leave of the pleasant city, where they had been pilgrims and strangers for eleven years. Accompanied by their affectionate friends, they came to the sea-side, where they were to embark. Here, a scene opened, which no language can describe;—a scene, which even the Dutch spectators, standing on the shore, could not witness without being drowned in tears. Here, their beloved pastor, on his knees, poured out their mutual petitions unto God; and here, the pilgrims endeared to each other, by the strongest ties, wept in each others arms, until the wind and tide called them to bid adieu. This was on the 2nd day of July 1620.

On the 5th of August, they sailed from Southampton in England; but on account of unfavourable weather, and the unsafe condition of one of their vessels, they were obliged twice to put back, before they came to the *Land's End*. They were, at length compelled to dismiss the poorer vessel from their service, and then as many as could be accommodated, entered on board the other ship, the *May Flower*, and took their final departure from the land of their fathers, on the 6th day of September. One hundred and one persons of the adventurers embarked. Their voyage was tedious and perilous, but protected by the almighty

arm of Him, who controls the proud waves of the sea, and guides the storm, on the 10th of November following they fell in with the land, at *Cape Cod*, and going on shore, they took the humble posture of suppliants, and devoutly offered thanks to God for their preservation.

Their design was to have planted themselves near the mouth of Hudson's river; but their neighbours in Holland, having their eyes on that part of the country for a plantation, had influenced the master of the vessel to transport them to a different place. God, who is wonderful in counsel, over-ruled for their good what they considered, at first, as a great disappointment. The Indians, on the borders of Hudson's river, were, at that time, numerous and powerful, and had this feeble band of christians landed there, as they intended, they might all have been massacred. In the region of country where they arrived, there had just before been a sweeping mortality among the natives. It is supposed that nine tenths of them had been cut off, by a kind of plague. The first planters found vast numbers of their unburied carcasses, wherever they went. "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them, how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out."

While in the harbor of the Cape, our forefathers signed an instrument, as a foundation of their civil government, and chose Mr. John Carver, a pious and prudent man, to be their governor. Having spent a number of weeks, in exploring the inhospitable coast to which they had come, with a view to find the most eligible place for settlement, they at length, after many toils and perils, landed on the 22nd of December 1620. This day completes two centuries, since that interesting event. Recollecting that Plymouth was the last

place from which they sailed in England, they agreed to call their new settlement by the same name.

Who can think of the many trials, privations and sufferings of these our fathers, without sighing, and shedding the tear of pity! They landed in the midst of winter;—they were without shelter, and were subjected to incessant labour and hardship to prevent their immediately perishing with the cold. They were frail creatures, composed of flesh and blood, like other men, and could not sustain these hardships without injury. A general and very mortal sickness soon began among them, which, in two or three months, swept off about one half of their company. Of this small number, sometimes *two* and even *three* died in a day. They were not only destitute of comfortable accommodations to meet such scenes of distress, but very few of them were well at a time to take care of the sick. The most credible historians affirm, that they were four years, in this wilderness, without any domestic cattle for milk or labour. In repeated instances, under all their toils and fatigues, they supported life, for days and weeks together, without bread, feeding upon the wild nuts of the woods, and shell-fish. No such affecting narrative could be heard from those, who have lately emigrated from us to our western new settlements, nor from those who have gone to seek the spiritual welfare of the long neglected natives of the wilderness. But our pious fathers, being fully persuaded that they were pilgrims and strangers on the earth, did not murmur, nor lose their relish for the service of God. It was afterwards supposed by those, who seriously reflected on the providence of God, in the unusual mortality which has been noticed, that if so *many* of them had not been taken to a better world, a *famine* would probably have destroyed them all, before the arrival of their expected supplies from England.

On the 10th of November 1621, just one year from the time the first company reached the *Cape*, about