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IN MEMORY OF

George Albert Hammond,

ELIOT, MAINE.

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BORN—June 3, 1813.

DIED—January 5, 1902.

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thou shalt shine forth ; thou shalt be  
as the morning.—ZOPHAR.



PRINTED AT ELIOT.



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## George A. Hammond.

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From the Portsmouth Chronicle, January 6, 1902.

The passing away of GEORGE ALBERT HAMMOND, of Eliot, occurred at his home on Sunday evening, the 5th inst., after a protracted and distressing illness. His age was eighty-eight years, seven months and two days.

He was one of the best known citizens of the town: and his acquaintance, both business and otherwise, was widely extended.

He has always taken a great interest in the progression of his native town, and even at his advanced age has been very active in support of any measure tending to its welfare.



Never the Spirit was born;  
The Spirit shall cease to be never;  
Never was time it was not;  
End and beginning are dreams!  
Birthless and deathless and changeless  
Remaineth the Spirit forever;  
Death hath not touched it at all,  
Dead though the house of it seems.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

From the Portsmouth Gazette, January 9, 1902.

### **A Tribute.**

Col. Francis Keefe.

On Sunday, at five-thirty, p. m., in the quiet of his happy home, surrounded by the members of his household, all that was immortal of GEORGE A. HAMMOND passed within the veil which separates us from the Unseen.

Mr. Hammond was eighty-nine years old and his life has been an active one. A man of strong convictions, when convinced that he had a duty to perform, he knew no change of front and persistently pursued his course, full of courage, in the expectation of accomplishing his task. He was of the strong type of men of whom too few remain.

“Squire” Hammond, as he was familiarly called by all who knew him, will long be remembered in Eliot for his fidelity. He was always a familiar form at the Town Meetings. His counsel was wise and just, and he was interested in everything which concerned the betterment of his Town.

His name is connected with early educational efforts in the days of the Academy; and his last days of activity were spent in attempts to interest people in procuring and maintaining a Free High School for the

welfare of the youth ; recognizing, as he did, that the children must be equipped with such aids, in order to become better citizens of the State.

The memory of this will be an inspiration to the youth of Eliot for years to come ; and each in turn will revere the name of him who so earnestly and unhesitatingly pleaded in public and in private for those opportunities and advantages.

It is, indeed, fortunate to have had such a man among us. •

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Oh, could I tell !

Ye surely would believe it !

Oh, could I only say

What I have seen !

How should I tell ?

Or how can ye receive it ?

How, till He bringeth you

Where I have been ?

—*F. W. H. Myers.*



From the Portsmouth Gazette, January 16, 1902.

### **The Burial Day.**

The Funeral of George A. Hammond was held at the home of the deceased in Eliot, at two o'clock, on Wednesday afternoon, January 8.

The Rev. Augustine Caldwell, a personal friend, officiated in the presence of a large number of the family, relatives, and townspeople.

Dr. and Mrs Durgin sang at the opening and close of the hour; their sympathetic voices, and their appropriate selections were as benedictions of peace.

There were many and beautiful floral tributes.

The following gentlemen were pallbearers:

George Kennard, George Ireland, Chas. Hanscom, Charles F. Hanscom, Joseph Remick, Wallace E. Dixon.

The interment was in the family lot on the homestead,—the funeral arrangements being in charge of Mr. H. W. Nickerson.



“Thou shalt be as the Morning.”

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FUNERAL REMARKS.

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Rev. Augustine Caldwell.

We are gathered in the home of the revered father, the highly esteemed townsman recently passed away. The words appropriate to the hour and to his memory, we find among the expressions of Zophar :

*Job xi, 17.*

Thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth; thou shalt be as the Morning.

We often speak of old age as the season of decay; but one beauty of the Word is, it frequently gives to ripened life the credit of *wisdom*. It makes multiplied years to be the actual evolution of all that we understand as wisdom and intelligence. The increase of life gives reliability and force to the precept, the tone, or, to condense the expression, to the *character*.

Our philosophers class wisdom with the spiritual; while intelligence is regarded as of the natural. When the spiritual and the natural are blended for many, many years,—even eighty-and-nine,—no wonder the singular and poetic author of the Book

of Job exclaims: "Thine age [life-time] shall be clearer [rise higher] than noonday; it shall shine [move quickly] as the Morning."

And when, as in the life and character of the departed, every step has kept pace with progressive thoughts, enlightened work, the improvements, the suggestions of the newer generation,—we no longer say *old age*, neither do we talk of perpetual youth. We discover a condition that our Dictionaries do not define. We attain to the comprehension that there is but one life, which is—GOD IN US. That there is no life in any individual not connected with the life of every other in earth or elsewhere.

This intuition of the one life, the universal atmosphere of God, made Mr. Hammond to be as clear, yea, clearer than noon day. And we echo the Voice: "Thou shalt be as the Morning."

The Morning prognosticates *a coming*. We can use or associate the thought most appropriately: for he was ever confident of a coming that was to make his loved birth town a nobler, a broader, a more life-shining place.

One of his latest talks with a not far distant dweller from his own door, was emphasized with the remark: "Our young people must have the books and the opportunities to fit them for Eliot's to-morrow."

Yes, he not only put his strong right hand forth in benediction upon to-day, but his undimmed eye scaled to-morrow's landscape. We do not mean that he was Seer or Prophet; but the wisdom and intelligence, clearer than noonday, cast foregleams over the morrow, when all that is soul-lift and brain-thought, shall be most naturally and divinely realized.

We may not be able to tell the story of his life at this sacred service; but it will be appropriate, as we wait around his bier, to allude to the strength of his days, the consistencies of his character,—never to be forgotten by his town's people.

We sometimes speak of inheritances; and if worth and sound judgment can be transmitted from father to son, we cannot be surprised that his life was the incarnation of the mental and moral wealth of his progenitors. And he was one of the last in Eliot, of the peculiarly puritan stamp who reminded us of the strength and endurance of the boulders; men so substantial that we esteemed them pillars.

He descended from the Major Joseph Hammond, whose large landed estate was on the rim of our Piscataqua, (which estate is now, in part, dedicated to the spiritual and intellectual labors of Green Acre,—shining forth, indeed, as the Morning.)

We can see from the ancient records, the traits which made that early and most nobly patriotic ancestor to be honored in his life, and remembered by the eight generations of his name who have walked the paths and roads of Eliot.

And so, through all his manhood, our revered townsman has been true to studied, (and a carefully studied,) conviction. He made no guesses. He leaped at no conclusion. He took the facts; he read the positive and the negative; the apparent and the hidden; and his *Yes* or his *No* was his conviction; and he never laid a conviction on the shelf;—or, as he recently expressed, he “never voted contrary to himself.”

The wiseness, the stability of his conclusions made him conspicuous in that which was reliable. It gave him the confidence of his fellow men; it gave him pre-eminence;—not that he superseded others, (he was too honorable for that,) but it gave him lifelong town-activity and advisory thought. And now that his face will no more be seen in our assemblies, it will give him name in the historic rolls of our honored men.

He thought not of honor,—his mind was free from that, but when he twice, by election, represented Eliot at the State Legislature; when his name was suggested for



County or Town offices, it was public and local welfare that filled his thought,—not aggrandizement. And in all his public career, to him it was exertion instead of argument; ready, healthful action, without the wastes of words.\*

It has been most noticeable, that he had a peculiarly earnest desire that every man in Eliot should have the common sense understanding of the work to be done in the administration of Town affairs. He believed a clear understanding elevated the manhood; gave moral tone. It was doubtless this keen perception that enabled him to emphasize the principles of Temperance. And all that he emphasized and advocated he lived.

It is remembered, too, that he had broad business capacities, and most enterprising business days, which brought him into contact with the very active world. Contact with the world meant, to him, increasing strength of honest character. It has been said of him since his departure, that he was fatherly kind to the workpeople whom he employed; especially if one was of younger years, and needed the counsels of riper judgment.

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\* He was Representative to the General Court (as were his father and two earlier ancestors,) in 1853 and 1869.

His latest days had this living thought for Eliot: the true preparation for the life-work for which the youth are natively adapted; their needs in book-lore, nature study, the hints and helps to actual face-to-face association with the duties which constitute grown-up-days. Evidently his perceptions were sensitive and his eye far-reaching.

It was a cry in his being for the permanency and enlarging of the High School for the Girls and Boys of his town. He could recall days when it was not considered necessary for the women of Eliot to know how to write their names; and he lived to see Schools become the corner stone of all that is of value to the Nation. "And," said he, only a few days ago,— "what will it be fifty years to come?" "Ah!" he added, "Give them the chance."

His desire for local improvements, the increase of conveniences and methods of travel, were expressed even to the latest week of his life, and when the venerated tabernacle was crumbling piece by piece. Sometimes the mind floated; but it was adrift on the broader sea of brighter days and elevated thought,—and this to the latest hour.

When the body (St. Paul calls it God's temple,) is vacated; and when we meet to say reverently, "Dust to dust," the mental

thought is of the interior life of him who enters the Unseen? the spiritual, or, as we speak it, the religious?

To define Mr. Hammond's attitude, yes, more than that, his spiritual appropriations and solid, unshakable convictions, brings us to an unfolding of what may have been carried in the silences of his entire length of days.

He made no study of Articles of Faith; he assented to no Creed; but he was keenly, absolutely, definedly convinced of that which to him was Truth. Before New Thought days had come, he anticipated them; before the theory that each man is an individual Church was familiar, he had asserted it.

We speak carefully, for our departed Townsman was never obtrusive, but we may safely say that he affirmed but *one* life, and that the Life of God. To him God was the Good. It was his name for the Divine. He expected *Good*. He saw the wide, wide world slowly, surely, by the drawing of the Spirit, nearing the day when universal Good shall be like to the Rising of the Sun,—the Morning,—usher-ing in a broad and noble Age, when every man shall be a worshipper (as the Prophet writes,) under his own vine and tree.—This grew out of his study of the Word; the Book which he read all his days.

He had the very wholesome habit of reading the Bible daily. The early evening was for his newspaper ;—his interested desire to know the doings, the sayings of Congress, of his own State, of the World's kingdoms. The paper laid down, his Bible was perused to furnish the thought for him to fall asleep upon. A Bible text is a comfortable pillow.

We have spoken of the public energies, the firm attitudes of our truly known citizen. Shall we venture farther and speak of the *home* where as husband, as father, as guardian, his wisdom was blended with the loves and blessings of his large heart and life. Home to him meant more than four square walls. Home meant the atmosphere of loving kindness. He breathed it ; he made it home. He has carried with him, who can doubt, his loves and memories. Love is eternal ; never diminishes. And he leaves love behind him. A thousand associations centre in these rooms. His name will not cease to be spoken. These memories will be "as the Morning."

Life with him evermore is the Morning, —the new Light and Life. Morning is the expression of Life and Love. Therefore we no longer look into an open grave, for the departure is to the atmosphere of true Sunrise,—and "no night there." "They

need not the light of the sun, for the Lamb [Love] is the Light thereof." We may say "Dust to dust" to-day, but only of the vacated body. We know that he liveth and abideth forever.

The silent query comes: "What does this life mean to *me*? What will this funeral hour, and these reminiscences be to earthly days?" Let the Word speak:

"Thy lifetime shall be clearer than noon day; thou shalt shine forth; thou shalt be as the Morning."

No life ever ended but the next to fill the vacancy was required to be of broader and wiser effort; all our to-morrows will be in advance of to-day. The growing mind is being equipped. That which we miss now, passes not out of the thought of our God! Therefore we give the Father the grateful expression of hearts and lips for the harvest sheaves of the life we have seen so long,—transferred to realms Unseen.

New Hampshire Gazette, January 9, 1902.

### **An Honored Name.**

E. L.

George A. Hammond, died at Eliot, Sunday, January 5, 1902, aged eighty-nine years.

If life could be measured by years, the fourscore and nine of "'Squire Hammond'" would indeed be of inexpressible worth. But no one who speaks his name or recalls his face and voice, will estimate his worth simply by his multiplied days.

Born when the memories of the Revolution were fresh; and while a second war was waging with the motherland, he breathed the atmosphere of honest, healthful, independent conviction. He did not seek to follow what another had evolved; but from his earliest most wholesome manhood, he studied the problems of local and national life, and adhered with stern strength to his perceptions of right. He gained, not only universal respect, but the reverential regard of sensible men who differed from him.

He was endowed with peculiar wisdom]; this gave him various Town offices and duties from his early days at the polls to his final year. A more reliable man could not be found in Eliot.

His latest wish was that the youth of

Eliot might have the free, full benefit of a High School. The weight of years was upon him ; he knew that his latest vote in the Town's welfare would soon be cast, and he said : " Give our youth the open door to mental development."

In the last week of his decline, when his vigorous brain was yielding to encroaching weakness, he said, as if he were going to the Town Meeting, " Be sure and vote according to your wisest conviction."

He was of truest value to answer questions of earlier or later history. His unhesitating memory recalled departed names ; located ancient homesteads ; rehearsed local interests. He was himself a veritable history of the Town.

No man of Eliot can be more sincerely regretted. None who knew him will forget him. His name will abide in honor.



Lo, they come with shining raiment,  
 O'er the pathways through the skies,  
 Singing songs of sweet fulfillment,—  
 That the soul of man ne'er dies.

—Longfellow.



**Genealogical.** *Wm. Fogg.*

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William Hammond, born in England ; settled in Wells, Maine, 1643 ; was very active in the civil affairs of Wells.

Major Joseph Hammond 2, born at Wells, settled in early manhood in Eliot, on the rim of the Piscataqua, now Green Acre ; married Katherine (Frost) Leighton, widow. He was of the Executive Council nine years ; Judge of the Court of Common Pleas ; Major Commandant of York Co. Captured by the Indians, July 6, 1695, near his home ; carried to Canada ; redeemed in October.

Col. Joseph Hammond 3, born in Eliot, married Hannah Storer ; Lived in his father's garrison house ; Rep. to Gen. Court seven years ; Judge of Ct. of Common Pleas ; Reg. of Probate ; original member of Eliot Chh. 1721.

George Hammond 4, lived in Eliot on his father's Bay Land Farm ; m. Hannah Coburn ; two sons were Rev. soldiers, Seth and Ebenezer.

George Hammond 5, married Mary Weeks, lived on the Bay Land Farm.

John Hammond 6, married Mary Fernald, Dec. 29, 1802. For many years was of the House of Rep. at Boston and Augusta. From 1810 to 1838, was constantly in public life and duty. Home was the Bay Land Farm.

George Albert Hammond 7, married Betsey Warren Huntress, of Waterboro, Maine. Their Children:

Ellen Bacon, died at thirteen years

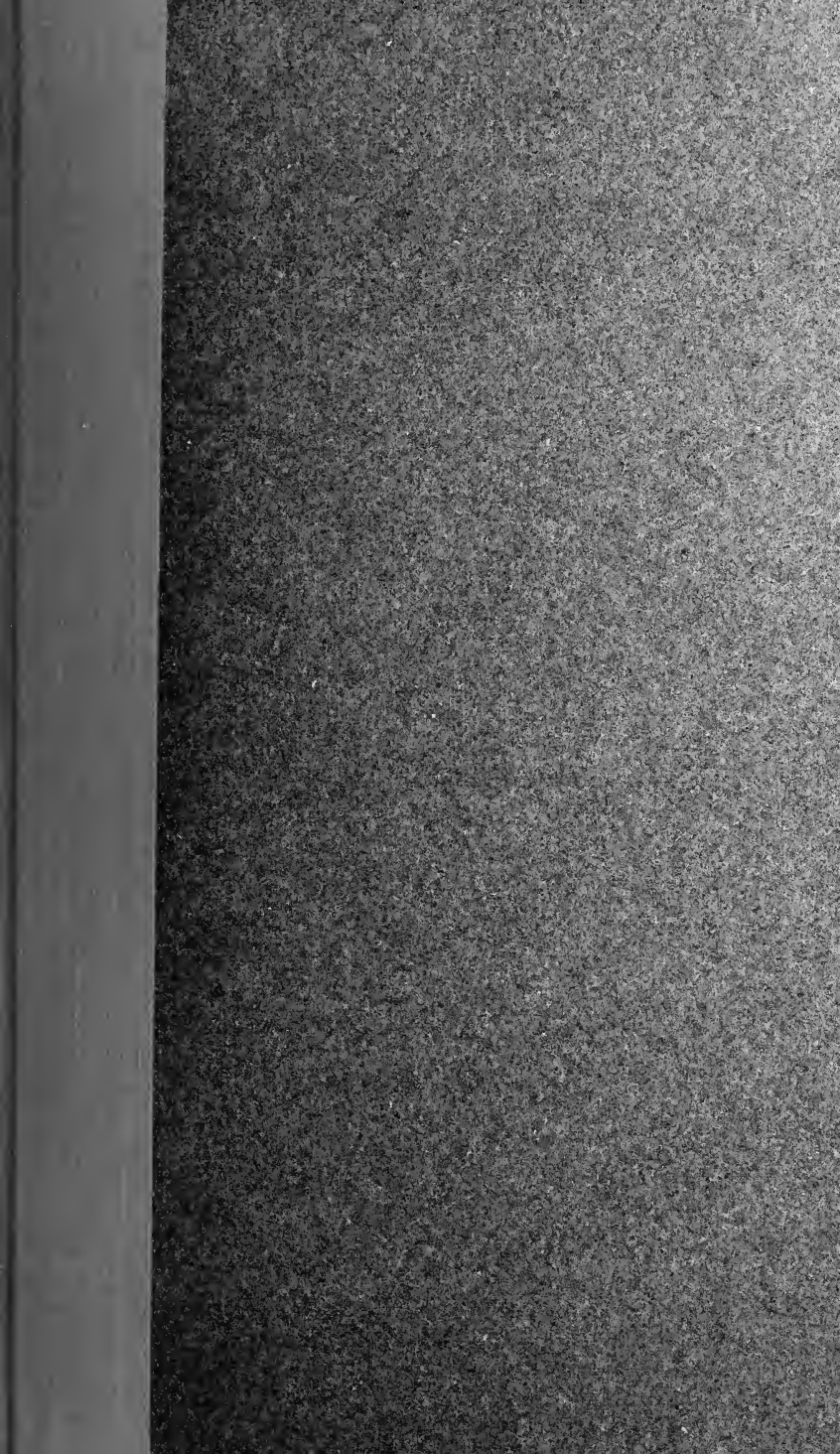
Arabelle

George Everett

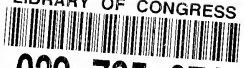








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