

**EARLY RECOLLECTIONS
OF NEWPORT, R. I.: FROM
THE YEAR 1793 TO 1811**

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Early Recollections of Newport, R. I.: From the Year 1793 to 1811 by George G. Channing

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GEORGE G. CHANNING

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OF NEWPORT, R. I.: FROM
THE YEAR 1793 TO 1811**

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EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

OF

NEWPORT, R. I.,

FROM THE YEAR 1788 TO 1811.

BY

GEORGE G. CHANNING.

NEWPORT, R. I.:

A. J. WARD; CHARLES E. HAMMETT, JR.

BOSTON, MASS.: NICHOLS AND NOYES.

1868.

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EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

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LULLED in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and, lo, what myriads rise !
Each stamps its image as the other flies.
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades ; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene, —
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green.
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and, lo ! they live,
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm,
Thee would the Muse invoke : to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals !

The Pleasures of Memory.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE not stretched this "simple story" of Newport life, manners, and customs to the length which it might have reached, if I had chosen; because I felt that ample justice to my subject could be done within narrower limits, and that a less pretentious volume might attain a more extensive circulation, and so prove more useful to my native town, not merely now, but in years to come.

Had Newport remained stationary as when I left it sixty years ago, I might never have thought of reviving in order the events, &c., which are herein described: but it having become literally a watering-place, viz. a summer residence for fashionables, it occurred to me, that I might profitably unlock the storehouse of memory, and give such a familiar narrative of "olden time" as would prove acceptable in old *homesteads* and to new-comers; and I now sub-