

1741. Captain William Chandler.

Captain William Chandler (d. 1754) was an inhabitant of Woodstock, of Killingly, and of Thompson, Connecticut, a surveyor, and a justice of the peace. He was the father of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Bradbury Chandler, the well-known Episcopalian and Tory controversialist, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, bishop-designate of Nova Scotia. Captain Chandler's effusion is here copied from a rare broadside in the possession of the Rhode Island Historical Society, entitled "A Journal of a Survey of Narragansett Bay, made in May and June, 1741, by Order of Royal Commissioners, by One of the Surveyors." It has been reprinted in the *Narragansett Historical Register*, IV. 1.

*These Lines below, describe a just Survey
Of all the Coasts, along the 'Gansett Bay ;
Therefore attend, and quickly you shall know
Where it begins, and how far it doth go.
From Pawcatuck, we steer'd our Course away,
And to Watch Hill we went without delay ;
Which gave a Prospect of the Neighboring Shore
And distant Isles, where foaming billows roar.
Here Fisher's Isle appears, and looks just by
And Montauk Point we plainly could descry ;
Block Island also near us did appear,
We took our Course, and how each Place did bear.
From hence our Course did lead us on the Sands.
The utmost Bounds the Billows here Commands,
Whose raging Waves caress the Beach and Shore
With endless Motion and a murmuring Roar :*

Then passing o'er the Breaches in our way
 Made by the Surges of the raging Sea.
 Where in the Land Calm Ponds we here espy'd
 Which rise and fall exactly with the Tide.
 Within these Ponds are Fish of various Kind,
 Which much delight and please both Taste and Mind.
 And many Fowls the Industrious Archer gains,
 Which amply doth Reward his Time and Pains,
 (Here in a Pond, our Caution to oppose
 A Horse did launch and wet his Owners Cloaths
 The frightened jade soon tacked himself about
 Which made us laugh as soon as he came out.)
 Then round *Point Judith* which was in our way
 The Courses there, and Length we did Survey,
 Then *Boston Neck* along that pleasant Shore
 We next survey'd, and found how each part bore ;
 (*Connanicutt* we also viewed full well,
 And other Parts too tedious here to tell.)
 Went on this shore, round points of Lands and Coves
 Thro' various Fields and most delightful Groves,
 From hence along unto *North Kingston* shore
 Crossing the Meads, which Verdant Greens now wore.
 And then for *Greenwich* next, we shap'd our way,
 (Passing more Islands which lie in the Bay,
 As *Hope* and *Prudence* that most pleasant Isle
 And *Patience* also, a most fruitful Soil.)
 Crossing a Harbour, we came to the Town
 Which seems to be a Place of great Renown,
 For Liberty of Conscience they take
 Here's Church and Baptist, also those that Quake.
 From hence we went along with our Survey
 By various Turns and came to *Warwick* Bay
 And in that Town did of their Dainties eat
 And in soft slumbers pass'd the Night with Sleep.
 Here neighbouring Orchards in their verdant Blooms
 The gentle Air sweetens with their Perfumes ;

Which pleasing Prospect did attract our sight
 And charm'd our Sense of smelling with Delight.
 From hence we went on our Survey again
 By fertile Meads which join the wat'ry Main.
 Turning more Points, and passing on our way
 Came to a Place on which a Dead Man lay,
 A dreadful sight it was, our Blood run chill
 It damp't our joys and made our Spirits thrill,
 Ah! what is Man? when he by Nature's Laws
 Is fallen a Prey to Death's relentless Paws
 But vanity? His mortal Part I mean
 But stop my Muse and quit this mournful Theme.
 From hence by Fields, and now and then a Ridge
 We came at length unto *Pawtuxett* Bridge,
 The Southern Bounds which Providence does claim
 And does divide fine *Warwick* from the same.
 Passing along still by the flowing Tide
 The famous town of *Providence* we spy'd,
 To which we came, viewing how Nature made
 (With Art allied) this for a Place of Trade.
 This Pleasant Town does border on the Flood
 Here's neighbouring Orchards, & more back the Wood,
 Here's full supply to chear our hungry Souls
Sr. Richard (strong) as well as Wine in Bowls.
 Here Men may soon any Religion find
 Which quickly brought brave Holland to my Mind.
 For here like them, one with the greatest ease
 May suit himself, or quit all if He please.
 Our haste in Business call'd us from this Town
 By *Seaconk* shore, away to *Barrington*
 Passing that Ferry, something did accrue
 Which the next Lines, shall give unto your view,
 Here jumping out our Horses from the Boat
 One blundering sprang which rais'd up each Man's note
 And tumbling o'er the Horse fell on his Back
 Into the Deep and wet his Master's Pack.

For Bristol Town we shap'd our Course away
 And *Poppassquash* we quickly did survey,
 But on this shore we turn'd a while to rove,
 And went to *Vial's* and walk'd thro' his Grove.
 This charming Place was neat and clean, a Breeze
 Attend the shade made by black cherry Trees,
 On either side a Row of large extent
 And nicely shading every step We went :
 Methinks young Lovers here with open Arms
 Need no young Cupids to inspire their Charms,
 For what can raise the Nymphs or Swains to love
 In sweet Caresses, sooner than this Grove.
 From hence (with Air) we pass thro' *Bristol* streets
 Where Generous Hearts did give their liberal Treats,
 Yet soon we found one of another Mould
 For here a Crabbed jade did at us Scold,
 Her grevel'd Notes yet made some of us smile
 Whose impeous Talk was near to *Prattle Isle*,
 Which Place we named to memorise this Scold
 And for her sake this story I have told.
 Now next we took our Course to *Castle Isle*
 And pass'd away soon from this pleasant Soil
 Finding exactly how *Hog-Island* bore
 With Course and Distance to *Aquetnett* shore.
 Mount Hope from hence we plainly now espy'd
 Which was hard by, or near the flowing Tide,
 To which we came taking the Courses here
 To neighbouring shores, and Islands that are near.
 Turning aside we saw the Royal Spring
 Which once belong'd unto an Indian King,
 To cheer our Hearts we drank the cooling stream
 In memory of *Philip* and his Queen.
 Next we ascended *Philip's* Royal Seat
 Where he was slain, and all his Armies beat
 We saw the Place where quartered he did hang,
 Where joyful notes of Praise those Victors sang.

Upon this Mount the wandering Eye may gaze
 On distant Floods, as well as neighbouring Bays
 Where with one Glance appears Ten Thousand charms
 With fruitful Islands, and most fertile Farms.
 Now from this Mount we went (like Men well skill'd)
 By Flocks and Herds which verdant Pastures fill'd,
 Unto *Assont* took the Distance here
 And turn'd about new Courses now to steer.
 From hence we went by various Towns in haste,
 And by *Rhode-Island* shore we also past
 Where every Turn and Cove We noted down
 Shaping our Courses unto *Seconet* Town,
 When we came near that pleasant place and soil
 I heard a story which will make you smile.
 A worthy Friend who lately had great Losses
 Amongst his stock, but chiefly in his Horses,
 By evil Men, who haunts his Fields by night
 When he's from home and kills them out of spight,
 This Friend relates (whose Daughter was before me)
 With chearful Air the following Famous Story :
 " One Evening clear (said he) she took up Arms
 " Laying aside a while her Virgin Charms.
 " And walk'd abroad some of my Fields to view,
 " The Flocks and Herds, to see what would ensue
 " Then instantly with Courage being inspir'd
 " She at an Armed Rogue her Pistol fir'd
 " Crying aloud you Wretch begone from hence,
 " Or stand and fight me in your own Defence.
 " But guilty Creature, he took to his Heels
 " And left this Maiden in the Conquer'd Fields
 " Who joy'd awhile for this brave Action done,
 " And then return'd unto her Peaceful Home."
 From hence we passed along *Seconet* Shore,
 Unto its Point where Dreadful Billows roar,
 Whose rolling Waves come tumbling from the main
 And kiss the Shore and then retire again.

Here may the Eye survey the tossing Sea
 And sport the sight with Ships that sailing be
 Upon this Coast, which come from distant Lands ;
 And then may turn and view the Beach and Sands,
 True Gratitude forbids I should be mute,
 Where Generous Souls, our Spirits do Recruit.
 Now sure, this Town deserves our best of Praise,
 Since none more strived our Spirits soon to raise.
 But stop my Muse, let's haste on our Survey
 And stretch our coast along the Eastward Bay.
 So then from thence we measur'd by the Sands
 An Eastward Course along those Pleasant Lands,
 And came to *Dartmouth* a most liberal Town
 Whose liquid Treats their generous Actions crown,
 Here is the place where we did end our Works
 Here we left off, (and did it with a jirk)
 And then retir'd our Field Book for to scan,
 And of this large Survey to make a Plan.

W. C.

1741. Rev. John Checkley.

The Rev. John Checkley (1680–1754), born in Boston, and celebrated for his violent controversies with the Congregational clergy of that town and his persecution, or at least prosecution, on that account, was from 1739 rector of King's Church, in Providence, now St. John's. He had travelled extensively in Europe, and was fond of collecting paintings, rare books and manuscripts. He is spoken of by writers in the early part of the present century as one of the wits of his time, and his bon-mots and witticisms were cur-