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A Memorial of

CAROLINE HASKELL INGERSOLL.

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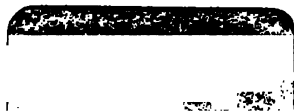


Harvard College Library

FROM

George S. Hale,
of Boston.

2 May, 1894.



For the
Harvard College Library,
From Geo. S. Hear



A MEMORIAL
OF
CAROLINE HASKELL INGERSOLL.







©

A MEMORIAL

OF

CAROLINE HASKELL INGERSOLL.

WITH

SOME NOTICES OF HER FAMILY, AND OF HER
GIFTS TO THE CITY OF KEENE.

AND

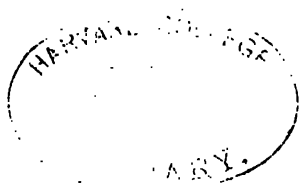
A POEM

By REV. DR. GEORGE G. ^{*Ingalls*}INGERSOLL.

CAMBRIDGE:
JOHN WILSON AND SON.
University Press.

1894.

~~17356.6~~
MS 11979.2



Geo. S. Hoar,
Boston.

*I*T seems fitting that some Memorial should accompany the valuable collection of relics given to the City of Keene by the last surviving member of a family so long associated with its social history; and to that end, with the aid and counsel of many interested friends, the following Sketch has been prepared.

M. B. D.

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MEMORIAL.

ON the fly leaf of a small note-book, worn and yellow with age, these records are inscribed in faded ink:—

“George Ingersoll married to Martha Goldthwait by Doc^r Peter Thacher the 29th Sep^r 1795. — their son, George Goldthwait Ingersoll, born y^e 4th July 1796 at 40 minutes past 6, morn’g. Baptised at the Church in Brattle Street by the rev^d Doc^r P. Thacher the 21st Aug^t following. Second child, call^d Caroline Haskell, born tuesday morn^g, Dec. 5th, 1797 about seven o’th clock. Baptised by the rev^d James Freeman, 24th June 1798 at West Point. Third child, born 5th May 1799 between 3 & 4 o’clock in the morning . . . call^d by the name of Maria.

George born on Monday.
Caroline on Tuesday
Mary on Sunday.”

Major GEORGE INGERSOLL, in the course of a chance visit to Keene, took a fancy to a fine house at “Ash Swamp,” which he afterwards purchased. To this house, which is mentioned in Madam Ingersoll’s

diary as "Whitebrook," and which still stands, almost unchanged, at the junction of the Chesterfield and Westmoreland roads, he removed with his family in May, 1805. He was, however, permitted but a brief enjoyment of his new possessions, for he died, after a short illness, on July 16th of the same year.

Major Ingersoll is believed to have traced his descent from Richard Ingersoll, who emigrated from Bedfordshire in England in the year 1629 and settled in Salem, Massachusetts. The parents of George Ingersoll were Daniel and Bethia Haskell Ingersoll, and he was born, probably in Boston, on the 2d of April, 1754. He enlisted in the Continental army, and served with honor in the war of the Revolution, entering as a private in Gridley's Regiment of Massachusetts Artillery, and passing through different grades of service until he resigned his commission as Major in 1804. He was one of the original members of the distinguished Society of the Cincinnati, the beautiful medal of which was highly prized by his granddaughter, and regarded by her as the most valuable relic in her collection.

MARTHA GOLDTHWAIT, the wife of Major Ingersoll, was the second daughter of Benjamin and Sally

Dawes Goldthwait, and one of a family of eleven children. Her elder sister Sarah married Dr. Daniel Adams of Keene, and another, Mrs. Lanman, lived for many years a widow in the spacious house on "Marlborough Road," then called by the inviting name of "Mount Pleasant," and at present known as the "Lanman Place." Shortly before her death she married Mr. John Dorr of Boston, whose first wife was her youngest sister Esther.

The fine portrait which adorns the wall of the Ingersoll Room is that of Benjamin Goldthwait, a younger brother of Mrs. Ingersoll. He died in 1796, and in course of time his widow became the wife of Judge Newcomb of Keene. Mrs. Harriet Newcomb Holland, a daughter of Judge Newcomb and a life-long friend and associate of the Ingersoll family, supplies the following details.

"Mrs. Major Ingersoll was a very handsome woman, with the effect of height, though she was not very tall. She charged me to walk upright in the street, 'as if I knew Mrs. Appleton was looking out of the window at me.'¹ She was a very autocratic, clever woman, wanting to manage everybody, fussy, par-

¹ The first Mrs. Aaron Appleton, who was a person of imposing presence and remarkable dignity of manner.

ticular, but very just and honorable. Like all the Goldthwaits, she had a good deal of beauty. She died in 1839 of a lingering and painful malady, which she never mentioned until she told my mother in strictest confidence not long before her death. The two tall white tombstones on the right, near the entrance of the 'Old Burying Ground,' or Cemetery, on Washington Street, mark the graves of Major Ingersoll and his wife."

Concerning their three children whose births are recorded with such accuracy, Mrs. Holland continues: "The Ingersoll family at one time lived in Cambridge, in a house on Mason Street, near the Washington Elm, adjoining the Fay estate, now owned by the Harvard Annex, and the Preparatory School is now in the house which I think I have been told was their old home, and the birthplace of some of the family. George Goldthwait Ingersoll, the eldest child and only son, graduated from Harvard College in 1815, and from the Divinity School in 1818. He was settled soon after as pastor of the Unitarian Church in Burlington, Vermont, which position he continued to hold, honored and beloved, until, by reason of delicate health, he was obliged to resign it in 1849. He was a polished, genial man, with

charming manners and a kindly wit. Though never a hard student, he was always a good preacher.”

After leaving Burlington, Harvard University having meanwhile conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, he was settled in East Cambridge. At the end of two or three years, however, circumstances induced him to remove to Keene, whither he was drawn by many ties of kindred and affection, and where, with his wife and children, a son and a daughter, — two other children having died in infancy, — he established his permanent residence, thereby adding another to the long list of names which had already given to the older Keene the distinction of being, in the words of Francis Parkman, “a town noted in rural New England for kindly hospitality, culture without pretence, and good breeding without conventionality.”¹

Caroline Haskell, the elder of his two sisters, died at the age of fifteen. The younger, Mary, married a widower of Burlington by the name of Adams. Her own two children died before her, and on her tombstone were the words, “Lo, here am I and the children Thou hast given me.”

Dr. Ingersoll was married on October 14, 1822, to

¹ A Half Century of Conflict, Vol. I. p. 230.

Harriet Parkhurst, whose acquaintance he made during a visit to his aunt's in Keene, where she was a pupil at Miss Fiske's school. She was a daughter of Dr. Phineas Parkhurst, of Lebanon, New Hampshire, a physician of character and reputation, whose early life partook of the adventures and vicissitudes of the Revolutionary period. He died in 1844, three years after Lucy Pierce, his wife, and of his nine children, Mrs. Ingersoll alone survived him. Mrs. Holland says of them: "His daughters used to sit together embroidering, sewing, and painting. They worked beautifully all the fancy-work of the day,—a very good-natured, easy family, among whom, however, the inheritance of consumption was fatally apparent."

Dr. Ingersoll never again accepted a pastorate; but for several months at a time he supplied the pulpits of his faith in Charleston, South Carolina, and in Brattleborough, Vermont, and was frequently called upon to preach in Keene and elsewhere. The first break in a singularly united and happy family came with the death of Allen Parkhurst Ingersoll, on September 8, 1859, at the early age of thirty-six years.

Mrs. Holland says in this connection: "He graduated at the University of Vermont, in Burlington.

He was bright, a good student, tall, dark, fragile-looking, a brilliant talker. He early showed symptoms of the disease of which he died. His sister adored him. 'My brother Allen,' I can hear her say. Mrs. Ingersoll was never well after his death. She had always trouble with her throat, and difficulty in speaking. She was a very amiable, lovely woman. Everything she did was pretty, and everybody liked her, but she was always an invalid."

Dr. Ingersoll died, after a lingering illness, on September 16, 1863, and thirteen years later, in December, 1876, Mrs. Ingersoll followed him.

CAROLINE HASKELL INGERSOLL was born on the 31st day of March, 1827. By the death of her mother, she was left to mourn in solitude the departure of all who were nearest and dearest to her, and supported the burden thus laid by Providence upon her with courage and resignation. A tender and devoted daughter and sister, she loved to surround herself with the silent memorials of a cherished past, each one of which was consecrated to her by some special association, and in her extensive correspondence and her large and constantly widening circle of friends she found consolation for her loneliness. She was

gifted with remarkable executive ability, and many social and philanthropic enterprises — notably the beautiful Centennial Reception at Keene in 1876 — owed their success in a great measure to her energy and intelligence. She was an accomplished musician and an ardent lover of nature, and it is due to her earnest efforts and solicitations that the pretty piece of woodland known as the Ladies' Park has been preserved to the citizens of Keene as a perpetual pleasure ground. With active interest she planned the walks and drives which were laid out so far as the means at her command permitted, and by her own generosity the graceful rustic arches which mark the entrances were erected. She spent the year 1887–88 in Europe, and the fine collection of photographs given to the City, arranged with such painstaking care, abundantly testifies to her taste and powers of observation.

Not long after her return from abroad, her health failed perceptibly, and in the course of the next two years the gravest symptoms manifested themselves. With characteristic fortitude she faced the inevitable, and through the months of protracted suffering which followed she bore herself with faith and patience, and a mind alert and active to the end. She died in Keene on Thursday, the 26th of January, 1893.

On the following Sunday the funeral services, like those of her father and mother, were held at the Unitarian Church, whence her mortal remains were borne, as she herself would have chosen, under gray skies and through the soft falling rain, to their last resting-place by the side of her beloved kindred in the "Old Burying Ground" on Washington Street.

LETTERS.

FROM REV. W. O. WHITE,

Former Pastor of the Unitarian Church at Keene.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You were speaking to me a few days since about Miss Ingersoll. To me her memory is indeed like a ray of sunshine. How eminently social was her nature! How ready she was in repartee, and how undimmed was her youthful sportiveness, even when she had passed the bounds of threescore, and when shadows of infirmity began to thicken about her!

She rejoiced in the flowers of the field, and in all the melodies of nature. She was as happy as a child on once discovering that a pair of wrens had consented to set up housekeeping in a box with which she had sought to tempt them. Her eagerness to see the "Ladies' Park" established was a natural result of this enthusiastic love of nature.

You well remember how she delighted in choice music, and how fine a musician she was herself. She was at the front at one time in forming an amateur choir in our Keene church. I recall her as a glad and discriminating reader, who conversed most agreeably about books which had interested her. She had at one time a class of young women in the Sunday

school, with which she would have been more continuously connected had her health and the exigencies of her family permitted. Her sympathies, however, were far from being narrowed by ecclesiastical lines; three of her very closest friends I remember to have been identified with other households of faith. Nor were her charities at all limited to those of her own way of thinking. But why need I add more to one privileged with her early and her constant friendship? It is now fifteen years since I forsook that sweet valley of the Ashuelot, which first greeted my eyes under your auspices fifty years ago next summer. It was then that I first saw, upon a sofa in your father's parlor, that genial, radiant, benignant man, Rev. George G. Ingersoll. Little did I think that seven years later I was to meet him as my parishioner in that selfsame Keene, and with him that great-hearted, yet long-suffering "mother in Israel," his devoted wife; and also the son and the daughter so endeared to them and to each other.

Of her brother, Allen P. Ingersoll, his sister Caroline writes me, October 3d, 1859, a few weeks after his death: "Dear Allen! how sad the world seems without him, and yet I would not call him back to earthly suffering." You have been witness to the patience and trust with which our friend, Miss Ingersoll, met the agonizing trial of her faith during these latter solitary years of pain. Yet, as we go back thirty years, are we not confronted with a spectacle even more striking, as we see that cheery, buoyant nature of hers resolving itself completely into a pillar of calmness and steadfastness in an hour when she felt that she was going from the dying bed of her father to that of her mother?

This mother was spared to her thirteen years longer ; but at the moment her prostration seemed almost as complete as that of her husband.

Recalling all the homes of sickness and sorrow which I have entered, and they are many, I scarcely find the parallel of this daughter's energy and self-control at such a fearful conjuncture of threatening bereavements.

I am glad to learn that the gift of the antique relics to the city which Miss Ingersoll loved so well is so warmly appreciated.

I remain truly and affectionately yours,

WILLIAM O. WHITE.

HON. GEORGE S. HALE.

BROOKLINE, MASS., *October 27, 1893.*

FROM MRS. M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

YOU ask me to write a few words of my recollections of my dear friend of a lifetime, CARRIE INGERSOLL. I can only say that I think she was *unique*; from her girlhood to the end, Carrie was like no other.

She was formed, mentally, on broad and noble foundations, and brought up in perhaps the most agreeable home circle, with her brilliant father, her hospitable, genial mother, and her brother Allen,—a “light too early quenched.” Indeed, spending an evening at the Ingersolls' was my early ideal of good society, and I have not, in a large experience of the

world, found anything better. With such a surrounding, the only daughter could not fail to imbibe the most elegant traditions of a society which had been the best always ; and no mean or ignoble thought, no cowardly smallness, no unworthy sentiment ever fell about her childish ears. Perhaps, for this and other reasons, she was always dear to her own sex, whom she delighted to see succeed. There was no envy, jealousy, or uncharitableness in this fine nature ; it was all generous.

She had the very grand element of constancy ; when she once loved and trusted, she always trusted. I remember her somewhat infrequent visits to New York, where, as she said, "a child had had time to grow up since we parted." She and I met as if we had only seen each other the day before at Keene, and she would come to dine, the life of the party.

Her face, with no regular beauty, had the illumination of a pair of eyes which should have belonged to a genius, so beautiful, lambent, and sparkling they were. I always told her a great poem or a fine novel lay behind those eyes if she would only write it out.

She lived her poem in her strong, resolute way, her serious and yet gentle manner ; suffering always with ill health, yet keeping up with society, loving her friends, being very dear and precious to them, this clear, crystalline, strong soul went on alone, yet full of sympathy for us all. I can never forget, on my visit to England in 1884, the letters she wrote for me to her dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, who gave me a golden greeting ; and when later she came herself, and we enjoyed London together, how entirely she was "Carrie Ingersoll" of the old times ; and how we interchanged old

Keene jokes, as we wandered about Lambeth Palace together, or met at the last evening banquet with which Irving wound up his season in London!

Her fine, serious face, her calmness, her distinguished manners, her dignity, made her appreciable in these London crowds. She was unique and admirable.

She lived much alone, and had had great sorrows, but her love of humor never deserted her; she was always a cheerful and delightful companion, with a perfect sympathy. I think she had all her life to contend with a certain self-consciousness which may have been bashfulness, but she could command her own nature better than most of us. No stronger tribute to character was ever paid to any woman than that paid to her when on her deathbed. Keene became the Mecca of her friends. A constant procession of those who loved her from far and near journeyed to that room which her patience made rich and beautiful. We took that pale hand in ours, and reluctantly let it go; we would have gone farther with her if we could.

The lone woman, dying, the last of her race, was more sought for, loved, cherished, and comforted than many whose deathbeds are surrounded by kindred.

I cannot repeat the confidences of our last sad yet precious interview. How the idea of her father floated through everything! She knew how I had loved him and valued him, — the great wit and saint of our little circle, and of many a larger one. I found her soul "possessed itself in peace."

She died, as she had lived, strong, sympathetic, pure, and generous. Peace to her dear soul!

M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1894.

FROM MRS. MARY C. WHEELER.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 27th inst. reached me yesterday, and I hasten to comply with your request.

I cannot call myself one of Miss Ingersoll's early friends. Dr. Ingersoll and his family left Burlington some years before I came to reside there. In her visits to her old home I became acquainted with Miss Ingersoll, and, in common with all who met her in society, recognized her abounding, sparkling wit, her rare intelligence, and conversational power. I have sometimes listened to conversation between her and gentlemen able to appreciate and respond to her quick, pungent wit and ready repartee, when it suggested the coruscations of the Aurora Borealis. Her wit was never unkindly exercised. I never heard her utter an ungenerous sentiment or uncharitable remark. Hers was

“The social wit, which, never kindling strife,
Blazed in the small sweet courtesies of life;
These little sapphires round the diamond shone,
Lending soft radiance to the richer stone.”

Between fourteen and fifteen years ago Miss Ingersoll was my guest, when a sudden bereavement occurred in my family, under peculiarly distressing circumstances; and then I came to know how rich her nature was in sympathy, self-forgetfulness, and tender helpfulness. From that time until her death we were intimate friends. The intervening years were periods of great physical suffering, borne with exemplary fortitude, and with countless proofs of the wise head,

benevolent heart, and beneficent hand of this highly endowed woman. I deem it a privilege to have known her, and shall ever tenderly cherish the remembrance of our intercourse.

Please use or withhold this, at your discretion. There are life-long friends of Miss Ingersoll who could better testify to the rare mental and moral gifts and graces she possessed.

Yours very sincerely,

MARY C. WHEELER.

BURLINGTON, VT., *January 29, 1894.*

FROM HON. E. J. PHELPS.

. . . . It is difficult for those who have enjoyed, as I have, a life-long friendship with our dear and valued friend, Miss Ingersoll, to speak of her without partiality; but I do not think the warmest partiality is in danger of overstating her admirable qualities. Hers has certainly been a very rare life. Left at a comparatively early age in the unusual position of having almost no living relatives, and those she had very remote in kinship, it has been given to few women to have so many warm friends among the best people of her time, to be so uniformly acceptable in many circles of society, and to do in the most quiet and unobtrusive way, and in so many ways, so much good. A less genial and sunny nature might well have been forgiven for turning away in some degree from the life by which she was surrounded, and becoming isolated in a measure from her kind, and uncon-

genial, if not morbid, in her character; but of such results there was in Miss Ingersoll's nature not a trace. Full of generous interest in all good things, cultivated in all fine tastes, with charming powers of conversation, which never became in the least aggressive or unfeminine, she was the delight of all the circles into which she entered, and was surely one of the best and truest friends that any man or woman could be blessed with. Her great interest in so many good works and public benefits, to which she devoted so much time and so large a share of her modest income while living, and all of which she remembered in her final bequests, I need not refer to. In no place are they better known than in the beautiful city in which she and the kindred from whom she has been so long separated now repose.

Surely, over the retrospect of such a life may well be uttered the Master's words: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK,
February 16, 1893.

FROM DR. JOSIAH WHITNEY BARSTOW.

. . . . Forty years' enjoyment of the intimate friendship of any cherished acquaintance is a rare privilege and boon, but when that friend was a gifted and accomplished woman whose resources of mind and heart were exceptional, whose accomplishments were as varied as they were abundant, whose loyalty to those she loved was ever constant and enduring,

then surely forty years of such association become a priceless treasure in one's experience and memory.

And such was my knowledge of dear Carrie, and such was the history of our long friendship.

She was indeed a rare woman,—and how could it be otherwise? The daughter of a gifted scholar and genial wit, the sister of a well trained and cultured student, the pupil and companion of men whose genius and versatility are so well remembered, she grew up in an atmosphere which fostered the best powers of her mind and the highest instincts of her warm and generous heart.

All things in nature she knew by heart. Her quick eye caught every detail of natural beauty, and her fluent tongue expressed and dispensed her own exquisite appreciation and enjoyment.

Music and art, and all things lovely, were her daily food and delight, and to share with others her own abundant gifts was always her readiest impulse.

Her personality was extraordinary, her friends were legion, and her sympathies reached every one and bound them to her as “with hooks of steel.”

O how we shall miss her now from our narrowing circle of friends! How lovingly does memory linger over the joyous years of our long and unbroken friendship, forgetting the last days of sickness and decay, which slowly quenched a life so full of charm, so marked in its characteristics, so valued and so dear!

The vacant place in the coterie of “those old familiar faces” can never be filled, but the fragrant memory of the departed we can never lose. It will stay with us to the end.

Mrs. Barbauld's farewell to her own fading life comes back to us as we take leave of our dear friend who has gone from our sight :—

“ Life! we 've been long together
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'T is hard to part when friends are dear. —
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time,
 Say not ' Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
 Bid me ' Good-morning.' ”

FLUSHING, L. I., *December 11, 1893.*

FROM “THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.”

FEBRUARY 9, 1893.

THE departure of this gifted and beloved lady, after a long illness, at Keene, N. H., recalls to the memory of a large circle of friends the attractions of a family which had its home in some of the most delightful spots of New England. Burlington, Vt.; Northampton, Keene, — all are full of reminiscences of the father, mother, son, and daughter who carried good cheer and hospitality wherever they went.

Dr. George G. Ingersoll was the Sydney Smith of our pulpit, sparkling with wit at the fireside, and yet grave, devout, and impressive in the sacred place. The mother was a model of the genial housewife, and the son, too early lost, had the gifts and culture to grace any position in life. Caro-

line came to Keene a sprightly young girl, with a rich contralto voice, who served the church for many years by singing in its choir. She was also an accomplished musician on the piano. Her wit was inexhaustible; and her social gifts soon began to adorn many circles, not only in Keene, but all over the country. This did not destroy her capacity for friendships, which she retained faithfully all her life. She went abroad, saw many people of note, and enriched her mind with the treasures of art and nature.

She was a great lover of old spots, and, wishing to preserve some of the woodland drives from destruction, she in company with others gave a fine tract of land to the city of Keene, to be called the "Ladies' Park," and remain ever untouched by the spoiler's hand.

When she found herself afflicted by a mortal disease, she selected some pleasant rooms where she could look out upon the lovely meadows and hills, and there waited death with cheerful patience, jesting playfully with her friends in the intervals of severe pain, laying out her little treasures for each one, leaving mementoes for the city library, and arranged for her departure as simply and naturally as if she were going on a pleasant journey. And so she passed away into the heavenly mansions.

M. P. L.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

JANUARY 29, 1893.

THE funeral services of Miss Ingersoll, obeying her own instructions, were of a quiet and simple character. They began with a brief prayer by her pastor, Rev. CHARLES BROWN ELDER, at the Invalid's Home, where she had passed her last days.

At this service many of her dearest friends and relatives were gathered together, who came to take a last look at the familiar face. The body was then taken to the Unitarian Church, where a large number of friends and acquaintances were assembled, despite the very stormy weather which prevailed. As the coffin was borne up the aisle of the church by the bearers, Mr. J. R. Beal, General S. G. Griffin, Messrs. Horatio Colony, George H. Tilden, R. H. Porter, and Dr. B. T. Olcutt, the organist, Mrs. H. M. Doolittle, played a sweet and tender voluntary. When the music had ceased, the pastor read the following Scripture selections.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God endureth forever.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;

while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

“ Why need I seek some burden small to bear
 Before I go ?
 Will not a host of noble souls be here,
 God's will to do, —
 Men of strong hands, unfailling, unafraid ?
 O anxious soul ! what matters my small aid
 Before I go ?

“ I would be satisfied if I might tell,
 Before I go,
 That one warm word, — how I have loved them well,
 Ah, loved them so !
 And would have done for them some little good ;
 Have sought it long, — still seek if but I could
 Before I go.

“ 'T is a child's longing on the beach at play.
 ‘ Before I go,’
 He begs the beckoning mother, ‘ let me stay
 One shell to throw !’
 ‘ Nay ! night comes on, the great sea climbs the shore.’
 ‘ O let me toss one little pebble more
 Before I go.’ ”

We know in part and we prophesy in part ; but when that which is perfect shall come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face ;
now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I
am known.

“ Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely ride ;
This is the port of rest from troublous toil,
The world’s sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil.”

Mr. ELDER then spoke as follows : —

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

By REV. CHARLES BROWN ELDER.

AT last, after many weeks and months of weary struggle with hopeless disease and pain, the wish of our friend's heart has been gratified, and she has fallen asleep. "O that I might fall asleep!" she said to me not long ago, when her sufferings were most severe; but the wish was born not of fear or of distrust, but of a perfect resignation to God's will, and a belief that no harm could come to her "on ocean or on shore."

As we contemplate our friend's life, so rounded out and complete, and as we think especially of her recent suffering, shall we not say that is no time for tears or regrets, but rather for rejoicing that after the storm has come the calm, and that, having fought the good fight, she has at last finished her course and is at rest? And yet how easily the tears start as we think that we have said farewell, — not the farewell which we speak in the ears of some summer voyager who puts out upon the oceans of this little world, only to return again after no long time, but that other farewell, the saddest we ever speak, which we whisper to those who trim the white sails of their little vessels and launch out upon the great ocean of eternity, whose surface is dotted with sails which are permitted to go out but never to return. Yes,

the tears come easily even while we say, "It is well that God's will is done."

It is not for me, as the poet reminds us, "to wound the memory of a faithful woman with words of idle praise." Such praise would be as unnecessary in your ears, who have known her far longer and better than I, as it would be distasteful to her. And yet, as we linger for a moment in this church so dear to her, and which was filled for her with many blessed memories of the departed, and which will be touched for us in the future with a sense of her presence, may we not think upon her, and consider what manner of woman she was, and try to interpret some of the thoughts which always suggest themselves when we stand in the presence of death.

If I understand the meaning of this gathering on this stormy day, when the elements are at war outside, it is a sign of the love you feel for our friend, and an evidence that you believe she filled a large place in this community, and touched the common life in many ways. I wonder if you are not thinking of that which always deeply impressed those who were privileged to know her, namely, her brilliant mind, and keen wit, and the oftentimes very happy judgments she passed on people and events. In the few years of my acquaintance with her, I have been charmed and delighted with the quick intelligence and strength of mind she displayed. She came naturally by this mental power and lively wit. Good blood coursed in her veins. She was the daughter of George Goldthwait Ingersoll and his wife Harriet Parkhurst. Dr. Ingersoll was the honored minister of the Unitarian Church in Burlington, Vermont, for many years, and upon his retirement resided in Keene, where he was most highly esteemed

for his fine mind, humorous spirit, and genial temperament. Our friend was therefore born into a home of refinement, and from her earliest days was touched by an atmosphere filled with fine and inspiring influences. What she thus received by parental endowment was heightened and improved by study and by travel abroad, and by acquaintance with many cultivated people in public and private life. She possessed a fine taste for music, was well versed in literature, delighted in a good book, and was fascinated by beauty, whether manifested in art or nature, believing that beauty is one of the ways in which the Infinite God manifests himself to the eyes of his children. Besides this she possessed a buoyant and elastic temperament, which undoubtedly came by inheritance, and so was seldom disposed to look on the dark side of life. This world was to her no "vale of tears," from which she must depart as soon as possible; it was rather a beautiful world, filled with countless evidences of God's love, touched here and there with his spirit, and so it was a world to be enjoyed, and she was ever grateful to God for giving her a glimpse of it.

Her fine qualities of mind were not selfishly employed. What God gave her of influence or power was often used for the common good. She was public-spirited. I think she always watched with careful eye the progress and welfare of her native city, Burlington, Vermont, and she was jealous for the good name and prosperity of Keene, her adopted city. It is within the recollection of many who listen to me how interested she was in the beautifying of our streets, and how devotedly she labored to secure the woodland now known as the Ladies' Wildwood Park, in West Keene, which she finally

presented to the City, thus preserving for all time a lovely region of shaded walks and drives where the public are free to spend a happy hour. This fine park will be, I think, one of her most enduring and beautiful memorials.

But, better and more important than anything else, Miss Ingersoll was a woman of strong, pure, noble character. She was herself more worthy than her deeds and accomplishments. I do not say that she was perfect,—this world is not the place where perfect people are found,—but she possessed some qualities of character that were specially noteworthy. I may mention her courage, which was of the finest quality, and like that of the great Teacher in Gethsemane. It has always seemed to me that some women are braver than the bravest men. Men need more often the stir and excitement and enthusiasm of action to make them heroic, while they shrink from quiet sacrifice and calm devotion; but many women will endure prolonged suffering, and the world will seldom know of their patient and lonely struggle. Miss Ingersoll would rebuke me for the suggestion that she was brave. Indeed, she once remarked, “My friends speak of my courage, but I have none whatever.” And yet I must say that she was notably brave all through the last years of her life, and it was the wonder of many how she could always remain so calm while pain and death were close by her. As serenely as if going on a brief journey she “set her house in order.” I do not know how to account for this fine trait, unless I trace it back to her abiding faith and trust in God. We speak of character and morality as if they were things having no religious relations. Sometimes we speak of “mere morality.” But there can be no high and true character, or

any morality worth the name, which does not find its source and ground in God. She could be brave while others were fearful, because she had faith in God, and could say with Whittier,

“ I know not where His islands lift their froned palms in air,
But this I know, — I cannot drift beyond His love and care.”

Oh! very beautiful was this strong courage rooted in faith, which filled this woman's heart!

But I must mention one other fine thing about her. She was deeply, fondly affectionate, was full of love for her friends, and ever loyal to them. How very large was the circle of her friends, and how tenderly she held them in memory! She was conscious of this outreach of her heart for friendship, and rejoiced in it. In a note written to me shortly before her death, which betrays her trembling hand, and which, as I now read it, seems as it were to convey to me a voice and a message from the other world, — in that note she said, “ My only characteristic worth mentioning is my love for my friends and my gratitude to them for their smallest acts of love, — sensitive to slights, yet forgiving, — but dependent on their love to the end.” No doubt she demanded much at times from her friends, — I mean much loyalty and confidence, — but O how much she gave in return! Out of the good treasure of her fine mind and heart she brought forth many rare and beautiful gifts, which she laid on the altar of friendship. Happy were they who were privileged to call her a friend, and who felt the touch of her loving and loyal spirit upon their lives!

Such, as I have imperfectly portrayed her, seems to me our

friend. She has left us, and our farewells are upon our lips. But must we say, as we stand here by her quiet form, that this is the end of all things, that this is the last act in the drama of existence, that the curtain is down and the lights all out? I cannot indeed follow her course with the outward eye, or trace it with this reason of mine, but resting upon the faith that has inspired the good and true, the seers of all ages, and leaning upon those instincts of my soul which must be reliable, for God has put them there and "it is impossible for God to lie," I dare say, "No, this is not the end of her life." Where is that fine mind, that brave soul, that loving heart? Where is that which was really our friend, which looked through the eye, and spoke by the lips, and gave the warm hand of friendship? What became of that real self, when the angel of death passed by a few days ago, and said, "Peace, be still"? Was all this instantly destroyed? Believe it who will, I cannot. Something still survives which we do not bury in the grave with the poor body. And as for death, the dreadful things we have thought about it cannot be true. We have described it as a shadow; we have called it a punishment sent by God upon the race, because of sin in far-off days. But death is just as natural as life, and in its season is no more to be dreaded than falling asleep at night. It is not a shadow, it is not a second thought of God. Together with life it is an evidence of God's goodness. The poet may have been nearer the truth than we commonly think, when he said:

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

The life elysian! We know not now indeed where it is, but if we are only true and faithful to each day's duties, and patiently bide the time, may it not be that some day we shall see the gates of that life elysian swing open, and beyond the portals find again the dear friends we have loved and lost, and hear once more their sweet voices giving us a glad "Welcome home!" Our friend held this trust all her days. It was the hope of the great English poet:—

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness or farewell
When I embark;

"For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

After the memorial address a beautiful selection of music entitled "Rest, Weary One," was rendered by the Clio Quartette of male voices. A prayer was then made by the pastor.

After the prayer Miss L. M. Maynard sung the

following hymn, "Nearer Home," composed by
Phœbe Carey:—

" One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I 'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

" Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne ;
Nearer the crystal sea ;

" Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross ;
Nearer gaining the crown.

" But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

" Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm ;
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

" Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,

“Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That my feet are firmly set
On the rocks of a living faith.”

The service at the church closed with the benediction. The body was then taken to the Old Cemetery on Washington Street, and placed by the side of father and mother and brother, who had died many years previously. The last words consisted of the service of committal, the familiar “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” With these words the body was given to the grave, where it will peacefully rest while the seasons change from the green of summer days to the white snows of winter, and the great world goes on forever.

MAJOR GEORGE INGERSOLL.

FROM THE HISTORICAL REGISTER OF THE OFFICERS
OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY DURING THE WAR OF
THE REVOLUTION.¹

APRIL, 1775, TO DECEMBER, 1783.

Ingersoll, George (Mass.). Private and Sergeant in Gridley's Regiment Massachusetts Artillery, June to December, 1775.

Sergeant in Knox's Regiment, Continental Artillery, December, 1775, to November, 1776.

2nd Lieutenant of Steven's Battalion of Artillery 9th Nov., 1776, which became part of the 3d Continental Artillery.

1st Lieutenant 10th June, 1779 and served to June, 1783.

Lieutenant Artillery, Battalion United States Army, the 4th March, 1791.

Captain 2nd of April, 1792, of the Artillerists and Engineers, 9th of May, 1794, Regiment of Artillerists, 1st of April, 1802.

Major, 8th of July, 1802. Resigned the 1st of December 1804. (Died the 11th of July, 1805.)

¹ Page 237.

Epitaph of Major George Ingersoll in the Old
Cemetery at Keene, New Hampshire:—

THE
REMAINS OF
MAJOR GEORGE INGERSOLL
LATE OF THE U. S. ARMY
BORN AT BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS
APRIL 2d. 1754
DIED AT KEENE JULY 16 1805
AET. 51 YEARS.
THUS SLEEPS A BRAVE AND HONEST SOLDIER
HIS VIRTUES LIVE ADMIR'D
ANON HE RISES TO ETERNAL LIFE.

FROM "THE LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE MASSACHU-
SETTS SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI."

BY FRANCIS S. DRAKE, 1872.¹

Ingersoll, George. Died Keene, N. H., July, 1805, a. 51. Entering Gridley's Regiment of Massachusetts Artillery (afterwards Knox's and finally Crane's) he served from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, having been commissioned 1st Lieutenant 10 June, 1779, appointed Lieutenant of U. S. Artillery, 4th of March, 1791, Captain, April, 1793, Major, 8th of July, 1802, to 1st of December, 1804.

¹ Pages 31, 32.

Ingersoll, George Goldthwait, D. D. (Harvard University 1845). Only son of George, adm. 1818. Born, 4th of July, 1796. Died Keene, N. H., 16th of Sept. 1863. Harvard University, 1815. Pastor of Unitarian Church, Burlington, Vt., 30th of May, 1822, to 31st of March, 1844, and of the Unitarian Society in East Cambridge, 5th December, 1847, to 14th of October, 1849.

NAMES OF THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FUND OF
THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE PUR-
CHASE OF THE "LADIES' WILDWOOD PARK," OF
KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.¹

Miss C. H. Ingersoll.	Mrs. E. E. Lyman.
Mrs. W. P. Wheeler.	Mrs. D. C. Howard.
Mrs. E. C. Thayer.	Mrs. George H. Richards.
Miss J. E. Ball.	Miss E. Woodward.
Mrs. W. H. Elliot.	Mrs. C. H. Hersey.
Mrs. M. L. Griffin.	Mrs. G. E. Dole.
Mrs. Edward Joslin.	Mrs. T. Colony.
Mrs. Horatio Colony.	Mrs. Edward Farrar.
Mrs. G. D. Harris.	Mrs. Samuel Wadsworth.
Mrs. O. G. Dort.	Mrs. J. F. Whitcomb.
Mrs. Samuel Dinsmoor.	Mrs. F. H. Whitcomb.
Mrs. Lemuel Hayward.	The Misses Colony.
Miss Bertha Hayward.	Mrs. Eastman.
Mrs. R. S. Perkins.	Mrs. E. J. C. Gilbert.
Miss Eliza Adams.	Mrs. Lanman Nims.
Mrs. C. J. Woodward.	Mrs. C. W. Morse.
Mrs. Sumner Wheeler.	Mrs. George B. Twitchell.
Mrs. F. Petts.	Mrs. Ira Daniels.
Mrs. Wm. P. Chamberlain.	Mrs. E. W. Morison.
Mrs. A. S. Carpenter.	Mrs. G. E. Whitney.
Mrs. R. H. Porter.	Mrs. A. H. Grimes.
Mrs. George Buffum.	Mrs. Laton Martin.
Mrs. C. N. Chandler.	Mrs. C. H. Stone.
Mrs. C. H. Faulkner.	Mrs. John Symonds.
Mrs. Francis C. Faulkner.	Mrs. M. E. Loveland.
Mrs. Frederic A. Faulkner.	Mrs. George Hayward.

¹ All of Keene, unless otherwise stated.

Miss E. J. Faulkner.	Mrs. C. L. Kingsbury.
Mrs. L. P. Alden.	Mrs. A. E. Bennet.
Mrs. E. A. Renouf.	Mrs. P. B. Hayward.
Mrs. W. S. Hale.	Mrs. J. W. Prentiss.
Mrs. T. M. Edwards.	Mrs. F. A. Barker.
Miss S. L. Edwards.	Mrs. A. B. Heywood.

Mrs. J. B. Dow, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson Hunter, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Sarah Wilson Lee, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. L. J. Tilton, Chicago, Illinois.
Mrs. Mary Carpenter Wallace, Hoosac Falls, N. Y.
Mrs. John Sherwood, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. E. B. Loynaz, Utica, N. Y.

Mr. George Cook.	Mr. W. H. Prentiss.
Mr. George A. Wheelock.	Mr. George W. Ball.
Mr. Oscar G. Nims.	Mr. Lemuel Hayward.
Mr. E. M. White.	Mr. Flavel Beal.
Mr. James H. Wilson.	Mr. Hiram Blake.
Mr. George A. Litchfield.	Mr. E. W. Holden.
Mr. Walter R. Porter.	Mr. Silas Hardy.
Mr. E. M. Bullard.	Mr. I. N. Spencer.
Mr. G. C. Shedd.	Rev. Dr. E. A. Renouf.
Mr. M. J. Sherman.	Dr. B. C. Russell.

Dr. J. W. Barstow, Flushing, L. I.
Hon. George S. Hale, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Robert S. Hale, Boston, Mass..
Mr. Richard W. Hale, Boston, Mass.
Mr. John Hurd, Boston, Mass.
Mr. W. G. Wheeler, New York, N. Y.
Rev. J. L. Seward, Lowell, Mass.

W I L L.

MISS INGERSOLL'S WILL, dated October 3, 1890, and proved February 3, 1893, gave in all eighty legacies, a large number of which were to individuals. The following deserve notice as gifts for public purposes, reference being made to the will for the conditions of the same.

In carrying out the wishes of her father as declared in his will, to Harvard University the sum of \$5,000, for the establishment of a Lectureship, one lecture to be delivered each year on "The Immortality of Man." The choice of a lecturer not to be limited to any religious denomination nor to any profession. Three fourths of the income to be paid to him, and one fourth to be used for the publication and gratuitous distribution of the lecture.

In compliance with his wishes, to the First Congregational Society in Burlington, Vermont, of which he was the pastor for twenty-two years, the sum of \$1,000 "for the benefit of the Parish Library (which he founded and to which he gave its name)."

- \$1,000, Keene Unitarian Congregational Society.** As was also his desire, to the Keene Unitarian Congregational Society the sum of \$1,000 for the benefit of the Sunday School of said Society. He "thus connected his name," she says, "with the above bequests, 'not,' as he said, 'from the poor motive of personal vanity, but in the thought that after the death of my whole family our name might be thus connected and remembered in places where as a family we have lived and been deeply interested.' And on this same principle he left, as do I give and bequeath, to the 'American Unitarian Association' the sum of \$1,000."
- \$1,000, American Unitarian Association.** To the Unitarian Society in Keene \$1,000, the interest to be used for expenses approved by its Trustees.
- \$1,000, Unitarian Society, Keene.** To the Fund in Boston for the support of aged and indigent Unitarian clergymen the sum of \$1,000.
- \$1,000, Aged and Indigent Unitarian Clergymen.** To the City of Keene, "for the care and protection of the relics (already given) in the Ingersoll Room" in the new Library building, the sum of \$1,000.
- \$1,000, City of Keene, for relics.** For the purchase of glass cases to contain the small relics the sum of \$200.
- \$200, Relic cases.** To the City of Keene for its Public Library the sum of \$1,000, the interest to be expended for books, stamped "From the Ingersoll Donation, for the reason that my father was one of the founders of the Library, and that I should like to have the name of our family remembered in connection with a library in which we have all felt great interest and from which we have derived great pleasure."

“To the City of Keene, for the care and protection of the Woodland now called the Ladies’ Park, the sum of \$1,000.”
 The interest to be paid annually to the committee of ladies in charge of the Park. “It is strongly my desire that interest in this Ladies’ Park shall not end with, but be increased by, my death.”

\$1,000,
Ladies’ Park,
Keene.

To the Invalids’ Home in Keene the sum of \$1,000, “in the hope that others may do the same, so that in time the fund may become large enough to be worthy of all the good that the Institution has done, and can do, and of the devoted and efficient labor of all its past and present officers.”

\$1,000, Inva-
lids’ Home,
Keene.

To the Ladies’ Charitable Society of Keene the sum of \$1,000.

\$1,000,
Ladies’ Chari-
table Society,
Keene.

Toward the Ware Memorial Building for the Fletcher Library at Burlington, Vermont, the sum of \$1,000, on the condition “that the sum required by the Trustees shall have been raised and at the time required. If the said sum shall not have been raised at the time required,” then “for the erection of a fountain on College Green, Burlington, Vermont, on condition that the City shall lay the necessary pipes thereto, and supply the water therefor, and that it shall be called the Allan Ingersoll Fountain, for my brother, a native of Burlington and a graduate of U. V. M. The selection of a site and design to be in charge of President M. Buckham of the University, Hon. E. J. Phelps, and Hon. G. F. Edmunds, to the first named the sum being paid.”

\$1,000, Ware
Memorial
Building.

In case the City of Burlington should not desire to meet the above condition, then “to the City of Keene for the

erection of a fountain on its Central Park, on the condition that the City shall lay the necessary pipes thereto, and supply the water therefor, and that it shall be called the Allan Ingersoll Fountain, in memory of my brother."

\$1,000,
Fletcher
Library.

To the Fletcher Library the sum of \$1,000, the interest to be used for books stamped From the Ingersoll Donation, "and for the reason already mentioned, that I desire to have my honored father's name remembered in a place where for twenty-two years he lived and labored for the cause of intellectual and spiritual growth."

\$500, Memo-
rial Tablet.

The sum of \$500 "for a memorial tablet of my family, to be placed in the Unitarian Church in Keene, its design to be decided upon by Hon. G. S. Hale and Rev. Mr. Elder."

P O E M

READ BY THE

REV. DR. GEORGE G. INGERSOLL

AT

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE ACCEPTANCE
OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE CHARTER
OF THE TOWN OF KEENE,

MAY 26, 1853.

ON the 26th of May, A. D. 1853, the Town of Keene celebrated the One Hundredth Anniversary of the acceptance of the Charter granted, under date of April 11, 1753, by Benning Wentworth, then Governor of the Province of New Hampshire, — under which the first town meeting was held upon the first Wednesday of May in that year. At this celebration the following Toast was offered: —

“The house of Nathan Blake. The first house erected in the Township, and the meeting-house of 1753, built of slabs with an earthen floor.”

In response, to this, the Rev. Dr. George G. Ingersoll delivered the following Poem.¹

¹ See the New Hampshire Sentinel of June 3, 1853.

“KEENE AS IT WAS; KEENE AS IT IS.”

CENTENNIAL DAY.

MAY 26, 1853.

NONE but real natives should speak here to-day;
Such the established rule, I heard some say.
Well! let it be so, — if some demonstrative
Will please define to us what is a native.
Our worthy President—good John the 2nd,
One of the wisest of our rulers reckoned —
Asked a fresh comer from the isle of Erin,
How well he liked this country he was here in.
“ So powerful well, your honor,” answered he,
“ I mean to be a native here.” You see,
If birth 's an accident, we can rejoice
Nativity a matter is of choice.
Let not our learned Orator cry, Fudge!
This makes him Native, or he is no Judge.
This difference, too, illustrates what my case is,
Boston my birth, Keene one of my Native places.

I came here in my childhood's early day, —
Came for a visit, which turned out a stay.

My mode of coming well do I remember :
'T was in a winter month, — I think, December.
Our whole and undivided family,
My Father, Mother, with their children three,
Left Boston town — 't was not a city then —
At the nice hour of two o'clock A. M.,
Cross, sleepy, shivering, started on our way,
In that old-time conveyance, the stage sleigh.
Who that has known it feels not his flesh creep
At memory of cramped limbs and murdered sleep?
Those flimsy, sieve-like sides, a thin cloth curtain,
Which the chill morning wind kept always flirting ;
Those leathern cushions, meant to be so nice,
More slippery and more cold than cake of ice,
While, as in mockery of each freezing toe,
Straw laid beneath, instead of Buffalo.
And then the hour-hand pace at which we were dragged on !
Those were not runners, sure, that sleigh was set upon.
With four hours' travel, twelve good miles were done ;
Hungry and cold, we came to Lexington, —
That far-famed tavern, kept by old Munroe, —
The breakfast laid, and fire all aglow.
What breakfast for a Boston boy, in utter
Contrast to his choc'late, bread and butter !
Beefsteak and bacon, doughnuts and mince-pie,
Eggs boiled and fried, — splendid variety !
That breakfast, O that breakfast ! can I e'er forget ?
Its savory relish lingers with me yet.
Thus warmed and fed, and with more joyous looks,
We listened to " Stage ready," from our driver, Brooks.

The troubles of the past no longer tho't on,
We packed away, and plodded on to Groton,
Till six hours' travel made us somewhat thinner,
With glorious appetites for glorious dinner. •
One single word my prowess will relate ;
I *ate* like schoolboy, all whose years were *eight*.
We start again ; when night came, cold and damp,
We stopped the other side of Tophet Swamp.
There the plump landlord, with his beaming face,
Welcomed the tired with a landlord's grace.
Tell not of Tremont ! Speak not of Revere !
No tavern to my memory half so dear
As good old Bachelder's, that cosy spot ;
Its suppers and its beds be ne'er forgot.
I did full justice to his tavern-keeping ;
Played well my part in eating and in sleeping.
Too soon an awful voice cried, " Sleep no more ;
I've brought your candle, — stage is at the door."
We started, sleepy, dizzy with the shock.
The same old scene, the same hour, two o'clock ;
The old stage-sleigh, the dull and wintry night,
Till fire and breakfast greet on Jaffrey height.
Then to the road, with toilsome steps and slow,
Down through the Vale, — up Marlboro' Hill we go.
At noon, the second day, our ride complete,
We all were landed safe in broad Keene Street.

This petty scribble may, in some part, show
How people journeyed fifty years ago,

With shaky stage, and horses but five-milers ;
How poor the speed, compared with cars and *boilers* !
The easy traveller now asks but four hours
To come from Boston to this town of ours.
He saves some time and strength, still fails to gain
What compensates in part for toil and pain.
For the old stage, spite of its overload,
Had some small share in pleasures of the road.
The noisy car, with all its iron tongues,
Stops the sweet converse of the human lungs.
If hunger pinch, the victim needs must take,
Snatching and bolting, that vile, tough sponge-cake.
'T is said there are two sides to every question,
And cars and stage-coach here form no exception.
But let this pass. I mean, by what I say,
The difference to show 'twixt old time and to-day, —
A difference so vast that it embraces
Not only coach and cars, but also places :
A city made of Boston Town, I wis, —
And Keene that was, has changed to Keene that is.

The Keene that was ! dream of an earlier year.
Its very name was music to my ear.
My boyish fancy deemed it Paradise,
Long ere its actual features met my eyes.
Like some sweet, far-off visionary scene,
My very name for Fairy-land was Keene.
When my young feet within its borders stood,
I found reality was full as good.

The fields, the streams, the mountain and the tree,
Were running over with delight to me.
My memory paints it now, — I walk the street,
The panorama of that day complete:
The Ralston Tavern, with its queer piazzas,
And roof still queerer, striking all the gazers ;
The old Masonic Hall, just opposite,
Schoolhouse by day, and mystery-shop by night.
Still farther on, with more imposing name,
The Court House stands, in purpose much the same.
Children with lawyers here divide the use,
One taught to construe, t' other to confuse.
Within the Bar, the scholars learn by heart,
Whilst legal practice does without that part.
And by its side, tho' higher still than all,
The old white meeting-house of Parson Hall.
The stiff old-fashioned pulpit, high stuck up
Upon its stem, like some old drinking cup,
And stretched in dignity beneath its feet,
That straight, old-fashioned box, the Deacons' seat,
Where every Sabbath came, their place to take,
Good Deacon Carter, and good Father Blake.
The old square pews, all balustraded round,
With hanging seats, of awful rattling sound,
Which worshippers all slammed with special care,
A thundering Amen to the Parson's prayer.
I might go on to speak of many a spot
In thought and feeling ne'er to be forgot,
And as my eye o'er all the village ranges,
I can but see — must I not speak — of changes?

Changes which few are left to see or tell,
Some of them capital, some not quite so well.
Masonic Hall, compelled up street to go,
Now boasts its greenhouse and its studio.
The old Court House, silenced its legal thunder,
Makes two good buildings now 't is split asunder.
E'en the old meeting-house has faced about,
Its pulpit, pews, and slamming seats turned out.
The row of horse sheds, that once graced its rear,
Now vanished quite, while in their stead appear
The fine arcades of shops, with fronts of glass,
Where bonnets, broadcloths, shoes, tempt all who pass.
Jail Street refuses its old name to own,
And takes a better alias, Washington.
The sunny road, with mansions new and neat,
Is only known and honored as Court Street.
Poverty Lane a richer title got,
And Baker Lane is called — I know not what ;
While that sweet, shady path, the Silent Way,
Still leads to the old Valley Farm " Statia."

Changes besides, which reach to more than places, —
To those who filled them, — old familiar faces !
The many valued friends we joyed to meet,
At home, abroad, in church and shop and street ;
The enterprising men of former years,
Those who, in current phrase, were Pioneers ;
Who found our Valley in its native dress,
And planted here, themselves and us to bless,

The arts of life, — home and its happiness ;
Newcomb and Adams, Dunbar, Samson, Blake,
I really cannot tell what names to take ;
Willard and Perry, Edwards and Dinsmore,
Ellises, Wilsons, Wilders, by the score ;
With Bakers, Fishers, Cooks, and good old Parson Hall,
Whose wide-extended Parish took in all.
Where are they now? the welcome voices still,
Their forms are seen no more on vale or hill.
Their souls, we humbly hope, are with the blest,
Beneath the soil they trod their bodies rest.
Their memory we thus venerate, and say
We hope their spirits hover round to-day.

“ Keene as it was,” in this brief, meagre lay,
I’ve tried but to refer to, not to portray.
How many thoughts we strive in vain to speak !
Feelings for which the strongest words are weak.
Those hearts which feel the purpose of this day
Will know, from what I’ve said, what I would say.

The Keene that is, — pride of Ashuelot Vale !
With heart and tongue, again I bid thee hail !
Not as in childhood, led by parent’s hand,
I come to view my pictured Fairy-land,
But after years of absence, care, and toil,
To rest my weary spirit for a while.
My father came, worn with the soldier’s strife ;
And filled with pleasant dream of farmer’s life.

For two short months the welcome task he tried,
Then, smitten with unlooked for sickness, died.
That same fond dream his son *has* also nursed ;
Alas ! how soon some painted bubbles burst !
Perhaps in justice I ought here to say,
Spirit is willing, but the flesh cries nay.
To carry on the farmer's daily tussle,
If one has little cash he should have muscle.
Far more than this, — repose I sought to gain,
For fainting spirit, and an aching brain.
Where better seek ? where better hope to find
Rest for the frame, yet not to starve the mind ?
In this sweet spot, where Nature does her part
To meet the earnest cravings of the heart,
With friends and books and blessed memories,
One might, with Heaven's blessing, look for peace
Beneath our hills, which rise on either side,
By sparkling streams which through our Valley glide.

'T is true, our winters here are rather cold,
And autumn joys are o'er our meadows rolled ;
We have not got — when all is said and done —
The North and South so tempered into one,
That winter will not freeze, not scorch the summer's sun.
Keene, like the rest of earth, has some sore trials,
And folks who live here must have self-denials.
It still will rain at other times than Sundays,
And weekly washings still do come on Mondays.
We gardeners find it, sometimes to our cost,
There are such things as late and early frost.

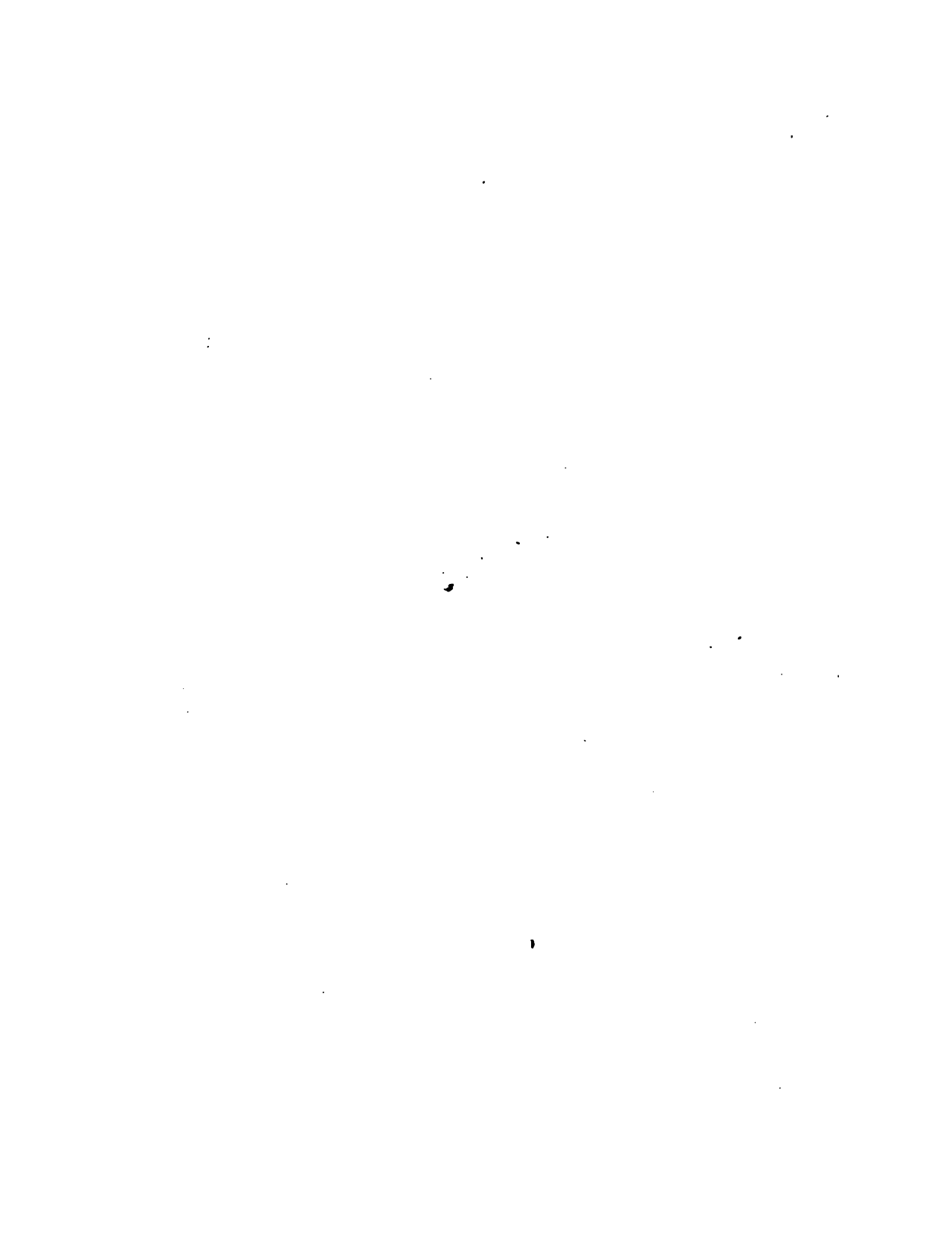
Our disappointment even further reaches,
For, do the best we can, we can't grow peaches.
Fish all our streams, — I know 't is very bad, —
We cannot catch a salmon or a shad.
If such great luxuries we wish to get,
Friend Wilder's cart is better than a net.
And if we long for game, 't is just as clear,
We 'd better walk the street than hunt the woods — for deer.

Spite of such drawbacks on our village glory,
Enough is left to make out a fair story.
I do not mean to get up some false thunder,
To make our Town of Keene a nine-days wonder ;
I mean to say that which is just and civil,
To tell the truth, and thus to shame — all evil ;
To point to evidence, and thus impress
Upon each mind the proof of our success ;
To say, without reserve, or any shill-I shall-I,
Ours is a prosperous town, and ours a beauteous valley.

And when I speak these words, prosperity and beauty,
I mean to add a third of solemn import, — duty ;
Duty — to those whose minds and hands and voices
Secured the good in which this day rejoices ;
To ourselves duty, — that we strive to merit
The gifts and privileges we inherit ;
Duty to those who, in the years to come,
Shall make this place we occupy their home,
Who, when with rolling years comes their centennial day,
Shall, for our duty done, their grateful reverence pay ;

Duty to Him from whose all-bounteous hand
Come all the strength and beauty of our land,
Who bade our streams to flow, our hills to rise,
Sustained our fathers in each sacrifice,
And so, through them, to us has largely given
Treasures of earth, and truths and hopes of Heaven;
Duty to Him, which shall its presence show,
Not by the words we speak, but acts we do,
Thankful as well as glad for our acknowledged good,
Improvement the sure proof of our deep gratitude.

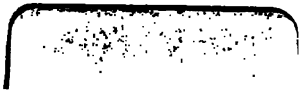


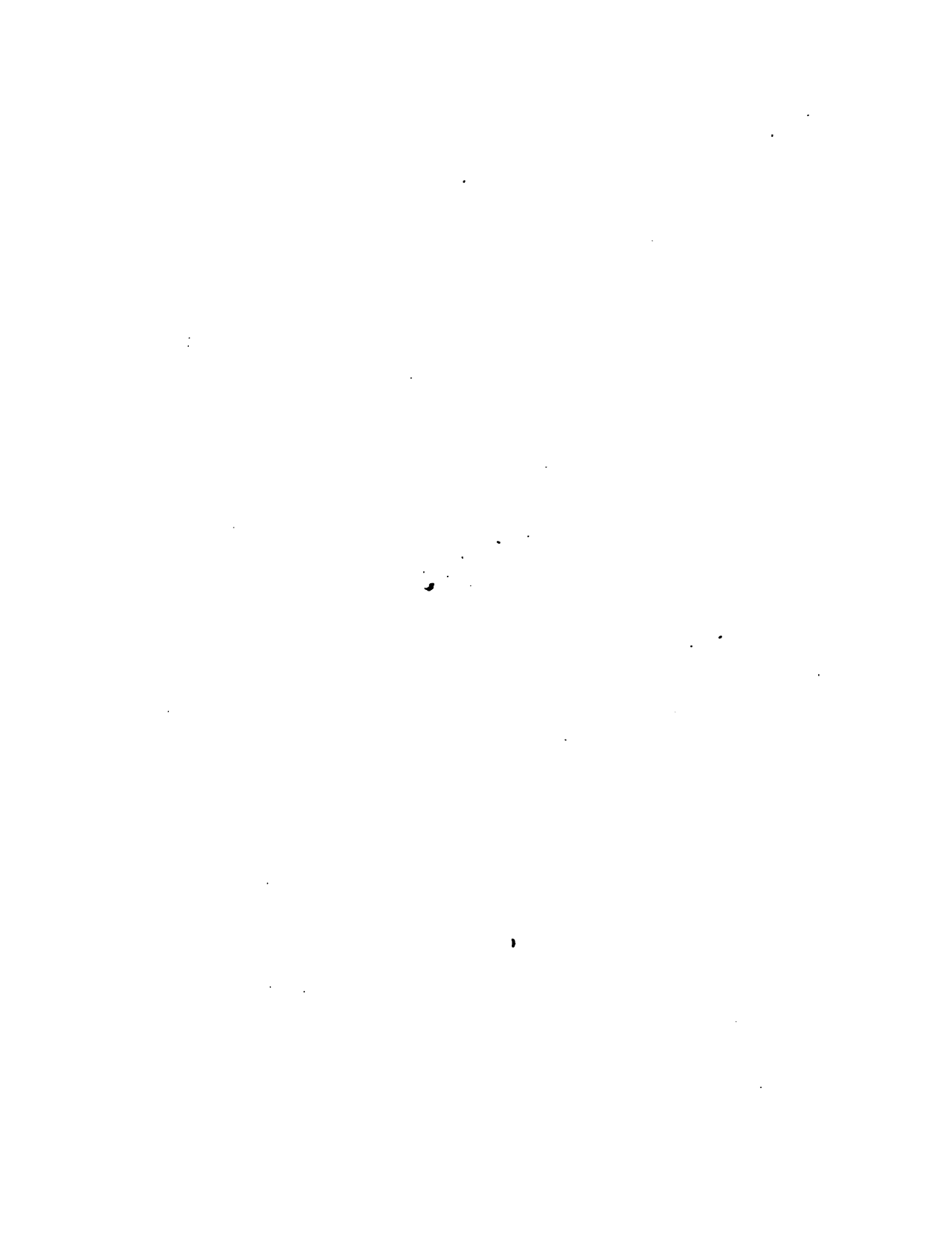


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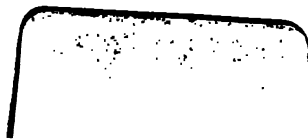


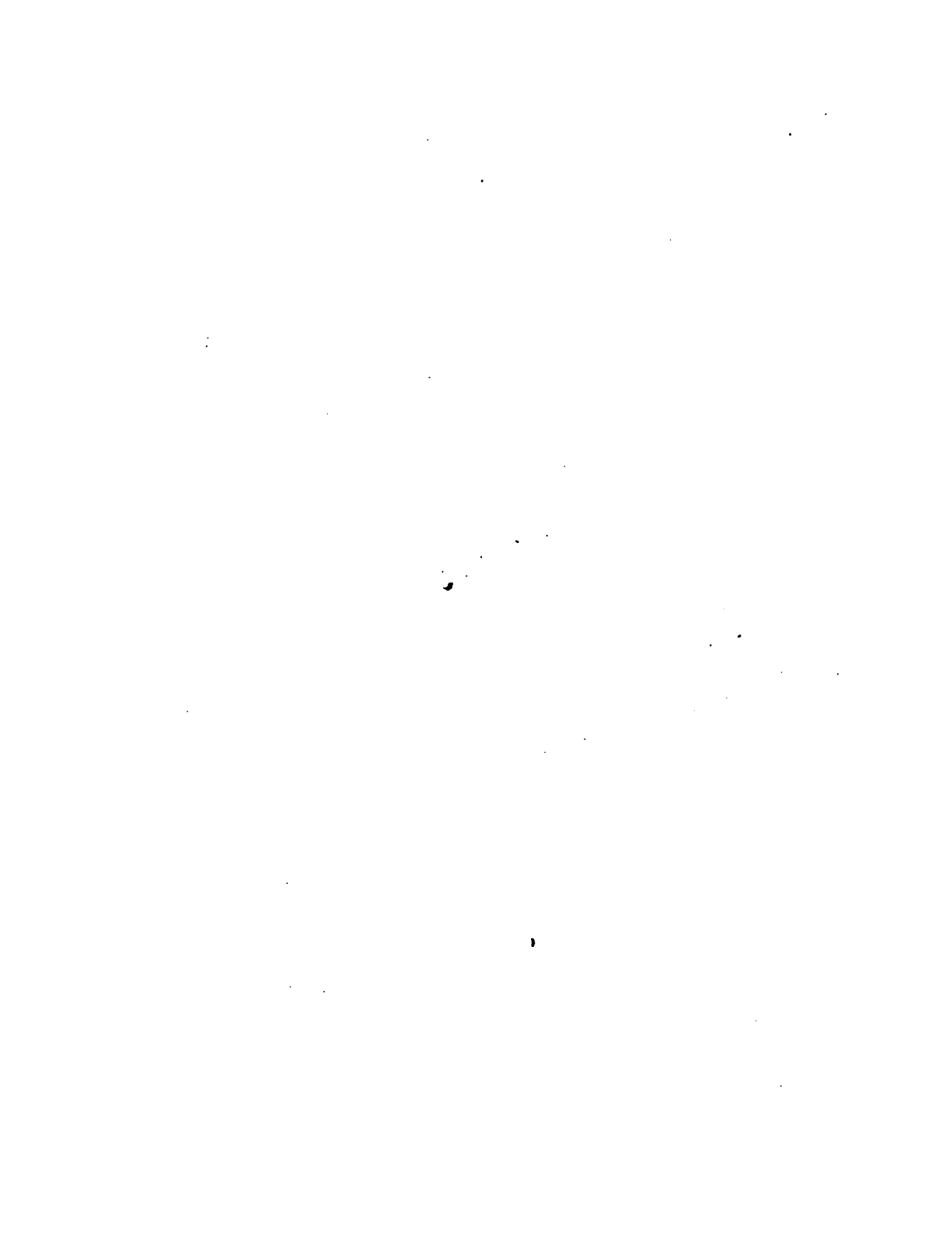


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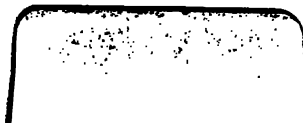




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