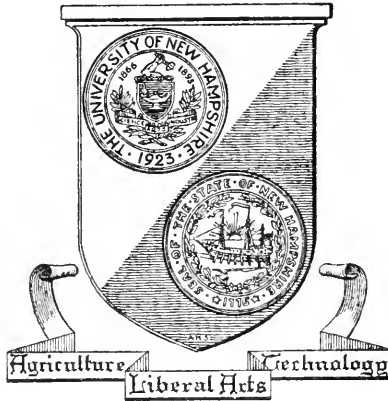




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THE  
GRANITE MONTHLY.

A New Hampshire Magazine,

*Devoted to History, Biography, Literature, and  
State Progress.*

VOLUME X.

CONCORD, N. H. :  
JOHN N. McCLINTOCK,  
*EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.*

1887.

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A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

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VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1887.

No. 1.

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## JOHN RAND.

BY REV. C. W. WALLACE, D. D.

Rand is a name of French origin. It was formally written Randé. So far as known, the first of the name in this country settled in Charlestown, Mass. Rev. John Rand, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was born in that town January 24, 1727; was graduated at Harvard college in 1747, and settled in Lyndeborough, N. H., in 1761, as the first Congregational minister in that place. Soon after, he married Sarah, daughter of Col. John Goffe, of Derryfield (now Manchester), N. H., and in 1765 removed to that town, and seems to have relinquished the work of the ministry. He received the commission of justice of the peace under George the Third, and removed to Bedford, N. H., in 1778, which continued to be his residence until his death in 1805, at the age of 77. He was the father of seven children. The eldest, John and Jonathan, twins, were born at Lyndeborough June 24, 1762. Jonathan married Sarah Abbott, daughter of Dea. Ephraim Abbott, of Amherst, now Mont Vernon, a family long distinguished for its

evangelical faith and devoted piety. They had eight children—three sons and five daughters—among them, John, whose life we notice, the fourth child and second son. He was born Jan. 27, 1801, in Bedford, N. H., and spent his boyhood on his father's farm, receiving only such limited education as the country school then afforded, of from eight to twelve weeks during the year. He never enjoyed the advantages of a high school or academy. When about eighteen years of age he left the farm and entered as an apprentice the shop of Mr. Robert Parker, in his native town, to learn the trade of cabinet-making. At that time, in the country, house and sign painting were often united in the same business. Mr. Rand became a workman in both branches, for he was a man who could very readily adapt himself to almost any handicraft. Soon after his majority he went into business for himself. He also introduced some machinery, not common sixty years ago, in the manufacture of furniture. But although he was a good

workman and very industrious, yet he could not manage business. In less than three years he found himself hopelessly in debt. His shop passed into other hands, and he gradually turned to what proved to be the great work of his life—portrait painting. While he was an apprentice, there came into the neighborhood a man by the name of Morse, the same who afterwards became so distinguished as the inventor of the magnetic telegraph. He had studied under West, in Europe. While Morse never excelled as a portrait painter, yet he awakened in Mr. Rand the idea which had before lain dormant,—that of becoming an artist in the department of portrait painting. From this time, every leisure moment and much thought were given to this favorite and chosen pursuit of his life. The writer well recollects having heard Mr. Rand say, “I am willing to give my life to be a painter.”

After remaining a few years in the country, and dividing his time between portrait and ornamental and sign painting, perhaps because the latter was more immediately remunerative, he went to Boston and opened a studio on Cornhill. Having remained there for some years, bending all his energies to the one purpose of his life, he travelled into the Southern states, everywhere prosecuting his work.

Having arrived at a good degree of proficiency in his chosen profession, he sailed for Europe, where, for twelve years, mostly in London, though for a time in Paris, he continued with enthusiasm both the study and the practice of his art, until he had arrived at such a degree of per-

fection that he had few living superiors.

During his residence in Europe, perhaps on the principle that necessity is the mother of invention, his attention was called to the manner in which pigments were preserved. The first we learn of such preparation, the paints when ground in oil were tied up in small parcels of prepared bladder, or something that would exclude the air. Afterwards tinfoil was used in the form of a tube. This was an improvement: still the paints, as soon as opened, would begin to dry, and thus inconvenience and waste were the result. Mr. Rand, feeling the need of a better mode of preserving artists' colors, gave thought to the subject; and the tube fastened with a screw, now in common use on both sides of the Atlantic, was the result. Few artists of our day, as they mix their colors on the palette, are aware to whom they are indebted for this very great convenience. Mr. Rand secured a patent for his invention in England; I think also in France and America. For a time he received quite a royalty for the use of his invention, enough to have made him independent; but, alas! he could not escape the fatality which attends so many men whose inventions have blest the world. At the time when his patent was fast securing the patronage of artists, and he was receiving a fair remuneration for its use, a man from America, with letters of introduction, appeared at his studio in London. He came to introduce and sell a recent invention of his, known as the æolian attachment to the pianoforte. He had sold the patent in America for one hun-

dred and ten thousand dollars. He hoped to meet with similar success in England. Mr. Rand received him most cordially, invited him to his home, and offered any service he could render. The gentleman wished to be introduced to some leading musicians in the city, and Mr. Rand complied with his request. They examined his instrument, and at once pronounced it a failure, saying, "No doubt it is new to you, but it is an old invention. It has been tried in this country, but, owing to the different effects of the atmosphere upon the string and the pipe, the instrument is constantly getting out of tune, and unless this difficulty has been overcome, the invention must prove a failure." The inventor was discouraged, but not inclined to admit the correctness of the statement. He requested a further examination, which was granted, and repeated many times during a period of several weeks. As a result, Mr. Rand said he noticed that while one of the men who at first pronounced the invention a failure adhered most firmly to his opinion, the other gradually yielded, and, after repeated trials, concluded that the atmospheric difficulty had been overcome, and the instrument, therefore, a success. Notwithstanding, however, this hearty endorsement, the man failed to make a sale of his patent. To the great increase of his embarrassment, letters were received, as he affirmed, from America, rendering it indispensable for him to return home at once. In his dilemma he begged Mr. Rand to purchase his patent, offering to take a merely nominal sum as compared with the fabulous amount which at first he de-

manded. Mr. Rand, knowing nothing of music, but trusting to the honesty of his friend, and placing implicit confidence in the distinguished musician, who, after repeated trials, had changed his first doubtful opinion to one of certainty, concluded to make the purchase. This was followed by an attempt to manufacture the instruments, which, as he could make no sale, resulted in involving him in bankruptcy. In settling with his creditors, he was compelled to part with his patent, and, indeed, with all his property. It was but poor consolation to be informed afterwards that the London musician was hired to change his opinion of the instrument, that the inventor fled to America without paying the infamous bribe, and that he lived but a short time to enjoy the fruits of his ill-gotten gain.

After Mr. Rand settled his affairs in England, he returned in the spring of 1848 to this country. He came at once to his native town to visit his parents, then lingering amid the infirmities of more than fourscore years, waiting to depart, and who, within a few weeks, both died within a few days of each other. Mr. Rand then bade what proved to be a final farewell to the scenes of his childhood and youth, and went to the city of New York, where he entered with all the zeal of his earlier years upon the practice of his chosen profession, continuing in its prosecution until increasing years and infirmities compelled him to lay aside the pencil and the palette. He lived some years longer, but they were years of dependence. He had rented a house in the city, and by sub-renting some of

the rooms he was able to preserve a home, and while he could labor, procured a comfortable support. In his last years he was compelled to learn that bitter lesson which so many distinguished artists and inventors had learned before him, that the inheritance of poverty is too often the reward of genius.

Mr. Rand possessed marked peculiarities. As a man he was truly remarkable. He stood nearly or quite six feet and four inches in height, erect and well formed, presenting a physique which would demand attention in a passing crowd. There was a self-poise about him, which, while it was not haughty, was truly dignified and noble.

Although he entered upon life at a period when stimulants were common, and when all classes indulged to some extent, and too many very freely, yet he, alike in youth and manhood, in prosperity and adversity, stood firm as a temperate man. No moral taint ever attached to his character. He might have contracted debts which he was unable to pay, still his intention was truly honest, and his life was virtuous.

The parents of Mr. Rand were devoted Christians, members of the Baptist church. Like Zacharias and Elizabeth of old, they walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. At such an altar of daily prayer John Rand, in his childhood, received his first religious impressions. From these for a brief period his mind swung off into more liberal views; but with the soberness of increasing years, and a more careful study of the Word of God, he returned, not only by conviction but

by a deeper heart experience, to the faith of those who taught his infant lips the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." In this faith he continued through all his wanderings by land and sea, and through all the vicissitudes of his long and eventful life; nor can we doubt that from the Saviour thus revealed his soul drew consolation when turning from the fading scenes of earth to the realities of eternity.

Mr. Rand married Miss Lavinia Brainerd, of Vermont. They first met in Charleston, South Carolina, where she was the principal of a young ladies' school. Although some eight years his senior, they were very congenial, having the same literary tastes, the same views on religious subjects, while neither of them seemed to possess the talent of accumulating property. She was a relative of Rev. David Brainerd, the distinguished missionary to the Indians. Very soon after their marriage they sailed for Europe, and she suffered so severely with sea-sickness and exhaustion that her life was despaired of. Once safely on the other side of the ocean, she felt that she could never return, and they determined to make London their home. For a time they lived in a very quiet way. Always interested to speak on religious subjects, she one day mentioned to a near acquaintance her interest in foreign missions, and spoke of her relative Brainerd. This led to an introduction to themorganatic wife of the Duke of Sussex, the charming woman whom Queen Victoria created Duchess of Inverness. She became very much attached to Mrs. Rand, and persuaded the duke to sit for his portrait to Mr.

Rand. From that time his success was assured, and they were able to afford a very luxurious style of living. When the portrait was finished the duke gave them a dinner, and introduced them to many members of the nobility. Many years after, in the days of their poverty, she would enjoy speaking of this entertainment and its magnificence; but to Mr. Rand it was painful, and he would interrupt her with, “That is past and gone, my dear: don’t let us try to bring it back.”

If I have been correctly informed, Mr. Rand died in New York city in the year 1873, and was buried in Woodlawn cemetery. His funeral services were conducted in the chapel of Dr. Booth’s church, Presbyterian,

Dr. Booth, and Dr. Williams, the late eminent scholar and Baptist divine, officiating. William Cullen Bryant was an intimate, life-long friend, and, with other distinguished poets and artists, followed him to his last resting-place. He left no children; and his widow survived him but a few years.

No costly monument of granite or marble marks the spot where repose the remains of Mr. Rand; but he has left to his friends the memory of a character crowned with integrity, virtue, and religious faith, worthy of all imitation, while both in this country and in Europe remain many enduring monuments of his skill as an artist, and thousands who never knew him are to-day enjoying the fruits of his inventive genius.

#### “GENIUS IN SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.”

The origin of those whom the world has called great—men who have written their names indelibly upon the pages of history—is often of the humblest character. Such men have most frequently risen from the ranks. Genius ignores all social barriers, and springs forth wherever heaven has dropped the seed. The grandest characters known in art, literature, and the useful inventions have illustrated the axiom that “brave deeds are the ancestors of brave men;” and it would appear that an element of hardship is almost necessary to the effective development of true genius. That these facts are almost incapable of just denial. Mr. Maturin M. Ballou further demonstrates in his deeply interesting book, “Genius in Sunshine and Shadow,” which Messrs. Ticknor & Company, of Boston, send to our table. Mr. Ballou has, in his volume of three hundred pages, brought together the most curiously interesting collection of facts bearing out the above state-

ments that it has been our pleasure to read. He has drawn from the pages of history and his own memory illustrious examples of the development of genius, even amid the most uninviting and unfavorable surroundings. Daniel De Foe, Keats, Oliver Cromwell, Hugh Miller, John Bunyan, Benjamin Franklin, Elinu Burritt, Benjamin West, and hundreds of others, are cited as instances to illustrate that genius is independent of circumstances. A galaxy of the names of the world’s great men is presented to demonstrate the fact that the humblest may rise to be the greatest. In another chapter, Mr. Ballou effectually dispels, by practical illustrations, the axiom that youth and rashness dwell together. Evidence is given, ample and sufficient, that youth is the period of deeds, when the senses are unworn and the whole man is in vigor of strength and earnestness. Mr. Ballou’s book is crowded full of interest from cover to cover.

—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

## ONE OF GOV. WENTWORTH'S LAST OFFICIAL ACTS.

I send you a copy of an original document which I have sent to the New Hampshire Historical Society. The wording of the document makes it quite a curiosity. The entire document is in the governor's hand-writing, and it is attested by no secretary. It is one of the governor's last official acts. He attempted to exercise no authority in the state after July, 1775. Who this Stephen Peabody was, I have no means of knowing. It was Nathaniel Peabody, of Atkinson, who was the member of the Continental Congress; and Oliver Peabody, of Exeter, who was the state senator for many years. Please search the list of representatives from Amherst in Revolutionary times, and you may find that it was in the capacity of representative that he gave offence to the governor.

JOHN WENTWORTH.

CHICAGO, ILLS.

*Province of* ) George the Third  
*New Hampshire* } by the grace of  
 God of Great Brit-  
 ain, France and  
 Ireland King de-  
 fender of the faith  
 &c To the Sheriff  
 of our County of Hillsborough in our  
 Province aforesaid, greeting

SEAL

Whereas We by and with the advise of our trusty and well beloved John Wentworth, Esquire. Our Governor and Commander in Chief in and over our Province aforesaid did nominate and appoint Stephen Peabody of Amherst in our said County of Hillsborough, Gentleman, to be a Coroner within our said County to do all those things which by our

Commission to him given and the Laws in force within our said Province he as a Coroner is authorized to do and perform to which appointment the said Stephen Peabody was afterwards sworn. And whereas it now appears to us not to be consistent with Our Honor and the good of our Subjects of our said County that the said Stephen Peabody should be any longer continued in the said office; We do therefore by and with the advise of our aforesaid John Wentworth, Esq, our Governor and Commander in Chief as aforesaid hereby supersede the said Commission and appointment of the said Stephen Peabody to the office of a Coroner within our said County of Hillsborough and do forbid his acting therein for the future to every intent and purpose and hereby declare any and every such acts to be null and void.

You are therefore hereby required to make known to the said Stephen Peabody this our will and pleasure and make due return hereof and of your doings therein into the Secretary's office of our said Province on or before the thirtieth day of April next.

In Testimony whereof we have caused the seal of our said Province to be hereunto affixed, Witness our aforesaid Governor and Commander in Chief the twenty fourth day of March in the fifteenth year of our reign, Annoque Domini 1775.

J WENTWORTH.

HILLSBOROUGH S.S. April 5—1775.  
 Pursuant to this precept to me directed I have made known to the within named Stephen Peabody as I am herein commanded by sending the same to him.

BENJAMIN WHITING,  
*Sheriff.*



## LOCALITIES IN ANCIENT DOVER.—Part II.

BY JOHN R. HAM, M.D.

**GOAT ISLAND.** The large island in Pascataqua river, and so called as early as 1652, lying a little to the west of the mouth of Back river, and just below the mouth of Little Bay, near to the Durham shore. It was granted in 1652 to Lieut. William Pomfrett, and he conveyed it as a gift to his grandson William, the son of Deacon John Dame. When the Pascataqua bridge was built, in 1794, from Durham to Newington, the road crossed this island.

**GODDARD'S CREEK.** So called as early as 1660; it was the first creek eastward of Lamprey river, in Durham, and flows into Great Bay. It divided in part the counties of Rockingham and Strafford, until 1870, when the line was set over, and a slice of Strafford county was cut off.

**GREAT BAY (THE).** The body of water formed by the junction of the Squamscot, Lamprey, and Oyster rivers, and which at the Little Bay becomes the Pascataqua river. The settlers called it the Bay of Pascataquack.

**GREAT HILL (THE).** The name which was given as early as 1652, to what in 1659 was called "The Cochecho Great Hill," which from 1700 to 1834 was called Varney's hill, and which since 1834 has, commonly but erroneously, been called Garrison hill. Whitehouse's map of Dover in 1834 calls it Varney's hill.

**GREAT POND (THE).** The name which as early as 1650 was given to the pond, which in 1674 was called Cochecho pond. The latter name is

retained on Dover maps to this day; but it is commonly called Willand's pond.

**GREENLAND.** So called as early as 1696 in land grants, viz., "on the road leading to Greenland." It is the town of that name.

**GULF (THE).** The name given as early as 1656, to a swell in Cochecho river, just below the head of tide water, and which is retained to this day.

**HALF WAY SWAMP (THE).** The swamp, so called as early as 1652, lying south and west of Garrison hill, south of Starbuck's brook, and on the left side of the "Cartway" which leads from the falls of the river to the "Great Cochecho Fresh Marsh," which lay just to the north of Garrison hill. It was *half-way* from the falls to the last named marsh, and the "Cartway" of 1652 is the present Garrison Hill road.

**HARTFORD'S FERRY.** In 1717, Nicholas Hartford opened a ferry between Beck's Slip on Dover Neck and Kittery.

**HAYES'S GARRISON.** In 1812 the garrison of Lieut. Jonathan Hayes, at the junction of the Tole End road and the cross road that runs to the second falls of the Cochecho, and at the foot of Winkley's hill, was pulled down. Lieut. Jonathan Hayes was born Apr. 17, 1732 and died Apr. 15, 1787.

**HAYSTACK (THE).** So called in Jonas Binn's grant in 1654. It was near Branson's creek, on the west side of Oyster river, near the mouth of the river. What was it?

**HEARD'S GARRISON.** Capt. John Heard's garrison, which was successfully defended in the Indian massacre of Cochecho on June 28, 1689, was on the opposite side of the "cartway" leading past the Great Hill. The hill on which it stood is at the foot of the Great Hill, and directly west of the same. The "cartway" is the present Garrison Hill road.

**HEROD'S COVE.** So called in 1664, and was in Great Bay.

**HEROD'S POINT.** A point of land, so called as early as 1650, in Dea. John Dam's grant, extending in Great Bay on its south side.

**HEROD'S WIGWAM.** There was an Indian named Herod who had a wigwam on a point of land of same name, in Great Bay, in 1650. The Dam grant mentions both the point and the wigwam.

**HICKS'S HILL.** See Mahorimet's hill.

**HILTON'S POINT.** The point of land at the extremity of Dover Neck, named from Edward Hilton, where the settlement was made in 1623, and which settlement took the name of Dover in 1639. The Indian name of the point was Wecanacohunt, sometimes called Wecohamet and Winnichabannat. Hilton's patent calls it Wecanacohunt. It is now called Dover Point.

**HOGSTYE COVE.** So called as early as 1652, and it was the west end of the southern boundary of Dover, now of Newington, on Great Bay.

**HOGSTYE POINT.** A point of land in Newington, so called as early as 1656.

**HOOKS.** A remarkable turn in Belloman's Bank river, just below the entrance of the Mallego, and so called as early as 1694. The name was also given to a remarkable turn in Lamper-

eel river, just below Wadleigh's falls; it is in the present town of Lee.

**HOOK MILLS.** There are two hook mills named in the land grants. One was at the hook of the Lampereel river, near Wadleigh's falls, and one near the hook of the Belloman's Bank river. The hook mill on Bellamy river was mentioned as early as 1729.

**HOPE HOOD'S POINT.** A point of land thus named as early as 1694, on the north side of the "Three Creeks," on the western side of Back River. Tradition says Hope Hood, a Sagamore and famous Indian chief, was buried there. Hope Hood (alias Wahowah), with three other Indians, sold land on January 3, 1687, to Peter Coffin, of Dover, and they called themselves in the conveyance the native proprietors. The deed is recorded at Exeter. In the French and Indian massacre at Salmon Falls, on March 18, 1690, Hope Hood had twenty-five Indians under him, and was allied to a party of twenty-seven French under Sienn Hertel. Thirty settlers were killed and fifty-four captured. Hope Hood was killed (says Mather) in 1690, and the same writer speaks of him as "that memorable tygre, Hope Hood." This point with land adjacent was granted to John Tuttle in 1642, and remained in possession of the family till about 1870. Whitehouse's map in 1834 erroneously calls it Hopewood's Point.

**HUCKINS'S GARRISON,** in Oyster River parish, east of the Woodman garrison, was destroyed by the Indians, and twenty-one or twenty-two people massacred, in August, 1689.

**HUCKLEBERRY HILL.** The name given as early as 1658, and which is still retained, to a hill on the Dover

Neck road. It is the long hill which one ascends before reaching the highest elevation on the neck.

**HUCKLEBERRY SWAMP.** It was the Hilton Point swamp, and was laid out in 1652 as the Ox Pasture.

**INDIAN BROOK.** The brook which flows into Cochecho river on the eastern side, and next above the fourth falls of the same. The name was used as early as 1701 (Varney grant), and its origin is unknown. It crosses the "Scatterwit" road, and runs through the farm of Alderman Nathaniel Horne.

**INDIAN CORN GROUND.** A tract of land lying between Tole End and Barbadoes pond, and thus called as early as 1693, from which the settlers had land grants from time to time. Probably used by the Indians for cultivating their corn prior to the settlement.

**INDIAN GRAVES.** A locality on the west end of Beach hill, in the north-east corner of the town of Durham, and so called as early as 1652. In that year Philip Chesley had a grant of land from the town containing seventy-eight acres, "att y<sup>e</sup> Indian Graves," and in 1715 the Lot Layers resurveyed it, and described the bounds as "beginning att the Indian Graves. att Beach Hill. commonly so called."

Another Indian burial-ground, according to a land grant in 1659 to Benjamin Hull, was on the south-west side of Lampereel river, not far west of a mill that stood on the falls, and exactly on the town line between Dover and Exeter, that is, on the town line between the towns of Durham and Newmarket, as it existed till 1870.

**INDIGO HILL.** A hill in Somersworth, about three fourths of a mile below Great Falls, and so called as early as 1693. A road was laid out in 1720 by the town of Dover, "between Quamphegan and Indigo Hill and beyond into the common." This road ran directly over Indigo hill, and is now closed up at that point. The new road between Salmon Falls and Great Falls leaves the hill on the right hand side between the road and the river.

**JOHNSON'S CREEK.** This name was given as early as 1652 to a brook which flows into Oyster river on the eastern side and next above Bunker's creek. Thomas Johnson had a land grant there, and the stream perpetuates his name.

**KNIGHT'S FERRY.** The old ferry between Dover Point and Bloody Point.

**LAMPEREEL RIVER.** So called as early as 1650, when Chris. Lawson and George Barlow had permission from the town of Exeter to set up a saw-mill at Lampereel river, "a little above the wigwams;" but prior to this date, in 1647, it was called Campron river, and Elders Starbuck and Nutter of the Dover church had saw-mills on the first falls, where the cotton mills of Newmarket now stand. The Indian name of the first falls was Pascassick, sometimes written Piscassick, and again Puscassick. One of the western branches is now called the Piscassick. The stream is now called Lamprey river.

**LITTLE JOHN'S CREEK.** Little John was an Indian, and his name was given as early as 1654 to the only brook that crosses the Dover Neck road which requires a bridge. It is below the Wingate farm, and is about

two miles below the city hall. It is a tributary of Back River, on the eastern side, and the tide flows up the brook under the bridge in the highway. Joseph Austin had a mill on it in 1658. Whitehouse's map of 1834 calls it Varney's creek.

**LITTLEWORTH.** The district on the road leading to Barbadoes pond was so called as early as 1724, and is retained till this day. Whitehouse, on his map in 1834, changed the name to Truneworth to suit himself. It is needless to say that no other individual ever called it by that name, nor ever will do so.

**LOG HILL.** The steep bank where the Dover & Portsmouth Railroad crosses the old bed of the Cochecho river. It was the terminus of the path leading from the "Logging swamp" of Major Richard Waldron, where the logs were tumbled down the bank into the mill-pond.

**LONG CREEK.** It flows into Great Bay on the north side, and between Durham Point and the mouth of Lamprey river.

**LONG HILL** lies about a mile and a half north-west of Cochecho pond.

**LITTLE BAY.** The contraction of Great Bay at the eastern end, from whence issues the Pascataqua river.

**LONG POINT.** So called as early as 1656. It projects into Great Bay on the south side.

**LUBBERLAND.** A locality in Durham bordering on Great Bay, and so called as early as 1674. The attempt to show that this is bad spelling for Loverland is a failure. The old grants use the name again and again, and always Lubberland.

**MADBURY.** A locality so named as early as 1694, and now incorporated

as the town of Madbury. The origin of the name is unknown.

**MAHORIMET.** An Indian sagamore who lived in the limits of the old town of Dover. Samuel Symonds had a grant of 640 acres of land from the general court of Massachusetts, lying on both sides of the "Upper or Island falls" of Lampereel river, now Wadleigh's falls. This land was taken possession of by Symonds on June 3, 1657, "in the presence and by consent of Mahorimet, the sagamore of those parts." The hill in now Madbury was called after him, "Mahorimet's hill," till about 1725, when Joseph Hicks bought land there, and the title subsequently became "Hicks hill."

**MAHORIMET'S HILL.** This Indian name was perpetuated by the settlers; we find it in constant use from 1660 to 1725. It lies in Madbury, and is now called Hicks's hill, from Joseph Hicks who bought land and resided there from 1720.

**MAHORIMET'S MARSH.** So called as early as 1661, and for many years after. It was adjacent to Mahorimet's hill, and was probably the low ground immediately to the south and west of the same.

**MALLEGO.** The north branch of Bellamy Bank river, and was thus named as early as 1659. It arises from Cate's pond in Barrington, and joins Bellamy Bank river in the town of Madbury.

**MAST PATH (THE GREAT).** There were mast paths in various parts of the town, but the one named above was what is now the road to Littleworth.

**MESERVE'S GARRISON.** Clement Meserve's garrison, now on land

owned by Gerrish P. Drew, is on the west side of the Back River road, and is in a very dilapidated state.

**MOOT, MOOET, OR MOET.** Bad spelling for moat, and so called as early as 1656 from its resemblance to the moat or ditch which surrounded old castles. It was applied to a morass in Oyster River parish on the Great Bay, and served to mark the bounds of certain land grants. "The little brook that cometh out of the mooet" is mentioned.

**MOUNT SORROWFUL.** So called in 1702, when Paul Wentworth had a grant of land there.

**"MUCH-A-DOE."** The road leading from Dover to "Much-a-doe" is mentioned in a conveyance in 1672. Muchado is a hill in Barrington, and the road referred to was, of course, the Tole-End road.

**NARROWS (THE).** The narrow channel in Cochecho river, about one mile below the first falls. See *Campin's Rocks*.

**NEEDOM'S POINT.** This was so called as early as 1674, and was on Great Bay in Oyster River parish. Nicholas Needham was a member of the Exeter combination in 1638, and the point must have been named for him.

**NEWICHAWANNOCK.** The Indian name of the *falls* where the Berwick ("Great Works") river enters the (now) Newichawannock river. But the settlers applied the name to the *stream* from Quamphagan (Salmon Falls) to Hilton's Point, where it flows into the Pascatūqua river; and this is the Newichawannock of to-day. The settlers also called it the "Fore River." See Quamphagan and Fore River.

**NEWTOWN.** So called as early as 1694, and the name is retained to this day. It is in the present town of Lee, about three miles north-west of Hicks's hill.

**NOCK'S MARSH.** The grant of land to Thomas Nock in 1659, lying on the north side of Belloman's Bank river, about one mile above tide water. In 1659 William Hackett had thirty acres of land "between the path that led from Belloman's Bank to Cochecho," on the south, with the freshitt (river) on the west, and the land of Thomas Nock on the north. The spelling has been changed to Knox marsh by those who have forgotten the name of the original settler.

**NORTHAM.** When the Rev. Thomas Larkham, formerly of Northam, England, came in 1640 to the pastorate of the First Church, Dover, the settlers changed the name of the town from Dover to Northam; but when Rev. Mr. Larkham left the town in 1641, the former name of Dover was again adopted.

**OTIS'S GARRISON.** Richard Otis's garrison, which was destroyed on June 28, 1689, in the Indian massacre at Cochecho, stood on the west side of Central avenue on the top of the hill, which is half way from the falls of Cochecho to the "Great Hill." Drake's Book of the Indians and the Otis Genealogy erroneously place the garrison on the east side of (now) Central Avenue. Otis's house in 1655 was on the east side of "the cart-way," now Central Avenue; but the land grant was resurveyed to Richard Waldron after the desolation of Cochecho, and they confirm the tradition that the garrison of Otis in

1689 was on the west side of the "cartway," now Central Avenue.

**OX PASTURE (THE).** It was laid out as such in the Hilton Point swamp in 1652, and was divided among the inhabitants, with other common lands, in 1732.

**OYSTER BED.** The settlers discovered a bed of oysters in the stream, which, from this circumstance, they called Oyster river. It was half way between the mouth of the river and the first falls of the same.

**OYSTER POINT.** On one side of the mouth of Thomas Johnson's creek, on the east side of Oyster river, and was so named as early as 1654.

**OYSTER RIVER.** So called as early as 1640 from the discovery of a bed of oysters half way between the mouth and the first falls of the river. The settlers gave the name to both the stream and the settlement upon it. The parish of Oyster River was included in the limits of Dover till its separate incorporation in 1736 as the town of Durham.

**PACKER'S FALLS.** The fourth falls in the Lampereel river, in Durham, was granted to Thomas Packer in about 1750. The second and third falls also are now included in "Packer's falls."

**PAINE'S GARRISON.** In the Indian massacre at Cochecho, on June 28, 1689, Thomas Paine had a house on the road leading from Cochecho to Salmon Falls, now Portland street, at the intersection of Rogers street. Belknap did not mention it in his account of the massacre. It is doubtful if it was or was not fortified.

**PAQUAMEHOOD.** In 1665, James Paquamehood, an Indian "of Tole

End," sold to James Rawlings "three ponds and three hills, with all enclosed lands and marshes." The deed is recorded at Exeter.

**PASCATAQUA.** (One water parting into three.) The Indian name of the junction of the waters at Hilton's Point. The settlers gave this name to the stream issuing from Little Bay, above Goat island, and which, receiving Back river on the west of Dover Neck, and Newichawannock on the east of Dover Neck, is lost in the sea at Portsmouth. Early historians also gave the name to the settlements upon the stream. The river is now commonly, but erroneously, called Piscataqua.

**PASCATAQUACK.** The early name of the Great Bay.

**PASCASSICK.** The Indian name of the first falls of Lamprey river, at the head of tide water, where the cotton mills of Newmarket now stand, and which name the settlers also gave to the western branch of the river. Sometimes Piscassick, sometimes Puscassick, in the land grants. The western branch of Lamprey river is now commonly called Piscassick.

**PINE HILL.** The hill on which the third meeting-house of First church, Dover, was built before July 16, 1713, and where the dust of the fathers has mouldered for generations, was called Pine Hill as early as 1731.

**PINE POINT.** A locality in Newington, thus named as early as 1664; another Pine Point was on the Newichawannock, in 1693, just below St. Albans cove.

**PINKHAM'S GARRISON.** It was on Dover Neck, about half a mile below the second meeting-house lot, and was taken down in about 1825.

**A JAIL ADVENTURE.—Part II.**

BY WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

“You should have seen the mingled expression of surprise and contempt which stole over his countenance; and then, to appreciate my embarrassment, you should have heard him say,—

“‘Young fellow, that is an old and very gauzy device, and if you don’t disperse yourself in double quick time, I’ll see to it that you have safe quarters at the station-house.’

“‘You may set it down as a certainty that I ‘dispersed myself’ without any more ado, and I kept dispersed until the hour arrived for the party to move on to the next city.’”

McVeigh’s countenance now took on more of earnestness, and his voice became hard and belligerent.

“‘My troubles.’” he continued, “‘as it turned out, had but just begun. In a confident and joyous manner I went on board the special train that was to take the party on its journey. When in the act of making some inquiries of a palace car conductor, a colored gentleman, a hand was placed rudely and heavily upon my shoulder, and I was felled into a corner with unnecessary violence. The policeman who ‘dispersed’ me had me by the coat collar.’”

McVeigh paused. An irrepressible emotion of indignation momentarily overpowered him. He nervously changed the position of his body, and when he spoke his voice was harsh and belligerent.

“‘He shook me for all the world as a terrier shakes a rat!’” he exclaimed, indignantly. “‘He then ignomini-

ously ejected me from the car, and when I gathered myself up and offered to show him my credentials, he laughed in my face and said he had good and sufficient reasons for believing them to be bogus. I attempted to reason with him. He would not listen; he simply said, in a gruff voice, ‘Young man, I’ve got about out of patience with you! You look to me like a crank. Yes, sir, and if I were not under positive orders to go with this train for the protection of the party from just such unprincipled intruders, I would run you in for investigation.’

“‘You may set it down as a certainty that I was greatly embarrassed, and that I hesitated concerning the next move, and whether or no it was prudent to continue the evidently unequal contest.

“‘In my dilemma I appealed to the conductor of the train. He proved to be an unusually important and disobliging public servant. In fact, my pathetic story had no more effect upon him than it would have had upon the Old Man of the Mountain. He was travelling on a reverse curve, and he curved opposite to my humble person with great dignity.

“‘I cannot do anything for you, my friend!’ he said, giving me a withering and scornful glance. ‘If you are particular about continuing your journey to-day, the proper thing for you to do will be to purchase a ticket and secure a passage on the accommodation train, which follows us in thirty minutes.’

“I explained, begged, scolded, and swore, but all to no purpose. His heart was like flint, and his decision irrevocable.

“‘Clear out, or I’ll hand you over to a policeman!’ he exclaimed in a pompous manner.

“I was in mortal fear of a policeman, and so I cleared out with remarkable alacrity.

“The next and last individual with whom I sought an interview—the baggage-master—informed me, in words more emphatic than polite, that there was a representative of my newspaper in the refreshment car, and therefore he was satisfied that I was a cheap fraud.

“While I was debating the question with him the train moved out of the station.

“Gentlemen, hearing no objection, I will now omit an elaboration of my experience in the next hour. I will simply say that I was very despondent; that the accommodation train was behind time; that it was slow; that when I arrived in the next city my mental condition rapidly improved, and I imagined myself in a place where the prerogatives of the profession are respected.

“Ah! but I was doomed again to dire and dreadful disappointment, as the sequel will show. Even to this day I cannot reflect with composure upon the events which followed.

“With your permission, however, I will condense my harrowing tale at this point, and simply say that I made my way to the main street, and when pushing nervously through the crowd a heavy hand was again laid upon my shoulder, and—— well, that same policeman snatched me with peremp-

tory suddenness that nearly stopped my breath.

“I expostulated, I resisted, I struck right and left with all my might, I kicked. I declared that I was pursuing a legitimate calling; that his interference was unwarrantable; that I would take the law on him; that unless he immediately and unconditionally released me he would get into trouble that would cost him his commission.

“My mad antics and loud declamation did not have the slightest effect upon him. He did not appear in the least frightened, neither did he turn pale or loosen his grip on my collar.

“This little episode, however, caused a great sensation and a commotion in the crowd. The procession halted. Everybody within hearing of the tumult rushed upon us, and became interested spectators. Some of the men attempted the role of peacemakers; others talked fight, and threatened vengeance on the policeman; children, who were trampled under foot, shrieked with terror, and women fainted; while a dandified fellow, who had the appearance of a dancing master, queried, ‘What’s he been doing?’ and a plug-ugly (if I am any judge of mortal man) shouted savagely, ‘Let him go!’

“The policeman was equal to the emergency. He drew his revolver, and ordered the mob to stand back. The effect was like magic: everybody stood back. Meanwhile I continued to show fight, and called on the people to rescene me: he clubbed me. I hung back: he dragged me. Yes, I blush to own it, that policeman actually dragged me to the city jail.

“At the guard-room my pockets



were searched for evidence that I was a dangerous man in the community, and I was catechised concerning my birth, parentage, occupation, and age; to all of which the answers were truthful, but were not believed. I was told that my conduct was suspicious; that I had been faithfully shadowed, and, painful as the duty might be, it was necessary to lock me up.

“Well, I made an earnest and eloquent appeal to the chief. He listened patiently. I declared over and over again that I was a newspaper man, and had an important and imperative duty to perform; that to doubt me was little less than a crime; that to commit me was to disappoint the journal upon which I was employed, and perhaps ruin my prospects in life.

“‘That is what they all say,’ he coolly replied. He promised, however, to give my case his consideration as soon as the rush of business was over.

“I was then hurried below, my name, age, and occupation recorded in a book kept for that purpose, and compelled to accept quarters in a dismal cell.

“Merciful Providence! It was the worst place, as it then appeared to me, that I had ever beheld. And such companions! The vilest that ever breathed the damps of a dungeon.

“The key was turned in the lock, and my captor hurriedly departed.

“I was dazed and frightened. I was weak and confused, and therefore it was several minutes before I fully realized what had happened to me. I remember, though, the mocking sociability of those who occupied the

cells on my right and left and in the opposite corridor. Modesty was no part of their education. They spoke in the vernacular of the street, and with the familiarity of old friends and acquaintances.

“‘You’ve got the finest parlor f’ what’s in the hotel, Johnny,’ chuckled a small boy, who climbed about on the bars of his cell door with all the agility and evident enjoyment of a caged monkey at a menagerie.

“‘And the villain still pursued him,’ remarked a seedy, middle-aged man, in a husky, stentorian voice; while a third person—an old man, who was evidently behind the bars because of light-fingered proclivities,—said, in the glibbest manner possible, ‘My son, it grieves me to the heart to meet you in marble halls. You are young, and probably think yourself innocent of the crime for which you are apprehended. It won’t do! Up you go! In brief, it is my duty to inform you that the court—having considered the offence to which, by the advice of able counsel, you have pleaded *nolo contendere*—orders that you be confined at hard labor in the penitentiary for a period of five years; that you pay the cost of prosecution, and stand committed till sentence be performed.’

“‘And may God have mercy on your soul!’ bawled an idiotic youth; whereupon the happy family sent up a peel of laughter that made the old dungeon echo.

“Oh, but it was a wicked place!

“There were nearly a dozen of these hilarious captives, and every one favored me with remarks or suggestions.

“A wreck in a cell at my right ad-

vised me to promise to sign the pledge, and 'go on probation;' another suggested that it was proper to 'squeal on the seller,' and thus go free; while still another,—a sort of patriarch in law-breaking, and a person whose greatest weakness was an inordinate affection for the flowing bowl,—observed that the court had soured on most suffering and deserving humanity, and therefore I might consider myself lucky if I got off with six months at the famous watering (hic) place known in the county as the Mountain House.

"The most crushing blow, however, came from a miserable woman on the other side of the corridor. 'Why, yes it is!' she exclaimed, hysterically. 'It is my long lost brother! And to think, Dennis, that you should come to this! Alas, for the good advice which I have given you! All wasted!'

"Her speech was hailed with every mark of approbation; in fact, the whole motley crew bellowed like fiends infernal.

"There was a pause in the proceedings, and I had begun to congratulate myself on the end of their unseemly conduct, when a human dwarf,—clean shaved, and evidently a person who had spent a good share of his days behind prison bars,—insisted on being informed, 'privately an' 'pon honor,' whether or no there was a woman in the scrape. He had, so he said, ironically, been gathering statistics for a number of years, and was now prepared to demonstrate to a nicety, before any unprejudiced tribunal, that the statement going the rounds of the press that the dear sex are mixed up in most of man's crimes

is prejudicially and unqualifiedly false. 'Rum, my dear brother in misfortune, is what does the business for us!'

"The wretched and disorderly specimens of humanity in the other cages were divided on this point. Some said 'That's so,' but the greater number groaned, and declared that the speaker was 'too-too for his business;' while the moment the hilarity ceased a moderate spoken individual of fifty, who pretended to deprecate the levity of the gentlemen, who, 'for reasons best known to the polite and efficient gentlemen of the police department of our growing and enterprising city,' were cruelly, and with malice aforethought, denied the privilege of American citizens to witness the procession, insisted that he recognized in me a member of congress, a wise statesman, and sympathizing friend of the deserving poor and needy. 'Fellow-citizens, who, like myself, have come to this extremity because of the men who broke the banks, and who are still at large, we must dissemble. This gentleman in number ten was committed at his own request. He has taken this method of ascertaining facts and information that, when fully evolved and established, will undoubtedly result in needed reforms in the management of city, county, and state boarding-houses, and thereby ameliorate in a large degree the suffering of the members of a worthy class of well meaning but shockingly misguided fraternity known among men of letters, and those bummers of the daily newspapers, as law-breakers. My dear sir, accept our apology for the rude reception you have received among us.'

“He called for three cheers. They were given with a will, and ornamented with several tigers; and then the turnkey of that dungeon came among us, and raved, scolded, and swore, and declared that unless the racket ceased he would gag the whole bilin’.

“It was such a party, gentlemen, as I hope I may never be compelled to meet again under like circumstances.

“In my feverish anxiety and mortification I imagined that all the fiends of the infernal region surrounded me. I was fast losing control of my nerves and becoming strangely bewildered; and yet I had sufficient presence of mind to attempt to calm myself, and argue that my incarceration was the result of a mistake. The poisonous atmosphere of the place had something to do, I think, with my despondency.

“Meanwhile my tormentors continued their disjointed observations, and that terribly depraved woman her moaning about her poor, unfortunate brother Dennis, and the prisoner with the stentorian voice kept up his random and oratorical debate on reform, or something of that sort. ‘I have him at last!’ he shouted in a voice of thunder. ‘He’s a government detective, who has come among us high-toned and labor-hating aristocracy for the purpose of discovering, if he can, who beats the great, glorious, and high-minded American institution in the important matter of the taxes on the necessities of life—whiskey, beer, and tobacco.’

“This statement was hailed with shouts of ‘Good, good!’ several rounds of applause, mocking laugh-

ter, rattling of cell doors, and other signs of approval.

“Presently the whole crew desired to be interviewed, and the wickedest man in the prison assured me that he would tell all the secrets of the city, under oath, and as much more as I would pay a reasonable price for.

“That I was a very unhappy young man, and desperate withal, I have never to this day doubted, and that I importuned and attempted to bribe every officer who came within the sound of my voice it would be useless to deny. Moreover, I shall never be unmindful that ‘kicking against the pricks’ is a useless exercise; that it is the part of wisdom for a man who is compelled by untoward circumstances to remain in custody as a prisoner to make the best of the situation, and spend the time in congratulating himself that he is in luck that so little is known about him.

“But what was I in for?

“‘Pickpocket’ was the significant word written against my name on the book of entry. ‘Pickpocket!’ I saw the officer write it.

“Pickpocket! The thought of it caused me to tremble, and the perspiration to start from every pore in my body. I paused in serious meditation. The full force of the complaint dawned upon me. My strength began to fail. I was wild with impatience.

“Pickpocket! I repeated over and over again, the while standing by the iron door of the cell listening to the discordant jargon of my fellow-prisoners, and inhaling poisonous odors that made me faint and sick.

“Pickpocket! I had written the word a hundred times, but it never

had a significant meaning until now. In my loneliness and despair I sat down upon the side of my bunk, and, half believing that a history of my strange experience in jail would make a sensation article for the newspaper, took my note-book from my pocket and endeavored to analyze my symptoms, and to make a pen picture of my companions and surroundings. I could not accomplish anything. Concentration of thought was a lost art with me, and I doubt if I could have correctly spelled and written my name. 'Pickpocket' was the one word in my vocabulary. I paced the floor in anxiety and misery. The more I exercised, the more impatient and desperate I became. I was in the darkness, despondency, and gloom of the inquisition. Strange fancies and hallucinations oppressed me, and dark forebodings of evil consequences possessed my mind. I felt—for I fully realized my condition—that I was nearing the critical point where reason and judgment are dethroned.

"I was a stranger, and they took me in. What if they should insist on keeping me? What if some respectable and reliable citizen should appear as my accuser, and swear with convincing positiveness that at the moment the policeman's hand was placed upon my shoulder he felt my hand in his pocket, and was all the more certain of the facts because of the seal ring upon my finger, which he was positive tore a hole corresponding in size in the lining of his coat!

"You will observe, gentlemen, that it was a conviction with me that prosecuting officers figure the evidence against a suspected person to a pretty

fine point, and are not disposed to give them the benefit of many doubts.

"But I had become shockingly unbalanced. The crime of which I was suspected, and for which I was committed, increased in magnitude as I contemplated it, and was made more appalling by the thought that possibly for some years my companions were to be the class of adventurers whose hideous noises and jeering speeches were ringing in my ears. Strange to say, my imagination conjured up all the evils that could possibly befall the worst criminal in the land. And, moreover, what if the overzealous witnesses for the government should identify the ten-dollar note which the officer had taken from my pocket for safe keeping! What if I should be recognized as an old offender; as a criminal who had 'done time' in the penitentiary of some other state; as an outlaw on whose head a price was set! More, what if my conduct in attempting to bribe my jailer should be construed as corroborative evidence of my guilt!

"Fear, fear in the worst possible form, was upon me. I lost all control of my reasoning faculties and my judgment. The perspiration oozed from every pore in my body, and my nerves fluttered like a leaf in the wind. The future looked dark; there was no oasis in it. Hardships, and possibly loss of reason, seemed among the certainties of the future. The light and joy had faded out of my life.

"In my distress and despondency I could not recall that I had a friend in all the wide world who would be likely to assist me in the hour of my great affliction and necessity. I felt

that I was poor, in misfortune, and forsaken. Ruin stared me in the face; my character was forever blackened; thenceforth I was branded a felon; there was stain upon my garments; all my old associates would believe the worst of me; I should lose my place, and no reputable journal would give me employment.

“This, my friends, is no picture of the fancy, no overdrawn sketch from the imagination. It is a truthful report of an actual occurrence.

“An hour passed wearily. The light became dim, the place more sombre and gloomy, and the outlook for the night more appalling. What should I do? What could I do? To whom could I apply for relief? How would my employers construe my absence from duty, my silence? What would become of my wife and child? What would my mother-in-law say? The last thought overpowered, staggered me, and I reeled against my dungeon wall like a victim of intemperance.

“Was I childish? I will not pretend to say I was not. I will only add, in passing, that all temperaments are not alike,—and then continue my narrative by saying that I fell upon my face in the bunk of that horrible place and wept like a child who had broken its favorite toy, or a frail woman who moans some sudden and overwhelming bereavement and will not be comforted.

“Gentlemen, in that awful hour of delirium and suspense my mind chased many foolish phantoms, and my overtasked imagination builded many barriers between my future and the bright sunshine that never seemed so glorious and beautiful as when its warm rays were denied me.

“And so I struggled with doubts and fears, with fluctuating hopes and grave apprehensions, with dread and uncertainty, till my reason was temporarily dethroned, and I became a wild and raving maniac. I threw my coat and the contents of my pockets upon the floor and trampled upon them; I beat my new silk hat into a shapeless mass; I dishevelled my hair; I ruined my patent leather boots by kicking against my cell door; I broke the stool which the jailor had kindly loaned me into kindling wood; I destroyed the clothing of my bunk and raved like a hungry tiger in a cage. My strength was something wonderful, my passion ungovernable. My chaffing companions in durance vile were for the nonce silent and respectful.

“My friends, as I pause and look back upon that scene, and consider my experience, I discover that there were some very strange and perplexing sensations, sensations that I shall never be able fully to fathom or clearly define. It appeared to me that I had two minds independent of each other, and two individualities. By the more demonstrative mind I was wrought up to the highest pitch of nervous excitement. My eyes, I verily believe, were glassy; my head was burning with fever; I was thirsty; great drops of perspiration rolled from my forehead and fell upon the floor; my tongue was swollen; my blood was on fire. I was desperate. My one overpowering desire was my liberty. Underneath all this was an undefinable sense of feeling that now appears to me like my normal condition of mind. I could reason to a certain point, but the mental strain

strain on the other key was so much greater that the conclusion was not clear. I could see and in some degree understand what I was about, and yet there was an idea that there was a somebody else in all that was transpiring, for whom I entertained emotions of pity, but over whose movements and reckless deportment I had no control. Sometimes the thought would be clear that it was myself, and then there would be a feeling of shame that my wits were not strong enough to subdue my body and control my tongue. On the other hand, running counter and distinct, as I have already stated, was unreasoning madness.

“A little later I became exhausted, lay down and immediately fell asleep. It was a troubled sleep, for I looked into the prison ‘at the other end of the valley,’ and lived the secluded and burdensome life of a convict. I was fatigued from labor and suffered for companionship. I longed with an aching heart for the cheer and smiles of the friends of other days, and the society of the young men and young women whom I had known and loved in the days of my freedom. I sighed for the free air of heaven; I yearned for an hour among editors and printers; I envied the office devil; and I wondered if any one of them would acknowledge that he ever knew me. More particularly did I grieve because of the disgrace my downfall would bring upon the woman I had sworn to honor and cherish, the child born to us, and also upon my aged parents.

“While in this condition of body and mind I fancied that I could welcome death, for I somehow realized that it would end my suffering. Look

which way I might, take the most favorable view of the situation I could master, there was no dawn that foreshadowed a bright future. I lay in that bunk a broken-hearted man, a wreck, a human being who thought himself dead to this world, and who, in his disordered mind, was passing away from its trials, perplexities, and disappointments.

“A little later and these ugly imaginings passed away, and great happiness came to me. I laughed at the sufferings and remorse of the hours I had spent in the dungeon’s gloom. They were but the flimsy fabric of a dyspeptic dream, release from which caused a buoyancy of spirit in which bright prospects were in the ascendancy, and hope everywhere renewed. I saw myself surrounded by my old friends; there was warmth in their greeting, and joy in every word that was spoken. I beheld the beautiful world, more beautiful now than it ever appeared to me before. I was assured of success as a journalist, and my future seemed secure. Added to this was the new happiness which I beheld in my wife, and a knowledge that my report of the affair which I had been assigned to write up had reached my journal on time. In the midst of all, the managing editor had said my work was intelligently and satisfactorily performed, which to a man of my desponding mood was sufficient ground for more of happiness than I could well express. I dreamed a good deal more; and when I awoke and realized that it was only a dream after all, I was more miserable, if that were possible, than I had been before, and had less control over my mind in directing it to a successful resistance to gloomy forebodings.

“In a word, I lost my courage. The old fear came upon me with added force. Prison walls and cell bars, hard task-masters and scanty food, stared me in the face and thrilled me with terror, such terror as I had never before experienced, and which I pray I may never again experience. Faintness, weakness, and nauseating sickness followed. I moaned and cried piteously. Presently I was a raving maniac, and, although conscious that I was making a fool of myself, passed through the trials that beset me before my dream. It was terrible, I assure you. After a while I became active again; and shortly after, a voice at my cell door aroused me and partially restored my mental equilibrium. I staggered to the now open cell door. I shall never forget my feelings or the look of pity which the officer gave me, as I inquired what was wanted.

“‘You are wanted at the chief’s office,’ replied the man in blue and bright buttons emphatically, his voice and manner robbing me of the last ray of hope to which, like a drowning man who seizes upon a straw, I had tenaciously clung.

“I followed him mechanically, with trembling body and feeble step, with such dread of consequences as I have since imagined must possess the mind of a condemned man when ascending the scaffold from which he is to be launched into eternity. How I managed to pilot myself through several dark passage-ways and up a flight of winding stairs I shall never be able to make clear to myself. It must be, I think, that the officer assisted me, for somehow I have an indistinct recollection that his hand was upon my arm.

“The chief—I have forgotten his name—was a man of wide experience and wise discrimination. He had not been long enough in the business to be calloused. In a word, he took me in at a glance, and somehow reassured me that all would come out right. I began to see silver linings in the dark clouds. Said he,—

“‘Young man, you are under arrest on a very serious charge, which, if proven against you, is at the minimum five years in prison. I will say to you, however, that from the best information I can obtain, and after a searching examination of the gentleman who claimed to have been robbed, but who was not, I have come to the conclusion that you should be discharged from custody at once, and my personal assurance given that the officer making the arrest exceeded his duty. He should have used his judgment rather than have acted upon the request of an excited complainant. I regret exceedingly the annoyance to which you have been subjected, and sincerely hope the circumstance will not work to your disadvantage among your companions, or cause you trouble with your employers. You may go.’

“It was exceedingly cold comfort, but I took it without murmur or argument, and suddenly, yes, hurriedly, put that city jail behind my back. I suppose I ought to have thanked him, but I did not. At least I have no memory to that effect. The truth is, my anxiety to get into the sunlight, to regain my freedom, to demonstrate to my satisfaction that I was not insane or dreaming, was such that I had no thought of anything else, and was therefore completely off my guard in the matter of the manners, which

are a part of the stock in trade of a well regulated journalist, and which he is expected to exhibit at all times and under all circumstances to all people."

There was an ominous pause and profound silence, in which it was somehow made as clear as sunshine that Mr. Bragg desired to speak the tag or control the story-teller. He evidently knew the end from the beginning, and feared that some one was likely to be in some way exposed or compromised.

McVeigh quickly comprehended the situation, and in a side speech, which we did not understand, gave some sort of assurance which overcame the brother's modesty, and caused him to withdraw threatened interruption.

"When I reached the next city," continued McVeigh, "I met Brother Bragg, and this is what came of it:

"What became of you?" he inquired.

"Of course I acknowledged that I had been in durance vile, incarcerated in a city jail on the serious charge of larceny from the person.

"I heard so," he replied, "but did not have the time to search you out. I should have returned, however, after doing this place, if you had not put in an appearance. But you are all right below. It was a pretty hard job, considering the magnitude of the event, to double and duplicate despatches successfully, but I succeeded. Your report went in on time, and in your own name, and here is the evening edition of your paper, which proves it."

"You may be sure a heavy load was lifted from my mind, and guess

that I thanked him and gave assurance of my gratitude and my happiness."

"What happened a year or so later?" inquired Mr. Bragg.

"What happened? Why, I met that same chief of police at the Parker House, in Boston. He recognized me. We engaged in a chat like two old school-day cronies that had not seen each other in many years. Just as we were on the point of separation, he looked me squarely in the face, and in a frank and manly way said,—

"I ought to tell you something that you would like to know, and which you have probably never mistrusted, about your incarceration in the jail in the city which I have the honor to represent."

"I assured him, of course, that I would like very much to hear it.

"A short time following that unhappy experience in your life," he continued, "I learned upon the most positive evidence that a jealous journalist from a neighboring city "put up the job" on you. In other words, he cheated an ambitious and over-zealous policeman by making him believe that he knew you as a celebrated New York thief who had done service, and for whose apprehension a reward was offered. It was a trick to get you out of the way, so that he could secure exclusive reports of the events which were happening."

"We laughed heartily; we have been good friends ever since, and I can get the best accommodations in the matter of news of any outside man who visits that chief's borough.

"Gentlemen, you have the full particulars of 'A Jail Adventure.'"



## EARLY MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

Fiction is sometimes truer than history or biography,—paradoxical as it may seem; for in dealing with feelings and motives, one can reason from the inner consciousness, and, by a natural sequence of ideas, arrive at truer understanding than by the rendering of facts as they appear in incident and event.

Thus, in a work of the kind we have in hand, it is lawful, I think, to allow the imagination to roam over the fertile fields of the past, and gather here and there posies of thought ungarnered by the strict historian. Many times have I gazed beyond the beautiful, mosaic meadows at the gleaming surface of our winding Connecticut, or stood upon its banks, and fancied myself back to the time when the primeval forest with its undergrowth of bushes lay close to its banks, and rendered our now beautiful valley well-nigh impassable, except to the trained hunter or the Indian. And I can see now in imagination the dusky savages silently assembling from behind the trees, stepping into their bark canoes, and floating down the river with hunting or warlike intentions. Again, I see the adventurous white man entering the wilderness after his toilsome march of a hundred and fifty miles, blazing his way by cutting notches in the trees—alert, and daring to thus brave the Indian and the wild beasts in their forest home. He has passed. Will he return in safety, or fall a victim to his dauntless courage? Who

can tell? but we know that the blood of the pioneer has baptized every land where gleams now the light of happy homes.

Anon the foot-path in our forest has become a bridle-path, for seven families have wrested from the wilderness their log huts. The sound of the axe is heard on the clear air; the wild beasts recede somewhat, coming now at nightfall to howl around their dwellings, or to gaze through the windows at the family seated about the blazing fire; while the Indian, with growing hatred, passes by, or scowls at the peaceful sight from behind the bushes.

Ah! and here comes a horseman. As his horse's feet fall with soft thud upon the yielding earth, he is saying to himself, perhaps (who knows?), as did Tennyson's Northern Farmer:

“Do's n't thou 'ear my 'orse's legs as they canters awaäy?”

Property, property, property, that's what I 'ears 'em saäy.”

But we love to think it was something besides property that induced our forefathers to settle in the wilderness. High courage and dauntless will were theirs first of all, and these traits, united to the smiling valley they have left us, make a priceless heritage indeed.

The pioneer has invariably been possessed of unusual character; for it requires not only great hope, force, and courage, but discrimination and endurance, to successfully map out and plant a colony: so when it is said

of a man that he was one of the first settlers, respect should immediately embalm his memory.

Our forefathers were always, likewise, men of great individuality. In cities there is to be found the finest symmetry of character, but strong individuality is far more rare, owing to the constant friction of mind upon mind, which is apt to wear away the strong points of individual character, and to make too many of the same pattern. The man remarkable for action is seldom a growth of the city, but an influx from the country. How often do the newspapers give the names of prominent men who came from the plow or the anvil to head the lists of the city in honor and wealth. Genius can thrive only when certain faculties are allowed to subjugate other ones to their needs, and this cannot go on so well in cities where all ideas must more impartially come to the front. But genius is a kindly tyrant when upheld by the twin sisters Industry and Perseverance, and the natural growth of the sturdy first settler whose individuality grew strong and rank in his forest home. Shut out as he was from intercourse with the outside world, it often bristled into points, however, and anecdotes of our ancestors prove the truth of this assertion.

Deeds of courage, feats of strength, and tales of hunting valor show these old worthies to have been worthies indeed, but men who would have pined and sickened in our day of easy action. Prominent in every settlement was the church, and around this as the nucleus grew up those interchanges of civilities which finally were merged into merrymaking or frolics.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—and Jill, a dull girl," perhaps reasoned the elders. Anyway, they accepted the idea of first work and then play, and so was instituted the husking frolic, the apple-bee, the quilting, and, at last, amusement without its modicum of work—the junket. Let us again call fancy to our aid, and go to the house of some local magnate where there is to be a husking frolic and junket. Perhaps it is a husking-bee. Let us say that the log hut has given place to the large, square structure with many-paned windows, its keeping-room and long kitchen, and its immense chimney breaking out into every room with the broad, kindly smile of an open fire-place. In the long kitchen the hearth-stone, of more than a ton's weight, and eight feet long, stretches before the fire-place—watchful, restful, and cheering. An immense back-log, as thick as a man's body, forms the foundation of the big, roaring fire, and around the leaping flames cluster privileged guests, while the small aspirant for future honors sits in the corner of the fire-place studying his horn book, or watching the stars that gleam so kindly above his head.

The brick oven has been thrice heated to bake pumpkin pies and ginger-bread for the "spread," and the squire's wife is happily conscious of the good things in the pantry as she sits placidly knitting. On this night of the frolic the long kitchen has been cleared, the settle and chairs are placed primly against the wall, while a stool for the fiddler sets on the table at the further end. The crooked necked squashes still hang by the fire-place; long strings of

dried apple are festooned overhead; while groups of wooden candle-sticks are nailed to the rafters. A huge pile of corn extends the length of the kitchen; and now the company begin to arrive, on foot and on horseback, the young man sitting in front, his girl behind him on a pillion. High tones and merriment usher in each party, and jokes, making up in laughter what they lack in wit, fly about the room. Homespun, that one year covers the sheep, and the next, its owner, sets well if not easily on the young man. His shirt collar, of home-made linen, is uncomfortably high and stiff, as the red, tortured ears plainly show (but what will one not undergo to be well dressed!); a buff vest gleams in front, while a swallow-tailed coat, from the pocket of which dangles a colored handkerchief, adorns the wearer; small-clothes and buckled shoes complete the costume,—unless I speak of the hair, which is combed straight back to end in a queue behind. Stout, honest, and merry, the delicate bean of to-day cannot compare with these “sparks” of a bygone generation. And the girls,—white-necked, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, and jolly, in their short-waisted, scant-skirted, big-sleeved, linsey-woolsey gowns, with stout shoes, hair braided high and with ornaments of gold beads or a silver comb! What noble-hearted matrons they made, and how we honor these great-grandmothers of ours! But they are not taking a peep into futurity, nor at us, their unworthy descendants, but are sitting in couples around the heaped-up corn, singing old ditties, cracking jokes, sipping home-made cider, and whispering love,—for the “old, old

story” was just as old then as now. At huskings the blind god is imprisoned in the ear of red corn, the first finder being entitled thereby to kiss whoever he chooses.

But the yellow corn lays bare of husks now, and many hands make light work of clearing the long kitchen for the dance. Black Pelham mounts the stool on the table, tunes his fiddle and rosins his bow, while the couples range themselves in long lines down the kitchen: and then the dance begins. Agility and speed took the place of grace in those days, and the lightest dancer was reckoned the best,—he who could spring straight upward over a foot, keeping time to the music, being a fine one indeed. It once happened that a young man sprang so high that he got entangled in the strings of dried apple, and brought several yards of it on to the floor.

The husking ends early, and the young people go home none the worse for their frolic.

The quilting was an afternoon festival for the matrons and maidens, ending by the men’s coming to shake the quilt, to eat supper with them, and, sometimes, to dance awhile afterwards. The quilt was pieced of home-made flannel, dyed with indigo, mulberry, or madder, and stuffed with wool. The writer of this chapter has an old quilt of this description, which has been handed down through several generations.

The apple-bee was another sober festival; but the junket was without work, and a more ambitious one, occasionally taking place at the “tavern stand.”

Training-day was a piece of mili-

tary display without doubt very pleasant to the survivors of the Revolution, while the general muster was a grand review that called out all the martial spirit of the day. Many old people now living describe with great interest the appearance of the troops and officers, and relate anecdotes concerning them.

But I linger too long on the border land of to-day. Let us go back beyond the century. I find myself in the church, or the meeting-house, with its boxed-up pews, and the women ranged soberly on one side, the men on the other. The deacons' pews and the squires', with other local magnates, are at the front; and, in some places, the galleries are for inferior people, while little niches high up hold the colored worshippers. Plainly our forefathers did not believe in equality upon earth, however it might be in heaven. But the minister ranked highest of all in the social scale, a liberal education giving him a prominence borne out by his calling. His wife often bore the title of Lady, and the congregation arose when she entered the church and stood until she was seated. The tithing-man with his rod stood watchful and ready to quell the youngsters' unseemly mirth, and to awaken the brethren when they slumbered under the lengthy sermon. The sounding-board was fastened just above the minister's head to throw the sounds downward, and which, but for this, it was thought, might fail to reach the congregation. The prayer was fervent and exhaustive, ending always with a petition for King George and parliament. Then the hymn was lined by the minister and sung by the congregation. This was the dark

age in music, and I have seen it stated that a hymn begun in one tune was only too apt to end in another quite different, as every one sung as he listed, and the loudest singer came out triumphant, dragging his tune to the front.

The women carried in their hands a kerchief and prayer-book, with a sprig of fennel or caraway to nibble, as they were popularly supposed to possess a keep-awake quality, not always borne by the sermon. But two hours in length! Think of it, you who cavil at the half-hour sermon of your pastor, who strives hard to put the thoughts of a week into a nutshell for the benefit of the hurried worshippers. Tennyson's Northern Farmer, stupid, sottish, and conceited, says,—

“An’ I hallus comed to schoorch afoor my Sally  
 wor dead,  
 An’ ’eerd ’em a bummin’ awaäy loike a buzzard-  
 clock ower my yeäd;  
 An’ I niver knawed what a meän’d, but I thowt a  
 ’ad summut to säiy,  
 An’ I thowt a säid what a owt to a säid, an’ I  
 comed awaäy ”

But our northern farmer was different. Critical, conscientious, God-fearing, he came to hear the Word, with a spice of dissent, and a daring mind that was ever ready to argue upon baptism, regeneration, and fore-ordination with the minister, who was himself often a man of character.

Parson Moody, who was settled over the first church in New Hampshire, had a faith as great as that of the early martyrs, but bright, hopeful, and humane. Tradition tells us that he took a pair of shoes from his wife's feet to give to a worthy but unfortunate person, and then knelt down and prayed fervently for another pair to replace them. His faith was required, for a pair of shoes soon arrived.

**THE OLD NORTH CHURCH OF CONCORD.**

READ IN THE ABBOTT CHAPEL, JAN. 27, 1887.

Upon this spot, where church and chapel stand,  
But eight score years ago was wild-wood land.  
Here tangled forests echoed to the tread  
Of dusky warriors and their war-whoop dread.  
Where now yon shapely spire points to the sky,  
Were lofty pines with summits full as high,  
Beneath whose branches, in the grateful shade,  
Have wandered Indian brave and Indian maid.  
Here in their wigwams by the river side  
Have countless generations lived and died ;  
Here were their pleasures few, their many woes ;  
Here were their feasts, their battles with their foes.  
Here, when their lords to hunt or fish had gone,  
The squaws would cultivate their patch of corn.  
Here lived the mighty chieftain of their race,  
In war so valiant, cunning in the chase.  
Now all have disappeared and left no trace  
Save in the names which dignify the place.  
Contoocook, Merrimack, and Soucook, too,  
And Penacook, are names they left to you.  
For them no cemetery was laid out,  
Their dust o'er hill and vale is spread about.

Were they unhappy? Let us view the case :  
They had the pleasures of the hunt and chase ;  
They had no rum-shops in or near the place ;  
They had no politicians, no ring rule ;  
The boys and girls were not confined in school.  
They had no counting-house, no shop, no mill ;  
They had no gas, no coal, no butcher's bill.  
They had no pigs, nor cows, nor hens to feed ;  
Of saw, and axe, and books they had no need.  
They had no engine shrieking through the night ;  
They had no motor, and no horse to fright.  
They had no parlors then to sweep and dust,  
No nickle-plated silver-ware to rust ;  
No contribution box, no bank to burst ;  
No tariff high or low, and no free-trade ;  
Of competition they were not afraid.

They had no corporations then to fear,  
 And no hand-organs rasping on the ear.  
 They lived on venison and salmon-trout,  
 And on the whole knew what they were about.  
 In fact, our friends, the aborigines,  
 Of trouble borrowed none, and lived at ease,—  
 Indeed had no one but themselves to please.

Into this Indian paradise there came  
 A white man from the south in search of game :  
 'T was Ebenezer Eastman, known to fame.  
 This Ebenezer was of great renown,  
 And claimed as pioneer in many a town.  
 Behind him came the Walkers, Bradleys, too,  
 The Ballards, Farnums, Abbotts, Smiths a few,  
 The Kimballs, Chandlers, Holts,—good men and true.  
 With Christian zeal their manly hearts were warmed :  
 Here in the wilderness a church they formed.  
 They laid out present Main street, straight and wide,  
 And built a meeting-house close by its side ;  
 Divided land in lots of equal size,  
 And in their ways were circumspect and wise.

When they had finished preparations all,  
 The Reverend Timothy Walker had a call  
 To settle as their pastor in the fall.  
 For over fifty years he led his flock—  
 In times of peace and in the fearful shock  
 Of Indian wars brought on by foreign hate,  
 When many settlers met their frightful fate.  
 He served them faithfully until the end,  
 As pastor, justice, counsellor, and friend.  
 For them his house was made into a fort ;  
 For justice pleaded in a foreign court ;  
 He faced the storms upon the ocean's breast ;  
 His life he gave to labor—not to rest.  
 No doubt he had his hair done in a queue,  
 Wore silver buckles and knee-breeches too.  
 We think he could distinguish right from wrong ;  
 We know his cane was nearly five feet long.  
 We think he rather liked his joke and fun ;  
 We know that he could handle sword or gun.  
 He christened children, funeral sermons preached,  
 Joined man and maid when proper age was reached ;  
 Attended to his duties, great and least,

For all the country round was teacher, priest.  
In fact his parish was the township wide ;  
From distant farms they gathered to his side.  
From Turtle pond, from Broken Ground near by,  
From Break o' Day, and from the Mountain high,  
From the Dark Plain, and from the Sugar Ball,  
From Long pond, Horse hill, and from Sewall's fall,  
From Mast Yard, Garvin's, Millville, Turkey pond,  
Would gather children and their parents fond  
At the old meeting-house at the North End,  
To hear the sermons of their reverend friend.  
Some came afoot, with shoes and socks in hand :  
To save the leather was this method planned.  
Some came on horseback with the wife behind :  
The horse-block where they landed one will find  
In Mr. Walker's door-yard at North End,  
To prove my statement and the truth defend.

For many years the church and town were one—  
Long after Mr. Walker's work was done.  
The Reverend Israel Evans next was called,  
Then A. McFarland was in turn installed.

Then fresh from Yale and Andover there came  
Nathaniel Bonton,—honored be his name !—  
Whose history of the town increased his fame.  
'T was here he labored from his early youth  
To green old age, instilling gospel truth.  
His heart led him his Maker to adore,  
His head was filled with antiquarian lore ;  
He loved not history less, but Scripture more.  
E'en now there seems to linger round this place  
His gentle presence and his noble face.

✱ Next came our present pastor, Mr. Ayer,  
Who now for twenty years has held the care  
Of church and flock, and lead us on the way,  
The old, the young, the sad ones and the gay,  
To where he teaches is eternal day.

If Mr. Chase will now the church doors lock,  
Or hold them firmly as the granite rock,  
And let no guilty one from here escape  
Save o'er his mangled form and manly shape,  
We'll try to photograph for you the flock,  
But no one's sensibilities will shock.

We first will note our agricultural friend  
 From Watanummon's brook at the "north end."  
 All through the state have greedy grangers hung  
 Upon the accents of his silver tongue.  
 From classic Yale he came, and saw no harm  
 To cultivate his fame and till his farm.  
 'Tis said he was presented to the queen  
 As representative of grangers green.

We have with us an unpretentious man  
 Who gives his time to study, thought, and plan.  
 With stores of solid wisdom he is blessed,  
 His high authority by all confessed.  
 They like them most who know the Pillsburys best.

If in our title we should find a flaw,  
 And were compelled to grapple with the law,  
 We have with us a man of legal lore,  
 Who knows not only law but something more :  
 Of wisdom Justice Dana hath a store.

The best of men are sometimes rather small,  
 The largest men are oft not good at all :  
 We cannot judge of goodness by the size :  
 We do not know, we hardly realize  
 How much of good in Deacon Farnum lies.

However, in our youth we learned at school  
 That some exceptions did but prove the rule :  
 When nature builds on her most lavish plan,  
 She often gives all virtues to the man :—  
 Hath she not done so with good Captain Ann?

Of deacons we could have as many more,  
 But as it is, we get along with four :  
 There's Smith, and Morrison, and Ballard, too,  
 Each one a Christian leader, tried and true.  
 And still another, not yet quite so old,  
 Modest and pure, and, if the truth were told,  
 As true as steel, as good as Moulton gold.

Our youthful choir I hope are somewhere near,  
 That they a word of honest praise may hear.  
 Each of the singers hath a pleasing voice,  
 And, when they sing in concert, make a noise  
 Which hath a charm to sooth the savage ear,



And wring from hardest heart a silent tear.  
To all of us the choir is very dear :  
We are attached because they are so nice,  
We would not hint they 're " dear at any price."

Our organist deserves a word of praise,  
Who only for the love of music plays.  
He filled the old North church with music sweet ;  
To him and to us all 't would be a treat  
To have him play again as in old days.  
For Doctor Carter was the organ bought :  
I think we all esteem him as we ought.  
Oh ! may he speedily his health regain—  
Be strong and well, and with us once again.  
We should, however, rank beneath the brute.  
Did we not value high his substitute.

Our Jewels bright we do not wish to scorn,  
Nor skip another, though a constant Thorne.  
From old colonial days are handed down  
Familiar Ballads, known about the town.  
From Charlestown, when the British fled, we find  
The Bunkers came, but left the hill behind.

Wisconsin sends to us a chieftian brave  
Whom I will mention, nor his blushes save :  
Of warlike anecdote he hath a fund :—  
A warrior battle-scarred is General Lund.

Nor should we leave the Abbots in the lurch,  
For they, indeed, are longest in the church.  
From them we get the latest Vassar lore,  
And knightly deeds as in the days of yore.

While some with New Year's a new leaf will turn,  
We turn two Pages, who for wisdom yearn,  
And still have many pages yet to learn.  
They only seem to care for public weal,  
And labor for the common good with zeal.

From Scotland came the Stewarts, who can trace  
Their lineage straight from Scotland's royal race.  
The family here rank quite as high as when  
In Scotland they were lords and noblemen,  
And cut a royal swell, the story goes,  
And could wear antique armor when they chose,  
While here they cut a royal suit of clothes.

We have with us a scholar versed, indeed,  
 In all the wisdom human beings need :—  
 A ready writer, clear, concise ; and cool,  
 Efficient teacher in his private school ;  
 A man already widely known to fame—  
 Why deed I mention Amos Hadley's name ?

If banks we want, we need be at no loss  
 While we have amiable and gentle Cross.  
 Indeed we run the very smallest risk  
 In leaving all our wealth with Mr. Fiske.  
 One thing alone prevents our being rash,—  
 Not want of confidence, but—want of cash !

We have with us a politician gray,  
 Not one, however, who will friends betray ;  
 A grateful state enlists him in her cause,  
 And trusts him with the making of the laws :  
 From Enoch Gerrish, senator-elect,  
 The highest statesmanship we may expect.

Now many more would my attention claim,  
 To fitly honor or pronounce the name ;  
 But there, the door you need no longer hold,  
 Although my story is but partly told :  
 There are so many gathered in one fold,  
 I cannot do full justice to them all,—  
 Perhaps would better not have tried at all.

But if you will for just a moment wait,  
 I will a very mournful tale relate :  
 It is the sad and melancholy fate  
 Of one who tried to pass St. Peter's gate,  
 But was, I grieve to say, a little late.

But better late than never, I contend,  
 To bring my nonsense rhyme to sudden end.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*Appropriately honored by the Republicans of New Hampshire at the Second Banquet of the Lincoln Club, at the Eagle Hotel in Concord, Tuesday Evening, Feb. 15, 1887.*

[From the Concord Monitor.]

In point of numbers, enthusiasm, and eloquence, the meeting of the Lincoln Club of New Hampshire at the Eagle hotel, Tuesday evening, was so great a success that it will long be remembered as one of the most notable events in the history of the Republican party in New Hampshire. The attendance was not only very large, but it was made up of representative Republicans from all parts of the state. Under the direct supervision of the secretary, M. J. Pratt of this city, the arrangements had been made so complete that there were no unpleasant delays and no disappointments. John L. Clark acted as treasurer in the unavoidable absence of Hon. E. H. Woodman. The seating of the large company at the banquet tables was admirably looked after by Charles A. Herbert and Will W. Stone, and Norris A. Dunklee acted as door-keeper. Blaisdell's orchestra gave a delightful concert in the office of the hotel from 8 to 9, and discoursed choice music during the hour and a half that the discussion of the menu was in progress.

The banquet is pronounced the best ever served in this city; it certainly reflected the highest credit on Col. John A. White, the Eagle Hotel, and all who had a share in its preparation and its completion. The menu card bore on one side, "Eagle Hotel, Concord, N. H., Tuesday, February 15th, 1887." Above the menu was a portrait of Mr. Lincoln, over-arched by the words "Lincoln Club of New Hampshire." The dinner was served admirably in courses, and was as follows:

Oysters on Deep Shell.		
Clear Soup.		
Chicken Halibut.	Potato Croquettes.	
Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms.		
Boned Turkey with Jelly.		
Lettuce.	Vegetables.	Celery.
	Chicken Salad.	
	Orange Sherbet.	
	Larded Grouse.	
	Saddle of Venison, Currant Jelly.	
Vanilla Ice Cream.	Assorted Cakes.	
	Green and Dry Fruit.	
Tea.	Coffee.	

At the head of the table in the centre of the dining hall sat the president of the club, Col. Charles H. Sawyer of Dover; on his right were Hon. C. H. Burns of Wilton, Capt. Henry B. Atherton of Nashua, Hon. Henry Robinson of this city, Attorney-General Barnard of Franklin, Hon. William E. Chandler of Concord, Hon. David H. Goodell of Antrim, Hon. John J. Bell of Exeter, and Councillor Peter Upton of East Jaffrey; Councillor B. A. Kimball of this city occupied the position opposite the president, and on the latter's left were Rev. A. P. Rein, pastor of White Memorial Universalist church of this city, Col. Daniel Hall of Dover, Charles R. Corning of this city, Hon. O. C. Moore of Nashua, Hon. Edward H. Rollins of this city, Hon. Dexter Richards of Newport, Councillor C. W. Talpey of Farmington, and Councillor M. L. Morrison of Peterborough. Before the members of the club took their seats at the handsome tables, grace was said by Rev. Mr. Rein. After the several courses of the banquet had been duly considered, President Sawyer arose, and gracefully opened the speaking of the evening as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE LINCOLN CLUB: It gives me pleasure to see such a large attendance here to-night at this second meeting of the Lincoln Club of New Hampshire. It confirms what seemed apparent at the first meeting, that there is a strong interest felt in this organization by the Republicans of the state. We may reasonably hope that as a means of bringing together members from throughout the state it will not only be a benefit socially, but also a valuable and efficient aid in promoting the interests of the party.

We are here to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Strictly, the meeting should have been on the 12th. That date occurring this year on Saturday, it was thought advisable to defer it until this evening, as being more convenient for members in attendance from the more remote parts of the state. The Club could not have been more honorably or more appropriately named.

The memory of Lincoln is growing to be more and more honored and revered with the lapse of time. It is a name that appeals to the hearts and sympathy of a loyal and grateful people. A man of the humblest origin, he was destined by Providence to lead this nation through the terrible and momentous struggle which was to demonstrate to

the world that we were a nation, and that a republican form of government could be maintained under the greatest strain to which it could be subjected—that of civil war. His great services ended with his life, and he will be ranked with Washington in the hearts of his countrymen, and in history as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

SPEECH OF CAPT. H. B. ATHERTON.

The address of Captain Atherton was well delivered and extremely interesting. It was as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I first saw Abraham Lincoln in the spring of 1844. The news that Senator Douglass had reported from his committee a bill repealing the Missouri Compromise had rung out through the country "like a fire-bell in the night." The state of Illinois was ablaze with indignation. I was at Springfield at the meeting of the extra session of the legislature in February, when that measure was under discussion, and I well remember the intense excitement of the occasion. Shortly after, on the 22d of March, it became my good fortune to listen to the trial of a cause in the Morgan county court in which Mr. Lincoln took part as counsel. He was associated with Judge Brown of Springfield for the defence. A Mr. Smith and Murray McConnell of Jacksonville were the plaintiff's lawyers. The suit was brought by Silsby, editor of the Jacksonville *Journal*, a free soil paper, against one Dunlap, a pro-slavery Democrat, for a personal assault which had been provoked by some political or personal allusion to him in the paper. I remember that my sympathies were wholly with the plaintiff and against Mr. Lincoln's client, for the assault had been an aggravated one with a cane, and as a boy, with rather strong anti-slavery proclivities, I was prejudiced against the defendant, his conduct, his politics, and very likely against his counsel also; and yet I was delighted with the argument of Mr. Lincoln, which made a lasting impression on my mind. I recall the expectation I had that "Judge" Brown was to do something commensurate with his title, and the surprise I felt that he was so much surpassed by his associate. The jury gave the plaintiff \$300, and ought probably to have given him more; but that night I put down in my note-book, "Mr. Lincoln is a very good speaker," and that was very true.

When then 45 years old, he was but little known outside his own state. He had been in the practice of the law seventeen years. He had served two or three terms in the state legislature and one in Congress, and, as candidate for presidential elector, had stumped the state both in 1840 and 1844 for the Whig party.

Before he began to study law he had begun to advocate those principles which later made him a representative Republican. In 1822, when he announced himself at the age of twenty-three a candidate for the legislature, he said, in what must have been about his first political speech, "I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff." Twenty-three years later, when his most intimate friend, Speed, inquired of him how he stood, he wrote, "I think I am a Whig. \* \* \* I now do no more than oppose the extension of slavery. I am not a Know Nothing; that is certain. How could I be? How could any one who abhors the oppression of negroes be in favor of degrading classes of white people?"

Springing from the ranks of the "plain people" himself, his sympathies were always with the poor. Born among the poor whites of a border slave state, where labor was degraded, good schools made impossible, and the door to advancement closed by the bright of human slavery, he had, through his own experience and that of his parents before him, become conscious of the great wrong and injustice to the whites, and the great misery and wretchedness to the negroes caused by slavery. His kind heart could not witness unmoved the dis-

treachery of a dumb animal, and much less could he bear to see the oppressed slaves at their unrequited toil. Poverty, weakness, distress, or misfortune never appealed to him in vain.

He sought distinction without disguise or hypocrisy. He coveted the good will of his fellow-men, but always sought to merit it. He was intellectually as well as morally honest, and as he never deceived others so, he never deluded himself. Of such material were the men who originated the Republican party, and Mr. Lincoln was a fair representative of that party. A vast majority of its voters were working men, intelligent, conscientious, and patriotic.

Within the last few years men have protested against being compelled to compete with the labor of a few hundred unpaid convicts in the prisons, or of a few thousand economical Chinese on the Pacific coast, who with no families or churches to support, are able to underbid in the labor market the honest Christian, who lives like a man, supports his wife and children, sustains schools and churches, and performs his whole duty as a citizen; and I believe there is some ground for an open and manly protest in that direction. But the grievance from these sources is the merest trifle compared with the intolerable competition of three millions of "chattels real"—African slaves fed on the coarsest of food, clothed with the cheapest of garments, and working for no pay whatever. That was the substantial grievance which the white workmen of the country, uniting under the name of the Republican party, openly combined to meet. It cheapened the wages of the white man. It cast odium on honest labor—that blessing in disguise without which no race ever emerged from barbarism, and no individual ever attained to a wholesome and healthy growth. It retarded civilization, denied the rights of man, and was at war with our free institutions. It grew strong, aggressive, and defiant. It proclaimed "Cotton is king!" and capitalists at the North timidly bowed before His Majesty.

Making use of the Democratic party as its agent and instrument, slavery began an advance along the whole line. The objective points of this concerted movement were to nationalize slavery and ultimately to reopen the African slave trade, and thereby still further to cheapen labor. Men brought cargoes of slaves from the Congo coast and landed them on the shores of the Southern states with no apparent fear or danger of punishment. The area for slavery was enlarged by waging a war of doubtful justice upon a sister republic and despoiling her of a large portion of her territory. The fugitive slave law was passed which compelled free men in the North at the will of a United States marshal to take the place of blood-hounds in the South in hunting down the fugitive flying from an intolerable thralldom. In the U. S. supreme court the Dred Scott decision was obtained, in which it was announced that no slave or descendant of a slave could be a person entitled to the right of habeas corpus, or trial by jury, and that neither Congress nor a territorial legislature could exclude slavery from the territories. The court would not admit that even the state legislatures could exclude slavery from their respective states; and it was believed that their next step would be to declare that the states had not the power under the constitution. The Lemon slave case was already going through the New York courts, where in the court of appeals I heard Charles O'Connor argue against William M. Evarts that a Southern slaveholder could voluntarily bring his "chattels" into New York, and they were not thereby made free, but he might retain possession of them and take them back to the South. Robert Toombs proposed to call the roll of his slaves beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. To this end the three departments of the general government were working in harmony.

The Missouri Compromise had dedicated to freedom the territories north of 36 deg 30 min., and was thought by many to be as binding as the constitution itself. The good faith of both sections was pledged to its maintenance. The slaveholders had

control of the Democratic party, and no person, unless he was willing to do their bidding, could hope for advancement within that party. That was the situation when, on the 23d of January, 1854, Stephen A. Douglas, as a bid for the next presidential nomination of his party, introduced into the senate the famous Kansas-Nebraska bill, repealing the Missouri Compromise. Nobody in Illinois had asked Mr. Douglas to take that step. It was the order of the slave power, and the passage of the bill was a declaration of war on the part of the South. Very soon both parties began to throw out skrnishers into Kansas, and the result of the preliminary struggle was with the North.

It had become evident to the minds of such men as William H. Seward and Abraham Lincoln that the "irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces" had begun. It was in the opening sentence of his great speech of the 17th of June, 1858, that Mr. Lincoln said,—"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house will fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South."

The course of Mr. Douglas having made him the most conspicuous of the Democratic leaders in the North, his ambition was no longer limited to the Senate or any place within the gift of the people of Illinois. He now aspired to the presidency of the United States. For twenty years Mr. Lincoln had been his rival and competitor, antagonizing him step by step. He had met him repeatedly in debate, and had answered his arguments on the tariff and internal improvements, and, more recently, upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and "popular sovereignty," until he had come to be recognized as the champion of the free-state men. On all sides it was expected of him that he should again take the stump in opposition to Mr. Douglas and the aggressions of the slave power. The famous debate of 1858 between them made Mr. Lincoln well known to the whole country, and without doubt the signal ability which he then displayed, the moderation and fairness of his views, coupled with his inflexible firmness for the right, made him the candidate of the Republican party in 1860.

In his speeches he did not deal in second-hand ideas. His practical training prevented his being bookish or fond of abstractions. From his own wide experience with men and nature he drew illustrations familiar to himself and to his audiences. He was not inclined to the use of invective, and was slow to apply hard names to his opponents. He preferred to appeal to their intelligence and sense of justice, and to convince them through their reason. He never undertook to persuade men by personal abuse. In his public discussions he seems to have been always charitable toward those who differed with him, apparently believing they might be honestly wrong, and seeking to win them to his way of thinking. He never claimed for himself or his party all the wisdom and virtue of the country. Nor denied a fair share to his opponents; and yet, under his wise counsel, and in a large measure by his efforts, the anti-slavery Whigs, the free-soil Democrats, the abolitionists, the constitutional union men of Illinois, and, to a certain extent, of the country at large, were united in one homogeneous whole, welded into the Republican party,—a party which has done more for the moral and material welfare of this country than any other party has ever done for any country since the dawn of civilization. With the war for the Union waged and won, with slavery rendered impossible forever hereafter, with the Pacific Railway built, and a generous homestead given to every settler, all under the administration of the first president elected by that

party, the country has gone on in a course of prosperity never equalled before, and has grown so in population, and so multiplied all those comforts and necessities of life which go to make up the collective wealth of a people, that it has become the most populous, the wealthiest, and, I may add, the most powerful nation in Christendom. It leads the van of civilization.

But it is natural for us to be not quite satisfied. It is hard to let well enough alone. The best is not quite good enough; and it is as well so, otherwise if we were too easily content we should make no progress. In this age of boycotts, lockouts, and strikes, a cessful and otherwise, we hear a great deal about socialism, communism, nihilism, anarchy, the land question, and various other movements founded on the assumption that capital must always of necessity be at war with labor. On this assumption the workingman is invited to align himself with this or that movement, and by so doing better his condition. Now, there was a time when to a certain extent labor was at war with capital. That was the time when the Democratic party said capital had a right to buy and own labor. The Republican party, composed as it was of workmen, took the opposite view, and said the converse of the proposition is true, and that instead of capital owning the laborer, the laborer should own the capital, as much of it as possible; and for the past thirty years that party has done everything to help him to take that position with regard to capital. A high protective tariff gives high wages to the workman, and, so long as his tea and coffee, his beef and flour, his house rent and doctor's bills, and nine-tenths of his clothing pay no duty, the cost of living is not perceptibly increased by the tariff. By reason of the protective tariff, advocated by Lincoln in 1832 and put in operation under his administration by a Republican Congress, hundreds of thousands of laborers have found comfortable homes in this country, who, but for that Republican measure, would have had no pecuniary inducement to come to us across the Atlantic.

Upon this question of the relation between labor and capital, which to-day perplexes the minds of a good many honest men, we are not left without words of guidance from the sagacious and far-seeing Lincoln. In his message to Congress in December, 1861, notwithstanding the public mind was intent upon the prosecution of the war, he spoke of the attempt of the Confederacy to place capital on an equal footing, if not above labor, and enumerated tallacious assumptions on which they proceeded. He said they assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless induced thereto by somebody else owning capital, either by hiring or owning the laborer; that whoever is a hired laborer is fixed in that condition for life. "Now," he said, "there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed; nor is there any such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Both these assumptions are false, and all inferences from them are groundless. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights." He said a few men possess capital, and with their capital hire another few to labor for them, but a large majority North and South, were neither masters nor slaves, hirers nor hired. Men, with their families, wives, sons, and daughters, work for themselves on their farms, in their houses, and in their shops, taking their whole product to themselves, and asking no favors of capital on the one hand or hired laborers on the other.

"Again," Mr. Lincoln repeats, "there is not of necessity any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life," and then he added in words, which, though I read them first while in camp in Virginia more than twenty-five years ago, I think I shall never forget because they are so true of our people: "Many independent men everywhere in these states a few years back in

their lives were hired laborers. The prudent, penitence beginner in the world labors for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all, gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement of condition to all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less in lined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned."

These words of Abraham Lincoln are as wise and true to-day as they were when first uttered, and they are still the doctrine of the Republican party. While capital has a right to protect on, labor is still its superior. We recognize the fact that human beings are of more consequence than dollars, that persons are more precious than things, and, happily for the workingman, under a free government, the party that by precept or example teaches otherwise, will soon become a mere plutocratic remnant without votes.

I congratulate the members of our club upon the name we have assumed, and I venture to predict, that so long as the Republicans of New Hampshire continue to honor the name of Lincoln and follow his example and teachings, they will deserve and continue to receive the support of a great majority of the intelligent people of the state.

#### SPEECH OF COL. DANIEL HALL.

The oration of Colonel Hall received the close attention of every one present, and was able and eloquent. It was as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: I understand that I am expected to occupy a few minutes of your time in speaking of "Abraham Lincoln as a Man." The theme is too large for me, and crushes me at the beginning. It is like speaking of the sun; and as, while we stand in the full effulgence of that great luminary, flooding the world with its light and warmth and life-giving power, it is impossible to disentangle and analyze its various and many-hued rays of beneficence, so it is difficult to emphasize any separate aspects of this illustrious and many-sided character. The mere character of a great man not seldom confers greater benefits upon the nation, and upon the epoch in which he lives, than any, or even all, of his specific achievements. I have sometimes thought that such was the ministry to us of the life of Abraham Lincoln; for though it was given to him to connect his name inseparably with some of the greatest events in our history,—the overthrow of the Rebellion, the maintenance of the Union, the emancipation of the slave,—yet, when we consider the great moral authority his name has gained, the ideas and associations that cluster about that unique individuality, how his influence and example and precepts have uplifted this people in their whole being, it seems as if he had brought a new force into our national life; had set in motion a train of benign influences which is to go on without limit, so that in future his age is to form a new date and point of departure in our political calendar.

So familiar is his personality to us that we scarcely need to know more of him; and yet I think all of us must be reading with deep interest the new life of him, which is appearing in "The Century," and throwing fresh light upon his origin, his education, and his early career. There was a special fitness in the birth, amid the poorest and hardest surroundings, of him whose destiny it was to assert for his country and his age the divine right, not of kings, but of humanity,—the essential equality of men, and their right to an untrammelled liberty and an unlettered pursuit of happiness. No training in the schools entered into his preparation for his great work, but he lived the life of the broad West, breathing its free and invigorating air, and thus developed a sterling

manhood, health of body, and strength of limb, truth in every word and deed, and a clearness of vision and moral intrepidity which the schools cannot supply. Thus reared, amid humble and simple surroundings, he "mewed his mighty youth" in warfare upon

"The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,  
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,  
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,  
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,  
The ambushed Indian and the prowling bear,—  
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:  
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,  
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain."

In such a mould his life took on that rough exterior and homely garb which shaped it for all time, and made him "in his simplicity sublime."

These struggles of pioneer life were the bracing on of the armor of Vulcan which equipped him for deeds of high enterprise; they made him brave and true, genuine and sincere,—one to whom duty should be first, and the rights of man second; and he grew up having in him what our ancestors, with awful solemnity, called "the fear of God." To his latest day he took on no veneer of polish: he assumed no dramatic attitudes for dazzling the eye or impressing the imagination, and was guilty of no trickeries to cheat the judgment of contemporaries or of posterity.

It is not necessary to trace Mr. Lincoln's pathway, step by step, upward towards the high places of the world. You are all familiar with the slow but sure processes of his growth and advancement. His original abilities were of a high order. He saw quickly and distinctly. His mind was clear, and open to truth as the flowers are to the sunlight and the dew. His reasonings were close and sound. He was a man of power and effectiveness, and so steadily did he grow in public esteem that long before his great preferment was dreamed of he enjoyed a popular regard almost unparalleled. No stronger proof of his intellectual and moral energy can be cited than the rapid and strong hold which he gained in due time upon the patriotism, the confidence, and the faith of the country. These elements crystallized with an unhesitating abandon about his name, and the strength and vitality of the free North took the color of his mind, and became charged with his personality. That he was a great lawyer, with vigorous powers of logic and comparison and illustration, and a strong grasp upon legal principles, will be shown to you by another, amply competent to present to you that phase of his greatness; and I will not trench upon his province.

He was also an orator of rare power. Before those rather rare audiences of the West, which had no fastidiousness, and judged him by no nice standard of taste, he was grandly effective, and convinced and swayed them with consummate skill. With them he employed, as he did everywhere, those "rugged phrases hewn from life," and that inimitable wit and genial humor which testified to his real seriousness, and the zest and relish with which he entered into the life around him. The severe logic, the clearness and compactness of statement, the moral earnestness which struck a deeper chord even than conviction,—all these appear in some of his speeches in Congress, and notably in the renowned debate between him and Douglas; and in these and his casual addresses, more still in his unstudied conversations, there is to be found phrase after phrase that has the ring and the weight and the sharp outline of a bronze coin. But he filled also the requisites of a higher and more exacting criticism. Though unlearned, and without the graces of the schools, he was sometimes gifted with the loftiest eloquence. On great occasions, written and spoken speech has rarely risen to higher levels than from his lips. Some of his utterances, instinct with solemn thoughtfulness, and illustrated by beauty of diction, a sententious brevity, and

felicitous turns of expression, such as the Cooper Institute speech, his inaugural addresses, and the oration at Gettysburg, are masterpieces, to live and resound as long as the English tongue survives.

Mr. Lincoln answered, as I think, another of the unerring tests of greatness, in his marked individuality, and his unique likeness to everybody else. He had no affectation of singularity, and yet he created a distinctness of impression which seems to point him out as a type by himself, a distinct species created by the Divine hand in the evolution of time. His image on our vision is not a blur, but is as distinctly and sharply cut as the outline of a cameo, or

"The dome of Florence drawn on the deep blue sky."

No other great man as yet in the least resembles him; and if, my friends, we are so happy one day as to meet the shades of the great in the Elysian fields, we shall know that exalted spirit at a glance, and we shall no more mistake the identity of Abraham Lincoln than we shall that of Caesar or Cromwell or Napoleon, Washington or Grant. Nature stamps her particular sign-manual upon each of her supremely great creations, and we may be sure that she broke the die in moulding Lincoln.

To a club which has honored itself by taking his great name, an inquiry into Mr. Lincoln's conception of politics must ever be a study of the deepest interest. In the first place, he was a politician from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and, himself pure, sober, temperate, chaste, and incorruptible, he never shrank from what the manly sentimentality of our day affects to condemn and sneer at as the vulgarity of engaging in politics. He entered with ardor into the political life around him; he engaged in party caucuses, conventions, and gatherings; he mixed in the political management of his state, his county, his district, his township, and received no contamination thereby. He conceived this to be the duty of every citizen of a free republic, and no word discouraging political activity ever fell from his lips. He carried into his politics the same morality that he used in his daily dealings with clients and friends. He was incapable of intrigue, he was true and transparent, and no duplicity ever stained his integrity. He studied the currents of public opinion, not as a demagogue to slavishly follow them, but from a profound conviction that, as to times and means, all men are wiser than any one man, and from a real respect for the will of the people, to which he ever rendered a genuine homage. He sought no power. He was too healthy and natural to be disturbed by any troubled dreams of a great destiny; and if he had ambition, it was free from vulgar taint. But *in* power he never forgot his trusteeship for the people, and he never lost elbow-touch with those to whom he rendered

"The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed."

The world knew, therefore, that glory, or vanity, or lust of power had no place in that pure heart. "His ends were his country's, his God's, and truth's," and thus did he earn the proud title of

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honor clear;  
Who broke no promise, served no private end,  
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

Therefore, Mr. President, I claim that his whole life is a standing reproof to the flippant notion and the skeptical and cynical fling that politics is a dishonest game. He was a politician from the outset; and if there is one lesson inculcated here to-day by his life and character, it is that politics in a free government affords the loftiest themes of thought and the grandest theatre of action for men of great and consecrated powers. He was a striking proof that the honestest politics is the best politics, that the greatest prizes are gained by unselfish souls, and that, in fact, there is in decent politics no room for a dishonest man. Here was a man devoted all

his life to politics in America, with a zeal and intensity which left him no time for the study of anything but politics, and the law by which he gained his meagre livelihood; and if, as has been said, there is something narrowing in the profession of law, and degrading in the pursuit of politics, surely Abraham Lincoln did not exemplify it, nor did he,

"—born for the universe, narrow his mind,  
And to party give up what was meant for mankind."

After his great elevation, his speeches and state papers are replete with proofs of his political insight, his clearness of vision, and his far-reaching views. He saw vividly the great considerations which determined his duty, and that of his party, on the question of disunion. He felt in his own breast the pulsations of this mighty land. He saw his country and her splendid opportunities for a great race for empire,—no oceans or mountains dividing, great rivers connecting, a common origin, a common history, common traditions, a common language, continuity of soil, and a great position in the family of nations which unity alone could secure. He rose to the full height of the issues involved. He knew that should the South succeed in winning independence "the cloth once rent would be rent again;" that there would no longer be one America, but many Americas; that the New World would tread over again in the bloody tracks of the Old; that there would be rival communities, with rival constitutions, Democracies lapsing into military despotisms, intrigues, discussions, and wars following on wars. Therefore this man, so gentle, so mild, so peace-loving, that every shot sent a pang to his own heart, could give the word of command, and, with unbending will, see the United States tear open their veins, and spill their blood in torrents that they might remain one people. But throughout the sanguinary carnival through which he was forced to lead us for four long years, Mr. Lincoln's nature remained true and tender and forgiving. No bitterness and no uncharitableness usurped any place in his heart. There was nothing local or provincial in his patriotism. Notwithstanding the insults and contempt lavished upon himself, despite the injury and wrong done to what he held dearer than himself,—the Union and the liberty which it made possible,—he still enfolded the South in his warmest affections. His whole public life is full of evidences of this breadth of view, this catholicity of temper, this far-reaching statesmanship, this magnanimous and Christian spirit. He yearned for peace unceasingly; and there can be no doubt that a complete pacification and reconciliation on the basis of impartial liberty was the last and fondest dream of his great soul, rudely interrupted by the stroke of the assassin. He lived not to realize his great designs, yet he fulfilled his historic mission, and what a large arc in the completed circle of our country's history will his administration embrace! What harvests of martial and civic virtue were garnered in! What a treasure-house of national memories and heroic traditions was prepared! What a new and glorious impulse was communicated to the national life!

What was achieved by his genius and character by that peculiar combination and summary of qualities of heart and brain and environment which make up what we call Abraham Lincoln, we, by our finite standards and our partial view of the scopes and orbits of human influence, can never adequately measure. But some things we see in their completeness before our eyes. We gaze with admiration upon his pure and upright character, his immovable firmness and determination in the right, his inexhaustible patience and hopefulness under reverses. We remember how steadily these masterful qualities wrought upon the public mind, till his quaint wisdom, his disinterestedness, his identification with the principles that underlay the issues of the Civil War, made his name representative of all that was highest and holiest and best in the North, and gave it a prestige which

alone was sufficient to carry us triumphantly through to the end. Before this prestige all resistance was discomfited, and his was the hand to complete and adorn the unfinished temple of our fathers. Substituting the corner-stone of Freedom for that of Slavery, he built anew the indestructible edifice of our Liberty, giving it new proportions of beauty, lifting up into the clear blue its towers and pinnacles, white and pure, and crowning all with the Emancipation Proclamation as its fitting capstone. He it was who presided over the strife which restored the Union, and "out of the nettle Danger plucked the flower Safety." But for that great character, raising high above the tumult of contending parties its voice of patriotism and moderation—that moderation which a profound writer calls "the great regulator of human intelligence"—who shall say that this government would not have been rent asunder, and the Ship of State foundered with all on board? There is no difference of opinion now as to the grandeur and nobility of this service. It was the finishing touch upon the work of Washington. Before Lincoln, Washington stood alone as the one great typical American. But now a new planet has come into our field of vision, and with him holds its place in our clear upper sky. Indeed, it is a significant fact that, as time goes on, our Southern people, who so sorely taxed and saddened that great spirit, are gaining a love and reverence for him almost transcending our own. Those whom he reduced to obedience are foremost in appreciation of him, so that that eloquent son and orator of the New South could rise at the banquet of the New England Society of New York on last Forefathers' Day, and pay this lofty tribute to his genius and virtue.

Said he, "From the union of these colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning, and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty."

This is equally beautiful and true; and it well pays us for waiting to hear it come at last from the lips of a Georgian, representing a city so hammered and trampled upon by our hosts that scarcely one stone of it was left upon another in the gigantic struggle.

Not less striking, nor less surely the voice of the civilized world, were those strains, which, a few days after his death, swelled from the harp of England through the pages of *Punch*, which had ridiculed and insulted him through life:

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,

You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,

Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,

His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,

His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,

His lack of all we prize as debonair.

Of power or will to shine, of art to please,—

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,

Judging each step as though the way were plain;

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,

Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

Before this corpse, that bears for winding sheet

The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,

Between the mourners at his head and feet,

Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer;

To lame my pencil, and confute my pen:—

To make me own this hind of princes' peer:

This rail-splitter a true born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,

Noting how to occasion's height he rose;

How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;

How iron-like his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;

How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;

Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,

Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few

Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand—

As one who knows, where there's a task to do,

Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,

That God makes instruments to work his will,

If but that will we can arrive to know,

Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side

That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,

As in his peasant boyhood he had plied

His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights.

\* \* \* \* \*

So he grew up a destined work to do,

And lived to do it: four long suffering years'.

Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,

And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,

And took both with the same unwavering mood:

Till, as he came on light, from darkening days,

And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon had, between the goal and him,

Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—

And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim

Those gaunt, long-labouring limbs were laid to rest:

The words of mercy were upon his lips,

Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen.

When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse

To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,

Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!

Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!

Sad life, cut short just as the triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before

By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt

If more of horror or disgrace they bore,

But thy foul crime, like Cain's, shines darkly o'er.

Vile head, that brandest murder on a strife,

Whatever its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,

And with the martyr's crown crownest a life

With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

Therefore, it is clear that whatever differences we are to have hereafter with our brethren of the recent strife, and with the races of mankind, we are, by common consent, to stand with equal reverence before him; and contemplating the life onward and upward of this peasant boy, from the log cabin to the White House, and the moral dictatorship of the world, I involuntarily bow before the inscrutable things of the universe, and exclaim,—“Sublime destiny! to have climbed by his unaided energies not only to the summit of earthly power, but to the reverence of history, and an undisputed dominion over the hearts and minds of posterity in all coming ages.”

I have spoken of Mr. Lincoln's plainness and simplicity, his abilities and achievements, and his relation to politics. Through these he became a



great factor in the events of his time. But after all I must think the true key to his influence is to be sought and found elsewhere. In his incorruptible purity, his disinterestedness, his inflexible morality, his fidelity to convictions,—in short, in his moral earnestness,—here were the real hiding-places of his power. The world is ever loyal to this lofty type of character, and whenever it recognizes a man who never does violence to his moral sense, it brings him the crown of its allegiance and homage. It was Mr. Lincoln's sturdy honesty that gave him early the *soubriquet* of "Honest Abe," which never left him; and this was that which winged his speech with celestial fire, and made him victor wherever he moved. The moral bearings of every question presented to him were never out of his mind. In this respect, unlike most of the world's great, "his wagon" was always "hitched to a star." In fine, the elements of intellect, and will, and morality, were

"So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, This was a Man!"

There is one scene in the life of Mr. Lincoln which has impressed my imagination beyond any other, and I have wondered why some masterly artist has never yet seized and thrown it in glowing colors and immortal beauty upon some great historical canvas. It seems to me it must have been the supreme happiness of that weary life, the moment when he looked into the dusky faces of his children by adoption in the streets of Richmond, from whose limbs the fetters had dropped at his touch, whom his word had lifted into the gladsome light of liberty,—"sole passion of the generous heart, sole treasure worthy of being coveted."

O my friends, the people did not simply admire Abraham Lincoln for his intellectual power, his force of will, the purity of his conscience, the rectitude of his private and public life; but they loved him as little children love their father, because they knew that he "loved the people in his heart as a father loves his children, ready at all hours of the day or the night to rise, to march, to fight, to suffer, to conquer or to be conquered, to sacrifice himself for them without reserve, with his fame, his fortune, his liberty, his blood, and his life."

Great men are like mountains, which grow as they recede from view. We are even now, perhaps, too near this extraordinary man, as indeed we are too near the remarkable events in which he lived and fought and won his battle of life, to appreciate them in their full significance. His fame in the centuries to come will rest, as that of all great men must and does, upon certain acts that stand out as landmarks in history. Few men have been so fortunate as he. So canonized is he in the heart of mankind, that envy and detraction fall harmless at his feet, and stain not the whiteness of his fame. There have been many men of daily beauty in life, but few such fortunate enough to associate their names with great steps in the progress of man—fewer still to blend the double glory of the grandest public achievement with the tenderest, sweetest, gentlest, and simplest private life and thought.

Not too soon for an abundant glory, but too soon for a loving and grateful country, his spirit was "touched by the finger of God, and he was not," and

"The great intelligences fair  
That range above this mortal state,  
In circle round the blessed gate,  
Received and gave him welcome there."

As we gather in spirit about his tomb to-day, and decorate with unfading amaranth and laurel the memory of our great chief, how fitting may we say of him what Dixon said of Douglas Jerrold,—"If every one who has received a favor at his hands should cast a flower upon his grave, a mountain of roses would lie on the great man's breast."

I know, friends, how little words can do to portray this august personage, and, toiling in vain to express the thoughts of him which you and I feel, I doubt if it were not better after all, as Mr. Lin-

coln himself said of Washington, to "pronounce his name in solemn awe, and in its rugged and deathless splendor leave it shining on."

If, now, such a character is a priceless possession to this people, how doubly fortunate are they, are we, who stood by him through life, and are the inheritors of his principles to day. Therefore, Mr. President, is there a high propriety in this club of Republicans associating themselves together about the great name of Abraham Lincoln, inspired as they must be by the hope and the ambition to emulate those manly traits and those personal virtues which so pervaded his nature as to permeate his politics and govern his life. He was ours wholly, and this Club, by adopting his name, in effect declares him its ideal Republican and political exemplar. In the very name there is fitting inspiration to high and noble endeavor, and we should be recreant to our opportunities and to our best selves—

"We that have loved him so, followed him, honored him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
Made him our pattern, to live and to die!"—

I say, we should be recreant Republicans, if, under the influence of that transcendent name and character, the very crown and summit of American manhood, we should not rise to a lofty patriotism, a high conception of, and a new consecration to, political duty, and do our utmost to secure the triumph of his principles, and to lift our politics up to that high standard of honor and dignity which guided the steps of the great man whose birthday we now celebrate, and which is commemorated throughout the civilized world as that of a Patriot, Statesman, Hero, and supreme Martyr to Liberty.

#### SPEECH OF CHARLES R. CORNING.

Lincoln as a humorist was the theme assigned to Mr. Corning, and he treated it in his happiest vein, evoking laughter and applause many times. He said:

During the darkest days of the Civil War when disaster followed disaster in fearful succession, two Quakers chanced to meet. These honest haters of war could not keep their minds from the dreadful conflict. Said one,

"I think Jefferson will win."

"Why so?" asked the other.

"Because, Jefferson is a praying man."

"Yes, but so is Abraham."

"Verily so," the other replied, "but the Lord will think Abraham is joking."

Strange goddesses stood at his cradle. In the humble cabin were gathered the crowned heads of the world's court; the wise, the happy, the tender, the brave, all were there. One only was missing. Dana, whose hand flings golden showers into the lap of the living, came not. Into the poor pioneer's hut the faint flicker of the tallow dip could not allure the fabled goddess. Her mission was nearer the stars, and she never knew the lowly lad whom her sisters were glad to honor. They endowed him with all that was good and true and honorable. To me Abraham Lincoln is one of the most remarkable studies that human nature ever presented. His mind was warped by no prejudices, and in a truly original manner he reached his own conclusions in law, in politics, and in private life. Herein he differed from all our public men. Washington, save his occasional profanity, was like his contemporaries. Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and their successors differed only in mental qualities, but herein Lincoln we have a man who in mind and body was as solitary and alone as the north star. There was never one like him. I am asked to speak of President Lincoln as a humorist. That he was one there can be no question. But he was no wit. Humor and wit do

not always go together. One requires a deep, reflective vein; the other a reflection like a mirror. Lincoln did not have that quickness which is indispensable to true wit, and yet no man was ever possessed of a deeper sense of humor.

Even as a young man he was known as a story teller, and this reputation grew as he grew until his hearers were not confined to an Illinois circuit, but embraced the great republic. He was the life of the old time law courts and his quaint stories attracted more attention than his briefs or arguments. A good story teller, or a man whose eyes something humorous in the phases of life, is likely to be underestimated by the people at large. They look upon him as a man of trivial mind, as one who weighs lightly the great problems of human affairs, and withhold from him that measure of confidence which an innocent spirit of humor ought to invite rather than repel. Had the wise men of the East been fully aware of Lincoln's exceeding love of story telling, he might never have been president. The Western people are nearer nature than we are, and Lincoln was their idol.

Charles Sumner was completely disgusted when Lincoln, after listening to a long talk from the distinguished senator, made no reply, but slowly unfolding himself, proposed to measure heights. Sumner had neither wit, humor, nor imagination, and Lincoln was an enigma to him. So with Stanton. On the evening of that eventful election day in November, 1864, when all the power of the War and the other departments had been employed to secure his reelection, Lincoln and Stanton were eagerly reading the returns as sent to them by private wire. The suspense was terrible, for the fate of the country seemed to be wavering in the balance. During a lull in the clicking, Lincoln pulled out a yellow pamphlet from his pocket and began reading extracts from *Petroleum V. Nasby*. He read and chuckled, only pausing now and then to coin a return. This enraged Stanton beyond measure, and calling one of his assistants aside the secretary gave expression to his wrath. The idea that a man whose country's safety was at issue could so calmly by a read such balderdash was to him simply damnable.

When Lord Lyons, the British minister, called on Lincoln, and presented him with an autograph letter from the Queen, announcing the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and added that whatever response the president might make would be immediately sent to her majesty, Mr. Lincoln instantly replied to the old bachelor minister, "Lyons, go then and do likewise."

Dignity Lincoln had none, and he never pretended that he had. He was tall, angular, and awkward, his hands and feet were large, his face was bony and he had wide furrows all over it. Nature made him like a scarecrow and endowed him like a god. At times Lincoln told stories just as men indulge in any pastime. He was a temperate man, and the cup had no attractions for him. He was not a reading man, and higher literature afforded him no solace. His recreation was in humor. Even in the dark days of the war he found time to indulge in story telling, and no one was more welcome to his evenings than the man of racy tongue. I recollect that the Senator Nesmith of Oregon, himself a wit and humorist of the first order, showed me a slip of paper on which was written: "Dear Nesmith, come around to-night with your best. A. Lincoln."

These men spent hours together, not in discussing state craft or planning policies, but in unrestrained good fellowship, for these stories were Lincoln's great safeguards in moments of mental depression. These stories served him many a good turn in his presidential office, and by fitting some ludicrous story to the occasion he saved himself and his administration from downright embarrassment. As a soft answer turneth away wrath, so would one of his funny stories. He had a great fort-in-makin analogies. When Grant showed him the Dutch Gap canal, and explained how an explosion had thrown the earth back and filled up a part already completed, he turned to Grant and said: "This reminds me of a blacksmith out in

Illinois. One day he took a piece of soft iron, and starting up a fire began to heat it. When he got it hot he began to hammer it, thinking he would make it into an agricultural implement. But after pounding away he found that the iron would not hold out. Then he put it back in the forge, heated it, and began hammering it with the intention of making a claw hammer. But he came to the conclusion that there was more iron than he needed. Again he heated it and thought he would make an axe. After hammering and welding it into shape he concluded there was not enough of the iron left to make an axe that would be of any use. He was disgusted at his repeated attempts, besides being weary. So he filled up his forge full of coal and worked up a tremendous blast, bringing the iron to a white heat. Then with his tongs he lifted it from the bed of coals and plunging it into a tub of water, exclaimed, 'There, by gosh; if I can't make anything else of you I can make a fizzle anyhow.'

Just after he was nominated in 1860, a prominent Mason called on him at Springfield and said: "Of course you expect all the Masons to vote against you, Mr. Lincoln?"

"No, why?"

"Because all the other presidential candidates are Masons."

"Bless me!" exclaimed old Abe, "is that so?"

"Certainly," said the visitor. "Bell has taken all the degrees, and is a member of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee; Breckenridge is an officer of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and Douglas—why he is grand orator of the Grand Lodge of Illinois—right under your nose."

Mr. Lincoln turned round in his chair, laid his legs across the top of the table, laughed, rubbed his face, stuck his fingers through his hair, and said: "John, you have been down in Sangamon county a good deal yourself."

"Well, yes," admitted the visitor, "sorry to say I have frequented it a little."

"I am reminded," said Mr. Lincoln, "of an incident that occurred there. A woman who was a real hard case was a witness, and the lawyer, bound to get even, asked her 'Are you a virtuous woman, madam?' She was slightly surprised and said, 'That, sir, is a very hard question to ask a lady who is a witness before a public court.' He rose and repeated the question sternly. She still evaded it, but when he persisted, she finally answered: 'This much I will say—that I have a great respect for the institution.'"

Once a war governor went to him in a towering passion; he liberally had blood in his eye. His interview with Stanton had been stormy, and he betook himself to the president. A few days after one of the officials who had witnessed the scene asked Mr. Lincoln how he had managed the irate governor. "Well," said the president, laughing, "do you know how the Illinois farmer managed the log that lay in the middle of his field? It was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn. Well I will tell you how he got rid of it. He ploughed round it. I ploughed round the governor, but it took three mortal hours to do it—and I was afraid every minute he would see what I was at."

At the time of Gen. Cameron's retirement from the cabinet the Republican senators thought a reconstruction of the entire cabinet was advisable, therefore, a committee waited on the president and requested him to make the change. Lincoln listened patiently and then said the request reminded him of a story. A farmer was much troubled by skunks. They annoyed him exceedingly. Finally he got out his old shotgun and laid in wait for the midnight assassins. His wife listened intently for the report of the gun. At last it cracked on the still night. The man came in, and his wife asked him what luck he had. "Well," said the old man, "I hid behind a woodpile, and soon seven skunk-came along. I blazed away and killed one, but he ran sed such a fearful smell that I concluded it was best to let the other six go!" The dignified senators saw the point and took their departure.

Lincoln could not bear to put his signature to

death warrants, and his reprieves and pardons furnish a sublime example such as the world had never known. Once Judge Holt, the advocate general, presented a most flagrant case of desertion and insisted that the culprit be shot. The man had thrown down his gun and run away during battle. Extraordinary circumstances there were none. The sentence of the court was death. Lincoln ran his fingers through his hair and said, "Well, Judge, I guess I must put this with my leg cases." "Leg cases?" replied Judge Holt. "What do you mean by leg cases?" "Why, do you see those papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are the cases you call by that long title 'Cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them leg cases. Now I'll put it to you and let you decide for yourself. If God Almighty gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he help running away with them?"

Lincoln was always quaint in whatever he did. He could not help it. Nothing was ever done for effect. His peculiarities were not studied, they were inborn and irrepresible.

In September, 1862, a delegation of Chicago clergymen called on him to urge the emancipation proclamation. He heard them patiently, and as they were leaving the White House one of them felt it to be his duty to make an appeal to the president's conscience. "I am compelled to say, Mr. Lincoln, that the Divine Master has instructed me to command you, sir, to open the doors of bondage that the slaves may go free." The president at once replied; "It may be as you say, sir, but is it not strange that the only channel through which the Divine Master could send this message was by that roundabout route by that awfully wicked city of Chicago?"

When the Rebels raided a small detachment of our army, they captured a general and twelve army mules. On hearing of it, Lincoln instantly replied: "How unfortunate! I can fill his place in five minutes, but those mules cost us two hundred dollars apiece."

Gen. Frye once found on looking over applications for offices in the army papers dotted with notes and comments in the president's handwriting, and among others, this characteristic one: "On this day Mrs. ——— called upon me. She is the wife of Major ———, of the regular army. She wants her husband made brigadier general. She is a sandy little woman, and I think she will torment me until I do it. A. L."

Now could there be anything more delicious than this?

Once when told that a Union man had been condemned to die, the chance being left to him to be hung or shot, a smile lighted up his sad features, and he said the situation reminded him of a colored Methodist camp-meeting. There was a brother who responded, "Amen! Bless the Lord!" in a loud voice. The preacher was sweeping the sinners on both sides into the devil's net. He had drawn a picture of eternal damnation, without a saving clause, when the unctuous brother leaped up and yelled out, "Bless the Lord! dis nigger takes to the woods!"

As in the present era of reform and honesty, Mr. Lincoln, like Mr. Cleveland, was beset with office-seekers. They fairly made him sick. As he lay in the White House prostrated by an attack of small pox, he said to his attendants, "Tell all the office-seekers to come at once, for now I have something I can give to all of them."

The relations between Lincoln and Stanton were very close, and sometimes exceedingly comical.

Once a committee, having for its object the exchange of Eastern and Western men, repaired to the war secretary with the president's order for such a change.

Stanton stamped and emphatically said, "No." "But we have the president's order," said the chairman.

"Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?"

"He did, sir."

"Then he is a damned fool," said the war secretary.

"Do you mean to say that the president is a damned fool," asked the bewildered spokesman.

"Yes, sir, if he gave you such an order as that."

The committee returned to the president and related the scene.

"Did Stanton say I was a damned fool," asked Lincoln.

"He did sir," and he repeated it.

After a moment's pause, the president said: "If Stanton said I was a damned fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him."

Lincoln took a memorandum of new stories, and once he stopped the long line at a White House reception in order that he might get the point of a story which he had forgotten. He was not frivolous, he was divinely thoughtful, but he had an unconscious humor which gushed forth at all times and under all circumstances. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. Lincoln told funny stories when black clouds of disaster hung over the nation. The Roman was drunk with wine and wild with passion; the American was hopeful, calm. The emperor was cruel, vindictive, and debauched; the president was merciful, wise, and pure. Nero was the incarnation of splendid iniquity; Lincoln was the living interpretation of the sermon on the mount.

#### SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES H. BURNS.

Mr. Burns's eloquent oration was a superb effort, for which he was afterward warmly congratulated. He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE LINCOLN CLUB: The people of the United States are approaching an era in the history of their government, when every man, and possibly every woman, must become an active working member in some political organization. The questions to be settled are of such gravity, and so vital to the business, social condition, and safety of the republic, that all citizens will be compelled to take a part in their solution. It may be distasteful: it will nevertheless be a necessity.

It is impossible to forecast with precision the consequences of the labor agitation and troubles which now beset the land; but it requires no great discernment to see that a draft is to be made upon the wisdom, intelligence, and virtue of all the people in order to meet and settle these difficulties in a way that shall be just and honorable to all parties. They may not become political questions, but they are matters of the highest importance to the people, and require at their hands the most solemn consideration.

We have the question of high and low tariff, or no tariff at all, of protection to American industry, of finance, of taxation, of pensions, and many other issues which constantly confront the people, and they must be met and controlled by the intelligence of the whole country.

Political parties must meet the saloon question in this country. It cannot be avoided.

If any party chooses to ally itself with the liquor saloon power, it must take the consequences. The inducements to court its assistance at the present time, it must be admitted, are great, if principle, and honor, and love of home and country, are left out of consideration; but sooner or later the hand that seeks a marriage with the mistress who embraces almost every wretch on earth of both high and low degree, will wither as it deserves. The time is coming when the people of this nation will no longer bear with the insolence and havoc of the grog shop.

Three decades ago the slave power in this land became insolent in its demands, and it wielded an influence that was courted by the Democratic party. It threatened to nullify the role of its slaves beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. It enacted a law which turned every foot of the soil of the North into a hunting-ground for fleeing humanity. It sought to establish itself in neigh-

borhoods which had been solemnly dedicated to freedom. It elected presidents, made and unmade courts, controlled Congresses, stifled the consciences of statesmen, gagged the freedom of press and speech, dictated the policy and shaped the acts of the government, and domineered with impudent swagger, like a bloated monarch, over this land which it claimed as its kingdom.

When it was finally met and beaten at the polls by the Republican party, it clutched, in its desperation, at the throat of the nation, and undertook to destroy it, but the assassin who would slay himself was slain; and the Democratic party, which nursed and encouraged the barbarous system, was relegated to a retirement which lasted for a quarter of a century, and from which it has but recently been acidentally and temporarily cailed.

The power of the liquor sa'oon is such that it dictates boards of selectmen; it elects aldermen and councilmen and mayors; it organizes societies whose openly avowed purpose is to defeat the law; it disregards the authority of men and the supplications of women; and its influence and sway are getting to be such that the conscience and sense of honor of the nation, which is now asleep, will soon awake and arise, and smite this monster and send it to everlasting perdition, and the party that sustains it will go with it.

These are a few of the issues which await the solution of the American people; and that party which possesses the wisdom and courage to grapple with these great problems, and demand that they shall be settled in a way that shall be useful to the progress of humanity, is the party which in the end will control and direct this government.

The Republican party during the last twenty-five years has been compelled to act upon some of the most critical questions ever presented to the people of any age or country; questions involving national interests of the highest importance, even to the preservation of the Union and the maintenance, credit, and honor of the nation, as well as the enfranchisement of one tenth of all the people of the United States; and upon all these great and unprecedented questions it has always espoused the side of freedom and justice. It has carried the nation safely through each and every crisis.

It could not have weathered so many dangerous caps or breasted so many terrific storms had it not had for pilots some of the noblest and ablest men that our country has produced. In the war, our helm was guided by Andrew, Morton, Seward, Chase, Stanton, Sumner, Garfield, and Lincoln. God bless his memory, at the touch of whose pen the chains of four millions of slaves were broken, never to be reformed; and Sherman, who, thank God, still lives; and Grant, whose fame is as imperishable as the light of the stars; and honest John Logan, from whose bier the mourners have but just gone. This is a list of contemporaneous civil and military leaders, which the nation, in all its history, cannot surpass or match. Their characters and deeds challenge the admiration of mankind, and their memories are enshrined in enduring fame. It has been truly said that "the heroic example of other days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation." In the lives of these splendid leaders our country finds an inspiration which, if heeded, will lead to the highest and grandest national achievements.

From this galaxy of distinguished Americans we select on this anniversary of his lowly birth that noble and God-crowned man, Abraham Lincoln. To-night and here we humbly assist in gathering up "the scattered ashes into history's golden urn." We pay an earnest tribute to the good citizen, the painstaking and conscientious lawyer, the wise, patriotic, and far-seeing statesman, the matchless political leader, the martyred president, and the uncompromising friend of humanity. A man who, in intellectual power and strength, was the peer of the ablest of his countrymen, and whose heart was larger than his brain. His was one of

the few great lives which had an humble beginning, a slow development, a tremendous influence and import, and a tragic ending before it was fully appreciated by his countrymen. From the moment the good man was stricken down, his fame began to live and grow. The greatness of his mind, the goodness of his heart, the far-reaching significance and sublimity of his work, are now recognized the world over. All alike concede the sincerity, purity, goodness, and beauty of his character; and over his whole life there "arches a bow of unquestioned integrity."

It cannot be said of Mr. Lincoln, as Victor Hugo extravagantly wrote of Napoleon, "He was everything. He was complete; he made history, and he wrote it." But it can be said that he is a complete figure as the present century has produced, and that he was the conspicuous and successful leader in a series of civil, political, and military events which constitute the most remarkable crisis and the most important epoch in the history of modern times. He presided over the nation at a time when treason was doing its deadliest work; when the Union was in the deepest peril; when the destinies of forty millions of living souls, as well as countless generations then unborn, stood trembling in the balance; and it is the highest emblem to pronounce on this consecrated man that the nation, under his loving and patriotic guidance, was triumphant over every foe, and came on from its ordeal of treason and civil war with the union of these states reaffirmed upon a basis as solid as the eternal hills.

When Wendell Phillips died, Joseph Cook eloquently said of him, "There lies dead on his shield in yonder street an unsullied soldier of unpopular reform, a spitelessly disinterested champion of the oppressed, the foremost orator of the English-speaking world in recent years, the largest and latest, let us hope not the last, of the Puritans. A servant of the Most High God, a man on the altar of whose heart the coals of fire were kindled by a breath from the Divine justice and tenderness, Wendell Phillips has gone doubtless to an incalculably great reward. He is with Garrison and Sumner and Lincoln now; he has met Wilberforce and Clarkson; he is in the company of Aristides and Scipio and the Roman Gracchi, and of all the past martyrs who in every age have laid down their lives that the darkness of the ages might be a little lightened." And so it can be said of Abraham Lincoln; he is among the martyrs "who have laid down their lives that the darkness of the ages might be a little lightened." Whether he is viewed as the head of the greatest political party known to history, or as commander-in-chief of the bravest and most intelligent army of soldiers that was ever marshalled on the face of the earth; or as president of the most successful Republic that has ever adorned the family of nations,—he answers all the tests of patriotism, wise statesmanship, high citizenship, and noble manhood.

All honor, then, to the imperishable name of Abraham Lincoln. In life a patriot, in death a martyr, in eternity the companion of the good of all ages,—his example is the heritage of his country.

He lives; the patriot lives no more to die;  
And while dim rolling centuries hasten by,  
He still *shall* live, the man of thought sublime,  
Down to the latest hour of coming time.

In the absence of Hon. Henry Robinson, John J. Bell of Exeter was called upon as the closing speaker, and responded with a brief but eloquent tribute to the achievements of the Republican party, and a statement of the duties before it. It was 1:15 a. m. when the company left the tables.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.*

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VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 2.

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE SENATE.

The last election resulted in the choice of thirteen Republicans and nine Democrats. There was no choice in the Somersworth and Nashua districts.

The senate, as the word indicates, is supposed to consist of old men,—the elders of the community. The incoming senate, however, includes several young men. It is probable that the average age of the senators will be less than that of the members of the house. In ability, the next senate bids fair to rank as high as any of its predecessors.

HON. EDMUND ERSKINE TRUESDELL, senator-elect from the Merrimack district, son of Thomas and Mary (Boyd) Truesdell, was born in Jewett City, Conn., March 3, 1845. He is a descendant of Ichabod Truesdell, who came from Scotland about 1700, and settled in South Woodstock, Conn. Darius, his second son, and great-grandfather of Senator Truesdell, was a veteran of the Revolution, and suffered with the army at Valley Forge, and died from effects of wounds received in the service. Mr. Trues-

dell received his education in the common schools of Newton Upper Falls, Mass., and graduated at Comer's Commercial College in Boston. From boyhood he has been initiated in the mysteries of cotton manufacturing, and at the age of twenty-one years he was induced to accept a position in the Webster and Pembroke mills of Suncook. In 1870 he was promoted to superintendent and paymaster of the China, Webster, and Pembroke mills. He was town treasurer from 1878 to 1881, and represented Pembroke in the legislature in 1879 and 1880. Mr. Truesdell is prominent in Masonic circles, a very active Republican, and attends the Baptist church. He married, June 11, 1872, Mary Wilkins Austin, daughter of David Austin, of Suncook, and has one son. Mr. Truesdell would make a very good governor one of these days.

HON. ENOCH GERRISH, senator-elect from the Concord district, only son of Isaac and Caroline (Lawrence) Gerrish, was born July 28, 1822, in Boscawen, of which town his ancestors were original proprietors. Cap-

tain Stephen Gerrish was a pioneer in Boscawen. His oldest son, Colonel Henry Gerrish, was a veteran of the Revolution. His third son, Major Enoch Gerrish, born June 23, 1750, was the grandfather of our senator-elect, and died May 1, 1821. Isaac Gerrish was born Nov. 27, 1782, and was an honored citizen of Boscawen. Senator Gerrish obtained his education at the academies in Boscawen, Franklin, and Meriden. At the age of twenty years he inherited his father's estate, and for twenty years he cultivated one of the largest farms in Merrimack county. He was colonel of the Twenty-First Regiment New Hampshire militia. After the sale of his farm in 1865, he settled in Concord, where he has been called to represent his ward in the legislature (1881-'82). He married, May 23, 1854, Miranda O., daughter of Joseph S. and Harriet N. Lawrence. Their children are Frank L. Gerrish, a farmer of Boscawen, and Miss Lizzie M. Gerrish, who resides with her parents.

OLIVER DENNETT SAWYER, Republican senator from the Amherst district, is a resident of Weare, where he has lived since he was four years of age. He is the son of Daniel and Dorcas Hodgdon Sawyer,—the former a native of Henniker, and the latter of Weare,—and was born in Portland, Maine, Nov. 19, 1839, during the temporary residence of his parents in that city. His parents belonged to the Society of Friends, and young Sawyer was brought up in the faith. He is proud of his descent, in the eighth generation, from William Sawyer, who emigrated from England to America in 1632, and commenced pio-

neer life in Newbury, now Newburyport, Massachusetts. Oliver received his education in New London, and later at the Friends' school at Providence, Rhode Island. His family, on both sides, were old-fashioned, anti-slavery Quakers, and in early life he was imbued with abolition principles. He was educated to feel keenly the inhumanity and cruelty of human slavery, and long before his majority was working for the success of the anti-slavery cause. He has ever been a total abstainer from all alcoholic drinks, and a firm friend to all measures intended to suppress this evil in our land. A working man all his life, in full sympathy with the working men and women of our country, the cry of distress has never found a deaf ear, but has reached a sympathetic listener in him, as a large number of poor people in his vicinity can testify. Always working and giving freely to every project for the improvement of the people, he is foremost in all good works. He was appointed post-master in 1869, and held that office until removed as an offensive partisan in 1885. He was a delegate from Weare to the last Constitutional Convention. His father started the first store in North Weare, and after he left school Mr. Sawyer was associated with him in business, until the former's death in 1885. Since then he has carried on the business, now established for nearly half a century, and is known as a substantial business man, who received his full party vote in the last election.

HON. FRANKLIN WORCESTER, senator-elect from the Peterborough district, is the son of John Newton and Sarah (Holden) Worcester, of Hollis,

where he was born October 27, 1845. His ancestor, Rev. Francis Worcester, born in Bradford, Mass., June 7, 1698, married Abigail Carleton, of Rowley, in 1720; settled in Sandwich, Mass., in 1740, as a Congregational minister; moved to Hollis in 1750, where he died October 14, 1783. He was an evangelist, author, and poet. Captain Noah Worcester, the youngest son of the Rev. Francis Worcester, was born at Sandwich, Mass., Oct. 4, 1735; married Lydia Taylor, daughter of Abraham Taylor, Feb. 22, 1757. He was captain of the Hollis militia company in 1775, and of the Hollis company at Cambridge in December of that year. He enlisted in the Hollis company in the Rhode Island Expedition in 1778. He was town-clerk and first selectman in 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, and 1779; chairman of the Hollis Committee of Safety in 1777, 1778, and 1779; justice of the peace for forty years from 1777; member of the Constitutional Convention of 1778; moderator of the Hollis annual town-meeting fifteen different years; and was an active member of the Hollis church for sixty years. Four of his sons became clergymen. He died at Hollis, Aug. 13, 1817.

Jesse Worcester, second son of Capt. Noah Worcester, was born in Hollis, April 30, 1761. He enlisted in July, 1776, for the Ticonderoga expedition. In 1777 he was in garrison at Portsmouth. In 1778 he joined the expedition to Rhode Island, and two years later he enlisted in the Continental army. In June, 1782, he married Sarah Parker, of Hollis. They were the parents of nine sons and six daughters, who all lived to

adult age,—fourteen of them becoming teachers. Seven of the nine sons aspired to a college education: two graduated at Yale, three at Harvard. One son was the lexicographer, Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D. Another son was Hon. Samuel T. Worcester. Mr. Worcester was for many years a teacher in Bedford and Hollis, and an occasional contributor to the public journals of the day. He died Jan. 20, 1834. Hon. John N. Worcester, fifth son of Jesse Worcester, settled in Hollis as a farmer. He was state councillor in 1858 and 1859.

Hon. Franklin Worcester fitted for college at the New Ipswich Appleton academy, and graduated at Dartmouth college in the class of 1870. He studied law at the Harvard law school, and was admitted to the Middlesex bar upon examination. He then entered into business with his brothers at Hollis, and at Cambridge, Mass. They have a mill and cooperage at Hollis, and about two hundred acres of land under cultivation, giving employment to about forty persons. At Cambridge they have a furniture and carpet business, employing seventeen hands. Their business has been largely developed by themselves. He was a member of the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1877 and 1878, and chairman of the Committee on Agricultural College, 1878. He has held various town offices, and at present is chairman of the Hollis school board.

HON. FRANK D. CURRIER, senator-elect from the Lebanon district, is a resident of Canaan, his native town, and is an influential lawyer and politician. He is the oldest son of Hon. Horace S. and Emma (Plaistridge)

Currier, and was born Oct. 30, 1853. His early education was received at Canaan Union Academy and at the Concord high school. He studied law with Hon. Austin F. Pike, of Franklin, and, upon being admitted to the bar, settled in East Canaan in the practice of his profession. For a time he was in the same office with George W. Murray, Esq., after which he opened an office for himself, and very quickly obtained a fair practice. The *Canaan Reporter* said of him,—“In 1879 he represented this town in the legislature, and for the past two sessions has been clerk of the senate, a position which he has filled with much ability. He was this fall elected for the third time secretary of the Republican State Committee, and has performed his duties with skill, and

to the acceptance of his party in the highest degree; and the Republican success in the last two campaigns has been due in no small degree to his keen foresight, and intimate and extensive acquaintance with every section of the state. Mr. Currier has always been an ardent Republican, earnest in his convictions, outspoken in opinion, and a zealous and indefatigable worker, always sanguine and ready to improve any advantage. As a citizen he is upright, generous, and public-spirited; and his popularity is best shown by the fact that in a district in which a nomination is equivalent to an election he was nominated by acclamation, without opposition or a single dissenting vote.” Mr. Currier is unmarried.

### THE CHRISTIE FAMILY.

BY EDWIN SALTER.

EDITOR GRANITE MONTHLY: The descendants of the first Christies, who originally settled in old Londonderry, New Hampshire, are now very numerous and widely scattered in the United States and in Canada. The following account of the early members of the family is the substance of a statement made by Thomas Christie, who was born at St. John, N. B., March 11, 1773, and preserved by his son, James A. Christie, now living at Detroit, Mich.

Respectfully,

EDWIN SALTER,  
Washington, D. C.

James Canada, of the town of Armagh, and county of Armagh (Ireland), farmer and miller, property

held by lease. He married Agnes Scot, by whom he had three sons and one daughter. His sons were Thomas, Archibald, and James. Thomas married Annie Wright, daughter of Matthew Wright, a farmer of large property, in the town of Bilymaeaghan, county of Tyrone, by whom he had two daughters, Agnes and Sarah, the former of whom married James Christie, and the latter married Hugh Wilson, of Chester, state of New Hampshire.

George Christie, of Scotland, a wealthy farmer, was father of Jesse Christie. Jesse Christie married a daughter of Mr. Aiken, a clothier,



who lived near Coleraine, by whom he had two sons and two daughters, viz., Annie, Peter, Peggy, and James. His wife died, leaving James an infant; and he afterwards married Mary Gilmore, who was about seventeen years of age, by whom he had four daughters and two sons, viz., Thomas, Nanny, Jane, Molly, Anna, and George. Thomas was born September, 1716.

Anna married James Gilmore, of Windham.

Peggy married Andrew McFarland.

Nanny married Robert McCurdy, of Londonderry.

Jane married Capt. John Wise.

Molly married John Moore, of Londonderry.

George Christie lived to an old age.

Jesse Christie lived to about 63 years.

James Christie was born October 20, 1715. At the age of 14 he came to America, his father having emigrated to America many years before. Previous to his coming to America he lived with Peter Christie, one of his uncles, a rich farmer. At the age of 28 years he married Agnes Canada, who was about 20 years of age. She was born Sept. 15, 1723. This union produced four sons and two daughters. He died Oct. 1, 1755. The following are the names of his children:

Bettie Christie, born July 7, 1745.

James Christie, born Jan. 16, 1747.

Thomas Christie, born April 17, 1749.

Peter Christie, born June 6, 1751.

Anne Christie, born Sept. 17, 1753.

Jesse Christie, born Aug. 1, 1755.

After his death (Oct. 1, 1755), his widow, Agnes, married James Quinten, by whom she had two sons, viz.,

Joshua Quinten, born March 6, 1762; died March 2, 1829.

John Quinten, born May 6, 1768; died March 15, 1829.

(James Quinten had also been previously married, and had by his first wife sons Hugh and David, and a daughter.)

Betty Christie married John McMurphy, and died February or March, 1833.

James Christie died Sept. 5, 1789.

Thomas Christie, drowned Dec. 8, 1773.

Peter Christie died May 8, 1777.

Thomas Christie married Molly Howlet (widow of Laomi Howlet, and daughter of John Smith, of Boxford, Mass.), by whom he had three sons, the second of whom died in infancy.

James, the oldest, was born Dec. 31, 1769.

Thomas was born March 11, 1773.

Molly, widow of Thomas Christie, after his death married Jonathan Burpee, who was born Oct. 16, 1751.

Thomas Christie, son of Thomas, married Susan Christie, July 16, 1809, and after her death, Mary Kendrick. He died Aug. 7, 1848; and she died Jan. 30, 1884, aged 90 years, 7 months, 25 days, leaving two sons,—James A. Christie and Thomas S. Christie,—both now living at Detroit, Mich. Their grandfather, Thomas Christie, was one of the pioneers of St. John, N. B., having emigrated to that place about 1762-'63, where his son Thomas was born in 1773. The latter came to Fairhaven, Vermont, about 1808; and subsequently settled in Western New York, where he died; and his widow and children moved to Detroit, Mich.

## LOCALITIES IN ANCIENT DOVER—No. III.

BY JOHN R. HAM, M. D.

**PLUM PUDDING HILL.** So called in the Coffin grant in 1670; it was between Cochecho and Tole End, on the Tole End road. It was probably the high ground between (now) Lexington and Arch streets.

**POMEROY'S COVE.** It was on the Newichawannock river; Major Richard Waldron, in 1652, had a grant of Pomeroy's cove "to make a dock." Sandy point bounded it on one side.

**QUAKER PASTURES.** There were two Quaker Pastures set apart "to the inhabitants of this town [Dover] commonly called Quakers for the better Inabling them to accomodate their Travelling friends." One was voted on May 20, 1717, of ten acres, "by the way that goes to Mallego, at the head of our town bounds between Belleman's Bank river and the mast path that now goeth to Mallego." The other, of ten acres also, was voted in same terms on 25 June, 1717, on Dover Neck, "between the watering gutt and Cochecho."

**QUAMPEGAN OR QUAMPEAGAN.** The Indian name of the falls at South Berwick at the head of tide water. The settlers called the stream below the falls the Newichawannock, and the stream above the fall the Salmon Falls river.

**REDDING'S POINT.** So called as early as 1652; it was a point of land on the south side of the Pascataqua river, east of Goat island.

**REYNER'S BROOK.** The brook which flows into Cochecho river on the east side, and next above the fifth falls of the same. It derived its name from

a grant of land, in 1656, to Rev. John Reyner, and is retained to this day. His grant, comprising 400 acres, was on the east side of Cochecho river, commencing at the upper side of the farm now the homestead of Alderman Nathaniel Horne, and "running north-east from the river 320 rods; thence north-west 240 rods; thence south-west 320 rods to the river, just below the Sunken island; then 240 rods by the river to the first bound." See Sunken island. This grant was re-laid to John Waldron in 1721.

**RIALL'S COVE.** The cove on the western side of Back river, and next south of Frenchman's creek. It was so called as early as 1643. It is the same as Royall's cove, from Teague Riall, or Royall, who had a grant there.

**ROADS.** On 27 October, 1653, the highway was laid out, five rods wide, from the second falls of the Cochecho "eastward to the swamp." That is from the (now) Whittier's fall to the George W. Page farm. In 1661 a road was laid out from Cochecho to Oyster river, "fitt for man and horse." In 1724 the road was laid out, four rods wide, from Hilton's point to the meeting-house at Pine hill. It was only a narrow cartway prior to this date, and had never been laid out by the town.

**ROCK ISLAND.** The small island south-east of Goat island, and it was crossed by the Pascataqua bridge of 1794.

**ROCKY POINT.** The point of land extending from the Newington shore,

in Broad cove, and below Fox point, so called as early as 1657. Was this the same as Rock island?

**ROYALL'S COVE.** It was on the west side of Back river next south of Frenchman's creek, and so called as early as 1643. The same as Riall's cove, from Teague Riall, or Royall, who had a grant of land there.

**SANDY BANK.** A locality on the east bank of Lamprey river, and so called in the Hugh Donn grant in 1664.

**SANDY POINT.** On one side of Pomeroy's cove in 1660.

**SCATTERWIT.** A district on the east side of Cochecho river, adjacent to the fourth falls of the same, and thus called as early as 1701. The Sanford and Everts map of Strafford Co., in 1871, erroneously calls it Scatterwith.

**SCOUDEW'S WIGWAM.** Philip Scoudeu, an Indian, had a grant from the town of marsh land at Great bay prior to 1643, and had a wigwam there in that year.

**SHANKHASSICK.** The Indian name of the first falls on Oyster river, at the head of tide water.

**SLIGO.** A district on the west side of the Newichawannock river, lying between St. Albon's cove and Quamphegan, and thus called as early as 1694. Some of the early settlers at this point came from Sligo, Ireland.

**SLIGO GARRISON.** There was a garrison at Sligo as early as 1709, between St. Albon's cove and Quamphegan.

**STARBUCK'S BROOK.** The first brook which flows into the Cochecho on the east side, above the first falls of the same. Elder Edward Starbuck had a grant in 1643 at (now) Horne's hill

on Sixth street, and the brook at the foot of Horne's hill derived its name from him. Starbuck sold this grant to William Horne, the first of the name in Dover.

**STEVENSON'S CREEK.** It was thus called as early as 1700, and flows into Oyster river on the south side, below the first falls.

**ST. ALBON'S COVE.** Situated on the west side of the Newichawannock river, and about one half a mile below the falls at Quamphegan, the head of tide water. It was thus called as early as 1652; it is often called Styles's cove, and is in the town of Rollinsford.

**STONY BROOK.** Three of the name are mentioned in the land grants, and all of them in the Oyster River parish. One, so called in 1653, in Davis grant, flowed on the south side of the Woodman garrison, and emptied into Beard's creek, on the western side of the same.

Another, so called in 1674, flowed into Oyster river on the south side, and more than a mile below the first falls. The third, mentioned in Doe grant in 1711, flowed into Lampereel river on the east side, and a little below the head of tide water.

**SUNKEN ISLAND.** An island which has been all under water since the erection of the dam on the fifth falls of the Cochecho, and which was thus called as early as 1700. It is opposite the mouth of the brook which separates the old Dover town farm (now Eli Page's) from the present Strafford county farm. It served in 1721 to mark the west end of the northern line of the 400 acre grant to the Rev. John Reyner, and was thus called in the description of the bounds.

**THREE CREEKS (TIE).** So called as early as 1695, situated near each other, and near the mouth of Back river, on the west side.

**TOLE END.** A district on the west side of Cochecho river, and adjacent to the second falls of the same, so called, and limited to the second falls in 1658 in the land grants. One grant says, "neare Mr. Towle, his End." A log hill was laid out in 1703, "at the second fall, or Tole End fall," on the west bank. The name has come to be applied to the whole district on the west side of Cochecho river, and lying above the second fall.

**TOMSON'S POINT.** On the east side of Upper Neck (Dover), and so called as early as 1656.

**TURTLE POND.** So called in 1694, and again in the Sias grant in 1719, as being "on the north side of the mast path." Was it not another name for Barbadoes pond?

**VARNEY'S HILL.** The name which, after the purchase of Ebenezer Varney in 1696, was given to the "Great hill," alias the "Great Cochecho hill." From the first grants of land down to 1700 it bore the latter name; from 1700 till since 1834 it was universally called Varney's hill; and since 1834 it has commonly but erroneously been called Garrison hill. Whitehouse's map of Dover, in 1834, calls it Varney's hill.

**WADLEIGH'S FALLS.** The sixth falls of the Lampereel river, six miles from its mouth, and so called as early as 1701 from the owner, Robert Wadleigh. This fall was called the "Island falls" in a conveyance to Samuel Symonds in 1657, from the

fact that an island was in the stream at or near the falls.

**WADLEIGH'S MILLS.** On the sixth falls of Lampereel river, and so called as early as 1701; also called the "Hook mill," from a remarkable turn in the river near this point.

**WALDRON BURIAL GROUND.** The burial ground adjoining the Methodist meeting-house. Tradition says the bones of Major Richard Waldron were taken from the smoldering ruins of his garrison in 1689, and buried there. His great-grandson, Capt. Thomas Westbrooke Waldron, who died in 1785, was buried there, and his tombstone says "the remains of Major Richard Waldron lie near this spot."

**WALDRON'S GARRISON.** Major Richard Waldron's garrison, which was destroyed in the Indian massaere at Cochecho on June 28, 1689, stood on the west side of Central avenue, and midway between First and Second streets, and a few rods back of the present street line. National block stands exactly in front of the garrison site.

**WALDRON'S LOGGING SWAMP.** In 1652 (then Captain) Richard Waldron had a grant of "two thirds of all the timber lying and growing between Cochecho first falls and Bellemaye Bank, and so westward between the river of Cochecho and the freshitt the runs to Bellomyes Bank to the utmost bounds of Dover." The description of the land grants, and the known location of the Major's mills on the first falls of the Cochecho and the "Log hill" (where the D. & P. R. R. crosses the old bed of the Cochecho), where the logs were tumbled down into the long mill-pond,

enables us to locate "the great mast path leading into the logging swamp." It ran from "Log hill" south, in the line of (now) Lexington street, with "Plum Pudding hill" on the immediate right hand side; then curving a little to the west, it crossed "the road leading from Cochecho to Tole End," and continuing became what is now the road to Littleworth.

**WEDNESDAY HILL.** So called in land grants as early as 1700; it is in the present town of Lee, a mile and a half south-east of Lee hill, on what was once the Lee town farm, and now owned by Daniel Smith. Tradition says a fight with Indians occurred there on Wednesday, and hence the name of the hill.

**WELSHMAN'S COVE.** On Great bay in Newington, and was thus called as early as 1652. Did "Welsh" James Grant have land there?

**WHEELWRIGHT'S POND.** So called from the Rev. John Wheelwright as early as 1666, and the name is retained to this day. It is in the present town of Lee, and is the source of Oyster river. It was at this pond that Captain Wiswall, Lieut. Flagg, Sergeant Walker, and twelve privates were slain, on July 6, 1690, in an engagement with the Indians. Capt. Floyd, with the remainder of the two companies, was obliged to retreat. When Capt. Convers, the next morning, went to look after the wounded, he found the Indians had retreated at the same time. He found seven whites who were wounded, and buried the dead above mentioned.

**WHITE HALL.** The name of a swamp in Rochester, to the north-east of the Great pond (Cochecho, also Willand's), and so called as early as 1650, when a grant of land was laid out to James Kidd, "north of the Great Pond, on the road leading to White Hall." The name is retained till this day. Was it given as a burlesque on the king's palace of the same name in London?

**WILLAND'S POND.** The name which is commonly given to what was known as late as 1834, on Whitehouse's map of Dover, as Cochecho pond. The County Atlas of New Hampshire, by Hitchcock, in 1871, calls it Willand's pond. The Strafford County Atlas, by Sanford and Everts, in 1871, calls it Cohecho (*sic*) or Willand's pond. The latter name is derived from a family who lived at the head of the pond.

**WINNICHAHANNAT OR WECANACOHUNT.** The Indian name of Hilton's point. Edward Hilton's patent, in 1629-'30, March 12, calls it Wecanacohunt; but Capt. Thomas Wiggin, May 22, 1656, surrendered his interest in the "Winnichahannat or Hilton point" lands.

**WOODMAN'S GARRISON.** Capt. John Woodman's garrison, which was successfully defended in the Indian massacre at Oyster river on July 17, 1694, and which stands to-day in a good state of preservation, is on the east side of Oyster river, and half a mile above the falls at the head of tide water.

**DR. BREWER'S ADDRESS.**

ALUMNI DINNER, DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., 1884.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 18, 1884.  
 EDITOR GRANITE MONTHLY:

*Dear Sir:* Feb. 5, 1884, the "Dartmouth College Association" of this city held its annual dinner. Among the toasts was the following: "Dartmouth men in politics: the history of our government attests their fidelity." This was responded to by Dr. Francis B. Brewer, class of '43, a member of congress from the Thirty-Third district of New York. Dr. Brewer was born in Keene, N. H., and educated in the public schools, and a graduate of both the Academeical and Medical departments of Dartmouth college. The article contains much valuable history pertaining to the college, which I furnish for publication by the consent of Dr. Brewer.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM H. GARDINER,  
*Historian of the D. C. A. of Washington.*

MR. PRESIDENT:

When you did me the honor to invite me to respond to the sentiment "Dartmouth men in politics," I felt it would have been much better if you had selected some one more familiar with the alumni of the college during the last half century; and then I thought I stood on middle ground, and could look back and see some of the giants we had in those days, who had gone down to their graves covered with honor, and leaving names which will be household words in all coming time, and I ought not to refuse to call the roll this evening. The names of the graduates of Dartmouth college, who have been directly or indirectly associated with the politics of our nation, are found on every page of our national and political history for the last sixty years.

The very first class that ever graduated from the rude halls of our *alma mater* had a man who, soon after he left college, became a power in the state, and as a member of the legislature controlled the politics of northern New Hampshire for many years. This was John Wheelock, afterwards president of the institution from which he graduated. Soon after came Samuel Allen, who as a member of the Twelfth congress stood alone and voted for a ballot to all, black and white.

Next class graduated Sylvester Gilbert, who was a stirring local politician, and an active and thorough representative in the congress of the United States from Connecticut. The year following, John S. Sherburn took his degree, and was soon after elected to congress from New Hampshire. Next year Henry Huntington took his departure from the college, and soon after turned up a New York state senator. And so I might go on, and each successive year name one or more from each graduating class who helped to mould and guide the political opinions of the state and nation, till we come down to Dudley Chase, of Cornish, N. H., the immediate ancestor of Salmon P. Chase, late chief-justice of the United States. He was member of the Vermont legislature and U. S. senator.

Martin Chittenden, governor of Vermont; Silas Dinsmore, of 1791, held many important and responsible situations under the government; and to illustrate that the tenure of office

was as precarious in those days as in ours, I will relate a circumstance which occurred while he was holding a government position in Alabama. The then secretary of state wrote him to know how far the Tombigbee river ran up into the country. He replied, "The river does not run up, but always runs down;" and very soon he was requested to hand in his resignation.

I will only mention Samuel Bell of New Hampshire, Erastus Root of Connecticut, and Henry Allen of Vermont, and hasten on to the name of the man which marks an epoch in the history of the college, as his gigantic intellect and towering genius, his profound learning and his acknowledged superiority as a statesman and diplomatist, mark his career as an epoch in the history of our nation. I hardly need pronounce the name of Daniel Webster. He stood a towering giant in the defence of his renowned *alma mater* during her early trials and struggles, as he always was the foremost and most successful expounder of international law, the defender of our national constitution during his entire political career. But to say what ought to be said concerning this man would occupy an entire evening; so I pass on, and mention Levi Woodbury, the governor of New Hampshire, U. S. senator and cabinet officer.—a man of great and varied attainments; a shrewd, successful politician, carrying great executive ability into all the positions he occupied, and always reflecting dignity and credit upon the college from which he graduated.

Then comes Thaddeus Stevens,—the old war-horse of politics, and the

unflinching champion of the rights of men, let their nationality or color be what it might,—keen as a lawyer, shrewd as a politician, honest as a legislator, successful in all. The defender of human rights, he gave no rest to himself or those around him, till, by his persistent efforts, he induced President Lincoln to issue the proclamation of emancipation, when the shackles fell from the limbs of four million slaves, and converted them into American citizens.

I would speak of the brilliant Choate,—the unequalled advocate and lawyer, the graceful and efficient legislator; or of Salmon P. Chase, who, as a judge on the supreme bench, a national financier and cabinet officer, or as the governor of Ohio: in whatever position he was placed, he was a brave leader and an honest man.

These were some of the men who were accounted great in my college days. Ah! we had giants in those days. They moulded and directed public opinion; they gave weight and dignity to political as well as to moral and religious life. I ought not to stop in the middle of the list of Dartmouth men who have been conspicuous in the politics of our states and our nation. We cannot forget Dana, and Dinsmore, and Goodwin, and Adams, and Clark, and Eastman, and Flanders, and Gooch, and Hibbard, and George P. Marsh, and James W. Patterson, and Reed, and Root, and Charles B. Haddock, and a host of others, who have, by their eminent abilities and broad statesmanship, added new lustre each succeeding decade to the already brilliant record of the alumni of Dartmouth college. I had almost forgotten to mention

“Long John Wentworth,”—a true son of our alma mater. I ought to have given him a prominent place; but he spoke for himself at the meeting of the alumni last summer at Hanover, and it would be impossible for me to add a single leaf to the laurel which he placed upon his own brow on that interesting occasion.

And now, instead of mentioning the name of each particular man who graduated from Dartmouth college, and went out into the world to make it better, and in his private way or in a public position directly or indirectly took part in the great drama of political life, who helped to guide and influence American sentiment in such a way that the greatest good may be realized by the greatest number, and our nation become not only great but good,—for the names of these men, I most respectfully refer you to the last triennial catalogue. Drop out the names of a few, a very few at that, and the residue will be the names of the graduates of old Dartmouth, who,

from the pulpit and the rostrum, and by personal influence, have been striving to make politics honorable as a profession to such as were called into political life, and to demonstrate to the world that a man may be a politician and not a rascal, a statesman and not a demagogue. It was Caledemus, the Athenian philosopher, who upon his death-bed said to his son Spencipius,—“In my day lying was not elevated to a science, neither was politics degraded into a trade.”

Let us hope the good seed sown at old Dartmouth may be so scattered and so blessed, that when we come to the end of our lives we may be conscious that we have done what we could to elevate the science of politics, that it may never be degraded into a trade.

In closing, permit me to quote from New England's charming rhymist:

“Enough: there are gentlemen waiting to talk,  
Whose words are to mine as the flower to the stalk;—  
Stand by your old mother, whatever befall:  
God bless all her children! Good-night to ye all.”

## MATTHEW HARVEY.

BY C. C. LORD.

In every department of creation are two manifestations of force. In human society, these forces resolve into conservative and reformatory agencies; these two agencies act and react upon each other. Social government is like a pendulum that swings between two extreme points.

Sometimes great social contingencies swallow up small ones. Sometimes, also, small ones absorb the attention that belongs to great ones. In

either situation, the affairs of society seem to be out of balance.

When people become dissatisfied with their government, there is exhibited a disposition to substitute another of a reverse dynamic character. In this, the social pendulum evinces an inclination to swing from one to the opposite side of the perpendicular. Sometimes the dynamic effort is successful. We have an illustration.



When the people of the united American colonies put off their fealty to the British government, there was a decided reaction against every phase of monarchical authority. The reaction was effective. The social pendulum swung vigorously away from one extreme point of monarchism towards another extreme point of polyarchism. In some aspects of the case this reaction was so intense as to hinder the success of a suitable plan of republican government. Let me make a local application of this remark.

By the provisions of the Federal constitution, the concessions of nine states were required to make it effective. New Hampshire was the ninth state to ratify the proposed new order of things. The decisive result was obtained in June, 1788. In the constitutional convention at Concord fifty-seven votes were recorded in the affirmative, and forty-six in the negative. The affirmative majority was not strong. Yet the constitution was only a compromise between extreme Federalists and extreme Republicans. Why this large minority? The true cause lay deeper than the confessions of public policy. There was the phenomenon of social dynamic reaction. The people had thrown off one government. Hence they were slow to adopt another. An animal broken from an enclosure doesn't want to return again. Men are very much like animals, though they have more method in their impulses.

In the early history of this country the reactive tendency ramified extensively. It pervaded the rural communities. In the town of Hopkinton, N. H., in 1788, Lieut. Morse was chosen a delegate to the state conven-

tion, to consider the ratification of the Federal constitution. The town took the precaution to instruct him to "reject the constitution," though it afterwards conceded his privilege to act as he thought best for the public good. The Federal constitution having become the law of the land, opposition seems to have at first succumbed to indifference. The people of Hopkinton did not care particularly to vote for presidential electors. In December, 1788, they met so to vote for the first time. The town-clerk thus records the result:

"Voted for Electors for this State I Bailey E Smith R Wallis I Calf & E Tomson Esquires 49 each of them."

When we consider that in 1786 the population of Hopkinton was 1,537, while in 1790 it was 1,715, we easily comprehend the insignificance of the above vote. In the year 1792, in November, the town cast twelve votes for presidential electors. It was a unanimous ballot. In 1796, there was a unanimous cast of thirty-seven ballots at the presidential election. In 1800 the state presidential electors were chosen by the legislature. In 1804 there was an active controversy in Hopkinton over presidential questions. The town cast 221 votes; 143 were for Republican electors, and 78 for Federal ones. The reactive social element had triumphed. It held the advance in the casts for national and state supreme executive officers till 1865, when Walter Harriman received a majority of the votes of Hopkinton for governor. Thus, often slowly though surely, does the social pendulum oscillate.

At first, New Hampshire was a Federal state, but it passed over to

the control of Republicanism in 1805. William Plumer then wrote Uriah Tracy as follows :

“ Democracy has obtained its long expected triumph in New Hampshire. John Langdon is governor-elect. His success is not owing to snow, rain, hail, or bad roads, but to the incontrovertible fact that the Federalists of this state do not compose the majority. Many good men have grown weary of constant exertions to support a system whose labors bear a close affinity to those of Sisyphus.”

To comprehend all that was implied in the popular conception of this political change, one needs to reflect in part upon a condition of society no longer obtaining. The dominant Federal element was largely embodied in the professional and official classes, who formed a kind of select aristocracy, more separated from the sympathy and coöperation of the common people than any considerably influential class in New Hampshire to-day. In a sense, the triumph of Republicanism was the success of the masses of the people. The commonalty, so to speak, had asserted their right to lead as well as to be led. The rights of the people have formed the theme of every anti-Federalist since the adoption of the constitution.

In 1800, the town of Hopkinton, N. H., was in a prosperous and thriving condition. Its population was increasing. It kept on increasing for at least thirty more years. Hopkinton, during a considerable portion of this time, was a town of public distinction and celebrity. It was a centre of commercial, judicial, political, and social activity and enterprise. Its influence was felt in every department of the commonwealth. Besides, in

1800, the conditions of political classification in Hopkinton differed in no material respect from those of the rest of the state. Consequently, in 1804, when the tide of political favor was turning towards Republicanism, the public position of Hopkinton made it a favorable field for the location of some individual of political ambition, who might improve the opportunity of the flooding tide of Republicanism to ride on to fortune. The opportunity witnessed the aspirant. The right man appeared. His name was Matthew Harvey.

Matthew Harvey was born in Sutton, N. H., June 21, 1781. He was a son of Matthew Harvey and Hannah Sargent. He prepared for college under the tuition of the Rev. Samuel Wood, D. D., of Boscawen. He graduated at Dartmouth college in the class of 1806. He studied law with John Harris, of Hopkinton, and was admitted to the bar in 1809. He then opened an office in Hopkinton, and began his professional career. Possessed of merit and capacity, he rose to distinction; endowed with certain temperamental characteristics, he became a prominent leader in Republican (or Democratic) politics. In a special sense he became an eminently popular public official.

The possession of honesty, capacity, knowledge, judgment, and refinement does not guarantee the command of a majority of the popular vote. There were honest, capable, informed, judicious, and refined Federalists (or Whigs) in New Hampshire in Matthew Harvey's day, but, by the same elective instrumentalities, they could not occupy his station. The same may also be said of certain

honest, capable, informed, judicious, and refined New Hampshire Republicans (or Democrats) of his time. In the sense in which we mean it, to be a popular public official, above and outside of every other profitable qualification, a man must have public genius. He must have that peculiar instinct and adaptation that will enable him to be, in a sense, all things to all men. Exalted and dignified in personal characteristics though he be, his communication must be something more than yea and nay. He must be diplomatic in action and in speech. He must know how to safely encounter formidable dilemmas, and successfully harmonize adverse social elements. He must know how to sail between Scylla and Charybdis, and bridge the gulf between Dives and Lazarus. He must be universal in his sympathies and communistic in his tendencies. Yet he must have an individual concentration of purpose and courage that sometimes impels one to a kind of personal independence of all prescribed formularies, for this is often the strongest cord that binds him to the popular favor. Having once gained public recognition, he must become in a certain sense absolute in authority and power. In a measure, at least, such a man was Matthew Harvey.

In Hopkinton, in a sense, Matthew Harvey stood alone. There was no other Republican of equal public capabilities. There were other professional and influential men, but, until later times, they were mostly Federalists. To strictly interpret an individual character, we must contemplate it at home. As he was in himself, Matthew Harvey could be seen only in Hopkinton. A man's peculiar

selfhood is best known to his intelligently observing neighbors. In his own familiar circle of acquaintances, Matthew Harvey expressed those personal qualities and traits that become embalmed in anecdote. Arising from individual association, an anecdote, in respect to its details, may be true or false, but the spirit of its illustrative expression is almost always true and unmistakable. In such a matter, too, the spirit is the reliant qualification: the flesh profiteth nothing. In Hopkinton, Matthew Harvey formed a domestic circle. Here he met and married Margaret Rowe, a native (?) of Newburyport, Mass. They had two children, a son and a daughter. In the domestic circle, he apparently exhibited that indiscriminating sympathy which forms a part of the character of an eminently popular man. This sympathy is communistic in its tendencies. That his two tiny, unfolded, endeared, and tender children might early develop instincts of proprietorship, was a thought he reluctantly tolerated. It is said that he ordered for his children two small chairs of exact pattern, size, and ornamentation. There was to be no distinguishing difference; then there could be no exclusive ownership in either. Soon after becoming a portion of the household furniture, they became the subject of a childish dispute. Matthew Harvey was surprised to hear his little son say to his sister, "This is my chair." The father asked, "How do you know that to be your chair?" In an instant the little fellow inverted its position and showed the mark of a knot in the wood on the underside of the seat. There was no similar knot-mark on the other

chair. Masculine childish discrimination had noted the difference, and appropriated the result of discernment. Preëemptive instinct had defeated communistic determination. Such has been, is now, and will be the world's experience. Other things equal, instinct confronts, encounters, and vanquishes reflection, world without end.

Diplomacy is only another name for shrewdness. Shrewdness is operative intelligence. Intelligence, in operation, is indispensable to society. A man is not a subject for condemnation simply for being diplomatic. Goodness itself leans upon intelligence for guidance. We must be as keen in judgment as we are pure in intention, if we are to realize the best results of living. In a way, Matthew Harvey was "as wise as a serpent," though in another he was "as harmless as a dove." He could defeat the machinations of an individual without directly opposing him. Let us relate an incident. It is taken from the more familiar circle of his personal experiences.

One of Matthew Harvey's neighbors was a man of extreme impecuniosity. He was thriftless and irresponsible. Such men, by the force of want, often have their selfish wits sharpened to the degree of moral recklessness. This impecunious neighbor once called upon Matthew Harvey for a loan of five dollars. He fortified solicitation with a gratuitous promise to pay on a certain early day. Such a circumstance suggested hesitation on the part of the one solicited. That a man of utter pecuniary irresponsibility could have suddenly arrived at that perfection of business economy that

would enable him certainly to pay five dollars at a near and specified time, was incredible to Matthew Harvey. There was a suspicious phase of the request. Still Matthew Harvey did not reveal his suspicion. Neither did he directly refuse the applicant, as many others would have done. Retiring into privacy a moment, he marked a five dollar bill in a manner securing its future identification. He then returned and loaned it. True to his word, in a few days the borrower called and paid his debt. The lender privately observed that it was the original five dollar bill. Not a word of accusation or extenuation passed. In a short time the impecunious individual appeared again, soliciting this time a loan of ten dollars. "Mr. —," said Matthew Harvey, "you and I are square now, and I think we had better remain so. You disappointed me once, and I don't wish you to do so again."

We have already mentioned the distinctiveness of social classes in the former time in Hopkinton. The prevalence of a kind of aristocratic class engendered within its ranks a corresponding etiquette. An acknowledged social formulary in the upper class implied the superior dignity and privilege of age, and corresponding inferior attitudes and powers of youth. Young people were not expected to assume the prominence and forwardness that they sometimes now do. In the instance of such assumption, rebuke would most likely be incurred. After Matthew Harvey had risen to the dignity and authority of a member of the congress of the United States, being one time at home, he called upon a Federalist neighbor, a

citizen of prominence and note. The Federalist neighbor had a youthful son who was an enthusiastic admirer of Henry Clay. Being young, the son could not well brook the reports circulated adversely to the personal reputation of his favorite statesman. Being full of immature political zeal, the youth ventured to ask Matthew Harvey directly, though he was a guest in his own father's house, if a certain accusation made against Henry Clay was true. Such conduct shocked the young man's father exceedingly. Matthew Harvey was none the less annoyed by it. Still he did not rebuke the youth or refuse to answer. Nor was his reply a direct one. He only said, "I have no doubt that when Mr. Clay was a young man, in the fervor and impetuosity of youth, he may have done some things that his mature judgment would not countenance in riper years." This reply, of which we have aimed to give only the substance, was spoken mildly. Yet there was a peculiar emphasis to the words "young man," and a general bearing of the whole remark upon the indiscretion of youth and the discretion of manhood, that created the sharpest sense of rebuke in the mind of the inquirer, who was suddenly reduced to that humility that indulges no impertinent inquiries in the presence of those before whom it is its first privilege to be silent.

Matthew Harvey was many years in office. He was the incumbent of smaller as well as of greater offices. In this we have one evidence of his cosmopolitic tendencies. He was moderator of Hopkinton's annual town-meeting from 1826 to 1828; also in 1833 and 1834; again in 1840

and 1841; and finally from 1845 to 1850. During all the time that Matthew Harvey was a resident of Hopkinton, there were palmy days of anti-Federalism, or of Democracy. There might have been a schism now and then over subsidiary political questions, but on an issue of Democracy or no Democracy there was no wavering. In possession of a large working majority, a political party enjoys an exemption that encourages administrative laxness. In this fact we have a suggestion of the truth that too much prosperity is often the earnest of sudden adversity. The anti-Federalist party being in a sense a protest against public political formalism, the evidences of a certain inherent laxness of method in its proceedings could not fail to be witnessed during its long predominance in Hopkinton. Informality, in individuals and in parties, often obtains more in speech than in action. Human nature will not always talk by the card, even when in action it literally obeys the precept. This phenomenon of verbal license is always the most prominent in reactive social organizations.

In politics Matthew Harvey represented the reactive element in government. In the position of a political leader, it was but natural that he should at times exhibit the tendency to outward indifference to formalism so natural to his political clan. It has been told of him, that, being chosen to his frequent office of moderator of town-meeting, instead of saying to the voters of the town, "You will now please forward your ballots for town-clerk," he would sometimes say,—“You will now please forward your ballots for Joab

Patterson for town-clerk." In fact, it was a small perversion of formalities. Joab Patterson was a popular town-clerk, and was frequently re-elected, as may be said of other town-clerks; and no one was deprived of the liberty of his ballot by Matthew Harvey's remark. But in the same position, there are few men who would take the responsibility of so much freedom of public utterance. In Matthew Harvey's case there was only an indulgence of a light pleasantry; in another's case, it might be a construed usurpation of personal privilege. A match is a very little thing, but it sometimes kindles a great fire.

According to local report, in one instance at least, Matthew Harvey had his instinct of informalism put to a peculiar test. In religion, in early life he had been more or less intimately associated with the Baptist church, which, in its functional ecclesiasticism, has ever been eminently democratic. We can easily conceive that such a church would have offered opportunities congenial to such a man as Matthew Harvey. In Hopkinton, however, he became connected with the Protestant Episcopal church. He subscribed to the ecclesiastical constitution of Christ's church, organized in 1803. Christ's church was truly Protestant Episcopal, but its worship was conducted with a lesser ritualistic exactness than has obtained in St. Andrew's church, reconstructed from the elements of Christ's church in 1827, when Matthew Harvey became a vestryman of the new organization. Rev. Moses B. Chase, founder of St. Andrew's church, introduced into its worship the practice

of kneeling at the chancel rail to receive the communion from the priest. Matthew Harvey was impatient at this innovation. It is said he turned his back in church when the most solemn Christian rite was in progress. We can excuse him, having a large measure of the instinct of informalism. He was perhaps thinking of ritualistic bondage, prelatical usurpation, hierarchical inquisition. Without special evidence in the case, we presume Matthew Harvey overcame his aversion to the eucharistic genuflexion. He perhaps eventually conceived that to reverently kneel and receive a crumb of bread and a drop of wine from the hands of a pious priest does not defile a man. If any harm results, it is probably in consequence of some debasing motive or monstrous interpretation implied in the act.

Let us now pass from the anecdotal stage of reflection to turn to a positive assertion. Among all the observations made of Matthew Harvey, we have never heard one to his personal hurt. Apparently he had no enemies. Personally considered, this is an admirable fact. Socially entertained, it is suggestive of philosophical deduction. In a legitimate sense, Matthew Harvey must have been a kind of negative character. Had he been a man of eminently positive character, he would have said or done something that would have provoked local controversy, aversion, and animosity. Yet this characteristic negativity is an important factor in society. Without instances of its individual illustration, society cannot exist. In Matthew Harvey's case it was of the utmost importance. By it

he brought together all the diametrically opposite elements of the anti-Federalist party at home, and, so far as his influence extended, abroad. In this he confirmed the proposition we have already announced as necessarily active in the experience of a popular man. It was highly essential that Matthew Harvey should be popular at home in Hopkinton. If he had not been, he could not have represented the town in the state legislature from 1814 to 1820, and been speaker of the house the last three years; neither, probably, would he have been a member of the national house of representatives from 1821 to 1825, and afterwards in the state senate three years, being president the last two; nor, most likely, would he have been a member of the New Hampshire executive council in 1828 and 1829; and he could hardly have been governor of the state in 1830. Practical politicians take diligent note of such contingencies as these. With a republican form of government, implying many elective officials, it is of eminent importance that there be men who can be popular, but it does not therefore follow that it is every one's duty to try to be popular; nor does respectability necessarily imply popularity.

In personal stature, Matthew Harvey was of medium height and proportions, and erect. In style, he was tidy, dignified, and gentlemanly. In social nature, he was generous, kind, and sympathetic; in moral character, honest and truthful; in religious life, fervent and liberal. His whole personal identity partook more of the ideal than of the actual, though he was not so ideal as to be impractical.

He possessed that gentleness of spirit and manner that enables one to be active without appearing to be aggressive. A tendency to the predominance of the ideal in human nature affords the most pleasing traits. In Matthew Harvey's case, it revealed tenderness truly touching. In 1836, his only daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, died. She was a lovely and promising girl. This bereavement was a terrible one to her father, of so susceptible a nature. He buried her in the village cemetery, enclosed the grave with an iron fence, planted a flowering shrub, and erected a small marble monument—the first of its kind ever in town. It is said it was his custom annually, on the anniversary of her death, to write some sentiment in a book of remembrance. In one instance he wrote the following tender tribute:

“ Daughter, I love thy grave;  
The rose tree, with its blossoms fresh and wild,  
Waves o'er thy bed: soon shall it wave  
O'er me, my child.”

At home, Matthew Harvey lived in the house in Hopkinton village now occupied by John S. Kimball. It is situated just west of the Congregational church. In 1830, being governor of the state, he lived in an otherwise unoccupied and larger house a mile and more east of the village, on the so-called turnpike. The house is now occupied by Elijah Spencer. Industrially, Matthew Harvey confined himself mostly to the duties of his profession. He showed no particular interest in the cultivation of an estate. In 1807 he was taxed in Hopkinton for one poll; in 1850, the last time he was taxed here, he possessed \$1,200 in land and buildings, \$1,000 in bank stock, and a neat creature

worth \$16. It does not appear that Matthew Harvey ever tilled a field, though he owned a pasture.

In 1850, Matthew Harvey moved to Concord, where he died in 1866. A single circumstance is of social interest in this connection. In Hopkinton he had outlived most of his old local, public confreres. A new generation had come upon the scene. The former reserve, dignity, and stateliness of the leaders in Hopkinton society had almost entirely passed away. Familiarity and freedom were becoming characteristics of the increasing social common-place. Deprived of his accustomed social opportunities, Matthew Harvey became lonesome. He sought a new home. It is said he remarked, in substance, that dignity had ceased to abide in Hopkinton, and he was therefore going away. It was an impulsive remark, suggested by unavoidable and unsatisfactory change

Matthew Harvey was active in various civil enterprises. He was one of the earliest trustees of Hopkinton academy, founded in 1827. He was many years connected with the New Hampshire Historical society, being its vice-president from 1829 to 1831, and its president from 1832 to 1834. He enjoyed judicial prominence. In 1830 he was made a United States district judge, from which fact he was widely recognized as "Judge Harvey."

Matthew Harvey's grave is in the old city cemetery at Concord, by that of his wife, who survived him a few years. The remains of their daughter were removed from Hopkinton to Concord, her monument also being transported. Frederick, only son of Matthew and Margaret Harvey, died in Louisiana in 1866. He was a physician. There is no living descendant of Matthew Harvey.

## ASQUAM LAKE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"I felt the cool breath of the north  
Between me and the sun:  
O'er deep, still lake and ridgy earth  
I saw the cloud shades run.

"Before me, stretched for glistening miles,  
Lay mountain-girdled Squam:  
Like green-winged birds the leafy isles  
Upon its bosom swarm."

—Whittier.

Reader, have you ever been at Lake Squam? If not, then let me invite you, when lengthening days bring thoughts of summer vacation, and Leo's heats suggest the flannel shirt and wide straw hat, to hasten thither by the nearest route, with a trunk packed for a month's stay, a number

of idyllic books, poems like the Georgics and the Odyssey, stories like Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing" and the old romance of "Aucassin and Nicolette," and deeper studies like "Old Country By-Ways" and the "Letters of Cicero and Atticus," and, of course, fish lines and reels,—for, like gentle Isaak Walton, you will thank heaven for leisure to go-a-fishing; and, when there, you will enjoy yourself as you can just in no other spot. He who has once been there will have no need to be asked



to go again, for he will return as Persephone from Pluto's kingdom and the dark shades of Orcus sought ever year by year the flowery meads and sylvan streams of Enna—the haunts of her virgin youth. Go where he will, he will return to this place as the Mecca of beauty, the holy tabernacle of lake and hill and cloud.

Asquam, familiarly abbreviated to Squam lake, is not so well known as the Winnepesaukee, its larger and statelier sister, but it is not less worthy of a wide fame and the immortality of verse. In fact, it is considered by good judges the most picturesque of all the lakes in this region. Its islands are numerous, set gem-like in the midst of its purple waves, and glittering with summer green. It lies in the midst of a beautifully fertile valley, surrounded by emerald wooded hills, and overlooked on the north by the towering stony peaks of Whiteface, Passaconaway, and Chocoma.

All along its shores are picturesque points and coves, and long wooded peninsulas interpose their verdure, cutting off the water vistas up and down. The scenery resembles that of Winnepesaukee, but is more striking. The mountains are nearer and grander. Sloping meadows, luxuriously fertile, are interspersed with cornfields, patches of yellow grain, and masses of woodland. Artists have often sought to render this scenery in all its perfection; but the Divine artist is not easy to copy when He works on a broad scale. One sees effects here in a single week which for their audacity and splendor the most courageous colorist would not dare attempt. Only a Turner or

a Claude Lorraine could do them any manner of justice.

“Come up and see Squam, and spend a few days with me,” wrote my old friend, Col. Cheney, the first of August. “Come up, and it will go hard if I do not show you some places which for beauty are unmatched in New Hampshire.” So I went, and, like the queen of Sheba, I found that the half had not been told me. The whole country is a paradise. For a combination of lake and mountain view there are several scenes around Squam which are not surpassed the world over.

Ashland is forty miles from Concord as the crow flies. It is on the line of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, and every day the long incoming and outgoing trains deposit loads of tourists, who have come to visit the town and the beautiful lake lying at the gateway of the mountains. The village is a busy manufacturing place. There are several large paper-mills, a hosiery manufactory, woollen-mill, strawboard-mill, lumber and grist-mills, glove and mitten manufactories, besides several other small mechanical shops. There are also two church edifices, ten or a dozen stores of all kinds, a good hotel,—the Squam Lake House, managed by the popular landlord, Charles H. Daniels,—an excellent high school, conducted by Prof. D. C. Durgin, and more than a hundred dwelling-houses. The scenery around Ashland is delightful, affording views wild, romantic, and beautiful. More than Plymouth it is the Conway of the western side of the water-shed, and is destined at no distant day to be a great summer resort.

Ashland is a part of what was once

Holderness, where the memories of the baronial Livermores cluster, and whose name is still a potent spell wherever great deeds and exalted character are venerated. The township, which is small, was taken from Holderness in 1868. Pemigewasset river washes the extreme western part of the town. Squam river, the outlet of Squam lake, runs in a south-west direction, and empties into the Pemigewasset. This river affords some of the best water power in the state, much of which is utilized, though double the capital could be invested on it to good advantage. In one of the paper-mills which is still standing in the village, the father of Col. T. P. Cheney and of ex-Gov. P. C. Cheney both worked at the same time for John Pattee, an early manufacturer, and helped to make the first sheet of paper ever manufactured in Ashland.

Another great name beside that of Livermore is connected with this locality. One third of a mile north of Ashland village, on a little knoll in an open grass field, at present owned by Samuel H. Baker, is the grave of Hercules Mooney, a worthy of continental days, and a prominent man in the state for many years. Col. Hercules Mooney was of Lee. He was in the "Seven Years War" in 1757 as captain in Col. Meserve's regiment. Sept. 20, 1776, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel by the Committee of Safety in a regiment raised for one year, of which Pierse Long was the colonel. This regiment was stationed at Newcastle. The troops were subsequently ordered to Ticonderoga, and the regiment marched to that fortress in February, 1777. From May 28, 1778, to

Aug. 26, 1778, Mooney was a member of the Committee of Safety, and again from Jan. 5, 1779, to April 7, 1779, when he resigned to take command of a regiment ordered from New Hampshire for service in Rhode Island. He was the member from Lee in the house of representatives in 1782. In 1784, or thereabouts, Col. Mooney removed to Holderness, of which he was a grantee, doubtless at the solicitation of his friend, Hon. Samuel Livermore, the magnate of that region, who was trying to build up an Episcopal city in the wilderness. His name occurs in the early records of Holderness as justice of the peace and as selectman. He died the last of the century, and was buried on an April day, in the midst of a terrific snow-storm which blockaded the roads for a week. No monument marks his grave save a piece of rough granite, emblematical of the stern soldier and tried patriot, who served his country well in her time of peril.

Mrs. Betsey Shepard, of Ashland, daughter of the first town-clerk of Holderness, and who has passed her centennial birthday, remembers Col. Mooney well. She states that he was a tall, stately man, rather good looking, and one thoughtful of his appearance. She also remembers the Livermores, Judge Samuel and Judge Arthur. They had almost feudal power, and ruled the town despotically many years. Whatever they said was law and gospel, and unchangeable as the statutes of the Medes and Persians. How have the mighty fallen!

The roads around Ashland are generally good, having a firm foundation,

and drying quickly after rains. The excursions from this place to many interesting points are easy and delightful. The top of Mount Washington can be visited in a day, with an early return at supper time. All the attractions of the Notch are within convenient reach. Livermore falls, Mount Prospect, and the valley of Baker's river offer tempting prospects for a day's ride. One of the finest trips is to Peaked hill, in Bridgewater, an eminence about 2,200 feet above the sea level. The five-mile route is distinguished by what Starr King would designate as a general hilliness, but it is very picturesque, and some fine views are seen looking back upon Lake Squam and the mountains which loom against the northern, western, and eastern horizon. We pass through the town of Bridgewater, past the present town-house, which stands solitary and alone like one of G. P. R. James's horsemen, but where once was a church, a store, several dwelling-houses, and the centre of business generally. As we ascend the height of land, the valley of Newfound lake is at our right, the water gleaming like a silver shield in the westerling sunlight. The scene recalls Whittier's lines,—

“Under the blue New England skies,  
Flooded with sunshine a valley lies.”

But on we drive still a mile further, in the end diverging from the main road and halting at a farm-house on the rugged hillside, where we leave the horses and make the rest of the ascent on foot. Tramping over rocks and ledges, through runs and pastures where sheep and cattle are feeding, we stand at last on the “tip-top,” where a view greets us that in

some respects rivals any other in New Hampshire. Instead of being out of the world, we appear to be just in the very centre of things, with the great head of Mount Washington forming the dome of the earth structure. The Summit House and signal station are clearly made out in favorable states of the atmosphere. An amphitheatre of mountains shuts in the horizon. Mount Jefferson to the left of Washington lifts up its hoary peak, while Mounts Lafayette and Garfield of the Franconia range tower aloft with a superb pose. Moosilauke, in Benton, is so distinct that we can distinguish the house on the summit by the naked eye. Mount Cardigan is at the west, and Kearsarge and the Grand Monadnock are outlined against the southern horizon. To the north-east and east Chocoma, Sandwich, and Belknap mountains are the most prominent objects.

In nearer adjacency are hills, some precipitous and rock-ribbed, others clad with verdure to their crowns—Plymouth mountain, Beach hill and Squam mountains, which mirror their faces in the waves of Lake Squam. Three large lakes and numerous ponds of water are visible from this point—Winnepesaukee on the east, veiled with soft mist; farther toward the north, Great Squam, gemmed with isles; and at the west, lying at our very feet, Newfound lake, in Hebron and Alexandria. No fairer view greeted the sight-seers on the temple's pinnacle when the kingdoms of the world passed panorama-like before the vision. We look over four counties—Grafton, Belknap, Carroll, and Merrimack—and can observe points of land in every county in

New Hampshire. Five fair villages lie scattered in plain view—Alexandria, Tuftonborough, Meredith, Ashland, and Hebron.

Beach hill, just over in New Hampton, is the mountain of local fame. It is the peak everybody wishes to ascend, in order to see the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof. It is between seventeen and eighteen hundred feet high, and furnishes a very respectable little climb on a warm summer day. The view from the top, though not equal to that from Peaked hill or Mount Prospect, is a noble one, and seems to embrace all of central New Hampshire. Mount Lafayette stands firmly planted in the valley gateway, while Chocoma and Paugus stand vast and rock-ribbed farther to the right. Cannon mountain just peers over the right shoulder of Lafayette, and is often lost in the vast bulk of the nearer mountain. Cardigan and Kearsarge rise in the west and the south like twin sentinels against the dark blue sky. The nearer local heights are like strophe and anti-strophe in a grand chorus. Old Whiteface, across Lake Squam, answers to Gunstock in the south-east, the Red Hills call to their *vis-à-vis* Mount Israel, in Sandwich. The music swells all round to the south, when the foot-hills toward Massachusetts rise in gentle undulations like the waves of the sea.

Over across the nearest valley, its rugged, cliff-like peaks nearly covered with pine and hemlock, is Mortar hill, so called from the Indian relic or natural curiosity on its summit. This is a mortar-shaped impression in the solid ledge, about a foot and a half deep and twelve inches across the

top. The hole would contain, if the edges had not been battered off by those who have visited it, about half a barrel of water. The mortar was probably once used by the Indians to grind their corn. It is an object of considerable interest to visitors; and as the rock is in a good state of preservation, the use to which the depression in it was put, and the position of the squaw as she sat there and pounded out the maize for her liege lord, can readily be determined. The pestle, which must have been a second stone about a foot long, has been secured by some one and carried off, as no one about the place knows aught of it. Any one cannot but be delighted with his visit to the red men's granary, as it gratifies alike the antiquarian and the esthetic instinct.

The lake views at the east and north-east are magnificent. I know of no finer lookout in the country. The summit is a broad terrace, half ledge, half greensward; delightful wood paths, shaded by oaks, beeches, and birches, skirt the eminence, and everywhere, from every point of view, spread the glistening waters, dotted with their green isles. All through this valley coniferous forests are blended with a larger proportion of deciduous trees. Pine groves, carpeted with red needles, and breathing out resinous perfumes, are only frequent enough to form a delightful feature in the landscape. The white birch is the most exquisite of the forest trees. Its stems show brilliantly in the sun on all the mountain sides. Beech, birch, and maple, though all begins with A, are all abundant. While roaming in the

woods one frequently finds the picturesque sugar-camp, with its little board house, and out-door fire-place where the huge kettles are swung. The elms on the intervale are very fine, forming with these charming river meadows such foreground bits as artists love.

The great attraction hereabouts, however, is the lake, "mountain girdled Squam," called by Starr King "the most beautiful of all the small sheets of water in New England." We will now have done with Ashland and its picturesque environs, and turn our attention to the lake itself, the important feature of this section.

It is early morning when we betake ourselves to the steamboat landing at Little Squam bridge. It is a two-mile ride from Ashland village, through a pleasant country. The course of Squam river is not along our route, but the lover of the beautiful who would follow it three miles to its source in the lake will be amply repaid. We follow, a portion of the way, the old College road, laid out by Gov. John Wentworth, in 1769, from Wolfeborough to Hanover. It skirted Little Squam, crossed Great Squam bridge, passed over Shepard hill, and thence into Centre Harbor, continuing on through Moultonborough and Tuftonborough. We passed the old house where were held some of the earliest town-meetings of Holderness. The house was owned by Samuel Shepard, Esq., the first town-clerk of Holderness, and who was annually elected to that office forty-seven years, going out March 10, 1818.

The pretty little steamer lies at the dock like a real thing of life, dream-

ing,—but where is the lake? There is only a pond, perhaps two miles long and three fourths of a mile wide, all shut in by green hills. But we will go on board the little steamer Chelmsford, Capt. George F. Cummings, and await developments. The whistle blows, the engine begins to turn, and we are off. Down at the north-east is a beautiful little eminence, crowned by a large and elegant hotel. That is Shepard hill. Farther to the north rise the sharp outlines of Chocoma. We steam on with that for our polar star. Over at the left, on the old College road, stands the ancient mansion occupied for many years by Rev. Robert Fowle, the Episcopal minister of Holderness, and close at hand is the graveyard where he lies at rest. Born in 1766, he came to this then frontier town at the age of twenty-one, and for nearly sixty years continued over this pastorate. He was the son of Robert Fowle, nephew of Daniel Fowle, the first printer in New Hampshire. He was a man of vigorous understanding, and was influential in the state, both in civil and religious affairs.

At Great Squam bridge is the little hamlet of East Holderness. There are a post-office and a store and several dwellings. Along this ridge of land began the first settlement in Holderness, one hundred and twenty-five years ago. It has done growing this many a year. The dreamy, antique look reminds one of Centre Harbor, which is not so far away. Here we made the acquaintance of a character in his way: we refer to George L. Shepard, Esq. He is an old man of seventy years, but still erect, and showing his sturdy Scotch-Irish an-

cestry in every feature of his countenance. Mr. Shepard is full of anecdote and reminiscence, and abounds in quaint sayings. He is a son of Major William Shepard, who was general factotum to Hon. Samuel Livermore, and subsequently to his son, Judge Arthur. He recollects many things about the Livermores, and says he can remember hearing his father say that Henry Clay was the handsomest man he ever saw in his life, and that Samuel Livermore was the next handsomest. May the old gentleman live long to retail his fund of anecdote and quaint, dry humor.

We are not yet on the lake, for we have to twist for something like half a mile through the narrows, a strait bordered by trees that seem to grow directly out of the water. Sailing through this, we seem to be following a serpentine, watery road through the woods. The water is clear as crystal, and here and there are little nooks and vistas that remind one of scenes on the Assabet and the Concord. It is certainly very romantic and pleasant, steaming through the narrow waterway in the cool freshness of an August morning, with the balsamic aroma of the woods scenting the air. Here is a new aspect of the picturesque.

Now the strait widens, and passing a miniature Hell Gate, we swing out into the lake, which, however, does not reveal its whole extent to the eye at once. Squam lake is the third in size of the lakes of New Hampshire, being surpassed only by Winnepesaukee and Umbagog. It is about ten miles in length, and any way from half a mile to six miles in width.

Several long points reaching out into it diversify the scene, even while they prevent the visitor from taking in the whole sweep of view. There are also numerous large islands,—Potato, Merrill, Sturtevant, Perch, Dark, Deakes, Great or Long island, etc.,—which make the lake a perfect gem of loveliness.

Asquam or Squam lake was known and designated as Kusumpe on the early colonial maps. In Jefferys's map of New Hampshire, published in 1755 for his royal highness the Prince of Wales, it is put down as Kusumpe pond. The word pond is not used, however, in any belittling sense. Lake Winnepesaukee is put down as Winnipissioket pond, Sunapee lake as Sunape pond, and Ossipee lake as Ossippa pond. In another map of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, published in 1767, Jefferys terms the lake Cusumpy. What Kusumpe or Cusumpy may mean is the wonder. It is a pretty name, however, and many still prefer it to Squam. The latter is Indian for water. The name appears to have been widely distributed, as we find a Squam harbor down on the coast of Massachusetts, and Baker's river, which empties into the Pemigewasset at Plymouth, was early known by the name of Asquam chemuke. Swamscot seems to have nearly the same meaning, and was almost as widely used. The Indian name soon supplanted the other, and as early as the beginning of the century Squam came into general use.

In "Farmer and Moore's Gazetteer of New Hampshire," published in 1823, there is this description of the lake: "Squam lake, lying on the border of Holderness, Sandwich, Moul-

tonborough, and Centre Harbor, is a splendid sheet of water, indented by points, arched with coves, and studded with a succession of romantic islands. It is about seven miles in length, and where widest not less than three miles in breadth. The surface has been estimated at from 6,000 to 7,000 acres. The largest island is about one mile long, and one third of a mile wide. A communication by water between this lake and Winnepesaukee might easily be effected, the distance being less than two miles."

It is remarkable that though only this distance apart, Lake Asquam lies at an elevation of nearly fifty feet above Winnepesaukee, and is almost five hundred and fifty feet above the Atlantic ocean. Ossipee lake, which has a more northern latitude, and the same mountainous surroundings, has not the altitude of either, being only four hundred and eight feet above the sea level. The height of land between the two lakes is a picturesque plateau, occupied by farm-houses and the summer villas of wealthy people from the cities. One of these ancient sites has been made the subject of a painting, and recently appeared in an art exhibition in Boston under the title of "A New England Farm House." It is the old Sturtevant place. The well on the farm is forty feet deep, and is covered by a frame house that is as antique as the old farm-house itself.

Shepard hill, which rises directly at our right hand as we enter Great Squam, is one of the most charming elevations in New Hampshire. It rises to the height of one thousand feet, perfect in shape, verdant crowned, with farm-houses and several

fairy-like summer villas scattered here and there. Capt. W. Bunce, of the United States navy, has a pleasant cottage on the slope of the hill, and spends a portion of every summer in this fair retreat. The Asquam House, a fine and commodious hotel that will accommodate between seventy-five and a hundred guests, crowns the plateau of the summit. Among the guests this season have been Bishop Williams, of New Haven, and John G. Whittier, the poet. The latter usually spends several weeks here each season. His poem, "The Hill Top," written more than thirty years ago, if I mistake not, refers to this hill. The poet is in error, however, when he speaks of seeing "Moosehillock's woods." That mountain is not visible from Shepard hill. It is Stinson mountain in Rumney which he mistakes for Moosilauke. The lines are just as beautiful though as if he had not blundered :

"There towered Chocorua's peak; and west  
Moosehillock's woods were seen,  
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest  
And pine-dark gorge between.

"Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,  
The great Notch mountains shone,  
Watched over by the solemn-browed  
And awful face of stone!"

The view is beautiful, whether seen at morning, noon, or twilight hour, looking out upon the wide expanse of the lake, the meadow lands, the forests, and upon mountains as delectable as those which Christian saw from the palace Beautiful in Bunyan's matchless allegory.

There is a convenient landing at the foot of the hill, a romantic spot, where the rhododendron grows, and gandy beds of the cardinal flower fringe the shore. In fact, these plants and flowers border the lake its whole extent. Trees, shrubbery, and grass

come down quite to the water on all sides, with hardly ever a strip of beach. As we move down from the wharf we disturb a heron, which rises with a scream from his hiding-place among the rushes, and flaps angularly away. Loons are seen ever and anon swimming on the surface of the lake; and overhead, soaring with pinions stretching wide and eyes that meet the sun, the American eagle holds his flight through the upper ether.

The general lay of the lake is north-east by south-west. The larger part of the lake is in Holderness, but portions of it extend into Ashland, Sandwich, Centre Harbor, and Moultonborough. The three counties of Grafton, Carroll, and Belknap come to a point in the lake. Leaving Cotton cove at our left, and the twin peaks of Rattlesnake hill, we steam out into the lake. Along the western horizon follow the Squam mountains, terminating in Mount Israel, the highest peak. Overlooking this range, we catch at times the towering crests of Mount Prospect and of Sandwich Dome. At our right, against the eastern sky, are the Red Hills, 2,000 feet in height, terminating in Colby hill, the lowest spur at the north. Beyond we catch a glimpse of Mount Ossipee, 2,500 feet in height, which lies ten miles away. Both of these mountains are in Moultonborough. Red hill derives its name either from the beautiful sienite which composes it, and which near the summit, where the ledges are exposed to the action of the air, has a reddish hue, or to the forests of *ura ursi* which cover its sides, the leaves of which are turned into a brilliant red by the early frosts.

Heading toward the upper part of the lake, the northern horizon bristles with stony and wooded crests. The hills and mountains crowd confusedly upon each other to look into the clear mirror of "Kusumpe pond." Yet they seem tranquil and in repose, and the whole atmosphere of that region is that of rest. The heights, which when seen near at hand have an alert and even savage aspect, like the gashed forehead of Whiteface, the sharp thorn of Chocorua, the uncompromising granite of Tripyramid, and the sullen bolt of Passaconaway, are veiled in the violet haze of distance, which softens their rugged features and puts them in harmony with the peaceful scene they overlook.

One mountain, indeed, presents as a symbol the type of peace. Fifteen miles away, in Albany, rises the solid granite mass of Mount Pangus, 3,000 feet in height. This mountain reminds us of the old Norse god, with his stony heart. It is a huge pile of rock, scaled over with forests. On its side stands out a spur whose upper crest presents the perfect image of a gigantic sheep's head: eye, mouth, nose, ear, and forehead are exact, and even the chest and back of the animal are distinctly made out. There it has stood for centuries, unchanged, unmoved, symbol of the Saviour of the world, a thing to have been worshipped by the rude aborigines, if they could, like the old Egyptian, have seen anything of the deity in the representation of so meek and innocent a quadruped. It was only a few weeks ago that this singular formation was first noticed, but now it is pointed out to everybody on the lake, where it can be seen at almost



every point, and is one of the objects of interest to the visitor in this section.

The north-western extremity of the lake tapers into a picturesque fiord, from which it would not seem strange to see issue half a dozen viking ships, with their dragon or serpent prows, and their rows of bueklers along the gunwales. But it is only a fishing craft that one sees there, and the occupants are trolling for land-locked salmon, and have no thought of other plunder. There is a finished look along the shore. A regular wall of rock has been laid along to mark the limit of the water's encroachment, and in some places this wall rises to a height of a dozen or fifteen feet. Huge ledges rise out of the water on all sides, and only a narrow channel is found sufficiently deep for the advance of the little steamer. All these rocks and ledges are completely honeycombed by the action of the waves and the frost, and present a singular appearance. Honeycomb Cove, as it is appropriately called, marks the opening of the fiord, and Squaw Cove is the terminus, both of which lie in Sandwich, under the shadow of Squam mountain.

Squaw Cove derives its name from the fact that formerly there stood upon one of the ledges of the cove a block of granite that bore a strong resemblance to the draped figure of a woman. A few years ago the statue was taken away, and the stone squaw now lies prostrate, broken in twain in the front yard of a farm-house at East Holderness. The aborigines had a legend for everything which they could not account for in any other way, and while the sunshine gleams

on the ripples of the cove, and the Chelmsford lies at anchor, and the skipper smokes, and even the buoyant colonel checks his jokes and puns, we will recount the Legend of the Stone Squaw.

A long time ago, when only the Indians—the true children of the soil—inhabited this country, there lived a chieftain whose wigwam stood on the shore of this cove, far up under the beeches of the hill. His name was Mamon. He was old and wise, and his fame as a warrior was great among all the surrounding tribes. The wife of his youth had long been dead, and the sachem as he grew older longed to have his wigwam brightened once more by the presence of a woman. There were many maidens in his own tribe who would have rejoiced to become the bride of Mamon, but he had no love for them. Across the lake, where the pines and the elms grew together along the course of Asquam chemuke, there lived a maiden whom he had seen, and whom he loved.

The princess Amata was young and beautiful. She had the grace of a mountain deer, and the skill of a wise woman in concocting dishes for the woodland feast; and she and the young warrior Moowis loved each other;—but the prond chief, her father, had set his heart on wedding her to Mamon, his friend and ally. So the banquet fires were kindled, and Mamon rowed across the lake with his choicest warriors, to sit at the feast and wed the fair princess whom his heart loved.

Grand was the feasting among the braves, and lithesome the dances of the dusky Indian women, and among

them all none looked so grand and stately as Mamon, and none of the maidens were like Amata, whose form was like the river willow, and her eyes like stars, and her hair lustrous and glistening as the flash of the waterfall in the sunshine. But Moowis, the young brave, was not at the banquet: his heart was too heavy, and his grief too great.

The full moon shone over the lake when Mamon returned with his bride. His heart was very happy, but Amata's face was sad, and the tears twinkled in her soft, dark eyes. He thought she wept because she left the home of her childhood, but it was because her heart was with the absent young warrior, Moowis. Through all the night hours she prayed that the warrior she loved might come to see her once more.

In his wigwam, on a couch of sweet fern and beech leaves, the old chief slept the sleep of the aged, and by his side tossed the sleepless Amata. The curtains of the lodge flapped in the breeze, and she knew no one was near until a hand touched her forehead, and the voice of her lover whispered in her ear:

"I have come. My canoe dances on the lake, and the night is dark. My beloved, shall I go away with my heart sad and my arms empty?"

"No, Moowis, I go with thee, because my heart cleaveth to thee. It is only for you that I wish to prepare the fresh killed game, sweep the hearth with fresh hemlock boughs, and embroider moccasins to adorn your feet. But it is so black and stormy, it may be the Manitou is angry, and you know the fate that befalls the false wife if she is caught."

"Thou wert mine ere thou became his. My arms are strong, my arrows sure, my canoe staunch, yet light as a feather, and I love you. Come, O Amata."

His voice was sweet and musical as the ripple of running water over a mossy ledge in the hot summer noon, and her heart answered to his. And she stole out of the wigwam into the darkness and the storm, and the two lovers hastened down to the shore where his birch canoe was waiting. But as they fled the sagamore awoke, and by the gleam of the lightning caught a glance of the flying fugitives. Wrathful was the heart of Mamon as he saw the arm of a stranger around his bride, and her long, dark hair flowing over his shoulders. And he caught his strong bow and his quiver and rushed in pursuit.

Strong were the arms of Moowis and brave was his heart, but the heart of Amata was weak and waxed faint as water as she heard the stern voice of the sagamore through the tempest. And the storm grew yet wilder; the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled; the water came rushing down the mountain sides in torrents, and huge trees in the forest fell crashing to the ground.

"Oh! I cannot fly farther," cried Amata breathlessly. "Gitche Manitou is angry with his child."

"If you love me, follow," cried the young warrior, and he seized her in his arms and bore her into the water.

Mamon arrived at the shore, and seeing by a flash of lightning the figures struggling in the water, discharged his shaft. A loud cry escaped the lips of Moowis, the water

grew crimson around him, and he sank with a despairing wail in the mad waves. Amata reached a ledge, and struggling upon the rock, stretched forth her round arms towards the shore.

“May the lightning blast the fair, false wanton,” cried Mamon,—praying, “Let Manitou make of her a signal and example to coming time.”

Even as he spoke there came a vivid flash, followed by a thunder peal that seemed to shake the earth to its very centre, and through the storm and darkness pierced the shrill voice of despair. Manitou had answered the chieftain’s prayer.

For ages and ages the Indian, roaming around the lake pointed to the stone image as the form of the hapless Amata, petrified by God’s judgment in her wanton flight, and there it remained till the white men came. Such is the story of the stone squaw and of Squaw cove.

Once more on the lake :—how beautiful the scene! Did you ever see more fairy-like islands, more enchanting coves? Lovely is the lake now, hemmed in by the green hills and woodlands; but when the tints of autumn flush the wooded islands and the main land, and when sunrises and sunsets perform the daily miracle of turning these pellucid waters into wine, then the purple bloom of the mountains frames a revel of color that is bewildering in its beauty.

We return by the other side of the lake, and the most remarkable thing we notice is the changed aspect of the mountains, as we view them from different points. Only a very expert Appalachian can sling names around the whole bristling horizon. But that is Kearsarge’s historic peak we discern in the far south, beyond a doubt. That bald granite crown is unmistakable anywhere. A breeze springs up, and it grows cool. We are glad we brought our summer overcoats with us. The nights are uniformly cool around the lake, although the middle of the day may be comparatively hot. Up there nothing is known practically of the heat as it is felt in the great cities. Blankets are not to be despised at night, and woollen clothing cannot long be dispensed with. For perfect beauty and healthfulness there are few places so richly endowed. Every day affords a feast for the eye and the soul. Though eventless in one sense, our lives are crowded with events. It is our business to see what the sun and wind and cloud are about, and to watch every change about the lake and the mountains. All the twenty-four hours of each day are good and precious. With the poet we can say,—

“Linger, O gentle Time!

Linger, O radiant grace of bright to-day!

Let not the hour’s chime

Call thee away,

But linger near me still with fond delay!”

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF

## Ben: Perley Poore's Book.

Sixty years of a busy journalist's life at Washington are epitomized in Maj. Ben: Perley Poore's two superb volumes. One of the admirers of the Major recently said that "at a judiciously ripe period of life the Major stopped growing old, and since then, like some of the choice Madeira of which he writes with so much feeling, he has only been accumulating bouquet and flavor." Maj. Poore has been one of the best known and one of the most knowing men in Washington society for a half a century. His is the sunny temperament delighting in bright, social intercourse. Yet his connection with daily journalism and his position in the U. S. Senate placed him always in the thick of political affairs and social gossip. He was ever in the Washington "Swim," breasting the waves with jovial vigor, and never failing to hear or see what was said and done.

The Major could never be very solemn, and in his ripened sketches of Washington life every phase reminds him of half a dozen amusing anecdotes. He has a rare gift in telling a story, and his anecdotes are inexhaustible.

His book will not only add lustre to his fame as a writer, but it is of so unique a character and so intensely interesting in matter that it will prove a valuable contribution to the literature of the country. It has mirth for the mirthful, wit for the witty, information for all, and we doubt if it has been equalled by any subscription book since the war.

It is being issued by the well known house of Hubbard Bros., and is sold exclusively by subscription.

AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN AND ARS' YA, by Ivan Turgenieff, a Russian writer of great force and originality, has lately been published by Funk & Wagnalls.

THE MENTOR, a little book for the guidance of such men and boys as would appear to advantage in the society of persons of the better sort, by Alfred Ayres, published by Funk & Wagnalls, is full of good sense, good advice, and wise counsel. It would not come amiss in the hands of any young man who is striving to be a gentleman.

THE HISTORY OF SANBORNTON, which by many is considered the most perfect model for similar works, is in two volumes, aggregating about 1600 pages. It can be obtained of the author for \$5.00. He has a few copies deficient in plates, for \$4.00. In corresponding with him, please mention this magazine. His address is Rev. M. T. Runnels, East Jaffrey, N. H.

From Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, we have received the following of Harper's Handy Series:

Regimental Legends — by John Strange Winter, author of "Mignon: or, Bootle's Baby." 16mo, 25 cts.

A Child of the Revolution—an interesting French novel. Illustrated. 16mo, 25 cts.

A Strange Inheritance—a novel by F. M. F. Skene. 16mo, 25c.

Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After—etc., by Alired, Lord Tennyson. 16mo, 25 cts.

Yeast, a Problem—by Chas. Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," etc. 16mo, 25 cts.

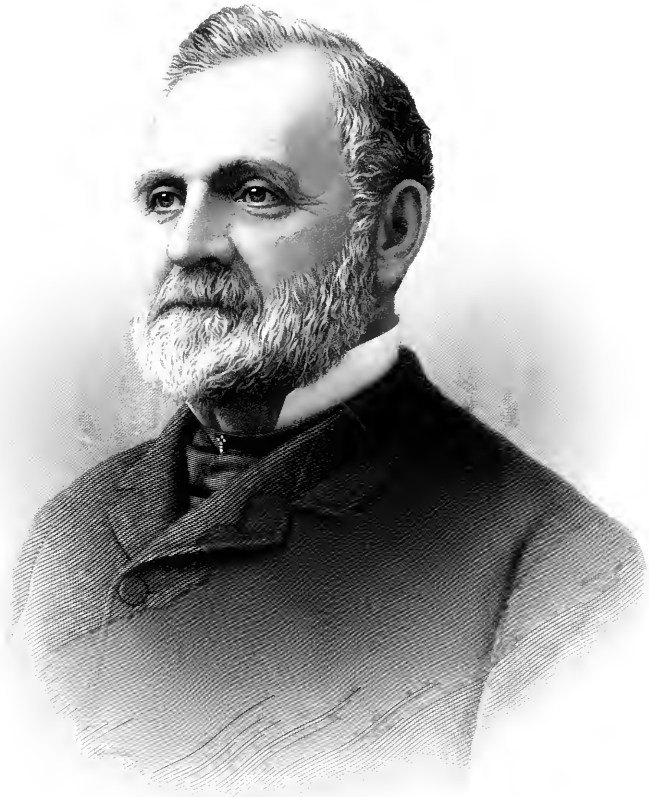
Of the Franklin Square Library, we have received:

No. 556. A Wilful Young Woman—a novel, by "Who is Sylvia?" 25 cts.

No. 557. The World Went Very Well Then—a novel, by Walter Besant. Profusely illustrated. 25 cts.

No. 558. She; a History of Adventure—by H. Rider Haggard, author of "Solomon's Mines." Profusely illustrated. 25 cts.





*Aretas Blood*

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.*

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VOL. X.

MARCH, 1887.

No. 3.

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## HON. ARETAS BLOOD.

When, in the early part of the eighteenth century, a few hardy pioneers gathered about Amoskeag falls to found a settlement in the wilderness, they were prepared to wrest a livelihood from the sterile soil, and defend their possessions and families from Indian marauders. It was a frontier settlement, greatly exposed to attack, but it was shunned by the dusky warriors, who dreaded the prowess and the unerring aim of the new comers. The men at the falls carried the war into Canada, and in return for early Indian atrocities the Rangers retaliated with sword and fire-brand in distant savage fastnesses. Though stern and warlike and aggressive, these children of Scotch Covenanters and Massachusetts Puritans were law-abiding and God-fearing men and women. There were Goffe, Hildreth, Kidder, McNeil, Stark, Hadley, Stevens, Martin, Emerson, Perham, Blodgett, Nutt, Riddell, McMurphy, Hall, McClintock, Dickey, Gamble, Anderson, Leslie, whose descendants have left an impress on state and national history.

While using Amoskeag falls for fishing for shad, for salmon, and for lamprey-eels, the most sanguine of those early settlers in his wildest dreams could not have pictured the fair city of Manchester, with its tens of thousands of busy artisans, which the future was to uprear on the banks of the Merrimack river.

In the early part of the present century, when this continent had received the impetus of freedom, and the people were surging onward to occupy our vast domain, the highest honors and the richest rewards lay in political preferment. The greatest intellects were devoted to law, to statesmanship, or to politics. Ship-building and foreign commerce offered a field for the energies of the most adventurous. Agriculture was the great occupation of the American people. The growth of the cities, centres of commerce and government, was slow and gradual. The advent of the railroad was the dawn of a new era in the history of the world. Steam had already been utilized for ocean travel, but the locomotive was destined to

revolutionize human destiny. It annihilated distance; it brought the products of mill and farm to points of distribution; it put the vast interior of our country in connection with our sea-board; it united the North and the South, the East and the West, in an imperishable union; it made possible the rapid growth of our great cities. It vastly increased human wants and necessities, and opened up a thousand channels for the energy and work of mankind. After the railroad came electricity, commerce and manufacturing on a gigantic scale, mines, banking, insurance, and the complicated business of a great nation, in which large fortunes could be accumulated. From farm and college hall the brightest minds and keenest intellects have been drawn to the counting-house, the machine-shop, and the railroad office.

The highest elevations in rank, in honor, and in emolument have been gained by self-made men. By their skill and ability great enterprises have been started and successfully carried on, and their labors have been appreciated and rewarded. A self-made man, honored, respected, and successful, is the subject of this sketch,—Hon. Arctas Blood, of Manchester,—a man whose name will ever be inseparably connected with the development of the massive locomotive in use to-day, and with the inception and growth of the railroad system of the United States.

#### ANCESTRY.

The Blood family is one of the oldest in New England. The original pioneer, the ancestor of most of the

name in this country, was James Blood, said to have been a brother of Col. John Blood, known in English history for his designs on Charles II. James Blood and his wife Ellen came from Paddington, Nottingham county, England, and settled in Concord, Mass., as early as 1639. He had a great estate, and died November 17, 1683. His wife Ellen died in 1674.

2. Richard Blood, son of James and Ellen Blood, was one of the first settlers and largest proprietors of Groton. He was town-clerk in 1668. His wife's name was Isabel.

3. James Blood, son of Richard and Isabel Blood, lived in Groton. He married (1) Elizabeth Longley, September 7, 1669; (2) Abigail. He was killed by the Indians September 13 (or October 13), 1692.

4. John Blood, son of James and Abigail Blood, was born in Groton, March 16, 1689; married July 13, 1712, Joanna Nutting, of Groton; settled in his native town, and died August 23, 1758, in the 70th year of his age.

5. Moses Blood, son of John and Joanna (Nutting) Blood, was born in Groton, November 25, 1724; settled in Pepperell; married Elizabeth Stone, June, 27 1745; and died in Pepperell.

6. Sewall Blood, son of Moses and Elizabeth (Stone) Blood, was born in Pepperell, May 24, 1756; married Molly Kendall, of Shirley, April 9, 1786; and was a soldier of the Revolution. He died in Windsor, Vt., in 1813; his widow in 1814.

7. Nathaniel Blood, son of Sewall and Mary (Kendall) Blood, was born in Shirley, August 17, 1788; married Roxellana Proctor, a daughter



of Isaac Proctor, a soldier of the Revolution, and settled in Windsor, Vt. He died in Waltham, Mass., in 1876; she died in 1865. Both were active members of the Congregational church.

8. Aretas Blood, son of Nathaniel and Roxellana (Proctor) Blood, was born in Weathersfield, Vt., October 8, 1816.

It will be seen by the foregoing line of ancestors that Mr. Blood is a direct descendant of those sturdy Puritans who in the old country maintained their rights by force of arms, and planted a colony here on the bleak shores of New England to obtain religious toleration. They had to defend their homes from a cruel and treacherous foe, and later to withstand the encroachments of a tyrannical government across the ocean. Their courage and foresight laid the foundations of our free and beautiful New England of to-day. They gave to us the school, the church, the town-meeting,—the basis of our prosperity. We are also indebted to them for sound and healthy bodies, and minds relieved from superstition and ignorance. From his ancestors Mr. Blood inherited many sterling qualities,—good judgment, sound common-sense, executive ability of a very high order, courage to undertake herculean tasks, the perseverance to conduct them to a successful termination, and the requisite caution to keep him from embarking in any save safe enterprises.

When Aretas Blood was three years old his parents removed to Windsor, Vt., where he remained until seventeen years of age, improving the meagre advantages afforded by the

common schools of those days. He was then apprenticed to the trade of blacksmith, which he worked at about two years and a half, and then became a machinist. In 1840 he journeyed to Evansville, Ind., where he worked at his trade until June 17, 1841, when he started eastward in search of employment. He travelled on, however, still in quest of work, and it was not until he reached North Chelmsford, Mass., that he found employment for his ready and willing hands. After remaining there a short time, he subsequently went to Lowell as a machinist in the Lowell Machine-shop. Here he remained seven years, and then went to Lawrence, where he commenced the manufacture of machinists' tools for the large machine-shop then in process of erection at that place. Here the character of the man asserted itself. His ability demanded greater scope, and soon after he assumed the management of the establishment there, and began the manufacture, by contract, of tools, turbine-wheels, locomotives, stationary engines, and other machinery. His untiring energy had at last found its reward: he was master of the business. September 7, 1853, he went to Manchester and established the Vulcan Works, under the name of Bailey, Blood & Co., for the manufacture of locomotives. Business was first commenced in Mechanics' row, but in the spring of 1854 buildings were erected on the present location, and in the same year the company was incorporated as the Manchester Locomotive Works, with Oliver W. Bailey as agent. He was succeeded in 1857 by Mr. Blood, who has since resided in Manchester,

and has given his personal supervision to the business.

The Locomotive Works are located on Canal street, and cover about six acres. The machine-shop is a substantial building, parallel with Canal street, two stories in height, 430 feet in length, and 84 in width. The wood-shop is also a two-story building, 100 feet long and 40 feet wide; the blacksmith-shop is 365 feet long and 50 feet wide; the boiler-shop, 205 feet long and 52 feet wide. There is also a large brick building, 230 by 36 feet, for making brass castings and building steam fire-engines. In the spring of 1872, Mr. Blood purchased the steam fire-engine business of the Amoskeag Company, with the good-will and the patents, and now manufactures the "Amoskeag Engine," which is the old engine in name only, as it has been entirely remodelled, and is now one of the most complete, perfect, and efficient engines manufactured. There are now over 650 of these engines in use. Here are also built all kinds of hose carriages, fire apparatus, &c. A graduate of this machine shop—Mr. Blodgett—has lately been elected by the New Jersey legislature to represent that state in the United States senate.

Mr. Blood has proved one of the most successful locomotive builders in the country, 1,330 having been turned out at these works. The works have a capacity of giving employment to 700 skilled workmen, and of turning out 150 locomotives and 50 steam fire-engines every year. The monthly pay-roll ranges from \$30,000 upwards. The aggregate earnings of the works during

its most successful year amounted to \$2,500,000. A thorough machinist, and a man capable of handling a large force of men and conducting large business operations, he has commanded success, and the Manchester Locomotive Works are one of the representative institutions of manufacturing New England.

Whatever success in life Mr. Blood has achieved he attributes to the teachings and training received at home from his mother. When he left the parental roof he tried to follow the advice of his mother: "Shun bad company; try to please your employers." He tried to please his employers by showing an interest in his work, and succeeded in doing so. Evenings he not only improved by keeping out of doubtful company, but by study in his own room, often working until midnight, drawing plans of the machinery he was at work on during the day, and thus improving his time. He was faithful to the interests of those who employed him, and did not need some one to watch him. For the many years he was an employé he won the confidence of his employer by interest in his work, faithfulness, industry, and honesty, as well as by his intelligence and zeal, and when he in time became an employer of labor himself, these qualities were recognized by those in need of his services. Another characteristic of Mr. Blood, which has helped him to achieve success, is his perseverance. This led him to stick to whatever he undertook to do until he had done it, in small things as well as in more important undertakings.

Mr. Blood is also a director and

president of the Ames Manufacturing Company of Chicopee, Mass., president of the Globe Nail Company of Boston, and treasurer of the Nashua Iron and Steel Company, which is doing the largest business of its kind in New England. He was a director in the Merrimack River Bank from 1860 till its name was changed to First National Bank in 1865, and until 1868 a director of the latter; was a director in the Manchester National Bank from 1874 till 1877, and from 1877 to the present time has been president of the Second National Bank. He is treasurer of the Manchester Hardware Company, and also president of the Amoskeag Paper Mills, both of Manchester.

Mr. Blood was united in marriage with Miss Lavinia K. Kendall, September 4, 1845, and their family consists of two children,—Nora, wife of Frank P. Carpenter, of Manchester, and Emma, who resides with her parents.

Politically Mr. Blood is a Republican. His first vote was cast for Gen. Harrison, but he has been a Republican since the organization of the party, although never an active politician. He has been twice elected an alderman, and was chairman of the electors who cast New Hampshire's vote for Garfield and Arthur.

It was said, when Robert E. Lee joined the Southern Confed-

eracy, that he was equal to an army corps to their cause. When Mr. Blood took up his abode in Manchester he was a great accession to the young city. He had the gift of executive ability which allowed him to organize a great undertaking, and for many years to make it successful. His own experience when in search of work has made him considerate to those under similar circumstances. If he is apparently entirely absorbed in his business, it should be remembered that he has resting on his shoulders the care of a great enterprise, and that the welfare of many people depends upon his good judgment. Mr. Blood has evinced considerable inventive faculty in the prosecution of his work, and many valuable improvements are due to him. He is quick to see the advantages offered by new inventions, yet conservative. Personally he enjoys rugged, good health. He is a quiet man, thoroughly honest, and demanding honesty in all with whom he deals. True to his own word, he expects rigid truth from others. He enjoys the pleasures of home, and is very fond of his family. The family attend the Franklin Street Congregational church. Charity is delegated to the ladies of the household. Such a man as Mr. Blood is of inestimable advantage to the community in which he may settle.

**WINDHAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.\***

BY HON. LEONARD A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF MORRISON FAMILY," "HISTORY OF WINDHAM," AND "RAMBLES IN EUROPE."

The Revolution was here. The crisis was now upon them. The colonies had passed successfully through the French and Indian War, and the waves of that long and stubborn contest had hardly lulled themselves to rest before the ominous mutterings of another tempest were distinctly heard. Every breeze which swept the Atlantic brought to the ears of Americans the approaching danger. The hour was at hand which was to prove the mettle of the people, and which would show the stern grit of our citizens.

The provincial records, state records, traditions and records of the town, bear ample testimony to the faithfulness, fidelity, courage, endurance, and constancy of the people of Windham during the long and trying ordeal. There is no evidence to show that her sons were appalled at the magnitude of the contest, that they grieved over the sacrifices demanded, or that its dangers caused their hearts to be moved with unmanly fear. They weighed the issues in the intellectual balances of their minds, and were prepared to meet the dangers which their conclusion involved. And they did not look upon war with the alarm of those not enured to the use of arms. They were soldiers by their mode of life in the new settlement, and had had great military experience in previous wars, and were accustomed to the use of arms. They were men of nerve, hardihood, and skill, and

while they did not court danger, still they shrank not from it when the trial came. They knew their strength, and were not afraid to use it. They were ever true in the hour of peace and quiet; they were steady and true in the storm and tempest.

A company of minute men was formed, and when swift couriers arrived in town bringing the news of the Lexington alarm and shouting at every house, "The Regulars are coming! The Regulars are coming!" the "minute men" rallied as men flock to a feast. Capt. Joseph Clyde was plowing in the field; he left his plow-share in the mould, headed his company, and marched rapidly to Cambridge and joined the American forces there. The good housewives, the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the men, cooked a large amount of provisions, and despatched them immediately on the backs of horses for the soldiers.

The following men enlisted immediately after the "alarm:" James Caldwell, Samuel Caldwell, John Caldwell, Nathaniel Barrows.

May 25, 1775, Lient. John Dinsmoor was sent a delegate to the County Congress.

The Committee of Safety were,—George Davidson, Peter Merrill, Robert Hemphill, Samuel Morison, Joseph Smith, John Dinsmoor, James Gilmore, Nehemiah Hadley, and William Campbell.

June 17, 1775, the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the cannonading

\* Preceding articles relating to this town were printed in the GRANITE MONTHLY in 1884.

being distinctly heard in Windham, thirty-three miles away. Her sons mingled in the deadly fray, and some sealed their devotion to American liberty and the rights of man with their blood. Tradition says that five of our soldiers were slain, but the name of only one—Thomas Collins—has come down to us.

The following men were in the fight: John Kincaid, William Duty, Joseph Park, John Montgomery, John Simpson (who had a part of his hand shot away), William Simpson, Ephraim Kyle, Lieut. Abraham Reid, Alexander Brown, James Gilman, Allen Hopkins, John Hopkins, Ebenezer McIlvaine, Thomas Wilson, William Clyde, David Gregg.

The following men were in the Continental service July 8, 1775: William Duty, Charles Annis, Mark Duty, Alexander Brown, John Jameson, Abram Planet, Jacob Hadley, Jonathan Thompson, John Kincaid, William McIlvaine.

The legislation of the town was patriotic. It was always in favor of the patriots. Their quotas of men and money were usually promptly furnished, and when a few wished to be freed from the soldier rates, they promptly voted not to excuse them.

The following persons signed the Association test, which was virtually a declaration of independence:

SIGNERS IN WINDHAM.

Hugh Graham, Jr.,	Jeffrey Donough,
William Gregg, Jr.,	James Gilmore.
Alex'r McCoy,	James Jameson,
John Campbell,	George Wilson,
Henry Campbell,	Moses Duty,
Robert Park,	James Dinsmoor,
David Gregg,	William Dickey,
William Gregg,	Andrew Park,
David Gregg, Jr.,	Alex'r Park,
Thomas Gregg,	William Thom,
James Campbell,	Timothy Ladd,

Arthur Darrah,  
 Alex. Gregg,  
 William Dinsmoor,  
 John Cochran, Jr.,  
 Alex'r Simpson,  
 John Morison,  
 Adam Templeton,  
 Nath'l Campbell,  
 Allen Hopkins,  
 Thomas Wilson,  
 Daniel McIlvaine,  
 George Davidson,  
 James Bolton,  
 John Anderson,  
 Joseph Clyde,  
 John Dinsmoor,  
 John Simpson,  
 William Simpson,  
 Samuel McAdams,  
 Isaac Thom,  
 Benjamin Thom,  
 Robert McIlvaine,  
 John Clyde,  
 Alex'r Park,  
 Joseph Smith,  
 James Richey,  
 Alex'r Morrow,  
 John Cochran,  
 James Cochran,  
 Robert Dinsmoor,  
 William Rowell,  
 William Jameson,  
 Isaac Cochran,  
 Thomas Jameson,  
 David Hopkins,  
 Robert Smith,

Timothy Ladd, Jr.  
 Eliphalet Ladd,  
 Andrew Armour,  
 Robert Speer,  
 Alex'r Richey,  
 David Davidson,  
 Nehemiah Hadley,  
 Alex'r Wilson,  
 Hugh Brown,  
 James Caldwell,  
 David Carrier,  
 David Armstrong,  
 John Armstrong,  
 Samuel Wilson,  
 Ebenezer Hall,  
 John Kyle,  
 Hugh Clyde,  
 John Wilson,  
 Simon Williams,  
 Peter Merrill,  
 Peter Merrill, Jr.,  
 James Wilson,  
 Alex'r Richey,  
 Hugh Graham,  
 John McCoy,  
 Thomas McCoy,  
 James Davidson,  
 Samuel Campbell,  
 William Shed,  
 Henry Campbell,  
 Nathaniel Hemphill,  
 Rob't Hemphill,  
 Gawin Armour,  
 John Morrow,  
 John Miller.

State of New Hampshire

WINDHAM Aug. the 26th 1776.

To the Honorable Committee of Safty of this State the foregoing Request hath been Punctually observed. Notwithstanding Leut Abram Reid, Matthew Reid, Amos Merrill, hath Refused or Neglected to sign the foregoing Declaration.

Alex'r Wilson,	} Selectmen.
Sam'l Morison,	
Nehemiah Hadley,	

On the 1st of December, 1775, Gen. Sullivan, in command at Winter Hill, sent an urgent request to New Hampshire for troops, to take the place of some Connecticut troops whose term of service had expired. Eleven Windham men rallied at this call. Among them were Capt. James

Gilmore, John Morison, Samuel Morison, Isaac Cochran, Robert Dinsmoor (the "Rustic Bard"), his uncle, Robert Dinsmoor, Abram Planet, — Hadley, and Thomas Gregg.

During the whole war our men shared in the joys of the army's triumphs or in the sadness of its defeats. Fourteen men from Windham were in the Battle of Bennington,— John Campbell, Samuel Campbell, John Stuart, John Hughes, David Gregg, Samuel Morison, Ephraim Kyle, Alexander Morrow, David Campbell, John Kinkead, John Jameson, Jesse Davidson, James Wilson, Thomas Karr, William Bolton. In the battle David Gregg had a thumb shot off; Samuel Morison suffered severely from sunstroke; James Wilson was taken prisoner by a British soldier, and he in turn took his captor captive; John Kinkead was killed. His sad fate, and other incidents of the battle, have been put in verse, as follows, by the "Rustic Bard," Robert Dinsmoor:

WINDHAM'S SONS AT THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON, AUG. 16, 1777.

"Then with Burgoyne they battle join,

\* \* \* \* \*

There Windham men, placed in the van,  
Where deadly balls did rattle!  
Fell John Kinkead, on grand parade,  
A soldier brave in battle.

"Jem Wilson stood behind some wood,

A Windham man true-hearted,  
Who never ran for fear of man,  
Nor left his post deserted.  
With joyful eye he saw them fly,  
Their warriors all retreating;  
As they withdrew, Stark's men pursue,  
And fear no foe-man meeting.

"'Twas hard to know a friend from foe

In such promiscuous bustle,  
But one Jem met who him beset,  
With whom he had a tussle!  
He fired his gun, nor thought to run  
(His foe looked somewhat slender);  
The Briton brave then drew his glave,  
Said 'Die, or else surrender!'

"He, choosing terms, threw down his arms,  
And begged his life's protection;  
Then slowly crept, and lingering stopt,  
A captive in dejection.  
But soon Jem sprung, and round him clung,  
With arms and all belayed him:  
In deadly grasp he held him fast  
Till our pursuers aid him.

"To save his breath, most squeezed to death,  
Aloud he called for quarter;  
Then Jem, right glad, him captive led:  
The Briton 'caught a Tartar.'  
Then glorious Stark cried, 'Brave boys, hark!  
Go to your tents renowned;  
The evening lowers, and victory's ours;  
Your feat of valor's crowned.'"

When our soldiers returned from the battle they were welcomed by the citizens, and the "Rustic Bard" had a poem to commemorate the event. The muse's voice has long been silent, and patriotic verse no longer emanates from his pen. The soldiers go no more forth to battle, nor are they troubled by war's alarms. Soldiers and poet sleep their last sleep, and gently the sods cover them.

The success at Bennington was the harbinger of a brighter day. The auspicious morning was at hand when England would be compelled to accord justice to America. The gallant sons of the old Granite State rallied to join the Northern army. The British commander was effectually "bottled up," and on the 17th of October, 1777, Burgoyne surrendered to Gen. Gates. Windham men helped to swell the ranks of the patriot army, participated in the battles, and shared in the glory of the victories. Among them were Isaac Cochran, James Davidson, Eliphalet Ladd, Robert Dinsmoor ("Rustic Bard"), William McCoy, John Campbell, Alexander Gregg, John Cochran, John Armor, Alexander Simpson, John Dinsmoor, Daniel Mellvaine, John Williams,

Adam Dunlap, John McCoy, David Quintin, and William McKeen.

So the record might be swelled with the names of our soldiers, their valor, and the war legislation of the town; but the want of space forbids, and all these will be found in the *full* "History of Windham, N. H." devoted to such details.

Suffice it to say that the record of our soldiers was valiant; the legislation of the town prompt, energetic, and patriotic; the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of our people, under all the privations of war, were worthy of all honor.

### ETHEL FREEMAN:

#### *The Story of a Marriage that proved a Mistake.*

BY ELLEN M. MASON.

#### I.

"No, father, I do not want Ethel to marry George Freeman. There is too much difference in their ages, in the first place. He is fifteen years older than she is in years, and twenty-five in knowledge of the wickedness of the world, hardening of the heart, and loss of the enjoyment of things innocent and simple that belong to youth, to those of Ethel's age. Then he is tyrannical and overbearing in disposition, and he is fickle like the whole of them. There never was a Freeman you could rely on!" and Mrs. Reed's white curls and purple cap-ribbons fluttered more and more disapprovingly as she went on.

"But you look only at the sentimental side of the question," said Ethel's father, a stout, handsome gentleman, whose calm manners and deliberate utterances were in decided contrast to his wife's impulsive ways. "George Freeman is rich; he can give Ethel a comfortable home, and she need never want for anything. He sowed his wild oats long ago,—

a large enough crop to last his lifetime,—and is ready now to settle down, a sober, contented husband. Then Ethel is in love with him, and he is in love with her. Could there be a clearer case? Do be reasonable now, and don't let your romantic notions run away with you!"

"Ethel is very young. If she cares for him, better for her to suffer a little now than to be wretched a lifetime. For she would be wretched. His love for her is only a fancy, that would pass away just as surely if she married him as though she did not. 'Like father, like son.' George Freeman is inconstant and treacherous, as his father was before him," said the lady, and a faint blush rose over her faded cheeks, and a pained look came into her eyes as she spoke.

Mrs. Reed's youth had been darkened by the faithlessness of the father of the man who was the subject of their conversation. At middle age she had married her husband, and they had been very happy together. His calm, sure affection, which if it

held none of the romance of youth, had none of its fickleness, brightening and making all her life pleasant. Ethel was their only child, the darling of their old age. The mother, especially, loved her with an intensity of feeling she had never felt for any being beside. And it had certainly been an advantage, and a guaranty of mutual respect and confidence, that Ethel had not made her *début* in society until after her mother had become desirably attached to her easy-chair and slippers, and weaned from fashionable follies and the love of the applause of the multitude. The unusually great disparity in the ages of mother and daughter had spared Mrs. Reed the humiliating discontent of a brilliant woman become a little *passée* at the social successes and triumphs of a beautiful daughter. And who in society has not seen the pitiable and belittling struggle between maternal gratification and unnatural envy of a daughter's bright youth and youth's delights? And yet the envy seems natural enough to some natures; to those for whom the years have only rubbed off the bloom and beautiful illusions of life, instead of developing, ripening, and sweetening the character. It is bitter hard for such a woman, once a belle and fed on flattery till it has become as her daily bread, to resign her belledom; and that her successor, whom she must in one sense at least regard as a rival, comes into her kingdom by virtue of lineal descent, makes her abdication only a trifle less bitter.

Mrs. Reed had enjoyed Ethel's conquests as though they had been her own,—in fact, more than she ever

did her own, for the reason that the whole interest of her girlhood had been absorbed in the ill-starred love affair whose memory had cast a shadow—invisible to others and dim to herself, 't is true, but still a shadow—over her after life. "I have had my day, Ethel," she would say; "now I want to see you enjoy yours. Make the most of your heyday while it lasts,—your parties, your lovers, and of all the admiration and flattery,—only do not allow your head to be turned. One of these days you will lose it all, and be a thrifty housewife, a prudent wife, and an anxious mother. So have all the pleasure you can while you can."

The effect of this delectable but unorthodox advice had been to beget the closest confidence. Mrs. Reed had been cognizant of the beginning and progress of every one of Ethel's *affaires du cœur*, from the time of the chubby little boys in pinafores, who sacrificed molasses candy and peanuts on the altars of their loves, to that of the appearance of an apprehensible husband.

Against George Freeman she had steadily set her face from the first. She read him pretty well, though where a kindlier observer might have discovered pleasant possibilities and likely happy developments by reading between the lines, she was shortsighted, or saw nothing at all. Most people would have agreed with her that Freeman was not the match for her daughter, but few would have considered him a wholly undesirable match. That he had been greatly slandered every one believed. Besides being rich, he was handsome and agreeable in person, of pleasant



manners, and not without ability. But Mrs. Reed unequivocally and emphatically disliked him; and on her husband's telling her that Freeman had asked their daughter's hand of him, she expressed her feelings in the foregoing decisive terms.

Mr. Reed was one of those easy-going husbands, who, whenever family questions involving responsibility are at issue, always seek refuge behind the irresponsible aphorism, "I wish to avoid all domestic disturbances." So, on this occasion, having said his say, he remarked uneasily, "Well, well, mother, you and Ethel can settle it between you," and left the room.

## II.

Ethel Reed inherited both her mother's chivalrous faith in the highest manhood and womanhood, and somewhat Utopian tenets regarding marriage, and her father's practical sense and pertinacity of purpose. It was natural to her to invest those she cared for with ideal, ennobling qualities; but duties devolving upon her from having too fully accepted as genuine that which was only imaginary she would never seek to evade should disillusion come too late to her. Her mother, knowing this, was the more acutely sensitive to the foreboded consequences of the proposed marriage. She knew well the folly of direct opposition. She must proceed cautiously, yet at once, and she decided to consider carefully her arguments, and present them in unassailable array to Ethel, trusting to the latter's strong sense and practical views to be convinced, and to submit.

Ethel was extremely beautiful to

look upon. Her beauty, it must be confessed, was the greatest fascination she possessed, for she was neither brilliant nor very accomplished nor strikingly talented in any special direction. "I want my daughter above all things to be womanly," her father had said. "I want neither a musical genius, nor a literary genius, nor an artistical genius, nor a curiosity of any sort." So Ethel knew a little of various arts and vanities commonly termed accomplishments, but was thoroughly domestic in her tastes, while her housewifely ways were of the sort most men prize after marriage, if not so likely as more showy traits to attract regard before.

But her remarkable beauty had thus far proven a sufficiently powerful magnet, and though it be somewhat out of date to give the portrait of the heroine, yet as every one who knew Ethel was consciously or unconsciously greatly influenced by her looks, they seemed so essentially an element of her very personality, that it is manifestly desirable to describe her. She was tall, slender, straight, but of well-rounded figure, and lithe-some as a willow wand. Her head, beautifully shaped and well set on a slender, graceful neck, was adorned with abundant masses of black hair of that rare quality that seems to emit a soft sheen with every changing light. Her eyes were large and black, and possessed a peculiar softness and shyness, and long, thick lashes added to this effect:—one of her admirers not inaptly compared them to deep lakes in the darkness of a thick-leaved wood. She had a brilliant brunette complexion, the

cheeks always the deepest tint of the rose; her mouth was well formed, large rather than small, expressing decision and firmness, and redeeming the almost too sweet look of the eyes. Added to these was the something called style that is not the mere wearing of the most fashionable clothes, nor a certain bearing or gait or air, but an intangible but true talent given to the typical young lady of New York society; though in Ethel the usual dash and sometimes *bizarre tout ensemble* were tempered by—why not say domesticity?

Both parents were very proud of her beauty, and Ethel herself relied too much upon it, forgetting that however attractive it might prove at first, if it were not merely a fortunate adornment to more lasting charms, it becomes often forgotten or unnoticed—valueless.

The next evening Ethel was at the theatre, with George Freeman as escort. Her mother used often to sit up until after her return from opera, party, and ball, to hear her recount her gaities, and they would sit gossiping together like two girls; but to-night she was to persuade her of the unworthiness of a favored lover, and her spirits sank at thought of the encounter. The play they had been to see was *King Lear*, and Mrs. Reed had an undefined belief that Ethel's feelings of dutiful obedience and honor to parents would consequently be in the ascendant.

She began by speaking of what her husband had told her, and of Ethel's evident favor to Mr. Freeman, while her daughter listened silently. She then argued the probable, nay almost certain, results of such a marriage as

theirs would be, from the reasons she had given Ethel's father. Ethel had been standing at the window looking out into the night; she then came and sat on a low stool by her mother's knee, where she could look directly in her face.

"I admit a great deal you say, mother, but I see much real goodness and latent nobleness of character in him that you have never noticed; and he says," she added, blushing rosy red, "that I can help him lead a worthier and higher life; that I should be an inspiration to him!"

"Jane Eyre and Lord Rochester," said her mother, sadly scornful.

"Yes, Jane Eyre and Lord Rochester, if you please to call us so, mother. I am sorry you do not like it, but indeed it is too late to talk to me now. I knew you had not a high opinion of George;—nobody thinks half as well of him as he deserves, but I never thought you positively disliked him, as I see now you do;—and why do you?"

"I suppose it is natural."

And then Mrs. Reed told Ethel the story of her youth. It was a touching confidence, and when she ended tears flowed over Ethel's cheeks.

"Poor mother! poor, poor mother!" she said, smoothing the thin silver hair; and the two wept together, the mother's tears being the first she had shed for years, and the last she ever shed over the old love affair, and these more for the sympathy of her daughter, and because of the fear and sorrow she felt for her, than for any lingering grief.

"But *we* will not 'visit the sins of the fathers upon the children,'" said Ethel, after a little while. "George

is constant, and as true as steel: you will see, mother."

"But if I am right,—as God forbid that I should be,—if you should be wretched and miserable, what could, what should you do?" persisted Mrs. Reed.

"I should do the best I could. We marry for better or for worse, and if it should be for worse instead of for better, all my life long I would never break my promise," said Ethel solemnly.

"But you are so young, only eighteen, and you talk of suffering a lifetime! Child, you do not know what you are saying. Only wait a few years;—women see very differently at twenty-five from what they do at eighteen. Wait, Ethel."

"No, mother, darling mother, I must not!" and the firm lines contracted around the girl's mouth; "but oh! how sorry I am you do not like it. And we have always been such friends, too."

"My darling, you have my consent and my blessing, and may God help you!" said Mrs. Reed tremulously; and so ended the sad and unsatisfactory interview.

### III.

Mr. Reed was very well pleased with his prospective son-in-law, and he made a grand wedding. Hundreds of guests thronged the house. The ceremony was performed by several very High Churchmen, under the conventional marriage bell of snowy, sweet-smelling flowers. The presents were numerous and expensive, the bridal dress costly and becoming. The society papers said,—“The beautiful bride was charmingly attired in a magnificent white satin robe, with

very long train, and superb point lace veil held in place with a splendid *bandeau* of diamonds,” etc., etc. Could a young couple have set out for the matrimonial Elysian fields with more propitious wedding auguries?

The bridegroom was very much in love. He had lived the life of a man of the world and of fashion, and was weary of vanities. He was also a man of letters, a dilettante in a mild way, and he fondly fancied that Ethel's home-like ways and domestic likings would combine with his poetical predilections to make an ideal home. In furtherance of his idyllic project they went to reside at P—, there being a suggestiveness of the country about it that was dear to George, while the ways were not enough unlike New York ways to cause discomfort from finding an unpleasant adaptation a necessity. Ethel's young friends were loudly indignant at her being taken away to an abode that they stigmatized as being “neither fish, flesh, nor fowl: not the country, and too large for a village, but too small for a city.” But Ethel did not mind, and went happily to her new home.

P—, though decidedly provincial, is intensely self-respecting and ambitious. Society was intellectual, cultured, and would have been æsthetic only that the æsthetic wave had not yet rolled in upon us when the Freemans went there to live.

Ethel found her brilliant beauty of much less avail than in New York, and her “manners debonair” and stylishness of not much account. Neither were the neatness, system, and comfort of her housekeeping highly appreciated, and she soon felt

herself at a disadvantage among the literati with whom they associated.

But George liked the intellectual, inspiring, social atmosphere, and never regretted the sumptuous life of the metropolis as his wife often did. To him the only flaw was that Ethel was in nowise "talented," and possessed no ambition to become so, for he soon came to this frame of mind. Some one has said,—“There is nothing so much annoys a man as to take his wife into society and find her eclipsed.” If they had remained in New York, where Ethel had been a belle all her life, all might have been well; but here, to George's great spleen, he felt that she was entirely eclipsed, and he made them both miserable by complaints of her father's theories and notions regarding female education. “If you had been taught to sing, or sculp, or paint, or play, or something of the kind, how much happier we might be now,” he would say; or, “If you only cared to improve, and add to what you do know!”

Even her domestic acquirements, that he had once thought more potent than anything else to promote wedded happiness, he now deprecated, and if such exchange had been possible, would very gladly have exchanged them for even one talent, well knowing that in P—— there would be small danger of its being hidden in the earth.

For her own sake Ethel did not so very much care. At the end of ten years they had three lovely children, two girls and a boy, and in their companionship she was happy, and latterly gave scarcely a thought to her early, girlish pleasures. She had some friends of her own sort, too,

not aspiring, climbing females, but womanly, old-fashioned wives and mothers, like herself.

She began to feel at last, however, that her husband was certainly drifting away from her, and the knowledge brought agony. Her mother's warning words, for almost the first time, came to her memory. She wondered if she had taken a wrong course since her marriage. She could not change her nature; she could not be like the women George admired so much. He had known just what she was at first, and yet he had said she would be his inspiration. “Inspiration!” She knew very well that he considered her anything but that. “I am a hindrance, a drag, an old man of the sea that he cannot get rid of,” she thought, bitterly. George had no patience with her, either; he was harsh and dictatory, and so dissatisfied with her, she thought. And was she, after all, less admirable than the ladies for whom her husband professed such esteem? she questioned. She could not believe it. She had always been flattered and followed at home, but how little any one cared for her here!

“And I never have any genuine good times as I did in New York, and only tiresome, bookish people, and all kinds of geniuses, to be with. I am beginning to sigh for the flesh-pots of Gotham all the time.”

And Ethel rebelled, no longer listening patiently to criticism, remonstrance, or persuasion. Vexations and coolness multiplied, and constantly the breach widened between husband and wife.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LISBON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*Historic Notes: Soil, Streams, Lakes, and Minerals.*

BY SAMUEL EMERY.

Lisbon was first granted in the year 1763, under the name of Concord, which name it retained for the succeeding five years. The grantees not complying with the conditions of the charter, the same became forfeited, as was supposed, and in 1768 it was regranted to an entirely new company of proprietors, under the name of Gunthwaite. Through the influence of Capt. Leonard Whiting, who was instrumental in procuring the second charter, and Maj. John Young, of Haverhill, Mass., some settlements were made. Matters, however, progressed slowly, and for several years there were but few additions. The War of the Revolution came to a close, and a new impetus was given to emigration.

In the year 1785 there were comfortably ensconced in log cabins forty families, besides a respectable contingent of bachelors. After the first influx subsequent to the war, emigration in some degree abated; yet each year witnessed a sure and steady increase, and evidently the morning of prosperity began to dawn upon the new colony. The genuine prosperity which had rewarded the efforts of the Gunthwaite proprietors was coveted by the original grantees. They came forward, laid claim to the township, and, as is surmised, made some kind of a compromise with certain influential citizens. The controversy thus raised was followed by litigation, which culminated in the restoration

of the Concord charter. Hence as by a single stroke of the pen the Gunthwaite titles were extinguished, and the poor settler, who with his wife and children during these years had shared all the privations of pioneer life and had begun to enjoy some of the comforts so dearly earned, was at once deprived of his home, with nothing left but his pittance of personal property. A part of the settlers abandoned their claims and went to Canada and places further north; others endeavored to sell their improvements,—but no one was willing to purchase, so prevalent was a feeling of distrust and uncertainty. Every one knew that the first charter had actually been forfeited, and that points had been carried by the dint of bulldozing and fraud; and yet there was no redress, inasmuch as the courts had decided against them. By far the greater number of citizens remained upon their farms and awaited the issue; and when the claims of the Concord proprietors were fully established and acknowledged, finding they must yield to the inevitable, they purchased their farms over again. At length the excitement and disturbance subsided, and by an act of the legislature the name of Concord was resumed, and retained until 1824, when it was changed to Lisbon.

The first settlers of the town were Samuel Martin, Ebenezer Richardson, William Belknap, and Samuel Sher-

man; then followed the Youngs, the most influential family through a considerable period; afterwards came these, being the surnames,—Dexter, Darley, Judd, Parker, Aldrich, Jesseman, Bishop, Harris, Howland, Northey, Hildreth, Jewett, Colby, Quimby, Streeter, Spooner, Oakes, Priest, Noyes, Jameson, Taylor, Haines, Applebee, Morse, Bailey, Ash, Whiteomb, Smith, Page, Wells, Knapp, Kinneston, Burt, Kay, Emery, Cushman, Moris, Kelsea, Gurnsey, McIntire, Cooley, Whiting, Barrett, Clark, Walker, Palmer, Robins, Cole, Eastman, Whipple, Cobleigh, Kimball, Savage, Gould, and Ela.—besides individuals and other families, perhaps equally early, but not so numerous.

Lisbon, as a farming town, may be classed with those of a medium grade. The soil upon the intervals along the Ammonoosuc when first cleared was quite productive, though naturally light, as is generally the case throughout the western part of the township; nevertheless it responds freely to the application of fertilizers. The eastern part was originally covered with a hard-wood growth, and consequently possesses a strong soil; and the farmers have been well rewarded for their labor. The grazing here is excellent, and much attention is given to dairying. Potato raising, for which the soil is wonderfully adapted, for many years was the chief industry. Amid these verdant hills is a spot, slightly and attractive, where the gigantic maples have been superseded by human habitations; here has been built the village of Sugar Hill, a cosy hamlet, noted for the intelligence and morality of its citizens. Lisbon vil-

lage, situated in the south-west corner of the town, on the Ammonoosuc river, is a thriving place, and the *entrepôt* for the surrounding country. Several prosperous manufacturing establishments have been located here, a description of which is given elsewhere. In common with so many other towns in New England, Lisbon has suffered from emigration westward, and the subsidence of the rural population to the business centres. In some back neighborhoods, where thrift and prosperity were once discernible, the school-houses are nearly vacant, buildings are going to decay, and the forest encroaches upon the field.

The supply of water throughout the town is abundant and permanent. Upon almost every farm are springs, which furnish nature's beverage, cold and pure; then meandering streams diversify the landscape, and silver lakes lend beauty and variety to the scenery. Ammonoosuc is the principal stream. Fresh from the mountain gorges of the famous Crawford Notch, its waters, clear as crystal, flow through the town in a south-westerly direction. There are two dams across the river, one at Lisbon village, the other three miles above.

Two miles above the village is the so-called "Salmon hole." The river at this point is very narrow and deep; a huge rock protrudes from the east shore, upon which rests the bridge that spans the stream. In days of yore salmon were caught there weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds. About this place cluster legends relating to transactions back in a prehistoric period. The largest tributary of the Ammonoosuc is the South

Branch, which rises near Mount Kinsman, flows through Franconia, and traverses the north-central part of the town. Burnham's brook derives its name from a hermit, who built his cabin near its mouth, for some cause seeking entire seclusion. As civilization advanced, he retired to some more remote place in the wilderness. The brook rises in the south-west part of Littleton, flows in a circuitous route through Lyman into Lisbon, and empties into the Ammonoosuc at the bend near "Salmon hole." One of the first mills erected in this town was built by Capt. Whiting upon this brook, on a site ever since occupied. Along its course, or connected with it, are ten ponds, and from time immemorial it has been a favorite resort for hunters and fishermen. The Robins brook, formerly well stocked with trout, drains the Walker hill region, and empties into the river about one mile above the upper dam. The Salmon Hole brook drains considerable territory, and has furnished water power in several places. The fishermen have never been able to exhaust the supply of trout in this brook, as every year large numbers are caught. It has its source in the Sugar Hill section, and flows westerly into the Ammonoosuc, just above the place from which it takes its name.

Henry pond lies upon the border of the interval, three fourths of a mile above Lisbon village. It is the home of pouts and musk-rats, and in spring-time is musical with the song of the frog; only is it noticeable for its historic associations. The first white man's dwelling, the first school-house, and the first church built in town, overlooked its limited area.

Perch pond, named from the species of fish with which it abounds, may be found in the western part of the town, a mile or more back from the river. In extent it does not exceed twenty-five acres. Neither the pond itself nor its surroundings possess any particular attractions.

Streeter pond, so called from the surname of the first settler in its vicinity, lies in the north-east corner of the town, two miles from Franconia village. It is a pretty sheet of water, estimated to contain seventy-five or eighty acres. Guests from the Goodnough and Forest Hill houses frequent this pond, and the fisherman is well rewarded for his pains.

Pearl lake, comprising an area of one hundred acres, is situated near the Landaff line, two miles east of Lisbon village. The water is pure and transparent, being supplied from springs in the neighboring ravines. Unlike many lakes in New Hampshire, it is not surrounded by a barren waste, but lands fertile and clothed with verdure. The scenery from the lake, or shores and hillsides about it, is lovely and picturesque in the extreme. There is a legend that the Great Spirit made a deep cavity by scooping out the earth and heaping it in a mass, then the water from the several streams flowing in completed the formation of a lake. This theory of its creation is worthy of consideration when the topography of the country is brought to notice. On the west side Pond hill rises abruptly several hundred feet, and the adjacent waters are of unknown depth. While floating upon this tiny pool, the immense upheavals, forming hills, seen upon all sides, can but inspire

one with emotions of awe and admiration. By the early settlers this body of water was called Bear pond, because bruin himself "staid here," and his kinfolks were numerous in the outlying forests; neither were they extinct at a much later date. In the year 1841 farmers living in the vicinity found havoc made among their flocks of sheep, and, knowing too well the cause, made known the facts to D. G. Goodall, a well known citizen of the village, and withal a Nimrod of high repute. He took with him Samuel Dailey, and other experienced hunters, all eager for the sport. They proceeded to the neighborhood of the pond, Mr. Goodall taking along with him his dog, Beaver, a powerful mastiff, always a companion in hunting expeditions. After entering the woods, the men separated, agreeing to come together as soon as possible at the report of a gun. But a short time elapsed when Mr. Goodall came upon a female bear and two half grown cubs. Being a fearless man, he fired upon them, killing one of the cubs and wounding the dam. In a moment the enraged animal sprang upon him, and with equal celerity Beaver grappled with the common foe. Mr. Goodall disengaged himself from the bear and leaped upon a stump near at hand, and loaded his gun with all possible haste. The contest between the bear and the dog was of short duration. Quicker than the story is told the latter was rendered helpless, bleeding from fearful wounds, and bruin again went for the master. Just as her head peered above the edge of the stump, the gun was discharged, and the contents were lodged

in her brain. The other hunters soon came up, pursued the other cub, and dispatched it. Thus ended the bear tragedy. The poor dog was six weeks recovering from his wounds, and ever afterwards was a privileged character. After larger game became scarce thereabouts, it was discovered that mink did congregate in these waters, and many people came here to hunt them for their fur; so in course of time Bear pond gave place to a name having a more practical application—Mink pond.

In the summer of 1854 some fishermen here discovered in clam shells substances which the imagination easily manufactured into pearls. Furthermore, it was stated for truth that True Page found a pearl which he sold for \$30. The report went abroad, and quickly all the loafer class in Lisbon village, with a retinue of boys and a small percentage of respectable people, rushed pell-mell to Mink pond. For days there might have been seen from fifty to seventy-five people, knee-deep in water, hunting for the hidden treasures. Clam shells accumulated in heaps, the scattered remnants of which are still to be seen. At length, finding no more pockets replenished, the bubble burst: hence the propriety, or the impropriety, of the present name—Pearl lake.

The outlet of the lake is Garnet brook, so called from the garnets found imbedded in rocks along the upper course of the stream. The brook flows in a north-westerly direction, and empties into the river near Henry pond. Four water-privileges have been used on this stream, but the buildings, as well as the dams,



have all gone to decay. Near the Hillside Home, a summer resort kept by Edwin Knight, on said brook, are the Hughson falls, a cascade in which the water leaps down over a succession of irregular steps some seventy-five or eighty feet. In time of high water a spectacle is presented truly grand and imposing.

Of late years, Lisbon, on account of its proximity to the mountains, its pure air, and delightful scenery, has become famous as a summer resort. To meet the increasing demand, commodious structures have been reared, specially fitted for the convenience and comfort of the guests, so that within their walls the pleasure-seeker, the invalid, or the care-worn business man truly may find a home. First comes to notice the Sunset Hill House, built in the year 1879, by Haskin & Bowles, under whose management it has attained its present popularity. Its table is supplied with all the substantials and luxuries procured in the markets and farm-houses, and its arrangements throughout are those of a first-class establishment. Being of peculiar architecture, and domeless, with colors flying from a flagstaff, its appearance from a distance is suggestive of a fortress rather than the abode of peace and pleasure. The house is located near the village of Sugar Hill, on a small plateau elevated nearly two thousand feet above sea level. No spot in the mountain region is more lovely, or abounds in more picturesque and romantic scenery. To the east, on the opposite side of a deep valley, are the mountains, so bold, so huge, so rugged and magnificent. The whole range rises to view, from Mount

Washington to Kinsman, from the sombre spruce in the foot-hills to the rocky cliffs in the clouds, altogether constituting a vast expanse of mountain side, endless forest, and rocky declivities.

The tourist can here revel in scenes "which daily viewed, please daily, and whose novelty survives long knowledge and scrutiny of years." From day to day he can recline upon the veranda and contemplate these grand old mountains in all their varied phases. He can gaze upon these lofty summits, bleak and weird and desolate and silent, reposing in the glorious sunlight, or when the tempest bursts upon them in all its fury, and presses their rock-ribbed sides, searches every nook, and howls its mournful anthems through hollow caverns. Again he beholds them in the terrific grandeur of the storm, as angry clouds obscure their rough features, and the thunder peals with startling crash and the lightning flashes through the gloom. From the Sunset Hill House, westward, the scene presented to the vision, if less romantic, is more lovely and attractive; nature unrolls a panorama peculiarly her own, embracing all the beauties of the landscape. Over the variegated expanse, far away, are seen the smoky forms of the Green Mountains; farther south appears hill beyond hill, till in the dim distance the view is lost. This house usually remains open into October, affording opportunity for lovers of nature to linger, and behold the ubiquitous forest tinted with all the gorgeous hues of autumn, and the mountain-tops white with snow.

One mile north of the Sunset Hill

are the Goodnough and Phillips houses. The former is kept by the proprietors, Goodnough & Peckett, and accommodates three hundred guests; and the latter, by W. E. Phillips, lodges one hundred. These houses are first-class in every respect, and are popular, as is proved by the liberal patronage they receive. Except the view westward, the scenery does not differ materially from that of the house last mentioned. The Goodnough was the first large boarding-house erected in Lisbon, and its success has encouraged the building of others. It is a fact worthy of mention, and one that speaks well for the house, that quite a proportion of the boarders return from year to year. The Phillips is a new house, of handsome appearance and pleasant surroundings, and makes its *début* under favorable auspices.

The Breezy Hill House, C. H. Jesseman proprietor, occupies a commanding elevation one mile east of the Ammonoosuc river, and three miles north-east of Lisbon village: one hundred guests find accommodations at this place. The house was built in 1883, and was opened for the first time the present year (1884). As seen from points below, one is impressed with the idea of its stateliness and symmetry: a near approach but confirms the impression. Neither pains nor expense has been spared to render this place attractive and worthy of patronage. Nature, too, hath vouchsafed to lend a helping hand. The view of Mount Lafayette and contiguous peaks is superb. The Ammonoosuc valley, an extensive agricultural district, the Lyman hills, and Gardner's mountain, greet the

vision to the westward. In a neighboring ravine flows a purling brook, with woodland pools, where sport diminutive specimens of the finny tribe. Near at hand are rocky hillocks, and groves of primeval forests with sylvan retreats, where the denizen of the crowded city may ramble in seclusion and hold communion with nature. The success which has attended the efforts of the proprietor thus far augurs favorably for the future prospects of the Breezy Hill House.

Besides the larger houses, there are numerous small establishments, which are yearly thronged with boarders. Some of these are the Hillside Home, Elm House, Bluff House, Echo Farm House, Elm Farm House, Grand View Cottage, Woodland Cottage, Cedar Cottage, Sugar Hill House, and Mapleside.

Previous to the year 1800 iron ore of a fine quality was discovered on a high ridge in the south-eastern part of the town. At an early day works were established on a small scale for the manufacture of iron. The business proving quite lucrative, in the year 1810 capitalists from "below" formed a company known as the "N. H. Iron Factory Co." At Franconia village, the nearest water-privilege, a furnace was erected, and other buildings, provided with all the necessary fixtures for manufacturing iron and casting various vessels and implements. The business thrived in accordance with the expectations of the stockholders, and for a succession of years the net profits of the company averaged \$30,000 per annum. The company continued to prosper until improved means of

transportation brought their products and those from the mines of Pennsylvania in competition. After being in operation thirty years, the furnace was closed, and work was not resumed until 1859; then other parties operated the mines for two or three years, and suspended; after which the buildings fell into decay, and finally in the year 1884 were consumed by fire. The supply of iron ore in the mines of Lisbon is still abundant, and supposed to be inexhaustible. Limestone is found in some parts of the town, and the manufacture of lime was formerly quite an industry.

It is generally believed that Lisbon occupies the central point of the mineral region of New Hampshire. Within its limits, besides the iron mentioned above, are found gold, silver, lead, and copper. Whether or not any of these minerals will be found in paying quantities remains yet to be determined. A great mineral excitement occurred here in 1866, originating as follows: Prof. J. H. Allen, an adept at mining, discovered a specimen of free gold in quartz rock one mile east of Lisbon village. More specimens were found in the quartz in various places, not only in Lisbon, but also in the adjoining towns. Searching for gold led to the discovery of other minerals throughout a territory including several towns.

Capitalists were forthcoming who prospected, made investments, erected mills for working the quartz, and, what was more, produced handsome bars of gold. Yet from the beginning grave doubts had existed among sober-minded men as to the probability of gold being found in paying

quantities, and this doubt established a principle of action among mining men. The whole business drifted into speculation. A programme was soon adopted which each succeeding party followed to the letter. The course pursued was to bond a piece of land, sink a shaft of a few feet, make a good show, sometimes by bringing rock from another place, then sell out. The man that sold was always the lucky man. During the interval of ten years it is estimated a million and a half dollars was squandered in mining operations in Lisbon and vicinity, not, however, to the detriment of the town. Hotels and boarding-houses reaped a harvest, though sometimes losing a bill by some poor dupe who had been fleeced of all he possessed. Again: In some cases farmers were enabled to sell at fancy prices some sterile pasture, comparatively valueless.

Lisbon, as before stated, is the central point of the mineral region; furthermore, it has been the headquarters of the mining men, and the place where much of the rock has been worked, yet within the limits of the town only one mine has been opened, that one being the so-called Atwood mine, located near the place where gold was first discovered. In relation to the mine, we quote from a mining record as follows: "The vein was dipping at a high angle to the north-west, and a shaft put down perpendicular 100 feet, passing the vein at depth of fifteen feet. Very many specimens of free gold were taken out, and the sulphurets were specially rich. Owing to bad management this mine was abandoned. I do not know of any attempt ever

being made to strike the vein from the bottom of the shaft by contract."

All the facts in the case bear witness that the mineral resources of Lisbon have never been brought to a reasonable test. And now, when excitement gives place to rational deliberation, experienced mining men express the opinion that the quartz veins in Lisbon carry gold in quantities sufficient to pay for working, and that in the near future the spirit of speculation will subside, and there will spring up a profitable business.

[Lisbon to-day is a charming little village nestling in the valley on the banks of the Ammonoosuc river. The people are wide-awake and enterprising, and use every endeavor to increase the business and improve the appearance of the village. This public spirit is shown not only in handsome private residences, but in a very

attractive hotel built by the citizens of the village, a modern iron bridge across the river, and neatness and thrift on every hand.

During the year 1886 the village was permanently improved by the introduction of a never-failing water-supply from Mink pond or Pearl lake, distant two miles, and four hundred and fifty feet above the bridge. There is a head of two hundred and fifty feet, as water is obtained from the outlet of the lake, only a mile distant, and it is brought in an eight-inch main. There are thirty-one hydrants. The water is very soft and pure. The water-works complete cost \$21,000, and will eventually be under the control of the precinct. There is in the village a well-organized fire department, consisting of a board of engineers, a hose company, and a hook and ladder company.—  
EDITOR.]

## THE ANNULING OF THE COMMISSION OF STEPHEN PEABODY.

BY LEVI W. DODGE.

In the January number of "*The Granite Monthly*" was published, by request of John Wentworth, a copy of the "Writ of Supersedeas" issued by the last royal governor of New Hampshire, just previous to his hasty flight from the country already grown too ardently democratic for the safe abode of royalty. The document was made to apply to the revoking of the commission of Stephen Peabody as coroner in the county of Hillsborough, New Hampshire, because "it appears

not to be consistent with Our Honor, and the good of Our Subjects of our said county, that the said Stephen Peabody should any longer be continued in the said office."

The true inwardness of the repeal of this commission is found in the events of that period, and the history of the two men most immediately connected with the serving of the document, viz., the man whom it was designed to effect, and the sheriff of the county.

Stephen Peabody was one of the most ardent of patriots, and made himself heard and understood as arrayed with the lovers of liberty against the despotic exercise of the power of King George the III. Nor could he be bribed or kept silent by any appointment or commission under the king, and when the call for troops came to march for Bunker Hill, he was enrolled in the regiment of Col. James Reed, and was appointed its adjutant. In 1776 he was major in Col. Wyman's regiment, raised for the Canada expedition. At the Battle of Bennington he was upon the staff of Gen. Stark, and in the Rhode Island campaign of 1778 he was lieutenant colonel commanding in Gen. Whipple's brigade. Col. Peabody died in 1779, just in the midst of a most useful career. In his death the cause of the patriots lost one of its most able defenders.

The undisguised political sentiments of Mr. Peabody during those pre-revolutionary movements would have been sufficient cause in the mind of the royal governor for the revoking of any official commission in the hands of others than friends of the royal cause. But how did the ear of Gov. Wentworth catch the discordant utterings of his distant commissioned subordinates?

The sheriff of the county was the notorious tory, Benjamin Whiting, of

Hollis, whose obnoxious methods, odious deportment, and offensive utterances called for his examination by the Committee of Safety at Amherst in July, 1775. He was summoned, but did not appear, to answer the charges of "being inimical to the Rights and Liberties of the United Colonies," or, in other words, *a tory*; but he was found guilty, and shortly afterward he left the state and his family, and a few years thereafter died in exile. He was one of the illustrious seventy-six who were embraced in the "Act of Banishment" passed by the General Court in November, 1778. Whiting's property was confiscated, and he was forbidden to return to the country under penalty of transportation.

The two individuals thus noticed, both officers commissioned by the king, and brought often together in the discharge of their official duties,—one an outspoken tory, and the other an ardent patriot, diverse in character, and socially and politically opposed; the one having the ear of the royal governor, and the other the confidence of the people,—it is easily deducible how Gov. Wentworth should thus have concluded it "no longer consistent with Our Honor and the good of Our Subjects of our said county that the said Stephen Peabody should any longer be continued in the said office."

## PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

BY HERMAN W. STEVENS.

An old man, my townsman, says,—  
 “It is sixty years since father left me in Exeter to fit for college. I cannot refuse to admit that the P. E. A. graduate of to-day is often found to have a better trained mind than the college graduate of my time.”

The foundation of the now famous Phillips Exeter Academy was due to the nobleness of John Phillips, Harvard college, 1735. “Without natural issue, he made posterity his heir.” The alumni celebrated the end of the academy’s hundredth year of work in 1883.

The writer was admitted as a “Prep.” We formed an irrelative crowd. There were neat and erect fellows from military academies, knowing high school boys, raw country chaps, typical city lads, and Westerners, Southerners, and Chinese. The first day was unlike any day which I had ever experienced, or of which I had heard or read. ’Twas surprising how soon the academy put its stamp upon every member. In a short time, though differing widely in breeding, inclination, and capacity, the great mass was welded into a firm but mobile body. There were a good many disappointments. The work and methods of instruction were trying, and the strength of maturity, the confidence of previous leadership, and the complacency acquired under private tutoring failed in many instances to secure high standing. Recitation tests and frequent written examinations put us through sieve after sieve, and by Christmas every one had

found his place. Some did not return after the holidays. During this year a foundation was laid in Latin, under a most enthusiastic instructor, which was so full, so exact, and so enduring that I have known many a fellow to rest all his hopes upon it when he had become an idle senior. The weak and irreclaimable were largely dropped during this year. As juniors the grind became endurable, and we thought less of class and more of school. But enough of the unregenerate remained to furnish an excuse for another weeding out. The losses of this year were in part made good by a set who brought some experience from the classical courses of the public schools. When we became middlers, the written examinations increased in severity, and the “Prelims” were kept constantly in mind. For those who got away with ten subjects the senior year opened pleasantly. The preparation for “Finals” proceeded by easy stages, and we were graduated as the Centennial class.

Exeter is simply a healthy, well-appointed town, of ancient date. It has secured little modern development. Remarkably few temptations beset the students. *The North American* of July, 1858, says of the academy,—“Its students are steadily increasing in numbers, drawn thither in part by its ancient renown, and in part by its present reputation and charities. . . . The internal economy of the school is not unlike that of a well ordered college. The

teachers constitute a faculty, in which are vested the government and instruction. Their support comes exclusively from the funds. They do not, therefore, 'hang on princes' favors,' or on the still more fickle favor of the populace. As a natural consequence, they are not obliged, by any consideration of interest, to listen to the capricious whims of boys, or to pander to the tastes of a superficial, hurrying people. . . . The faculty can be systematic and thorough without becoming a topic for debate and denunciation in town-meeting." This is true to-day, and it is difficult to imagine a condition more likely to produce good results. Failure can come only through faculty weakness.

There are in the academy four classes only,—Preparatory, Junior, Middle, Senior. The fit for college is not excelled; the English department is inferior to a good high school. Rules are few in number, but the wisdom of years has so fashioned them that their restraining power is felt throughout the course. The large degree of personal liberty, the absolute necessity of meeting certain well known requirements, and the strong democratic spirit of the school render it easy to assume college duties. The instructing body is remarkably strong. Prof. Pennell is said to have revolutionized the teaching of Latin; certainly no student ever sat long under him without great gain in celerity and precision. Profs. Wentworth and Cilley are abler men than one sees much of in college. The method of instruction does not commend itself to the weak or indolent. Information is given only after success has been measurably secured by

hard work. The main thing sought is intellectual development. Honesty, inclination to labor, and power of endurance are imperatively demanded. Hence, anything in quality, habit, mental or physical condition, seriously interfering with a pupil's progress, is very apt to make his seat vacant. The ideal academy boy would seem to be one with vitality and human nature enough to be wayward, but possessed of latent manliness sufficient to conquer himself. The majority of the applicants for admission have had some training in small academies and high schools, and readily fall into the Junior class. Two years of sharp work fit them for entrance to any college except Harvard. A few graduates from classical institutions are admitted every year to the Middle class, of whom some complete the course and enter college a year in advance. Candidates for Harvard take the "Prelims" at the end of the Middle year, and "Finals" when through with the Senior.

The faculty encourage base-ball, foot-ball, and rowing, and there is always a lively interest in the games. There are two literary societies. The Golden Branch was established in 1818, and has until within a few years afforded a common meeting-place for picked boys of the different classes. The Gideon S. Soule was organized in 1882. Neither makes any parade of mystery, and both are without doubt of considerable value. The best scholars are sought for membership. With a view to supply "the lack of a proper medium for the interchange of opinions and the discussion of matters of general inter-

est" by the students, an academy paper was established April 6, 1878. *The Exonian* has been published regularly since during term time. It has been of signal service to the athletic interest, and given the latest news from other schools and colleges. Every student has an opportunity to see his views in print, if expressed in a gentlemanly manner, on all questions affecting the welfare of the academy.

Nowhere is merit found out quicker than at a large school, and the boys at Phillips Exeter seem to take on with their new life extra discernment in this particular. If the new fellow can do anything well, he may be of any shape, age, or nationality, and get his due meed of acknowledgment, and if companionable, contract enduring friendships. The system of management is the outcome of steady growth. There have been no weak administrations, for at no time during the school's hundred years has the faculty as a whole been lacking in power. It is no secret that the set of the institution is towards Harvard. The present teaching force is made up altogether of Harvard graduates. The work of the Senior year does not furnish the best drill for advanced standing in other colleges, and the course might profitably end at expiration of the third year, but for the peculiar demands of Harvard.

Phillips Andover is a lively rival. Its influence has been in favor of Yale, but '83 and '84 sent large numbers to Harvard. It is likely that the preliminary examinations will bring still nearer resemblance.

If Harvard's new theories are repugnant to the old teachers, they

make no sign, but year after year "hit-up" the pace, and send the boys well prepared. Nevertheless, it would be instructive, perhaps entertaining, to hear the outspoken opinions of such fair exponents of the Harvard of a quarter of a century ago concerning the Harvard management of to-day. Whatever else happens, the new departure is likely to improve the English province of the academy. When our own language and physics are taught as ably as Latin, Greek, and mathematics, Phillips Exeter will be "far and away" the best school in the country.

We never heard a student assert that the son of a wealthy man received better treatment because of his wealth, but it is widely believed that weak goodness sometimes gets the better of prankish ability in the matter of pecuniary assistance. School boys there, as elsewhere, are keen observers in their own sphere, and it may as well be said now, the marking system in use is never understood by the students. For a time the belief obtains that high marks indicate ability. Next, it seems certain that they are secured by sustained effort. Then the conviction is forced home that the marks of some of the dull are starred. Finally, marks lose all sort of significance to any save those who are struggling for scholarships; but the estimate of the faculty, expressed in other ways, has great weight.

It is generally known that no academy affords more assistance to poor but enterprising young men. Tuition is remitted in many instances, scholarships supply great help, and Abbot Hall furnishes board for fifty at cost. But fears are expressed that rich



chaps dominate the school in many ways not open to faculty observation. No foundation for such fears exists. Abbot Hall exerts more influence than Gorham and all other boarding-places combined. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that family and wealth, in some respects, have so little influence. For it is idle to assert that the banding together of a large number of indigent students favors the fullest development. "Heavily ironed with poverty," the boy who spends four years in Abbot Hall needs the occasional company of his more generously nurtured rival. The wealthy boy at Exeter is generally liberal and gentlemanly.

For many reasons it is better to enter the school as a "Prep." One comes in at a favorable period of life. Young, eager, and impressionable, he "catches on" to the beat and tick of the course, and sooner warms and thrills with the great heart of the beardless democracy. And his *alma mater* deals tenderly with his juvenality and inexperience, and if he remains under her brooding wings, whispers secrets never imparted to those who come after their bloom and freshness have vanished.

What special advantages has the academy over a good high school? Seemingly none, except to such boys as desire an exceptional fit for college, and yet, now and then, parents will be found reasoning something after this fashion: Any one of our high school cities or towns is a small place so far as area goes, and the boys generally come in contact with a single cultivated male instructor, meet few exceptionally bright schoolmates, hear the same ideas uttered on every side,

entertain the same opinions, and lead the same home lives. But the moment one enters P. E. A. chapel it is a new world. A corps of trained teachers, able men, who are neither priggish, affected, nor unhealthy in body or mind, confront him. Bright lads from every part of the country challenge attention, and show him differences in ways, thoughts, and speech.

Is the academy suitable for all boys? Perhaps not. "The discipline is not adapted to boys who require severe restrictions." The naturally shrinking, with few exceptions, may do better in their home neighborhoods. Too much has been said in favor of toughening timid boys. Then there is a class whose rugged minds will bear a good deal of disentangling and explanation. It doesn't seem to do any harm to make their progress easy, since, if well started, they are sure to dwell long enough to get the needed discipline. To whom does the academy offer special advantages? To the boy endowed with health, determination, and ambition, the advantages cannot be over-estimated. It is well for the academy boy whose circumstances and aims demand unrelieved application if he has enjoyed a year's companionship and rivalry with bright high school girls.

It is possible that a return to the old system of boarding in private families would protect many boys from evil influences. It is well, however, to remember Dr. Arnold's conclusion, that the inevitable time of trial in boys' lives might be more quickly and safely passed in the fitting schools than elsewhere. And it

is likely that the old system had its special defects. The very poor would certainly find it impossible to pay even the reasonable charges of private families. There is a growing belief that an academy faculty might furnish the family influence wanting in the dormitories.

Even Mrs. Ruggles's tart-stand would not flourish here. The boys average at least seventeen years.

But let me tell you, future *Exonian*, Hervey, like John Bunce's Ralph Hawkwell, keeps an excellent eating-house, where you may enjoy social suppers and get choice things after a walk out on the Hampton road or a pull on the river, provided, all the while, you have the *rem.*, and if you have not, though you were an apostle of a boy, Hervey would have very little regard for you.

#### CAMPTON, N. H.

The following letter will explain itself:

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.,  
March 25, 1887.

To the Editor of the *Granite Monthly*:

There is a little point of local history in New Hampshire which may be of interest to some of your readers. All the published accounts of the settlement of Campton agree in saying that the original grant of the township was to Gen. Jabez Spencer, of East Haddam, Conn. Now D. W. Patterson, Esq., who is thoroughly acquainted with the records of East Haddam, and with the history of the town, in a recent letter to me, says,—

“You may put it down for certain that there was no Gen. Jabez Spencer in East Haddam. There was Gen. Joseph Spencer, but he served through the war, and died in 1808. His brother, Jared Spencer, was born Nov. 5, 1718, and died at East Windsor, Conn., when forty-four years old, on his way homeward from New Hampshire. Joseph and Hobart (two of the early settlers of Campton) were without doubt his sons, and Hobart married, August 22, 1763, Eunice Barnes.”

From this there would seem to be no doubt that Jabez is either a corrupt tradition, or an error of the copyist. A reference to the original record, if it is accessible, would show whether the latter is the case or not. This statement of Mr. Patterson's seems also to meet the objections of Rev. Mr. Hazen, in his centennial discourse at Plymouth, N. H., in 1865, as to the early date assigned for the settlement of Campton. He refers to the statements in the *Gazetteer*, that the first settlers came to the town in 1763, or, according to Rev. Isaac Willey, in 1762, and says the evidence is not conclusive. But the fact that Jared Spencer died in the latter year, on his return from New Hampshire, is pretty good evidence that he had visited the site of his grant in that year. The date of his grant was 1761, and although on account of his death a new charter was granted in 1767, it is probable that some pioneers had settled in the town before that date.

Respectfully etc.,

HENRY WILLEY.

WAS ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FOUNDED BY SETTLERS  
FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE?

*New Hampshire Names among the Pioneers.*

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE,  
March 14, 1884.

J. N. McCLINTOCK, Esq.

*Dear Sir:* In explanation of my interest in the subject noticed in the enclosed, I would state that I am interested in obtaining the history and genealogy of families of Old Monmouth county, New Jersey. Thinking that possibly some of the Loyalists who left in 1783 might have carried away items of family history, I commenced a series of articles in the *Daily Sun*, of St. John, giving sketches of the ancestry of New Jersey Loyalists who settled in that vicinity, and asking descendants for such additional information as they might possess. These articles have called forth a number of letters from "our cousins over the border" who descend from settlers who came from other places than New Jersey. In looking up the origin of the pioneers of St. John, so far as I have been able, I am satisfied that nearly or quite all came from New Hampshire, instead of Massachusetts and Connecticut, as usually stated, and that the error occurred because the pioneers sailed from a Massachusetts town. I give the pioneers' names, and trust your local historians and genealogists will give some additional information on the subject. As the Quinten family is about the oldest there, and the first child born there was a Quinten, I am anxious to obtain some items about the family of Hugh, as also are his descendants at St. John. I cannot find here any histories of Chester or of Rockingham and Cheshire counties.

Yours truly, EDWIN SALTER.

The first exploration of the river St. John was made by a party which

left Massachusetts, 1761, led by Israel Perley. They proceeded to Machias by water, and on through the woods to Oromecto, descended to the river St. John. Of the Manguerville settlement Mr. Perley was the founder. He died in 1813, in his seventy-fourth year. The 28th of August, 1762, James Simonds, James White, Jonathan Leavitt, Francis Peabody, Hugh Quinten, and others, twenty in all, including families, arrived at St. John from Newburyport. On the evening of their arrival, James, son of Hugh Quinten, was born at Fort Frederick, western side of the harbor. The year previous, Fort Frederick (old Fort Latour) had been garrisoned by a Highland regiment, and a survey made of the harbor of St. John by Capt. Bruce of the Royal Engineers.

Mr. Simonds, who came in 1762, erected his dwelling on the ruins of an old French fort—Portland Point. At the Upper cove (Market slip), Jonathan Leavitt built a schooner as early as 1770, and named her the *Minnequash*, the Indian name of the peninsula, afterwards Parr-Turn and now St. John. Messrs. Simonds, White, and Leavitt married daughters of Francis Peabody, and settled at Manguerville, on the river St. John. His will was proven and registered the 25th of June, 1773; James Simonds, judge of probate; Benjamin Atherton, register.

In 1763 came a large party, among them Perleys, Barkers, Burpees,

Coys, Pickards, Crystys, Hartts, Estys, Nevers, Palmers, Smiths, Easterbrooks, and others. All settled at Maugerville, on the St. John river, some seventy miles above St. John.

In 1783 the Loyalists landed at St. John, and in J. W. Lawrence's interesting little book, entitled "Foot Prints or Incidents in the Early History of New Brunswick," the names of about 1,500 persons are given to whom town lots were assigned. Most of these belonged to well known families of New England and the Middle states. A "Colonel Glazier" is named among pioneers of St. John; perhaps he was the "Bearmsly Glazier" whose heirs were granted a town lot 1783, with the Loyalists. In regard to the first settlers of St. John and Maugerville named above as settling there 1761-'63, the first English in the province of New Brunswick, it is certain that some were from New Hampshire. Mr. John Quinten, an aged, respected citizen of St. John, says in regard to the father of the first child born there,— "My grandfather, Hugh Quinten, was a grantee of both Parr-Turn and Carleton (now St. John). In an old family Bible I find it recorded that Hugh Quinten was born in Cheshire, New Hampshire, in 1741; that Elizabeth Cristy was born in Londonderry, N. H., in 1741, and that Hugh and Elizabeth were married in 1761."

If this Hugh Quinten was the same named in the *Granite Monthly*, March, 1884, in the sketch of Windham, as having been a soldier in the Old French War, he must have enlisted when quite a youth. But in the Revolutionary War, in some of the prov-

inces, all boys sixteen years old were required to do military duty. The Cheshire named in the family Bible was probably the town now known as Chester, which was originally called Cheshire. Among the first settlers of this place (named in N. H. Provincial papers, Vol. II) was James Quenten, of Scotch Irish descent. Was Hugh a son of this James? Is there any record giving any information of the families of James and Hugh? Mr. John Quinten, who is a son of Jesse, and grandson of Hugh, says there is a tradition that Hugh left behind two half brothers named Joshua and Jonathan. In Adams's History of Fairhaven, Vt., mention is made of a Josiah Quenten, originally of New Hampshire, who went to Whitehall, N. Y., and subsequently settled in Fairhaven, Vt.

The Cristys who settled in St. John went from Londonderry, N. H., and were probably descended from the Peter Cristy named as an early Scotch Presbyterian settler in Parker's History of that place. There was a Jesse and a Thomas Christy among the first settlers of St. John. Matthew Taylor, an early settler of St. John, and one of above named grantees of 1783, was also from Londonderry. These names would lead to the supposition that perhaps others named were also from New Hampshire. Nathaniel Burpee, a soldier of the Old French War, settled at Candia, N. H. As Burpee, Quinten, and perhaps others, while soldiers in that war, had visited what is now known as New Brunswick, their reports may have induced the first settlers to go there after peace was declared. Capt. Francis Peabody, who went to New

Brunswick, 1762, judging from his name, was probably a descendant of the Lieut. Francis Peabody who came to America in 1635 in the ship *Planter*: the Peabody family was quite numerous in New Hampshire when St. John was founded. Jonathan Leavitt seems also a New Hampshire name; John and Thomas Leavitt were early settlers of Dover,—the first was at that place about 1645,—and Leavitts are named at Chichester, Effingham, and other places. Easterbrook and Esty or Estes were also New Hampshire names. Joseph Easterbrook, of Enfield, Middlesex county, England, settled at Concord, N. H., 1660, and the family name occurs at Aeworth and Amherst about the time of the Revolution. About the first of the Esty family in this country was Robert, born in Dover, England, May 28, 1645, and son of Matthew of that town; Joseph Esty or Estes was at Dover, 1732-'40; he married Mary, daughter of Peter Robinson, 1719. Elijah Estes was also at Dover, 1757. James White is named among the Scotch Irish Presbyterians at Londonderry, and the same name is found among the first settlers of New Brunswick. Benjamin Atherton was among the original settlers there, and his is also a well known New Hampshire name. Israel Perley was a pioneer in New Brunswick, 1761. Allen Perley, the founder of this family, came from London, 1635, in the ship *Planter*, and descendants settled at Dunbarton, N. H. Barnabas Barker, named at Scituate, Mass., who married 1719, had descendants who went to New Hampshire, and a Barker was among the pioneers at St. John. Of the others named,

Palmers, Simonds, Odell, and Smith were common New Hampshire names. Among the pioneers of St. John are named a Coy, a Hartt, and a Nevers. Were these names found in New Hampshire, 1761-'63? There was a Richard Nevers and wife Martha named at Woburn, Mass., 1689. Matthew Coy is named at Boston, 1653, said to have come over 1638. The name *McCoy* is found in early New Hampshire records, an Alexander McCoy, from the Highlands of Scotland, being among the early settlers of Londonderry. Hart is a common New Hampshire name, but the St. John pioneer spelled his name Hartt.

In the long list of names of Loyalists, given in Mr. Lawrence's book, to whom town lots were granted in St. John in 1783, are a number familiar in New Hampshire. Included in this list are found the names of some who preceded the Loyalists.

Though a number of the founders of St. John and Manguerville sailed from Newburyport, Mass., yet it is certain that some were from New Hampshire. The writer is not sufficiently acquainted with the local histories of towns of the state, and genealogies of families named, to express a decided opinion in regard to the majority of these pioneers, but from what has been stated he is inclined to believe that nearly or quite all went from New Hampshire, and from places not far from the Merrimack river. Can any reader of the *Granite Monthly* give any information of the persons named?

Last year the descendants of the Loyalists at St. John celebrated the Centennial of the landing of their ancestors, and it awakened an interest in descendants of those who preceded the Loyalists in their own ancestry.

**ABOUT MONEY AND OTHER THINGS.** A Gift-book. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Pp. vi, 234. 12mo, cloth, 90 cents.

Miss Muloch discourses with sound common-sense on the practical topics she has chosen for her essays about money, life and its work, genius, sisterhoods, and the Irish question; and her words are so direct and natural that they seem to come from the lips of a friend and not from a printed sheet. The short stories which form half the book are bright and interesting, full of good advice and helpful suggestions.—*Boston Advertiser*.

**IN THE WRONG PARADISE, AND OTHER STORIES.** By Andrew Lang, Author of "Custom and Myth," &c. Pp. 256. 16mo, half cloth, 60 cents.

Since Elie Berthet wrote his wonderful stories on The Prehistoric World, no volume of archaeological fiction (to coin a term) has been written that will bear comparison with this extraordinary collection of stories by Mr. Lang. It is a clever thing to write a romance laid at the close of the glacial epoch, but when that romance is replete not merely with the riches of ethnology and tradition, but rich with satire and even pathos, the work is more than clever—it is wonderful. . . . To the layman, the downright fun, the originality, the wisdom of these tales will successfully appeal for sympathy; to the scholar, above all to him who dabbles in folklore and ethnology, they are a never-ending spring of pure delight.—*Commercial Bulletin, Boston*.

**THEIR PILGRIMAGE.** By Charles Dudley Warner. Richly illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. Pp. viii, 364. 8vo, ornamental cloth, \$2.00.

No more entertaining travelling companions for a tour of pleasure resorts could be wished for than those who in Mr. Warner's pages chat and laugh, and skim the cream of all the enjoyment to be found from Mount Washington to the White Sulphur

Springs. . . . His pen-pictures of the characters typical of each resort, of the manner of life followed at each, of the humor and absurdities peculiar to Saratoga, or Newport, or Bar Harbor, as the case may be, are as good-natured as they are clever. The satire, when there is any, is of the mildest, and the general tone is that of one glad to look on the bright-side of the cheerful, pleasure-seeking world with which he mingles. . . . In Mr. Reinhart the author has an assistant who has done with his pencil almost exactly what Mr. Warner has accomplished with his pen. His drawings are spirited, catch with wonderful success the tone and costume of each place visited, and abound in good-natured fun.—*Christian Union, N. Y.*

#### LOCALITIES IN ANCIENT DOVER.

BY JOHN R. HAM, M. D.

A few corrections need to be made in this article, which has been printed in the last three numbers of this magazine.

On page 364, vol. ix, *Charles Point* should be *Charles's Point*.

On page 365, right-hand column, ninth line from top, *in* should be *into*.

Page 367, left-hand column, twelfth line from top, *Royal's* should be *Royal's*.

Page 367, left-hand column, fourth line from bottom, *Varnay's* should be *Varnay's*.

Page 367, right-hand column, nineteenth line from top, *Haye's* should be *Hayes's*.

Page 367, right-hand column, twenty-second line from top, *1649* should be *1694*.

In vol. x, page 8, left-hand column, fifteenth line from top, *in* should be *into*.

Vol. x, page 8, left-hand column, fifteenth line from bottom, strike out the word *Wecohamet*.

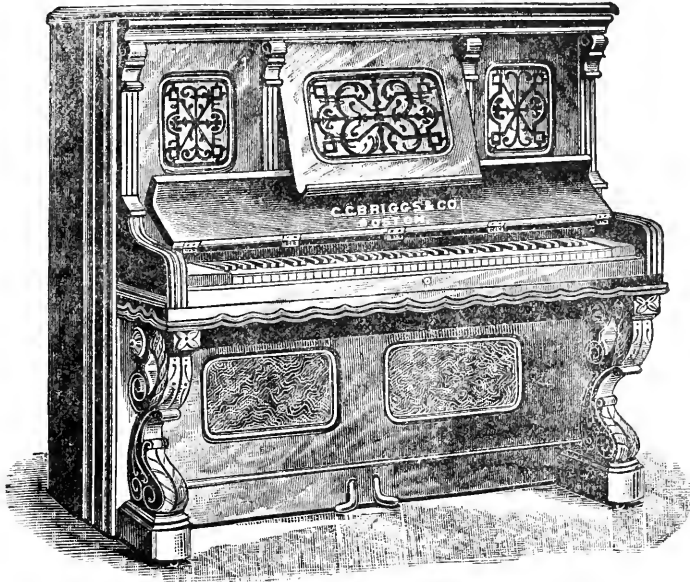
Vol. x, page 11, right-hand column, second line from bottom, for *they* read *it*, and for *confirm* read *confirms*.

**C. C. BRIGGS & CO.**

A few weeks ago it was our fortune to be escorted through the extensive manufacturing establishment of C. C. Briggs & Co., by the senior member of the firm, and it was an occasion of so much interest that the memory of it is very pleasant to recall.

Mr. Briggs is a quiet, well informed gentleman, who seems to take pleasure in exhibiting his factory and warerooms, and in answering the

slain. Java and the islands of the East furnish the close-grained ebony. Australia sends to America its finest wool, from which is made the felt for the hammers. For the elaborately ornamented cases the forests of the tropics and of the temperate zone are drawn upon for their choicest woods. Iron from Norway, copper from Lake Superior, silver from Nevada, copal from Brazil, and the common woods of New England, are

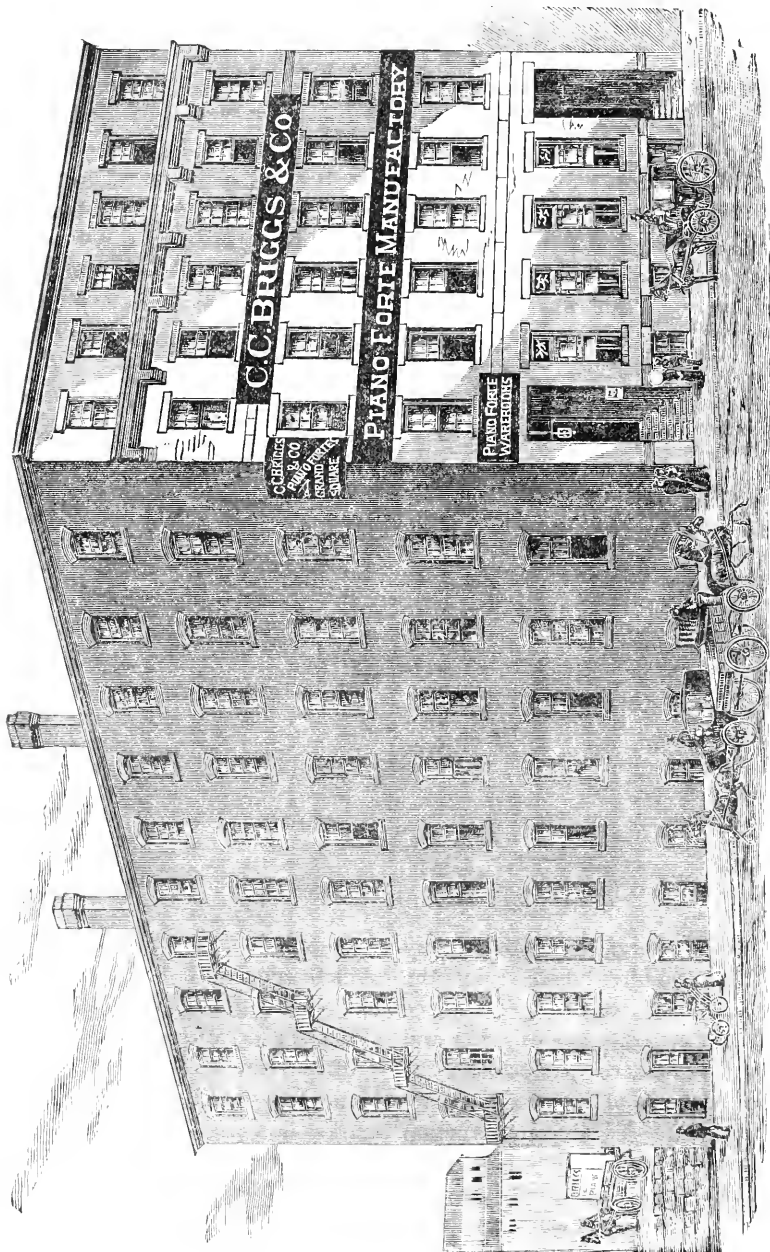


many questions which a novice may ask. Never before did we realize the amount of skill, labor, and science called into exercise in designing and building a modern piano-forte. It may well be called a triumph of mechanical skill. To the construction of it the most widely separated countries of the globe contribute of their products. Africa furnishes her quota in the polished ivory, to obtain which great herds of elephants are annually

gathered together, and under the skilled hands of busy artisans are modelled and united into the modern piano, the joy of the home circle.

The factory where the Briggs pianos are finally made ready for the market is situated in Boston, at No. 5 Appleton street, near Tremont street. Here are made the Briggs Upright, Grand, and Square Piano-Fortes, ready for the market. Outside the city are several establish-

ments which contribute to the piano. In the thriving village of Lisbon, on shire, there is a factory where the sounding-boards for these pianos are



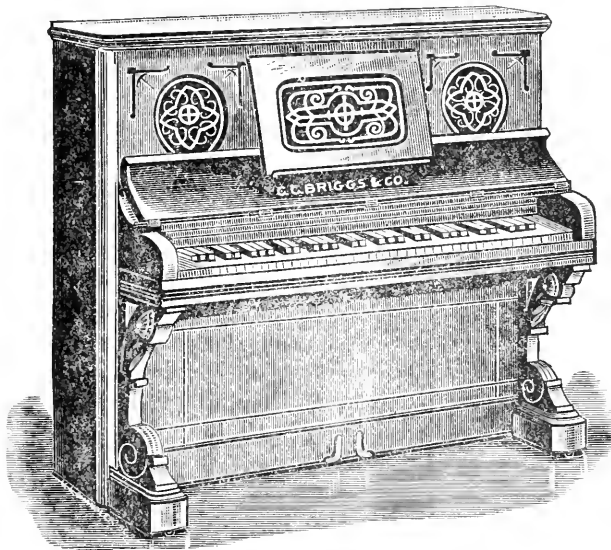
C. C. BRIGGS & CO.'S PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY.

the banks of the Ammonoosuc river, in the northern part of New Hamp- made. Out in Cambridge is situated the factory where is made the heavy



wood-work which enters into the construction of the piano. The home factory is the place where the products of the outlying establishment are brought together and finally united into a beautiful whole,—the Briggs Piano.

From a Boston contemporary the following facts have been collected: Among the houses which have contributed to making this city an important centre in the production of



musical instruments is that of C. C. Briggs & Co. To accommodate the increased demand for their instruments, Messrs. Briggs & Co. have removed from their former location, No. 1125 Washington street, to their commodious and substantial six story factory, No. 5 Appleton street. This enterprising firm manufacture several styles of upright, grand, and square piano-fortes, with many new features and improvements in the scales and styles, and the success of their instruments and the commendation they have everywhere received from deal-

ers and artists attest the substantial progress of the firm in their important art. The principal aim of Messrs. Briggs & Co. is to make a first-class piano in every respect, with special attention to its lasting qualities. By constant care, experiment, and endeavor, Messrs. Briggs & Co. have brought their instruments to the highest standard of excellence, and in the opinion of those who have used them they are the nearest approach to per-

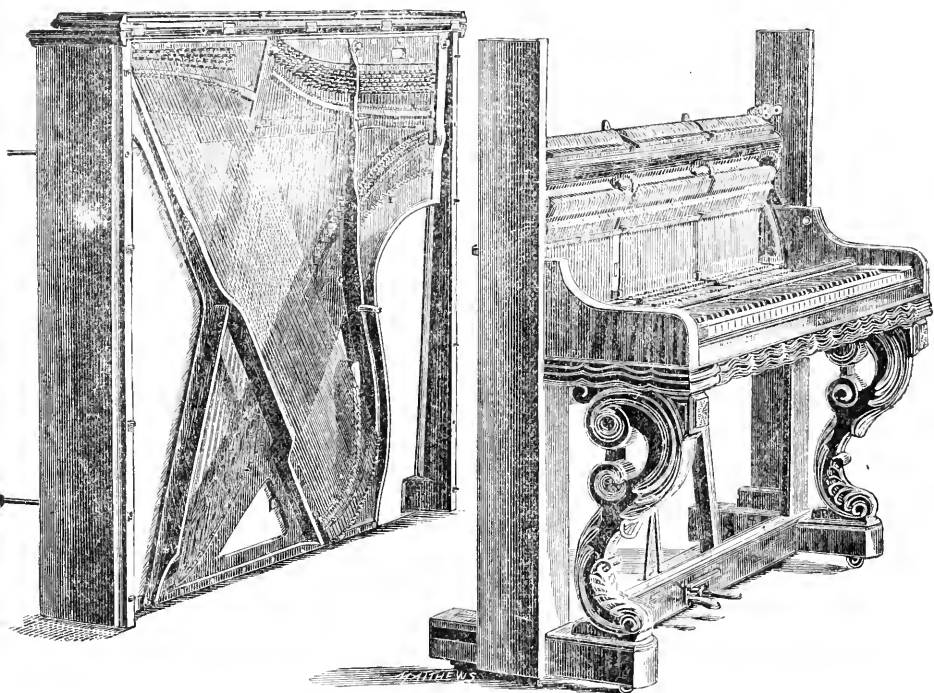
fection yet attained. The piano scales are drawn by Mr. C. C. Briggs, who has had practical experience in piano building for a quarter of a century; and his scales, drawn years ago for other firms, are in use today. The new style cases of this house are wholly original in design, and made of the most durable and fashionable woods. Among upright styles are their famous cot-

tage pianos, which, by thoughtful and patient study and experiment they have brought to a wonderful degree of perfection, securing a small piano embodying the qualities of volume, fulness, and sweetness of tone of the larger sizes. Messrs. Briggs & Co.'s separable piano is one of the most ingenious inventions for facilitating the moving of the larger sizes of pianos through passages and doorways otherwise impassable. The cases are each divided into two vertical sections front and back. The style A, cottage upright piano, has

three strings to a note, overstrung bass with repeating action, handsome panels, round corners, plain trusses, ivory keys, and improved music rack. Style G is also three strings to a note, overstrung bass and repeating action, with handsome panels and carved trusses, ivory keys and improved music rack, and has an exceedingly fine, rich quality of tone and even scale, and is the most desirable size

rosewood, plain, and serpentine moldings on plinth, and Agraffe treble. Messrs. Briggs & Co. furnish a warranty with every piano sold, warranting for five years from date of sale.

Mr. C. C. Briggs, the senior member of the firm, is a native of Boston, brought up and educated in the city. He is a natural musician, and for many years was choir-leader in a metropolitan church. Before starting



BRIGGS' SEPARATE PIANO.

for the parlor. Style B has in addition a brass action rail, four pilasters and moulding in front, extra handsome panels, ivory keys, and improved music rack, and is the favorite of artists for its great volume and purity of tone.

Style D, square, has four round corners, richly carved legs and lyre, French action and top dampers, solid

in business for himself he served a long and faithful apprenticeship with some of the leading manufacturers of musical instruments of that day, and entered upon his work fully prepared and equipped to build up and conduct a great piano manufacturing establishment. In him were combined a fine musical ear, inventive and mechanical ability, the skill to handle

tools and work out his designs, and business and executive ability to succeed in what he should undertake. He has this advantage over the most of his rivals, that he is thoroughly familiar with every detail of the business. Unlike most workmen he can build a piano from the raw material, tune it, and then sell it, which latter becomes the easiest task to perform on account of the many merits of the instruments. The Briggs piano meets a want in the community which it fills to perfection. It is at once a fine instrument, and one within the reach of all who can afford a good thing.

The prices are the lowest consistent with thorough workmanship and the best materials. The stock is received in the basement, and thence carried to the upper story by a commodious freight elevator; thence its course is downward, story by story, until it reaches the warerooms on the first floor, a large and commodious room, filled with finished products of the factory. These pianos are very popular with the people, as shown by the thousands in use in every part of our country, and the Briggs pianos are as well known as any made.

#### **A SKETCH OF ONE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOST ENTER-PRISING BUSINESS CONCERNS.**

In 1871 Mr. Edd. F. Higgins made a beginning in a small store in Manchester, N. H., which has grown into the largest house-furnishing store in the state. Soon after starting, he perceived that the city of Manchester and the surrounding country needed an establishment at which good, honest goods could be purchased at reasonable prices, and set to work with the end in view of gradually building up and maintaining such an establishment. He soon associated with himself his brother, Mr. H. F. Higgins, under the firm name of Higgins Bros., and to their small stock of crockery, cutlery, &c., they began to add the cheaper grades of furniture, at the same time increasing the size of the store by taking additional room from time to time as needed. In February, 1878, having carefully felt their way along amid the breakers of the business depression then

sweeping over the country, they decided that the generous support given by the public warranted them in still further catering to the wants of their patrons. Accordingly, after leasing the entire building of Wells block, in which they were situated, they fitted up in the basement a carpet room, the best in the state, and opened a large and varied assortment of carpetings, which venture proved an immediate success. During the summer following the floor area of the main store was nearly doubled by adding the next store north of theirs, and, the partitions being removed, they had the largest and handsomest store not only in Manchester, but in the state.

Still their increasing trade, and the desire to please an appreciating public, urged them on to greater efforts. They began the manufacture of upholstered furniture: their carpet de-

partment was moved from the basement to the floor above, thus affording better light for the display of these goods, and making it easier of access to purchasers; their means for manufacturing and finishing cabinet furniture were increased so far as their always limited room would allow; their force of competent workmen was augmented, and every effort was made to keep abreast of the times.

At this juncture they opened a branch establishment in Concord, N. H., and under the able management of Mr. W. C. Patten, their former head clerk, who now entered the firm of Higgins & Patten, a prosperous business was transacted for two years, when, owing to the ill health of Mr. Patten, this branch of the business passed into other hands.

They now more clearly than ever saw in the near future the necessity of having still more commodious quarters and enlarged facilities for a constantly growing business. Various plans were thought of, discussed, and rejected; all feasible projects for securing the needed accommodations were eagerly scanned and then given up, until just as it was almost decided to remodel the building in which they were situated, the City Hotel, one of Manchester's best known landmarks, was offered for sale, and seeing in its purchase the consummation of a long coveted scheme, they quickly seized the opportunity, and in July, 1884, the old City Hotel passed into their hands, and became devoted to their uses.

After several months' labor and the expenditure of a large sum of money, it was fitted for their business, and was occupied by them in October, 1884. The first floor front is devoted to crockery, china, glass, silver-ware, and kindred goods. Passing from the crockery department towards the rear, and ascending a short flight of broad steps, one enters the best lighted and most commodious carpet room in the state of New Hampshire. Here may be found in-

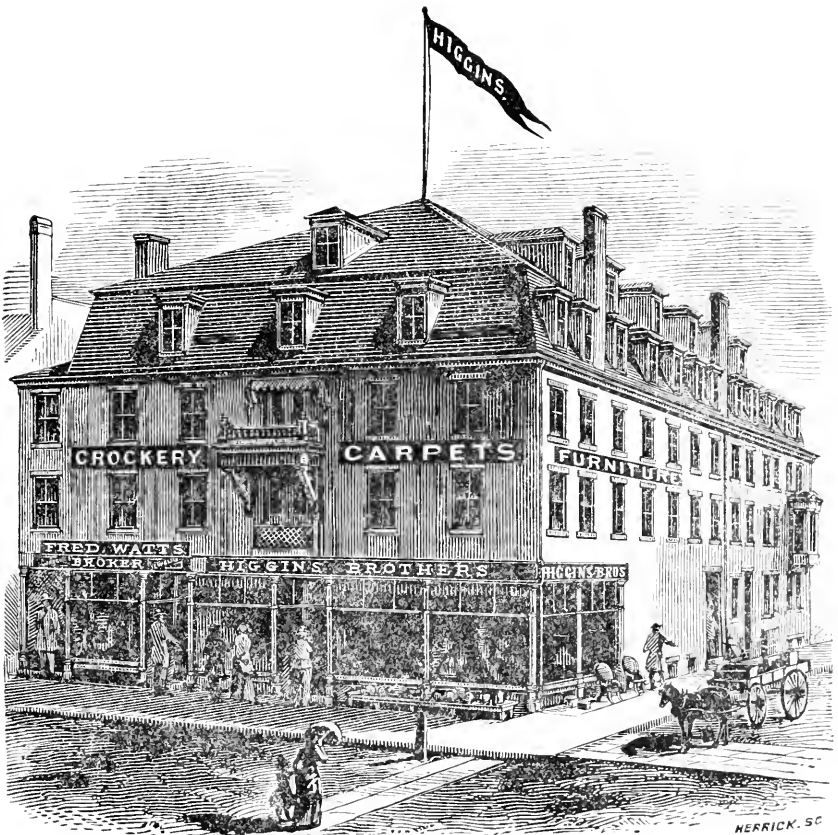
ported and domestic carpetings and rugs, in many grades and styles, and hard to suit is the person who cannot here find what he searches for. Passing to the next floor above, the purchaser, or visitor (for visitors are always welcome), is in the midst of a bewildering array of easy chairs, patent rockers, divans, and parlor suites, and after entering the drapery department one sees displayed upholstery goods, lace curtains, and drapery material in profusion, luxurious Turkish chairs, and the finest of parlor furniture, upholstered in plushes, spun silks, damasks, and various beautiful coverings. After resting and feasting one's eyes, the ascension of another flight of stairs brings one where lovers of fine cabinet work may see an elegant lot of chamber suites, side-boards, parlor and library tables, mirrors, book-cases, desks, and all the things which are needed to make a home perfect in its appointments.

The firm had now nearly reached the goal of its ambition, that being to have a perfect house-furnishing establishment; but the senior member, notwithstanding his success in establishing and maintaining such a prosperous business, became desirous of seeking "fresh laurels in pastures new," and on the 1st of February of the present year he sold his interest in the business to Messrs. W. C. Patten and H. P. Crowell, whose long experience well fits them for the positions they now occupy in the concern. They, together with the remaining partner, Mr. H. F. Higgins, have put the business on a still firmer and more lasting basis by organizing a stock company, with the name of Higgins Brothers Company, and incorporated March 14, 1887. The new concern propose not only to maintain the high reputation of the former firm, but to add to its lustre so far as possible by giving their patrons more and better goods for their money than ever. Their wide experience enables them to purchase

and construct their goods at the lowest possible cost. Their upholstering is all done by first-class workmen, under their personal supervision, and every piece of furniture is guaranteed as represented. Mr. Crowell's long connection with the wholesale crockery and glass trade, and more recently with the furniture trade, eminently fits him for the business, and Mr. Patten's connection with the old firm as book-keeper and head salesman

for years is a sufficient guaranty that all purchasers may safely entrust their orders to him. At the present time, although the season is so backward, they have connected with their establishment, in various departments, twenty-two persons, producing and selling goods, and their enterprise well merits the success in the future that has resulted from their efforts in the past.

## *Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Drapery.*



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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.*

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VOL. X.

APRIL, 1887.

No. 4.

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## JOHN STARK.

The name and fame of John Stark, the sturdy soldier and Indian fighter of the "Seven Years French War" of 1754 to 1760, and the successful patriot commander of the war of the Revolution, is no new theme to the people of his native state of New Hampshire. The two generations that succeeded him, and in their turn passed off the stage of life, have, in their day, and according to the methods of their times, honored and revered his memory. The third and fourth generations are now on the stage. To them the memories of his times are dimly legendary or historical; but they do not forget that to the heroes of 1776 this great nation of sixty millions of people owes its birth and growth.

This is a monumental age. The public spirit of the people honors itself by honoring and perpetuating the memory of the fathers and defenders of the country. Enduring monuments in bronze and granite, or marble, are being erected by every state of the Union, in memory of citizens whose services in military or

civil life have tended to save and maintain the liberties of the people.

New Hampshire is not forgetful as to her own part of this reverential duty. At the last session of the legislature the following resolution was introduced in the senate by Hon. Henry O. Kent, member from senatorial district No. 1, and after reference to the Committee on Military Affairs, it was favorably reported upon, and adopted by both houses, viz.:

*Resolved*, That his excellency the governor be requested to designate some suitable person, whose duty it shall be to make inquiry into the matter of erecting, at an early date, a fitting monument or statue in memory of Major-General John Stark, at his burial-place in the city of Manchester, the expense of carrying out any such specified plan or plans, and how much of said sum or sums would be raised by the descendants of General Stark and by the city of Manchester, contingent upon the payment of the residue by the state,—and make report of his doings in the premises; said report to be laid before the legislature at its next biennial session.

Under the authority of this resolution, George Stark, of Nashua, was commissioned to investigate the subject, and his report will be made to the governor and council before the meeting of the next legislature.

The design which he will recommend is a bronze equestrian statue, of heroic size, mounted on a suitable granite pedestal, the bronze work being about twelve feet and the granite work eighteen feet high, making the whole monument about thirty feet in height. He will also recommend that it be placed on the spot where Gen. Stark was buried, about one mile north of the City Hall in Manchester, on the east bank of the Merrimack river.

This spot was selected by Gen. Stark himself for his burial-place. It is upon elevated ground overlooking the river, and the monument, when erected upon it, will be conspicuously visible from the railroad, as well as from the street which runs parallel to the river, past the old Stark place. A square of two acres has been reserved, and will be presented to the state for this purpose, if the design is carried out. The very artistic design which will accompany the report of the commissioner, and be recommended by him, we show an outline copy of in the accompanying engraving.

Many biographers have written the life of John Stark. His connection with the earlier events of the country has made his name familiar to readers of American history. But such a brief review of his career as may be compressed into the limits of a magazine article will, under the existing circumstances, possess fresh interest.

The Stark family of New Hampshire descended from Archibald Stark, a Scotchman, born at Glasgow in 1697. He was educated at the university of his native city, and when twenty-three years of age came to America with the Scotch-Irish emigrants who settled Londonderry. He afterwards removed to Derryfield, now Manchester, where he died in 1758, and was buried in what was known as "Christian's Brook Cemetery," a private burying-ground, on land now built over in the city,—the few remains of persons buried there, with the accompanying head-stones, having been removed to other cemeteries. A quaint, low head-stone of slate, in the south-westerly corner of the "Valley Cemetery" of the city of Manchester, is one of those that were thus removed. It bears this inscription :

Here Lyes the Body of Mr.  
Archibald Stark He  
Departed this Life June 25th  
1758 Aged 61 years.

Stark is a German name, and is said to have been brought to Scotland about four hundred years ago, in the reign of Henry VIIth of England, by German soldiery, who were sent over by the Duchess of Burgundy to support the claims of one of the pretenders to the English throne. The invading army being defeated, the survivors fled to Scotland, and some of them settled permanently in that country, and are supposed to be the remote ancestry of the Starks of New Hampshire.

Archibald Stark had four sons,—William, John, Samuel, and Archibald,—all of whom held commissions in the British service during the

“Seven Years” or “French War,” and were distinguished for good conduct, coolness, and bravery.

John Stark, one of the above named brothers, and the subject of this memoir, was born in Londonderry, August 28, 1728. He resided with his father in Londonderry and Derryfield until past his minority, their home occupation being that of farmers and millers. The father owned extensive tracts of land about Amoskeag falls, and was also one of the original proprietors of Dunbarton, then called Starkstown. Saw-mills and grist-mills were built and run by John Stark at both these places.

The settlements being at this time sparse, and surrounded by interminable forests, abounding in game and ferocious animals, every young man of the settlers was naturally a hunter, and quite as familiar with woodcraft and the chase as he was with the implements of agriculture, or the saws and stones of the mill. It was also a time of semi-war. The fierce remnants of the native Indian tribes, although nominally conquered at Lovewell's fight in 1725, still continued to haunt their ancient hunting-grounds for at least forty years later. The settler was obliged to be in readiness at all times to defend the lives of his family from the predatory savage, and his herds and flocks from the bears and wolves and catamounts of the forest.

Amid such surroundings, and daily accustomed to hardship, vigilance, and laborious exertion, the young boys grew into that stern and vigorous manhood which the necessities of the times required. Winter hunting expeditions to more remote parts of

the wilderness were often organized for hunting and trapping the fur-bearing animals, whose peltries found ready sale for exportation, and the proceeds of which added materially to the family resources.

It was on one of these hunting expeditions, in March, 1752, that a party of four, of which John Stark was a member, was attacked by the Indians on Baker's river in the town of Rumney. David Stinson was shot and killed: William Stark escaped; John Stark and Amos Eastman were captured, and taken through the wilderness to the upper waters of Connecticut river, and subsequently to St. Francis, in Canada, where they arrived in June, three months after their capture. The bold and defiant bearing of Stark during this captivity excited the admiration of his savage captors to such an extent that he was adopted by the chief sachem and treated with great kindness, after the first initiatory ceremony of running the gauntlet, in which ceremony he took an unexpected part by using his club on the Indians, instead of waiting for them to use their clubs on him. On being set to the task of hoeing corn, he carefully hoed the weeds and cut up the corn, and then threw the hoe into the river, declaring that it was the business of squaws, and not of warriors, to hoe corn. His boldness secured his release from the drudgery usually imposed on their captives, and they called him the “young chief.”

During this enforced residence with the Indians, he obtained a knowledge of their language and methods of warfare which proved of great service to him in his subsequent military

career. He was ransomed for \$103 in July, and arrived home in August following, having been absent about six months.

Not daunted by the unfortunate enterprise above narrated, Stark went the following season to hunt and trap on the river Androscoggin, in the present state of Maine, for the purpose of raising means to pay the debt incurred for his ransom from the St. Francis Indians. In this he was successful, and returned with a valuable lot of fur.

The reports brought in by Stark and Eastman concerning the beauty of the country about the upper waters of the Connecticut river, induced the authorities of the province to dispatch an enlisted company, under Col. Lovewell, Maj. Talford, and Capt. Page, to explore this hitherto unknown region, which they called "Coös Territory," and John Stark was engaged to guide the expedition. They made the journey from Concord, N. H., to Piermont and return in about two weeks.

The next year, 1754, a report being current that the French were erecting a fort at the upper Coös, Capt. Powers was dispatched by Gov. Wentworth, with thirty men and a flag of truce, to demand their authority for so doing. Mr. Stark was engaged as guide, and conducted the party by the same route he had travelled two years before as a captive. No French garrison being found, the company immediately returned.

Mr. Stark had acquired so much reputation by these expeditions that upon the breaking out of the "Seven Years War" he was commissioned by the governor as second lieutenant

of Rogers's Company of Rangers, attached to Blanchard's regiment. Capt. Rogers mustered a company of rugged foresters, every man of whom, as a hunter, could hit the size of a dollar at a hundred yards distance; could follow the trail of man or beast; endure the fatigue of long marches, the pangs of hunger, and the cold of winter nights, often passed without fire, shelter, or covering other than their common clothing, a blanket, perhaps a bearskin, and the boughs of the pine or hemlock. Their knowledge of Indian character, customs, and manners was accurate. They were principally recruited in the vicinity of Amoskeag falls, where Rogers, a resident of the neighboring town of Dunbarton, which then extended to the Merrimack river, was accustomed to meet them at the annual fishing season. They were men who could face with equal resolution the savage animals, or the still more savage Indians of their native woods, and whose courage and fidelity were undoubted.

This year of 1755 was one of the most eventful of the early American history. It marks the fatal defeat of the disciplined little army of the intrepid but despotic Gen. Braddock, who said that the savages might be formidable to raw American militia, but could never make any impression upon the king's regulars; but who, had he survived the fight, would have seen the remnants of his boasted regulars saved from utter annihilation by the bravery of these same American raw militia, skilfully and valorously handled by the young American militia colonel, George Washington.

It was in the early summer of this

stirring year of 1755 that Rogers's Company of Rangers received orders to march through the pathless forests to join their regiment at Fort Edward, the head-quarters of Gen. Johnson's army, which place they reached early in August, a short time before the desperate attack made on Johnson by the French and Indians at the south end of Lake George, near Bloody pond, so named from the slaughter on this occasion. Bancroft's History, in referring to this company of rangers, says,—“Among them was John Stark, then a lieutenant; of a rugged nature, but of the coolest judgment; skilled at discovering the paths of the wilderness, and knowing the way to the hearts of the backwoodsmen.” Whether Rogers's Company of Rangers was engaged in this fight at Bloody pond is a matter of some uncertainty. Rogers says in his journal that he was himself “on a scout about one of the French posts, up the Hudson river,” at the date of this fight—September 8th. Probably a part or all of his company were with him. During the remainder of the season, and all through the winter, into March, 1756, although the regiment to which they were originally attached had been disbanded, the Rangers remained in the field, and were sent at frequent intervals to outlie and watch the enemy's posts, and to obtain information, by capturing prisoners or otherwise.

Upon the decease of Gen. Brad-dock, Gov. Shirley succeeded to the chief command of the English forces in North America, and on the 15th of March, 1756, Rogers received orders from him to repair to Boston for a personal conference. He reached

Boston on the 23d of the same month, and as the result of his interview with the governor was commissioned to recruit an independent corps of Rangers, to consist of sixty privates, an ensign, a lieutenant, and a captain. The corps was to be raised immediately. None were to be enlisted but “such as were accustomed to travelling and hunting, and in whose courage and fidelity the most implicit confidence could be placed.” They were, moreover, “to be subject to military discipline and the articles of war.” The rendezvous was appointed at Albany, “whence to proceed with whale-boats to Lake George, and from time to time to use their best endeavors to distress the French and their allies by sacking, burning, and destroying their houses, barns, barracks, canoes, batteaux, &c., and by killing their cattle of every kind, and at all times to endeavor to way-lay, attack, and destroy their convoys of provision, by land and by water, where they could be found.”

Within thirty days from the issuance of this commission the enlistment of the new corps of Rangers was complete, many of his old company reënlisting, and Rogers again selected John Stark for his ensign, or second lieutenant. Although no important military operations were attempted during this campaign, the Rangers were constantly on foot, watching the motions of the enemy at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, cutting off their convoys of supplies, and often making prisoners of sentinels at their posts.

Bancroft's account of the campaign says,—“The Rangers at Fort William Henry defy the winter. The forests

pathless with snows, the frozen lake, the wilderness which has no shelter against the cold and storms, the perilous ambush where defeat may be followed by the scalping-knife, or tortures, or captivity among the farthest tribes,—all cannot chill their daring. On skates they glide over the lakes; on snow-shoes they penetrate the woods.”

In the early part of the winter of 1756–57, the English and French armies, under the respective commands of Lord Loudon and Gen. Montcalm, confronting each other in the vicinity of Lake George, retired to winter quarters; the main body of the English regulars falling back on Albany and New York city, the provincial soldiers dismissed and sent to their homes, and the French falling back to Montreal. Each general, however, left his frontier posts well garrisoned, to be held as the base of further military operations the following season; the force left by the French at their forts about Ticonderoga and Crown Point, at the northerly end of Lake George, being about 1,200 men, including Indians, and the English force at Fort Edward and Fort William Henry, near the southerly end of the lake, consisting mainly of four companies of Rangers, two companies at each fort. The company of Lieut. Stark was posted at Fort Edward. All through the winter the Rangers patrolled the lake, and kept a vigilant outlook upon the French garrisons.

In the middle of this winter a desperate battle was fought in the immediate vicinity of Ticonderoga, which, for numbers engaged, was one of the most bloody of the war, and in which

Lieut. John Stark won his commission as captain.

On the 15th of January, 1757, Capt. Rogers, with Lieut. Stark and Ensign Page with fifty Rangers, left Fort Edward to reconnoitre, in more than usual force, the situation and condition of the enemy at the northerly end of the lake. The snow was four feet deep on a level. They halted at Fort William Henry one day to secure provisions and snow-shoes, and on the 17th, being reinforced by Capt. Spikeman, Lieut. Kennedy, and Ensigns Brewer and Rogers, with about thirty Rangers, they started down Lake George on the ice, and at night encamped on the east side of the first narrows.

On the morning of the 18th some of the men who had been overcome by the severe exertions of the previous day's march were sent back, thus reducing the effective force to seventy-four men, officers included. This day they proceeded twelve miles farther down the lake, and encamped on the west shore. On the 19th, after proceeding three miles farther on the lake, they took to the west shore, put on their snow-shoes, and travelled eight miles to the north-west, and encamped three miles from the lake. On the 20th they travelled over the snow all day to the north-east, and encamped three miles from the west shore of Lake Champlain, half way between Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The next day, January 21st, being now in the very heart of the enemy's country, they proceeded to watch the passage of parties on Lake Champlain, going and coming between the forts, and soon discovered a convoy of ten sleds passing

down the lake from Ticonderoga to Crown Point. Lieut. Stark was ordered, with twenty men, to capture the leading sled, while the main body attempted to prevent the others from going back. They succeeded in taking seven prisoners, six horses, and three sleds. The remainder of the sleds made good their escape, and gave the alarm at the fort. Valuable information was obtained from these captives, and it was also learned that the French garrisons had been recently considerably reënforced, and were on the alert to cut off all English scouting parties. The heavy French garrison at Ticonderoga being now informed by the fugitives of this audacious reconnaissance in their immediate vicinity, Rogers wisely decided to retire with all expedition. But he unwisely departed from the usual custom of the Rangers to return by a different route from that on which they came, and, in defiance of the counsels of his officers, retreated on his tracks.

The day was rainy. On reaching the fires that they had kindled and camped by the night before, the Rangers halted to dry their guns and otherwise prepare for the expected conflict. It was past noon when the little battalion had completed their preparations. Forming in single file, with Capt. Rogers in front, Capt. Spikeman in the centre, and Lieut. Stark in the rear, supported by their snow-shoes on the deep snow, they silently took up their homeward march. Their path lay over hilly ground and through thick woods, from whose dark depths they had reason to believe they were watched by the savage scouts of the enemy ;

a belief but too soon verified, for on rising the brow of a hill, not a mile from the fires of their late camp, they received a volley of two hundred bullets, fired from the guns of the unseen enemy in ambush, at distances from five to thirty yards away. Rogers was wounded in the head, and several of the men were killed or wounded by this volley ; but fortunately the marksmanship of the enemy was, in this instance, faulty, and the effect comparatively slight. The habitual tactics of the Rangers,—to scatter when suddenly attacked by a superior force, and to rally again upon some supporting point,—now stood them in hand. They had been under fire too many times to be thrown into a panic. Each man was for the time being his own commander. Each took his own way to the rallying point, exchanging shots with the enemy as he ran. That rallying point was John Stark, with his rear guard. Gathering around him, they awaited their pursuers. The surrounding trees of the thick forest were of large size. Each Ranger endeavored to so place himself that a tree covered him partially from the shots of the enemy, and thus they awaited the second onset. No soldiers ever had more at stake. The French officials at Montreal paid \$11 each for English scalps, and \$55 each for English prisoners—sufficient inducement to excite the savage avidity of their Indian allies into desperate efforts to kill or capture ; and oftentimes the alternative fate of a prisoner was torture at the stake. The backwoodsman learned to give no quarter, and to expect none, in fighting this savage foe.

All through the afternoon of this 21st of January, 1757, this woods fight raged. The Ranger measured carefully his charge of powder, rammed home the ball in a greased patch, and woe to the enemy who exposed his body or limbs to these expert marksmen. Two hundred and fifty of the enemy went into that day's fight, and only one hundred and thirty-four came out of it alive, one hundred and sixteen having been killed on the spot or died of wounds. The Rangers lost fourteen killed, six wounded, and six taken prisoners.

As darkness came on, the surviving French and Indian force, although still outnumbering the English, retired to the cover of Ticonderoga. Capt. Rogers having been disabled by two wounds, and Capt. Spikeman killed, early in the action the command devolved upon Lieut. Stark, who, as soon as the enemy ceased to press him, carefully looked after the wounded, secured the prisoners, and, taking both wounded and prisoners with him, commenced the tedious march homeward. Encumbered by the care of the wounded, and fatigued with the exertions of the day, their movements were necessarily slow, and the entire night was consumed in reaching the shore of Lake George, near where they left it on the 19th. The wounded, who during the night march had kept up their spirits, were by eight o'clock in the morning so overcome with cold, fatigue, and loss of blood that they could march no further. The nearest English post was forty miles away, and the enemy was less than ten miles in their rear, and might again attack them at any time. In this emergency Lieut. Stark

volunteered, with two Rangers, to make a forced march to Fort William Henry for succor, while the command, under the junior officers, undertook to defend and care for the wounded until help arrived. Without waiting for rest or refreshment after their all-day fight and all-night retreat, these three hardy volunteers continued on their march, and reached the fort the same evening. Hand-sleighs were immediately sent out, with a fresh party, to bring in the wounded, and reached them next morning. No greater feat of hardihood and endurance was ever performed; a day of desperate fighting, followed by an all-night retreat, encumbered with the wounded, and then, without rest, these three volunteers making a forced snow-shoe march of forty miles more before night. Truly this school of war was a fitting preparation for the subsequent struggle of the Revolution. The decision, prudence, and courage of Stark admittedly saved the detachment from complete destruction, and he was immediately promoted to be a captain, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Capt. Spikeman.

Capt. Stark continued with the army during the succeeding campaigns of 1758 and 1759, his corps being constantly employed in their accustomed service, and winning credit and commendation from the generals in command.

In 1758 Capt. Stark obtained a short furlough for the purpose of visiting his home, and while there was united in marriage (August 21, 1758) to Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. Caleb Page, one of the original proprietors of Dunbarton, N. H.



The conquest of Canada, in 1760, put an end to military operations in North America, and Capt. Stark, not being desirous of continuing in the British army, tendered his resignation, which was accepted by Gen. Amherst, with the official assurance that if inclined hereafter to reënter the service he should not lose his rank by this retirement. But fate determined that the experience thus gained by him during five years' service under the banner of the king of England was but the requisite soldierly education which fitted him to successfully lead his compatriots against the same English banner in the Revolutionary struggle for the independence of his native land.

From 1760 to 1765 Capt. Stark remained at his home, devoting his attention to the cultivation of a large farm in Derryfield, and to the management of his other lands and his mills, both in Derryfield and Dunbarton, in which latter town he was also a large proprietor.

When the country became seriously agitated in 1774 upon the abridgment of its liberties by the crown, he uniformly espoused the cause of his countrymen, and from his military experience and respectable standing was looked up to as the natural leader of the patriots of his vicinity. He was appointed as one of the Committee of Safety, and discharged the difficult duties devolving upon him with firmness and moderation, endeavoring to the utmost of his abilities to promote union of sentiment, and preparation for action should that become necessary.

The news of the Battle of Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775,

reached Capt. Stark the next morning. He was at work in his saw-mill. Without a moment's hesitation the mill-gate was closed, and he returned to his house, a mile distant, changed his dress, mounted his horse, and proceeded towards Medford, encouraging all that he met to join him there, telling them that the time had arrived when a blow should be struck for liberty. He was followed by many of his old soldiers and hundreds of citizens, who answered his appeal to their patriotism. And when the preliminary organization of the first New Hampshire regiment was made by election, it was so much a matter of course to choose Stark for their colonel, that the vote, a hand one, was unanimous. This election was afterwards confirmed by a commission from the state authorities.

The story of the Battle of Bunker Hill is an oft told tale. It will not be repeated in this paper; but we may properly dwell upon the fact that the steady and cool courage of John Stark was one of the important factors in that engagement. His men were brought into action without fatigue. Their deadly work at the rail-fence, on the Mystic river side of the hill, so nearly annihilated the veteran British regiment immediately opposed to them, that, believing they had won the day, they obeyed the orders to retire with unwillingness; and the deliberate manner in which they covered and defended the final retreat held the enemy in check, and undoubtedly prevented a rout.

After the evacuation of Boston, Col. Stark was ordered, with two regiments, the 5th and 25th, under his command, to proceed to New York

and assist in arranging the defences of that city. He remained at New York until May, 1776, when his regiment, with five others, was ordered to march by way of Albany to Canada. He joined the army at St. Johns, and advanced to the mouth of the Sorel. Various unsuccessful movements were made by this army in Canada, under the successive commands of Generals Thomas, Arnold, Thompson, and Sullivan, culminating in a retreat to Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Gen. Gates soon after this assumed the chief command, and assigned a brigade to Col. Stark, with orders to clear and fortify Mount Independence.

When the British army under Carleton had retired to winter quarters in Canada, Col. Stark's regiment, with several others, was detached from the Northern army to reënforce Gen. Washington at Newtown, Penn. He arrived a few days before the battle of Trenton, where, leading the van of Sullivan's division, he contributed his share in that fortunate victory. In giving his opinion at the council of war preceding the battle of Trenton, Col. Stark observed to Washington,—“Your men have too long been accustomed to place their dependence for safety upon spades and pickaxes. If you hope to establish the independence of these states, you must teach them to place dependence upon their fire-arms and courage.” Col. Stark remained with the commander-in-chief until his winter quarters were established on the heights of Morristown, when, the term of his men's enlistment having expired, he returned to New Hampshire to recruit another regiment.

In March, 1777, the new regiment was completed; but Stark did not take command of it. Certain prominent members of congress, and officers of high rank, and aristocratic associations, more familiar with the polite usages of town society than with the simple manners of the frontier settlers, were displeased with the rugged and unbending character and blunt speech of this backwoods colonel, and used their influence against him with such effect, that in the new list of promotions, made that winter, by congress, his name was omitted, and several officers of lower rank were promoted over him. This slight was so keenly felt that he immediately tendered his resignation to the New Hampshire authorities, and retired, temporarily, to his home. He was not however destined to remain long inactive. Within three months from his retirement, the menacing state of affairs following the capture of Ticonderoga by the British, and the advance of Burgoyne's army, threatening to overrun the New England states, called him again to the field. New Hampshire rose to the emergency, and raised a brigade for independent action against the flank of the invading army. At the request of the state council, Stark accepted their commission as brigadier, and took command; and within two weeks from the capture of Ticonderoga, he was organizing and drilling his force for the coming fray.

The battle of Bennington, fought and won on the 17th of August, 1777, by the little army of 1750 men, under his command, has been made familiar to all readers of history. Of this force, New Hampshire furnished 1000,

Vermont 500, and Massachusetts 250. Stark's plan of battle was sagacious; somewhat irregular in its details, as looked upon from the usual military standpoint, but perfectly adapted to the frontier habits of his brave men; and it proved eminently successful. The enemy lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about 1200 men—probably two thirds of his entire force in action. The loss on the American side was less than 100. The disciplined European troops, fighting for the king's shilling, moving at the word of command like machines, and firing their muskets from the hip without aim, were no match, even when partially protected by cannon and breastworks, for the skilled marksmen of the frontier, fighting for their homes.

The Bennington battle, in point of numbers engaged, was not a great one; but it turned the tide of war at a critical period, and led to immediate results of momentous consequence to the country. Washington wrote of it, immediately, as "the great stroke struck by Gen. Stark near Bennington." Bancroft's history pronounces this "victory one of the most brilliant and eventful of the war." Baroness Reidsell, then in the British camp, wrote, "this unfortunate event paralyzed at once our operations."

On the 18th, two days after this battle, Gen. Stark forwarded his report, in detail, to the council of New Hampshire, and by return courier received the following letter:

State of New Hampshire  
In Committee of Safety

Dear Sir;

The Committee received yours of the 18th instant with the

greatest pleasure, and have directed me to present their very sincere thanks to you, the officers and soldiers under your command, for their brave and spirited conduct, manifested in the late battle, and for the very essential service done to the country at this critical period. I hope, sir, that this success may be a prelude to greater things of the same kind; and that heaven will yet bestow many blessings upon our country, through your hands.

Fervently praying that the God of armies may protect you in the day of battle, and be a shield and buckler to our countrymen under your command, and that He may give success and victory to all your undertakings, I do, on behalf of the Committee, subscribe myself

Your most obedient

And very humble servant

M. Weare, Chairman.

Hon. General Stark.

The state of Vermont also addressed to Gen. Stark the following complimentary letter.

From the President of the Council of Safety of the State of Vermont.

Bennington Sept 20th 1777.

The Council beg leave to return their sincere thanks to the Hon. Brig. Genl. John Stark for the infinite service he has been pleased to do them, in defending them and their constituents from the cruelty and bloody rage of our unnatural enemy, who sought our destruction on the 16th of August last.

They also return their grateful acknowledgments for the honor the general has been pleased to do the Council by presenting them with one Hessian gun with a bayonet; one broad-sword, one brass barreled drum, and a grenadier's cap, taken on the memorable 16th of August, for the use of the State.

The general may rely upon it they

will be reserved for the use they were designed.

I remain, dear general,

With sentiments of esteem,

Your most Obt. Svt.

Thomas Chittenden.

Hon. Brigadier General Stark.

The legislature of Massachusetts also sent their acknowledgments in the following letter and resolve :

To General Stark.

Sir ; The general assembly of this State take the earliest opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of your acceptable present—the tokens of victory gained at the memorable battle of Bennington. The events of that day strongly mark the bravery of the men who, unskilled in war, forced from their intrenchments a chosen number of veteran troops of boasted Britons, as well as the address and valor of the general who directed their movements, and led them on to conquest. This signal exploit opened the way to a rapid succession of advantages, most important to America.

These trophies shall be safely deposited in the archives of the State, and there remind posterity of the irresistible power of the God of armies, and the honor's due to the memory of the brave. Still attended with like success, may you long enjoy the just reward of your grateful country.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

Jeremiah Powell,

President of the Council.

In the House of Representatives.

Resolved, unanimously ; That the board of war of this State be, and are hereby directed, in the name of this Court, to present to the Hon. Brigadier General Stark, a complete suit of clothes becoming his rank, together with a piece of linen, as a testimony of the high sense this Court has of

the great and important services rendered by that brave officer, to the United States of America.

Dec. 5 1777."

General Stark did not report to congress the result of the battle of Bennington, because his command was an independent one, and his commission was from the state of New Hampshire. His little army consisted wholly of state militia from New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts.

The same parties, who had a few months previously withheld his promotion, were now busy in denouncing his independent action.

Philadelphia being in possession of the British, congress held its sessions at the more remote point of York, in Pennsylvania. Communication was slow, letters being carried by couriers, on horseback, who were obliged to make long detours because of hostile intervening country.

Upon receipt of the news that Gen. Stark was acting independently of the regular Northern army, and being yet unaware of the victory that had been won by him five days before, a resolution was introduced in congress censuring him for not submitting to army regulations.

But on the next day an express courier arrived from Gen. Schuyler communicating the result of the Bennington battle ; and congress, magnanimously forgetting the previous irritation, passed a resolve of thanks to General Stark, and appointed him a Brigadier in the army of the United States. This action of congress was communicated in the following letter :

To General Stark from President Hancock.

Yorktown, Pa., Oct. 5, 1777.

Sir:—It is with the greatest pleasure I transmit the inclosed resolve of Congress, expressing the thanks of that body to you, and to the officers and troops under your command, for the signal victory you obtained over the enemy in the late battle of Bennington.

In consideration of your distinguished conduct on that occasion, and the service you rendered the cause of freedom and your country, the congress have been pleased to appoint you a Brigadier in the army of the United States.

Be pleased to communicate to the officers and troops of your command this mark of the approbation of their country, for their exertions in defence of American liberty.

I inclose your commission, and have the honor to be, with the greatest esteem and respect, sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

John Hancock, President.

Soon after the Bennington battle, Gen. Stark, with his volunteers, joined the main American army of Gates; but the three months' enlistment of the men having expired, they said they had performed their part, and must return to their farms where their harvests now waited for them.

The general being then without a command, proceeded to New Hampshire to make his report to the council. His return was a triumphal march. He was waited upon by committees of congratulation wherever he came, and was received with the warmest demonstration of the people's gratitude.

By order of the Council of New Hampshire, he immediately proceeded to enlist a new army of volunteers; and such was the confidence in him

as a commander, and so enthusiastic were the people, in view of the possible capture of Burgoyne, that, in a few days, nearly 3,000 men enrolled themselves under his standard.

With this fresh army of New Hampshire volunteers, he immediately advanced, by order of the council of that state, to Fort Edward, on Burgoyne's rear. This fort he captured; and after securing the garrison, and leaving a strong detachment of his own troops to maintain the post, proceeded, on the 7th of October, with 2,500 men, to occupy the sole remaining line of retreat for the British army.

By this movement Burgoyne became completely surrounded, and Gen. Stark earnestly advised Gen. Gates to attack the British camp and compel an unconditional surrender. But a capitulation was deemed most prudent, and Burgoyne soon after delivered up his entire army at Saratoga.

The capture of Burgoyne put an end, for the time being, to military movements at the north, and Gen. Stark returned to New Hampshire to obtain recruits and supplies for operations elsewhere.

In December he received orders from congress to repair to Albany and prepare for a secret winter expedition to Canada. The Hon. James Duane was directed by congress to confer in person with Gen. Stark, and communicate to him orally the secret details of the proposed expedition, and to consider with him the best and most practicable means for its accomplishment. The conference took place, the troops were engaged, supplies were obtained of provisions,

snow-shoes, conveyances, and everything required for a winter campaign, when congress thought proper to abandon the design.

Early in 1778 he was ordered to assume the command of the Northern Department, at Albany, where he remained during the season.

In November he was ordered by Gen. Washington to proceed to the assistance of Gen. Gates in Rhode Island; and joining Gates soon after, at Providence, was stationed for the remainder of the season at East Greenwich. As winter advanced he returned to New Hampshire, by way of Boston, to urge the necessity for recruits and supplies.

In the spring of 1779 he joined the army at Providence, and was employed all that season in watching the British army and preventing inroads. About the 10th of November the English sailed away from Newport, and Gen. Stark took possession of the town the next morning, placing guards to preserve order.

At this time Gen. Washington ordered Generals Gates and Stark, with the troops who had blockaded Newport, to join him in New Jersey; and soon after sent Gen. Stark to New Hampshire to make requisitions for troops and supplies. He performed this service, and returned to the army at Morristown, in May, 1780, and took part in the battle of Springfield, in June following. Immediately after this battle, Gen. Stark was sent to New England, with orders to collect a body of militia and volunteers, and conduct them to West Point. He arrived at that post with the troops, a short time before Arnold's desertion; and, after delivering up the

reënforcement, joined his division at Liberty Pole, New Jersey.

In September he was ordered to West Point, to relieve Gen. St. Clair, and the Pennsylvania line. While at West Point, he was called upon to participate in the trial of Major André, being one of the thirteen generals composing the military tribunal. About this time, Washington had formed the design of surprising Staten Island; and to mask his intentions, Gen. Stark was detached with 2500 troops, and trains of cavalry and artillery, and forage teams, to overrun the country north of New York, and, if possible, to draw out and engage the enemy. But the British were suspicious of concealed designs, and suffered the detachment to pillage this tory country, as far down as Kings Bridge and Morrisania, for several days, and then to retire unmolested. The Staten Island project was not carried out. The army soon after went into winter quarters at West Point, New Windsor, and Fishkill, and Gen. Stark, being severely ill, was sent home on furlough, with the standing order for men and supplies.

In the spring of 1781 he was ordered once more to assume the command of the Northern Department, with head-quarters at Saratoga. There was an extensive frontier to be watched, and the country was overrun by traitors and spies, some of whom he was obliged to hang. With only a few feeble detachments of militia from New York, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire under his command, the duties of the general were both onerous and unpleasant. After the surrender of Cornwallis, all apprehensions of inroads from Canada hav-

ing ceased, Gen. Stark was ordered to dismiss his militia, and to himself retire to New England to recruit, and collect supplies for the next campaign. Being at this time afflicted with rheumatism, he remained at home during the year 1782, and did not return to the army until ordered to head-quarters by Gen. Washington in April, 1783. He arrived at the appointed time, and was thanked by the commander-in-chief for his punctuality.

On the 25th of November, 1783, the British army evacuated New York.

The independence of the United States had been acknowledged by the British government, and the war was ended. During the following month, most of the Continental troops returned to their homes; and General Stark, bidding adieu to his friends in the army, and leaving behind the cares of public life, retired to his New Hampshire estates to spend the remainder of his days in peace. He was at this time fifty-five years of age. Somewhat past the prime of life of the average man, but with a frame made strong by early vigorous labors, and preserved by constant exercise and temperate habits, a long lease of life still remained to him. He survived the Revolutionary war nearly forty years, and to the last was held by his neighbors and fellow-countrymen in the highest esteem.

Washington had great confidence in Stark, fully appreciating his firm patriotism, his ability, and his influence with the people of New Hampshire and the adjoining states. When men or supplies were wanted from these states, he generally sent him to obtain them: and was particular to

request that the new levies should come out under Stark's command. In appointing him commander of the Northern Department in 1781, Washington wrote, "I am induced to appoint you to this command on account of your knowledge and influence among the inhabitants of that country. \* \* \* I rely upon it, you will use your utmost exertions to draw forth the force of the country from the Green Mountains and all the contiguous territory. And I doubt not your requisitions will be attended with success, as your personal influence must be unlimited among these people, at whose head you have formerly fought and conquered, with so much reputation and glory."

In 1786, Gen. Stark received from congress the following complimentary brevet commission:

In pursuance of an act of Congress, of the 13th day of September 1783, John Stark Esquire, is to rank as Major General by Brevet in the army of the United States of America.

Given under my hand, at New York, the 9th day of June 1786.

(L. s.) Nathaniel Gorham, President.

Entered in the war office

Henry Knox, Secretary of War.

After the war, he again took up his extensive agricultural and lumbering operations, managing his business affairs with the same energy, industry, and foresight that characterized his military life.

In person, Gen. Stark was of middle stature (5 ft. 10), and well proportioned for strength and activity. Constant exercise prevented his ever becoming corpulent. He always travelled on horseback, even if accompanied by his family in a carriage: and at an advanced age mounted his

horse with ease, without other aid than the stirrup. His features were bold and prominent; the nose was well formed; the eyes light blue, keen and piercing, deeply sunk under projecting brows. His lips were generally closely compressed. He was not bald; but his hair became white, and covered his head. His whole appearance indicated coolness, courage, activity, and confidence in himself, whether called upon to perform the duties of an enterprising partisan, or a calculating and considerate general.

His character was unexceptional in his private as in his public life. His manners were frank and open. He spoke his thoughts boldly on all occasions, without concealment of his meaning. He was a man of kindness and hospitality, which, through life, he extended to all his comrades in arms, and to others who sought his assistance. He ever sustained a reputation for honor and integrity,—friendly to the industrious and enter-

prising, but severe to the idle and unworthy.

Gen. Stark survived his wife eight years. They had eleven children,—five sons and six daughters,—and all except one reached the age of maturity. His third son, John Stark, Jr., remained at home, married, and raised a family of twelve children at the old homestead. The veteran general was thus surrounded in his home by a numerous progeny, who in his last years kindly alleviated the infirmities of extreme age.

He died on the 8th of May, 1822, aged 93 years, 8 months, and 24 days. He was buried with military honors at the spot where his remains now lie, and where it is now proposed to erect to his memory the elegant equestrian bronze statue herewith represented.

*George Stark.*

NOTE.—The material for this biographical sketch has been drawn from numerous papers and books, and more especially from the "Memoir and Official Correspondence of General John Stark" by his grandson, the late Caleb Stark, of Dunbarton. N. H., edition of 1860.

## ETHEL FREEMAN:

### *The Story of a Marriage that proved a Mistake.*

BY ELLEN M. MASON.

#### IV.

There was a certain Mrs. Hamilton whom George regarded with the highest approval, and who by degrees had come to be his wife's intimate friend, though at first Ethel had held aloof from her advances from instinctive distrust. She possessed no beauty, but a wonderful personal magnetism

that made her irresistible to all who felt the contact of her presence. And to this she added rare attainments: she was a finely cultivated musician, an artist of no mean talents, and she acquitted herself so finely in amateur theatricals that it was said she might have made a fortune on the stage; and she had written a successful nov-



el. Above all, she was diabolically clever. All this gave her great prestige in P——. She was a widow of the age designated as “youngish,” childish, and she lived in elegant rooms at the finest hotel.

Ethel had first felt an affection for her on the occasion of a dangerous illness of Florry, her oldest child. She had come, and in her firmly gentle manner insisted on staying at the house and assisting in taking care of the little girl; and she had proven so good a nurse, so self-sacrificing, sensible, and efficient, that Ethel could not withhold a share of love and confidence despite her intuitions. As for Florry, she became a loyal, devoted subject of her whilom nurse, according her the blind, adoring worship that innocent childhood lavishes on its incarnation of perfection. Mrs. Hamilton was perfection in her eyes. She resolved she would grow up to be like her as exactly as she could, and she was never so happy as when in the presence of her sovereign.

And Mrs. Hamilton, who had been fawned upon and flattered all her life, found the fresh, sincere love of the child very grateful to her empty, callous heart. She took great pains to keep alive and increase her attachment, both for its own sake and as a means to secure a longed-for triumph that no refreshing principle of right or feeling of pity could force her to forego.

Ethel in the meantime grew more and more discontented. She was having a bitter experience, that of feeling her self-respect lessening day by day. What was she beside this wise and witty and bewitching woman? Even her own child neglected her for

the sake of the other's society. Her early training and education had surely been all wrong. She was not sure but that the fame of a Cleopatra was after all more enviable than that of a Cornelia. And how she had been petted and made much of at home! Could George realize how different it seemed in his home? At last one evening her resolve was made. Mrs. Hamilton was singing in the parlor, while she sat unperceived and forgotten in the adjoining partially darkened library, to which she had withdrawn; her husband and Florry were with the songstress.

She sang Mrs. Akers Allen's heart-sick song, *Rock Me to Sleep*. Ethel listened, her piteous *heimweh* growing worse.

“Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain  
Long I to-night for your presence again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has shone;  
No other worship abides and endures,—  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours!”

cried the thrilling voice, while tears rolled down her unseen listener's face.

“I would like to go to New York for a month or two,” she said to her husband at the breakfast table next morning.

“But what should we do without you?” asked George; and poor Ethel thought his manner and tone showed a studied concern, but betrayed a real relief.

“You will do very well. I mean to take Florry with me, and you know Nurse is perfectly trustworthy with the other children. Katy will take good care of the house. I need the change.”

“But, mamma, I think I would rather not go, if you please,” said

Florry. "I should like to stay where I can see Mrs. Hamilton. Besides, dear mamma," she added hastily, "you know I am not really strong yet."

"I wished very much to take you with me, but if you prefer it you may remain at home," said her mother, surprised and hurt.

And so it was settled. Ethel went home for a long visit, leaving Florry behind; and this, though more for the child's sake than her own, she afterward bitterly regretted.

### V.

At first, Mrs. Freeman was only conscious of unmixed delight at being once more in her childhood's home for what seemed a very long and indefinite period. Father and mother were overjoyed at her presence: having her there by herself seemed to them like having back their Ethel of the old times. It was a genuine pleasure to find herself again the cynosure of her former circle, and she was pleased to see that she retained her former prestige. In truth, her girlish beauty was not faded, but perfected and grown richer. Her old friends came flocking to see her—most of her girl companions grown matronly with blooming children, and the men grown stouter and generally bald—often curious to discover, if possible, whether she had really chosen wisely, and whether her lot had fallen in pleasant places.

But Ethel was loyal to the core. Never by manner or least word or tone of voice did she betray that her husband or her home had proven less than the most exacting could have desired. Concerning the high-flown

ladies she was less reticent, making fun to her heart's content of their essays on Greek and Latin and German literature, and detailing their ponderous conversation for the merciless ridicule of her friends.

She found presently, however, that she could not take up the old life where it was left off. She was not the same Ethel. The whole memory of what had intervened, and the change in her very nature wrought by it, rendered the old life impossible. She could never more be a young girl, romantically longing to be an inspiration to a world-weary man: she was Jane Eyre no longer, but a full grown woman with a sorrowful experience. The girl had developed into the woman; the woman could not be repressed into the girl.

The time of her return drew on apace; and was it strange, or only natural, that she looked forward to going back to her husband's home, even to the despised city of P——, with earnest joyfulness? She longed to see the children, especially Florry—she had so much to be thankful for in them. And she and George would talk honestly and unreservedly together of past mistakes and misunderstandings, and then begin life anew. They should be happy together yet; she was sure of it, and she could hardly wait for the day of her departure, formerly so much dreaded, so eager was she to begin the new life with her husband.

When she reached the depot at P——, above the cries of the coachmen and hack-drivers—the brethren of the whip at P—— have their aspirations too, and make up in noise what they lack in numbers, seeming

more like a veritable pack of wolves than their prototypes in larger cities do—she heard a shrill childish voice, “O there’s mamma, there’s mamma!” Little Florence was there with her father, waiting for her, and at once Ethel discovered a change in the child; she did not look less strong, but her face wore an expression that had never been there before, a haunted, scared, almost agonized look, the look that a creature battling with a sorrow it could hardly comprehend might wear. It made her mother clasp her in sudden fear, and in sharp self-reproach that she had left her.

The meeting between husband and wife was constrained as their parting had been, though it was evident to both that the other made an effort to seem unaffectedly glad and happy. Ethel would have been so but that a strange dread at Florry’s looks drove all other feelings from her heart. She made no effort to discover what was troubling her during the day, but when she took her on her lap at night the child could restrain herself no longer. She burst into a tempest of sobs, and wept until Ethel was seriously alarmed. “Tell me what is the matter, darling,” she said; and as soon as Florry could control her voice, between gasping sobs, she told the story of her trouble, a trouble that froze her mother’s heart as she listened.

Florry had begged Mrs. Hamilton to come often to the house to see her while her mother was away, and Ethel had requested her to come there to use her piano for her daily practising, and to read in the library whenever she wished. She had been there oft-

en, especially at twilight, so Florry could hear her sing beautiful songs and ballads before she retired. Her father enjoyed it too, and Florry had been so happy, until one night, that *dreadful* night, when she sat in the library listening to her singing in the parlor, as Ethel had done the night she resolved she would go away. Mrs. Hamilton seemed sad, “lonesome,” Florry said, and sang such sad verses—Ethel knew how she sang them, O so well!—that she cried there alone in the half darkness. Then she left off singing, and she and her father fell to talking vaguely, Florry listening not with the least intent of meanness, but for the sake of hearing the pleasant voice she loved so well.

Florry was a precocious child. Her mother had made her much a companion, and she had ever been her father’s favorite among his children. She understood the feelings and emotions of grown people better than is usual with children much older, so was at no loss to repeat intelligently, with full perception of its meaning, the conversation of that dreadful evening. They spoke of her mother, Mrs. Hamilton affectionately, “but as though she sort of pitied you,” Florry said, and her father “as if he had n’t any patience.” “Then they talked on a long time, and papa told her how that you and he ought never to have got married, and how that you never were fitted for each other. And he told Mrs. Hamilton that he wished she were his wife, and how that life would seem like heaven if that were so. And then she said that it would seem so to her too, and how that she was very unhappy,

'most wretched,' she called it. And then she cried, and, O mamma! I saw papa kiss her, and she put her arms round his neck and kissed him; and I thought I should die! for I knew it was wrong and wicked, and I knew 't would 'most kill you!' and the little girl began sobbing again. "By and by she went away and papa went with her. They had forgotten that I was sitting in the library, and I crept up stairs all cold, alone, to bed. I would n't call nurse, for I did n't want anybody to know what was the matter, nor how bad I felt. And O mother! I thought you would never come home. I did not dare to say a word to papa, and if I could not have told you pretty soon I think I should have died."

Ethel sat very still as she listened to her little girl's story, and her first thought was for her. The child had received a terrible shock, not alone in the revealed character in which she now saw her father, but the veil had been rudely torn from her idol, her ideal of perfected womanhood. The beautiful faith of childhood had departed from her, and it would never come again. She was very young to suffer such a loss, but there was no help for it. Mother and daughter would bear the sorrow together now—strange burden for a nine-years-old daughter!—and Ethel soothed her as best she could, telling her how sorry she was for what she had suffered, and for what she had seen and heard; that she was much too young to know such sad things, but that she could be a great comfort to her in helping her to bear the trouble; that she should not feel so utterly alone, and that there was no one else she could

tell; that they must love each other more than ever, and maybe after a time it would not seem so dreadful to them both. Then she heard Florry's prayers, and put her to bed and left her, and went down stairs to the parlor, where her husband was waiting for her. On the stairs, she recalled her mother's question long ago,—“If I am right, if you should be wretched and miserable, what should you do?” and her answer, “If it should be for worse all my life long, I would never break my promise.” “But I never expected this, never this!” she said, fiercely.

Her husband arose when she came in, and came forward, but he noticed her stern face and haughty manner, and dropped his arms extended to embrace her. She stood before him, and very quietly and coldly spoke of their life together from the very first until now; of her mother's opposition and her own high hopes and great love; of his feeling of her inferiority; of her homesickness and discontent; of her visit in New York, and the resolve she had made to come back to a better way of living; then of Florry's revelation. She paused a moment, but George seemed stricken dumb, and she went on:

“For the children's sake, and because I think it is right, no one but myself and Florry shall know your meanness. I shall write a note to Mrs. Hamilton. She will never darken my doors again. With all her gifts and accomplishments I do not envy her, nor do I envy you. You have thought yourself and her my superiors; but there is no guilt on my conscience, and you and she have ruined my life.”

## VI.

For three years the life of the Freeman's had gone on outwardly the same as before, and yet not just the same, for Ethel had come to be of consequence in society, and was even received with more favor than her husband, who still remained a favorite. She had discovered her one talent, and her friends had speedily multiplied it many times for her. In her disappointment and bitter chagrin she had devoted herself to her children's education; in their studies she found surcease of sorrow, and to her own surprise developed the love of study in herself. She became fond of research, and then discovered that she was capable of independent thought—not so commonplace an attribute in woman as might at first be supposed—and of easy and original expression. She read much and wrote critical reviews of the new novels. The P— people said that they had discovered that she possessed “a very analytical mind:” once she wrote a political article that they said showed she understood government.

But her literary achievements never engrossed her mind; they were only a resource, never an object, and she had no ambition save for her children, that were the pride of her heart and the only joy in her life. And such children, so well behaved, so rarely intelligent, and so refined, could not but reflect credit on a mother. She retained her housewifely ways; her home was a model of comfort and good order; she entertained her husband's friends and her own in right royal manner; and her great beauty became again a power that

made itself felt. People said, “Mrs. Freeman is really wonderful; a beauty and a genius; yet one of a practical disposition rarely to be met with, really the greatest versatility of talents.”

And so she found peace though not happiness; but her husband was wretched. It had been his fate since the humiliating disclosure of three years before to love his wife more and more, and all in vain. All smiles and graciousness to others, the wintry wind was not more cold than she to him. Mrs. Hamilton had disappeared from the zenith of society and of his admiration; the very thought of her was hateful to him, and he suffered remorse of conscience as much for Florry's sake as for Ethel's, for at the first he had visited his wrath and displeasure on the little girl. As she had been her father's best beloved and most petted of the flock, when the weak man called the child a traitor, and accused her of tattling and mischief-making, it nearly broke her heart. For a long time after, he never noticed her by word or look, shutting her out of the games that he played with the other children, never taking her to drive or to walk when he took the others, utterly neglecting her, or treating her with contempt. “Papa never notices me now,” she complained to her mother day after day, and when at last he would have treated her more kindly, a fear had grown up in the child's heart that shut him out forever.

But he was reaping the whirlwind. For a year Florry had seemed less robust than of old, and at last they knew that she would not live. None could fathom the mother's sorrow.

The strange bond between her and the child had grown stronger as time had flown. She felt that she was a thousand times more to her than a child to a mother. The little, tender, loving heart was the one heart that knew and understood and sympathized with her grief. If she lost her she was bereft not only of her eldest born, but of the one who possessed her full confidence, her closest friend, the only one who saved her from the utter loneliness of her misery.

George kept constantly with his daughter. In an agony of self-reproach for his past treatment, he tried in every way to win back her love and confidence. Florry treated him wistfully, looking at him often with eyes that brought tears to his own, and their remembrance wrung groans from his breast at night. The past was irrevocable: strive as he might, there was no restitution, no oblivion, possible to him.

Freedom from study, change of air

and scene, physicians' skill, were all of no use. Florry died; and by the side of their still, eldest born, George besought his wife to forgive him for the past, to take him back, to give him the chance to win her love once more. "For Florry's sake, Ethel," he pleaded; and Ethel promised, "For Florry's sake, I will try."

And Florry reunited them; but the great earthly happiness they once hoped for and expected they can never know. They are doubtless as happy as most people, but often when George sees the long yellow hair of their living little girl flying down the stairs or in and out of the rooms, he thinks of another little girl with long yellow hair, and shudders at the sudden remembrance "she is dead," feeling a heavy load on his heart. And often when her husband is kindest, Ethel sees a little grave in the beautiful Forest City cemetery, and shrinks shudderingly away from him.

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## A DOWN EAST HOMER.

BY ISAAC B. CHOATE.

There are many and striking points of difference between the old Greek bard, who wandered from place to place reciting his rhapsodies wherever a crowd of listeners would gather, and his Down East successor, who used to peddle his verses as merchantable wares through the country-sides of the "District of Maine." So far as the method of getting their works into circulation is concerned, the difference may be accounted for by re-

ferring to the invention of printing. Other marks of distinction between Homer of Chios, or any other of the seven cities which claims the honor of being his birth-place, and Thomas Shaw, positively of Standish, Maine, must be variously explained. The earlier poet sang of war, the later piped of peace. Homer was blind; and no one can read the productions of Shaw, unless in a state of suspended cogitation, without discovering that

his muse at least was of a somewhat owl-like vision.

At New York sales by auction of books and other property, there have appeared at rare intervals broadsides of poetry by Thomas Shaw, of Standish, Maine. These have been catalogued with much display, and with unusual fulness of description. They have for years commanded prices in the metropolis such as their author never dreamed of asking as he hawked them about among the less appreciative farmers among whom he lived. They are good specimens,—and this is all the merit they can now claim,—of a species of literature that had its day in this country a good many years ago. Their value, however, for purposes of illustrating certain phases of New England life at the beginning of this century, is scarcely affected by the circumstance that they are unqualified doggerel.

We glean the little knowledge we have of the author from his productions. Some of his more ambitious pieces appeared in 1815, and he was still hard at work in the same line when Lafayette visited this country in 1824. In a poem of twenty-four stanzas inspired by the visit of the French general, he tells us that he was born before the close of the Revolution:

“I and some Fathers still remain,  
Who saw our Independence gain.”

This tribute to the distinguished visitor, records the fact that the poet availed himself of the opportunity to pay his respects to the Nation's guest.

“He went from place to place in state,  
And welcomed by small and great,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Whereof we heard and saw the same,  
And can describe the man by name.”

The author manifests in this poem a great deal of bitterness towards Great Britain. It was quite natural that the appearance of Lafayette should revive something of the old spirit.

The plan of the work was to exhibit the career of Lafayette, and sing his praises. Attention is directed mainly to what he did for America in the Revolution. The British troops are represented as bees leaving their hive to sting the Americans. Washington and Lafayette beat them off. As this is all the play there is given to the imagination in the whole composition, no one will find fault with the simile. The part which our French ally took is stated over and over again in different terms, but it all amounts to the same thing. A single stanza will serve as a sample:

“On his expense he clothed men  
Who stood as needy soldiers then,  
Entering our service without pay,  
To drive the British bees away.”

Later on we are given a glimpse of Lafayette contending for the liberties of his own people:

“Until by chance in prison fell,  
And troubles too he knew full well.”

It is not difficult to discover the influence of the New England Primer upon the poet's thought, if not upon its expression. He cannot close this encomium upon his hero without indulging the reflection,—

“He's but a man when all is done,  
All mortal men their course do run.”

How faithfully this echoes the familiar sentiment,—

“Xerxes the Great did die,  
And so must you and I.”

The next piece is “A Mournful Song, occasioned by the shipwreck

of the schooner *Armistice*, Captain Douglass, on Cohasset rocks, August 31, 1815...bound from Portland for Baltimore...on which occasion five persons perished. By Thomas Shaw, Standish." This occasional poem, which its author calls "A Mournful Song," is in a somewhat more lively measure than is this poet's wont. There was this about the old Puritan heart, that it took a tremendous force to move it; but when the emotions were once fully roused, the sluiceway by which as a flood they found escape was always regarded as necessarily a poetic vein of feeling. Elegaic poetry afforded both the writer and reader pastime and recreation. It was supposed to possess what was known in pulpit phrase as an "improving" quality. Shaw evidently understood the market value of the article, and supplied the demand judiciously. People in that age had no dread of monopolies, and never dreamed of boycotting a poet.

This particular composition is somewhat in the manner of the ballad. The movement of the narrative is, however, very unsteady. The moralizing is done at inconvenient and unexpected intervals; or, from another point of view, it may be said that the story is broken by reflections that are wholly out of season. The measure reminds the reader of "The Ancient Mariner." It is, of course, not impossible that so famous a ballad, printed nearly twenty years before, should be familiar to the poet. The narrative is taken up at the seventh stanza:

"My mournful song doth take along  
Douglass from Portland bay,  
For to sail fast in August last  
Upon the thirtieth day."

This was as far as the author could get without indulging in some very sad, but we may hope profitable, reflections. It is not until he reaches the twelfth stanza that he is able to complete the date of the sailing:

"So they did steer, the fifteenth year,  
Out into the wide main;  
Perhaps a thought was to them brought,  
You can't come back again."

We see here the peculiarity of these early ballad-writers in America;—they were web-footed, and so, instead of rising on pinions like the lark, they took to the floods of bathos, and there wailed their sorrows like loons.

But the master-piece of Shaw, so far as now appears, was a four-column broadside, fourteen by twenty inches. The occasion of this production was the ratification of the Treaty of Ghent in 1815. The subject was calculated to awaken more than ordinary joy, and here we shall expect to see the poet at his best. Indeed, he seems himself to have looked upon this performance with a good degree of complaisance, for some of the ideas of this reappear in pretty nearly the original language in his lines on Lafayette. The work is divided into two distinct parts after the manner of old-time sermons, the expository part of which was delivered in the morning, while the "improvement," as it used to be called,—in later phrase, the "application,"—was "deferred till after intermission."

The first part is taken up with a recital of events preceding the peace. Quite as much space is given to the Revolution as to the War of 1812. The author is profuse in generalities, but rather chary of particulars. The exploits of the enemy, from 1812 to



1815, are summed up in the twenty-second and twenty-third stanzas :

“Their army went to Washington,  
And there destruction they began;  
From there and Baltimore they fled,  
After their General was dead.

“We lost some frigates by our foe,  
Who took them where they could do so;  
And took our vessels great and small,  
When they into their hands did fall.”

Only one victory of our arms is mentioned, and that happened to be an affair that came off after the treaty was signed, and had the least significance of all as related to the subject of the poem :

“While marching to New Orleans town,  
Our gallant Jackson cut them down;  
And beat their haughty army then  
By killing thousands of their men.”

The “improvement” of all this in “Part Second” is a call to give over the contention of party strife :

“Unite, unite now all as one,  
Let party spirit all be gone.”

Political writers of the time were favored with some excellent counsel, which perhaps entitles the whole performance to perpetuity.

“Ye printers come now take a hint,  
No more contention ever print;  
And so let party spirit die,  
That has so long been printer's cry.”

After rehearsing to political editors the sad story of Ahab, he again calls to them,—

“Now for God's sake forsake this trade,  
For this lying the devil made.”

It is worth keeping in mind, that while Shaw was attentive to a not very exacting muse on the birch-covered gravel hills of Standish Neck, he could look across Sebago lake to the

head of Kettle Cove where Hawthorne kept his boat tied, and half a mile to the right he could see the tops of the pines which grew about that lad's home and deepened what was later spoken of as “that cursed solitude of Raymond.” At the same time, too, up at the head of Long Pond, Seba Smith was getting ready to do some of that political writing which our poet so earnestly deprecated. Over in Gorham, only three or four miles away, Sargent S. Prentiss was living on a farm, and Isaac McClellan was beginning his work. At the city, John Neal must have been heard by that time, and his was a strong-voiced muse; Mellen was cultivating a smoother strain; and Longfellow was already engaged upon his earlier tasks.

But these belonged to another generation, and a happier one for literary enterprise or indulgence. We are not often reminded now how little chance there was for any art to survive the two wars we had with England. Sometimes when we examine the records of towns and parishes for that period, we see how great a falling off there was from colonial times in regard to preparation for clerical work. So, too, the fact that work like Shaw's was made to order, as it were, and that it supplied a real demand, marks a sort of zero point upon the scale of popular taste and interest. The work had just one redeeming quality,—in common with most of the oratory of that period,—its spirit of genuine patriotism; and that was enough to excuse and atone for all literary delinquencies.

**CHRIST CHURCH.**

BY ANNIE WENTWORTH BAER.

The little village of Salmon Falls has had its share of rhythm: success and failure have followed each other like the rise and fall of the waves.

The wail of 1690 had died away among the near hills more than a century ago, and the ashes of that cruel fire kindled by the French and Indians had whitened and scattered, when some "Yenghees" of a mechanical turn of mind were attracted by the rush and foam of water over the jagged falls in this winding stream. These men wished to utilize this strength, and so change the course of the merry river that it should become the driving power of a woollen-mill.

About 1824, the capture was made, and the glistening water was caused to run over a dingy, wide-mouthed wheel which caught up the water only to dash it down again with vengeful spite. For ten years the mill ran on, when in 1834 it was burned. In the time of this first mill, teasels were planted by the company about the village in several places; and to-day where the trim new depot on the Boston & Maine line stands, once in awhile a teasel-plant peeps up to see if it can be of any use nowadays.

Acacias were started for shuttle wood: the old ones have died down, and new ones have thrown out their heavy sweetness every June from the high knoll west of "Foundry Pond."

The agent of the company who owned the mill was Col. Joshua Pierce, of Greenland, and he desired a suitable place of worship. Many of the workmen were Englishmen, and since Col.

Pierce was a believer in the Church of England service, arrangements to start an Episcopal church were soon made.

On Wednesday, December 15, 1830, a notice was posted in the village, reading thus: "All persons desirous of having stated and regular Religious service at Salmon Falls are requested to meet at the School House in said place this evening at eight o'clock."

The church records tell how a number of the inhabitants met, and organized themselves by choosing J. W. Pierce moderator; and, after discussing the subject upon which the meeting was called, it was voted to appoint a committee of three persons to ascertain what could be done among the people toward the erection of a house of public worship, and to report at the adjourned meeting. It was voted that John Wentworth, Daniel Nason, and James Bradbury be the committee.

Friday, Dec. 17, 1830, an adjourned meeting was held, when the committee appointed made a verbal report of their proceedings, and presented a subscription paper having several sums of money subscribed by the inhabitants of the village, and amounting to a sum sufficient to warrant the meeting to go on and prosecute their design of erecting a house of public worship.

At this meeting it was voted that a clerk be appointed, whose duty it should be to record all proceedings of this and future meetings of said subscribers, in a book of records. It was also voted that a committee of three persons be appointed to adopt

a plan for said building; to contract for the building of the same; and to locate its situation, and to superintend the erection of the same.

It was voted J. W. Pierce, William Morton, and John Wentworth be the building committee, and Daniel Nason was chosen clerk. It was voted that the building committee take charge of the subscription list, and see that one half the subscriptions be paid before the fifteenth day of April following, and the remainder on or before the fifteenth day of July following.

The next vote was, to appoint a committee to confer with the Rev. Mr. Blackaller respecting an engagement whenever the new house should be completed, and that they be authorized to make some arrangement with him for the time that should elapse till the completion of said building. Voted, that said committee consist of three persons namely, J. W. Pierce, James Smith, and William Carpenter.

They agreed to become members of an Episcopal Society by the name of Christ Church, and promised to do all things legal and proper in the premises. This was signed

J. W. Pierce,  
Daniel Nason,  
John Wentworth,  
William Carpenter,  
James Bradbury,  
Hosea Crane,  
James Cargill,  
Isaiah Wild,  
James Smith,  
Alexander Stowell,  
Samuel B. Nichols,  
John D. Sterling,  
John Hollaud,  
Albion Carpenter,  
James Whittle,  
William A. Shannon,  
Nathan Taylor,

Charles T. Durgin,  
Wm. Eastward,  
John Mathews,  
James Kelley,  
William Tingle,  
Paul R. Wentworth,  
Joseph Holland,  
Andrew Cooper,  
Moses Lord,  
Wm. Morton,  
James R. Moulton.

February 12th, 1831. The following notice was posted.

*Notice.*

Is hereby given that J. W. Pierce, John Wentworth 2d, James Bradbury, and others have formed themselves into a Religious Society at Salmon Falls, Somersworth, by the name of Christ Church. The foregoing notice was published in a newspaper printed at Dover, N. H., called the *Dover Enquirer*, Feb. 15, 1831.

At a meeting called, April 4, 1831, James Smith was moderator, Daniel Nason clerk. It was voted that Joshua W. Pierce and Daniel Nason be wardens for the year ensuing; that William Carpenter, James Smith, and James Cargill be vestrymen for the year ensuing.

Next followed a list of subscribers, and the number of shares each took. Since there are so few left that were the original founders of the church, I venture to add this list of names also. Each share was not to exceed \$50.

John Wentworth, 1 share.  
William Morton, 1 share.  
Alexander Stowell, 1 share.  
James Bradbury, 1 share.  
William A. Shannon, 1 share.  
Charles T. Durgin, 1 share.  
John Mathews, 1 share.  
Daniel Nason, 1 share.  
James Kelley, 1 share.  
Nathan Taylor, 1 share.  
William Eastwood,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
Paul R. Wentworth,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.

John Holland, 1 share.  
 Isaiah Wild,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
 Andrew Cooper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
 James Smith,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
 James Cargill,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
 John D. Sterling,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
 James Moulton,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
 Samuel B. Nichols,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
 Hosea Crane,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
 Joseph Holland,  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
 Daniel H. Pierce, P. N. H.,\*  $\frac{1}{2}$  share.  
 Charles Burroughs, P. N. H., 1 share.  
 Mark W. Pierce, P. N. H., 1 share.  
 J. W. Pierce, 4 shares.

A foot-note under this list in the book of records tells us that twenty-one of the original twenty-seven subscribers could be found April 29, 1867, showing that some one had looked up the matter. To-day I think that nearly every name has passed beyond the ken of Salmon Falls folk. Many, we know, have gone into the great unknown.

Mr. Blackaller was engaged by the committee appointed for that purpose to perform public service at Salmon Falls, for a period to expire on Easter, 1832.

The undersigned promised and agreed to pay the wardens the sums set against their names, quarterly, on the first Monday of April, July, October, and January, and so on during the time of said engagement. Forty-two names were signed to this agreement. Fifteen dollars per annum was the largest subscription; one dollar the smallest. It was dated January 1, 1831.

\*These letters, "P. N. H.," signify Portsmouth, N. H.

June 27, 1831, a meeting was called, and the pews were taken. Fourteen dollars was the highest paid for choice, by J. W. Pierce; ten dollars was paid by Alexander Stowell. Pew 28 was reserved for the minister. There were thirty-two pews taken.

August 6, 1831, a meeting was called at Christ Church to authorize some person or persons to give deeds of pews to the original proprietors. J. W. Pierce, Daniel Nason, wardens, were chosen. Next followed a deed of the land.

Salmon Falls Manufacturing Co. to Christ Church: For the sum of \$1 this land was granted, bargained, sold, and conveyed to Christ Church and assigns forever. The bounds are given, and it is to be used for erecting and containing thereon a suitable house of worship.

Signed the twelfth day of July A. D., 1831, by

JOHN HAVEN,  
 ELISHA HILL,  
 ROBERT RICE,  
 WM. JONES,

*Directors of the S. F. Mf. Co.*

There is a neatly executed plan of the grounds and surrounding streets on the page below this in the records.

Christ Church was dedicated to God by Alexander V. Griswold, Bishop of the Eastern Diocese, 24th of July, 1831.

January 20, 1832, the church members again agreed to pay a certain sum for the support of the Rev. Mr. Blackaller.

[To be concluded.]

**PISCATAQUA RIVER.**

[Arrived at the mouth of the Piscataqua, June, 1603, barks *Speedwell* and *Discoverer*, Capt. Martin Pring commander, on an exploring expedition, in quest of adventure and sassafras, the latter, at that day, being held a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. The vessels were from Bristol, England, and were the first, so far as known, to touch the shores of New Hampshire or enter the waters of the Piscataqua. Pring explored the river to its fullest extent, or to where it entered Great Bay, and doubtless found plenty of the pungent root he sought, for it is native to the shore everywhere. In Vaughan street, Portsmouth, beside the house once occupied by Daniel Webster, there was, within a few years (and may be there now), a large sassafras tree, supposed to have belonged to a remote generation of such trees, coëval perhaps with Pring's visit, which the writer remembers in his early school days, seemingly no larger when he last saw it than it was fifty years before.]

**THE FIRST EXCURSION.**

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

A weary sail on an uncertain sea !  
And, skirting now a wild and rocky coast,  
The surf there thundering on the rugged shore,  
The *Speedwell* and *Discoverer* are fain  
To seek a haven from the waves apart,  
And find it where the ocean, open-armed,  
Receives the fair Piscataqua in embrace.  
Within the river's mouth—bedight with smiles  
And dimples many—do the vessels rest.  
Their anchors dropt, the ships securely swing,  
In gay abandon, at their moorings fast,  
Coquetting with the spirits of the tide,  
The ever-present deities, whose sway  
Has held control since Nature's cunning hand  
Prepared the channel and let on the flood.

It was a goodly scene. Fair islands lay,  
In virgin beauty, greening to their marge,  
Enfolded in the atmosphere of June,  
The birds sang welcome to the stranger ships,  
And from their coverts timid deer looked out  
To shyly scan the unfamiliar sight.

Far swept the coast, marked by its piny fringe,  
 And there upon the near horizon's verge  
 Rose gentle isles,\* with verdure clad, that seemed  
 Fair satellites of the majestic main,  
 Resting, like emerald bubbles, on the sea,  
 And all was wonderful and new and grand!

Then up spoke Martin Pring, the *Speedwell's* chief:  
 "Now, by my hope of sassafras," said he,  
 "But this is Paradise renewed, and here,  
 Again, those scenes that waited primal man!  
 None more enchanting could have met his eye  
 Who by Euphrates set up for himself,  
 With all things his that met his raptured gaze.  
 Great Sassafras! thou marvel of the hour,  
 Deign but to show thyself, and we are blest,  
 Adding thy virtues to this prospect rare.  
 Boatswain, thy pinnace launch, and up  
 This tempting stream will we its track pursue,  
 And drink in draughts of wondrous loveliness,  
 For, since the time when first I was afloat,  
 Ne'er saw I stream with promise fair as this."

The pinnace launched and manned, with Pring to guide,  
 Now up Piscataqua the bending ash  
 Propels the little craft, until the tide,  
 Down-sweeping through the "Narrows," then unnamed,  
 Resists advance, and struggle scarce avails  
 To stem the current rushing to the sea.  
 The *Speedwell's* crew, unused to strain like this,  
 Deem it a task exceeding human will;  
 But Pring, on sassafras and honor bent,  
 Urges his men to energy renewed,  
 And, with a splurge, the fearful Point is pass'd  
 (That mariners in later times have named,  
 In their emphatic parlance, something rude,  
 That ears polite are mortified to heart†),  
 And, bounding free, the inner pool is gained,  
 Lying in tranquil beauty neath the sun:  
 A wide, blue stream that laved the verdant shores,  
 Lying abroad in beautiful expanse,  
 Backed by wild eminences, timber-crowned,  
 Neath skies harmonious in the airs of June.

\* Isles of Shoals.

† "Pull-and-be-d--d Point."

There a steep bank descendeth to the shore,  
On which the strawberry grows in pride of fruit,  
Giving its hue from fullest plenitude,  
Tickling the palate, minus sweet or cream.  
And "Strawberry Bank" is named that precinct fair,  
So called long after, when another Pring,  
Of other name,\* came sailing up the stream,  
Preceding others come to stay, whose plant  
Acquired a hold that, magnified, to-day  
Is *all New Hampshire*, grand in name and state!

Then on moved Pring. The majesty of God,  
In solemn silence, all the scene invest,  
Save where the rushing waters gave their voice,  
Or the winds sighing through the wakened pines  
That cast their shadows on the passing tide.  
Fleet water-fowl, on half-suspicious wing,  
Flitted above the circumambient wave,  
Casting a glance on the invading barge,  
Instinctive of a peril undefined.  
A pristine grandeur on the stream and shore  
Bore stateliness and grace in every line,  
And stillness, undisturbed, in brooding hush,  
Seemed as if primal Nature, scarce awake,  
Were gazing sleepily upon the scene,  
And wondering vaguely what the intrusion meant.  
Bright islands, shady bays, and inland creeks  
Tempted the rowers with a rapturous show  
Of beauties manifold, while there anon,  
'Neath arches of the trees, fair vistas oped,  
Hung plenteously with vine and summer flower.  
And more than sylvan loveliness and grace  
Did the explorers find, reward for toil,  
In that tongue-tingling root of earnest quest,  
O'er which the world ran mad, sufficient deemed  
For healing of the nations in their need.

Here bluffs abrupt hung o'er the gliding stream;  
The "Pulpit," singular and ponderous pile,  
Reared its wild front; while there, away beyond,  
The angry "Boiling Rock" upraised its voice,  
As if remonstrant 'gainst the stranger keel  
That dared its special guardianship invade.

\* John Smith, 1614.

On and still on, the estuary gained  
(The river broadened to a grand expanse),  
Where bright Coheco lovingly descends  
To mingle with Piscataqua's mightier tide.  
Along the western shore they take their way,  
Replete with charms of surfeiting extent,  
Until, sublime and ultimate of all,  
Burst on their view the waters of the Bay,  
Extending far beyond the vision's ken,  
And melting in the distance to a haze,  
Dreamy, voluptuous, and indistinct.

And who can tell what thought prophetic woke  
In Pring while gazing on this regal scene!  
Could he have seen the future of these shores,—  
The struggling settlers founding thrifty farms,  
Contending 'gainst the murderous red man's power,  
And the hard fate attending effort new,  
Ending with triumph and assured success;  
Could he have seen the peopled towns arise,  
The forests bending to triumphant man,—  
More glory than a conqueror's were his:  
His the grand vision of a mighty land,  
Created 'neath his transatlantic eyes,  
Searching for sassafras, and finding this,  
The crown of his exploit; beginning meet  
Of subsequent emprise, that took the field  
And utilized discoveries of Pring.

Piscataqua! with scarce a place allowed  
Among our native rivers on the maps,  
Thou bears't the palm as pioneer of streams,  
Along our sinuous coast, deep, swift, and blue,  
As bright and fair to-day as on that morn  
In June when Pring embarked upon thy breast  
To make that first excursion o'er thy tide,  
So affluent with wonder and delight.



**BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL.**

As the warm weather approaches one begins to look forward to a trip to the country, to the mountains, or to the seaside, as a vacation from the ordinary avocations of life. Nearly everybody has some favorite resort in view, which, if possible, he will try to visit during his days or weeks of rest or recreation. Many, however, have no definite place in view, and to such we wish to recommend that particularly favored spot, Boar's Head, and Mr. S. H. Dumas's Boar's Head Hotel, situate in the town of Hampton, N. H.

We have been to the place several seasons with the family, and all are more than pleased with its many attractions. The hotel is large, having about 100 rooms, each one of which commands a view of the ocean; for Boar's Head is a promontory extending 1,600 feet out into the sea, and the hotel is located on its highest elevation. In either direction extends Hampton Beach, merging in the distance to the north into Rye Beach, Little Boar's Head, and the shores of Newcastle, Kittery, and York; and to the south into the wave-washed shores of Salisbury, Newburyport, and Cape Ann. Across a wide expanse of blue water can be seen the romantic group of Isles of Shoals, famous in verse and story, and in another direction, Thatcher's island, off the Massachusetts coast. In the wide angle made by these distant points the broad Atlantic ocean is in view to the horizon. This view must ever remain the chief attraction of the place. Mr. Dumas keeps the whole of the plateau, from the house to the edge of the bluff, free from all obstructions, so that from the wide

verandas of the hotel the guest can view the whole expanse of ocean, with nothing to mar the effect but the velvety sward of the well kept lawn. This lawn is immensely attractive to everybody, from the little child who romps over it to the grey-haired veteran, including all ages between, even mooning couples. Along the edge of the bluff, which rises precipitously nearly one hundred feet above the sea, at convenient distances, are placed low seats, upon which one can sit; inhale the purest of air, clarified by a journey across the ocean, perhaps; gain youth and health and happiness with every breath; watch the ceaseless billows of the "Northern ocean" as they break at his feet; and, if he has not dyspepsia too badly, he will be happy, and so will his sisters and his cousins and his whole family. Out on this bluff, all through the seaside summer season, he is sure of meeting congenial company, for at Boar's Head, season after season, do congregate those charming families who discovered the attractions of the place many years ago perhaps, or who were recommended to the place by their fathers or grandfathers (for Boar's Head has been a famous resort for three quarters of a century), and who count on meeting each other there, or on meeting other pleasant and interesting people. Many come from our own state, many from Massachusetts, many from New York city, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and the South, and very many from the great West.—bright, active, whole-souled people, who make it lively. It is rather the resort of families than of gay young bachelors, yet it receives its share of their pat-

ronage. This bluff is a famous place for flying kites. The breeze seems always good, paper, string, and ingenuity plenty, and the boys are bound to have a royal time.

The company which assembles at Boar's Head year after year is of the most eminently respectable class.—lawyers and judges, merchants, manufacturers, bankers, college professors, school-teachers, editors, foreign ministers, brokers, clergymen, officers in the service of the government, with their wives and families, health-seekers and pleasure-seekers,—all sure of having a delightful vacation at this resort; for it is a quiet, home-like, pleasant seaside place, where families, and ladies unattended, are sure of a good time and of receiving the utmost courtesy.

The beauties of the place are not confined to the lawn, and the ocean view, and the company: there are many more. The hotel is six-sided, and a broad veranda extends around five sides, affording a shady retreat at all times, a promenade of several hundred feet, and a delightful opportunity for an open-air reception. Here the ladies assemble with their dainty work and indulge in harmless gossip; here the gentlemen over their cigars discuss ethics and statescraft; and here the children romp and play. The office is a favorite meeting-place in the evening, and when, as occasionally happens in the most favored locality, a rainy day keeps the guests within doors. Here the gentlemen are privileged to enjoy their cigars, and are occasionally joined by their lady friends for a quiet game of whist.

The parlor is a large apartment, lighted on three sides, and affording

ample room for four sets in the cottillon, and a jolly space and ample scope for a country dance. During the season music is provided, furnished by professionals; but generally among the guests are amateur musicians of rare gifts of voice or execution, who entrance their friends and all who listen, either gathered in groups about the parlor or assembled on the veranda outside.

The dining-room is amply large for the accommodation of the guests of the hotel and all transient company. From two sides the view is towards the ocean. The landlord sets an extra good table. One does not realize what codfish and haddock and mackerel and lobsters and clams taste like, in their best condition, until he has eaten them when they, the denizens of the deep, have been taken from their native element before he, the seeker after good things, has arisen from his couch. Of course the table is supplied with all the delicacies of the season, and in every respect is that of a first-class hotel; but the fish and lobsters and clams are specially noticeable. Mr. Dumas keeps in his own employ a fisherman, whose first duty is to supply Mr. Dumas's table.

For those fond of the sport, there are furnished billiard-tables and bowling-alleys. Connected with the hotel is a livery-stable; and Hampton and the neighboring towns afford the most delightful and romantic drives, over well kept roads, by places of historic interest, and amid charming scenery. A bathing-house on the beach north of the hotel, and six hundred feet distant, gives an opportunity to those who choose to do so to enjoy

breasting the waves and sporting in the billows. To the south of Boar's Head extends the Hampton beach, made famous by the pen of John G. Whittier. The beach is hard and wide, and affords a pleasant drive or promenade, where one is very near the restless waves. Sheltered by a reef off Boar's Head is a safe anchorage for boats in the summer-time, and a landing at the base of the cliff. One Capt. Nudd, a mariner bold, keeps a fishing-yacht anchored in this haven, and for a consideration will take passengers to the fishing-grounds, to the neighboring harbors, to a trip to sea, or to a season of sea-sickness.

After an eventful day, the weary guest at Boar's Head Hotel is sure of a comfortable bed and a good night's rest. At least he will have the benefit of pure air, cool and refreshing during the most sultry summer weather. Here the valetudinarian can receive all the advantages of an ocean voyage, with none of the discomforts and annoyances attendant on going to sea. Anchored in Mr. Dumas's office, or parlor, or reception-room, one could very easily ride out a terrible storm, and only suffer from his sympathy for those less happily situated.

The gentleman who for many years has owned and conducted the Boar's Head Hotel, Col. Stebbins H. Dumas, is a veteran landlord, having been mine host so many years the present generation has lost all record of his origin or when he first embarked in the hotel business. He looks about fifty years of age. He has the ideal manners of a typical landlord, is genial, and tries to make his

whole company feel at home, each feeling like a favored guest. So many years of his life having been devoted to keeping a hotel, of course his circle of acquaintance is very large, and perhaps no man in New Hampshire is more widely known. At one time he was landlord of the Phenix Hotel in the city of Concord. One thing is certain, Mr. Dumas knows how to keep a hotel. It may be the privilege of the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY, at some time in the near future, to know more of him: for the present we must leave him and revert to his hotel. We neglected to mention prices. They are very reasonable, varying from \$10 per week to twice that sum, according to the size and location of the room. There is, by the way, not an unsightly nor an uncomfortable room in any of the four stories of the house. Mr. Dumas is assured, even at this early date, of a good season's business this summer, so many have already signified their intention of visiting him this year. Mr. Baker will, in all probability, be the clerk this season, and if so, will help sustain the reputation the hotel already enjoys.

Any one who has either of the first four volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY, bound or unbound, may exchange with the publisher for later volumes, or for advance subscriptions to the magazine. The early volumes are entirely out of print.

So few of the later volumes, V, VI, VII, VIII, and IX remain, that those needing them to fill their sets will do well to order now.

**SHAW & JACKSON.**

One of the longest established and most highly esteemed business enterprises of Concord, N. H., is that of the firm of Messrs. Shaw & Jackson, dealers in ready-made clothing, gentlemen's furnishing goods, hats and caps, gloves, robes, trunks, &c.

Mr. Wentworth G. Shaw, the senior member of the firm, went into the clothing business in the old Butterfield block in 1849, and for nearly forty years has continued in it, within forty feet of his present location. At first the firm was Dustin & Shaw, who were burned out in 1849. Upon the death of Mr. Dustin, Mr. Shaw carried on the business by himself for a time, being again burned out in the disastrous fire of 1852. In 1854 the firm became Lincoln & Shaw, and continued unchanged until 1874, when Mr. Lincoln withdrew, and the firm of Shaw & Drew was formed. In 1884 the firm of Shaw, Jackson & Abern was formed, and continued till the present year, when Mr. Abern withdrew to devote more of his time to the duties of the office of commissioner of Merrimack county, to which he was elected the previous year. He still continues as a clerk with the firm.

Through all the changes the firm has always followed one policy;—they have always been fair and honest in their dealings; have always tried to keep the best goods in the market; have been satisfied with a fair profit, and so have become very widely and favorably known.

The demands of their business necessitated the enlargement of their store, which has been done by building out in the rear about twenty-five

feet, thus giving them one of the largest and most convenient establishments in the state. This store is numbered 96 North Main street, Exchange block, and faces the state-house. They keep a large and well selected stock of suits, from which any one can select an outfit, and at reasonable prices. They scarcely need an introduction to the Concord public, but strangers in the city will do well to give them a call if in need of anything in their line.

**NOTICE.**

The publisher of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* wishes to thank the many patrons of the work for their continued interest and efforts to sustain it. He wishes to ask of them a little favor,—that each will so far interest himself or herself as to add one name to the subscription-list. There is many an absent son, or brother, in some distant city, or perhaps on some new farm in the West, who would welcome it as a friend. What more appropriate present than a receipted bill for a year's subscription to the *GRANITE MONTHLY*?

Elderly people like the publication very much. Why not remember the old father or mother on the hillside farm? A little effort on the part of each would be but a trifling burden, while it would gladden the heart of the overworked publisher and editor.

Some individuals in distant localities where New Hampshire people are gathered, have sent in as many as a score of names at once. Why not, if you have a little leisure, do likewise? The publisher only asks for each subscriber to add one name to the list.





Ezra P. Keams.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.*

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VOL. X.

MAY, 1887.

No. 5.

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HON. EZRA SCOLLAY STEARNS.

BY CHARLES R. CORNING.

The subject of this sketch was born in the town of Rindge, Cheshire county, September 1, 1838. His early life was spent in the town of his birth, where he received a common-school education, supplemented later by a broad and thorough course of study beyond that required for admission to college. Prevented by circumstances from entering college, Mr. Stearns still kept up his study and reading, and thoroughly prepared himself for the avocations which have given him a well deserved reputation among the people of his native state. Between 1858 and 1862 he was an instructor in the Chester Institute at Chester, N. J., but he soon gave up teaching, and, returning to his native town, devoted his time to that self-culture which is a marked trait of his individuality. Journalistic and literary pursuits have always possessed a charm for him, and largely influenced his career, so it seemed but natural that he should direct his tastes towards the newspaper and the publishing

house. He was for several years the manager and editor-in-chief of *The Chronicle*, at Fitchburg, Mass., and prior to this was connected with prominent publishers in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

But it is as a historian that Mr. Stearns is best known, and his deep and careful researches and compilations have given to our historical literature two works of commanding merit. In 1876 he published the *History of Rindge*, and in 1887 the *History of Ashburnham*. These productions well illustrate the methodical and painstaking habits of their author, and justly entitle him to a high place among local historians. The latter work, especially, has called forth many complimentary notices from the press throughout New England, because of its clear arrangement and graceful diction, qualities which, it must be admitted, are rare in this class of writings. That he met the expectation of the people of Ashburnham is evinced by the following words

from the Committee on Publication: "Mr. Stearns has faithfully and ably fulfilled the obligations he assumed, and has produced a work that meets our warmest approval and unqualified endorsement. Yielding to the desire of the author, we reluctantly refrain from a more particular expression of our estimate of the sterling character of the volume, and of our ready appreciation of the vigor of thought and felicity of expression." It is the earnest hope of Mr. Stearns's readers that his pen will not be idle in the years to come, but that he will continue his historical labors and contribute to our state literature.

Mr. Stearns coming of age at about the time the Republican party started in its magnificent career, became one of its staunchest members. With voice and pen he upheld its acts and policies, and was soon regarded as one of the most prominent Republicans in his section of the state. In 1864, at the comparatively youthful age of twenty-six, he was elected a member of the house of representatives, and was reelected in 1865-'66-'67 and '70, serving on the Committees on Judiciary, Railroads, Elections, and Education, being chairman of the last two.

In the important legislation of that period immediately succeeding the Civil War he bore a leading part, advocating all needful measures for maintaining the credit and reëstablishing the affairs of the state, and winning for himself a reputation as a debater which rarely comes to any man in his twenties. His abilities were speedily recognized and appreciated, and by common consent he was soon looked upon as one of the

leaders of the house. First among the questions vexing the public mind twenty years ago was that of refunding to the towns the money expended by them in filling the quota of troops. As it was proposed that the state assume the town indebtedness, which then amounted to more than five million dollars, it will be readily understood how stupendous the proposition was, and what dangers it involved. The state debt in 1866 was about four million dollars, and while our credit was sound and we were able to borrow, yet in view of the additional burden of five million dollars, a serious impairment might be produced. The mere suspicion that the state might assume the town debts tended to disturb our financial standing, and yet the advocates of such a dangerous course were not wanting. The towns, so they argued, unused to such taxation, were becoming alarmed at the constant accumulation of indebtedness, and most serious results must follow unless prompt measures were taken to relieve their distress. On the other hand, the opponents of assumption, admitting that the burdens imposed by the war were heavy and hard to bear, contended that peace and the restored order of things would bring about a deliverance, and that with patience and economy all would come out well.

So important had this question become that it was recognized as the leading one of the day, and engrossed public attention from Coös to Rockingham. The legislature of 1865 passed an act "for the purpose of ascertaining and allowing the war expenditures of the several towns and cities in the state," and in com-



pliance therewith Gov. Smyth, in March of the next year, appointed as commissioners Mr. Stearns, Levi W. Barton, and David D. Ranlet. These gentlemen entered upon their laborious duty at once, and discharged it with a faithfulness and completeness that did them great credit. They audited the war expenses of every town and city in New Hampshire, a work involving great expenditure of time, and submitted a full and comprehensive report to the governor at the June session following. In the house a special committee was appointed to take this report into consideration, and Mr. Stearns was made chairman. Through his efforts the committee decided not to recommend the assumption of the town and city debt by the state, and the house sustained the report by a decisive vote.

It is in connection with this legislation that Mr. Stearns is best known, and the results attained were unquestionably due to his wise and skilful management. With the exception of the office of moderator of Rindge, which he has held for twenty years (the longest term ever known in the town), Mr. Stearns has held no elective office, until 1886, when the Republicans of the Cheshire senatorial district elected him senator. It is need-

less to predict that he will take a leading part in the debates of that body, and impress legislation with his experience and wisdom.

He is a partisan, but he is straightforward, and his political opponents entertain for him the deepest respect. He has contributed not a little to the ascendancy of the Republican party in our state, and has aided in keeping its tone pure and its policy sound, and in making it worthy of any victories it may achieve.

In Ezra Scollay Stearns we have a good specimen of the New England man of affairs. He is a speaker of great clearness and persuasion, a writer both graceful and terse, and a politician of sagacity and resource. In no other country save in New England, where it originated and still exists, can this particular type of manhood be found. It is the combination of semi-professional man with the man of business, and is indigenous only to our soil.

Senator Stearns is a courteous and unassuming gentleman, who has the faculty of winning friends and keeping them. He entertains broad views on public questions, and is a son of whom New Hampshire may well be proud.

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### CHRIST CHURCH—(Concluded).

BY ANNIE WENTWORTH BAER.

Under date of March 16, 1832, I found a list of subscribers desirous of having an organ in Christ Church. They raised \$243, and John Wentworth gave \$10, and his time and ex-

penses to go to Saco for the organ. Hosea Crane gave \$10, and the use of a horse to go to Saco. J. W. Pierce gave \$40. In the church accounts I read, "Bishop Griswold, \$20." I

suppose this was paid him on that July day more than half a century ago, when the worthy Bishop dedicated the quaint little church, savoring so strongly of England in its architecture, to the Father of all churches. Reading on, I found the

Christening basin and plates,	\$4.00
Bill of Bible and Prayer Book,	26.00
Bill of rocks and stone steps,	122.17
Bill of 2 altar chairs,	13.00

August 8, 1831. Received from Mrs. Burrough for sundry contributions of ladies in Portsmouth towards the expense of furnishing the altar, \$105.

Donations of A. & A. Lawrence & Co., of Boston, towards the expense of erecting the church, \$200. From Salmon Falls Man. Co., for the same purpose, \$200; from James Sheafe, for the same, \$100; from J. F. Sheafe and family, for the same, \$60.

Mrs. T. W. Penhallow presented to the church three handsome flagons and a cup for the communion service. Mrs. James Sheafe presented a fine damask cloth for the communion table, and Mrs. Daniel Waldron a fine damask napkin for baptismal purposes. Mrs. James Sheafe also presented four dozen Prayer-books (two dozen of which were lost by shipwreck). Rev. Mr. Burrough presented a surplice for the use of the minister.

April 8, 1833. The church voted to grant the request of the Rev. Mr. Blackaller to be released from his connection with the church. It was voted that the wardens be authorized to procure a minister in place of Mr. Blackaller.

April 29, 1833. It was voted in the meeting called at this time, that the

agreement made by the wardens with Mr. Foxcroft be confirmed.

At the annual meeting, called April 21, 1834, it was voted that a committee of three persons be chosen to procure subscriptions for support of preaching.

In the account for the year 1833, I found, June 17, cash paid Mr. Foxcroft for his service, \$56; Dec. 27, 1833, cash paid S. M. Burney, \$90; Feb. 17, 1834, cash paid S. M. Burney, \$90; and May 10, the same sum. The subscriptions were promptly paid in 1834.

At the annual meeting called April 20, 1835, it was voted that John Wentworth, 2d, and J. W. Pierce be delegates to represent the church in the next convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New Hampshire. At this meeting there was shown a balance due the wardens, amounting to \$429.88.

The account of payments received by the wardens of Christ Church during the year ending at Easter, 1835, was poorly filled out. The first payment, in July, 1834, amounted to \$93. The next quarter, after the fire in August, foots up only \$32.50. In the small list twenty-five names have a dash against them. I suppose that after the mill was burned, many of the people went elsewhere.

April 1, 1836. It was voted that Col. J. W. Pierce be a delegate to the church convention, to be held at Concord. Voted that the examination of the wardens' account be postponed to the next annual meeting.

March 27, 1837. At the annual meeting it was voted that, as the wardens have presented no account at this meeting, the consideration of that

subject be postponed to the next meeting. J. W. Pierce was again chosen delegate to the convention.

The meeting called April 16, 1838, was the same as the year before.

Following this there was a lapse of several years, July 27, 1844, when, in pursuance of a petition of the proprietors and parishioners of Christ Church, a meeting was called by James Rollins, Esq., justice of the peace. The meeting was adjourned, on account of the small number present, to two weeks from that time.

Aug. 24, 1844. They met agreeable to adjournment, and it was voted that J. B. Wentworth be desired to circulate a subscription paper for the purpose of aiding to paint and repair the church.

June 21, 1845. At the annual meeting it was voted to rent the pews, and to correspond with persons living out of town, who held pews, for permission to rent those pews, the proceeds to be applied to the support of preaching.

Voted that the wardens be instructed to sign certificates of the election of Rev. Newton E. Marble as Rector of the parish.

Feb. 10, 1846. At a meeting called, a letter from N. E. Marble was read, in which he tendered his resignation of the rectorship of Christ Church.

It was voted at this time that a committee of three be chosen to ascertain what assistance they could get from abroad towards the future support of preaching, and should sufficient encouragement be met to warrant it, to look about for a clergyman to supply Mr. Marble's place.

At an adjourned meeting it was voted to accept Mr. Marble's resigna-

tion. Following this vote was a very kindly worded resolution, telling us of later date how much the Salmon Falls people liked Mr. Marble, and how deeply they regretted his leaving them.

After another lapse of years, a meeting was called by John P. Emerson, J. P., to be held April 13, 1855. It was voted in this meeting that a committee be chosen to see what could be *cheerfully* raised to support a clergyman. The committee appointed failed to complete their labors, and it was voted to meet at the bank rooms in two weeks, May 24, 1855. They met according to adjournment, but the committee had failed to finish their work, and it was voted to adjourn till June 7, 1855. If there was a meeting held at this time, there is no account given of it in the records. All is blank after this.

After the fire in August, 1834, there were no more church accounts kept.

The last time I find the name of J. W. Pierce signed was March 10, 1837. He had evidently been the main power in the church, and after he went away the meetings ran to a low ebb.

Several marriages are recorded in the book of records kept by the rector of the church. One occurred since my remembrance, and it made quite a ripple in the quiet little town. The young lady had formerly lived in the village with her parents, but for some time had been in Baltimore teaching. When the horrors of civil war burst upon us it became a necessity for her, with her Northern principles, to leave the Southern city. At the time of her marriage the church was closed,

but was opened for the occasion, and I believe that she was the last bride to stand before the altar in Christ church.

The first person baptized in Christ church was Elizabeth Ann Carpenter, daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth Carpenter, born March 3, 1831,—Ann Blackaller god-mother, and the parents sponsors. The baptism occurred July 31, 1831, only a few days after the dedication of the church.

In the record of deaths I find two infant children of J. W. and E. S. Pierce recorded.

During the years intervening between 1855 and 1883 only an occasional service was held in the church. It began to show the traces of time and neglect. But there was something brewing, and the old church was the cause. For some time there had been no regular Protestant service in the village, and the people went over the river into Maine to worship in the different churches, in the long-settled village, South Berwick. For some reason the little Episcopal leaven left in Salmon Falls began to work in the autumn of 1883, and it has leavened the whole lump.

The prominent men of the village, among whom can be mentioned Wm. H. Morton, cashier of the Salmon Falls Bank, O. S. Brown, agent of the S. F. Manufacturing Company, W. B. Mack, M. D., and many others, took the matter in hand. The old church was looked over, and was found to be in such a shattered condition, that, after due deliberation, it was decided by those who held the power to decide, to sell the old church, and to build a new one in a more quiet locality, away from the noise

and bustle of the railroad and town's highway. The corner-stone of the new church was laid June 21, 1884. From "The Living Church" I copy the following:

"The laying of the corner-stone of the new church building was an event which gladdened the hearts of all who were interested in the revival of the Church's work in the community. Generous contributions were made for this purpose by friends outside of the place, and soon sufficient funds were secured to warrant the beginning of the work. As the Bishop and Clergy, preceded by the Wardens and the architect, approached in procession, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' was sung with spirit, and the service which followed, including the 87th psalm and hymn 202, 'The Church's One Foundation,' was entered into heartily by the assembled congregation. After the stone had been laid in its place, interesting addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. Beard of Dover and Hovey of Portsmouth, who spoke pleasantly of the relation which had existed between their own parishes and the old parish in this place, St. Thomas's, Dover, having been a daughter, and St. John's Portsmouth, the parent of Christ church, S. F. They were followed by the Bishop of the Diocese, who spoke with unusual warmth and earnestness. After the Bishop's address, the *Gloria in Excelsis* was sung, and the service closed with the benediction. The new church is to be erected by Messrs. Fall & Moulton, of So. Berwick, Maine. Mr. Henry Vaughan, of Boston, is the architect. The building will be of wood, cruciform in shape, 74 ft. long, 23 ft. wide. The Rev.

A. E. Johnson is Rector of Christ church."

At the time of writing the new church is up, and already has a finished look on the outside. The locality is fine. On the south-east the "Foundry pond" glitters in the sunlight, and lies so quietly in its shallow basin that one can scarce believe it is a part of the noisy Salmon Falls river. The hills in Maine form a stronghold in the east, and westward the tall pines kiss the blue sky.

Perhaps a pen picture of the interior of the old church will not be amiss, since we can never see it more. I venture to describe it as I saw it in January, 1884. After a long colloquy between the immense key and the rusty lock, the sulky bolt finally grated back in a most inhospitable manner, and we entered the porch, where the plastering had dropped down and was lying in a shattered condition on the floor. We pulled the heavy Gothic door to after us, and shuffled our way through the rubbish to the door opening into the church. A small, rusty stove, bricked into the wall in such a manner that the fire could be kindled in the porch and the heat go into the church, was encountered near the door. The architecture of the interior of the church was very pretty. Groined arches, supported by clustered columns, formed the ends of the building. The centre of the house was filled with a double row of pews; aisles on either side separated these from the side pews. The floor inclined towards the chancel. In front of the chancel, huddled together in one pew, I saw a number of prayer-books, and in several I read the name

of the owner. Opening the tiny gate in the balustrade, we stepped up to the altar, with its faded covering. Two fine chairs, quaintly carved, stood on each side: these and the pulpit were upholstered with red damask, trimmed with red worsted bullion fringe, and heavy tassels at the corners. Facing the chancel, in a balcony built in a semi-circle over the entrance doors of the church, stood the ruins of the organ: lead tubes and wooden ones were leaning in a most disconsolate way against each other; the keys were yellow with age, and the music came no more at their bidding. The Gothic windows were set with small, diamond-shaped glass. Inside blinds have served late years to prevent the small, round stones, thrown by mischievous boys, from rolling into the church. We crunched tiny bits of glass under our feet at every step. From the clustered columns skeleton-like brackets swung in a ghostly way: once the dangerous eamphene lamps were hung thereon, and gave their bright light to the people below them. Behind the chancel two small rooms were piled with rubbish. In one we found a few Sabbath-school books, and a list of books added to Christ church S. S. Library, August, 1844. In the other a Bible, rotten with mold, with its leaves glued together with dampness and decay, was lying open in Psalms. After much study we deciphered the name "Sabra," but the rest was too dim for us to make out. This old book, bound in heavy leather, time-stained, musty smelling, had for company a book of Common Prayer. We left them, and I wonder to-day what became of them when

the church went down. In the underpinning I saw a small hole, and was told that that was where the little vandals of the town crept in, and crawled under the building, pushed open the trap-door in the porch, and got into the church. Then they gathered up the tubes of the organ, the brass candlesticks, &c., and hastened out with

their booty to the nearest junk store. Behind the church a few tall marble and slate stones are leaning. On them we read the names of the old settlers. One stood above the rest: the marble seemed white, and the stone almost seemed proud of the sweet name carved in large letters on its smooth surface,—“Faith Taylor.”

### BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. HENRY DEARBORN.

BY JOHN WENTWORTH, LL. D.

In preparing my address to be delivered at the unveiling of the memorial tablet to mark the site of old Fort Dearborn in Chicago, May 21, 1881, I vainly endeavored to ascertain the birth-place of Gen. Henry Dearborn, under whose administration of the War Department Chicago's first fort was erected in 1804. One of our principal streets is Dearborn avenue, named for him. His portrait by Gilbert Stewart has recently been purchased of the family, and now adorns the walls of our Calumet club. My address closed as follows: “We have now marked the site and written the history of old Fort Dearborn, with that of the statesman and soldier who constructed it. All else has given way to the march of commerce. But the name remains,—a name associated with all the thrilling scenes of the American Revolution from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, from the capture of Burgoyne to that of Cornwallis.”

Whilst passing the summer of 1886 in the vicinity of Rye Beach, I thought I would devote some of my leisure time to ascertaining the location of the old Dearborn residence. Calling upon an old Dartmouth College associate, Joseph Dow, at Hampton, who

had gained considerable reputation as a historian, and making known my wishes, he referred me to Cornet Brown, an aged gentleman who was possessed of a remarkable memory, who lived about a mile from North Hampton depot. From Cornet Brown's house, the Dearborn house was pointed out near by. I found it in the possession of the widow of Samuel Warner, who some years ago was well known as a member of the New Hampshire legislature from North Hampton. She took me to the room in which the general was born in 1751, and gave me a full history of the premises. The house is in a good state of preservation. Gen. Dearborn died June 6, 1829, at Roxbury, Mass. The confusion as to the place of his birth arises from the fact that after studying medicine and practising a little at different places, he finally settled at Nottingham, from which place he raised his company and marched it to Bunker Hill. My object is not to write the history of one of the most distinguished men that New Hampshire ever produced, but to inform the summer visitors of Portsmouth and vicinity that within an hour's drive, over a good road, in the oldest settled portion of North Hampton, just across the railroad track at the depot, they can find a historic mansion heretofore unvisited by them.

**HISTORICAL SKETCH OF WEST DUNSTABLE.**

BY CHARLES S. SPAULDING.

Almost all the ancestors of the pioneer settlers of West Dunstable Precinct, or what formerly belonged to the ancient township of Monson, and now incorporated within the boundaries of Hollis, were of German origin, whose family names date far back into the Middle Ages, and were of Gaultic or Celtic extraction, belonging to the Caucasian race, retaining all the indomitable will, perseverance, and energy, mingled with those sterling qualities so characteristic of the Anglo Saxons; and were peculiarly fitted to become the ancestors of those resolute conquerors of the forests and lakes of New England—men who had been persecuted in the Old World alike for religious and political opinions. Driven from their homes, they came to the wilderness of America, where they could enjoy greater freedom, and worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, leaving behind them a land where they could boast of their old baronial establishments, their ruined castles and deserted monasteries, their magnificent cathedrals and their great universities. They had monuments of the times of the Druids,—an abiding evidence that England for two centuries had been a Roman province. The religion of the Britons was a part of their government, and the priests possessed great power over their subjects. No species of superstition was ever more terrible than theirs; and persecution for opinion's sake was tolerated in Great Britain, even as late as the migration

of our immediate ancestors, who came over about the year 1630, and settled in the towns of Braintree, Hatfield, Reading, Andover, Tewksbury, and Chelmsford. Actuated by a spirit and resolution which showed what manner of men they were, they pushed forward, encountering and overcoming obstacles of such magnitude as would seem to appal the stoutest heart, determined to establish homes for themselves and their descendants, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of emigration. Adhering to those sound principles with which their education had endowed them, they ultimately achieved fame and success for themselves and their posterity.

In August, 1655, Capt. Simon Willard and Edward Johnson, surveyors, who were employed by the provincial court of Massachusetts, came from Woburn with an exploring company, which usually consisted of a guard of eight or ten men, to protect the surveyors from Indian invasion as they penetrated the unbroken forests. They are supposed to be the first white men ever in this section.—traversing the Merrimack river and its tributaries, going up Penichuck brook to Penichuck ford, also exploring what has been known for a period of over two hundred years as the Witch Brook Valley, and embraced that portion of West Dunstable which it is my purpose to describe in this sketch. The following traditional story is told relative to its discovery: Witch Brook was discovered by those who belonged

to the exploring company of Johnson and Willard. Some of their number went up this brook quite a distance, and, leaving its bank to get a view of the surrounding forests, were unfortunate enough to lose their way. Night came on before they regained the brook; and a thick fog set in, which rendered it extremely difficult for the men to follow it. Some one of their number remarked that the place was bewitched, and that the brook was bewitched: hence, it received its present name long before any settlement was made in the vicinity. There are many considerations which helped to promote the early settlements here: One was, that a great portion of meadow land was made available by reason of the beavers' building their dams for the purpose of flowing ponds, which hunters and trappers would break; and the whole tract was drained, leaving a mowing-field already cleared for the new settler. Another consideration was, that the Indians had planted fields of corn on the uplands as late as 1665, which were found ready for cultivation. And still another reason that actuated the people in settling in this section was, that its facility for fur catching was second to no other in the state.

In 1667 the fur trade with the Indians had become so important that the Provincial Court of Massachusetts passed an act regulating it; and the exclusive right of this trade upon the Merrimack river was sold to Maj. Simond Willard for the sum of twenty-five pounds. The trade on Nashua river was sold at the same time for eight pounds; that of Penichuck brook and its tributaries was sold to

Joseph Burroughs for four pounds. Almost all the first land grants here were selected by those eager adventurers with a view of having within their borders the greatest facilities for trapping.

During the year of 1702 the Colonial Court built a trading-house for the Indians, and established a fortified garrison at Watanic—the Indian name for Nashua—which was afterwards called Queen's garrison, and situated about sixty rods easterly of Main street in Nashua, and about as far north of Salmon brook. This was the head-quarters of trade with the Indians for many years.

If we consider the appearance and extent of the primitive forests, in the midst of natural scenes like these, it is not surprising that these bold pioneers should select a place like this to rear their log huts; for, as Gov. Wentworth said, the royal or mast pines of Dunstable plains were the best in New Hampshire; that they presented a majestic appearance. These trees often grew to the height of two hundred feet, and as straight as an arrow, many of them forty inches in diameter. These pines were, by royal enactment, reserved for the king's navy, and were marked by the surveyors of the woods to represent an Indian arrow, and the owner forbidden to cut them.

So great was the security felt by the settlers at the close of Lovewell's war that they emigrated into the wilderness in every direction. The first settlement in that part of West Dunstable known as Witch Brook Valley was made about the year 1728 by Caleb Fry, according to a copy of an original draft or plan of the township



of Dunstable by Jonathan Blanchard, dated June, 1720. This plan is now in a tolerable state of preservation, to be seen at the office of the Hillsborough county registry of deeds at Nashua. Mr. Fry held a land grant west of Timothy Rodgers's grant, lying on the west side of Penichuck pond, and embraced nearly all the territory now included in District No. 8 in the town of Hollis, lying west of the school-house. According to tradition, he came from Andover, was a son of James Fry, who was a soldier in the Narragansett war of 1676, and a brother of James Fry of Andover, one of the grantees of Souhegan West, afterwards called Amherst.

That Mr. Fry was the first one to occupy his own land grant in all this section is evident from the fact that he built a turning-mill, and operated it a number of years. This mill was situated on the little gulf brook, east side of Ridge hill, so called, about twenty rods south of the road at the Spalding place, in the north part of Hollis. At a short distance easterly from this mill is still to be seen the place of an old cellar-hole, indicating that a dwelling once stood there. It was on this spot in the wilderness that Mr. Fry erected his log hut. It is evident that he cultivated a piece of land, and set out thereon three apple-trees, one of which is now standing, and in bearing condition, over one hundred and fifty years old, and is the largest apple-tree in the town of Hollis. Mr. Fry also manufactured wooden ware, and was employed a portion of the time in trapping. At what time he left here I am unable to say, but it was before 1746.

The early landmarks have disap-

peared, and it is not easy to reproduce the scenes in which they planted their habitations. To men employed in subjugating the forests, fighting wild men and wild beasts, clearing lots, and making paths, there was no leisure, and little disposition, to make records of their doings.

The following story is told of one Joseph Burroughs, who came from Charlestown, Mass., and settled in the Dunstable wilderness, as they called it, sometime about the year 1735, and became a transient resident in the Witch Brook Valley territory, about half a mile west of Penichuck pond on the hill south of the Capt. Parker place :

It is said of him that he was a mere trapper and hunter, and only resided here during the fall and winter ; but it is very doubtful what part of the year he was here most, for it seems that he belonged to a horse-thief gang, and used to secrete stolen horses and other property here at different times. There was every advantage for carrying on that kind of business, for there was but one settler in the whole region,—Mr. Fry, who lived about a mile distant. The entrance to the cave where he kept his stolen property was made through the roots of a huge upturned tree. Mr. Burroughs was at one time connected with a band of pirates who had robbed a Spanish merchant vessel off the coast of North America, and, wishing to find a place to bury their treasures, engaged him to pilot them up the Merrimack river, thence up Penichuck brook to the pond ; and they buried their money on the island east of the pond. This incident formed the theme of conversation among the

old inhabitants for many years afterwards. So strong was the belief that money had been buried there, that people dug a large portion of the island over, with the expectation of finding it; and many a ghost story is told in connection with this event.

Mr. Burroughs became a large land-owner, and many of the real estate conveyances of the early settlers were given by him. It is supposed that he went back to Charlestown, and died

there. It was also understood that he was a connection of the notorious Stephen Burroughs, who, it was said, at one time made counterfeit money at the very place where his uncle used to secrete stolen property.

These are some of the incidents connected with the early settlement of the north part of Hollis, which I have been fortunate enough to collect.

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### LITERATURE, QUAIN'T AND CURIOUS.

By L. E. D.

In a pile of age-browned, long-forgotten pamphlets is one entitled

“The Examination of Doctor Benjamin Franklin before an August Assembly relating to the Repeal of the Stamp Act, &c.”

It is a catechism of twenty-three pages, a few extracts from which may prove interesting.

Q. What is your Name and Place of abode?

A. Franklin, of Philadelphia.

Q. Do the Americans pay any considerable taxes among themselves?

A. Certainly, many, and very heavy taxes.

Q. What are the present taxes in Pennsylvania laid by the laws of the Colony?

A. There are taxes on all estates, real and personal, a poll-tax, a tax on all offices, professions, trades, and businesses, according to their profits; an excise upon all wine, rum, and

other spirits; and a duty of ten pounds per head on all negroes imported, with some other duties.

Q. For what purposes are those taxes laid?

A. For the support of the civil and military establishments of the country, and to discharge the heavy debt contracted in the last war.

Q. How long are those taxes to continue?

A. Those for discharging the debt are to continue till 1772, and longer, if the debt should not then be all discharged. The others must always continue.

Q. Was it not expected that the debt would have been sooner discharged?

A. It was, when the peace was made with France & Spain—But a fresh war breaking out with the Indians, a fresh load of debt was incurred; and the taxes, of course, continued longer by a new law.

Q. Are not all the people very able to pay those taxes?

A. No. The Frontier counties, all along the continent, having been frequently ravished by the enemy, and greatly impoverished, are able to pay very little tax. And therefore, in consideration of their distresses, our late tax laws do expressly favour these counties, excusing the sufferers; and I suppose the same is done in other governments.

Q. Are you not concerned in the management of the Post-Office in America?

A. Yes, I am Deputy Post-Master General of North America.

Q. Don't you think the distribution of stamps by post, to all the inhabitants, very practicable, if there was no opposition?

A. The posts only go along the sea coasts; they do not, except in a few instances, go back into the country; and if they did, sending for stamps by post would occasion an expense of postage, amounting, in many cases, to much more than that of the stamps themselves.

Q. Are you acquainted in Newfoundland?

A. I never was there.

Q. Do you know whether there are any post roads on that Island?

A. I have heard that there are no roads at all; but that the communication between one settlement and another is by the sea only.

Q. Can you disperse the stamps by post in Canada?

A. There is only a post between Montreal and Quebec. The inhabitants are so scattered and remote from each other, in that vast country, that posts cannot be supported among

them, and therefore they cannot get stamps by post. The English Colonies, too, along the frontiers, are very thinly settled.

Q. From the thinness of the back settlements, would not the stamp act be extremely inconvenient to the inhabitants, if executed?

A. To be sure it would; as many of the inhabitants could not get stamps when they had occasion for them, without taking long journeys, and spending perhaps Three or Four Pounds, that the crown might get six pence.

Q. Are not the Colonies, from their circumstances, very able to pay the stamp duty?

A. In my opinion, there is not gold and silver enough in the Colonies to pay the stamp duty for one year.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. What number of white inhabitants do you think there are in Pennsylvania?

A. I suppose there may be about 160,000.

Q. What number of them are Quakers?

A. Perhaps a third.

Q. What number of Germans?

A. Perhaps another third; but I cannot speak with certainty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. How many white men do you suppose there are in North America?

A. About 300,000 from sixteen to sixty years of age.

Q. What may be the amount of one year's imports into Pennsylvania from Britain?

A. I have been informed that our merchants compute the imports from Britain to be above 500,000 pounds.

Q. What may be the amount of the

produce of your province exported to Britain?

A. It must be small, as we produce little that is wanted in Britain. I suppose that it cannot exceed 40,000 Pounds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. You have said that you pay heavy taxes in Pennsylvania; what do they amount to in the pound?

A. The tax on all estates, real and personal, is eighteen pence in the pound, fully rated; and the tax on the profits of trades and professions, with other taxes, do, I suppose, make full half a crown in the pound.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. What was the temper of America towards Great Britain before the year 1763?

A. The best in the world. They submitted willingly to the government of the Crown, and paid, in all their courts, obedience to acts of parliament. Numerous as the people are in the several old provinces, they cost you nothing in forts, citadels, garrisons, or armies, to keep them in subjection. They were governed by this country at the expense only of a little pen, ink, and paper. They were led by a thread. They had not only a respect, but an affection, for Great Britain, for its laws, its customs and manners, and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased the commerce. Natives of Britain were always treated with particular regard; to be an Old England man was, of itself, a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us.

Q. And what is their temper now?

A. O, very much altered.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. And have they not still the same respect for parliament?

A. No; it is greatly lessened.

Q. To what cause is that owing?

A. To a concurrence of causes: the restraints lately laid on their trade, by which the bringing of foreign gold and silver into the colonies was prevented; the prohibition of making paper money among themselves, and then demanding a new and heavy tax for stamps; taking away at the same time trials by juries, and refusing to receive & hear their humble petitions.

Q. Don't you think they would submit to the stamp-act if it was modified, the obnoxious parts taken out, and the duties reduced to some particulars, of small moment?

A. No; they will never submit to it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. What is your opinion of a future tax imposed on the same principle with that of the stamp-act; how would the Americans receive it?

A. Just as they do this. They would not pay it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. Don't you think cloth from England absolutely necessary to them?

A. No; by no means absolutely necessary; with industry and good management they may very well supply themselves with all they want.

Q. Will it not take a long time to establish that manufacture among them? and must they not meanwhile suffer greatly?

A. I think not. They have made a surprising progress already. And I am of opinion that before their old cloths are worn out, they will have new ones of their own making.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. If the act is not repealed, what do you think will be the consequences?

A. A total loss of the respect and affection the people of America bear to this country, and of all the commerce that depends on that respect and affection.

Q. How can the commerce be affected?

A. You will find that if the act is not repealed, they will take very little of your manufactures in a short time.

Q. Is it in their power to do without them?

A. I think they may very well do without them.

Q. Is it their interest not to take them?

A. The goods they take from Britain are either necessaries, mere conveniences, or superfluities. The first, as cloth, &c., with a little industry they can make at home; the second they can do without till they are able to provide them among themselves; and the last, which are much the greater part, they will strike off immediately. They are mere articles of fashion, purchased and consumed because the fashion in a respected country, but will now be detested and rejected. The people have already struck off, by general agreement, the use of all goods fashionable in mourn-

ings, and many thousand pounds worth are sent back as unsalable.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. If the stamp-act should be repealed, would it induce the assemblies of America to acknowledge the rights of parliament to tax them, and would they erase their resolutions?

A. No, never.

Q. Is there no means of obliging them to erase those resolutions?

A. None that I know of; they will never do it unless compelled by force of arms.

Q. Is there no power on earth that can force them to erase them?

A. No power, how great soever, can force men to change their opinions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. Would it be most for the interest of Great Britain to employ the hands of Virginia in tobacco or in manufactures?

A. In tobacco to be sure.

Q. What used to be the pride of Americans?

A. To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain.

Q. What is now their pride?

A. To wear their old cloaths over again till they can make new ones.

*Withdraw.*

The End."

THE GULL ROCK.

Down at the winding river's mouth,  
When the tide has ebb'd far out,  
A long black rock from out the sands  
Raises it smutty snout.

And there by the hundreds, in the sun,  
When the low tide fairly sings,  
Come the laughing, chattering, screaming gulls  
To preen their snowy wings.

*The Gull Rock.*

Squatting so closely, each to each,  
That the ledge cannot be seen,  
They perch and gossip cosily,  
And eat the muscles green.

So thickly perch the snowy clans,  
The ledge is a thing of life,  
And would almost seem to rise and soar  
Above the billows' strife.

Hour after hour they sit, asleep,  
With head beneath the wing,  
Or else disturb their neighbors all,  
And scream, and laugh, and sing.

They perch in peace and sun themselves,  
A gay, harmonious band,  
Till the laggard tide comes crawling up  
Across the broad, flat sand,

And reaches, in its sure advance,  
The ramparts of the rock,  
And serried lines of waves charge up  
Like soldiers at a fort,

And reach and clutch and flow around,  
And deluge, in their spite,  
The fortress strong they cannot shake  
With all their skill and might.

Then rise the gulls, a snowy cloud,  
On tireless wings to soar,  
And sail, like phantoms, in delight,  
Along the sounding shore.

How swift they rush! how high they fly!  
Then sweep, with pinions set,  
High over all the leaping spray,  
Above the gray sands wet.

For well they know in a few hours  
Again the rock will be  
Triumphant, left all dry by the  
Vanquished, retreating sea.

And so they rise and soar away:  
What grace! what ease! what might!—  
In wondrous, airy, gleaming curves,  
And graceful lines of flight,

Screaming and laughing at their wild,  
Mad revels in the air,  
Until again the ledge shall be  
Left for them fresh and bare.

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE IN OCTOBER.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

“He it was whose hand in Autumn  
Painted all the trees with scarlet,  
Stained the trees with red and yellow.”

Six years ago, near the noon of a mild October day, the writer first stepped on board the dainty “Lady of the Lake,” one of the small steamers that ply between the places of interest on the shores of Winnipiseogee, and from its forward upper deck first enjoyed the glorious view of the lake from The Wiers, the tree-crowned islands dotting its surface, the undulations of the sweeping shores, and all those attractive features so often described by tourists, and which Edward Everett declared rivalled all he had seen “from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople, from the summits of the Hartz Mountains to the Fountain of Vaucluse.” Since then my footsteps have wandered almost yearly to this mountain lake, set like a gem in the heart of New Hampshire; but of all my annual pilgrimages none has given me greater satisfaction than the first. My other visits have been made in June, or in August, during the hot midsummer days. To see the lake in its glory, it should be visited in the fall. The sedative influence and peculiar quiet of the scene during the charming days of an Indian summer, with the bright tints of an autumnal foliage, graduating to the soft haze of the mountain blue, reflected in its waters, are most wonderful and enchanting. Then, indeed, the lake is most worthy of its aboriginal name—“The Smile of the Great Spirit.”

With one foot upon the very outskirts of civilization, and the other pressing the unreclaimed forest that stretches dark and unbroken northwards, Lake Winnipiseogee forms the connecting link between man and nature, a link that is naturally a quaint and curious compound of both extremes, where one may at will solace himself with all the comforts and delicacies that man’s art can procure; or, turning his face northward and forestward, plunge all at once into solitude so dense and unbroken that he can, with scarcely an effort, fancy himself the solitary discoverer of a new and hitherto unknown world. The cultivation is limited around the immediate borders of the lake. Scarcely are the surroundings less wild than they were in 1652, when Captains Edward Johnson and Simon Willard carved their initials, which are still visible, on the Endicott rock near its outlet. The straggling parties of Indians, who pass by it now on their way to trade with the visitors at the great hotels in the cities and among the mountains, see it but little more civilized in expression than their forefathers did, whose wigwams, before New Hampshire felt the white man’s foot, spotted the meadows of the Merrimack below,—

“Where the old smoked in silence their pipes, and  
the young  
To the pike and the white perch their baited  
lines flung;  
Where the boy shaped his arrows, and where  
the shy maid  
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum  
braid.”

And yet in no way is it a sense of seclusion amid the forests, of being

shut in by untamed hills amid the heart of the wilderness, that Winnipisogee inspires. Indeed, the lake is not shut in by any abrupt mountain walls. Its islands and shores fringe the water with winding lines, and long, low, narrow capes of green. But the mountains retreat gradually back from them, with large spaces of cheerful light, or vistas of more gently sloping land between. The whole impression is not of wild, but of cheerful and symmetrical, beauty.

The form of the lake is very irregular. At the west end are three large bays; on the north is a fourth; and at the east are three others. Its greatest length approximates thirty miles, and in width it varies from one to ten miles. Its waters lie at an altitude of five hundred feet above the sea level. The sources of the lake are principally from springs in its own bosom. Its outlet is a rapid river of the same name. Here and there along its shores, crowning pleasant hillsides, or lying in some quiet nook, are pleasant villages: Centre Harbor, Wolfeborough, Alton Bay, Lake Village are of these, but more frequently green slopes of hills and dark forests, interspersed with projecting rocks covered with moss and wild flowers, border and are reflected back by the dark blue waters. Winnipisogee is a queen, an Indian queen if you will, but yet, like Solomon's dark beauty in the Canticles, exquisitely comely. In fact, no more beautiful lake exists under Italian or tropical skies than this same mountain-girted Winnipisogee, with its pure, unfathomable waters, and the three hundred and sixty-five fairy-like islands dotting its pellucid sur-

face; one, indeed, to each day of the twelve calendar months. Is there a providence in it that this lake, as well as Lake George and Casco bay, should bear just that number of bright green gems upon their bosoms?

Famous as is Lake Winnipisogee for its beautiful surroundings, lovely islands, and sparkling waters, there are but a few people who realize its value as a reservoir of motive power, who stop to think that it has called into being Laconia, Franklin, Concord, Hooksett, Manchester, Nashua, Lawrence, and Lowell, and that if some upheaval of nature should topple into it the hills and mountains that surround it, those places, with all their thriving industries, would wither and die. It is in reality the heart of central New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Its waters are the life blood, the source of the wealth, thrift, and prosperity of the whole Merrimack valley. The Merrimack river is said to turn a greater number of water wheels than any other of equal length on the earth, and it is capable, when all its privileges are improved, of doing much more than it does now; but the Merrimack is little more than the great lake let loose, and without that reservoir would be of small use in manufacturing.

This fact is fully realized by the Massachusetts manufacturing corporation which has control of the outlet at The Wiers, and watches with the closest attention every rise and fall of its waters, which are gathered and stored up in wet seasons and let loose in dry. The manufacturers of New Hampshire are of course as vitally interested in the matter as their Mas-



sachusetts competitors, but as the water needs must run through their canals to get to the state line, they find it profitable and convenient to leave the management of the gate to others. It takes about three days for the water to run from The Wiers to Lowell. When a drouth is threatened at the upper place, the agent at the lake is notified to send down a supply, and the flood is let loose. When there is plenty of water below, the gates are closed. When there is a heavy shower on the Pemigewasset, or Contoocook, or Nashua, this of course helps swell the Merrimack, and the lake water is not needed. In short, the water is drawn from the lake only when enough cannot be obtained from other sources to do the work. In some seasons of the year the lake will evaporate half an inch a day, which is as much as is drawn when the gates are up. During fifteen years prior to 1877 the lake was not full; in 1877, 1878, and 1879 it was filled; while in 1880 it was at no time within six inches of high water mark, and last year was a full foot below the mark.

It is only within a score of years that Winnipiseogee has acquired a distinctive fame as a summer resort. Half a century ago it had an occasional straggling admirer, or possibly a company from the back country in the summer season, to appreciate its beauties and enjoy its lonely solitude. Without doubt the modern "discoverer" of the lake, in the sense of which we are about to speak, was that noted divine and elegant writer, Rev. Thomas Starr King. Mr. King was the modern Columbus of Winnipiseogee. His errand this way was

not so much to fish for men as for bass, pike, and salmon, though he never lost an opportunity for either in its season. He was here in 1853, two full centuries after Johnson and Willard first looked over the sparkling tide. His pilgrimages to the spot became annual until his removal to San Francisco in 1860. His name and his descriptions brought the lake gradually to the attention of the summer pleasure-seekers of the great Atlantic cities, and when his book, "The White Hills," came out, Winnipiseogee was made famous. The tide thus set in motion in this direction was limited at first, consisting of veteran sportsmen who came to rough it, and of a few families of taste and culture who secured board among the farmers on the lake shore. The recent vast expansion of the "vacation fashion," one of the best and most sensible fashions that ever seized the American mind, has poured out floods of city gained wealth upon many a once barren seashore and wilderness solitude, and filled them with a joyous, health-seeking, summer throng of the best classes of people. Among all these new Edens which this surprising exodus has developed, we venture to affirm that not one anywhere has a greater variety and abundance of natural advantages, and few have greater artificial improvements of the right sort, than this marvellous fairy realm of Lake Winnipiseogee.

Although lacking the great historical interest which enshrines Lake George, the country around Winnipiseogee is by no means unclassic ground. Several tribes of Indians had their homes around the shores of this lake in former times, and nearly

every spot is connected with a legend or some association of the past. The lake was the fishing ground of the Ojibwees, the Pequotets, and the Winnipisaukees, once mighty tribes, and the traces of their footsteps have not yet disappeared. Relics, skeletons, and implements of their labor are even now turned up with the sod; and besides, they have left to us that musical patronymic which the lake now bears—evidence that the aborigines were not insensible to the charms of nature here so profusely exhibited.

Sitting here at my table, yet "sailing the lake over," nothing gives me greater pleasure than to return a vote of thanks to the early settlers of the Granite state, because, instead of spoiling this lake by some dreadful, common-place appellation, they just let it alone. And so Winnipiscogee it is, thanks to the aborigines! Who shall say that the savage who wandered through these hunting-grounds, or skimmed over this placid lake in his birchen craft, was insensible to the charms of nature, when, as he gazed, he cried, "This is Winnipiscogee,"—"The Smile of the Great Spirit"? Which of the two was the poet, the man who dared to call those sublime summits, sixty miles away, the "White Hills," or the savage, to whom they were the mysterious "Agiocochook," which he never dared to ascend, because he imagined them peopled with invisible spirits, who controlled the storms and tempests? There may be nothing in a name, after all, but I do thank our Whittier for wresting "Round pond," in Haverhill, Mass., from sacrilegious hands, and returning it to its abo-

original christening as "Kenosha lake." I only wish he would do the same to "Plug pond" (think of it!), a neighboring charming bit of water. If there is nothing else that can save our picturesque gems of nature from such commonplace and oftentimes vulgar names, let us by all means turn to the vocabulary of the aboriginal poet, and humbly rechristen them.

There has been a dispute among the learned in Indian lore as to the true rendering of the word Winnipiscogee. Does it mean "The Smile of the Great Spirit," or "Pleasant Water in a High Place"? Some scholars favor the former, while the latter has no less earnest advocates. Whatever the word means, the lake itself signifies both. Topographically, under the surveyor's eye and the mill owner's estimate, it is pleasant water in a high place. To the poet, and all who have an eye anointed like his, it is the smile of the Great Spirit. In this connection it may be well to relate the origin of the name according to the Indian tradition, which may be taken for what it is worth, though, for that matter, it is probably as true as many in the white men's annals. We curtail it of most of its rhetorical appendages, and give the mere outline of the legend.

Ellacoya, daughter of the proud chief Ahanton, was the belle of the Indian land. She was beautiful as a sunbeam, and the willow by the lakeside was not more fair. Like a wild fawn was she upon the hills; her voice was like the music of rippling waters. Far and wide went the renown of her beauty among the tribes, and many were the chiefs who sought her hand. But she listened not to

their wooing, but still danced on in her maidenhood, free as the birds that twittered in the boughs above her father's lodge by the lake shore.

One day, however, there came sailing across the lake in his birchen canoe a young chief whom Ellacoya had never seen before. At the first glance she knew she loved him, for the warrior was young and brave and handsome, and wore on his head the eagle plumes of a great sagamore.

"My name is Kona," said the stranger chief, "and I have come from the midst of yonder blue hills to woo Ellacoya, the Light of the Beautiful Water. Will she go with me? Will she leave her father's wigwam, and be the wife of Kona, the Eagle?"

He had advanced and taken the hand of the princess ere he spoke, and now bending till his eagle plumes touched her dark cheek, he waited for his answer. Looking up into his with her dusky eyes, at last she said,—

"Ellacoya loves the young chief. The words of Kona have stolen into her heart. She will go with him if her father will but consent."

"Then Kona will ask no more," said the sagamore. "Let him see the sachem. He has been an enemy, but he will be his foeman no longer if he will give him Ellacoya for his wife."

At that very moment Ahanton, returning from a foray, his face flushed with victory, his falcon plumes dancing in the breeze, advanced to where they stood. Darkly lowered the chieftain's brow as his fierce eyes fell on the form of his enemy. He grasped his tomahawk, and half raised it in his hand, when his daughter sprang before him. Wildly she

raised her pleading eyes to his, and with clasped hands, said,—

"Oh! spare him! spare Kona the Eagle, for Ellacoya loves him. Slay him, and Ellacoya dies too. She cannot live without him."

Ahanton's half raised arm fell powerless, the vindictive fury vanished from his face. A soft glow succeeded the fiery burning in his eyes. He stood a moment silent, then, leading his daughter by the hand, he went to where the young chief stood with folded arms waiting for his time to speak.

"Kona the Young Eagle is a great chief," said the sachem, "and he is brave. He has come into the village of his enemies like a noble warrior, and not like a dog or a creeping snake. The heart of Ahanton has gone forth to meet him. Would he take the fair flower from her father's wigwam to be his wife? If he would, Ellacoya shall go with him, and hereafter between Ahanton and the Young Eagle there shall be peace."

"Then let the chief swear it," cried the young warrior, "for Kona loves the Light of the Beautiful Water, and she shall sit in his lodge and sing to his children among the murmuring pines, beyond the dark blue hills to the northward."

"By the Great Manitou I swear it!" said Ahanton, "and may his lightning scathe the one who breaks the bond between us."

Thus was Ellacoya wooed and won. Two nights and days they feasted in the village by the lake. There were hunts and mimic battles among the warriors, and dances strange and fantastic among the Indian maids.

On the third day the young chief

signified his intention of returning. His canoe was loosened from its moorings, and Ellacoya, accompanied by a train of forest girls, went with him to the water's edge. Ellacoya stepped with him into the boat, the young chief took the paddles, and they rowed from the shore.

A dozen barges, containing Ahanton and his bravest warriors, followed in their wake. The morning sun shone brightly upon the silver waters of the lake, and the dash of the oars lit up the broad translucent surface with the flash of diamonds. In the middle of the lake they paused. The young chief rested on his paddle, and Ahanton swept up in his barge.

"Let Kona the Young Eagle depart," said the grim chieftain. "There is peace between thee and me, between thy people and my people. Thou hast taken the light from the lodge of Ahanton: let her be the bond between us."

"The Young Eagle goes to his home with a happy heart, for he has won his heart's love," answered Kona. "To Ahanton he will ever be a friend. And, see, the Great Spirit looks down and smiles upon us."

It seemed indeed as if Heaven was smiling upon them, for the lake was all agleam as if with kindly love. Gently and pleasantly the flashing waters rippled and shivered around them. The tiny wavelets seem to woo and beckon, their silvery crests alight with laughs and smiles. The red warriors caught the bright glow of the sunlit waters, and their romantic natures responded to the spell.

"It is a happy omen," cried Ahanton. "The Manitou is pleased, and your union will be one of love, peace,

and happiness. Hereafter, that the tribes may know that there is peace between us, let the water be known as The Smile of the Great Spirit—Winnipiseogee."

The facility with which this beautiful lake is reached by the various routes places it within the means of every one to visit its scenery. In the warm season the two elegant steamers, "The Lady of the Lake" and the "Mount Washington," ply upon the lake; two points at which it may be approached from the south, and two points of departure for the mountains. The former runs between Wiers station in Laconia, Centre Harbor, and Wolfeborough; and the latter between Alton Bay, Wolfeborough, and Centre Harbor. The Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad connects with the former at Wiers, and the Boston & Maine with the latter at Alton Bay. At Wolfeborough there is a rail connection with the Eastern Railroad by the Wolfeborough Branch at Wolfeborough Junction, in Wakefield. The distance of the lake from Boston is little more than a hundred miles.

By far the greater number of visitors to Lake Winnipiseogee land at the Wiers, a station on the Montreal road. To those who regard this pleasant little hamlet merely as a convenient place to dine in, or perhaps to secure a night's rest before going farther up the lake, I would say, after the country fashion, "That's where you made your mistake;" for some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery, to say nothing of certain wonderful fishing privileges, is to be found in this vicinity. Indeed, the place grows upon one the longer he lingers. There are two large hotels on the lake

shore, and further up the hillside, overlooking the lake, is the Winnetoette house, kept by Mr. Doolittle. In the grove on the hillside is the locality chosen by the veterans of the last war in which to hold their annual campfires. The place is also the site of the annual camp-meetings of the Methodists of New England. Here is their auditorium, surrounded by the tabernacles of various village congregations. There are winding walks cleared through the undergrowth, swings swung from lofty branches, and several croquet lawns.

At camp-meeting time the people gather to this spot by thousands. At morning, noon, and night there is a song of praise, in which every voice joins, rising and swelling upon the air in a grand diapason, which makes the usual "church singing" appear, as it often is, the most effete of all the services of religion. Tent, cottage, boarding-house, grove, and beach are all vocal with Jehovah's praise. Sunny-faced childhood and furrowed cheeks, alike forgetting their youth or years, join in the songs with enraptured gladness, while Heaven bends to listen to the strain. Then the sunset gates of the sky roll back their bars of gold in such a way as almost to leave the impression that the "Gates Ajar" were something more than a poetic fancy, and that the angels had drawn back those golden bolts to listen to the song.

An evening at the Wiers at such a time, especially a moonlight evening, is something for a poet to rave about. There is a quiet, a stillness, that is almost solemn; all discordant sounds are hushed. The moon shines with a soft, mellow light, the winds are in

a whisper, the trees are either silent and motionless, or speak together in such low tones that they make only a soft lullaby to the soul. The waters of the lake sleep in tranquil beauty in the holy light, on the peaceful shore the ripples musically murmur, and if we look upon the water we shall see the lengthened image of the moon become a straight upright column of gold hanging in the sapphire deep.

In the morning we will take our seats on the upper deck of the little steamer whose white garments, bordered with a band of gilt, floated in the breeze from the prow of her namesake; the gangway plank is landed, and we are off across the rippling surface of the lake. The sky is clear; there are just clouds enough to relieve the soft blue, and fleck the sentinel hills with shadows; and over the wide panorama of distant mountains a soft dreamy violet haze settles, tinging them, as Emerson says the south wind, in May days,

"Tints the human countenance  
With a color of romance."

The vast flood of Winnipiscogee is shut in here by the jutting points of adjacent islands which would seem to bar all progress in any direction. The scenery, an unending panorama of the Isles of the Great Spirit, floats by like a glorious painting, as we wind in and out of the mazy channels that form this mighty labyrinth of land and water. Some of these islands are high and bold, some low and flat. Some are densely wooded with pine, oak, birch, and maple; some are almost bare. Some have a thicket of bushes, over which towers a single lofty pine. Others have gravelly beaches, rarely sandy coves, and

many have rocky shores. Now we creep around a green and grassy point, now under an ancient tree whose gnarled and drooping arms almost sweep our deck. Again we are lost in the solemn shadow of a stern and lofty cliff, whose perpendicular front is seamed and shattered by the great angular notches peculiar to granite in which feldspar largely predominates. Over the beetling brow of this cliff leans a dark, densely tufted, rugged pine, with one huge projecting limb that runs out horizontally far over the water, like the arm of a black giant stretched out in silent threatening toward lake and sky; or perhaps as a guardian sentinel over the deep and shadowy dell, carpeted with winter-green, that winds inland from the foot of the cliff.

We pass Bear island and Rattlesnake island, the former a large, green, sloping isle, with an outline not unlike the back of a bear; the other a small, dome-like shaped islet, which in former times abounded with the *crotalus horridus*, many of which were of unusually large size. Rattlesnakes exceeding ten feet in length were frequently found on this island, but the species is nearly extinct in this section. Beyond Bear island, as the steamer shoots across a little bay, we get a noble view of the Sandwich range, the most striking picture, perhaps, to be seen on the lake. As you look up the bay between Red Hill on the left and the Ossipee Mountains on the right, the whole chain is seen several miles away. At the first glance the mountains almost seem to be floating in the air, and we almost expect to see them fade away the next moment. But, no, there they are, though looking

weird and unsubstantial, lonely Chocorua, who seems to have pushed his fellows away from him, standing farthest away in the north-west. The hills are sleeping, and the water around you has the same quality of a still ecstasy. That is dreaming too—dreaming, perhaps, of the splendor of old days, when the red man's craft alone disturbed its bosom.

Another view, scarcely less lovely and much more grand and exciting, is where one gets a passing glimpse of Mount Washington from the steamer's deck. We have passed the westerly declivity of the Ossipee range, and, looking across a low slope of the Sandwich range and far back of them, we see a dazzling white spot gleaming on the northern horizon. As we look, it mounts higher and higher into the sky, and assumes a majesty that is unmistakable. Why should old Whiteface, which seems, at a careless glance, much higher by its nearness, or the haughty Chocorua, produce less joyous, less sublime emotions than that tinted etching on the northern sky? That mountain in the north, dim gray in the distance except the dome that is crowned with winter, is Mount Washington, the king of the White Mountains. Towering from its plateau built for its throne, more than fifty miles away, is the crest that has no rival in our northern latitude this side the Rocky Mountains, and from which a wider area can be measured by the eye than can be seen elsewhere on the eastern side of the Mississippi.

The little craft steams on. Now we float through a still, deep cove, around whose margins the great pike basks under the broad green lily-pads.

Then we pass through a narrow strait between two bold, dark headlands, where the deep water boils and whirls and foams. Anon we turn a point, and lie as in a cradle in a little emerald bay, with a wooded beach at one side sloping to the crinkling waves. A verdant thicket comes down to the marge at two points. There is grass between, and a tufted hemlock overhead. Great Nature made this as a spot where she might take her lovers to her heart. Diana's white limbs would shine like pearl beneath those translucent waters. It is like an Arcadian scene, or a pictured dell in an Ionian isle. Perhaps some Indian Undine had her home there in the old time. A group of girls on the shore beneath the umbrageous foliage reminds us of the scene in the *Odyssey* where Nausicaa and her maids come down to the tide to comfort Ulysses the wanderer.

To the left, crowning the delightful slope of a hill, is Centre Harbor, one of the points of rest on the shores of the lake. We have steamed ten miles since we left Wiers Landing, and it has been like a voyage to another world. Here, for a time, we rest. A spacious hotel with broad piazzas tempts us to enter. We wander up a winding walk, and through arched, vine-covered arbors strung along the flower-bordered path, to the portal. It is the Senter House, five hundred and fifty-three feet above the level of the sea, and commanding an extended and delightful view of the lake. Some of the most enchanting drives in the world can be had in this vicinity. One of the most interesting excursions is to the summit of Red Hill, which rises five miles distant, and

stands some over two thousand feet above the sea. The eminence owes its name to the fact that it is covered with the *uva ursula*, the leaves of which have the most vivid red color imaginable in the autumn. Every one visits it, and it is the place above all others to study the lake, which is spread, with all its varied beauty of mirroring waters, green islands, graceful curving shores, and picturesque coves, at its feet. Says Starr King,—“Whoever misses the view from Red Hill loses the most fascinating and thoroughly enjoyable view from a modern mountain height that can be gained from any eminence in the tourist's path.”

Though it is still late in the season, the hotels are full. New York, Boston, and Providence have sent their *élite*, and Philadelphia and Chicago have representatives here. What a wonderful glimpse of the great unknown world of wealth and fashion is opened to the bashful rustie, as, standing on the broad hotel piazza at Centre Harbor, he witnesses the arrival of the six-horse Conway stages as they roll down from the mountains sixty miles away, and dash up to the hotel steps, followed by the descent of linen-wrapped travellers, hardly recognizable under the extra covering of mountain dust, and then the bang and rattle of big “Saratogas,” which, recklessly tossed from the lofty perches to the piazza, envelop him in a cloud of choking, blinding dust! With what awe he watches the pretty groups of low-voiced, daintily dressed “city boarders,” as they flit about the balconies and through the long parlors. Ah! fashion reigns here, the same as on Tremont street or Fifth avenue.

Ellacoya in her deerskin robes and porcupine embroideries would be laughed at; so would the milk-maid of Addison's and Johnson's day, in her dress of linsey-woolsey, and roses in her hair.

Again seated upon the deck of the "Mount Washington," we glide down the narrow inlet around which Centre Harbor is built, and follow the shadows, while

"Slow up the slopes of Ossipee  
They chase the lessening light."

Again I lean over the railing of the stern, and follow with dreamy gaze the serpentine track of the vessel as it winds among the islands in its course. As of yore, I turn my eager eyes to catch a glimpse of some tall mountain summit, as now here, now there, somebody exclaims, "There is Chocorna!" "Red Hill!" "Ossipee Mountains!" "Copple-Crown!" It had been a dull gray day; but before we reached our destination the sun suddenly peeped out from the sodden clouds, and looked at us with a cordial smile, as if to atone for all his previous coldness. Before us stretches the lake, gorgeous from reflection, glittering beneath the lingering sunshine like burnished steel, while in far away cove and inlet it deepens into shadowy indistinctness, and farther still stretches a dull gray, monotonous calm. Huge shadows loiter over the two Belknap Hills, and northward distant Chocorna lifts his bleached head, so tenderly touched now with gray and gold, like some great recumbent monster keeping guard over his watery domain. On the nearest shore is a wide stretch of lawn and tillage land, fringed with scarlet sumachs and flaming maples, with here

and there a gleam of pale gold to mark the place of some solitary elm or birch. Scarcely less brilliant are the hills around, that like Titanic Dolly Vardens loom up in all the splendor of autumn's red and gold, coquettishly bright and winsome when the sun's rays fall upon them, or looking frowningly beneath his momentary beclouding.

And now the shadows begin slowly to fall. Old Gunstock, directly opposite, towards the setting sun, first dons its sombre mantle, and turns a coldly jealous face to the lower hills that with their gorgeously tinted slopes lie rosy and radiant beneath the kisses of the recreant sun-god, who finds time to bestow a smile even upon Mount Belknap, whose rugged peak reddens and frowns by turns, as if pleased in spite of itself with attentions that it knows only too well will be as quickly withdrawn. Even the little islands, with their gay colored adornings, catch an unusual brightness from the fast descending rays, and watch their own reflections in the placid mirror of the lake with something like satisfaction. Lower and lower he sinks—our faithless Apollo; closer and more closely he draws the cloudy curtains of his chariot about his retreating face. Cool and chill the mountain air strikes upon us, with a hint of frostiness in it that all of October's glorious pageantry cannot make us quite oblivious of. And now grand old Copple-Crown in the south-east grows sternly dark, and Tumble Down Dick lifts its one sided height gloomily; the lower peaks are enshrouded in twilight; the lingering glow upon the lake fades into a dull leaden gray; the night



has come, and gradually takes possession at once of forest, lake, and shore.

But there is Wolfeborough, crowning two beautiful slopes of land rising from a bay of the lake. Lights are gleaming from the Pavilion and the Glendon House, shining far out upon the grounds, and inviting the wayfarer to a hospitable reception. The steamer lands at a little wharf, and we walk up to the Glendon House, a large and handsome establishment, fitted up with all the modern improvements, and capable of accommodating two hundred guests. It is surrounded by extensive and neatly kept grounds, and is so placed as to give a water prospect from every side. A double veranda surrounds the house, affording delightful shade and fine promenades at all times. But one of its chief attractions is the peculiar construction of its roof, which being flat gives an unsurpassed opportunity to examine the surrounding country, and is a place of great resort at the sunrise and the sunset of a summer day.

One of the great charms of Wolfeborough is the moonlight, which is nowhere so beautiful as here. Let not the reader declare that it is "all moonshine," when we assure him that there is a vast difference in moonlight. At Wolfeborough, it is not thin, bluish, and chilly, nor is it deathly white, as if haunted by spectres, nor has it a weird hue and influence, suggesting fairies and frolicsome fays; rather is its color a delicate luminous cream, and its beams do not rain in silver streams, but gush, as it were, from all the veins of the air. There is an Oriental richness about it, an Italian sorcery, that

I have felt nowhere else. What a rare joy a sail on the lake is then! It is full of exhilaration. Everybody goes into raptures over it. From seven to ten o'clock, and often later, the bay is literally alive with craft. From all sides of the water, starting out from all conceivable docks and landings, all kinds of vessels, from the tiniest shell to a fair sized wherry—all sorts of crews, from a single boy or girl to a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, all laughing and chattering, voices ringing out in the soft air and harmonizing sweetly with the mellifluous moonlight, the long line of lights on either side of the shore flashing on each merry party as they pass, while over all there is an influence, a covering and beauty, like the ancient pillars of cloud and flame,—all these combine with the boating to make a moonlight sail on the lake at Wolfeborough an experience to remember until one's latest year.

I am not writing an intentional eulogy of the lake;—still one cannot well visit Winnipiscogee without becoming influenced in a certain way that would render him oblivious of the charms of other places. For the time he is fascinated; the Cleopatra sorceries of the lake enchain him in a willing bondage. And this fascination does not cease with departure. Every year's experience and widening knowledge of this resort only increases its charms in the eyes of old dwellers, and adds to the throng of new comers. Boarding and hotel accommodations have to be extended year by year. All classes of people seek its shores, and the worshipper of nature, the seeker for pleasure, the soul needing rest, and the disciple of "Old Izaak," will

find here what he seeks. The invigorating lake breeze braces up the invalid, adds bloom to the cheek of beauty, and is creative of an appetite that Vitellius Cæsar or Heliogabalus might have envied.

At the southern point of the lake is Alton Bay, a quiet hamlet shut in by hills. Originally christened Merry Meeting Bay, it was the earliest settled place on the lake, dating back to the year 1710. Its earlier history is tragic with Indian surprisals and massacres. But the memory of those far away events scarcely troubles one now as he gazes upon the little village slumbering so quietly in its sheltered nook. As you approach it from the lake it looks like a miniature Venice amid its lagoons. The boat winds its way among the numerous islands, giving the traveller occasional glimpses of roofs and spires among the trees, until, all at once, the bay opens, and there is the village nestling on the shore, watched over by the guardian hills that surround it. There are not a few delightful mountain drives in the neighborhood, and magnificent views of the lake are obtained from the summits of the surrounding hills. The Bay View House is the largest hotel, and is pleasantly located, and affords at reasonable price excellent accommodations to its guests.

Another delightful point on the lake is Lake Village, in the township of Gilford. Long Bay, an arm of the great lake, stretches down like a knife-blade. The village reposing on its shore is lovely as a poet's dream. Happy is he who has yet to take a first view of Winnipiscogee from the ridge above the village. Leaving the busy little mart, with its mills, facto-

ries, and machine shops, we wander up through the fields to a pleasant terrace. With the town at our feet, we look down upon the Beautiful Water. It is a scene for an artist. Woods and fields and charming islands, the mirrory lake, and the mountains beyond, all disclose a landscape of remarkable beauty. We have gazed upon it often, and each time we discover new beauty in the scene.

But our pilgrim feet cannot linger forever in this "Land of Beulah." Half regretfully we take our last boat-ride on the lake. It is the last of October, but the day is warm, the sunshine golden. What charms of color enshrine the shores! and below, how the waters change at every passing breeze! Now it is blue, now gray, purple, azure. The lake is like an opal. Its chameleon hues are wonderful. Yonder is a shore where the tall and stately pine borders the water line with living green. Underneath there is a mound of heaped earth. Can you not fancy the soul of some grim old sagamore lying under those waving boughs? Now we pass an island in the lake. What an entrancing shore! Surely Circe might reign there, or Calypso hold there a Ulysses in enchantment. Fairy Ariels and Peablossoms come to one's mind, and all the splendid richness of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"The velvet grass seems carpet meet  
For the light fairies' lively feet;  
Yon tufted knoll with daisies strewn  
Might make proud Oberon a throne,  
While, hidden in the thicket nigh,  
Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly;  
And where profuse the wood-vetch clings  
Round ash and elm in verdant rings,  
Its pale and azure pencilled flower  
Should canopy Titania's bower."

Artists are said to find better studies on Lake George. There may be perhaps more of manageable picturesqueness in the combinations of its coves and cliffs; but for larger proportioned landscapes, to be enjoyed by the eye, if not so easily handled by the brush and pencil, Winnipiseogee is immeasurably superior. Its artistic and infinite variety never wearies, while at Lake George the

visitor forever feels the need of wider reaches in the mountain views, and richer combinations of the forest wildness, and longs for a glimpse now and then furnished by the New Hampshire lake. Winnipiseogee satisfies, its genial influences are peculiarly elevating, and all its various charms combine to prove that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

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### EDWARD GOVE'S INSURRECTION OF 1683.—THE SECOND AMERICAN REBELLION.

BY J. C. SANBORN.

Before the Great Revolution of 1776 there were three smaller rebellions in the United States, or Provinces as they were called. One of these was Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia, and another was that which took place on the coronation of William III as King of England. These two are well known, but between the former and the latter a small rebellion broke out in New Hampshire, which is not much known, but which should be more familiar, as it was the forerunner of the downfall of Andros in 1689.

New Hampshire, which was first settled in 1623, had been for half a century united with Massachusetts; but when Charles II came to the throne of England in 1660 he wished to punish the Massachusetts Puritans, and with this end in view made New Hampshire a royal province, to have a governor of its own. As this separation from Massachusetts was against the wishes of the New Hampshire settlers, the king, hoping to conciliate them, named a council in his new prov-

ince and called an assembly. This assembly, meeting in 1680, enacted a code of laws borrowed from those of Massachusetts. When the king saw these laws he rejected them as "fanatical and absurd," and, persuaded by Robert Mason, who hoped thus to further his own interests, he appointed Cranfield, a London official, who became deeply indebted to Mason, the first royal governor. Robert Mason, whose claims to the proprietorship of New Hampshire indirectly furnished one of the causes of the rebellion which is the subject of this article, was a grandson of Capt. John Mason, to whom, many years before, in connection with a baronet named Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the Plymouth Council had given an enormous grant, covering almost the whole of what is now Maine and New Hampshire. Afterward Mason and Gorges divided, and the former took as his share the whole of modern New Hampshire. It was to give Robert Mason a control over the settlers that Cranfield

was so tyrannical, and enacted so many severe laws. Now the assembly refused their consent to these laws; and when Cranfield found that they would not obey him in all that he did, he dissolved the assembly at once. This step secured him the ill-will of all the men of New Hampshire, and soon the feeling of resentment rose so high as to result in a rebellion. In 1683, in a report made to the Board of Trade by Randolph, one of the king's officers in New Hampshire, there is a very good account of this rebellion, and from this report I will quote a few passages:

A short time after, one Edward Hampton, who served for the town of Hampton, a leading man and a great stickler for the late proceedings of the assembly, made it his business to stir the people up to rebellion by giving out that the governor, as vice-admiral, acted by the commission of his royal highness who was a Papist, and would bring popery in amongst them; that the governor was a pretended governor, and his commission was signed in Scotland. He endeavored, with a great deal of pains, to make a party, and solicited many of the considerable persons in each town to join with him to recover their liberties infringed by his majesty's placing a governor over them; further adding that his sword was drawn, and he would not lay it down till he knew who should hold the government. He discoursed at Portsmouth to Mr. Martyn, treasurer, and soon after to Capt. Hall of Dover, which they discovered to the governor, who immediately dispatched messengers with warrants to the constable of Exeter and Hampton to arrest Gove; and fearing he might get a party too strong for the civil power (as indeed it proved, for Justice Weare and a marshal were repulsed), the governor forthwith ordered the militia of the whole province

to be in arms; and understanding by the marshal that Gove could not be apprehended at Hampton by himself and a constable, but had gone to his party at Exeter (from whence he suddenly returned with twelve men mounted and armed with swords, pistols, and guns, a trumpet sounding, and Gove with his sword drawn riding at the head of them), was taking horse and with a part of the troop intended to take Gove and his company, but the governor was prevented by a messenger from Hampton, who brought word that they were met withal, and taken by the militia of the town, and were secured with a guard; the trumpeter forcing his way escaped, after whom a hue and cry was sent to all parts, but as yet he is not taken. This rising was, unexpectedly to the party, made on the 21st day of January, 1683. It is generally believed that many considerable persons, at whose houses Gove either sent or called to come out and stand for their liberties, would have joined with him had he not discovered his designs or appeared in arms at that day. For upon the 30th of January being appointed by the governor a day of public humiliation, they designed to cut off the governor, Mr. Mason, and some others whom they affected not. The governor sent a strong party of horse to guard the prisoners, then in irons, from Hampton to Portsmouth. They were brought before the governor and council and examined, when Gove behaved very insolently.

When arrested, Gove and his companions were put under the charge of Capt. Walter Barefoote at New Castle, so the record quaintly says, "In regarde that ye prison was out of re-paire." While in custody here, Gove wrote a letter to the justices who were about to try him, and in it he describes his condition. He says,—“My tears are in my eyes, I can hardly see . . . If ever New England had need of a

Solomon or David it is now . . . Wee have a hard prison, a good keeper, a hard Captain, irons an inch over, five foot seven inches long, two men locked together, yet I had, I thank God for it, a very goode night's rest." On the 15th of February, 1683, a special court was called to try Gove and his comrades, and "after long consideration the jury found Gove guilty of high treason, . . . and all the rest in arms, . . . the governor ordered the court to suspend its judgement (on the latter) till His Majesty's pleasure should be known therein; most of them being young men and unacquainted with the law." The judge, who, it is said, shed tears while sentencing Gove, pronounced the dreadful sentence that he should be hung, drawn, and quartered,—that being the punishment for the offence. This judge, Richard Waldron, was a very important man in the New Hampshire colony. He was promoted from the rank of captain to that of colonel, and in his capacity as judge sentenced three Quaker women to be whipped through Dover, Hampton, and Salisbury, and soon to Dedham. This order was obeyed only in Dover and Hampton, however, for in Salisbury, Walter Barefoote, the deputy governor, took them out of the constable's hands pretending to deliver them up to the officers of Newbury, but really protecting them and sending them out of Waldron's reach. Whittier has celebrated this event in his Poem of "How the women went from Dover," as follows :

"Show me the order, and meanwhile strike  
A blow at your peril!" said Justice Pike.  
Of all the rulers the lands possessed,  
Wiseest and boldest was he, and best.

"He read the warrant: "These convey  
From our precincts; at every town on the way

Give each ten lashes.' God judge the brute!  
I tread his warrant under my foot!

Cut loose these poor ones and let them go!  
Come what will of it, all men shall know  
No warrant is good, though backed by the Crown,  
For whipping women in Salisbury town!"

Six years after Gove's trial, on the 27th of June, 1689, Major Waldron was killed by the Indians, whose anger he had provoked in capturing some of their tribe and selling them into slavery. This happened in 1676. Two squaws asked Waldron if they might spend the night of the 27th in his house. No suspicion was aroused by this request, and the Major showed them how to unfasten the doors, in case they wished to go out during the night. Merandowit asked Waldron what he would do if the Indians should attack him, and the Major carelessly told him that he could assemble a hundred men by merely raising his finger. During the night the gates were opened, and the Indians outside rushed in and entered the Major's apartment. At first he drove them back with his sword, which he had seized as he sprang from bed, but he was soon stunned and overpowered. After a supper, which the inhabitants of the house were forced to provide, the Indians tortured Major Waldron, till, faint from loss of blood, he fell forward, when one of the Indians held his own sword beneath him, and falling on its point he expired. It is said that the Quakers, whom he ordered to be flogged, foretold his horrible death.

But to return to Gove and his companions. Most of these were pardoned, and Gove himself, after being sent over to England and confined in the Tower for some years, was pardoned and sent back to Hampton. There is on file in the State Paper

Office in England a petition of his wife to pardon her husband. She gives as his excuse that he was intoxicated at the time, and hints at a streak of insanity which ran in his family. After his return to America he lived but a short time, and always contended that a slow poison had been administered to him in prison. His house, a part of it, still stands in Seabrook, and there is growing on the premises a pear-tree which it is said he brought from England with him. His descendants became Quakers, and some of them still worship in the old Quaker meeting-house in Seabrook, which was

formerly a part of Hampton; and it is near this old church that Gove's remains lie buried.

Thus ended the first rebellion in New England. It hastened Cranfield's removal, but was of little permanent consequence compared with that which occasioned the downfall of Sir Edmund Andros six years afterward, when Cranfield, Randolph, and many other supporters of tyranny went down with Sir Edmund. Randolph, who had been active in punishing Gove, was himself imprisoned in Boston, and wrote many piteous letters to King William asking to be set free.

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## HOW POLLY CAME HOME.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Elisha and I have allers worked hard, and saved up all we could,  
 Not that we expected it would ever do *us* much good,  
 But there was Tom and Moses, and there was Elizy Ann,  
 And she was our only darter, and she had n't much of a man!  
 He was kinder shiftless and lazy, and never see nothin' to do:  
 He was born so awfully tired he 'd never got rested through!

I said that Elizy Ann was all the darter we had:  
 We had another one, Polly,—but Polly she managed bad.  
 Jim Pearl, as worked at days' works, she captivated his eye,  
 And she was a silly young flirt, and he courted her all on the sly:  
 But as soon as Elisha found out how matters were goin' along,  
 He reasoned with Polly, and told her she 'd done uncommonly wrong!

He and I talked it over, nights, after we 'd got into bed,  
 And the boys wa'n't round, nor nobody else, to hear what was said.  
 Elisha, he 'd get so excited he 'd kick off the bed-clothes like sin,  
 Which is awful provokin'. I think, after once a body's tucked in:  
 And he swore by some oaths that are mild and fit for a deacon to use,  
 He 'd disown Polly forever, if she did n't come round to his views.

Elisha is sot as the hills: no man could be more so than he:  
 But Polly's a chip of the old block, and a good deal more sotter is she;  
 And when her father explained she must give the mitten to Jim,  
 She kept on hemmin' a ruffle and hummin' a Methodist hymn;  
 And I thought to myself she was taking it dreadful quiet and mild,  
 But Polly's a person that never allows herself to get riled.

Next day was quarterly meetin'; the deacon and I allers go;  
The preachin' is giner'ly powerful to raise up the hearts of the low.  
We stayed all night with the brethren, and when we got home she had fled!  
Yes, Polly had left us for Jim, and the deacon wished she was dead.  
And he told us never to mention the name of Polly to him,  
And likewise we 'd better avoid any conversation on Jim.

After this, Elisha growed old in a way it grieved me to see:  
He looked like a man of seventy, and he hardly was sixty-three.  
He left off contrivin' and plannin', and willed his possessions away;  
And Elizy Ann and Josiah, they came to the farm to stay.  
The bank stock was given to Moses, and Tom had the timber lot,  
And Elizy Ann was to see after us for the things we had got.

Now, I do n't deny but what it's a cross to navigate straight  
With folks that is getting in years, and keep up an even-paced gait.  
You need a good deal of religion, and darter Eliza and I,  
We could n't seem to agree, and no more could Elisha and Si:  
They put us off into a bed-room where there wa' n't no sign of the sun,  
And we never could be quite sartin when day ended or when it begun.

Elizy Ann is a scholar, and she says that coffee and tea  
Ain't fit for the human stomach, and sugar's the worst of the three.  
Now it's rather a toughish job for a woman as old as I  
To be satisfied with cold water, and swaller her flap-jack dry;  
But I had signed off my rights with a thoughtless stroke of the pen,  
And if I complained the leastest, Elizy was mad as a hen.

One day when things was crossways, and words run consider'ble high,  
Josiah said he was tired of waitin' for us to die;  
And Elizy Ann she slat round, and kieked at the dog which was lame,  
As if she considered that animal was somehow or ruther to blame;  
And Elisha sot still and quiet, and seemed most remarkably meek,  
And seeing his mood, I braced myself, and managed not to speak.

Next day Elisha told Si that he 'd clean entirely forgot,  
In making his will and giving to Tom the whole of that timber lot,  
That it wa' n't strict justice to 'Lizy, and he 'd call the attorney in  
And have affairs regulated exact as they 'd ought to a' been.  
Josiah pricked up his ears—he's smart as a whip after money,  
And when he scents out sixpence, he's sweet as molasses and honey.

He brought the will to Elisha, and Elisha examined it through,  
And I sot there a wonderin' what he was goin' to do.  
He folded the dockymnt careful, and slung it into the fire,  
And riz up tall and straight as the Orthodox meeting-house spire:  
He strode to the door and opened it, and sez he to Elizy Ann,  
"Git out of this house right brief! you and your cussid man!"

I felt dreadful to hear the deacon use such an unchristian word,  
But then I expect his temper was pretty consider'ble stirred;

Elizy she fell to crying, and Josiah he blustered and swore,  
 But the deacon had got his back up, and he turned 'em all out of door.  
 That night says Elisha to me, "I should like to see Polly at home,  
 And I'd send her an invitation if I only thought she would come."

I did n't say nothin' just then, but I writ to Polly next day,  
 And one Saturday, just about sunset—I remember the month was May—  
 She come in and laid her baby, as nat'ral as ever could be,  
 And he a kickin' and crowin', right down on his grandfather's knee.  
 The deacon sot still for a minnit, I expect he was kinder upsot,  
 But the way he kissed Polly's baby was a sight I never forgot.

Then he cleared his throat with a he'em! and says he, "It ain't any good  
 A pretendin' that Betsy and I have done as purfessors should:  
 We've been unrighteous and worldly, but Polly'll forgive us, maybe."  
 And Polly she hugged him and kissed him, as tender as ever you see;  
 And says he.—"There's work on the farm for Jim and myself to do,  
 So we'll bury the hatchet deep, and begin our lives anew."

Ever since, we've made one family, and we have n't got a son  
 That's begun to do as well by us as our Polly's Jim has done!  
 And the baby—little blessing!—he's as sweet as sweet can be,  
 And who shall tend and spoil him most is on what we disagree.  
 And the moral of my story is,—*Old people, do n't be led  
 To give away anything you've got till after you are dead.*

TICKNOR'S PAPER SERIES is a happy idea of the publishers, and will be very acceptable to all readers during the summer that is now so close upon us. It includes a number of the most famous and successful of the novels of the past five years,—books like *Guenn*, *The Story of a Country Town*, *A Nameless Nobleman*, *The Story of Margaret Kent*, and others of equal value and merit; and with these come brilliant new works, like De Montauban's *The Cruise of a Woman-Hater*, and the vivid and fascinating Venetian novel, *The House of the Musician*, by Virginia W. Townsend, whose *Neptune's Vase* won such great praise a few years ago. Such a group of novels as these titles indicate will be as refreshing as a sea-breeze in summer. They are handsome and shapely volumes, substantially bound

in decorated heavy-paper covers. The series for 1887 will include thirteen volumes, appearing one each week during May, June, and July. The retail price is fifty cents each volume, a remarkably low price for such handsomely printed and made-up copyright books.

The initial number of the series is the famous and widely approved novel, "The Story of Margaret Kent." The wonderful success of this book is shown by the fact that within less than two years it has run through ten editions. It is not merely a love-story, but also a series of character studies worthy of Thackeray or Balzac, thrilling with real life and deep feeling, and depicting with marvellous skill the trials of a young, beautiful, and bewitching woman.



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.*

VOL. X.

JUNE, 1887.

No. 6.

## HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN.

A hundred years after the Puritans and Pilgrims made a settlement on the coast of New England, there came



to this country a multitude of emigrants, mostly from the north of

Ireland, who soon became absorbed into the ranks of the first settlers, and became the very best of citizens.

In the contest for independence they rendered the most efficient services to the colonies, as they had previously done in protecting the frontier from the inroads of the Indians. After another century, our doors having been opened wide for the reception of people from every country, there came to these shores a tide of emigration from central and southern Ireland, which seemed at one time as if it would depopulate the Emerald Isle. In numbers like the countless hosts of the Goths and Vandals who overran the Roman empire, but pacific in their intentions, they sought in America homes for themselves and their children, where, under the flag and protection of the young republic, they could enjoy that liberty which had been denied them in their old home, and secure those advantages which thrift and industry offered in the new world.

When the country of their adoption

was in danger from organized rebellion, none hastened to its defence with more zeal and courage than these newly made citizens. In the baptism of blood that followed, the heterogeneous mass was welded into one great people.

HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN, member of the governor's council from District 2, a whole-souled, open-hearted, and always genial citizen, is a representative of the Irish American element in New Hampshire, whom his fellow-citizens delight to honor.

He was born in Macroom, county of Cork, Ireland, in February, 1840, and is the second in a family of eight, five sons and three daughters, the children of John and Margaret Linehan. The head of the family, who was a finely educated man, came to this country in October, 1847, and his family came two years later. John C., like many other boys of his time in New England, was compelled to leave school at an early age. When 12 years old he was a doffer in the cotton mill of H. H. and J. S. Brown at Fisherville (now Penacook), N. H., and doing his best to keep up, on his side of the spinning frame. From 1852 to 1857 he remained in the mill, retiring as a section hand in the weaving department at the age of 17. From here he went to work for the Rolfe Brothers, sash, door, blind, and box manufacturers, and for three years, from 1858 to 1861, was foreman of the box department. For some years before the war he was a member of the Fisherville band, and when the Third Regiment of volunteers was organized, with seven of his comrades, he enlisted as a member of the Third band, in which he served up to the

time of his discharge. The members of the band swore by their regiment, and the regiment swore by the band. One was confident that the regiment was the best in the Department of the South, and the others knew theirs was the best band: so this fraternal feeling was kept up, and is as warm to-day as it was twenty-five years ago. From 1864 to 1866 he worked for the firm of Caldwell, Amsden & Co., cabinet manufacturers. In April of the latter year he went into the grocery business with Henry F. Brown, the co-partnership lasting three years, when the interest of the latter ceased, and from April, 1869, to the present date he has been alone—twenty-one consecutive years in the same business, as a retail grocer; which is saying a good deal for the most unstable, fortune-wrecking business in the country.

A Republican politically, he has served his ward (One, of Concord) in almost every capacity, having been ward clerk, on the board of selectmen, and in both branches of the city government—council and board of aldermen. In October, 1886, he received an almost unanimous vote as candidate for councillor, but seven votes being cast against him on the first ballot. Although failing of an election at the polls, there being no choice by the people, he led his candidate for governor in 39 out of the 13 towns in the councillor district. The vote for Sawyer was 7,962, and for Linehan 8,230, or 268 ahead. His competitor, Frederick Taylor of Nelson, had 7,773, and the Prohibition ticket 661. Linehan's plurality was 455. Considering that there was no special effort made, it was a handsome run.

From 1872 to 1882 he was an ac-

tive worker in the total abstinence cause, being president of one of the first Catholic temperance societies, and for a time one of the most flourishing in the state, at Fisherville. In company with the lamented Maj. T. B. Crowley of Nashua and Maj. P. A. Devine of Manchester, he helped to organize a state union, and was one of the first delegates to represent it in the national convention in New York in 1874. In 1875 he was one of the charter members and the first commander of W. I. Brown Post, No. 31, G. A. R., of Penacook; was elected a delegate to the national encampment in 1878, appointed assistant department inspector in 1879, served on the staff of Department Commander George Bowers in 1879 and '80, elected a member of the national council administration in 1880 and '81, chief mustering officer in 1882, elected department commander in 1883, unanimously reelected in 1884, appointed a member of the national pension committee of the G. A. R. in 1884, reappointed in 1885-6-7, elected president of New Hampshire Veteran Association in 1885 and reelected in 1886. While department commander he instituted twenty new posts, beginning at West Stewartstown and ending at Salisbury, from No. 64 to 84, reorganized eight posts, and increased the membership of the order from 3,000 to nearly 4,500. He was elected one of the board of directors of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, and placed on the Executive Committee in 1884. He was selected by the New Hampshire Veteran Association to procure from the legislature appropriations for the Gettysburg monuments, and for head-quarters at

The Weirs, and was appointed by Gov. Currier agent for the expenditure of the same.

From 1865 to 1879 he was a member of what has often been called the best musical organization New Hampshire has had within its borders, "Brown's Band," well known all over New England, and led by the well known manufacturer of the Concord Axle works, D. Arthur Brown, formerly leader of the Third Regiment band. This band numbered among its members T. W. Henry of the Cadet band of Boston, and Jean Missud of the Cadet band of Salem. Of this band he was the secretary and treasurer during its existence. In 1876 it accompanied the Governor and Amoskeag Veterans to Philadelphia, and the year following to Bennington.

Since the organization of the State Veteran Association he has had charge of the musical section of the annual reunion, except while he was president, and at the expiration of his term he was again elected to fill the place of musical director. He was appointed by Governor Hale one of the board of trustees of the Industrial school at Manchester, and takes an active interest in its welfare.

Though but nine years of age when he left Ireland, his memory of it is clear and his love for it strong. Naturally his sympathies lead him towards any movement for its welfare. In 1865-'66 he was the head of the Fenian Brotherhood in New Hampshire, and organized a company of militia composed almost wholly of veteran soldiers, and named in honor of Governor Smyth the "Smyth Guards," for the manly position taken by the governor on the imprisonment of Captain Hea-

ley in Ireland, and which resulted in the release of the captain.

Although deprived of educational facilities in his early youth, he has been all his life and is at present a diligent scholar and an inveterate reader. He was the first Catholic elected to any position in the city of Concord, and, if elected by the legislature, will be the first Catholic to hold the position of councillor in this state. One of his brothers, Rev. T. P. Linehan, is a respected resident of Portland, Me., being rector of the cathedral there.

He married, in January, 1864, Mary E. Pendergast, and his family consists of one daughter and three sons. His daughter took the veil in St. Elizabeth's convent at Portland, Me., in September, 1885, in the order of the Sisters of Mercy. His oldest son, after two years' apprenticeship in the dry goods business in Minneapolis, is now in Boston with Brown, Durrell & Co.; one works with his father in the store; and the other, a lad of nine years, is at school.

Broad and liberal in his views, Mr. Linehan has been an active, earnest worker in the Republican ranks, and identified at home and abroad in any movement for the benefit of his fellow-men of all races and creeds. A laborer all his life, he has known what it was to work the year round from dawn to twilight, and any just movement for the benefit of the toilers will have his voice, and where he can use it, his vote.

Mr. Linehan is specially interested in early Irish history, and on that subject is high authority, from his research and indefatigable labors.

He is a graceful writer, and articles from his pen have been reproduced not only throughout this country but in Great Britain and her widespread colonies. He is still in the prime of manhood, and his friends look forward confidently to his further recognition by the party of his choice.

In closing this sketch we would acknowledge our indebtedness to our contemporary, the *Manchester Budget*, for much of our information.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE IN 1784.

The treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States of America was signed in Paris, September 3, 1783. The constitution, containing bill of rights and form of government agreed upon by the delegates of the people of the state of New Hampshire, in a convention held at Concord on the first Tuesday of June, 1783, had been submitted to and approved by the people of the state, and had been established by

their delegates in convention, October 31, 1783. It was to go into effect in June, 1784.

On the second day of June, 1784, the newly elected legislature of the state (perhaps as distinguished a body of men as ever gathered together within the limits of the state) assembled at Concord, and proceeded to organize. According to the constitution, the new senate was to be composed of twelve members, five of

whom came from Rockingham county, two each from Strafford, Hillsborough, and Cheshire, and one from Grafton; for the state, having the same limits as at present, was then divided into the above named counties.

The senate was made up as follows:

Rockingham county—Hon. John McClary, Esq., councillor. Joseph Gilman, Esq., Hon. Woodbury Langdon, Esq.\* Timothy Walker, Esq.,\* John Langdon, Esq.\*

Strafford county—John Wentworth, Esq., Ebenezer Smith, Esq.

Hillsborough county—Francis Blood, Esq., councillor, Matthew Thornton, Esq.\*

Cheshire county—Simeon Olcott, Esq., Hon. Enoch Hale, Esq.\*

Grafton county—Moses Dow, Esq.

The senate chose two of the councillors from their number; the house chose three.

The following gentlemen were returned as representatives from the several towns and places set against each of their names, agreeably to the new constitution:

Portsmouth—Geo. Atkinson, Esq., George Gains, Esq., John Pickering, Esq.

Exeter—Mr. Jedidiah Jewett.

Londonderry—Col. Daniel Runnels, Mr. Archibald McMurphy.

Chester—Capt. John Underhill.

Newington—Ephraim Pickering, Esq.

Greenland, Newcastle, and Rye—Samuel Jenness, Esq.

North Hampton—Moses Leavitt, Esq.

Hampton—Christopher Toppan, Esq.

Hampton Falls and Seabrook—Capt. Jonathan Leavitt.

Stratham—Mark Wiggin, Esq.

Kensington—Mr. Moses Shaw.

South Hampton and East Kingstown—Joseph Merrill, Esq.

Kingston—Capt. John Eastman.

Brentwood—Capt. Levi Morrill.

Epping—Capt. Seth Fogg.

Newmarket—Col. James Hill.

Nottingham—Col. Thomas Bartlett.

Deerfield—Jeremiah Eastman, Esq.

Northfield, Epsom and Allentown—

Chichester and Pittsfield—Major John Cram.

Canterbury and Northfield—Capt. Jeremiah Clough.

London—Major Nathan Bachelder.

Concord—Timothy Walker, Esq.

Pembroke—Samuel Daniels, Esq.

Candia—Col. Nathaniel Emerson.

Raymond and Poplin—Mr. John Scribner.

Hawke and Sandown—Reuben Clough, Esq.

Hampstead, Atkinson and Plaistow—Nathaniel Peabody, Esq., councillor.

Newton—

Salem—Capt. John Allen.

Windham—James Betton, Esq.

Pelham—Mr. Jacob Butler.

Dover—Capt. James Calfe.

Durham—Mr. Ebenezer Smith.

Somersworth—Maj. Jonathan Wentworth.

Rochester—James Knowles, Esq.

Barrington—Capt. Joshua Foss.

Sanbornton—Mr. John Sanborn.

Gilmanton—Gen. Joseph Badger, councillor.

Lee—Dr. James Brackett.

Madbury—

\*Elected to fill a vacancy.

- Meredith and New Hampton—  
Sandwich and Tamworth—Daniel Beede, Esq.  
Moultonborough, Tuftonborough, Wolfeborough, and Ossipee Gore—Col. Bradbury Richardson.  
Barnstead, New Durham, and New Durham Gore—Col. Thomas Tash.  
Wakefield, Middleton, and Effingham—Capt. David Copp.  
Conway, Eaton, Burton, and Location—Col. David Page.  
Nottingham-West—Capt. Samuel Marsh.  
Litchfield and Derryfield—  
Dunstable—Capt. Benjamin French.  
Merrimack and Bedford—Mr. James Martin.  
Goffstown—Robert McGregore, Esq.  
Hollis—Capt. Daniel Emerson.  
Amherst—Mr. Robert Means.  
Raby and Mason—Benjamin Mann, Esq.  
New Ipswich—Mr. Ephraim Adams.  
Duxbury and Mile Slip—  
Wilton—Capt. Philip Putnam.  
Lyndeborough—Capt. Levi Spaulding.  
Temple and Peterborough Slip—Mr. Francis Cragin.  
Peterborough and Society Land—Mr. Matthew Wallace.  
Hancock, Antrim, and Deering—John Duncan, Esq.  
Hemiker and Hillsborough—Lieut. Robert Wallace.  
New Bradford—  
New Boston—  
Francestown—  
Weare—Mr. Jonathan Dow.  
Hopkinton—Mr. Aaron Greeley.  
Dunbarton and Bow—Mr. David Storey.  
Salisbury—Capt. Matthew Pettin-gill.
- Boscawen—  
Fishersfield, Perrystown, and Warner—Capt. Francis Davis.  
New London, Andover, and Gore—Charlestown—Elijah Grout, Esq.  
Alstead—Maj. Amos Shephard.  
Keene—Mr. Benjamin Hall.  
Swanzy—Maj. Elisha Whitecomb.  
Richmond—Maj. Oliver Capron.  
Jaffrey—Mr. William Smiley.  
Winchester—Mr. Simon Willard.  
Westmoreland—Mr. Joseph Wilbourn.  
Chesterfield—Col. Samuel King.  
Rindge—  
Walpole—  
Claremont—Capt. Benjamin Sumner.  
Cornish and Grantham—Moses Chase, Esq., councillor.  
Newport and Croydon—Mr. Stephen Powers.  
Wendell and Unity—  
Acworth, Lempster, and Marlow—Lieut. David Grout.  
Surry and Gilsum—  
Stoddard and Washington—Capt. Jacob Copeland.  
Dublin and Packersfield—Mr. Reuben Morss.  
Marlborough and Fitz-William—Mr. Samuel Kendell.  
Protectworth and Hinsdale—  
Holderness, Campton, Thornton, and Morristown—Moses Baker, Esq.  
Plymouth, Rumney, and Wentworth—Col. Joseph Senter.  
New Chester, Alexandria, and Cockermonth (Groton)—Carr Huse, Esq.  
Enfield, Canaan, Cardigan, Dorchester, and Grafton—William Ayers, Esq.  
Hanover—Mr. Russell Freeman.  
Lebanon—Elisha Payne, Esq.

Lyme and Orford—Maj. Jonathan Child.

Haverhill, Piermont, Warren, and Coventry—Col. Timothy Bedel.

Bath, Lyman, Gunthwait, Apthorp, Lancaster, Northumberland, Stratford, Dartmouth, Colburn, and Cockburn—Capt. John Young.

Hon. George Atkinson, Esq., was chosen speaker of the house; Hon. Woodbury Langdon, Esq., was chosen as senior senator.

John McClary, Francis Blood, Joseph Badger, Nathaniel Peabody, and Moses Chase were elected councillors.

Abiel Foster, Jonathan Blanchard, John Langdon, and Moses Dow were appointed delegates to represent New Hampshire in Congress for a year, commencing the following November, but all except Mr. Foster refused the honor, and subsequently Samuel Livermore, Pierse Long, and Elisha Paine were associated with Mr. Foster, but two serving at once.

Samuel Livermore, Josiah Bartlett, and John Sullivan were appointed a committee to revise the laws of the state, and to draw such new laws as they might deem necessary.

Ebenezer Thompson was elected secretary for the state; John Taylor Gilman was elected treasurer.

The pay of the members was six shillings a day; the secretary of the state and the clerk of the house received nine shillings.

The first session at Concord lasted about two weeks, when the legislature adjourned to meet in October in Portsmouth. It was not until the second meeting that a yea and nay vote was recorded. That was before the parties had formed.

A town with one hundred and fifty ratable male polls was entitled to one representative; with four hundred and fifty polls, to two; with seven hundred and fifty polls, to three. Every member of the house was seized of a free-hold estate in his own right of at least £100; a senator had to own £200 in a free-hold estate to be eligible.

His Excellency, Meshech Weare, who had served the state throughout the struggle for independence as its chief executive officer, was found to have received a large majority of the votes cast, and was duly declared elected the first president of the new commonwealth. He was not, however, sworn into office for several days after the legislature met.

On the first day of the session the members of both branches of "The General Court" attended services at the Old North church, and listened to a sermon by Rev. Samuel McClintock, of Greenland. So well pleased were they that they voted him £15 in the afternoon to recompense him. The sermon is on file among the archives of the state library, and is worthy of perusal after a century has passed by. A few extracts may be of interest to the present generation.

"How becoming is it that we should render unto him in a public manner the most devout ascriptions of praise for the great things he has done for us in delivering us from the cruel hand of oppression, and the impending miseries of abject servitude, crowning our arduous struggle in defense of the rights of human nature with triumphant success, in acknowledgement of our independence and sovereignty, and in giving us the

singular advantage of forming a constitution of government for ourselves and our posterity. If we should neglect to render due praise to him on such a great occasion, the heathen would rise up in judgment and condemn us for our impiety and ingratitude."

He speaks of "the present glorious revolution in this land," and continues: "Hardly any people were ever less prepared to enter the list with such a great and powerful nation. War was not our object or wish; on the contrary we deprecated it as a dreadful calamity, and continued to hope, even against hope, that the gentle methods of petitioning and remonstrating might obtain a redress of grievances.

"The war on our part was not a war of ambition, but a justifiable self-defence against the claims of an arbitrary power, which was attempting to wrest from us the privileges we had all along enjoyed, and to subject us to a state of abject servitude. . . .

"They were men of war from their youth. They had regular troops, used to service, who had signalized their valor on the Plains of Minden and on the Heights of Abraham, commanded by able and experienced generals, amply furnished with all the terrible apparatus of death and destruction, and aided by mercenary troops who had been bred to arms and were versed in all the stratagems of war:—add to this they had a navy that ruled the ocean, and regular resources to supply their demands—on the other hand we were inexperienced in the art of war, and had neither disciplined troops, nor magazines of

provision and ammunition, nor so much as one ship of war to oppose to their formidable fleets, nor any regular resources, not even so much as the certain prospect of any foreign aid;—besides all the civil governments were dissolved and the people reduced back to a state of nature, and in danger of falling into anarchy and confusion. . . .

"That people so widely separated from one another by their situation, manners, customs, and forms of government, should all at once be willing to sacrifice their present interests to the public good and unite like a band of brothers to make the cause of one state, and even of one town, a common cause: and that they should continue firm and united under the greatest discouragements and the most trying reverses of fortune—that an army of freemen, voluntarily assembled at the alarm of danger—men who had been nurtured in the bosom of liberty and unused to slavish restraints, should be willing to submit to the severity of military government for the safety of their country, and patiently endure hardships that would have the fortitude of veterans, following their illustrious leader in the depths of winter, through cold and snow, in nakedness and perils, when every step they took was marked with the blood that issued from their swollen feet, and when they could not be animated to such patience and perseverance by any mercenary motives, was a rare spectacle, and for its solution must be traced to a higher source."

The whole sermon shows that the speaker, if not the hearers, appreciated the magnitude of the struggle



through which the colonies had successfully passed, and realized the responsibility which devolved upon them in establishing the new state on a sure foundation.

Money at this time was very scarce, that is, gold and silver. The Continental currency had depreciated so that forty pounds represented one, and was very difficult to dispose of at any figure, being thought nearly worthless. The new legislature voted to raise £25,000, but were aware of the difficulty of raising any. They provided for the pensions of disabled soldiers, for a light-house at Newcastle, and for the pay of the officers of the state, but made the collection possible by allowing evidences of state indebtedness to be received as state taxes.

At this time the state contained a population of about 140,000 souls, mostly employed in agricultural pursuits. Portsmouth was the only place of much importance, sending three representatives to the General Court, but its leading men were the unpopular Masonian Proprietors, and thus its influence was curtailed. Next in importance was the town of Londonderry, where already had sprung up a few manufacturing industries. Derryfield sent no representative. This was before the days of turnpikes and canals, and the roads were carried over the hilliest and most rocky routes, to save expense in maintaining, and were consequently as bad as they well could be; but as they were not much used except by foot travelers and horsemen, it did not much matter. Bridges were of such a character that they were generally carried away by the freshet every spring, while the main dependence was placed

on ferries. The crops on the new land on the hillside farms were abundant. Large families of children were raised, and were educated in the rudiments at the little school-house in every district. On every farm was a self-sustaining community: they raised their own wheat, corn, vegetables, maple sugar, and all the food required; they raised their own wool and flax; they tanned their own leather; they made their own cloth, and made their own garments. Every town had its minister. Then came the miller with grist-mill and saw-mill; then the blacksmith; and lastly, when the town had gained a certain standing, a justice of the peace.

Dartmouth college was granted the right by the first legislature of the state to hold a lottery, in order to raise £3,000.

#### MESHECH WEARE.

the new president of the state, was at this time well advanced in years, being over 70. He was a native of New Hampshire, graduated at Harvard college in 1735, and early devoted his attention to law and statecraft. From 1745, when he was elected a representative from Hampton Falls, he was almost continually in the public service. He was clerk of the house for several years, was chosen speaker in 1752, and held the office for some years. In 1747 he was appointed judge of the superior court, and continued in that office until 1776, when he was chosen chief-justice, resigning in 1782 on account of failing health. From 1776 to 1784 he was a member of the Committee of Safety, member of the council, and president of the state.

He was a man of original inventive genius, but possessed extensive knowledge, an accurate judgment, a calm temper, a modest deportment, an upright and benevolent heart, and a habit of prudence and diligence in performing the various duties of public and private life. He was not a theoretic but a practical statesman, distinguished for his amiableness, uprightness, and fidelity. All through the Revolution he was invested at the same time with the highest offices, legislative, judicial, and executive, and continued in them by annual elections. He was neither proud nor haughty. His high rank did not change his mind, his manners, or his mode of living. He continued to the last the same modest, unassuming man. From all his offices, and with all his prudence, he added not a cent to his property, which did not exceed that of a good common farmer. Worn down with services he had rendered to the public, after a long illness, he died calmly at his mansion in Hampton Falls, January 15, 1786, in his 73d year.

#### COUNCILLORS.

Hon. John McClary, of Epsom, was a delegate to the Provincial Congress which met in May, 1775; a representative from Epsom in 1776 and 1778; a member of the Committee of Safety; councillor from 1780 to 1784; senator from 1784 to 1787; president of the senate 1785 and 1786; member of the convention, 1791-'92. He died June 16, 1801, aged 82.

Gen. Francis Blood, of Temple, was born March 18, 1735-'36, in Concord, Mass., and settled in Temple in 1763. Was selectman several years,

town-clerk, representative all through the Revolutionary War, a justice of court of common pleas, and afterwards chief-justice. He was a man of superior mind, sagacity, and information; for many years the leading man of the town, acquired a handsome property, and died in 1790.

Dr. Nathaniel Peabody, of Atkinson, was one of the distinguished men of his times. He was born in Topsfield, Mass., March 1, 1741. He was adjutant-general of the state, 1777-'78; member of congress, 1779-'81; major-general of the state militia, 1793. He died in Exeter, June 27, 1823, aged 82.

Gen. Joseph Badger, son of Capt. Joseph Badger, was born in Bradford, Mass., October 23, 1746. He was a man of great military ardor, and held offices in the militia for thirty years. He was present at the capture of Burgoyne in 1779. He was again councillor, 1790-'92, 1795-'96. He died January 15, 1809, aged 62.

Hon. Moses Chase, of Cornish, came of that family which has given so many distinguished names to American history, including that of Chief-Justice Salmon P. Chase.

#### SENATORS.

Hon. Joseph Gilman, of Exeter, born May 5, 1738; treasurer of Rockingham county in 1776; justice of the peace in 1779; elected to senate in 1785-'86-'87; member of governor's council, last term. In 1788 removed to Marietta, Ohio, where, two years later, he was appointed judge of probate; later U. S. judge for the district of the North-west. He died May 14, 1806.

Hon. Woodbury Langdon was born

in Portsmouth in 1739; was a merchant; a member of the old congress, 1779-'80; judge of the supreme court, 1782. A firm patriot, devoted to the cause of his country. His house was burned in 1781, and he built the Rockingham House (old). He died January 13, 1805, aged 66.

Hon. Timothy Walker, of Concord, only son of Rev. Timothy Walker, of Concord, was born June 27, 1737; graduated at Harvard college, 1756; justice of court of common pleas from 1777 to 1809; chief-justice last five years; often a delegate; candidate for governor in 1798. Died May 5, 1822, aged 85. He filled all the town and state offices to which he was elected with fidelity and honor.

Hon. John Langdon, of Portsmouth, one of New Hampshire's most distinguished citizens, was born in Portsmouth in 1740; was one of the party which seized Fort William and Mary in 1774; delegate to Continental Congress in 1775 and 1776; speaker N. H. house of representatives in 1776 and 1777; judge of court of common pleas; delegate to congress in 1783; president of New Hampshire in 1785; member of first U. S. senate; president *pro tem.* of that body, served two terms; governor of New Hampshire from 1805 to 1808 and 1810 and 1811. He was eminent for his personal dignity, his patriotism, his capacity for offices of high honor and trust, and for his religious reverence and devotion. He died September 18, 1819, aged 78.

Hon. John Wentworth, of Dover, born at Salmon Falls, July 17, 1745; graduated at Harvard college in 1768; was admitted to the bar, and lived in Dover; was moderator many years;

representative through the war; one of the executive council of the state; on the Committee of Safety; a delegate to the Continental congress in 1778. He was an able lawyer, as a man benevolent, of a good-natured address, and a statesman of superior abilities. He died January 10, 1787.

Ebenezer Smith, born in Exeter in 1734; was a Proprietor of Gilmanton, but settled in Meredith in 1768, and was a "father of the town" for many years. He was judge of probate; lieutenant-colonel of 10th regiment militia; president of the senate two years. He died August 27, 1807, aged 73.

Hon. Matthew Thornton, born in Ireland in 1714; came as a lad to America; studied medicine; was surgeon on Louisbourg expedition; member of congress from 1776 to 1778; chief-justice of Hillsborough county; judge of the supreme court; member of the council in 1785. Soon afterwards he moved to Massachusetts, and died in Newburyport, June 24, 1804, in his 91st year.

Simeon Olcott, of Charlestown, was born in Bolton, Conn., October 1, 1735; graduated at Yale college in 1761, and settled some three years later in Charlestown as a lawyer; he was judge of probate in 1773; chief-justice of court of common pleas in 1784; associate justice of superior court in 1790; chief-justice from 1795 to 1801; U. S. Senator to 1805. He died February 22, 1815, aged 79.

Enoch Hale, of Rindge, came from Hampstead in 1760; was justice of the peace in 1768. He was born in Rowley, Mass., November 28, 1733; was a leading citizen of the town till he removed to Walpole in 1784. He

died in Grafton, Vt., April 9, 1813, aged 79.

Moses Dow, of Haverhill, was the first lawyer of Grafton county, and for some time was register of probate.

#### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Hon. George Atkinson, Esq., who was born, lived, and died in Portsmouth, was a man of considerable ability, strict integrity, and of an irreproachable character. He was four times appointed a delegate to the Continental congress, but each time declined the office. He was also appointed a member of the Committee of Safety, and declined. He was appointed a special justice of the superior court. In 1785 he was one of four candidates for president of the state, and received the largest popular vote, but failed of an election before the legislature. He died in February, 1788.

George Gains was one of the Committee of Safety for the state in 1777.

Hon. John Pickering, Esq., was a native of Newington, born in 1738: graduated at Harvard college in 1761: studied law; was attorney-general in 1786; repeatedly a member of the legislature; president of the U. S. senate in 1789; and governor of the state, *ex-officio*, when Gov. John Langdon was elected to the U. S. senate. In 1790 he was appointed chief-justice of the superior court, and held the office five years. He was afterwards district judge of the United States, and served till 1804. He received the degree of LL. D. from Harvard college and Dartmouth college. He died April 11, 1805, aged 67.

Col. Daniel Runnels, of Londonderry, served as captain in Col. Nichols's regiment at Bennington, and as captain in Col. Peabody's regiment in Rhode Island in 1778. He was an able and distinguished citizen.

Thomas Bartlett, Esq., of Nottingham, was among the leading patriots of Rockingham county. He was captain of a company in 1775 at Winter Hill; lieutenant-colonel in Col. Gilman's regiment in Rhode Island in 1778; a member of Committee of Safety in 1778; colonel of a regiment at West Point in 1780; brigadier-general of N. H. militia in 1792; representative in 1775; speaker of the house of representatives; judge of the court of common pleas. He died June 30, 1807, aged 59.

Moses Leavitt, Esq., of North Hampton, actively participated in the War of the Revolution. He was appointed captain in the Continental service in 1776, and was employed on coast defence during the war. He was representative in 1782 and 1783.

Hon. Christopher Toppan, of Hampton, was a useful and distinguished citizen, son of Dr. Edmund Toppan, and grandson of Rev. Christopher Toppan, of Newbury, Mass. His mother was a daughter of Col. Joshua Wingate. He was often a representative, and was councillor in 1786, 1790, and 1791. He died in February, 1819, aged 84.

Daniel Emerson, Esq., of Hollis, was coroner for Hillsborough county in 1776; captain in Rhode Island expedition in 1779; representative in 1782; councillor in 1787; and died October 4, 1821, aged 75.

Lieut. Robert Wallace, of Henniker, was a native of Londonderry;

judge of court of common pleas for Hillsborough county from 1803 to 1813; councillor from 1788 to 1789, and from 1790 to 1803. He died in January, 1815, aged 66.

John Duncan, of Antrim, a native of Londonderry, settled in Antrim in 1773. He was a prominent citizen, serving as town-clerk, representative, selectman, and senator. He died in March, 1823, aged 89.

John Underhill, of Chester, born June 20, 1745; was thrice elected to the General Court. He died in Plainfield, in 1816.

John Cram, Esq., of Pittsfield, was first town-clerk of Chichester when the town was organized in 1773, and was reelected every year until after 1780. He also served the town as selectman several terms; was deputy in the Provincial Congress at Exeter in 1775; a member of the convention of 1779; justice of the peace; and was one of the chief men in organizing the town of Pittsfield out of old Chichester in 1781. He was a native of Hampton, and came to the locality in 1768. He took an active interest in the new settlement which he started above the falls, and for nearly forty years was in public office, and did most of the town business. He was fifty years of age when the war broke out, but was chosen captain of the company immediately formed, which included every man in the town. During his forty years' service he made no charge to the town save for expenses. He rose to the rank of colonel of militia.

Capt. Jeremiah Clough, of Canterbury, was son of Capt. Jeremiah Clough, the leader in the first settlement of the town; was a veteran of

Bunker Hill, and was an active and influential citizen.

Major Nathan Bachelder, of London, was one of the most active and influential citizens of that town from its organization in 1773 (the first town-meeting being held at his house) until the close of the century. He was born October 25, 1734; was justice of the peace, and selectman, representative, and moderator many years. He was known as the Squire.

Samuel Daniell, Esq., of Pembroke, was a leading citizen of that town; moderator as early as 1776; one of the Committee of Safety for the town; was chairman of the board of selectmen, and held other offices in the town, including that of town-clerk. He was an assessor as late as 1799, and during the Revolution had the title of Lieutenant.

Col. Nathaniel Emerson, of Candia, son of Samuel Emerson, Esq., one of the first settlers of the town, was born May 2, 1742, and was "called to public stations perhaps more than any other individual who ever lived in Candia." He was a militia officer from 1763 to 1775; lieutenant-colonel of 17th regiment of New Hampshire militia in 1776; lieutenant-colonel in the Continental army in 1778; was at battle of Bennington with Stark, and was colonel of the 17th regiment some ten years after the war. He was a member of the first Constitutional convention, and served the town almost continuously as representative until 1798. He was a justice of the peace for twenty-five years. For many years he was a land surveyor. He died April 30, 1824, aged 83.

Jeremiah Eastman, Esq., of Deerfield, was born December 9, 1732, in

Kensington, and settled in Deerfield in 1762. He was early identified with all the more important interests of the town, and ever proved himself active and efficient in advancing them. Was selectman, 1772-'74; representative, 1775-'79 and 1781, 1783-'84; town-clerk from 1775 to 1795; a practical land surveyor, and member of the Congregational church. He died in 1802.

James Betton, of Windham, was born in Scotland in 1728, and settled in Windham before 1753. He was a farmer, surveyor, and auctioneer. He presided in twenty town-meetings; was selectman, and delegate to the first state congress; justice of the peace in 1776; was sent as agent to confer with the Continental congress, and to bring Continental money to the state treasury. He was a delegate in 1777-'79-'80-'81, and a representative 1782-'84-'85-'86-'89-'91 and '93. He died March 18, 1803.

Major Jonathan Wentworth, of Somersworth, was born in Dover, September 8, 1711; was captain in Siege of Boston; at Ticonderoga in 1776; in Rhode Island in 1778; mayor in 1783; delegate from 1779 to 1782; colonel 2d New Hampshire regiment in 1789. He died November 16, 1790.

Mr. John Sanborn, from Sanbornton, born January 29, 1736, in Hampton, was the first permanent settler of Sanbornton, in 1766. He was a veteran of the old French War; a soldier of the Revolution, rank of sergeant; orderly in Capt. Jeremiah Clough's company. He was a benevolent, generous-hearted man, of dignity and presence, full of dry humor. Served as magistrate without appointment.

He was a large, bulky man, a valuable citizen, and made a good living. He died August 29, 1814.

Mr. Robert Means, of Amherst, was born in Stewartstown, Ireland, August 28, 1742. Married Mary, daughter of Rev. David McGregor, of Londonderry, and died August 24, 1823. His daughter Mary married Hon. Jeremiah Mason; another daughter married Amos Lawrence; another, President Appleton of Bowdoin college. He landed in Boston in 1766, and was a weaver by trade, but engaged in mercantile pursuits. He was noted for his honesty, fair dealing, close attention to business, and in time became one of the most widely known and distinguished merchants in the town or state. He was representative five years; senator two years; member of the council; county treasurer many years; justice of the peace; and an officer of the militia. His granddaughter was the wife of Franklin Pierce.

Benjamin Mann, Esq., of Mason, settled in that town in 1771, coming from Woburn, Mass. He was soon employed in public offices in the town. He was moderator twelve years; town-clerk four years; selectman six years; representative four years; and was very active during the Revolutionary War. He commanded a company at the battle of Bunker Hill; and was the first justice of the peace in town. He moved to Keene in 1800, and died in Troy, N. Y., in 1831, aged 91.

Mr. Ephraim Adams, of New Ipswich, was one of the leading men of that town for many years. He was an enterprising and useful citizen; deacon of the church; noted for his strong, original sense and quaint

humor. He took a leading part in the strong measures which preceded the Revolution, and when the war broke out he did his full duty, both in council and in the field. No man in the town did so much to procure soldiers and other means of war. Tories and croakers quailed under his satire and humor. He was a man of sound and discriminating judgment, and was often elected selectman and representative. He was born in Ipswich, Mass., and died March 26, 1799, aged 72.

Mr. Matthew Wallace, of Peterborough, was born in Londonderry, June 23, 1731. He was town-clerk and selectman. He afterwards removed to Vermont, where he died.

David Storey, of Dunbarton, was a native of Ipswich, Mass. He was well known in the early affairs of the town as a person of probity and respectable abilities. He was seventeen times moderator; eleven years town-clerk; six years selectman; six years representative. He died March 20, 1834, aged 88.

Capt. Francis Davis, of Warner, originally came from Amesbury. He was prominent in the affairs of the town and state for many years. He was drowned in Beaver brook, in Derry, November 26, 1784, at the age of 61. He was the first representative from Warner, both to the Provincial congress at Exeter as well as under the constitution.

Elijah Grout, Esq., of Charlestown: born October 29, 1732: came from

Lunenburg before 1766. He was selectman six times between 1769 and 1791: representative five times between 1775 and 1795. He was very active and widely known throughout the Revolution. He was one of the Committee of Safety of the town: commissary for Gen. Stark: justice of the peace many years. He was a brave and good man. He was intelligent and far-seeing, and had all the qualities of a sterling man.

Mr. William Smiley, of Jaffrey, was born in Ireland, in 1727, and was an early settler. He was first town-clerk: deacon in the church; and held successively all the town offices. He was a prominent and influential man. His son David graduated at Harvard college: Robinson, at Dartmouth. He left Jaffrey in 1810, and died in Springfield, Vt., March 4, 1813, aged 86.

Mr. Samuel King, of Chesterfield, was a physician. He is said to have died before 1800. He left a family.

Mr. Stephen Powers, of Croydon, was an early settler of that place, and was distinguished for his giant frame, great physical strength, and vigorous intellect.

Col. Timothy Bedel, of Bath, was prominent all through the Revolution, holding important commands on the northern frontier. (See Vol. III, page 513.)

Moses Baker, Esq., of Campton, was the great-grandfather of Hon. Henry W. Blair, on his mother's side.

**HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.**

The successful candidate in the race for the United States senatorship in New Hampshire was Hon. William Eaton Chandler, of Concord. He was elected June 15, for the term of twenty months. In him New Hampshire will have another strong senator. He will enter the senate chamber with a national reputation for sagacity and wisdom already acquired, with the experience of his whole youth and manhood devoted to public affairs, with the acquaintance and confidence of officials and statesmen of every section, with a thorough knowledge of the wants and needs of the state of New Hampshire and of the citizens of the state of every degree, with a familiarity with the intricate mechanism of all the departments of the government, with a full and discriminating understanding of law, state, national, and international, which would grace the bench of any court, and with judgment almost intuitive.

As a lawyer his most marked characteristic is the clearness with which he can extract from a lengthy document, or a mass of facts and law, the the real inwardness and sense of the matter. He has a comprehensive grasp of the essentials of any subject under consideration, a remarkable power of organization, and the rare gift of accomplishing results through the instrumentality of others. From a mass of conflicting opinions he deduces practical results.

He has great independence of character. He is aggressive, fearless of public criticism, bold in maintaining the positions he takes in political af-

fairs, but not reckless, because his positions are sustained by sound reasoning. He is, perhaps, too often indifferent to the opinions of others and too careless in opposing others, incurring oftentimes needless hostility. He is thoroughly loyal to his convictions. Having taken a stand, he heartily supports it. If there is blame, he assumes it. He is loyal to his friends, he is loyal to his party, he is loyal to his country. He wants very good reasons to sustain a position, but very much stronger reasons to withdraw from its support. He is a safe legal counsellor, and a wise political adviser. He is a keen analyzer, getting at the essence of a subject; and as a writer he is strong, forcible, vigorous, concise. He leaves nobody in doubt as to his meaning: it is perspicuous.

He makes many friends, and keeps them because he is faithful to them. He harbors no malice, cherishes no revengeful feelings, has a friend today in his enemy of yesterday, is honest, is sincere, is frank. He is careful in making promises, but ardent in keeping them. His keen intellect appeals to the enthusiasm of the bright, clear-headed, and zealous young men of the party, who are willing to follow his leadership. In the most turbulent scenes he evinces the greatest coolness, force, will-power, fertility of resource, boldness in devising methods for managing a political body swayed by the wildest excitement, and power in executing his movements and in controlling a legislature.

The late Samuel J. Tilden, the



greatest organizer of the Democratic party since Martin Van Buren, met his equal if not his superior when he came in conflict with Mr. Chandler: and was routed when he felt confident of victory.

The wise and sagacious administration of President Arthur owed much of its success to the presence in the cabinet of Mr. Chandler. He was a power in the cabinet, whose influence was felt throughout the nation, and his terse and crisp style of using the English language can be traced in many a public document of that period.

The late Hon. Jacob H. Ela wrote of Mr. Chandler.—“In his personal habits Mr. Chandler is above reproach, pure in speech as in action, with a mind quick to perceive, prompt to execute, and comprehensive in its scope. He is a man with convictions, and the courage to express and maintain them. He has never sought advancement by flattery or by pandering to prejudice. Those who know him best have the most faith in his integrity. The best evidence of it is the fact that in twenty-five years of aggressive political life, while occupying positions of temptation, and criticising freely the action of men who forgot their moral obligations, or were shirking their official duties to the detriment of the public good, no one of them has been able to connect him with personal dishonesty, corrupt practice in official life, or political treachery or double-dealing. His methods are correct, positive, systematic, exact, and logical. The positions he has held have all come to him in recognition of his ability and earnest efforts in serving the cause he espouses.”

Hon. Henry Robinson, of Concord,

with the enthusiasm of a friend, perhaps too partial, thus writes in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* of Mr. Chandler: “He is a man in whom we should all take pride, and of whom we should speak as becomes his real worth to his native state, where he is not without honor. He is a man of wonderful readiness of mind, of remarkable ability, and, above all else, of undoubted integrity. His political opponents will tell you that. He says in the fewest words possible what he has to say, and he says what he means, and he means what he says: you may rely upon it. His word is to him a bond. This is one great reason why those who know him best love him best. This is one great reason why he is so trusted as a leader in his country, so influential a citizen in his own state, and courted, and quoted, and counted upon everywhere where sound principle is at stake. Integrity is a crown-jewel. Honesty is the highest and noblest element of the human character,—honesty of purpose and action, purity of thought and mind, square dealing with one’s fellow-men, a scrupulous uprightness in all the thousand-and-one petty details of a busy life, and a strict and constant adherence to truth and rectitude, whether in public or private. But in him honesty is set off by, and has the advantage of, an intellect that rises at times almost to the level of genius; for, as a precocious lad at school, as an astute lawyer at the bar, or as a commanding statesman in the clustered head of the present national administration, William E. Chandler has developed and displayed an intuitive keenness of discernment, a remarkable clearness of

judgment, a conciseness of statement, and an almost supernatural aptitude for leadership, that have at once pressed him into the front ranks of those with whom he has been associated.

“With unflinching integrity and surpassing ability Mr. Chandler has combined the very best practical sense, and a thorough knowledge of human nature in all its different phases. His circle of acquaintances is very extensive; he has friends in every clime, and knows more men personally, probably, than any other man in America.

“Mr. Chandler has made mistakes. Who has not? But they did not crush him, nor subdue his enthusiasm. He rose triumphant above them, and profited by their experience. He has faults. Who has not? But he wears them all upon his sleeve. His private character is unassailable and above reproach. There is no shade of suspicion upon the sterling qualities of his high manhood, and the detractors of his public career have been few, and quickly discredited, even without the pretence of a denial.

“He is a contentious man,—contentious for what he believes to be right. If you have him with you, he is a host in himself; but if he is arrayed against your cause, he is sure to be the central figure of the opposition, and you must beware of his bold, rapid advances. Such is the vehemence of his impulsive nature and the ardor of his temperament that he is a partisan to any cause that wins his sympathy; but no man is quicker to bury the hatchet, and to forgive and forget when the contest is over.

He is a splendid fighter, but is supreme at reconciliation.

“His characteristic frankness is a charm that contributes more than a little to his personal popularity. He has a directness of purpose and a firmness of execution that does not mislead you as to his objects. He is not politic, he never strove to bask in the sunshine of popular favor, he is not easily swayed by the clamor of a crowd; but he has kept steadily on in the straight path of his own convictions of duty. More than once he has seemed to stand in his own light, and more than once the people have returned to his leadership, after wandering from what he had defined to be the right course. He is no mere place-hunter. Whenever he has held offices, it was the offices that sought the man. He never was enamored of sounding titles and official positions, and has held only few, and solicited none. As a public man only, his wide-reaching influence has been felt, and his present elevation was attained by force of sheer ability and by acknowledged integrity, rather than by the regular course of promotion, round by round, up the ladder of political eminence.”

We quote the following from *Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography*:

“Chandler, William Eaton, cabinet minister, born in Concord, N. H., 28 Dec., 1835. He studied law in Concord, and at the Harvard Law School, where he was graduated in 1855. For several years after his admission to the bar in 1856 he practised in Concord, and in 1859 was appointed reporter of the New Hampshire supreme court, and published five vol-

umes of reports. From the time of his coming of age Mr. Chandler was actively connected with the Republican party, serving first as secretary, and afterward as chairman of the state committee. In 1862 he was elected to the New Hampshire house of representatives, of which he was speaker for two successive terms, in 1863-'64. In November, 1864, he was employed by the navy department as special counsel to prosecute the Philadelphia navy-yard frauds, and on 9 March, 1865, was appointed first solicitor and judge-advocate-general of that department. On 17 June, 1865, he became first assistant secretary of the treasury. On 30 Nov., 1867, he resigned this place and resumed law practice. During the next thirteen years, although occupying no official position except that of member of the constitutional convention of New Hampshire in 1876, he continued to take an active part in politics. He was a delegate from his state to the Republican national convention in 1868, and was secretary of the national committee from that time until 1876. In that year he advocated the claims of the Hayes electors in Florida before the canvassing board of the state, and later was one of the counsel to prepare the case submitted by the Republican side to the electoral commission. Mr. Chandler afterward became an especially outspoken opponent of the Southern policy of the Hayes administration. In 1880 he was a delegate to the Republican national convention, and served as a member of the committee on credentials, in which place he was active in securing the report in favor of district representa-

tion, which was adopted by the convention. During the subsequent campaign he was a member of the national committee. On 23 March, 1881, he was nominated for U. S. solicitor-general, but the senate refused to confirm, the vote being nearly upon party lines. In that year he was again a member of the New Hampshire legislature. On 7 April, 1882, he was appointed secretary of the navy. Among the important measures carried out by him were the simplification and reduction of the unwieldy navy-yard establishment; the limitation of the number of annual appointments to the actual wants of the naval service; the discontinuance of the extravagant policy of repairing worthless vessels; and the beginning of a modern navy in the construction of the four new cruisers recommended by the advisory board. The organization and successful voyage of the Greely relief expedition in 1884 were largely due to his personal efforts. Mr. Chandler was a strenuous advocate of uniting with the navy the other nautical branches of the federal administration, including the light-house establishment, the coast survey, and the revenue marine, upon the principle, first distinctly set forth by him, that "the officers and seamen of the navy should be employed to perform all the work of the national government upon or in direct connection with the ocean."

In the sketch of the life of President Arthur, contained in the same volume of the *Cyclopædia*, the work of the navy department for the above period is stated as follows:

"A new naval policy was adopted,

prescribing a reduction in the number of officers, the elimination of drunkards, great strictness and impartiality in discipline, the discontinuance of extensive repairs of old wooden ships, the diminution of navy-yard expenses, and the beginning of the construction of a new navy of modern steel ships and guns according to the plans of a skilful naval advisory board. The first of such vessels, the cruisers 'Chicago,' 'Boston,' and 'Atlanta,' and a steel despatch-boat 'Dolphin,' with their armaments, were designed in this country and built in American workshops. The gun foundry board referred to above was originated, and its reports were printed with that of the department for 1884. A special message of 26 March, 1884, urged continued progress in the reconstruction of the navy, the granting of authority for at least three additional steel cruisers and four gun-boats, and the finishing of the four double-turreted monitors. Two cruisers and two gun-boats were authorized by the act of 3 March, 1885.

"An Arctic expedition, consisting of the steam whalers 'Thetis' and 'Bear,' together with the ship 'Alert,' given by the British admiralty, was fitted out and despatched under the command of Commander Winfield Scott Schley for the relief of Lieut. A. W. Greely, of the U. S. army, who with his party had been engaged since 1881 in scientific exploration at Lady Franklin bay, in Grinnell Land; and that officer and a few other survivors were rescued at Cape Sabine, 22 June, 1884. On recommendation of the president, an act of congress was passed directing

the return of the 'Alert' to the English government."

It will be interesting to those who wish to know more of Mr. Chandler's advent into politics, to read the following from the pen of Hon. Jacob H. Ela:

"In June, 1859, he was appointed by Gov. Ichabod Goodwin, law reporter of the New Hampshire supreme court, and published five volumes of the reports. He entered the service of the Republican party with great earnestness at its beginning, in 1856, and gave much of his time, in the office of the state committee, to assist the movement during its early campaigns, becoming secretary first, and afterwards chairman in 1864 and 1865. The election of 1863 took place during the darkest period of the war, following the battle of Fredericksburg, when gloom and almost despair overshadowed every town in the state. It was evident to all that a draft was impending, and it seemed as though the ability of the towns and the state had been exhausted, and no more money could be raised or volunteers be found to enlist. All those opposed to the war were united and active in the Democratic party, and were aided by those Republicans who were alarmed by the burden of the debt, and by those who would compromise the safety of the Union sooner than expose themselves to be drafted to save it. It was the most important political campaign ever conducted in the state, and brought the executive ability of Mr. Chandler prominently into view, and led to his future advancement. \* \* \*

"President Lincoln watched this campaign more closely, probably,

than any other outside his own state. It was the opening election of the year following a depressing defeat, and he felt that to lose it at such a critical time would be as disastrous in its effects upon the army and the country as the loss of a great battle. It was his interest in this election which first brought Mr. Chandler to his attention, and there is no doubt that he noted when, in the New Hampshire Republican state convention, in 1864, Mr. Chandler offered the following resolution, which was unanimously and by acclamation adopted :

*Resolved*, That Abraham Lincoln, by the exercise, during the severest and most dangerous crisis in the nation's history, of unequalled sagacity and statesmanship, and that moderation and prudence which experience has shown to be the highest wisdom; by his spotless integrity of personal character, above reproach and above suspicion; and by his slowly formed yet unalterable determination that the triumph of the constitution and the Union over secession and rebellion shall be the final triumph of liberty throughout the nation,—has received and merited the abiding confidence of the people to an extent never awarded any other public man since Washington; that the best interests of the country demand that the complete destruction of the Rebellion and the restoration of peace, prosperity, and the Union, should be achieved under his administration of the government; and that we therefore declare Abraham Lincoln to be the people's choice for reëlection to the presidency in 1864.

“The adoption of the resolution, and the conduct of the canvass in the spring of 1864, on the basis of Mr. Lincoln's renomination, resulted in a very large Republican majority; and Mr. Chandler, who had been a member of the legislature of 1862, and, at the age of twenty-seven, had been elected speaker of the house of representatives in 1863, was again

chosen speaker; and in August, 1864, presided over the legislature in which occurred the eventful conflict and riotous disturbances over the veto by Governor Gilmore of the bill allowing soldiers in the field the right to vote. Mr. Chandler gained his earliest reputation for persistency, coolness, and moral courage in this celebrated conflict, so well remembered by the Republicans of the state.”

Mr. Chandler has been twice married,—in 1859, to a daughter of Gov. Joseph A. Gilmore, and in 1874, to a daughter of Hon. John P. Hale. He has four sons,—Joseph Gilmore, born 1860; William Dwight, in 1863; and Lloyd Horwitz, in 1869; also, John P. Hale Chandler, born March 22, 1885. Mr. Chandler's father died in 1862. His mother died in 1883, in Concord. His two brothers,—John K. Chandler, formerly a merchant in Boston and the East Indies, now resides on a farm in Canterbury, N. H.; and George H. Chandler, who was first adjutant and afterwards major of the Ninth New Hampshire regiment, was, till his death, a lawyer in Baltimore. Mr. Chandler's father was a Whig—a man of great intelligence and firmness of character. His mother was a woman of equally positive traits, and contributed much to the formation of the character which has given success to her sons.

Mr. Chandler's popularity is confined to no one section of the state. With the sturdy rank and file of the Republican party, from Cheshire county to the upper Coös, from the Connecticut river to the ocean, he has staunch and enthusiastic friends.

## OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY ARTHUR E. COTTON.

Our landlady belongs to faded gentility. She has that fat and forty look, wears that selfsame alpaca overdress, and usually has her spectacles thrown back on her forehead, all of which are characteristic of landladies. She came to town from the Cape Cod country at the close of the late war, marrying a man with a comfortable competency. At length, some six years later, after she had presented him with an olive branch, Mr. Chick balanced his accounts with this world and went to the next, but went penniless, leaving the widow in poverty. In this cheerless situation she gazed piteously about her for some opportunity that would not compromise her gentility, or lessen her high standing in society, but still replenish her depleted coffers.

Finally, on desperate speculation, and knowing the proverbiality with which jurors are wont to decide such cases, despite evidence and reason, in favor of the plaintiff,—or, rather, to say true, her lawyers had told her this, and, moreover, that a lone woman in distress generally enlisted the sympathy of juries, whether the contention be breach money or alimony—in face then of all this, Mrs. Chick purposely slipped on the treacherous sidewalk, sustaining simple fracture of the ankle, then sued the city for damages. She limped painfully about on crutches till the suit terminated, then, as would be very natural, threw them away. With this money she embarked in a less successful undertaking, a millinery establishment, which went,

for reasons unknown to me, rapidly to the dogs and bankruptcy.

Taking the next regular step in the progress downwards from gentility to the common people and nothingness, she became landlady of this boarding-house in Temple Place. These are the principal points in Mrs. Chick's history that I have been able to authoritatively establish. It is true there have been other stories told about her; but they lack the proper authentication. These I have regarded it best to withhold. One was to the effect that she had fallen desperately in love with a car conductor in riding down town on Sunday morning. Its truthfulness I have always doubted.

Mrs. Chick's son is a stupid, bow-legged hind, enormously given to tobacco, and dreadfully repugnant to soap. Tim looks upon work as a deadly poison, or, at least, he never touches it. The only tools he uses to advantage are a knife and fork. In using these he is unrivalled, or so the cook complains. Still Tim has a soft heart, and a soft head to boot. There are three theories regarding his head. The most general one is to the effect that he was born with it so. The most improbable is that the hot climate of Arizona, whither he went with his regiment, melted it, and it never returned to its normal condition. The most reasonable is, that the tobacco he consumes is the occasion of it.

Parenthetically I will say that Mrs. Chick has come to grief again. She

became immersed badly in debt, whereat her household goods were knocked down under the hammer. I have heard it definitely stated that she is letting lodgings on Lyman street—last sad scene of all.

Although Mrs. Chick once kept a carriage, once said her prayers, I can best liken her case to a disabled ship that has dropped out of fire, and is lost sight of in the din and smoke of the engaging vessels, and though it keeps on the surface awhile it soon goes to the bottom.

So there are hundreds of women, who once moved in the front lines of society, who have gone down, like Mrs. Chick, step by step, until lost altogether in the noise and bustle of this great crowded city.

One fancies he sees such shivering on street corners in winter, unclad for the cold; and, as he looks into their haggard, careworn faces, he reads the story of their sins and sufferings.

With what infinite secret satisfaction we say, "Jones is growing old," "Smith is aging fast," "Robinson won't live long," "Brown has seen his best days," we say with a chuckle. How we like to roll those sweet morsels on our tongue.

Having disposed of Mrs. Chick, *a la mode* of a novelist, a few words touching her boarders will be in order. The occupant of the front flat is a corpulent lady who goes to the Baptists. This sainted soul divorced her first husband because of his Orthodox views, marrying for her second liege one Smalls, a haberdasher on Hanover street, a stout adherent to the immersion principle. He is an asthmatic, acquiescing little old man, in red

German whiskers, mortally in fear of his wife, to whom he is habitually deferential. This morbid fear is enhanced the more because he carries a small insurance on his life. Mr. Smalls imagines that she cares more about that than about him.

Smalls smokes, which incessant practice has originated a virulent cancer on his tongue. Dead set against smokers the feminine side of the house is. He protests to her that he has renounced the dirty habit; but she always detects by the peculiar odor in his habiliments a painful lack of veracity in these statements, whereat, being much the more muscular, she will shake him till he roars for mercy, and unfaithfully promises for the hundredth time to desist entirely from the abominable practice. Take it all ways, Mr. Smalls is a terribly wretched, abused, and henpecked lord.

The lodgers on the second floor are a nondescript Hibernian and wife. He comes home in his cups occasionally, and beats his wife accordingly, till the roundsman bears him away to the station, to which institution he is indeed no stranger. He usually remains in durance vile about one week, until his dear wife, who tugs and labors—albeit she is endeavoring to meet the payments on her teeth, which she has bought on the instalment plan—appears and releases him, at which he is inexpressibly grateful, and they go home as good and flip-pant as two old maids over a dish of tea.

The top tenants are a middle-aged couple for whom my heart goes out in sympathy. They once had a little daughter, so angelic, so gentle, she seemed a being strayed from that bet-

ter land. For a while gentle Genevieve was contented down here; but when the flowers lost their sweetness and the birds stole away, she all too soon grew lonely in our cold world, and wanted to go too.

Oh! how often, when the forests cast the leaf and the sweet summer dies in its voluptuous beauty, the soul mindful of the change throws off its human appendage. She longed for her old home beyond the stars, where the flowers are ever blooming, where

the birds are always singing, and no night is there. One wild, terrible night in autumn they watched over her with anxious, praying hearts: but she was "better in the morning!"

Little Genevieve loved a particular flower, the violet, which in floral language is expressive of hope. When brought where it was she would point her baby, chubby hands towards it, smiling, speaking in a language none could understand:—and in summer it waves over her grave.

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE AUTHORS.

By ARTHUR EVERETT COTTON.

The prosperity of a nation comes from well directed industry; its happiness, from an impartial administration of good, wholesome laws; its preservation, from good habits and an impregnable defence; but its lasting glory comes from its letters.

Of the states of New England, Connecticut may be said to have produced artists; the Bay State, men of letters; the Granite State, statesmen. Notwithstanding this is found to be the case, it is with a pardonable pride that New Hampshire points to her past literary history. Measured by posterity, it will secure an enviable position in the realm of literature.

RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

Born in Lebanon, educated at Meriden and Dartmouth, from which he graduated at the early age of seventeen, Richard B. Kimball ranks among New Hampshire's best known literary men; in truth, he is about the only

novelist worthy of the name that the state has produced. At college he bore the reputation of a diligent student, a clever writer, and was exceedingly popular among his fellows, of whom he was the youngest. The class of '34, to which he belonged, contained many men who have achieved prominence in the various walks of life. Such is Prof. E. A. Lawrence, of the Connecticut Theological Institute; such is Judge Daniel Clark, of Manchester; such is the Hon. Moody Currier, of the same city,—not to mention others.

After graduation, young Kimball entered upon the study of law with his brother at Waterford, N. Y., which declining health soon obliged him to relinquish. To recuperate his debilitated constitution, never very strong, he went on a trip to Europe, whither he has made fourteen voyages, one of which was in company with Washington Irving. While abroad, he



made the acquaintance of many men of note and distinction. Upon his return to America he began the practice of his profession at Waterford, having attended law lectures during his stay in Paris. Subsequently he settled in New York.

He now became interested in literature; was one of the editors of the "Knickerbocker Gallery;" started "Putnam's Monthly;" was a contributor to the "International Review," to the "Atlantic," and to the "Continental." To these he furnished reviews, essays, poetry, letters of travel, etc.

He has published nine volumes, some of which have been translated into the Dutch, German, and French languages,—a distinction (I believe) accorded to no other son of the Granite State. His first, and questionless his best, novel appeared in 1850 under the title of "St. Leger," the scene being laid in Scotland. It abounds in beautiful descriptions of Scottish scenery. It was brought out concurrently at London and Leipzig, and ran through twenty-three editions in this country. It received a favorable criticism from Taylor Lewis and others, and an adverse one from the "N. Y. Observer." "Cuba and Cubans" came out in 1852, followed the next year by "Romance of a Student's Life Abroad," which (like St. Leger) was published in Holland, Germany, France, and England, receiving a kind review from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the "London Atheneum." Next, "Undercurrents" was produced. This, too, was printed in Leipzig and Amsterdam, having been reviewed by the "Gids" of the latter place; and at home by Taylor Lewis and Geo. Rip-

ley, all of whom spoke in the most complimentary terms. "Undercurrents" is called Kimball's second best work by a large majority of his admirers. "The Prince of Kashna," which was laid in the West Indies; "Was He Successful?" "Henry Powers;" and "To-day," which appeared in 1870,—were issued in the order named. The second was translated into Dutch, and the latter appearing in London, Leipzig, and Amsterdam.

His thought is often metaphysical and slightly religious; his style is characterized by limpidity and energy rather than beauty, while his method is eminently analytic. Personally he is said to be a genial gentleman of the old school. He still resides in New York, spending the summer months in his native town, Lebanon, where he retains a residence. He is on the sunny side of seventy.

#### T. B. ALDRICH.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who is equally known as a romancist and poet, is perhaps the greatest literary genius that this state has yet produced. Whether vigor of thought, beauty of imagery, or melody of flow is to be considered, this statement holds unchanged. He also is a very industrious author, having published fourteen volumes, besides doing an immense amount of editorial and other literary work. His "Face Against the Pane" has enjoyed a reputation hardly second to Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket," though different in style and thought. Almost every school-child in the land has committed it to memory and recited it on "exhibition day." It is a

favorite with all who love short and tender poems. Some of his other pieces are fully as good, but not so celebrated.

He has published "Cloth of Gold," "Story of a Bad Boy," "Marjorie Daw and Other People," "Prudence Palfrey," "Out of His Head," "The Queen of Sheba," "Flower and Thorne";—later poems, "A River-mouth Romance," "Miss Mehetabel's Son," "A Midnight Fantasy," "Tom Bailey's Adventures," "Baby Bell," "The Story of a Cat," translated from the French of Emile de la Bedalliere; some of which have had a very large sale. Later he has produced "The Stillwater Tragedy."

Mr. Aldrich was born in Portsmouth in 1836; was employed in a New York counting-house; worked on the "Home Journal," owned by N. P. Willis; went to Boston to edit "Every Saturday," with which he was connected until its discontinuance. At present he is residing in Cambridge, Mass.

It is worthy of remark how much this state owes to the classic city of Portsmouth; for, indeed, well may she be called such. There lived her Wentworth, Sullivan, and Pickering; there Haven, Buckminster, and Peabody preached their doctrines; there Mason, Webster, and Woodbury began life; there lived and died the poet Sewall; and from there have gone forth into a neighboring state men who have contributed to the fame and glory of this noble old commonwealth. In those days her sail-whitened harbor attested to her great commercial importance, which now amounts comparatively to nothing.

CELIA THAXTER.

To many the dearest name among those who have helped to make New Hampshire literature is Celia Thaxter, who is a native of Portsmouth. Her life itself is like a romance. Soured against the world, which he thought had ill-treated him, her father, a political adventurer, a gentleman of some literary pretensions, who had formerly edited the *New Hampshire Gazette*, removed, while the future poet was yet a child, to an uninhabited island nine miles from the mainland, whither he had been appointed keeper of the White Island light. For him, who had broken with the world, such a location, with its dreary surroundings, was justly suited; but with our author the case must have been different. There, with no society but her parents, and such books as they had brought with them, she grew to woman's estate, passing a dreamy existence. The shells of the seashore were her only playmates; old ocean's melancholy roar the only sound to greet her ears. But by-and-by a unique idea struck Tom Lighton. Would n't the isles make a good summer resort? He tried it, and the enterprise proved successful not only to him pecuniarily, but in introducing the island singer to public notice. Soon after this she became the wife of Mr. Thaxter, who (I believe) was boarding at the house.

Mrs. Thaxter's works consist of two volumes of poetry and a prose description of her "sea-blown" home. For originality of genius and beauty of rhythm she has no superior among the granite poets; while she is regarded by competent judges among the leading women poets of Amer-

ica. She continues to reside at the Shoals.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

If Kimball's books have circulated abroad the most of any writer born in New Hampshire, those of James T. Fields are read more extensively at home. His "Yesterdays with Authors" is read with equal pleasure by the learned and the unlearned. It is found alike in the alcoves of the great libraries of the rich and among the half dozen books which make up the libraries of the less favored. It is fertile in anecdote and interesting information about the authors whom the writer has known in his day and generation, told in the simple but pleasing style of which he is a master. Probably no man on the American continent, dead or living, has enjoyed the personal friendship of so many distinguished literary characters, both European and domestic, as Mr. Fields, whose position as a member of the largest publishing house in Boston, coupled with his rare affability of manner and conversational talent, gave him peculiar opportunities for acquiring such acquaintances.

Mr. Fields is not a voluminous writer, he having written well rather than much, and his reputation, which in extent is national, has been achieved almost wholly through his "Yesterdays with Authors." Notwithstanding this, he has, amidst a press of other arduous duties, found time to give us brief monographs on Hawthorne, Dickens, and Barry Cornwall, and a collection of miscellaneous papers under the title of "Underbrush." He has compiled a "Family Library of British Poetry" in one volume.

Fields was born in Portsmouth in 1820, of parents in the humblest circumstances; was educated in the schools of his native city; went to Boston as a bookseller's clerk; afterwards became associated with George Ticknor in book publishing, under the firm of Ticknor & Fields, which, after undergoing several alterations, is at present represented by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. This house has been the avenue through which Agassiz, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier have given their immortal works to the world. It was also the authorized publishers of Dickens in America. Fields is not inaptly styled the American Dodsley.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Another author, whose name is very familiar, has gone forth from the Granite hills, adding to their reputation for producing noble and famous women. I make reference to Edna Dean Proctor, whom malignant tongues linked with the disgraceful Plymouth scandal; a charge about which there was not a word of truth. Of her life little is known more than that she was born in Henniker, and reared amid the rugged grandeur and picturesque scenery of old Kearsarge, which she has embalmed in a beautifully worded poem. Her "Russian Journey," in prose, and a volume of poetry, are extensively read, and have been highly spoken of by the reviewers. Some of her poems, which are of various orders of merit, have a peculiar beauty and pathos which one would fain describe. Her residence is at Brooklyn, L. I.

Among other natives of this state whose books, in some instances, have

attained a national popularity, is C. "Carleton" Coffin, a native of Boscawen, better known as the war correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, who has issued a book of European travels, "Caleb Krinkle," a novel, a volume of war reminiscences, and a Life of Gen. Garfield; is P. B. Shillaber, better known as Mrs. Partington, a native of Portsmouth, who is the best humorist of which this state can boast, and who is a poet of respectable dimensions; is S. Adam Drake, better known as a genealogist, a native of Pittsfield, but whose "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast" has had a very general circulation.

The former two gentlemen reside in suburban Boston; the latter is deceased. Mrs. Partington's humor is

of that peculiar kind which has had no imitators. Previous to the appearance of the Bailey-Burdette school she was confessedly at the head of American mirth-provokers. Her "Partingtonian Patchwork" consists of the following truly laughable sketches: Blifkins the Martyr, or The Domestic Trials of a Model Husband; The Modern Syntax; Dr. Spooner's Experiences in Search of the Delectable; Partingtonian Papers; Strippings of the Warm Milk of Human Kindness; New and Old Things from an Unpretending Inkstand.

Doubtless there are many more names that would deserve to be catalogued in a list of Granite State authors, but the scope of this article is far from comprising a bibliography of the state.

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### THE RESIDENCE OF COUNSELLOR PETER LIVIUS AT TUF- TONBOROUGH.

BY JOHN WENTWORTH, LL. D.

In the first edition of Belknap's History of New Hampshire, three volumes, much is said of Counsellor Peter Livius. See Vol. III for the trial of Gov. John Wentworth in London upon charges preferred by him. He was appointed counsellor in 1765. He married Ann Elizabeth, daughter of John Tufton Mason, and named the township of which he was principal proprietor, and where he made his home, Tuftonborough. He left the state in April, 1772, and did not return. He was named in the New Hampshire act of 1778, "To prevent the return of certain persons to this state who have left it and joined with

the enemies thereof." He was chief-justice of Canada from 1777 to 1786, living at Quebec. He died in England, July 23, 1795, aged sixty-eight.

I had my curiosity excited as to the residence of Judge Livius from the letter of Lady Frances Wentworth, from Wolfeborough, dated Wentworth House, October 4, 1770, to her relative, the wife of Hon. Woodbury Langdon, of Portsmouth, which was published in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, December, 1881. The Wentworth House was upon the old route from Portsmouth (forty-nine miles distant) to Montreal, *via* Newington, Rochester, and Middleton. Hon.

John M. Brackett, of Wolfeborough, informs me that he saw the house when it took fire upon the roof and was burned down in 1820. By the old road it was nine miles to the residence of Judge Livius from the Wentworth House. Mrs. Wentworth thus writes : "Mrs. Livius arrived here on Monday afternoon, and appeared nearly as tired as you was, but would not own it. She staid here three nights for fair weather, and at last went over the pond in a high gust of wind which made a great sea and white caps as large as the canoe."

I thought I would like to know the route of Mrs. Livius. In 1851 I visited the site of the Gov. Wentworth house, at Wolfeborough. Directly across the road lived a Mr. Whitten, who said his house was so constructed that his front door was directly opposite that of Gov. Wentworth, and one could, when the doors were opened, look directly down through the hall to the shore of the pond where the governor had his landing-place and kept his boats. From this point Mrs. Livius must have started. Where did she land? Leaving Portsmouth in the morning, and taking in Rev. Dr. Alonzo H. Quint at Dover, I landed at Wolfeborough by the Alton Bay steamboat, where we took a carriage and drove over the old Moultonborough and Sandwich stage road, keeping as close to the lake as possible. About four miles from Wolfeborough bridge, and about nine miles from Moultonborough corner, and about nine miles from the old Gov. Wentworth house, we found Dishwater creek, or what is better known as Lang's pond or Livius pond. John Horn, an old

gentleman of the Dover Horn family, is the best known person living near there. The pond or creek was connected with the lake by a stream easily navigable for small boats. Mrs. Livius had sailed from the Wentworth landing across Smith's pond (now called by some Lake Wentworth) down the river, probably before the present bridge was built, into Lake Winnipiseogee, thence up the lake shore to the mouth of Dishwater creek or river, thence up that stream, where, a short distance from the lake, upon an elevated spot, the cellar of the old Livius house was pointed out. The original house had been destroyed by fire. Near the cellar, upon the same premises, lives Amos W. Kimball. The place showed the good taste of Judge Livius in its selection as a private residence, and we found a large number of families from the cities enjoying it as a summer residence.

We were informed that the late Hon. Nathaniel Whitehouse, of Tuftonborough Corner, had published in the Wolfeborough paper some years since a very interesting sketch of Judge Livius, with a history of the title of his land. Dr. Belknap does not mention Judge Livius among those who, like Gov. Wentworth, had their estates confiscated. Perhaps he had sold it before he left the state. A friend applied at the newspaper office for permission to copy the article of Mr. Whitehouse. He was informed that the publishers of the newspaper had preserved no files. I then applied to the family friends of Mr. Whitehouse at Tuftonborough for information. Mr. William O. S. Hodgdon, now living there, whose

wife was a granddaughter of Mr. Whitehouse, responded to my letter. Mr. Whitehouse died October 27, 1866, aged one hundred years, six months, and seventeen days. He was living, when quite a small boy, in the old Livius house when it was burned. The house of Mr. Hodgdon

was afterwards burned, which contained many valuable historical manuscripts from Mr. Whitehouse. Unless a copy of the Wolfeborough paper can be found, we are not likely to know any more of the old Judge Livius premises.

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### THE PINKHAM NOTCH.

BY PERSIS F. CHASE.

The visitors to the White Mountains, especially those who have been on the east side, to the Glen, have heard of, and very likely driven through, the Pinkham woods, or Notch.

This road, which extends from Jackson to Randolph, a distance of twelve miles, was constructed through the wilderness, between two ranges of the White Mountains, by Daniel Pinkham, a resident of Jackson. It was commenced in 1824, and two years were required to complete it. Before the construction of this road the people of Jackson were in a measure isolated from the rest of the world, having no public road through the town. Mr. Pinkham made a contract with the state to build a good carriage road through this unbroken forest of heavy growth, along side-hills, and across rapid streams; for this work he was to receive from the state a quitclaim deed to a tract of land one half mile wide on each side of the road, from the Jackson line, to Gorham, and all the state land in Jackson. At that time the White Mountains were just beginning to attract visitors.

Mr. Pinkham believed that this road would become the great highway for mountain travellers, and that the land in that locality would become greatly increased in value; that the forest would disappear before the axe of the new settler, and the wilderness be transformed into productive farms. He also thought that a carriage-road would be built from the present site of the Glen House to the summit of Mt. Washington.

Mr. Pinkham lived to see this part of his prophecy fulfilled; but it is more than sixty years since this road was completed, and the primeval forest still borders it on either side, as it did in 1824.

The Notch, or narrowest part of the road, is just at the Glen Ellis falls, where the mountains are not more than a quarter of a mile apart. The slope of the mountains is gradual, and there is not any of the grandeur of the White or Franconia Notches; but yet it is a beautiful and picturesque place, and well worth a visit.

On the fourth of July, 1826, before a road had been made to the top of Mt. Washington from this side, Mr.

Pinkham and a son-in-law, Joseph Hanson, determined to erect a flag-pole on the summit. They started up the mountain, selecting as they passed through the woods a tree suitable for their purpose. Choosing one about thirty feet high, they cut it down, and soon transformed it into a flag-pole, which they carried on their shoulders to the top of the mountain. After nailing a small flag to the pole, they raised it on the very summit, making it fast at the base with rocks; and for the first time the "Star Spangled Banner" floated from the top of Mt. Washington, and continued to do so until worn out by wind and storm.

There is a story of a very sagacious dog connected with Pinkham Notch. This dog was owned by Joseph Hanson, who had a house near the place where the Glen House now stands. One very cold and stormy winter day, one of Mr. Hanson's children, a little girl, was taken very sick. It was extremely necessary to send word down through the woods to Mr. Pinkham's family, and to the doctor. Mr. Hanson could not leave home to go, and as a last resort resolved to send the dog, who was a remarkably intelligent animal. He wrote a note, which he tied around the dog's neck, and, taking him out into the storm,

told him he must go to Mr. Pinkham's and carry the letter; that little Lucy was very sick, and he must bring them help. The dog seemed to understand, and started off; but the dreadful storm probably discouraged him, for in about half an hour he returned whining, and apparently afraid. Mr. Hanson scolded him, and told him *he must go*. Again he started, and did not return until the next morning, when he came accompanied by Mrs. Pinkham and the doctor.

There is a highway robbery connected with the history of Pinkham woods. About four years ago, as the stage from the Glen House to Glen station in Bartlett was passing the Glen Ellis falls, two men armed with pistols emerged from the woods, seized the horses by their heads, and demanded the money and jewelry of the passengers. They received what they asked for, and disappeared in the woods, and were never discovered.

Mr. Pinkham, who was a preacher as well as pioneer, as it was he who preached the sermon at the funeral of the Willey family, did not succeed in making the land he received for building this road profitable, and finally sold out and went to Lancaster, a village about twenty miles from Pinkham woods, where he resided until his death.

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#### TO AN OUT-BOUND SHIP.

I stand and watch them from the shore,  
 The white ships steal away  
 Silently down into the blue,  
 All at the close of day.

And from the cliff's bold brow I watch,  
 Through eyes made dim with tears,  
 One ship closer than all the rest,  
 As seaward swift she veers.

*To An Out-Bound Ship.*

For yon white sail, in offing faint,  
 Than others fairer seems.  
 And proudly, amid all the fleet,  
 Her snowy canvas gleams.  
 For there, upon her wind-swept deck,  
 Upon her sea-worn floor,  
 Stands one I love to name as friend,  
 Fast fading from the shore.  
 And so, more than the others all,  
 I watch this faithful ship  
 Grow far and faint, and drop below  
 The ocean's curving lip.  
 More beauteous ships my eyes descry,  
 A-dancing o'er the foam :  
 But this one, dearer, holds my heart,—  
 'T is she I watch alone.  
 And so I stand and watch my ship,  
 With eye and heart a-brim,  
 Till hull and sail fade into fleck,  
 And all the world grows dim.  
 And when the night draws darkly down,  
 I follow her, unseen.  
 And love to think her sailing on  
 Beneath a sky serene.  
 I follow her, with earnest thought,  
 Follow to every part ;  
 Wherever my brave friend shall roam,  
 There shall he find my heart.  
 And so at home I wait, and watch  
 The days, like ships, go by.  
 And swift, with rosy canvas spread,  
 Sail down the evening sky.  
 And love to think of my good friend  
 Beyond the distant sea.  
 And wonder how his vessel fares,  
 And where his port may be.  
 I love to think, each closing day,  
 Those steadfast eyes of blue  
 Are gazing back to home and me,  
 All earnest, fond, and true.  
 I love to think how this dear heart,  
 Loving, tender, and brave,  
 Will fearless sail for life's sweet mede,  
 And patient breast the wave,  
 Until, with patience, he hath brought  
 To end the voyages all,  
 And eager, happy, home returns  
 Unto his cottage small.  
 I love to trustful give him thus  
 Into the dear Lord's care,  
 With a full heart and misty eye,  
 And just a little prayer.  
 And thus I love to sit and think,  
 And in the dear Lord's hand  
 Leave all my dear ones, far or near,  
 Upon the sea or land.







Wm. Clark

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.*

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VOL. X.

JULY, 1887.

No. 7.

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**HON. DANIEL CLARK.**

BY HON. ISAAC W. SMITH.

New Hampshire has always taken a pardonable pride in the prosperity of her children who go forth to other states, and, achieving distinction in the land of their adoption, reflect honor upon the state of their nativity. Their names in life, and memories when dead, are cherished with affection on every hill-top and in every valley, from the sea to the lakes and the mountains. But she also looks with parental pride and affection upon that larger and almost innumerable list of other sons and daughters who have won distinction in life and a place in history within her narrow limits.

The remark is not altogether an infelicitous one, that the chief products of New Hampshire are granite, ice, and men. Webster said (vol. 2, Webster's Works, p. 499), "Its soil is sterile and stubborn, but the resolution to subdue it is stubborn also. Unrelenting rocks have yielded and do yield to unrelenting labor; and there are productiveness, and health,

and plenty, and comfort, over all her hills and among all her valleys. Manly strength, the nerved arm of freemen, each one tilling his own land and standing on his own soil, enjoying what he earns and ready to defend it,—these have made all comfortable and happy." The rugged discipline enforced upon her children in their struggles for success has developed a type of manhood and womanhood mentally, morally, and physically equipped to grapple successfully with the duties of life. It is in the history of him whose name stands at the head of this article, and whose life has been spent upon her soil and largely in her service, that we find a marked example of that large company of her sons, who on her rugged hills and in her narrow, prosperous valleys, amid the grandeur and sublimity of her mountains and lakes and beneath her healthful skies, have achieved distinction not circumscribed merely by state lines.

Daniel Clark, the third child of Benjamin and Elizabeth (Wiggin) Clark, was born in Stratham, Rockingham county, N. H., October 24, 1809. His father was both farmer and blacksmith. He was respected by all who knew him for his integrity. He was industrious, frugal, temperate, kindly, and obliging. His mother was strong-minded, devoted to her family, and very religious. She was not indifferent to the good opinion of others, and was ambitious for the success of her family, and especially of her children. They lived upon a beautiful farm, in the upper part of the town, near the historic town of Exeter. The subject of this sketch remained at home under the care and nurture of his excellent parents until he was thirteen years of age, going to the common district school in summer and winter, or so much of the time as it was kept, and assisting about the ordinary farm-work in vacation. He learned at school easily, and was more fond of his books than of work upon the farm. At the age of thirteen he was sent with his older brother to the academy in Hampton, N. H., and put upon the common English studies. He did not then expect to acquire a more liberal education, although his mother had some undefined notions of a higher course of studies for her son. He continued at Hampton at intervals, there a term and at home a term, helping upon the farm, some four years or more, when he determined to go to college. He pursued his preparatory studies at Hampton, teaching school two winters, and at twenty was prepared for college. He entered Dartmouth college, graduating in 1831 with the first

honors of the institution. Rev. Dr. Lord, the president of the college, was then in the prime of his life. Although he had presided over the college but a few years, he had already secured the confidence of his friends, so justly merited, as subsequently shown by his successful administration of the affairs of the college for more than a third of a century. Among Mr. Clark's classmates were Albert Baker, who entered upon the practice of the law at Hillsborough, N. H., and died at the age of thirty-one, his untimely death extinguishing hopes which his short but brilliant career had caused his many friends to entertain of his future usefulness; Hon. Moody Currier, LL. D., of Manchester, ex-governor of New Hampshire; Rev. Newton E. Marble, D. D., Newtown, Connecticut; Hon. Richard B. Kimball, LL. D., of New York city, lawyer, scholar, and author; Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, D. D., Marblehead, Massachusetts; and Prof. Alphonso Wood, president of Ohio Female College. Mr. Clark taught school winters during his college course, and while pursuing his professional studies, eight winters in all, including the two years before entering college, defraying, in part, the expenses of his education with the funds received from teaching. Immediately after graduation he entered the office of Hon. George Sullivan, then the attorney-general of the state, son of Gen. John Sullivan of Revolutionary fame, at Exeter, and commenced the study of the law, remaining with Mr. Sullivan a year and a half. He completed his legal studies in the office of Hon. James Bell, afterwards United States sena-

tor, at Exeter, and was admitted to the bar of Rockingham county in 1837. In the same year he opened an office at Epping, where he remained some eighteen months, and in 1839 removed to Manchester, N. H. This thriving city was then just rising from the ground. Not a mill was running, the canal even being unfinished. The only railroad then constructed in the state was the Nashua & Lowell. The telegraph and telephone had not yet been invented. The lumbering stage-coach was the only means of travel. The rates of postage were high, and the mails slow and few. The embryo city was hardly more than a desolate sand-bank, where a few hundred people had gathered, allured by the prospect of business about to spring up with the improvement of the water-power at Amoskeag falls. Mr. Clark was among the first to open a law office here. He soon acquired an active practice, which afterwards grew to large proportions, and for twenty years he was employed upon one side or the other of nearly every important trial in the county, attending the courts also in Merrimack and Rockingham counties. He was employed in behalf of the state in the preliminary examination in the "Parker murder trial," being occupied almost continuously for a period of nearly two months. He succeeded in procuring the extradition from Maine of the supposed murderers after lengthy trial in that state, and, after a hearing lasting nearly a month before the police court of Manchester, procured their commitment to answer for the crime of murder. Opposed to him as counsel were Gen. Franklin Pierce (after-

wards president of the United States), Gen. B. F. Butler, Hon. Josiah G. Abbott, and the late Charles G. Atherton,—an array of legal talent seldom seen in this state. Mr. Clark was employed for the defence in two capital trials in the fall of 1854,—Curtice's and Marshall's. Marshall was acquitted, and in the case of Curtice the jury disagreed. During the period of his active practice the bar of Hillsborough county was unusually strong. Among its prominent members were Benjamin M. Farley of Hollis; James U. Parker of Merrimack; George Y. Sawyer and Charles G. Atherton of Nashua; Sannel H. Ayer of Hillsborough; and Samuel D. Bell and George W. Morrison of Manchester. General Pierce, of the Merrimack bar, also generally attended the courts in Hillsborough county. Of these eminent lawyers, Mr. Morrison is the sole survivor. Gen. Pierce, as a jury lawyer, had no superior in the state. He had a very pleasing address, was dignified without being reserved, and possessed a magnetic influence over men, which rendered him a formidable antagonist before jurors. But in many respects Mr. Atherton stood at the head of the Hillsborough bar as a lawyer and advocate. He was a man of scholarly attainments, possessed a graceful diction, had a good command of language, knew how and when to use sarcasm, could appeal effectively to the passions and prejudices, was thoroughly read in the law, and was perfectly at home in the court-room. With these and other able lawyers Mr. Clark spent the most of his active professional life, and he was rec-

ognized as their peer. His practice was as varied as it was extensive. Whatever he undertook was thoroughly done. He was loyal to the court, faithful to his clients, courteous to opposing counsel, and kind and magnanimous to the younger members of the profession. In his arguments to the jury he was never wearisome. He seized upon the weak points of the other side and the strong points of his own, and made them prominent to the jury. He wasted no time on immaterial matters. While he did not possess the personal magnetism of Pierce, or Atherton's power of sarcasm, he could put before a court or jury his case with convincing power and in its strongest light, and if success did not always attend his efforts, it was not because he failed to present all the favorable views of his case. Legal papers drafted by him were models of accuracy and clearness. They were also remarkable for their brevity, all useless verbiage being avoided. In his writs the cause of action was briefly and clearly set out, and it was rare that he had occasion to apply for an amendment. His clients became his fast friends. His charges were moderate, and no client went away feeling that undue advantage had been taken of his position, or that his interests had not been fully protected.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, for his legal reputation that Mr. Clark was drawn into politics. But it was his fortune to live in times when questions of great public interest were being discussed and settled, and it was inevitable that a person of his ability, education, and temperament should

not entertain pronounced views on public questions. In the early part of his professional life there was a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of encouraging the extension of manufacturing and railroad operations in the state, and, unfortunately, the question got into politics, and the two parties took opposite sides. With the acquisition of California came, the question of the extension or restriction of slavery, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the civil war, the abolition of slavery, and the reconstruction measures after the close of the war. As a rule, the lawyers of New Hampshire have very generally taken an active interest in political questions. Thus circumstanced, it was hardly possible for Mr. Clark not to have some inclination towards political life. In 1842 he was elected one of the representatives from the town of Manchester to the legislature, and was reelected in 1843, and again elected in 1846. In 1854, after the adoption of the city charter, he was elected representative from his ward, and reelected in 1855. In 1849, 1850, and 1851 he was candidate for the state senate, but, his party being in the minority in the district, he failed of an election. He acted with the Whig party until its dissolution, when he helped to form the Republican party, with which he has since been identified. He was often upon the stump during the campaigns preceding the elections in 1854 and 1855, speaking in every portion of the state, from the sea to the mountains. He also took part in the election contests during the decade which immediately followed. Party feeling ran high, the contests

often being exceedingly bitter. No speaker was received with greater enthusiasm or addressed larger audiences. It was largely owing to his labors at the hustings that a change in the political sentiment of the state was brought about. In 1856 he was a member of the National Republican Convention, and in November of the same year was elected one of the presidential electors in New Hampshire, and voted for Fremont and Dayton for president and vice-president.

In 1855 the legislature was called upon to elect two United States senators. For the first time in a quarter of a century, with a single exception, the Democratic party was in a minority. The opposition was composed of the Whig party, then on the point of dissolving, the American party, commonly known as the "Know-Nothing" party, and the Free-Soil party. These elements, a year later, were fused in the Republican party. By common consent, Hon. John P. Hale was nominated for the short term, and the contest for the long term was between Mr. Clark and the Hon. James Bell. In the senatorial caucus the latter was nominated and subsequently elected by the legislature. The contest, although warm, was a friendly one, so that when, two years later, in 1857, the legislature was called to fill the vacancy in the office occasioned by the death of Senator Bell, in obedience to the common wishes of their constituents the Republican members nominated and the legislature elected Mr. Clark. Upon the expiration of his term he was reelected in 1860 with little opposition. The ten years spent by

Senator Clark in congress constituted the most eventful period in the history of the republic. He witnessed the rise, progress, and overthrow of the Rebellion. This is not the time or place to review his congressional life. One will get a glimpse of his position upon the slavery question on page 268, volume 1, of Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress." He served upon some of the most important committees, and was chairman of the Committee on Claims, and, during portions of two sessions, president *pro tempore* of the senate in the absence of Vice-President Hamlin. He was a firm supporter of the various war measures adopted for the suppression of the Rebellion, and had the confidence of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. He failed of a reelection in 1866, as his colleague, Senator Hale, had done two years before, not from any lack of appreciation of the invaluable services they had rendered the country, nor of the honor they had conferred upon the state by their course in congress, but because the rule of rotation in office had become so thoroughly ingrafted into the practice of the Republican party in the state that a departure from it was not deemed wise, even in the persons of these eminent statesmen.

In the summer of 1866 a vacancy occurred in the office of district judge of the United States district court for the district of New Hampshire, and Senator Clark was nominated for the position by President Johnson, and unanimously confirmed by the senate. He thereupon resigned his seat in the senate and entered upon the discharge of his judicial

duties. The wisdom of his selection has been justified by his career upon the bench. The office of district judge does not afford such opportunity for public distinction as the bench of some other courts, the jurisdiction of the court being principally limited to cases arising under the constitution and laws of the United States. New Hampshire, from its size, location, and business relations, furnishes only a small amount of business for the federal courts, and not much of that generally of public interest. In addition to holding his own court, Judge Clark has frequently been called to hold the federal courts in other states in the first circuit. He has brought to the discharge of his judicial duties the same learning, industry, and interest that characterized his labors at the bar and in the senate. His decisions have commended themselves to the profession for their soundness and fairness. Judge Clark, apparently indifferent to the preservation of his opinions, has neglected to put them in shape for publication in the reports of the first circuit, to the regret of his professional friends and admirers. He has now (1887) been upon the bench twenty-one years. He was entitled, under the law of congress, to retire in 1879 upon the salary for the rest of his life. But he has preferred to earn his salary, and "to wear out rather than to rust out." With his physical strength but slightly impaired, his mind as vigorous as in the years of his full manhood, he, at the age of seventy-seven, gives promise of many years of future usefulness.

In 1876 he was a member and

president of the convention called to revise the constitution of New Hampshire.

Judge Clark, in 1850, formed a copartnership with his brother David in the practice of the law, which was dissolved, by reason of the ill health of the latter, in 1856. In December, 1856, he entered into copartnership with Isaac W. Smith, now upon the supreme bench of New Hampshire, who read law with him in 1848-'50. Their firm was dissolved in December, 1861, at which time his practice of the law may be said to have substantially ceased. So much of his time was absorbed with congressional duties, and other public duties between sessions growing out of disturbances caused by the civil war, that he had but little time or inclination to follow the courts or attend the calls of clients in his office.

Judge Clark has been fully identified with the growth and history of Manchester. He has taken great interest in its material prosperity, and has merited and received the confidence of its inhabitants. Besides representing the town and city five years in the legislature, he has held various offices of trust, viz., member of the school board, chief engineer of the fire department, trustee of the city library, city solicitor, trustee and president of the Manchester Savings Bank, director of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, and trustee of the State Industrial School. No citizen of Manchester, with possibly the exception of the late Governor Straw, has exerted so much influence for its growth and prosperity as he. As he looks to-day upon this beautiful city of forty thou-



sand people, and their busy mills, well paved streets, shady side-walks, fruitful gardens, and peaceful homes, he, if any one, may repeat the words of the Roman poet, "*Quorum magna pars fui.*"

Judge Clark has not failed to take a deep interest in his *alma mater*, which in 1866 honored herself as well as him by conferring upon him the degree of LL. D. In 1861, upon the invitation of the city councils of Manchester, he delivered a eulogy upon the life of President Lincoln, and in 1880, upon the invitation of the alumni of Dartmouth college, a eulogy upon the life of Judge George F. Shepley before that association, both of which were subsequently published. In 1869, on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the founding of the college, he delivered an address before the alumni at the invitation of the trustees. A copy was requested for publication, which unfortunately was withheld too late for it to appear with the other pub-

lished proceedings of that occasion. Judge Clark has contributed liberally to the support of preaching, worshipping with the Unitarians. His views correspond with those of Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge, Mass., or with the views of what may be called the Orthodox Unitarians. He has no sympathy with the doctrines of the ultra part of that denomination. In more recent years he has worshipped at the Franklin Street Congregational Church (Orthodox), of which Rev. Dr. George B. Spaulding was lately the pastor.

Judge Clark has been twice married,—the first time, in 1840, to Hannah W. Robbins, who died in October, 1844, leaving no children; the second time, to Annie W. Salter, in 1846, who is still living. He has had four children,—three sons and one daughter. The two oldest are living, engaged in the practice of the law. One son died in infancy, and the daughter when between two and three years of age.

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### JOSEPH EMERSON DOW.

*The Earliest Settled Lawyer in Littleton.*

BY A. S. BATCHELLOR.

In the first decade of the present century the town of Littleton increased in population from 381 to 873. The inhabitants were successfully subduing the wilderness, developing productive farms, establishing lucrative trade, and introducing manufactories of many articles. New highways had been constructed which gave the various sections of the town

convenient access to the county roads and great turnpikes, and beneficial communication with the business towns throughout the country. Then, as now, Littleton would deserve the distinction of being a flourishing community. In 1807 the place attracted the attention of Joseph Emerson Dow, a young lawyer of distinguished family and promising antecedents, as

a suitable location for the practice of his profession. Early in the year he became a resident of the north part of the town, and commenced business. Several stores and shops, the post-office, the distillery, and most of the influential inhabitants were in that section. The site of the present village was then called Amonoosuck, but it was never a post-office point until 1820, when one was established and named Glynville.

Of Mr. Dow's law practice there is not much to be said. He had little of it at home, and carried less to court. His house was the one now occupied by George W. Fuller, but his office, the old settlers say, was kept in his hat; and the extent of his practice was commensurate with the office.

An eminent lawyer has said it would be better for a beginner in the practice of law to go to some place where business was plenty and try for a share of it, than to go where there was none and try to make it.

Mr. Dow, perhaps, proved to his own satisfaction the truth of the proposition at Littleton, Franconia, and Thornton, where he successively located.

While a resident at Littleton he held several town offices. He was a member of the second town school-committee, or board of school inspectors, as they were then designated (Act of December 22, 1808). At this time the town had never had a settled minister, but the Rev. David Goodall, the ancestor of several attorneys who have been prominent at the bar, had been for many years a resident. He was an extensive land-holder, a leading citizen, and,

though formally retired from the ministry, he often officiated at the religious gatherings of the vicinity.

The Rev. Mr. Goodall, Dr. Wm. Buras, then a young practitioner of medicine, and Esquire Dow constituted this board of school inspectors. An important improvement in the system of education was thus put in operation. The board left no formal report of their doings. The schools were populous in those days of increase and multiplication, and no doubt the inspectors did their whole duty. They are certainly entitled at this time to the benefit of the legal maxim, *Omnia præsumuntur rite esse acta*.

The impression made upon the minds of people and pupils by this board when sitting in official state cannot be accepted as portrayed in the irreverent rhymes passed down to us by tradition. The Muse of David Goodall, Jr., is held responsible for the production :

"Lord, have pity  
On this committee,  
That stand before us now,  
There 's old Bald Head,  
And Wooden Leg,  
And Pople Headed Dow."

Mr. Dow was a good school-teacher, and his services were had in that employment for many years at Franconia and in the neighboring towns.

In 1811\* he moved to Franconia,† where he remained until 1830. He was a selectman of that town from 1818 to 1828 continuously, with the exception of two years, and, with the

\*He was followed in the practice at Littleton by Elisha Hinds, Esq., who settled here about the time of Mr. Dow's removal and remained about 20 years.

†The dates given to mark periods of residence are from assessment records, etc., on town books

same exception, was town-clerk from 1817 to 1825. In addition to this he was generally moderator of the town-meetings, and a school officer. He made little account of his profession of the law during the remainder of his days. In fact, he was employed many years by the Iron Company as a woodworker.

From Franconia he removed to Thornton, where he remained till 1847. At the latter place he held the town offices of moderator and clerk, and most of the time was postmaster. He was the principal justice of the peace in that region, and was much occupied in the duties that pertain to that office, at a time when it was one of some importance and distinction.

Returning to Franconia from Thornton, he passed his remaining years at the Ironworks village.

Mr. Chapman, in his book of biography of Dartmouth college graduates, says Mr. Dow practised his profession for a time at Strafford, Vermont; but his residence there must have been very brief and probably uneventful, as his name does not appear upon the town records.

In the circumstances of birth, early social surroundings, and first marriage, Mr. Dow seems to have been fortunate. His parents were Gen. Moses Dow and Phebe (Emerson) Dow of Haverhill, where he was born in 1777.

Gen. Dow was one of the eminent men of the bar of Grafton county. He held the office of register of probate thirty-four years: was state senator and president of the senate, councillor, judge of the court of common pleas, major-general of the state

militia, and at several terms of court, before and after the war of the Revolution, he was acting attorney-general in Grafton county.

In the Revolutionary period he was an earnest patriot, and subsequently acquired a very extensive practice in his profession.

His example will become more and more conspicuous by one notable act, if for nothing else in his eventful life, should the rivalries for high political office increase and intensify in the future as the present promises. He declined to accept an election to congress, which he had received from the general assembly of New Hampshire. His letter\* of declination contains evidence both of the high character of the man and of his refined literary attainments.

It is to be hoped that his life and character may receive appropriate attention at the hands of some member of the bar association. The records of such men are the most valuable of the possessions of our profession.

The son, Joseph E. Dow, received his education at the schools at Haverhill, and at Dartmouth college, where he was graduated in 1799. He was thus a contemporary in college with Webster, but not a class-mate, as has been sometimes asserted.

He studied the profession of law with his father, at Haverhill, and was admitted to the bar,† at that place, at the September term, 1802, and in Caledonia county, Vermont, at Janu-

\*Hammond, N. H. Town Papers, vol. 12, p. 182.

†Hon. Jack Mattocks gave it on the authority of Hon. Peyton R. Freeman, that Mr. Dow was asked but one question at his examination for admission, and to that he gave a true answer. "What is the best title a person can have in real estate?" Mr. Dow replied that he did not know.

ary term, 1803. He continued in the practice, principally at Haverhill, until he located at Littleton.

He was then a Freemason, but probably had no active affiliation with any church. This was certainly the case in his later years.

In politics he was a Democrat of the brand commonly termed "dyed in the wool." He maintained an erect carriage of a form that was tall, well filled, and well proportioned. All with whom he came in contact were reminded of the characteristics of a gentleman of the old school, by his accurate and scholarly conversation, his polished manners, and his agreeable presence.

A short time before coming to Littleton he married Abigail Arnold, a lady of excellent family and high character, a daughter of Hon. Jonathan Arnold, who was one of the early members of the Continental congress from Rhode Island. This gentleman is reputed to have once owned the whole of the present territory of the towns of Lyndon, Sutton, and St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Jonathan Arnold was thrice married. Gov. Arnold of Rhode Island was one of the offspring of the third marriage; of the second was Free-love Arnold, wife of Noah Davis of Haverhill, N. H., and these were the parents of Judge Noah Davis of New York. Abigail Arnold was a child of the first marriage. Her father dying when she was only eleven years of age, she was received into the family of Hon. Charles Marsh, of Woodstock, Vermont, and thus became the adopted sister of the Hon. Charles P. Marsh, who recently closed a long career of honor and

usefulness in public affairs and in the world of letters.

Abigail Arnold faithfully followed the fortunes of her husband until her death, which occurred Nov. 30, 1824.

Their children were Catharine, who died in infancy; James Barber and Moses Arnold, both born in Littleton; George Burrill, born in Lincoln; and Charles Marsh, born in Franconia.

Moses Arnold Dow became very successful in the business of publishing the *Waverly Magazine*. He made valuable public benefactions to the towns of Littleton and Franconia, and erected an elegant monument in the village cemetery at Franconia to the memory of his father and mother, who there lie buried.

In the summer of 1883 Mr. Dow procured a large photograph of the old homestead at North Littleton to be taken with himself in the foreground. He told me that his mother was beside him in the spirit form, while the picture of the old home and her boy was being made; and that she felt the same joy at his presence with her then that she did in the years long gone by, when she caressed him in the cradle in that same old house.

Mr. Dow, the father, in his subsequent marriage with Nancy Bagley of Thornton, did not better his condition. Her methods of procedure may be described by the words of Bret Harte, as—

"\* \* \* frequent, and painful, and free."

It is related that she made the deputy sheriff's recollections of his official visits to her husband's "castle" more vivid than fragrant.

Mr. Dow died at Franconia, Aug. 25, 1857. He was not a successful man. His thrifty neighbors said he did not like to work. He certainly failed to concentrate his energies in any particular direction so as to achieve any notable success. In manners he was gentlemanly, and in appearance prepossessing. He sought in many callings for the key to worldly achievement. Old age came and he had not found it. Though he had not succeeded for himself, he had been useful to the public as a teacher of youth, as a town official, and as a magistrate. Though his habits partook of the spirit of the times, and he was

generally in financial stress, there is nothing of fact or tradition, that has come to us to cast any shadow over the personal integrity of the man.

His is not an isolated case. Failures without number mark the history of our profession. The examples of those who have succeeded are studied with pleasure and followed with profit. The story of one who strove and who failed may be less attractive; but, while it points to fatal pitfalls into which a brother has fallen, it blazes the way of honorable achievement for those who will heed the warning.

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## S. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

BY A BOSTON ALUMNUS.

If instead of taking the main road from Concord to the old town of Hopkinton the traveller takes another which runs parallel to it, starting from the north end of the city, he will come after half a mile's walk to a point where there is a total change in the character of the surroundings. Looking behind him he will see asphalt walks, a dusty road, wooden and brick buildings, while before him, through a low thick growth of woodland, where the grass has grown literally under the feet of men and horses, stretches upward by a gradual incline the continuation of the road, down which at a certain hour of the afternoon the sun pours its blazing flood of light. The road passes to the north of the old President Pierce estate; its termination is reached at the

summit of a hill, from which point the traveller must work his way through the woods, first down, then up again, until he reaches the barren top of Prospect, a hill of 400 feet, and bearing a most fitting name. The view from here is one of the grandest of the many superb views about Concord. To the left, across the valley and beyond the foot-hill, nestled among the elms, lies the capital of this Granite state, its most conspicuous object being the dome of the capitol, whose surmounting eagle dazzles the eye when the sun's rays are reflected back by it. To the north-east, across the Merrimack, rises that remarkable sand-scoop, a name which its shape certainly permits, and which is known for miles around as one of the most prominent features in the

landscape. Beyond this to the right are the Epsom hills, from which it is said the Atlantic is visible. The course of the river can be followed by its high eastern bank, though the waters are hidden until they make a sharp turn in their descent to run the mills of Hooksett. This sudden appearance of the Merrimack is a second striking feature in the view from Prospect.

Our subject, however, lies to the west of Concord, in the little valley of Millville. Against the horizon rests the bold, tri-parted mass of the Francestown mountains, and the two peaks of the Uncanoones which overhang Goffstown. Thence the descent is gradual, the hillsides being covered with oak and pine, to the shining waters of Big Turkey lake. These find an outlet by a stream which, after sweeping around three points of the compass, runs a saw-mill that marks the northern boundary of 400 acres belonging to S. Paul's School. The stream then broadens, and two ponds are formed, whose little bays are called familiarly Ontario, Mexico, etc. Next, a picturesque old red grist-mill is reached: its wheel no longer grinds the farmer's corn, but saws fire-wood and launders clothes. Next, the stream skirts a rink, which in winter, even after the heaviest fall of snow, is alive with skaters, while in the dry summer season, from beneath its surface, can now be pumped 50,000 gallons of water a day to fill the reservoir among the hills, which is capable of holding about 2,000,000 gallons. An eighth of a mile farther down its course the stream runs along what is probably one of the most beautiful play-grounds

in the world. The great level field is shut in on three sides by woodland, while the opening looks directly up the slope of the hill on which we may be supposed to be standing. This, in spring and summer, is fresh and green with the vegetation of those seasons, which is glorious in its richer after-dress of red and gold.

If we now look straight down into the valley below, no less than eighteen distinct buildings can be counted. In among the trees stand three in a group somewhat apart from the others. First of all we mark the slender spire of the chapel. It suggests all that is done for the religious and moral training of the boys, the development and strengthening of the highest part of their being. It reveals the secret of all that is best about the place, in motive, purpose, work, and aspiration. Except for what that heaven-pointing spire represents, the community had never existed. For, as Arnold used to say of Rugby, this is nothing if it is not a Christian school. Within the little chapel each morning more than 300 voices offer up their praises to the Author of their being, the Giver of all good and perfect gifts, not the smallest one of which it is their high privilege to enjoy in this valley. They confess the same faith for which that famous scholar of ancient times, whose name they bear, studied, and wrote, and taught. They pray the prayer he prayed, and read the words he read. Young and unworthy they may be, yet they claim to belong to that same school of which he was once, and is more so to-day, a teacher. His splendid life and work and death are the high standard held up

to masters and boys alike, because, best of all human examples, they point continually to the perfect example of S. Paul's divine Master and Teacher. There is something inspiring and bracing to a man living in the present age to see the evidence furnished here that the faith of S. Paul has not changed one whit, and that its power to make men unselfish and noble and good is as great to-day as when he, who carried that faith to Greece and Italy, a lonely messenger, looked down upon cities reeking with vice, and self-consumed with intellectual pride.

But leaving this portion of the subject, upon which it was not our intention to dwell so long, let us take another look down into the valley. Towards Prospect from the chapel we see a mass of roof; it covers a building not attractive in its outward appearance, and yet somewhat striking by reason of the absence of windows in the lowest story, and the line of long ones in the second. This is the school-house, and represents the intellectual side of the place. New Hampshire has many educational institutions, but we are reminded that our subject is one of the youngest, for thirty years ago this spot was known only as the summer residence of a gentleman who was then, and is even more so to-day, among the foremost of the citizens of Boston; and if we are to judge him by what he has done to spread the light of learning and godliness throughout the length and breadth of this land, he is also one of America's greatest and best of sons. Upon entering the school-room we see the explanation

outside. It occupies two full stories, and the windows are arranged so as to throw down the light from above. It is lighted mainly by gas, though oil lamps are provided for those with weak eyes; it is heated by steam and admirably ventilated. There are nearly two hundred desks. On the rostrum at one side is the master's desk, and above it the school motto, "*Ea discamus in terris quorum scientia perseveret in Coelis.*" Along the two end walls are the sixth form stalls occupied by them at the Thursday evening "talk," and when the week's reports are read out on Saturday afternoon. The numerous photographs of classical subjects, the paintings, the light panels and dark red of the spaces between them, add much to the attractiveness of the room. There are nine recitation-rooms in the school-house, one of which contains the cabinet and another the library. The instruction is by twenty-three masters; and the fact is not a little interesting and significant, that the twenty-one who left in the middle of June for their long summer holiday returned the 10th of September, to a man; with the two last additions, the "old boys" who are now aiding in the school work number eleven. The course of study is practically the same as in all schools which fit for colleges with the highest standards. It may be described as classical with a scientific division. In the preparatory form the youngest boys, averaging eleven years, are started in the elements of Latin, and made ready to begin the regular five years course, which is classical to the end of the third year, and this means that Greek is required for one year at

any rate. The fourth form, therefore, is perhaps the most important, as here the choice is made for the future whether a boy shall prepare for professional life, or mainly for business or scientific study. If either of the latter choices are made, the time previously devoted to the classical languages is given over to an increased amount of mathematics, science, and English. Those who have passed the examinations at the close of the fifth form receive certificates which show that the school deems them prepared to enter for their college examinations. Those unsuccessful in obtaining these may of course try such examinations, but the school cannot be held responsible for any possible failure. The sixth is an intermediate step between school and college life. Its members are allowed certain privileges not conceded to the other boys. They are "out of study," that is, they study in their rooms, and, under certain limitations, control their own hours of work and recreation. This is now the case with a large number of the fifth, and, notwithstanding some objectionable features, it is certainly beneficial in lessening the danger consequent upon the sudden let-down from the necessary restraint of the school-room to the all but unbounded freedom of the college undergraduate. The sixth form is virtually made up of two divisions: those in the higher take a full classical course in order to enter college as sophomores; those in the lower desire to have another year at the school before going into business, or to review and improve their preparation before entering college as freshmen.

To encourage an interest in subjects not directly connected with the prescribed course of study, there are various incentives. The Botanical Society has catalogued between three and four hundred specimens of the flora in the immediate vicinity of the school. It affords a regular course of talks or lectures, and is always ready to assist those who are working for the annual flower and fern prizes.

The Scientific Association provides lectures on other scientific subjects than botany, takes off parties for mineralogical expeditions, and encourages competitors for the school mineral prize. In the annual statement the subjects are announced for the composition and English prizes at the close of the year following. Thus a course of reading may be easily laid out for the summer and winter holidays bearing upon these subjects. What is known as the English prize is for the best written examination in English literature, and for a number of years the special subject has been one of Shakespeare's plays. It is the rare good fortune of the competitors to have the questions set and their papers examined by one who has done more to make that poet known to American readers than any other man living. The last two prizes referred to are given by alumni; another gives one for the best English declamation, the contest for which, open to the whole school, takes place the "last night." Still another alumnus gives to that boy of the third form who passes the best special examination in the Latin, Greek, and mathematics of the previous year a prize of \$500, which cov-



ers all the expenses of his fourth form year.

We have shown that the first thought of S. Paul's is to provide for the growth of boys in Christian manliness, to build up in them character. And, as the training of the soul is the most important element in true education, this has been our first consideration. In the second thought, the development of the mind, we have dwelt more at length, because, in the popular estimation, this is what is meant when the word education is used. We come now to that third and important part of every boy, his body.

Looking again from Prospect, we see a sharply pointed roof: it is the Gymnasium. And now, opening the ear to catch whatever sound may strike it on such an afternoon as the writer has had in mind, jolly cheers and excited cries will be heard from the cricket-field, and even, if wind permits, can the words be distinctly made out as one batter calls to another, "Come on! come on!" Turning our eyes well to the left of the Gymnasium, we see, here the cricketers in position, there the sudden rush of the tennis players, beyond the lovers of base-ball, and flying past every now and then, flashing the sunlight from its polished wheels, the bicycle which spins around the quarter of a mile athletic track. Such is the scene in the summer and fall months. During the snow and cold of winter, muscles are toughened, eyes sharpened, and lungs strengthened by the sleds and toboggans on the Russian coast; by skates and snow-shoes; by the hydraulics, which constitute the special winter's training for the Pena-

cook boat-races; or on the bars and running-track, at the weights and ropes and ladders, and with the clubs, in the great Gymnasium.

Before closing, the writer would like to mention two buildings which cannot be seen from the hill-top, and dwell for a moment on the thoughts suggested by them. They recall the past, and point on to the future. The old country house of the founder, after many an addition to accommodate the boys as their number increased from the original five, has been swept out of sight, though it never can be from memory. But the building back of it, near the pond, was untouched by the lightning-kindled fire of 1878, and that yet remains. Outwardly it is not so very much changed—still the old brownish-red building; but within the transformation is complete. Instead of the chemical room with its interesting cases, and the electric machine at whose shock many a boy has winced and jumped after a mathematical recitation in days gone by, instead of the old play-room where, on wet days, the cricketer continued his sport, counting runs as the ball found its way to the wires of windows in various parts of the room,—instead of these things there is a dormitory for thirty boys. In the story below, twice that number of the smallest study, little thinking that ten years ago it was the scene of many a triple set of nine-pin contests. The second building, too, recalls the past. The central story of its main portion was an old farmer's cottage: raised up, built under, and added to, this has been for fifteen years the "Lower School," the place where the boys in the "little study" sleep, eat,

and play. And these buildings point to the future. They are plainly but temporary buildings, and yet they show well the business principle upon which the school is managed. As soon as the money is in hand they will be combined in one new structure, where, opportunity being then afforded for a further increase, seventy-five to one hundred of the youngest boys will live altogether, not only eating and sleeping there, but studying, reciting, and playing. For already it has been intimated that there are three main divisions in the school.

It is interesting to note in this connection that there is at S. Paul's the very system suggested in a preface to the last edition of "Tom Brown's School Days," for putting a stop to those outrageous evils of English school-life, fagging and bullying, so common before Arnold taught the boys at Rugby that the chief element in these customs was the basest kind of cowardice. After some prefatory remarks on the dangerous results of such customs, Mr. Hughes continues to quote from a letter of his correspondent: "I believe there is only one complete remedy. It is not in magisterial supervision, nor in telling tales, nor in raising the tone of public opinion among school-boys, but in the *separation of boys of different ages into different schools.* There should

be at least *three* different classes of schools,—the first for boys from nine to twelve, the second for boys from twelve to fifteen, the third for those above fifteen. And these schools should be in different localities."

It is sufficient to say that at S. Paul's, where for the past fifteen years such exactly has been the system, both bullying and fagging are absolutely unknown.

The writer may be pardoned if he here records a fact which has ever had the deepest significance to his mind, that though on the cricket or foot-ball field nearly every afternoon of his life here from the "shell" or preparatory part of the sixth form, he never heard an oath of any kind on the play-ground.

We must make an end to this article, but before closing must confess that it seems just as absurd to speak of Rugby without Dr. Arnold as to mention S. Paul's without its rector. But he still lives, and his daily work—his life work—tells its own story. The day will come, however,—may it be far away in the future,—when the name of him who under God has made S. Paul's what it is, shall be as well known among these granite hills, which really know so little of it now, and in America at large, as that famous schoolmaster's name is known in England, which stands so high in the honor roll of its great and good.

**THE NORTHERN VOLUNTEERS.**

BY COL. T. J. LIVERMORE.

In the vast host which was marshalled under our banners from April, 1861, to April, 1865, there was a great variety of individual character, and there were a good many men whose conduct did not justify what I shall say of the volunteers in general; but there was a distinct character which belonged to our men, both individually and collectively, which sustained the fortunes of our arms in over two thousand engagements. It was not confined to any regiment, it did not belong to any state or section, and it displayed itself in men from the city and men from the country alike. There were volunteer regiments which were as firm in battle as was ever any regiment in any army in the world, and there were other regiments which were unstable and weak; but, in looking back at them, I cannot see that there was any difference in the character of the men in the ranks which warranted the difference in the conduct of the regiments. It seems to me that the disparity was due entirely to the quality of the officers or to the fortunes of war. With the same officers to train and lead them, one thousand men would have made as good a regiment as another thousand, if we except some few picked regiments on the one hand, and some regiments of foreigners on the other hand. It is this character, which was to be discovered everywhere in the army, that I shall speak of. I shall not attempt to compare the volunteers of the North with those of the South.

We have come to believe that the

principles for which we of the North fought have been finally accepted by the South, and that no word of commendation from our side will be taken as a justification of the cause for which our adversaries contended; and, now that we can review the events of the war in a historical spirit, I am sure that no Northern soldier whose experience arrayed him on the field of battle, will deny the perseverance, endurance, impetuosity, and high valor of the Southern volunteers. I will go no further in characterizing them, but to say that to have met such men without defeat is the best proof of the quality of the Northern volunteers.

There were 4,000,000 men and youths in the loyal states in 1861 who were fit for military service. Over two millions volunteered to fight against the Rebellion. Five thousand commissioned officers and ninety thousand enlisted men were killed in action or died of wounds, and I estimate that nearly five hundred thousand more were wounded. Over two thousand commissioned officers and 170,000 men died of disease while in the service. At the close of the war a million of men were under arms in the armies of the North.

One unacquainted with armies does not realize the vastness of our forces from the mere statement of their numbers. A million of men arrayed in line of battle would extend two hundred miles. Could the trumpet call up the dead to stand in the ranks once more, that legion of heroes

would gaze forth from a line of battle over fifty miles long.

The volunteers came from all classes in civil life. It will be an impressive chapter in history which recounts how army after army was summoned to the field as the war went on, until half the able-bodied men of the North were under arms. How, at each call, the farmer left the plough in the furrow, the harvest ungathered, the mechanic dropped his tools, the teacher quit his desk, the student his book, and by the hundred thousand hurried to the field to battle for the Union. Those in the ranks were mainly young men. Their average age was from twenty-four to twenty-five years. But this average does not tell the story of the youth. There were many thousands between seventeen and twenty-one who bore their full share of the brunt of war. It would startle the fathers and mothers of to-day to hear it suggested that, in the event of war, their boys yet in the schools might become soldiers: but there was many a lad in '61 who left his books at seventeen to follow the drum, and matured into early manhood in the rapid and momentous experiences of campaigns and battles.

Two thirds of our army were native Americans. They outnumbered the foreign born in proportion to the whole number fit for military service in the North. The high personal character of the volunteers is marked by the few desertions from their ranks. In the regular army there were two hundred and forty-four desertions to the thousand during the war. There were less than sixty-three to the thousand from the volunteer organizations, and these were

not nearly all chargeable to the volunteers, for very many of the deserters were substitutes—a set of men who enlisted for money alone, and who had no love of country. The volunteers enlisted from patriotism. Neither poverty, the allurements of high pay, the love of glory, nor a spirit of unrest, could have led more than half the able-bodied men of the North to volunteer for war.

The reflection may occur to some, as it sometimes did to those of us in the field who enlisted early in the war, that the men who did not volunteer until they secured great bounties were somewhat mercenary in their motives. But when we consider that a large part, perhaps the most of these men, had to leave dependants at home, and that if they survived they risked not only death on the battlefield, but the impairment of health and vigor for life from wounds and exposure, we cannot say that they did themselves and their families more than scant justice to wait for a bounty which, in extreme cases, did not exceed what they would have earned at their trades in three or four years. There is many a veteran to-day who endures the pangs of old wounds that will never cease, or battles against the malaria which has not left him for twenty years, who realizes that he gave to his country what money could not pay for.

A striking difference between our volunteer army and the other great armies of the world was, that in it there was no class distinction between those who were officers and those who were in the ranks. The reader of military history will find that in the accounts of battles in

older countries the historian seems to regard the officers as a distinct order of men, who are always actuated by moral courage and the sense of honor, while he speaks of the men as beings who are sustained by the example of the officers, or physical courage, or enthusiasm. And if a retreat is described, it is said that it was the men who gave way, in spite of the exertions of the officers. This distinction is doubtless due to the fact that the officers were appointed from the nobility and gentry, while the soldiers were conscript peasants or mercenaries.

No such difference existed between the officers and men of our volunteers. It is true that education and social training and traditions had made a wide difference among men with respect to good faith in doing duty, truthfulness, unselfishness in the hour of sacrifice, and, in short, the sense of honor, and that the morale of the army depended upon the selection of men for officers who had these traits. But there was no class distinction; that was "the best blood" that had "most iron in 't." For each officer who fell there was a man in the ranks to take his sword. It was the rule to promote from the ranks. I knew a regiment in which sixty men were promoted to be officers, and which took back at the end of the war only one of its original officers, such were its losses. I also knew a company in a three months regiment which furnished twenty-two officers from its seventy-six men to other organizations. It was said of Napoleon's soldiers that each one carried a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. This was more nearly true of our volun-

teers. We had no "gentleman apprentice" who did duty by proxy to entitle him to a commission such as was known under Napoleon. With all this equality between soldiers and officers, the men were very subordinate and amenable to discipline. They had an inbred respect for constituted authority, and they looked to the officers for the example of good conduct.

The capacity which our people showed for war was wonderful in view of the circumstances. For half a century we had had no war which called for great levies. The militia were few in numbers and far behind the militia of to-day in discipline and in the practice of the serious duties of the soldier. Military exercises in the common schools were unknown. No legion of veterans lingered on the stage like those of to-day. The old soldiers of the Mexican war were comparatively few. The whole country was devoted to industry and bent upon the pursuit of wealth, and to others beside the misguided men of the South it seemed as if the people of the North would never shake off the lethargy of peace and submit themselves to the partings, the uncertainties, the hardships, the bloodshed, the mournings of war. But the first gun that was fired upon Fort Sumter thundered a reveillé that woke the sleeping soldier in 2,000,000 men. War then became the all engrossing trade, and, although the apprenticeship was hard and full of perils, it served to train up a nation of veterans.

If the conduct of the volunteers during four years of war proved that the martial quality was native in

them, the manner of their return at the end of the war proved their love of peace and their inbred respect for law and order. The English historian praises Cromwell's army of 50,000 veterans, then the most formidable in the world, for disbanding and being absorbed into the community without unlawful conduct or tumult. At the end of our war a million soldiers disbanded without tumult, and subsided among the people without a sign of disorder. Familiar with bloodshed, they were not hardened by it. Accustomed to the freedom of camps, and living in an enemy's country, they were not unsettled by it. As it was with Cromwell's veterans, they were, for the most part, better citizens for their military training.

The wonder of the sudden dissolution of this host of veterans was deeply impressed upon those who witnessed the grand review of the armies in Washington on the eve of disbanding them. Two hundred thousand bronzed and hardy soldiers marched by the president in front of the White House during two long summer days. They passed swiftly, with the swinging step and assured touch—shoulder to shoulder—acquired by long practice and many marches. Their scars, their fearless bearing, and their tattered flags told the story of their battles. Among them rode many a commander whose name is historic—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, and the rest. It seemed as though these famous corps, divisions, brigades, and regiments were too solidly united by comradeship, too proud of their history, too well accustomed to act together, too conscious

of their power, to be dissolved and thenceforward exist only in memory. Yet that was the last review, and in one short month that vast host had stacked its arms and furled its banners and had dispersed forever. To many a soldier it was like breaking up his home.

#### THE OFFICERS.

In raising vast levies of troops and organizing them into regiments, it was unavoidable that many men without military instruction, and sometimes men of bad antecedents, should be appointed officers; and it sometimes happened where officers were elected by the men, that the man who could best practise the arts which prevail in political elections got the commission; and, again, the exigencies of recruiting sometimes required that the man who got the most recruits to enroll themselves was made the captain or colonel. Such a man has been likened by the Comte de Paris, in his history of our war, to the ancient proprietary colonel, who held his commission by virtue of his proprietorship in the men, or the commander of the independent company of cavalry of the middle ages, who commanded by virtue of his contract for the services of his men. But there were not many bad officers from this source, and the governors of states usually appointed men whose position and character in civil life warranted the distinction.

Gen. de Chanal, an officer of the French army who was with our army, says that with us "the social hierarchy was transported to the army and became the military hierarchy," and, with deep insight into the spirit

of our institutions, he says that from this very fact our army did not have to surround itself with the precautions which are necessary to guard a military organization which has no other support than the severity of its military regulations.

The practical turn of mind of the American led to employing every man of reputable character who had seen any military service. With one accord East and West first turned to the old soldiers for officers. I was in Galena, Ill., when Fort Sumter was fired on. A company was immediately raised there. I was attracted to the unwonted sight of drill, which was begun at once. The gentleman who had been asked to drill the men was an ex-army officer, and he had assembled the company in a vacant lot and was there at work in civilian dress. He had a ramrod in his hand for a sword. With a quiet and business-like air he was patiently teaching the men to put their left feet down together, and to face to the right and left and about. I next saw him in front of Petersburg in 1864 on horseback. He was in uniform. He preserved the same quiet and business-like air. He was in command of the armies, and his name was Ulysses S. Grant.

Much criticism has been uttered upon the unfortunate selection of generals by the president. For a part of these he was not responsible. He appointed them in deference to advisers high in public estimate. As for the rest, looking at the situation in the light thrown backward, I do not see what there was to enable the president to detect military genius except experience. There were few

sapient enough to criticise the military character of the commanders he appointed at the time. It was easy to do this after they had been proven incompetent. Before the hard fighting was half through he had had the wisdom to select Grant and Sherman. If the generals to command a great army were to be selected to-day from officers of the army who had never conducted great operations in the field, no one could predict who would prove equal to the great commands. The English, with an army whose drum-beat is heard around the world, do not always find it easy to select a competent commander even to fight naked and half-armed children of the desert.

The incompetent officers of the line in our army were soon weeded out by the rough harrow of war. Their commissions rarely survived a campaign. The blunders of some of them were very amusing. Early in the war a company in which I carried a musket had a captain who, it always seemed to me, owed his office to his martial air, for that was all there was martial about him. He never got so that he could remember all the commands for drilling the company. One day he deployed them as skirmishers, and then rallied them around himself to repel imaginary cavalry. He then forgot what to say to straighten them out into line again. The men waited fixed at "charge bayonets." The suspense grew painful. At last the captain thundered out, "Get out there as skirmishers, every one of you, or I'll put you all in the guard-house!" The captain soon afterward resigned, under the advice of an examining board.

## DISCIPLINE.

Gen. Washington said that a most perfect despotism should exist in an army. It may be doubted whether, with the continental soldiers, who had taken upon themselves the title of rebels when that title was full of danger, or with the volunteers of our late war, such a despotism was as necessary as that which must prevail in an army of conscripts or mercenaries, in which the private soldier must surrender his autonomy, and manifest the surrender by servility. In such an army obedience and respect for officers must be made habitual by the minute exactions of a code of discipline timed for every hour and fitted for every occasion. But our volunteers enlisted with the purpose of obeying orders. What they needed was instruction. They were not servile, but they paid the formal tributes of respect which the regulations required cheerfully.

New regiments sometimes complained of discipline before they saw the benefit of it, but as soon as they had been in battle a new light dawned upon them, and they valued discipline at its true worth. In the supreme hour of battle, when exact and instant obedience to orders, even to death, was the price of victory, the soldier saw the benefit of discipline. Thereafter he entertained contempt for a badly disciplined regiment.

Gen. de Chanal writes that while our armies did not have the external marks of discipline such as may be seen in European armies, their discipline was as good, if not better, and that few troops are so submissive to their commanders.

The Army of the Potomac at Get-

tysburg was a conspicuous example of good discipline. The fighting was of the severest kind for two days, and nearly every regiment on the field was under fire, and good conduct was universal. The larger part of our men were those in whom respect for law and order had been bred from childhood, and their obedience rested on firmer foundations than the exactions of military rule and etiquette. Serious refusal to obey orders was of rare occurrence. Mutinies were almost unknown. Of course there were the timid, who had to be held up to their work in battle, and the vicious and unruly, upon whom a heavy hand had to be sometimes placed. But these were the few.

I will relate an incident to show how deeply the habit of obedience sank into the minds of the men. In our regiment it was a standing order that all wounded men who were able should report to the captains before leaving the field of battle. At White Oak Swamp a cannon shot passed through our company as we rose from where we lay to change position. It struck down two good men. One gathered himself up out of the dust and followed to where we had halted. One arm had been almost severed by the shot, and hung by a shred. Holding it up with his other hand, the brave man came slowly up to the captain with resolute, pallid face, and gravely said,—  
 “Captain, I am wounded, and would like to go to the rear.” What soldier in the world could carry obedience further?

## MILITARY SKILL.

The military skill which the individual soldier must attain before he



becomes efficient in war is that which enables him to march elbow to elbow with his comrades in the ranks, straight ahead, so that a long line will advance over the country without becoming crooked or broken up; to go through the various evolutions in column or line, to load and fire with rapidity and effectiveness, and to handle arms with skill and ease. These are the chief results of military skill. To one unacquainted with the subject the attainment of this skill would not seem a matter of much time, but, in fact, it involved the making over of the carriage and gait, the grafting of habits of celerity and promptness, and the teaching of many things which had to be memorized with great exactness.

Our foreign critics have said that for a time we lost chances for victory because our ranks did not respond quickly enough to command, and that our troops were heavy for want of practice in grand parade movements, and that their inexperience and unfamiliarity with war led them to intrench too much. This last criticism reverses the fact. It was experience in war that led us to intrench, and we did not adhere to this habit when it became unprofitable.

The Army of the Potomac fought fifteen battles, including the fierce contests of Fair Oaks, second Bull Run, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, and the Seven Days battles, before they intrenched on the field of battle; and after the year of intrenching in the Wilderness and Petersburg campaigns, the armies under Grant threw down the shovel, and forgot the habit of intrenching in the last campaign.

There is justice in the other criti-

cisms. The first battle of Bull Run was lost by reason of want of discipline and military skill. Without doubt the Northern army was composed of the very best material there, but a multitude of men who have not learned how to obey orders, and that orders must be obeyed, derives no advantage from numbers; and our army was neither well disciplined nor well drilled. Shiloh afforded another instance. Gen. Grant tells us that three of his divisions were entirely raw, and that both officers and men were ignorant of their duties, and that, as a consequence, many of the regiments broke at the first fire, and that afterward he found thousands of these men "lying under cover of the river bluff, panic stricken," and that most of them "would have been shot where they lay, without resistance, before they would have taken muskets and marched to the front to protect themselves." Yet these were strong manful Westerners, of undoubted native courage and intelligence; and Gen. Grant says of them,— "Better troops never went on a field of battle than many of these, officers and men, afterward proved themselves to be, who fled panic-stricken at the first whistle of bullets and shell at Shiloh."

The Army of the Potomac did not have the bad fortune to engage in battle until it had been drilled and disciplined, and, as a consequence, it went through its first bloody campaign with no misconduct of this kind. Whatever criticism may be made of Gen. McClellan's conduct of operations in the field, no candid soldier who served under him can refuse his praise and gratitude to that great

organizer of armies for the courage and foresight which sustained him in his purpose, against the clamors of the North to move against the enemy, until he had made his army fit to take the field.

The armies, both East and West, became equal to tactics in the face of the enemy before the end of 1862, although it was in the very campaign itself that our soldiers had to learn much of their trade. Later in the war grand movements were performed with ease. In the pursuit of Lee, April 6, 1865, a line of four brigades of the second army corps, over a mile long, swept forward, over hills, across ravines, and through forest and field for thirteen miles, attacking the enemy's rear guard of infantry and artillery, which made stands at intervals of two or three miles, without stopping to straighten the line, and routing them every time. This was a display of tactics on a grand scale, and it is difficult to believe that foreign armies could do better.

#### ENDURANCE.

Our soldiers underwent trials of their endurance unusual with standing armies, from the ignorance of officers in the matter of preserving their health, and the inexperience of the men themselves in camp life; but knowledge came with time, and the native skill in woodcraft and building shelter, and abundant and regular rations and plenty of clothing, did much to mitigate the evils of ignorance. Rations were not indeed always on hand, or always palatable. The soldiers had so little respect for the corned beef that they called it "salt horse," and it was said that the

letters "B. C." were found imprinted on some of the hard bread. It was insisted that these letters marked the era in which the bread was baked.

The comparison of the rate of death from disease in our volunteer army with that of other armies, although not a conclusive test of endurance, has some significance. With our army it was 8.6 per cent. during the war. In the British army it was 11.3 per cent. in the Peninsular war (1811-1814), and 20.2 per cent. in the Crimea.

Marches are a test of endurance. Probably the long march of weeks or days, which shows the strength of all the men, affords a better comparison than the forced march, which leaves many by the roadside and proves only what the strongest can do. Sherman's army marched 190 miles in seven days, an average of  $27\frac{1}{2}$  miles a day. The Army of the Potomac made twenty-five miles a day for several days in May, 1865.

Coming to forced marches, we read that twenty-three miles in eighteen hours, and twenty-seven miles in nineteen hours, were looked upon as extraordinary marches by two divisions of Germans on the way to Gravelotte. Friant's French division made ninety-nine miles in forty-eight hours to reach the field of Austerlitz. Crawford's British division marched sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours to the field of Talavera, and forty miles in nineteen hours over the mountain roads of Spain in pursuit of Soult. But on this last march many men gave out, and some fell and died, while on the former march only seventy men gave out. This shows how differences in roads and

seasons render comparisons of forced marches very uncertain. Jackson's corps marched about sixty miles in forty hours in turning Pope's flank, but many broken down soldiers lined the road. The second army corps, under Hancock, made thirty-two miles in twenty-two hours on the way to Gettysburg on a Southern summer day. Here, too, many men gave out and lay down by the roadside.

The pedestrian, striding over our smooth roads, with little or no load, may think these marches slow, but our infantry soldier carries nearly forty pounds of arms, ammunition, rations, blankets, etc.; he fords streams in his shoes and socks, and then tramps on in wet foot gear, and perhaps with blistered feet as a result, and instead of doing his work in a steady stride, he is vexed and wearied by many little halts, followed by rushes to close up the column.

The patient and unflagging industry of the volunteers in building earthworks was wonderful. The construction and use of these earthworks contributed a new chapter to the science of war. Our regular troops carried the art out to the plains, and even the Indian has borrowed it there. Our soldiers have grown used to seeing these wild horsemen crouching behind rifle pits of the most approved kind.

In our war, the labor in the trenches sometimes made the men pretty rusty. A soldier at Hilton Head, in 1862, had somewhat neglected the care of his arms by reason of toiling in the earthworks. His colonel reproved him for his dirty rifle at inspection one day. He excused himself in this wise: "Yes, I know my gun is dirty,

but I've got the brightest shovel you ever saw!"

#### TEMPERAMENT.

M. Roussillon, a French officer, writes of the temperament of the opposing armies in our war as follows: "They adopted in the two armies sombre uniforms—blue in the North, gray or brown in the South,—which gave the troops a sad aspect, in sympathy with the cast of mind of the men of the North. In their camps there never were, as in ours, high spirits, gaiety, and songs. The bands were bad, and played rueful airs."

This shadowy atmosphere existed only in the imagination of one who was unduly impressed with the American gravity, which does not extend below the surface. There was nothing theatrical in the mould or manner of the American volunteer. He did not need to keep up the light and reckless air of a Charles O'Malley for the sake of professional reputation. War was only a temporary business with him, and nothing but his manhood was on trial. But no soldier ever threw off care more readily when the time came. A thousand memories of song and story and jest mingle in the recollection of campaign and camp. The march was often the time of banter and repartee, and the swinging measure of the army song. The men, too, were quick to apply soubriquets. A three months regiment I knew was called the "Ragged Zouaves," from the condition of its shoddy clothing. A rosy youth in the ranks got the name of "Blossom," and a man of giant stature was entitled "Baby."

[To be concluded.]

**WINDHAM, N. H.—Chapter 4.**

BY HON. LEONARD A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE MORRISON FAMILY"  
AND "HISTORY OF WINDHAM, N. H."

MEMBERS OF CONSTITUTIONAL CONVEN-  
TIONS AND REPRESENTATIVES,  
1775 TO 1884.

When royal government was opposed in New Hampshire at the commencement of the Revolution, a convention was called in Exeter in 1774, and most of the towns in the state were represented by delegates. The second convention met in May, 1775, to consult on the state of affairs, and was elected for six months. The third convention, called agreeably to a recommendation of congress, met on the 21st of December, of 1775, and proceeded to form a temporary government, and the first constitution of New Hampshire was adopted January 5, 1776.

By the town records John Dinsmoor was chosen a delegate June 2, 1775, and subsequently James Betton was chosen, who served till 1776. Since that date our members have been,—

1778. John Dinsmoor.  
1779-'81. James Betton.  
1782. Three conventions, Samuel Morrison, James Betton, John Dinsmoor.  
1783. Gain Armor.  
1784-'86. James Betton.  
1787, '88. James Gilmore.  
1789. James Betton.  
1790. Voted not to send.  
1791. James Betton.  
1791. September convention, James Davidson.  
1792. Voted not to send.  
1793. James Betton.  
1794. James Gilmore.

1795-'98. Samuel Armor.  
1799. John Dinsmoor.  
1800. No record.  
1801, '02. Samuel Armor.  
1803. John Dinsmoor.  
1804. Samuel Armor.  
1805. John Dinsmoor.  
1806. John Campbell.  
1807-'11. Samuel Armor.  
1812. John Campbell.  
1813. Samuel Armor.  
1814-'18. John Campbell.  
1819, '20. Samuel Armor.  
1821. John Nesmith — since  
lieut. governor of Massachusetts.  
1822-'24. Jonathan Parker.  
1825, '26. Jeremiah Morrison.  
1827, '28. Samuel Anderson.  
1829-'34. Isaac McGaw.  
1835. Alexander Park.  
1836. Isaac McGaw.  
1837. Voted not to send.  
1838. Alexander Gordon.  
1839. Isaac McGaw.  
1840. Samuel W. Simpson.  
1841. Jeremiah Morrison.  
1842, '43. Theodore Dinsmoor.  
1844, '45. John Hills.  
1846, '47. Isaac McGaw.  
1848. Theodore Dinsmoor.  
1849, '50. Jonathan Parker.  
1851. John Hills.  
1852. Jeremiah Morrison.  
1853. Samuel W. Simpson.  
1854. Theodore Dinsmoor.  
1855, '56. Robert B. Jackson.  
1857. Samuel W. Simpson.  
1858, '59. No choice.  
1860, '61. Samuel Campbell.  
1862-'64. Isaac Emerson.  
1865. William C. Harris.

1866. George W. Weston.  
 1867. Loren Thayer.  
 1868-'70. Rei Hills.  
 1871, '72. Albert A. Morrison.  
 1873-'75. William D. Cochran.  
 1876. Joseph P. Crowell.  
 1877. Abel Dow.  
 1878. Horace Anderson.  
 1879, '80. Abel Dow.  
 1881, '82. Horace Anderson.  
 1850. Delegate to constitutional convention, Jeremiah Morrison.  
 1876. Delegate to constitutional convention, Horace Berry.

## WAR OF 1812-15.

The war of the Revolution had passed and the colonies were free, but the best of feeling did not exist between England and her late colonies. England was arrogant in her demands and in her treatment of weaker nations; the United States was jealous of its rights. War was hardly averted in 1795. At length the conflict came, and the soldiers of Windham were as follows: Benjamin Blanchard, William Balch, Robert P. Dinsmoor, Samuel Dinsmoor, Samuel Davidson, Richard Dow, Thomas Nesmith, David Campbell, David M. Galt, Alexander Gordon, John B. Hilands, Moses Sargent, Philip K. Wiles, Rufus Patterson, Stephen E. Blaisdell, Samuel Rowell, Amos Dow, Thomas Moore, David Durrer, Phineas Danforth, James Simpson, Samuel Marshall, Aaron Senter, Matthew Clark, William Simpson, John Nesmith, Woodbridge Cottle.

The war was exceedingly unpopular, and when news of peace was received there was great joy among the people. The news was brought by Samuel Armor, on horseback, from

Haverhill, Mass. Rapidly he came from the latter town, and joyfully proclaimed the glad tidings. Riding up to the houses of the people he shouted "Peace! Peace! Peace!" and with a few explanatory words reined his horse into the highway and was gone. The news spread rapidly, and joy and gladness reigned supreme.

## ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

The Scotch settlers of Windham came to this wintry land to have

"A faith's pure shrine,"  
and

"To make a happy fireside clime  
For weans and wife."

They were hard-headed, long-headed, level-headed, uncompromising, unconquered, and unconquerable Presbyterians. They were of a stern and rugged type. They clung to the tenets of the Presbyterian faith with a devotion, constancy, and obstinacy little short of bigotry, and in it was mingled little of that charity for others of a different faith "which suffereth long;" nor is this surprising when we consider the circumstances of their lives, and the stock to which they belonged. They were the descendants of a brave and heroic race of men and women, who had resisted the encroachments of the "Established Church" of England, risen in opposition to it, and in 1638 entered into a "solemn league and covenant" to maintain the reformed religion in Scotland, and to resist and put down popery and prelacy: hence the name of "Covenanter."

For the preservation of their religious liberty and their form of faith the Covenanters had struggled, and fought, and suffered amid the moors

and mountains and fastnesses of Scotland with a fortitude and heroism unsurpassed. Many had laid down their lives to secure its preservation; many struggled bravely on during the troubled years, bearing aloft the ensign of their faith, which they believed to be the only true faith, and their banner the only true standard of the cross.

The foot of the persecutor followed the faithful to Ireland, and there they felt the avenging arm of resisted and arbitrary power. Some of those who had taken part in the brave defence of Londonderry, Ireland, owned land here which was occupied by their sons. The story of the past, of the conflicts in Scotland, the flight to Ireland, the endurance and sufferings and sacrifices and final triumph at the "siege of Derry," were fresh in their memories; they were engraven on the tablets of their souls, and the lessons influenced their lives. So the faith of the stern, grim Covenanters was transplanted to Windham. It took root and flourished on this soil, and grew with a strong, steady, solid growth in this town. The Scotch settlers were a conservative and thinking people, and their institutions were the result of thought. Many of the characteristics, sentiments, and much of the feelings of the Covenanters were here, and these have not entirely died out of their descendants. The religious side of the characters of the first residents was largely developed.

The town has been strongly orthodox from the beginning. Many families attended meeting at what is now East Derry. After attending to their morning duties, the whole family,—

men, women, and children,—would walk eight or nine miles to meeting, listen to two long sermons, and then return to their homes, seldom reaching them till after dark. So they prized the sanctuary, and appreciated and dearly loved the faith in which they trusted.

The first religious meetings were holden in barns during the warm season for eleven years, when, in 1753, the first meeting-house was built, on a high elevation south-east of Cobbett's pond, now known as "Cemetery hill."

Our Scotch ancestors, exiles from the lochs and glens of Scotland, could not forget the customs of the dear old father-land. So they located the burial-place of themselves and their kindred in the shadow of the kirk. It is a beautiful spot. The lovely lake nestles at the foot of this wave-washed hill, shimmering with brightness in the summer sun, and in autumn mirroring in its bosom all the beauty of the forest trees. It is a pleasant place on which to pitch one's tent after the weary march, when with folded arms the silent ones will rest undisturbed till the reveillé call at the great awakening. So the dead rested near where the living worshipped, where in summer days, through the opened windows which let in the sunshine and the breath of flowers, the words as they fell from the lips of the living preacher might be borne by the breezes which gently waved the grass that grew and the flowers that bloomed on the mounds of the peaceful sleepers.

The first pastor was Rev. William Johnston who received a call to settle here July 12, 1746, but was not in-

stalled till 1747. His salary was two hundred pounds and the use of the parsonage, besides three hundred pounds as a settlement. He ordained as ruling elders Nathaniel Hemphill, Samuel Kinkead, and John Kyle. By the dismemberment of Windham in 1752, whereby one fourth of our territory was annexed to Salem, the society was so much weakened that its minister could not be supported, and he was dismissed in July, 1752. Mr. Johnston was a highly educated man, having been graduated at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, after a seven years course. He studied theology with the Rev. Dr. Kerr. He was of Scotch blood, and was born in 1710 in Mallow Male, county of Tyrone, Ireland, and was the son of William and Elizabeth (Hoey) Johnston. He came to America previous to 1736, was then pastor of the Presbyterian church at Worcester, Mass. After leaving town he preached at Corry's Brook, now Duanesburg, Washington county, N. Y. He afterwards purchased five hundred acres of land at Sidney Plains, N. Y., where his descendants "live unto this day." He died at Florida, Montgomery county, N. Y., May 10, 1782. He married, while in Windham, a sister of the wife of Rev. William Davidson of Londonderry,—Anna, the daughter of Dr. John and Anna (Witter) Cummings. Her father was a surgeon, and died in the British navy on the coast of Africa.

Rev. John Kinkead, of Scotch blood, was installed October, 1760, with a salary of £1300 old tenor. He ordained John Armstrong, Samuel Campbell, David Gregg, Lieut. Samuel Morrison, Robert Hopkins, and

John Tuffts as ruling elders. The ministrations of Mr. Kinkead were not satisfactory, nor his moral deportment such as to command the respect and love of his people, and he was dismissed in April, 1765.

Rev. Simon Williams was ordained in December, 1766, with a salary of about \$233.33, with a settlement of \$200, and the use of the parsonage. He was pastor for twenty-seven years, dying November 10, 1793. He did a noble work, and his influence lived after him. He established a private academy which was an important tributary of Dartmouth college. As a scholar he was eminent, and was much beloved by his people. He married Maria Floyd, who died July 28, 1805. They were born February 19, 1729, the same hour, in Meath, county of Tyrone, Ireland, and they are buried in the "Cemetery on the Hill," and his grave is directly beneath where his pulpit stood in which he preached for twenty-seven years. He ordained as elders John Dinsmoor, Robert Park, John Anderson, William Gregg, Samuel Morrison, Robert Dinsmoor (the "Rustic Bard"), and Alexander McCoy.

A new church was built at the centre of the town in 1798. Rev. Samuel Harris was ordained over the church October 9, 1805, and continued as pastor till failing health caused him to be dismissed in 1826. He resided in town till his death, September 6, 1848, in the 74th year of his age. He married, April 17, 1798, Ruth Pratt, born August 29, 1779, who died March 22, 1869. Their son, William C. Harris, is a prominent citizen of Windham. The

ministry of Mr. Harris was a successful one. David Gregg, James Davidson, William Davidson, John Davidson, Jesse Anderson, Samuel Davidson, J. P. Johnson, Eleazer Barrett, James W. Perkins, Jacob E. Evans, and David McCleary were made elders.

Rev. Calvin Cutler was installed over the church on April 9, 1828, where he remained till his death February 17, 1844. He was born at Guildhall, Vermont, October 10, 1791. He was graduated at Dartmouth college in 1819, at Theological seminary at Andover in 1823. During his ministry in 1834 he preached in the old house now used as the town-house. The latter has at different times been occupied for preaching by the Methodists and Unitarians. The eldership was increased by the addition of Samuel Anderson, Jacob Harris, Silas Moore; David Campbell, and Jonathan Cochran, in 1833; in 1843, Theodore Dinsmoor, Joseph Park, Benjamin Blanchard, David A. Davidson, and Rei Hills. One hundred and fifty-eight persons united with the church between 1830 and 1844. Mr. Cutler possessed a great deal of intellectual strength and vigor. He married, June 3, 1824, Rhoda Little, of Boscawen, N. H., who died August 15, 1852. Their sons are Evert Cutler of New Haven, Connecticut, Rev. Charles Cutler of Burton, Ohio, and Rev. Carroll Cutler, D. D., President of Western Reserve College, Cleveland, Ohio.

In 1845 Rev. Loren Thayer was ordained with a salary of \$500. He continued with his people till his death. For more than twenty years he was pastor. In feeble health, he

was dismissed April 25, 1866, and died of consumption September 19, 1869, at the age of fifty-four years. He was thrice married, his last wife being Elizabeth C. Farley, a refined and cultivated lady, who became closely identified with the interests of this people. She died March 4, 1878. Mr. Thayer's ministry was an eminently successful one, and his memory, with that of his beloved wife, is tenderly cherished. Samuel Campbell was made an elder.

Rev. Joseph Lanman was installed June 2, 1868. A parsonage was built that year costing over \$3,000. He was dismissed February 6, 1872, and now resides at Taylor's Falls, Minnesota.

Rev. Charles Packard was installed April 29, 1873, at a salary of \$800 and the use of the parsonage. The church was remodelled in 1874, and rededicated December 29, 1874. The outlay was \$2600. William C. Harris, Horace Anderson, and William D. Cochran became elders of the church, December 26, 1878. Mr. Packard was born in Brookfield, Maine, October 14, 1818; graduated at Bowdoin college in 1842, at Bangor seminary in 1845. As a pastor he was faithful, as a friend he was true, as a citizen he always had the interest of society in view, and was always upon the right side. He performed his pastoral duties till January 29, 1881, when the disease which had been upon him culminated in entire prostration, and he died February 20, 1881, and is buried in Farmington, Maine. He married, in Norway, Maine, Hannah Holt, who resides with their children in Farmington, Maine.



Rev. Joseph S. Cogswell, the present pastor, was born in Boscawen, N. H., October 29, 1836; was installed December 21, 1881, with pleasing prospects.

The Sunday-school was organized

in 1817, and has always been in a highly flourishing condition, and the larger part of the congregation are members. Connected with it is a valuable and largely patronized library of 500 volumes.

### THOMAS FORSYTH, SIEUR DE FRONSAC.

BY AUGUSTIN BELL, A. M.

Thomas Forsyth was born in Deering, Hillsborough county, New Hampshire, September 1, 1776. His father was Captain William Forsyth (see "Forsyth Family" in Vol. VIII, page 251, of the GRANITE MONTHLY), and his mother was Jane, daughter of James Wilson, of Chester, who was at one time surveyor of the highways of Chester. Col. Robert Wilson, as recorded in the article referred to, was not the father of Jane, but was of the same family (Chase's History of Chester). Thomas Forsyth was sent while quite young to the north of Ireland in company with his older brother Robert, who afterwards entered the British army, and retired in 1802 as major of the 60th Royal Rifles, or 60th Foot, as they were then called. The county seat of the family was then in Hillsborough county, province of Ulster, Ireland, Hillsborough county, New Hampshire, being named after that of Ireland.

Before he was twenty years of age an adventurous spirit took Thomas into France, where the troublous state of affairs was excited by the fumes of revolution. Sympathizing with the royalist party and anxious for distinction, he, through the friendship and introduction of Henri, Marquis de Costa, obtained a position in the se-

cret diplomatic service of the French Princes (1795), who were suffering exile. He afterwards became a captain in the Royalist Emegrés, and served throughout the monotonous marches of that forlorn hope of exiled royalty in Germany and along the Rhine. As an officer in the foreign guard he then entered the service of Russia (1800), but abandoned the life of peril and hardship through which he was passing to return to America in 1802. He had been decorated with the Order of St. Louis for services rendered in the diplomatic and military departments under the French Princes, and had published a political pamphlet entitled "*La Diplomatie d'une Frontière.*" as Thomas Forsyth, Sieur de Fronsac, under which name also he was decorated with the Order of St. Louis, and served in the Emegrés and in Russia. The town of Forsath, or Forsyth, twenty miles from Bordeaux, on the Dordoyne, in France, from which, as counts, the family had derived its name, had been changed to Fronsac, after it had suffered by the invasion of the Earl of Derby, from England, in the 14th century; and this was the reason that Thomas Forsyth took the name of Fronsac to his own, according to a custom among the French

nobility, and it was as *Sieur de Frontsac* that he was recognized in France. He was the only person born in New Hampshire who has ever received the decoration of the Order of St. Louis, which is one of the highest in Europe.

When he returned to America in 1802 he settled in Savannah, Ga., where he remained for about two years. He then finally located at Portland, Me., in which place he entered into the West India trade, establishing his store and office on Ingraham's wharf. He had a moderate interest in shipping and landed property. He was junior steward of the Ancient Landmark Lodge of Free Masons in Portland. As a performer on the violincello he had, perhaps, although an amateur, no equal in Maine, while his general knowledge of music was complete in other departments.

He married, in 1809, Sallie, daughter of John Pray, formerly of Savannah, Ga., who had been a captain in the colonial navy of Georgia in the Revolution, and the naval commis-

sioner for that commonwealth. Capt. Pray was an Irish refugee, who had married Mary, daughter of Major Joshua Hamilton, the son of Henry Hamilton, M. P. for County Donegal, and son of Lieut. Gen. Sir Gustavus Hamilton, 1st Viscount Boyne, Vice-Admiral of Ulster, Privy Councillor of Great Britain, etc. (See *Burke's Peerage.*)

Thomas Forsyth left a family of six children at the time of his death, Dec. 21, 1849, at Portland. One other, a son, had died before him in Texas.

He was a man of refined tastes and high ability, an honor to the state in which he was born, revered by his children, the head of his family, acknowledged as a patron of the poor, to whom he dispensed liberally, and a man loving the good and the meritorious. His faith in republics was wanting, but he recognized the ties which bound him to his native land, and no doubt through their influence saw the greatest possibility laid out before her. Those who knew him recognized a Christian gentleman.

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### UNREAD.

BY ALICE FREESE DURGIN.

As the dull day faded into murky night,  
Wearily from out the gloom she rose, and stept  
Towards the hearth, where dying embers kept  
Their feint of life, from which all life had fled.  
"How frail thou wert! How empty, and how mean," she said,  
"Thou seemest, now thou liest ended,  
Poor hapless life! No fond delight blended  
With the heavy pain, to make one shadow bright."

What was the sound that falling on her brokenly,  
As blossoms lightly blown from off a tree,  
Woke faintest memories of some calm, silver light,  
Shining in young summer's long remembered night?  
Trembling as the vision broke, she prayed with bowed head,—  
"Dear Life! I thank Thee for the page unread."

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.*

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VOL. X.

AUGUST, 1887.

No. 8.

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## HON. ALVIN BURLEIGH.

The *Plymouth Record*, in advocating the choice of Mr. Burleigh for speaker of the New Hampshire house of representatives, said,—

“With all due respect to the candidates other localities have to offer, we have positive convictions that Grafton county can furnish a speaker for the next house of representatives who will not only prove most acceptable to the Republican party and the public generally, but one who is admirably equipped for the position by reason of his high personal character, his legal education, his familiarity with the law and judicial decisions of the state, and the rules of parliamentary practice. We mean, of course, our representative, Alvin Burleigh. The approaching session of the legislature will be one of interest to the Republican party, not only because the choice of United States senator is to be made, but because much depends upon the manner in which the contest is waged and determined. It is of the greatest importance that

fairness and harmony shall be marked features of the coming meeting, in order that there may be hearty coöperation and united organization for the campaign of 1888.

“The choice of speaker should be regulated by the especial needs of the occasion, and it must be apparent to all that the interests of the party and the state demand for this position a man who, first of all, is fitted for the place; and, second, one who is absolutely free from all entangling alliances and pledges, and can therefore exercise the powers and perform the duties of the office with the utmost impartiality, without fear or favor, and with that freedom and confidence natural to one thoroughly acquainted with parliamentary rules, and accustomed to the methods of judicial procedure.”

Before the assembling of the legislature (June, 1887) it was early manifest that Mr. Burleigh was the leading candidate for speaker, and at the Republican caucus he received 118

votes; John McLane, of Milford, received 32 votes; and John J. Bell, of Exeter, received 8 votes. The prediction as to his eminent fitness for the place has been verified by his impartial course during the time the legislature has been in session.

Hon. Alvin Burleigh was born at Plymouth, December 19, 1842, and is therefore forty-four years old. He is entirely a self-made man, having taken care of himself ever since he was fifteen years of age. At that time he commenced working on a farm, and received as wages nine dollars a month. He then took up the tanners' trade, and learned it before the civil war broke out. When that began, although but nineteen years of age, he enlisted in company B, 15th regiment (at the same time with Senator Blair), and served in that regiment every day until it was disbanded. He was with the expedition of General Banks on the Mississippi, and participated in the siege and capture of Port Hudson in 1863. Since the war Mr. Burleigh has been for some years an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was judge advocate of the department of New Hampshire during the first year that Hon. M. A. Haynes was commander, and he is now commander of Penniman Post of Plymouth, and is on Department Commander O. C. Wyatt's staff for the current year.

After an honorable discharge from the army he resumed his trade, and became foreman of Ward & McQuesten's tannery. In 1865 he entered Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, N. H., and was graduated there in 1867. He entered Dartmouth col-

lege the same year, and was graduated in the class of 1871. He paid his way through college by working at his trade at intervals, and teaching during vacations and a part of winter terms. In 1872, the year after leaving college, he taught the high school at Woodstock, Vt. He studied law with Hon. H. W. Blair, and was admitted to the bar in 1874, and in 1875 formed a law partnership with Mr. Blair, which was continued until 1879, when Mr. Blair retired and George H. Adams came in, and the present firm of Burleigh & Adams was established. Mr. Burleigh has had an extensive and successful law practice in the state and United States courts, and his success is due to the fact that he is a sound and well read lawyer, and possesses good common-sense and practical judgment. In manner he is calm, fair, and candid. He is well informed on all public questions, and has a wide acquaintance with men and the politics of New Hampshire. In the government of public assemblies he has had considerable experience, and shows himself thoroughly informed in parliamentary law, and gifted with that peculiar tact so necessary at times to control legislative bodies.

Mr. Burleigh has been a member of the board of education of Plymouth since its organization, treasurer of the board until his election to the speakership, and at present is its president. He is a trustee of the State Normal School. Personally he is not only a consistent advocate of temperance, but a teetotaler, evincing his interest in the cause by serving as president of a local temperance organization several terms, and refusing

all retainers from violators of temperance laws. In such cases he is generally found on the side of the prosecution.

In Masonry Mr. Burleigh is a member of the Olive Branch lodge,—for six years in succession the master of the lodge; a member of the Omega Council and the Pemigewasset Chapter, of Plymouth, and of the St. Gerard Commandery, of Littleton. He is one of the Knights of Honor, and an attendant at the Methodist church, of which he is trustee.

He was married January 14, 1873, to Elvira, daughter of 'Squire David and Margaret (Taylor) Page, and sister of Samuel T. Page, Esq., of Haverhill. Their union has been blessed by two children,—Alvin Page Burleigh, born March 20, 1875, and

David Paul Burleigh, born March 20, 1878. His mother, before her marriage, was Sally Whipple, a cousin to Col. Thomas J. Whipple, of Laconia. His grandfather served during the Revolution, while with him in the Union army served his three brothers, one of whom died from wounds received at the battle of Gettysburg.

Mr. Burleigh enjoys the confidence and friendship of the leaders of the Republican party throughout the state, and has the respect of "our friends, the enemy." As a public speaker he is effective, having a fine voice, and is logical in his arguments. He is in the prime of manhood, and his friends reasonably look forward to his further elevation to posts of honor and emolument.

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### THE NORTHERN VOLUNTEERS.—Concluded.

BY COL. T. J. LIVERMORE.

A gallant staff captain of the second corps was known among the soldiers as the "Jack of Diamonds," by reason of his long face, pointed chin, arched eyebrows, and long, drooping red moustache. Old Gen. Sumner, of deep voice and headstrong courage, was affectionately entitled the "Big Bull of Bashan." The erect and robust form of Gen. Hancock, and his partiality for the front in battle, gave him the title of "King Pin" with his admiring soldiers.

The day of sack and rapine has gone by among civilized nations, and it was not to be expected that American soldiers would be guilty of them.

It is true that isolated houses which had been abandoned were often burned by stragglers, but it was seldom that this appeared to have been done deliberately. At Fredericksburg, too, some of the houses were emptied into the street, but this seemed to be done in bear play, and it was doubtless incited by the fact that the city had been deserted by the residents, and the houses had been used as cover for the enemy to fire from. With these exceptions, there was no considerable destruction of houses except under orders, and although cities were often taken by siege or assault, as at Petersburg,

Fredericksburg, Atlanta, Columbia, Richmond, New Orleans, Savannah, and Mobile, no instance of general incendiarism, sack, drunken riot, or violence to women occurred.

Our soldiers, orders to the contrary or not, would lay hands on everything eatable. The temptation to eke out or vary their bill of fare was too great for them to resist. It was said of some parts of the country which had been marched over repeatedly, that a crow could not fly over them without carrying his rations. When we marched through the country east of the Rappahannock in 1863, on the way to Gettysburg, I came into camp with my company from picket duty one night, and when I went to the colonel to report our arrival, I smelt the savory fumes of fresh pork over the colonel's campfire. My surprise at detecting so unusual a thing in that exhausted region was apparent, and the colonel, by way of explanation, said, "Captain, the last pig of the Rappahannock has just come in and surrendered himself."

#### CONDUCT IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY.

In the effort to arrive at a judgment of the conduct of the volunteers in the presence of the enemy, we naturally turn to the examples afforded us in the great wars of modern Europe for a standard of comparison. But we at once find ourselves at a loss for this standard of comparison in one very important service which has not held a prominent place in these European wars.

The deep veil of sunless forest which covered so much of the country

in which we fought gave such a chance for concealment, that, whether the line of battle was moving forward or was at rest, it was needful to cover its front at a long reach ahead with a line of pickets or skirmishers. The men in this line would be about five paces apart, so that, while they were not close enough together to suffer great loss from a sudden fire, they sufficed to detect the enemy's advance in time to get ready for him, or to draw his fire, so as to forewarn our advancing line of his presence. This necessity does not exist in a country where the opposing lines are seen by each other at long distances, as has been the case on most fields in the wars of modern Europe. It was in such service as this that the intelligence and self-reliance of the American volunteer were of the greatest value.

The line of skirmishers, or pickets, under a brigade officer, was sometimes a mile long. The trees and undergrowth often hid the soldier from his neighbor and from the view of his officers, and the commanding officer had to trust to his hearing and military instinct as much as to sight to tell him how his men were acting. The moral support of the touch of shoulder to shoulder was absent, and the soul and heart of the men had to keep them up without the encouragement or restraint which the presence of the officers gives in line of battle. In spite of the weakness of the formation, the skirmish line more than once refused to retire under the fire of a line of battle, and came out victorious. Such an instance was seen at Chancellorsville, where the skirmish line of Hancock's division, under the gallant Miles, beat back the

attack of McLaw's division, and again at Petersburg, where, in the assault of June 15, 1864, a line of formidable works was carried by the skirmish line of Gen. W. F. Smith's corps.

The picket line at night in the dark recesses of the Southern forests was a great trial of the morale of the soldier. Then silence itself had its alarms. A private soldier of 1861 wrote these lines, which, whatever their poetic merit may be, well express what many a soldier has felt on his solitary post :

“ Alas! the weary hours pass slow;  
The night is very dark and still,  
And in the marshes far below  
I hear the bearded whop-poor-will.  
I scarce can see a yard ahead;  
My ears are strained to catch each sound;  
I hear the leaves about me shed,  
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

“ Along the beaten path I pace  
Where white scraps mark my sentry's track;  
In formless shrubs I seem to trace  
The foe-man's form with bending back.  
I think I see him crouching low;  
I stop and list—I stoop and peer—  
Until the neighboring hillocks grow  
To groups of soldiers, far and near.

“ With ready piece I wait and watch  
Until my eyes, familiar grown,  
Detect each harmless earthen notch,  
And turn guerillas into stone.  
And then, amid the lonely gloom,  
Beneath the tall old chestnut-trees,  
My silent marches I resume,  
And think of other times than these.”

In front of Richmond, in 1862, the army, then new to this phase of war, maintained its picket line for a month in the woods and thickets, within rifle shot, and in places within pistol shot, of the enemy's pickets. The crack of rifle was heard day and night, and the scattering shots often swelled into a rolling fusilade, to be followed by the roar of shells whirling over the crouching pickets. The time was full of alarms. Unused to reading

the signs of war, for a long time every soldier on picket was tense with the feeling that each outburst of arms might be the signal for an attack by the enemy. The keenest vigilance possessed every man. Without the element of strong and self-reliant character in the soldier, the picket line at this time would have been the source of constant alarm to the army. But, in fact, the conduct of the troops on picket was so admirable that a sense of security possessed the army behind the earthworks that was not to be disturbed by anything short of seeing the pickets coming in in retreat, which was a rare occurrence.

Concerning the conduct of the volunteers in battle, the Comte de Paris, a very friendly writer, says, that while they showed much personal bravery and skill in firing, these qualities alone cannot give to a body of troops “ that collective courage which inspires every man with the same spirit, and enables it to undertake with unanimity of purpose ” what is impossible for the individual, and that “ this distinctive trait of well trained armies which constitutes their superiority is the result of long habits of discipline and the influence of old and experienced regimental organizations.”

He also says that it took our soldiers “ a long time to learn that upon ground where fighting had to be done at short distances, it is almost less dangerous to rush upon the enemy than to be decimated by his fire while standing still.” But he says “ they went under fire more resolutely the second time than the first.”

Gen. de Chanal writes as follows :  
“ It is difficult to compare the Amer-

ican soldier with any of the soldiers of the old continent. He has the merits of some, and faults the most opposite of others. Untiring on the march, resigned amid the greatest sufferings, he attacks resolutely, but coldly. The combat, which for him is not sustained by the sharp peals of trumpet or the rhythmic roll of drum, has something sombre and sinister. If he believes his efforts useless, he halts; neither orders nor exhortations can make him go forward. Once engaged, he is tenacious even to obstinacy, even to disobedience: he neither wishes nor knows how to retreat, and thousands of men perish where an order to retreat executed with docility would limit the sacrifice to hundreds. In the long file of ambulances which bear off the wounded, all bleeding, whom not even a dressing has relieved, one hears neither complaints nor groans. His death is always stoical. He will ask of you a little water or to place him in an easier position, and he waits patiently. . . . And, notwithstanding he is so cold in appearance, he is susceptible of impulse."

To illustrate this, he tells two anecdotes. In one, Gen. Humphreys' troops, reluctant to go forward, see the general and his son leave them and march with slow step alone toward the enemy, when the whole line, impelled by this heroic example, sweep forward to the combat. In the other, Gen. Meade breaks his sword upon the heads of his soldiers, whose retreat he cannot stop, and they afterward present him with a new sword, inscribed with the date and place of this occurrence. The view which Gen. de Chanal takes of us is dra-

matic to some extent. His memory has been impressed with the extraordinary incidents of our war to such a degree as to obscure the ordinary conduct of our soldiers in some respects. He tells rather what they were capable of than what they ordinarily did.

Col. Chesney, an eminent English military authority, says that the blunders and want of coherence of our early volunteers were amply atoned for by the stubborn courage afterward displayed, and that "if a man's claims to be regarded as a veteran are to be measured by the amount of actual fighting he has gone through, the most seasoned soldiers of Europe are but as conscripts compared with the survivors of our war; and the following passage from his book is a generous tribute from a British soldier. He says,—“If the organization and discipline of their improvised troops were inferior, the actual fighting was, in fact, more stubborn, for no European forces have experienced the amount of resistance in combat which North and South opposed to each other. Neither was the frequently indecisive result of the great battles fought in America any proof that they formed exceptions to the ordinary rules of military science. These actions were so inconclusive, first from deficiency in cavalry, and next because the beaten side would not break up. The American soldiery, in thus refusing to yield to panic when losing the day, retiring in good order and keeping a good front to the victorious enemy, displayed, let us believe, an inherited quality. In order to pursue, there must be some one to run away, and,



to the credit of the Americans, the ordinary conditions of European warfare in this respect were usually absent from the great battles fought across the Atlantic."

It is true, as said by the French writer before quoted, that neither trumpet nor drum was used to incite our men to combat. Martial music stirred them as well as the soldiers of other countries, but by common impulse our commanding officers left their musicians behind to care for the wounded. It did not seem needful to expose the lives of these non-combatants merely to render battle more cheerful. There was no call to so quicken the courage of men who already had the will to do their duty.

To the examples of impulse in our soldiers before mentioned, a more noteworthy one may be added. It is the facing about of the fugitives to follow Sheridan to the front on his famous ride from Winchester. The general says in his report.—“The whole army had been driven back in confusion, . . . a very large portion of the infantry not even preserving a company organization,” and ten miles to the rear as he was flying to the front, he says “the head of the fugitives appeared in sight, trains and men coming to the rear with appalling rapidity.” He modestly relates the result of his arrival in these words: “I am happy to say that hundreds of the men, who on reflection found they had not done themselves justice, came back with cheers.”

The fact is, that a steady stream of fugitives—both officers and men—was pouring to the rear, and the efforts of all other officers to stop it were una-

vailing. When the impetuous Sheridan, the flaming incarnation of war, came rushing by, eager to reach the front and face the foe, he cried to his men as he rode on, to turn back and follow him, and, all at once, the tide turned, and thousands of men, taking new heart, streamed to the front to join the ranks. The lines restored, the advance was ordered, the enemy were routed, and the campaign was ended in victory. It is not to be forgotten that half the army had retreated in good order, and had halted to resist the further advance of the enemy; but yet here was a veritable instance of a great defeat turned into a greater victory through the enthusiasm excited by one man, and his boundless courage and energy and superlative military skill.

At the beginning of the war we desired to find a Napoleon to lead us, and, with implicit confidence in our national destiny, we took it as a matter of course that he would appear at once. The soldiers fondly believed they had found him in McClellan, and his handsome face, soldierly carriage, and winning manners confirmed their desire to raise him to the ideal rank, and he was cheered wherever he appeared.

Then Burnside, handsomer still and more affable even than McClellan, was cheered in his turn.

The clear-eyed, erect, soldierly, and impetuous Hooker excited equal enthusiasm. But with Hooker there was the end of crowning the commander of the army with laurel in advance. The impotent conclusion of McClellan's campaigns, the useless slaughter at Fredericksburg under Burnside, and the feeble influence of

mere personal valor on the fortunes of an army as manifested in Hooker, had taught the thinking bayonets that cheers ought not to be given on trust. Thenceforward war was looked upon as a business, in which a debt and credit account was to be kept with the commander, and the men were in the habit of looking below mere personal appearance or manner in estimating them.

At Antietam a general lingered under shelter while his brigade swept forward under fire. The hard fighting old division general advancing, sword in hand, with the front line, under a storm of bullets, when within a few yards of the enemy, perceived the absence of the brigadier. He cried out in a great voice above the roar of battle, "Where's Gen. —?" A score of soldiers, turning their faces toward him as they marched, shouted from the ranks, "Behind the hay-stack." The old general roared out an indignant curse, and passed on to meet his death.

If it is true that the American soldier was not a creature of impulse, it is also true that it was needless to arouse martial ardor in him in the name of glory or to the beat of martial music. He did not fight for glory, and he did not love the trade of war, but his good name was his stake, and he had enlisted for the war to keep this Union whole; and for this he faced death, sometimes seriously, sometimes cheerily, often ardently, always resolutely.

No finer instance of the calm determination to face death, due to intelligent patriotism, was ever seen than at Mine Run, November 30, 1863. Six divisions, numbering over 20,000 men,

had arrived on the bank of the run at night, and as morning drew near they were drawn up in columns for an assault upon the enemy's works in front of them. These works were supposed to be weak and thinly manned, but as the light dawned our soldiers saw a few hundred yards ahead a formidable line of breastworks surmounting a crest and bristling with cannon. Men were visible everywhere, and the generals of the watchful host were riding to and fro as if preparing to receive the assault. The skirmishers of the two armies were at rest within a few yards of each other upon the unobstructed slope that intervened. They did not fire at each other, but waited for the mighty conflict which impended. Our men were veterans of many battles, not a few of them had been present at Fredericksburg the year before, where an assault no more hopeless than this which they now prepared for had been followed by the recoil of our army, leaving many to perish in the freezing night of a winter's day like that which was now dawning.

They had now piled their knapsacks for freedom in the charge, and as Gen. Warren rode down the line these resolute sons of the North were seen writing their names on slips and pinning them on their breasts. This was that their bodies might be recognized on the field of battle! These were soldiers whom it was a high privilege to serve with. Thanks to the unselfish spirit of Gen. Warren, this hopeless assault was not made.

The advantage of rushing on the enemy where the fighting had been done at short range, which the Comte de Paris says our volunteers had to

learn, was perceived by them at an early day, and they showed their willingness to rush upon works in 1862 at Fort Donelson, Williamsburg, and Yorktown. Gen. Smith's Vermonters forced the passage of Warwick's creek waist-deep in water, and carried the enemy's works, and the 1st Massachusetts charged 800 yards under fire, and captured a field work as early as April, 1862, at Yorktown. At Fredericksburg our divisions made a succession of determined and desperate charges. They followed one after the other from morning till night. We lost over 7,000 killed and wounded in these charges. They did not fail from reluctance to go forward. The deadly fire from the triple lines behind the wall in our front struck down so many that by the time the men were within assaulting distance there were not enough left to close the ranks for the assault. But the lines did not stop to deliver their fire until their formation was destroyed by their losses. Their dead were found within twenty-five yards of the enemy's line.

The critic who attempts to weigh the conduct of our volunteers by the amount of fighting at close quarters, as compared with that in former wars, is in danger of being misled, because the conditions have been changed so much by the increase of the range and efficiency of arms.

If we compare our battles with those of the Franco-German war of 1870, we shall see that our men do not suffer by it. In the great battle of Gravelotte, the village of St. Marie aux Chenes was taken from the French by an attack on two sides. On account of the absence of cover,

and the long range of the French Chassepot rifles, the Jagers of the Saxon Guards, who made the attack on one side, had to advance in open skirmish order, and, although this order afforded a poor mark to the French riflemen, yet the historians say the Jagers had to go forward "in a series of rushes of about two hundred yards each, and, throwing themselves flat on the ground, to recommence their fire," and the last rush was deferred until the French evacuated the village. In this same battle, the village of St. Privat was taken by the Germans. It stood at the top of a slope like that which engineers make in front of a fort and term the *glacis*, about two miles long, and was surrounded by a wall consisting mainly of massive stone houses, and had been fortified by the French for a general support of their whole right wing. Eighteen thousand of the Prussian Guards, the best trained soldiers of the German empire, attempted to carry the village by advancing up the slope about the same distance that our troops marched under fire at Fredericksburg. The very friendly historians from whom this account is derived say that the commander of the assaulting force, on account of its great losses, gave orders to suspend the attack, while his skirmishers were yet 400 paces from the French, to await a flank attack by the Saxons, without which, these historians say, "it was impossible to carry out the last decisive attack."

The Prussian Guards lost 8,000 out of 25,000 to 30,000 in this battle—twenty-seven to thirty-two per cent. At Fredericksburg, December

13, 1862, Hancock's division advanced over open ground in the face of the most destructive storm of cannon shots and bullets, and left its dead within twenty-five yards of the enemy's line. It lost 2,169 out of its 5,000 men—over forty-three per cent. The greatest loss of any German battalion of 1,000 men at Gravelotte was fifty per cent. Eight of Hancock's regiments, numbering 2,548 men, lost 1,324—nearly fifty-two per cent.—at Fredericksburg. On the 3d of May, 1863, Sedgwick's division carried this same position at Fredericksburg by an assault impetuous enough to satisfy the most exacting military critic.

The assault is necessary where a fortified position is to be taken in battle, but with the disappearance of the musket of slow fire and short range such tactics become foolhardy where an attack is to be made on troops of good morale in open ground. To rush toward such a line while it fires on the assaulting line is to court destruction. The attacking party must send bullet for bullet. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg showed this.

To pursue the comparison of our troops with the Germans, we read that at Saarbrücken-Forbach the French, in their advance against the Prussians, began firing with their small arms at 1,500 paces, and kept it up to within 1,000 paces; and the admiring historians say,—“But each of these attacks was defeated by the incomparable steadiness and bravery of the Prussian infantry and artillery, and the wonderfully precise fire of the flanking batteries.” If we did not know that the Prussian troops could stand more than this, we should

get a pretty low opinion of them from such praise. In Virginia an officer who opened fire with small arms at 500 yards would have been thought light-headed, and our army officers to-day would look upon fire at more than that distance as wasted.

It is true that the Chassepot of 1870 carried farther than the Springfield rifle of 1861, but the point blank range of the former was only 300 yards, while that of the latter was 200 yards. Point blank range is that at which the rifle barrel points at the mark. At any longer range the rifle must point upward. To reach 1,500 yards, as the French tried to do, would require the rifle barrels to point toward the stars. Difference in arms, country, and adversaries renders absolute comparisons of the conduct of soldiers of different nations very difficult. But the ratio of killed and wounded in a series of battles affords a comparison which is a good test of character, because in the long run it is the killing and wounding that most tries the manhood and soldiership of an army. The following is a comparison of these ratios in our army and the German army in the Franco-German war of 1870, the greatest of modern times, excepting ours:

Battles.	Number Engaged.	Killed and Wounded.	Per Cent.
Vionville .....	80,000	16,500	20
Gravelotte .....	146,000	20,000	14
Worth .....	90,000	8,000	9
Sedan .....	120,000	10,000	8
1861-5.			
Gettysburg .....	82,000	16,534	20
Stone's River .....	43,400	8,798	20
Chickamauga .....	55,000	11,000	20
Fredericksburg .....	80,000	12,358	15
Shiloh .....	61,000	9,000	15
Wilderness .....	100,000	15,000	15
Antietam .....	87,000	12,000	14
Chancellorsville .....	120,000	17,000	14
Cold Harbor .....	100,000	13,000	13
Fair Oaks .....	60,000	5,000	8

If asked to name the most prominent traits of the Northern volunteers

in battle, I should not name impetuosity, because, whether it was due to the caution of our generals or the coldness of our temperament, this quality was not conspicuous in our actions; but I should say steadfastness and tenacity. Their steadfastness was proven times without number in the battles fought in the obscurity of the Southern forests. The general, unable to see either the enemy or his own men, had to depend upon the ranks to stay where he placed them until the din of arms could guide him to the point of attack. The men, in their turn, had to meet an unseen foe, and fight the battle upon the faith that their flanks were covered, and that aid would come when needed. This trait averted panics. No surprise, no flight of any part of the army, ever brought on a general rout.

At White Oak Swamp, in June, 1862, 20,000 of our men, pursuing the march in retreat which had been ordered by McClellan, crossed the bridge in the night, and threw themselves down upon the plain above to sleep after a weary night march. Contrary to all military rules, they were massed thickly, with no attempt at forming a line of battle to face the enemy who was following. The men gave themselves no thought as to whether their generals had reason for halting them in the confused order in which they lay, but fell asleep behind their stacks of arms. The fiery Jackson, fresh from the victory at Gaines Mill, came silently to the bluff on the other side of the swamp, and, without warning, opened fire upon the sleeping host with twenty-eight cannon. The men, awakened by the roar of cannon and

the explosion of shells amid them, sprang into the ranks and seized their guns, and waited for the command of their officers. Solid shot tore through the mass, and bursting shells buried their deadly fragments everywhere. The uproar was appalling, and, to provoke disorder, a wild flight of pontoon and baggage teams swept across the plain, trampling down everything before them. But at the command, the many crowded columns swiftly deployed into lines, facing the enemy's skirmishers, made ready to meet his advance: batteries whirled to the front and opened fire, and when Jackson, eager to press forward, attempted to push his infantry against us, he found, instead of a disordered mass demoralized by the iron hail from his batteries, a succession of well ordered lines of battle, the first of which alone was sufficient to repel his attack. It was steadfastness of the most exalted type that preserved our men from panic that day.

At Chancellorsville the 11th corps was routed as evening came on, and thousands streamed back to, and even through, the other lines; but these lines were undisturbed, and Berry's division advanced right into the gap left by the beaten corps and into the darkness of the night which had come on, and, moving steadily on against their invisible foe, opened fire upon them with a regular and thundering roll of musketry which lighted the field of battle like a sheet of lightning, and stopped the onset of the enemy.

At Fisher's Hill, when half of Sheridan's army was routed in his absence, the other half kept a good

front, retreating in good order from position to position, and holding the enemy in check until Sheridan arrived, and then went forward with their great leader and his cavalry and utterly routed the enemy.

At the battle of Atlanta, the divisions of Smith and Leggett repulsed the attack of Hardee from the rear by leaping over their own breastworks and fighting from the other side, and then Leggett's division, indifferent as to the direction of the enemy, when Cheatham attacked on the original front, leaped back to the proper side of their works, and beat him back.

The tenacity of our men was displayed wherever they assaulted earthworks and were repulsed. In almost every instance they seized ground in advance of their starting-point, and held it, instead of retiring in discouragement. The mighty struggle over the salient at Spottsylvania, which lasted for twenty hours at such close quarters that the opposing flags were planted on the same parapets, and no man could live beside them, was the most conspicuous example of tenacity. The length of our battles was due to this quality. The most of our great battles lasted two or three days. European armies have seldom fought the second day.

I have said that many a volunteer realizes that he sacrificed what money could not compensate him for; but I believe that there is not one of them who would retrieve what he has lost by diminishing what the country has gained. They feel that they were fortunate to have lived in the great events of '61 to '65. They are proud to have borne arms for their country

in her time of need. But it is not in the triumph of success, or the glory of victory, or the poor guerdon of pensions, that they find their reward. It is the priceless heritage of self-government in a free land, without danger of foreign encroachment or entanglements, which their fathers handed down, and which shall descend to their posterity. They have no fear for the stability of our institutions. That the majority is sometimes in the wrong, that bad men are elected to office, that men unlawfully band themselves together to interfere with the industries and extort unearned money from their fellow-citizens, are but transient evils in the estimation of the men who witnessed the arousal of the patient, long-suffering, and tolerant spirit of this great free people in 1861. The forebodings of danger to the republic from violence within which oppress some men find no lodgment in the imagination of the men who saw the sleeping soldier awakened in 2,000,000 citizens, and stood shoulder to shoulder among them, and felt the mighty impulse which moved them. They know that the love of law and order, the devotion to the political and personal freedom which insures the enjoyment of life and one's own, are inbred in this people, and are to be born in their children. When the last one of the great host of volunteers shall look back through the glimmering vista of the past, he will see none of these disturbances, for they will have been forgotten, and he will await the summons from on high in the serene confidence that this Union will be perpetual.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF LEMP-  
STER, N. H.

BY C. S. SPAULDING.

It was about thirty years after the granting of the town charter of Lempster to Richard Sparrow and sixty-one others of those sturdy yeomanry who hewed for themselves a home in the wilderness, that Capt. Jonathan Spalding settled in Lempster. He was born at Westford, Mass., Aug. 23, 1770. His boyhood days were spent on his father's farm. He acquired more than a common school education. He married Milly Bennett; she was the daughter of Capt. James Bennett, an officer of the Revolution.

Soon after his marriage, in 1791, Mr. Spalding came to Lempster. He employed his time farming and clearing the forest in summer, and in teaching the only school in town in winter. Mr. Spalding became a prominent and influential citizen, and enjoyed the entire confidence of his fellow-townsmen, and filled most of the offices within their gift.

He also organized the town militia, which in 1804 consisted of two companies, one commanded by himself and the other by his brother James, who lived on a farm adjoining his; and it was said of them that they were the best drilled troops in the old sixteenth regiment of state militia, and on training days Lempster street resounded with martial array. The companies vied with each other in military tactics and discipline.

"They lived their homely lives  
The plain old-fashioned way,  
Thanksgiving once a year,  
And general muster day;

Town-meeting in the spring—  
Their holidays were few,  
And very gravely kept,  
When the old flag was new."  
—Harper.

Mr. Spalding removed to Jericho, Vermont, in 1819, where he died Jan. 23, 1823, leaving the homestead farm in Lempster in possession of his son Sewell, who was born on the 19th of April, 1792.

When Sewell was twenty-two years of age, during the last war with Great Britain a requisition upon the town of Lempster was made by Gov. Gilman of New Hampshire for a detachment of nine men to be sent to Portsmouth. The militia were called out on the twelfth day of September, 1814, and mustered in the old meeting-house. The selectmen offered a bounty of one dollar, and twelve dollars per month wages, to volunteers; but the men were very reluctant to enlist, and no one seemed to step forward. When the fife and drum were brought in, and they commenced marching through the aisles of the old church, reviving the scenes of "seventy-six," the required number soon joined in line, and Sewell Spalding and his brother James were two of the nine men wanted to fill the quota of the town.

"A brave old race they were  
Who peopled then the land,  
No man of them ashamed  
To show his horny hand:—  
Hands that had grasped the sword  
Now drew the furrow true:  
For honored was the plow  
When the old flag was new."

—*Ibid.*

**THE FOUNDING OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.**

BY HARRY STEARNS.

Down in the heart of the "nutmeg" state,  
 In Lebanon town, the books relate,  
 Lived pious Eleazar, whose surname was Wheelock,  
 Gifted with knowledge and a very large stock  
 Of good common-sense, and of every virtue  
 He had such a store that it really would hurt you  
 To take them all in at a single sitting,  
 Especially if done without intermitting;—  
 And good Eleazar was from Puritan stock,  
 And his faith was firm as New Hampshire rock;  
 His face in length like a coffin-box;  
 His creed was the straight stiff orthodox;  
 His business (if you should wish to know)  
 Was to teach mankind the way they should go  
 In order to get to that haven of rest  
 Where all good people are finally blest;  
 And now and then 't was his wont to tell  
 Of a place that people do n't like so well,  
 Though a place where sinners oft go to dwell  
 After the sound of their funeral knell;  
 A region more dark than any creole,  
 That now is known by the name sheol.

Now pious Eleazar, with his store of knowledge,  
 Conceived the idea of founding a college  
 To train the poor red man in stiff mathematics,  
 And reveal him the beauty of sterile quadratics,  
 And likewise to drill him in Latin and Greek,  
 For curling his spirit and making him meek.

Now good father Wheelock having this intent,  
 Formed some sound, pious plans, and his course he bent  
 Towards the wilds of New Hampshire where redskins were thick,  
 Determined to locate, and there to stick.

Well, times were hard in that ancient day  
 When the elder Wheelock took his northward way,  
 And about all the baggage in the parson's domain  
 Was an extra cravat and stockings—twain.  
 And likewise the chronicler hath cribbed it down  
 That good mother Wheelock had but a single gown.  
 Be this as it may, 't is all the same,  
 And takes not a bit from their goodly fame.



After long weeks of travel on the Connecticut's strands,  
They came to the place where Hanover stands,  
And pious Eleazar sunk his far-famed well,  
And pitched his tent and prepared to dwell  
In this region of forest and hill and dell,  
Determined to give the redskins—well  
An awful dose of Latin and Greek,  
And other emetics just as antique :  
For pious Eleazar was full of vim,  
And was in for business, sink or swim.

Now one of the first things in cooking a rabbit,  
Is to gently acquire the felicitous habit  
Of catching the beast, or else 't is plain  
The methods of cooking will be in vain.  
So pious Eleazar at once turned scout,  
And scoured the forests round about  
In search of redskins to educate ;  
And the chronicles on this point relate  
That good Parson Wheelock, after a toilful tramp,  
Succeeded in bringing four bucks into camp,  
And started next day in the Grecian tongue,  
To tell them the things Anchises had done.  
But " Lo the poor " redman was not in that state  
That he 'd take those vagaries into his pate,  
For they thought Parson Wheelock was about to have fits,  
And were frightened completely out of their wits.  
When the parson scanned *ton d'apomei bomenos prosephā*,  
He was bade by the redskins an uncivil " good day."  
They uttered a terrified yell of despair,  
And that was the last of the scanning affair,  
For they fled down old Tempe and crossed the creek,  
And were marked by Eleazar " deficient in Greek."  
The further accounts of this thing agree  
That they continued to cut, and were put on P. C.\*

From the scanning event it must not be inferred  
That good Parson Wheelock was a bit deterred  
From his hard undertaking, for the stories relate  
That he braced up their parents to " coöperate,"  
And moistened his fist and took a new grip  
On the rudder that guided the venerable ship ;  
And the long and short of this historical tale  
Was that the good ship Dartmouth continued to sail,  
And never did any rough waves overwhelm,  
For sturdy old Wheelock stood fast at the helm.

\* Partial course.

**THE FREE HIGH SCHOOL.**

BY FRANCES ABBOTT.

Of all the taxes which our citizens annually pay for the promotion of the common weal, there is none whose necessity is more unquestioned than that which goes for the support of the public schools. The benefits of free education have been so long the theme of newspaper and orator, that nothing new can be said in its praise; yet probably not one person in a hundred realizes the good and the possible evil that may be implanted in a community by the public schools.

Our pride in the free school system as a whole has made us neglectful of criticizing it in particular, till, like most flourishing exponents of American progress, it is bearing considerable defective fruit. Of late there has been much uneasiness about educational methods and results. Charles Francis Adams's arraignment of the college policy is not the only expression of dissatisfaction with the unpractical training of our institutions of learning. The college is the goal of the academies and fitting-schools, the crowning difficulty in the acquirement of a liberal education. But, however large its indirect influence, it is not the institution of immediate concern to the majority of our citizens. The public school system is of interest to the whole people. No occasion attracts larger audiences than the final exercises of the high schools, which every year dispense their blue ribboned diplomas, and scatter a grist of graduates upon an unfeeling world.

It is a truism, that whatever you wish to appear in the life of a nation,

you must put into the education of the children. Let us see how a part of the public-school money is spending for the benefit of the country. The high school is the critical point in our free school system. It is the apex toward which all the rest is built. The fact that a majority of the public-school children never reach its grade, does not prevent its exercising a shaping influence over the whole system. Its graduates, though proportionally they may be few, are numerically so many, that their future is every year becoming a matter for more serious consideration. That we may better understand the work of the high school, let us compare it for a moment with its predecessor, the old-fashioned academy. The last thirty years have brought about the rise of the one and the decline of the other. To estimate their value we must compare also their dependent and supporting institutions.

Our fathers and mothers "picked up" their early education in country district schools. They got their learning, like everything else, by "hard knocks;"—it cost them an effort. The long spaces between the terms were not simply vacations to be filled up with play: they were the most serious part of the year to the boys and girls, who spent them developing their muscles and their faculties in work on the farm. In school there was no routine and no fixed course. The advancement of the pupils depended chiefly upon their individual capacity and willingness to work—

two tolerably safe incentives. If these qualities impelled them to seek more knowledge, there was the academic education which was not parcelled out to them like food to captive fowl. It was a coveted prize which they must work to obtain. Only the brightest children gained it, and they were early made to feel the value of time and learning and money.

The academies have become a dream of the past. Scattered all through the New England towns you will find old brick buildings, now either disused or diverted from their original purpose, which, a generation ago, were nurseries of literary culture. They were centres of local pride. To be an academy town then was a greater distinction than now to be the capital of the state. Scarcely a man or a woman of distinction at the present day who does not owe the better part of his or her education to the academy where they spent the happiest days of their youth. Only the pen of an *Ik Marvel*, a *Dr. Holland*, or a *Mrs. Stowe*, can give a faithful picture of these institutions. They were always tuition schools. The fee was low, for the conditions of life were simple, but the education was held valuable enough to be worth a price.

The academies have dwindled away like the mountain streams when the forests are cut down. A few have survived, and have been specialized into expensive college preparatory schools. Boys alone are the students, and they, instead of being received as formerly into private families of the village and surrounded by the humanizing influences of a home, are now congregated together into dormitories. Educational institutions, instead of

being diffused, are centralized. The district schools have in some instances diminished to a single pupil.

What causes have brought about these changes? The most important are the tendency of the population toward the cities, and the preference for machinery over individual labor. These have killed the academy, and produced the free graded school system of which the high school is the bright and shining head.

Of all things in the world, it would seem that education, the drawing out of the faculties, is the last that ought to be performed in a wholesale manner. That method works well enough for inanimate objects. We read of great factories into which raw logs and iron are put at one end and drawn out at the other as completed freight cars. We hear with wonder and amazement, if it were possible for the American mind of the present decade to be surprised at anything, that a whole train of such cars can be made in one day. The tremendous public-school system seizes our children at the age of five or six years, except where the blessed Kindergarten protects them, puts them into its presses, instructs them almost entirely from text-books, and, at eighteen years or thereabouts, turns them out from its final mill, graduated—yes, but how prepared for the life that awaits them? They are not provided for like the freight cars; there is no regular, unvarying track laid out for them. In their course through the schools they are not treated so well as the freight cars, for no regard is paid to their different capacities, and they are all stuffed with the same things.

There are certain inspectors whose

duty it is to go about the country and limit the amount of steam which every steamboat and engine boiler shall be allowed to carry. The human mind and disposition are supposed to be made of indestructible and infinitely elastic material. Where are the inspectors, to go through the land to see that no public-school teacher is compelled to have under her charge more pupils than any human being can adequately control and instruct? When one hears of primary schools with sixty or eighty pupils entirely under the charge of one teacher during several hours each day, one feels like shuddering; but the committee-men do not. In most cities the public-school teachers (with all reverence be they mentioned) have about as much personal independence and opportunity to adapt instruction to the varied needs of individual pupils as the saleswomen in the great retail stores have power to determine the prices of the goods which they sell. Yet every body admires the convenience, variety, and plate-glass and gilding of the great retail stores; and everybody, presumably, approves the stacks of examination papers, the graduation days, and the Procrustean methods of the public schools.

There is one great difference which must always place the private schools either above or below the level of the public-schools, and it is about the same difference that exists between custom and ready-made clothing. The fact that there are so many incompetent teachers in ungraded district-schools, and that so many fashionable private schools are superficial and snobbish, merely shows that the supply is not better than the demand.

It does not hinder the ideal school, and such have certainly existed, from being the one in which the master has power to carry out his own ideas, which must reflect the student's and the parent's wants, since they determine the success of the school. To know that such masters have lived, we need not think of the great teachers whose genius drew from far countries mature, brilliant disciples. We need only read D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson's *Day Dreams of a School-Master*, and Mrs. Stowe's beautiful account of Cloudland, a country academy in *Old Town Folks*.

But it is argued that the state cannot afford such expensive individual instruction, even if it were possible to provide it: the very reason why it should limit its present scheme. Every citizen of a republic has a right to thorough instruction in reading, writing, and the common operations of arithmetic, which constitute, according to Edward Everett, the essentials of a good education; and he adds that "if to this knowledge be added the ability to write pure, grammatical English, I consider it an excellent education." What he calls a good education should be required of every child in the land endowed with common faculties. What he calls an excellent education should be given all who desire it. Lack of the former training should be considered as serious as the deprivation of a sense. That such a training is not universal, even in the most civilized of our states, is evident from the census reports of those who cannot read and write.

But what more in the way of book instruction should the public purse

attempt to provide? It does provide more in almost every case where it provides anything. The result is the free high school, an institution in which are taught the elements of algebra and geometry, the abstracts of several sciences, the grammar of two or three languages, and probably an outline of history, mental and moral philosophy, and civil government. All this is furnished without money and without price to all who will come and partake. Why should the public purse undertake to furnish this extra education any more than it should provide free dinners or decent tenement homes for the poor? It must be that the education is considered of great value.

Some years ago I heard an observant elderly lady say that the free high school was destined to be the ruin of this country. I attributed her remark, which shocked me as having the spirit of the eighteenth century, to the prejudices and conservatism of one who had no sympathy with the masses. In fact, I was so indignant about it that I began observations to disprove her statement. While I am still far from acknowledging its truth, my enthusiasm about the high school has become modified so much that it appears no longer an unmixed blessing, but an institution quite unadapted to the needs of the country.

Why is it that there is such a constant cry about the lack of skilled mechanics, artisans, and domestic servants? Why is it that there is such a surplus of cheap professional men, clerks, and copyists? It is because education with the lower classes (I use the term for convenience) has

come to mean a synonym for a training that provides means for people to live without labor. It is with them a sort of magic oil, which, if poured into people's heads for a certain number of years, will enable them during the remainder of their lives to keep their hands white, and at the same time to enjoy dainty food and fine clothes. What wonder, when fountains of this potent fluid are distributed at public expense all over the land, that manual labor is despised? The common people, who wish to advance the fortunes of their children, have no comprehension of the satisfaction of a cultivated mind, nor can they understand that mental labor is of the severest and most taxing kind. But they do believe that if they surrender the entire youth of their children to the public schools, that the schools, since they incapacitate their pupils for manual labor, ought to teach them to get a living by their wits.

Let us take some every-day examples. I know a respectable Irishman, a laborer. His wife, before her marriage, "worked out." She now works in her own family. They live in a town which for many years has boasted a complete public-school system. Their eight children enjoy its benefits. The parents have become thoroughly imbued with the American idea that their children must have a better opportunity than themselves. The eldest daughter has just graduated from the high school. I saw the hack sweep down the alley in which they live, and convey her in muslin robes and satin ribbons from a tenement in whose parlor the cookstove and the crib are the most strik-

ing ornaments, to the flower-decked stage where she read her essay. Her parents weep tears of joy at the height she has reached. One or two of my friends remark that it is extremely creditable for a poor girl like her to have gained such an education. It might be, if it had been by any effort of her own. Not one sacrifice has she made to procure her learning. She has been a passive instrument in the grasp of the public-school system. She has continued her course because the school was pleasanter than any other place, because it cost nothing, and because she must always be dressed well to appear there. She has had no industrial training: she could not very well have obtained it had she wished it, for the schools absorb so much of the time and energies of their pupils.

Having once conferred its diploma, the high school washes its hands of its pupils. I felt somewhat concerned for Miss O'Hafferty. I wondered what she would do. I understood that, like the seventeen other girls in her class, she wished to teach. Even if I had not known this, I should not have dared to approach her with an offer of domestic service. No, indeed. By virtue of her much learning she is raised completely out of her natural environment, and expects to be forever freed from the necessity of toiling with her hands.

Some months afterward I was called from my work by a summons to the parlor. I found Miss O'Hafferty seated therein. Having failed in her efforts to obtain a school, she had decided to become a book agent, and she offered a gilt-edged volume for my inspection. I do not know what

she will do when she finds that she cannot support herself in this way.

Here is another instance: The father is a painter; the mother before her marriage was a dress maker. They have a boy and three girls. The father has no idea of having his son follow his trade; few American fathers have. At the age of fifteen the boy drifts into the high school because that saves the parents the trouble of deciding what other occupation he shall follow, and because they fondly hope that the learning acquired there will be in such demand that it will procure him a thousand-dollar situation immediately upon graduation. He graduates. After some months of waiting he becomes a clerk in a dry goods store at a salary of two dollars a week.

Since most Americans must work in some way for their bread and meat, it would seem that training for this work ought to begin during the school age. In large cities, where everything is carefully specialized, children often grow up without knowing how to use their hands. City homes offer so few opportunities for manual labor that if industrial education is not provided in the public schools, we may have a race of beings born without digital appendages, because their ancestors' have dwindled away from lack of use.

Some German schools pursue the admirable plan of instructing children from text-books during one half of the day, and from tools the other half. This system has results similar to those of the country district-schools. The children bring to their books sharpened wits and a persistency learned from a contact with things.

School is a novelty and a pleasure to them. Their advancement always equals that of children who spend all their working hours in study.

The papers are continually printing articles about the immense value to every person of the knowledge of some practical handicraft by which he can earn his own living. They cite instances of European nobles who have apprenticed their sons, and of a few wealthy men in this country who have followed their example. But it is no use. So long as the public schools teach as they do, and especially so long as the high school remains free, their mighty influence all goes against manual labor.

In old times it was accounted that a child seven years old was able to earn its living. It may be a disadvantage for a child to have to do it, but it certainly is no less a one for the child to be put into the public school system and turned out at the age of seventeen without knowledge of one practical craft by which he

can provide for himself. When Horace Greeley saw Oxford graduates in New York city unable to earn their daily bread, no wonder that he "thanked God that he was graduated from a New England *very* common school."

I have no wish to depreciate the value of learning. It is because I would not have it held cheap that I would not give it away in any grade beyond the grammar school. If parents had to pay a tuition fee, however slight, to the high school, they would be compelled to appreciate the relative values of things. There should be no niggardliness in expenditure for public education. School appropriations, if judiciously applied, cannot be too large. There are not half enough school-houses in the land; but that which the people most need to know should be taught in them. The instruction of the high school may well be left to those who can afford time and money for learning for its own sake.

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## AFRICAN NOTES.

BY A. A. WOODBRIDGE.

No part of the Dark Continent has been opened up longer to the commerce of the world than has the west coast, and yet to the average reader no part of the African coast is less known than the long stretch of harborless shore line from Goree to the Bights of Benin and Biafra.

No trading coast of the world can offer richer inducements to the American shipmaster or owner, yet but few

capitalists are found with sufficient knowledge of its constant value to induce them to engage in its trade. England skirts the coast with steam and sail, carrying protection with man-of-war and mail-boat to every trading-post where any handful of Englishmen have made a thirty days stand. Nearly half a century before Columbus's first voyage westward the Portuguese had nominally taken pos-

session of the gold coast, with headquarters at Delmina (Elmina), nine miles from the now flourishing English port of entry, Cape Coast Castle. They built Fort Delmina and flung out the flag of Portugal, but in 1491 the Dutch came in, landing above them, fortified the elevated ground on the landward side, dubbed the fort St. Jago, and with the conclusive argument of heavier round shot reminded the Portuguese of the transitory nature of things, so that the Latin gathered himself up with alacrity and hied him beyond the equator.

The Dutch held possession until 1872, when all their possessions on the Gold coast were transferred to Great Britain. This old town in its palmy days was the pride of its possessors. Paved streets, turnpiked roads, long rows of quite imposing residences and warehouses, gave an air of dignity to the town, and inspired the traveller with a feeling of home, when, worn down by weeks of travel through sand and jungle, he came in view of the whitewashed town nestling down on the verge of its surf-fretted beach.\* The Dutch are good colonizers. They do not insist that seal-skin overcoats shall be worn in Africa because they do it in "our country, you know." They adapt themselves to the environment, and their African towns are composite in architecture—half Ham, half Hamburg—and so are the inhabitants.

But the glory of the old town passed when the royal ensign of Portugal was lowered. The colonial policy of England is felt here in all its selfishness. "Millions for the Bank of England,

but not a penny for colonial improvement," is the motto of the home government. The streets are going to decay, the grass and jungle cactus are creeping into the formerly well kept turnpike from Elmina to Cape Coast Castle, and the old resident feels that his home is being dismantled for the aggrandizement of Cape Coast and Accra. The governor resides at the latter town, while Cape Coast rejoices in a fortified castle, a black regiment, and a staff of English officers who curse the "beastly coast," do their duty like Englishmen, stay two years and are relieved, or stay longer and are gathered into the inclosure rendered sacred by a few white slabs that mark the resting-place of such English and Americans as have succumbed to the deadly climate.

A description of one town on the coast, with a few corrections, will answer for all. Cape Coast, viewed from the sea or land approaches, presents a picture of beauty. The blending of brown, white, and green is unique and satisfying. Entering the town from either side, the illusion is dispelled. Let us open it up from the landward side. We will leave Elmina at 5 A. M., by the trans-continental African coach. Said coach is a hammock carried on the heads of four stalwart Fantee savages. A fancy canopy serves as an awning, and, bolstered half upright by pillows, fanned by the sea breeze that tempers the sultry air, we enjoy a ride that is truly delicious. Four miles an hour is regular score. As we leave Elmina, the road is lined by a lavish growth of giant cactus, fifteen feet high, in full bloom; soon it breaks, and the bush jungle comes up to the roadside. Here

\*The author's notes were made in 1877, while travelling in Africa.



and there the jungle breaks ; patches of corn are seen, where some enterprising heathen has burned off the "bush" and put in his "kanky" seed. The scenery across the country is beautiful and satisfying, rather than grand. On the right, occasional glimpses of the sea are had, while to the left the highlands of the interior raise their tops to meet the eye above the jungle. We cross a miniature iron suspension bridge over the Sweet-water river, built by the English during the Ashantee war. Over this bridge the troops of Sir Garnet Woolsey crossed on their march to Koomassee. The emotion one experiences as he first comes upon this little gem is akin to what he might feel at a successful manipulation of Aladdin's lamp.

This looks like English public spirit, but the facts demur. It cost treasure, but its *raison d'être* was to assist in pushing the troops to the capital of the Ashantee country, where, after staying but two days, and burning Koomassee, they brought away enough of barbaric ornaments in beaten gold to pay the entire expenses of the war. But the bridge is now left to wear out with time, and, like the improvements of the Dutch, will go to desolation and the bush.

But as the ride across the country will tire the reader, we will cut its recital short. Our heathen friends gather us flowers and catch us butterflies, and we try a few shots at some white-breasted crows. Now and then a suggestive growl from the jungle causes my four *horses* to quicken their pace, or a serpent glides lazily across the road, a type of African indolence. But we are at last in Cape Coast, and

our hammock-men are discharged until early evening. The town presents a far more interesting view as you enter from the country than it does from the beach, but the beauty is lost as one threads its narrow lanes, saluting his nostrils with the never-to-be-forgotten West Coast odor. Cape Coast, like all Fantee towns, is irregularly laid out, although making some show of streets. There are some residences quite imposing, and around the government buildings are grounds that show the handiwork of white men, garnished with a flora of which the tropics are ever lavish. The castle itself, or fort, is an extensive structure, seemingly well garrisoned. The greater portion of the town is made up of mud houses, so called. They are built from the earth upon which they stand. This earth, wet and mixed with gravel, forms, when sun-baked, a hard cement. The walls are raised from two to three feet thick. Those that are roofed are covered with thatch, or long country grasses, save a few boasting roofs of corrugated iron—an English blunder. The native experience teaches the Fantee that a non-conductor is the proper roof in a hot country. Those that are not roofed tumble down every wet season and are rebuilt in the dry, giving the inhabitants all the variety and privations of a summer tour without the extra hazard of travel. We pass a chapel, but, hearing something that resembles the hum of a giant bee-hive, we turn back, and, making our way through flocks of goats, pigs, sheep, and fowls, enter what we find to be a school-room. A hundred eyes from the shiny black faces of fifty Fantee scions turn toward us, and the tumult

ceases. The mistress, a coal-tar brunette, hands us a seat, and the instruction again commences. The school-room is divided into pens that hold six each, and each pen has an usher who takes the lead of his class. It is the hour for recitation, for every bird is pouring forth his song into the ear of his class-leader. Each slate is covered with some sort of dictation exercise. We are satisfied, and seek the air.

The Wesleyan missionary at Cape Coast has nominal charge of this school. He seems a man devoted to his calling, but appears like one whom the climate is rapidly fitting for another life. The Fantee seems easily grounded in the Christian faith, but cannot deal with its abstractions. A picture or statue—an idol, if you please—is rather a help than a hindrance to his faith. Their Sunday is our Friday, and their Christmas is the last eight days of August. They cling to these traditions, and date them back to some ancient instructions received before the English missionaries came among them. They console themselves wonderfully at the death of one of their family by saying “It is God’s *palaver*,” a term meaning *business*. At the death of a husband, the wife or wives sit in front of the house, howling for a few hours, while the heir to his property, the oldest nephew, furnishes the crowd of friends, who come to the *palaver*, with a few bottles marked “Boston rum.” In reply to your question why the nephew inherits the estate rather than the son, a Fantee will tell you he is not certain that the son is of his blood; his sister’s son must be. The more prominent the deceased, the less

certain is he of rest after life’s fitful fever. A year after he has been “quietly inurned,” his relatives, friends, and town’s-people generally take him up in his gum-wood casket, and bear him through the town at the head of a tumultuous procession for a number of hours. This is repeated each day for a week, when he is deposited again to rest another year. The expense attendant upon the observance of this custom keeps many a nephew poor.

Proceeding to the post-office to see if our American friends have remembered us, we are invited to enter by the Prince of Bonny, P. M. We enter between two files of soldiers at a “present.” We inform the Prince that we are not ex-presidents, but only humble citizens in disguise, and asked for letters. He smiles blandly, points us to six or eight Fantee clerks, and sits down. We are conducted to the interior office, and being presented with a four-bushel box full of mail matter that has been accumulating for ages, we are told to “*whe ye*,”—look sharp, and we may find something. We look at each other, sit down, and distribute the contents of the box aforesaid. Nothing. This is too much. We know by advices at Monrovia that letters for us must have arrived; so, sitting down on either side of the Prince, we take off our hats, and exhaust our entire vocabulary of Fantee in abuse. He smiles again, and we give him our parting benediction. It has since occurred to me that he might not have fully understood our good intentions.

Spreading our umbrellas to protect us from the broiling sun, we stroll leisurely toward the beach below the

Castle. We make our way through crowds of naked bushmen, Ashantee and Fantee, with here and there a native trader in European dress. It is the hour of high market, and long lines of bushmen are coming in, each bearing on his head the palm oil, the ivory, the tiger skins, or the gold dust he is to exchange for fish, flour, rum, tobacco, and gaudy prints, all to be taken back to the bush in barter for the next day's cargo. "Ou-ra," "Ou-ra" (Master), is pleasantly given us, as the throng make way for us. Arrived at the water front, we find a "war beach" surf, running seven feet high, with its continuous roar, old as the upraised continent. We sight our vessel just anchored in the rollers a mile from shore, riding easily in perhaps seven fathoms, with ninety fathoms of chain out to relieve the strain of the heavy sea running. We signal her, and the surf-boat shoots away from alongside, propelled shoreward by ten brawny Kroomen.

The landing of a surf-boat is an art possessed alone by the natives. Traders coming down the coast either touch at Monrovia and take their Kroo-boys (the Kroos constitute the principal native tribe of Liberia), or, omitting to do so, depend upon the Fantee shoremen, said to be equally as good in the surf. But a native cries out, "O-re-bal," and in truth "He-is-coming." The surf-boat is poised on the top of the "second"

wave, perhaps one hundred and fifty yards from the beach. The rollers come on shore in triplets, and woe to the man who takes the first or king wave. When the boatswain, steering always with a twenty-foot oar, is as close on as his judgment allows, he rests on his oars, and, with eyes dead astern, he watches his chance. He allows the first and second wave to pass under him, and then, "Ah-tu-ne! ah-tu-ne!" and the Kroomen give way with a lightning stroke and a propelling force of ten eighteen-foot oars. The boat quivers as she literally flies over the top of the third sea and is swept up the beach until, at the first keel grate, the oars are in by magic, and every Krooman is in the water with a hand on the gunwale, steadying it for the last throee of the next king-wave which shall float her, and assist in carrying her above the reach of the succeeding wave.

"Oh! me-moog-gy! me-muc-e-na-o!" "Or-ra-gog-a-ra!" "Jum-a-jum!" "Jum-a-rell!" A rapid fusilade of Senegal, Kroo, Ashantee, and Fantee—tower of Babel palaver—and we dispatch a boy to send back our coach to Elmina, and we are handed into the surf-boat. It is floated and successfully launched, meeting a roller that gave us a taste of the spray; but the next catches us on its crest, and we are spinning towards the "Grace" in safety.

**WINDHAM, N. H.—Chapter 5.**

By HON. LEONARD A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE MORRISON FAMILY"  
AND "HISTORY OF WINDHAM, N. H."

**SCHOOLS.**

The first settlers were a thinking people, lovers of intelligence, and promoters of education. Many of them had received a good rudimentary education before coming to America. No sooner had they planted themselves here and erected their log-houses, than schools were established and fostered with jealous care. But the early residents were poor, and the struggle was long and hard before they made "the wilderness blossom as the rose." That the first settlers had education enough for the duties of life is evident from the records now extant; and that their children also received a respectable education is equally evident.

Four common schools were supported in Londonderry in 1727, of which Windham was then a part. Of the earliest schools in town there is no record; the receding years have borne away all specific knowledge of them. The first school of which there is any account was in 1766, and James Aiken was the teacher. He taught a singing-school evenings, and a day school for the children. Nicholas Sauce, a discharged British soldier, in 1760, of the French and Indian war, after that date, taught for a long time. He was a cruel teacher, as was the custom of those days, yet his scholars owed him a debt of gratitude for the instruction they received from him. In 1770 there is mention of one "John Smith, school-master."

"Master McKeen" was the next teacher in order, and taught about the year 1776. He was a man of fine acquirements and ripe scholarship; but his mind was not on his calling, and if he chanced to see a squirrel by the road side, he would stop and catch that squirrel if it took "all summer."

The school-houses were rude affairs and often unfit for school purposes, and in summer the schools were often kept in barns, and many times in private houses in the winter. Family schools were much in vogue. Parents would teach their children, or the eldest child would be installed as teacher of the younger ones. There was great eagerness for learning, and many ways were devised to scatter seeds of instruction, which would germinate and grow into the beautiful tree of knowledge laden with glorious fruit. The Capt. Nathaniel Hemphill's large family of eighteen children were educated in their own family school.

Among the early teachers may be mentioned Robert Dinsmoor (the "Rustic bard"), Samuel Campbell, Samuel Armor, Susan Stuart, Robert Malcolm Morison, Peter Patterson, Andrew Mack, Margaret Hamilton, the beautiful, the beloved, and the lamented, and Joseph Greeley, John Nesmith, and John Park; also, Persis Thorn, afterwards the accomplished wife of the late Gov. John Bell, and mother of ex-Gov. Charles H. Bell.

It was formerly the custom for the

scholars to teach school on New Year's Day, and lock out the teacher. On one bright New Year's morning the scholars came early, became masters of the castle, and held the fort. Their time of rejoicing was of short duration; for the succeeding day was one to be remembered to their dying hour by some of the scholars. It was a day of trouble, of mental darkness, of sorrow and lamentation. "The quality of mercy" which "droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven" found no lodgment in the teacher's breast. A wild justice reigned triumphant, and those riotous, fun-loving, mischief-making boys received a most unmerciful flogging. More than eighty years have gone since then, teacher and pupils have passed away, but the event is still alluded to.

Any account of our educational institutions would be defective which omitted

#### WILLIAMS ACADEMY.

This academy was the most potent influence ever exerted in town for the higher education of our youth. It was a private institution, originated and taught by Rev. Simon Williams, commencing about 1768, and terminating only a very short time before his death, in 1793. His scholarship was of the highest order, and was celebrated while in town and previously. Among those whom he prepared for college were Rev. Joseph McKeen, D. D., first president of Bowdoin college, Rev. Samuel Taggart, the distinguished clergyman and congressman of Coleraine, Mass., Hon. Silas Betton, M. C., Dr. John Parke, editor and physician, Rev. John Goffe, John Dinsmoor, Col. Silas Dinsmoor, the noted In-

dian agent, whose career was so romantic, and the elder Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor.

In the fourth class (1773) graduated at Dartmouth college, nearly one half were fitted for college by Mr. Williams. The school often numbered from forty to fifty scholars.

At the present time there are seven school-districts, in each of which a new school-house has been built since 1850. The schools are successfully managed and wisely fostered by the citizens.

#### LIBRARIES.

There was no public library in town previous to 1800, but previous to that date some of our citizens were shareholders in a library in Salem, and to whom the books thus became accessible. This library was discontinued and the books divided among the shareholders, and they became the nucleus of the first public library here, in 1800, and took a more permanent shape by being incorporated in 1806. This was of inestimable benefit to our citizens, and numbered at one time some 400 volumes. A Sunday-school library was established in 1832. This is kept in the Presbyterian church, and now numbers some 500 volumes.

#### SCHOOL-DISTRICT LIBRARIES.

In October, 1839, our former fellow-citizen, John Nesmith, Esq., of Lowell, Mass., since lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, presented to each school-district a district library of fifty volumes, making in all 350 books, at an expense of \$175. These libraries, increased in some cases, exist to-day. It was a generous gift, and was admirably adapted

to the end in view. Many of Windham's sons and daughters, who have gone far from the scenes and associations of their youth and the place of their nativity, recall with pleasure, thankfulness, and deep satisfaction the profit experienced while reading those volumes.

A second town library was established in 1852, and was destroyed by fire in 1856.

**NESMITH FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY—1871.**

Among those whom the citizens of the town remember with gratitude is one of the sons of her soil, our former fellow-townsmen, Col. Thomas Nesmith, of Lowell, Mass. At his death, in 1870, he left by will \$3,000 for the establishment of a free public library, and which the town voted to accept Jan. 19, 1871. The trustees of the library were Rev. Joseph Lanman, James Cochran, Hiram S. Reynolds, William D. Cochran, and Leonard A. Morrison, who took the initiatory steps for its establishment in April, 1871.

A library-room was prepared in the town-house, the books selected, purchased, and the formal opening of the library occurred June 21, 1871. It was a gala day, and marked a new era in the intellectual and social history of the people. The hall was crowded with as intellectual and intelligent an audience as ever met in Windham. Many of the absent sons and daughters returned, and many cultivated people from the neighboring towns were present. An able address was delivered by Hon. John C. Park, of Boston, Mass. Short addresses were made by W. H. Anderson, Esq., of Lowell, L. A. Mor-

rison, Esq., of Windham, Dea. Jonathan Cochran, of Melrose, Mass., Rev. Augustus Berry, of Pelham, and others.

The library has been highly appreciated, largely patronized, and now numbers upon its shelves more than 2,400 volumes of well selected and valuable works. Many of the choicest and most valuable works in the language can be found in it, and this will rank, does rank, among the very best public libraries in the state of its size. Long may it flourish, and may its influence never be less.

**AUTHORS, BOOKS, AND PAMPHLETS.**

Thomas Blackwell's book on *Genuine Revealed Religion*, with an introduction to the American edition by Rev. Simon Williams; also, a small book by the Presbytery; both published before 1793.

By Rev. Samuel Harris—

Funeral Sermon of Miss Mary Colby, of Chester; in 1815.

Memoir of Miss Mary Campbell, 1819; printed 1820.

Questions on Christian Experience and Character; printed in 1827-'28, two editions.

Farewell Sermon, 1826.

Poems of Robert Dinsmoor, the "Rustic bard;" 264 pp., 1828.

Thanksgiving Sermon, Rev. Calvin Cutler; 1835.

By Rev. Loren Thayer—

Sketch of the Presbyterian Church of Windham; 1856.

Sermon on Assassination of Abraham Lincoln; 1865.

Centennial Sermon, 1876; Rev. Charles Packard.

Complete set of printed Town Re-

ports, and several historical sermons, bound in one volume; 1881. Compiled by Leonard A. Morrison.

By Leonard A. Morrison—

History of the Morison or Morrison Family; 470 pp.; published in 1880; 1,100 copies.

Condensed History of Windham, N. H., for the History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties; published 1882.

History of Windham, N. H., from 1719 to 1883; 872 pp.; 750 copies; published 1883.

History of the Harris Family, 1636-1883; 141 pp.; published 1883; by William S. Harris.

This town has sent forth its full complement of men equipped with a thorough education for the conflict of life. This list embraces the most of its

#### COLLEGE STUDENTS AND GRADUATES.

Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.—

John M. Harris, grad. 1839.

Charles H. Crowell was a member two years.

Orren Moore entered 1854—there one year.

Rufus A. Morrison, grad. 1859.

Samuel Morrison, grad. 1859.

Brown University, Providence, R. I.

John Hopkins, entered in 1820, d. in college.

Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.—

Gilbert T. Williams, grad. 1784.

Simon Finley Williams, grad. 1785.

Silas Betton, grad. 1787.

Samuel Armor, grad. 1787.

Samuel Dinsmoor, grad. 1789.

Silas Dinsmoor, grad. 1791.

John Park, grad. 1791.

John H. Williams, grad. 1798.

James Dinsmoor, grad. 1813.

John Kezer, grad. Med. Col., 1826.

Edward Pratt Harris, grad. 1826.

Nathaniel Hills, grad. 1841.

James Dinsmoor, grad. 1841.

Silas M. Blanchard, grad. 1842.

Charles Cutler, grad. 1852.

James M. Whittaker, grad. 1861.

Cassius S. Campbell, grad. 1868.

Andrew W. Cochran, in college two years.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

George Jacob Abbot, grad. 1835.

Herman E. Donelson, grad. 1836.

Alexander F. Marden, grad. 1863.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.—

Cadford M. Dinsmoor, grad. 1851.

Hannah Ada Taylor, grad. 1876.

Yale College, New Haven, Conn.—

Jonathan L. Noyes, grad. 1852.

Carroll Cutler, grad. 1854.

These persons, not college graduates, attained honorable rank, and success in their professions:

Judge Silas Morris Cochran was an associate justice of the court of appeals of Maryland.

Charles Abbott was judge of one of the local courts of Nevada.

John Nesmith, judge of the police court, Dover, N. H.

Silas Milton Moore, principal of academy at Chester, N. H.

Dr. Isaac Thorn, a prominent physician in Windham and Derry.

Dr. Benjamin F. Simpson, a successful practitioner in Windham and Lowell, Mass.

Dr. Daniel L. Simpson, late of West Rumney, N. H.

Dr. John Reid Crowell, late of Brooklyn, Mich.

## WINDHAM IN THE REBELLION.

The long contest between the North and the South in relation to the question of slavery was nearing its end. The moral sense of the nation was awakened to the fearful wickedness of the system of human slavery, and the people were determined that "Freedom should be national," "Slavery should be sectional," and that the peculiar institution should be confined to the limits it then occupied. To this its supporters were opposed, and demanded ample protection to their property in slaves in all the states and territories of the Union. There was an "irrepressible conflict" between the adherents and supporters of slavery and those arrayed against it. The conflict was destined to be waged till decided, not in the arena of debate, not in the halls of legislation, but upon the field of battle, where hostile armies met and struggled for the mastery.

Abraham Lincoln having been elected President in 1860, this was made a pretext by the states of the South for an attempt to withdraw from the Union. The Rebellion commenced by an attack upon Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861. The roar of the rebel cannon awoke the slumbering millions of Northern freemen, who rallied by tens of thousands in defence of the government.

The soldiers of this town in the 1st Regiment were Walter J. Burnham, Asa Bean,\* Seth N. Huntley,\* William Wyman, Moses Wyman.\* In other regiments they were,—

Josiah S. Everett,  
Lewis A. McConihe,\*  
John Dunn,

John McGowan,  
Joseph White,  
Jesse C. Crowell,\*  
Thomas Crook,  
Russell W. Powell,  
Joseph R. Everett,\*  
Albion K. Goodwin,  
Charles Cole,  
John G. Johnson,\*  
James Murphy,  
Caleb G. Wiley,\*  
James G. Batchelder,  
John Calvin Hills,  
Lemuel Marden,  
Lewis Ripley,\*  
Samuel Haseltine,  
Moses Myrick,  
James C. Stone,  
Theodore Clark,  
Horatio Gleason,  
Edward H. Gallagher,  
John Inshaw,  
David Lyon,  
Daniel Sullivan,  
Wentworth S. Cowan,  
Frederick Otis,  
James Murphy,  
Patrick Hannan,  
Bernard McCan,  
James Stevens,  
Charles E. Bailey,  
Horace W. Hunt,  
James Brown,  
Oliver Burns,  
Jacques Dreux,  
William Anderson,  
Austin L. Lamprey,  
George W. Coburn,  
David Brainard Fessenden,  
Micajah B. Kimball,  
Reuben O. Phillips,  
John G. Bradford,  
Henry W. Chellis,  
John W. Hall,  
Albert Fletcher,

\* Re-enlisted.



James Brown,  
 George W. Durant,  
 Joseph G. Ayers,  
 Gilman Jaquith,  
 Charles E. Fegan,  
 James Jones,  
 Leven Duplessis,  
 Ephraim Plimpton,  
 James Baker,  
 Timothy Norris,  
 Henry S. Hancock,  
 George W. Carr,  
 Whitney R. Richardson,  
 Harvey Hancock.

The war was over at last. The town was deeply in debt. Under this it labored for several years, but it has been extinguished, and there is money in the town's treasury.

Upon the farming communities of the state the war bore with peculiar severity. Such was the case with this town. The armies of the Union were necessarily filled with young men, and of these there was no surplus here. The larger part of our young men had left the old homes, and gone to the cities and larger towns, and when the war broke out they rallied, and helped to swell the ranks of companies and regiments of other states.

But the history of our soldiers is an honorable one. Some sleep in the "sunny South," smitten by rebel bullets or wasting sickness, or starved to death in rebel prisons; some returned to their homes to linger for years with disease upon them, and to-day fill soldiers' graves. Some still move among us, performing well their duties in life.

Men die; examples and principles live.

The soldiers of Windham in every war save the last have long since passed away; yet the examples of their patriotism, courage, and devotion to principles will never die. The courage of the fathers in the French and Indian war, in the war of the Revolution, flamed forth anew in the war for the nation's preservation from 1861 to 1865. All honor to them—to *all* of the nation's defenders! Their deeds will be recounted by those of future generations who will acknowledge the debt of gratitude they owe them.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
 the sea,  
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you  
 and me;  
 As He died to make men holy, so they died to make  
 men free."

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### GOOD-BYE.

By C. C. LORD.

We linger at the closing scene,  
 The hands are clasped that soon must part,  
 And cruel fate divides between  
 Each heart that craves each other heart,  
 And tear-drops roll and voices sigh  
 When lips are forced to say Good-bye.

So gently spoken: how the tide  
 Of kindness fills the soul of pain

That would each past resentment hide,  
 That love may full assurance gain,  
 And peaceful constancy rely  
 Upon the last sad word—Good-bye!

Why is it? In the place of tears,  
 Our thoughts involved with sharp regrets,  
 We pass unmanifested years,  
 Forecast with grief that ne'er forgets  
 To damp the eyes that fain would dry,  
 And claim a space to say Good-bye.

Quick faith, that owns a subtle spring  
 Of inward potency, is bold  
 To rise on wings of hope that bring  
 The promises its days unfold,  
 And o'er the heights of time, descry  
 The recompense of each Good-bye.

O prophecy divine, that breaks  
 Out of the gloom of life distressed,  
 Evoked in severance, yet takes  
 True counsel of reunion blest,  
 That soothes the breast and dries the eye  
 With joy foretold of sweet Good-bye!

LOVE AND THEOLOGY. A Novel. By  
 CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY. 1 vol.  
 12mo; \$1.50.

It is not only entertaining, but interesting from the highest point of view. It goes on from chapter to chapter with ever-increasing force and power. No book of fiction that Ticknor & Co. have published has had, to my thinking, the attraction and value of this; and nowhere has the present study and questioning of theological subjects been more clearly and satisfactorily presented; for, in all this presentation, there is not a hint of irreverence or flippancy of any kind. There is, instead, a very beautiful presentation of the very best interpretation of the liberal thoughts of to-day,—an interpretation that contains the highest spirituality. Here-

in is the book of great value; and that it will be reckoned amongst the books that will be of service to all intelligent inquirers, I have no doubt. It is, I should say most decidedly, a book to own, and not merely to read for amusement only, and then to throw aside; and this for the characterization, as well as the presentation of the newer interpretations of the Bible, etc. This characterization is exceedingly well done, showing no effort, but a natural gift of character painting. The dialogue is something more than mere made-up talk, and the reflective portion contains philosophy of the most cultivated kind, and this, of course, includes the fact that this philosophy is free from narrow and vulgar self-assertion.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.*

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VOL. X. SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1887. Nos. 9 & 10.

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## HON. AMOS J. BLAKE.

Amos J. Blake was born in Rindge, Cheshire county, New Hampshire, October 20, 1836, where his parents, Ebenezer Blake and Hepsibeth Jewett, were also born, and resided until the dates of their deaths. He was their eighth child and seventh son.

His grandfather, Deacon Eleazer Blake, the immediate ancestor of the Blake family of Rindge, was born in Wrentham, Mass., April 1, 1757. In 1775, after the battle of Lexington, he enlisted in the Revolutionary war, and marched with a company from his native town, under command of Capt. Crowell, and arrived at Roxbury on the morning of April 20, and continued in the patriot army during the entire war. He participated in the siege of Boston, and on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill he, with others, was engaged in fortifying Prospect hill, where he witnessed the bloody engagement of June 17. His regiment was sent to New York, and joined the army under Gen. Gates, where he participated in the triumphs

of the patriots over Gen. Burgoyne, and bore an honorable part in the memorable battles of Stillwater and Saratoga. The following winter he endured the exposure and nakedness of Valley Forge. The following spring and summer he was with the army immediately under the command of Gen. Washington.

In 1780, then in Col. Shepard's regiment, he was appointed sergeant, and in 1782 was detailed assistant quartermaster of the Fourth Massachusetts Brigade, in which line of service he continued until his discharge, June 12, 1783, at "Camp New Windsor," New York, from whence he travelled on foot a distance of 220 miles to his home in Wrentham, where he arrived June 21, after a continuous service in the Revolutionary war of more than eight years.

In the autumn following his discharge, accompanied by his brother Ebenezer, who had also served four years in the army, he visited Coös county, New Hampshire, where he

remained several months, and was engaged as a school teacher.

After a brief residence in New York, he married, November 29, 1785, Jerusha Gerould, daughter of Gama-liel and Jerusha (Mann) Gerould, of Wrentham, and settled in Stoddard, N. H. In 1792 he removed to Rindge, where he continued to reside, following the occupation of a farmer and wheelwright.

Under the ministry of the eminent Dr. Seth Payson, he was chosen deacon of the Congregational church, in which capacity he officiated until 80 years of age. The blameless character of Deacon Blake, his unimpeachable integrity, and his Christian counsels will long be treasured by his townsmen and acquaintances. He died September 27, 1852, aged 95 years and 6 months.

The father of the subject of this sketch was the youngest child of Deacon Eleazer Blake, and was born in Rindge, November 16, 1800. His occupation was that of a farmer and carpenter. He was a man of sound mind and sterling character. He always took a deep interest in public affairs, and for many years held and discharged with fidelity the office of justice of the peace, and several town offices. He died April 8, 1883, aged 83 years. He was admitted a member of the Congregational church October 26, 1834.

The mother of the subject of this sketch was the daughter of Amos and Lydia Jewett, of Rindge. She was a woman of superior endowments, a devoted wife and mother, imitating exemplary Christian piety with an unclouded disposition and many excellences of character. The light of her exam-

ple will long continue to shed its cheerful rays around the pathway of her surviving children. She was admitted a member of the Congregational church on the same date with her husband—October 26, 1834. She died November 10, 1874, aged 72 years.

The subject of our sketch attended the common and select schools of his native town, until, arriving at the age of 17 years, he determined upon a higher course of education and mental training; pursued a classical course of studies, and the higher branches and mathematics, at Mt. Cæsar Seminary, Swanzey, N. H., Green Mountain Liberal Institute, Woodstock, Vt., and at Appleton academy, New Ipswich, N. H., until July, 1859, when he was fitted to enter college a year in advance, having taught school during each winter to procure the means for pursuing his studies. Upon leaving Appleton academy, he finally concluded to abandon the idea of going to college, commenced the study of law at Keene in the office of F. F. Lane, and remained there until February 28, 1861, when he entered the office of D. H. Woodward, and was admitted to the bar in April, 1862. He commenced the practice of the law at Fitzwilliam, July 13, 1863, and has been in active practice of the law ever since.

He was appointed assistant assessor of internal revenue October 13, 1862, and held the office until June, 1871. Was elected representative to the state legislature in 1872 and 1873, serving during both sessions of the legislature on the Judiciary Committee. Was appointed state bank commissioner in 1876, 1877, 1878, and 1879. Was appointed and served as

enumerator for the town of Fitzwilliam of the tenth census of the United States, in June, 1880. Served as superintending school committee of Rindge for two years prior to his settlement in Fitzwilliam; has also served in that capacity for nine years in Fitzwilliam. Has served many years as moderator of town-meetings, and as supervisor of the Fitzwilliam town library, and is now president of the Fitzwilliam Savings Bank; and has also held the office of selectman of the town for several years. He was admitted to practice in the United States district court October 1, 1867.

Mr. Blake has been twice married,—first, to Miss Lizzie A. Howe, youngest daughter of Dennis and Lucy (Ball) Howe, of Jaffrey, and formerly of Rindge, who died June 22, 1867, leaving one son, who also died September 8, 1867; married, second, Miss Flora E. Stone, eldest daughter of Nathan and Mary Louisa (Miles) Stone, of Fitzwilliam, and has one son, Leroy Stanley Blake, born November 5, 1883.

Mr. Blake, outside of his professional reading, is interested in many

special studies. He is deeply versed in geology and kindred sciences, having made a large collection of New England minerals. He is a historical student, versed in antiquarian lore, and an authority on local history and genealogy. He attends the Congregational church.

Mr. Blake, for a quarter of a century, has been identified with the Masonic fraternity, having joined the Social Friends Lodge, No. 42, at Keene, in 1862. He was dimitted to the Monadnock Lodge, No. 80, in Troy, in 1866. He has been very active in forwarding the History of Fitzwilliam, and has rendered valuable aid in its compilation. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

He has acted as administrator, executor, trustee of estates of deceased farmers, and guardian in a large number of cases. He is a life-long Republican, and active in supporting his party at home and on the stump, in Fitzwilliam and neighboring towns. He has been engaged in several very important cases, and has the courage to try them himself.

PORT GAMBLE, Wash. Ter.,

July 25, 1887.

EDITOR GRANITE MONTHLY:—In Mr. Sanborn's account of Gove's Insurrection, he says Major Waldron was killed by the Indians, whose anger he had provoked in capturing some of their tribe and selling them into slavery. Where does Mr. S. find the proof of this? Belknap says Otis garrison was captured at the same time, and Otis and several others killed. In what manner had Otis

provoked them? Belknap further says a vessel carried away a great number of our surprised Indians in the time of our wars to sell them for slaves, but the nations whither they went would not buy them. Finally they were left at Tangiers, &c.

I think it is quite enough to accuse my ancestor of sentencing Quaker women to be whipped, without this slavery business, unless we have the proof. Yours truly,

WINFIELD S. JAMESON.

## JAMES T. FIELDS.—1816-1881.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

There are three ways in which it is possible for men and women to make themselves felt in the world, and contribute to the advancement, the culture, and the happiness of their generation. The first is through the influence of their individual or personal lives. This influence is the most potent, yet it has ordinarily the narrowest range. It is as much more circumscribed in its working than the other two forces which make up the sum of human influence and achievement, as it is more intense than either. The second outgoing of our nature is of thought. This makes literature. And whoever is heard and revered for intellectual greatness and beneficence may be no mean factor of reform and progress. The third channel through which we reach mankind lies through the lives and works of others. It is sometimes given to one to open the way for others to grow and enrich the world by his own insight or bravery or unselfishness, or by his fulfillment of some task which seems distinctively his, a work often unseen and unrewarded, to direct and give impetus to streams whose fertilizing influence shall be felt very widely and graciously and long.

It was happily granted to James T. Fields to contribute to the world's finest influences in all these ways. Yet especially perhaps in that last mentioned his work and influence were beneficent and noteworthy. As a man, as an author, and more especially in his own peculiar province of publisher, critic, *litterateur*, and that

something added which includes insight, wisdom, and far-reaching authority in letters, his life is valuable and significant. The story of that life has been told by one nearest to him, depicting all aspects of his character, and the various work that came within the sphere of his alert diligence.

The native city of Mr. Fields and the home of his boyhood was Portsmouth. His mother, left with two little sons by the death of her husband, a ship-master, was, he was wont to say, "simply the best and kindest of mothers," and the associations of his boyhood were as pure and safe as her superlatively watchful care could make them. His school-days seem to have ended with the high school, and at fourteen he went to Boston to become clerk in a bookstore. His love for Portsmouth was life-long. He often returned thither, and with delight. And indeed the old New England city which was his mother town had been generous with him, and had nourished the beginnings of a noble and normal life, rich in the capacity for joy, in delicate perception and hearty appreciation of life's good things. In and around Portsmouth were countless ways his feet had often trodden: journeys to Rye beach and Dover made pleasant memories. Here was nourished that delight in "the great book of nature" which "remained his unchanged early love." And his intellectual life, also, his kindly mother city had not left unre-membered. Its library, the Athe-

naum, had a quiet nook for him, where he made himself early acquainted with its treasures.

Yet like most youth he was glad to begin in Boston manhood's tasks. Easily mastering the duties of his position, with singular alertness and intelligence, he advanced steadily, betraying rare insight and ability. He could tell what books would be popular, and could divine, as a person came into the store, what book he wanted, and would produce it, rarely mistaking. Other pleasant duties and associations and refined pleasures he had. He formed new friendships, also, perhaps chiefest of which among the earlier ones was that with Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, afterward the distinguished essayist, whose recent death brings into more prominent notice his genius and his notable work as critic and reviewer. After the death of Mr. Fields, Mr. Whipple contributed to the *Atlantic* interesting recollections of his friend, from which we quote briefly :

“ My acquaintance with Fields began at the Boston Mercantile Library Association, when we were boys of eighteen or nineteen. It happened that both of us were inflamed by a passionate love of literature, and by a cordial admiration of men of letters ; that we had read—of course superficially—most of the leading poets and prose-writers of Great Britain, and had a tolerably correct idea of their chronological succession. One of the most notable facts in the lives of clerks with literary tastes and moderate salaries is the mysterious way in which they contrive to collect books. Among the members of the Mercantile Library Association, Thom-

as R. Gould (now known as one of the most eminent of American sculptors), Fields, and myself, had what we called libraries before we were twenty-one. Gould was a clerk in a dry goods jobbing-house, Fields in a bookstore, I in a broker's office. Fields's collection much exceeded Gould's and mine, for he had in his room two or three hundred volumes, the nucleus of a library which eventually became one of the choicest private collections of books, manuscripts, and autographs in the city.”

It is to this friend that Mr. Fields seems to have dedicated a small volume of his poems, privately printed, entitled “ A Few Verses for a Few Friends.” It must be to this volume of poems that the poet Whittier refers in his lines “ To J. T. F.” This early friendship is made the more memorable and significant by the not dissimilar life-work of these friends. To Mr. Whipple, in the funeral eulogy of his friend, Dr. Bartol, was accorded the distinction of being “ a man than whom none speaking the English tongue has done more in our generation to keep the genius of others fresh in our recollections and bright in our eyes.”

In 1845 Mr. Fields became a partner in the store where he had for so many years been a clerk, “ the Old Corner Book-Store,” at the corner of School and Washington streets. For many years he stood at the head of this growing and increasingly influential publishing house. It held, from the first, a unique position, and exerted a singular authority in New England letters. It was a rallying-place for authors, and its prestige and its patronage must often have

inspired, as well as clothed in comely shapes of printed paper and leather and cloth, the creations of poets and romancers and thinkers. "The germinating root," says one who "witnessed its rise and progress," was "in the brain of Fields." "He was the *genius loci*," says another, the controlling, guiding, inspiring force. So modestly was won and kept this position, that the historians of our literature may hardly recognize its potency in fostering and shaping New England letters, and in vindicating—when it was needful, as at that time it was in a measure necessary—their claim to a place in the world's literature. But the most eminent of our authors have been readiest to do so. Whipple, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, by affectionate inscriptions of their works, by the allusions of their songs, by their estimate of his work, as well as by their tributes when his ears were closed in death, declare the place and power they felt was his. He is portrayed in the "Tent on the Beach," one of

"Three friends, the guests of summer-time, who  
Pitched their white tent where sea-winds blew:  
One, with his beard scarce silvered, bore  
A ready credence in his looks,  
A lettered magnate, lording o'er  
An ever widening realm of books,  
In him brain-currents, near and far,  
Converged as in a leaden jar;  
The old dead authors thronged him round about,  
And Elzevir's gray ghosts from leathern graves  
looked out.

"He knew each living pundit well,  
Could weigh the gifts of him or her,  
And well the market value tell  
Of poet and philosopher.  
And if he lost, the scenes behind  
Somewhat of reverence vague and blind,  
Finding the actors human at the best,  
No readier lips than his the good he saw confessed.

"His boyhood fancies not outgrown,  
He loved himself the singer's art;  
Tenderly, gently, by his own,  
He knew and judged an author's heart.

No Rhadamanthine brow of doom,  
Bowed the dazed pedant from his room;  
And bards whose name is legion, if denied,  
Bore off alike intact their verses and their pride.

"Pleasant it was to roam about  
The lettered world as he had done,  
And see the lords of song without  
Their singing robes and garlands on:  
With Wordsworth paddle Rydal Mere,  
Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed beer,  
And with the ear of Rogers, at four score,  
Hear Garrick's buskined tread and Walpole's wit  
once more."

This, however, was written in 1867, a score of years later than this period of his life of which we are now writing. In 1847, after the death of Mary Willard, his betrothed, he sailed for Europe. This journey was the first of several European trips, some of them extended ones, and during this visit he formed the beginning of many friendships with trans-Atlantic authors,—men and women whose names are household words,—some of them belonging to an older generation, and indeed to an earlier period of English literature. He became the friend of and was entertained by Bryan W. Procter (Barry Cornwall), William and Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. John S. C. Hall, Mr. John Kenyon, and others, all of whom became his life-long friends. There, too, began his long, intimate acquaintance with Miss Mary R. Mitford, a friendship whose pleasant privileges he so pleasantly shares with us in his recollections of the author of "Our Village." He visited the home and burial-place of Sir Walter Scott,—"a spot," he said, "no change can ever wipe from my memory."

In 1850 he married a younger sister of Mary Willard, his lost love. She died, however, within two years after their marriage.

Meantime he was rising into fame



as an eminently successful and sagacious publisher, the friend of the most eminent at home and abroad, an able student of *belles-lettres*, and a distinguished *litterateur* and traveller. "His correspondence at this period," writes his biographer, "includes almost without exception all the men and women of any literary note in America."

In November, 1854, James T. Fields married Miss Annie Adams. It is recorded that "when at last the doors of home opened to him, he entered reverently, and with a tenderness which grew only with the years." This home was one of many charms and of singular attractiveness. Here this always genial man was at his best. His library—of ten thousand or more volumes—was overrunning with choice editions, manuscripts, portraits, and mementoes. An "author's chamber" in the fourth story, with a study adjoining, sheltered from time to time Hawthorne, Whittier, and Charles Sumner, Dickens, McDonald, Thackeray, and Kingsley, besides many others. In after years he built a summer home at Manchester-by-the-sea.

Writing and publishing from his youth,—though always perhaps with a too modest estimate of his own ability, and with a singular reticence considering his own admirable and delightful style, and the wealth of material which his study, his travels, his observations, and his friendship had united in furnishing him,—Mr. Fields was also winning distinction as an author, both here and beyond seas. We have many books edited wholly or in part by him, and several volumes, though far too few, of his own writings.

It is not unlikely that other collections might be made of the more fragmentary writings he published in magazines and newspapers, which would be sure of interested readers.

Retiring from the publishing house in 1870, Mr. Fields gave the best of his last years to the preparation and delivery of lectures, most of them on subjects related to English literature. He was in great demand as a lecturer, East and West, and the work he did in this way must have given him peculiar satisfaction, for it was one of peculiar importance and beneficence.

Doubtless it was the personality of the speaker, so potent, so notable, so gracious and kindly, so winning and inspiring, that constituted the chief element in their influence upon all classes. For both the learned and the unlearned, young students and illiterate farmers, in cultured cities, popular academies, and raw villages, owned the persuasive charm of his presence and speech, and acknowledged their debt to him. As necessary to the race as its Shakespeares and Emersons, its Miltons and Spensers, its Dantes and Wordsworths, are the men, as great in heart and soul as they, it may be, who bring the truths these teach to the apprehension of the people who would otherwise fail of recognizing their heritage of thought. In the realm of intellect there can hardly be a higher work than of such a teacher. It is a work which Mr. Fields well began, for the reading public, in his "Yesterdays with Authors," and certain papers in his "Underbrush." "Began," I say, for certainly these volumes, beside what he might have done had other years

been granted him, are only as a memorial.

I have hardly left space to speak of Mr. Fields as a friend, or of his personal character and influence. His seems to have been a life of notable purity, of singular generosity, of unostentatious yet abounding benevolence. "From the first," we read, "he was sufficient not only to take care of himself but others, and, as is universally the case with such natures, there were needs enough, presented early and always continued, to absorb a large portion of whatever might be his." The cheerfulness of whatever benefaction or kindness dropped from his hand, his own unmindfulness of it forever after, his seeming joy in giving, were a rare grace and charm. He used to take exquisite pleasure, while once in London, in surprising some hungry gamin with a supper at some convenient stall, where as would often happen Fields was returning after some evening's pleasure on foot to his lodgings. And at home, at his place of business, in his intercourse with his hosts of friends and acquaintances, and with strangers, he "was continually doing," said Mr. Whipple. "kindly acts

which required the expenditure of a good deal of time."

Mr. Fields's sympathy with young people was very marked and noticeable. He was a favorite contributor to the *Youth's Companion*, and the articles thus printed were very pleasantly characteristic of the man and the author.

His religious feeling and purpose seem to have been deep, warm, and earnest. One entry (on a Sabbath) in his journal, betrays most significantly and tenderly the undercurrent of the life men knew.

His was a life in which were happily blended earnestness and generosity, single-heartedness and open-heartedness, diligence and cheerfulness. His devotion to his chosen work is an inspiration, yet it is not without its pathos, the more that so much he did so toilsomely is lost in others' labors and successes. Yet perhaps the true dignity and glory of his life lies in this fact, as if his diligent zeal, his devoted work, were indeed accepted and used in the intellectual life and progress of the age, with perhaps a deeper, wider, and more gracious potency than he ever knew.

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### CAMPASPE.

BY C. JENNIE SWAINE.

The monarch had heard Appeles' name,  
 For the speaking canvas had told his fame.  
 "Though thy touch be as magic," he softly said,  
 "And thy palette with rainbow hues is fed,  
 Though true to thy dream of Madonna and Saint,  
 Yet Campaspe's beauty thou canst not paint."

But Appeles said, "From the living streams  
 Of beauty my spirit has quaffed in dreams,

And to visions of loveliness fairer than earth  
My brush and my canvas have given birth.  
With the laurel's evergreen wreath on my brow,  
My boasted art shall not fail me now."

"Try not thy skill—it is sure to fail ;  
The roses' red flush to her cheek is pale,  
And the violet's tender and liquid hue,  
Aglow in the sunshine, a gleam in the dew,  
Nor the soft, sweet blue of the summer skies,  
Can match with their brightness her azure eyes."

Campaspe sat in the softened light :  
She lifted her hand, like a lily white,  
And the loosened veil from her head-dress fell,  
And her beauty fell o'er him like a spell,  
While the hand on the canvas left no trace,  
As she mocked his art with her angel face.

Campaspe her dewy eyes upraised,  
And on Appeles she fondly gazed.  
She had worshipped him long through his wondrous art ;  
And she said to her wildly throbbing heart,—  
"Embodied before me my dream appears ;"  
And the drooping eyelids veiled their tears.

On his knees Appeles breathed her name,  
And burning words to his white lips came,  
While the king's fair daughter, with smile and tear,  
His passionate wooing bowed low to hear,  
Till her cheek touched his lip, and kingdom and crown  
By the spell of Love laid their barriers down.

Wearied with waiting, the noble king  
Bade his attendants Appeles bring.  
"If thy work is done, the reward is thine."  
"Though my hand be skilled and my art divine."  
Appeles said, "yet I cannot trace  
A single line of so fair a face.

"Her wonderful beauty has maddened me.  
I know my fate, and it sweet shall be,  
For better is death than life," he cried :  
But with tears in his voice the king replied,  
"Campaspe has loved thee well and long,  
And her cheek lost its bloom and her voice its song.  
Take her, and Love on thy heart shall trace,  
In deathless beauty, her angel face."

## WINDHAM, N. H.—Chapter 6.

BY HON. LEONARD A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE MORRISON FAMILY"  
AND "HISTORY OF WINDHAM, N. H."

## BIOGRAPHIES.

David Gregg<sup>3</sup> was one of the earliest settlers of Windham. He was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1685, and was the son of John Gregg,<sup>2</sup> who was born there in 1665, and who was killed by the Catholics about 1689. This John Gregg was son of David Gregg,<sup>1</sup> who was born in Argyleshire, Scotland, was a captain under Cromwell in 1655, and aided in subjugating the rebellious Irish, and subsequently settled near Londonderry, Ireland. Was a tanner, and proprietor of thirty acres of land. He was finally murdered by the Irish in 1689.

David Gregg<sup>3</sup> of Windham married, in Ireland, Mary, daughter of Capt. Thomas Nevins of London. He came to Watertown, Mass., in 1712, lived there nine years, and then bought a large tract in Windham (then Londonderry), in November, 1721. This was then a wilderness abounding in wild beasts. The old cellar over which his house stood can still be seen. He was a Protestant and a devout Christian. His mind was strong, combined with decision of character, and he died at an advanced age. He was of gigantic stature, his weight was 340 pounds, and he possessed marvellous strength. He could lift 1,200 pounds with ease. His son

William Gregg,<sup>4</sup> was born in 1705, in Londonderry, Ireland. He married Elizabeth Kyle, of Scotch blood, who possessed great personal beau-

ty. Her husband was a great hunter, and made noted inroads upon the catamounts, bears, wolves, and deer which abounded in the unbroken forests. He was a leading citizen, and often held offices of trust, both political and religious. Was noted for his piety and great memory. He was resolute in purpose, and adhered to his convictions with the pertinacity of the Scotch covenanter. He was well educated for his time. Though he left Ireland when eight years of age, yet he could describe with great minuteness the old city of Londonderry, with its walls and fortifications. He could describe the streets as he saw them in his boyhood, and would relate what he had seen and heard of the extreme distress growing out of the celebrated defence of the city; distress so great and the gnawings of hunger so keen that rats were food and had a market price. He died in 1797, in his 92d year.

John Cochran was of unadulterated Scotch blood, was the son of John and Elizabeth (Arwin) Cochran, of Londonderry, Ireland, where he was born in 1704. His father shared with his Scotch comtrymen in the glorious defence of the city against the Catholics in 1688-'89. Young Cochran came to New Hampshire in 1720, and in 1730 located on a swell of land in East Windham, which remains to this day in possession of descendants. It was at that time a wilderness, and he displayed the usual amount of endur-

ance of the pioneer. He was a leading and respected citizen. He married Jenny McKeen, of Londonderry. Their married life was long and pleasant, and they sleep side by side in the "Cemetery on the Hill." They are the ancestors of the Cochrans of Windham, and of Rev. W. R. Cochran, historian of Antrim, N. H.

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James Betton was born in Scotland in 1727-'28. He came to Windham about 1753, and died March 18, 1803. He settled in the north part of the town, and was a very active, popular, and influential citizen. He was for the time well educated; was an auctioneer, surveyor, and justice of the peace. He filled all the prominent positions in town, and was in 1777 an agent from the state of New Hampshire to the seat of the national government at Baltimore, and brought to New England a large amount of money with which to prosecute the Revolutionary war. He was the father of Hon. Silas Betton, who was born in Windham, Aug. 26, 1767. He graduated at Dartmouth college in 1787. Was a member of the house and state senate several years, member of congress from 1803 to 1807, and high sheriff of Rockingham county from 1813 to 1819.

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Lieut. Samnel Morison<sup>3</sup> was born in Ireland, at or near Londonderry. He was of Scotch blood, and his parents were *Charter* James Morison,<sup>2</sup> of Londonderry, N. H., and Mary Wallace. His grandfather, John Morison,<sup>1</sup> was born in Scotland, and emigrated to Ireland previous to 1688, and resided at or near Londonderry. He and his sons and family were of

the number of Scotch Protestants who during the famous siege and defence of that city in 1688-'89 were by the inhuman order of Gen. Conrad de Rosen, the French commander, driven beneath the walls of the city, suffering the pangs of starvation, and exposed to the missiles of death from the besieged and besiegers. They survived, and were admitted into the city. He died in Londonderry, N. H., in 1736.

Lieut. Samuel Morison came to Londonderry, N. H., when a lad of 15 years. He located in Windham about 1730, and his home farm is still in possession of a descendant, its bounds unchanged. He is the ancestor of the Morisons of Windham. He was well educated in Ireland, and became an influential man in this settlement. He presided in the first town-meeting, and in thirty subsequent meetings of the free-holders, the last time in 1775. It may be of interest to state that the person who acted as moderator at the last annual meeting is a great-grandson of Samuel Morison, who acted as moderator of the first annual meeting 141 years ago. He was a member of the first board of selectmen, and acted in that capacity for seven years, and was clerk for four years. His intellectual power was robust and strong. His mind was broad, and his heart sensitive to the calls of the needy and unfortunate. He was noted for his piety, and was held in the highest esteem. He was a lieutenant in a Massachusetts regiment, at Fort Cumberland, N. S., in 1760.

He was a rigid Presbyterian, and was an elder in that church. In the town records he is alluded to as

“Samuel Morison, Gent,” also in many deeds. He was much engaged in public business. He married Martha, daughter of Samuel Allison, of Londonderry. She was born March 31, 1720, and was the first female child of European extraction born in that town. She died Dec. 3, 1761. He died Feb. 11, 1776, and in the cemetery overlooking the bright sparkling waters of Cobbett’s pond they sleep their last sleep.

Henry Campbell was here in 1733. He was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1697, and married Martha Black in 1717. He was son of Daniel Campbell, born in 1660 at Argyle, Scotland. He located in the west side of the town, and his descendants live to this day upon the ancestral

acres. He was the ancestor of the Campbells of Windham, of Hon. Charles H. Campbell of Nashua, and of James Madison Campbell, late of Manchester.

John Dinsmoor, son of John Dinsmoor of Scotland, came to Londonderry in 1723, and is ancestor of the Dinsmoors here. His house was in Londonderry, the front door-stone being on the line between Windham and Londonderry. He died in 1741. His grandson, William Dinsmoor, was a man of parts, and possessed quite a poetical gift. The latter was father of the elder Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor of Keene, of Robert Dinsmoor (the “rustic bard”), and an uncle of Col. Silas Dinsmoor, the noted Indian agent.

## WHITEFIELD.

*Extract from an Unpublished History.*

BY LEVI W. DODGE.

Error as to the spelling of the name of the town crept in early, and this has given rise to doubts expressed by some as to the origin of the title; or,—as there is a reason for every established fact,—its why and its wherefore. It is true that in the original grant, as copied, the name has a plural ending, and also many times thus appears in some of the earlier records; but it was clearly, as we think, on account of a clerical *lapsus penne*, or extravagant ending of the *d* in the original petition, or subsequent use of the name, and

ignorance of the origin and true application of the title.

To call it “Whitefields” in 1774 would have been a misnomer, as there was no place for a field of white throughout all the dark evergreen wilderness within its borders. No intervalles existed suggestive of what might become white fields by a summer’s product of daisies or a winter’s burden of snow. Black forests every where abounded, save upon the highlands thickly covered with the deciduous growth.

The writer has in his possession

several musty documents relating to the early affairs of the town, of dates from 1774 to 1802, and in most cases the name is spelled without the plural ending. One of these is a deed from one Stephen Cogan, conveying the "right of land in township of *Whitefield*, so called, being the same I purchased of Timothy Nash." This Nash was one of the original grantees, only two of whom ever resided in the vicinity; he settled about 1764 upon the Connecticut, in the present town of Lunenburg, and doubtless knew that the land he was granted, and which he was reconveying, lay in Whitefield without an *s*.

There were then, we believe, but three towns in all New Hampshire whose titles were not suggested by the parties interested, either from the names of older places, or in memory or in honor of individuals or families. Nor is Whitefield the only one that has borne a miss-spelled title or misinterpretation. Bretton Woods, now Carroll, on our southern border, was originally granted to Sir Thos. Wentworth, Bart., and others. The country seat of Sir Thomas was known as "Bretton Hall," at Bretton, England. Gov. Wentworth designed to name this new wild grant after the English country home of his kinsman, and so called it "Bretton Woods;" but a careless clerk dotted the *e*, and Britton Woods it became.

"Lloyd Hills," now Bethlehem, is spelled in Willey's "Early History of the White Mountains" Lord's Hill, and it was thus known by the first settlers, which may have suggested the present title. The suggestion for the original name of the grant was clearly this. About twenty thousand

acres of the township were patented to one Joseph Loring, whose wife was a daughter of Rev. Henry Lloyd, at one time a contractor for the royal army. They followed Gov. Wentworth into exile in 1776, being both firm supporters of the King's cause, and were accordingly proscribed and banished by the act of 1788. Lloyd died in London in 1796, and Loring in 1789, also in England.

The Lorings had one son born to them, in Dorchester, Mass., who took the name of John Wentworth Loring, by the pleasure of the provincial governor of New Hampshire, and this young scion of the house of Loring would have been the heir presumptive to his father's Lloyd Hills estate had it not been forfeited by acts of disloyalty. Thus did Gov. Wentworth think to perpetuate the name of his friend by a grant of a township to the family, and by the attachment of the family name to the township.

The addition of the plural *s* to Whitefield was no stranger error than has occurred in that of the spelling of several other towns. The petitioners for those grants, as is well known, were not well versed in orthography, especially of proper nouns, and frequently wrote their own individual names with amazing incorrectness. Swansea, in its early records, was sometimes written with an *s*, and at other times with a *z*, when in fact it was named for that old Welsh town Swansea—a greater error by far than an *s* to Whitefield. Stewartstown was granted to John Stuart and others of London, and was named Stuarttown, an obvious derivation; it was first incorporated Stuart, but afterwards changed to its present ren-

dering. The first name of Stark was Percey, from Thomas Percey, at that time chaplain to the king; but in the act of incorporation an evident clerical error occurred of introducing an *i*, and thus was it put on record—Piercy.

The petitioners in the case of the town of Windsor asked to be incorporated by the name of Winsor; but during the passage of the act a *d* was inserted, and thus it is.

In relation to the present town of Wolfeborough: In the Journal of the House it is Wolfsborough; and in the council records the *f* is omitted. Which is the right?

The town of Plaistow was incorporated without the use of the *i*—Plastow. The present spelling is probably without authority.

When, in 1804, the pioneers of Whitefield petitioned the general court to be incorporated as a town, with intent to settle any complications that might arise from the dual orthography, and to inform the rest of the world that Whitefield was the proper and desired title, they asked to have the insinuating *s* forever dropped from its name, which was accorded Dec. 1, 1804.

The idea has always prevailed among those interested, and the writer has no doubt it was the intention of the grantor, either in accordance with his own or the expressed wishes of some of those upon whom this grant was bestowed, that the name thereof was to commemorate that of the Rev. George Whitefield, the light of whose life had been but recently extinguished, and whose name was even then a household word throughout all New England.

It is a fact that he was a welcome guest at the Wentworth mansion, and that the governor held the itinerating ecclesiastic in high esteem, although he was proselyting followers from the established church. The last week of the great preacher's life was passed in New Hampshire, during which he preached four of his unique sermons, delivered in the open air, for there was no church large enough to hold the crowds who came to see and hear him; and, in fact, many of the houses of Sabbath worship were closed against him.

His last discourse was at Exeter, the day before his death, where, in God's free, vast temple, he preached for two long hours to a crowd of interested listeners. At Newburyport, upon the following day, was his next appointment; but during the night he was seized with an asthmatic paroxysm, of which he died suddenly, in his 56th year.

Mr. Whitefield was born in Gloucester, England. He took the degree of A. B. from Pembroke college, and was ordained in 1736 by the bishop of Gloucester, and in 1740 was admitted to priestly orders. He made seven different voyages between England and America, always in the cause of religion and humanity. It was said of him that "no clergyman ever possessed the powers of oratory in a higher degree, or led a more useful or virtuous life."

Upon the day of his death, Sept. 30, 1770, all the bells of Portsmouth tolled from 11 o'clock till sunset.

The house where Whitefield died is still standing upon School street in Newburyport, and is pointed out to visitors as one of the objects of inter-



est in that historic old town. The church beneath whose sanctuary lie the ashes of this founder of the Calvinistic order of Methodists is hard

by, and a cenotaph placed above the dead by an eminent friend of the ardent preacher tells the story of his life, labors, and virtues.

## ORIGIN AND MEANING OF PROPER NAMES.

BY EDWIN D. SANBORN, LL. D.

A man without a name is as near nobody as we can well imagine. If he does anything, says anything, or even thinks anything worthy of note, he will be observed and named from his prominent characteristics. "Sine nomine homo non est." says a Latin proverb. From the beginning, therefore, men have always borne at least *one* significant name. "The first man is of the earth earthy." Adam took his name from the earth, of which he was formed. The Hebrew word means "red earth." The Latin "homo" is associated with "humus," and with the Roman's "humilis," humble, meant lowly, *of the earth*. These names point to man's origin—from the dust.

Proper names designate individuals. Originally men had but one name, as Adam, David, Ninus, Cyrus, Socrates, Plato, Cicero, Cato, Paul, and John. Names were generally imposed to indicate some quality or attribute of the infant or some circumstance attending his birth. The Jews named their children eight days after birth. The Romans named their daughters immediately after birth; their sons on the ninth day, and held a feast called "*nominalia*." The Greeks usually named their children on the tenth day

after birth, and consecrated the day to sacrifices and feasting.

Hebrew names very often were historical. Moses means "drawn out of the water;" Isaac means "laughter," referring to the levity of the mother when his birth was announced by the angel. Another parent named her child Gad, for she said "A troop cometh." David was the "well beloved," the youngest and the hope of the house, the flower of the family. The dying Rachel named her infant "Benoni," the son of my sorrow; but Jacob called him "Benjamin," the son of my strength. Other children were named from peculiarities of form, features, or complexion. The Greeks and Romans were careful to impose upon persons and places names of good omen. With the Romans such names as Victor, Castor, Faustus, and Probus were called "bona nomina," or "fausta nomina." They sought men with good names to offer their sacrifices, found colonies, and lead armies." Hence the proverb, "Bonum nomen, bonum omen." The fair sounding name was a presumption of success. With the Greeks warlike terms are often incorporated in the names of their heroes.

Here we may ask, Did the name

imposed in infancy determine the pursuits of the adult? or, Were the parents so confident of the powers of their sons as to anticipate their history, and name them by way of prolepsis? The word *πόλεμος*, war, derived by some from *πολύς*, much, and *ἄιμα*, blood, appears in many a warrior's name, as Telemus and Archepolemus. The words *μάχη*, battle, and *νοῦς*, mind, and other words indicating strength, speed, glory, and counsel, often constituted elements in the names of illustrious men. When these names, significant of future renown, were given, the parents were wont to pray that those that bore them might deserve the title. When Grunthram, king of France, named Clotharius at the font, he said, "Crescat puer et punjus sit nominis executor." So the Roman emperors Severus, Probus, and Aurelius are called "sui nominis imperatores." They were rightly named. They fulfilled their destiny as it was foreshadowed at their christening.

Those names which denoted personal defects or deformities, as *γρονόσ*, eagle-nose, or "Flaccus," flapped, must have been given as sobriquets; but such names as *καλλήμορος*, renowned for victory, or *Ἐνεργέτης*, a benefactor, seem to have been given to infants.

As men multiplied, there was need of more names to distinguish one from another. The most obvious distinction would be the use of the father's name with the son's; next, the place of residence, office, or employment. Patronymics in the most simple form are written in full, as *Ἰσαροῦ τῶν Δαυιδάδων*, or Solomon the son of David. We also read of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Gregory, Nazian-

zen, Polycletes the sculptor, Diogenes the cynic, and Nero the tyrant. These are very convenient epithets to indicate the person referred to. The Greeks used patronymics ending in *ides* and *ades* to designate sons, as Priamides the son of Priam, Atlantides, the son or descendant of Atlas.

The termination "ing" in Anglo-Saxon is equivalent to "ιδης" in Greek. Eâdgaring—the son of Edgar; Eâdbeht Eâdgaring—Edbert Edgarson. Possibly Dering, Brown-ing, and Whiting may be equivalent to dear, brown, and white darling; and darling is from *deor*—dear and *ling*—condition. The Russians affix "witz," the Poles "sky," to the father's name to indicate what we mean by son, as Panlowitz—Paul's son; Petrowsky—Peterson. From the Welch prefix "Ap," meaning son, as Ap-Richard, Ap-Rice, we have Pritchard and Price. A still stranger corruption is that of Peter Gower, from Pythagoras (French—Pythagore), or Benjamin Eaton, from the Spanish "Benito," Latin Benedictus.

The Romans were more prodigal of names than the Greeks. They frequently used three names, and sometimes four, to describe a single person. Cicero's gentile name was Tullius, his whole name Marcus Tullius Cicero. The last was called the cognomen: the first distinguished the individual who bore it from other members of his gens or house. The whole republic was divided into gentes or houses, and these were subdivided into familiæ or families. Accordingly several distinguished families might belong to the same gens. This term may have denoted *consanguinity* at its origin, but in process of time it be

came the name of an association having common religious rites.

Some illustrious men received additional names or titles from the countries they conquered or the victories they won, as Africanus, Asiaticus, Torquatus. In familiar address the *præ nomen* was used. Horace says, "gaudent prænominē molles Auriculæ." So with us, lovers, parents, and boon companions use the Christian name or a diminutive of it.

There is probably a difference in meaning between surname and sur-name. Sir, or Sire, is an abbreviation of seigneur: hence surname or sirename is simply the father's name added, as Mac Allan, Fitz Herbert, and Ap-Evan are sirenames meaning the son of Allan, Herbert, and Evan. All nations resort to this usage. The Highland Scotch and Irish use Mac for son, as Mac Neil. The Irish also prefix "oí" or O', meaning grandson, as O'Hara, O'Neale. O' and Mack now are common Irish prefixes, which is indicated in the following humorous stanza:

"By Mac and O  
You'll always know  
True Irishmen, they say;  
For if they lack  
Both O and Mac,  
No Irishmen are they."

Titles among the ancients were frequently mistaken for proper names, as Cyrus in Persia, Pharaoh in Egypt, Lucumo in Etruria, Brennus in Gaul, and Cæsar in Rome. Possibly these appellations may have belonged to individuals at first, who, owing to their distinction, transmitted their names, with their honors, to their successors. So the first twelve Roman emperors were called Cæsars from the first, who gave his cognomen

to the office he created. So the emperor of Russia is still styled the "czar," probably from the recollections of the Roman imperial title. Some modern critics, I am aware, find the origin of that word in the Russian tongue. Several of the royal families of England and Europe can trace their names to a more inglorious origin. Such are the royal lines of Plantagenet, Tudor, Steward or Stuart, Valois, Bourbon, Oldenburg, and Hapsburg. The Medici of Florence, the city of flowers, it is said, derive their name from the profession of the founder of that illustrious house. He was a physician, "*medicus*;" and his descendants becoming bankers and brokers, adopted the three golden balls as their sign to indicate that their founder was a maker and vender of *pills*, or a Doctor of Medicine.

Surnames are over names, because, as Du Cange says, "They were at first written not in a direct line *after* the Christian name, but *above it between the lines*;" and hence they were called in Latin *supra nomina*; in Italian, *supra nome*; in French, *sur-noms*, over-names. When the feudal system declined, and the undistinguished and undistinguishable serfs began to emerge into that political body called *the nation*, subject to enrolment and taxation, every individual must then have "a local habitation and a name," however much his social and political rights might hitherto have resembled "airy nothings." As late as the fifteenth century the king of Poland persuaded his barbarian subjects to adopt Christianity as their national religion. The nobles and warriors were baptized separately: the multitude were divided into companies, and

a single name and a single baptism sufficed for each company. But such parsimony in holy water and Christian names did not long answer the demands of the times. Whoever was distinguished in body, mind, or estate had a name,—a surname,—given him to apprise the world of his superiority. Surnames existed among the Anglo-Saxons: they came into general use under the Normans. Before the conquest patronymics were often formed by appending to the father's name the word son, as Richardson, Johnson, Jackson, Willson, &c. The oldest surnames in Domesday-Book are taken from places or estates, as Godfredus de Mannevilla, Walterus de Vernon, and Robertus de Oily. Others were derived from their fathers, as Gubelmus, filius Osberni; others were taken from offices, as Endo, Dapifer, Gubelmus Camerarius or Gislebertus, Cocus. Many common people have no surnames. These were regarded as a luxury, and could be enjoyed only by the rich and nobles. Once a single name was deemed sufficient for the mightiest conqueror. To assign any additional name to Alexander, Cyrus, Caesar, or Alfred would detract from their fame. Now it requires a fair degree of culture and a good memory for a young princess to recite and spell her own names. Kings are generally known by one name, though they enjoy in private half a dozen. It deserves notice, that men who affect greatness bolster themselves up with names and titles just in proportion as they are deficient in native endowments and moral qualifications. In speaking of the truly great men of our own country we say Washington, Webster, or Clay, without even prefix-

ing a mister or an honorable. Sometimes we use the Christian name to indicate a familiar household reverence for our patriots, and say Patrick Henry, James Otis, John Adams, or John Hancock. If we wish to be peculiarly respectful, we prefix an adjective, as old Sam Adams, old John Adams, or old Tom Jefferson; but when we come to our village worthies, whose greatness is nominal and official, we use freely the titles of president, judge, colonel, general, honorable, and esquire.

The Anglo-Saxons are a conquering people, and yet they are the greatest promoters of the arts of peace. They have inherited their personal independence, their hatred of oppression, their aggressive spirit, their love of adventure, and their fondness for military titles from their earliest ancestors.

The Germans derived their national appellation from their warlike habits. The word German is from "gér," a spear, and "mann," a man, signifying "spearman." Others derive it from an old root meaning war: hence the whole word would indicate a hero. This name, as Tacitus informs us, was chosen by themselves to inspire terror in their enemies. They called themselves "*warmen*," or fighters by profession, to alarm their foes. They are also called the Teutonic race. This epithet is derived from their founder, who doubtless was a hero—a slayer of men and a destroyer of cities. Tacitus says the Germans worshipped Tuisco, or Tuisto, and his son Mannus, as the origin and founders of their race. The god and his offspring "*man*" are here associated. Their tradition ascends not above the name

and fame of their first hero. He received divine honors. The day on which Tuisco was specially honored was named Tuesday, and the people who paid him divine honors were called "Teutones," whence we obtain the modern words Teutsch and Dutch, Teutonic and Germanic; therefore are the sacred and military names of the same people both derived from heroes.

The same race are sometimes called Goths. This word means brave or good in war, as among all early nations valor is equivalent to goodness. The bravest fighter was the best man: so among our ancestors Goth, Gott, God, and good are but one and the same word differently spelled. When applied to a deity, a tribe or nation, it meant *brave* or *fierce*, not *kind* or *beneficent*, as in modern use. It was a title of Odin, or Woden, the bloody warrior of the North, who swept over nations from the Indus to the Northern ocean like a hyperborean tempest, and was literally *the god of hosts*. From him the fourth day of our week is named Wednesday or "Woden's day."

It has been said by an eminent critic that "Odin or Woden, the former Scandinavian in its origin, from the Norse 'odr,' the latter Germanic, from 'wod,' raging, mad, WODE, denotes *one possessed with fury*." The Scandinavian Odin and the German Woden were the same god, whose name indicates his character. The Goths, or *braves*, were divided into Ostro-Goths and Visi-Goths, or Eastern and Western Goths. The Westro- or Visi-Goths, in the early part of the fifth century, under Alaric or Al-ric, "*all rich*," or very rich, enter-

ed Italy and pillaged Rome. In their subsequent conquests they formed a union with the Vandals, who are commonly supposed to be a Gothic tribe deriving their name from the Teutonic word "wenden," to turn or wander, denoting a collection of roving tribes or wanderers like the Asiatic Nomads. Dr. Latham thinks the word Vandal is the same as Wend, which is the German name for Slavonian. Carlyle speaks of the northern Baltic countries being vacated by the Goths and occupied by immigrating Slaves called Vandals or Wends in the fourth century, and adds, the word "*slave*," in all our Western languages, means captured Slavonian.

The Vandals, under Genseric, Gans-ric, "wholly rich," conquered Mauritania in 429. In their victorious march into Africa they conquered Spain, and named the province assigned to them from themselves Vandalitia, which in process of time was softened into Andalusia.

The etymological history of European names of places and of men points directly to the peculiarities of both. Our ancestors were warlike: their national, local, and individual names show it. The Greeks gave the general appellation of Scythian to all the tribes north of the Black sea. Some suppose this to have been a Teutonic word assumed by themselves, and borrowed by the Greeks from the verb "schütten," to shoot, because they were expert bowmen. The word Saxon is supposed to be affiliated with the primitive "seax," a sword, because the Saxons were good swordsmen. In like manner the Angles are associated with the word "angel" or "angl," a hook or barbed weapon

which they wielded with great dexterity, as the sea-kings, their bold descendants, hurl a harpoon.

The Celts, who immediately preceded the conquering Goths in the west of Europe, show a different taste in their civil and geographical nomenclature. Klipstein observes,—“The Keltae, Keltici, or Celtæ Celtici, *Κελταί, Κελτικάς*, Galli, Galatæ, the Kelts or Celts, Gauls, Gaels, and Galatians may all be considered one and the same people under different branches and relations. It may be as well to observe that the Greeks termed the Roman Gallia *Galatia*, from the Keltic name Galtachd, or Gaëltachd, *the land or country of the Gauls or Gaëls*, and sometimes to distinguish it from the kingdom of Galatia, founded at a later day by the same people in Phrygia and called Keltikê and Kelto-Galatia. The origin of all these terms is found in the word ‘ceilt’ or ‘ceiltach,’ signifying ‘inhabitant of a forest,’ and Galtachd or Gaëltachd itself would therefore denote a *forest country*, ‘ceil,’ ‘gaël,’ ‘gall,’ meaning a *forest*.”

How remote in time and culture were these wild woodmen from their descendants, the polished Parisians! The earliest inhabitants of Great Britain were Celts. The Highland Scotch, the primitive Irish, and the Welsh are supposed to be their descendants. The whole country bears traces of their occupancy in the existing names of places. The earliest known name of the island, Albion, is derived from the Celtic “alb,” white, and “in” or “innis,” an island. Pliny says,—“Albion sic dicta ab albis rupibus quas mare alluit.” Britain is sup-

posed to be derived from the name of a Celtic king, “Prydain, the son of Aedd the Great.” Others give “Brit-daoine,” painted people, or “Bruit-tan,” tin-land. Caledonia, by Klipstein, is derived from the Celtic Cel-y-ddon, Kelts of the mountain, “tun” or “ddun” being a mountain; and Irene of the Greeks, Hebernia of the Romans, and Ireland of the English, is from “Erin,” the west, and “in,” an island, meaning the island of the west, which to the native is “sweet Erin.”

The Celts and Romans, who successively inhabited England, have left but few traces of their residence there except monuments and names of places. England was named Anglesland from the Angles, who probably were the most numerous of the six different colonies of Germans that settled in Britain between A. D. 449 and 547. The first German invaders, under Hengist and Horsa, who called themselves *Jutes*, settled and founded the kingdom of Kent. The second invasion, led by Aella, A. D. 477, was made by Saxons, who established the little kingdom of Sussex or South Saxons. The third invasion, under Cerdic, A. D. 495, was made by Saxons. They founded the kingdom of Wessex, or the West Saxons, on the coast of Hampshire. In the year 530 another horde of Saxons landed in Essex, the home of the East Saxons. The date of the fifth settlement is not known. The invaders were Angles, and occupied Norfolk and Suffolk,—that is, North folk and South folk, or people.

[To be continued.]

**AMONG THE HAYMAKERS.**

BY ARTHUR E. COTTON.

The smell of new-mown hay is in the air, and the music of whetting scythe. Who that was born and bred in the country does not remember the exhilarating boy pleasures of haying, with its prized freedom from the detested school-books and tasks, with its delicious draughts of home-brewed beer and the exhaustless supplies of good things from mother's exquisite larder? How cool the damp grass feels to our bare feet as we spread the green swaths! Load-making on the ox-rack, and storing away in the mow of the old barn—who shall tell the joys thereof?

And what have we here? A ground sparrow's nest with two fledgelings. We shall remember this so as to visit it at more leisure, and we shall remember, too, that hornet's nest when we come to rake.

Daniel Webster, who was once a New Hampshire farmer boy and worked at haying on one of these hill farms, said a scythe always hung to suit him when it hung in a tree. Pity Daniel never lived to see his way to become practically adopted by the agricultural world at large.

Under the old style all hands had to be in the field by four o'clock and mow till seven, without a particle of food. Men were reckoned for hardihood of physical endurance. The demijohn stood under a tree, and from frequent reference to it the "hands" would become noisy and quarrelsome. Then it took a half dozen stout men a month to cut a large farm. Now one man and a boy will do the same work in a week on

nothing stronger than iced coffee. The unadulterated Yankee is passing away, and with him his crude habits of toil. Once in a great while we meet with an old-fashioned fellow, way back under the hills, who has not heard of the improved means of agriculture, or having heard of them, disbelieves in them, and jogs along at the old pace with hook and loafer, hauling his last load in on the snow. These are few. They have outlived their generation and their usefulness.

But it is thickening up in the west, and to-morrow will be foul weather. All hands can go a-fishing. Early in the morning the angle-worms are secured, the bay mare hitched to the lumbering farm wagon, pipes are loaded and lighted, the luncheon pail, the fishing tackle, which includes a suspicious looking jug done up in a blanket and hidden under the seat (that was the time of the vigorous enforcement of the Maine law), are put aboard, and we are off for Bennett's Bridge and the famous fishing grounds. At the pond we get plenty of mosquito bites, but no fish bites. After waiting in vain for nibbles, and gesticulating frantically at the mosquitoes, during which time we may have used some unnecessary expletives, our patience is finally spent, and we unanimously vote it dull music, except the experienced Nimrod of the party, whose waiting power is composed of sterner stuff. He sticks to the boat: the rest adjourn to the shore, leaving old Piscator at his task, who, truth to tell, had wondrous good luck after we left him,

and pulled in a nice string of pickerel that was fair to see, and eat, too. Pluck will win, even at the end of an old fish-pole. Thus ended the fishing excursion. All wet outside—oh, my! how it did rain—and probably some of us something so innerly. Shades of Izaak Walton! Are such the real joys of angling you have beguiled us with so many hours?

Bright visions of hunting four-leaved clover with the farmer's red-checked daughter, who, as we recollect, could do her share of raking hay, loom up in the memory. It happened, too, on some Sunday when we truants ought to have been at church. I wonder what has become of that little blue-eyed maiden we made love to in those olden summer days? Is she yet single, or did she marry a man for his money and then divorce him?

It was considered lucky to hire at a place where they had plenty to eat, for at some they notoriously skinned the help. Uncle Zeke's was one of the good ones. The old man would bring a panful of doughnuts out into the field. The men would take a doughnut in one hand and drag a loafer with the other. When they came to the barn with hay, Aunt Martha gave them each a piece of mince pie to eat on the way to the field. No time was wasted there, not even in eating. "The idee is, it pays to feed well," he would say with a peculiar wink of the left eye. He did get a "sight" of work out of his help. He was a deacon and a temperance man, swore as deacons do, and drank in the orthodox way. He put into his cellar every fall ten barrels of cider. He did not sell it,

never gave away any. It was an unsolved mystery what became of it, the most reasonable theory being that it leaked into the cellar. He was a great meeting hand—punctual in his pew on Sunday, where he enjoyed a comfortable nap, but he never considered it wicked for his men to mend fence in the afternoon, provided they had attended church.

Your farmer is generally weather-wise, and just enough superstitious to make him interesting. If the cows come to the barn before night, if the moon has a circle around it, if the water boils away in the kettle, if the young robbins twitter in the branches, if the tree-toad or loon halloos, they are, to these credulous people, infallible signs of rain, and all hay fit to be housed is hurriedly got to the barns.

The "big day" in haying was when the meadow was cut, especially if you worked in water up to your knees—the early ride over the rough country road while the fresh smell of morning lingered on every green thing around, and the silver web of gossamer glistened by the wayside, the noon lunch eaten in the delicious shade of some tree, the ride home at night on the hay.

How many times have I come from the singing meadows as the dews of night were falling,—albeit we were tired as dogs, wet as drowned rats, and hungry as bears: still those days had their pleasant side. The least eventful life furnishes the most enjoyment after all. And as we look back to the quiet single years, we can almost wish to live that life over anew, and be a barefoot boy again on that little hillside farm.



## BOUNDARY LINE.

Civil Engineer Nelson Spofford, of Haverhill, boundary line surveyor on the part of Massachusetts in the present controversy with New Hampshire, is in receipt of valuable and important copies of maps and other documents relative to this subject from the Public Records office of England.

As long ago as 1883 Mr. Spofford made inquiries of Minister Lowell as to the necessary proceedings in order to ascertain what documents might be found on record relative to the settlement of the boundary line controversy in 1741. In reply, Minister Lowell directed him to Mr. B. F. Stevens, of London, as a person every way qualified to render any assistance that might be necessary. Consequently Mr. Stevens was employed to search the records, and he forwarded to Mr. Spofford a list of twenty-five documents and maps relating to this subject, with the cost of copying; and here the matter rested until the Boundary Line Commission was organized, in 1885, when Mr. Spofford was directed to order copies of such documents as might appear to be of the most importance, but owing to delays from various causes these documents have been but recently received.

The list embraces some three hundred pages foolscap of closely written matter, and copies of three maps. Among the documents appear the following:

## No. I.

*Public Record Office of England.*

Colonial Correspondence Bd. of Trade  
New England.

Order of the King in Council.

9 April 1740

*Indorsed, New England, Massachusetts Bay New Hampshire Order of Council dated April 9th 1740 directing the Board to prepare an Instruction to the Governor of the Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire for settling the Bounds of these Provinces pursuant to a report of the Committee of Council.*

At the Court of St. James  
the 9th. April 1740  
Present

The Kings most Excellent Majesty  
in Council

*Whereas:* His Majesty was this day pleased by his order in Council, to signify his approbation of a Report made by the Lords of the Committee in Council upon the respective Appeals of the Provinces of the Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire for the Determination of the Commissioners—appointed to settle the Boundaries between the said Provinces, and to direct in what manner the said Boundaries should be settled, and also to require the Governor and the respective Councils and Assemblys of the said Provinces to take especial care to carry His Majestys commands thereby signified into due execution as by a copy of the said Order hereto annexed, may more fully appear. And His Majesty being desirous to remove all further pretence for continuing the Disputes which have subsisted for many years between the said Provinces on Account of the said Boundaries, and to prevent any delay in ascertaining the Boundary pursuant to the said order in Council, Doth Hereby Order that the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations do prepare the Draught of such an instruction as they shall conceive proper to be sent to the Governor of those Provinces, for enforcing the due execution of the said order and requiring him in the strongest terms

to cause His Majestys Commands in this behalf to be executed in the most effectual and expeditious manner, to the end that his Majestys Intentions for promoting the Peace and Quiet of the said Provinces, may not be frustrated or delayed. And they are to lay the said Draught before the Right Honorable the Lords of the Committee of Council for Plantation Affairs.—

(Signed) Temple Stanyan

No. 11.

Order of Committee of Council

9 April 1741

*Indorsed* (with petitions) Massachusetts Order of the Lords of ye Committee of Council dated ye 9th of April 1741 referring to this board ye Petition of Thomas Hutchinson of Boston Esq. praying his Majesty to direct that the several Line Townships which by the Line directed to be run by his Majestys Order in Council of ye 9th April 1740 will be cut off from the Province of Massachusetts Bay may be united to that Province.

At the Council Chamber Whitehall

the 9th. of April 1741 By the Right Honorable the Lords of the Committee of Council for Plantation Affairs.

His Majesty, having been pleased by his order in Council of the 19th of February last, to refer unto this Committee the humble petition of Thomas Hutchinson of Boston in his Majesty Province of Massachusetts Bay Esq. humbly praying that His Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct that the several Townships, commonly known by the name of the line townships, which by the Line directed to be run by his Majestys Order in Council of the 9th of April 1740, will be cut off from the said Province of Massachusetts Bay may be United in that

Province—The Lords of the Committee this day took the said petition, together with several others thereto annexed, from the said Township into Consideration, and are hereby pleased to refer the same to the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, to examine into the said Petitions, and report their Opinion thereupon to this Committee

(Signed) Temple Stanyan.

Benning Wentworth to the Board of Trade 8th December 1742

Indorsed New Hampshire Letter from Mr. Wentworth Governor of New Hampshire to the Board, dated Portsmouth ye 8th December 1742

Benning Wentworth, it will be remembered by those familiar with the history of New Hampshire, was the first governor of the separate province of New Hampshire, and succeeded the deposed Belcher who had been governor of both New Hampshire and Massachusetts Bay. Referring to the petitions of the inhabitants who had without their consent been summarily transferred from the jurisdiction of Massachusetts to that of New Hampshire, and who had petitioned the king to be returned to Massachusetts, Wentworth says,—

And unless it should be His Majesty's pleasure to put an end to Applications of this Nature, It will be impossible for me to carry his Royal Instructions into Execution.

New Hampshire sits down by his majesty's determination, and has showed the greatest obedience thereto by paying the whole expense of running and marking out the boundaries in exact conformity to the royal determination, and therefore thinks it a great hardship that Massachusetts should lead them into any new charge, in a dispute that had subsisted near

four score years, and which has been so solemnly determined.

And it may be added here, also, that the legislature of New Hampshire supplemented the above appeal of Gov. Wentworth with a prayer to the king, never, under any circumstances, to admit of the slightest infraction of the boundary line, thus determined and established according to his royal will and pleasure; and to the credit of that province and state it may also be stated here that that work, the boundary line as then established and recorded, has never been called in question by either.

Newspaper correspondents and others have agonized over the matter more or less, but the state has never gone back on her own record.

Jonathan Belcher to the Board of Trade.  
7 May 1741.

*Indorsed* Massachusetts, new Hampshire Letter from Mr. Belcher Governor of New England, dated at Boston ye 7th of May 1741, concerning a difficulty, arisen upon ye construction of His Majesty's Judgment respecting ye Boundaries betwixt ye Province of Massachusetts Bay and that of New Hampshire.

This is a very important document, and, as will be seen, effectually disposes of all claims New Hampshire may have been supposed to have to a slice of Massachusetts, and forms a very valuable and important state paper.

In connection with these documents Mr. Spofford has also received copies of three very important and valuable maps relating to the boundary line controversy of 1741.

No. 1 is a map of Merrimaek river and the boundary line at three miles distant on the north side thereof, by

George Mitchell, surveyor. This map is about 18x24 inches, and bears the following inscription on the upper left hand corner, enclosed in scroll work :

To  
His Excellency Benning Wentworth Esqr.  
Captain General & Commander in Chief over His  
Majesty's Province of New Hampshire  
This Map is Humbly Inscribed by  
His Excellencies  
Most Obedt. Servt.  
George Mitchell Surv'r.

And immediately under this we find the following note :

By Lines drawn on the North side of ye River there is as much land as water, which have their corresponding parallels at three miles distance; but as ye Sudden Bends renders it impracticable to come up to the Truth, the difference is divided equally in General.

In the lower left hand corner is the following note :

Received April 20th, with Governor Wentworth's Letter dated at Portsmouth in New Hampshire 6th March 1741&2

In the Lower right hand corner is the title enclosed in scroll work.

#### A MAP

Of the River Merrimaek from the Atlantick Ocean to Pawtucket Falls describing Bounds between His Majesty's Province of New Hampshire and the Massachusetts Bay, agreeable to His Majestys Order in Council 1741

On the back of the map we find the following sworn statement :

George Mitchell makes Oath, that this survey made by him of the River Merrimaek, from the mouth of said River to Pawtucket Falls, is true and exact to the best of his skill and knowledge, and that the line described in the plan is as con-

formable to His Majestys determination in Council, as was in his power to draw, but finding it impracticable to stick to the letter of said determination, has in some places taken from one Province, and made ample allowance for the same in the next reach of the River.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, March 8th, 1741.

George Mitchell,

Sworn	} Jus. of the Peace
Before	

Thus it will be seen that Mitchell was no tool or emissary of Belcher's, but he drew the boundary line according to his interpretation of the King's Decree, as it appears from examination of the map that he surveyed the river, made his plan, and then proceeded to lay off a strip of land three miles wide on the north side thereof. This he did by first drawing straight lines along the north shore of the river, passing so as to take one half of the river into his estimate, projecting these lines from the ocean to Pawtucket falls, and then draws the boundary line at three miles distance from these straight lines. Consequently no part of his line appears on the south side of the river. Mitchell does not seem to have understood the gymnastics of modern surveying.

This map shows no small degree of artistic ability in the surveyor who projected it, so much so that Mr. Spofford already has applications for copies from parties interested in works of this description.

But this map not only indicates a superior draughtsman, but a remarkably skilful and accurate surveyor.

His plan of the river, reduced by pantograph to the scale of the map accompanying the recent report of

the New Hampshire Commissioners to the legislature of that state, shows the survey to have been made and platted with a wonderful degree of accuracy.

This latest survey and plan were executed with the very best of modern appliances, by a skilful and experienced surveyor but recently from the United States Government survey of the Mississippi river, and neither time nor expense was spared to make it as accurate as could be platted on a scale of 2,500 feet to one inch; still, on comparing this latest product of modern skill, it is little more than a fac simile of Mitchell's work done with the rude instruments of a century and a half ago.

#### MAP NO. 3.

This map is on a sheet about 24x36 inches, and is the work of the same surveyor, and executed in the same general style as No. 2. The title reads as follows:

A Plan of the Rivers and Boundary Lines referred to in the Proceedings and Judgment to which this is annexed.

Geo. Mitchell Surveyor

#### Note

Recd Dec 20 1737 with Letter from ye Commissioners for settling the Boundary Lines between ye provinces of Massachusetts Bay & New Hampshire

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The commission of 1737, it will be remembered by persons familiar with this question, reported in substance as follows:

That if the second charter of the Province of Massachusetts Bay covered all the territory that the first charter covered, then the line should commence at the Atlantic ocean,

three miles north of the mouth of the Merrimack river, and thence running westerly and northerly, keeping at three miles' distance from the river to the junction of the Winnipiseogee and three miles further north, thence due west to his majesty's other dominions; but if it did not, then the dividing line should begin at a point three miles north of the Black Rocks and thence due west to his majesty's other dominions. These lines are all shown on the plan.

But both parties appealed from this decision, and the matter was carried before the king in council. This august body seems to have been run by New Hampshire's paid agent, one George Tomlinson, and the line was established at three miles north of the river to Pawtucket falls, and thence due west, etc. This gave New Hampshire some 700 square miles of Massachusetts more than that Province had ever claimed, consequently her willingness to pay all the expenses of running the lines that make the area of that state to-day 1,400 square miles larger than Massachusetts.

These records and maps are not only interesting historical documents,

but they show past all controversy that the boundary line matter was settled by the king's decree, that the execution was served, the land set off, the lines run and marked on the ground, the plans returned, accepted, and recorded, and the whole business executed as perfectly and thoroughly as it was possible to fix any division line anywhere at that time. It was all done with the cordial assent and concurrence of New Hampshire. Massachusetts protested against it, but without avail. The line thus established has been the line of jurisdiction ever since. Massachusetts set the bounds stones at the angles in 1827: they are all there to-day, and mark the angles in the line. Mr. Spofford has run on the ground, and there is not the slightest doubt of its correctness substantially, and why any person should now suppose for a single moment that a boundary line thus established by both parties can be changed at the option of one, and without the consent and against the wishes of the inhabitants living near it, is a mystery we shall not attempt to solve.—*Exchange*.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN MICHIGAN.—No. 7.

BY MARY M. CULVER, VASSER, MICH.

REV. JOHN D. PEIRCE.

Rev. John D. Peirce was born in Chesterfield, N. H., Feb. 18, 1797. His father, Gad Peirce, died while he was a child, and he went to reside with a paternal uncle. During his boyhood he was permitted to attend school two months each year. After his twentieth birthday his uncle al-

lowed him to work as a farm hand near home; and with one hundred dollars saved from his wages, and a like sum left him by his grandfather, he determined to get an education. Rev. Enoch Pond was his instructor in the preparatory studies required for admission to Brown University, which he entered in 1818 and graduated

from in 1822 with high honors. Having secured university honors, he taught in the academy at Wrentham, Mass., one year, and began theological studies at Princeton in 1823. In 1825 he was licensed to preach, and took charge of a Congregational church in Saugerfield, N. Y., where he remained four years. At this time the agitation against secret societies was at its height, and Mr. Peirce being a member of the Masonic fraternity, his congregation and himself could not harmonize. He resigned his pastorate, and for a while left the active work of the ministry. After teaching a while in Goshen, Conn., as principal, he left for Michigan in 1831, having been appointed by the Home Missionary Society for work in the (then) territory of Michigan. His first missionary work was in Marshall, Calhoun county, in July, 1831. In May, 1832, the Congregational church of Marshall was organized with five members, one of them being Mrs. Peirce, the wife of the pastor. Mr. Peirce is remembered for his kindness of speech and manner, his self-sacrifice, and his truly Christian life. His thorough acquaintance with the sacred writings made his labors as pastor eminently successful. His missionary labors were brought to a close in July, 1838, when he was appointed superintendent of public instruction at the organization of Michigan as a state. He had been nominated to this office in 1832, but his nomination was not confirmed by the legislature until July 26, 1836. Previous to this time very little attention had been paid to education in Michigan. Most of the new settlers were poor, and their time was fully occupied in clearing up their

land and providing for their families. Some of the leading men had held discussions on the subject, but no authorized system of education yet existed. Among those who were becoming interested in educational matters, Gen. Isaac E. Crary, a graduate of an Eastern college, and Mr. Peirce were the most prominent. They met frequently, and earnestly discussed the theme with increasing interest. They agreed to make an effort to have the education of the youth of Michigan a distinct branch of the government, and that its affairs should be in the hands of an officer, and thus give it an importance it could not otherwise gain. They prepared an article on the subject, which was presented to the convention, and, by its adoption, became the organic law. The law thus adopted provided for a state superintendent of instruction. In the creation of this office, Michigan was alone; and to these men, Messrs. Crary and Peirce, belongs the credit of the formation of a bureau of education in the (then) new state. The office came to Mr. Peirce unexpectedly, although he had for a long time been satisfied that the interests of the school system, then in its incipiency, demanded such an officer. He had no thought of the office for himself, but was expecting to busy himself in missionary work. He soon found his new position gave him plenty of work. At the July session of the legislature an act was passed requiring him to prepare and submit plans for the organization and support of primary schools, a plan for a university and branches, and for the disposition of primary school and university lands, to the legislature,

which would convene the first Monday in January, 1837. Mr. Peirce had a clear field for action and five months' time in which to prepare his report. He immediately went East and consulted such men as John A. Dix, Gov. Marcy of New York, President Humphrey of Amherst college, Gov. Everett of Massachusetts, President Day of Yale college, and other eminent men. He also attended the American Institute of Instruction held at Worcester, Mass., and the college of professional teachers at Cincinnati. During this pilgrimage among educators and schools, Mr. Peirce was a close observer of the systems examined, as he deeply appreciated the responsibility imposed upon him by the government, which had appropriated over a million acres of land for carrying out the system he was expected to recommend. The report, covering all the ground requested by the act of the legislature, was submitted, and was adopted by the legislature with scarcely a dissenting voice. His next move, in the cause of education in Michigan, was the devising a plan for the establishment of a university, which proved a very perplexing business, as it was then believed that the maintenance and success of a state institution was impracticable. It was suggested that the private academies then in existence should be named the University of Michigan, and the fund set apart for the university should be divided among them in proportion to the number of students in attendance. This scheme was favored by many throughout the state, but was vigorously opposed by Mr. Peirce, who brought to bear, in its defeat, all the influence he could con-

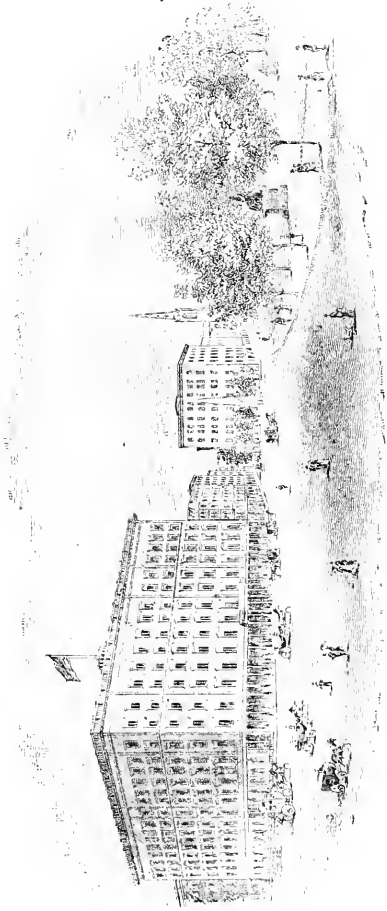
trol. The measure passed the Senate, and was defeated in the house by only one vote. The opposition to the scheme of Mr. Peirce was very bitter; but accomplished facts have demonstrated the wisdom of his position in the matter, as Michigan now boasts of a University whose fame, with its fifteen hundred students, is world-wide. In his opposition to the confederation of the academies, he was seconded by many distinguished educators, who, like him, clearly saw the impracticability of the scheme, and the waste of time and energy that its adoption would bring. Again were his shrewdness and foresight shown in opposing the appropriation of \$500,000 that had been made for the erection of buildings. Mr. Peirce believed that such an amount used at that time would seriously cripple the future of the university, which he believed should develop naturally. It will thus be seen that his efforts for the establishment of the educational system covered many of the best years of his life. And to quote the words of another, "to John D. Peirce, Michigan owes her present admirable school system, of which every citizen is justly proud. Among other important measures originated by him was the homestead exemption law, by which many of the residents of the state are now owners of fine farms and comfortable homes. The provisions for the support of the public schools and the homestead exemption measure were, through his efforts, incorporated in the constitution of the state in 1850. In 1842 Mr. Peirce again took up the ministry, and in 1847 he was elected to the state legislature. He was ever a strong anti-

slavery man, and, as chairman of the committee on federal relations, he introduced a resolution instructing the Michigan delegation in congress to oppose the introduction of slavery into the territories. A few years since he took up his abode in Ypsilanti, where he resided until the summer of 1880, when, having a serious illness, his daughter, Mrs. Emerson, of Medway, Mass., was summoned to Ypsilanti. As soon as he was able to travel she persuaded him to return with her to Massachusetts, where he spent the evening of his days in the companionship of his only surviving child. Mr. Peirce resided with his daughter until March, 1882, when he was seized with a sudden illness, which terminated fatally in one week after his seizure. He died March 30, 1882. At his urgent request his remains were brought to Marshall for interment. During his illness his mind was strong, active, and unclouded. That he might feel the approach of death, and enjoy the company of dear friends to the last, he refused opiates of any description. When death claimed him, he calmly went to the reward which he had earned by a long life of service as a benefactor of the human race. He was an ardent lover of Michigan, her institutions and her people. It was in Michigan that his greatest and best labors were performed. Here he had very many warm admirers and personal friends; and his dying request was that he might be buried in the soil of his "beloved Michigan," and near the graves of those who had shared with him the burdens of pioneer life. Around the little mound of earth that marks his last resting-place are the graves of

honored men and women who were his co-laborers in the grand work of building up a civilization upon a foundation of morality and intellectual worth, the certain fruitage of his broad and philanthropic ideas of universal education; and as long as the present system of public education lasts, every school-house in the state, and especially the University of Michigan, will be a monument to John D. Peirce and the noble band of workers of which he was the central figure. Memorial services were held in Marshall at the High School, at which all the schools in the city participated. Every honor was paid to the memory of "Father Peirce" that affection, gratitude, and respect could devise. Beautiful floral tributes were brought by the pupils of the different schools; the most distinguished men of Marshall and the surrounding towns were present, and many of them made speeches, and seemed to vie with each other in bearing testimony to the worth of their deceased benefactor and friend. Many letters were read, sent by persons who could not be present, but who wished to offer their tribute of respect to his character and work in the cause of education. Both speakers and writers expressed a hope that these memorial services would assist in perpetuating the history of this great and good man, that future generations might be benefited by his example. One gentleman, a physician, who had practised in his family, and knew him in private as well as in public life, said of him,— "No man could know Mr. Peirce for any length of time without becoming a better man himself." He was greatly beloved throughout the state.







FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL AND MADISON SQUARE.

## FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

During the summer last passed, while at Boar's Head hotel, we were informed by Gen. Edward F. Noyes, ex-governor of Ohio, and late U. S. minister to France, that the Fifth Avenue hotel of New York city was in all respects the leading hotel in the world. His extensive acquaintance, not only with this country but with the cities of Europe, gives to his opinion great authority.

The name of no street in New York is better known than Fifth avenue—not even Broadway. Where Fifth avenue and Broadway intersect is about the centre of population in the metropolis, and at the intersection stands the Fifth Avenue hotel. The location of this house is the finest in the great metropolis, and is simply perfect. It is on the Fifth avenue side of the beautiful Madison square, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, and is so central and convenient that every person visiting the city must go to it or pass by it, whether out for pleasure or for business. It is the central point whence one can easily turn to elegant homes, churches, galleries, theatres, shops, and all places of interest in the city.

When the Fifth Avenue hotel was started in 1859 it was regarded as a doubtful venture, because it was so far up town, and then out of the way of the throng of travel and traffic. It is now the very focus of a living maelstrom, and the central jewel of a cluster of great hotels, which have sprung up above, below, and all around. Of necessity it will always be near the centre of business in

New York, and its location gives it command of rapid transit in all directions to the most remote sections of the city. Now, as when this grand hotel was opened to the public, the style of the firm is Hitchcock, Darling & Company. Mr. A. B. Darling is a native of Burke, Vt. He is prominent in New York, and has a fine country seat at Darlington, N. J. Mr. Hiram Hitchcock is a native of Claremont. His hospitable summer residence is at Hanover, and he takes great interest in New Hampshire matters in general, and in the affairs of Dartmouth college in particular.

During a late visit to New York we had the pleasure of inspecting a part of this great hotel. The building is of white marble, and is a plain and simple but impressive Corinthian structure, designed by the late Mr. Thomas. The interior is of a more ornate character of Corinthian architecture, and was most admirably and effectively designed and arranged by that veteran architect, William Washburn, Esq., of Boston, coöperating with the late Col. Paran Stevens. Mr. Washburn gave his personal attention to the convenient arrangement of apartments, to the deafening of all floors from one sub-division wall to another, making the building practically fire-proof, to the ventilation, plumbing, and drainage of the entire house, resulting in what the public have long considered the safest, most healthy, and most comfortable hotel in the world.

“Entering the main hall, the ceiling is in *carton pierre*, a composition which is fire and water proof. The

general style of decoration is Louis XIII. or of the last epoch of the French renaissance. The ground is divided into tiles of a fine relief drawing. The colors are of a gray lavender, brought out with old gold and silver. Skirting this tiling is a large frieze of characteristic design, which frames the ground. The frieze is treated in four shades of bronzed metal and copper. Mouldings and consols finish the ceiling, and are treated in the same general style. The frieze is grand and imposing, and is a very effective design. The colors, which are in imitation of metal, are on an azurine blue ground, and make a strong and very rich contrast with the real bronze of the ceiling. The transparency of the colors on this border has a pleasing effect, and reminds one of those grand vestibules of the old European palaces. The columns are decorated in the seventeenth century style, and are in Damasquiner work, which gives them the strong Middle Age character, adding to the imposing general ensemble, and making the decorations severe and grand. The wood-work throughout is of San Domingo mahogany. The flooring is white Italian veined marble, with colored border. The wainscoting, base, and caps are Italian bardiglio, the mouldings of yellow sienna, the panels American bardiglio, and the staircase, steps, and risers are of Italian white veined marble.

"The reading-room decoration is in Italian renaissance. All of the trimmings and wainscoting are of blue Fleure marble. The doors are of San Domingo mahogany. All of the work is treated severely, and is very appropriate for a reading-room.

"The bar-room ceiling, like the main hall, is in *carton pierre*, decorated in the Elizabethan style. The frieze is in detached shell relief work, and the walls are treated in gilt, with a hammered gold effect. The idea of the artist was to produce something new and not heretofore introduced, and one is very favorably impressed with its originality, fine colors, and good taste. The effect is new, and is much praised. The marbles introduced in this superb room are as follows: Architraves to doors, and the window and mirror frames, are ophite green; the counter and pedestals under columns are Alps green and French griotte; the wainscoting, panels, base, and caps are ophite green; and the mouldings are Italian Verona red. The wood-work is San Domingo mahogany, of a wonderfully fine grain and fibre.

"On the main hall, or easily accessible to it, are the official departments of the hotel, which are so famous for their completeness. They include, besides the general office, the postal office, the telegraph and railway ticket offices, the newspaper, book stand, and theatre ticket office, stock and exchange telegraph, carriage and package offices, coat-room, billiard-room, barber-shop, and various committee-rooms. The passenger elevator is also entered from the main hall, and is a model of comfort and safety.

"One flight from the main floor we reach the grand hall, from which open the drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, waiting-rooms, and corridors of the first floor. The decoration is rich and elegant in character, relieved by carpetings and hangings of

scarlet and wine color. The drawing-room is an almost perfect example in furnishing and decoration of a Louis XIV apartment. The decoration is by M. Pottier, and the carpets are by Mr. Templeton, of Glasgow. The grand dining-room is, perhaps, the finest Corinthian apartment in the country. The pedestals are of mahogany and black marble, the columns are red French marble and gold, and the ceiling is a very effective open sky. One of the dining-rooms—the finest of the kind in the country—is of the period of Queen Anne, after designs by Mr. MacPherson, of Boston; and the tea-room is too lovely to describe. The apartments throughout the house are arranged single and *en suite*, and are models of elegance, cleanliness, comfort, and convenience."

The great extent of the accommodations of this substantial and palatial hotel, the completeness of its appointments, the excellence of its service and the luxury of its living, the protection and courtesy extended to guests, and the fairness and uniformity of charges, conspire to make it the great representative hotel of the American system. The patrons of the hotel are people of worth and distinction from all walks in honorable life, and they require great ability and integrity on the part of the proprietors, whose fame has fortunately gone hand in hand with that of their guests, and who are always ready to do all in their power to make old friends feel entirely at home, and to welcome new ones.

The patronage, from the crowded days of the contest for the presidency in 1860, with the presence of His

Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and suite, has steadily increased, and in no hotel history has there been so distinguished a list on any register as at this house.

In the evening the corridors may be regarded as the social and business exchange of the metropolis. The flow of people is incessant, and even a stranger would not fail to note a friend or a familiar face.

From a late issue of the *New York Tribune* we make the following extracts, which may interest our readers:

Occasionally in the spring, autumn, or mid-winter there comes to the Fifth Avenue hotel such a concourse of prominent men as can be seen no where else in the country. Scores of diverse and opposite interests may have brought them under the same roof, but they meet and mingle in a general gathering, like lawyers who have closed their cases in court, and, after abusing each other roundly to the jury, are ready to go and have a "pipe" or a "glass" together. One of these remarkable assemblages has taken place within forty-eight hours. The meetings of the Peabody Education Fund trustees, the directors of the National Wool Growers' Association, the National Steam Navigation Board, the Democratic State Committee, and the National Bolt and Nut Manufacturers' Association, were among the causes that brought prominent men here. Foremost in the list was ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, whose ripening years are leaving light impress. Mr. Hayes devotes a large share of his time and attention to educational and philanthropic labors. He has taken deep interest in prison reform and in the educational development of the black race, and in both directions is doing a quiet but noble work. Chief-Justice Morrison R. Waite, looking like a rugged and stubborn-minded Puritan, with a face of

strongly marked characteristics, but beaming with good nature, was here with Mrs. Waite. Like Mr. Hayes, he is engaged in educational work when his judicial duties will permit him to do so. He is a member of the Peabody and Slater Fund boards. A remarkable figure and character were those of the venerable and honorable Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, whose form is bending slightly under the weight of years that have been full of honors, and whose hair is whitened by time. Over his tall figure he had usually a long, old-fashioned black cloak, by which he was made still more conspicuous. Equally noticeable was Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, by reason of his great height, exceeding spareness, and black garb. He dresses entirely in black broadcloth. His coat has a clerical cut at the neck, is single-breasted, and the skirts reach below the knees. His hat is a soft Western felt, worn like an itinerant preacher's. With a lean and sallow, smooth-shaven face, and long straggling locks of once jet black but now iron gray hair falling on his shoulders, the eloquent prelate looks like one of the gaunt fathers of New England who came over in the Mayflower. A portion of his work in late years has been among the Indians of the North-west, over whom he has acquired much influence.

Two men standing by the office counter in conversation are almost identical in height and general appearance, except facial expression. They are tall, well formed, aristocratic. You would know them to be Southerners from their bearing. They are ex-Gov. Brown and ex-Gov. Porter, of Tennessee. The former is a receiver of the Texas Pacific Railroad. He has a face marked and scarred and bronzed, like a veteran warrior. Gov. Porter's skin, on the contrary, is soft and white. Gov. Porter was assistant secretary of state under Mr. Bayard, but resigned Lilliputian diplomacy to return to a lucrative law practice. A historic figure is that of A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia. He

was called to the interior department portfolio in the cabinet of Franklin Pierce, before any other selection was made. He was then a power in Virginia and the South, whose fortunes he followed in 1860, and has since been retired from active life. The present United States minister to Mexico and his immediate predecessor are in the house—Judge Thomas C. Manning, of Louisiana, and Gen. Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia. Coming down the stairway of the ladies' entrance to take a carriage was seen Daniel Manning, ex-secretary of the treasury. It gives one positive pain to observe his slow and weary movement, with one foot dragging after the other, and to observe with the unhealthy color of his large round face that look of anguish which comes to strong men when stricken by a malady that impairs their powers.

It is always amusing to watch the crowd in the corridors as "Old Tecumseh" comes through to get his letters. They turn and stare after his weather beaten frame, reddish face, and grizzled whiskers. One touches another and whispers "There's Sherman," until every one has got a look at the hero, who goes ambling away on a sort of quick step, utterly oblivious of the commotion.

A very distinguished looking group of men (some of them of stalwart frame) stands for a moment on the corridor, and then passes out. It is Gov. Sawyer of New Hampshire, and judges of the N. H. supreme court and others, who are returning from the great constitutional centennial.

A man with a statesmanlike face, smooth-shaven and pallid white, with firm set lips and twinkling eyes, is Gen. Nathan Goff, of West Virginia. Senator D. M. Sabin, of Minnesota, with the plump roundness that belongs to a United States senator, raven black hair, black eyes, and business attire, comes down from the dining-room with a tooth-pick protruding from under his big black moustache, and falls into conversation

with Irving A. Evans, of Boston. Mr. Evans is a broker, who let Ives & Stayrer have a large loan. He is a man of medium size, with a large brown moustache, who wears a silk hat, and would be mistaken for a New Yorker from his nervous movements and his attire. He is an investor in Senator Sabin's corporation, the Minnesota Thresher Company. Mr. Evans is known as "Nerry" Evans on the Boston Stock Board, from his push and dash. Two influential capitalists are talking together near by. They are J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, and A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia. The former is large and fine looking, with an extremely ruddy complexion. The latter has a square-shaped head and iron gray moustache.

New York politicians are like "leaves in Vallombrosa." Ex-Senator Warner Miller, with his left hand in his trousers pocket and his right full of letters and papers, is engaged in earnest conversation with the stout and gray-headed congressman from the Saratoga district, George West; the irrepressible and nervously active ex-congressman from Whitehall, H. G. Burleigh; and his faithful right hand man in politics, Clerk John C. Vrooman, of the state senate. Mr. Miller has shown a philosophic temper under defeat that is winning admiration alike from friends and opponents. The man whom he succeeded, and who defeated him for reflection, walks by on his way to the state committee rooms, ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt. He has not the slightest resemblance to the popular conception of a powerful political organizer. He looks, indeed, as though a breeze much less than a Western cyclone could blow him away. Cornelius N. Bliss, with his round, plump figure, English face and mutton chop whiskers, accompanied by Col. S. V. R. Cruger, tall, commanding, and military in his air, comes in from the street and joins Gen. John N. Knapp, whose fiery red whiskers are only equalled by his fiery Republicanism. Among others upon

whom the eye of the observer falls are ex-Senator Charles H. Knapp of Lewis county, Col. William F. Shaffer, ex-Consul Mahlon Chance, Port Warden Clarence V. Mead, Dwight Lawrence, John J. O'Brien, ex-Marshal John I. Davenport, and Gen. Charles K. Graham.

Secretary Endicott, with a white overcoat on his back and a lady's sacque on his arm, looking the beau-ideal of a gentleman, comes to the office to order a coupé, and drives away with his wife on a shopping tour. Not ten steps away is the giant-like frame and big, broad face of S. B. Elkins, who has come to call on a friend, and is immediately surrounded by political and social acquaintances. Adj't-Gen. R. C. Drum, on whom the Democrats attempted to place the odium and responsibility of President Cleveland's rebel flag order, accompanied by Gen. George A. Forsyth, who was formerly on Gen. Hancock's staff, but is now stationed on the frontier, go out on Broadway together, their erectness marking their military service.

T. D. Basselin, the fat and jolly forestry commissioner, Isaac V. Baker, the energetic prison superintendent, and John D. Kernan, the shock-haired railroad commissioner, three state officials, are seen in a group near the door.

Then the eye rests on two noted characters, story-tellers, wits, and hail fellows well met.—Gen. George A. Sheridan, of Louisiana, and Col. Thomas Porterhouse Oehiltree. The general has come back from a New England lecture tour with his wallet stuffed full of greenbacks and his long hair uncombed for forty-eight hours.

Then the observer discovers ex-United States Civil Service Commissioner Dorman B. Eaton in earnest conversation with a friend on a sofa. Mr. Eaton is using his left hand as a map and his right forefinger as a pointer to lay down some energetic propositions. He passes out through the throng a moment later. As he goes he expresses his opinion that

Senator William B. Allison, of Iowa, should be the Republican nominee for president. He describes him as a man of great executive ability and fine qualities, who would be supported by the Mugwumps, carry New York, and be elected.

There are scores besides these who are well known in various parts of the country. Such are ex-Secretary Columbus Delano, who presided over the interior department in Gen. Grant's cabinet; David Harpster, of Ohio, one of the largest wool-growers in America; Thomas M. Nichol, better known as "Hard Money" Nichol, who has been wasted nearly to a shadow by illness; A. C. Cheney, president of the Garfield National Bank and chairman of the National Board of Steam Navigation; Capt. F. W. Vosburgh, the popular Hudson river steamboatman; Capt. R. C. Gray, of Pittsburgh, the veteran and grizzled Ohio river steamboatman; Gen. James S. Negley, of Pittsburgh, with his curling hair, his French moustache and goatee, and distinguished appearance; Gen. Newton, the commissioner of public works; Stilson Hutchins, of *The Washington Post*; E. H. Ammidown, president of the American Protective Tariff League; Robert P. Porter and A. M. Garland, its secretaries, who were members of the old Tariff Commission; Gen. O. E. Madden, of Boston, who is heavily engaged in electrical invention and improvement; Col. A. Piper, U. S. A., who was for years an instructor at West Point; William Plankinton, the athletic son of the wealthy proprietor of the Plankinton house at Milwaukee, who has just returned from Europe; Mayor D. R. Haddon, of Memphis, who has been ill at the hotel for a month, and is creeping around on crutches; big-headed Burke Cockran, the Tammany orator and counsel for Jacob Sharp, who has called for a friend; ex-Gov. Samuel Hauser, of Montana, who conceals his wealth under the most unassuming appearance; W. F. Proctor, the Singer sewing machine mill-

ionaire; Horace L. Hotchkiss, the broker, who mingles literature with business and enjoys both; Capt. T. W. Collier, formerly owner of *The Santa Fé New Mexican*; and James Bell, the sandy-whiskered and disappointed owner of the yacht Thistle.

From the *New York Sun* we quote a few facts about the underneath world in this great hotel. The kitchen is one hundred by fifty feet. In the early morning this was what the reporter saw:

The six fires in the mighty range were burning briskly now, and cast a ruddy glare upon the walls whenever the cook uncovered that at which he was engaged. Fantastic shadows danced upon the dark stone floor, and the polished utensils on a long table in the centre of the room flashed back the glare defiantly. The range for forty feet stretched away a black monster, while beyond rose the great chimney, the open fireplace, and the spit. Upon the opposite side of the kitchen the long vegetable range, serving table, and various other appurtenances were lost, except for outline, in the shade.

It is broad daylight now, and the kitchen apparatus has put off its ghost-like air. At one corner of the big room is a door leading to what is known as the cook's room, because here are prepared the meats, &c., before they are introduced to the range. Along one side of this smaller apartment runs the immense refrigerator, divided into compartments, into which are packed enough prepared cuts and fowl to feed an army. And here Gustav and Pierre were busy, while their comrades were arranging other details of breakfast in the main room—two of them being engaged at huge boilers, from which arose delicious odors of coffee and tea.

The chef strode into the steward's room, where the latter was looking over his accounts.



"How many mouths to-day?" asked the chef, who has a way of getting down to business at once, because he has plenty of business to get down to.

"Get ready for five hundred: here's your stock," said the steward, handing over a slip of paper.

Things were growing lively in the kitchen. Through the door leading toward the ordinary a dozen waiters were trooping at once, laden with savory burdens.

"I thought all the meats and vegetables were prepared and kept warm in the carving-room, next the ordinary?"

"So they are, for dinner; but Monsieur must know that in every good hotel each breakfast is prepared to order. Yes, the meats and fowl are prepared the day before, and packed away in the refrigerator. Monsieur may see the provisions coming in now."

And coming they were. It being past nine o'clock, the rush of waiters for breakfast was diminishing gradually, and a detachment of cooks were bringing in the supplies for the ensuing twenty-four hours. In a small room just off the kitchen, devoted to the production of ice cream, was a small elevator leading to the ground floor below. Beside it stood a stalwart fellow superintending the manœuvres.

"Come, wake up, below there," he shouted to a blue-aproned butcher, who loitered in the rear of a truck which had been driven in from Twenty-fourth street, and was backed against the elevator. "I can't give you a whole day. Hoist away."

A creaking and a grinding, and the lift appeared, laden with great piles of meat, which was quickly transferred to the care of the men, who trooped off with it through the kitchen; and into the cook's room. When this was over the same process was repeated with vegetables, until it would seem that the entire animal and vegetable production of a New Jersey county had been swallowed up.

"I say, Pierre, give me a hand for a minute on this quarter of beef."

The speaker's head was just visible above a mountain of meat at one end of the long table in the cook's room, where half a dozen men were carving and cutting all along the line. The mountains became mole hills, as in the dissected state they were rapidly packed away.

"We're ready for you, girls," shouted the chef's assistant. "Get those vegetables out of the way as soon as you can. We're a little behindhand to-day."

The late breakfasters had come and gone, and a lull was apparent in the kitchen. The acting had been transferred to the cook's room, and the "dreadful note of preparation" went on. In the knife-cleaning and dish-rooms a minor activity was visible.

"What on earth is that—a beer vat?"

Indeed, the great copper vessel looked as though it might be, and the cook as though he would like it to be.

"That's the soup stock. We fill that, and from it make two kinds of soup every day."

"How much does it hold?"

"One hundred and two gallons exactly. But it doesn't take long to empty it. Those two boilers next to it are for making the two soups. From them it is drawn and kept hot in quantity in the carving-room."

At two o'clock the kitchen began to wake up again. At every step a new odor greeted the nostrils, and not one which was not appetizing. It was a delicious conglomeration of smells. One man seemed more active than others, and breathed a dignity born only of authority.

All the cooks and girls had now returned to the kitchen, and the place looked a mammoth bee-hive. People were arriving in the main dining-room for dinner, but few waiters were visible. At the great range five men were busy, each with a fire of his own. Beyond and in the corner the great spit was at work,

revolved by a small stationary engine near by. Six large turkeys were being deliciously browned before a glowing fire, under the eye of a gentleman who apparently revelled in a temperature of 120° in the shade. At the end of the room several immense boilers were operating upon fish and meat, while at the second row of ranges on the other side of the room seven or eight women were turning out vegetables of all sorts ready for the table. Down the centre of the apartment ran a long table, on which were all sorts of culinary utensils, and at one end of this a steam apparatus for keeping warm the sauces and entrées. The whole scene was one to make an epicure smile or a tramp weep.

The carving-room was about fifty feet by thirty, and on two sides the walls and tables were hidden by crockery, glass-ware, and cutlery ready for use. Nearest the dining-room was a long, heavily built table, in which were sunk the heating vessels for roasts and boils, as well as the soups. Opening off this apartment was the fruit-room, presided over by a young woman. As she moved about among the luscious piles, the combination formed by far the prettiest picture to be seen within these precincts of mystery. In and out of the carving-room rushed the waiters, bearing steaming dishes to make the mouth water.

"Where do the waiters get the bread and pastry? I do n't see it here."

"The bread they get from an elevator in the kitchen, where it is sent up from the bakery; but they have to go down for the pastry."

"Is it all made in the house?"

"Yes, sir; there's half a dozen bakers at work down there all the time. People in a hotel eat more pastry than people at home. I don't know why, but they do."

Chef Feraud, who has been going this daily round of life in the same house for over a quarter of a century, is a diligent man to disconcert in the feeding of a fashionable army.

"How do you start your day so as not to get muddled?" he was asked.

"Oh! it's simple enough. The steward gets from the clerk a calculation of the number of guests to be cared for, which may be anywhere between three hundred and six hundred. He orders his stock according to this, and turns over to me a list of the stock on hand in the morning. From this list I make up my bill of fare, set my men to work, as you have seen, and there you are."

"But do not people sometimes call for extraordinary dishes or things which you have not got on your bill of fare or stock list?"

"Of course they do—and they get them. If a man chooses to insist on having something not down on the bill, instead of raising a row we give it to him. If it is not in the house, we send out and get it, if he is willing to wait awhile to be pleased. As to extraordinary dishes, many are called for, but its a very extraordinary dish, indeed, that we cannot get up in here."

"Can you give any idea of what consumption of provisions there is in a day?"

"Well, there were about five hundred guests here to-day, and as an illustration of the provision necessary, we used up, among the fowl, forty turkeys and sixty-five chickens, and we served up eight hundred and sixty pounds of beef and thirty-six sides of mutton, besides eighty pies, and two hundred or three hundred loaves of bread. Perhaps that will give you an idea."

"Is there much waste?"

"Very little. What is not served is consumed by the employés, and then what is left goes to some charity, such as the Little Sisters of the Poor, and that is n't waste, you know."

"I suppose a man must love this profession to become an expert at it, the same as in other artistic callings?"

"You are right. A chef should be a proud man. Place the artist who pleases

the eye and the artist who pleases the stomach, and stomach will win every time. It's human nature.

We close this description with another extract from an article written after the recent repairs were completed.

The first house of this engrossing, commanding kind the country had seen when erected, it remains to-day the leading hotel of the world, crowned with the approbation of two continents, and wholly worthy of the enthusiastic encomiums showered on it from every quarter. It must be confessed that Americans regard luxurious hotel-living as a divine right, but it should not be forgotten that the Fifth Avenue gave them their first lesson by showing they could expect absolute perfection. When the architect, Mr. William Washburn, of Boston, designed

the house, he aimed at not only making it simple and elegant in structure, but absolutely fire-proof; and since then improvements have added to its safety as well as to its interior beauty. No one with eyes to see, who enters the Fifth Avenue hotel to-day, but will pause to note the witchery of the modern taste for decoration, or to look with admiration at the changes which have fallen like a beautiful mantle over the once familiar places. The trite, conventionalized hotel ornamentation has passed away forever. In its stead are visions of Aladdin's palace, or what imagination calls such, though it is doubtful if Aladdin ever conjured from his lamp so splendid or so complete a residence. The refinement and elegance of the new decorations would be noticeable in the private house of a millionaire with whom good taste was a cardinal virtue.

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## OCTOBER.

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

October, October!

Say not that 't is sober;

Say not that 't is dreary,—'t is not so to me.

The soul's intuition

Sees joy and fruition

In the glorious clothing of hillside and tree.

October, October!

Say not that 't is sober;

The yellow's for gladness all the year through.

The purple's for wealth,

The red is for health,

And the blue of the sky tells us friends shall be true.

Fulfilment, perfection!

The soul's resurrection,

Are some of its promises lasting and dear.

October, October!

Say not that 't is sober;

To me 't is the sweetest of all the glad year.

## INTOLERANCE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY M. V. B. KNOX, PH. D.

The first settlers in New Hampshire, as early as 1633, ten years after commencing their improvements, attempted at Dover to organize a church, but with poor success. Bad or incompetent ministers, a sharp rivalry between the Puritan and Episcopal members of the community, tended to impair the success of the attempts. Finally, in 1638, a church was organized, a house of worship located and built three or four miles from the present city of Dover. The hostility between the two opposing elements became so sharp that it is said an appeal was made to arms. In 1638, at Hampton, also, a few months earlier than at Dover, Rev. Stephen Bachiler founded a church, and at Exeter one was established the same year by an ecclesiastical fugitive from Boston. Fifty acres of land at Portsmouth in 1640 were granted to support an Episcopal church.

Continual disagreements seem to have made the course of religious life very checkered: ministers were found unworthy, the sharp opposition by Puritan people to others bore its fruit, and many obstacles incident to a new country were in the way. In some instances, other than that gift at Portsmouth, land was set aside for the support of the ministry. In 1641, when the New Hampshire settlements were, for the time being, included in Massachusetts, the intolerant laws of the latter were set in motion, some Quakers and witches harried, but no great injury was done them. Three Quaker women, in 1662, were com-

manded by the constables of the town to be made fast to the tail of a cart, drawn through the streets, whipped not to exceed ten stripes on the bare back in each town, and so taken out of the colony. This sentence was carried out, at least in Dover.

Some concessions seem to have been granted New Hampshire, for the decree of the General Court of Massachusetts in 1642 was that each town of New Hampshire should send a deputy to that body, though they might not be church members. In 1659 a law was passed by the General Court against the festival of Christmas and kindred ones, superstitiously kept, it said. The next year a law passed that a suicide must be buried in the highway, the privilege being denied of burial in a churchyard, and that a heap of stones be piled above his grave as a brand of infamy. This law was copied from old English ones. People absent from church, in 1662, were fined five shillings for each absence, and one woman was put into the stocks an hour on her husband's refusing to pay her fine for such absence. One man was fined forty shillings for entertaining some Quakers four hours in one day.

In 1680 Charles Second issued a commission constituting a council to govern New Hampshire. In this document he is careful to insist that virtue and good living be encouraged, "that by such example ye infidels may be invited and desire to partake of ye Christian Religion." Liberty of con-

science was expressly to be allowed to all Protestants,—“yt such especially as shall be conformable to ye rites of ye Church of Eng’d shall be particularly comntenanced and encouraged.”

1683 the provincial governor, Cranfield, issued an order for the administration of the sacrament in the province according to the mode of the Church of England, and one dissenter, at least, Rev. Joshua Moody, was imprisoned some time at Great Island for violating this order. Rev. Seaborn Cotton, owing to Cranfield’s threat to come and do at Hampton what he had done with Moody at Portsmouth, was frightened away from that town to Boston. But these oppressive orders had little effect on the stern Puritan settlers, and other sects than their own had a poor chance. Each town governing itself could generally have its own way in church matters, and on the whole the sentiment was more liberal than in Massachusetts. Until 1686, when Gov. Dudley gave the authority, no minister had the power to marry persons, since marriage was deemed wholly a civil contract.

At least as early as 1714, while New Hampshire was still a colony, a law was passed by the General Court that the freeholders of any town could make choice of a minister for that town, and name the salary to be allowed him. The selectmen were required to make out rates and assessments upon the inhabitants of the town, and these assessments were to be collected like any tax. A meeting-house and the minister’s dwelling-house were to be paid for in the same way. It was, however, specifically

stated that this must not interfere with liberty of conscience, nor was any person, under pretence of being of another persuasion, to be excused from paying the settled minister. Yet such as conscientiously and constantly attended worship according to their own persuasion, and they only, were to be excused from paying for the support of the minister of the town. Each town was considered to be under moral obligation to provide for instruction in religion and morality. Five years later than the first enactment the same law, substantially, was confirmed. This seems to have been the general condition of things through the decades to the Revolutionary war, when the royal governor, Wentworth, having fled, the people in 1776 organized a provisional government, when no reference in their records is made to religious matters. In 1784 the bill of rights was adopted, after two or three failures, on submitting a plan to the people. That bill recognized the natural rights of conscience and the worship of God, and empowered the legislature to authorize towns, parishes, bodies corporate, or religious societies, to make provision for the maintenance of public Protestant service of piety, religion, and morality. It provided that these bodies named should have the exclusive right of electing their own public teachers and providing for their maintenance; and no person of any particular sect or denomination should ever be compelled to pay toward the support of the ministry of another sect or denomination. In the form of government instituted at that same time, no one was made eligible to the office of governor, state senator, or

representative, who was not of the Protestant religion. While this was treated most of the time as a dead letter, with a failure or two of attempted repeal, it was finally expunged from the constitution in 1877. This clause against Romanists, in the constitutions of 1779 and of 1792, was equalled also by another as positive against French infidelity and deism. They seemed to think that a clearer sense of duty and nobler principles of patriotism would inhere in a character for public service that was distinctly Christian.

These provisions, save the one restricting voting and election to the offices named, seem fair and equitable. But constitution and law make one thing; their application in practice and construction by the courts frequently mean an utter distortion. This was the case in New Hampshire progress. These laws were so construed by practice, by public opinion, and by the juries, that much distress followed. As early as 1760 the First Baptist Society of Newton was sued to collect taxes for the standing order. The whole machinery of town and state government being in the hands of the standing order, they seem to have impeded greatly the incoming of other churches than the Congregational. This done, and it was plain they could consider everybody in a town as coming under the provisions of the law, that all who did not conscientiously and constantly attend any particular sect or denomination, recognized by custom, courts, or juries, was surely taxable to maintain the settled minister. The most rigid Calvinism was preached, the air was full of irrepressible

controversy, and there was much dissent from the doctrines and practices of the standing order. Men under such religious teaching grew morally morbid, and were ripe for "new lights," as most other sects were called. It is no wonder, under such influences, legal and religious, that many grew intolerant. With that intolerance grew a deep-seated determination on the part of many that things should be different. Naturally men did not want to pay taxes to support a sect some of whose tenets they did not believe, whose church government was repugnant, and whose spirit was oppressive. So there was much protesting by those people belonging to sects which were not recognized by the laws as sects, and from many who did not belong to any sect at all. These "new lights" or interloping sects were ready to join with those not belonging to any persuasion in demanding that an end be made to such false assumptions. There was a broadening vision of religious liberty, and naturally it came first to those oppressed. A Baptist minister is said to have suffered imprisonment rather than pay those unjust assessments.

In a case in the Hillsborough court, May, 1803, Smith, C. J., by which John Muzzy brought action against Samuel Wilkins and others who acted as assessors for the parish of Amherst, in 1795, and by whom Muzzy was imprisoned because he would not pay his tax of seventy-five cents toward the settled minister's salary, it was decided that Muzzy, being a Presbyterian, was exempt from the tax, since Presbyterians were a different sect under the constitution and

the laws from the Congregationalists, and were to be recognized as such. The judge said that the constitution was designed to secure to every man the free enjoyment of his own opinion on religious subjects. All denominations were to be equally under the protection of the law, securing to them even safety from persecution. He did not regard the payment of taxes as an infringement of conscience, but only a question of the extent of civil obligation and duty. He was of the opinion that the church government, worship, and discipline were what denoted a sect, not doctrine or creeds. From this opinion the associate justice, Wingate, differed. It was probably early decided in New Hampshire jurisprudence that difference in denominations consisted in discipline and ordinances, not in doctrines. In 1801 Chief-Justice Olcott left a certificate that Universalists were not a sect, persuasion, or denomination, according to the state constitution, so as to be exempted from paying taxes for the settled ministry. In the famous case of Abbott, the free-thinking pastor, the action of the lower court against him was sustained by two out of three of the justices of the supreme court, since they deemed the principles he taught were subversive of the fundamental principles of Christianity. The dissenting judge thought that Abbott was a Protestant within the meaning of that term in the constitution, and so entitled to be used by the Unitarian majority of the parish. Gov. William Plumer was early a prominent "Protestant," and freely a legal helper to those against whom cases were entered. It was necessary

to have such a champion, for the collectors of church taxes did not scruple in their methods. Barstow, in his *History of New Hampshire*, tells of a case in which the cow of a poor laborer was sold at vendue in default of paying church taxes; nor was household furniture or even dishes exempted from the stern parish collector. Acts of incorporation would be granted the Congregational church but be denied to other denominations. The advent of Quakers, Freewill Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, and other sects was working a revolution. They entered the courts, and could always find in Gov. Plumer, at least, able and willing counsel in those legal contests.

In the constitutional convention of 1791 he tried hard to carry a provision giving full liberty to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience. But this liberty was not then granted, nor, on the other hand, could the opponents of it carry a provision to tighten the principles of the constitution of 1784. He did succeed in that convention in getting a motion carried to abolish the religious test for office-holders, but this failed in the vote of the people on it. But so great had become the pressure from the increase of other persuasions, and the spirit of deeper insight, that the legislature of 1804 granted the right to Freewill Baptists to be considered a distinct religious sect or denomination, with all the privileges of such agreeable to the constitution. The next year the Universalists obtained a similar recognition, and in 1807 the Methodists shared the same favor.

In 1816 the legislature passed an

act that the property of ministers, which before had been exempted, should be taxed. The same year Rev. Dan Young, of Lisbon, a located Methodist minister, having been elected a member of the state senate, brought in a bill repealing the old obnoxious laws by which a town could vote to settle a minister and then pay his salary by taxes; and in place of that law offered a bill by which all persons voluntarily associating to build a house of worship, or hire a minister of the gospel, should be held to the fulfilment of their contract, but no person should be compelled to go into such a contract." That year he was able to secure only three votes besides his own for the bill. The next year the same bill received exactly one half of the votes of the senate. The third year it went through by a large majority, but was tied in the house. In 1819, having been sent up again from the senate, the house by a majority vote carried it, and thus the power was taken from the towns to assess taxes on all to support the ministry, and relegated to such as voluntarily entered the church or society.

Dr. Whipple, of Wentworth, in the house, seems to have had much to do in framing the bill and in its final success; so it is known in some authorities as the Whipple bill. By the bill any one, also, could separate him-

self from any such society or organization, or from obligations of the town, by leaving a written certificate with the clerk of such a purpose, and that he was of another persuasion. Men of the old *régime* deemed it all a repeal of the Christian religion, thinking it meant also an abolition of the Bible, and that they might as well burn that book. But experience soon convinced them of the great worth to both state and church to have them separate. Some slight changes were made a few years later in this act, but none affecting its purpose of completest religious freedom.

There still remained the obnoxious features in the form of government adopted in 1774, by which no one was eligible to the office of governor, state senator, or representative unless he was of the Protestant religion. As stated, an effort to have it expunged failed by vote of the people. Finally, in 1877, while the law had been treated as a dead letter, such amendment was made to the constitution that even this last relic of intolerance was obliterated, throwing open to all men all the offices of the state. Thus while the contest in New Hampshire in favor of completest religious liberty was not as deep and bitter as in some of the original states, it is a suggestive chapter, and instructive for the people to know.



## LITERARY NOTES.

THE LINCOLN history in *The Century*, by the private secretaries of Mr. Lincoln, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, will deal during the coming year with the political and military history of the early period of the war. New light will be thrown upon certain events of that period by the publication of correspondence and other documents never before printed, and unknown to but a small circle. The historians now enter upon a more important and personal part of their narrative. The publication of this history has brought an increase of 25,000 subscribers to *The Century*.

THE WAR SERIES in that magazine has given it 75,000 new subscribers, probably the greatest gain from any one feature in the history of magazines. This series, so far as it relates to the descriptions of campaigns and battles by distinguished generals, will virtually close with the November number. Future papers on this subject will be of a general or at least untechnical sort,—among them a curious and popular statistical paper on "Regimental Losses in the War," narratives of personal adventure, "Colonel Rose's Tunnel from Libby Prison," "Hard Times in the Confederacy," etc., etc. General Sherman's article on "The Strategy of the War" will appear in an early number.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT will contribute a short serial to the coming volume of *St. Nicholas for Young Folks*, which is said to be a worthy successor of that author's famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in *St. Nicholas* a year ago. Joel Chandler Harris, John Burroughs, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, J. T. Trowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnstone, and Louisa M. Alcott are among the many distinguished writers who will contribute serial and

short stories to this famous magazine for young people. It will have an illustrated series on Australia, and Mr. Edmund Alton, author of "Among the Law-makers" (Congress), will contribute "The Routine of the Republic," describing the daily practical workings of the administrative departments, the White House, etc.

EDWARD EGGLESTON, author of the famous "Hoosier Schoolmaster," will furnish a novel to *The Century* for 1887-8. It is a story of Western life, and depicts a trial in which Abraham Lincoln was a chief actor. It was written before any part of the Life of Lincoln had been published, and the appearance at this time of Mr. Lincoln as an important auxiliary character in a work of fiction is a pure coincidence.

GEORGE W. CABLE will contribute a novelette to early numbers of the *The Century*, and Frank R. Stockton has written a three-part story, "The Dusantes," for the same magazine. Mr. Stockton's new novel, "The Hundredth Man," has just been issued in book form.

THE SIBERIAN PAPERS, by George Kennan, will be a great feature of *The Century* for the coming year. Mr. Kennan has just returned from a journey of 1500 miles through European and Asiatic Russia, undertaken at the request of the editor of *The Century*. By means of a circular letter from the Russian Minister of the Interior, Mr. Kennan was enabled to visit nearly every important prison and mine in Siberia. He made the intimate personal acquaintance of more than three hundred exiled liberals and Nihilists, and he will give a thorough account of the terrible convict system of Siberia. Mr. Kennan's papers will be further enriched by a

number of secret official documents and reports. Among such are three secret reports of the Governor-General of eastern Siberia to the present Tsar, setting forth with great boldness the Governor-General's real opinions with regard to the condition of Siberian prisons and the working of the exile system, and bearing marginal notes and comments made by the Tsar himself upon the state of facts therein set forth. The series will be richly illustrated.

"Three Good Giants," the compilation of John Dimitry, from François Rabelais, will be a leading gift-book of the season, as the incomparable wit and satire of the French master are presented in a form to relieve them of serious objections to general circulation, and to increase their effectiveness by worthy illustrations. The compiler writes,—“Rabelais, through some contemporaneous influence, rising subtly in his favor among men who are neither afraid nor ashamed to judge for themselves, is, in one sense, slowly becoming a naturalized citizen of our modern literary republic.” To this influence the fine execution of this edition must contribute to a high degree. Grandgousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel are the famous trio of giants of the title, and it is to their history, relieved of the philosophy and profanity of the author, that the book is devoted. The labor has been performed without the least sacrifice of the qualities of the imagination of Rabelais or the connection and expression of the incident, so that one may have quite all of the original entertainment and truly appreciate the genius that conceived and wrought. The matter affords opportunities for the unrestrained exercise of Doré's grotesque imagination, and he has worked in full sympathy and given some very fine examples of his power in the full-page drawings. A Robida, in his minor but more numerous text illus-

trations, in different styles and of many forms, shares with Doré in the credit for adequate and strong conception. There are 12 full-page and 168 text engravings. A handsome letter-press and decorated covers add their attractiveness. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Send to F. P. Shumway, Jr., Boston, Mass., for *free* sample copy of the *COTTAGE HEARTH*, a beautiful illustrated magazine, and so realize what an extraordinary offer we are making when we offer to send both the *COTTAGE HEARTH* and the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for a full year for only \$2.00, when the price of the *COTTAGE HEARTH* alone is \$1.50 a year. The *Boston Transcript* says of the *COTTAGE HEARTH*:

“Setting aside its literary contents, which are of a high order of merit, the collection of receipts for the kitchen and for the sick-room, its practical suggestions and advice for the raising and care of plants and flowers, its instruction for beautifying homes by simple means, and other practical features, make it invaluable to every household.”

#### BOSTON THEATRE.

“A Run of Luck,” at the Boston Theatre, is an immense success, draws nightly large audiences, and promises a long run. The plot of the play is interesting, but the chief feature is the introduction of a hunting scene, with English thoroughbred hunters, a pack of hounds, and a race-course scene. Nowhere outside of the spacious Boston Theatre could this play be so effectively produced. Indeed, this theatre is not only the leading theatre of Boston, but of this country, and all plays there produced are worthy of a visit. If the reader is detained over night at the Hub, he is sure of being richly entertained if he attends the Boston Theatre.

## A WINTER IDYL.

When now the frosts of autumn warning give  
Of winter's near approach, the matrons brave,  
Who in our bleak New England chance to live,  
Prepare to meet the winter's frigid wave  
By purchasing and buying up in time  
The proper clothing for our northern clime.  
To people poor comes up the question grave  
Where they can purchase, and a dollar save ;  
The prudent matron somehow must contrive  
To make four dollars take the place of five.  
She takes her pocket-book and goes down street,  
And meets acquaintances with smiles and nod ;  
With wisdom she commences with the feet,  
For first of all her family must be shod.  
To Thompson's bootstore she will straightway go,  
Where she can buy her boots, at prices low,  
And shoes and slippers, rubbers for the feet,  
Of every kind, the ugly ones or neat.  
For people all about the city know  
That for low prices he cannot be beat.  
He carries on his shelves the largest stock,  
While cost and price have lately reached bed-rock.  
He keeps the neatest and the coarsest kind :  
The cheapest and the best with him you find,—  
The proper boot to follow after plow,  
The fitting thing to grace a ball-room bow.  
The nattiest thing to wear upon the street,  
Indeed all proper cov'ring for the feet.  
And Mr. Thompson, like an artist true,  
Will one advise the proper thing to do,  
And help one choose the proper boot or shoe.  
The customer will find it very nice  
To have assistance and the right advice,  
And know he can on Thompson's word depend,  
And get its worth for all that he may spend.  
He wants your custom, and will try to suit  
With French kid slipper or with cow-hide boot ;  
He wants the people all about to know  
That nowhere else are prices quite so low.  
An invitation he extends to all  
In need of boots or shoes on him to call,  
And see his prices and his goods this fall.

A home, however humble it may be,

A great share takes of every true man's heart :  
He likes around him pleasant things to see  
When he from work or business care is free.

And from a happy home is loath to part.  
What he for home adorning can afford

He counts as money it is wise to spend ;  
He takes it gladly from his gathered hoard  
As money justly due for "bed and board."

And thinks it will repay him in the end.  
Have you a wish to furnish house anew ?

We will advise the proper thing to do :

On J. M. Stewart and his sons then call—

A course you never will regret at all.

They keep the choicest paper for the wall,

And carpets, Brussels, tapestry, ingrain,

Of brilliant colors or of patterns plain,

And mats, and rugs, and art-squares for the floor,

And portières and draperies for the door,

Curtains of lace and silk of every shade,

The very nicest and the cheapest made.

And lamps of every pattern, chimney, wick,

From "Rochester" to common candle-stick.

Glass-ware and stone-ware of improved design,

And crockery, elaborate and fine,

And China, delicate as one can get,

In breakfast, tea, or perfect dinner-set.

If in one line they do excel, it sure

Is in the line of dainty furniture.

Indeed, so vast and varied is their stock,

It fills three stores adjoining in the block,

Two lofts above, and basements down below :

A neighboring block receives their overflow.

A corps of clerks and workmen are on hand

To quick comply with every just demand,—

Upholster parlor-suits, or make repairs,

To clean a carpet, or to mend your chairs.

The members of the firm are quick and bright :

They sell goods cheap, they buy with great insight—

In all their doings try to do just right.

They are at work from morning until late,

They ask for business throughout the state.

They want your custom, and they do believe

That our state trade should not our borders leave.

And now the goodwife looks around with care  
In search of novelties and bargains rare  
To grace the home and please the children dear,  
For well she knows the holidays draw near.  
At W. P. Underhill & Co.'s she finds  
Both rare and handsome gifts of many kinds,  
Perfumes approved by best society,  
Of toilet goods a great variety ;  
Fine combs and coarse, of celluloid or shell,  
And perfumed soaps which ladies like so well ;  
Pomades and powder for complexions fair,  
And brushes for the teeth and for the hair.  
Nice sponges from Bermuda's reefs they get,  
And choicest glass-ware for the toilet stand,  
The French plate mirror, dainty toilet set,  
Havana's nice cigars, the cigaret,

The products of our own and foreign land.  
Of drugs and medicines an endless store,  
Imported from some far-off foreign shore,  
From India, China, or from tropic strand,  
Obtained by perils both by sea and land ;  
Prepared in extract, lotion, powder, pill,  
Prescribed in sickness with physician's skill.  
A poultice, blister, ointment for a strain,  
An antidote for every ache and pain.  
Their soda fountain needs no word of praise :  
From other fountains 'tis a thing apart ;  
It drew a crowd through all the summer days ;  
It is a triumph high of modern art.  
Behind the latest wrinkle they are not,  
For through the winter they serve soda hot,  
And paradoxical as it may seem,  
They are prepared to serve one hot ice-cream.  
The young men of the firm are wide awake,  
And greet one, as he enters, with a smile ;  
In outside things an interest they take ;  
New trade they want, the old will not forsake.  
They gain good-will, and serve one well meanwhile.  
They ask fair prices, and would fain,  
When one has traded, have him trade again.  
They both are liked wherever they are known ;  
Their old-time friends of them are very fond :  
They keep the best of merchandise, and own  
A handsome store, and with it correspond.

One of the oldest merchants on our street  
 Is D. E. Clark, who deals in dry goods fine.  
 His store is filled with tasty things and neat,  
 And as to prices he will not be beat  
 By any other in the dry goods line.  
 And if we seek the cause of his success,  
 It may be in his judgment and good taste.  
 The ladies all, both young and old, confess  
 That from his stock they get the neatest dress,  
 In stylish pattern, and of colors chaste.  
 The ladies always like with him to deal,  
 And on his wide experience depend.  
 While shopping in his store, at home they feel,  
 While he displays discriminating zeal  
 In case a dollar or a cent they spend.  
 Towels and napkins, table-cloth and spread,  
 Silk, satin, cambric, woollen goods, mohair,  
 Linen, and proper sheeting for the bed.  
 A web of cotton cloth, a spool of thread—  
 All sorts of staples can one purchase there.  
 He is a man as friend one would select:  
 Quiet and modest, he commands respect.

At Mrs. H. N. Newell's one will find  
 A stock of millinery not behind  
 In size or fashion any other store  
 Outside the "Hub"—or in. Can we say more?  
 Of words it is indeed a needless waste,  
 Unless we mention Mrs. Newell's taste.  
 Her laces, feathers, ribbons without end,  
 In charming combination she will blend;  
 And shade and color she will neatly fit  
 With taste at once both pure and exquisite.  
 Her trade to many distant towns extends;  
 Her customers are scattered far and wide;  
 And ladies far away she counts as friends,  
 Who buying goods of her by mail have tried.  
 Her business to its present size has grown  
 By strict attention to its many calls.  
 She makes the cares of customers her own,  
 And very seldom into error falls.  
 Her five-cent counter is a glad surprise  
 From which the poorest need not stay away;  
 Ten thousand trinkets there to please the eyes,  
 And proper presents for the Christmas day.

Since when those early ancestors of ours  
Were driven in disgrace from Eden's bowers,  
And wandered forth in dire dismay, afraid,  
With scanty clothing from the fig-leaf made,  
Has want of clothing been to man a grief,  
To which a tailor only gives relief.  
How happy Eve and Adam would have been  
Had they the sign of Stewart Brothers seen!  
Indeed, they could have asked for little more  
Except to see the goods, and to explore  
T. W. & J. H. Stewart's store.  
The senior partner quickly would display  
Both home and foreign goods for their array.  
The junior calmly would their measures take,  
And in the latest style their garments make.  
And is it not, to fickle fancy, food  
To think of Father Adam as a dude,  
And picture Eve in stylish hat and boots,  
In one of Stewart's "nobby" tailor suits?  
They lived too many centuries ago,  
And at a time when things were very slow,  
A tailoring establishment to know.  
Their deprivations would drive us insane;  
What was their loss has proved to be our gain.  
Had it not been for the primeval curse,  
What use would tailor's art have been to us?  
The Stewarts keep the very best of stock;  
For many years have they engaged in trade;  
They fit one with a sack coat or a frock;  
And as to fit, one need not be afraid  
To claim their garments good as ever made.  
Arrayed in suit of theirs, no man need fear  
To walk Fifth Avenue or down Broadway,  
Or think his garments out of style or queer.  
The dudes on him will gaze with wild dismay,  
While envious looks their envy will betray.  
As private citizens, the Stewarts rate  
Among the leading people of the state;  
As upright merchants, so wide-spread their fame,  
Intrinsic worth is coupled with their name.  
The youth, Charles Stewart, promises to be  
Admitted soon into their company.  
The cloth they use will last an age, or while  
It is protected from encroaching moth.  
A garment made by them is made in style;  
The suit they make, a poem is in cloth.

But when from clothes to higher things we soar,  
 And look about to cultivate the mind,

We straightway visit E. C. Eastman's store,  
 And books and books of every sort and kind  
 Upon his shelves in great profusion find.

Some books for children, some for scholars gray,  
 Some filled with mirth, and some with ancient lore,  
 Some filled with science grave, some sad, some gay,

Some classics written for all time, but more  
 But fated to be read and thrown away  
 When they have served their purpose for a day.

And Mr. Eastman, with a smiling face,  
 His large and handsome stock with pride displays :

He is the genial genius of the place,  
 Attends to all with never-failing grace,

And never an impatient haste betrays,  
 For well he knows politeness always pays.  
 A perfect store it is in every part,

And justly held in very high esteem—  
 Its walls and ceiling in the highest art :

With all its many beauties it does seem  
 The consummation of a bookworm's dream.

The store, however, should be seen by all :

Its many beauties one cannot narrate :

From every person it should have a call,

For many critics do not hesitate

To call the store the finest in the state.

Here meet the people who to books incline,—

The studious maiden, and her brother, too,

The lawyer, student, and the grave divine,

All who in literary circles shine :

The stately judge, and teachers not a few,

And lovely ladies who wear stockings blue.

Aside from books, in Mr. Eastman's line

Are pens and pencils, stationery fine,

Penholders, inkstands, diaries cheap or nice,

A thousand things of queer, unique device,

All offered at a fair and honest price.

The parent fond should see this rich display

Some weeks before the coming Christmas day.

Now Mr. Eastman has a well known name

In every town, and in the country back,

(All through the Granite State has spread his fame),

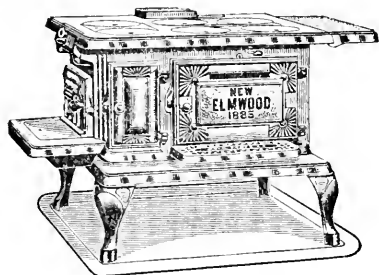
The publisher of Leavitt's Almanack.



Since ancient time has mankind felt the need  
Of precious metals, and of jewels rare,  
To please the eye—their vanity to feed—  
To fasten garment or adorn the hair.  
The ancient Hebrews, when they left the land  
Of the Egyptians,—so narrates The Book,—  
A wholesale, sweeping robbery had planned,  
And all the jewels of their neighbors took.  
Since then have jewels been in great demand  
Wherever on the records we may look.  
Great potentates, their royal lives to save,  
Crown jewels as a ransom freely gave.  
A jewel as a gift was held to prove  
The strength of friendship and the force of love.  
All persons now prize jewels very high  
As gift to bride, as present to a friend ;  
And all would know where they can safely buy,  
And get good wares,—the cheapest in the end.  
From distances afar it pays to go,  
By railway, horse-cars, or by carriage slow,  
To R. H. Ayer's, and see his watches fine ;  
The stock of goods he carries in the line  
Of ornaments, of jewels bright and rare,  
Of solid silver, and of plated ware ;  
The statuettes of bronze the finest sold,  
And rings of purest California gold.  
The spotless pearl which ladies wish to own,  
The diamond “ of purest ray serene ; ”  
The garnet, emerald, and every stone  
To dress a maiden or adorn a queen.  
Eye-glasses, spectacles, soft feathery fans,  
And Parian marble goods he keeps in stock,  
And jewelry and plate of latest plans,  
Gold-headed canes, and every kind of clock.  
It is a pleasure just to view his store,  
And see the products of our modern art.  
You long to enter, hate to leave, his door ;  
From things of beauty one is loath to part.  
And in his place of business you will be  
Treated politely and with courtesy.  
Dick Ayer, as he is known among his friends,  
Is fair in dealing, honorable in trade ;  
Straightforward, truthful, to no fraud descends—  
An honest man, if one was ever made.

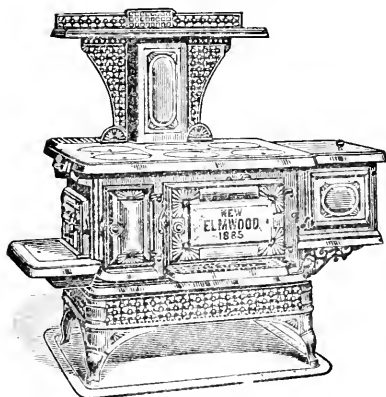
In early ages, when primeval man  
 Emerged from cave to dwell upon the plain,  
 His study of the healing art began.  
 With simple roots and herbs, by every plan,  
 He sought to heal his wound and soothe his pain.  
 Then men were gathered into hostile bands,  
 For in those ancient days was savage war;  
 They sought to plunder from each others' lands,  
 Or tried resistance to unjust demands,  
 For might was right, and mankind knew no law.  
 The weakest could his land and home defend,  
 And slay an enemy, or help a friend.  
 Then into common use came drugs, quite sure  
 In hands unskilled to either kill or cure.  
 What would our forefathers have thought had they  
 Through all the ages lived until this day?  
 Just take one Concord drug-store: it would be  
 A wonder-land to all antiquity.  
 Suppose some ancient Greek could see no more  
 Than A. P. Fitch's elegant drug store,  
 'T would be to him profoundest mystery.  
 Attempt to understand what he might find  
 Would totter reason and unsettle mind.  
 The whole wide world contributes to his stock:  
 Each continent and ocean does its part;  
 His trusty messengers at distance mock,  
 Dash over land and on the billows rock,  
 To aid the surgeon's and physician's art.  
 Unto the lore of ancient alchemy,  
 Which with the dawn of history began,  
 Is added skill of modern chemistry,  
 Acquired in every land and century  
 Since man has sought to heal his fellow-man.  
 Beside his drugs and medicines you find  
 All sorts of dainty things the ladies use,  
 Powder and perfume, soap of every kind,  
 And toilet articles just to their mind—  
 A large assortment out of which to choose.  
 Is one a smoker?—he will travel far  
 To get a better than a Fitch cigar.  
 In all relations Mr. Fitch stands high,  
 In social circles and on business streets,  
 And meets all squarely when they sell or buy,  
 And every one with true politeness treats.  
 Honored by all, in Mr. Fitch you see  
 A man of worth and proud integrity.

Shall I tell you where, in Autumn,  
 When the leaf is sear and yellow,  
 Long before the angry blizzard  
 (West wind from the Rocky Mountains)  
 With its force and terror strikes you.  
 You should buy your stoves and ranges,  
 Copper things, and also tinware,  
 To improve your humble wigwam  
 And prepare for coming Winter?



Then let every red man listen,  
 And the white man and the black man  
 Near to Merrimack's swift waters.  
 Let them gather to the council  
 From the banks of the Contoocook,  
 From brave Hannah Dustin's island,  
 From the Suncook and from Hooksett,  
 Penacook and high Moosilauke,  
 From far Amoskeag and Nashua,  
 From the falls about Pawtucket,  
 From Lake Winnipiseogee,  
 From high mountain, from deep valley,  
 From Kearsarge and from Monadnock,  
 From Connecticut to ocean,  
 From the sea, from upper Coös,—  
 Let them gather to the council,  
 And to words of wisdom listen.  
 Let them gather in the village  
 Which the pioneers called Rumford,  
 Which at present is called Concord.  
 There the firm of Stevens-Duncklee—  
 Prescott Stevens, Charles H. Duncklee—  
 Keep for sale a lot of ranges,  
 Stoves for kitchen and for parlor,  
 Lanterns, brooms, and some odd teapots,  
 Frying-pans and such utensils  
 As are needed at the camp-fire.  
 In their storehouse they have gathered,  
 By the lavish use of money,  
 Goods of copper, tin, and iron  
 Which will make the squaws contented,

Which they will exchange for buck-skin,  
 Or for buffalo or beaver,  
 Fish or flesh, or fowl or herring,  
 Or for gold or silver dollars.  
 But for cash they sell the lowest.  
 Fair and honest in their dealings,  
 Warranted is all they sell you.  
 We can safely recommend them  
 To the young and to the guileless,  
 To the old and war-worn veterans.  
 In their store do gather chieftains,  
 Men of war and men of learning,  
 Men of weight and men of muscle,  
 Members of the House and Lobby,  
 Who for wit are celebrated.  
 And their place is widely noted:  
 Flow of soul and feast of reason  
 Are most frequently there met with.  
 There are richest jokes concocted,  
 Pamphlets erudite are published,  
 But no ill-will there is harbored.  
 They greet all with smiling faces.  
 In their absence Henry Clough is  
 Model of urbane politeness.  
 You will always find them ready  
 For a joke, or trade, or dicker.  
 They for many years have traded  
 On the very spot their store is:  
 Eighteen fifty-three they started,  
 And have ever since been selling  
 Goods to furnish every household—



Furnaces, and stoves for cooking,  
 Wooden-ware and stoves for heating.  
 If their firm is not the oldest,  
 Stock they carry which is largest  
 In their line within state limits.

When from the country you come to visit the city of Concord,  
 Call at the elegant store conducted by Shaw & Jackson,  
 Dealers in ready-made clothing, almost abreast of the state-house.  
 There you will find in profusion elegant garments and stylish;  
 Gentlemen's furnishing goods, selected with excellent judgment,  
 Offered at prices to suit the most economical buyer.  
 Overcoats made out of beaver, Ulsters for coldest of weather;  
 Suitable suits for one's business, proper for church or for courting,  
 Fitting the form aldermanic, or gracing the slimmest of students.  
 Hunters have trapped in the forest, Indians have journeyed on snow-shoes,  
 Far from the pioneer's cabin, where civilization is absent,  
 Seeking the rarest of animals,—buffalo, foxes, and otters,—  
 Near to the cold northern ocean, in valleys, on towering mountains,  
 Seeking for furs for the clothing of customers ready and eager;  
 Robes for the sleigh and the carriage, proper for blizzard of winter,  
 Sold at the old and reliable fair-dealing house above mentioned,  
 Wentworth G. Shaw and his partner, the oldest concern in the business.  
 Here for decades have they traded, confidence, good-will attaining,  
 Seeking by honorable methods to build up a business extensive;  
 Leaving all rivals behind them, contending for custom and riches;  
 Selling their goods at fair prices, attracting new customers daily,  
 Standing high in the world's estimation, enjoying much consideration.  
 Trunks of all kinds and dimensions, grip-sacks and carpet-bags handy;  
 Gloves made of kid and of buckskin, lined or unlined, to suit custom;  
 Hats for the summer or winter, caps of all manner of patterns,  
 All alike equally stylish, adapted to youth or to manhood;  
 Collars and cuffs made of linen, underwear—cotton and woollen;  
 Neckties of silk and of satin,—splendidly colored or modest,—  
 Suiting the elegant dandy, or fit for the minister's pulpit;  
 Shirts, both unlearned and learned, the cheapest and best in the market.  
 Here can the veriest tramp, who travels forlorn on the sleepers  
 (Coming from Jacobs', the barbers, improved by a shave and a hair-cut),  
 Change his old garments for new ones, a senator's dignity rival,  
 Clothed from the crown of his head in vesture of daintiest pattern,  
 Proudly step forth from the store, a model of elegant dressing.  
 Here legislators and lobby, obtaining the worth of their money,  
 Please their constituents highly, gratify relatives greatly,  
 Trading with Shaw & Jackson, and dressing in modernest fashion.  
 Wentworth G. Shaw, of the firm, many years has resided in Concord;  
 Close to the site of the store was the place where he started in business.  
 Old has he grown, and wrinkled, serving the people uprightly:  
 Still in his heart he is youthful,—like an old oak of the forest,  
 Sound to the core and sturdy, withstanding the storm and the tempest,  
 Sheltering under its branches the shoots which are struggling upward.  
 Younger in years is the junior, whose name is George Washington Jackson.  
 Skilful is he as a buyer: he started in business in Concord,  
 Broadened his views on the prairies, and lived many years in Chicago.  
 Buying their merchandise shrewdly, acquainted with business at wholesale,  
 Benefits all of his patrons, Concord and neighboring people.  
 May the success of the past attend their endeavors in future.  
 Happiness, long life, and wealth attend them wherever they journey.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS ON THE CONGO is another of Col. T. W. KNOX's capital books for young people, and is a condensation of Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent*, that author admitting that he had neither the time nor the experience for juvenile writing, and begging Colonel Knox to undertake the task. Like his other books in the same series, this is profusely illustrated, and is written in the racy style that captivates boys. Books of this character are the best possible antidote against trashy reading. [Harper & Bros. \$3.00.]—One rarely sees anything more attractive in the way of a holiday book for boys and girls than *TANGLEWOOD TALES*, Hawthorne's second *Wonder Book*. The stories, taken from Greek mythology, are told in the author's inimitable style, half real, half fanciful, and the illustrations, several of them full page, are genuine works of art.

LITTLE ONES' ANNUAL, Vol. 6, [Price \$1.75, Estes and Lauriat, Boston. For sale by E. C. Eastman] is a charming book for the children. It is illustrated with 376 original designs by the best American artists, and the text is from the pens of many well known writers, among whom we note the names of Marian Douglas, Florence B. Hallowell, Emily Huntington Miller, Helen M. Lathrop, Mrs. Clara Joty Bates, Rev. Edward A. Rand. It will be a charming present for some little one about Christmas time.

GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS IN NEW FRANCE, by Lizzie W. Champney, author of "Three Vassar Girls," and is a charming volume for girls, consisting of the romantic story of little Emice Williams, who was carried away from her home in western Massachusetts by the Indians, and of the patient sufferings of her friends and companions. The subject allows Mrs. Champney greater scope than

ever before for the exercise of her well known literary talent, and she has been ably assisted by "Champ's" facile pencil and brush in making and illustrating a fascinating narrative of early Colonial life. It is whispered that this is the first volume of a series of historical romances of the same period in different countries.

Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Cloth, 8vo, \$2.50.

CHATTERBOX FOR 1887. The demand for this delightful book for the young is enormous and constantly growing, and has, naturally enough, led some other publishing houses to imitate its appearance and title, which has resulted in a long series of interesting legal contests in which Estes & Lauriat's exclusive right to the trade-mark "Chatterbox," and the reprinting of this authorized edition from duplicates of the English plates, has always been sustained. Their presses run from January to January on its bright pages, without rest, turning off its great number of original stories, sketches, and poems, illustrated by the best known English artists with over 200 full-page original designs especially made for this work.

Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Illuminated boards, \$1.25. Cloth, \$1.75. Gilt, \$2.25.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE EVERGLADES. A new volume in this popular series, but by a different author from its predecessors. This entertaining account of the Club's visit to Florida, and the members' adventures with alligators, snakes, and bears, is by F. A. Ober, the well known lecturer and author. The object of the trip was the exploration of Lake Okechobee, and the accompanying artist has portrayed the boys' stirring adventures and the scenes *en route* in numerous spirited illustrations. The book is very attractively printed and bound, and makes a capital Christmas gift for a healthy boy.

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.*

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VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. II.

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**HON. WILLIAM DENNIS WEEKS.**

BY J. S. BRACKETT.

In a periodical like the GRANITE MONTHLY, devoted to the interests of a state and to the perpetuation of the memories of good men and noble deeds, it is well that a memorial tribute be paid to one who did not create admiration in the senate or on the forum, or dazzle by wonderful genius, but by a life of unselfish usefulness and steadfast devotion to duty achieved a name more dear and more enduring than wealth, honors, or power can give.

The state of New Hampshire has been the birthplace of a large number of men whose reputation in the higher walks of life give it a character and fame abroad; and we who breathe the same air they breathed, and look up to the same rugged hills that gave them strength and inspiration, feel a natural pride in them and in their fame.

The Weekses were of purely English origin. I have not data at hand

to trace the ancestry of the present family very far back: suffice it to say, then, that a John Weeks settled at "Strawberry Bank" as early as 1636. One of his descendants was Dr. John Weeks, a prominent physician of Portsmouth, who married a daughter of Dr. Joshua Wingate, some time of Salem. There were ten children born to them—four sons and six daughters. Joshua Wingate Weeks, the eldest, was rector of St. Michael's church, Marblehead, Mass., and being a royalist, at the commencement of the Revolution went to Annapolis, N. S., where he died. John, the second son, was born in Greenland, Feb. 29, 1749, and married Deborah Brackett Dec. 27, 1770. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. McClintock. Their children were Martha, who married in Lancaster, Edward Spaulding, who lived to the advanced age of ninety-nine years, Deborah, Elizabeth, John

Wingate, James Brackett, Mary Wiggin, and Sally Brackett Weeks. These were all born in Greenland except the last named, who was born in Lancaster in 1789, married Edwards Bucknam, and is still living.

Capt. John Weeks was a man of much physical and mental ability. He was captain of a company organized for the defence of the colony, and was called with his company to the defence of Portsmouth from an anticipated attack by the British upon that place during the Revolution. He had prior to that period been on hunting and exploring expeditions north-erly into what is now Maine, and into the "Cohos country." In 1786 he sold his farm in Lee and came to Lancaster, "taking up two rights" of land in the beautiful and fertile valley of the Connecticut, where he built his log house and commenced clearing the land. The next year he returned to Lee and brought his family to their new home, which has during nearly all these years been in the name. Capt. Weeks was prominent in the affairs of his adopted town, and was a delegate from the Upper Cohos to the convention which met at Exeter to ratify the constitution of the United States. He died very suddenly at Wakefield, in 1818, while on a journey to Portsmouth.

Hon. John Wingate Weeks was for many years one of the foremost men in the state. He was an original and active thinker, a man of fine presence and genial temperament. He combined the trade of joiner with farming, but on the breaking out of the war of 1812 was appointed to a captaincy in the 11th Regiment U. S. A., and served under Gen. Brown in the

Canadian campaigns, was conspicuous for his gallantry and bravery, and commissioned major for heroic conduct at Chippewa. At the close of the war he resigned his commission in the army and retired to his farm, intending to devote his time to his farm and books; but he was successively elected county treasurer, sheriff, senator from the 12th district, appointed in 1828 one of the commissioners to establish the boundary line between New Hampshire and Maine (Hon. Ichabod Bartlett being the other New Hampshire commissioner), and served in congress two terms, from 1829 to 1833. He declined all further political preferment, and lived until his death, which occurred in 1853, upon the farm which his father cleared. He wrote a good deal upon various topics, was consulted upon grave political questions by the active leaders of his party, dispensed a liberal hospitality, and at his death was sadly missed by all.

James Brackett Weeks, than whom a nobler man in his station of life never lived, soon after attaining his majority, purchased a lot of land on the southerly slope of what is now called Mt. Prospect, the most easterly of the three Martin Meadow Hills, and commenced at once work upon it. He soon after married Miss Betsey Stanley, a daughter of Lieut. Dennis Stanley, one of the early settlers of the town, a woman who inherited the virtues of constancy and vigor, and withal those of sound sense and womanly grace, from her parents. The life of Mr. Weeks was one of unobtrusive goodness and charity. He sought no political honor, preferring the quiet of his home, with his family



and friends, and the exercise of a liberal faith, untrammelled by partisan bonds or theological creeds. He died in 1858, having attained the age of 74 years, with the fullest respect of all who ever knew him.

His children, who all lived to manhood and womanhood, were three sons and four daughters. The daughters inherited the virtues of their parents, but have all gone to the "undiscovered country" save one.—Mrs. Persis F. Rice, now of Dublin, N. H. Martha E., with the devotion of a true woman, did what she could to relieve the sufferings of the wounded soldiers in the hospitals during the late civil war, and died, a martyr to her philanthropic efforts, in Boston in 1873. The sons were Hon. James Wingate Weeks, still prominent in political and business life, Hon. William Dennis Weeks, and John Weeks, Esq., a resident of Buffalo, N. Y., and a successful and respected business man of that city. The subject of this sketch was born on the 28th day of February, 1818. The place of his birth is one of the most beautiful in all this beautiful country. It is so elevated that a fine view of the Presidential range in its entire extent, the Franconia and Pilot mountains, with the intervening woods, streams, ponds, farms, and villages, are spread out to the beholder; and perhaps the grandeur of this scenery, so constantly before him in his boyhood, stamped upon his character some of its rugged elements of independence and sturdy manliness, softened and blended by their lights and shades.

His boyhood was mostly spent on the farm, doing the customary work incident to a hilly farm, where there

was little to relieve the monotony of life except the varied beauty of the distant hills, and the sport of the woods and streams then abounding with game and fish, and in the athletic games indulged in by the boys as they met at "raisings," "logging-bees," and the intermissions of school hours, in all of which he took an interest and excelled his mates.

At the district school he gained the rudiments of his education, and with attendance a number of terms at Lancaster academy his school days ended. The academy was taught at that time by Nathaniel Wilson, its first *principal*, we used to say, who was succeeded by Walter P. Flanders, and he by William H. Hadley. They were instructors well fitted for their duties. Young Weeks was not brilliant as a scholar, but he gained the respect of his teachers and associates by his application to his studies, his manly qualities, and his unswerving integrity. In all the manly games he was champion, and in differences that might arise in the various matters that occur in school life he was often appealed to as an arbiter, and the justness of his decisions was never questioned.

During the winters he taught school in his own and other districts, giving eminent satisfaction, for his education was founded on a solid basis, and faithfully and well he discharged his duties. Arriving at man's estate, he went solidly at work on the farm, and here showed his peculiar aptitude for agricultural pursuits by adopting the most advanced methods, procuring the best stock, which he tended and reared to the best advantage.

In 1839 political parties in town

had become somewhat disjointed, the Democracy, which was the dominant party, having on some local issue broken into two factions. In the canvass for representative the Whigs nominated Mr. Weeks, with which party he had identified himself, and in a hotly contested election he was the successful candidate. In the one session of the legislature which he attended, he fully satisfied the expectations of his friends and constituents, and won the respect and esteem of his fellow-legislators by his sound judgment, dignity, and integrity. He early became interested in military affairs, and rose rapidly by promotion to the rank of Lieut Colonel, and there was no officer upon parade who had a more soldierly bearing than he.

In 1845 he went to St. Johnsbury, Vt., at the solicitation and in the employ of the Messrs. Fairbanks, as superintendent of their farms and general out-door work. He also became interested in manufacturing operations there; but in 1854 he purchased the farm in Lancaster, on which his grandfather first settled in 1786, and which was the homestead of Hon. John W. Weeks. Here he devoted himself to his favorite pursuit, caring for his farm and stock, and attending to such duties as his townsmen imposed upon him. In 1863 he received the appointment of assistant assessor for the 3d Revenue District of New Hampshire; and here, as everywhere in official capacity, his career was marked by the same integrity and sound judgment that characterized him in home life. He was an active and efficient worker in the Coös and Essex Counties Agricultural Society, prominent at all times in directing its

affairs, and helping to bring it to a marked degree of success.

In July, 1876, Mr. Weeks received the appointment of judge of probate for Coös county. Previous to this he had received in the Republican State Convention the vote of the entire Coös delegation as candidate for governor. The appointment as judge of probate was one of fitness; it was such a one as could not have been bettered, and during the time he served, which was until his death, the position was honored by the man. In all his official course he was dispassionate, and brought to bear his strong common-sense and the endeavor to do right. He was in fact a "most upright judge," and probably no one who has ever occupied the same position in our county has given greater satisfaction to all parties with whom the court had to do than he.

In his theological views he was liberal, in life and conduct a religious man, fully living up to the standard set by St. James: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

He was very constant in attendance upon the Sunday services at the Unitarian church, and observed Sunday, not with austere formality, but as a day of rest and quiet cheerfulness, and in doing good. His home life was cheerful and happy. He married, in 1848, Miss Mary Helen Fowler, of Woodstock, Connecticut, a niece of the late Gov. Jared W. Williams. To them were born three children,—Emma F., who married Burleigh Roberts, Esq., of the firm of Kent & Roberts, in Lancaster; John Wingate Weeks,

educated at the U. S. Naval School at Annapolis, and who served two years in the navy, but is now engaged in business in Florida; and William Cheney Weeks, who tills the farm that has so long been in the Weeks name, and is so beautiful.

Judge Weeks was a thoughtful, kind, and considerate husband and father. His house was as open as his heart, and no one with a tale of

sorrow or distress went away from his door without sympathy and aid; he showed his "faith by his works." He entertained friends as few know how to do, liberally without ostentation, sincerely without affectation, hospitably without grudging, welcoming guests with quiet dignity and heartfelt cordiality.

His death occurred February 27, 1885.

### THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND "WITCH."

*An Unpublished Page of New England History.*

BY WILLARD H. MORSE, M. D.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, in an English country district, two lads romped on the same lea and chased the same butterflies. One was a little brown-eyed boy, with red cheeks, fine round form, and fiery temper. The other was a gentle child, tall, lithe, and blonde. The one was the son of a man of wealth and a noble lady, and carried his captive butterflies to a mansion house, and kept them in a crystal case. The other ran from the fields to a farmhouse, and thought of the lea as a grain field. It might have been the year 1605 when the two were called in from their play-ground, and sent to school thus to begin life. The farmer's boy went to a common school, and his brown-eyed playmate entered a grammar school. From that time their paths were far apart.

The name of the tall blonde boy was Samuel Morse. At fifteen he left school to help his father on the

home farm. At twenty he had become second tenant on a Wiltshire holding, and begun to be a prosperous farmer. Before he had attained the age of forty he was the father of a large family of children, among them five sons, whose names were Samuel, William, Robert, John, and Anthony. William, Robert, and Anthony ultimately emigrated to America, while Samuel, Jr., and John remained in England. Young Samuel went to London, and became a merchant and a miser. When past his fiftieth year he married. His wife died four years later, leaving a baby daughter and a son. Both children were sent up to Marlboro', where they had a home with their Uncle John who was living on the old farm. There they grew up, and became the heirs both of John and their father. The boy was named Morgan. He received a finished education, embraced the law, and married. His only child and daughter,

Mary, became the heiress of her aunt's property and her great uncle John's estate, and was accounted a lady of wealth, station, and beauty.

Meanwhile, the family of old Samuel Morse's playfellow had also reached the fourth generation. The name of that playfellow was Oliver Cromwell, who became Lord Protector of the British commonwealth. Of course he forgot Samuel Morse, and was sitting in Parliament when Samuel died. He had children and grandchildren who lived as contemporary of his old playmate's children and grandchildren. Two or three years before Samuel's great granddaughter, Mary, was born, a great grandson of the Protector saw the light. This boy was named Oliver, but was called "Rummy Noll." The ancestral estate of Theobald's became his sole inheritance, and as soon as he came into the property he began to live a wild, fast life, distinguishing himself as an adventurous, if not a profligate, gentleman.

He travelled much, and one day in a sunny English year came to the town of his great-grandfather's nativity. There he chanced to meet Mary Morse. The beautiful girl fascinated him, but would not consent to be his wife until all of his "wild oats" were sown. Then she became Mrs. Cromwell, and was a happy wife, as well as a lady of eminence and wealth. Oliver and Mary Cromwell had a daughter Olivia, who married a Mr. Russell, and whose daughters are the present sole representatives of the Protectorate family.

As was said above, William, Anthony, and Robert Morse, brothers of Samuel, Jr., emigrated to America,

and became the ancestors of nearly all of their name in this country. William and Anthony settled at Newbury, Mass. The latter became a respected citizen, and among his descendants were such men as Rev. Dr. James Morse, of Newburyport, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the telegraph inventor, Rev. Sidney Edwards Morse, and others scarcely less notable.

Robert Morse, Anthony's brother, left England at about the time of the beginning of the civil war, and located in Boston as a tailor. He was a sterling old Puritan; of strict morality, prudent and enterprising. He speculated in real estate, and after a while removed to Elizabethtown, N. J., which place he helped to settle, and where he amassed much wealth. He had nine children. Among his descendants were some men of eminence, as Dr. Isaac Morse of Elizabethtown, Hon. Nathan Morse of New Orleans, Isaac E. Morse, long a member of congress from Louisiana, Judge Morse of Ohio, and others.

None of these sons of Samuel, the mate of Cromwell, were great men themselves, but were notable in their descendants. Samuel's descendant came to represent a historical family; Anthony's greatest descendant invented the telegraph; and the descendants of Robert were noble Southrons. William, alone of the five brothers, had notoriety. Samuel, Jr., was more eminent, but William made a mark in Massachusetts history.

William, brother of Anthony, was the father of ten children,—six sons and four daughters. Settling in Newbury, he led an humble and monotonous life. When he had lived there more than forty years, and had come

to be an old and infirm man, he was made to figure unhappily in the first legal investigation of New-England witchcraft. This was in 1679-'81, or more than ten years before the Salem witchcraft, and it constitutes a page of hitherto unpublished Massachusetts history. Mr. and Mrs. Morse resided in a plain, wooden house, that still stands at the head of Market street, in what is now Newburyport. William had been a farmer, but his sons had now taken the homestead, and he was supporting himself and wife by shoe-making. His age was almost three score years and ten, and he was a reputably worthy man, then just in the early years of his dotage. His wife, the "goody Elizabeth," was a Newbury woman, and apparently some few years her husband's senior.

I think I see the worthy old couple there in the old square room of a winter's night. On one side of the fire-place sits the old man in his hard arm-chair, his hands folded and his spectacles awry, as he sonorously snores away the time. Opposite him sits the old lady, a little, toothless dame, with angular features half-hidden in a stiffly-starched white cap, her fingers flying over her knitting-work, as precisely and perseveringly she "seams," "narrows," and "widens." At the old lady's right hand stands a cherry table, on which burns a yellow tallow candle that occasionally the dame proceeds to snuff. On the floor is no carpet, and the furniture is poor and plain. A kitchen chair sets at the other side of the table, and in it, or on it, sits a half-grown boy, a ruddy, freckled country boy, who wants to whistle, and prefers to go out and

play, but who is required to stay in the house, to sit still, and to read from out the leather-covered Bible that lies open on the table before him.

"But I would like to go out and slide down hill!" begs the boy.

"Have you read yer ten chapters yit?" asks the old dame.

"N-no!"

"Wal, read on."

And the lad obeys. He is reading aloud; he is not a good reader; the chapters are in Deuteronomy; but that stint must be performed every evening—ten chapters after six o'clock; and at eight he must go to bed. If he moves uneasily in his chair, or stops to breathe, he is reprimanded.

The boy was the grandson of the old couple, and resided with them. Under just such restrictions he was kept. Bright, quick, and full of boy life, he was restless under the enforced restraint.

In the neighborhood resided a Yankee school-master named Caleb Powell, a fellow who delighted in interfering with the affairs of his neighbors, and in airing his wisdom on almost every known subject. He noticed that the Puritan families kept their boys too closely confined; and, influenced by surreptitious gifts of cider and cheese, he interceded in their behalf. He was regarded as an oracle, and was listened to with respect. Gran'ther Morse was among those argued with, and being told that the boy was losing his health, etc., etc. by being "kept in" so much, he at once consented to give him a rest from the Bible readings and let him play out of doors and at the houses of the neighbors. Once re-

leased, the lad declared that he "should not be put under again." Fertile in imagination, he soon devised a plan.

At that time a belief in witchcraft was universal, and afforded a solution of everything strange and unintelligible. The old shoemaker firmly believed in the supernatural agency of witches, and his roguish grandson knew it. That he might not be obliged to return to the scripture readings, the boy practised impositions on his grandfather, to which the old man became a very easy dupe.

No one suspected the boy's agency except Caleb Powell. That worthy knew the young man, and believed that there was nothing marvellous or superstitious about the "manifestations." Desirous of being esteemed learned, he laid claim to a knowledge of astrology, and when the "witchcraft" was the town talk, he gave out that he could develop the whole mystery. The consequence was that he was suspected of dealing in the black art, and was accused, tried, and narrowly escaped with his life.

On the court records of Salem is entered,—

"Dec. 3, 1679. Caleb Powell being complained of for suspicion of working with ye devill to the molesting of William Morse and his family, was by warrant directed to the constable, and respited till Monday."

"Dec. 8, (*Monday*.) Caleb Powell appeared . . . and it was determined that ye sd. Morse should present ye case at ye county court at Ipswich in March."

This order was obeyed, and the trial came on. The following is a specimen of the testimony there given :

"William Morse saith, together

with his wife, that Thursday night being November 27, we heard a great noyes of knocking ye boards of ye house, whereupon myselfe and wife looks out and see nobody, but we had stones and sticks thrown at us so that we were forced to retire.

"Ye same night, ye doore being lockt when we went to bed, we heerd a great hog grunt in ye house, and willing to go out. That we might not be disturbed in our sleep, I rose to let him out, and I found a hog and the door unlockt.

"Ye night next I had a great awl that I kept in the window, the which awl I saw fall down ye chimney into ye ashes. I bid ye boy put ye same awl in ye cupboard which I saw done, and ye door shut too. Then ye same awl came down ye chimney again in our sight, and I took it up myselfe.

"Ye next day, being Saturday, stones, sticks and pieces of bricks came down so that we could not quietly eat our breakfast. Sticks of fire came downe also at ye same time.

"Ye same day in ye afternoon, my thread four times taken away and come downe ye chimney againe; my awl and a gimlet wanting came down ye chimney. Againe, my leather and my nailes, being in ye cover of a ferkin taken away, and come downe ye chimney.

"The next, being Sunday, stones, sticks and brickbats came downe ye chimney. On Monday, Mr. Richardson [the minister], and my brother was there. They saw ye frame of my cow-house standing firm. I sent my boy to drive ye fowls from my hogs' trough. He went to ye cow-house, and ye frame fell on him, he crying with ye hurt. In ye afternoon ye potts hanging over ye fire did dash so vehemently, one against another, that we did sett down one that they might not dash to pieces. I saw ye andiron leap into ye pott and dance, and leap out, and again leap in, and leap on a table and there abide. And my wife saw ye andiron on ye table. Also, I saw ye pott

turn over, and throw down all ye water. Againe we see a tray with wool leap up and downe, and throw ye wool out. and saw nobody meddle with it. Againe a tub's hoop fly off, and nobody near it. Againe ye woollen wheele upside downe, and stood upon its end, and a spade set on it. This myself, my wife, and Stephen Greenleaf saw. Againe my tools fell downe on ye ground, and before my boy would take them they were sent from him. Againe when my wife and ye boy were making ye bed, ye chest did open and shutt, ye bed-clothes would not be made to ly on ye bed, but flew off againe.

“We saw a keeler of bread turn over. A chair did often bow to me. Ye chamber door did violently fly together. Ye bed did move to and fro. Ye barn-door was unpinned four times. We agreed to a big noise in ye other room. My chair would not stand still, but was ready to throw me backward. Ye catt was thrown at us five times. A great stone of six pounds weight did remove from place to place. Being minded to write, my ink-horne was hid from me, which I found covered by a ragg, and my pen quite gone. I made a new pen, and while I was writing one eare of corne hitt me in ye face, and sticks, stones, and my old pen were flung att me. Againe my spectickles were throwne from ye table, and almost into ye hot fire. My paper, do what I could, I could hardly keep it. Before I could dry my writing, a monmouth hat rubbed along it, but I held it so fast that it did only blot some of it. My wife and I being much afraid that I should not preserve ye writing, we did think best to lay it in ye Bible. Againe ye next night I lay it there againe, but in ye morning it was not to be found, till I found it in a box alone. Againe while I was writing this morning I was forced to forbear writing any more, because I was so disturbed by many things constantly thrown att me.”

Anthony Morse testified,—

“Occasionally, being to my brother Morse's house, he showed to me a pece of brick, what had several times come down ye chimne. I sitting in ye corner towke that pece of brick in my hand. Within a littel spas of time ye pece of brick was gone from me I know not by what meanes. Quickly after it come down chimne. Also in ye chimne corner I saw a hammar on ye ground. Their bein no person nigh it, it was sodenly gone, by what meanes I know not; but within a littel spas it fell down chimne, and . . . also a pece of wood a fute long.

“Taken on oath Dec. the 8, 1679, before me,

JOHN WOODBRIDGE,  
*Commissioner.*”

Thomas Hardy testified,—

“I and George Hardy being at William Morse his house, affirm that ye earth in ye chimne corner moved and scattered on us. I was hitt with somewhat; Hardy hitt by a iron ladle; somewhat hitt Morse a great blow, butt itt was so swift none could tell what itt was. After we saw itt was a shoe.”

Rev. Mr. Richardson testified,—

“Was at Bro. Morse his house on a Saturday. A board flew against my chair. I heard a noyes in another roome, which I suppose in all reason was diabolicall.”

John Dole testified,—

“I saw, sir, a large fire-stick of candle wood, a stone, and a fire brandt to fall downe. These I saw nott whence they come till they fell by fire.”

Elizabeth Titcomb testified,—

“Powell said that he could find out ye witch by his learning if he had another scholar with him.”

Joseph Myrick and Sarah Hale testified,—

“Joseph Moores often said in our hearing that if there are any Wizards he was sure Caleb Powell was one.”

William Morse being asked what

he had to say as to Powell being a wizard, testified,—

“He come in, and seeing our spirits very low cause by our great afflictions, he said, ‘Poore old man, and poor old woman, I eye ye boy, who is ye occasion of all your greefe; and I draw neere ye with great compassion.’ Then sayd I, ‘Powell, how can ye boy do them things?’ Then sayd he, ‘This boy is a young rogne, a vile rogne!’ Powell, he also sayd that he had understanding in Astrology and Astronomie, and knew the working of spirits. Looking on ye boy, he said, ‘Yon young rogne!’ And to me, ‘Goodman Morse, if you be willing to lett me have ye boy I will undertake that you shall be freed from any trouble of this kind the while he is with me.’”

Other evidence was received for the prosecution. The defence put in by Powell was that “on Monday night last, till Friday after the noone, I had ye boy with me, and they had no trouble.”

Mary Tucker deposed,—

“Powell said he come to Morse’s, and did not see fit to go in as the old man was att prayer. He lookt in a window, and saw ye boy fling a shoe at the old man’s head while he prayed.”

The verdict now stands on the court record, and reads as follows,—

“Upon hearing the complaint brought to this court against Caleb Powell for suspicion of working by the devill to the molesting of ye family of William Morse of Newbury, though this court cannot find any evident ground of proceeding farther against ye sayd Powell, yett we determine that he hath given such ground of suspicion of his so dealing that we cannot so acquit him but that he justly deserves to beare his own shame and the costs of prosecution of the complaint.”

The bad boy seems to have had a

grudge against Powell, and, anxious to see that person punished, he resumed his pranks both at his grandfather’s and among the neighbors.

Strange things happened. Joseph Bayley’s cows would stand still and not move. Caleb Powell, having been discharged, no longer boasted of his learning. Jonathan Haines’s oxen would not work. A sheep belonging to Caleb Moody was mysteriously dyed. Zachariah Davis’s calves all died, as did also a sheep belonging to Joshua Richardson. Mrs. John Wells said that she saw the “imp of God in sayd Morse’s hous.”

Sickness visited several families, and Goody Morse, as was her custom, acted as village nurse. One by one her patients died. John Dee, Mrs. Wm. Chandler, Mrs. Goodwin’s child, and an infant of Mr. Ordway’s were among the dead. The rumor ran about that Goody Morse was a witch. John Chase affirmed that he had seen her coming into his house through a knot-hole at night. John Gladding saw “halfe of Marm Morse about two a clocke in ye daytime.” Jonathan Woodman, seeing a strange black cat struck it; and Dr. Dole was called the same day to treat a bruise on Mrs. Morse. The natural inference was that the old lady was a witch, and the cause of all of these strange things, as well as of the extraordinary occurrences in her home. Accusers were not wanting, and she was arrested. In her trial all of this evidence was put in, and her husband repeated his testimony at the Powell trial. The county court heard it, and passed the case to the General Court, from whence it was returned.

The records abound in reports of



the testimony. We will only quote the evidence of Zechariah Davis, who said,—

“I having offended Goody Morse, my three calves fell a dancing and roaringe, and were in such a condition as I never saw a calf in before. . . . A calf ran a roaringe away soe that we gott him only with much adoe and putt him in ye barne, and we heard him roar severell times in ye night. In ye morning I went to ye barne, and there he was, setting upon his tail like a dog. I never see no calf set after that manner before; and so he remained in these fits till he died.”

The entry on the court record is as follows :

“Boston, May ye 30, 1680: The Grand Jury presented Elizabeth, wife of William Morse. She was indicted by ye name of Elizabeth Morse for that she not having ye fear of God before her eyes, being instigated by the Divil, and had familiarity with the Divil contrary to ye peace of our sovereign lord, the King, his crown and dignity, the laws of God and of this jurisdiction. After the prisoner was att ye barr and pleaded not guilty, and put herself on ye country and God for trial. Ye evidences being produced were read and committed to ye jury ”

“Boston, May 21st of 1680: Ye jury brought in their verdict. They found Elizabeth Morse guilty according to indictment.

“May ye 27:—Then ye sentence of ye Governor, to wit, Elizabeth Morse, you are to goe from hence to ye plaice from which you came, and thence to ye plaice of execution, and there to be hanged by ye neck till you be dead; and ye Lord have mercy on your Soul!

“June ye 1st:—Ye Governor and ye magistrates voted ye repreviving of Eliz. Morse, as attests

EDWARD RAWSON, *Secretary.*

The unfortunate woman seems to

have remained imprisoned until the meeting of the legislature. On the records of that body we find,—

“Ye Deputies on perusal of ye Acts of ye Hon. Court of Assistants relating to ye woman condemned for witchcraft doe not understand why execution of ye sentence given her by ye sd. court is not executed. Her reprevial seems to us to be beyond what ye law will allow, and doe therefore judge meete to declare ourselves against it, etc. This Nov. 3d. 1680.

WM. TORREY, *Clerk.*

Then follows this entry :

“Exceptions not consented to by ye magistrates.

EDWARD RAWSON, *Secretary.*”

Mrs. Morse continued in prison until May, 1681. On the 14th of that month her husband petitioned for her to “the honorable gen. court now sitting in Boston,” begging to clere up ye truth.” This petition recites a review of the testimony of seventeen persons who had testified against Goody Morse. On the 18th he petitioned “ye hon. Governor, deputy Governor, deputies and magistrates.” In answer, a new hearing was granted. The court record says,—

“Ye Deputyes judge meet to grant ye petitioner a hearing ye next sixth day, and that warrants go forth to all persons concerned from this court, then to appear in order to her further triall, our honored magistrates here-to consenting.

WM. TORREY, *Clerk.*”

Again the magistrates were refractory, for we find,—

“May twenty-fourth, 1681:—Not consented to by ye magistrates.

EDWARD RAWSON, *Secretary.*”

No further trial followed. Mr. Morse did not rest in his efforts for the release of his wife. He called a council of the clergymen of the neigh-

borhood to examine her. The council met and acted. The report of the Rev. John Hale, of Beverly (probably chairman), is before me.

It reads,—

“This touching Madam Elizabeth Morse: She being reprieved, her husband desired us to discourse her, which we did. Her discourse was very christian, and she still pleaded her innocence of that which was laid to her discharge. We did not esteem it prudence for us to pass any definite sentence upon one under her circumstances, yet we inclined to ye more charitable side.”

After this examination the court permitted her to return home, where she never gave further occasion for slander, dying the death of a hope-

ful Christian not many years after. And the mischievous grandson—what of him? He went to Beverly, married, had children, died. His great grandson lives to-day. He, descendant of William, over wires that Anthony’s descendant made to do noble work, sends this message, written on paper made by a descendant of Robert, to Miss Russell, representing Samuel Morse and Oliver Cromwell:—

“*The witchery that was concerned with Goody Morse must have been the enterprise that inspired to telegraphy, paper-making, and writing; and which helps to bear the prestige of a glorious name!*”

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## THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

BY HORACE EATON WALKER.

Ho, ye knights! and ho, ye clansmen!  
 Ho, ye chiefs of every tribe!  
 For the King of bonnie Scotland  
 Gives an edict to his scribe.

And ye clansmen of the border,  
 Lowland nook, or Highland den!  
 Come as comes the wild December  
 When old Winter storms the glen.

Take the oaths of King and Queen, sir!  
 War no more for haughty James;  
 For the King, the King of Scotland,  
 Every brave insurgent claims.

And to Campbell, Colin Campbell,  
 Hie ye one, or hie ye all,  
 Else the snows of bleak December  
 As your winding-sheet will fall.

Come they from the shrouded Highlands,  
Every pass, and every nook?  
Yes! the brave insurgent chieftains  
Stream her sides like mountain brook.

See them there in tartan raiment,  
In their Highland quilted plaid,—  
Once the chiefs that warred in Albyn,  
Headed every border raid.

Now they bow in proud allegiance  
To the throne of William Third;  
Yet the breast of each untamèd  
As the haughty mountain bird.

But the chief of Clan Macdonald,  
In the valley of Glencoe,—  
Will he haste to cross the Cona  
Ere December winds shall blow?

He alone of all the chieftains  
Had not signed the high decree;  
But he hastes to Inverary  
Thro' the whirlwinds mad with glee;

Thro' the passes wild with beauty,  
Thro' the valley of Glencoe;  
Hasting on to Inverary  
Thro' the storm-blast and the snow;

Little dreaming, little thinking,  
Of the woe that was in store;  
But, my Scotland, can I blame thee  
Tho' a hundred earls implore?

For the Campbell of Glenlyon,  
And the haughty Earl of Stair,  
All the valley near Loch Leven  
Would they turn to mad despair!

All the scence is wild with beauty;  
But, Mac Ian, are you late?  
For a captain and a viscount  
Have foredoomed your bloody fate!

Yes, my Chief! and thro' the valley,  
Near the skirts of Inverness,  
More than forty Highland corpses  
Never more shall need redress!

*The Massacre of Glencoe.*

Two subalterns and a captain,  
 At the head of six-score men,  
 Swarm among the mountain passes,  
 Cross the rugged Highland glen.

And they come in kindred friendship  
 To the vale of fair Glencoe ;  
 And they dine beside the hearthstone  
 That they soon will lay in woe.

And they join the joke and jesting,  
 And they tip the blood-red wine ;  
 And in jovial hospitality  
 With the fated household dine.

But the evening shadows gathered  
 In the vale and mountain pass ;  
 And old Scotia's bonnie Jamie  
 Went to woo her bonnie lass.

And the babe beside his mother  
 Was a-blooming like the rose,  
 While the gentle god of slumber  
 Every holy eye did close.

But the brave and mighty captain,  
 With his brave and valorous band,  
 Rose up there amid the shadows  
 With the dagger in his hand.

Oh, how brave ! You see them slaughter  
 Old and young, the bright and gay ;  
 There a mother with her infant,  
 There a father old and gray.

When can fade such deeds of glory ?  
 When was massacre more brave ?  
 Scotland, Mary, and King William,  
 Thon untarnished by their grave !

Land of Burns ! I cannot blame thee :  
 Land of Scott ! a Breadalbane  
 Stands alone upon your history  
 As the murderer of the slain !

Claremont, N. H., April 3, 1884.

ABOUT THE NAMES OF MOOSILAUKE, AND OF SOME OTHER PLACES.

BY WILLIAM LITTLE.

1. MOOSILAUKE.

This mountain is a huge mass of rock 4,811 feet high. It presents a grand appearance from whatever point viewed. From the east or west it shows a south peak, a high crest, and a blue dome, lying almost in a north and south line. The peak and the crest are bald: the blue dome is covered with a dense forest of fir.

The correct way of spelling the name is Moosilauke. Its meaning and origin have been the subjects of some discussion. We shall try to state, with perhaps a few digressions, how it has been spelled, what it means, and what has been said of its origin. The first mention of this mountain we have met—we wish we could find an earlier one—is by Samuel Holland, Esq. He was the surveyor of the King's woods, northern New Hampshire, in 1773-'74; and on his map of the state, published in 1784, appears "Mooselock Mount"<sup>m</sup> (Moo-se-lock). It is located in what was the town of Fairfield, a part of which is now Woodstock. From whom he learned the name and its orthography, or whether or not he ever knew its meaning, we should certainly like to know.

In 1791 Dr. Belknap, historian of New Hampshire, published a map of the state to illustrate his forthcoming history. On it, in bold round print, is "Mooshelock M." (Moo-she-lock), an *h* having been put in the second syllable of the name as Holland spelled it. Why he changed the spelling of the word, or what the name means, he does not tell us.

Two years later, 1793, he published his History of New Hampshire, and in Vol. III, p. 32, he says, in describing the mountains of the state,—“Thirty miles north of this [Grand Monadnock] lies Sunapee Mountain, and forty-eight miles farther in the same direction is 'Mooshelock.'”

These are all the authors we have met who mention Mooselock or Mooshelock previous to 1800. After this date reference to this mountain is much more frequent; and some writers make a farther change in the orthography of its name.

The first to do this was Dr. Dwight, once president of Yale college. In his "Travels," written about 1803, Vol. I, p. 31, he says,—“The principal eminences in the White Mountains are Monadnock, in Jaffrey and Dublin; Sunapee, in Fishersfield, twenty-seven miles east of Charlestown; Mooshelock or Moosehillock, eight miles from Haverhill,” etc.

But Lewis, in his map of New Hampshire, Phila., 1804, in Arrow-smith & Lewis's General Atlas, seems to prefer "Mooshelock m," and thus spells it.

D. R. Preston, also, in his "Wonders of Creation," Boston, 1807, on page 27, copying from Dr. Belknap, speaks of "Mooshelock" mountain.

Farmer & Moore, in their Gazetteer of New Hampshire, 1823, the best work of the kind of this state, say, on page 190,—“Mooschillock, or Mooshelock, is a noble and lofty eminence in the S. E. part of Coventry [Benton], and ranks amongst the

highest mountains of New England. The altitude of the N. peak above tide-water, as estimated by Capt. Partridge,\* from barometrical observations, is 4,636 feet; that of the S. peak, 4,536 feet."

But that the true orthography is Moo-she-lock, S. G. Goodrich, in his Pictorial Geography, Boston, 1841, Vol. II, p. 135, thus clinches it: "Between the Merrimack and the Connecticut, in the south-west part of this state, there extends a ridge from S. to N., called the White Mountain Ridge. The loftiest summits of this are—Monadnock, 3,254 feet high; Sunapee, Kearsarge, Carr's Mountain, and 'Mooselock,' called by a corruption Moosehillock."

The spelling of the name, Moosehillock, a corruption according to Goodrich, probably originated about 1803. Dr. Dwight visited Newbury, Vt., several times, and in his book made glowing mention of the mountain: "Behind the village of Haverhill, at a distance of seven or eight miles, Moosehillock, a stupendous elevation, always reminding me of that description of Milton's—

The mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky."

rose to the height of four thousand five hundred feet, covered with snow on the summit, of a dazzling whiteness, but gray and grizzly as the eye descended towards the base. This contrast of summer and winter, of exquisite beauty and the most gloomy grandeur, had the appearance of enchantment, and left an impression which can never be forgotten until

every image shall fade out of the memory." "Dwight's Travels," Vol. II, p. 318.

Morse's American Gazeteer, 1804, spells the name Moose-hil-lock, and gives its origin: "Moosehillock [is] the highest of the chain of mountains in New Hampshire, the White Mountains excepted. It takes its name from having been formerly a remarkable range for moose, and lies 70 miles W. of the White Mountains. From its N. W. side proceeds Baker's river, a branch of the Pemigewasset, which is principal branch of Merrimack. On this mountain snow has been seen from the town of Newbury, Vermont, on the 30th of June and the 31st of August; and on the mountains intervening, snow, it is said, lies the whole year."

Morse's Geography, 1804, also spells the name "Moosehillock."

Parish's Geography, 1807, page 36, gives "Moosehillock."

G. A. Thompson's Geographical Dictionary of America, London, 1812, and based upon the earlier work by Alcedo, the Spanish author, Vol. III, p. 337, says,—"Moosehillock takes its name from its having been formerly a remarkable range for moose."

Carrigain's celebrated map, 1816; Merrill's N. H. Gazeteer, 1817; T. G. Bradford's Comprehensive Atlas, N. Y., 1836; Farmer's Monthly Visitor, Hon. Isaac Hill, 1839; Barstow's History of New Hampshire, 1842; Haskell & Smith's U. S. Gazeteer, 1843; Mitchell's World, 1847; and McCullough's Universal Gazeteer, 1852,—all spell the name Moosehillock.

\* Capt. Alden Partridge, U. S. Army, climbed Moosilauke in August, 1817. He published an account of his ascent and measurements in the *American Monthly Magazine and Critical Review*, New York, Vol. II, No. 1, p. 51.

And then came some intolerable degenerations, the first of which we find on Dr. Dwight's map, 1824, of dividing the name into two words, thus: Moose Hillock. J. R. Dodge's map of New Hampshire, 1851, map of Grafton county, 1860, and Watson's map of New England, also so divide the name. This is a bad misnomer, for the mountain is not a hillock—little hill—at all, but a grand crest nearly a mile high.

For variety, Morse's Geography, 1811, and J. E. Worcester's Elements of Geography, 1832, make the name "Moose-hillock,"—worse yet.

Morse, in his American Gazeteer, as we have seen, gives the origin of the name. From his account we should judge that he, as well as Dr. Dwight, got his information from some imaginative gentleman of Newbury, Vt. Yet there is a grain of propriety in the name Moose-hillock, for all the early settlers in the region round about the mountain testified that "it was a remarkable range for moose," the last of which were killed in 1803. But we think Goodrich is right, when he says "Mooshelock" is called by a corruption "Mooschillock."

We once read a newspaper article by some romantic writer, who had seen Holland's Moo-se-lock and Belknap's Moo-she-lock. It stated that an Indian hunter, traversing the dark forests high up in a ravine of the mountain, came across two bull moose. They had been fighting, and had got their horns inseparably interlocked. They had eaten nothing for many days, and being much emaciated, the hunter easily killed them for their hides. Telling the story in

poor English, he said,—"Moose he lock his horns up there;" and Holland, hearing it, gave to the peak the name "Mooselock Mount<sup>n</sup>." To the writer this probably was a beautiful legend, but to us pure fiction.

In 1852, Judge C. E. Potter, in the "Farmer's Monthly Visitor," Vol. XII, p. 354, said,—"The name of the towering Moosilauke, with its bald peak of rock, is an Indian word, meaning the 'Bald Place,' derived from *moosi*, bald, and *auke*, a place, the letter *l* being thrown in for the sake of euphony." The judge was a great student of the history of the Indians, and of their manners, customs, and language.

In Cotton's Vocabulary of Indian Language, Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. XXII, p. 168, he found the name *moosi*, bald, and in Roger Williams's Key to the Indian Language, *idem*, Vol. III, p. 220, *auke*, a place; and having seen Holland's "Moo-se-lock," and Belknap's "Moo-she-lock," he concluded, with Goodrich, that Moose-hillock was a corruption, and that Holland's Moo-se-lock was identical with the Indian words *Moosi-l-auke* (*idem sonans*); and that Holland so spelled the word Moo-se-lock, because he was not well acquainted with Cotton's and Williams's Indian spelling-books. Any one familiar with the spelling of Indian names knows that there are as many ways of spelling them as there are learned writers who try to write them.

Potter's "Moosilauke" came into use slowly. He spells it Moosilauke again in 1853 in his Visitor, Vol. XIII, p. 323; and in 1857, in a letter to the writer, he said,—"Moosilauke is from *moosi* (bald) and *auke* (a place),

with the letter *l* thrown in for the sake of the sound, and means Bald Place.”

The first to adopt Potter's Moosilauke that we have found was Coolidge and Mansfield's History and Description of New England, 1860; then the *New Hampshire Statesman*, 1861; the Boston *Herald*, July, 1867; J. W. Meader's Merrimack River, 1869; History of Warren, 1870; and White Mountains in Winter, 1871.

Since 1871, nine out of every ten of the writers who have mentioned the mountain have written it Moosilauke, and not Moosehillock. Both are good names, and one can use either of them as he pleases; or, if he wishes, can take his choice from the four others, — Mooselock, Mooshelock, Moose Hillock, and Moose-hillock. We prefer Moosilauke as the most euphonious,—the most likely to be the one the Indians used, and no chance to make an unsightly division of it. Still there is a grandeur in the word Moosehillock. We are not captious about which spelling is used, and are wholly unlike Mr. S. A. Drake, the author. He seems to be very tenacious for the spelling Moosehillock, and wholly opposed to that of Moo-sil-auke. He boldly exclaims in his “Heart of the White Mountains,” Boston, 1881, page 267,—“Moosilauke: this orthography is of recent adoption. By recent, I mean within thirty years. *Before that it was always Moosehillock*”—a very accurate statement, as we have seen!

A large number of maps, showing parts of New Hampshire, were published prior to Holland's, 1784. Thos. Jeffrey, “geographer to His Royal

Highness, the Prince of Wales, near Charing Cross,” London, 1755, published the first one we have met. It was from “Surveys of Mitchell and Hazzen, 1750, especially this last.” Several editions of it were issued, no two alike. Joseph Blanchard and Samuel Langdon—afterwards president of Harvard college—published a map of the state in 1761. This also had several editions.\* But no one of them has Moosilauke upon it, unless Jackoyway's hill, a little east of Connecticut river, Jeffrey's map, 1755, is meant for it. But those who have given some attention to the subject are of the opinion that Jackoyway, Coraway, and Chocorua are identical names of the same mountain, meaning Bear mountain,—the same as Kineo mountain in Ellsworth, and Kunkanowet hills in Dunbarton and Weare, mean Bear mountain or Bear hills, or the “place of bears,” all these names being derived (the same as the name of the chief Passaconaway) from *kunaway*, a bear.

Four large streams have their source near the high crest of Moosilauke. They are Moosilauke river, the Wild Ammonoosuc or Swiftwater, the Oliverian, and the Baker. Some of these have had as many names and changes of names as Moosilauke.

## 2. MOOSILAUKE RIVER.

It rises on the north-east slope of Mt. Blue,—the name of Moosilauke's blue dome,—and its first mile is a series of glissading cascades. Near its junction with the Pemigewasset, it forms Moosilauke basin, and across-a-

\*Some half a dozen of Jeffrey's and Blanchard & Langdon's maps are in the collection of maps in the State Library.



narrow-fissure, through which its waters plunge, is known as the Indian's leap. Carrigain's map, 1816, is the first to show this stream, and gives it as "Mooschilock Br." Nearly all the state maps follow this spelling, until about 1870, when Hitchcock's geological maps give it as "Moosilauke brook." Comstock & Clines's County Atlas, 1877, also calls it the same; and so do all the maps of the Appalachian Mountain Club. A branch of this stream flows from the meadow in Kinsman notch.\* The name "Moosilauke brook" comes from the mountain on which the stream originates.

### 3. THE WILD AMMONOOSUC.

This stream, a branch of the Ammonoosuc, sometimes called the Swift-water, is marked on the maps as flowing from the meadow in Kinsman notch; but the farthest head thereof is just west of the Tip-Top House on the high crest. The rain that falls on the roof of the old, moss-grown stone house goes from the east side by the river Merrimack to the ocean; from the west side by the Connecticut to Long Island Sound. This west side brook is known as Tunnel stream, and has four beautiful cascades,—one that tumbles down the great Tunnel gorge more than two hundred feet, and one that leaps at a bound twenty feet into the pool below. Little Tunnel stream, another branch, rises in the ravine between the high crest and Mt. Blue. It has nine cascades,—one more than two hundred and fifty feet high, at a slope of seventy de-

grees, which comes laughing, leaping, tumbling into a great basin at its foot. A huge cliff, a hundred feet high from its brink, looks down on the falling waters.

One of Jeffrey's early maps spells the name of this stream "Ammonoosuck."

Matthew Patten, in his diary, 1764, spells it two ways,—“Amunooosuck” and “Amunuzsuck.”

Wm. Fadden, successor to Jeffrey, on his map of New York, 1776, spells it “Amanusack.”

The word Ammonoosuc, according to Judge Potter, is from the Indian words *namaos* (a fish), and *og* or *auke* (a place), and means fish-place.

### 4. OLIVERIAN RIVER.

The "Long Ridge" connects the South Peak to the high crest of Moosilauke. It is a great rock that arches its huge back in a long curve up to heaven. From its apex, where the view is grandest, the Oliverian starts west on its journey to the Connecticut. It slides, hisses, and tumbles down the sharp mountain side, more than a mile, passes Beaver pond, whose outlet flows away north to the Ammonoosuc, and, after it receives a branch that comes from between Mt. Clough and Owl's Head, tumbles over a ledge, plump down, some fifteen feet, on to the rocks below.

Capt. Peter Powers mentions it as a large stream at its mouth, that troubled his men to cross when he marched into the northern wilderness in 1754.

\* This notch, clove through the mountains 300 feet deeper than either the White or the Franconia notch, was called Kinsman notch from a Mr. Kinsman, one of the early settlers near Wildwood, a post-office in Grafton Co. Mt. Kinsman, also, was so called from the same settler.

It appears on a map published by Thomas Jeffrey prior to 1760, and is called by him "Umpammonosuck R." a name given it by the Indians. There were three Ammonoosuc rivers in New Hampshire,—the upper, the middle, and the lower or Umpammonosuck; *Ump* probably meaning the lower, the same as *Um* in the word Umbagog, the lower of the chain of lakes from which flows the Androscoggin river.

Umpammonosuck river also appears on a map of New Hampshire, published about 1763, in the collection of maps in the state library.

On the map of New York before mentioned it has the name of "Oliverian's Brook."

Holland's map, 1784, has "Oliverian B.," the name the stream has since retained.

Tradition has it that it was so called from the circumstance that in early times a man named Oliver and his friend were crossing it on a log; the first fell in, and the other gave the alarm by crying "Oliver's in!" hence the name Oliverian. This is only tradition, and there may be some other origin of the name.

### 5. BAKER RIVER.

The River Baker, or, as modern civilians delight to call it, Baker's river, rises in Deer lake, a little sheet of water about as large as your hand, in Deer Lake meadow, between Moosilauke and its north dome, Mt. Blue. It is a foot wide where it easily glides (a man has to cut his way through with an axe) under the fir belt or

scrub, otherwise called by the Indians, as Dr. Belknap says, *hakmantaks*, which surrounds, like an *abatis*, the high crest of the mountain; it is a hundred feet wide at its mouth. Half a mile from the lake it slides and hisses down a precipice 500 feet, into Jobildane ravine.

The first author that we have been able to find who mentions Baker river is Lient. Thomas Baker, who killed the Indian chief Waternomee at its mouth, in May, 1712. He calls it "The west branch of Merrimack river." Journal of Massachusetts Legislature, 1712.

Capt. John White, in his "Journal of a Scout to discover Indians in the northern woods, in April and May, 1725," says,—

"19 day. We traveled 11 milds, and then Camp't at the lower end of pemichewaset lower entrevals and sent out skouts.

"20 day. We lay still by reason of foul wether, and towards nit it cleared up and we sent out skouts and found where Cornel Tyng crost Meremock.\*

"21 day. We traveled 12 milds up pemichewashet River and found old sines of Indians and we sent out skouts that night and found one new track and we lay that night by the river and made new camps.† The land that lyes by this river is vere rich and good. The upland were full of hills and mountains very bad trav-eling."

This "pemichewashet River" was without doubt the present River Baker, and the stream now known as the Pemigewasset was then the

\* Now called Pemigewasset river.

† In the present town of Rummy.

“Meremock” river, as Capt. White spelled it.

Thos. Jeffrey’s map of New England, 1755, calls Baker river the “Remithewaset or Pemogewaset W. Br.”

Blanchard & Langdon’s map, 1761, calls Baker river by the very fine name of “Hastings’ brook,” the words being printed in the territory of the present town of Wentworth, which town did not then appear on the map. It also appears as “Hastings’ brook” on another map in the state library, upon which are the towns in that region granted before 1764. This last map was probably published by Jeffrey.

The first writer we have found who called the River Baker “Baker’s river” was Capt. Peter Powers, of Hollis, N. H. In his Scout Journal he says, under date of 1754, June 20th,—“We steared our course \* \* \* from the mouth of Baker’s river, up said river, north-west by west, six miles. This river is extraordinary crooked, and good intrevall. Thence up the river, about two miles north-west, and there we shot a moose, the sun being about half an hour high.” Powers’s Hist. of Coös, p. 19.

Ten years later, 1764, Matthew Patten, of Bedford, N. H., a noted surveyor, wrote in his celebrated Diary,—

“Oct. 18th. We arrived at Mr. Zechariah Parker’s on Baker’s river and lodged there.”—GRANITE MONTHLY, Vol. I, p. 213.

Holland’s map, 1784, says “Baker’s River.”

Dr. Belknap’s map, 1791, says “Baker’s R.”

Carrigain’s map, 1816, says “North

Branch of Baker’s River,” in Warren, Coventry, and Peeling.

Dr. Belknap’s History says “Baker’s river.” Vol. III, p. 45.

Thus it appears in all books and maps till 1853, when Judge Potter, in his *Visitor*, Vol. XIII, p. 257, says.—“A river in Rumney, N. H., now called Baker’s river, but called by the Indians Asquamchumanke (the water from the mountain side).” In 1857, in a letter, Judge Potter says.—“Baker’s river was called by the Indians ‘Asquamchumanke,’ from *asquam* (water), *wadchu* (a mountain), and *auke* (a place), the *m* being thrown in for the sound, and means the place where the water comes from the mountain. This name, written Asquamgumuck, is mentioned as a bound in an early deed had or seen by the late Judge Livermore.” We once searched many long hours in the Registry of Deeds office, Grafton county, to find that deed, but we did not meet it.

A writer in the N. H. Hist. Coll., Vol. VIII, p. 451, mentions the Asquamchumanke, and says the name means “The place of the water from the mountain.”

Thus we see that Moosilauke’s largest stream has been called by many names: Pemichewashet, Remithewaset, Pemogewaset W. Br., Hastings’ brook, Baker’s river, Asquamchumanke, and Asquamgumuck, of which any one can take his choice.

## 6. PEMIGEWASSET RIVER.

In the near view from Moosilauke’s high crest are seen long reaches of this stream. The name Pemigewasset is from the Indian words *pennquis* (crooked), *wadchu* (a mountain),

*coos* (pines), and *auke* (a place), and means "The crooked mountain place of many pines." N. H. Hist. Colls., Vol. VIII, p. 448. The reader will see that the word water does not occur in it, nor was it the Indian name of the river to which it is now applied. It was the name given by the Indians to the region through which the Merrimack river flows. The river Merrimack was so called in all the early scout journals,—and there are nearly a dozen of them in the archives of the state of Massachusetts (38*a*),—from its mouth to its farthest source in the White Mountains.

Capt. John Lovewell, the noted Indian fighter, tells how, in February, 1724, he went up the Merrimack river to what is now the town of Campton, and killed an Indian. *Appalachia*, Vol. II, p. 342.

Capt. Samuel Willard, in his scout journal, September, 1724, speaks of marching up the Merrimack river nearly to East Branch, and then crossing the mountains to the Saco. *Idem*, p. 342.

Capt. John White's scout journal, 1725, as we have seen, mentions the "Meremock" at Plymouth, and "the lower end of Pemichiwasset lower intervals."

Jeffrey's map, 1755, makes "Pemogewasset R." flow from what is now Squam lake.

Holland's map, 1784, shows "Merrimack river" running down from Franconia and Lincoln, and the name Merrimack river is in New Britain, now Andover and Franklin, and New Chester, now Hill, Bristol, and Bridgewater, opposite to "Sandbourn Town."

Philip Carrigain, one of the best map-makers New Hampshire ever had, clings to the name Merrimack river for the mountain branch of that stream. On his map, 1816, the name "Merrimack River" appears in the present town of Livermore, among the mountains, and also "Merrimack River" in Thornton and Campton, "or Pemigewasset Branch of Merrimack R." in Campton and Holderness.

Thus we see that the name "Pemichewasset," or "Remithewasset," otherwise the "Pemogewasset W. Br.," is rightfully the name of the River Baker, and that the word Pemigewasset should be applied to the region where lived the Pemigewasset Indians, some of whom Capt. Samuel Willard,\* on Tuesday, Sept. 28, 1724, "tracked from Pimichiwasset to Cusumpy Pond."

## 7. SQUAM LAKE.

This is the most beautiful lake in New England. Its bed is rock and white quartz sand; its water, clear as crystal; its shores, gentle curves, bold headlands, and sharp capes; its islands, crinkling stripes across its surface; its mountain peaks, crests, and domes, backed by the whole form of the gallant Choecorua, with his "steel-hooded head." Moosilauke commands a view of its south-eastern shore.

How the unephonious name of Squam came to be applied to it we have not yet learned.

Capt. John Lovewell is one of the first to mention it. In his scout

\* Willard says "we found a large Wigwam where ye Indians had lately been, as we judged about 20 in number, and our Indian said there was Squaws as well as Saunups."—*Appalachia*, Vol. II, p. 342.

journal he says,—“1724, Feb. 10. We traveled 16 miles & encamped at the North side of Cusumpe Pond.”—*Visitor*, Vol. XIII, p. 355.

Capt. Samuel Willard says,—“1725, Saturday, Sept. 25. We marched about 6 mile & came to y<sup>e</sup> carrying place, where y<sup>e</sup> Indians carry their Canoes from Pimichiwasset to Sowhaig River,\* and found that y<sup>e</sup> Indians had lately been there and carried their Conoes. Cap<sup>t</sup>. Willard took half a scout of his own & half of C<sup>t</sup>. Blanchers being in all 24 & followed y<sup>e</sup> Indians and a little before we come to Cusumpy Pond we found where they broke one Conoe & Coming to y<sup>e</sup> Pond could follow them noe further.”—*Appalachia*, Vol. II, p. 341.

Jeffrey's map, 1755, says “Kusumpe Pond,” a beautiful name.

Blanchard & Langdon's map, 1761, —“Cusumpy P.”

Jeffrey's map, 1764,—“Cusumpy P.”

Holland's map, 1784,—“Cusumpy P.,” along with “Squam Lake.” This map is the last to show the name Cusumpy pond, and the first to show Squam lake.

LAKE SQUAM.—On the left hand as we go up the lake, on what is known as Balch's Island, is Camp Chocorna. This is a real camp, not of war-scarred veterans, but of fair, rosy-cheeked youths. From fifty to seventy-five boys, ranging between ten and twenty years of age, and hailing from half the states of the Union, have their quarters here, spending the summer months in boating, rowing, swimming, and picnicking. They are

Dr. Belknap's map, 1791, says “Squam Lake,” and Carrigain's map, 1816, says “Squam,” and all the maps since that time have this name of ill sound. Most people dislike the name: it makes them think of squirming eels and slimy frogs, and the poet Whittier calls it Asquam, which in Indian language means water, a name which, for that matter, might be applied to any pond in the world.

Judge Potter says,—“Squam lake was called by the Indians ‘Keessehunckneepee,’ from *kees* (high), *sehunck* (a goose, so called from the noise it makes), and *nipee* (a lake), meaning ‘The Goose Lake of the Highlands,’ which was contracted into Keesunnipee, and corrupted by the English into Cusumpy and Cusumpy.”—*Visitor*, Vol. XII, p. 357.

Why should not Keesunnipee, a name weird as the honk of a wild goose from the sky, or its further euphonious contraction, Kusumpe, suggestive of a partridge drumming in the woods, be restored to our most beautiful gem of the White hills?

under the charge of tutors who keep them in strict discipline. No one is allowed to go on to the main land without permission, and each boy cares for his own boat, his clothes, and cooks his own food. It is a grand thing for the boys, I am sure. The camp is under the auspices of the Episcopal church. Prof. E. W. Balch is the principal tutor.

F. M. C.

\* Probably the outlet of Squam lake. Capt. Powers mentions Sawheganet falls, near its mouth, which he “carried by.”—*History of Coös*, p. 19.

**ORIGIN AND MEANING OF PROPER NAMES—[Concluded].**

BY EDWIN D. SANBORN, LL. D.

The sixth colony were Angles under Ida. They came in the year 547, and took possession of the country between the Tweed and Forth in Scotland. This fact will account for the affinity of the Lowland Scotch and English, as well as for the radical difference between the dialects of the Lowlanders and the Highlanders. The last were remnants of the old Celtic population of the island.

Prior to the year 600 the history of the Saxons in England is uncertain, colored by poetry and mythology. From the first entrance of the Saxons into England, A. D. 449, till A. D. 587, eight separate kingdoms called the octarchy were set up,—one Jute, three Saxon, and four Angle. The West Saxons, after long intestine wars, subjugated the other kingdoms and maintained their supremacy, with the brief interruption of 26 years of Danish sway from 1016 to 1042, under Canute and his two sons, till the Norman conquest in 1066. The language remained unsubdued, and was spoken by the subjected people till the middle of the thirteenth century.

Local names are usually compounds, the separate elements being descriptive of the place, and the most important word usually comes last in order. Such terminations as tun, wic, ham, thorp, berg, Clif, cot, feld, and ford are quite common, as Stantun, stone town or enclosure; Sand-wic, Sand-wich or sand village. The term "wic" is supposed to be associated with "viciis" in Latin and *ὄϊκος* in Greek, which, with the primitive digamma

prefixed, becomes *Ῥίζκος*, which easily passes into "viciis," and that abbreviated becomes "vic," "wie," or "wich," which terminates many local names, as Woolwich, Norwich, Greenwich, Alnwich, from annick, Harwich, from harridge, Keswich, from kezzick, Dulwich, from dullitch. Ham, German heim, English "home," appears in many names of places, as Hampton, Buckingham, Stone-ham, and the abbreviated forms Barrum, Putnam, and Chetum for Barnham, Puttonham, and Chetham. The termination is common in Germany, as "heim," "hem," and "um." Oppen-heim, Arn-hem, and Hus-um.

"In Ford, in Ham, in Ley, and Ton,  
The most of English surnames run."

To this distich Mr. Lower adds the following :

"Ing, Hurst, and Wood, Wich, Stead, and Field,  
Full many English surnames yield."

"Tun," ton or town, meaning enclosure, or, in the American sense, a location, shows at sight the local history of many a settlement, as Clay-ton, New-ton, Hil-ton, Nor-ton = Northtown, Sut-ton = Southtown, Mil-ton = Middletown.

The state of New Hampshire has several towns named from their earliest settlers,—as Sanborn-ton (Sand-bourne, originally, meaning sand boundary, a place of residence), and Gilman-ton, Gilman being the man of the "Gill," a rivulet or ravine.

Many places derive their names from the animals that had their homes or lairs in them,—as Oxley and Oxen-

ham, the home of oxen; Horsley and Horsfield, the abode of horses; so Ramsey, Ramscombe, Goatley, Goat-ham, Foxley, Foxcote, Dereham, Deerhurst, Hartford, and Harthill announce at once their own genealogy. Birdbrook, Birdham, Eaglesfield, Eaglesham, Ravensdale, Ravenscroft, Gosden, and Gosford speak for themselves. Oakley, Ockwood, Boxhill, Boxley, Ashley, Thornhill, Pinewell, Bircham, Mapleston, and Bromley need no interpretation. Here the forest trees never shed their summer glories; the birds still sing in their favorite haunts; the beasts yet lie undisturbed in their chosen lairs, and the herds and flocks still ruminates in their native homes. It is history, however, not present reality, that presents these enduring pictures to the mind's eye. The "animated nature" which these names describe resembles the land of shades where unsubstantial ghosts forever repeat the deeds of another life.

The personal names of the old Saxons carry us back to the infancy of our race. Names indicate the taste, pursuits, and culture of those that employ them. We are surprised at some of the appellatives given to their chiefs by our Indian tribes. They seem to think themselves ennobled by wearing the names of savage beasts and birds of prey. Hengist and Horsa are horses as well as heroes.

Beorn means a prince, a noble. In the Norse tongue, beorn, biarn, biorn, means a bear, the most ferocious beast of the North as the lion is of the South; hence princes had their names formed of beorn, or the name of some other fierce animal, as wolf;

hence we find among the Saxon kings Beo-wulf and Adel-wulf and Os-wulf. We also find Wulf-helm and Wulf-heah, *protection* and *high*. "Ead" means possession. This is often compounded with "weard" or ward, meaning guardian; with "wine," a friend, a darling; with "mund," protector; with "red," a counsellor; as Eadweard, Eadwine, Eadmund, Eadred. The word "red" or "raed" appears often in other combinations, as "Ethel-red," the noble counsellor; Aele-red, all counsel; Cuth-red, known in counsel; and Mild-red, mild in counsel. Those old German names, Ariovistus and Arminius, are supposed to be the Latinized forms of Heer-fürst and Heer-mann (now Hermau), "heer" meaning a host, and "fürst," a leader or prince. Ludewig, Ludwig, Louis, and Lewis are the same name. "Lud" means loud, and "wig" means war; possibly Ludwig has a signification like *Βασις ἀγαθός* in Greek; or the "corpora ad impetum valida" of Tacitus, good for the rush, bold in the onset; or, perhaps, loud in battle. The word "wig" appears also in Clodwig or Clovis, and in Merowig, the founder of the Merovingian dynasty. The word "mér" or "máer" is great, and Mer-wig is great in war. The names of common men are borrowed from every conceivable source; from things in heaven, things in earth, and things under the earth. The whole number is said to be thirty or forty thousand. Like the king's prerogative, they have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished. Language is the oldest historical monument on which is written the genesis of human thought; and the names of

persons and places must be among the earliest forms of human speech. "Of all the faculties," says Mr. Farrar, wherewith God has endowed His noblest creature, none is more divine and mysterious than the faculty of speech. It is the gift whereby man is raised above the beasts; the gift whereby soul speaks to soul; the gift whereby mere pulses of articulated air become breathing thoughts and burning words; the gift whereby we understand the affections of men, and give expression to the worship of God; the gift whereby the lip of divine inspiration uttering things simple and unperfumed and unadorned, reacheth with its passionate voice through a thousand generations by the help of God." One of the earliest uses on record of this divine gift to man was in the naming of the creatures which God had made; and "whatsoever Adam called every living thing, that was the name thereof." The beasts, birds, fishes, and insects which Adam then named, have repaid the debt of gratitude they owed him by returning the favor a thousand fold, and giving their names to whole families of his descendants. This is literally true in all languages. In our own tongue almost every animal has its representative man. Consider the following catalogue of surnames collected by Mr. Lower, which are common to men and quadrupeds: "Ass, Bear, Buck, Badger, Bull, Bullock, Boar, Beaver, Catt, Colt, Coney, Cattle, Cow, Calfe, Deer, Doe, Fox, Fawn, Goat, Goodsheep, Hart, Hogg, Hare, Lamb, Hound, Heifer, Kine, Kitten, Kydd, Lyon, Leppard, Leveret, Mare, Mule, Mole, Oxen, Otter, Oldbuck, Panther, Puss, Poodle,

Palfrey, Pigg, Roebuck, Ram, Rabbit, Roe, Setter, Steed, Stallion, Steer, Squirrel, Seal, Stagg, Tiger, Wildbore, and Weatherhogg."

His list of birds, represented by human names, is so striking that it will perhaps repay perusal. It is this: "Bird, Blackbird, Bunting, Bullfinch, Buzzard, Coote, Crane, Cock, Cuckoo, Crake, Chick, Chicken, Chaffinch, Crowe, Capon, Drake, Duck, Dove, Daw, Egles, Fowle, Finch, Falcon, Goshawk, Grouse, Gander, Goose, Gosling, Gull, Goldfinch, Hawke, Howlett, Heron, Hearne, Jay, Kite, Linnet, Lark, Mallard, Nightingale, Peacock, Partridge, Pheasant, Pidgeon, Parrot, Raven, Rooke, Ruff, Swan, Sparrow, Swallow, Sparrowhawk, Starling, Stork, Swift, Turtle, Teale, Thrush, Throssel, Wildrake, Wildgoose, Woodcock, Woodpecker, and Wren." These are true and ancient names, as Tacitus says of the old German appellations of tribes,—"*Eaque vera et antiqua nomina.*" They are sufficiently unique yet authentic, having been all identified from written records. The various finny tribes walk the earth with countenances erect, from the "Whale" to the "Smelt;" from the "Sharke" to the "Sprat" and "Gudgeon." But there are still gradations of names descending to insects and vegetables. Think of a hero rejoicing in the euphonious name of "Flea," "Fly," "Spider," or "Worm." Could a man, bearing such a name, ever rise to eminence? Who would vote for a statesman whose name was "Bugg," "Wasp," or "Moth"? Yet, "What's in a name?"

If Alexander had borne the name



of "Addlehead," Caesar that of "Cheeseman," Napoleon that of "Narraway," or Pompey that of "Popjay" or "Popinjay," association would have rendered their names venerable; but when the same names are given to slaves and dogs, no previous good service can save them from contempt and ridicule.

The Persian title, "Cyrus," means a dog. The founder of the dynasty that was honored with that name is said to have been nursed by a bitch; and as the old Persian belongs to the Indo-Germanic family of languages, possibly our word "cur," a dog, may be allied to Cyrus. The founder of Rome was nursed by a wolf, according to tradition. That animal has been famous in heraldry ever since. The Latin "lupus," French "loup," Saxon "wulf," is thought to have furnished to the present royal house of Great Britain their family name, "Guelph;" others associate it with "whelp," the young of the wolf or dog. The stately Romans had such names as *Asinus*, *Scropha*, and *Aper*. Their synonymes in English, "Ass," "Sow," and "Boar," are quite offensive to "ears polite," yet Englishmen have worn these "blushing honors" without shame. Many English surnames can be traced to their origin. The most obvious are descriptive of the color, complexion, features, form, or character or nationality, of those to whom they were given. Such are Brown, White, Gray, Redd, Blue, Black, Fairchild, Boniface, Broadhead, Greathead, Longbeard (the *Langobardi* or Lombards took their name from their long beards), Long, Short, Little, Low, Longfellow, Prettyman, Lightfoot,

Speedwell, Longshanks and Cruikshanks and Sheepshanks. The meaning of such names is manifest. So are all national distinctive names, as French, Scott, Irish, English, Norman, Poland, and Wales.

Wedlock sometimes forms strange unions, and even antedates the millennium, causing the Lion and the Lamb to dwell together, and the Wolf and the Kidd, the Bear and the Roe, to feed together; and a little child doth lead them. Hymen has united "Good" and "Evil," and abolished the distinction between "Deville" and "Saint." Mr. Bean has married Miss Pease; Mr. Brass, Miss Mould; and thus the laws of nature have been violated and "species" have been changed by "election." So the Peacock has been changed to the Sparrow, the Hawke to the Dove. Hymen, too, sometimes furnishes a *Proestes* bed for the happy pair, making the "Long" "Short," and the "Great" "Small."

A facetious editor once applied the following distich to the marriage of a Mr. Little with Miss Long:

"Man wants but Little here below,  
Nor wants that Little, Long."

The London signs sometimes show some singular partnerships, such as "Carpenter and Wood," "Spinage and Lamb," "Pipe and Tabor," "Single and Double," "Foot and Stocking," "Read and Wright," "Byers and Sellers." "Adam and Eve were surgeons in partnership in Paradise Row!" When we find Mr. Tugwell a dentist; Mr. Bird an egg-merchant; Messrs. Potwine and Mixwell innkeepers; Mr. Paddle navigating a steamboat,—we see at once "the fitness of things." Such men

were rightly named and properly employed.

Dr. Mountain, chaplain to Charles II, was asked by that monarch to whom he should present a certain bishopric then vacant. If you had but faith, sire, replied he, I could tell you who. How so, said Charles, if I had faith? Why yes, said the witty cleric, your Majesty might then say to this Mountain, *Be thou removed into that See.*" This same "mutton-eating king," "who never said a silly thing and never did a wise one," ycleped Carolus, Charles, Teutonic, "Karl," strong, English, "churl" perhaps, once knighted a favorite piece of roast beef which, ever since, has borne the name of "*sirloin.*" Possibly Carolus Magnus, Charlemagne, may be simply "karl mann" or strong man, and not the more majesterial Roman, "Charles the Great."

Many English surnames indicate the place of residence of the owners, as Wood, Hill, Tree, Rivers, Stiles, and Forest; others indicate occupations, as Cooper, Baker, Brewer, and Carter; others are official or professional titles, as King, Duke, Lord, Dean, Priest, Constable, and Squire. Mr. Lower gives us the following true copy of a jury taken before Judge Doddridge at the assizes holden at Huntingdon, A. D. 1619. The judge had in a former circuit censured the sheriff for empanelling men of inferior rank. The humorous sheriff returned the names of Maximilian, King of Toseland; Henry, Prince of Godmanchester; George, Duke of Somersham; William, Marquis of Stukeley; Edmund, Earl of Hartford; Richard, Baron of Bythorn; Stephen,

Pope of Newton; Humphrey, Bishop of Buckden; Stephen, Cardinal of Kimbolton; Robert, Lord of Waresley; Robert, Knight of Winwick; William, Abbot of Stukeley; William, Dean of Old Weston; John, Archdeacon of Paxton; Peter, Esquire of Easton; Edward, Friar of Ellington; Henry, Monk of Stukeley; George, Gentleman of Spaldwick; George, Priest of Graffham; Richard, Deacon of Catworth. These, doubtless, were all "true men," but were named above their station or deserts. This custom of naming men from their trades or offices is not peculiar to the English. Varro, in his treatise on agriculture says,—“We have many of our names from the herd and the flock; from the flock, Porcius, Ovinus, Caprilus; from the herd, the surnames of Equitius and Taurus, for persons are called Anni, Capre, Stitili, Tauri, Pomponii, Vituli; and there are many other names derived from the same source.” The mighty Fabii could trace their pedigree to “faba,” a bean; and the nobility of Lentulus was procured by “a mess of pottage” made of “lens,” a kind of pulse; and pulse is that which is pulled or plucked. The literal translation of ancient proper names, sometimes, leads to very ludicrous results. Mr. Blackwell, in his “Court of Augustus,” says that Marc Antony, travelling in a post-chaise, lay the first night at “Red Stones.” The original is “Saxa Rubra.” He also alludes to Antony’s favorite poet, “Mr. Gosling,” which is “Anser” in the original, and should be turned into “Goose” in English. He also remarks that Virgil, in his youth, wrote an epigram on “Crossbow,”

the robber, which seems to be the Roman "Balista," an engine of war. Of course Cicero being derived from "cicer," a chick-pea or vetch, would become Sir Mark Chick-pea; and Mr. Blackwell, in a Roman toga virilis, would become Dominus Niger-pluteus, Armiger. A French author, speaking of the first Roman consuls, Brutus and Collatinus, calls them "Les Bourgmestres de la ville de Rome." In Rome a man was called "Niger" from his complexion, "Fuscus," from the tint of his cheek; "Flaccus," from the length of his ears; "Fronto," from the height of his brow; "Scaurus," because he was club-footed; "Scaevola," because he was left-handed or had lost the right; Varus, because he was bow-legged; and in English we retain traces of that word used in a moral sense, in *prevaricate* from "*præ-varicari*," to walk deviously; and with a secondary meaning to swerve from the path of rectitude, to act or speak evasively. Cicero, discoursing of the gods, asks if we may suppose there is any Strabo, Silus, Flaccus, Fronto, or Capito among them; that is, whether any god is squint-eyed, hook-nosed, flapped, beetle-browed, or jolt-headed. As the gods, with the exception of Vulcan, were remarkable for their beauty, they had no occasion for such descriptive names as those above quoted. They, doubtless, as well as their worshippers, would be careful to select names of good omen. Livy informs us that the Romans refused to fight under "Umbrus Ater," which, from analogy, we may interpret to mean a pleonasm of darkness, following the example given by Coleridge, who called Miss Barbauld

(bare and bald) "a pleonasm of nakedness." It is recorded that Augustus, at Actium, when going to his fleet to engage the enemy, met a man named "Eutychus" (good fortune) driving an ass named "Nicon" [victory]. After the battle, he erected a temple at Actium, and placed in it brazen images of the man and the ass for the good omen which their united names suggested. The Greeks often changed names of places which were unwelcome to their sensitive ears.

"The sunny wisdom of the Greeks  
All o'er the earth is strew'd;  
On every dark and awful place,  
Rude hill, or haunted wood,  
This beautiful, bright people left  
A name of omen good."

"Unlike the children of romance,  
From out whose spirit deep  
The touch of gloom hath passed on glen  
And mountain, lake and steep;  
*On Devil's bridge and Raven's tower,  
And lovelorn Maiden's leap.*"

This aversion to harsh and ill-omened names goes back to the infancy of our race. "The mother of all living" called her first-born son "Cain," and said, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." But his subsequent conduct falsified the omen, and proved that he was no "*acquisition*" to the family. "A Hindoo commentator, explaining the 10th verse of the Third Book of Manu, where it is commanded to give to women *sweet and agreeable names*, recommends that in these names the letter 'a' should predominate." Owing to the complete seclusion of women in Oriental nations, history has had but little occasion to allude to them. The Hebrew Scriptures contain but few names of women. Only persons of distinction are mentioned. Their names were often selected according to the rule of the Hindoo critic above

quoted.—as Hannah, gracious; Je-mima, handsome as the day; Dinah, judgment; Sarah, princess; and Zipporah, beauty.

When a Roman father had but one daughter, she received a name derived from the gens, as Tullia, the daughter of Cicero; Julia, the daughter of Cæsar. If there were two daughters in one family, they were distinguished as *Major* and *Minor*, as Cornelia Major, Cornelia Minor. If there were more than two, the ordinal numbers were used,—as *Secunda*, *Tertia*, *Quarta*, *Quinta*, sometimes softened into *Tertilla*, *Quartilla*, *Quintilla*. Some wicked wit has affirmed that Lord John Russell, owing to his accurate business habits, sometimes, in fits of abstraction, alludes to his children as Schedule A, Schedule B, and so on.

Geoffrey, of Monmouth, tells us how a beautiful woman, with a sweet name, conquered the heart of a king, and perpetuated the fact in a word still in use in English. Rowen or Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, welcomed the British Vortigem with the salutation, “Lauerd King, wacht heil,” *Lord King, wait my hailing draught*. By the aid of an interpreter, he replied, “Drine heil,” *Drink hail to me*. The wacht heil of Rowena is changed into “*wassail*,” and the “*wassail cup*” is sometimes used at festivals in England, and possibly the kiss with which the fair princess greeted the deluded king may be equally popular.

Many an inquisitive student has pondered with wonder upon the lettering on the backs of old college text books in Latin. They were all labelled “in usum Delpini,” for the

use of the dolphin. These editions of the Roman classics were prepared, in accordance with the wishes of Louis XIV, by learned scholars for the use of the heir apparent, who is styled the “Daupin” or dolphin. Mr. Lower informs us why that august personage is so named. It seems that many English and French surnames have been derived from the devices which decorated the banners and shields of knights in the days of chivalry. The armorial ensign is metonymically put for the bearer of it. One of the early Troubadours was called the knight of the dolphin because he bore that emblem on his shield. His estate was called Daupliné. In the person of one of his successors the name Dauphin, Latin Delphinus, became the title to sovereign dignity. Many other illustrious families derive their pedigree from beasts, birds, fishes, and even angels and saints, in the same way. The armorial bearings of noble knights were often copied on the signs of inns, or emblems were devised in imitation of heraldic signs. So “mine host” would naturally be distinguished from other landlords by his sign; thus John at the lion, bull, or angel, easily became John Lion, John Bull, or John Angel. In this way, the man and all his posterity became brutes or divinities by virtue of the chosen symbol of his vocation. In the days of Edward IV, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own inn, whose sign was a *crown*. The best authorities affirm that all the “Smiths” derive their surname from their trade.

"From whence comes Smith, all be he Knight or Squire,  
But from the smith that forgeth in the fire."

Smith, from the Anglo-Saxon "smitan," to smite or strike, means one who smiteth with a hammer, and originally applied to a carpenter as well as to one who forges metals.

Many familiar names have been formed by simply appending the sign of the possessive case to the father's Christian name, as John his son, Abram his son, Peter his son, Nelly her son, Gilbert his son, in an abbreviated form, become John's or Jones, Abram's or Abrams, Nell's or Nelson, Gib's or Gibson. By a similar abridgement we get Sanders and Alley from Alexander; Benn and Benson from Benjamin; Ball and Bawson from Baldwin (Anglo-Saxon, "bald," bold, and "win," battle); Kitts and Kitson, from Christopher (from the Greek *Χριστός* and *ἰσως*); Cutts, Cuthbert, Anglo-Saxon "Cuth," known or distinguished, and "beorht," brightness; and Munn and Monson from Edmund.

Proper names are derived from almost every conceivable source. There is no sobriquet however vulgar, no calling however degraded, no condition however low, no deformity however repulsive, that does not furnish names to persons who thus innocently proclaim that their

"blood  
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

If names were still as significant of attributes, qualities, and employments as when they were first imposed, men might be found for every possible demand. Does one desire a companion for a journey? We mention a Traveller, a Walker,

an Ambler, a Trotter, and a Ryder. If he, like Horace, is slow in his progress, he can choose a Hobler and a Hopper. If he is a "fast" man, he may take a Jumper and a Skipper, or that merry trio, Trot, Gallop, and Canter. Does one need spiritual counsel? The whole retinue of ecclesiastics are at his service from a Pope to a Priest, from a Bishop to a Dean. Is he in humor for a dance? Messrs. Steptoe, Lightfoot, and Dancey will fill the "Scotch reel." Does he need a purveyor? A Butcher, a Blood, a Slaughter are ready for the work. Would he call a surgeon? Drs. Cutter, Cutting, Burns, and Smart are at hand. If he simply needs advice or a prescription,—Drs. Physic, Bolus, and Nurse may be called. If he is dead, and mourning friends need assistance, Messrs. Church, Coffin, Tombs, or Graves may instantly be summoned. Indeed, there is no service required by man, from the cradle to the grave, which is not literally represented in the names of men. Sometimes a man's name stands in striking contrast with his vocation in business. How very incongruous would be the association, if Messrs. Coffin and Death should be the managers of a fashionable "Assembly"! Think of Craven and Coward "in the imminent deadly breach," or Meek and Mercy officiating as hangmen, or Joy and Merry acting as undertakers. Horace Smith playfully alludes to the incongruity between the old names and the present uses of places about London. "Thus we apply the name of Whitehall to a black chapel, Cheapside is dear on both sides, the Serpentine river is a straight canal, Knightsbridge has no bridge, Moor-

fields exhibit no more fields, the Green park was all last autumn completely brown, Green street was in no better plight, and both, according to Goldsmith's recommendation concerning the aged peas with which he was served, should be removed to Hammersmith, because that is the way to Turnham Green."

The study of names has a greater philological value than the study of common words. The names of persons and places are, in numerous instances, the only existing memorials of departed nations. The Greeks and Romans displaced or annihilated numerous nations and languages in southern and central Europe. The Pelasgi and the Etrusci are only known by their monuments and monumental inscriptions. They only live in the names which they gave to places and heroes. "Stat nominis umbra." We everywhere tread upon the ashes of buried nations. Soon nothing will be known of the red men who have occupied this whole continent but the names they have affixed to mountains, lakes, and rivers. Proper names, therefore, have a historical value. Every name is a legend or myth to tell us how men of by-gone ages looked, thought, and acted.

Says Mr. Donaldson,—“When we hear a stream called Wans-beck-water, and know that the three words of which the compound is made up

all signify ‘water,’ the first being Celtic (as in Wan’s-ford, A-von), the second German (beck=back), the last English, we at once recognize three changes of inhabitants to whom the older name successively lost its significance.” Every conquered country contains such historical names. Britain has been successively occupied by Celts, Romans, Danes, and Normans. Existing names of places and of men are historical proofs of the settlement of these nations in the island. “In the Celtic dialect, for instance, Glynde means a vale, Comb (crom) a deep valley, and Caburn (caer-byrn) a fortified hill. All these occur in Sussex. In Latin, *Castrum* is a fortified station: this word corrupted by the Saxons to ‘ceaster’ or chester is a common termination of many English words. In Anglo-Saxon, ‘*Ley*’ and ‘*Tan*’ mean field and an enclosure. In French, *Malfosse* stands for a dangerous ravine, and *Beaulieu* for a pleasant situation.” Thus Alfriston is Aelfrick’s enclosure, Clapham, Clappa’s home, Chichester, Cissa’s fortress, Canterbury (Anglo-Saxon, Cant-waereburg), the chief town in Kent. Names terminating in *ville* (Latin, *villa*) are of French origin. Such examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been written to show that the study of proper names yields all that Horace ascribes to true poetry—*pleasure* and *profit*.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

*Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.*

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VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1887.

NO. 12.

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## HON. MASON W. TAPPAN.

Mason Weare Tappan, son of Weare Tappan, Esquire, was born in Newport, New Hampshire, October 20, 1817. His boyhood and youth were passed in Bradford. He received his education at the Hopkinton and Meriden academies, studied law with Hon. George W. Nesmith, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. He soon acquired an extensive practice, and by his power as an advocate became a man of note. He represented Bradford in the legislature in 1853, 1854, and 1855, during the second year receiving the nomination of his party for the speakership, and coming within two votes of an election. Forgetting past contentions, and moved by the prominent stand he had taken in the legislature, the Whigs, Free-Soilers, Independent Democrats, and Americans came to his support, nominated him, and elected him to the Thirty-Fourth Congress. He was twice reelected. He served the state with distin-

guished ability, and won the reputation of an able and fearless champion of the cause of the Union and the great principles of the Republican party. He was "active, enthusiastic, and always conciliatory, when conciliation is needed. With a heart forced by its very nature to hate falsehood, oppression, and wrong, he is just the man whom a free people should delight to honor, and in honoring whom they most honor themselves."

Mr. Tappan's course throughout, as a member of congress, was characterized by a conscientious regard for the right, and by the true spirit of independence. His eloquent speeches were not only a power in the house, but were used broadcast throughout the land to awaken patriotism.

During his term of office he served on the Judiciary Committee, and was chairman of the Committee on Claims.

At the breaking out of the War

of the Rebellion he was commissioned colonel of the First Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, took it to the seat of war, and at the expiration of its term of enlistment returned with it to the state. As a commander, he was patriotic, brave, and thoughtful of and kind to his officers and men, and respected by all. He was afterwards appointed colonel of the Fourth and of the Sixteenth regiments, but decided to allow the command to go to younger men.

After his return from the seat of war he devoted himself to the legal profession, and constantly increased his reputation as a lawyer and as an advocate. In 1876 he was appointed attorney-general of the state by Gov. P. C. Cheney, which office he held till his death.

Col. Tappan was married three

times,—first, to Emeline M. Worth, of Sutton; second, to Mary E. Jenkins, of Boston; third, to Imogene B. Atwood, of Lisbon, who survives him. He died October 25, 1886, and left one son by his first marriage, Frank M. Tappan, of Bradford, and one daughter by his last marriage, Helen L. Tappan.

To the poor and afflicted he was kind. "His fidelity as a friend, his sensitiveness of heart, and his honor in his profession, are proverbial among his most intimate acquaintances." Among his townsmen he enjoyed great personal popularity and influence.

He was highly respected and esteemed, not only by the bench and bar of the state, but by the people of all parties.

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### DANIEL WEBSTER.

POEM WRITTEN BY W. C. STUROC OF SUNAPEE, AND READ AT THE UNVEILING OF THE WEBSTER STATUE, AT CONCORD, N. H., JUNE 19, 1886.

Behold the man! New Hampshire's mighty son,  
 The stern defender of our freedom's chart;  
 His giant soul perennial fame hath won,  
 And placed him peerless in a people's heart.

Like Burns, the poet of fair Scotia's land,  
 He oped his eyes when blew the winter wind;  
 But heaven-sent Genius, with benignant hand,  
 Adorned his brow with matchless grace of mind.

Perchance his boyhood had its toils and cares,  
 His manhood more, that spoke of grandest strife;  
 None toilless to the crowning goal repairs  
 To don the laurels of a famous life.



He wrenched and held, with Titan hooks of steel,  
From founts till then to feebler visions sealed,  
The glorious doctrine of a Commonweal,  
When States fraternal bear aloft ONE SHIELD!

His tireless spirit, till three score and ten,  
Held vital conflict in the highest spheres,  
Where brain and culture sway the fates of men,  
And stamp their impress on the tide of years.

There stands the statue of the living man,  
Whose words of eloquence could senates charm,  
And scorch the schemes Disunion's craft might plan,  
With potent lightnings from his Jove-like arm!

Thus he, the peer of statesman or of bard,  
Is crown'd, to-day, with all our love can give,  
And here the legend of his high reward  
We 'grave for Time,—'Behold, I, Webster, live!'"

Sunapee, N. H., June 14, 1886.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

BY LUCINDA CHANDLER.

My first visit to the land of sunshine in search of genial climate was in the winter of 1859-'60. During that season no muttering of the gathering storm, which culminated the following year, marred the agreeable social life which, though void of excitement or intellectual stimulus in any form, afforded ample material for observation and study.

On my first trip I travelled in company with a party comprising gentlemen friends, for which cause a feature of the gallantry of Southern men did not appear.

Any Northern person must always be impressed with the contrast of railroad management after reaching

the Gulf States. After a little experience of the surprising leisure of the train, that removes all sense of steam power or speed, one might imagine it possible to be favored with a halt for his own personal comfort, especially after the train had been stopped two or three times at no particular place, but because a flag was waved from somebody's dooryard which the road passed.

A marked feature of Southern manners and the social education of Southern men was made prominent on my second trip, the next year, when accompanied only by a lady friend.

From Savannah, where we left

steamer, to Montgomery, no royal guests of the country or of the railroad could have been treated with more refined and respectful consideration, more delicate anticipation of and attention to our comfort. Whether we would have a window open or closed, here or there; whether we would like more room or more bolsterings to recline upon,—seemed to be as much the self-appointed duty of the conductor as were his train responsibilities.

Occasionally a glass of water was presented without any suggestion on our part, and though these very agreeable attentions and supply of necessary comforts were bestowed with the watchful foresight of a friend, not a word or look of encroaching familiarity was offered. To a lady who has travelled alone in the South, and has been acquainted with Southern gentlemen, there is no surprise that assaults upon women are visited with summary and decisive retribution. The protection of women is an inbred virtue in Southern men.

On my first arrival in Dixie it was my fortune to leave the boat about three o'clock A. M., in the darkness before the dawn. As it happened, no other passenger landed, and under the shadow of a densely wooded bluff, on the Alabama river, at the foot of a flight of three hundred steps leading up and into impenetrable darkness, a negro with a lantern my only means of guidance or company (the station agent having taken a chill that night), to mount that long flight of steps at the rear of the lantern, or trust the elevator used for hauling up freight, was my only chance of reaching a habitation, or white folks.

The proprietor of the hotel expected me, but the time of arrival of the boat was never a certainty, and that morning it chanced to be ahead of time. My sable guide took me to "the hall," as the general reception-room was called, which was the office, and took the place of a bar-room also. A fire was blazing cheerily in the open fireplace, as during the season of fires it always did, day and night. Partly in the shadow of corners, and partly in the light of the blaze on the hearth, were stretched on the floor a half dozen forms of negroes without pillows, without even blankets.

But for the life-giving warmth and radiance of the blaze, the impression of a first glance might have deepened, and a sense of having entered a morgue remained as the introduction to a hospitable Southern hotel, for, during the brief colloquy held with my attendant, not a breath or a motion indicated any life in those recumbent forms.

The countenance, and conspicuously the eye, of the negro slave was a study. No sphinx could seem more a riddle, or wear a more stolid mien. No genius in acting could throw more expression into the eye. Passing a day as the guest of a lady who had scores of servants, one of the housemaids slyly and deftly conveyed a few figs, the first fruits of the season, to my pocket. A short time afterward her mistress ordered her to go out and pick a dish of figs especially for a treat to me of an unaccustomed fruit. As the girl rose and passed behind the chair of her mistress, she truly *shot* glances at me, which for earnestness of appeal were almost startling. When she returned I es-

sayed to exercise eye language to convey to her my loyalty to her secret, and I think successfully.

One of the features of the social life of the Southern negro which I was very desirous to witness, it was my misfortune to miss,—a religious service conducted by a negro preacher. But a wedding of the very first water I did have an opportunity to attend. The family were Northern people, and kind to their servants at all times, and the wedding feast would hardly have exhibited more cost, skill, or taste, had it been prepared for a member of the family. It was served in the family dining-room, and the family waited upon the sable guests. A negro preacher in a white vest and necktie, with a showy pair of glasses astride his nose, performed the ceremony with much elocutionary unction. In the negro house at the rear of the back yard, two of the most accomplished performers with the feet contributed a "shake-down," which, though accompanied by music, had no more relation to its rhythm than have the gyrations of a buzz-saw. Without the evidence of one's own eyes, such an exhibition of motion and vibrations of extremities could not be counted possible to human anatomy. Occasionally a leap straight upward of at least two feet seemed to charge the nerves and muscles of feet and legs with a renewed and electric animation, that sent off sprays of motion like the falling fiery ribbons of a rocket. To imagine that these palpitant forms of dexterity, seemingly exhaustless in force and energy, could ever tax your patience by their snail-like dragging slowness, was quite out of the question.

The Southern negro in *ante-bellum* days was as careless of any future need as the birds of the air, and responded to any call for his peculiar gifts of mimicry and gleeful abandon as naturally as the birds did by song to the inspiration of sunshine and atmosphere.

One of the most pronounced features of climate were the thunder and rain storms. Having great admiration for these heroic moods of nature in that latitude, the sublimity and magnificence of these displays afforded me an intoxication of delight. For two or three hours a continuous rolling and booming of thunder, not a moment of interval, the lightning as continuously flashing in rhythmic regularity. Water, not raining down or falling in streams, but filling the wide space as though the clouds had suddenly let down an ocean of water that was everywhere, the ground a shallow lake from two to six inches in depth.

One morning is a vivid remembrance, when a threatening shower had quickened the gathering at the school-room in which it was my duty to lead the singing at the morning exercises. We had waited during the storm music which well-nigh made our voices inaudible, and held in terror some of the scholars. Finally, near to ten o'clock, the storm ceased suddenly, instantly, as storms always did, as though a faucet turned off water and electricity at one and the same time. The sun shone out, making every leaf on trees and shrubs seem the frame of millions of iridescent diamond globes, and we commenced our morning song. Hardly were we well begun when such a thrilling, nerve intoxicating, marvellous

bird chorus filled the storm freshened, richly perfumed air, as only dwellers in that climate can realize.

The mocking-birds and English robins and larks made a hallelujah chorus full of more exquisite strains and warblings than a Jennie Lind or a Parepa could imitate. With one consent scholars and leader stopped to listen to the divine orchestra.

The after glories of storms were delightful beyond description. The luxuriant foliage, much of it like the magnolia's and bay's, always shining, became a mass of trembling, glistening sheen, bedecked with rainbow-tinted drops. The soft blue of the sky seemed ready to drop some celestial elixir, so penetrating was the azure. The soothing exhilaration of sweet odors from numerous flowers and shrubs played upon the senses. The realm of mist and bird life voiced its overflowing vitality and delight, and all the sweet voices of nature seemed to say, Though the storm comes, beauty and radiance and harmony and delight remain, and the triumph is to them.

"Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Surrounded by such natural influences, in which an out-door life that filled the senses to satiety was compelling, it was not hard to find a reason why the negro had little enterprise, nor why the master's conscience slumbered, bound by inherited conditions, institutions, and customs. The carelessness and childish abandon to present enjoyment, conspicuously a trait of the Southern negro, had none of the stings of poverty in a rigorous climate to whet his energies or quicken his thoughts.

Returning after a brief visit North in the summer of '60, it was soon apparent that a crisis was inevitable. Early in the autumn military companies were formed for drill, and, as it chanced that their parade ground was in full view of the porch which the ladies of the family frequented, that performance almost daily seized my prescience like the dim foreboding of a frightful dream.

A cotton warehouse made Claiborne a commercial centre for a considerable extent of outlying country, and for that reason it was a stopping-place from other quarters. At the hotel table one would hear an expression of divers opinions; and all shades of patriotism, from the Southern sectionalist to the loyal Unionist, were widely represented.

It has been correctly claimed, recently, according to my knowledge, that "it was not a slaveholder's rebellion." Certainly in that section, plantation owners or small farmers, those who had many slaves and those who had few, as a class, would have chosen to remain in the Union had not sectional pride been appealed to by artful demagogues and hot-headed conspirators, seeking to establish a separate civilization and to make for themselves an opportunity to rule, inflamed sectional jealousies by misrepresenting the feelings and intentions of the North.

The difference of comprehension and judgment between the rural population and the people in cities was conspicuous. Those who lived on lines of transportation, or whose business required them to travel and mingle with the Northern people, were capable of appreciating the folly of

making a fight to perpetuate slavery, and were comparatively free from sectional spirit. But those whose world was bounded by home and neighborhood surroundings, seemed as a class to understand only that their property and homes were to be destroyed.

During a trip on the river, after the nomination of Lincoln, it was painfully significant to me to hear the expressions of the ladies, some of whom were city residents, and might have been well read in Southern views and interpretations through publications. The attitude of all with one exception was that the South was threatened by a violation of constitutional rights, to be subject to the aggressive fanaticism of Abolitionists, and exposed to the untamable lust of the freed negro.

The lady referred to was about seventy years of age, and a widow of the man who edited and published the first newspaper established in Alabama, forty years previously. She was an enthusiastic Unionist, and a clear-headed person with very good conversational powers. We were entertained for some hours in the ladies' cabin by her arguments, and rehearsal of the protection of Southern slavery by the U. S. government.

Men came from all parts of the boat and listened quietly to the earnest pleading of this patriotic woman for peace and loyalty. Some questions were asked, evidently with the expectation of embarrassing her, but her keen memory and extensive knowledge of her country's history made her master of the situation. There was no word of disrespect, hardly one of positive dissent from her claims.

Probably few if any of the incipient Confederate soldiers listening to her could have answered her arguments intelligently, or refuted her logic. The thought occurred to me with a pang of foreboding, how much suffering and cost the country might escape if the pleading arguments of that wise matron could prevail to bring the terrible problem to a peaceful and reasonable solution.

After this conversation, as I was sitting at the piano, a bride of sixteen years, resplendent in beauty and diamonds, leaned affectionately towards me, standing at my side, and said, "You don't believe in the South submitting to the Abolitionists, do you?" As I did not instantly respond, she continued eagerly, "You're a Southerner, are n't you?"

"I was born and 'raised' very near to Canada," I replied, "but I love my whole country, and know no North, no South, no East, no West. It makes my heart ache to think my grandfather's prophecy may be fulfilled. When I was a little child he used to say 'slavery would have to be abolished if we had a war to do it.' I wish the people of the whole country could be brought together, and shake hands, for then we could n't have a war."

The conception in the minds of some as to what an Abolitionist might be was so grotesque as to be amusing. A young Confederate, who had been stationed at Fort Morgan after "one old darkie, a dog, and a mule" had been taken by Confederate authority, came home to nurse a flesh-wound in his hand. He was given to lively conjectures of the more serious suffering that severe wounds might

inflict, and at times indulged in vigorous denunciation of the "Abolitionists." He inquired what kind of looking people they were, quite in the manner one would do who had heard of some horrid species of savage no-wise like to ordinary humanity. Like others, too, who better comprehended what was involved in a fight to preserve slavery, he frequently cursed William L. Yancy and Jefferson Davis. But the loyalty of the Southerner generally to the South was a double distilled patriotism which did not in any like degree embrace their country. This spirit smothered Union sentiment by its aggressive force.

During the secession agitation and the prevailing excitement that followed Lincoln's nomination, it was wonderful to discover how positively the negroes looked to "Massa Linkum" as their sure deliverer. When an occasion offered for private communication, I was frequently asked "if 'Linkum' was elected," and "how soon he would set us free."

If I tried to explain that Mr. Lincoln as president would have no power to set them free, they would look sad and thoughtful for a little while, but invariably would close the interview by saying in the most confident manner, "But Massa Linkum he'll set us free," and this conviction seemed equally pungent in the minds of white people.

At the time the attack on Fort Sumter was in progress I witnessed in Mobile the embarkation of a com-

pany sent as a body-guard to Davis at Montgomery, when the Confederate administration was in that city. They were a picked and splendid display of physical manhood and military accomplishment. As a young man stepped on deck, and was grasped by the hand of some city official apparently acting as host, the soldier said with an imperial air of assurance, "I'll bring you one of his eye teeth!" meaning Lincoln's.

It was as if the voice of fate had whispered in every soul, of the master and the slave, the white and the black, that Lincoln was the man chosen of God to break in pieces the system which had been their inheritance, and to remove the curse of the nation and the wrongs of the slave.

It was a poignant sorrow to witness the opening of that deadly strife between brother and brother, friend and friend. The kindness received in that land, and up to the moment of departure, when a richly filled hunch basket, and a carriage my friends of a short acquaintance would not allow me to pay for, were provided, will remain a sweet remembrance forever.

When my thoughts revert to that beautiful land and its kind-hearted people, I dream of the time when the blight of slavery and war will have disappeared, and the social life and institutions of the sunny South shall harmonize with its natural beauties and delights, and its wealth of resources. God and human wisdom speed the day!

## CHAMPLAIN.—A BALLAD OF 1609.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

The Hurons were on the war-path,  
For around their council fires  
They had vowed to revenge on the Iroquois  
The wrongs of themselves and sires.  
The Hurons were on the war-path,  
And from Ottawa river down.  
On the tide of the broad St. Lawrence  
They came to the new French town.  
In the ears of their new-made allies  
Their plans for the march were told,  
While armed with their bows and arrows  
Stood the waiting warriors bold ;  
And the hawk's and the eagle's feathers  
Did the well trained scalp-locks deck  
Of the Indian braves and sachems  
On the war-path from Quebec.  
Then down by the Sorel river,  
Champlain and his chosen few  
Followed the guiding red men,  
Till the great lake came in view ;  
And on fair Saranae\* water  
They rowed in the sunset glow,  
Ere on its green shore landing  
To fight with a savage foe.  
Fierce were the fighting Mohawks,  
And the Iroquois were strong :  
With the Hurons and Adirondacks  
They had been at warfare long :  
But fearful was the slaughter  
And furious was the flight,  
When first the white man's fire-arms  
Were heard in the Indian fight !  
From their hunting-grounds the Hurons  
Have passed away forever,  
And never a tribe of the Iroquois  
Roams now by the Hudson river.  
And no monument remaineth  
To tell of the warriors slain ;  
But the long lake still retaineth  
The name of the good Champlain.

\*Saranae. Indian name of Lake Champlain.

## INVENTORS AS MARTYRS TO SCIENCE.

BY KATE SANBORN.

James Watt, the Scottish engineer, who made such important discoveries with steam power, had his share of trials. Wordsworth said of him, "I look upon him, considering both the magnitude and the universality of his genius, as perhaps the most extraordinary man England has ever produced."

Yet he was at times ready to curse the steam engine as the cause of all his misfortunes;—for its sake he had given up a prosperous business, had plunged himself deep in debt, and his wife, who had nobly shared his struggle, died from the results of poverty and depression just as he most needed her loving sympathy and brave words of encouragement. For some time after her death, when at the door of his humble dwelling, he would pause on the threshold, unable to summon courage to enter the home where he was never more to meet "the comfort of his life." He was subject to despondency and dyspepsia, and his letters were often written in the depths of gloom over his many discouragements and drawbacks. Severely tried, he could not relinquish his idea of a working steam engine, and felt impelled to follow it to an issue. Unable to give his mind to any other business until this was a success, he wrote to a friend that he was barren on every other subject. "My whole thoughts," said he, "are bent on this machine. I can think of nothing else." After two months of hard labor he set up an engine only to find that it leaked in all directions. Then

his leading mechanic died just as he needed him most. When he seemed to have got the engine into working order the beam broke, and his best workman was gone. This threatened to bring the experiment to an end; but undaunted, he went slowly on, battling down difficulty inch by inch, strongly convinced that he was on the right track. Everything had to be done stealthily, lest his ideas should be stolen, which greatly increased his difficulties; and he was poor, and knew but few who had sufficient faith to care to assist him. His story is full of sickening delays, bitter disappointments, and repeated discomfiture.

He ventured to make trial of a larger model. By some unforeseen misfortune, he wrote to a patron, "The mercury found its way into the cylinder, and played the Devil with the solder. This throws us back at least three days, and is very vexatious." When he tried to take out a patent, officials were sluggish and indifferent, and he was required to pay heavy fees in order to protect his invention.

His family could not be maintained on hope so long deferred, and while his head was full of his engine his *heart* ached with anxiety. At one time his mind, strained and wearied with such long continued application to a single subject, seemed on the point of breaking down altogether. To his intimate friends Watt bemoaned his many failures, his low spirits, his bad health, and sleepless



nights. What a hard position! He grasped thoroughly the production of power by steam, and seems with prophetic power to have realized all that it was capable of accomplishing. His was the true insight of genius, yet he was hampered for years in every undertaking by lack of means, by clumsy, ignorant assistants, and a painful lack of confidence in himself. "The total depravity of inanimate things" also seemed destined to destroy his hopes.

After working for six months on a new engine, expending a vast amount of labor, anxiety, and ingenuity, he himself declared it was "a clumsy job." The new arrangement of the pipe condenser did not work well, and the cylinder, having been badly cast, was almost useless. One of his greatest difficulties consisted in keeping the piston tight. He wrapped it round with cork, oiled rags, tow, old hats, paper, horse dung, and a variety of other things; still there were open spaces left, sufficient to let the air in and the steam out. Grievously depressed by his want of success, he now had serious thoughts of giving up the thing altogether. Before abandoning it, however, the engine was once more thoroughly overhauled, many improvements introduced, and a new trial made of its powers. But this did not prove successful. "You cannot conceive," he wrote to a friend, "how mortified I am with this disappointment. It is a damned thing for a man to have his all hanging by a single string. If I had the wherewithal to pay the loss I do n't think I should so much fear a failure, but I cannot bear the thought of other people becoming losers by my schemes.

I have the happy disposition of always painting the worst."

After his apparently fruitless labor he expressed his belief that of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing. On the 31st of January, 1770, he writes,—“Today I enter the thirty-fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly yet done thirty-five pence worth of good in the world; but I cannot help it.”

Although he felt that inventing leads only to vexation, failure, and increase of his terrible headaches, he could not stop his mental machinery. That was in complete working order, and he was contriving a dozen minor inventions, or "gim-cracks" as he called them, in as many various directions. He was equally ready to contrive a cure for smoky chimneys, a canal sluice for economizing water, a new method of readily measuring distances by means of a telescope, decomposing sea salt by lime and so obtaining alkali for purposes of commerce, making improvements in barometers, inventing a muffling furnace for melting metals, etc., etc. What a sad shame that a man of such ability should have been obliged to struggle so long for success and recognition. There was very little pecuniary return for all this, and his friend, Dr. Hutton of Edinburgh, addressed to him a New Year's letter, with the object of dissuading him from proceeding further with his unprofitable brain-distressing work. "A happy new year to you!" said Hutton. "May it be fertile to you in lucky events, *but no new inventions.*" He went on to say that invention was only for those who live by the public,

and those who from pride chose to leave a legacy to the public. It was no use, however, telling Watt that he must not invent. One might as well have told Burns that he was not to sing because it would not pay, or Wilkie that he was not to paint.

For thirty years his life was one long battle: even when his engines succeeded he could not rest. In his fragile, nervous, dyspeptic state every increase of business was to him increase of brain-work and increase of pain, until it seemed as if not only his health, but the very foundations of his reason, must give way. When at last the sunshine of prosperity was beginning to dawn on him, his mind, worn out by care and over-work, could not look cheerfully at the future, and he writes in a strain of profound melancholy: "I have been effete and listless, neither daring to face business, nor capable of it; my head and memory failing me much; my stable of hobby-horses pulled down, and the horses given to the dogs for carriage. I have had serious thoughts of laying down the burden I find myself unable to carry, and perhaps, if other sentiments had not been stronger, should have thought of throwing off the mortal coil; but if matters do not grow worse, I may, perhaps, stagger on."

The uncommon *neatness* of the second Mrs. Watt must not be forgotten in enumerating the trials of her husband. He carried on the operations connected with his later inventions in his garret, a room under the kitchen roof, small, low, lighted by only one window, cold in winter, hot in summer. He was obliged occasionally to write to his partners that

he could not proceed further with his machine till the weather grew milder. Here he spent much of his time in the last years of his life. For days together he would confine himself there, not even descending to his meals, as he had provided himself with a frying-pan and Dutch oven, and cooked his own food.

Mrs. Watt, No. 2, was a thorough martinet in household affairs, and above all things detested "dirt." She taught her two pug dogs never to cross the hall without first wiping their feet on the mat. She hated the sight of her husband's leather apron and soiled hands, while he was engaged in his garret work: so he kept himself out of her sight at such times as much as possible. Some notion of the rigidity of her rule may be inferred from the fact of her having had a window made in the kitchen wall through which she could watch the servants, and observe how they were getting on with their work. Her passion for cleanliness was carried to a pitch which often fretted those about her by the restraints it imposed, but her husband gently submitted to her control. He was fond of a kind of snuff which Mrs. Watt detested, and she would seize and lock up the unoffending snuff-box whenever she could lay her hands on it. A visitor in the family affirms that when she retired from the dining-room, if Mr. Watt did not follow at the time fixed by her, a servant entered and put out the light, even when a friend was present, on which the hen-pecked inventor would slowly rise and meekly say,—"*We must go.*" He certainly can be ranked among the martyrs.

But honor, and wealth, and appreciation came to him in the calm sunset of his stormy life. He was fascinating in conversation; equally at home among philosophers, women, and children. In his 82d year he formed one of a distinguished party assembled in Edinburgh, at which Sir Walter Scott and Francis Jeffrey were present.

“This potent commander of the elements,” says Scott, “this abridger of time and space, this magician whose machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only beginning to be felt, was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and combiner of numbers as adapted to practical purposes, was not only one of the most generally well informed, but one of the best and kindest, of human beings. There he stood, surrounded by the little band of northern Literati, men generally very tenacious of their own opinions. Methinks I yet see and hear what I shall never see or hear again. The alert, kind, benevolent old man had his attention alive to every one’s question, his information at every one’s command. His talent and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist; he talks with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another, a celebrated critic, you would have said the old man had studied political economy and belle lettres all his life; of science it is unnecessary to speak, it was his own distinguished walk.”

“It seemed,” said Jeffrey, “as if every subject that had been casually

started had been that which he had been occupied in studying.”

A lady relates how he took her upon his knee, when a little girl, and explained to her the principles of the hurdy-gurdy, the piano, the Pan’s pipe, and the organ, teaching her how to make a dulcimer and improve a jews-harp. To a Swedish artist he communicated the information that the most pliant and elastic painting brush was made with cats’ whiskers. He advised ladies how to cure smoky chimneys, how to warm and ventilate dwellings, and how to obtain fast colors, while he would willingly instruct a servant as to the best way of cleaning a grate.

Campbell, the poet, who paid Watt a visit in February, 1819, only six months before his death, describes him as so full of anecdote that he spent one of the most amusing days he had ever enjoyed with a man of science and a stranger to his own pursuits.

His sculpture copying machine was his last invention, and he was employed on it when the hand of the cunning workman was stopped by death—almost his only unfinished invention. It has been revised and completed, and is used extensively in this country. I have given a full account of this marvellous man, because every event seemed too interesting to be omitted. Lord Jaffrey, in a eulogy on Watt, said justly,—“By his admirable contrivances the steam engine has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility, for the prodigious power it can exert, and the ease and precision and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk

of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is as nothing to it. It can draw out without breaking a thread as fine as gossamer," and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air.

Palissy, the potter, a French Huguenot, was doubly a martyr, enduring for sixteen weary years the sneers of his neighbors and the reproaches of his wife before he attained his object, and towards the close of his life, when rewarded with wealth and honors, he was imprisoned for his religion, and died in a dungeon of the Bastille after four years of close confinement. He had a good paying business, that of glass-painting for the windows of churches, and was happy with his young wife and child, and for several years they lived most comfortably, but all the time he was longing to do something which should make his name immortal. There is often a long period during which a man of genius is occupied in gathering together materials, unconscious what use they shall eventually serve, and suddenly, perhaps, through a passing and merely accidental circumstance, he receives an impetus which directs him on to the fulfilment of his career.

The turning point in Palissy's life, which caused him so much anxiety and yet gave him the wished for fame, was an accidental visit to the castle of a nobleman, who, knowing his interest in pottery, went to a cabinet where he had some choice specimens, and showed him a beautiful enamelled cup. At the sight of it he was struck with admiration. He knew nothing of pottery, had no knowledge of clays, and he was sure that there was no man in France who could make enamels. The idea in-

stantly took possession of his mind that he would make enamels, and the idea became a passion. To be the only man in the land who could produce these beautiful vases would not only be to secure an abundant supply for the wants of his family, but it would be a triumphant art, a riddle of the deepest interest to solve. He began to search for enamels without knowing of what materials they were composed. He set about making earthen vessels without ever having learned the manufacture. He built a furnace for his ware, although he had never seen one fired, and soon spent all his savings in useless attempts. The recital of his labors and disappointments should be read in his own pages. He bought a quantity of earthen pots, and, having broken them into fragments, covered them with various chemical compounds, which he had pounded and ground, and which he proposed to melt at furnace heat. His hope was, that of all these mixtures, some one or other might run over the pottery in such a way as to afford him at least a hint towards the composition of white enamel, which he had been told was the basis of all others. His first experiment was but the beginning of an endless series of failures. His furnace and shed were built at the end of the garden with no sheltering wall near, and when the storms came nothing could be more bleak and comfortless. He has drawn a doleful picture of this: "I was every night at the mercy of the rains and winds, without help or companionship except from the owls that screeched on one side and the dogs that howled on the other; and oftentimes I had noth-

ing dry upon me because of the rains that fell." After numberless experiments he bought a large stock of crockery, which as usual he broke into small fragments, three or four hundred of which he covered with various mixtures and sent to a pottery some league and a half off, requesting the workmen to bake this strange batch with their other vessels. Alas! when the trial pieces were drawn out they proved absolutely worthless. Not the smallest appearance of the longed-for enamel was to be seen. But he would not give up. More batches were sent with the same result,—with great cost, loss of time, confusion, and sorrow." Three years were spent in this way;—his wife was sorrowful and pale, the babies ill and half starved, real want stared them in the face, one little child had died from lack of proper nourishment. Something must be done. His poor wife urged that food and medicine must be thought of. And fortunately he was now employed to survey the salt marshes of Saintonge, which was a profitable job and occupied several months, and Lisette, his worn and anxious wife once more smiled and slept and began to hope.

But the fever returned, and his neighbors became excited over his strange behavior. Day after day little knots of gossips might be seen lounging about the neighborhood of his garden and workshed, expressing their surprise and indignation at his conduct, and exclaimed in measured terms against his obstinacy and mad folly. This excitement reached its height when one day the report spread far and wide that the poor man was actually insane, and had torn up

the palings of his garden and the planks off his house, and that his unhappy wife, half crazed by his conduct, had rushed out of the house accompanied by her children, and had taken refuge with a neighbor. He had even burned the kitchen table. Was it any marvel if his wife grew moody, and that hard judgment was pronounced upon a man who spent his time in buying pots and breaking them, in grinding drugs and burning them, and in going to and fro upon his bootless errand. Death had twice entered his door bearing away two puny, sickly infants. Poor Lisette! Her temper had been soured by disappointment and trouble, and hope so long deferred ceased to buoy up her spirit. She could not understand the course Bernard was pursuing. She could not participate in his glowing visions of future fame and prosperity, and the instinct of power and the energy of will that nerved and inspired him were all unknown to and unshared by her. She felt as any other common-sense wife and mother would have felt in her circumstances, and, bewailing his obstinate persistence in such profitless labor, she embittered his home by her lamentations and reproaches.

And Palissy's position was terrible. He discharged his only workman, and for want of money to pay him gave him part of his clothes. Nothing but reproaches at home from his starving family, and the neighbors regarded him as a madman. He says,—“I suffered an anguish which I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace; it was more than a month since my shirt had been dry upon me. Further

to console me, I was the object of mockery,—even those from whom solace was due, crying through the town that I was burning my floors.” With bowed head he now slipped through the streets like a man put to shame. No one gave him consolation in this extremity; all jested and jeered, saying it was right and just that he who had left off following his trade should die of hunger.

At the last extremity he found a steady friend and ally, who gave him money and food; and the lady at whose chateau he had seen the marvellous cup which had acted as a talisman to elicit his genius became his generous patron, and thus he started afresh with new hope. Some idea of the difficulties he encountered may be obtained from the fact that after having wearied himself several days in pounding and coloring his drugs, he had to grind them in a hand mill, which it usually required two strong men to turn, and all this while his hand was bruised and cut in many places with the labor of the furnace.

And the dignity and importance attending his final success fail to take away the ridiculous aspect of his new troubles. He had mixed the mortar for his furnace with coarse, unsifted sand, and pebbles will not stand fire. He appreciated the ridiculousness of the scene himself, when in after life he described it. But there was no fun in it then. The pebbles split and exploded, and from within the furnace came noises of every kind, from the smallest crack to the roar of thunder. Outside the poor would be potter listened in horror to the mysterious sounds, and behind him friends

and family, hearing the confusion among the vases, doubtless more than ever believed the man mad.

For sixteen years he blundered on in poverty and neglect. He says,—“When I had learned to guard against one danger, there came another on which I had not reckoned. When at length I had discovered how to make my rustic pieces, I was in greater trouble and vexation than before, for, having made a certain number of them and put them to bake, my enamels turned out, some beautiful and well melted, and others quite the reverse, because they were composed of different materials and were fusible in different degrees. Thus the green of the braids was burned long before the color of the serpents was melted, and the color of the serpents, lobsters, tortoises, and crabs was melted before the white had attained any beauty. All these defects caused me such labors and heaviness of spirit, that before I could render my enamels fusible at the same degrees of heat, I verily thought I should be at the door of my sepulchre.

“From incessant labor and anxiety in the space of more than twenty years, I had so fallen away in my person that there was no longer any form in my legs or roundness in my arms, inasmuch that my limbs were all one thickness; and as soon I began to walk the strings with which I fastened the bottom of my hose dropped about my heels together with my stockings.”

His master-pieces now adorn the private collections of the wealthiest amateurs of the continent, and he won the fame which he so earnestly desired.

Lamartine gives him this high but well deserved praise :

“ Bernard De Palissy is the most perfect model of the workman. It is by his example rather than his works that he has exercised an influence upon civilization, and that he has reserved a place to himself among the men who have ennobled humanity. Though he had remained unknown and istlsss, making tiles in his father's pottery ; though he had never purified, moulded, or enamelled his handful of clay ; though his living groups, his crawling reptiles, his slimy snails, his slippery frogs, his lively lizards, and his damp herbs and dripping mosses had never adorned those dishes, ewers, and salt-cellar,—those quaint and elaborate ornaments of the tables and cupboards of the sixteenth century,—it is true nothing would have been wanting to the art of Phidias or of Michael Angelo,—to the porcelain of Sevres, of China, of Florence, or Japan,—but we should not have had his life for the operative to admire and imitate.”

Mr. William C. Prime, the best authority on “ ceramics ” in this country, gives his opinion about Palissy in a decided way, very different from the ideas expressed in the Sunday-school biography of him. It is difficult to reconcile his ardent piety and his neglect of his family, unless we believe that such an all-conquering ambition amounts to a possession of the whole man, which renders him irresponsible.

Mr. Prime says,—“ With the highest respect for artistic pursuits, and all the admiration of our own time

for artistic results, we nevertheless owe far more hearty sympathy to the wife and family of Palissy than is commonly expended on him during this period. He deserved thoroughly whatever of misery he personally endured. No reasonable blame can be attached to a wife who regards herself as ill used by a husband who leaves her and her children to starve while he omits to provide for them, neglecting his trade and proper means of livelihood to pursue a fancy. The success of the pursuit has no bearing on the propriety of it. The achievements of fine art are glorious, but the misery of a wife and children is in no way compensated by the glory. Very much of sentiment has been wasted on this portion of the career of Palissy, in books designed to teach morality, which would better have been left unwritten. The many graves of his little children in this time, six at least, for whom his wife mourned if he did not, are more eloquent than the labors of their father, who neglected them for the pursuit of his favorite art project. . . . The result of Palissy's labors was magnificent success. In the sequence they were of pecnniary benefit to France and to Europe. In our day the reproduction of his works, which have had wide sale of late years, have given employment to thousands of laborers, and have introduced his art ideas into innumerable homes. But God forbid that all this should be in any manner a justification of the cost at which he achieved success,—the cost of an injured wife, a broken family, a row of little graves.”

Longfellow paid him a glowing tribute :

## PALISSY.

Who is it in the suburbs here,  
 This potter, working with such cheer,  
 In this mean house, this mean attire,  
 His manly features bronzed with fire,  
 Whose figulines and rustic wares  
 Scarce find him bread from day to day?  
 This madman, as the people say,  
 Who breaks his tables and his chairs  
 To feed his furnace fires, nor cares  
 Who goes unfed if they are fed,  
 Nor who may live if they are dead?  
 This alchemist with hollow cheeks,  
 And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,  
 By mingled earths and ores combined  
 With potency of fire, to find  
 Some new enamel hard and bright,  
 His dream, his passion, his delight?

O Palissy! within thy breast  
 Burned the hot fever of unrest;  
 Thine was the prophet's vision, thine  
 The exultation, the divine  
 Insanity of noble minds,  
 That never falters nor abates,  
 But labors and endures and waits.  
 Till all that it foresees, it finds,  
 Or what it cannot find, creates!

One of the most interesting facts connected with his dogmatic career is, that in at last producing his white enamel, sought so long, he was only practising an art which he could have learned from almost any potter on the opposite side of the Alps; for at this time the Italian Majolica manufacture was at its highest point of excellence.

Palissy was far in advance of his times in scientific knowledge, and his views were considered so heretical that he was taken to the Bastille. The king visited him, and urged him to recant, saying that if he did not he would be compelled to leave him to his enemies. Palissy replied,—“Those who compel you, a king, have no power over me, for I know how to die.” And so the sad story repeats itself.

Daguerre was considered mad because the idea possessed his mind that he could fix the images of the

camera. Niepce, who really first discovered the process, died poor and unknown. In fact, the claimants for this honor are as many as the authors of “Beautiful Snow.” You recall how the photographer always retires rapidly to a dark closet with his negative for a chemical bath to fix the picture. This part of the invention Daguerre hit upon by a happy chance. Working with plates of silver which had been submitted to the power of iodine, he strove to obtain an image on the camera which should be visible and permanent. Heart-sick with disappointment, he put away in a cupboard, which contains a heterogeneous assemblage of chemicals, his broken spells and fruitless charms, the tablets which bore no record of the image to which they had been submitted on the camera. Taking up one of these tablets one day in order to clean it and recommence experiments, to his surprise he found a *perfectly delineated* picture thereon. The circumstance was incomprehensible; no picture had been there when the plate was put away; but here in its minutest detail was the image to which the plate had been submitted. A few hours in the magic cupboard produced a picture on the iodized tablet, which showed no trace of anything of the kind before. After long and puzzling search a vessel containing *mercury*, a substance which slowly vaporizes at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, was found to be the cause. Light had impressed a latent image on the surface, and the vapors of the mercury had brought out and developed the picture.

The last man of whom I shall speak in this superficial treatment of



a great subject is Charles Goodyear, whose history is quite as interesting as any who have gone before. It is to him that we are indebted for India-rubber, which is now so universally used and essential.

In the *North American Review* for 1865, there is a most entertaining and really thrilling account of this man's experience, which I shall condense. "Who would have thought to find a romance in the history of India-rubber. We are familiar with the stories of poor and friendless men, possessed with an idea, and pursuing their object amid obloquy, neglect, and suffering to the final triumph, of which final triumph other men reaped the substantial reward, leaving to the discoverer the barren glory of his achievement. Columbus is the representative man of that illustrious order. We trust to be able to show that Charles Goodyear is entitled to a place in it. Whether we consider the prodigious and unforeseen importance of his discovery, or his scarcely paralleled devotion to his object in the face of the most disheartening obstacles, we feel it to be due to his memory, to his descendants, and to the public that his story should be told. Our great-grandfathers knew India-rubber only as a curiosity, and our grandfathers only as a means of erasing pencil-marks. It was in the year 1820 that a pair of India-rubber shoes was seen for the first time in the United States. They were covered with gilding, and resembled in shape the shoes of a Chinaman, and were handed about in Boston only as a curiosity.

In 1834, while examining a rubber

life preserver, Goodyear became interested in the subject. He found that the rubber was a failure for all practical purposes. Shoes and fabrics sold in the cool months at high prices, melted to common gum in summer, and \$20,000 worth had been returned, emitting an odor so offensive that it had to be buried. The directors were at their wits' ends. The companies lost \$2,000,000 before Goodyear undertook the investigation of India-rubber. He really appears to have felt himself "called" to study rubber. "He would refer the whole to the great Creator, who directs the operations of mind to the development of the properties of matter in his own way at the time when they are specially needed, influencing some mind for every work or calling." He was a bankrupt at the time when this idea took hold of him. He melted his first pound of rubber while he was living within the prison limits, and struggling to keep out of the jail itself.

He began his experiments in circumstances as little favorable as can be imagined. There were only two things in his favor. One was his conviction that India-rubber could be subjugated, and that he was the man destined to subjugate it. The other was, that rubber being now considered almost worthless he could labor as long as he could raise five cents and procure access to a fire. He was seldom out of jail a whole year from 1835 to 1841, and never out of danger of arrest.

The patience of his friends and his little fund of money were both exhausted; and one by one the relics of his former prosperity, even to his

wife's jewels, found their way to the pawnbroker's. He was a sanguine man, as inventors need to be, always feeling that he was on the point of succeeding. The very confidence with which he announced a new conception served at length to close all ears to his solicitations. In the second year of his investigation he moved his family to the country, and went to New York in quest of some one who had still a little faith in rubber. His credit was then at so low an ebb that he was obliged to deposit with the landlord a quantity of linen spun by his excellent wife. It was never redeemed. It was sold at auction to pay the first quarter's rent, and his furniture would also have been seized but that he had taken the precaution to sell it himself in Philadelphia, and had placed in his cottage articles of too little value to tempt the hardest creditor. Accident suggested a process which was a step toward final success. It was patented. A partner with ample capital joined him. He prepared to manufacture on a grand scale, and engaged a store on Broadway for the sale of his fabrics. In the midst of these preparations his zeal in experimenting almost cost him his life. Having generated a large quantity of poisonous gas in his close room, he was so nearly suffocated that it was six weeks before he recovered any health. Soon the commercial storm of 1836 swept away the entire property of his partner, and reduced poor Goodyear to his normal condition of beggary. Beggary it literally was, for he was absolutely dependent upon others for the means of sustaining life. He mentions that soon after this crushing

blow, his family having previously joined him in New York, he awoke one morning to discover that he had neither an atom of food for them, nor a cent to buy it with. The pawu-broker was his only resource. He now became even an object of ridicule, and was regarded as an India-rubber monomaniac. One of his New York friends, having been asked how Mr. Goodyear could be recognized in the street, replied,—“If you see a man with an India-rubber coat on, India-rubber shoes, and India-rubber cap, and in his pocket an India-rubber purse with not a cent in it, that is he. He was in the habit of wearing his material in every form, with the two-fold view of testing and advertising it.

A brief, delusive prosperity occasionally relieved the monotony of misfortune. He received an order from the government for 150 India-rubber mail-bags, but they were a signal failure. The handles dropped off, and the rubber fermented. This totally destroyed his rising business. Everything he possessed that was salable was sold at auction to pay his debts. He was again penniless and destitute. All his friends now joined in dissuading him from further experiment. Who had ever touched India-rubber without loss? Had he a right to keep his family in a condition so humiliating and painful? There were those that would join him in any rational undertaking, but how could he expect that any one would be willing to throw more money into a bottomless pit that had already engulfed millions without result.

He had now reduced himself not merely to poverty, but to isolation. No

friend of his could conceal his impatience when he heard him pronounce the word India-rubber. Business men recoiled from the name of it.

We see him waiting for his wife to draw the loaves from her oven that he might put into it a batch of India-rubber to bake, and, watching it all the evening, far into the night, to see what effect was produced by baking. We see him boiling it in his wife's sauce-pans, suspending it before the nose of the tea kettle, and hanging it from the handle of that vessel to within an inch of the boiling water. We see him roasting it in the ashes and in hot sand, toasting it before a slow fire and a quick fire, cooking it for one hour and twenty-four hours. Then we see him resorting to the shops and factories in Woburn, asking the privilege of using an oven after working hours, or hanging a piece of rubber in the manhole of the boiler. The foreman testified that he was a great plague to them, and smeared their works with his sticky compound; they regarded him as little better than a troublesome lunatic.

With all the generosity of his neighbors, his children were often sick, hungry, and cold, without medicine, food, or fuel. One witness testifies,—“I found [in 1839] that he even parted with his children's school-books for five dollars, with which he laid in a fresh stock of gum and sulphur, and kept on experimenting.”

The crisis came when he had in his house a dead child but not the means of burying it, and five living dependants without a morsel of food to give them. The store-keepers refused to trust further. In these terrible cir-

cumstances he applied to a friend who had never failed him. He received in reply a letter of severe and cutting reproach, enclosing seven dollars, which he said was only given out of pity for his innocent and suffering family. He had touched bottom. A stranger sent a barrel of flour. A relative presented fifty dollars. Two brothers in New York believed in him, and aided him so that he could continue the experiments. His brother-in-law advanced forty thousand dollars, and in 1844 he was at length able to produce vulcanized India-rubber with expedition, economy, and success.

“He had added to the arts, not a new material merely, but a new class of materials applicable to a thousand diverse uses. His product had more than the elasticity of India-rubber, while it was divested of all those properties which had lessened its utility. It was still India-rubber, but its surfaces would not adhere, nor would it harden at any degree of cold, nor soften at any degree of heat. It was a cloth impervious to water. It was paper that would not tear. It was parchment that would not crease. It was leather which neither rain nor sun would injure. It was ebony that could be run into a mould. It was ivory that could be worked like wax. It was wood that never cracked, shrunk, nor decayed. It was metal, elastic metal as Daniel Webster termed it, that could be wound round the finger or tied into a knot, and which preserved its elasticity almost like steel. Trifling variations in the ingredients, in the proportions, and in the heating made it either as pliable as kid, tougher than ox-hide, as elas-

tic as whale-bone, or as rigid as flint. But the inventor was the slave of his pursuit, and it proved fatal. His last labors were given to life-saving apparatus. Reading that twenty persons perished by drowning every hour, he could neither rest nor sleep. He felt he was the man to save them. Almost to the last day of his life, sallow, emaciated, and feeble, he was busy with new applications of his discovery. After twenty-seven years of labor, after having founded a new branch of industry, which gave employment to sixty thousand persons, he died insolvent, leaving a wife and six children only an inheritance of debt. After his death unscrupulous men, who had plundered him while living, opposed an extension of his patent for the support of his family.

The sweet-spirited, silver-haired Froebel, founder of the Kindergarten system, is one of the latest martyrs. On a sunny plain, with happy children dancing round him, he was considered a harmless lunatic, a ridiculous "old fool," but when his power began to be understood or misunderstood, for the former word does their donkeyships too much credit, he was prohibited by royal edit from carrying out this scheme for a thorough education, and all his schools were stopped. This was his death blow. He could not survive the mortification and defeat. His life will well repay a reading.

The men I have spoken of, though martyrs, have attained their ambition; they are beacon lights along a dreary path. Think of the hosts who have utterly failed though struggling just as intensely as did the few who won the heights. To most of these unfor-

tunates the description will apply of the father in the Schonberg Cotta family. "Our father is the wisest man I ever saw. He talks about more things that I cannot understand than any one else I know. He is also a great inventor (with a capital I). He thought of the plan of printing books before any one else, and had almost completed the invention before any press was set up. And he always believed there was another world on the other side of the great sea, long before the Admiral Christopher Columbus discovered America. The only misfortune has been that some one else has always stepped in just before he had completed his invention, when nothing but some little insignificant detail was wanting to make everything perfect, and carried off all the credit and profit. It is this which has kept us from becoming rich. If the mother laments a little over the fame that might have been his, or sighs a little over the scanty larder and wardrobe, he replies,— 'Cheer up, little mother, there are more Americas yet to be discovered and more inventions to be made. In fact,' he adds, with that deep, far-seeing look of his, 'something else has just occurred to me, which, when I have brought it to perfection, will throw all the discoveries of this and every other age into the shade.' And the mother goes to patch some little garment once more, and to try to make one day's dinner expand into enough for two. It is said that there are always a certain number of people insane on such apparent impossibilities as flying machines and perpetual motion and the philosopher's stone. Mathematicians have

committed suicide because they could not square the circle. Flying may yet be the rapid transit for which we sigh, and considered a common-place method of travel. A woman's tongue is now regarded by miserable cynics as the nearest approach yet gained to perpetual motion, but the strides of inventors during the last century have taught us to be surprised at nothing.

Did you ever think of the stories which lie hidden in the rejected models of the Patent office? Hawthorne could have made them speak in a way never to be equalled or forgotten, of bitter tears and crushed aspirations and home trials,—like the laboratory of Elsie's father, "the most melancholy place in the world, with its furnace, its models, its strange machines. It is like a haunted chamber, haunted

with the helpless, nameless ghosts of infants that have died at their birth, the ghosts of vain and fruitless projects, like the ruins of a city that some earthquake had destroyed before it was finished, ruined palaces that were never roofed, ruined houses that were never inhabited, ruined churches that were never worshipped in, a museum of exquisite models which seem as if they *must* answer, and yet never do."

That sad-faced, impoverished multitude who have staked their all and lost, with whom a possible and glorious Perhaps has yielded to a fateful Never, yet whose imperfect plans furnish the steps by which others gain the prize and win perpetual fame,—these unsuccessful inventors are the truest martyrs to science.

## PAUL.

BY WARREN TILTON.

O grandest life! how pointless seems  
The life of these wise modern days,  
Of skepticism's endless schemes,  
Of politicians' devious ways,  
Compared to thine, Christ-like and given  
To move the world with large surprise,  
Point Jew and Gentile up to heaven,  
Through all the years and centuries.

O noblest man! what puniest men,  
Compared to thee, in church and state!  
O for a trumpet-voice again  
Like thine, to mould, to re-create!  
Sad, seer-eyed Samuel gave a king  
To appease the people's clamor—Saul;  
But what to earth again shall bring  
A greater than all kings—a Paul?

Where is the man who dares to live  
In brave contempt of prison, rod,  
And his last dying record give,  
With splendid utterance, up to God  
In clarion notes like these,—“I've fought  
A good fight and my race is run;  
With priceless price I have been bought;  
I've kept the faith, and heaven is won”?

## EDITORIAL.

This number of the GRANITE MONTHLY closes the tenth volume, and for the convenience of its patrons an Index of Subjects and Authors has been carefully compiled. A new series of ten volumes will commence with the January (1888) number. The editor and publisher would thank the patrons of the work for their continued interest, and extend to all a cordial invitation to help sustain the publication for another series. He would also thank the contributors for their labors in sustaining the high character of the magazine, and would bespeak their good-will in the future. Lastly, he would express his gratitude to the advertisers:—all have done their part to place the GRANITE MONTHLY on a permanent and paying basis.

He would recommend to all subscribers to look over their sets and replace lost or missing numbers. He will, so far as he is able, make up deficiencies. This should be attended to at once, for the numbers are rapidly growing more and more rare and difficult to obtain. He will bind any or all of the ten volumes in cloth

for 50 cents a volume, in half morocco for \$1.25 each, in half calf or levant Morocco for \$2.00 each. A full set of the GRANITE MONTHLY sold at auction in Boston, November 19, 1887, for \$2.75 per volume, bound in cloth, although dealers ask \$3.00 per volume. The publisher has on hand Volumes V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, and X, bound in cloth, which he will sell for \$2.00 each. He has scattering numbers of the first four volumes which subscribers shall have if they will fill their sets, price 15 cents each.

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