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The Smith
&
Walkers of Peterborough,
EXETER, AND SPRINGFIELD.

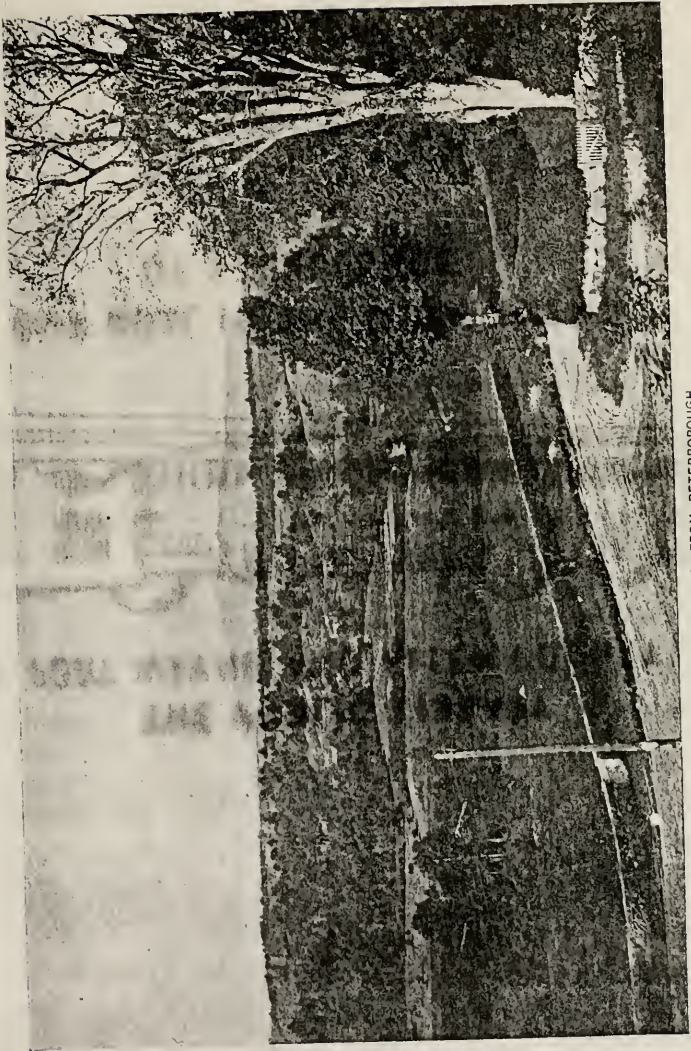


Ravine and Cascade, Peterborough.

in
New Hampshire

Concord, October, 1899

1862788



MONADNOC, FROM PETERBOROUGH

THE SMITHS AND WALKERS OF PETERBOROUGH, EXETER,
AND SPRINGFIELD.

By F. B. Sanborn.

WILLIAM SMITH, of Mon-
eymar, in northern Ire-
land, on his father's side
Scotch, and English by
his mother, emigrated to New Hamp-
shire with the Scotch-Irish who set-
tled Derry and Londonderry, Nut-
field (now Manchester), and the
Monadnoc townships, round the
mountain of that name. He was
in Peterborough (named for the gal-
lant earl of that century) before
1750, and there married, December
31, 1751, Elizabeth Morison, grand-
daughter of Samuel Morison and
Margaret Wallace (of Sir William
Wallace's race), who had suffered in
the famous siege of Derry. Eliza-
beth herself was born in Londou-
derry, N. H. She inherited and
transmitted from her mother, accord-
ing to family tradition, "all the wit
and smartness of the Morisons and
Smiths." Her most illustrious son,
Jeremiah Smith, son of William, was
born in a log house, near the present
Smith homestead (which was built
in 1770), Nov. 29, 1759; he was one
of a large family, very few of whose
descendants now remain in Peter-
borough, which they almost founded,
and long controlled, or shared its
control. His elder brother, James
Smith, of Cavendish, Vt., was the
father of Sarah, who married James
Walker, Esq., of Rindge, and was
the favorite niece of Judge Smith;

a younger brother, Samuel Smith,
built the first factory in Peter-
borough, and drew down the scat-
tered village from the hilltops to the
lovely valley where it now nestles,
around the windings of its two
rivers.

Jeremiah, who lived to be called
"the handsomest old man and the
wittiest wise man" in New Hamp-
shire, was early designated for a stu-
dious and distinguished career.
Without neglecting the rude labors
of his father's great farm, he read
and remembered everything that
came in his way. At twelve, when
he "could reap as much rye in a
day as a man," he began to study
Latin with an Irish hedge-school-
master; at seventeen he entered
Harvard college, but was drawn
away for two months to fight under
Stark at Bennington. His captain,
Stephen Parker of New Ipswich, the
next hilltown, on the morning of the
fight ordered the lad upon some duty
that appeared to be safe, not wishing
to have his neighbor's boy killed in
his first campaign. But when the
battle was hot, and Stark was charg-
ing the Hessian intrenchments, Cap-
tain Parker saw Jerry Smith by his
side. "What are you here for?"
"Oh, sir, I thought I ought to follow
my captain." His gun was disabled
by a British bullet; he caught
another from a dying comrade, and

fought on till night; and then helped guard the Hessian prisoners in the Bennington church. Remaining at Cambridge two years, he was so little pleased with his instruction under Dr. Langdon (a wise scholar, but with no gift for managing a college), that he migrated to Rutgers college in New Jersey, and there

brilliant young Hamilton, to whose party in Congress he finally attached himself, when sent from the Hillsborough district in 1790 to represent New Hampshire at Philadelphia, where Washington was then carrying on the government. In the interval between 1781 and his congressional life he had studied law at



The Smith Homestead, Peterborough.

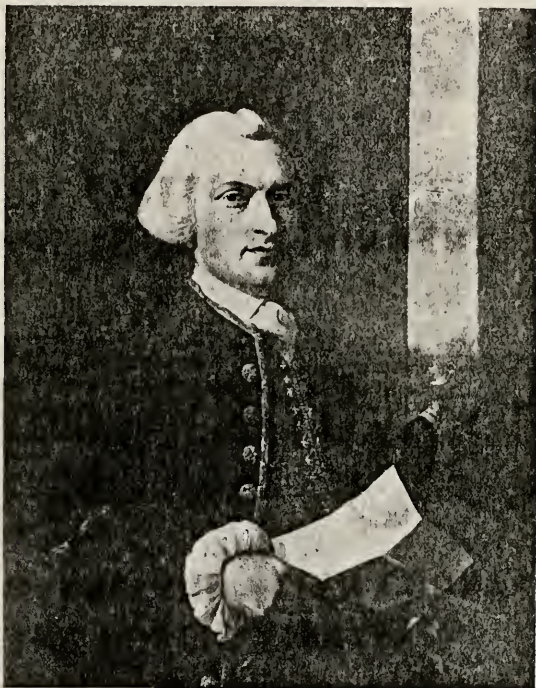
graduated in 1780, about the time (August 30), that Dr. Langdon withdrew from his thankless labors to the little parish of Hampton Falls, where he spent the last seventeen years of his worthy life.

Leaving college in debt, Smith remained at home for two years, and in that time, while driving cattle for Washington's army to Peekskill, he there met for the first time, the

Barnstable and Salem, had private pupils, taught in a young ladies' school, and in Andover had among his pupils Dr. Abbot, afterwards of Exeter, and Josiah Quincy; been admitted to the bar at Amherst, N. H., in 1786, against the wish of Joshua Atherton, grandfather of the democratic senator, and for three years, 1788-'90, represented his native town in the state legislature

at Concord. Such rapid promotion for so young a man—he was not quite thirty-one when chosen to Congress—would have been remarkable, had he not been well known and won the confidence of his townsmen and constituents by his integ-

At the age of thirty, then (June 17, 1790), Smith was a member of the legislature for the third time, and was to conduct an impeachment against Hon. Woodbury Langdon, one of the handsomest and ablest men of the time in New Hampshire,



Judge Woodbury Langdon.

rity, wit, eloquence, and good looks; the last a thing never to be despised in the contention for popular honors. It was this confidence which caused him to be chosen for the prosecution of his old college president's cousin, the elegant and influential brother of Gov. John Langdon of Portsmouth.

and then a justice of the highest court. Of Judge Langdon's character, William Plumer, afterwards United States senator and governor, has given a varying opinion, but at the impeachment, he favored the accused, and voted against it. Four years earlier, Plumer made this con-

tribution to Judge Langdon's biography, which, in its main facts, was probably correct :

" In the commencement of the Revolution, Woodbury Langdon, Esq., was a Tory ; one of the five who signed a protest against the war. In 1775 he embarked for England, and was often closeted by the British minister. On his return to New York he was well accommodated in a British frigate. At New York the British imprisoned him ; but it is now understood that it was done to produce an opinion here that he was friendly to our Revolution. His principles are formed by his interest, and his conduct has changed with the times. He has been both Whig and Tory ; when he became a Whig, he inveighed with bitterness against the Tories. He is certainly a man of strong mental powers, of a clear, discriminating mind. He is naturally arbitrary, and has strong prejudices. His sense of what is right, and his pride, form a greater security for his good behavior, than his love of virtue."

In 1790, Mr. Plumer, perhaps from a closer knowledge of Langdon, thought better of him, and disliked the impeachment, which he thus characterized :

" Articles of impeachment were exhibited against Woodbury Langdon for his not attending the superior court in three counties, particularizing Cheshire. Previous to this, long and fruitless, though virulent, attempts had been made to remove him from office, unheard, and without notice, by an address of both houses to the President and council. The resolve to impeach passed the house by a small majority. The articles, after much debate, were molded into form, and carried to the senate who had resolved themselves into a court of impeachment, to meet July 28, 1790, at Exeter, for trial. . . . I have lately paid Mr. Langdon a visit. His intuitive genius enabled him to give a more accurate account of the proceedings of the legislature at their last session, than nine tenths of the members present are able to do. He appeared to have a perfect knowledge of the part each member acted respecting the address and impeachment ; the cunning and duplicity of Sherburne was insufficient to veil his conduct from the discerning eye of the judge. The more I see and know of Langdon, the more I admire his wit, penetration, judgment, and decision ; few men exceed him. If he considers an object worthy of his attention, he

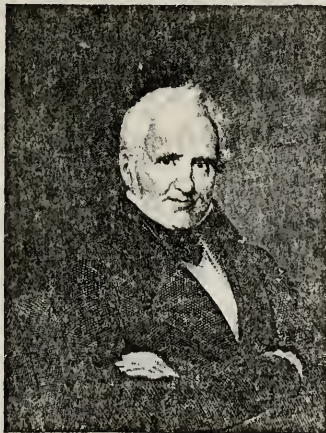
pursues it with such unremitting attention as seldom fails of success. Those who have the best means of information, and are accustomed to think for themselves, are not satisfied with the impeachment ; they consider it as flowing from motives not honorable."

The associates of Smith in the conduct of this impeachment were Edward St. Loe Livermore and William Page ; they went before the New Hampshire senate, January 28, 1791, prepared to prosecute the offender, who was not present, and therefore was not arraigned. The elaborate speech of Smith was probably not delivered ; it contained the substance of the charges, expressed with some wit, and is worth citing, in part :

" A judge must disengage himself from all other business and employment, and devote himself to the duties of his office. There is a dictum in one of the books of reports, which, I suppose, will pass for very good law in this court, 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,' you cannot be a judge and a merchant. 'T is easy to guess, in this contest, which will get the mastery ; if we look into the book of human nature, we shall find it written in very legible characters (Page 1) that interest will prevail ; and that our judge will be more solicitous about fitting out his brig, than about settling a knotty point of law. He will be too apt to be disposing of a cargo, when he should be dispensing justice. One end of legal decision is to satisfy the parties ; but the parties never will be satisfied unless their cause has been coolly, deliberately, and fully heard. This a judge will never do, if he is entangled with private affairs ; the parties think, and have been heard to say, that when the Honorable Judge Langdon's brig goes to sea, he will be more at leisure. . . . If the brig sails, or arrives, in term-time, the inhabitants of Cheshire and Grafton need not expect to see the honorable judge. These are facts I do not mean to exaggerate."

The truth was that Woodbury Langdon, like his brother, the illustrious patriot, John Langdon, who was so many times governor of New Hampshire, was a prosperous merchant, owning and sailing vessels

from Portsmouth, and had more regard to his own ventures, at times, than to the public convenience. But he was a fair judge, notwithstanding, and was not to be discredited by a conviction and dismissal from office. He had just been appointed by Washington as federal commissioner of accounts, at Philadelphia, by reason of his acquaintance with financial affairs, and he sent in his



Judge Jeremiah Smith.

resignation as judge in New Hampshire before his opponents could try him. Accordingly, late in January, 1791, Mr. Livermore, one of the managers of impeachment, offered, in the House at Concord, of which he and Smith were members, this vote, which passed :

"Resolved, That the Managers appointed by and in behalf of the House of Representatives to manage the impeachment exhibited by this House against Woodbury Langdon, Esq., be instructed to enter a *nolle prosequi* to said impeachment."

The Senate, meanwhile, which was

to try the impeachment, had been thinking better of it, and on the 17th of February, 1791, informed the house that "Ebenezer Smith, senior senator in the chair, and Nathaniel Peabody, Ebenezer Webster" (father of Daniel), "John Bell, Amos Sheppard, Peter Green, Nathaniel Rogers, Sandford Kingsbury, and Joseph Cilley, Esqs., being present" (nine senators out of twelve), "when the Senate for a moment reflect that the full force of a resolve or address, if carried into execution, can operate no further than to effect a removal from office; and that Mr. Langdon hath accepted of an important appointment under the authority of the United States, which renders it inconvenient for him to execute, and highly improper that he should any longer hold said office as a justice of the superior court; and that Mr. Langdon, impressed with these sentiments, or some other motives, hath, by a letter of the 17th of January, actually resigned said office,—the Senate, taking all circumstances into consideration, unanimously voted, That it is not their duty to concur with the honorable House in their resolve or address asking for Mr. Langdon's removal."

Commenting upon this whole affair, Plumer, in a letter to Judge Langdon, said (March 26, 1791), "Thus ended this mighty fuss,—disgraceful to the state, and vexatious to you. John Sam Sherburne, who last summer considered the prosecution as a popular measure, has lately been more cautious; in the house he has voted with your friends, though he has manifested too much indifference to be considered as one of them. George

Gains has been friendly, and did everything a man of his feeble intellect was able to do. George Wentworth, your other Portsmouth representative, always voted with us, and that was as much as he was capable of doing. Col. William Page and James McGregor were the most bitter and persecuting; they dealt in slander and calumny, both in public and private. The President (Josiah Bartlett) was in favor of the impeachment, but opposed to the address of removal. Nathaniel Rogers was zealous for you. Had the trial proceeded, some of the senators would have voted against you. Christopher Toppan (of Hampton), Nathan Hoit, and Bradbury Cilley were active in your favor. Timothy Farrar is appointed your successor. I do not know him, but from his character he will be judicious and useful."

Judge Smith long outlived Judge Langdon, who was more than twenty years older, and who died in 1805. After three congressional terms of two years each, and one session of a fourth, Smith, who had married in Maryland Miss Eliza Ross, daughter of Mrs. Ariana (Brice) Ross, of Bladensburg, at the end of his third term, and visited Washington at Mt. Vernon, removed with his bride to Exeter, N. H., where much correspondence was had as to what house he should occupy. Writing to his friend Smith, January 12, 1797, William Plumer of Epping said:

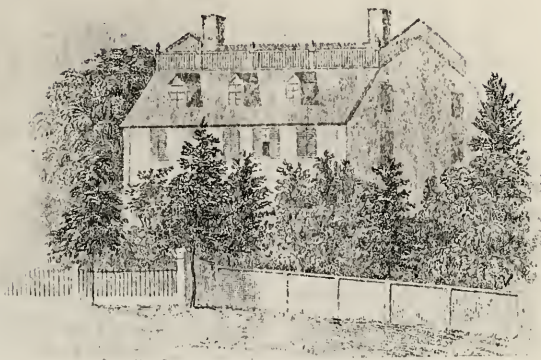
"Yesterday I was at Exeter, and conversed with Parker, Peabody, Conner, etc., upon procuring a house for you. The mansion-house of the late General Folsom, with eight or ten acres of land, may be rented for \$135 per annum. The house in which Dudley Odlin

lived may be had cheaper; 'tis about 80 rods west of Lamson's tavern, a pleasant, healthy situation. It needs considerable repairs, but may be purchased cheap; the governor (Gilman) has the care of it. The houses in which Conner and young Odiorne lived may be had on reasonable terms; they are west of Emery's office, but I think they would not suit you."

In a letter to Miss Ross, a month before the wedding, Smith said, "My correspondent at Exeter has just written me that we can have a house, which he thinks will answer our purpose, for \$40 a year. From the price I conclude it must be a very ordinary house; but perhaps it will serve our purpose for a year or two, till we can accommodate ourselves better, either in buying or hiring."

He failed to get the Folsom "mansion," and yet did not content himself for a dozen years with so cheap a house as he thus mentioned. Finally, in 1809, after holding the important offices of district attorney, United States circuit judge, judge of probate for Rockingham, and chief justice of New Hampshire (1802 to 1809), he purchased the fine estate, a little west of the village, on the road from Exeter to Epping and Nottingham, which is associated with him in the recollections of his friends.

The house, a large and substantial one, built by a Captain Giddings and represented in the next view, was much improved by the judge, and beautified by trees and gardens, while a magnificent wood of primitive pines, oaks, and maples covered the rear of his farm of 150 acres. He first occupied this during his single year as governor, when he defeated the brother of his predecessor on the bench, the impeached Judge Langdon, by the small ma-



Exeter House of Judge Smith.

jority of 369; but in the following years he was defeated by Governor Langdon with majorities of 1,157 in 1810, and 3,045 in 1811. These increasing negatives were hints to Judge Smith that he should withdraw from politics, and he devoted himself afterwards to the law, to literature, and to the social and family affections, by which he is now best remembered.

His eldest child, Ariana Smith, was the charm of his Exeter home, and the unqualified delight of her father and friends. Born December 28, 1797, and dying of consumption, June 20, 1829; she was of a gentle and accomplished nature, as unusual as her name then was in New England. She had inherited that from a Bohemian branch of her grandmother's family, the Brices of Maryland; and her cousin, Mrs. James Walker of Peterborough, who was with Ariana Smith in her last illness, gave this cherished name to her own daughter born in the following

November. Something of the same character must have gone with the name from the description which Dr. Morison, the cousin and biographer of Judge Smith, gives of this ever-lamented daughter:

"Existence was to Ariana Smith a continual romance. Her personal appearance was peculiar to herself,—a clear, white complexion, contrasting with her long black hair and eyelashes,—large, blue eyes, looking out with animation from a countenance always calm, indicating both excitement and repose,—all were such as belonged to no one else. She laughed, wept, studied, went through the routine of household cares,—was not without some portion of feminine vanity,—loved attention, and was not indifferent to dress,—and yet she was like no one else. Her voice, subdued and passionless, contrasted singularly with the fervor of her words. Her enthusiasm might have betrayed her into indiscretion, but for her prudent self-control; and her rare good sense might have made her seem commonplace but for her enthusiasm. She had a feminine high-mindedness. She was equally at home among different classes of people; with the most eminent she betrayed no consciousness of self-distrust, and with the humblest no pride or condescension. Her cook she regarded not merely as a faithful servant, but as a sister; the poor student, unformed, bashful, and desponding, soon felt at ease with her, looked with more respect on himself, and began to feel new powers and hopes. The charity which thinketh no evil was not in her so much a cherished principle, as an original endowment; disturbed sometimes by momentary jealousies and rivalries, by wrongs received or witnessed, but quickly recovering itself, and going cheerfully along its pleasant path."



An American Portia.

In the absence of any adequate portrait of this lady, or of her elder cousin, Mrs. Sarah Walker, I have found, among the types of English beauty and grace, a face and presence which recalls both to my fancy,—the lady of whom Charles Howard wrote these verses :

Here is there more than merely common spell
Of rosy lips and tresses darkly streaming ;
O thou, by fairy Nature gifted well,
What is it in thy picture sets me dreaming ?
Thee, fair as Portia in her beauty's prime,
And true, or Beauty's smile hath lost its
meaning,
Thee may Regret, that sullen child of Time,
Pass, as she goes her sad tear-harvest gleaming !

Surviving his wife and all the children of his first marriage, Judge Smith married again at the age of seventy-two; and this second Mrs. Smith, mother of Judge Jeremiah Smith, now a law professor in Harvard University (born in 1837), kept up the hospitality of the Exeter home, and, after her husband's death in September, 1842, of the still larger estate in Lee, N. H., where many friends will remember visiting her. During her residence in Exeter, which the Smiths left in the spring of 1842, the

Walkers of Peterborough, to be near their kinsman, Judge Smith, and the youths, James and George Walker, there fitting for college, took a house not far from the Judge's, where they lived two years. Mrs. Sarah Walker, born at Cavendish, Vt., in 1795, and married to James Walker in 1819, was, as Dr. Morison says, "A woman greatly beloved by all who knew her. There was no one out of his immediate family to whom Judge Smith was more tenderly attached. They died of the same disease, and within a few weeks of each other." Writing to her from Virginia in 1836, he said, "You were always dear, and now, in the midst of the Alleghanies, are dearer than ever. The higher we ascend, the better we love one another. So be it, for this is the greatest earthly good." Writing to another niece, Ellen Smith, in 1839, he said, "Have you heard that your friend, Miss A., is going to instruct in an academy at W.? and it is said the situation was procured for her by Mrs. Walker. Is there to be no end to the good deeds of that woman?" She was indeed one who lived for the

good of others, and whom those who knew her could not praise enough; as her husband said, "Everybody in Peterborough loved her, and most of them were under some obligation to her." Few of her letters have been preserved; but her daughter cherished the last she received, on her birthday in 1841:

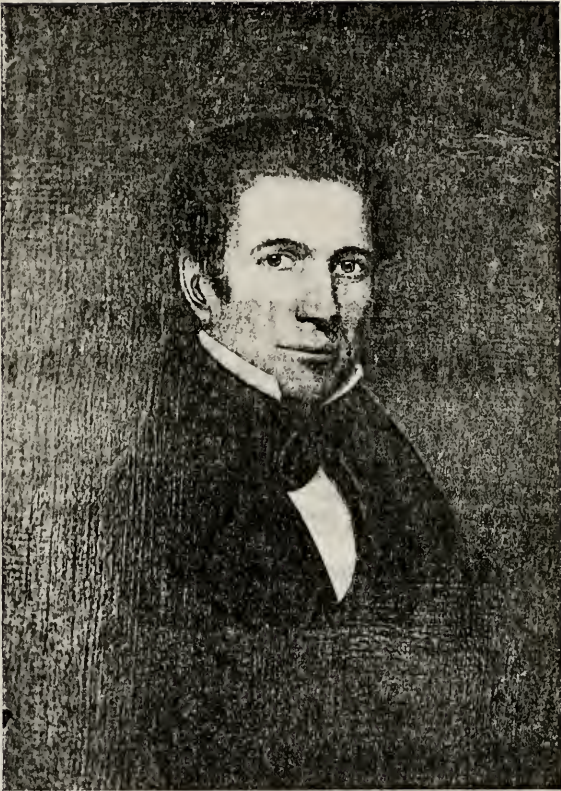
"MY DEAR ARIANA: Twelve years ago this very evening I first pressed you to my bosom, fervently thanking that Good Being who, in answer to my prayers, had given me a daughter. O, I shall never forget the joy which filled my heart when your happy brothers first greeted their little sister, how their eyes glistened with joy and love when they were permitted to take you in their arms! Your father, too, looked with delight upon his infant daughter; I believe he nursed you more than both your brothers. I was feeble during your first year, and very often went to bed too weary to sleep, but your smiles paid for all; and I looked forward to the time when you would be my companion, friend, and helper.

"The world was bright to me then, but sorrow came. My poor mother died; then my dear brother John, and to fill my cup of bitterness, my darling James was taken from me.¹ Can you wonder that I am changed? Oh, no! But though our kind Father in Heaven has seen fit to afflict me, He has not left me comfortless. Though he has taken one dear child from me, two others, equally dear, are yet spared to bless and comfort me.

¹ In August, 1840.



Exeter Street in 1838.



JAMES WALKER, ESQUIRE

"O, my dear Ariana, if you knew how very anxious I am to see you grow up a good and useful woman, you would, from this time forward, try to amend every fault, and, by a careful attention to the happiness of others, secure your own.

"[Peterborough] Nov. 8th [1841], 11 o'clock, Eve."

Mrs. Walker died the next year; Ariana being then at school in

father (born in 1784, died Dec. 31, 1854), was a native of Rindge, and a first cousin of Dr. James Walker, president of Harvard university, and of Dr. W. J. Walker of Charlestown, Mass., a distinguished physician, whose bequests have enriched Amherst college. The father, grandfather, and uncles of Mr. Walker



Birthplace of George and Anna Walker.

Keene. She was of the warm-hearted, musical, sympathetic Scotch-Irish race, akin to the Smiths, Morrises, Wilsons, Moores, etc., of that stock. Her brother, William Smith, I knew in later years, the kindest, most amiable of men, born and living in Cavendish.

James Smith Walker, oldest child of James Walker, died while in Yale college, at the age of nineteen. His

were soldiers or officers in the Revolution; he was a student in Dartmouth college along with Daniel Webster, graduating in 1804, two years after Webster. He chose law for his profession, and settled in Peterborough about 1814.

A brother, Rev. Charles Walker, was for years a Congregationalist minister in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, dying in Groton,

Mass., in 1847. 'Squire Walker, as he was generally termed, soon acquired the confidence of the people of his native region, as Judge Smith had done, though a very different man, with few popular qualities. His innate justice, sterling integrity, and firm opinions won respect, and his management of causes and of property entrusted to him made him successful in his profession. His marriage with Sarah this house his two younger children, George and Anna, were born, and from it they tripped, hand in hand, to the foot of the hill, near the mansion of Samuel Smith, the Judge's manufacturing brother, to attend the private school of Miss Abby Abbot (now Mrs. H. Wood). She was a niece of the village pastor, Dr. Abiel Abbot (born 1765, died 1859), whose lovely garden and orchard, by the riverside, overseen by the belfry of



Dr. Abbot's Orchard.

Smith, whose uncles and cousins were the leading men in Peterborough, gave him social standing, and his simple way of life suited the habits of that town of "plain living and high thinking." In his early married life he occupied one of the older houses of the present village,—the Carter house, on the steep hillside overlooking the Contoocook from the northeast, and commanding that noble prospect of Monadnoc which (with a slight variation for the point of view), appears in our engraving. In the church where he ministered so long, appears in our engraving. This was the noontime playground of Anna and her cousin, Abbot Smith, who lived with his grandfather Abbot, and from this hill town went to Exeter, Harvard, and the Divinity School before taking pastoral charge of a church at Arlington, where he died. The two cousins studied and read French and German together in later years, but in the decade from 1832 to 1842 were learning the English branches, under the direction of that

famous Abbot family, who all seem to have been destined for the education of the young. Dr. A. Abbot was a first cousin of Dr. B. Abbot, for fifty years the head of Exeter academy, where, among his later pupils, were James and George Walker,¹ as among his earlier were Webster and General Cass. It was Dr. Abbot of Peterborough, then preaching at Coventry in Connecticut, who persuaded Jared Sparks, the future historian, but then a carpenter in Mr. Abbot's parish, to go to the school at Exeter; and he carried the young man's box, slung under his parson's chaise, to the academy, while Sparks went on foot the whole way. This was in 1809, and Abiel Abbot was on his way then to visit his brother, Rev. Jacob Abbot (also a good teacher), who had succeeded President Langdon in the parsonage of Hampton Falls in 1798. Miss Abbot, the teacher of the Walker, Smith, and Abbot children at Peterborough, was the daughter of Jacob Abbot, and the elder sister of Miss Mary Anne Toppan Abbot, who became the second wife of James Walker.

It was this intermarriage between the Abbot and Walker families that gave me the privilege of my first acquaintance with Ariana Walker. Her stepmother had a sister, Mrs. Porter Cram, married in her father's old parish of Hampton Falls, and the eldest daughters of that family became the dear friends of Ariana, who often visited them, as well as her friends at Exeter and Lee, sometimes spending weeks in the quiet rural scenery of the Hamptons, which she had loved when a child at Exeter.

In the winter of 1849-'50, Miss Cram (now Mrs. S. H. Folsom of Winchester, Mass.) had visited Peterborough, and told her friend, always interested in poetry and romance, about a boy-poet at Hampton Falls—a school-mate of hers,—giving some samples of his verses at the age of seventeen. Miss Walker, then just twenty, took a deep interest in this youth from his verse and prose, and in the following summer, returning her friend's visit, she expressed a wish to see him. The two sat and looked at each other across the little church (July 22, 1850), and Miss Walker wrote on her fan the favorable comment she wished to make for the friend beside her. The youth of eighteen was no less affected at this lovely vision, and the next evening called on Miss Walker at the ancient farmhouse where she lived.

As it happens, I know exactly, from Anna's own pen, what was her attire when I first saw her, at church in Hampton Falls, in her white bonnet, and the same evening in her "pink barège." Writing to her stepmother from Springfield in June (1850) she said,—

"I have two new dresses,—a morning dress and a *pink barège*! The latter is very *pretty*; I am doubtful if it will be becoming,—but *no matter*. My bonnet is a French lace, trimmed with a white watered ribbon; in the inside a 'ruche' of white lace, dotted with blue, and with blue strings. So you have me,—dress, bonnet, and all."

(Later.) "Do you care about the *vanities*? and would you like to know of *my dress* at Mrs. Day's party, where I had a pleasant evening? I wore my pink dress, made low in the neck,

¹ James entered at Exeter in 1833, and George in 1836, both at the age of 12.



Yours truly
Anna Walker

with a lace jacket coming close up to the throat,—short sleeves, with *short* undersleeves of lace, made like a baby's,—white gloves and my 'wedding' shoes." (That is, the shoes she had worn at her brother's wedding, the previous November.) "I had white and scarlet flowers in my hair, and a beautiful bouquet on my arm. They *say* I looked my *very* prettiest,—which isn't saying much; and even I agree that the pink dress is decidedly becoming,—which Sarah Walker considers a 'little triumph' for her. So much, Mother dear, for the onward, which Father may pass over if he pleases."

I saw her in the pink, without the flowers and the white slippers, and soon after in blue, which she more commonly wore, and with which she is most associated in my memory.

The date was July, 1850. The impression on both our hearts was instantaneous, and never effaced; it led to memorable conversations in the summer evenings, and two weeks later to the remarkable analysis of a nature not easy to read, and which only time could unfold to the general comprehension, or even to the youth himself; but which was strangely open to the sibylline insight of this fascinating person.



F. B. Sanborn at Twenty-one.

THE CHARACTER OF F. B. S. AT EIGHTEEN.

Mind analytic, the intellect predominating and governing the heart; feelings do not often obtain the mastery. Intellect calm and searching, with a keen insight, equally open to merits and demerits. Much practical ability and coolness of judgment. He is unsparingly just to his own thought, and is not easily moved therefrom. With great imagination he is not at all a dreamer, or if he is ever so, his dreams are not *enervating* and he has power to make them realities. He is vigorous, healthy, strong. *Calmness* of feeling as well as of thought, is a large element in his nature; but there is fire under the ice, which, if it should be reached, would flame forth with great power and intensity. Imagination rich and vivid, yet he is somewhat *cold*; wants hope, is too apt to look on the dark side of things.

Has great pride. It is one of the strongest elements of his character. Values highly inde-

pendence, and thinks himself *capable* of standing alone, and as it were *apart* from all others; yet in his inmost soul he would be glad of some *authority* upon which to lean, and is influenced more than he is aware by those whose opinions he respects. There is much religion in him. He despises empty forms without the spirit, but has large reverence for things truly *revereccable*.

He is severe, but not more so with others than with himself: yet he *likes* many, *endures* most, and is at war with few. His feelings are not easily moved, *loves* few—perhaps *none* with *enthusiasm*. He is too proud to be vain, yet will have much to stimulate vanity. He fancies himself indifferent to praise or blame, but is much less so than he imagines. He is open, and yet reserved; in showing his treasures he knows where to stop, and with all his frankness there is still much which he reveals to none.

Has much *intellectual* enthusiasm. Loves wit, and is often witty; has much humor too,

sees quickly the ludicrous side of things, and though he wants hope is seldom sad or desponding. Has many noble aspirations yet unsatisfied. Still seeking, seeking, groping in the dark. He wants a *definite* end for which to strive *heartily*; then his success would be *SURE*. Much executive power, executes better than he plans.

Loves the beautiful in all things. He has much originality; his thoughts and tastes are peculiarly his own. Is impatient of wrong, and almost equally so of *inability*. Is gentle in spite of a certain coldness about him; has strong passions in spite of his *general* calmness of intellect and affection. A nature not likely to find rest, struggle is its native element; wants a *steady* aim, *must* work, standing still is impossible; but he must have a *great* motive for which to strive.

Aug. 5th, 1850.

Many contradictions in this analysis, but not *more* than there are in the character itself.

This forecast of character was made after several long conversations, of which Anna (we soon got beyond the formality of titles) preserved a record in her journal, for she had formed the journalizing habit in childhood, and had it confirmed by the fashion of the day, among her Boston friends. Of our first evening (July 23), she wrote:

"F. stayed until eleven, and yet I was neither weary nor sleepy, but rather refreshed and invigorated. He excused himself for staying so late, but said the time had passed rapidly. Cate seemed very much surprised that he had spoken so freely to a stranger; I think he himself will wonder at it. The conversation covered so many subjects that I could not help laughing on looking back upon it; he might have discovered the great fault of my mind, a want of method in my thoughts, as clearly as I saw his to be a want of hope. But talking with a new person is to me like going for the first time into a gallery of pictures. We wander from one painting to another, wishing to see all, lest something finest should escape us, and in truth seeing no one perfectly and appreciatingly. Only after many visits and long familiarity can we learn which are really the best, most suggestive and most full of meaning; and then it is before two or three that one passes the hours. So we wander at first from one topic of conversation to another, until we find which are those reaching farthest and

deepest, and then it is these of which we talk most. My interest in Frank S. is peculiar; it is his intellectual and spiritual nature, and not *himself* that I feel so much drawn to. I can't say it rightly in words, but I never was so strongly interested in one where the feeling was so little *personal*."

It is not only at locksmiths that Love laughs; he has an especial and intimate smile for the disguises which affection assumes in the minds of the young. From those happy evenings the future of the new friend occupied that gentle heart more than all other interests. She thought and planned for him wisely, and with the tact and generosity of which she alone had the secret; while his affection for her easily persuaded him to adopt the course of study and of life which she suggested. Their correspondence continued when she went onward to her friend, Miss Ednah Littlehale (Mrs. E. D. Cheney), at Gloucester and Boston, and it was at Ednah's convalescence from a severe illness, that the declaration of youthful love found her, in her friend's apartment.

So early and so bold an avowal fixed the fate of both; they could never afterward be other than lovers, however much the wisdom of the world pleaded against a relation closer than friendship. But the world must not know the footing upon which they stood; even the father and brother must imagine it a close friendship, such as her expansive nature was so apt to form, and so faithful to maintain. One family in Hampton Falls and one friend in Boston were to be cognizant of the truth; and it was not clear, for years, to the self-sacrificing good sense of the maiden, what her ultimate answer to the world might be. Hence misunderstandings and remonstrances from



Peterborough in 1854.

those naturally dear to her, but not the dearest; and on her part the most complete and unselfish devotion to the lover who would not renounce her, when she set before him illness, and the sacrifice of worldly success as the dower she must bring him. She had been suddenly attacked, in March, 1846, with a painful and ill-understood lameuess, which kept her for years from walking freely, and was accompanied by nervous attacks which often seemed to threaten her life. This affliction had interrupted her education, and made her more dependant on the service of others than her high spirit could always endure; it also drew forth from her brother George, five years older than herself, a tender regard and constant care which, since the death of her mother, before she was thirteen,

had inspired the most ardent sisterly affection. Her need of love was enhanced by her limitations of health, and these also tended to develop in her character that patient sweetness which her portrait so well presents. Yet all this made it more difficult for her to decide the issue of betrothal and marriage.

After nearly four years of this pleasing pain of the heart,—this striving to satisfy every claim of love and duty,—when betrothal had been publicly declared, and marriage was only waiting upon time, she thus gave her allegory of the past and the future of our relation to each other:

THE STORY OF THE BOY AND HIS PIPE.

“In a lonely valley among the hills, where there were but few people, lived a beautiful boy; he tended his father's sheep among the



The "Little Lake Near By."

hills, and labored for him in the fields. These people led very simple lives, and the boy had only one treasure, which he loved above all other things,—a sort of pipe, curiously carved with beautiful figures, and furnished with many silver keys. When he was a babe at his mother's breast, an angel had one day come and laid this pipe in his cradle, and from that time he had kept it constantly near him. While he was a child he loved it because of its silver keys, which shone so bright in the sunshine, and seemed to light up all the room, and for the many curious figures carved upon it, among which he was always finding something new and wonderful. But, as he grew older, he discovered that by breathing into this pipe he could produce strange and sweet sounds,—sweeter and more beautiful than any he had ever heard, even from the birds who sang in the forests among the hills. When he had made this discovery, he said nothing of it to any one, but took his pipe up into the most distant hills, where he kept his father's sheep, or out into the far-off fields, and there played over and over again these notes which had so much delighted him, adding new ones thereto, until at last he could play many most sweet strains of music, which he now perceived lay hidden in the pipe the angel had brought him. At first, and for a long time, he did this only when among the distant hills, or far off from all neighborhood of men, but gradually, as he became more confident in his own skill, and more accustomed to the music which he made, he used to play more openly, wherever he

might chance to be, and especially at evening, sitting before his father's cottage, or, still oftener, by the shores of a little lake near by, on whose banks grew many flowering shrubs and waving trees, and which bore white water-lilies upon its bosom.

"Here he would often sit and play until late in the night, and all who heard his music loved it, and praised him much for the skill which brought it forth out of this little wooden pipe. To them it was neither beautiful nor wonderful, and not different from any common shepherd's pipe, except for its silver keys. But one day as he sat playing among the hills a bird stopped to hear him, and when he had ended she said: 'Who gave thee thy pipe and taught thee how to play upon it?' 'When I was a child,' he answered, 'an angel brought it and laid it in my cradle, and I have taught myself to play on it.' Then the bird said, shaking its head wisely, 'What thou playest is indeed very sweet and pleasant to hear, but there is far nobler music hidden in thy pipe, and thou canst not find it until thou hast learnt the use of all the keys.' So saying, the little bird flew away. The boy looked at his pipe and was sorrowful, for there were many keys which he knew not how to use, nor could he discover, though he tried often and often and played more than ever before in his life. And at times all the sweet strains he had prized so much before became as nothing to him, so much did he long for the nobler music concealed in his pipe, which he could not draw forth.

"Filled with these thoughts, he went one

evening down to the shores of the small lake, and sat there dejectedly, leaning his head on his hand, with his pipe lying silent by his side. When the flowers saw him so sad, they were grieved in heart, and said to him, 'Why art thou sad; and why dost thou no longer play as thou hast been used to do, coming down to us?' But he said, 'I do not care to night to play upon my pipe, for I know there is far sweeter and nobler music hidden in it, and I cannot find it because I know not the use of all the keys. Why should I dishonor it by playing so imperfectly on it?'

"Then the flowers all spoke to him, comforting him, and some praised the music he had made, and 'did not believe there could be any so much sweeter hidden in the pipe; and they spoke so flatteringly of what he had done, and so lauded his skill, that he might well have been in some danger of forgetting (for a time, at least) all that the little bird had told him of the nobler music he had yet to learn. But when there was a silence, a little reed that grew close down to the waterside, and bore pale white flowers, some of whose leaves were torn or broken by the wind, began to speak. 'Yes,' she said, 'it is true that thou playest very sweetly, and we have all loved to hear thee, and have kept the tones in our hearts; but it is also true that far nobler and sweeter music is hidden in thy pipe. And since the angel of God has entrusted it to thee, thou canst not find rest in thy soul until thou hast learned the use of all the silver keys, and can call forth all the hidden power of melody which is shut up within it.' This she said in a quiet, calm voice; and when she had ended the boy raised his head from his hands. 'Thou art right,' he said, 'I believe that thou art right; but how shall I find a way to do this?' 'To him whose will is fixed,' answered the flower, 'there is always a way; but listen, and I will tell thee. I am only a little reed, but I know some things which are hidden from thee, and that which I know I will tell thee. Bid farewell to thy father and thy mother, take thy pipe in hand and follow the little path which leads southward out of the valley, over a high mountain. Beyond that mountain is a country very different from this, where many people dwell together, and among them thou wilt find some who will teach thee the use of the silver keys; but the hidden music thou must find thyself, for this pipe is thine own, and thou only canst play upon it. Be faithful and brave, and all shall be well with thee!'

"Then the boy's face flushed with feeling, and his eyes gleamed. 'All that thou hast said to me I will do,' he said, and rising, walked with firm steps to his home. When morning had come, he bade farewell to his father and

mother, and, taking his pipe in his hand, prepared to set out on his journey. But first he went down again to the shores of the little lake, and said, 'I will take with me at the beginning some flower which I will wear in my bosom all the way, to keep me from the evil;' and, bending down to the little reed, he said, 'Wilt thou go with me and guard me from the evil? I will shelter thee in my bosom from every storm, and will cherish thee most tenderly.' Then the little reed trembled as if a sudden wind had shaken her, and drops like dew stood in her eyes. 'Wouldst thou indeed take me with thee?' she said, in a voice made sweet by some inward emotion. 'In the country to which thou art going thou wilt find many beautiful flowers; I am only a pale reed, bent by the wind and rain.' But he said, 'I will have none but thee.' 'I will go with thee,' she said, bowing her head, 'but thou shalt not wear me in thy bosom, but shalt carry me in thy hand; only so will I go.' 'If I do not wear thee in my bosom, how can I shelter thee from the storms and the fierce wind?' nevertheless, it shall be as thou wilt,' and, stooping, he gathered the little, pale blossoms, and, taking them in his hand, he set out on his journey.



The Contocook in Peterborough.



The "Little Wood Opposite."

"When he was come to the top of the mountain, he saw below him, as the little reed had said, a new and strange country where dwelt many people; and as he went on his way, or when he rested for a time, as he often did, dwelling in many towns and cities, he found those who knew the use of some of the silver keys, and so learned more and more of the hidden music shut up in the heart of the pipe. His own heart was glad within him, and he rejoiced daily. Wherever he went, and in whatsoever place he dwelt, he kept his little reed always with him, carrying it when possible in his hand, and when it was not, laying it tenderly aside in some place where he could return to it again when his task was ended. But one day, as he walked holding it fast, there came a sudden fierce wind, and bent the frail flower, and had nearly broken it from its stem. Instinctively he put it in his bosom then, and shielded it from the storm. And he said, while he mourned for its pain, 'Why wilt thou not let me shelter thee thus in my bosom? only so can I shield thee from the fierce wind and the rain; and if thou refuse me, I will tell thee this surely,—that I will wear no other flower upon my breast all my life through.' But she answered, 'I am bent and faded, and the little beauty which I had at the beginning is gone from me; if thou shouldst now wear me in thy bosom, I should be no ornament, but the con-

trary. And how can I suffer thee to do as thou sayest? Lay me, rather, softly aside in some quiet place, where thou wilt come sometimes to see me; and take some other flower to wear.' 'No,' he said, 'I will have none but thee,—and softly kissing the leaves of the pale flower, he placed it in his bosom. So when the storms came he sheltered it, and guarded it from the chill and the heat, and preserved it from harm.

"And as he walked, he met one Mr. Worldly-wise (he who in former times talked with Christian by the way), who said to him, 'Why dost thou wear that little faded weed in thy bosom? I tell thee plainly, friend, it will greatly hinder thy success in the world, and will do thee much harm; take my advice and throw it away from thee, now while it is yet time!' Then he answered,—'I will not part with my little reed,—no, not for all which thou couldst give me, were thy power ten times greater than it is. Did she not show me the way at the beginning, and teach me how to find out the music that was hidden in this pipe, which the angel of God entrusted to my keeping?' Then he took his pipe and played gloriously; and as he played, the pale leaves of the flower shone as with a soft light, and the radiance fell down on the path before his feet. So they journeyed on together, but I saw not for how long, nor whether it was into joy or pain."

Harken to you pine warbler
 Singing aloft in the tree!
 Hearst thou, O traveler,
 What he singeth to me?
 Not unless God made sharp thine ear
 With sorrow such as mine,
 Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
 Its heavy tale divine.

The touching parable was written in April, 1854, at Springfield, where she is buried beside her brother George; we were married in Peterborough, the 23d of August following, in near anticipation of her death, which came August 31, 1854. Just four months after, in the same house, her father died.

It was this house, in Grove street, with its "little wood opposite" upon which her windows looked out, which is associated with her in my memory, and that of her surviving sister and her friends,—now alas! but few, out of the many who rejoiced

in her companionship half a century ago. The engraving shows it much as it then was,—one of two houses built by McKean, a skilful carpenter, about 1844, and both now owned by the Livingston family. But when we visited the Walkers there, it had a green bank sloping down to the river, unobstructed by the railway and its apparatus; across the amber water was the flower-encircled cottage of Miss Putnam, the "Lady Bountiful" of the village then, who gave Putnam Park to the public, and preserved the fine trees on her terraced river-bank. On the opposite side from this west front was the garden,—small but neatly kept, and blooming in the season with Anna's favorite roses; while the pine trees overhung the narrow street, and waved a sober welcome



Residence of Anna Walker, Grove Street.

to their lover in the house, who could never have enough of gazing at them and the sky above, or of walking in their alleys, whatever the season. Her best-loved walk was up along the mill-stream, through what is now the park, to the little foot-bridge, commanding a romantic view of the waterfall and the forest-circled pool, shown in the engraving. How she idealized the pine may be seen in her early poem, long since printed, but here copied.

In looking over the journal of a friend, Miss A. C., she found and copied some verses on the pine tree; she writes (September 7, 1848): "I also had a thought of the pine tree, and, poor as it is, I will write that here also. It stood looking up into the sky, as if saying,—

"Upward and ever upward,
While the storms pass me by,—
Up through the lightning flashes
Longingly look I."

Yet when the storm-wind bloweth,
Gentle Pine Tree,
Downward thine arms in protection
Leanest thou o'er me.

"Upward and ever upward,
While the sun rideth on high,
Fearing not his bold glances,
Longingly look I."

Yet when the sun's glance is boldest,
Gentle Pine Tree,
Downward thy poor child to shelter
Leanest thou to me.

This thought of the down-leaning of the trees is often with me, and it always gives me loving strength."

Many descriptive sketches of the scenery in Peterborough are found in her letters and journals; but I will only quote here those which picture the Contoocook river from her orchard-bank, looking across towards Miss Putnam's cottage; and

the glen and forest leading up to the waterfall of the Nubanusit ("little waters" in the Indian's musical speech). They are from her unfinished romance of "Alice Easterly," written at the age of twenty:

"A March night. Dark and wild, not a single star in the clouded heavens, nothing but the impenetrable gloom. I like such nights, especially when there is this life-full murmur in the air, which makes me constantly long for the overwhelming tumult it seems to portend. I will go out into this mystery. . . I went down to the willow tree, all there was wildly beautiful. The wind blew so that I could scarcely stand, and the willow bent beneath it until it touched the black waters at its feet. The river rolled on sluggishly, not noisily, calm, because it was too much swollen for foam or ripple. I clung to the old elm on its bank, and looked down into the depths. I was perfectly, exultingly happy, and yet felt as if I should like to throw myself into the waves, that I might never wake out of that feeling. The distant clock in the village sounded twelve, and I hastened back to my room."

"May 7. I went out to-day into the deep, pine woods, striving to escape from the world, perhaps from myself. I lay down in the depths of the wood's heart, and looked up into the thick branches of the shadowing trees. Not one of your clear, mild days, but a fine mingling of storm and sunshine which did my heart good. Everything in the Dingle was finer than I had ever seen it, the little brook now dashing and foaming over its rocks, now stopping to rest and curdle in the hollows, and then on, on, on, wild, free, glorions. I rose and clambered up the rocks, with an ease that astonished and delighted me, higher, higher, higher yet, until I stood on the very summit. That was truly fine, the torrent beneath me, half-hidden by a veil of mist and vapor, which a sudden gleam of sunshine changed to gold; the dark shadows on the distant mountains, and changing and beautiful clouds above. Nature in her freest, her loveliest forms! again the feeling of overwhelming life! . . . After a time, a storm seemed gathering upon the mountains, and I descended into the ravine; it came on so fiercely that by the time I reached the bottom, the rain was falling in torrents, and thunder rattled fearfully in the narrow gorge. The tempest came, swift, terrible, rejoicing in its strength. The lightning flashed through the gloom of the ravine, and the thunder echoed with almost deafening roar. Suddenly it ceased raining, and then the clearing



Ravine and Cascade, Peterborough.

away of the mists was glorious. The little brook, swelled by the storm, changed the aspect of its beauty. It tumbled now over the stones without pausing, yielding to no obstinate rocks or hollows, but sweeping over them with a deep, resistless force. There was less of foam and spray, but a blue mist enveloped its course, and rendered it almost invisible from above. . . . When the tumult was over, I threw down my book and pencils, and, resting my head upon the soft, cool turf, lay watching the changing, beautiful clouds, and listening to the song of the waterfall, with a sort of dreamy pleasure which does not will itself into words."

James Walker had come to Peterborough in 1814, married in 1819, had two sons born in 1820 and 1824; in 1826 was active in the formation of a Unitarian religious society, which, in 1827, invited Dr. Abbot to be its pastor, in the present church, which was dedicated in February, 1826, with a sermon by Dr. Walker of Charlestown, Mass., afterwards

president of Harvard,—a first cousin of James Walker. In 1833 he was active, along with J. H. Steele, afterwards governor, and Dr. Abbot, in forming a town library, believed to be the oldest free municipal library in the world. From 1828 Mr. Walker was town treasurer four years, and again five years, beginning in 1843; he was in the state legislature in 1833-'34 and 1844.

These public trusts show how he was regarded by his neighbors. His son George, graduating, like his father, at Dartmouth, but studying law at Harvard, held more and higher offices in Massachusetts and in Europe. He began active law practice in Chicopee in 1846, and was counsel for the Cabot Bank, from which John Brown, not yet a soldier in the army of the Lord, bor-

rowed the money to carry on the large business of a wool merchant in Springfield, where he then lived. George Walker removed to that city in 1849, the year of his marriage with Sarah Bliss, only daughter of George Bliss, a prominent citizen of western Massachusetts, and much

In 1858 he became one of the staff of Governor Banks, was afterwards in the Massachusetts Senate, and before the Civil War was appointed bank commissioner of Massachusetts, an office which he held for years. In 1865 he was sent abroad by Governor Andrew on a financial mis-



George Walker in Paris.

connected with the extension of railroads from Boston westward. Mr. Walker entered actively into politics on the Whig side, but when that party died in 1855, he became one of the early Republicans, and was chairman of the Hampden county committee which raised funds in 1856 for aiding the freedom of Kansas.

—being reckoned one of the persons best acquainted with the theory of finance—and was for many years afterward concerned in large banking and telegraphic business, which caused him to remove from Springfield to New York.

In 1880 he was appointed consul-general of the United States at Paris,

where he remained seven years in office, returning to America in 1887, to establish himself in law practice at Washington, but died there in March, 1888, after a short illness. He is buried in the lovely cemetery of Springfield, which he was active in laying out and adorning, and where his wife and infant children, and his sister Ariana, are also buried. None of his family, or of his wife's family, now live in Springfield; their graves and their memory alone remain there; and the same is true of the Walkers in Peterborough and the Smiths (of this branch) in Exeter. James Walker, with his two wives and his infant daughter Edith, are buried at Peterborough; his youngest daughter and only surviving child, Martha Cotton Walker, now Mrs. Walter McDaniels, lives in Lowell, Mass. It is seldom that families, so conspicuous in three New England towns as these three, so entirely pass away from all, in less than sixty years.

In the graces and affections of domestic life, none of those here commemorated excelled George Walker, and few have left a dearer memory. From earliest years he was distinguished, like his mother and sisters, for tender and helpful sympathy with those related to him, and for courtesy and kindness to all. His relation to his sister Anna, after the death of their mother, and in the feeble health and engrossing occupations of their father, was peculiarly admirable and devoted; and when she found herself more closely bound to another, this new tie was not allowed to weaken the fraternal affection. He adopted the youth who had so unexpectedly become dear,

as a younger brother; and his delicate generosity in circumstances which often produce estrangement was never forgotten by those who experienced it. In his public life he was the same considerate and high-minded gentleman; not regardless of the advantages which social position and moderate wealth give, but ever ready to share his blessings, instead of engrossing all within reach to himself and his circle. Without the commanding talents or decisive character which make men illustrious, and secure unchanging worldly fortune, he had, as Channing said of Henry Thoreau, "what is better,—the old Roman belief that there is more in this life than applause and the best seat at the dinner-table,—to have moments to spare to thought and imagination, and to those who need you."

As for that gentle, self-forgetting and inspiring Person whom I of all men have the best reason to remember, and whose long-vanished life has been here recalled, what can be said worthy of her memory? Something of her will be learned from that graceful portrait of her early womanhood; something, perchance from her words herein cited; but she was so much more than any one mood or aspect could imply, that the variety and vitality of her genius will hardly be suspected from its partial expression. As Chaucer says of his poet,

Certes, it was of herte all that she sung.

Affection and humility were her constant traits; they led her to undervalue that nature which none could regard without love and admiration; but along with them went a serene courage and a high spirit not always

known to dwell with humility. She claimed silently by her steady affection what she was apt to renounce by her magnanimity,—the devotion of hearts too much possessed with the magic of her vivacious thought and romantic sentiment ever to forget her. Needless, therefore, were her verses, addressed in moments of sadness to him who lived for nothing but her:

Oh, leave me not alone ! I cannot brook
 The winter winds, the cold and gloom of life;
 I need the sunlight of a loving look
 To shine amid the darkness and the strife.

Then leave me not alone ! some hope as fair
 As the pale windflower nestling in the shade,
 Shall live within my breast, and hiding there,
 Smile out for thee when brighter joys shall
 fade.

When the venerable Alcott, her friend and mine, was composing his Sonnets, in tender recollection and spiritual recognition of the companions of his life, young or old, he gave me the first two lines of the poem which follows, and desired me to complete it, in memory of her whom we had lost till the light of a fairer world should shine. With this shall the chapter be closed :

ARIANA SMITH WALKER.

Sweet saint ! whose rising dawned upon the sight
 Like fair Aurora chasing mists away ;
 Our ocean billows, and thy western height
 Gave back reflections of the tender ray,
 Sparkling and smiling as night turned to day ;
 Ah ! whither vanished that celestial light ?
 Suns rise and set ; Monadnoc's amethyst
 Year-long above the sullen cloud appears ;
 Daily the waves our summer strand have kist,
 But thou returnest not with days and years ;
 Or *is* it thine ? yon clear and beckoning star
 Seen o'er the hills that guarded once thy home ;
 Dost guide thy Friend's free steps, that widely roam,
 Toward that far country where his wishes are ?



WRHS



JUNE 75



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

