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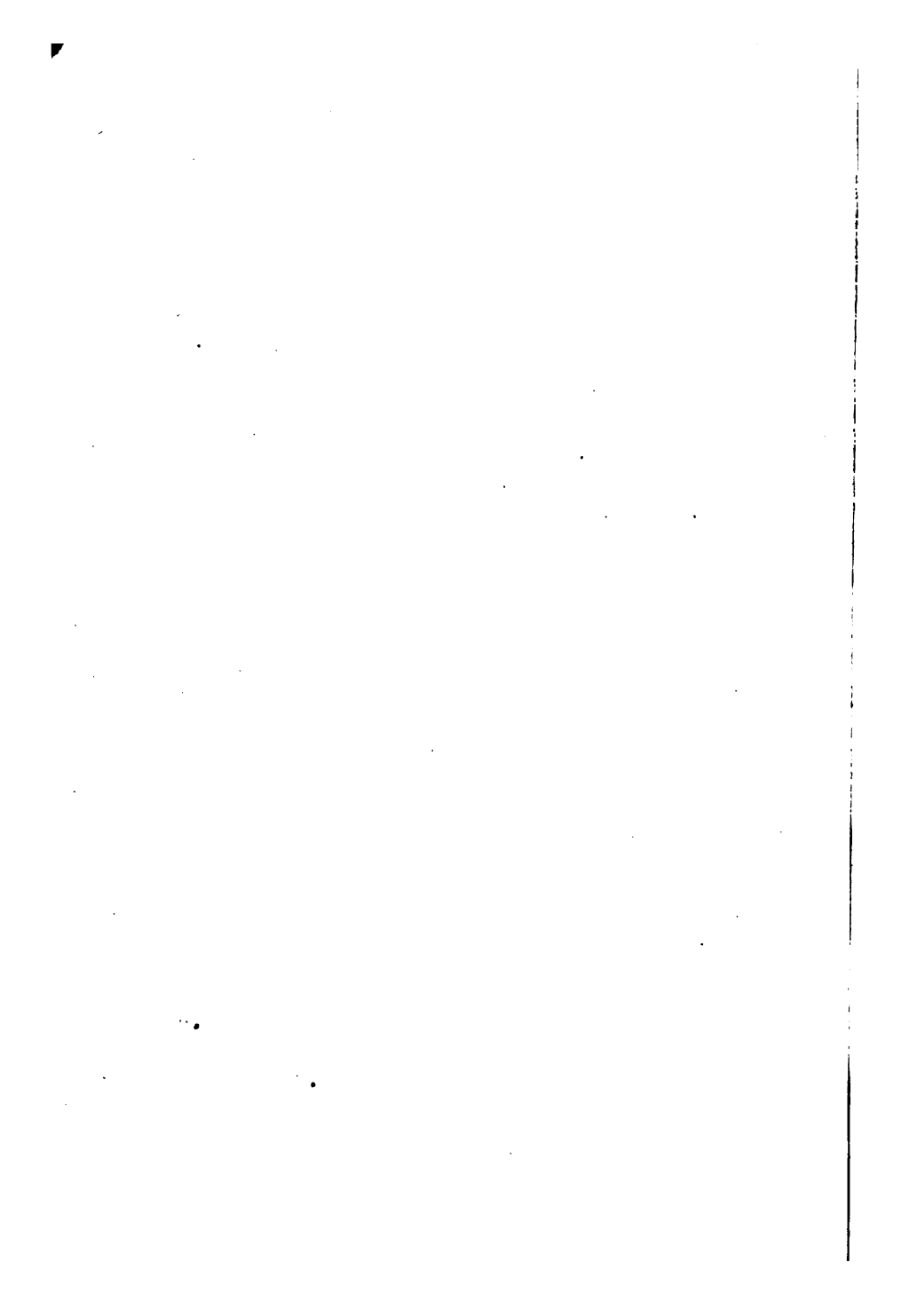


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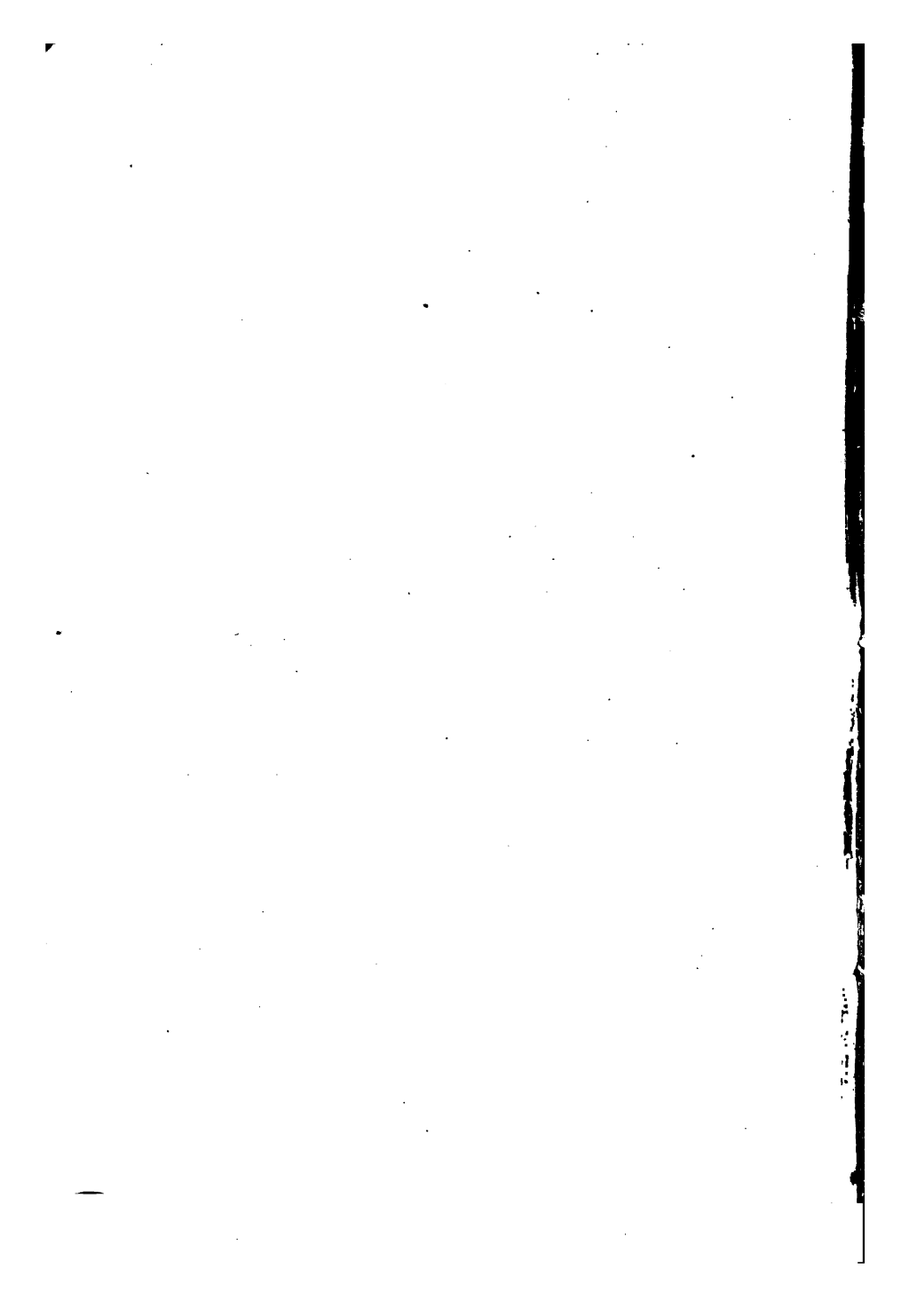
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Henry McFarland.

SIXTY YEARS IN CONCORD

AND ELSEWHERE.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

HENRY McFARLAND.

1831-1891.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

CONCORD, N. H.

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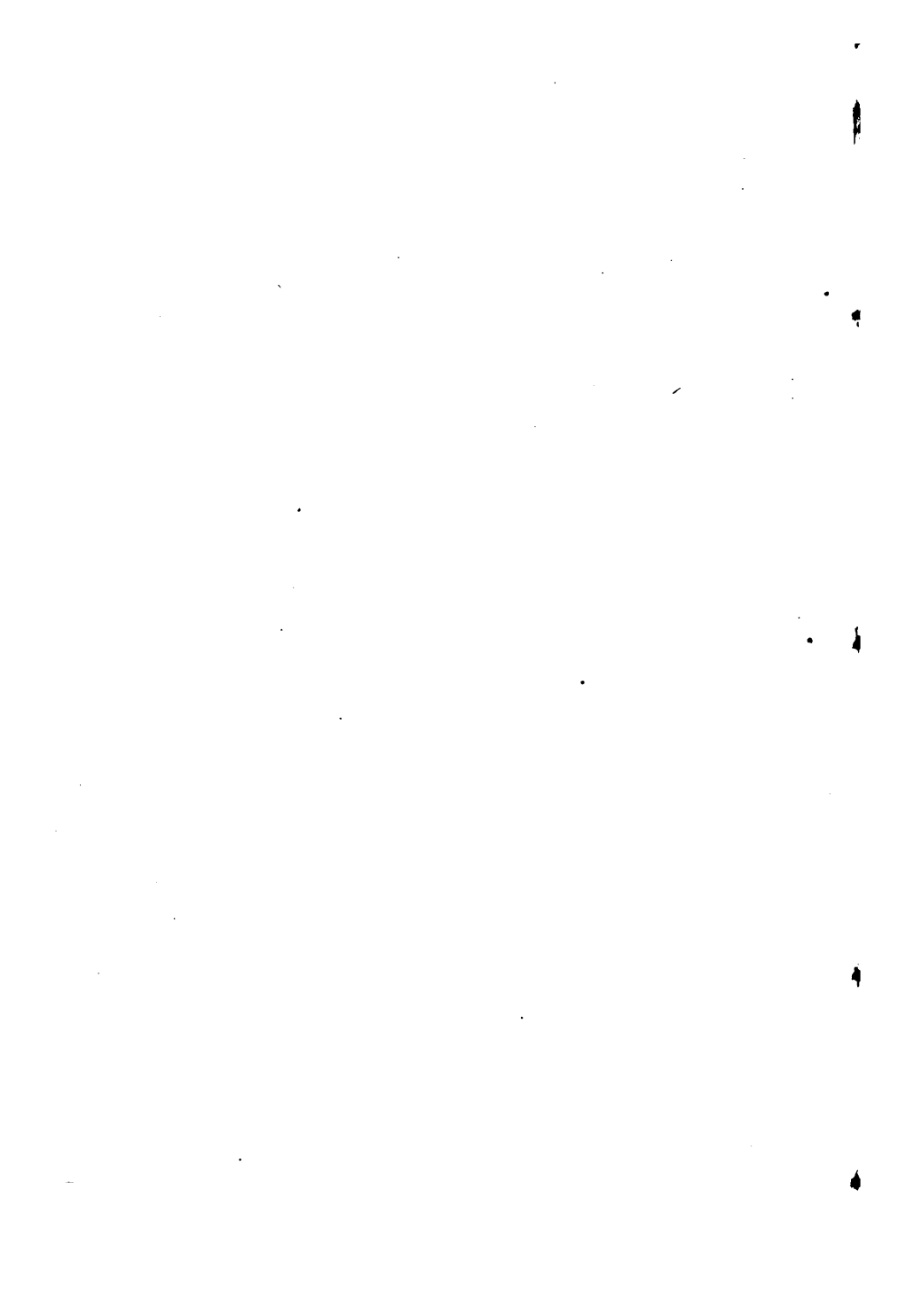
THE RUMFORD PRESS,
CONCORD, N. H.

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Jan 10

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TO MY WIFE,
MARY FRANCES CARTER,
THIS NARRATIVE IS AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.



SIXTY YEARS IN CONCORD AND ELSEWHERE.

I.

Concord, New Hampshire, is a town to which almost everybody, sooner or later, comes. Here have been the Marquis de Lafayette, Count Rumford, Daniel Webster, James Monroe, S. F. B. Morse, John Tyler, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Parker Willis, John Pierpont, Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, Winfield Scott, Rufus Choate, Abraham Lincoln, Salmon P. Chase, Henry Ward Beecher, John G. Whittier, Sam Houston, Horace Greeley, Adelina Patti, Anna Bishop, William Warren, Adelaide Phillips, Teresa Parodi, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Levi P. Morton, Capt. James West, of the once famous Collins steamship "Atlantic," Robert Bochsa, first harp-player at private concerts of the Emperor Napoleon, Ulysses S. Grant, William T. Sherman, Philip H. Sheridan, Edward Everett, Jefferson Davis, Theodore L.

Cuyler, Rutherford B. Hayes, Bayard Taylor, Benjamin Harrison, Madame Salm-Salm, and others famous in various ways, of whom those above named are conspicuous examples. I have thought that a man might take a stand on Main street, and by patient waiting be sure to see pass by any noted person whom he sought.

Such a broad, hospitable town as this is a good one in which to be born,—broad in territory, broad enough in opportunities. I intend to relate my experience and reminiscences of the place, and the narrative may include other topics not too remote from the main purpose. There will be family and personal biography, too much perhaps, and any reader with a critical turn of mind may as well pause here at the threshold and turn his steps away.

My parents, Asa McFarland and Clarissa Jane Chase, were married at Meredith Bridge, now Laconia, by Rev. Daniel Lancaster, pastor of the Congregational church in Gilman-ton. After the wedding, they drove in a chaise to their home in Concord, being escorted a part of the way by young friends driving in similar carriages,—the chaise being the fashionable vehicle of that day. I am the eldest child of those parents,—born July

10, 1831; and perhaps a less sturdy infant never surprised its nurses by living.

My father was the eldest son of Rev. Asa McFarland, third pastor of the First Congregational church in Concord, who served the parish, or rather the town, that being the day of the "established church," with ability and irreproachable industry from 1798 to 1824. The text of my grandfather's first sermon after his ordination was from Job xxxiii: 6, and the sermon was preached on March 11, 1798. In it is found the following sentence: "I do not promise myself a great share of repose in the business which I have undertaken." The church records bear the names of four hundred and twenty-eight persons added during this ministry.

My mother was the youngest of five daughters of James Chase, of Gilford, the boundaries of which town included a part of what was the village of Meredith Bridge.

My father's mother, Elizabeth Kneeland, a third wife, was born in Boston, March 19, 1780; she was the only daughter of Bartholomew and Susanna Sewall Kneeland. Her mother was of the Sewalls of York, Maine, a family which has a record in the annals of jurisprudence. Her father was a merchant of Boston, who resided at the time of her

birth at or near the northerly corner of Washington and School streets. As the wife of a country clergyman, her life abounded in good works and alms-deeds, as her memoir by Rev. Nathaniel Bouton (1839) relates, and she died, as did her husband, at the age of fifty-eight years,—he on Feb. 18, 1827, and she on Nov. 9, 1838.

There is in existence an inventory of the estate left by my reverend grandfather, which fixes its valuation at \$15,239.13. There was considerable real estate,—town lands, and a farm on the river road to Penacook. He was the son of a farmer, and was always interested in agriculture. As much as the above mentioned valuation may have come to him as his wife's inheritance from her father's estate. Their private income must have been their chief pecuniary resource; for his annual salary was but \$350, and to the payment of this, meagre as it now seems, there were at the outset of his ministry twenty-two dissenters, probably heads of families, who were appalled by the munificence of the "living." He had, however, the use of certain parsonage lands, and in 1820 his ministerial income was increased by an agreement made by earnest parish friends to pay annually the sum of \$154.43 in addition to the

regular salary. A copy of this agreement is in existence, and it is an interesting paper. On it are one hundred and eighteen names. The largest single subscription is that of Thomas W. Thompson, ten dollars; and the smallest ones are fifty cents each. There are pledges of curious amounts, such as \$1.13 and \$1.15,—a fact which might be taken to indicate care and exactness, or the importance of small sums of money in those days; but the most probable explanation is, that these subscriptions had some relation in the giver's mind to the personal tax which he had theretofore paid for the support of public worship.

My grandfather found opportunity to write, in 1806, one year after a Unitarian was appointed professor of divinity in Harvard college, a volume of two hundred and seventy-four pages, entitled "An Historical View of Heresies and Vindication of the Primitive Faith." This book was issued "from the press of George Hough, sold at his bookstore in Concord, and at the bookstore of Thomas & Whipple, Newburyport." A few copies still exist. He served at times as chaplain at the prison, and as a member of the town school committee. He was a trustee of Dartmouth college for a considerable

period, which included those critical years in its history, 1816-'19, and became involved in the great controversy of that time for its control. All that I have seen of what he had to say in the newspapers, on behalf of the trustees, he said in a dignified way, and signed his name thereto, like a man, while the writings of his opponents were put forth under editorial impersonality, or in various anonymous forms. He must have enjoyed the celebrated success which the cause gained in the United States court. He also performed some missionary services as far away as the Pequaket country, around Conway and Fryeburg, and was there during the sudden illness and death of his second wife (Nancy Dwight, of Belchertown, Mass.). It appears that he left her in health, and returned to learn that she was in her grave, within three months after marriage, her burial having been hastened by dread of the malignant fever which carried her off. He passed away himself at an age below the average of his ancestors. It is not inappropriate to apply to him these lines from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village:"

But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

My mother's mother was Nancy Avery, a native of Deerfield, of what Carlyle calls the "fairest descent—that of the pious, the just, and wise,"—a Christian of the utmost gentleness and grace, whom the little folks of our cousinry loved the more because she shared our delight when we came in shouting from Gilford meadows, bringing pails of berries or baskets of trout. She died in 1854, aged 81 years.

My father took no care about affairs of ancestry. It appears that he was a descendant in the fourth generation from Daniel McFarland, who, with a son twenty-eight years old, came to this country in 1718 from the province of Ulster, Ireland, whither he or his ancestors had gone from Argyleshire, which lies opposite Ulster, across the channel in Scotland. Daniel settled in Worcester, Mass., and his homestead (500 Pleasant street) remains in possession of his descendants. A considerable number of Scotch Presbyterian colonists at that time took up homes in Worcester, and were not received kindly by their Congregational neighbors. They attempted to build a church in 1740, but it was pulled down in the night by militant adherents of the rival church. Not long afterward the McFarlands became Congregationalists themselves.

In the mother country the Mcfarlanes dwelt about Loch Sloy and Loch Lomond. Arrochar was the home of the chief of the clan, and the old site of his castle is now occupied by a hotel. In the summer of 1889 my brother visited some of the Mcfarlanes living in a humble way near Loch Lomond, on the estate of the Duke of Montrose. Sir Walter Scott mentions the clan, and says the moon was called in their vicinity "Macfarlane's lantern." Bailie Nicol Jarvie in "Rob Roy" claims kinship with them, and through them with the Macgregors. They were predatory and warlike folk, whose battle cry was "Loch Sloy," and their love of home and mountain, lake, river, and woodland, is deeply ingrained in their posterity. In America they are widely scattered. There is McFarland's mountain at Mount Desert, McFarland's gap on the Chickamauga battlefield, and McFarland's station on a railroad in Kansas.

Our family homestead in Concord, built in 1799, now numbered 196 North Main street, was as comfortable as were the dwellings of our neighbors, though the parental resources were limited. There was in my early youth a carpet for only the best room; but there was solid silverware, beautiful

table-linen, and stately mahogany furniture of the Chippendale period, brought from Boston by my grandmother. The front hall was plainly furnished, and its clear white-pine finish had never been painted. There were no draperies for the windows, but their place was supplied by sliding solid wooden shutters from places of concealment in the casings, while candles or whale-oil lamps shed dim light on the interior. The lamps were of most primitive description, until there came one called the "astral," which caused as much contentment as did the eventual introduction of coal gas. There were a few pictures, among them one of Marcus Curtius riding a white horse into the gulf of the forum to save Rome ; but little people got greater satisfaction from the winter frost-work on the windows, where were etchings of ferns, trees, and fairy castles. The porcelain tableware was decorated in blue, and bore the imprint of Porter & Rolfe, local dealers, who imported it from Staffordshire potteries, — Burslem, the home of Josiah Wedgwood, being the exact place of its production.

In summer our Concord streets were hot and dusty, but were never sprinkled artificially ;—flies and mosquitoes were numer-

ous, but there were no window-screens. There was neither ice nor abundant soft water for domestic uses, and in winter no home was warmed in all its needful apartments. The young people of that time could sleep in chambers of almost arctic temperature, bathe in water where ice was forming, and go down to breakfast with no doubtful appetite, although in early March mornings they might be required to swallow a doleful mixture of sulphur and molasses, which was deemed an excellent spring tonic and in common use.

As to the matter of dress, boys were not so very carefully clothed then, being provided with neither woolen underwear, overcoats, nor overshoes; for out-door use they had long boots, mufflers, caps of hair seal-skin, and mittens.

However cold it might be elsewhere, there was gladness and cheer in the kitchen, around the broad open fireplace. Care was taken to keep live coals over night, and at the home of one of the neighbors, Mr. John Odlin's, fire did not expire on the hearth for twenty-two years. The implements of cookery were few and simple. On a stout iron crane the Dutch oven hung, glowing embers beneath it, and hot coals on its lid. For

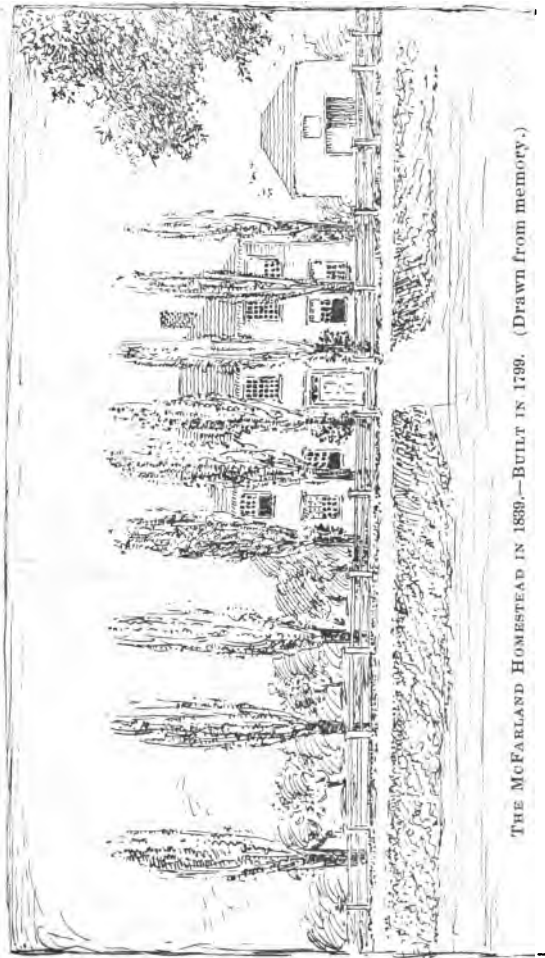
larger undertakings there was the tin-kitchen on the hearth. This was for roasting by exposure to the direct and reflected heat from the open fire, while the oven did the baking, and each produced results which were eminently satisfactory to youthful expectations. My own memory is partial to the fire-cake, which was cooked on a sheet of flat tin turned up to confront the fire at an angle of fifty degrees, and browned to a tempting shade. It must have absorbed some sweetness from the maple logs on the fire.

When fuel became more costly, the cheery fireplaces were closed with bricks, the rotary cooking stove came into use, and the most picturesque features departed from the kitchen. I once heard Henry L. Hallett, of Boston, say that a fire on the hearth was better than a grand painting on the wall. The rotary stove is mentioned because that was the first cooking-stove I ever saw. It was sold in Concord by William Gault, and widely advertised. Its top was made to revolve, like a turntable for locomotives, by the use of a short lever, and the cooking dishes were thus brought one after another over the hottest portion of the fire. Gradually other fireplaces in the house were closed,

and "air-tight" iron or soapstone stoves came to occupy grave places in the living-rooms. Such have had their day, and open fires have returned to my old home as well as to many others. In an old house, long the dwelling of a neighbor's family, once the residence of Rev. Israel Evans, my grandfather's predecessor in the North Church pulpit, it has been found that the bricks in its chimneys were so saturated with creosote from forty years' use of air-tight wood-burning stoves, that a disagreeable and ineradicable odor pervaded all its interior.

There were three children beside myself, all reared in the old-fashioned method,—by good example and plenty of precept. Being the eldest, I got, as is usual, rather more than an average share of the training and up-bringing. My mother was a religious woman, and drilled us with careful diligence in the Westminster catechism and Sunday-school lessons.

The children of that period were given Bible reading as a stint. A chapter must be read every morning before play began. In at least one neighboring family, ex-Governor David L. Morrill's, Fast and Thanksgiving days were observed as strictly as was the Puritan Sabbath. There was generally less



THE MCFARLAND HOMESTEAD IN 1839.—BUILT IN 1799. (Drawn from memory.)

1

cheerfulness and good humor than now prevails among elderly people. This may be ascribed to the fact that life was a more serious business then, the fruits of toil were less, there were fewer amusements and fewer books, political differences were more bitter, and the tone of preaching was more severe, less helpful and less hopeful.

My earliest church-going was to the Old North, which stood where is now the Walker school-house. The exterior and interior of that edifice are imprinted on my memory, the especial interior features being the sounding-board of wonderful appearance, and the pew of Dr. Peter Renton, upholstered and tasselled with red, in the east gallery. A winter morning ride to that church in Mr. Samuel Herbert's large sleigh, with my grandmother and others, when a considerable number of footstoves were taken along with live coals therein, is fixed in my recollection. Mr. Herbert lived in a house still standing at the corner of Main and Ferry streets, built in 1765 by his father, who was a soldier at Bennington. The horses which he turned out seemed very fleet, the sleigh-bells rung clear in the frosty air, and the driver vigorously cracked his whip. No small boy would ever forget such a dash through the snow-drifts.

The old North bell, which rung so invitingly on Sunday mornings, had then three daily week-day ringings,—at seven in the morning, at noon, and at nine in the evening, the latter being a tradition of the English Curfew, which dates back to William the Conqueror. Just when those bells ceased to be rung I cannot say, but probably about 1851.

In the Old North choir, with the viols, violins, and clarionet, Mr. George Wood was the chief singer, his voice being a tenor of sweetness and average strength. He enjoyed singing a solo, and however delightful the song might be, his facial expression was rather alarming to youthful vision. There was a great beam which ran across the ceiling at a convenient distance from the gallery, and Mr. Wood always fixed his eyes on that beam when he lifted his voice to the higher notes. This habit puzzled me, until I reached the conclusion that the beam was in some mysterious way a necessary mental adjunct to the singing—a sort of spiritual “lift,” enabling him to gain more easily the upper chambers of song.

The hymns sung were from “Watts and Select.” At the evening service in the town hall “Village Hymns” was used.

No more need be related here about the

old church, because it has often been described,—to some extent by my father in his “Outline of Biography and Recollection,” printed in 1880, and again by Mr. Joseph B. Walker in his “History of Our Four Meeting-Houses,” printed in 1881. There are remaining in New Hampshire some better examples of colonial architecture than the Old North church, but it was more dignified and impressive than many modern religious edifices, and would compare with the school-house that stands in its place as does a rug of Damascus with a crazy-quilt.

The Sunday outfit of an elderly gentleman of that time was a rather wonderful sight. A dress coat was a thing which lasted for years, and through all stress and vicissitudes was called the best coat. Made usually rather narrow for the wearer, its skirts were long, and the collar had aspirations toward the top of the owner's head. In the course of years this lofty collar became rather unsightly and unclean. A bell-topped beaver hat, bought perhaps for his wedding, set off his dome of thought. His stock was neither a thing of beauty nor a joy forever: sometimes made of leather, always stiff and wide, it must have been a continual torment. It was a serious affair to be arrayed like one of these;

but in partial offset, it should be stated that it was not considered "bad form" to sit in one's shirtsleeves at church if the weather was oppressively warm.

The Old North pulpit seems not always to have been devoted to doctrinal preaching. The *Concord Gazette* of Aug. 2, 1806, contained the following advertisement:

The Rev. Mr. McFarland's sermon, preached the next Sabbath after the late total eclipse of the sun, is just published, and ready for subscribers, and for sale by George Hough, at the Concord Bookstore.

The vestibule of the old church contained an object of worldly interest, to wit, a bulletin-board, on which, in fulfilment of law, the town clerk posted notices like the following:

CONCORD, January 4, 1837.

Mr. Joseph Bagstock, of Concord, and Miss Clementina Fletcher, of Hopkinton, intend marriage.

JACOB C. CARTER, Town Clerk.

There was sometimes a considerable list of these fascinating announcements, to be read by the most devout people before entering church.

In February, 1837, my mother removed her church relation to the South Congregational

church, just then organized, and she is now (1891) one of only two original remaining members. My father joined the same church in September, 1842.

About that time there were many isms in the air. Anti-slavery societies were numerous and aggressive, and the argumentative leaders in that movement were denouncing the churches for timidity and inaction in respect to the holding of slaves in our Southern states. Some of them renounced the Bible as a Jewish impediment to progress; many withdrew from the churches, or were driven out as disturbers. There were also vegetarians, non-resistants, mesmerists, and what were called transcendentalists. When these notions took hold of people, the earlier symptoms were with men long hair, and with women short hair and a propensity to carry knitting-work to church. Two of these local doctrinaires, John B. Chandler and Maria Church, contracted marriage, the ceremony consisting merely of a mutual declaration, made in the presence of witnesses, at the breakfast-table. This was to cause notoriety, and to escape obligation to priests, as they styled the grave and reverend clergy. This event caused considerable local stir, and found mention in a book entitled "Items on

Travel, Anecdote and Popular Errors," which was published in Quebec in 1855. These folk, or some of the noisiest of them, became known as "Come-Outers." Stephen S. Foster, of the neighboring town of Canterbury, was one of the most radical shouters against what he called a hireling priesthood, and it became his custom to go about interrupting church services. He visited the South church, at that time (September, 1841) on the southwest corner of Main and Pleasant streets. He came to the morning service, and took a seat near the pulpit, at the preacher's right. After the preliminary exercises, the pastor, Rev. Daniel James Noyes, arose to begin his sermon, but Mr. Foster stood up and began an address in regard to negro slavery. He was requested not to interrupt the usual services, but continued to speak. The organist, Dr. William D. Buck, overwhelmed his words with the notes of the organ, and he seemed to be disconcerted, but kept his feet with a half audible remark about drowning his voice. He was conducted to the door, in a rather dignified way, by two persons, one of whom was Col. Josiah Stevens, at that time secretary of state for New Hampshire. In the afternoon Mr. Foster came again, and began his address as soon as the

congregation was seated, but was put out with less dignity and more promptitude than before. I was rather frightened, but remember the buzz made by his feet as he held them "non-resistingly" together, and was slid along the central aisle toward the door in the grip of a stout teamster and the church sexton. No unnecessary force was used and no personal harm inflicted, that I could see, but the next issue of the *Herald of Freedom* made the most of the opportunity. There was also a trial before a justice, and a fine inflicted, which bystanders paid. At this trial Mr. Foster, in some remarks, likened the scene before him to that ancient court in Jerusalem when Pontius Pilate sat on the bench. The justice, Mr. Stephen C. Badger, reminded him that there was a less worthy respondent present on this occasion, whereat Foster retorted that the judge of the tribunal was very different too,—perhaps not so imperial, but surely a more kindly and conscientious personage than the Roman governor. It would have been wiser, perhaps, if the regular morning service at the church had been suspended and Mr. Foster given a patient hearing; but I suppose there was not sufficient willingness to listen to the author of a work called "The Brotherhood of

Thieves, a True Picture of the American Church and Clergy."

It is rather queer that when the question of freeing slaves came in 1861 to be a strife of arms, not one of these professional abolitionists, old or young, put a gun on his shoulder and went to the war. None of the "Old Guard" of New Hampshire, as they have since called themselves, put their lives in peril by taking the field. They appear to have been men of talk, but not of action. The world is rather more fond of men, and the memory of men, who do something beside talk.

II.

If we were set back to about the year 1840 there would be found a state of industrial and business affairs singularly unlike that now prevailing. It would not be so easy for any person to accumulate money. A Concord citizen, of that class called "men of property and standing," who has lived comfortably but without ostentation, has kept for many years a careful account of his annual income. Because it will give an idea of local resources during the earlier period of these recollections, he permits me to give the following net results of his labor and capital for ten years prior to 1849, when he was in trade on Main street :

1839,	\$203.11	1844,	\$ 427.24
1840,	584.50	1845,	1,231.01
1841,	568.60	1846,	1,591.28
1842,	396.76	1847,	2,410.15
1843,	657.73	1848,	1,146.18

an average for the first five years of only \$482.14.

In 1840 there were few railroads, no electric telegraphs, and of course no telephones.

The first free bridge across the Merrimack had just been built here in 1839. It was a rather hard day's journey from Concord to the sea-coast. The national debt was no more than ten million dollars. Indiana and Illinois were frontier settlements. Postage on a half ounce letter to those remote regions was twenty-five cents; for an ounce, one dollar. Boston had less than three times the present population of our city of Manchester, and Manchester itself was about equal to East Concord. There were but twenty-six states in the Union, and there were two and a half millions of slaves. The Duke de Joinville, with the sailing frigate "Belle Poule," was bearing the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte from St. Helena to France. Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper were living people. There were not more than two ocean steamships sailing regularly out of the port of New York. There was one stationary steam engine in Concord, and that was regarded by strangers who ventured near it as an awe-compelling sight. One of our townsmen who boasted of smoking cigars which cost thirty dollars a thousand was deemed a great prodigal, like Lucullus. Not more than twenty daily newspapers were taken in the whole town. Paris fashions

came but slowly, and there was as little public attention to sanitary rules as to the laws of the Medes and Persians.

The central precinct of the town was but a picturesque village.* The air of colonial days was still upon it. There were at least three houses on Main street which had been frontier garrisons. One colored woman was living who had been a slave here in her youth, and appears to have been recorded as such in the census of 1840,—Nancy, born about 1766, who died in the family of Mr. Samuel Herbert in 1845. If the town has since gained much, as it assuredly has, in convenience, resources, and stateliness, something rather delightful of repose, simplicity, and tradition has gone away.

In that day most of the dwellings were scattered along Main, State, Green, and Spring streets, then recently named (1834), and thoroughfares connecting these four. The region about South street was almost *terra incognita*. Common talk was that Sampson Bullard's residence on that avenue, now the home of Mrs. Alonzo Downing, might as well

*In 1832 Lieut. E. T. Coke, of the Forty-fifth Regiment, British army, traveled through the United States and Canada, and wrote afterward "A Subaltern's Furlough." He said, "Nowhere did I see such beautiful villages as in New England, of which Concord in New Hampshire, Worcester, and Northampton rank preëminent."

be in Bow. . There were no such streets as Capitol, Court, Chapel, and Pitman.

The state-house park was flanked along its southern border by primitive but populous and very noisy stables, particularly on Inauguration Day. Among them was a blacksmith's shop, where Bradbury Gill struck mighty blows on the anvil. The Merrimack County Bank and the New Hampshire Savings Bank, as well as the law offices of Franklin Pierce and Asa Fowler, were in the building now occupied by the New Hampshire Historical Society. Franklin Pierce dwelt on Montgomery street. General Joseph Low, whose gilt-headed cane and confident manner caused the boys to regard him as the Cæsus of the town, had a pleasant house with a deep front yard where Rumfórd block now stands. At his death, in 1859, his estate was valued at about \$30,000—a considerable fortune when few persons had more. Nearly opposite, on the corners of School street, in a quiet atmosphere, were the homes of his brother William and Deacon Benjamin Damon. Mr. Peter Smith could be seen in the streets in the capacity of town crier. The residence of the governor of New Hampshire had recently been where is now the Governor Hill building. On Warren street,

opposite the site of our Central Fire Station, were an iron foundry and a tanyard. Some stores in good situations on Main street were mere wooden shanties, one story high, gable to the street, boarded up broadly in front as high as the ridgepole to give them two-story pretensions. They were like the structures to be seen around railroad stations in three-weeks-old Colorado and Nevada towns, emblazoned "Palace Saloon," "El Dorado," "Delmonico House," etc. There were but two brick buildings of any consequence on Main street down town,—Stickney's and Low's. There was nothing built on the lowland east of Main street but a distillery and two slaughter-houses. Political meetings (many), secular lectures (occasional), and social gatherings of the larger sort (few) were in Grecian hall connected with the Eagle hotel, Stickney's hall at Stickney's tavern, or in Washington hall, an annex to the Washington tavern at the North End. The near coming of railroads was thought in influential quarters to so threaten private rights that committees of vigilance were proposed to devise ways to curb their charters and restrain their dreaded depredations for right of way. Pecker & Lang's store at the North End, corner of Main and Franklin

streets, was as prosperous as any other, and anything could be found there from a paper of pins to a hogshhead of molasses. Luther Roby was printing stacks of quarto Bibles in the brick building still standing, No. 256-262 North Main street, and meditating on schemes like the sugar trust, copper syndicate, and Standard Oil Company of to-day. His monopolies were to be in wafer seals and whale oil, if I remember aright. Knives and locks were then made at "Millville," shoe lasts at "Fush Market," pottery on the Hopkinton road, hammers and shovels at the state prison, silver spoons and friction matches, as well as drums and churns, in "smoky hollow."

Two clear, swift brooks crossed Main street, carried below its surface in culverts, one (called West's) at the foot of Chapel street, and the other near the foot of Montgomery street. One had its source west of the old prison, and the other on the present city hall grounds. Both met on the intervale, and flowed to the Merrimack in a stream copious enough to support numerous frogs, schools of minnows large enough for pickerel bait, and an occasional bigger fish. Two of my comrades declared they saw a trout further up West's brook than the pres-

ent site of Mead, Mason & Co.'s steam mill. From the east windows of our homestead there might often be seen, in the springtime evenings, the bright flames of torches flitting about on the river, borne in the bows of boats the occupants of which were engaged in taking fish with spears of many prongs.

There were in this seven-mile-square town less than five thousand inhabitants, and those were not altogether prosperous. The times had been out of joint. A speculation in Maine lands, which culminated in 1837, had brought trouble in its train. This speculation was the "Atchison," the "Delphos," or the "western mortgage" of that period.

No railroad had reached Concord, but the highways were fretted by a large traffic in teams and stage-coaches. It was an inspiring sight to see the four- and six-horse coaches depart in a long line for the north, to Burlington (two days away), Hanover, Haverhill, Bradford, Vt., Conway, Claremont, and intermediate towns. The advertisement of one of the Boston lines cautioned its friends not to buy tickets of B. P. Cheney, then of 11 Elm street in that city, since one of Boston's wealthiest citizens. The stage-coachmen were an important set of people, whose favor was sought. Every winter they

gave a coachmen's ball, one of the society events of the region, and it is said that people sometimes attended to whom Macaulay's characterization of Lucy Walters might apply. These dancing parties were usually at Grecian hall, but may have once or twice drifted away to Stickney's or the Washington tavern.

I can mention in this place as appropriately as in any, the gentlemen of the North End, for whom I had great respect, and who, being of good birth, ability, considerable property, and dignified bearing, were during many years regarded as the conservative or aristocratic force in public affairs. My father must have got in his young days a similar impression of the predecessors of those men. He said to me only a day or two before he died, at a moment when his thoughts were wandering, but in the careful phrase which he always used,—“I wish I could convey to your mind an adequate conception of the attempt made in my youth to found a feudal aristocracy at the North End.” This very high respect which I felt was shared by all the boys of my age. It was a great privilege for us to be permitted to look in at the Merimack County Bank, where no one beneath the rank of judge, colonel, or at least select-

man, was permitted to sit around the fire with the elect when the Boston paper came to be read.

All the churches of that date, except the Baptist, were plain structures of wood; the exception was of equal plainness, but its walls were of brick. The pastors were, at the North, Rev. Nathaniel Bouton; at the South, Rev. Daniel J. Noyes; at the Baptist, Rev. E. E. Cummings; at the Unitarian, Rev. Moses G. Thomas; at the Methodist, Rev. Wm. H. Hatch; and at the Episcopal, Rev. Petrus Stuyvesant TenBroeck. Although it is the custom to speak of the *good* old times, I do not suppose the general average of morality was higher than now. Concord has always had at least a respectable reputation for thrift, intelligence, and well-doing.

But, to go to the other extreme, there was a noted public liquor-shop in the basement of the Farley building, which stood where is now Exchange block, and connected therewith was a bowling alley, then considered a very low-toned place of amusement. Another rum-hole in a basement on Main street opposite the capitol, came to be popularly called the Chichester gin-shop. I have looked with curiosity over the wine lists of

some famous hotels, but neither there, nor in the lists of old liquors imported by ancient houses and sold because of death in the family or other misfortune, have I seen mentioned this old Chichester gin. It got its name in this wise: Men from out-lying towns, many of them from Loudon and Chichester, who had wood to sell in the winter, were constrained to remain in the streets around the state-house park until they disposed of their sled-loads. To such, the cheer of a warm fire and a hot drink was always a temptation. It became known one winter that the proprietor of this basement grogery kept two grades of gin, one for the tiple of his most fastidious customers, and the other for those who only wanted something hot and strong. One day he returned to his place from a brief absence, and found his assistant dealing out the best gin to a group of sled-drivers. At this sight excitement overpowered discretion, and he publicly rebuked the erring bar-keeper, pointing out the gin to be served, which he said was good enough for the Chichester people with whom he was dealing. This declaration made a flurry of exasperation, and the qualities of Chichester gin were discussed and commented upon, even in families where

gin was not a favorite drink. A few mornings after this occurrence an effigy was discovered hanging from the eaves of the building, with a black bottle marked "Chichester gin" clasped to its ragged manly bosom. As this eavesdropper hung in front of a window of my father's printing-office there were objections to its remaining, and "old veteran" Hoit, the founder of the *Patriot*, then a compositor, leaned out of a window and cut the suspending cord, when the offending figure shot downward, and landed on the stairs leading from the sidewalk to the grocery to be seen no more.

Two local frequenters of the Chichester gin-shop always sat around the fire until the place was otherwise deserted, when they went home at the owner's bidding, and the door closed on their reluctant heels; but one night the bidding was omitted, and they stayed on in undisturbed tranquility until morning, when the bar-keeper found them where he had left them, crooning away over the stove, taking no note of time.

The effigy above mentioned was probably the work of a lot of young highbinders who did about all the nocturnal mischief in town. One of their common pranks was to transpose business signs, fastening "Fresh Fish

daily received from Boston" securely to a well known lawyer's office, for church-going people to see on Sunday. The night after the Fourth of July was an occasion for great bonfires in the street in front of the state-house, when all the loose combustibles within reach,—barrels of tar, dry goods boxes, out-buildings, neglected wagons, etc.,—were piled on the flames. If the town constables appeared, they were greeted with volleys of rotten eggs; but at least once (1842) the riot act was read, and several offenders arrested for disturbing the peace and dignity of the state, which so offended Dr. Peter Renton (his son John being in limbo) that he changed his residence to Boston, where he gained an extensive practice, and died in February, 1865.

Many of these mischief-loving fellows were journeymen printers, who had more than their share of the spirit of misrule. Another of their diversions was the occasional issue of a ten-by-fifteen-inch paper called *The Owl*, devoted to tattle and scandal, which had no subscription list, but was distributed freely at doorsteps in the early morning. This paper had for a heading a picture of the bird of wisdom perched on the side of the globe with a quill pen over his ear, wearing

eye-glasses and smoking a pipe. There were many local printing-offices then, among them those of the *Statesman*, *Patriot*, *Herald of Freedom*, *Family Visitor*, *Congregational Journal*, and *Baptist Register*,—about a dozen in all. It was supposed that *The Owl* itinerated in its roost or place of issue, and was printed at night. Each journeyman of the gang put in type, as opportunity offered, at his place of employment, the copy assigned to him, and carried the type on galleys to the rendezvous for printing, all the materials being taken from the employing printers. When public wrath became excited, and search was hot, the “forms” were buried in the earth to await some midnight resurrection. I think the last number of *The Owl* appeared in 1848.

The railroad, when it came, changed the life and to some extent the appearance of the town. When the surveys for the Concord road were made, the engineers were in doubt whether to bring it here by the route finally selected, or by one a little more to the westward. If the latter way had been chosen, the station would have been somewhere near the corner of Pleasant and South streets, and the building of the Northern railway lines would have divided the town in twain:

so the result which was reached seems to have been a fortunate one. Those famous civil engineers, George W. Whistler, afterward the great railroad builder in Russia, William Gibbs McNeill, a West Pointer, who commanded the Rhode Island militia in the Dorr rebellion, and E. S. Chesbrough, chief engineer of the Boston water-works and of the water and sewage system of Chicago, each had a hand in surveying or building the line from Boston to Concord. The Concord company's rails were laid down in 1842; and I went to the so-called Great Swamp, now market-gardens, below the present gas-works, to see the process of track-laying, which was different from current methods. A line of chestnut planks, three inches by eight, was laid below the ground, under the ends of the sleepers and parallel with the rails; to these planks the sleepers were fastened with wooden bolts. This use of planks for sub-sills was soon determined by experience to be unnecessary. The ends of the rails were placed in iron chairs, which are now discarded for the more satisfactory fish-plates. All the territory, where are now the tracks, station buildings, and Railroad square itself, was raised several feet above its natural level, and much of the gravel used for grading was

carted across town from "sand hill," at the west side of the existing central precinct.

I was among the multitude of townspeople who gathered in the evening of September 6, 1842, to see the first railway passenger train come into Concord. This train of three passenger cars was drawn by the "Amoskeag," a small locomotive built by Hinkley & Drury of Boston, ten and a half tons in weight, with one pair of driving-wheels five feet in diameter. George Clough was the conductor, Leonard Crossman, engineer, and Seth Hopkins, fireman. The engineer and fireman were wholly exposed to the weather, as the cab for locomotives was not devised until years later. The station buildings to which this train came were lowly, but sufficient. This important event was noticed in the *Patriot* to the extent of a quarter of a column: an unusually sprightly local Democratic caucus a few weeks before got a column and a half.

Fires have greatly changed the appearance of our town. Except the sites of Rumford and Woodward's blocks, Dutton's building, Masonic Temple, old Concord Bank and Board of Trade buildings, I have seen all the business territory on both sides of Main street, between Bridge and Pleasant streets, burned over once, some of it twice.

III.

During my boyhood Concord had few people of foreign birth. Michael Spellman and Peter Murphy were among the first Irishmen whom I remember. There was a Patrick Gunning, a tramp, who kept Concord in his orbit, always begged a clean shirt but was never known to wear one, and, in rich brogue, announced himself to be on the way to Montreal. His last appearance here, so far as I know, was in 1863.

At West Concord was Patrick Tynning, born at Kilkenny, a soldier in the British army which burned the capitol and the president's house at Washington in 1812, and got routed at New Orleans.

Another one, back of my remembrance, whom my father knew, was James Phelan. He went hence to Boston, blew an organ in the Catholic church of the Holy Cross, sold tickets in the Federal Street theatre, and then embarked in the hardware trade in New York. In the latter city he became conspicuous in public undertakings, acquired a great estate, and had a house at Newport,

R. I. Still later he went to Paris, became a companion of the Count D'Orsay (who died in 1852), and gave entertainments rivalling those of the titled people in that great city. He was one of the American friends who welcomed Charles Sumner to Paris in 1872, when the senator last visited Europe.

John Anderson, a Scotch shoemaker, had a shop in "smoky hollow." He was a fervent Democrat. When Gen. William Henry Harrison was elected president in 1840, Mr. Anderson was cast into the depths of woe, and declared that Democracy had fallen never to rise again.

Some of the youngsters of Concord were taught by Miss Sally Parker. Her school, which was for the youngest pupils, was in an east room of her house, now No. 14 Centre street. The apartment was unfinished, lathed but not plastered, and the seats were long wooden benches without backs. Prizes of three butternuts were distributed every Saturday to winners of class honors. Who were the scholars, and what books were studied, I cannot venture to say.

On the next lot south of my father's house stood a yellow cottage, an appanage of the Dr. Peter Green estate. Here came to dwell Mrs. Ruby Bridges Preston, a widow, teacher

by the Lancastrian system of a school for children. Her front room was the rendezvous of little pupils, among whom my mother enrolled me. Of the children who gathered there I can call to mind with certainty only three boys, namely, William Chadbourne, Robert A. Hutchins, and Henry G. Burleigh.

William Chadbourne was a son of Dr. Thomas Chadbourne, and years afterward became a partner in the great dry-goods house of James M. Beebe & Co., of Boston, in whose behalf he crossed the Atlantic forty times. He died in Brookline, Mass., May 15, 1868, aged thirty-six years.—Robert A. Hutchins (son of Ephraim Hutchins) served on the staff of General Wilcox in the war for the Union, with gallantry like that of his great-grandfather Col. Gordon Hutchins in the Revolutionary war. Robert was the handsomest boy of his time in the town, and when a man, would have made as dramatic a figure as did the Revolutionary colonel who walked up the aisle of the Old North church on an August Sunday in 1777, with the dust of his gallop from Exeter still on his shoulders, to tell the startled congregation that a British army under General Burgoyne was marching from Canada toward New York, and that General

Stark would leave next morning with the New Hampshire volunteers to strike the hostile expedition. Robert died at Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 15, 1883, aged fifty years.—Henry G. Burleigh's father, a manufacturer of shovels, contractor for labor at the state prison, lived where now stands the city hall, almost directly opposite the site of Mrs. Preston's yellow cottage. Henry has spent most of his prosperous life at Ticonderoga and Whitehall, N. Y., and has had the honor to represent the Eighteenth New York district in the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth congresses, receiving at his last election 20,732 votes against 2,817 for all others.

Mrs. Preston died in Concord, Aug. 15, 1881, aged eighty-two years. She had a son, James, a sailor, whose loose blue flannel suit, with wide-bottomed trousers and tarpaulin hat, with a fathom of ribbon flowing behind, caused our eyes to open very wide when he came home in full sea rig. He died of fever off the coast of Africa in 1848.

Getting away from Mrs. Preston's, I sat under the instruction of Miss Mary Ann Allison, in a house which stood where is now the North church. This house was built for Capt. Joshua Abbott, who fought at Bunker Hill, and was said to be in 1855 one of the

oldest sixteen in Concord main village. It is still in existence, being now No. 12 Washington street. Shadrach Seavey had alterations made in it during his ownership thereof, and found a brick in the chimney bearing the date "1765" marked in its soft clay before burning.

There was a little more discipline at Miss Allison's school than I had experienced before, and when the class in Malte-Brun's Geography was on the floor, and some luckless wight ventured to shout "Mild and salubrious!" in reply to a question about the climate of Patagonia, he was liable to suffer some penalty for his words without knowledge;—but most of the climatic descriptions in that geography were "cold and inhospitable," "mild and salubrious," or "hot and unhealthy," and we rarely got far out of our latitude in guessing at suitable answers to interrogatories on that theme.

My playmates and schoolmates of this and a little later period were, beside those before mentioned, Edward P. Carter, Robert Sherburne, Samuel and William H. Morrill, George W. Gault, Edward Whipple, George H. Sanborn, Charles H. West, William L. Gage, and Nathaniel E. Gage. Of all I have named, only four are living. Edward Carter

died in Central City, Colorado, April 9, 1868, aged thirty-four years. Robert Sherburne is a farmer in Illinois. Samuel Morrill is a physician at Marlboro, Pitt county, North Carolina. His brother William resided there until his death, which occurred about six years ago. During the War of the Rebellion, William was a staff officer in Mahone's Division of the Southern army. George Sanborn became an inventor of printers' and bookbinders' machinery, prospered, and died in or near New York city. Charles West was a paymaster in the navy during the War of the Rebellion, and died in Winchester, Mass. Nathaniel Gage was a physician, and perished from cold on a Western prairie; while his brother William was a distinguished writer and preacher of the Congregational church, settled for many years at Hartford, Conn., and died in 1889. He once received a call to the Richmond Street church, in Edinburgh, Scotland. George Gault, after going to sea before the mast in a ship commanded by my uncle, William McFarland, settled down to country life in Gilmanton, and became a deacon *de facto*, as he had been by courtesy in his youth. George was long my most intimate friend. He lived with his uncle, John Stickney, on

the old Stickney Tavern estate, which dated back to 1794, now changed utterly, but the site opposite my old home has since been owned in part by Mr. John H. Pearson. The axe was laid to the root of the old tavern sign-post probably about 1838-'40. The swinging sign-board which it long supported had on either face, in good strong colors, the figure of an Indian with bow and tomahawk, and the legend "J. Stickney, 1794."

The old tavern hall was a favorite place with us. There in the early part of the century had been famous dancing parties, and in 1818 a great dinner to General Ripley, of Maine, a soldier in the War of 1812, when the principal decoration was the national flag displayed on a fishpole. There, on March 4, 1825, was a dinner in honor of the inauguration of President John Quincy Adams. This old hall abundantly lighted, and the great sheds and barns opening to the south, with horses and cattle and plenty of room, made the Stickney estate a grand place for boys in any kind of weather. In the stable was one of our particular friends, "Old Judge," the horse, and in the yard another, "Old White," the dog.

My father drew the following picture of the Stickney tavern, as it was about 1825:

Stickney's was the stage tavern of the town. The celebrated reinsmen of the period were to be found there, in all their pride of place,—Parsons, Bly, Walker, and others; we can see them as clearly as if yesterday, standing near the front door. And not the drivers only, but their horses and coaches, and the long tin horns which they blew on approaching the town. Parsons had at one time four white horses for the team driven into Concord. They were lost at the burning of the Anderson tavern, about 1822, on the turnpike between Hooksett and Chester, when Tom shed bitter tears that he could fondle and drive them no more.

A Vermont traveller once said they could at Stickney's make better beefsteak of red oak chips than he obtained in some taverns where they served what purported to be beef.

Stickney's tavern was a resort of reputable travellers,—stage passengers, people going about in their own vehicles, Vermonters going to Boston, Salem, and Newburyport with country produce, and footsore and dusty pedestrians, came in hand. Undesirable people, if they went to the house, were not apt to like the "lay of the land," and did not remain long within its portals. All well disposed people reaching this house felt they had gained an excellent harbor.

A favorite winter drink of the days when this tavern was in its prime was "flip." One of the most common banterers of the olden time was, "I'll bet a mug of flip."

This drink consisted of beer and rum, with sugar and grated nutmeg. When mixed, the poker, always during winter kept in the fire, was thrust red hot into the mug, and then the foaming liquid was "flip."

The arrival of coaches at Stickney's depended upon the state of the weather and the roads. Those from Boston, in favorable seasons, reached here before 6 p. m.; those going north or south left at 4 a. m. A long tin horn was blown at departure, and also on arrival,—indeed, on going into any village, to notify postmaster, taverner, and all concerned to be ready for the exercise of their duties. Many people can testify to the comfort they took in this wayside inn.

Dancing parties at Stickney's assembled at an early hour. I have seen an invitation to one such printed on a playing-card, the five of diamonds (perhaps a hint that card-playing would be allowed), which read as follows:

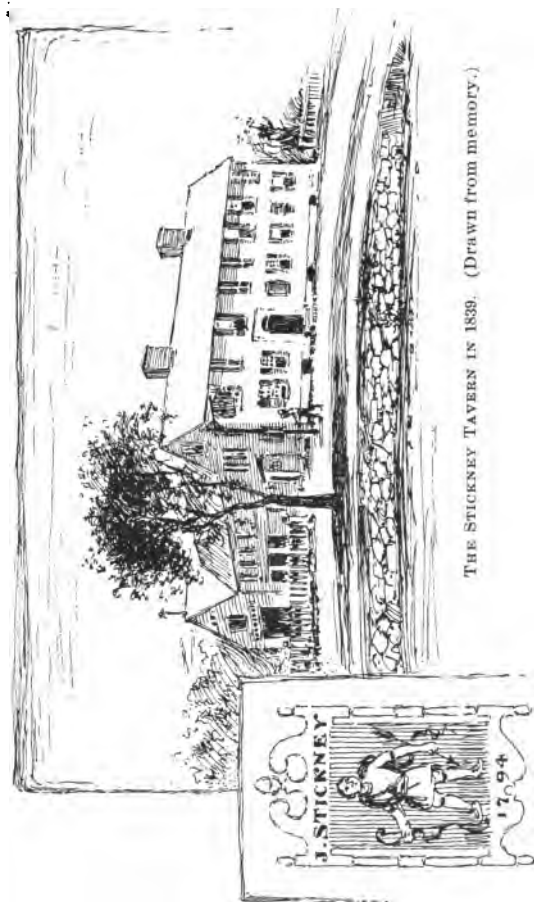
SOCIAL BALL.

The company of Mr. and Mrs. Chandler is requested at Stickney's hall, on Thursday evening next, at 5 o'clock.

W. A. Kent, }
R. H. Ayer, } Managers.
C. Emery, }

Concord, Nov. 29, 1806.

In the great woodshed of the Stickney tavern, George Peabody, afterward the emi-



THE STICKNEY TAVERN IN 1839. (Drawn from memory.)



ment London banker and philanthropist, once cut firewood to pay for a night's lodging, when in 1810, as a boy of fifteen, without surplus money, he was on his way from Danvers to live a year with his grandfather in Thetford, Vt. When he visited Concord in 1858, as the guest of Hon. N. G. Upham, he related this fact to Hon. Ira Perley. George Gault and I were occasionally called upon to cut wood in this shed, but in no other way have our fortunes resembled those of Mr. Peabody.

In the Stickney kitchen was a colonial fireplace, wide enough for sticks of wood four feet long, and Miss Susan Stickney did not object to our whittling in a part of that room, so a large share of our winter carpentry was carried on there. Capt. Nathan Stickney, who owned the next estate, we were rather shy of, for a boy discovers readily who of the grown people have no longing for his society. Mrs. Ezra Carter (mother of Edward) and Mrs. Thomas Chadbourne (mother of William) were always indulgent to boys, and we favored them with much of our company. Our calls were not of a very ceremonious character, being often made without preliminary rap at the door, or waiting for an usher to escort us in: such

formalities were not considered then as of the utmost importance. Mrs. Chadbourne was before marriage Clarissa Dwight Green, a daughter of Dr. Peter Green, named for my grandfather's first wife, Clarissa Dwight, of Belchertown, Mass., who died a few days before her namesake was born.

There were summer visitors to Concord then, the like of whom are not seen here now—girls from Switzerland, who sang street songs to the accompaniment of a tambourine. They had indifferent, overtaken voices, but my father listened with apparent pleasure to their whole *répertoire*. There may not have been much delight in the music, but the costumes and songs of the Swiss cantons probably carried his imagination away to Alpine valleys, which he had a longing to see.

Miss Allison, our teacher, transferred her school, first, to a room over a drug store and tract depository in a structure standing the second south of the Historical Society's building, and thence to one of the jury-rooms in the old town- and court-house, which stood near the present junction of Main and Court streets. At the last place I got a hard fall on the long stairs, and was taken home wounded and frightened. On the lower floor of this plain colonial building

was the town hall, and in its vestibule, or in the town hall itself, were stored on cross-beams some most astonishing implements called fire-hooks, designed for pulling down burning buildings. They were very unwieldy and rarely put to use, but made an excellent roosting-place for expert climbers on town-meeting day; and it was from that height of vantage that Deacon Caleb Parker, in 1838, charged Cyrus Barton with voting double. This was a subject for talk and newspaper paragraphs for years afterward, Colonel Barton being then the editor of the *Patriot*.

Our school holidays of that time were not always spent exactly to our liking. There was a considerable period when such of us as worshipped at the South church were sent thither on Saturday afternoons to recite the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism to the pastor. That work was all in my memory, both questions and answers, and will never be wholly forgotten; nor shall I ever forget the look of astonishment which came to the face of the pastor when on one occasion he surprised us all playing "tag," or "follow my leader," among the seats of the chapel, and gave us a considerate rebuke for lack of respect to the temple.

Fourth of July, too, was wont to be given to cold-water-army marching and Sunday-school celebrations ;—so when that ever-glorious day came, most of the town children were paraded under various banners, each denominational band of Sunday-school pupils by itself, and marched to the Old North to hear addresses on temperance ; thence to the state-house yard, tired, hot, dusty, and hungry, to be refreshed with cake and cold water or lemonade so long as the cake lasted, afterward with barrels of dry crackers brought from the bakery of Capt. Ebenezer Symmes. A little pamphlet relating to the celebration of 1841 was published. It gives the names of the teachers and scholars then present from each Sunday-school, and shows the following totals,—North church, 220 ; Methodist, 80 ; Episcopal, 71 ; South church, 230 ; Baptist, 108 ; Unitarian, 107. Total, 816. On that occasion the tables were spread in a field near Richard Bradley's home, and a thunder shower disturbed affairs. After my last appearance at one of those festivities, I went home, and, within hearing of my father, made a little declaration of independence, to the effect that I would never go to another such celebration, and, much to my joy, this resolution was approved by the home government.

The schools of that period were not graded, so we had pupils of various ages and different attainments in the same apartment. There were first, second, and third classes in reading, arithmetic, and other branches of study. One advantage this old way certainly had: young people could listen to the recitations of those more advanced than themselves, and learn something by hearsay. It would be interesting to see the school-books of that time,—the New Hampshire Book, the American First Class Book, Porter's Rhetorical Reader, Olney's Geography (beside Malte-Brun's, already mentioned), Comstock's Philosophy, Cutter's Physiology, Webster's Spelling Book, Adams' Arithmetic (published at Keene, N. H.), Colburn's Arithmetic, Greenleaf's Arithmetic, and Smith's Grammar.

Penmanship was taught with more care and rather more success than now, but ours is not a nation of penmen; the English and Germans excel in this respect.

It seems to me that I went from school to school in a rather desultory way, but it was merely change of place and teacher; books and methods were generally the same. There were in our main village three public school buildings, for districts numbered 9, 10, and

11; that for District 10 was the Bell school-house, situated where is now the high school building, and that for District 11 was a rather dignified two-story brick building at the corner of State and Church streets, on what was formerly called Parsonage lands.

Some of our Concord old-time pedagogues afterward attained eminence,—for instance, Hon. Levi Woodbury, Benjamin Thompson or Count Rumford, Prof. Edwin D. Sanborn, Hon. George W. Nesmith, Nathaniel H. Carter, and Rev. Abraham Burnham.

I was at the Bell school a long while, the same that my father and uncles had attended. How thickly and deeply the old desks and seats were scarred by generations of destructive jack-knives! The existing building for the high school is the fourth which I have seen on that site, each a great improvement on its predecessor. Masters Moses H. Clough and James Moulton at different times swayed the ferule there during my early pupilage. John Towne was also a dominie in this school for a considerable period, and was at the same time deputy secretary of state,—a fact which suggests that the occupation of teaching was not deemed so exhaustive of vital forces as it is now said to be. There was considerable punishment

in this school, and the ferule and rattan were never far away. They were kept in hand as necessary badges of authority in all the schools for larger pupils of that time.

At this school I came first and last, within the circuit of some new companions,—Abel and George H. Hutchins, John and Charles Kent, Charles P. Sanborn, afterward speaker of the house of representatives, Benjamin E. Badger, Gustavus Walker, Henry H. Gilmore, lately mayor of Cambridge, Mass., Thomas J. Treadwell, who graduated at West Point, and served in the Ordnance Corps of the army, J. Hamilton Low, Edson C. Eastman, Charles H. Foster, recently a sugar importer in Boston, John Chandler, who lived sometime at Manila as agent for William F. Weld & Co., the largest ship owners of Boston, Henry W. Fuller, George Henry Chandler, major of the Ninth New Hampshire Regiment, William E. Chandler, now a United States senator, James E. Rankin, since a Congregational clergyman, now president of Howard University, and J. Henry Gilmore, now a professor in Rochester University. The last two are known as authors of famous hymns.

There came home from West Point in my school days a young man in the uniform of

the military academy, who was regarded with much curiosity. This was Napoleon Jerome Tecumseh Dana, whose mother and sister then lived in the house next north of the residence of the late Gov. Onslow Stearns. He was heard of afterward when he marched with the renowned First Regiment of Minnesota to join the Army of the Potomac. In February, 1862, he was a brigadier-general, commanding the Third Brigade of Sedgwick's Division in the Second Army Corps. He was severely wounded in the impetuous attack of this corps, under General Sumner, on the enemy's left wing, at Antietam. I met him again in 1886, when he was president and I was secretary and treasurer of the Montana Union Railway, an offshoot of the Union Pacific Company.

Walter Brown, or Darkey Brown as we called him because of his swarthy complexion, indulged in a rather amusing escapade at the Bell school. One morning he brought a red squirrel in his pocket, and when the exercises of the forenoon were well advanced, the little creature left its place of concealment and ran out-of-doors with Walter in full cry in pursuit, starting from his seat near the middle of the large room. Neither the captive nor the captor returned that day.

Walter was, like all the rest of us, fond of the woods, and it was said that he could crack a chestnut-burr with his bare heel. The last I heard of him he was in Iowa about 1860, advertising for a wife.

My ambition at this time was to become a carpenter, like one whom I heard could earn \$1.25 a day; or a miller, the latter fancy having taken hold of me during a visit to a tidy gristmill in a picturesque nook on the Winnipisegee river at Meredith Bridge. All the boys had spells of wanting to go to sea: mine were cured by the advice of my uncle William, a ship-master who was a sailor from boyhood.

I was away from the Bell school at intervals, during one of which I trod the paths to Academy hill, where in a lonesome building was what was left of the Concord Literary Institution. In 1835 moved by Mr. T. D. P. Stone, a young gentleman from Andover, Mass., an associated effort had been made to establish an academy on the hill, with normal, academical, high, and preparatory departments. The first intent was to build of granite, but that purpose failed. The wooden building, fifty-four by fifty-eight feet, had boys' and girls' study-rooms, recitation-rooms, a laboratory, and a spacious hall for rhetori-

cal and public exercises. About one hundred shareholders were in the undertaking, and the roll of pupils contained, first and last, nearly two thousand names, from all New England, Ohio, and Alabama, and from Greece and Spain one each. In 1835 there were eleven teachers and more than two hundred and fifty students. The ambitious undertaking was not rewarded with prosperity, and after a time the property was leased for the uses of a private school. Mr. Aaron Day, just out of Dartmouth college, and Miss Emily Pillsbury were the instructors during my pupilage, and the hall, being airy and well lighted, was the school-room. I fix the year of my attendance as 1843 by circumstantial evidence only. Most of the scholars were attacked briefly by a prevalent influenza called the "Tyler Grip," because it appeared contemporaneously with President Tyler's visit to New England, which occurred that year. Then, too, we had a season of great interest in a popular excitement which sprung out of the hanging at sea of three chief mutineers on the brig "Somers," of the United States Navy, the culprits being Spencer, Cromwell, and Small. Spencer was a son of Hon. John C. Spencer, secretary of war. Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, sailor

and author, was the commander of the vessel, and, being accused of harshness and imprudence, was court-martialed on arrival at New York, but fully exonerated. This hanging was in December, 1842, and as the consequent excitement ran along into the following year, this seems to confirm the other date. We went so far as to suspend some paper effigies of the mutineers to the ceiling of our school-room.

Among the effects left over from the wreck of the academy were some philosophical apparatus, among which was an orrery, to teach us the movements of the planets, an air-pump and receiver, by which we learned that a mouse could not live happily in a vacuum, and a primitive dynamo, from which we got some idea of the power of electricity. (This apparatus is now in the possession of Benj. E. Badger, Esq.) This was the same year that congress appropriated \$30,000 to enable Prof. S. F. B. Morse—the former portrait painter in Concord—to build the first electric telegraph, from Washington to Baltimore.

One may not be so free to deal with the names of school-girls, but I suppose Miss Clara Lancaster was regarded generally as the local beauty of the period. She mar-

ried a swarthy Cuban of at least middle age, and it is doubtful whether any one in Concord knows what became of her.

Concord was so sparsely settled that I went usually across lots from my home on Main street to the academy, where Academy street now is, without causing inconvenience to anybody.

A little battle of the Tom-Brown-at-Rugby description, between two of the older boys, was fought one evening, and divided us for a few days into rival clansmen. One of the belligerents, George Renton, died in Boston a few years ago; the other lives in St. Louis.

Oratory and the drama were not utterly neglected at the academy. Our great speaker, so I thought, was Samuel Morril, son of ex-Governor David L. Morril. Cardinal Wolsey charged Cromwell to fling away ambition; but our school had never heard of this priestly advice, and we essayed a public dramatic exhibition. Some scenes from the tragedy of Pizarro, by Kotzebue, were given to a crowded house. This is one of the passages:

Gomez.—On yonder hill, among the palm-trees, we have surprised an old Peruvian. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him unresisting.

Pizarro.—Drag him before us.

I have never seen these lines since they were delivered in the old academy, and they may not be correctly given.

This play was followed by a farce, of which it is enough to say that it was the production of a school-boy, William Chadbourne. The text and the acting were what they were. The members of the six Shakespeare clubs now in Concord might have smiled behind their fans had they been present on that elevating occasion. This was perhaps the last flicker of the candle on that hill of science. The doors of the academy did not reopen to pupils. The building was taken down, and wrought into some houses now standing near Main street, south of the last residence of Governor Hill.

IV.

I was at Pembroke Academy for the summer and autumn sessions of 1844, 1845, and 1846. The town of Pembroke, like Goldsmith's Auburn a village of the plain, was at that time rent by factions, one being partisans of the Academy, and the other champions of the Gymnasium, a younger and rival school, alleged to be less orthodox in its teaching. Church and state were divided on this school question. On the way to the Academy I was often the target for the gibes, and sometimes the missiles, of students or enterprising friends of the younger seminary. I could throw a stone with some force and accuracy on suitable occasions, and those of us who lived north of the Academy, and had to pass the Gymnasium four times a day, finally obtained peace by being always ready to fight for it.

The principals of the Academy during the above-named years were, successively, Charles G. Burnham and Jonathan Tenney; assistants, or preceptresses as they were called, Miss Elizabeth Fuller, Miss Emily Pillsbury, and Miss Clara A. Brown. Before this I

had seen a Latin dictionary, and Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Reader and Grammar. At Pembroke Virgil was read, and also Salust. Arithmetic was not very difficult, and I could solve the usual examples. Mr. Tenney sometimes sent me to the blackboard to show some older boy the way out of trouble; but in declamation and original composition I had not good standing. None of the pupils of that period has attained a very eminent station in life, so far as I know. Albert Palmer obtained the mayoralty of Boston; John Thornton Wood, who wrote "*faciam viam*" under his name on the fly-leaf of school-books, became a writer on the Philadelphia *North American*, and is now a resident of Washington; and Natt Head blew a bugle in the Hooksett band and reached the governor's chair in New Hampshire.

My room-mate at Pembroke was Nathaniel L. Upham, now a Congregational clergyman residing in Philadelphia. Rev. Abraham Burnham, Nathaniel's grandfather, took us into his family, and was as kind to us as if we had been his sons. My grandfather had a part at his ordination in 1808, when the Concord paper said,—“To the credit of the people who attended, during a long exercise the greatest degree of order and decorum

prevailed." Mr. Burnham had a serious face, thoughtful expression, and was rather abrupt in manner, so his real character did not manifest itself to everybody. He kept a good horse, and was fond of having us drive with him to "Buck street," or North Pembroke. There was an abundance of wholesome food on his table, at which we were never seated until, all assembled and standing, the divine blessing had been solicited. He liked cheerful conversation and a lively joke. I remember an occasion at family prayers when he read a chapter of the Old Testament, in which mention is made of the Hebronites. Closing the Bible with a smart bang, he remarked,—“ We have some Hebronites in New Hampshire.” “ Why, where?” said Mrs. Burnham, with manifest surprise. “ Up in Hebron,” replied he gaily, then arose and began a fervent prayer. To those who deemed him a severe man this would have seemed a queer thing to do, but the truth is he was not a severe man. He was a brisk, hearty New England clergyman, sound and mellow, not too theological to be human.

My father was not subjected to great expense for my living in Rev. Mr. Burnham's family. The stipulated price was \$1.50 a week, but in consideration of my driving the

cow to and from pasture one week, and carrying wood from shed to kitchen and watering the horse the alternate week, the price was reduced to \$1.25. My room-mate performed like service on alternate weeks. What would a lively Harvard student, maintaining a suite of rooms, a piano, and bouquet for his centre table, with annual college and personal expenses of from \$2,000 to \$5,000, think of so small an outlay?

My journeyings to and fro with that cow were satisfactory opportunities for reflection and observation. The sleek creature had the right of way, for it had been settled in the clash of battle, with much pawing of dust, and bellowing, and onset of horns, that she could defend her privilege against all milch kine along the road. There were berries to gather, squirrels to chase, and skunks to hurl stones after; also shy upland plovers, fluttering and limping away from pasture nooks, enticing one away from their homes where beautiful eggs were hid in soft herbage under overhanging berry-bushes. Trout would come up for a grasshopper to the surface of every pool in a brook from which they have now been gone these forty years; and there was that wonderful Fife house, under the builder's hand then, not completed yet.

I was permitted to come home to Concord on alternate Saturdays to remain over Sunday, the homeward journey being made on foot, and the return usually by railway as far as Robinson's Ferry. The first time I went toward Pembroke Academy by rail, Hon. N. G. Upham (my room-mate's father), superintendent of the Concord railroad, told Mr. George Clough, the conductor, to pass me free for that one time, the first occasion on which I travelled as a "dead-head"—a delightful experience. Gail Hamilton says it seems to be a hardship for anybody to pay car fare, because one wants all his money to spend at the journey's end; and to the truth of that statement abundant testimony might be found.

Being able during school hours to prepare myself sufficiently to pass the recitations, there was time for woods and fields, and I knew every eddy in the river, all the good fishing-places, the best forests for chestnuts, and did such shooting as could be done with a long bow, a gun being prohibited. Knox's woods were abundant in nuts, but an edict of the proprietor, enforced by his big dog, barred us out; still we foraged around the edges under far-reaching trees.

Our regular bathing-place was a pool in

the Merrimack, and here one afternoon was dragged out a boy named McQuesten, who had ventured beyond his depth, and was splashing and struggling in distress. Near by this favorite spot was the eccentric Daniel Flagg's shower-bath. Here was a hogshead held aloft on poles, and piped so that it would drop an avalanche of cold spring water from a height of twenty feet on the stark and cranky individual willing to defy mosquitoes and the eyes of the forest. I never saw this invigorating apparatus put to use, and suspect it did not give its owner the satisfaction which he had hoped to derive from it. Daniel was a queer character, not over fond of work. Barefooted in summer, thinly clad all the year, gaunt and pinched, he claimed to use for food or raiment no article to obtain which had cost some animal its life. He fellow-shipped to some extent with the people known as "Come-outers."

Many of my schoolmates at Pembroke were in training for college, to which I had no inclination, but a new Bell school-house having been built, I was there for a while, with Mr. Hall Roberts as instructor.

V.

Although the boys of 1840-'45 were without tennis, croquet, and cigarettes, there was sufficient amusement. Marbles and ball were taken up as soon as the snow was gone, baseball being a favorite game, although it had not the modern rules and strange devices. We walked on high stilts, flew kites away up in the blue ether, and built miniature saw-mills on West's brook. With the aid of a pliant stick and a short knotted string, we shot darts out of sight skyward. The most conspicuous ball-ground was the state-house park, and a game could usually be found there any week day in April or May; on Fast Day, three or four games at the same time. On the stone wall, then the north boundary of the park, was perched a row of spectators, like swallows on a telephone wire. There was no restraining reverence for the capitol. Boys with lofty aspirations climbed by the lightning-rod from the ground, and crossed the dome of the edifice as it then was, to seat themselves astride the eagle's neck. This was a favorite pastime for Abiel Carter,

and his brother, John W. D., since citizens of Portland, Maine. Abiel went up one night before a Fourth of July, and hung the national flag on the eagle; at daylight he discovered it was "Union down," and climbed up again to right it. A boy who thought that much of the old flag could not be driven into the rebel army, if he did have life and property at stake in Texas when the storm of war burst over the South in 1861. Doric hall, as it is now called, then known merely as the "Area," was used occasionally as a public assembly-room. There Daniel Webster once received a popular greeting, and so, I think, did Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas. The Seamen's Friend Society of ladies held sometimes a June fair there, in the hope of capturing many half dollars for their cause from rural legislators,—a hope which never had full fruition.

The river and intervale were places of frequent resort, for we took delight in the stream, and in its green banks and sandy edges. In the summer vacation-days a whole afternoon was frequently given to the water, reserving only time enough to get our heads well dried before the anxious maternal inspection at supper-time. The west bank of the river for an eighth of a mile above the "Free

Bridge" was the popular evening bathing-place for apprentices and mechanics, and a long line of young Apollos could be found there from late afternoon until dark. The water was deep then, with no shoals or sand-bars, and there was good diving. Edward E. Sturtevant, then a printer in Concord, afterward a major of the Fifth New Hampshire, "New Hampshire's first volunteer," killed in the assault of the Army of the Potomac on the heights of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, was accustomed to go under with a cigar, lighted end inside his mouth, come up a long way off, and puff the smoke in a leisurely swim to the further shore. My comrade, George Gault, could go off a spring board with the grace of a professional athlete, turn a beautiful curve, and plunge into the water straight as a pickerel, leaving hardly a ripple behind.

The Merrimack to our boyish eyes looked broader and grander than it is: to me it has always been the most delightful of rivers. David A. Wasson, a native of Maine, where rivers abound, says in one of his essays,— "Sweet old Merrimack stream, the river that we would not wish to forget, even by the waters of the river of life!" It was our common fishing-water, too, and seldom it was

that we came home empty-handed. We caught perch, chub, roach, horn-pout, and pickerel. Although the small streams in our county, all tributary to the Merrimack, are among the best natural trout waters, I never saw but one trout caught in the river itself; that one was taken between the mouth of Turkey river and Garvin's falls. I have heard of an occasional one in Turkey pond. I took a pickerel which weighed over three pounds at the outlet of Fort Eddy, when I was but just strong enough to land him, and one of the South End boys, Theodore French, caught one twice as large not far above the lower bridge. Salmon were then taken at Garvin's falls, before the great dam was built at Lawrence in 1848. The last of those lordly fish I heard of in the river, before that high dam was completed, were taken at Garvin's, and sold in Concord to Joseph A. Gilmore, who shared them with his friends. Between those two, and the fish now occasionally seen in the attempted restocking of the stream, was a long interregnum.

Just below the Lawrence dam, in 1851-'54, I had opportunity to see many shad taken in a seine, and once was looking on when a great sturgeon escaped by leaping over the edge of the net as it was drawn to shore.

There was some navigation on the river. Canal-boats came up from Boston (by use of the Middlesex canal as far as Lowell) from 1816 to 1843, having one landing just below the Pembroke bridge, and another near the Federal bridge. One of the means to entertain a president in Concord in 1817 was to give him a boat excursion down the river to Garvin's falls. There was an odor like that of city wharves about the boating company's landings;—bales and boxes of goods, bundles of iron, and hogsheads of molasses were visible. One navy-yard where canal-boats were constructed was on the north side of Centre, between Main and State streets; another was on Hall street. When ready for the water the boats were hauled away and launched, with some frolic and possibly some tipping. The granite for Quincy market in Boston was boated down the river. A small steamboat had come up from the "Hub" as long ago as 1819. On at least one occasion of high water, boats landed hogsheads of molasses at the distillery, which stood where Stratton & Co. now dispense "Alpine Daisy" flour.

Rafts of timber from forests north of Concord were taken down the river, some of them with rustic huts thereon, whence came the glow of firelight, and glimpses of a cook

preparing the raftsmen's supper. Some of this timber was wrought on the lower Merrimack into the staunch frames of ships known all around the world. It seemed to us, as we sat in the clover and buttercups by the river, where the bob-o-links sung and the bees gathered honey, as if the adjacent north region whence the water came, with now and then a boat or a raft on its bosom, was a vast mysterious country, indefinite and unknown.

An English artist named Harvey, an associate of the National Academy, once made a picture of Concord from the east bank of the river above the Pembroke or lower bridge, in the foreground of which was almost exactly what I have attempted to describe. Lithographic copies of this picture were printed in London. I know of but three in existence now;—one is the property of Mr. John M. Hill, another is owned by a bookseller in Bristol, England, and the third is in a Concord barber shop.

Along the river bank were groups of maple trees, from which we drew sap in sunny spring days for boiling down to sugar in the evening. On one of these sap-gathering play-days, at high spring tide, we lost an axe belonging to Mr. John Stickney, and it lay quietly at the bottom of the stream until

summer drought enabled us to recover it, to our great satisfaction, before its loss had been discovered, and not much the worse for its watery burial.

The "Paradise woods," a forest of grand old pines, which stood opposite the site of the present Blossom Hill Cemetery, was in the spring a place abounding with Mayflowers and evergreen. The ground in these woods became dry as soon as the snow was gone, and there was a solemn, attractive grandeur in the stately pines. When those trees were swept away by the axe, desolation reigned in their stead. There was also a beautiful grove of large trees, mainly elms, on the "fan" north of Fort Eddy, to which we went on hot summer afternoons to enjoy the cool breeze, the waving grass, and the songs of birds which nested there in great numbers. Their nests were never molested by us. Toward autumn we roasted corn and potatoes, and sat down to pastoral feasts, where good digestion waited on appetite, and health on both. There were also on the meadows many staunch old hickory trees, at which we kept busy in autumn holidays laying by a store of nuts for winter, there being considerable rivalry to determine who could gather most.

The annual militia trainings in May and the autumnal regimental musterings were interesting and picturesque events, which assembled the Concord Light Infantry (dating back to at least 1797), Capt. David Neal, with blue coats, white trousers, and waving plumes of red and white; the Columbian Artillery, Capt. Thomas P. Hill, clad in patriotic blue; the Troop, with red coats and horses of every color, led by the redoubtable Cotton K. Simpson; and the Borough Riflemen, Capt. Timothy Dow, with a front rank of pioneers dressed like Indians and bearing big tomahawks. Nothing precisely like these is likely ever to go through our streets again. The more numerous train-bands without uniforms, but provided with muskets, cartridge boxes, knapsacks, and of course canteens, obtained in some way the rather queer name of "string-beans."

These militiamen, such as were left of them, made their last collective appearance in 1861, as Home Guards, "not to leave town except in case of an invasion," with Josiah Stevens, captain, Asa McFarland, first lieutenant, and Hamilton E. Perkins, first sergeant.

Coasting could be done, in its season, on

any street in town which had sufficient slope: no policeman would gather us in. I have slid from a point on Main street near Bridge street, northward as far as Montgomery street, where there is very little declivity now; and Bridge street (before the building of the railroad bridge) and Ferry street were very lively coasting-places, railroad trains passing so infrequently that they did not interrupt the sport to a serious or very dangerous degree. I once saw a big sleigh-bottom, with a dozen boys thereon, come flying down Montgomery street, and at the junction with Main take a countryman's horse out of a passing sleigh and land the animal clear over on the east sidewalk, the boys rolling off barely in season to escape harm. This affair was treated as a merely funny adventure,—no fuss, no writs, no lawyers, and no half column in a daily newspaper. There may have been some anxious hearts for a few hours. I know I saw Andrew Chadbourne roll off the flying sled as he saw what must occur, run into his father's house, and come out after a while to ask the artless victim of the mischance how it all happened.

Some of us were coasting on Ferry street on an afternoon holiday, probably in 1843, when looking toward the sun we espied the

comet of that year. This was before the strange visitor had begun to be talked about or discussed in such newspapers as came to our notice.

A gun is usually a coveted possession, and there was in our house a weapon which my father called a fowling-piece, bought when he was an apprentice in Boston, in 1822, from a store in Dock square, at a cost of ten dollars. It was obtained for use in militia trainbands, but he did some shooting with it on Boston common. When it reached my hands it was very long, although some inches of its original proportions had been shorn off at the muzzle end. The calibre, too, was large; so it took a sight of ammunition to load it, and when discharged, it scattered shot widely and none too effectively. There was a small flaw in the barrel, a few inches from the lock, which was the cause of some solicitude, but the arm proved to be safe for the gunner, and not very dangerous to anything else.

George Gault had the use of a similar gun from his uncle, John Stickney. It was at least as old as mine, much homelier, with a curious bend in its barrel, a depression between lock and muzzle very evident to the eye when the piece was sighted, probably a

caprice of the gun-maker with an intent to give it long range. Its shooting qualities were neither better nor worse than those of my weapon.

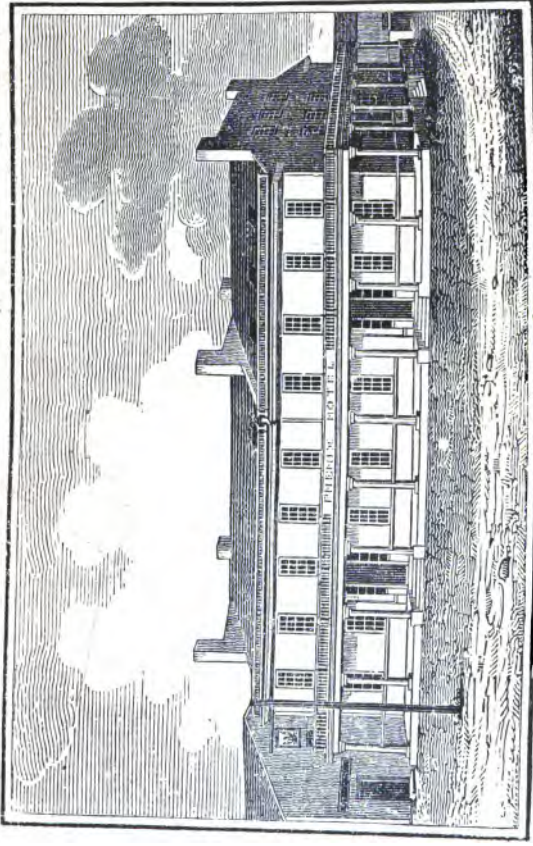
Much time was spent by us in the forests and fields. The pursuit of fish and game imparted habits of observation which were useful in after life. In the right season there was almost always some reward for our hunt to be found within easy distance. About the year 1850 I saw a sportsman come out of a cornfield which bordered on Ferry street, half way from Main street to Fort Eddy, carrying twenty or thirty snipe and woodcock. He was shooting in a way which I had never seen before, with a handsome double gun and a fine setter dog. We got ruffed grouse within a mile of the state-house; one I discovered in my father's garden. Many a woodcock have I seen flying across Main street in the early evening, and wild pigeons were sometimes numerous in the vicinity. The last mentioned birds I occasionally shot from trees on Main street, also in my father's garden, but oftener on the meadows and Pine plain. Once I secured a dozen pigeons, only one at a shot, about a mile from the city hall; but this was not done with the old fowling-piece before men-

tioned. It was not so far as that from the city hall that I came near getting a wild goose. The great bird was hit, and a little more discretion on my part would have secured it, but I lost my head with excitement, and it escaped into the pine woods on the plain. We were often as short of ammunition as was the Continental army, and such old iron and lead as could be found were bartered for powder and shot. As our shooting was not altogether approved in certain maternal quarters, it was hard to obtain money from the home government.

There were in winter some excellent skating-places on the intervale. The meadows not being then well drained, we could often skate from where are now the sheds of the New England Granite Company southward to the frog-pond below the Concord & Montreal engine-house. During winter freshets water sometimes covered the intervale, ice formed, and a grand skating park resulted. Occasionally we found smooth ice on the river, and went flying as far up as Sewall's Falls. My first skates were fished out of a box of half-forgotten rubbish, and rigged with leather thongs. When discovered, brown rust lay thickly on the blades, but hard work with brick dust and an old file

took that off. The skate of that day had a longitudinal groove in the edge which came in contact with the ice, and a good pair, with curves in front ending in a brass acorn over the toe, cost a dollar and a quarter. George Gault's brother William sent him a pair from New York which had some elegant double curves at the toe, two grooves in the cutting edge of the blades, and other devices which stirred our souls, and caused us to regard him as a most fortunate being. We called those "real Holland skates."

Christie Renton, daughter of Dr. Peter Renton, was, I think, the first girl who did any skating in Concord. She learned on Horseshoe pond, with the assistance of her brother John, who was a powerful skater. There was a story current among us that John once started at the upper end of the Horseshoe, and came down to the bridge with so much headway that he jumped clear over it, that structure being then nearer the water level than it is now. This was as famous a story among us as is that of "Alvarado's leap" in Mexican history. The Northern Railroad embankment was not constructed then, and there was a clear run from the head of the pond.



THE FIRST PHOENIX HOTEL. (From an old wood cut.)

VI.

Not very many books were accessible in the earlier part of the period which I have tried to describe. My list included some volumes of the *Penny Magazine* and *Merry's Museum*, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Harper's Family Library, Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," "The Scottish Chiefs," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," the Rollo Books, a few other of Jacob Abbot's stories, and a little later a real treasure-house,—Chambers' Miscellany. "Robinson Crusoe" was read and re-read. Josephus's History was among the possessions of the Stickney tavern. Some boy friend had the "Swiss Family Robinson" and the "Arabian Nights." If there had been a place like the Concord City Library, it would have been a great satisfaction. Maria Edgeworth's novels were in our house, but not much read. Dickens's novels were the first I went through with real satisfaction. The "Pickwick Papers" I tried to read, but could not get interested in them,—a confession I never dared make, until I heard Hon. Asa Fowler, whose love for books no one would question, say the same for himself.

Three weekly newspapers came to our home, the *Congregational Journal*, *The New Hampshire Statesman*, and the *Boston Journal*. After my father became the publisher of the *Statesman* the second time, in 1851, newspaper reading became too abundant.

Mention has been made of a few of many taverns on Main street: The Washington House, Merrimack House, Stickney tavern, American House (not the existing one of that name), Eagle Coffee House, Columbian hotel, Phoenix hotel, Elm House, and Carter's tavern. Although strong liquors had ceased to be considered good drinks, bar-rooms were not banished from sight, nor driven to by-places and holes in the ground. I was not allowed to visit taverns or drinking-places, but was induced once to go to "Sam Clark's," a semi-respectable retreat within a house then standing where is now the Phoenix block, to get a first acquaintance with oysters. William Chadbourne and myself invested all our money in a savory stew, and divided the proceeds of the investment. Its cost was nine-pence in Spanish coins, equivalent to twelve and a half cents. Most of the silver coins in circulation were Spanish or Mexican,* many

* In 1801 Thomas Jefferson and John Randolph attempted to abolish the national mint and do away with the United States coins, which they styled an "insignia of sovereignty," or an assertion that the Nation is superior to the State.

of them so worn that the mint stamp was indistinct. Shop and store prices were not stated in our national money, but were "four-pence ha'penny" (six and a quarter cents), "two and thre'pence" (thirty-seven and a half cents), and so forth. Bank notes issued in one state might not be current in another. Counterfeits were so common that every merchant kept a "detector" near his elbow, and paper currency was never satisfactory until the establishment of the national banking system in 1863-'64.

There being then no local daily newspaper, the taverns were places of common resort to tell and hear town news. The old Phoenix, opened in January, 1819, was a rendezvous of my father's, and a most respectable circle of Whig gentlemen could be found there any cool evening, gathered around the cheerful fire in the bar-room, an apartment about twenty by thirty feet in area. The adornments of the room were long rows of suspended crook-necked squashes, which disappeared gradually before the approach of spring, and a few pictures, "Susannah and the Elders" being as conspicuous as any of the collection. Major Ephraim Hutchins was the landlord, and Mr. Solon Stanley officiated behind the counter. After the brief

reign of William Dole, one was succeeded by Mr. A. C. Pierce, and the other by Mr. S. H. Dumas, who has been for many years landlord of the Boar's Head at Hampton. The Phoenix was Daniel Webster's abiding-place when he came to Concord, and Gen. Winfield Scott was there when on his way to Maine at the period of the northeastern boundary dispute, in 1841-'42, with England.

When I had attained wisdom enough to be permitted to go occasionally to the Phoenix, Hamilton Hutchins, Lewis Downing, Samuel Coffin, J. Stephens Abbot, Ira Perley, Woodbridge Odlin, Charles Smart, Joseph G. Wyatt, Joseph A. Gilmore, Abel B. Holt, and others, were in more or less regular attendance. There was no drinking; it was mere sociability and friendliness. Democrats holding similar rank in town resorted to the American House, corner of Main and Park streets.

Midway between these two hostelries was the Eagle Coffee House, a most comfortable tavern, built in 1827 by Mr. William Richardson, who came from Methuen, Mass. Until then its site had been an apple orchard. Here was a large tavern hall called the Grecian, where on the wall back of the rostrum was what purported to be a picture of

the Battle of New Orleans. Here Daniel Webster once received his friends, but the floor weakened under the weight of a numerous assembly, and there was a sudden adjournment to the state-house.

At the gatherings which I have mentioned at the Phœnix, Mr. Odlin had always a fund of wit to distribute. Ira Perley, a lawyer of excellent attainments, highly respected by his fellow-citizens, an oracle in the Whig circle, was considered a possible governor or member of congress. Although afterward chief-justice of New Hampshire, he never had the nicest judicial temper,—was fitful, moody, and, in conversation at least, occasionally unjust.

Mr. Wyatt, being a daily messenger of the express to Boston, was an important acquisition to the circle. He could often tell of occurrences in that city before they were set forth in the newspapers. The murder of Dr. George Parkman in Boston, in November, 1849, made a great impression on the public mind; and happening to hear from Major Wyatt that the murderer had been discovered and was a professor in Harvard Medical College, I went home with the intelligence, to be told by my father that it was preposterous nonsense: still it turned out to be truth, and

my father read, in the Vale of Chamouni, in September, 1850, an account of Dr. John W. Webster's execution on the gallows in penalty for the crime. The interior of Mr. Wyatt's home was enlivened with portraits of American statesmen. If the men themselves lost Mr. Wyatt's esteem, it was his custom to turn the portraits head downward on the walls, permanently or temporarily as they might deserve. During periods of more than usual political interest, the Phoenix loungers overflowed into the south parlor, on the same floor as the bar-room, and filled the broad front piazza. These people at the Phoenix were great admirers of Henry Clay, and took that statesman's failure in the presidential election of 1844 very much to heart, as they would surely have done the defeat of Webster if the latter had been the candidate.

The first time my eyes beheld Daniel Webster I was a school-boy in the street, ignorant that he was in town, but it needed no herald to tell me who he was ; no other man could have that imperial presence. My awe was equal to that of the navy, who pointed at him in a Liverpool street, in 1839, and exclaimed, "There goes a king."

Nearly half a century ago I was told that

my grandfather was the officiating clergyman at the marriage of Daniel Webster and Grace Fletcher. Lately I have been looking about to see if any corroborative evidence is on record.

Miss Grace Fletcher was the daughter of a Congregational clergyman of Hopkinton, but at the date of her marriage her father was dead, her mother probably re-married, and she herself living with a married sister in Salisbury.

My grandfather was a tutor in Dartmouth college when Mr. Webster was the foremost student there, and they were probably known then to one another. He was also, as I have before stated, a trustee of the college during the controversy which resulted in the famous Dartmouth College case in the United States supreme court, where Mr. Webster made the argument, which brought tears to the eyes of the great Virginian, Chief Justice John Marshall, and wrung a favorable decision from a reluctant court.

There was a color of probability to what I was told, and a search for the truth has amused me, but at the church in Salisbury this marriage is recorded under the head of "Marriages by Mr. Worcester," a long record running from Nov. 12, 1791, to Nov. 28, 1830,

when Rev. Thomas Worcester was pastor of the Salisbury church, and I suppose it may have become the habit to write down any marriage which occurred, without careful regard to the heading. Mr. Webster himself seems to have made an error as to the date of his marriage. In his brief autobiography, written in 1829, he says, "June 24, 1808, I was married." To be sure this does not say exactly that such was the date of his wedding, but, standing as it does in a sentence by itself, that is what it has been taken to mean. If that is what it means, it was clearly a slip of memory.

On the records of the town of Salisbury is the following: "Daniel Webster, Esq., of Portsmouth, and Miss Grace Fletcher, of Hopkinton, N. H., were married May 29, 1808." This does not give the name of the clergyman.

At the date of his marriage, Mr. Webster lived in Portsmouth. In the *Portsmouth Oracle* of June 11, 1808, is this: "Married in Salisbury, Daniel Webster, Esq., of this town, to Miss Grace Fletcher." This gives neither date nor clergyman.

The *Concord Gazette* of Tuesday, May 31, 1808, does a little better. It says,—“Married in Salisbury, on Sunday evening last,

Daniel Webster, Esq., of Portsmouth, to Miss Grace Fletcher."

This *Concord Gazette* of Tuesday probably went to press Monday evening, as was the custom of that day, and I have wondered if my grandfather preached in Salisbury Sunday, May 29, 1808, married the young people, who were probably both known to him, drove home to Concord Monday morning, and attended to the publication of that notice promptly in the *Gazette*, which was then printed by his friend J. C. Tuttle. To add to the possibility of my grandfather's having been in the pulpit at Salisbury on the above named Sunday is the fact that he was to preach the election sermon in Concord on the following Thursday. Bouton's History of Concord has a partial list of the preachers of election sermons, in which another name than my grandfather's appears for 1808, but this is assuredly an error. The same *Gazette* which printed the notice of marriage says,—“The Rev. Mr. McFarland, of this town, is appointed to deliver the Election sermon on Thursday.” I have been inclined to think that the preparation of that sermon (copies of which are in existence) for the opening of the legislature so far occupied his time the week before the marriage that it might have

been very convenient for him to exchange with Parson Worcester of Salisbury on the Sunday of the wedding. But after all, I have found no proof that Dr. McFarland officiated at the espousals.

The annual town elections were opened on the morning of the second Tuesday of March, and continued down to Friday or Saturday; at least once the meeting held into a second week. As the elections were at the town hall nearly opposite my home, and as our friends were active Whigs, and often beaten, those great assemblies were interesting, although mostly unsatisfactory. Sometimes there were discussions on town affairs between men like Richard Bradley, Joseph Low, Samuel Coffin, and James Peverly, on one side, and Isaac Hill, Franklin Pierce, Robert Davis, and Joseph Robinson, on the opposite side. There were violent personal hatreds between Whigs and Democrats. Ex-Gov. Hill of the *Patriot*, a red-hot Jackson man, and in fact one of what is called in history "Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet," used a good many lively nouns and adjectives in political newspaper attacks. These ways became the ways of partisans, and there was sometimes hot and fretful talk on the town-hall floor. General Pierce was too ambitious to brook

control, so he rebelled a little against the authority of the political leader, but kept inside the party lines. Within those lines there was an exhilarating scrimmage on Saturday, Feb. 18, 1842. Two factions of the Democracy, "radicals" and "conservatives," striving for control of a caucus in the town hall, came in collision, seats and desks were smashed, wigs flew in the dusty air, and bloody noses were seen on most respectable faces. There was a great uproar and a clatter of flying feet, combatants chasing their foes as far down as Centre street. Two *Patriot* newspapers were then seeking party favor, the *New Hampshire Patriot* and *Hill's New Hampshire Patriot*.

The old town hall was provided with a speakers' platform at the west end, opposite the entrance, and a broad open floor led from entrance to platform. Rows of benches were on either side, facing not toward the platform, but at right angles to it, as in the British house of commons. On the south wall hung a large clock-case with a dial, but it was a hollow sham, into which a boy could climb. For a considerable period the evening meetings of the First church were held in the old hall, and so afterward were the services of the early St. Paul's Episcopal church.

Town-meeting week was in some sense a town holiday,—a time for cakes and ale, gingerbread and molasses candy. Peddlers of various notions, and hucksters' booths, were numerous in the trampled snow of the town-house hill. People from outlying districts, on the borders of Boscawen, Bow, Canterbury, Chichester, Dunbarton, Loudon, and Pembroke (a cluster of dignified English names), came in the morning, some of them to stay all day and go home in the evening with the smell of rum in their garments.

In the choice of moderator no check-list was used. The chairman of the selectmen, standing at the handle of the big front door, received the ballots of the voters, who, to prevent double voting, entered and remained within the hall perhaps a weary half day, until the polls were closed, although there was an occasional escape through some neglected window. In 1843 Joseph Low, a Whig, was elected moderator in opposition to Franklin Pierce, Democrat.

There were usually ballots of three parties,—Free Soil, Whig, and Democratic,—and sometimes those of bolters or factions got into the field. George Gault and I once carved in pine wood two droll devices for headings, and printed tickets at my father's

press, designed to ridicule certain local politicians, a South End gentleman being the especial object of our displeasure. Taking exceptional care in the printing, we carried our productions to the town hall, but were afraid to distribute them. Concealing the packages imperfectly in the crevices of a woodpile on Mr. John Stickney's estate, we went away for deliberation, and on our return were astonished to find a big, sober-faced man selling our tickets for ten cents each, in a very active market. Then we realized that

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,”

for we had no more than ten cents each to spend in all town-meeting week.

This great annual meeting brought all the queer local characters to the front—among others, Benjamin Green, a half-crazy Englishman, with perhaps a broadside of original doggerel verses; John Virgin, a cranky pensioner of the War of 1812, who served under General Harrison at Tippecanoe, vehement and sometimes eloquent in praise of his old commander and Henry Clay; and a man from “The Borough,” who went striding about, with a pole held at his shoulder as if it were a gun, shouting “Guards to the right! Dragoons to the left! Advance the centre!”

Such queer people seem to be extinct. "Our Decided Characters," who were portrayed by Mr. Charles L. Wheeler in a Concord Directory published by him in 1853, have apparently left no successors.

As long as annual sessions of the state legislature began in June, so long was Inauguration or Election day the best holiday of the year. It came in the most delightful of all the months, and the whole town was made ready for it. Contracts for house building and painting were timed to be completed before that day, and lawns were raked of their last dead leaf. New clothes were brought home from the tailors, and new bonnets had their first outing. Out-of-town visitors swarmed in, arrayed in their best. The military turned out,—infantry, artillery, and (in 1860-'65) the Governor's Horse Guards. This was a brave show. To be sure the Horse Guards had their difficulties; what military company does not? Their untrained horses could never quite comprehend why sabres should be drawn, and the flash of steel about their heads scattered the whole cavalcade into separate units. Then there was one occasion when "bold John Barleycorn" got in his work. A bustling officer of the guards mounted his horse at the Phoenix;

before the hour for parade, and made a head-long dash down Main street, slashing with his sabre right and left at imaginary foes, and putting to desperate flight a demure cow at the South End. This achievement being satisfactorily accomplished, he came back up the street at like pace, and landed prone in the dust in front of Phœnix block, exclaiming, "The horse was not to blame!" Thence he was borne off to bed, and the horse, which had stood quietly by the fallen rider, was led away to the stable. Such scenes did not occur on Main street every day, or every Election day either. The career of that Horse Guard was over.

"His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills
of Spain."

If any person of the olden time had foretold the present biennial winter sessions, without music and banners, fakirs and magicians, lemonade and 'lection cake, he would have been regarded as a hopeless lunatic.

There was work as well as play for the boys of 1845,—work in the garden, hoeing and digging, fruit-gathering, wood to saw, split, and pile, and paths to shovel in winter. No grocer of that day delivered by wagon the goods sold to his customers. He surren-

dered commodities at his store, and the purchaser got them home as he best could. In such service my wheelbarrow was useful, and my father would dispatch me to the grocery, usually that of Deacon Nathaniel Evans, which stood where is now the Chase building, with a written order for whatever was wanted, drawn in his strong, characteristic hand, which ran usually in this way :

Mr. Evans: Please deliver to this lad the following [here was a list of articles], and charge the same to the account of

Your obt. servant,

ASA MCFARLAND.

all as carefully capitalized and punctuated as if it had been a paper of the State Department. This was rather serious business when the supply of wheat flour and sugar and molasses needed replenishing, but there were neither delays nor accidents on the line. The streets and walks were not crowded with traffic.

I was often at the printing-office, then in the third story of Stickney's building, which faced the state-house park, to render such service as was within my strength and capacity. First-class printers made constant use of the dry-press for restoring finish to paper which had been wet before printing,



THE AMERICAN HOUSE OF 1834.

and indented by the impression of type. The practice of wetting paper was then universal. To restore the printed sheets to their original finish, they were placed between hard, smoothly finished pasteboards, and subjected to great pressure in powerful screw presses. It seems as if I must have "put in" and "taken out" in those years enough sheets of paper to cover the whole territory of Concord with literature. It was monotonous toil, begun when I was too small to stand in one place and reach to the right or left for sheets, so it was necessary to walk to and fro in front of the bench, like the swing of a pendulum.

There was a story current among the boys that Dr. Timothy Haynes had a dissecting-room in the attic at the south end of the Stickney building. Two or three of us went to the roof above the printing-office, ran along the ridge, ventured down a convenient scuttle, and found there a human body on a table covered with canvas. It was a gruesome sight, and we stood not long upon the order of our going.

Among my father's customers were the Canterbury Society of Shakers, and David Parker, chief of that society, persuaded him to have a dry-press of a new pattern built by them at Canterbury. It was not scientif-

ically designed in some of its proportions, and proved to be too weak to resist its own power.

The Shakers essayed to do some of their own printing, and I heard my father and David Parker, or Thomas Corbett, discussing the workmanship of a doctrinal book which they had issued. My father had observed errors in it, although the Shakers claimed that the printing had been done under inspiration from Heaven, and that after first proofs had been corrected by human hands, revised proofs had been taken, left in a convenient place, and the angel Gabriel summoned by trumpet to come down and give the pages a final critical reading.

Among printing-house workmen and apprentices, I remember well the "old veteran" William Hoit; "Capt. Sam" A. Morrison, who not infrequently took a drop too much, and went about town brandishing a cane at invisible tormentors, or in the office might fling missiles at an imaginary imp lurking in some dim corner; Edmund S. Chadwick, Ervin B. Tripp, Frank Barr, George O. Odlin, Rufus Lane, Edward E. Sturtevant, George E. Jenks, Elijah Clough, Edward A. Jenks, Andrew J. Gilmore, who served in the navy during the Civil War,

Edward O. Withington, and Henry W. Phelps, who became interested in a newspaper at St. Paul, Minn., but came home to Hopkinton to die in October, 1857. Then there was "Archibald," a guzzling Scotch compositor, who tramped around a long circuit of towns, making his appearance here irregularly, and remaining so long as he did not get intolerably drunk.

Among persons of an earlier day, all now dead, who became conspicuous in newspaper undertakings and otherwise, whom local associations would indicate for mention here, are Nathaniel H. Carter, editor of the *New York Statesman*, born near the banks of Turkey river, which he celebrated in the poem "To my Native Stream;" George Kent, for five years prior to 1831 editor of our *Statesman*, afterward consul of the United States at Valencia, Spain; George J. L. Colby, in 1844 editor of the *People's Advocate* in Concord, many years editor of the *Newburyport Herald*; Paul Morrill, once a citizen here, one of the founders of the *Alta California*, San Francisco; and Jacob H. Ela, an all around man on several papers, afterward member of congress from the First New Hampshire District. William T. Porter and George Wilkins Kendall were employees of the *States-*

man and the *Patriot*;—the former, known as “York’s tall son,” six feet four inches high, founded in 1831 the *New York Spirit of the Times*; and the other, in 1837, established the *New Orleans Picayune*, a great paper during the Mexican war, and since that event.

My father printed the New Hampshire court reports under some arrangement with Hon. Joel Parker, the chief-justice. Printed but unbound sheets of such reports were kept for safe storage at a room on the second floor of the New Hampshire Historical Society’s building; and many a trip to and from that place did I make with the wheelbarrow before mentioned, tugging up and down those stairs loads of good law, now quoted in many courts where English is spoken.

Great care was exercised in the printing of those reports, and as specimens of law printing, which has a style of its own, they will compare favorably with the reports of any state in the Union. Asa McFarland had an honest man’s pride in his business, which he loved as a worthy art; and writing this reminds me how troubled I was at being told by the Morrill boys that their father, David L. Morrill (who had been governor, and

wrote occasional prosy articles for the *Statesman* over the signature of "Senex"), declared printing to be only a trade, and that my father ought not to mention it as an art. It seemed preposterous to me that any one could suppose my father to be mistaken about his own business: hence my chagrin. I should have been gratified could I have quoted the inscription from the façade of Lawrens Coster's house at Haarlem, placed there before 1628, or even shown them, in Worcester's Dictionary, the word *printing* defined as "the act, the *art*, or the practice of imprinting words on paper."

There was nothing relating to the art of printing as practised in his day which my father did not understand, and in which he did not at times take part. He wrote readily, and could have produced a book, except binding, doing all the work with his own hands. After he assumed, in 1851, the publication and editorial care of the *Statesman*, he did not oversee every detail of the establishment, but the impress of his care was on all the considerable productions of his press.

The printers' work most distasteful to me was the boiling of glue and molasses together for the composition of ink-rollers, and this performance seemed, singularly enough, to

come very often on Saturday afternoons when there were school half-holidays. The boiling being done, the rollers were cast late in the day, and allowed to remain in the iron moulds until Monday morning, when they were taken out, and examined as carefully as is the cylinder of a steam engine in a great foundry. Every printing-office then made its own rollers.

But the youthful toil which caused me real distress was blowing the organ at the South church. The daughter of one of our neighbors, being a pianist, was ambitious to play the organ, and wanted many hours of practice. Stimulated by promise of suitable compensation, all of my Saturday afternoons for a whole summer were spent in the work of Æolus at that organ; and beside losing legitimate playtime, I was paid in nothing but charming smiles from the fair organist,—a coinage which I have since learned goes at its face value all around the world.

VII.

Charles Kingsley says,—“There is no pleasure that I have ever experienced like a child’s midsummer holiday. The time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night, tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used as a boat till it had gone down with all hands, out of sounding.” I have enjoyed that kind of pleasure—at least the fishing and out-door dinner—not only in childhood, but ever since.

There were visits to Meredith Bridge and North Conway, where every stream had wary trout in it, which gave great satisfaction. Jacob Libby was a favorite stage-driver as far as Meredith Bridge, and Peter Hines thence to Conway. After the Concord Railroad was opened, the start from Concord was so late that the latter portion of the drive was pushed far into the night; and being once the only passenger beyond Ossipee, I

was thumped about heavily;—half asleep and half awake, I was continually lying down on the seat, tumbling off into the straw at the bottom of the coach, and hunting for my cap, which was forever getting lost in the blackness of space.

Among the most delightful vacations which a boy could have were those at North Conway, then a charming village in the mountains, without cars or caravansaries, or tourists with alpenstocks and plaid trousers. There was a daily mail stage thence to Concord, and one quiet country inn. My father's eldest sister, Susan, became in 1838 the wife of Gilbert McMillan, who owned and dwelt upon the best and most picturesque farm in the whole valley of the Saco. My uncle McMillan was a descendant of Andrew McMillan, who came to this country from Londonderry, Ireland, about 1754, served in the rangers with Capt. Jonathan Burbank and Major Robert Rogers, purchased two slaves, Cæsar and Dinah, in 1767-'68, and as early as 1775 was a prominent man in Concord, having a store on the northwest corner of Main and Pleasant streets. The wide and beautiful farm at Conway was a provincial grant to Andrew for military services in the French-Canadian war. The mansion was

spacious, a good example of the New England farm-house, some rooms containing deep-backed settles fronting broad, generous fireplaces. The morning after the midnight arrival on my first visit, as I came down to breakfast, the household dog Rover came tearing up to greet me at the half-way landing on the stairs, and we formed a friendly alliance which lasted until his death, and was renewed with various successors that bore his name.

Not far from the house, large barns sheltered the necessary horses and a goodly herd of cattle. Behind the mansion were the Saco meadows, in front was Sunset hill. Away to the north, at the end of the Saco valley, was the sublime mountain range, of which my uncle said, in reply to my inquiry as I saw him lean daily on his cane and gaze northward longingly and earnestly, that it was as grand and beautiful to his vision as when his eyes first saw it. He was a Christian gentleman, quiet, patient, appreciative, fond of wit, going about his estate to superintend its cultivation like an English country gentleman out of "Bracebridge Hall," and his wife was his perfect counterpart. Would that every New Hampshire farm were to-day in as honorable and delightful ownership.

Landscape painters visited Conway frequently, some of them not widely known, but Kensett and the Harts (James and William) were distinguished. I found one of the latter at work one morning near a turn in Artist's brook, on my uncle's meadow, painting a glorious picture of Pequaket mountain, with the brook, meadow, and an old scarred white birch in the foreground. There was an angry swarm of mosquitoes buzzing about his ears, and he might have resented my intrusion ; but he did not, and was so kind as to invite me to see his collection, and equally kind when I availed myself of the invitation. My uncle's eye was so trained by dwelling among and observing grand scenes of nature that he could estimate a painter's merits by one long look at the canvas, and his comments on some of the efforts of struggling genius were highly amusing.

During my first visit to North Conway, I became so attached to the hills and valleys, my uncle and aunt, the birds and squirrels, the dog Rover and the horse Charlie, that I was loath to heed a summons to return, and my mother feared that my love for home was permanently broken. On a later visit, in 1850, my friend Robert A. Hutchins was with me. Both were welcome to the boundless

hospitalities of the farm. We walked from North Conway to the mountains, going on the first day as far as Ethan Crawford's. Next day we trudged up through the Great Notch, dined at Thomas Crawford's, the original Notch House (built in 1828, burned in 1854), and returned in the evening to Ethan's. The Saco river swarmed with trout. We took enough in a half hour to furnish the people at the hotel a good supper and breakfast. It was not a common affair for people to be making pedestrian journeys around the mountains, and Ethan Crawford did not know exactly what to think of us. At length he inquired about our connections in Concord, and being told, he said, "Boys, I know your fathers well. If you are walking around these mountains because you are out of money, tell me, and I will lend you whatever you need." Of course we thanked the old gentleman for his kindness, told him we were walking for the fun of it, and better to enjoy the scenery, and returned to Conway by the way we had come, confessing to some fatigue from our fifty-mile tramp. On our way down the valley, the tiller of a small farm hailed us, and learning we were from Concord and knew relatives of his, insisted on our entering his cottage and sharing

his humble dinner, which I remember was salt codfish and potatoes, though trout were very abundant in a brook hurrying by his door.

My school-days came to a sudden and inglorious end. My father had been wanting me to be a printer, but I had seen so much of the dark side of the "art preservative of all arts" that I shrank from it, and he patiently let me have my own way. Therefore we were going along in 1848 in uncertainty as to what I should do, and he advised that I revisit school. Mr. Hall Roberts, who was then rather eccentric, had been, as before mentioned, a principal at the Bell school, but, in consequence of some disagreement with the school-committee, had left, and was teaching a class in the vestry of the Baptist church; so to this latter place I repaired. The teacher inquired what I was to study, and I replied that I was to be guided by his judgment, whereupon he proposed delving further in the same old books. My mind was resolved: I went home and told my father that I was done going to such schools. This from a boy of seventeen probably amused him. "Very well," said he, "you can come to work in the office this afternoon." I was ready when the hour struck, and for months

and months inked book forms, standing behind a hand press, using a handle and frame which carried double rollers, distributing ink on the rollers by means of a wooden cylinder which in its turn was revolved by a crank. This was by no means easy. Edmund S. Chadwick and George E. Jenks were the pressmen with whom I toiled most. There were three hand presses, and a long-haired, ignorant fellow named John Powell was my illustrious rival at another press. At my press we were ambitious to do a large quantity of good work. A "token" an hour was deemed a fair stint, but on a long job of way-bills for some railroad we struck them off at the rate of a token in forty minutes. This was done on a favorite press, which was about ruined in the great fire of 1851.

In January, 1849, Mr. John F. Brown took me for a clerk in his bookstore, where I wanted to be for the sake of reading. This store was at the southeast corner of the state-house park, squarely in space now occupied by Capitol street where that street joins Main. It was the lineal descendant of a bookstore owned early in the century by Isaac and Walter R. Hill, later by Hill & Moore and Horatio Hill & Co., and the old sign, bearing a portrait of the philosopher, diplomatist,

and man of letters, Benjamin Franklin, painted by Marshall, an artist of some celebrity, had been over it since 1810 or 1811. The wood-work and the original lettering of this sign were done by William Low, of Low & Damon. A picture of the building, erected by John Leach in 1827 for Isaac Hill, in which this store was when I came to know it, constitutes the heading to the second page editorials of the *Patriot* of that day. The building was burnt in April, 1864.

My father told me that bookselling would not do for a permanent occupation; but I did not take a long look ahead, and thought that an attractive store, full of books which could be read in leisure hours, was a good enough goal. My salary was to be \$50 the first year. Mr. Brown was a good-tempered employer; he never reprimanded me, and I served him well. There was an older clerk when I began, but he did not stay. When Mr. Brown went away to the great "trade sales" or book auctions in Boston and New York he left me alone, and I deposited our sales-money in the Mechanicks bank on Park street, with Mr. George Minot as cashier.

Commercial travellers were not often seen then, but Messrs. Hogan & Thompson, of Philadelphia, had a salesman from whom Mr.

Brown bought blank books and stationery when he came on semi-annual visits to Concord. Six months' credit was allowed on these purchases. Almost all the first-rate writing-paper of that day came from England and France, that of Monier, a French maker, being preferred by Mr. Brown. He would hold a sheet up to the light and exhibit the water-mark with much apparent satisfaction. On Harper & Brothers' publications a discount of twenty per cent. from retail prices was allowed to us. This discount was deemed too small, and was the cause of continual growling among country booksellers.

Mr. Brown, who began bookselling in 1836, was the publisher of Dudley Leavitt's Farmers' Almanac and of Brown's Pocket Memorandum or diary, both of which had a large sale; also of Tytler's Universal History, printed from old plates, and Putnam & Hodges' Grammar, which last was somewhat revolutionary in its rules, and did not go off very well. Mr. Putnam was Rev. John M., a Congregational clergyman in Dunbarton. I think Mr. Hodges was, or had been, a Baptist clergyman in the same town. I often heard those three interested persons wondering why there was not more demand for their kind of grammar. Dudley Leavitt

then lived in Meredith, and the stage-drivers pointed out his house to passengers as that of a person of great renown. The copy for his almanac, for which Mr. Brown paid \$100 a year, was then made ready for many ensuing years. He had been (1818-'19) a teacher at the Bell school when my father was one of his pupils. I remember him as a courtly man with gentle manners.

Among our book-buyers was Mr. Mason W. Tappan, who had a law office at Bradford. His practice was to go around the store by himself, select a good lot of books, and buy them without haggling. His visits were frequent and welcome. No reader of this will need to be told that he became member of congress from our district, 1855-'61, and was colonel of the First New Hampshire regiment in the War of the Rebellion.

Ex-Governor Isaac Hill, when at home from Washington, was frequently at our store, and seemed to enjoy conversation with Mr. Brown, who belonged to the same political party; but the governor, as was his wont, did most of the talking. He had been a fierce opponent of Daniel Webster, attacking him politically and personally in the *Patriot*; but I remember one of those calls, which occurred probably in the winter of 1849-'50,



THE FRANKLIN BOOKSTORE IN 1850.
(From an old wood cut.)

when Mr. Hill, just home from Washington, came in, and told Mr. Brown that he had met Mr. Webster, the old resentments had been forgotten, they had enjoyed a most agreeable interview, talked about New Hampshire, about farming, and kindred subjects, and became good friends. "And Daniel Webster is," said Mr. Hill, enthusiastically, "the greatest man who ever lived in America!" As Mr. Hill died early in 1851, this personal friendliness was probably never again interrupted. Governor Hill was an enthusiast about farming, and a fluent talker about the merits of pine-plain lands and Chenango and New York red potatoes.

Gen. Franklin Pierce came in rather often. He was then, in the view of himself and a very few intimates, a likely enough candidate for the presidency of the United States in 1852, a scheme to effect his nomination having been considered, on his return from the Mexican war in 1848, by himself, Pierre Soulé of Louisiana (Pierce's minister to Spain), Edmund Ruffin of Virginia (who fired the first cannon shot at Fort Sumter in 1861), ex-Congressman John S. Barbour of Virginia (who was active in Pierce's behalf in the Baltimore convention of June, 1852), and probably Jefferson Davis (Pierce's secre-

tary of war), as well as others. This is related on the authority of a friend who had the general's full confidence. Judge Levi Woodbury, of Portsmouth, had early in 1851 been put in the foreground as a candidate for the presidency by the Democratic state convention of New Hampshire, but he died in September of that year. General Pierce was trimming his political sails so carefully to catch the Southern breeze, in the winter of 1851-'52, that he squelched a movement to invite Louis Kossuth to visit Concord, because the Hungarian patriot was not well received at Richmond, or some like Southern city.* All the talk of that time about the presidential nomination being an utter surprise to him was mere political claptrap.

Charles H. Peaslee, Asa Fowler, Calvin Ainsworth, and other men of that coterie, were often in the bookstore, as was Jesse A. Gove, who had been a lieutenant with General Pierce in the Mexican war, was afterward colonel of the Twenty-second Massachusetts regiment, and was killed in battle on the Virginia peninsula in June, 1862. Colonel Gove was then reading law. Among the local law students of about that period

*In regard to Kossuth, Charles Sumner wrote to his brother George from Washington, Jan. 5, 1852, "There is a wretched opposition to him here proceeding from slavery."

were Col. John H. George, Francis B. Peabody, since of Chicago, William B. Gale, since a distinguished Massachusetts lawyer, Sidney Webster and Stratford Canning Bailey, afterward of New York city.

There was another rather frequent and somewhat dangerous visitor: this was Samuel G. Chase, of Hopkinton, a man of Herculean size and strange fancies. Rather gentle in his ordinary moods, he never came in without inquiring if I was a son of Judge Upham, toward whom he did not feel kindly, for he had a crazy notion that the judge was keeping the Concord Railroad out of his personal possession. Once he came in with a gun, and seemed to be hunting for the judge, but left the weapon in the store until he went home in the evening. Afterward he shot at a Hopkinton man, toward whom he had some dislike, and was committed to the asylum for the insane.

Another queer visitor became an habitual loungee on the premises. His custom was to go behind the counter, find some book, and busy himself in reading it, always in the vicinity of the money-drawer. After a time suspicion led me to fasten a bell to the drawer with a whalebone spring fixed so it must ring if the drawer was opened. The

dénouement came with startling promptness. The thief came to the store when Mr. Brown was out, but Mrs. Brown happened by some fortunate chance to come in. Our visitor took his accustomed position, and when he thought himself unobserved, the bell rang loudly,—a sort of vigilance-committee ring, heard very distinctly all over the store. He discovered that he was detected, and departed. In response to a note from Mr. Brown he returned that evening, confessed, and eventually made restitution of a sum sufficient, he said, to cover his stealings; so he was promised immunity from exposure. He was not what our people called “town born,” that is, not by birth a Concord boy.

St. Valentine’s was an eventful day, for sending valentines was a prevalent custom. Those which we sold came from New York. Some were regarded as very elegant, and cost two or three dollars each, but those called comic were hideous things, unfit to be put in the mail;—nearly all found ready sale at retail prices about double the wholesale cost.

Macaulay’s History of England, at least two volumes of it, was published in London in 1849, and American publishers made haste to reprint it. Harper & Brothers got out an

edition in a few days after they obtained a copy, at two dollars a volume. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, followed this with one at a dollar a volume, and Harper & Brothers retorted with another at fifty cents; so almost everybody was just then reading history.

Harper's Magazine was started in 1850, and there was some local demand for it, though less than a dozen copies monthly were taken at our store during the first year of its existence. It was a reprint of articles selected from English magazines, and the first number had but three engravings in addition to some fashion plates. However, it was better than *Godey's Lady's Book* or *Graham's Magazine*, which had been in favor, and was said by the publishers to be "unsurpassed by any similar publication in the world." The work of the engravers and printers was much inferior to that of the magazines of to-day.

The American Art Union was a respectable New York lottery of that day. Any person, by the payment of five dollars, could obtain a valuable engraving, and entitle himself to a chance of drawing by lot some more valuable book, picture, bronze, or statue. Mr. Baruch Biddle was fortunate enough to draw Audubon's Birds of Amer-

ica, several volumes, with life-size colored plates—a splendid prize; but Mr. Biddle was not an ornithologist, so he left the work with Mr. Brown to be sold if a satisfactory price could be obtained. It remained in the store, an object of much interest, for several months, but eventually went to a distant buyer, at, I think, \$300. Copies are reported to have sold in London recently for \$1,725.

The sword presented to General Pierce, under vote of the legislature of New Hampshire in June, 1849, for service in the Mexican war, was on exhibition at the bookstore as long as it attracted any curiosity. The general received a similar weapon from ladies of Concord in May, 1847, and the presentation speech was made by the daughter of a clergyman.

The Franklin Bookstore, as Mr. Brown called it, appeared to be prosperous, and its owner contented; therefore it was a considerable surprise when Mr. B. W. Sanborn, who had a bookstore just across the street, came over in May, 1850, and, with very little talk or ado, bought the whole concern,—books, stationery, fancy goods, and Mr. Brown's share in the building. The second year of my clerkship was passing, and the fifty dollars salary had been doubled; but it had been

made plain to me that my father was right, that I had better not be a book-seller ; so, remaining with the new proprietor only long enough for his assistants to become familiar with the shop, I went out to see what other way of business might open.

VIII.

At the end of this bookselling experience my father was *en route* for Europe with his brother Andrew, the superintendent of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, in the prosecution of a plan for travel long cherished by them both. As the coach for the railway station took him from our door, on a bright July morning in 1850, Mr. Nathan Stickney, usually one of the selectmen of the town, drove by, and being a witness to the leave-taking, said to my friend George Gault, who was driving with him, that he never expected to see Mr. McFarland again. That is how the dangers of sailing to Europe were estimated in Concord. My father's voyages to Liverpool and from London were made by way of the Grinnell, Minturn & Co. New York line of sailing packets, some of the best ships in which were built in Portsmouth, and at least one of them had a New Hampshire captain.

I was so fortunate as not to be long out of employment. Mr. Rufus Lane, who has been mentioned before as a compositor in my

father's printing-office, had become clerk and time-keeper at the machine shop of the Concord Railroad at \$1.17 a day, and I was hired to assist him temporarily in the preparation of some tabular statements. Then I was at the postoffice two or three weeks, serving under Major Ephraim Hutchins, who had given up the Phoenix hotel, and was eighth in the honorable line of Concord postmasters. By this time the work which I had done under Mr. Lane's supervision had been noticed in the office of the superintendent of the Concord Railroad, and I was engaged to serve as a junior clerk in that office for \$20 a month.

The Concord Railroad had been chartered as early as 1835. It was contemplated at first to build from Lowell to Concord. The distance from Nashua to Concord is less than thirty-five miles, and the elevation to be overcome in that distance is less than one hundred and seventeen feet. Engineers estimated the cost of a single track with sufficient rolling stock would be \$550,000; this was, however, for a line on the west side of the Merrimack all the way, which would require no long bridges. It was difficult to raise even the above named sum. Pecuniary troubles, which culminated in 1837, exerted a depressing influence, but in 1840 a resolute effort

was made. Messrs. Joseph Low, Nathaniel G. Upham, and Charles H. Peaslee, a committee of the corporators, made a report, which was of the nature of a prospectus, giving details of cost and probable traffic, as well as some careful estimates made by Peter Clark, of Nashua, who had been agent of the Nashua & Lowell Railroad, and was engaged to go over this line as an expert. These gentlemen mentioned as an encouraging circumstance that a railroad had been constructed from Montreal southerly to St. Johns on the Sorel or Richelieu river; also that a toll-gate-man just below Concord had kept statistics, which proved that 35,760 tons of freight had passed through his gate by teams in one year, while the Concord Boating Company carried 7,039 tons; and the stage-coaches on the Mammoth road carried 29,758 passengers in the year ending Sept. 30, 1840. The freight rate from Boston to Concord by canal-boat was \$5 per ton; going back with the stream it was one dollar less. A boat was five days coming up and four days returning, and the capacity of a boat was fifteen tons. There were twenty boats, three men to each. (The freight rate by boat in 1815 was thirteen dollars per ton up stream and eight dollars down stream.) The fare for a passenger between

Boston and Concord when it was stage-coaching all the way was \$3, later by coach and cars it was \$2.50, and by the Mammoth road it became as low as \$2. The freight rate by teams before boats began to run was \$20 a ton.

Seeking town aid for railroads was a resort of even that day. In 1836 the town of Concord voted to apply to the legislature for authority to subscribe for shares in this enterprise, and to borrow money wherewith to make payment therefor. In January, 1837, such authority was obtained, and subscriptions were made for eight hundred shares of fifty dollars each. In 1841, disturbed by the magnitude of the undertaking, six hundred shares (on which the first assessment had been paid), were turned over free of cost to the Concord Literary Institution, which sold them to Gen. Joseph Low for \$675, and other disposition was made of a remaining lot of two hundred shares. This was a greater mistake than George Gault and I made when we hid our burlesque ballots in the Stickney wood-pile. The dividends of the corporation, from the date of its opening in September, 1842, average a little more than nine per cent. per annum. Each one hundred dollars invested has returned directly to its owner

(May, 1890) four hundred and thirty dollars, while the property has been greatly improved, and the investment is apparently as safe as ever. There have been some fluctuations in this prosperity. In 1855 business was not satisfactory, and but six per cent. was divided. If my memory is not at fault, there was but one through daily passenger train on each of the roads north of Concord that year.

Although it was feared at one period that the Concord road might be compelled to make its northern terminus at Amoskeag, at least temporarily, means were obtained to complete it as a single track on the line adopted, with two bridges over the Merrimack, and sufficient buildings and rolling stock, for something less than \$800,000. The iron rails came from England, weighed fifty-six pounds per yard, and cost on the wharf in Boston about \$55 a ton. Now the best steel rails, weighing seventy-two pounds per yard, cost \$35 a ton. The second track was laid in 1848, and the capital increased to \$1,500,000. The corporation owned at first but three locomotives, the "Souhegan," "Piscataquog," and "Amoskeag," to which the "Hooksett" and "Penacook" were shortly added, each of ten tons' weight. Taken altogether, they weighed less than the "General Lafayette" of to-day. The

“Suncook,” which weighed fourteen tons, was obtained in 1845 or 1846, and was regarded as a tremendous affair. It stood on four driving-wheels, without a forward truck, and was awkward in movement, but it did good work. If I am not mistaken, I saw it once back up into the Northern yard, hitch to a train of fifty-seven long, loaded cars, drag them from the side track, and then away to Nashua in a most resolute, self-reliant way.

In 1847, when annual statistics began to be deemed worthy of publication, the mileage of Concord Railroad trains was stated at 143,251; passengers carried numbered 203,505; freight carried, 103,371 tons. In 1889 the passengers carried numbered 893,110; tons of freight, 1,652,322.

In the report of a committee of stockholders made in 1851 is a statement in regard to the lands and station buildings of the company. The lands in Concord were a little more than sixteen acres. The first passenger station had been removed, and converted into a car-house; and the second one, designed by Mr. Richard Bond, an architect of Boston, had been built by our townsman, Philip Watson. This building in outward appearance was about what our city hall would be if the dome and piazza were removed, the wings

lengthened, and a piazza constructed in front of each wing. Within it on the lower floor were the train-house and the necessary adjuncts; on the second floor were a large hall, and the offices of four railway corporations,—the Concord, the Northern, the Montreal, and the Portsmouth. The Concord company's offices were in the southwest corner, and other rooms were furnished to the other companies free of rent. The hall, sixty-three by sixty-nine feet in area, was the most convenient one in Concord (then or since), being up only one flight, and reached by two broad, easy staircases. The rent charged was four or five dollars an evening, a little more if the company furnished a ticket-seller. Some notable events took place within its walls. Madame Parodi sung there, so did Adelina Patti, then (1853) ten years old, and so did Madame Anna Bishop, accompanied by the great master of the harp, Bochsa. Ole Bull was there with his violin. Washington Allston's great picture of Belshazza's Feast was shown in an adjoining room, in March, 1849. The lecturers of the Concord Lyceum,* for fees of \$20 each, oc-

*This was an association of young men who assembled one evening in each week in the hall of the Natural History Society for improvement in debate. On one appointed evening the question was, "Ought Concord to adopt a city charter?" and public attention to the discussion was invited.

cupied its platform,—Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Saxe, Thomas Starr King, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, ex-mayor of Boston, and the ex-actress, Miss E. Kimberly, reader of Shakespeare. Gen. Franklin Pierce was received there, and made a public address on his return from the War with Mexico, in January, 1848; and there, in 1856, a meeting was held which resolved that he be received in “solemn, mournful silence,” when as president of the United States he visited Concord in a partisan way during the Kansas-Nebraska agitation and the Buchanan-Fremont presidential campaign. The first state fair, held in October, 1850, was partly in this hall, partly in the company’s machine-shop, and partly on the meadows east of the station. Tickets to these various places of exhibition were sold in a temporary shed on the south platform of the passenger station. The hall continued in full popularity, although the evening trains were an occasional element of disturbance, until 1855, when Phœnix hall was built on Main street.

The invitation was rather generally accepted, and the ladies and gentlemen who assembled must have been amused when one of the disputants, Samuel Hermann, a Bohemian boy who was learning of Ivory Hall the trade of a silversmith, and spoke English imperfectly, gravely argued in favor of the charter because its adoption would transmute Concord directly into a metropolis like New York or Boston. After leaving Concord, Samuel entered Trinity college.

Public affairs and political meetings were occasionally held at Depot hall until it was burned in 1859. One of the last uses to which the old place was put was the drying on its floor of a remainder of two car loads of cotton, which took fire on the way from Boston to Manchester, and was by the good management of Conductor Freeman Webster run off the track into the pond at Winchester, Mass.

The personal organization when I joined it was formidable for a short road. It resembled a military company with more musical instruments than muskets. The president was Isaac Spaulding, who lived at Nashua: he was the largest stockholder, and was paid \$1,000 a year. He was a timid man in dealing with men, but sensible and practical; kept one eye on the Boston stock-market where he ventured his money, and the other on Peter Clark—after Peter became hostile to the road. Hon. N. G. Upham was the superintendent at \$2,000 a year, performing also many duties which are now regarded as belonging to a president, for which, being a trained lawyer, he was abundantly qualified. Mr. Upham had been a judge of the superior court of New Hampshire, and probably some of the good law which I had, as hereinbefore

mentioned, toted up and down the stairs in the Historical Society's building, was of his making. The judge, as he was always called on the road, was a man of foresight, thoughtful, and watchful of any legislative or political influences which might be harmful to railways. He was annoyed by gadflies of the press and forum, who swarmed together at certain seasons and joined forces for an attack. These people carried their hostilities into the legislature, where they were confronted by a most respectable lobby, composed of persons whose names, if listed here in connection with the little (\$15 and \$25 and \$50) fees which they received, would excite both wonder and merriment. The judge managed all the relations of the company toward the public, and with connecting roads, in a most satisfactory manner. His administration was careful, honest, and successful. There were questions as to division of traffic and earnings so well settled then as to become established railway customs. There were also physical uncertainties;—one of our people thought a snow-plow might be driven by a hand-car; another, that snow would prevent trains from ever running north of Concord in winter. The judge himself had a dreamy mind for mechanical

matters, and was at some disadvantage on that account. He was also nearsighted, and rather fearful that something was going on just beyond his vision not altogether to his liking. Curiously enough, he once made an attempt to test the sight of Phineas Davis, a passenger-train engineer, who had, it was hinted, some visual defect. The judge, with spectacles carefully burnished and adjusted, called Phineas off the engine, walked up and down the platform in conversation with him, and suddenly inquired if he could see some object which was then in the distance ; but nobody ever knew which could better see the target, the judge or the engineer.

Mr. Harvey Rice was the master mechanic in the iron-shop, and Mr. John Kimball filled a like place in the wood-shop. Each was paid \$1,000 a year ; but these salaries seemed so generous in that day, that when a list of employees and their compensation was printed in the annual reports, they were stated at \$3.19½ per day, to soothe the vision of stockholders who might each, like Mrs. John Gilpin, have a frugal mind. Mr. James A. Weston was the civil engineer, at the same salary, in charge of repairs of the line and construction. It does not look as if either of these gentlemen was overpaid. Mr. Rice has

since been master mechanic, or superintendent of motive power, of vastly greater roads, such as the Erie. Mr. Kimball has gained honors of many kinds, and so has Mr. Weston; in fact, the state paid the latter as much to be governor. Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball had just entered on his connection with the company. George G. Sanborn, since local treasurer of the Northern Pacific Railroad, sold tickets in the passenger station, and got \$1.67 a day for doing it. Elliott Chickering, an incorruptible man of the old Whig school, was the wood-buyer, and charged \$1.50 a day for his work. He had risen from the position of switchman. His coon-skin cap and cigar pointing skyward were familiar objects in winter. John H. Elliott, who had been a stage-coach agent, was the general ticket agent at \$800 per annum; John C. Gault, who has since been general manager of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, and held other like positions in the West, was a clerk in the Manchester freight-house at \$1.42 a day; Nathaniel P. Lovering, the treasurer, earned in 1850 a salary of \$1,000 per annum, and had an office in Boston, on State street, in the Merchants Exchange,—a building which was one of the architectural wonders of New England, but just now

pulled down as a mere cumberer of the ground. I told my father, after his return from Europe, about Mr. Lovering's princely income (with another salary from the Passumpsic Co.), and he encouraged me to hope that I might sometime do as well. Reuben Sherburne, since a most prosperous Boston merchant, was the master of transportation, equivalent to general freight agent, and receipted for \$1,200 per annum. George A. Pillsbury, the Minneapolis millionaire, who has just given to Concord the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, succeeded Mr. Chickering as wood-buyer, and came on the road a little later; as did also William S. Kimball, the rich tobacconist of Rochester, N. Y., who worked in the machine-shop, and now and then made a trip as fireman on a locomotive. Now he has in his greenhouse \$125,000 worth of orchids. The railroad seems to have been as good a training-school as an Institute of Technology.

Mr. James W. Sargent, at \$700 a year, was my immediate superior. He was called paymaster and superintendent's clerk, but his duties were like those given to a local treasurer of to-day. He had been a teacher of penmanship, and could keep a tidy set of books with entries of formal routine char-

acter; was particular about his pens and paper; but got started fairly too late in life, or had not self-reliance and mental reach enough ever to get a greater railroad place. He took a department clerkship at Washington in July, 1859.

Beside this indoor life at the desk, I was given some open air duties; was often sent to Nashua with a message to our president, or to the Nashua Bank, of which he was also president, to exchange money taken on the road for circulating notes of its own, every bank being then in intense rivalry with every other to keep its own notes out and to get other bills in.

Levi P. Wright, the conductor who ran the heavy passenger train from Boston, which reached Concord at 10:30 a. m. and returned at 3:30 p. m., and who had an adequate sense of the dignity of the duties which he was performing for \$54.17 a month, caught me at Nashua on my first errand, and pulled me up for an introduction to Mr. F. M. Stimson, station agent (\$50 a month), and George W. Page, ticket-seller (\$24 a month), as Mr. Sargent's "new boy." I knew he was quizzing me a little for my shyness in a new relation, but as Page had been a school-mate of mine, this did nobody any harm, and

it was not very long before I gained courage enough to run Mr. Wright's train when he wanted a day off from duty.

In public estimation the conductors were the most important railway officials. They were seen daily, while the rules and timetables, and brief messages from headquarters, to control such useful and dignified gentlemen, were not apparent. Beside Mr. Wright, there were George Clough and William Dole, each at \$50 a month. Mr. Clough began when the road began, having previously been a stage-coachman, and served down to 1866, twenty-four solid years. Mr. Dole had been landlord of the Phoenix, and obtained his position on the road by purchase from his predecessor, Ira Foster, on the payment of \$500, as commissions were formerly sold in the British army. I never heard of another case of purchase of place on a railroad train.

The engine-drivers were next in public regard, and were a rather remarkable group. Seth Hopkins and his brother William were the eldest in rank, and ran the two best passenger trains, at \$2.25 a day. A run to Nashua and back was reckoned a day's work. Seth was a strong, fearless man, rough in speech, punctual, always demanding the best engine, giving it no gentle usage, and getting

its utmost out of it. He dared risks which others might shrink from, such as letting water go below all the gauges to get the utmost steam space in the boiler, in a competitive trial of engines at Lowell. This experiment resulted in a dead failure, for the fusible plug melted, and out went his fire; but coolness and careful judgment carried him safely through a hazardous experience of twenty years. He said that his train was run on the theory that every switch was set wrong for him all the way from Concord to Nashua and back.

William Hopkins was a different character, fearful of danger, alert, and watchful as a lynx. Careful of his engine, he was esteemed highly by the master mechanics. A collision at Goff's falls in May, 1854, which came about through no fault of his, frightened him out of the service, because through this accident he discovered that his own prudence could not keep peril at arm's length. In that case, having reversed his engine and opened the sand-box, he jumped overboard, and came to himself among the wreck, with the red contents of a demijohn flung out of the express car dripping from his clothing. There was no doubt of his fright, but a reassuring smell of old brandy in the air revived him,

and he proved to be uninjured. Still he left the road soon afterward, took a contract for stone work on the Boston & Lowell Railway, and before long was instantly killed by the fall of a derrick.

Phineas Davis, at \$2 a day, was a patient, gentle man, full of good intentions, but rather nervous; went over his engine while it was in motion, and at train stops was out with a wrench or an oil-can to doctor some rattle or squeak. He went into a damaged culvert with the engine "John Kimball," on the Manchester & Lawrence division, in 1864, and was killed.

Charles F. Barrett, at that time in receipt of \$2 a day, was an easy-going man, careful and conscientious. No more successful driver ever stood on a locomotive. Forty-three years in charge of an engine, without an accident involving loss of life or injury to person or property laid at his door, is a record that tells its own story of vigilance and capability. I was once sent down the road in charge of a special train carrying the Canadian mail for Europe, which had been delayed north of Concord, and we started about the time the mail should have been in East Boston. The steamship was waiting, and we had directions to go as far as Lowell without the usual

change of engines at Nashua. I heard somebody tell Mr. Barrett to run as fast as possible,—but there was a thick fog in the air, and he would not go an inch in a mile faster than was safe; so the Cunarder had to wait until the sleepy Canadian mail agent got on board, about two and a half hours late, with the wonderful Royal mail, perhaps fifteen bushels of it.

When the Manchester & Lawrence line to Boston was completed, in 1850, a sharp competition sprung up. In September of that year it was determined by the managers of the line via Lowell to put on two daily express trains between Concord and Boston, and the Concord company furnished one train which went through to Boston and back without change of engine or driver. This train left Concord at 6:15 a. m., and returning left Boston at 5:25 p. m. There were but three way stops, and the time going toward Boston was an hour and fifty-five minutes; returning, it was two hours. Seth Hopkins ran our train with the "General Stark" engine, built by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co., and day by day that train was delivered at each end of the run on time; but I think the Boston & Lowell train, which was given the same running time, left

Boston at 8:15 a. m., and returning left Concord at 4 p. m., drawn usually by the "Baldwin," sometimes by the "McNeil," did not reach Concord squarely on time in the whole season, much to the chargin of the driver, Lester Aldrich, who declared to our superintendent that no engine then owned by the Lowell company had boiler capacity and power enough to make the run. The truth is, that the Lowell company had not then much heart in its long travel. It was a favorite statement of one of its directors, that the business of their Woburn branch was worth more to them than everything they got from above Lowell. My recollection as to the time made by our express train of 1850 may be questioned by local railroad men of to-day; but the statement is confirmed by the *Pathfinder Railway Guide*, the manager of which has very kindly referred to his files for that year, and finds that the train left Concord at 6:15, Manchester at 6:40, and reached Boston at 8:10. Returning, it left Boston at 5:25, Nashua at 6:25, Manchester at 6:50, and reached Concord at 7:25. No train over the same line is doing better now. It was fixed in my memory that the downward time of our company's train was one hour and forty-five minutes, and so

thought Harvey Rice, then master mechanic, and Charles F. Webster, then fireman on the "Gen. Stark," but I suppose we cannot go behind the record in the *Pathfinder*.

About that time the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company completed a tall engine called the "Mameluke," with driving-wheels seven feet high. Standing on the ground I could just touch the top of those wheels with an outstretched finger. Our company was urged to buy this engine for the express train, and some trial runs were made with it, but the "General," with wheels five and a half feet high, was equal to the service: the "Mameluke" was as great a terror to the master mechanics as the cavalry of the desert were to Mohammed Ali, and the purchase was never made. Charles F. Barrett once drove this engine, with six passenger cars, from Concord to Nashua in forty-two minutes, with Levi P. Wright conductor, and George Little baggageman. On this trip the "Mameluke" ran ten miles at the rate of one mile in one minute and two seconds. A recent mayor of Manchester, D. B. Varney, rode on the front of the engine, a badly frightened man. The "Mameluke" was eventually reduced in height, and found a buyer in the New York Central Company.

It was a part of my work to make the monthly payment of wages to employees of the road. At the machine-shop it was the rule to cover the pay-roll with a sheet of blotting-paper, with an opening therein, which sheet was slid around to enable a man to sign for his own pay without disturbing his peace of mind by seeing what other men were paid. Daniel Law, a big blacksmith, once committed a notable breach of etiquette by lifting the blotting paper and reading the whole list. Station agents could of course be reached for payment by passenger trains, but to find section-men I caught rides on freight trains and hand-cars, or, if nothing else served, track walking was the resource. The risks of robbery would forbid that kind of tramping now.

After our company took control of the Manchester & Lawrence there was more train service for the passenger conductors, and I made trips often for one or another of them. For three successive weeks I did the work of a conductor, one hundred and fifty-eight miles a day, beside some office work. This was when the old rail chairs were in the track, and the clatter of wheels as they rolled over the rail joints filled my ears by day and echoed in my slumbers all night.

Nothing was allowed for such extra service, and it was not in itself much to my liking; but it carried me to Lawrence often, where at the right season I loitered about the then grassy site of the present Pacific mills, and saw great draughts of shad taken by fishermen using a seine;—also, and this was of much more consequence to me, I gained in that then small city an acquaintance which was the most fortunate of my life.

There were trains taken over the road at some times to which I look back with wonder that nobody was hurt. Think of the thronged state fairs, and running out of Manchester, in the twilight, without air-brakes or Miller platforms, seventeen cars crowded with passengers, some of whom were rather hilarious. That no accident occurred on these occasions is abundant evidence of the patience, skill, and caution of the engineers. There were the Central Vermont trains also, which during some winters were late every evening, and a special trip to Nashua became necessary, with a late return on the engine, up the cold, dark valley, past the black factories and the blacker canals, hurtling along into the shuddering air, with the headlight cleaving a narrow rift in the darkness, its rays gleaming a lit-

tle way off on the cold rails, and reflected dimly by the white switch targets. William Hopkins (may he rest in peace!) on dark, sleety nights leaned far out of the cab side-window, facing the storm, to get the farthest possible view around curves, incidentally muttering something else than benedictions for people who took the risk of running over the Manchester crossings ahead of the flying "Tahanto" or "Passaconaway."

After appropriating for our engines the local Indian names, mythology was resorted to, and the "Titan" came on the road. One of our master mechanics read somewhere of the "wheel of Ixion," and deputed me to find out who that personage was. Search was made in a friend's Dictionary of Mythology, and the quest being satisfactory, Ixion gave his name to a freight engine. I tried to induce the authorities to go into poetry, and have a "Tam O'Shanter" and "John Gilpin," but they never did.

It is sometimes wondered how conductors, with so few errors, collect the tickets of passengers who get on at way stations and distribute themselves through a train. There are various ways of identifying such, but the expectancy which shows in the face of an honest passenger when the conductor ap-

proaches aids as much as anything. I have known men to jump on a train, and be to all appearance fast asleep before the conductor could get to them.

There was little or no Sunday work. The only Sunday train was an infrequent one to take along the Canadian mail, if the fortnightly Cunard steamship happened to come into Boston on a Sunday morning. It was a whistle of this train below Concord which brought Joseph A. Gilmore (then in trade) to his feet and out of the First Baptist church, one forenoon, to ascertain the price of grain in Liverpool; and when Rev. Dr. Cummings went Monday morning to the store to rebuke his parishioner, Mr. Gilmore saw him approaching, and, as he came within hearing, shouted to the teamster to hurry up to the pastor's house with a barrel of the best flour.

I have already mentioned Mr. Reuben Sherburne, our master of transportation. His office was in the early days at the freight-house in Boston, where his duties were performed in a most accurate and business-like way. Judge Upham determined that this office should be in Concord, and Mr. Sherburne came here as early as 1852, remaining not very long before he was appointed super-

intendent of the Vermont Central. Mr. James A. Weston became master of transportation, and brought about my transfer as clerk to that office. On taking possession, Mr. Weston did not ask for any explanation of affairs, nor did Mr. Sherburne volunteer any; so I had a puzzle in studying books, papers, and letters to pick up the thread of affairs, for Mr. Weston remained the civil engineer of the company, and gave his personal care to the duties of that office. There had been a belief on our road that nobody but Mr. Sherburne and his brothers knew anything worth knowing about freight business, with the possible exception of Mr. William M. Parker of the Northern, and it did not add to my comfort, during the trials of those first two or three weeks, to have friends coming in with curious faces to witness the tremendous failure to which they said we were doomed; but patience and study solved all the problems, and fortunately the company did not have to take the freight trains off the road.

My most intimate railroad friends were George E. Todd, since superintendent of the Northern; James R. Kendrick, since superintendent of the Old Colony; Henry C. Sherburne, not long ago president of the North-

ern; George G. Sanborn, now of St. Paul, Minn.; O. A. Clough, now of *The South* publishing company of New York; Charles H. Ham, since of Chicago, author of the book, "Manual Training," and a writer on political, financial, and social topics; John Kimball and Benjamin A. Kimball of Concord, James A. Weston of Manchester, and Charles I. Elliott. It may be worth recording that all these are living except the last named, who was killed by an accident at the Dalles, Ore., Aug. 29, 1861.* During the summer of 1854 Charles H. Ham and I took a three-months vacation and went to Labrador, of which voyage something will be written in another chapter.

Judge Upham was in Europe from July, 1853, to January, 1855, and during his absence the road was run by a triumvirate, with the president, Mr. Spaulding, as proconsul. This plan was a failure in some ways,—one of its results being that when the judge returned our department of the office was out of favor, and before long its duties fell upon me. I endeavored to do all the indoor and some of the out-door duties without a clerk, but found after less than a year's trial that I should ruin my sight by careful

* Mr. Kendrick, Mr. Todd, and Mr. Weston have since died.

work on books ruled with close horizontal and perpendicular lines of various colors, so I bowed myself out in the summer of 1856, but have always looked back to those six years' service in the Concord Railroad staff with contentment and pleasure.

The corporation at that time was managed with considerable regard to the growth and welfare of Concord, and I am sure that if Judge Upham had been in actual control at a later period, the shameless taking up of the direct rails to Portsmouth, and the building of the Pittsfield line from Hooksett, would not have been perpetrated.

IX.

On the northeastern coast, not far from where Canada terminates and Labrador begins, where the Gulf of St. Lawrence narrows into the Strait of Belleisle, is an inlet of the sea named Bonne Esperance bay. It is in the same latitude as the city of London. Forty years ago Newburyport fishermen called it, or a portion of it, Salmon River harbor. It is an inlet of considerable extent, irregular in shape, and the impression on my memory is that it has twice the surface of Sunapee lake. The main channel leading to it from the strait opens from the southward,—broad, deep, and easy to navigate. There is another channel from the eastward, narrower and less useful. The shores of this distant bay are rocky elevations of moderate height, rising abruptly from the water's edge, or marshy lowland. Much of the lowland and some of the upland is covered with soft moss so deep that walking in any direction is difficult. One considerable stream—the River au Saumon—finds its way into Bonne Esperance bay through a rocky opening, and a fiord two miles long in the northern shore.

Connected with Bonne Esperance bay, by channels within the islands, is another equally spacious, called on the old charts Esquimaux bay. Into this flows a river also called the Esquimaux, sometimes the Styx, which really is, I think, St. Paul's river.

There is near the shore nothing like what we call woodland. The few spruces, birches, and firs which grow are dwarfed to the mere height of a man's elbow. Where there is soil it is thin and sandy, capable of producing in the short summer of that latitude nothing of much value to man or beast. Grass grows in sheltered places, and a few strawberries are found, not like the delicious ones abundant on the Upper Saguenay. There are also raspberries, blueberries, stunted and bitter, and an abundance of what the fishermen call baked apples, a name given in Labrador to the fruit of the *Rubus Chamæmorus*, or cloud-berry. It grows profusely at the top of little plants as tall as a shoot of pennyroyal, each stalk producing a berry. This berry, as it develops, is first greenish white, then red, and when ripe it takes an amber shade. It is then about the size and shape of a blackberry, and tastes like a baked sweet apple. When ripe, and also during the state of redness, this fruit is a welcome addition to the food served on a

fishing vessel. On the schooner that I knew, the cook's galley was most prolific of fried codfish and boiled potatoes. Other culinary achievements came forth occasionally, such as baked beans, eggs of the murre or foolish guillemot,* cod's head chowder, and "gundy," a mysterious compound of hard bread and molasses, of which a small quantity lasted a long time. This dainty is said to be not yet unknown at sea. On a great occasion, which may have been the Fourth of July, the cook produced a dried-apple pie and a sheet of gingerbread. It may not be opportune to dwell thus on affairs of the kitchen, but the hunger of fishermen is proverbial.

Further north than Bonne Esperance bay a kindlier soil produces some potatoes, turnips, and cabbages, but no grains. At Bronson's station, above Rigolette, a friend of mine saw in 1859, growing on the south slope of a hill, potatoes, beets, onions, and radishes. On Bonne Esperance bay, inexpressively dreary as it must be in winter, a few hardy people dwelt in the summer of 1854. Among them was John Goddard, a sturdy Englishman, whose weather-beaten

* In September, 1836, the schooner "Martha Jane," of Fall River, arrived in Portland with two thousand dozen murre's eggs from the coast of Labrador.

house, on a rocky harbor island, was kept in order by an Indian wife, and defended by as fierce a team of Esquimaux dogs as could well be collected. Two miles away lived John Haywood, and an aged man named Chalker, whose daughter Haywood married. These people had some nets extended for salmon, and kept a few articles, such as cloths, powder, and cutlery, for sale or for barter; and Goddard dealt in rum, which goes everywhere and carries a curse with it.

Away to the northward, or northwestward—for the general line of the coast trends in the latter direction—at Bradore, Hopedale, Henley Harbor, and Batteau Harbor, are or were larger settlements of like people. There were also a few Moravian mission-stations; and all along the coast was traffic in furs, oil, and fish. The means of life were wrung from the stormy sea, or from the lonely interior wilderness, where the people dwelt in winter. During some recent years the fisheries have failed, and succor of the Newfoundland government has been necessary. The coast is not now a resort for New England fishermen, although last year (1890) the fishing is reported to have been excellent. There was a long series of years when the codfisheries

on this coast were abundant in their yield. A Boston shipmaster, Frederick Nickerson, now dead, told me a dozen or more years ago, that when he was a boy, probably about 1840, he was on the Labrador coast in a large ship from Boston, which was loaded with salted and dried codfish bought on the coast, for which a good sale was found in Spain and Portugal, those Catholic countries being great markets for fish. Such voyages in such ships were not uncommon then; but it must be rare, indeed, that a square-rigged vessel is now seen on that lonely shore beyond Belleisle, though ships of the Hudson Bay Company continue to make annual voyages to York Factory. At the time of which I am writing, small vessels came regularly from London and took away the furs, fish, and oil accumulated by English agents.

Hearing occasionally, as we did, in the interior of New England, of these Labrador fisheries, and the healthful influences of the occupation and the summer climate, it seemed wise in the spring of 1854 to try whether such a radical change of air, scene, and mode of life would not be recreative in many ways, and my employers were so kind as to give me a three-months vacation. I determined to go a-fishing, and my railroad

friend, Charles H. Ham, declared, to my surprise, that he would go too. Therefore we repaired to Newburyport, where several fishing schooners owned by Mr. Richard Dodge, of Hampton Falls, and Mr. Isaac H. Boardman, of Newburyport, made annual voyages to Labrador, and took passage in the "Angelina," a fore-and-aft schooner of one hundred tons' measurement, whereof William Morgan was master and part owner. This Captain Morgan dwelt in Seabrook, and sailed the seas only in summer: in winter he was a follower of St. Crispin. Many of the crew might be styled web-footed shoemakers, not being sailors of much experience; in fact, we had only one man on board, the mate, John Daley, who could have passed for an able seaman. He took pride in relating how he placed a gilt star at the top of the maintopgallantmast of the famous ship "Dreadnaught," when she was built at Newburyport.

My friend and myself set out as passengers, agreeing to pay fifty dollars each as passage money for the round trip; and there was another fellow in the cabin, from Newmarket. Contrary winds kept our schooner in port three days beyond the one appointed for sailing, and meanwhile we explored Newbury-

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port, looked at the open churches, wandered through the old cemetery, and deciphered epitaphs, quaint and curious,—among them a queer inscription to a good woman who died from “swallowing a pea at her own table, and sweetly breathed her soul away,” etc.

On the ninth of June the “*Angelia*” sailed away on a course east by south, designed to carry her past Cape Sable on the Nova Scotia shore. Most people might have supposed, as I did, with school-day map in mind, that the direction would be northward of east. The weather was delightful, many sails were in sight, and on the evening of the second day Cape Sable was passed. With a fair wind, on summer seas, we flew along the Nova Scotia and Cape Breton shores, past Sambro Head, Halifax, and Louisburg, and on the evening of the fourth day turned through Millelieu passage into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Here came on the morrow what was not so agreeable,—fog and storm; and a lumber-laden ship from Quebec, bound to Europe, came rather near running us down. Cape Forlorn Hope, Cape Ray, and Cape St. George were sighted dimly, and on June sixteenth refuge from a threatening gale was found in the great Bay of Islands on the west shore of Newfoundland.

The grandeur of the Bay of Islands will some day be more widely known. All the navies of the world might float on its imperial bosom. Its shores are majestic hills. Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, in the "Cruise of the 'Alice May,'" printed in the *Century Magazine* for 1884, and afterward in book form by D. Appleton & Co., says of it,—

I never shall forget how Guernsey island looked that morning, as the little schooner ran under its tremendous cliffs and tacked. One thousand feet above us it towered, a vertical rock, over which the mists drove like smoke. Although we were fully a mile from it, it fairly seemed but a stone's-throw from the ship. This Gibraltar-like rock lies midway in the channel. Although it is two full miles from South Head, it was impossible to believe it. The cliffs on each side were so vast, it was only by timing the distance as we tacked from side to side that I could credit what the chart and dividers stated. But even after I was convinced that it was two long miles between the headlands, I could not realize it until I had seen the heights at all times of the day and in all states of the atmosphere.

After struggling at her task all the morning, the "Alice May" finally reached into the Bay of Islands, and came abreast of Sark Harbor. The sun came out, the clouds rolled away, and the magnificent scenery of the Bay of Islands lay around us. The coast scenery

of the world offers few prospects more grand, more varied, more enchantingly beautiful than this. Certainly on the Atlantic coast of North America its equal is not to be found.

The Bay of Islands is about twelve miles square. Its entrance is guarded by Guernsey, Pearl, and Tweed islands, which are all exceedingly lofty. Opposite Guernsey is Sark mountain; it is isolated, and rises one thousand three hundred and six feet, terminating in what is called South Head. Adjoining Sark mountain is Sark harbor, a deep, narrow, and most romantic cove, almost enclosed by overhanging, densely wooded crags, offering safe anchorage, but liable to furious squalls. Eastward of this opens a lovely bay called York harbor, protected by a low, wooded isle. This delicious sheet of water is dominated on the east by the sublime grandeur of Blomidon, which terminates one of the coast ranges. Blomidon is two thousand and forty-three feet high, and is crowned with an overhanging rampart of rock, which abuts on a nearly vertical slope that plunges fifteen hundred feet. In one spot the crags take the form of an enormous eagle's claw burying its talons in the side of the mountain. From the summit a waterfall slips over the edge of the cliff, and dangles downward like a flexible band of silver, until lost in impenetrable forests which clothe the base of Blomidon. These forests form one of the most remarkable features of the Bay of Islands. The southern side of the bay is a mass of tangled woods, gener-

ally spruce, birch, and fir, interlocking their boughs, and intertwined by an almost impenetrable thicket. There are tracts in that solitude where the axe has never rung since the creation. Bear, deer, beaver, partridges, and hare abound in these woods. The flanking ranges of Blomidon are wild in form, presenting abrupt peaks springing out of the woods, and valleys bathed in delicate hues. Comparisons are considered odious, but I could not help comparing this part of the shores of the bay to the shores of the Clyde and the adjoining Trosachs.

The southern side of the Bay of Islands is lined with lofty ranges of precipices, more bare than those already described, but rivaling them in beauty. Their stern and sterile character really enhances the loveliness of the tints in which an afternoon light suffuses them. They are clear cut in outline, and rose gray and tender purple in color. Frequently among the higher crags of these mountains of Newfoundland patches of snow, many acres in extent, were seen. We were assured that this snow never leaves these spots, where it lies even in midsummer thirty to fifty feet deep at no greater altitude than fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The north shore is cleft by wonderful fiords called the North and South Arms. The cliffs which enclose them rise perpendicularly from the water for many hundred feet.

About the centre of the bay lies Harbor island. We headed for it, proposing to find an anchorage there, the water elsewhere be-

ing generally of great depth. The full moon arose superbly while we were drifting in the channel between Harbor island and Blomidon, and we finally anchored near Frenchman's cove, at the foot of this sublime mountain. We seemed to be in a fabled region. The scenery we had seen during the day produced such impressions of grandeur and primeval solitude, that I should not have been in the least surprised if gigantic cyclopean beings had waded out from the vast overhanging forests which draped the cliffs under which our little ship was anchored.

The following day opened calm and lovely. Far away a number of schooners could be seen at the mouth of the Humber river. It was fortunate we saw them there, for it gave us an opportunity of gauging the height of the cliffs which skirt the bay. Vessels with masts ninety feet high were mere white specks against the cliffs when miles this side of them. We put the helm up, and decided to run to the head of navigation on the Humber. It was a wild, exciting sail of some twenty miles, between lofty shores of novel and remarkable loveliness.

The western and southern coasts of Newfoundland are a constant source of entanglement between the English and the French governments. The matter is sufficiently complicated, various treaties having failed to settle the question so that it can stay settled. As the matter now stands, it seems that the French have a right to put up fish stages and temporary huts for summer use

immediately by the water. But they cannot erect permanent dwellings, nor are they permitted to purchase land unless they become British citizens. But while claiming legislative and judicial rights at the Bay of Islands, the English do not dare to give a title to land, and it is impossible for any one to acquire the fee simple of even enough to build upon.

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Going out of the bay we had a dead beat against the breeze to South Head; but the day was superb, as if this noble bay wished to fix a favorable impression upon the memory of the voyagers who had come so far to see it. Blomidon soared majestically above us, the monarch of that mountain land, crowned with a wreath of roseate clouds, and the surrounding isles were suffused with the glow of a peaceful sunset. The water of the Bay of Islands is as blue as that of the Mediterranean. In this case it cannot be due to a larger proportion of salt, which is the cause of the intense hues of the sea in warm climates, so it must be attributed to the great depth of the Newfoundland bay. As I gazed entranced on the lovely scene before me, I was able for the first time to realize, by the aid of the golden haze veiling the long slopes and tumbling steeps, the grandeur of the Sierras which inclose the Bay of Islands. The silence was intensified by the silvery waterfalls dropping from crag to crag many hundred feet with an ethereal motion, and

yet giving forth no echo or sound of their dashing, so distant were they from our ship: but to the eye they appeared to be only a few brief furlongs away. The full moon loomed above the mountain-tops, solemn and glorious; and in that weird stillness, and touched by an awesome feeling creeping over us, as if we were alone in all the mysterious vastness of an unknown and unexplored region, our little schooner, seeming puny as a cork-boat, was fanned past the Titanic cliffs which form the gateway of the bay. It was two in the morning. No sound was heard except now and then the low sighing of a passing gust through the sails, or the long, low, far-away boom of the surf rolling into the caves of the implacable cliffs, and reverberating with muffled thunder down that iron-bound coast.

At the magnificent Bay of Islands we cut a supply of stove wood. Snow fell on the heights the night of the seventeenth of June, and next day a brook which had its source back among the hills was found to be too cold for trout-fishing. The woods were lonely and trackless. No white man had, so we were told, ever crossed the island from shore to shore.* A smart little French armed cutter, a sort of watch-dog of the fisheries, came in during the evening of our arrival.

* There is now a railroad across the island.

We held on to this anchorage three days, glad to have escaped the tedious storm in the Gulf. The cold came down from the hill-tops, and it seemed that we had exchanged the air of June for that of December in New England. Hail fell on our deck for hours on the eighteenth, and on the nineteenth a man, who died on a schooner which had run in like ours to escape the gale, was buried in a lonely spot on the beach, with only the eternal hills to mark his grave. I attempted a pencil drawing of an impressive mountain rising out of the sea, which has somehow been preserved and which is found, by comparison with illustrations in the *Century* magazine from which I have quoted, to be a view of Guernsey island. On June twentieth we sailed out of this grand haven—very attractive it looked as we were leaving it for the rough sea—and on that and two following days were tossed on the waters of the Gulf, always in sight of the snowy Newfoundland hills; but on the morning of the twenty-third, circling by an iceberg, a huge crystal mass, sky blue, streaked with creamy white, we gained the bay of Bonne Esperance, fourteen days out from Newburyport.

Under the treaty made with Great Britain

in 1818, fishermen of the United States have the right to fish on the coast and in the bays of Labrador, and to land and cure fish on any part of the unoccupied shore. Codfish were taken there by two methods. When they came in large schools, chasing the caplin and launce, they were caught by seining; later in the season, when they were scattered, hooks were used. Trawling was not then practised. The success of our crew was not equal to their expectation. They were less fortunate with the seine than either of the crews of five other Newburyport schooners lying near us. To the deep-sea fishing our Newburyport schooners sent every week-day more than twenty boats, built in a style formerly and perhaps still common at Hampton beach—sharp at either end, broad in the centre, carrying fore and aft sails, safe in rough water—all painted white as a sea-gull's wing, each carrying two men. To the same fishing came numerous less tidy boats from a dozen Nova Scotia and Newfoundland vessels harbored a few miles from our anchorage, the crews of which did us an ill turn if they found opportunity.

As we had lost a man overboard during the voyage, my comrade took a share in

work which occupied some hours daily. It was delightful to go cruising about the bay, and a mistake that we were not provided with a boat of our own for longer trips up the rivers, but the schooner's yawl was for brief periods at our service. In the salt water of the harbor were many fine trout, which, as they had silvery sides, red spots, and square tail, were supposed to be the *Salmo fontinalis*, but the author of "Game Fish of the North" calls them *Salmo trutta*. In the "Forest and Steam" they are mentioned as *Salmo canadensis*. Their flesh was as red as that of the salmon. No scales for weighing were at hand, but the largest one landed during the summer measured eighteen inches in length, and ten inches at its largest circumference. One much larger was struck, but escaped, carrying off a hook, as big fish in angler's stories are apt to do. The Esquimaux or St. Paul's river was said to be a fine salmon stream, but we had neither rod nor flies suitable for taking that king of fish.

Dwellers along the Labrador shore near our anchorage had salmon nets set at favorable places. Two miles away were two young men from the Isle of Jersey, whose net stretched toward Belles Amours at a point in the open sea. At one visit, on July

23, I saw them take from the net twelve fine salmon weighing from ten to fifteen pounds each. How beautiful those fish were, so active, so lustrous, so beautifully blue, as we looked down upon them through the water before they were taken from the meshes of the net. Those Jerseymen managed this fishery for a non-resident owner, and dwelt in summer in a little cabin by the shore.

The seal destroys many a good salmon, taking some out of the nets. There was a seal which would follow my boat whenever I rowed into certain water near our anchorage and attempted to whistle a tune. A kinder listener is seldom met, for he kept only about three oars' lengths away. His face was as gentle and his eyes as soft as those of a little spaniel. In this water was a small island, which has since been called Mary Dodge's island, in honor of a visit by a young lady of Hampton Falls.

There was some shooting as well as fishing. We had two kegs of powder and plenty of shot, not one tenth of which was used. Sea fowl, especially black ducks, were numerous. One morning, on Caribou island, as I went out on the beach, a black duck arose from the water's edge and went off up

the shore against a strong wind. Half a mile away she turned, and came back at great speed before the gale. I had never shot at an object moving so fast, but held up the gun, fired where it seemed likely the bird and the shot would meet, and down came the duck with a great thump on the beach. There was nothing strange about this, except that above the rush of the wind I heard distinctly the shot strike that bird as one hears a handful of gravel rattle against a board fence.

There was one singer which gave us songs of home; this was a red-breast robin which from a little hill behind our schooner began to sing regularly at daybreak, in that high latitude about 2:30 o'clock. The robin is found in summer as far north as Hudson bay. The blue jay also goes up there, and, in fact, many other of our New England birds.

There had been a great deal of talk on board the "Angelia" about the Esquimaux curlew. "Wait until you see the curlew about August first," was what the old hands said. Unfortunately it was late, the eleventh of August, when the advance flocks came on their way south, the period of their flight being about three weeks. They alighted to feed on berries, and were shy, but some suc-

cess attended our shooting. The curlew is not much smaller than a pigeon, with variegated plumage in soft brown, drab, and creamy tints. The naturalist, Pennant, saw flocks innumerable on the hills about Chateau bay from August 9 to September 6, when they all disappeared, being on their way from their northern breeding-places. He says they feed on the *Empetrum nigrum* (the black crowberry, which is found also among the White Mountains), and are very fat and delicious. They arrive at Hudson bay in April or early in May, and breed to the north of Albany Fort among the woods. They are peculiar to our continent, but are rarer than they once were.

Two days later with flocks of curlew whistling all around us, the cod having disappeared, we left our anchorage and went groping along the shore in quest of mackerel, reported to be abundant near Checateca island in Mittanogue bay, about thirty miles southwestward of Bonne Esperance. Along this coast the shores are steep, and wherever there is water it is safe enough for a schooner to go. Following closely a Newburyport schooner, the "Louisiana," Captain Hewitt, a first-rate master and fisherman, we threaded the narrow channels, sometimes no

wider than twice the schooner's length, and there was always sufficient water. One of the sailors' yarns was about a Newburyport schooner's tacking successfully so near shore that a projecting crag knocked a letter out of the name on her stern.

Four days passed at Checateca island and no mackerel were taken, so the anchor was hoisted and the homeward voyage began. Storms beset us again in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the vessel was buffeted about for several days; at night, when hove to under shortened sail, the helm was lashed, and, strange as it may seem, all hands turned in to sleep. It was curious, too, that a crew of fishermen who were in the open air all day, frequently soaked through with rain and sea-water, were loath to leave a small dead-light open to admit air when they were asleep.

In beating through the gulf, Anticosti was sighted. A dozen years ago I saw in Boston a map of the northern hemisphere on a projection which gave stormy, barren Anticosti the central place in the western half of the globe, and around it were concentric lines to show how greatly favored Boston and New York were in their nearness to that propitious isle. This map was a caprice of some

enthusiast who was trying to found a colony in the wilds of Anticosti. I think such a colony was gathered, but, after much privation and suffering, the families composing it were removed by the Canadian government. The island is now owned by a Parisian manufacturer of chocolate, who is fond of hunting and fishing.

Off Scatari we took a tremendous gale from the northward, which we feared would land the bones of the "Angelia" on that grave of ships, Sable island. It gave us no time, and left us no sail wherewith to heave to, so, without a rag of canvas set, the schooner bounded away for her life. Sam George, who had been a soldier in Jesse A. Gove's company of the New England regiment in the Mexican war, stood at the wheel about midnight, in a blackness that could be felt. It was evident that he was frightened, for he talked all the time, and his voice was gentle as a woman's,—which it usually was not. "See how she steers, sir." "One spoke of the wheel does it." "Beautiful." "Ah, that was a big wave; but the 'Angelia' knows what she's about,"—and so it went on till the norther died away, sail was hoisted on the little vessel, and her head turned to the westward. Swearing was then resumed.

(The last I knew of Sam was about 1866, when he had just finished doing a little time for the state in an institution at Concord, and I became his creditor for a sum sufficient to take him home to the coast.)

As we were tossing about in a rough sea and light wind, a transatlantic steamship from New York went by, her bright work glistening in the sun, and the majesty of her sweep through the waves excited our admiration and envy. We had blown to the southward of our course, and the captain having no means of getting longitude, we were during the last three days of the voyage looking anxiously for land. It began to be whispered around that we might be far astray, even in our latitude, and should bring up on the sands of New Jersey; but on September first "Jack" Edmunds, of Chichester, who had been considered the greenest man of the crew, never on blue water before, and rather homesick all summer, was the first to descry Cape Ann right ahead. When the pilot came on board, we inquired at once if the English and French had taken Sebastopol. "No, they have n't, and I hope they won't," said he. We were just fourteen days from Labrador. In rude health, browned by sun and wind, and disguised in toggery of the

sea, we rode to Concord, and might easily have escaped the recognition of friends on the train.

During the following winter six articles, entitled "A Summer in Labrador," were printed in the *New Hampshire Statesman*, the first venture in print of my comrade and myself. These were read with some interest by our townspeople, so we were assured, and Mr. F. J. Ottarson of the *New York Tribune* surprised us by taking some notice of them.

Among the Concord people who afterward visited Labrador were Samuel C. Eastman, Cyrus M. Murdock, David A. Warde, Thomas W. Stewart, George W. Drew, Benjamin T. Hutchins, and Joseph Stickney. The last named, one of the "coal kings" of New York, now sails wherever he chooses in his magnificent steam yacht, the "Susquehanna."

Since the summer of our visit Bonne Esperance has gained something in importance. It is the residence of a local magistrate, has an occasional mail in summer, and four times in winter over the snow from Quebec. Schooners from the St. Lawrence river go thither with considerable regularity when ice does not prevent. There are a chapel and a mission-house, founded by Rev.

C. C. Carpenter, now of Andover, Mass., at which missionaries from the United States have been stationed. There is some trade with the interior, and sufficient stores of needful merchandise. English, Canadian, and United States money is current. Indians—Montagnais and Nascopies—bring their furs to market there, and the fisheries give employment in summer to Canadians, Nova Scotiamen, Newfoundlanders, and Jersey Islanders. A few goats and cattle are kept, and more comfortable homes exist; but poverty and want prevail generally, both on the coast and in the interior.

X.

After leaving the Concord Railroad, as related in a preceding chapter, some months were spent in idleness. A weakness of the optic nerves forbade much reading, and there was no remunerative employment available which did not require good vision. But opportunity was taken to go West with my friend George E. Todd. We visited Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, Quincy, and St. Louis. We met *en route* Hon. Walter Harriman, who was "stumping" the state of Michigan in behalf of James Buchanan, the Democratic candidate for the presidency—a procedure which he afterward regretted. Mr. Todd and I had planned to part in the West, and I, alone, visited Jacksonville, Ill., Cincinnati and Zanesville, Ohio. Coming home by way of Long Island Sound, I was near being drowned in a great storm which, on the night of Friday, October 17, overwhelmed, shattered, and almost sent to the bottom the steamer "Connecticut" of the Norwich line.

That autumn New Hampshire was an

active political volcano. The murderous aggressions of slaveholders and their allies in Kansas and Nebraska had aroused the whole North, especially New England and states peopled by New Englanders, and John C. Fremont had been put in nomination (June 17, 1856) as the Presidential candidate of the new Republican party. There is now no doubt that he made a better candidate than he would have made President had he been elected,—but New England was deeply stirred, and in New Hampshire, although she had just then a “favorite son” in the White House, business gave place to public duty. The largest flags ever seen were hung across Main street. There were many public meetings in Concord and its vicinity, and there was torchlight marching enough to weary a professional athlete. There was a great torchlight company gathered in Concord which went into most of the principal towns of southern New Hampshire hurraing for Fremont. The torchlight procession which marched in Concord on the evening of October 23, 1856, under the marshalship of John C. Briggs, the engineer and bridge-builder, has never been surpassed in its way by anything attempted here. The party was virtually

beaten then, for Pennsylvania had just been carried by the Democrats (and John W. Forney), but did not realize the truth, and the parade was a bold, magnificent display, aided by the Republicans of Manchester, Nashua, and elsewhere. Of the sixty marshals and assistant marshals who marched in the Concord portion of that procession, at least the following, twenty-two in number, are still (1890) residents of our city: Richard H. Ayer, D. C. Allen, Moses H. Bradley, Horace A. Brown, George W. Brown,* Charles W. Davis, Moody S. Farnum, C. Horace Herbert, J. C. A. Hill, Isaac A. Hill, James Hazelton, Benjamin A. Kimball, John Kimball, James L. Mason,* Henry McFarland, Lorenzo K. Peacock,* Hiram Rolfe, Abial Rolfe, Thomas W. Stewart, John H. Stewart, George E. Todd,* and Calvin C. Webster.

This procession was, as I have already intimated, an astonishing demonstration. It went over the principal streets, and then countermarched in alternate lines in state-house park until that square was full to overflowing, beside thousands of men to spare. There were illuminated decorations, torches the light of which shone far up in the clouds,

*Died since this was written.

and the air was full of colored fire discharged from Roman candles. Amos S. Alexander, a young Democratic lawyer, looking on, exclaimed: "Great Scott, if these fellows can do this in the face of defeat, what would they do with victory in view!" That and the great Harrison-Log Cabin procession of 1840 are the two local events of that character which have left the deepest impression on my recollection.

The Fremont campaign failed in its chief object (he received one hundred and fourteen out of two hundred and ninety-six electoral votes), but was after all considerable of a success. Among other results, New Hampshire was marshalled on the Republican side, and affairs got into train for the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. No one was exactly satisfied with the situation. An impression was in my mind then that because of slavery, and the tolerance of frauds on the ballot, trouble for the Republic and a possible civil war were not very far away. I mentioned this to Mr. George W. Bentley of the Worcester & Nashua Railroad, an ardent Buchanan man, whom I had met on his road as I was coming home from the West in October, and he scouted the idea. In the issue of the *Statesman* next

after the votes were counted was an article which I prepared, entitled "Encouraging Features of the Late Election," which, looking at the files of that newspaper not long ago, I stumbled upon. There was in it something which reminded me of that foreboding of trouble.

During the following winter I went much into the northern part of the state on business for the *Statesman*, and was almost persuaded to embark in the lumber trade by purchase of a share in lands and a mill on Gale river near Bethlehem, being tempted by a longing for out-door life in a healthful region. It was fortunate that the bargain was not concluded, for the saw-mill, which was said to be "the smartest mill in that country," did not prove to be a bonanza for its owners, of whom John G. Sinclair was one. The intelligent advice of Mr. George McQuesten, then of the lumber-dealing firm of Roby & McQuesten, of Nashua, who chanced to be in that vicinity, was influential in keeping me out of the scheme.

Then we had another earnest political campaign, and William Haile of Hinsdale, the Republican candidate, was chosen governor in March, 1857. His son is now lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts. On the

day after election I started for Chicago to find some occupation. My railroad friend and Labrador comrade, Charles H. Ham, had gone to that city early in 1856, and taken employment in the banking-house of R. K. Swift, Bro. & Johnston. I met him there during the visit (before referred to) of Mr. Todd and myself, and had been in correspondence with him all winter. Looking over a package of letters some days ago, there was one dated Nov. 2, 1856, from which I take the following extract:

Fuller has been making a speech on our best chair, in the middle of the room, commencing, 'I have the honor of addressing this large and respectable audience,' etc., gradually rising into a eulogy on the charms of Ophelia, the widow's daughter. I cheered him loudly, but he soon exhausted the subject, together with his own powers.

The Fuller thus alluded to was Melville W. Fuller, now the chief-justice of the United States supreme court. I had met him during my first visit to Chicago with Mr. Todd, and afterward dwelt in the same house with him. He was a little chap, with pleasant features, light brown hair and moustache, an easy talker, and an out-and-out Democrat in politics. It never occurred to me that he

was to be a very eminent lawyer, and sit on the bench of the most important court in Christendom.

The New Hampshire men in Chicago resorted to the Briggs House on Randolph street, where they gave kindly welcome to new-comers. It was several days before I found employment. Col. Charles G. Hammond, superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, looked at my letters, but nothing came of that. He was afterward on the Union Pacific, just before myself, but did not please the directors. Mr. John F. Tracy of the Rock Island Railroad offered a station agency on his line—that of Ottawa, Ill., I think—if I would wait. The man in it was wrong in some way, and Mr. Tracy wanted to effect a settlement of his accounts before dismissal. But while waiting, Walter S. Johnson, superintendent of the Chicago & Milwaukee Railroad—"the colonel" he was called—gave me the care of that company's steamboat accounts. Two steamboats, the "Planet" and the "Traveler," were in their line on Lake Michigan, plying between Chicago and Milwaukee, touching at Waukegan, Kenosha, and Racine to keep away hostile water competition. The "Planet" was larger than the "Trav-

eller," and her people had extravagant ways, so she lost money all the season, while the "Traveller" a little more than made good the loss. Johnson & Olmstead were the Milwaukee agents; and George C. Drew, a tall man with a long pipe, did the honors at the wharf in Chicago. Charles C. Wheeler was clerk on the "Traveller," and Frederick Johnson, the colonel's brother, a novice from Vermont, held the fort on the "Planet." T. C. Butlin was captain of the "Planet" and Barney Sweeney of the "Traveller." Butlin became a little elated on the Fourth of July, when Deacon Bross of the *Chicago Tribune*, and a large excursion party, were taken out on the lake, and gravely told me on the wheelhouse that he could take that multitude across the Atlantic in the "Planet," and she would give better satisfaction than any other boat that ever crossed the ocean. Considering my experience in the "Connecticut" on Long Island Sound the year before, I did not agree with him. In 1887, thirty years later, I met Captain Butlin as president of the Gooderich Steamboat Company in Chicago, but he could not remember me. Captain Sweeney was also on the wharf, master of a fine propeller. He was the handiest man on the lake with a

steamboat. It was said that he brought his boat to a landing so softly that the contact would barely break an eggshell, and the "Traveller" had the name of being the best managed boat out of Chicago.

Charles C. Wheeler, the clerk of the "Traveller," continued to get on in the world until he became general superintendent of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. He and the steward, John Leonard, worked as faithfully for the interests of that boat as if they had owned her. The mate, Frederick Pabst, married a daughter of Philip Best, the Milwaukee brewer, and after a time inherited the great brewery. The Pabst Brewing Company is now one of the largest establishments of similar character in the world, and the faithful mate of the "Traveller" no longer counts his income at about forty dollars a month, but is reckoned among the millionaires of Wisconsin.

To relieve the boat clerks I did some service on both the "Planet" and the "Traveller." One night we ran at great speed far out of the course to rescue the people on a burning propeller, but a passing schooner took off the crew before our arrival. The lost propeller was loaded partly with freight for George Hutchins & Co., of Concord. A

few years afterward, on December 4, 1868, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins were lost in the steamboat "United States," which burned after a collision on the Ohio river. One year before the season of which I am writing, the "Traveller" had rescued a part of the passengers and crew of a burning steamer off Port Washington, on which occasion among the lost was my railroad friend, Charles F. Gould, who had been for years ticket-seller at the Manchester station.

Among the New Hampshire colony in Chicago were Andrew J. Wright, formerly a conductor on the Northern Railroad; Timothy E. Chandler, formerly of Hopkinton, who had been a clerk in William W. Estabrook's dry-goods store, the "Great Eight," in Concord, where he filled a place occupied not long before by Levi P. Morton, since vice-president of the United States; Horace G. and Charles C. Chase, brothers, also formerly of Hopkinton; Charles A. Badger, a Warner boy, who went out in 1857, got a situation as clerk in the Tremont House, and fourteen years afterward walked off the end of a swinging, pivoted bridge in the evening, and was drowned in the Chicago river; Henry P. Stanwood, from Hopkinton, who was a Chicago & Northwestern Railroad man,

and died in the service of that company in San Francisco in 1888; and Benjamin F. Quimby, also from Hopkinton, a money-lender and dealer in real estate. Then there was Charles L. Epps, from Manchester, who also went out in 1857. In 1887, looking out of a car window from a train entering Chicago, I read on a large building the sign, "Charles L. Epps, Malt House." Inquiry developed the fact that this was the property of my old acquaintance, prosperous as all brewers and maltsters seem to be.

The Chicago of the older date (1857) had John Wentworth, formerly of Sandwich, for mayor, and Nathaniel Sherman Bouton, formerly of Concord, son of Rev. Dr. Bouton, was city engineer. The city treasury was in rather a lean condition, and it was said that certain police court fines were all applied to building the Jackson Street bridge, which the mayor was anxious to complete.

Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, since president of Dartmouth college, was pastor of the New England church, which was situated on the North Side.

The Chicago of that day, and of this, bear little resemblance to each other. The old city was built on a lower grade. The streets were soft, and at some places sometimes

impassable. The sidewalks were laid with planks, oozy and slippery ; and as the streets were being raised to the new grade, a pedestrian must walk along for rods with his head on about the level of the centre of the street, then go up steps to the plane of the new grade, then in a short distance down again.

The ways for travellers between the North, South, and West divisions of the city were very inadequate. At a somewhat later period the embryo Chief Justice Fuller was elected to the state legislature, and favored the passage of a bill to incorporate the Wabash Railway Company, which would have given the grantees power to gridiron Chicago with street railways. The character of the charter was, however, discovered, a hubbub was made in Chicago, and the bill stopped, perhaps as much because of the quiet, unobtrusive way in which it had been promoted as for any better reason.

There were a few good buildings in the business portion of the city, and handsome residences on Michigan and Wabash avenues, but Chicago was probably inferior in appearance to the Omaha of to-day.

Our steamboat office was on River street, over Durant Brothers' wholesale grocery, and was always redolent of hams and sugar. It

was a rude place, not half furnished, and steamboat and railroad tickets enough for a duke's ransom lay in piles on the floor all summer, but none was lost. The exact locality was not clear to me in 1887, so much had the vicinity changed. It was not far from the site of old Fort Dearborn.

The small brick house where I dwelt was on Adams street, between Clark and State. The site was a lot of the regular city depth, worth at that time perhaps \$75 a front foot, and now about \$3,000 a front foot, or, for the lot alone, \$3,750 then and \$150,000 now. The street was quiet, and given up to small houses. Now the whole square between Adams, Dearborn, and State streets is occupied by the Fair building—a great shop under one roof and one management. The land on which it stands is valued at \$3,000,000. The First National Bank, one of the largest banking institutions in the world, with \$30,000,000 deposits, is a square and a half away. The present custom-house and post-office is a square and a half west; the Palmer House, a square and a half north-east. Kinsley's, the great restaurant of the city, is within a square. The Grand Pacific Hotel is two squares southwest; the Union League Club, a square and a half southwest;

and the Auditorium is a square and a half east and three squares south. The Board of Trade is three squares southwest. There are a dozen banks within two minutes' walk, and both the *Tribune* and *Inter-Ocean* offices are within two and a half squares of it.

The financial cyclone of 1857 struck Chicago most unexpectedly. It toppled over the bank of R. K. Swift, Bro. & Johnston, where my friend Ham was employed, like a house of cards, and the small-fry dealers in money hastened to put up their shutters. Swift had many depositors of small savings, whose funds were subject to withdrawal without notice, and the demands of these people upset the bank. There had been for a considerable time a premium of about three per cent. on the notes of Eastern banks, while those of some Western and all Southern state banks had to be sold or exchanged at a discount. There were many counterfeits in circulation. A fellow came on board the "Planet" in Milwaukee, and offered me three such in succession in exchange for a ticket to Chicago. Being told that if he had current money it would be wise to produce it, he replied with threats to thrash me. By and by he discovered that he had good money wherewith to pay his fare.

About this money panic of 1857, Mr. Sam Ward, long a famous lobbyist in Washington, once related in my hearing the following occurrence: He said that he was a member of the firm of Prime, Ward & King, bankers of New York, and that late in the fifties they had an order from France to invest \$250,000 in annuities on the life of a French gentleman well advanced in life. The order was accompanied by all necessary information, authenticated by consular certificates, etc., and was executed. Not long afterward came another like remittance and order for annuities on the life of the same man. This command too was executed, though not so easily, and then came a third one of the same kind. The last went pretty hard, for the American trust companies began to be suspicious, and suggested that the Frenchman was a Wandering Jew, to live forever; but still it was done. Time went on, and intelligence came that the Frenchman had fallen down stairs and broken his leg, whereupon the actuaries in New York assembled and partook of a good dinner, thinking they would soon be rid of him and their obligations to him. But he recovered, and held on bravely, drawing his annuities "with perfect impunity and great boldness," as a fertile imagination once de-

scribed the way smuggling was done through Concord. Mr. Ward investigated the transaction when he was afterward in Europe, and found his client to be a man who had invested all his means in buying annuities in the United States, and had heavily insured his life in England. He was living on his annuities, less the annual premiums paid for life insurance, expecting that at his death the life insurance payments would replace his fortune to his heirs. This affair has this much connection with the panic of 1857: The Ohio Life & Trust Company of New York was one of the companies which granted the annuities. The cash which that company received from the old Frenchman kept it alive beyond its time, and when it finally did fail, it precipitated the disasters of that disastrous year.

In the autumn our boats went into winter quarters at Milwaukee, and it was settled that the season had not been a successful one. The boats together had neither made nor lost money. Mr. M. L. Sykes, representing the directors, came out from New York to see what was the matter. He was very bright and quick at figures, and soon located the difficulty in the great cost of sailing the "Planet." She was too big for

the business, and was not prudently conducted. Mr. Sykes was very kind, and next year, when he had succeeded "the colonel" as superintendent of the Chicago & Milwaukee road, sent for me, but meanwhile I had become settled in business in Concord. I had formed no special attachment to Chicago, and my regard for Concord had in no way diminished. All the while I had been away I had longed for the New England hills and woods where the ruffed grouse dwells, and where the clear, swift, cool streams run. I had written from Chicago some letters for the *Statesman*, and my father thought I could help him here: so, with no conception of the possibilities about to open to railroad men in the Great West, I bought a one-third interest in the *Statesman* establishment, for which I paid \$5,000, a sum which looked quite large, about half of which was borrowed money.

XI.

The *New Hampshire Statesman*, with which my father was intimately connected for periods amounting in all to forty years, was founded by Luther Roby. The first number thereof, dated January 6, 1823, when Concord had about three thousand inhabitants, was printed in the southwest first-floor room of the Carrigain house, now the residence of Dr. William G. Carter. Its first editor, Amos A. Parker, Esq., is still living (1891) in Fitzwilliam, at the age of ninety-nine years. As to the birthplace of the newspaper, he writes, clearly and distinctly, under date of Nov. 19, 1890, "I state positively, for I know, the first number of the *New Hampshire Statesman* was printed in the Carrigain building, at the north end of Concord street." This is like a voice out of the long buried past—a letter from a man who was living a century ago.

Shortly after its birth the *Statesman* went across the street to be printed in a two-story wooden building on the northeast corner of the lot where my home now is, No. 203 North

Main street. I remember this unpretending building after about 1840. It was then owned by Gen. Robert Davis, and during its occupancy of the site mentioned was once kept in part as a restaurant. On the night of Oct. 3, 1850, it was shattered by a mob of young fellows who claimed to be delivering the North End from wine, women, and song.

The third dwelling-place of the *Statesman* was the second floor of the Dr. Ezra Carter house, corner of North Main and Washington streets. It went down town in 1825 to a primitive building which stood where is now Phoenix block; and on Feb. 11, 1826, when my father bought a quarter interest in it for \$500, its habitation was a long third-story apartment for printing and a second floor room for a business office in Farley's, which stood where is now the Exchange building. There were various subsequent changes of location, all mentioned in the *Statesman* of May 31, 1867, and changes also among the partners in ownership. My father seems to have invested in it \$500 more, and labored zealously in its behalf until Jan. 1, 1834, when, having in eight years gained only \$1,500 above the expenses of his frugal living, he parted with his share. Ten

years later, in July, 1844, when the *Statesman* was owned by George O. Odlin & Co., he became its editor, keeping sturdily alive, however, his own separate printing establishment where the Mr. Odlin above mentioned had been an apprentice. His connection as editor seems to have ceased before 1850, for in that year he visited Europe; but in 1851 he and Mr. George E. Jenks, who had become his partner in 1850, bought the *Statesman* for \$4,500. They were urged to make this purchase by many prominent Whigs of New Hampshire, and some of Massachusetts. The paper, for a little time under Mr. Odlin's editorial care, had been attacking Daniel Webster, one of the charges being laxity in affairs of personal finance. I think Mr. Webster had not paid his subscription to the *Statesman* promptly, and Odlin & Co. threatened to attach his carriage, which was undergoing repairs at the factory of L. Downing & Sons. These attacks, printed in a newspaper so near Mr. Webster's birthplace, exasperated his friends, and they were anxious to effect an alteration in this respect. A few New Hampshire Whigs loaned McFarland & Jenks about \$1,200, taking notes therefor. Most of these notes were left in the custody of a trustee,

and in due time all were paid with interest—a result which I suppose the lenders may not have expected. Mr. Webster told my father on some after occasion that this change in ownership was gratifying to him.

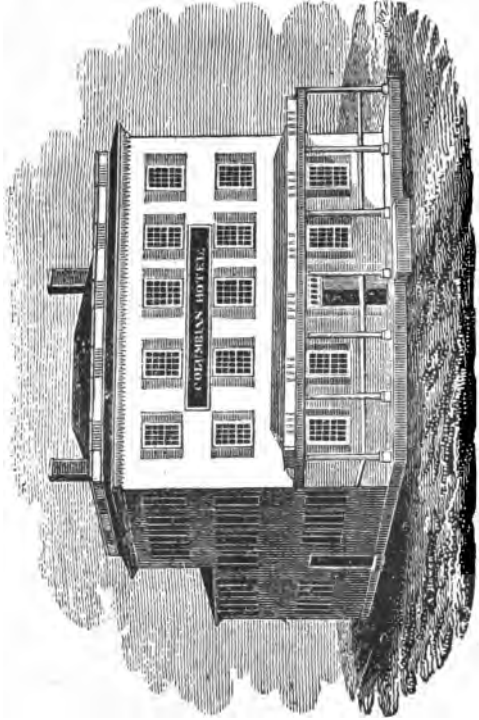
The *Statesman* left its lofty quarters in Low's (now Woodward's) building, and went to an equally high floor in Stickney's block in front of the state-house, occupying there the width of two store fronts. Driven thence at much loss by the great fire of 1851, recourse was had to the erection on leased land of a one-story building (still standing near the gas-holder east of the junction of Main and School streets), for which I drew the paper plans at my father's request. Philip Watson built it for \$400.

This new situation, if not among the best, was the best to be had just then, and the ground rent was fifty dollars a year. It was soon discovered from experience that the misfortune of the fire brought with it at least one compensation,—proof that a printing-office need not always be in upper apartments. In January, 1855, Concord had about nine thousand inhabitants, and had adopted a city charter two years before; but so lately as 1859 there were but one hundred and seventy-two persons and firms who paid

an annual tax of \$50 and upward. Having had a fair degree of prosperity, the *Statesman* went in 1855 to the first floor and basement of the south section of the new Phoenix block, where its annual rent was \$500. The apartments in Phoenix block were large enough at the outset, and the location was and continued to be satisfactory; still, looking in there a few days ago it was hard to realize that the growing business was kept for twelve long years within such narrow limits.

When I joined the office we divided the duties of proprietorship. My father did nearly all the editorial writing, saw the manuscripts for the newspaper put in type, went over book and pamphlet manuscripts, correcting them for the compositors, read a good share of the proofs, and maintained a general oversight of our "department of the interior." This was usually enough to keep one busy, and I never knew a more punctual and industrious man. If he had nothing else at hand, he found a composing stick, and took a place among the compositors.

Mr. Jenks had the job printing in charge, estimated the cost of work offered for our undertaking, read proofs, and cared for mechanical details. He had a taste for



COLUMBIAN HOTEL. (From an old engraving.)



statistics, and a Political Manual for New Hampshire, begun in 1857 as a small affair for legislative use, by its gradual enlargements gradually took possession of a large portion of his time.

My work was mainly that of the business office, although I did some paragraphing, and made an occasional longer article. There had been no professors of journalism in our Concord schools, but my father gave me this one helpful hint, as he applied the blue pencil to some manuscript: "It is a rule as old as Blair's Rhetoric never to end a sentence with a preposition." Blair's Rhetoric I have never seen, but there are sentences penned by William Pitt and Lord Macaulay which end with prepositions.

A Concord lawyer, now dead, once remarked in my hearing that he believed he could produce good newspaper articles if he could only think of something to write about: which was equivalent to saying he could write good articles if he "only had a mind to."

The *Statesman* had become, before 1858, the favorite local newspaper. Its editor being by nature devoted to his native town, did not fail to write at good length of what concerned its interests. There was enough

of politics about it to satisfy a fair-minded Whig or Republican, and little or no vituperation, for which my father had no taste. It was a clean, handsomely-printed newspaper, an agreeable weekly visitor to the feminine portion of its readers, helpful in a religious way, true to its party without servility, and loyal without hesitation during the War of the Rebellion. There was a more distinct personality in it than there can be in papers that depend on purchased stereotype plates for their selected reading.

Perhaps I cannot better illustrate what kind of a newspaper the *Statesman* was to its local readers than by introducing here, as if this were a scrap-book, a few transcripts from its files for the period with which I am dealing, excluding for various reasons any of the longer and weightier articles.

[May 15, 1858.]

To decorate our office front window a little, we have placed therein an attractive picture of the famous clipper ship "Dreadnaught," which has run from New York to Liverpool in twelve days and a half, and two others, one entitled "On the dock at Liverpool," the other "On the dock at Boston." One of the latter represents "a fine old Irish gentleman" about starting for America, and the other shows the same individual, having

bettered himself greatly, just about to sail on his return voyage. One rainy day last week quite a squad of persons were together looking at these pictures, and we were uncertain how they would be received until the hearty remark, "*Faiz! boys, if we only do as well as that chap has done,*" uttered with an unmistakable Dublin accent, assured us how well they were appreciated.

[May 29, 1838.]

Some humorous writer has an ample field by gleaning in which to make up a very diverting account of those annual conventions—the Anniversaries of New Hampshire Railroads. These meetings are frequently ushered in by a terrible tempest, and, with much unanimity, terminate in the most profound peace. For a month preceding the long-awaited day, the very atmosphere is often redolent of fire and brimstone. The different parties charge the *Manchester Mirror* up to the muzzle with missiles, which those who forged them thought would carry death into the enemy's camp. Attacks, replies, rejoinders, and surrejoinders multiply like weeds in the garden of a lazy printer, and the public become impressed with the belief that sundry presidents, directors, and superintendents will bite the dust as soon as the enraged stockholders have opportunity to make their power felt at the polls. But notwithstanding all these furious newspaper denunciations—attacks, replies, rejoinders, and surrejoinders; in

spite of all the caucusing and clamoring, all the preparation of copious supplies of printed tickets, got up in various forms, with transpositions of names, the "old board" is usually reelected. By what sorcery is this done? Who is the Palinurus that pilots these boards of directors through boisterous channels into pacific seas? Who allays these all-engulfing waves, white with foam before the annual meetings, but calmed into the repose of a summer pond when the day of conflict comes, so that anniversaries which promised to be vindictive and furious, pass off like a Quaker meeting, to the surprise of the public, and the disappointment of Boston news reporters? Can any mortal account for these things?

[July 10, 1858.]

Mr. Solon Gould, one of the inflexible Democrats of Ward Four in this city, made a great mistake on the Fourth, which greater Democrats than he might have made. Solon put on his high-heeled boots after dinner, and walked down town to see what was in the wind. He happened in at the State House yard just when our Congressman, Hon. Mason W. Tappan, was reading the Declaration of Independence. Now Solon is a better Democrat than ever the great Law-giver of Athens was, but to say that his perceptions are, at all hours of the day, as keen as those of the wise man for whom he was named, would be a reflection which it is not

proper to cast, even upon a human being long since numbered among the dead. Solon not only happened in as Mr. Tappan was reading Rufus Choate's "bundle of glittering generalities," but exactly as the orator was in that part where they put it on heavy on poor old George III, and among other bad deeds charge the King with making "judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount of their salaries," and of creating "a multitude of new offices, and sending hither a swarm of new officers, to harass our people and eat out their substance." The object of these summary reproofs Solon took to be his friend James Buchanan instead of old George III, and, after denouncing the celebration as a Black Republican affair, wheeled on his heel, and left in profound disgust.

[July 10, 1858.]

THE STATE HOUSE AFTER ADJOURNMENT. We had the satisfaction, the other day, to conduct several newspaper friends over a portion of the city, and to exhibit to them such "lions" as they expressed a desire to see. This is a duty, the discharge of which is particularly pleasing, unless guests indicate a wish to see lions which are no lions at all. We get along with out-of-town friends very well when the stroll is in certain directions and beneath wealthy arboreal shades; but nothing more completely brings up a Concord man all stand-

ing than a request to be shown the interior of the state house. We make excellent work of it along Main and State streets, and the streets which cross those two thoroughfares; go with much satisfaction to the Pond hill, and obtain the delightful view thence over the island to and beyond East Concord; point for admiration to that prince among noble elms, the one fronting the residence of Samuel Coffin, and those ancestral ones fronting the residences of Joseph B. Walker and Charles Smart; look with our friends over a large portion of the city and into adjacent towns from the brow of Holt hill; go over the Whale's Back, and take a turn to the Hospital pond, and thence to the Asylum; take a pull through the new settlements in Wards Five, Six, and Seven; debouch into Main street at the South End, and come up under the elms and maples that skirt the west side of the avenue from the dwelling of Lewis Downing (not forgetting the heaven-aspiring, symmetrical elm opposite the residence of that gentleman) to the home of Joseph A. Gilmore; we make, let it be repeated, very gratifying progress when in this line of lion showing; but when at last the word is pronounced that the guest or guests will consider a visit at the capital of New Hampshire in the light of the play of "Hamlet," with the part of Hamlet omitted unless treated to an interior view of the state house, we are instantly depressed to a point away below zero.

And into this freezing situation our friends from Portsmouth, Salem, Lowell, and elsewhere, threw us last Wednesday. We had all been perambulating the city, and finally brought up about half-past nine a. m. in the delicious shade on the western steps of the State House. We all sat there some minutes, discoursing of the numbers of different legislatures, the number of voters necessary to choose one and each additional representative in this state; of the district system as now existing in Massachusetts, of our very redundant house and our very diminutive senate, when some one uttered the appalling words, "*Come, is n't it about time to be going inside the State House?*"

— Well, we went in, and never with more suffusing, burning mortification. We have known these twenty odd years that the interior of the State House is anything but pleasing to people conversant with elegant public structures, and have not for a long time, of our own mere motion, gone within it in company with out of town friends, but on this occasion its appearance was anything but pleasing. It is absolutely unbecoming to a respectable Commonwealth. Thirty-nine years' service, and, we believe, no interior repairs—not so much as a coat of paint—has reduced it to a dirty and unwholesome appearance, and with the Republican party pursued like a hare upon the mountains, and the foolish cry of "*Extravagance*" uttered against it by every yelping foe, the prospect

is that unless the State House is burned or demolished by an earthquake, it will become much worse before it is any better.

[May 28, 1859.]

About forty or forty-five years ago the Columbian hotel was in the form of a long, one-story baking establishment, conducted by Major Peter Robinson, and from it issued the grateful odor of new gingerbread, to tantalize the hungry crowd of boys and girls who wheeled around the corner of Mr. William Low's house (corner of Main and School streets) on their way up town from the scholastic den where they had been confined all the forenoon. The bake-house was made into a two-story building, and opened for the reception of the travelling public about thirty-eight years ago by Mr. John P. Gass. About 1828 it was kept by Gen. John Wilson, from Lancaster, who brought thither our now thriving and benevolent fellow-citizen, Mr. Nathaniel White. As this latter gentleman has acquired all his means by honorable ends, it is the more creditable to him to say that he commenced as a boy in the Columbian, and has been upon the rise ever since. Although many years amidst tobacco smoke and ardent spirits, he refrained from their use, and thus escaped the rock on which many make shipwreck.

The Columbian was in those days an inn where several stage-coaches put up, and there our respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Peter

Dudley, made his tarrying-place when he commenced as a driver into Concord from Plymouth. During the period when the militia of New Hampshire was in high feather, this tavern was the headquarters of the Columbian Artillery, a company which for several years was composed largely of journeymen and apprentices to the printing business in Concord; a corps of no mean repute, which made some stir on the muster fields of the Eleventh Regiment. Vacancies were filled, and new commissions wet, in the Columbian hotel. Looking back upon those times, the wonder is that escapes were made from the confirmed habits apt to follow such procedures. Three drams at a half-day training were not uncommon in the days of the Columbian Artillery,—a drink at the gun-house near the site of the Unitarian church, a drink on Pond hill brought from the Washington tavern, and a final drink, about 7 p. m., at the official hotel of the company—the Columbian.

The Columbian Artillery, the Concord Light Infantry, the Troop, and the Bow and Borough Riflemen were the uniformed companies of the Eleventh Regiment, which had May trainings and one annual autumn encampment in this or some neighboring town. The artillerymen used but one cannon, which was manœuvred by drag-ropes. The two-days encampment wound up with a

sham fight, when the noisiest and smelliest kind of gunpowder was burned, but no harm done, unless in the excitement of battle some exhilarated warrior, like Alexander Salter Lear of Bow, shot away the ramrod of his old flintlock musket. My youthful soul was filled with horror and dismay by the racket of those sham fights.

[June 25, 1859.]

PLUCK.—Certain fighting characters once took a big oath that they would neither eat nor drink until they had slain the Apostle Paul. What effect this rash vow had upon the diaphragms of those who made it, the record does not state. The probabilities are that the oath was made void, or the vagabonds went hungry awhile, for the apostle outlived their fury and did much good service afterward.

There are lots of New Hampshire Democrats, the regular leaders and drum-majors of the party, who, we believe, have made a solemn vow that they will not come to Concord during the month of June so long as the Black Republicans are in power. This is a very rash vow. It keeps our Democratic friends out of the pale of that civilization, good breeding, and other healing influences diffused here when the wisdom of the state is assembled in council.

This article was suggested by seeing our old friend, Gen. Israel Hunt, of Nashua, in

the north lobby of the state-house last week—a stray leaf from a gilt-edged volume. The general manifests common sense by coming to Concord every year, and never departing until he has looked in upon the legislature, probably to bestow upon it his best wishes that the Republicans will make none but good laws, and rule the state well. There is both pluck and philosophy in this procedure, which is worthy of all imitation by his Democratic brethren. May he live a score of years, to come up and bestow his annual benediction on the Republican party in power.

[March 3, 1860.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN PHOENIX HALL.—
Mr. Lincoln addressed the people for an hour and a half in one of the most powerful, logical, and compact speeches to which it was ever our fortune to listen; an argument against the system of slavery, and in defence of the position of the Republican party, from the deductions of which no reasonable man could possibly escape. He fortified every position assumed by proofs which it is impossible to gainsay, and while his speech was at intervals enlivened by remarks which elicited applause at the expense of the Democratic party, there was not a single word which tended to impair the dignity of the speaker or weaken the force of the great truths which he uttered.

At its conclusion nine roof-raising cheers were given,—three for the speaker, three for

the Republicans of Illinois, and three for the Republicans of New Hampshire.

In this speech Mr. Lincoln compared slavery to a snake which had crawled into bed with the children, and said the difficulty was how to deal with the snake without hurting the children.

At the close of Mr. Lincoln's address, Mr. Calvin C. Webster came to the writer of this, and said very earnestly, "That man will be the next president of the United States." He followed Mr. Lincoln to Phoenix hotel and made a similar remark to him, to which Mr. Lincoln replied that a good many men wanted to be president. Mr. Webster afterward went to the Chicago convention and helped nominate Mr. Lincoln.

[January 5, 1861.]

IN AN UGLY HOLE.—Mr. John Clark, of Franklin, better known up and down the country as "Boston John" the Dam Builder, on Friday last week came near making a last plunge over one of his own dams. The mill-pond immediately above Aiken's great manufacturing establishment, which is frozen over but a few days in winter, being covered with ice on that day, some men of common weight and rotundity had ventured across. "Boston," as he is called for shortness, who at the

ripe age of 71, with form erect and footsteps firm, weighs 240 lbs., noticing the track, put himself and his cane into the same path. Reaching the centre of the pond in safety, he there came to a stand, and, after the manner of the elephant treading on a pumpkin in a country circus, placing his foot down solid, on trial, he settled like a line-of-battle-ship, in *medias res*, for a cooling bath, with the ice all around him like a honeycomb.

Mr. Henry Crane happening to have his eye at this precise moment upon that interesting locality, went to the rescue with astonishing velocity. He had not, however, made a dozen strides when "Boston" roared out to him, "Bring me a long board"—which was done "quicker than Jabe went to the maul," and forthwith "Boston" and his cane were standing erect again, unharmed save a gentle chill, which he says was at once dispelled by warm and soothing drinks.

[January 25, 1862.]

Ex-Governor Steele was, it seems, one of those fossils who wrapped up warm, nursed their ancient wrath, and came to Concord to join in the passage of resolves (at the state convention) full of innuendoes against a host of their fellow-citizens who are working like beavers to put down the Rebellion. The Republicans of New Hampshire can bear to be kicked, but when it is by such men as the ex-governor, they can but bring to mind the words,—

“ And when he saw an ass come prancing to his cot,
‘ Avast!’ he cried, ‘ at death I do n’t repine,
But ’t would be double death from heels like thine.’ ”

The *Statesman* made for years a vigorous battle against a class of vexatious lawsuits brought to recover damages for fictitious injuries sustained on the highway—a battle so vigorous and effectual that in January, 1865, a motion was made to bring the editor before the bar of court to answer a charge of contempt,—a motion which was dismissed by the justice.

[October 23, 1863.]

THE NEW POOL OF SILOAM.—The most remarkable of modern curative powers is a jury verdict, with damages assessed to the amount of a few thousand dollars. This paper has uniformly urged the belief that most of what are called road cases—suits against towns for damages occasioned by defects in highways—have their origin in nothing but a desire for pelf. We are half inclined to retract our opposition in view of the brilliant medical results of success in suits of this character. If we could publish certificates of the nimbleness of tongues once speechless, the agility of legs once paralyzed, the recovery from ailments seen and unseen which had been pronounced beyond the reach of surgery, all effected by trial by jury, the public would be amazed at the curative effect of a verdict with damages.

[March 25, 1864.]

CHOCORUA MOUNTAIN.—We went sufficiently far from home the other day to obtain a view of the Sandwich mountains, and saw further that notable and favorite peak which dwellers in the region round about are wont to speak of as “Old Chocorua.” It is an eminence of peculiar form, the twin brother of which cannot be found in the state. The people of Carroll county become attached to it, as the Swiss to their hills or the Germans to the Rhine. Many a man, either on the wide-rolling sea or in the army, thinks every day of this glorious old gray peak, and if brought suddenly in sight of it, would be as exultant as the Army of Liberation returning from the last conflict with Napoleon, on beholding their favorite river:

“It is the Rhine—our mountain vineyards laving,
I see its bright floods shine;
Sing on the march, with every banner waving,
Sing, brothers, 't is the Rhine.”

“Old Chocorua” is one of the most conspicuous features in the mountain region of New Hampshire. Its ragged summit, its isolated position, and moreover a legend connected with it, cause it to be a celebrated peak. . . .

If we could transfer Chocorua mountain to Chichester, and put Sanbornton bay where lies the wide intervale east of Main street, what a glorious prospect there would be!

[July 25, 1864.]

A TOUGH HEN.—Two Concord fishermen* over in Epsom sought refuge from a heavy shower under a friendly roof, leaving the paraphernalia of their sport leaning against the side of the house. Hearing a terrible squawking shortly afterward, they sought the cause, and found that a hen, in pursuit of worms, had swallowed one containing a fatal fish-hook, and was tugging lustily at the line to get away. The woman of the house expressed much regret at the occurrence, the victim being her best hen and most reliable layer. Every effort was made to extract the hook, but it clung fast to the dark interior of biddy's throat. A proposition to kill her was overruled. After full consultation it was determined to cut off the line, leave the hook in the gullet of the victim, and see what would come of it. To the surprise of all hands, on the next day the hen laid one of her largest-sized eggs, and has gone on from that day to this, fulfilling all her duties in the most exemplary and hen-like manner, as though nothing had happened to derange her stomach.

[May 4, 1866.]

CAPTURE OF A BLACK EAGLE. — Mr. Charles Abbott, who lives on the place called the "silk farm," near Turkey pond, in this city, some days ago set a steel trap on a hum-

* Isaac A. Hill, with whom I have enjoyed many a good hunt, and Benjamin E. Badger.

mock above the surface of the pond to catch some of the wild ducks which he had observed to frequent that spot. Visiting the trap, he found that one had been caught, and some evil bird had devoured it. Trying his luck again, last Saturday he caught two, and while taking them ashore in a boat a black eagle came down so near, that, to use Mr. Abbott's words, he was afraid the audacious fellow would get the ducks away from him.

It was determined to try the capture of the eagle himself, and the trap was set for him with a suitable bait. That very same day his majesty put his foot in it. Mr. Abbott rowed out to the hummock, expecting a battle with the bird, but to his utter surprise, as soon as the boat reached the hummock, the eagle walked in with the trap and chain, and seated himself to be taken ashore. He was uninjured, and is now at Mr. Abbott's house, where he bears his captivity without any sulky or captious ways, suffering himself to be approached and handled familiarly. The spread of his wings is seven and one half feet. Although called the black eagle, Wilson, the ornithologist, gives him the more inelegant title of "Ring Tailed Eagle."

[April 16, 1869.]

Last evening, about eight o'clock, the most beautiful auroral display we have ever seen was visible over Concord. It was as if some celestial mercer had unrolled two or three dozen pieces of silk, of the most beautiful tints

of purple, green, blue, lilac, and white, gathered the ends into his hands at the zenith, and let them flow down to the horizon (north, south, east, and west). The colors were frequently changed—sometimes quite suddenly, sometimes dissolving gradually, and softly fading before the new tints.

It is impracticable to continue these quotations, but looking at the files for the period under our review, some interesting facts present themselves.

Among our correspondents, 1859-'66, were Moses B. Goodwin, the best letter-writer we ever had, Col. Henry W. Fuller, Charles H. Bartlett, Esq., Capt. William F. Goodwin, and Capt. Edward E. Sturtevant.

The *Statesman* was the first paper in New Hampshire (September 5, 1859) to devote regularly a column to paragraphs of state news, a practice in which it soon had many followers.

On the morning of Friday, August 6, 1859, we did what was then thought pretty enterprising,—printed almost two columns about an anniversary at Gilmanton academy which occurred the day before.

During the summer of 1859 we published lists of arrivals at the White Mountain hotels.

Our election returns were always most full and most accurate.

The *Statesman* advocated the introduction of Long Pond water to our main precinct as early as May, 1857, when it employed Mr. John C. Briggs to make a survey, and determine the altitude of Long Pond above the sidewalk at the corner of Main and Bridge streets. In September, 1859, it asked, "*Shall we have plenty of water?*" following this up with articles on that subject until July 20, 1866, and perhaps longer.

In 1861 it urged the adoption of steam engines for the Concord fire department.

The *Statesman* did good service toward retaining the state-house in Concord when its removal was threatened in June, 1864.

The paper put up the name of General Grant as its candidate for the Presidency on December 13, 1867.

Among the distinguished men who visited Concord during or near the period under examination here, and not previously mentioned as visitors, were Hannibal Hamlin, Schuyler Colfax, Henry Wilson (once a pupil at the Concord Literary Institution), John A. Andrew, William Pitt Fessenden, Daniel E. Sickles, John E. Wool, Joseph H. Hawley, Benjamin F. Butler, Gen. T. W. Sherman of Sherman's Battery, Benjamin R. Curtis, Joshua L. Chamberlain, D. W. Voorhees,

Lord Amberley of England, and Stephen A. Douglas.

Lady Amberley was also here, and Mrs. Douglas, the latter deemed to be one of the most beautiful women of her time.

Mr. Douglas's visit was in July, 1860, and General Pierce, General Peaslee, and other prominent Democrats found it convenient to be out of town. Henry P. Rolfe, Esq., did the honors of the occasion. Mr. Douglas was then out of favor with the Democratic party of the South. Mrs. Douglas afterward, at Newport, R. I., had something to say about the behavior of her and her husband's friends here, who trampled down a lawn with eager feet, and could be seen peering through her host's windows to gaze on her attractive face.

The *Statesman* office had in this region a reputation for doing careful printing, which had come along as an inheritance from the small beginning of my father in 1834; and in 1859 sixteen persons were employed, beside the proprietors. A pamphlet printed to accompany some Shaker washing-machines to the World's Fair in London, in 1862, was so much admired by the judges of the fair, that the commissioner, Hon. Frederick Smyth, could have obtained some favorable notice

for us if it had been entered in the lists for exhibition.

Our mechanical resources were sufficient for the time, although we were unable to meet the wishes of a customer who in 1868 wanted a Bible printed right off, so he could take it home that day on the 3 o'clock train. An important accessory to our establishment was an excellent steam engine built by Hittinger & Cook, of Charlestown, Mass., which drove the power presses,—an Adams, a Hoe cylinder (set up in 1858), and two rattle-tebang Hawkes presses. There was also an immense hand press for large posters, which was disliked by workmen, and christened by some of them “the man-killer.”

Writing of those presses reminds me of a local attempt made about 1851 to invent a printing machine, or to improve some existing one. The projectors were a printer and a railroad clerk who had wrought with tools. Securing a place over the *Patriot* office, they set about their work with enthusiasm. I happened to witness many a consultation between these friends in interest, but never saw the object of their endeavors.

After I joined the *Statesman*, in the course of a consultation the belief was expressed by one of the partners that we might be so for-

tunate as to each gain annually, in return for our investment and personal services, as much as \$2,000, an expectation which proved to be well founded. There was usually an abundance of advertising, of which for our issue of April 23, 1859, we declined five columns.

In January, 1863, because of the high price of paper, the size of our sheet was reduced, and smaller type used; but in January, 1866, the full size was restored.

The Democratic party in New Hampshire became an unhappy family as early as 1854. The *Patriot* lost the state printing that year, and the *State Capital Reporter*, then two years old, with Amos Hadley, one of its editors, as a candidate, obtained it. In 1855, when the old party had fairly fallen from power, there were three Concord papers in the opposition, the *Statesman*, the *Reporter*, and the *Independent Democrat*, which last was started in Manchester in May, 1845. Soon after its beginning it came to Concord, and in 1847 absorbed the *New Hampshire Courier*, with which the *Granite Freeman* and the *Concord Gazette* had been previously united. The *Gazette* had a brief existence. Its editor was Mr. Charles F. Low, an eccentric gentleman and extensive traveller, who studied theology in Andover, law in Concord,

was a lieutenant in the Mexican war, in 1861 was robbed by Bedouins in the valley of the Jordan, and at last was drowned in Indian river in Florida, Jan. 16, 1874.

Mr. Hadley was reëlected public printer in 1855 and 1856. In 1857 he and his paper were united with the *Independent Democrat*, and in that year George G. Fogg, of the latter, was chosen successor to Mr. Hadley. Mr. Fogg was a writer, but not a printer. Under these circumstances the public printing was not so well done that it could not be done better, and the publishers of the *Statesman* had begun to wonder, early in 1858, when their turn at the business would come. It never would have come with the assent of the incumbent. Mr. Fogg had no inclination to part with his office; he was a great believer in himself, and a strong writer, fond of assailing both opponents and rivals. There were many issues of his paper when he devoted more space to attacking the *Statesman* than he did to fighting the common enemy. He probably succeeded in making a portion of his readers and the public believe that the *Statesman* was not altogether sound on the slavery question. My father, the most transparently upright and honest man whom I ever knew, had

neither the art nor the inclination for making tactful use of his resources to gain any personal end, and he had little taste for office; but he was not quite willing to let the *Statesman* stand quietly aside any longer, and see its rivals continue to carry away the chief recognition and favor of the party, and beside, he wanted to do the public printing in a careful style, as he had once before done it, in 1846.

Our attempt to oust Mr. Fogg was made by regular approaches. The editor of the *Statesman* became a candidate before the legislature of 1858, with small expectation of success that season, because the rule of two years in office would be urged forcefully in behalf of Mr. Fogg, but with the intent to set a stout stake in the contested ground. One year later, in June, 1859, Mr. McFarland was elected, receiving 189 votes to 109 for William Butterfield.

Prior to this election the *Independent Democrat* made its customary effort to exhibit the *Statesman* as unreliable on the slavery question. There were some Republicans in the legislature whose chief reading was the *Independent Democrat*, represented as well by David Morrill of Canterbury as by anybody, who I have no doubt had been

compelled to believe the proprietors of the *Statesman* capable of owning negro slaves. This old gun of the *Independent Democrat* was spiked by the *Statesman* declaring itself in favor of William H. Seward as candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1860. The editor did this with good conscience, decisively, early in June, 1859.

Mr. Seward was just then the *bête noir* of all pro-slavery men. In a speech made at Rochester, N. Y., the previous year, he had used these words in regard to the slavery question: "It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free labor nation." Taking this downright stand in favor of Mr. Seward, "irrepressible conflict" and all, probably removed all doubt about our political standing, and we had the public printing for the years 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1865, and 1866.

Busy places as most newspaper offices are, there are callers who expect to meet the editor. Before our time Isaac Hill received such around the unpretending table where he prepared the invective for the *Patriot*. Here Mr. William Low, with a more fiery

and intense spirit even than that which animated Mr. Hill, sat by the hour to urge the pen of his impetuous friend.

Our editorial work was done with an equipment as plain as Mr. Hill's. The editor of the *Statesman* never had a desk which would have sold at auction for as much as two dollars. Even this was placed where no quiet thought or counsel could be had, and no library was accessible. But there were often agreeable callers. Among those from out of town, none were more welcome than George W. Nesmith of Franklin, William H. Y. Hackett of Portsmouth, John H. Thompson of Holderness, David Gillis of Manchester, John M. Parker of Goffstown, Joel Eastman and John McMillan of Conway, Aurin M. Chase of Whitefield, Richard H. Messer and Luther McCutcheon of New London, William M. Weed of Sandwich, Joseph Gilman and Nathaniel Hubbard of Tamworth, Jacob Benton, Ossian Ray, and Henry O. Kent of Lancaster, Cyrus Taylor of Bristol, John S. Walker of Claremont, Alvin Beard of Nashua, George Wadleigh of Dover, George S. Towle of Lebanon, and John L. Rix of Haverhill,—the last two as fiery and impetuous as was old William Low himself. These were all, or nearly all, men

who had come along the old Whig paths into the Republican party, and were deemed as reliable as the sun in its revolution. They had always news or some good story to tell, to lighten the editorial pen.

There are doubtless interesting incidents disclosing themselves to all printers. I will relate one which came to our experience in the course of a lawsuit at Plymouth, in the winter of 1861-'62. A firm doing business in Concord had sued another in Grafton county, and laid an attachment on property to secure debt. Just before this attachment was placed, other attachments had been laid on the same property to secure the holders of certain notes made by the debtors, bearing date May 18, 1858. The Concord creditors believed these notes to be fraudulent, and an investigation followed. The debtors swore that the notes were made on the day of their date. Now these notes were written on forms which bore the imprint of Rufus Merrill, a stationer in Concord. Mr. Merrill was able to testify that the forms were printed for him at our office. It proved that the ornamental design at the left end of the notes, an engraving of the figure of America on the dome of the capitol of the United States, was not owned by us until

March 16, 1859. So we were able to testify that the notes were not printed until nearly a year after they were dated, and the scheme of the debtors was utterly frustrated.

In 1861, as a consequence of war, gold and silver money went very suddenly out of circulation. The disappearance of small silver coins was a serious hindrance to business. Postage-stamps of different denominations were used as currency, but they became soiled and sticky. Before the government issued its fractional paper currency, local attempts were made to supply a public need. We printed checks for fractions of a dollar for the Bank of Newbury, Vermont; the Ocean Bank, Newburyport, Mass.; the Union Bank, Concord; the Carroll County Bank, Sandwich; the Warner Bank, Warner; and for others. Local traders of good repute also issued fractional checks. Specimens of this war-time currency are now scarce, and possess considerable historic interest.

The war as it went along gave cause for another kind of printed matter. There is among my specimens a card which is a curiosity to young people, and is therefore copied below. It was probably printed in 1864, when "substitute brokers" were a rather numerous and active people.

New Hampshire Union Recruiting Company.

No. 3, Hutchins Street, leading from Main street
to the Depot, Concord, N. H.

HIGHEST PRICES paid for SUBSTITUTES and VOL-
UNTEERS.

DRAFTED MEN or TOWN AGENTS will be furnished
at the SHORTEST NOTICE.

J. S. Appleton; Wm. H. Conner; G. W. Dodge;
J. O. Trask ; Ed. Judkins ; J. C. Nichols;
D. S. Carr.

Considerable sums of money were gained by substitute brokers and some of the persons with whom they dealt. A recruiting officer who was stationed here for a season told me, years afterward, that he made as much as \$12,000 in a few weeks' service. This was done by enlisting men for towns which were paying large bounties for very indifferent recruits.

Among those who did some service for the *Statesman*, at or not very far from the time which we are recalling to view, and who gained distinction in other walks of life, there were, as writers, Joseph C. Abbott, afterward adjutant-general of New Hampshire, a general of the United States Volunteers, and senator from North Carolina; and John T. Perry, afterward of the *Cincinnati Gazette*;—as printers, Jacob H. Gallinger and

Martin A. Haynes, comrades at the case and associate members of congress; Col. Phin P. Bixby of the Sixth and Maj. Edward E. Sturtevant of the Fifth New Hampshire regiments.

I was away from the *Statesman* from December, 1862, until January, 1866, serving in the general staff of the army of the United States.

XII.

When it became known in the autumn of 1860 that Abraham Lincoln had been elected president, what has been called the "great unpleasantness" began. In December, South Carolina declared herself out of the Union, and within two months six other states had followed her. President Buchanan (who, when he visited Concord in 1846, as a member of Mr. Polk's cabinet, forgot his linen duster and left that garment to grace the rotund figure of the landlord of the American House) proved too feeble for the emergency, as all the world knows.

Nobody knew then, at least nobody in Concord knew, how great and wise a man Abraham Lincoln was. George G. Fogg had visited Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., after the nomination for the presidency, and therefore his opinion of the president-elect was occasionally sought. Mr. Horace L. Hazelton, of Boston, inquired of Mr. Fogg, before the inauguration, if Mr. Lincoln was another Andrew Jackson, and Mr. Fogg replied, "I wish he were a Jackson,"—an

answer which did not entirely reassure Mr. Hazelton, or those to whom Mr. Hazelton repeated it.

There was a good deal of indifference to the unusual proceedings at the South. Secession had been threatened so long, that when states proclaimed their withdrawal from the Union there was neither surprise nor excitement nor dismay. The emergency was estimated differently by different individuals. I remember hearing a Concord citizen, Henry P. Rolfe, Esq., say in March, 1861, that it looked as if the constitution of the Confederate States, adopted the preceding month by a convention held at Montgomery, Ala., would be ratified ultimately by every state, North as well as South. This would have been equivalent to a secession of all the states from the existing Union, and the formation of a new confederation with slavery permitted in each state.

In the early part of February, 1861, a Peace Congress of representatives of the states assembled in Washington on the invitation of the state of Virginia, the delegates from New Hampshire being Asa Fowler of Concord, Levi Chamberlain of Keene, and Amos Tuck of Exeter. The deliberations of this assembly, February 4-27, were interest-

ing but ineffectual;—still, I remember hearing Judge Fowler say, on his return to Concord, that he was satisfied there would be no war.

The *New York Evening Post* had said, in the preceding November, that a distinguished gentleman at the South, being addressed to ascertain what in his opinion would be the end of this secession humbug, replied,—“It will end as all such things at the South have ended; but you must let us down easy. Patience and good nature on the part of the Northern states are all that is required to make this conclusion speedy and sure.”

The *New Hampshire Statesman* said,—“In opposition to the above, we hear that ex-President Pierce, whose sources of information are said to be of the most fortunate character, differs in opinion from this distinguished Southern gentleman, and regards a dissolution of the Union as inevitable.”

Stephen A. Douglas said privately, when he was in Concord in July, 1860, that Lincoln would be elected and war would follow.

Who of our people then old enough to appreciate the situation will ever forget the months of weary waiting, from November, 1860, to March, 1861,—traitors in the cabi-

net, in the army, and in the navy, stealing and plundering everywhere, and not one spark of manly courage or apparent force at Washington, except when, on January 29, John A. Dix, a loyal man, who had by some strange chance become secretary of the treasury, telegraphed to a special agent of that department at New Orleans, who was trying to save a revenue cutter, the captain of which had gone over to the enemy,—“If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.”

President Lincoln was inaugurated in March. There was another month of inaction, not unlike the later months of Buchanan's administration, when the public feeling was expressed by the *New York Times* in a very remarkable newspaper article entitled “WANTED—A Policy.” That article is too long for reproduction here, but I quote its closing paragraph:

We trust this period of indecision, of inaction, of fatal indifference, will have a speedy end. Unless it does, we may bid farewell to all hope of saving the Union from destruction and the country from anarchy. A mariner might as well face the tempest without compass or helm, as an administration put to sea amid such storms as now darken our skies, without a clear and

definite plan of public conduct. The country looks eagerly to President Lincoln for the dispersion of the dark mystery that hangs over our public affairs. The people want something to be decided on, some standard raised, some policy put forward, which shall serve as a rallying-point for the abundant but discouraged loyalty of the American heart. In a great crisis like this, there is no policy so fatal as that of having no policy at all.

Then came the bombardment of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, and the surrender of that fortress to the rebels on the morning of Sunday, April 14. News of this surrender reached Concord Sunday noon, and was communicated to a hundred or more persons waiting around the telegraph office. People were looking anxiously for a hero just then, and on what seemed rather slender evidence adopted Major Robert Anderson, the punctilious commander of the surrendered fort. After the war was over, there was found among the rebel papers a letter from Anderson, written while he was in command at Sumter, in which he said, "I tell you frankly, my heart is not in this war."

On Monday morning, April 15, came the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers, and

the strange public stupor was gone. The administration had a policy. A great mass meeting assembled in our city hall Friday evening, April 19, at which patriotic addresses were made by Thomas P. Treadwell, Henry P. Rolfe, William L. Foster, Anson S. Marshall, Edward H. Rollins, Nathaniel S. Berry, A. B. Thompson, Josiah Stevens, Joseph B. Walker, Henry E. Parker, Cyrus W. Flanders, E. E. Cummings, S. M. Vail, and R. R. Meredith, the latter then a student at the Methodist Institute, now a distinguished clergyman of Brooklyn, N. Y. There was no mistaking the fervid patriotism of the audience.

It became known the next day that General Pierce wanted to be heard, so a crowd assembled in the evening at the Eagle hotel, and the ex-president spoke from a balcony :

Fellow-Citizens and neighbors : If I had been apprised of your meeting last night, seasonably, I should have been present at it, but the notice did not reach me until this morning. I wish to say in advance that since my arrival here the resolution has been read to me, and it has my cordial approval. You call for me, my friends, as lovers of our country and of the blessed Union which our fathers transmitted to us, on an occasion more grave, more momentous, fraught with

more painful emotions, than any under which I have ever addressed you; but I rejoice that that flag floats there (pointing to the flag).

Love for the flag of our country is a sentiment common to us all; at least to my heart it is no new emotion. My father followed it from the battle of Bunker Hill till the enemy evacuated New York in 1783. My brothers were with the gallant men who upheld it in the War of 1812. Can I, can you, fail to remember how proudly it floated at a more recent date from Palo Alto to Buena Vista on one line of operation, and from the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa to the city of Mexico on another? Never! Can we forget that the gallant men of the North and of the South moved together like a band of brothers, and mingled their blood on many a field in the common cause? Can I, if I would, feel other than the profoundest sadness when I see that those who have so often stood shoulder to shoulder in the face of foreign foes are now in imminent peril of standing face to face as the foes of each other?—but they should have thought of this as well as we: at all events there is no time now to consult our feelings. The question has resolved itself into one of patriotism and stern duty. We cannot fail to see what the nature of this contest is to be, and to some limited extent the fearfulness of its progress and consequences. We must not, however, turn our faces from them, because the true way to meet danger

is to see it clearly and encounter it on the advance. I, for one, will never cease to hope, so long as the fratricidal strife is not more fully developed than at present, that some event, some power, may yet intervene to save us from the most dire calamity that ever impended over a nation. The opinions of many of the vast crowd I see before me, with regard to the causes which have produced the present condition of public affairs, are known to me, and mine are well known to you. I do not believe aggression by arms is a suitable or possible remedy for existing evils. Still, neither of these matters ought to be considered now: they may well be waived, nay, must be, until we have seen each other through present trials and future dangers.

Should the hope which I have expressed not be realized, which may a beneficent Providence forbid, and a war of aggression be waged against the national capital and the North, then there is no way for us, as citizens of one of the old thirteen states, but to stand together, and uphold the flag to the last, with all the rights which pertain to it, and with the fidelity and endurance of brave men. I would advise you to stand together with one mind and heart. Be calm, faithful, and determined, but give no countenance to passion and violence, which are usually unjust, and often in periods like this the harbingers of domestic strife. Be just to yourselves, just to others, true to your country; and may God, who so signally blessed our

fathers, graciously interpose in this hour of clouds and darkness to save both extremities of the country, and to cause the old flag to be upheld by all hands and all hearts. Born in the state of New Hampshire, I intend that here shall repose my bones. I would not live in a state the right and honor of which I was not prepared to defend at all hazards and to the last extremity.

This address, spoken as it was with earnestness of manner, sounded well, and was received with cheers, but there is not much battle smoke in it. Hon. Ira Perley, who stalked about in the dimly-lighted street, with a half-fierce and wholly patriotic manner, characterized it instantly as "late, reluctant, and unimportant."

In the preceding year ex-President Pierce had written a letter to Jefferson Davis, which was brought to light in the looting of the Davis plantation in Mississippi in 1863, in which he said,—

Without discussing the question of right—of abstract power to secede—I have never believed that actual disruption of the Union can occur without blood; and if through the madness of Northern abolitionists that dire calamity must come, the fighting will not be along Mason and Dixon's line merely. It will be within our own borders and in our

own streets, between the two classes of citizens to whom I have referred. Those who defy law and scout constitutional obligations, will, if we ever reach the arbitrament of arms, find occupation enough at home.

The "late, reluctant, and unimportant" speech might never have been made had the general foreseen the discovery of his remarkable letter.*

It was an inspiring and reassuring sight when on Saturday morning, May 25, the First regiment came over from Camp Union and marched down Main street to the railway station, with its ranks reaching clear across the avenue, followed by a baggage-train and outfit which caused the New Yorkers to say it was the best equipped regiment which had gone to the war. I can see exactly how that whole regiment looked, and the figure and expression of Col. Mason W. Tappan as he rode past the Phoenix hotel at the head of the column, a little anxious, not exactly glad to go, but ready to do a soldier's duty.

There were many such sights to follow, for the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Ninth, Elev-

*Hon. Henry S. Foote, formerly a senator from Mississippi, in his *History of the Rebellion* says,—“Ex-President Pierce, and several others whose letters to Mr. Davis have lately seen the light, had piled this confiding personage with secret promises of support, upon which he built in part his hopes of one day wielding an imperial sceptre.”

enth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth regiments were all mustered at Concord, and one after another tramped down our broad avenue with the sturdy tread that carried them into every great battle of the war. Concord herself furnished more than men enough to make a regiment,—in fact more than thirteen hundred men. They were on the Peninsula, at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, the Wilderness, Nashville, the siege of Richmond, and Appomattox; with Hooker, and Meade, and Thomas, and Sheridan, and Sherman, and Grant, and their story of patience and sacrifice will never be adequately told. Perhaps the Second and Fifth regiments became as famous as any. The following paragraph was floating about as long ago as September, 1862:

Said an officer in the Army of the Potomac,—“When there is a rough job on hand McClellan calls on Hooker’s Division. ‘Fighting Joe’ looks the matter over, and if there be a particularly hard corner, he gives that to Grover’s brigade. General Grover wants a regiment he can rely on, and he selects the Second New Hampshire. Then if there is one place more difficult than all the rest, Colonel Marston brings out Company B of Concord.”

The Fifth led the roll of all infantry regiments in the total number of its casualties, two hundred and ninety-five having been killed or mortally wounded in its ranks. Gen. Francis A. Walker says of the Fifth at Antietam,—

Under cover of a ridge, at some little distance from the left, the enemy are moving down into our rear. The movement is first discovered by Cross of the Fifth New Hampshire. He waits for no orders, but instantly faces to the left and moves to the rear, dashing into a race with the enemy for the possession of a ridge that commands the field. The two lines actually were parallel to and not far from each other. Cross is ahead, seizes the crest, and pours a volley from his whole front upon the discomfited enemy, who fell back as rapidly as they had advanced, leaving the colors of the Fourth North Carolina in the hands of the brave boys from New Hampshire.

And at Gettysburg,—

The scene of the contest is the wheat-field, so famous in the story of Gettysburg. This, and the woods on the south and west, are now full of the exulting enemy. Through this space charges the fiery Cross, of the Fifth New Hampshire, with his well approved brigade. It is his last battle. He, indeed, has said it, as he exchanged greetings with Hancock on the way; but he moves to his

death with all the splendid enthusiasm he displayed at Fair Oaks, Antietam, and Fredricksburg.

In the third week of July, 1861, I happened to go to Washington for the first time, and determined to satisfy at once my curiosity to see Gen. Winfield Scott, who held the highest rank in our army. So I waited one afternoon around his headquarters on Seventeenth street until he came forth. His was, as every one knows, a strong, majestic figure, and he spoke a kindly word to all who addressed him ; but I came away with a heavy heart, for I could not believe that a man so aged, so clumsy and infirm, enjoying military fame with vanity so evident, could command successfully a great army in the field. My impressions were utterly unlike those obtained three years later from the calm, thoughtful face of General Grant, whom I saw on March 8, 1864, not far from the same spot, in the hall of Willard's hotel, about to take command of all the armies of the North, and in one year and one month end the war :

“ He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew

He had done more than any simplest man might do.”

There had been in the hall of the hotel an hour or two earlier an amusing occurrence,

which is described by Hon. L. E. Chittenden in his "Recollections of President Lincoln and His Administration" as follows:

It was in the early days of spring, and I was living at Willard's. The outlook was discouraging, and occurrences in the treasury had been very depressing to friends of the Union. I had risen early, had left my room before dawn, and, seated by a window which overlooked the avenue, in the main office, I began to read the morning paper. The passengers from the Western trains had not yet arrived. The gas-lights were turned down, and that potentate, the hotel clerk, who had not yet put on his daily air of omnipotence, was peacefully sleeping in his cushioned arm-chair. Two omnibuses were driven to the entrance on Fourteenth street, with the railroad passengers from the West. The crowd made the usual rush for the register; the clerk condescended to open his eyes, and assign them rooms on the upper floor (there was no elevator), as though he felt an acute pleasure in compelling them to make the ascent, and for a few moments there was bustle and confusion. It was soon over; the clerk resumed his arm-chair, closed his eyes, and his weary soul appeared to be at rest.

There were two passengers who did not appear to be in such frantic haste. One was a sunburned man of middle age, who wore an army hat and a linen duster, below which, where a small section of his trousers

were visible, I caught a glimpse of the narrow stripe of the army uniform. He held the younger traveller, a lad of ten years, by the hand, and carried a small leather bag.

As they modestly approached the counter, the temporary lord of that part of creation, without deigning to rise from his chair, gave the register a practised whirl, so that the open page was presented to the elder traveller, observing, as he did so, "I suppose you will want a room together."

He named a room with a high number, gave the usual call, "Front!" while the guest proceeded to write his name without making any observation. The clerk removed the pen from behind his ear; gave another whirl to the register, and was about to enter the number of the room, when—he was suddenly transfixed as with a bolt of lightning! His imperial majesty became a servile menial, thoroughly awake, and ready to grovel before the stranger. He begged a thousand pardons; the traveller's arrival had been expected—parlor A, on the shady side of the house, the very best apartment in the hotel, had been prepared for his reception—it was on the first floor, only one flight of stairs! Might he be allowed to relieve him of his travelling convenience? and the lordly creature actually disappeared up the stairway, like Judas, carrying the bag.

My curiosity was excited to ascertain who it was that had wrought such a sudden transformation. I walked to the counter, and

there read the last entry on the register. It was : " U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Ill."

An unfortunate battle was fought during the week of my stay in Washington,—the Bull Run battle of July 21, 1861. The afternoon of that day, in company with Mr. John C. Wilson, formerly of Concord, I was loitering near the southern boundary of the White-House grounds, and we could hear distinctly the far-away boom of the cannon. No doubt as to the result of the battle disturbed us, until some hours later a tide of fugitives came pouring over Long Bridge, and there passed by, in a Concord wagon, our friends Congressman Rollins and George Marston (the latter afterward a paymaster in the army), who had, with other sanguine gentlemen, driven into Virginia to witness the discomfiture of the rebels!

The defeated army swarmed in confusion into the streets of Washington, and the city for a few hours seemed to be at the mercy of its enemies. Among a disorganized group of soldiers I saw one with blood dried in his hair. Inquiring if he was hurt, he replied that he had got a rap on the head, and taking off his cap and following with his finger a wound ploughed in his scalp, " Why," said he, " here is the d——d thing now !" and so

saying he detached a small bullet from the lodgment it had found after glancing around his skull.

Chaplain Parker, of our Second regiment, whom I saw, was shocked by the battle, and very regretful about the result; feared France and England would recognize the Southern Confederacy. I asked him about the fate of a mutual young acquaintance, and my apprehensions as to that friend's safety were calmed by an assurance that he had run toward Washington at the first sound of the cannon, as fast as his legs could carry him.

There were many people in Washington who did not conceal their sympathy with the Rebellion. The city itself was merely a Southern town, like Alexandria, rambling, unpaved, hot, and untidy, interesting to a visitor only because of its beautiful situation, the public buildings, and the public business.

There was in Concord, from June, 1856, until August, 1861, a weekly newspaper called the *Democratic Standard*, which was printed, published, and purported to be edited by the Palmers, a father and four sons. Hon. Edmund Burke, of Newport, a newspaper man as early as 1833, a prominent Democrat as far back as 1838-'44, when he represented New Hampshire in congress, and in 1845-'49

when he was commissioner of patents under the Polk administration, was supposed to do the ablest of the writing for the *Standard*, which had outright south-side views.* Mr. Burke, whose connection with the paper was stoutly affirmed, and denied as stoutly, was at that time unfriendly to ex-President Pierce.

The *Standard* printing-office was a place

*As a specimen, I quote here the closing paragraphs of an editorial from the *Standard* of Aug. 3, 1861:

The developments of the late disastrous battle and humiliating defeat have demonstrated the fact to the American people that Abraham Lincoln is unequal to the great and responsible position to which he has been elevated. They show that he has not the capacity to judge for himself and to mark out his duty in this great crisis, nor the firmness to execute his plans if he has any. It now stands confessed that he is influenced and controlled by a set of miserable, unprincipled, and cowardly political demagogues who surround him, and who impudently, through him, dictate the policy of the government, assuming even to direct the movements of armies. What safety has the country with such a man at the head? None whatever.

This poor, weak, and incompetent president has been driven, by the irresponsible and reckless partisans who surround him, into the adoption of measures which are in violation of the letter and spirit of the constitution, tending directly to the subversion of public liberty and the destruction of our constitutional republic. To this malign influence we may justly ascribe the raising and organizing of armies, the increase of the navy, the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, the deposition of the governments of sovereign states, the usurpation of the municipal governments of cities, and the suppression of the press—acts which in England, at this day, would have brought the monarch to the block. All these violations of the constitution have been committed by Abraham Lincoln, instigated, we have no doubt, by the shameless and unprincipled Black Republican demagogues by whom he is surrounded. And finally, the cup of infamy is filled to the brim by the ordering of the army into Virginia against the advice of the greatest of our military commanders.

If Abraham Lincoln has any love of country left, let him abdicate his power into the hands of an efficient Democratic cabinet. His own party has not sufficient talent to conduct the government successfully through this great and perilous crisis. They have shown their incompetency heretofore in times of peace. What can the country expect of them in a time of war? Nothing but imbecility, blunders, defeats, and disgrace.

of some mystery, to the inner precincts of which none but its printers was admitted. Its public room was lined with patent medicines, taken in payment for advertising, and exposed for sale. It claimed to have a large subscription list, in the South and elsewhere, but the heap of paper wet for the weekly printing was guarded with jealous care from the eye of any one who could size it up at a glance. The *Patriot* never did the *Standard* so much honor as to mention its name until about the later days of the latter sheet.

After the war broke out, the *Standard* was, of course, out of favor with Union men, and regarded locally as an active scold, to be tolerated because it might not be removed except in some lawful way; but the men who had been to the front of the army, and returned, took a different view of the situation. The First regiment, three-months men, came home in August, 1861, and was greeted by the *Standard*, in its issue of Aug. 8 (dated Aug. 10), in a way which gave offence. That issue cannot now be found, but in it the Union army was referred to as "Old Abe's Mob." Copies fell into the hands of returned soldiers, and early in the afternoon of Aug. 8, squads of uniformed men talking very earnestly were on Main street. One such group

near the *Standard* office—where the building now called Woodward's stands—were aroused by some unwise personal movements of the Palmers, who hopped about like tomtits on a pump-handle, and brandished weapons at their windows. The city marshal, and some citizens of both political parties, endeavored to restrain the soldiers; but there was a whoop in the street, a rush up the stairs, and a thundering at the barricaded door. Bang!—bang!—bang! went a pistol in the hand of John B. Palmer, perhaps three shots in all, and the defensive force retreated to a dark and rather inaccessible refuge in the attic. Destruction was instantly begun. Out of the windows went type and materials to a heap of wretched chaos in the street. Some property was burned. Toward evening the Palmers were rescued by a small party of men, conspicuous among whom was John Foss, the large-hearted Republican warden of the state prison, to whose stone castle the fugitives were taken for protection; and the *Standard* ceased to exist. An editorial manuscript picked up by a soldier, and shown to me, was in the unmistakable handwriting of Edmund Burke.

No one suffered much bodily harm from this riot, which has obtained erroneous men-

tion in history.* The defensive force escaped with a few bruises,

Among the foremost of those who stormed the staircase was Charles Clark, a Concord boy, fifteen years old, an attendant on an officer of the First regiment, who, as he looked through a shattered panel of the door, received through his low-crowned hat one of the pistol shots fired by John Palmer. Two soldiers were hurt a little by the remainder of Palmer's lead. Clark was not much disturbed by his share of the shooting; laughing gaily, he pushed in through the demolished door. He was fond of danger;—in October of the previous year he had climbed the spire of the Unitarian church,† and stood upright on the acorn at its top, one hundred and sixty-three feet above the ground. This last performance was in the line of that of the sailor-blacksmith, William S. Davis, who, one midnight during the Kansas-Nebraska agitation, climbed the Democratic flag staff in front of

*There were instances of intolerance and outrage at the North, but they were comparatively few. One of the most notable occurred in Concord, N. H., in August, 1863 (1), when a newspaper that had been loud in its disloyalty was punished by a mob, mainly of newly recruited soldiers, who gutted the office and threw the type into the street. The sheriff's reading of the riot act consisted in climbing a lamp-post, extending his right arm, and saying persuasively to the rioters, "Now, boys, I guess you had better go home."—*Short History of the War of Secession*. Ticknor & Co., 1888, p. 339.

†Destroyed by fire in 1888.

the state-house, and hung at the ends of a cross pole, one hundred and fifty feet in the air, the life-size effigies of two public men who were the subjects of contemporary criticism.

The city was sued by John B. Palmer, and after several indecisive trials by jury, two thousand dollars was paid to him and the proceedings quashed.

XIII.

Toward the end of the year 1862 I was appointed a paymaster in the army. My commission, which bears for its signature the name of Abraham Lincoln, shows the date of appointment to have been November 26. There were seventy persons appointed to like positions on the same day, among them Simon D. Farnsworth of Manchester, Albert H. Hoyt of Portsmouth, and C. W. Woodman of Dover. Repairing to Washington for assignment to duty, we were detained in idleness while a quibble was adjusted between the treasury and the war department. The controversy was, whether, being officers of the United States, the law required revenue stamps to be affixed to our bonds of surety. The treasury department said no, the war department said yes, and finally, about the last of January, 1863, Secretary Stanton had his way; so stamps enough were applied to my bond to send it past all scrutiny. I put on more than were deemed necessary by the most scrupulous solicitors, the extra ones being placed as a reinforcement to the picket line.

The bond itself was not a formidable affair—twenty thousand dollars—for the next day after it was passed at the war office two hundred thousand dollars was entrusted to my care wherewith to begin service.

The duties of a paymaster were not so simple as beginners had supposed. Soldiers were mustered for pay at the end of each alternate month, and muster rolls of the regiments to which a paymaster was assigned were transmitted to him, through the paymaster-general, six times a year. The paymaster extended on the rolls the sum due to each man according to data carried on the roll itself. Varying rates of pay, because of differences in rank, or service in artillery, cavalry, or infantry; allowances for rations, for servants, for reënlistments, and for bounties; stoppages for loss of arms, for over-drafts of clothing, for sutlers' bills, and fines by courts-martial, made the duty more difficult, and—the paymaster being liable for errors—more hazardous than most of us had conceived. As for myself, I would have retreated, as did one of our New Hampshire appointees, had I not been ashamed to admit that I dreaded to go on. After the rolls were carefully prepared, payment was made in the field as regularly as funds could be provided. One clerk

was allowed ; two if the work was very heavy. The pay and allowances of a paymaster were those of a major of cavalry, and if I remember aright, somewhat more than \$2,500 a year.

My first detail was to the Second and Fourth Wisconsin batteries, at Suffolk, Va., the 148th New York regiment at Norfolk, and at Hampton the 139th New York, and the soldiers in the Chesapeake General Hospital, the last equal to a regiment. Paymasters Arthur W. Fletcher and O. B. Latham went at the same time to that department of the army. Fletcher, who I was told was a nephew of Grace Fletcher, Daniel Webster's first wife, being the senior in rank, was considered to be in charge. The journey was by way of Baltimore and the Chesapeake bay.

Perhaps no one knows what good a part of our army was doing at Suffolk, but it was an outpost, held by a few thousand men, under command of General John J. Peck, who had seen some service in Mexico, and had rejoined the army from civil life.

While at Suffolk I was one night at a small public house, and the rebel landlord, after seeing my luggage, lodged me in a room so queer and remote, so accessible from the exterior by windows opening on shed roofs, that

it seemed prudent to protect the money-chest with a guard of two soldiers selected from a Pennsylvania buck-tail regiment, and there was reason afterward to think this was a fortunate precaution.

On the hotel table was fried beefsteak, thin and tough as sole-leather, with wheaten rolls, clayey white on the outside, dark and heavy as pig lead within. Such Virginia cookery as came to Northern observation during the war fell short of its ancient reputation.

Among incidents of this first visit to "sacred soil" was a call on the rebel guerilla Harry Gilmor, then in the jail at Norfolk. He did not expect to be confined many days, and his shelves were loaded with cold fowl and pastry supplied by rebel friends.

At Newport News were visible the topmasts of the old frigates "Congress" and "Cumberland," which had been sunk by the "Merrimack" ten months before. When Commodore Smith in the navy department, heard that the "Congress" hauled down her flag before she sunk, he said, "Joe's dead." Joe was his son in command of the "Congress." He was dead.

At the Chesapeake General Hospital the surgeon-in-charge was turning that institution over to a successor. There was a show

of dignified, shallow politeness going on between these people, and they were exhibiting nice surgical instruments to one another, but it seemed to me that the departing doctor would be willing to apply a scalpel to the anatomy of his successor.

My disbursements amounted to but \$83,948.72 of the larger sum provided, and getting back to Washington, after a week's absence, they inquired at the paymaster-general's office what had become of our commander-in-chief, Fletcher, of whom reports had come that he was enjoying too well the hospitalities of the garrison at Fortress Monroe; but he returned in about two weeks.

In April, 1863 (20-27), I paid the Eighth, Forty-first, Forty-fifth, and Fifty-fourth New York regiments, near Falmouth, and the 153d New York, near Alexandria, Va., disbursing \$168,567.58. All but the last of these regiments were in Howard's division of the Third Army Corps, and nearly all the men were originally from Germany. The Eighth was commanded by Col. Felix, Prince Salm-Salm, a near-sighted, scholarly-looking, attractive German, a gentleman of a class perhaps less numerous now than formerly, ever ready for soldierly experience and adventure in any cause, like Emin Pacha, provided

the pay be good. This was just before the battle of Chancellorsville (May 3-5). There had been a period of inaction after the unfortunate Burnside assault on Fredericksburg, and amusements had relieved the monotony of camp. There had been some racing, and Col. Salm-Salm had nearly broken his neck by his horse's falling at a hurdle. This did not prevent his giving a dinner-party, the evening of April 22, at his comfortable quarters, in tents pitched on a moderate elevation protected by a few low trees. At this dinner General Daniel E. Sickles was the principal guest, and to it he came in full martial attire, cantering into camp followed by an aid and an orderly. Madame Salm-Salm was the only lady at the table. A young colored woman, with regular features of sable blackness, wearing a gay turban, stood behind the chair of her mistress, to whose evident personal beauty she made an admirable background. The host and hostess of this festive occasion, as well as General Sickles (who not long before had shot Philip Barton Key), had had in their lives more than the ordinary share of adventure. Salm-Salm was perhaps thirty-five, the second son of a princely family in Germany; had served in the armies of Prussia and Austria, wasted his resources by

extravagant living in Vienna, and emigrated to America when the civil war broke out. Madame Salm-Salm was born in Baltimore, confessed to twenty-three years, and was christened Agnes Leclercq. She grew up a beauty, and took to horsemanship,—not to ordinary riding either, for, after instruction at a Philadelphia circus, in the spring of 1858 she made a successful public appearance. She visited Southern and Western cities as a rider and dancer, and in the autumn of that year established herself in New York. She married, but humdrum life did not suit her, and one morning she walked out from her home and never went back to it. By way of making the affair proper, she got a divorce. After living some months at Havana, she came to Washington just after the war broke out, and did not permit herself to be forgotten, until in 1862, to the surprise of the gossips, she married Prince Salm-Salm.

After our war was over the Prince went to Mexico, became chief of staff to the Emperor Maximilian, and was uncomfortably near being shot beside that unfortunate Austrian when the empire collapsed, but was saved somehow by his wife. When war was declared between France and Prussia in 1870, Salm-Salm was a major in the Grena-

dier guards of Prussia, and was shot dead at Gravelotte, one of the early battles of that war.

I never saw the Prince after that dinner at Falmouth; but one morning in the summer of 1865, a military friend remarked in my office at Concord that the Princess Salm-Salm was at the Phoenix hotel. It seemed as if he must be mistaken, but, passing that hostelry later in the day, I saw her leave its door to take a carriage. As a result of her persistent entreaties all through the year 1864, her husband, who was then at the West in the army under Gen. George H. Thomas, had been commissioned a brigadier-general.

Madame Salm-Salm told the story of her life in our army, in Mexico, and as a nurse in the Franco-Prussian war, in a book published in 1877, entitled "Ten Years of My Life." In that volume she does General Sickles and Provost-Marshal-General James B. Fry the favor of mention, among many others, and speaks also of "good old Governor Gilmore of New Hampshire." She had probably availed herself of the friendly offices of these gentlemen to obtain the long-sought general's commission for Felix. Her book is untruthful, and her comments on public men of that time and on the conduct of the war are of no value.

In May and June, 1863, near Culpeper Court House, I paid a part of the First Vermont Cavalry; near Alexandria, the 153d New York, and at Falmouth, the Third and Fifth Michigan, the Seventeenth Maine, and elsewhere a portion of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, which consumed \$151,512.69.

Then came the Gettysburg campaign. About July 1 it was rumored in the streets of Washington that rebel cavalry were in Maryland, and it was surprising to discover the ill-concealed satisfaction which this developed in some occupants of minor official places. The battle of Gettysburg, the crisis of the war, was won on July 2 and 3, and Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant on July 4. When this news was bulletined in Washington, rebel sympathizers went into permanent retirement.

To revert to Concord: These great events were a painful shock to certain citizens of New Hampshire who were assembled in convention in the state-house yard on the Fourth of July. Ex-President Pierce was presiding. A portrait of Vallandigham, the chief copperhead of Ohio, whom the *Statesman* called "the great Unpronounceable," was displayed on the platform. Voorhees, of like repute in Indiana, spoke. The government was de-

nounced, its chief magistrate contemned, and the war declared a failure. Tidings of the victory at Gettysburg, which reached the platform, were pronounced an abolition lie, told to distress the convention. This meeting was timed to give moral aid to Lee's attempt at invasion of the North, and I never doubted that it was held on some hint obtained from Richmond.*

In July and August I paid all the soldiers in convalescent camp, and the 153d New York. Operations were disturbed, about August 5, by the absconding of a clerk, who was fortunately captured, and all his plunder (\$40,000) recovered.

In September I paid at Brandy Station, Va., the Twelfth Indiana Battery, the 110th Pennsylvania, Seventeenth Maine, Fortieth and 106th New York regiments.

In November, at the same place, I paid the First Sharpshooters, Third and Fifth Michigan, Seventeenth Maine, Fortieth New York, Twentieth Indiana, and the 110th Pennsylvania. These were all brigaded under the command of Gen. Regis de Trobriand, an ex-

* Had Lee gained that battle, the Democrats would have risen and stopped the war. With the city of New York and Governor Seymour and Governor Parker in New Jersey, and a majority in Pennsylvania, as they then would have had, they would have so crippled us as to end the contest. That they would have attempted it we at home know.—*Life of Richard Henry Dana*, vol. 2, p. 275.

cellent soldier, afterward the writer of "Four Years with the Army of the Potomac." I cannot tell better the experiences of that period than by quoting now what I wrote then to the *Statesman*.

[November 17, 1863.]

A NIGHT IN AN AMBULANCE.

Near Bealton station a terrific peal of thunder with a blinding flash of lightning, followed by rain, and darkness that might be felt, brought our party to a halt. We had been for half an hour groping our way by the aid of a dim lantern borne along the road a little distance in advance. It was not later than 6 o'clock, but that hour past sunset, in this latitude, at this season, brings most outdoor enterprises to a pause. So it did our journey. We cast about in search of a place to bivouac. A cluster of small oaks seemed best to serve the purpose, and the united efforts of men and beasts were just sufficient to place our ambulance within the partial shelter of the trees. The rain continued to pour in torrents, and peal after peal of thunder crashed through the grove like reports from a battery of twelve pounders.

We left Washington that morning, most of us bearing passes as broad as a bill of

lading, bound for the Army of the Potomac. Bouncing along over the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, we reached Warrenton Junction to find Captain Mattocks, of the Seventeenth Maine regiment, and forty other good fellows, ready to escort us seventeen miles further, to the journey's end near Brandy Station. The rails had not been relaid beyond Warrenton since the rebels retired behind Culpeper.

Within the ambulance was a gentleman who left Natchez, Miss., when the war broke out, because he was a Union man, and had a desire to preserve undisturbed the vertebrae between his head and body, which some zealous friends had bought a rope wherewith to sunder. In short, he was threatened with hanging. You can ascertain what he thinks of this rebellion without talking with him a great while. I believe good Governor Berry used now and then to call this an unholy rebellion. Our friend in the ambulance goes further. In this connection he uses words found in Scripture with great force and earnestness. His opinions are not those of the *Union Democrat*, of Manchester, N. H.

Opposite him sat a tall young fellow from Georgetown, D. C., who had brought gaiters and spurs, to be ready for either a dance or

a canter. There were two other inmates beside your correspondent. One was the driver, the other a sutler. They have the zoölogical names of Wolff and Bull.

The captain guessed we might as well stay where we were until daylight, so, stationing his guard, he and his lieutenants clambered in among us. Private Wolff, of the 110th Pennsylvania, put a fresh candle in the lantern, which, he remarked, had been confiscated from the hospital department. Mr. Bull produced a Bologna sausage, the young fellow from Georgetown some apples, Captain Mattocks a loaf of army bread, another individual contributed a cold roast chicken, and our Mississippi friend a bottle of black-berry brandy, which he declared to be a sovereign balm for ailments resulting from change of temperature and drink. Although our table furniture consisted of nothing but a jack-knife, which Mr. Bull declared he brought from "Indianny" at the beginning of the war, still we made a very jolly supper.

It ought to be mentioned that the ambulance was drawn by two mules, called Robert and Rebecca by Private Wolff, both of them being in sleek condition; indeed, so sleek that two British officers, who came down on

the same train with us to visit the army, remarked, in passing our establishment, that "those 'osses were very fat." Private Wolff was gratified at the compliment, but judged the gentleman could hardly belong to the cavalry service. He remarked, further, that he thought a great deal of these two animals, as did his predecessor on the box, who had gone home on a furlough and forgotten to deliver several little parcels of money which his comrades entrusted to his care.

Eight people might sleep very comfortably in an ambulance if they had each undergone amputation of both legs. We were unable to make any satisfactory arrangement until about 10 o'clock, when three of us scrambled outside, and sat down, like an Indian powwow, on a rubber blanket, and, leaning against a tree, snatched some refreshing naps, interrupted only by olfactory evidence of the neighborhood of a horse who had forever finished pawing in the valley and rejoicing in his strength. These dead animals are passed at every curve in the road, each now representing about \$125 of the "five twenty loan." Nobody thinks it worth while to take off their hides and hoofs.

Behind us, around a big, blazing fire, stood a majority of our escort, drying their coats

and blankets, while others were lying full length on the ground, with naught between them and mother earth except a thin layer of boughs. It is wonderful with what nonchalance these men bear all sorts of exposure and encounter every danger. A cup of steaming coffee puts them all right after a complete drenching on the most watchful picket-line. Only a week before, these very men around us were wading the Rappahannock in the face of the enemy's fire, and a mere rain-soaking is nothing compared with that. Mosby, or any other enterprising robber, might have made a good thing by gobbling us up that night. Our ambulance and contents, with others before and behind us on the road, would have bought half of Richmond at current rates of premium, and entitled us to the most distinguished hospitalities of the Libby prison.

Before daylight Private Wolff discovered that Rebecca had lain down in the mud, from which he aroused her, and gave her a good currying with a wisp of hay. The men around the fire made a kettle of coffee, and before sunrise we were on our way again.

The Rappahannock river, at the station of the same name, is hardly so wide as the Con-

toocook at Fisherville. We crossed it by a pontoon bridge, laid down by the rebels, which they had no time to withdraw before the impetuous advance of the column under Sedgwick. South of the river and close to the water is an eminence about as high as Kent's hill in Concord, crowned with an ugly-looking fortification supposed by the Johnnies (as Private Wolff calls them) to command the bridge and adjacent ford. A cluster of graves not far away is now the only physical evidence of the gallantry with which the river was crossed and the heights carried with the bayonet. Even as we looked on the scene of this recent success, the roar of cannon in the advance told of another possible encounter. It was a light battery with Kilpatrick's cavalry, shelling the enemy beyond Culpeper. The whole army was put under orders to be ready to move.

Between Rappahannock and Brandy Station is as good a field for battle as can be found in all Virginia. It was here that the column which crossed at Kelley's Ford joined that of Sedgwick, and the whole army debouched upon this plain, and moved forward in battle order. This is said to have been the best opportunity to see at one glance the whole Army of the Potomac which has

occurred in the existence of that army.* It was almost noon when we reached the camp of the Seventeenth Maine regiment.

A DAY IN THE ARMY.

This brigade was the first to cross at Kelley's Ford, in the recent forcing of the enemy's lines back from the Rappahannock. It is commanded by Col. Regis de Trobriand, a French gentleman who married a lady in Brooklyn, N. Y., and took up a residence in this country. He is an accomplished soldier and scholar, speaking several languages fluently, and sketching with skill, either with colors or with pencil. He is the only foreign officer against whom I have never heard a word of detraction in the army. For the gallantry and spirit with which this brigade advanced and crossed at Kelley's Ford, both the brigade and its commander have been complimented by name in the general orders

*General de Trobriand says,—“This grand military deployment offered one of the finest spectacles which could be imagined. Let one picture to himself two army corps marching on the centre, in line of battle, in mass, the artillery in the intervals, and on the roads the flanks covered by two divisions in column, the skirmishers in advance, the cavalry on the two wings; the reserves covering the wagons in the rear; and all this mass of humanity in perfect order, rising or falling gradually according to the undulations of the plain, with the noise of the cannon, which did not cease throwing projectiles on the rear guard of the Confederates in retreat. Such was the moving picture which was given us to enjoy during that whole afternoon.”

of the Army of the Potomac. It includes the Third and Fifth Michigan, Seventeenth Maine, Fortieth New York, First United States Sharpshooters, and the 110th Pennsylvania regiments. These Michigan regiments have been in this army from the first Battle of Bull Run until now, and their fame is like that of the Second New Hampshire, exceeding the latter in that they shared in the great battle of Antietam and some later engagements, in which the Second did not.

Lieut.-Col. John Pulford, commanding the Fifth Michigan, has had a singular experience. He was a captain in the same regiment at the battle of Malvern Hill, when it was supporting a battery. A Minié ball struck him close beside the right eye, furrowing along the skull toward the ear. From that instant until thirty days afterward all is a blank to him. He was left unconscious on the field, picked up and carried to Richmond, exchanged, and finally came to his senses in a hospital in Baltimore, where, he says, he could not refrain from abusing the attendants around his bedside for trying to convince him that he was not still in the smoke and fire of Malvern Hill. Of all the famous regiments of the army,

none will fill a brighter page in history than those two from Michigan.

The Fortieth New York was formerly known as the Mozart regiment. It is now commanded by Col. Thomas W. Egan, whom I remember to have met in Chicago several years ago, and who was a contractor in building the Cheshire railroad in New Hampshire. Having had other regiments and parts of regiments consolidated with it, this is still almost up to the maximum strength. It was a favorite one with General Kearney, who formerly commanded the division, of whose gallantry the men will never cease telling. In the Kelley's Ford affair, this regiment captured several contrabands from the enemy. One of these informed me that he formerly belonged to Sergeant Thomas of the Fifth Alabama regiment. By retreating into the woods he lost the whereabouts of his regiment, and on emerging from his hiding-place he was picked up by Colonel Egan. He says General Lee is held in high estimation through the South, but that Bragg is known as Corporal Bragg, and the soldiers of the rebel army in the West are often fired by the interrogatory whether they belong to Corporal Bragg's army. He was with his regiment at Gettysburg, and a wit-

ness of the terrific charge of Ewell, which I have often heard officers say no division of our army would have attempted; and, indeed, it is doubtful if Ewell's men would have made the essay had they not been told they were to charge Pennsylvania militia. It is fortunate for the country that no militiamen were sighting the artillery which rent whole companies of the advancing column at each discharge.

Our contraband says that such of the rebels as survived the charge admitted that they were terribly defeated.

He gives a rather doubtful account of the degree of destitution existing among the colored people of Alabama, many of whom, he assured me, had nothing to eat but ashes and water. He said they might shoot "possums," which are as good to eat as hogs, if they had guns, but firearms are denied to them.

He says a black man in the Southern army can make a heap of money by washing officers' clothing, twenty-five cents per piece being paid for such service. He says they bring along portions of their apparel and ask "de cullud boys to knock out sum ob de dirt," and if they have more success than was anticipated, the reward is greater than

the standard price above mentioned. Colonel Egan gave him a paper collar to wash, which of course came to pieces under his manipulations, much to his consternation. He apologized by the explanation that he had not been used to washing such fine goods in the Southern army.

This contraband declares that he would willingly have been captured, but that Massa Thomas had obtained a furlough for thirty days, and he was going home with him to a place on the Alabama river above Montgomery, where Massa Thomas's father has a store and plantation. Although making heaps of money by washing, to use his own words, still it took a great pile of it to buy anything, "do's shoes costing me forty dollars," showing a pair of decent brogans. Before I finished conversation with him our friend from Mississippi came up, and hearing that his name was Henry Jackson, took a sharp look at him, that being the cognomen of one of the eighteen or twenty likely boys left by him in his sudden exit from the South. This was another Jackson.

The Third Corps was to-day reviewed by Major-General Sedgwick, and British visitors to the army, on a plain, half way between Brandy Station and the residence of Hon.

John Minor Botts. The remarks of this brigade were not altogether complimentary to their blockade-running guests. I have never before seen these men in so good spirits. Exhilarated by the last crossing of the Rappahannock, they seem to have new confidence in themselves and General Meade, and hope to cross the Rapidan before winter closes the campaign.

[November 19, 1863.]

It has been mentioned that the First regiment of Sharpshooters is one of the component forces of the brigade of which I have been writing. A portion of to-day has been passed in their camp. The performances and the renown of this regiment are equal to the expectations with which they took the field. It is armed with Sharp's rifles, which are "sighted" with more care than the ordinary carbine of that manufacturer. The heavy telescope rifles which they brought into the field were abandoned after the siege of Yorktown, at which place they served a good purpose, but of course weapons so gigantic proved to be unsatisfactory for marching and skirmishing. These Sharp's rifles are altogether more useful, although not so perfect for target shooting.

Company E, which was recruited in Con-

cord, has thirty-three men present for duty. It is commanded by Capt. William G. Andrews. The members of this company have the impression that they have been lost sight of by friends at home, because of being incorporated in a regiment which has nine companies from other states. "California Joe," a marksman who won considerable renown at Yorktown, where his activity and skill made a piece of rebel artillery useless, has been discharged for disability.

Some marvellous stories of the skill of the Sharpshooters are still told. It is said that at Kelley's Ford, where they were sent forward as skirmishers—as, indeed, they are in nearly every battle in which they participate—the rebels suffered so severely in their rifle pits that they dared not show their heads above the place of concealment, but, raising their guns to a level, fired at random from their coverts. It is certain the rebels have a wholesome fear of them, and, recognizing them by the peculiar report of their rifles, keep as well out of sight as possible. This regiment is now commanded by Lieut.-Col. Trepp, an officer of Swiss nativity.

An amazing tendency towards dress is noticeable in the Army of the Potomac. Suits of velvet are fashionable, trimmed with

gold cord, and adorned with the insignia of rank to which the wearer is entitled. To the latter may be added the Kearney cross, or the badge of the army corps to which the officer belongs. Corduroy is worn to a considerable extent by cavalry officers. These fanciful suits, are in addition to others made of materials and in style to correspond with the regulations of the army. An officer setting forth to make an evening call on a friend is often a sight worth seeing. The proximity of this army to Washington enables one to manage these expenditures for dress very readily. There is, so I am told, a Jew, who has obtained in some way the exclusive right to sell clothing in this army, and he is, as may well be supposed, doing a thriving business. The number of these sons of Abraham who manage to attach themselves to the army is large. Many of the sutlers are of Hebrew lineage. One of them, who is packing up to go away on the next train, has a haversack full of parcels of money, entrusted to him by soldiers, to carry to the express office in Washington. The burden of his thought is shown by his remark, "If some folks had all dis monish to carry up for de boys, dey make as much as fifty tollars; scharge de poys twendy-vive shents apeas."

About a quarter of a mile from this camp is the home of Hon. John Minor Botts. This distinguished gentleman resides in an ordinary Virginia farmhouse, to which are attached outbuildings of decent description. He has about a thousand acres of land, some of which he has purchased since the war began. This farm has suffered less from depredations than others in its vicinity. Mr. Botts has more sheep and cattle than all others of the region round about, his flock of the former numbering about one hundred and fifty head.

Mr. Botts manifests a generous hospitality to the officers of our army, having frequent parties at dinner, and making welcome to his hearth all who choose to call on him. He has extended the same civilities to the rebel generals, making an exception of Stuart, the cavalry officer, whom he does not allow to cross his threshold. He is under parole to the rebel government not to disclose anything which may come to his knowledge detrimental to the rebel cause.

The parole given by Mr. Botts exempts him usually from the pilfering of the rebel army, and when our forces are in the neighborhood a detachment of the provost guard is placed in charge of his property. When

the rebels last occupied this region they burned his fences ; so on the return of General Meade a detail was made from our army to rebuild them. After a time the detailed men became weary of rail-splitting, and completed the repairs with handy materials taken from the borders of secesh neighbors. By the rank and file of the army Mr. Botts is not believed to be an unconditional Union man. A soldier told me he had counted among his sheep nine bell-wethers, and nine different marks upon the sheep ; therefore he believed Mr. Botts was the nominal Union man for the county to save the cattle and sheep of the neighborhood. He said he did not see how a man could save himself from the depredations of both armies unless he carried water on both shoulders. The wife of a rebel colonel residing on the next farm told me she had never heard Mr. Botts say anything about the Union. He is writing his impressions about the war and the times. So fast as any considerable portion of this is completed, he sends it to a place of safety.*

[January 22, 1864.]

The First New Hampshire Battery is encamped on the estate of Hon. John Minor

* In 1866 Harper & Brothers published "The Great Rebellion: its secret history, rise, progress, and disastrous failure," by Mr. Botts, a most uninteresting book.

Botts, in a spot well sheltered by trees, of sufficient elevation to be tolerably free from mud, and to furnish a healthful position for both men and horses. It was this battery which lured a body of rebels to swift destruction at Gettysburg. Being posted in a good position, and ordered to husband his ammunition, Captain Edgell directed the firing to cease, and retired his men to a shelter in the rear of the guns, while he remained to watch the course of the battle. Seeing the artillery without visible protection, the rebels thought it was abandoned, and advanced a brigade at the charge to capture it. At this opportune moment Captain Edgell recalled his cannoneers, and their rapid discharges rent the advancing column. After eight rounds were fired, what men were left of the brigade threw down their arms and came in as prisoners.

In illustration of the nonchalance with which sutlers are placed outside the pale of civilization, I may mention that a fellow-passenger on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad pointed out to me, with all possible seriousness, the scene of a recent accident. "There," said he, with unfeigned gravity, "is where the cars ran off the track, killing three men *and a sutler.*"

Curious extremes of weather occur this winter in this region. A few mornings since the sun was shining warmly, and I heard the familiar note of the blue-bird, while flying squirrels were performing their eccentric evolutions in close vicinity; yet on the following day the air was piercing cold, and two or three inches of snow fell.

About the end of the year 1863 came a payment harder than any to which I had been assigned. Just before Christmas day, visiting the office of the paymaster-general, it appeared that paymasters were being selected by lot to go to the army and disburse pay and bounty money to reënlisted veteran volunteers, a difficult, and at that season an unwelcome, duty. I remarked incautiously, "Why does not the colonel select the men he wants and tell them to go?" When I returned to my quarters, there lay an order for me to go. So between December 25, 1863, and January 7, 1864, near the Rapidan, in the wintry wind driving down from the Blue Ridge, I made the rolls and paid the First and Second Sharpshooters, Third and Fifth Michigan, Fortieth and Eighty-sixth New York, Fifty-seventh, Sixty-third, 105th, and 110th Penn-

sylvania regiments, Battery E First Rhode Island Artillery, the First New Hampshire, Fourth Maine, Tenth Massachusetts, and Twelfth New York batteries, to the tune of \$342,542.98. This was about half a mile from the headquarters of the army, and I happened once to see General Meade. While working at this payment, I learned by experience that it is difficult to do satisfactory pen work and correct arithmetical calculations using the heads of barrels and the sides of boxes for desks.

There were no better soldiers in the Army of the Potomac than the Sharpshooters, the Seventeenth Maine, Third and Fifth Michigan, Fortieth New York, and the 110th Pennsylvania regiments, heretofore mentioned. In April, 1864, they became the Second Brigade of the Third Division of the Second Corps. The experience of officers tells in a way the service of regiments. Col. Caspar Trepp, of the Sharpshooters, was killed at Mine Run; Col. George W. West, of the Seventeenth Maine, was wounded in the Wilderness, and discharged in March, 1865, with the rank of brevet brigadier; Col. Byron R. Pierce, of the Third Michigan, was made brigadier-general in June, 1864; Col. John Pulford, whom I have mentioned

before, was wounded again in the Wilderness, and mustered out at the end of the war as a brevet brigadier, having served from beginning to end, and more than once shot nigh unto death in the Army of the Potomac.

In the "History of the Second Army Corps," Gen. Francis A. Walker says,—

On April 22, 1864, the reënforced corps was reviewed by General Grant. Of all the gallant regiments which passed the reviewing officer, two excited especial admiration,—the 148th Pennsylvania and the Fortieth New York, Colonel Egan.

* * * * *

On the morning of May 23, 1864, a bridge over the North Anna was held by troops of Kershaw's Confederate division. This Hancock determined to carry. Two of Birney's brigades, now under Col. Thomas W. Egan (Fortieth New York), and Col. Byron R. Pierce (Third Michigan), were formed for attack, and at half past six in the morning charged across the fields from nearly opposite directions converging upon the earthwork. The two brigades advanced in splendid style, over open ground, vying with each other in gallantry of bearing and rapidity of movement, and, carrying the intrenchments without a halt, the enemy were driven pell-mell across the river and the bridge seized.

June 16, 1864. In front of Petersburg.

At eight o'clock Egan led his brigade in a brilliant assault upon one of the Confederate redoubts (Redan No. 12), carrying it in the very style which he had displayed on the North Anna. In the assault Egan was wounded, but not severely.

October 27, 1864. Boydton Plank Road.

At the first sound of the enemy's attack on Pierce, Hancock sent Mitchell to General Egan, directing him to face about and assail the enemy. When Mitchell reached General Egan, he found that gallant officer, with the instinct of a true soldier, already in motion. It was quite evident that in taking position on the secondary ridge, and opening against Mott, the enemy were oblivious to the presence of Egan's troops, and when he burst upon their right and rear, it must have been like a bolt from a clear sky. Two colors and many hundreds of prisoners were captured.

One morning in March, 1864, my wife and myself met at the Treasury Department Mr. John E. Embler, of Newburg, N. Y., and two ladies, his relatives, with all of whom we had had some previous acquaintance. He was proposing to start a national bank at his home on the Hudson, and had a lively curiosity to see the process of printing national bank notes. Visitors were not generally admitted to the treasury printing

department, and how to get in there was the question. He exclaimed that being from New York he would appeal to Secretary Seward. My suggestion that Mr. Seward must be a very busy man availed nothing. Away Mr. Embler went to the State Department, and came hurrying back directly with a message from Mr. Seward inviting us all to call. Rather reluctantly we went: it seemed as if we must be intruding unwarrantably, but the secretary of state put us at ease by a most kindly reception, and by a friendly interest in Mr. Embler's plans. He sent for Mr. Maunsell B. Field, an assistant secretary of the treasury, on whose behalf Secretary Chase in the following June petulantly resigned his secretaryship, and Mr. Field (afterward the author of "Memories of Many Men and Some Women"—a book within the pages of which may be found an amusing account of the author's experience in seeking office at the hands of President Pierce), although he looked very cross, consented to give Mr. Embler the desired access to the printing rooms.

Mr. Embler then, in a rather hortatory way, enjoined it on the secretary to go ahead and put down the Rebellion, and Mr. Seward said in reply that it was all important that

the public temper be right, for, said he, "Mr. Embler, you know that at the last election in your own county in New York the Republican vote was only a little larger than the Democratic; in other words, Jefferson Davis showed almost as much strength as Abraham Lincoln,"—and so he entertained us at least half an hour with the most attractive conversation to which I ever listened. Even when, after one or two essays to leave, from which he restrained us, we had finally gone, he hurried to the hall to say, in a very gracious way, that his daughter would have a reception that afternoon, and would be glad to see the ladies of our party. Nothing could have been more kind, and the ladies went to a charming reception at the great house on Lafayette square, where Mr. Seward a year later was so nearly slain by an assassin. After that half hour in the great parlor of the old State Department, I never wondered why Governor Seward had many devoted personal friends. Secretary Stanton, of the War Department, with whom I once had an interview, was a grizzly bear in comparison.

I never saw President Lincoln in Washington but twice, once at a White House reception, and once at a hotel on the avenue where he stopped for a glass of water; but I

dwelt for a time in the same house with Mr. W. O. Stoddard, an attaché of the White House, author of "Inside the White House in War Times." There was some idle sidewalk criticism of the president, the only charge that I remember hearing being that he did not read the newspapers.

In summer evenings on Pennsylvania avenue there was often seen a man whose strong, impressive face and sturdy figure fixed itself in my memory; years afterward, looking at a portrait of Walt Whitman, I discovered the unknown to have been that poet.

I paid the Sharpshooters, and the before-mentioned Maine, Michigan, New York, and Pennsylvania regiments, down to May, 1864; then I was ordered to Concord to pay soldiers on leave of absence or mustered out, veteran reserve men, etc. This order came to me unexpectedly, brought about by some one in the Navy Department. That department was hostile to Senator Hale because of his public rebuke to Secretary Welles, in the latter part of 1861, for employing George P. Morgan (Welles's brother-in-law) to buy ships for the government, thereby putting into Morgan's pocket a commission of about \$70,000. Mr. Hale's term in the senate

expired in 1865, and the question of his reëlection came before the legislature of 1864. Maj. George P. Folsom, my predecessor at Concord, was doing what he could to forward Mr. Hale's reëlection; therefore it was arranged for me to relieve him, and attend merely to duties of my place. When the senatorial election came, it resulted in the choice of Hon. Aaron H. Cragin.

The duty at Concord was light until regiments began to come home from the war. In July and August, 1864, the disbursements were only \$68,369.16, but in the corresponding months of 1865 they were thirteen times greater. From June, 1864, until January, 1865, many men of the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth regiments, whose terms of service had expired, came home, and were discharged and paid here; also the Fourth Vermont at Brattleboro'.

There is probably no other house in Concord that has had so much greenback currency in it at any one time as has No. 167 North Main street, which was my home at that period. Express charges on great sums of money were large, and not provided for in the scheme of the War Department relating to paymasters, though necessary car

fares were. So it seemed to be necessary to go occasionally to New York or Boston to exchange large treasury drafts for currency. The Boston sub-treasury did not cash drafts on its sister institution in New York, and it happened several times that I came home late with a sole-leather trunk full of money (perhaps \$150,000), which was kept in the house until it could be counted and arranged for disbursement. There seemed to be no better way than this, although it was the cause of some anxiety. I had a dog, sure to hear and announce the approach of any unwelcome stranger, and a heavily-loaded double gun stood in a handy place.

As I was once leaving New York on one of these trips, Col. T. J. Leslie, the chief paymaster of the district, desired me to carry one hundred thousand dollars to Paymaster J. A. Brodhead in Boston, beside the fifty thousand dollars which I was carrying to Concord,—all in one hundred and fifty greenbacks of one thousand dollars each, which could be carried in a trousers' pocket. Going on board a Fall River liner, the clerk said every room in the boat was engaged. The captain was near by, and I told him of the fix I was in, getting in reply merely the remark that no one had any business to be

carrying so much money. There was one more resource. The colored stewardess was told that if she could get a stateroom for a very tired man she would be the gainer of five dollars, and, in no longer time than it took for her to go to the clerk's office and return, the key to a very satisfactory room was in my hand.

The sole-leather trunk before mentioned was the object of some attention in the railroad station in Boston, as I learned years afterward when a baggage-man checked it to Concord, with the remark, "This is the thing that used to have so much money in it."

When on that memorable day in April, 1865, the shattered army of General Lee found a line of bayonets across its path of retreat, and laid down its arms, the news set Concord wild with rejoicing. Dignified citizens caught up shot-guns and spent a day making a racket on Main street. There was also a demonstrative procession and some boisterous hilarity.

In June, July, and August, peace being restored, all the veterans came home; and I paid the Second, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth regiments, as well as

the New Hampshire Cavalry and Heavy Artillery. Paymaster C. O. Benedict was in Concord from about Aug. 1 to Sept. 10, 1865, and paid such of the mustered-out New Hampshire regiments as are not above mentioned. His payments amounted to about \$210,000, and that money primarily went through my hands. It was a pretty hard, patient strain for days and nights together. The soldiers were anxious to get home, and it was desirable financially that they be disbanded to ease the burdens of war. My own disbursements for four months ending with August were \$1,556,742.38. This was more than it cost to complete the Concord Railroad—a large amount of money to set afloat in a town like ours, and some of it was wasted as money is in garrison towns.

When this had been done and the last man in uniform had gone down the street, it seemed that peace had indeed come. The last angry shot had been fired by Grant's victorious legions months before in the valley of the Appomattox. The Great President was dead. There was no beat of drum along our highways;—the tattered standards of the regiments had been folded away at the state-house, and recruiting offices closed. Even our Governor's Horse Guards (who

made their first brilliant annual parade in June, 1860, wore a superb uniform copied from that of a corps of Austrian Hussars, gave occasional merry dancing parties and served famous dinners without grog, offered their services in the field in 1861, and were rejected because General Scott said there would be little use for cavalry) disbanded in December, 1865, having never had any support from the state.

By an order from Washington I was mustered out January 15, 1866, and the brevet of lieutenant-colonel came to me, for what the War Department was so kind as to say had been "faithful services."

XIV.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-four was the year of a controversy about the state-house, which edifice, and the dignities of the capital, the people of Manchester sought to capture. The strife was ended by the laying out of Capitol street and the rebuilding of the state-house at the expense of Concord, the outlay being near \$175,000. The improvements to the state-house cost \$158,000. The new street was almost a necessity, but there was no justice in imposing the cost of a state capitol on a community with whom it was located by a former generation. The loan which Concord negotiated in 1865 to defray these costs has been a burdensome portion of its debt, and has hindered its growth and prosperity. It is interesting to trace the history of this debt through the annual reports of the city. The credit of the city was so good in 1865 that its bonds sold for a better price than those of the United States. On the original issue of state-house bonds the interest was payable in gold, and gold remained for several years at a pre-



STATESMAN BUILDING—1866.

mium. In 1875 a fraction of the debt was paid, and the remainder replaced with currency bonds arranged to mature in installments at various dates. It is difficult to follow the annual interest charges with accuracy, but it is sufficiently exact to say that the portion of the principal of the debt which remains unpaid, twenty-seven years after it was contracted, is fifty-seven thousand dollars, and when the last bond matures and is paid in 1896, the city will have taxed itself, to defray principal and interest, without reckoning the cost of Capitol street, the sum of three hundred and forty-seven thousand four hundred dollars. This has been a burden to our moderate population and resources, and will be felt after it is removed.

It ought to be remembered that Concord people, either privately or corporately, have given to the state the site of the state-house and granite for the building, the site of the old prison, the broad original lands of the Asylum for the Insane and a contribution toward the original building, beside at least one half the site of the state library building. Some curious statistician may estimate the present value of these gifts.

One of the arguments used against Con-

cord by its rivals in the state-house controversy was the riotous destruction of the *Democratic Standard* in 1861; but Col. John H. George, of counsel for the city, retorted with some reminiscences of an anti-Catholic mob down the river, which threw that specious plea out of court.

Returning to duty in the *Statesman* office, there were not many occurrences of sufficient interest to be recorded. Personal accounts for three years were easily adjusted with my partners. My army salary had been equal to their respective drafts on the newspaper treasury. The gains of business, and the profit on a considerable investment in government bonds, made when "seven thirties" were below par, provided us with larger resources. It was concluded to erect a building for the printing business, and the lot at the southeast corner of Main and Hutchins streets was purchased. This was before the name of Depot street was by some uninspired hand affixed to the last mentioned thoroughfare. The lot selected was a second choice. In the general view it was too far down town, and the locality was not sustaining a very elevated character. During the war it had been occupied by a cluster of shanties

known as the "Ethan-Allen," "White Pigeon," and "Ship Stores" saloons. One of these shanties, or another near by, had a painted striped pig for its sign board. Some rather distinguished loafers and gamblers frequented those places. But the situation proved to be what was wanted. Plans for a Statesman building were prepared by Mr. Edward Dow, said by one of his townsmen to be "the greatest artichoke in New Hampshire," and the building, begun in September, 1866, was completed and occupied just before June, 1867. It made a satisfactory home for the newspaper for nearly a quarter of a century.

Shortly after Abraham Lincoln became President, in 1861, George G. Fogg of the *Independent Democrat* was appointed Minister to Switzerland, and resided abroad until 1865; but on the accession of Andrew Johnson to the Presidency, Secretary Seward caused George Harrington to be sent to Switzerland, and Mr. Fogg came home in no very amiable mood. William E. Chandler, who had been solicitor to the Navy Department, had taken Mr. Harrington's old place as assistant secretary of the treasury. With the intent to make Mr. Fogg a little happier, Mr. Chandler gave him a commission to

adjudicate the title to a large quantity of cotton held in seizure at New Orleans by the United States government. Thither Mr. Fogg repaired, and released nine thousand six hundred and sixty-five bales of cotton, valued at about two million dollars, and retained for the government twelve bales to which nobody made claim. By this performance, for which he received a fee of \$6,000 for two months' time, and by the savings from his ministerial salary of \$7,500 in gold per annum, Mr. Fogg acquired a comfortable property. But the loss of the Swiss mission had embittered him ; and because Mr. Chandler had succeeded Mr. Harrington who had succeeded Mr. Fogg, war was declared in the *Independent Democrat*, not only against Mr. Chandler, but against Edward H. Rollins and N. G. Ordway, then Mr. Chandler's personal and political friends, all three being influential members of the Republican party of New Hampshire.

Mr. Rollins, retiring from congress in 1837, had in May, 1869, become the secretary of the Union Pacific Railroad. Col. Ordway was sergeant-at-arms of the United States house of representatives, to which office he was elected in 1863, and reëlected until 1875.

To a man in control of a newspaper, there often comes a temptation to use his pen in personal attacks on people with whom he happens to differ. Any person who will look at the files of the *Independent Democrat* or the *Concord Daily Monitor* (with which the former paper was united in January, 1867) from 1866 to 1870, will find no difficulty in concluding that during that period the editor of those newspapers took no delight in the life and public services of either Mr. Chandler, Mr. Rollins, or Mr. Ordway.

In the latter part of 1868 my father's health failed, and he decided to relieve himself of newspaper care; so it was arranged for Mr. Rossiter Johnson to become the editor of the *Statesman* on January 1, 1869. On that date the paper was enlarged, and a larger, faster printing-press added to our equipment. Our edition was carried to a figure considerably higher than its average had been, while the care and expenses of the business were proportionately increased. The *Statesman* then entered upon an "offensive-defensive" campaign in behalf of Mr. Chandler and his friends, and doubtless startled some of its supporters by its aggressiveness. Its new editor was not by nature

an aggressive man—quite the contrary; still Rev. Dr. Bouton, of Concord, and Mr. Lewis W. Brewster, of Portsmouth, made formal protest against the pugnacious style of our paper—a style which was really Mr. Chandler's. Dr. Bouton's letter was written on the sermon paper with which he was himself accustomed to wage battle with the enemy of all righteousness.

This was also a day of political tracts, copies of which may still be found. Mr. Chandler wrote some, and Col. Ordway developed unsuspected vigor as a pamphleteer, quoting English poetry of the time of Spenser, and making use of his knowledge of practical politics in New Hampshire and his adversary's hasty flight from some public station in Kansas in the stormy period of 1856. The end of all this was what the *Statesman* sought—a period of peace within the party.

In the winter of 1869-'70 I visited Washington with an intent to make final settlement of my military accounts, and as such affairs with the government consume considerable time, the sergeant-at-arms was so kind as to employ me *ad interim* as a cashier. Col. Ordway had originated a banking department in his office at the capitol, which

collected at the treasury the monthly dues of congressmen and placed such to their credit, subject to withdrawal at their will, and attended to any other financial business which might be entrusted to it. This convenient cash department had more customers than many a country bank. The accounts of some congressmen were often overdrawn, while others had always satisfactory balances to their credit. The books were carefully written and a balance-sheet drawn daily, for some impecunious orator might come in for money when there was none to his credit, and that fact being made known to him, a call for a statement of account would follow; but I never knew the office to be in error. Moses Dillon, of Wilmington, Del., who had lived in Louisiana and was familiar with Southern ways, was Col. Ordway's book-keeper. He was usually very civil to all congressmen, but there was a quantity of "befo'-the-wah" chivalry bottled up in the little man, and he would have taken the field if his fidelity had been questioned.

It was out of this office of the sergeant-at-arms, and out of the position which I held in it, that twenty years later Edward Silcott bolted to Canada with thirty thousand dollars of money belonging to congressmen,

which I think the losers held that the United States treasury must make good to them. Charles H. Christian, then a faithful colored attaché of the office, is still there.

Among the customers of the office in my time was Congressman Stevenson Archer, of Maryland, who in 1890 was committed to the penitentiary of that state for embezzling \$132,000 from its treasury, of whose contents he had become the custodian.

The most cautious men who did business with us were Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, and Clarkson N. Potter, of New York, both of whom invariably affixed their names to pay orders far above the line which the treasury department provided for signatures, close to the text of the order, as a precaution that nothing should be prefixed to what they had signed.

Oakes Ames, from Massachusetts (then regarded as a millionaire), seldom left anything to his credit worth carrying on our ledger; but being deemed a master of finance, he had a class of congressional pupils in that popular school, to some of whom grief came a few years later.

The apartment of the sergeant-at-arms, with its hearth strewn with blazing hickory logs, was an attractive loitering-place to

many a congressman. The tall figure of Luke P. Poland, of Vermont, clad in a Websterian suit of blue with gilt buttons and a buff vest, was frequently seen. Thomas Fitch of Nevada,—who afterward said, on the lecture platform in Tremont Temple, he had found that although he spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not Boston, it profited him nothing,—James A. Garfield and Samuel Shellabarger, of Ohio, Samuel S. Cox, formerly of the Zanesville, Ohio, district, then of New York, Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania, John A. Bingham of Ohio, Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, Ebon C. Ingersoll, of Illinois, and many others, could be expected to make at least one daily call. Those whom I have mentioned were orators, and there were interesting dialogues when they met around the glowing fire.

My connection with the sergeant-at-arms office gave me access to the floor of representatives hall. The best speaking which I happened to hear was a brilliant speech by John A. Bingham, repelling a charge of personal uncharitableness made against him by the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, because Judge Bingham did not favor the creation of a United States mis-

sion to Rome (not Italy). John Morrissey, the ex-pugilist, whose hair was carefully curled, and who wore in summer a suit of white linen, was almost never in his seat, and appeared to derive no enjoyment from his membership. Fernando Wood, tall and dignified, dressed like a Presbyterian clergyman, was, on the contrary, constant in his attendance. Samuel J. Randall, once a Whig, longer a Democrat, was a restless person, often hurrying hither and thither in the aisles, serving apparently as a party whip.

The speaker's apartment was next to that of the sergeant-at-arms, and Speaker Blaine was an example of promptness. Exactly five minutes before a session should begin he was at his room, and crossing the corridor precisely as the clock marked the hour, he stood in his place, the gavel fell, and the silver mace was elevated to its marble pedestal at his right. There this emblem of authority was placed during session hours, but when the house went into committee of the whole, it was removed to a lower perch. This use of the mace came to us with English parliamentary traditions. Every school-boy remembers in his English history, Oliver Cromwell's order in 1653 to "Take away that bauble!" Our speaker's bauble was an artistic

thing, a truncheon of small rods bound together with clasps, surmounted by a globe on which the hemispheres were engraven, and over all stood an eagle with outstretched wings, the metal being solid silver. This mace has been the topic of a readable magazine article.

The capitol itself is most interesting. During the war I had seen its dome lifted to completion, as if disunion were an impossible thing, and watched Crawford's figure of America as it went slowly into place to crown the whole. Then it had been a satisfaction to view the halls, staircases, bronzes, marbles, paintings, and carvings. Now I had opportunity to explore the great building intimately. Access was had to the library, whose custodian, Mr. A. R. Spofford, was a New Hampshire man by birth, also to the marble baths, and any of the committee rooms, among the latter that of the house committee on military affairs, decorated with a series of scenes in Indian life painted by Col. Seth Eastman, U. S. A., formerly a Concord man.

There was in the basement of the capitol a place which newspapers named "the Bastille,"—not exactly a dungeon, but a strong room, where recalcitrant witnesses had some-

times been confined. It had grated windows, no direct sunlight, and would not be regarded as a pleasant habitation. This apartment was controlled by the sergeant-at-arms, and there Mr. John W. LeBarnes, an assistant of Col. Ordway's, and myself, arranged some involved accounts (wanted in a hurry) relating to mileage, costs, and witness fees of a certain congressional committee of investigation at New Orleans. LeBarnes was familiar with the place for he had voluntarily lodged there. We toiled all the afternoon and three quarters of the night, and when I trudged sleepily to my lodgings at the corner of West Tenth and North E streets, I was unable to get in, and took refuge from a storm in the doorway of Ford's theatre (within which Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on Good Friday, 1865), and there in gloomy seclusion waited wearily for the morning.

During this sojourn in Washington, which lasted away down into summer, I came to know many people about the capitol,—newspaper correspondents and clerks of committees, men of as much information and ability as the average congressman. Among such were E. V. Smalley of the *New York Tribune*, Sidney Andrews of the *Boston Advertiser*,

U. H. Painter of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, George A. Bassett, clerk of the house committee on ways and means, and Robert J. Stevens, clerk of the committee on appropriations. George Bassett was, I think, a brother of Isaac Bassett, the tall doorkeeper of the senate, who has been seen in that place almost from time immemorial, and I am sure he was of Wesley W. Bassett, who was in 1863-'4 a paymaster in the navy. They seemed to belong to a family with a talent for holding office.

In Washington, in the winter of 1863-'4, I had dwelt on First street East, a site now within the capitol grounds, at a house managed by a woman with two daughters. Among the guests were the Paymaster Bassett above referred to, and his wife, a lively secessionist from Maryland; Hon. Edward McPherson, clerk of the house of representatives; Capt. Homer C. Blake, of the navy, who commanded the little gunboat "Hatteras" when she was sunk by the "Alabama" in the Gulf of Mexico, and his family; Frederick A. Aiken, a lawyer who afterward appeared in the defence of Mrs. Surratt, when that woman was tried for complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and his wife; two or three young

army officers, and one or two not very distinguished congressmen. This was a pleasant household, and although it was observed that the landlady seldom went out, and there were some peculiar incidents in the domestic circle, these circumstances caused no especial comment. When I gained the acquaintance of George Bassett in 1870, and told him of my friendship with his brother in 1864, he inquired if I knew who the landlady of the house on First street really was. He said she was the Mrs. Cunningham in whose house, on Bond street, New York, Dr. Harvey Burdell was murdered in 1856, she being implicated as a principal or accessory to that crime; that she and her daughters had gone to San Francisco after the war, and were identified there as the Mrs. and Misses Cunningham. This is, I suppose, a somewhat doubtful story, but as proof I was shown some photographs which were rather convincing.

Nothing but time and patience was required to close my army accounts. The total sum which had been entrusted to me was \$4,720,922.44, about equal to the total gold product of California in 1848. A few vouchers which were deficient in technicalities were perfected by filing the retained dupli-

cates in which there were no defects. One voucher was withdrawn to be filed in another bureau, and as a result of the whole settlement a small sum of money, \$223.77, came to me. This was deemed a fortunate ending to a service which some of the older paymasters said, in 1862, would, by reason of errors and technicalities, involve the whole corps in pecuniary ruin.

The paymaster-general, in a report dated Oct. 31, 1865, speaking of the services which his staff rendered in the later months of the war, used the following words :

From the early days of June to the present time, this department has made final payment to more than eight hundred thousand officers and men. This is an important exhibit of work, performed chiefly within the months of June, July, and August—two hundred and seventy millions of money paid to eight hundred thousand men. When the manner of these payments is observed, with a knowledge of the particularity required in each case, each to be computed in its several items of pay, clothing, bounty, etc., such stoppages as may be chargeable deducted, the final amount stated, and the signature of each officer and man appended in duplicate to the receipt rolls, some idea may be formed of the stupendous labor involved. This work, in its immensity as to men and money, and

the small limit of time in which it has been performed, has, it is believed, no parallel in the history of armies. For this result the country is indebted to the zeal, intelligence, and sleepless industry of a corps of experienced paymasters, who signalized themselves in this closing act of their military staff service by the faithfulness and devotion to duty which reflect the highest honor upon them.

During the War of the Rebellion the cost of our pay department, including losses by capture and by accident, defalcations (\$541,000), salaries and expenses of paymasters and clerks, was less than three fourths of one per cent. of the total disbursements. In the War of 1812 the expenses and defalcations were over seven per cent.,—so I have somewhere read. The “good old days” appear to have been not so good as our own.

XV.

My relations with the *Statesman* newspaper were changed in 1871. Hon. Edward H. Rollins had become treasurer as well as secretary of the Union Pacific Railroad, and offered me the place of cashier in that company's Boston office. My connection with that corporation began on May 9, 1871, and ended almost seventeen years later, when health failed and I became incapable of further service.

There had been great scandals connected with the construction of that railroad, which were supposed to have been forever buried before I went into its employment, but they came unexpectedly, time after time, to the surface, in congress, in law courts, and elsewhere,—like lumps of ice in a surging stream. To recite the facts concerning those scandals (Credit Mobilier, Ames contract, alleged briberies, Pennsylvania tax suit, two million dollar note, etc.) might enliven these pages, and show with what a lavish hand the money and securities of the company were dealt out in the early days of the old régime,

but such recital can be deferred. Nowhere in this narrative have I undertaken to tell everything that I know. Curious readers may find most of the details of the inglorious story told in the reports of the Wilson and the Poland Investigating committees of Congress, printed in 1873. It may be needless for me to say that Mr. Rollins was not a Credit Mobilier man, but it is a pleasure to say so.

When I took up service with the Union Pacific company, two years after it had been driven out of New York City, because of a raid of pettifoggers and sheriffs made at the instance of James Fisk, Jr., it had two small rooms on the fourth floor in Sears building in Boston for the office of its treasurer, and two others a little way off on the same floor, set apart for Mr. John Duff, the vice-president. One of the first disturbing facts which came to my notice was, that my predecessor as cashier sued to recover a moderate allowance for overwork and special services, and it was curious to see the resident directors going solemnly into court with piles of company books and papers to resist the claim. The verdict was against them for \$2,267.

The credit of the company was not then

very high. It had been impaired by loose management, by an incorrect ruling of Secretary Boutwell of the United States treasury as to certain bond interests, and by sympathy with the monetary suspension of Oakes Ames and Oliver Ames & Sons, who had been and still were interested in its construction and management. It had been compelled to seek alliances, and was friendly with the Pennsylvania Central Railroad people. Thomas A. Scott was president, and came occasionally to Boston to preside at quarterly meetings. He was a handsome man and kept a bottle of cologne or Florida water on the directors' table within his reach. John Duff, as I have said, was the vice-president. Unlearned in books he had a Scotsman's shrewdness, and owned fine pictures in which he took delight. His was a grand, impressive face, well set off by thick white hair. He had built railroads in the West, but did not like to do anything on paper. Most of the time he was in New York, where he had a desk in a Nassau street banking house, and no irksome responsibilities came to him.

The floating debt of the company was troublesome then, as it almost always was, for it cost seven per cent., and a commission

or discount equal to another seven per cent. per annum, to carry it, even with bonds of the corporation pledged as collateral. Jay Gould, when he came into the directory, obtained for the company better rates than these.

Under such circumstances there were trials in the path of the treasurer, but there was hope of brighter days. The net earnings of the company had not been sufficient to pay its interest charges. The four or five clerks who in 1871 attended to affairs in Boston often doubted whether their salaries were safe for any considerable time. The monetary condition is well shown by the fact that the last of the land grant bonds, dated in 1869, had been sold and were in process of delivery to some New York bankers at seventy per cent. of their par value, or \$700 for a \$1,000 bond. After paying interest on these seven per cent. bonds with the utmost regularity for years, they were most of them redeemed before maturity, some of them at the rate of \$1,120 for a bond sold at \$700. Another syndicate of bankers bought at eighty per cent. of their par value \$2,500,000 of Omaha Bridge bonds, which bore eight per cent. interest, and had twenty-five years to run.

The Pennsylvania Central alliance lasted only a year, and ended on March 6, 1872, when some New York Central people took up the road, and Horace F. Clark, a son-in-law of the first Cornelius Vanderbilt, became the president. Mr. Clark had been a member of congress, was a lawyer, and an inveterate talker. At the first meeting of the directors after he came into the company he gave his tongue no rest. Ezra H. Baker, a veteran Cape Cod sailor, who sat at that meeting, remarked when the monologue was over, "What a president we have got!" Mr. Clark took more personal interest in the company than did his predecessor. He upset some of the black-mailers who had their headquarters in Washington. He had a hatred of free passes that amounted to a monomania, and applicants for favors of that description met a hot reception. Mr. T. E. Sickels, then our general superintendent, was an amused witness of the retreat of a clergyman, amid a storm of adjectives, biblical and otherwise, from the bed-chamber of the president, to which refuge the preacher had made his way to ask for free transportation. Mr. Clark had then fallen into a chronic nervousness, which lasted until his death in 1873. Under his management affairs had begun to improve.

In March, 1874, Mr. Jay Gould, having invested heavily in the company, went into the direction with two or three of his New York friends. Mr. Sidney Dillon became president, and Mr. Gould strove to bring the company into the good opinion of investors. Just before he became a director, a Union Pacific share was worth in Wall street about thirty-two dollars, and when years afterward he sold out it was worth about one hundred and ten dollars. Thus one hundred and fifty thousand shares, his holding, would show a profit of \$11,700,000.

There was a long period during which the treasurer had a daily letter from Jay Gould. Mr. Gould had no amanuensis. He wrote rapidly on light blue paper with dark blue ink, and his missives came to be known as "blue jays." He kept no copies of those letters.

In 1875, rates of fare and freight being undisturbed by competition, the company's earnings enabled it to make dividends, and it paid the following: In 1875, three and a half per cent.; in 1876, eight; in 1877, eight; in 1878, five and a half; in 1879, six; in 1880, six; in 1881, six and three quarters; in 1882, seven; in 1883, seven; in 1884, three and a half,—making, in all, sixty-one and a quarter

per cent. Events have proved that it would have been wiser to have applied those dividends toward extinction of the government loan.

It was about 1875 that the company's Boston office was moved from the Sears building to the Equitable, then just constructed.

Mr. Dillon retired from the presidency in 1884, and returned to it again in 1890, Mr. Charles Francis Adams serving between those dates. Mr. Dillon was naturally impatient of restraint, and not over fond of "literary fellers." When Isaac H. Bromley, of Hartford, Conn., a very bright newspaper man, was appointed a government director under the Hayes administration, he called on Mr. Dillon officially, and was told that government directors were "nothing but a myth anyway." Mr. Bromley at once made some inquiries of the secretary to ascertain just when he and his associates were "relegated to the domain of mythology," and Mr. Dillon shortly afterward revised his opinion of their materiality. Under President Adams Mr. Bromley became an assistant to the president.

In 1877, Hon. E. H. Rollins, having been chosen a United States senator from New Hampshire, vacated his position with the company. There were many applications for

the place (none from myself), but I was elected secretary and treasurer in March of the last named year. It would be useless to relate the history of the office from that date until my retirement in 1888, eleven years later. The work was often difficult, always confining. I never saw the road itself until 1887. Sometimes the company was in favor in the stock market, at other times in disfavor. Some of the chief directors died, and others came in by hereditary succession. Branch lines were constructed, more and more bonds issued, floating debts cleared off at one time were renewed at another, and there was a gradual increase of responsibility. I received from my predecessor securities of various kinds, the face value of which was perhaps five million dollars, and left to my successor in like property more than eighty-seven millions. The mileage of the system increased from about one thousand miles to nearly five thousand. During a long period the system had the management of Mr. Sidney Dillon, who wanted men of railroad experience around him; at another it had Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who preferred Harvard graduates. Mr. Adams devoted himself unreservedly and unselfishly to the welfare and betterment of the corporation.

He was always considerate toward his subordinates and never ruffled in temper. He wrote better English than some of his predecessors in the Union Pacific presidential chair, as he might well do, being himself the descendant of two presidents of the United States and the son of a distinguished minister to England.

The senior Charles Francis Adams once wrote a couple of lines which ought to be placed alongside of those of John A. Dix, hereinbefore mentioned. On Sept. 5, 1863, after a long setting forth of injuries done and likely to be done to the American people by confederate cruisers built and being built by Englishmen, he said in a letter to Earl Russell, her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, "It would be superfluous for me to point out to your Lordship that this is war." After those words were written no more rebel ships sailed out of English harbors.

After reading "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History," I ventured to remark to the younger Charles Francis Adams that it seemed a pity that a man who could write such interesting books had given so much time to the management of railroads.

In 1879 the Kansas Pacific, with six hundred and forty-three miles and the Denver

Pacific, with one hundred and six miles, were brought into the Union Pacific system. One hundred thousand shares in the first named company, and forty thousand shares in the second, had been selling at low prices, perhaps \$30 a share in the market, but by this consolidation were made equal to the shares of the Union Pacific company then selling above their par value on the stock exchange. Any person with a pencil can figure out the profits to the holders of those shares. Whatever the stock ledgers of that time may show, I think none of the then directors of the Union Pacific company was caught among the "shorts."

My connection with the Union Pacific was fortunate for myself in not much beside honorable experience. Beginning as cashier in 1871, and taking up the duties of secretary and treasurer in 1877, other cares came to me,—a vice-presidency in 1885, and a rather responsible trusteeship in the same year. These and lighter positions in forty subordinate or branch companies came gradually in my way, until, in April, 1888, I was taken from them all, upset by an injury which, if previous circumstances had been more kind, might have done me no lasting harm.

Between the years 1877 and 1888, the company, by devolving on me duties which had been performed by others, affected a direct saving in salaries of one hundred and twelve thousand two hundred and fifty dollars,—a sum which a receiver or member of a reorganizing committee would regard as moderate compensation and consolation for a year or two of personal service.

The receipts and disbursements during my seventeen years with the Union Pacific treasury amounted to \$247,815,531.49; there were also issues of bonds, and a handling and re-handling of such securities as collateral for loans and otherwise, to a vast amount, all without error. It is probable that I should have been held accountable for any accidental or other loss in the office, but there was none. My salary afforded me a surplus over expenses in seventeen years of rather more than seventeen thousand dollars, about half as much as one of our hereditary directors squeezed out of the company as boot in an exchange of two varieties of Kansas Pacific bonds one day in September, 1880,—a fulfilment of an unwary agreement (which the treasurer did not make) but, fortunately, after 1873, my income from investments exceeded my earnings.

Not many men whom the world calls in any degree famous had occasion to visit the Union Pacific office in Boston. I remember seeing as callers in the ordinary business way James G. Blaine, William D. Howells, Sir John Rose, Samuel F. Smith, author of "My country, 't is of thee," George F. Hoar, Henry Wilson, and Henry Cabot Lodge; Henry Ward Beecher once just looked inside the door. William M. Evarts came in on one occasion with Sidney Bartlett, the last named being the company's counsel and the most interesting gentleman whom I knew in Boston,—in the practice of law up to near the age of ninety years. Gen. E. T. Alexander, who was chief of artillery in Lee's army at Gettysburg, was for a time one of our government directors. He told me that if the rebels had been pursued vigorously just after that battle their army could have been destroyed. James F. Wilson, of Iowa, and Marcus A. Hanna, of Ohio, were at different times among the government directors. Levi P. Morton was some time a company director; so were Andrew Carnegie, of Pennsylvania, and Cornelius S. Bushnell, of New Haven, Conn. Bushnell was a big, bold personage, breezy in his manners—no man more so. He was the builder of the

original "Monitor," and when that strange vessel fought the "Merrimack" in Hampton Roads, she was actually the property of Mr. Bushnell and John A. Griswold, of Troy, N. Y., for she had not then been accepted by the government. Months before that event it was Mr. Bushnell's bold advocacy of Ericsson's plans that prevailed with President Lincoln, and afterward with the navy department, so that the construction of the "cheese-box on a raft" was undertaken.

Among other widely-known men of finance not hereinbefore mentioned who in later times (1875-1887) held directorship in the company were Russell Sage, James R. Keene, David Dows, Augustus Schell, George M. Pullman, George G. Haven, Colgate Hoyt, and James H. Banker. Joseph Richardson, the builder of the "Spite House" in New York, was another. He was so careless in his dress and appearance that once when he came, at an unusually early hour, to attend a directors' meeting at the Boston office, the young man in charge of the premises, mistaking him for an idle loafer, ordered him to clear out, at which Richardson was greatly amused, and he was afterward fond of telling about the circumstance.

There are people who think that all the

officers of a great corporation may, by the help of superior information, invariably make a great deal of money buying and selling its securities in the stock market. Without undertaking to speak for anybody else, I am quite sure that no other set of people suffered so much by the decline in value of Union Pacific shares, which began about 1884, as did the Union Pacific directors themselves. Samuel J. Tilden, too, although not a director, was then a large shareholder, and was represented in the board by Andrew J. Green, who had been controller of the city of New York, and was skilled in financial affairs. Mr. Tilden was himself accounted a pretty shrewd man, but I do not see how he can have lost less than half a million dollars, for he had ten thousand shares, which cost him a round million.

One day there came to our office a young lady seeking a situation as a shorthand writer. She was accompanied by her father. Both were dressed like people of a by-gone period, and looked exactly as if they had just stepped out of a gallery of portraits by Gainsborough and Romney. She was allowed to make trial of her skill in taking down some sentences of speech, and scored a failure. Be-

ing told as gently as possible that our work was probably too difficult for her until she should have had further instruction and practice, her father arose, and in the grand manner put his daughter's arm under his own, said something about his roof being glad to give her shelter, and they both retired in a stately way, as if the whole affair had been a scene in a comedy. It would have been exceedingly funny, if I had been sure it was not pathetic.

There was once in the Equitable building a remarkable escape from death. For a time a restaurant was kept on the loftiest floor, where the windows commanded a fine view of the harbor and in summer the air was cool. A young lady and gentleman, with a child, came there to dine. In the upper hallway the little one escaped their care for a moment, and ran through the balusters of the stair-rail, which were set wide apart. This was on the eighth or ninth floor, and there was a sheer drop in the stair-well to a marble pavement about one hundred and twenty feet below. A startling shriek went through the building when the mother saw what had happened. If the child's guardian angel was off duty for an instant, she got back in time. The little one went off the

floor with forward impetus sufficient to carry it across the stair-well when it had fallen three flights, and then it struck so nicely balanced on the sloping stair-rail that the inclination of the rail slid it in on to the stairs, where a girl who was washing the steps caught it up, apparently not much hurt.

The richest men whom I have known were not the most contented. One day an individual, possessor of many millions of property, so anxious for an increase that he afterward left Boston, where all his wealth had been acquired, and went to a distant city, where he could escape taxation on personal estate, came to the Union Pacific office with an eager face, called out one of the directors, and besought to be put in the way of making a little money. When he had gone, the gentleman with whom he had been speaking said, "Of all the fools in the world, the biggest are retired Boston merchants." He had himself been a Boston importer of East India goods.

It is quite true that some people were continually fooling our resident directors. One such scarcely ever came to Boston without fleecing them. He induced them in 1876 to put a million dollars into a Jersey City

oil refinery which the Standard Oil Company raked in at one handful. Another very common fellow from the West worked several schemes. He was in politics, mining, and other transactions. In April, 1877, representing that he was to cut a big figure in public life, get elected governor of his state, buy a newspaper, and be a great and good friend to the Union Pacific Company, the directors gave him a moderate fortune out of our treasury, namely, \$35,000 in the bonds of a certain Western county ; but it all amounted to nothing. This did not deter them from buying of him later four hundred bonds and some stock in a mining and tunnel company which were of not much account. The worthless Nevada Central Railway was also foisted on to them, or rather on to the company, in some curious way ; but when Alexander Graham Bell offered them as individuals original stock in his telephone patent, they witnessed his experiments, and declared the invention to be a very interesting thing, but without commercial value.

Some accomplished liars visited our cash room—brakemen detained in the East until their money was gone ; clerks who had smoothed a mother's dying pillow and spent

their last cent; farmers returning from the old country and landed accidentally in Boston instead of New York; women who had pursued eloping sisters to the edge of the ocean—all wanted moneyed help back to the Union Pacific country, and all proved to be arrant rogues.

The State Street people transacted their affairs with our office, and entrusted it with their property, in a confident and most gratifying way. It seems a curious happening, but when I had left the office on the evening of April 4, 1888, little suspecting it to be for the last time, on the way to the railroad station I was overtaken by a Devonshire Street banker, who said, in casual conversation, "I have had a great amount of business with your office, and it has all been done right." This was an agreeable incident to reflect upon in the weary months of disability that followed. I had held the place longer than any other occupant of it.

These Recollections do not connect themselves closely with Concord after the year 1871. The writing them has given me a winter's occupation and amusement. They may have little worth; but if years hence a

copy shall remain on some neglected book-shelf, I hope it will have gained local value and some flavor imparted by antiquity, like a cask of *vin ordinaire* long forgotten in some cool cellar.

Summing up now the sixty years: These experiences with fishermen, printers, soldiers, Union Pacific millionaires, and all sorts of people, bid me say that the conclusion to which I am brought is, that of all personal possessions Christian character is the best.

CONCORD, July 10, 1891.





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