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THE
GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature, and State Progress.

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Edward G. Leach

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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EDWARD G. LEACH.

BY FRANK N. PARSONS.

Edward Giles Leach, the second son and only surviving child of Levi and Susan C. Leach, was born at Meredith, N. H., January 28, 1849. His parents are now living near their son at Franklin. His mother, the only daughter of the late Dr. John Sanborn, for fifty years in the practice of medicine at Meredith, and a leading physician of Belknap county, is the sister of Dr. J. H. Sanborn of Franklin, and the late Dr. Jesse A. Sanborn of Plymouth, two physicians well known throughout the state. Levi Leach, his father, a native of Bridgewater, Mass., coming to Meredith in 1845, occupied himself, until entering the army, as a teacher of vocal music and farmer. When, in the fall of 1862, the Twelfth N. H. Regiment was recruited, Company I was enlisted at Meredith in two days' time. Among the first to enlist were Levi Leach and his son, William S.,—the one beyond, the other below the age of enforced service. In fact, William was at the time only fifteen years of age. The younger son, Edward, was as ambitious to engage in the service of his country as his father and brother, and though only thirteen years of age, wished to enlist in some capacity. The wish and commands of his parents, and the needs of his mother, with the father and elder son away, compelled him to wait; but he determined to volunteer at the first moment his duty to his parents would permit, and anxiously awaited the return of his father. While his father was in the service, Edward, with his aged grandfather, the late Dr. John Sanborn, carried on the farm, the young boy holding the plough, and swinging the scythe with the strength and skill of a practiced hand.

Levi Leach, the father, was discharged from the army, in 1864, on account of wounds received at Gettysburg, but

his only brother, William, had died in the service from typhoid fever the February after his enlistment. Though the father had returned, he was enfeebled by wounds and disease, and the only remaining son was as urgently needed at home as before. While anxiously awaiting an opportunity to serve his country, he did not neglect his own education, and, in the fall of 1864, attended a private school at Meredith, but all the time worked before and after school-hours in a hosiery mill, boarding stockings. Although his father's health did not improve, the call of his country seemed to him louder than that of parental duty, and he determined to enlist, closed his connection with the school, and went to Laconia to join an artillery company then being organized at that place. But his mother, who had already given the life of her eldest son to his country as well as the health and strength of her husband, suspecting the purpose of her youngest, had made, through friends, such representations to the recruiting officers at Laconia that when Edward presented himself for enlistment he was rejected, though the true reason for his failure to be enrolled in the army was unknown to him until years afterwards. Both he and his brother early gave evidence of a devotion to study, and a determination to secure an education. Between him and his elder brother there existed the warmest affection, and as his brother was dying he called his uncle to him, and asked that what pay was due him from the government might be used to help his brother in obtaining an education.

Defeated in his attempt to enter the army, the young boy returned to his fixed plan of educating himself, and attended the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, at Tilton, and Kimball Union Academy, earning the means to pay his way by working in the hosiery mill at Meredith, and later by teaching school. He graduated at Meriden in 1867, and entered Dartmouth College that fall, graduating therefrom in 1871. During the summer vacations in college he served as clerk of the Crawford House, White Mountains, and the Memphremagog House, Newport, Vermont. In this way he earned enough to provide for his education, graduating substantially free of debt, with all his expenses met solely by his own exertions. In school and college he always took good rank, finding time, however, for his full share of the sports and amusements of school and college

life. Naturally, with the profession of his mother's father and brothers before him, we should expect him to have chosen the profession of medicine, but his business instincts and training demanded a more varied life, and he early determined to follow the law.

In the fall of 1871 he came to Franklin, and entered the law office of Barnard & Sanborn as a student, remaining until his admission to the bar, in 1874. The firm of Barnard & Sanborn was dissolved in 1873. Mr. Leach continued his studies with the senior member, Hon. Daniel Barnard, till admission to the bar. The quickness with which as a student he grasped the principles of the law, and the facility with which as a man of affairs he applied them in practice, is shown by the fact that, even as a student, he received from Mr. Barnard a liberal salary, and immediately upon his admission to the bar was received by him as partner on most favorable terms. The law partnership of Barnard & Leach continued till 1879, when Mr. Leach went to Concord, forming a law partnership with Henry W. Stevens, under the style of Leach & Stevens, which has continued to the present time, doing a large, varied, and lucrative business. The business training and habits, the knowledge of men and affairs gained by Mr. Leach in his unaided exertions to obtain his college and professional education, gave him upon his entrance to the practice of his profession many advantages over a mere student of books, and while devoting himself most zealously to the claims of his profession, he has found time to engage in and superintend many varied business interests. Although, since 1879, his law office has been at Concord, he has continued to reside at Franklin, and has been prominent in the affairs of the town. He served several years as one of the board of education, was active in forming the Franklin Building and Loan Association and the Franklin Board of Trade, and has been president of both since their organization. Mr. Leach took a very prominent part in the agitation in the town looking towards the establishment of a system of water-works, and after several years' discussion, induced largely by his efforts, the town voted to put them in. He was appointed one of the board of water commissioners, and has given to the work much time, labor, and thought.

The past season Mr. Leach organized a syndicate of

citizens, who purchased all the stock in the Franklin Falls Company owned outside of town. This company owned a vacant dam on the Winnipiseogee river, and about eight acres of land in the centre of the Falls village. The most of the stock was held in Boston by parties who were not willing to sell a part of the power, but would sell the whole. The dam was built some four years ago, but no use had been made of the power. By the purchase of the property by Franklin citizens, an opportunity is now offered for power whenever any one wishes to utilize it. The company has been to much expense in advertising, and has now negotiations under way with several parties, which will bring new industries to the town. Mr. Leach is the clerk and one of the directors of the company.

In 1878, Mr. Leach, with the late William M. Barnard, bought out the principal fire insurance business of the town, and has since carried on the same with William M., until his death; afterwards with Hon. Daniel and J. E. Barnard, Esq., as partners, under the firm name of Leach & Barnard, until the present year, when he bought the other interest, and now conducts the entire business himself. When, in 1885, the foreign insurance companies, upon the passage of the valued policy law, refused to do any insurance business in the state, Mr. Leach was most active in devising means to protect his clients in the insurance business, and assisted in the organization of several state fire insurance companies, with which he has ever since been connected. Of one of them, the Manufacturer's and Merchant's Mutual, he has been president since its organization, and to a large extent has shaped its policy and directed its management. Under his guidance this company has become the largest mutual fire insurance company in the state, has retained its business upon the return of the foreign companies, and has accumulated a surplus of about \$35,000, besides returning liberal dividends to its policy-holders. In many other commercial enterprises, Mr. Leach has been actively engaged, being clerk and director, or holding other official positions in various business corporations.

In religious matters Mr. Leach is of liberal views, and though not a member of any church has been, ever since its organization, a regular attendant upon the services of the Unitarian church at Franklin, and one of its most lib-

eral supporters. For ten years he has been clerk, and one of the trustees of the society.

He was married, Dec. 24, 1874, to Agnes A. Robinson, of Mechanic Falls, Me., a sister of a college classmate. She was a graduate of Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass., class of 1873. They have had two children, Eugene W., born August 4, 1877, Robert M., born April 2, 1879, now attending the public schools of Franklin. His domestic life is exceedingly pleasant. Mrs. Leach is an accomplished and cultivated lady, a devoted wife and mother. The boys are bright, winning, and capable.

In politics, Mr. Leach is an ardent, active Republican, ever ready to do his part for the success of the ticket, whether he is personally interested or not. He has been a member of the Republican state committee for the past twelve years. His name was brought forward by his friends two years ago, and again this year, for the position of chairman of the committee. While he was not a candidate, did not desire the position, and could not have accepted it without great sacrifice to his business interests, and absolutely refused to enter into any contest for the place, he would not have refused the call of his party had his services been demanded.

In 1880, Mr. Leach was elected solicitor for Merrimack county, and re-elected in 1882 by a largely increased plurality, though on both occasions a large part of the Democratic county ticket was elected.

In the town of Franklin a Democratic majority, varying from one hundred to two hundred and thirty, has rendered a position upon the Republican town ticket that of the leader of a forlorn hope. Mr. Leach has not refused to serve his party, and to lead them against such odds.

Though several times a candidate, and always running well ahead of his ticket, the large opposing majority has been too much for his personal popularity until the brilliant exploit of the present year. In the last election in Franklin, which resulted in a decrease of over two hundred in the Democratic majority in the town, the election of three Republican representatives, and wrested the control of the check-list from the party which had held it for seventeen years, Mr. Leach took a most active and efficient part. While so many of the Republicans of Franklin worked so

earnestly and enthusiastically to bring about this result that it would be invidious to ascribe their success to the work of any particular person, it is safe to say that without Mr. Leach's efforts and personal popularity the result could not have been attained.

As a lawyer, Mr. Leach is successful. Cases are not won at the present day by oratorical appeals to the feelings and passions of the tribunal, but by careful preparation, close attention to the facts and the law before, and clearness in presentation at the trial. In all this work of the lawyer of to-day Mr. Leach succeeds from the industry, application, and natural aptitude he brings to the work. As a speaker, he is ready, easy, clear, and fluent. The lawyers of to-day are not orators as those of a generation ago, because to-day it is work, not oratory, which tells.

Since Mr. Leach's election as representative, his name has been mentioned in connection with the speakership of the next house. Should he be chosen to that position, his legal knowledge and the administrative ability which he has shown in business affairs will furnish him an admirable equipment for the duties of the position.

OUR HILLS.

BY ELISABETH HUNT.

Salute, O monarchs hid in cloud,
Of whatsoever zone!
Our firs are not as others are,
Nor common is our stone.

Ineffable as fragrance, as
The bugle of the dawn,
As the happy noiseless weaving
Of the summer on the lawn.

The beauty of the holiness
Our Whittier did wing
Above our own illuméd hills,
Transforming everything.

Manchester, Nov. 8, 1892.

AN HISTORIC HILL.

BY CLARKSON DEARBORN.

Hampton Falls, incorporated as a town in 1712, was originally a part of Hampton, the Indian name of which was Winnicumett, and was first settled in 1633 by emigrants from the county of Norfolk, England.

Hampton is now a popular summer resort, and Hampton Beach is one of the oldest sea-shore watering-places on the coast, with its river and salt-marshes (the ever-productive hay fields of the industrious husbandman) made famous by the pen of Whittier :

“The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes
Of sandy gray.”

The “Falls,” from which the town derives its name, have been the site of several mills and various industries. The first mill was a grist mill, at that time one of the most important structures in an old New England town, and the miller was a personage of vital consequence to every family far and near. It was first owned by Christopher Hussey, an ancestor of the poet Whittier, and son-in-law of Rev. Stephen Bachelor, one of the first settlers of old Hampton. He was probably the first miller. From him it came into the possession of the noted Gen. Moulton, the bridegroom of the new wife in Whittier’s poem :

“Dark the halls and cold the feast,—
Gone the bridesmaids, gone the priest :
All is over,—all is done,
Twain of yesterday are one !
Blooming girl and manhood gray,
Autumn in the arms of May !”

About the year 1770 Nathaniel Hubbard Dodge purchased the mill, and built above it a saw and woolen mill, one of the first in the state. At that time Hampton Falls was the leading manufacturing town in New Hampshire. These mills have remained in the possession of the Dodge family down to the present time, and have been known as “Dodge’s Mills.”

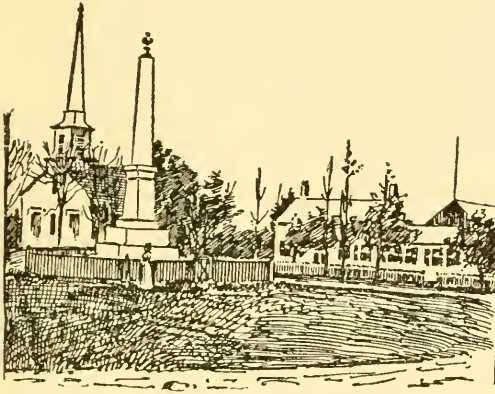
In 1847, the woolen mill, then used for the manufacture of cotton batting, was burned, and a new one was erected by Geo. H. Dodge, grandson of Nathaniel Hubbard Dodge. In 1872, a grist mill was built on the site of the old mill by Geo. D. Dodge, great-grandson of Nathaniel Hubbard Dodge. The old saw mill has long since passed away, and its usefulness has been superseded by the portable steam saw mill of modern times.

Above the mills is the pond, where succeeding generations have tried their skill in the finny game, and many a string of fish has been borne home in triumph by the young disciple of Walton. From the falls the river winds through the marshes, by the site of the birthplace of the first president of New Hampshire, to meet the inflowing tide of the salt sea, and forming a deep pool, a well known bathing-place for the small boy of the present day.

While other towns have grown and become more prominent in manufacturing industries, Hampton Falls still retains its prestige as one of the leading agricultural towns of the state, and its inhabitants for their skill and industry in tilling the soil. The names of Batchelder, Brown, Dodge, Healey, Janvrin, Sanborn, Wells, and Weare, are synonyms of thrift and wealth gathered from mother earth.

From an elevated plain, familiarly known as the "Hill," a beautiful and varied prospect meets the eye. On the north is the town of old Hampton, rich in historic interest; to the north and east the Isles of Shoals, looming up from the misty ocean, the beach with its hillocks of white sand, and the foaming breakers chasing each other to the shore; above all, the great head of the Boar, forever drinking of the salt spray; inland stretch the meadows, covered with stacks of hay like grim sentinels over the broad expanse, and the mouth of Hampton river shining like a sheet of silver in the setting sun. On the west are the green fields and fertile farms of Hampton Falls, extending over hill and dale until they are lost in the distance. On the south, in a beautiful valley skirting the ocean to the boundary of the state, lies the town of many brooks, once the home of Edward Gove, the fearless defender of popular rights in old colonial times, whose descendants, by a singular coincidence, became Friends and non-resistants, and worshipped

in the old Quaker meeting-house, not long since removed. On the hill, near the junction of four roads (on land donated by the town of Hampton Falls), stands a monument of fine Italian marble, erected by the state of New Hampshire in memory of her illustrious son, the first president of the state, on which is inscribed, with a laurel wreath and shield in relief, the following :



The Weare Monument.

Hon. Meshech Weare.
 Born in Hampton Falls
 Jan. 16th, 1713,
 Graduated at Harvard 1735,
 Speaker of the House of our Representatives 1752,
 President of N. H. from 1776 to 1784,
 at the same time Councilor for Rockingham.
 Chairman of the Committee of Safety,
 President of the Council
 and
 Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court.
 In public service 45 years.
 Died Jan. 14th, 1786.

Erected A. D. 1853,
 by the State of New Hampshire,
 to perpetuate the memory of her illustrious son,
 whose early efforts, sage counsel, and persevering labors
 contributed largely toward establishing his
 country's independence, and shaping the future destiny of
 his native state.

Meshech Weare was reared on a New England farm. His gymnasium was the broad fields and wooded hills of his father's estate, giving to him that physical culture which served him so well in after years. Educated at one of the best and oldest colleges in the colonies, his mind was trained for those perplexing duties which devolved

upon him for almost half a century. Of his personal appearance we have no portrait except that obtained from the recollections of his descendants. He is described as being six feet one inch in height, dark hair, with dark hazel eyes, and of commanding presence. But his character and patriotism are recorded in history, and stamped on the memory of a grateful people. We get some idea of his temperament and earnestness in a letter addressed to the Committee of Safety at Weare, in May, 1777, before the battle of Bennington, which is as follows :

State of } To Committee of Safety, May 8th, 1777.
New Hampshire. } To Maj. General Folsom.

By Several Intelligences and circumstances lately received there is Great Reason to Believe that the Enemies forces Will be Employed this Summer Against the New England States, and there is the Greatest Probability that Some of them will shortly be landed in this State—Therefore we are Directed Immediately to Send Orders to the Several Colonels in this State to Give Orders once more and Take The Strictest Care to see them fulfilled; that all the Men in their several Regiments be properly Equiped Ready To March at a Minutes Warning, both Alarm Lists and training Bands, and further Recommended to all Persons Capable of Bearing Arms Constantly to convey their fire Arms Ammunition and Accoutrements for War to the Place of Public Worship and all other places Where Their Business Leads them as much as they Can with any Degree of Convenience as we know not the Day or Hour when an attack may be made in our own borders, and as it is of the Greatest Importance to meet our Enemies before they have time to Get much footing and to Stop Those Infernal Traitors Among ourselves who may be Disposed to help Them.

M. WEARE, CHAIRMAN.

Of thoughtful mind and steady purpose, he combined those qualities of character so prominent in the life of the Father of his Country. During the trying times of the Revolution his advice and counsel were highly valued by Washington. Descended from a distinguished family, and aided by his wide experience as speaker of the assembly in 1752, delegate to the congress of the Six Nations, at Albany, in 1754, colonel of a New Hampshire regiment until the breaking out of the Revolution,—at which time, though comparatively an old man, he was called by the unanimous voice of the people to manage the most important affairs of state,—president of the Committee of Safety, chief-justice of New Hampshire in 1776, and first president of the state under the new constitution in 1784, he guided the ship of state through all the difficult and perplexing questions of settlement between New Hampshire

and the neighboring province of Vermont, on terms both equitable and advantageous to both; thus, although called to duty in his old age, he did not disappoint the confidence reposed in him, and filled the office of president until impaired health rendered it necessary for him to resign. He was succeeded by John Langdon in 1785.

Perhaps no two men of New Hampshire contributed more towards the final success of the struggle for liberty than Meshech Weare and John Langdon. While Stark was fighting and crippling the hosts of Burgoyne at Bennington, they, by their wise counsel, patriotic words, and by contributions from their own private property, Meshech Weare, the wealthy yeoman, and John Langdon, the princely merchant, encouraged the faltering minds of the people at home, and furnished the sinews of war, by means of which the independence of the colonies was finally established.

Near the monument is the old Weare mansion, built in 1735. It is an old-fashioned square house, with two massive chimneys, and, though somewhat modernized by a coat of white paint and other changes, still retains its dignified and antique appearance. In front stand four giant elms, one of which was transplanted by President Weare more than one hundred years ago. Here lived and died the first president of New Hampshire, and was buried in the old graveyard near his home, where a monument marks the spot in double honor to his memory.

On the hill where the monument now stands was built, in 1711, the first meeting-house in Hampton Falls. Its first three ministers lie buried side by side in the old graveyard where rest the bodies of Meshech Weare and his family. The first pastor was Theophilus Cotton, ordained January 2, 1712. On a tablet over his grave is this inscription:

“ Here lyes ye body of ye
 Rev. Mr. Theophilus Cotton, ye first
 Minister of ye Church at
 Hampton falls :
 Who after he had served God
 faithfully in his generation,
 Deceased aug. ye 16th, 1726,
 in ye 45th year of his age.

“ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

The second pastor was ordained January 4, 1727. His gravestone bears this inscription :

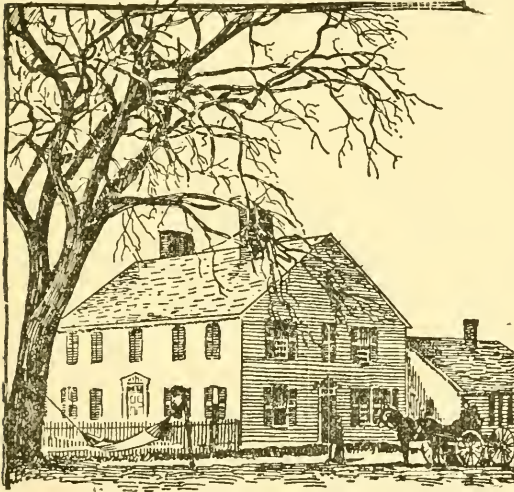
“ Here lies the body of the
Rev'd Mr. Joseph Whipple,
who having wisely and faithfully
discharged the pastoral office
in the Second Church in
Hampton,
Deceased Febr'y 17th 1757,
in the 56th year of his age.”

The third pastor was Josiah Bailey, ordained October 19, 1757. His gravestone bears this inscription :

“ Here are interred the
remains of the Rev'd Mr
Josiah Bailey, Who after
he had wisely discharged
the duties of his office for
the space of five years
was received into the joy
of his Lord, Sept 12th 1762
Ætatis 28.”

Paine Wingate, from Amesbury, Massachusetts, was ordained December 14, 1763, and resigned March 12, 1776, removing to Stratham, where he settled on a farm. He afterwards became prominent in state affairs, and was one of the first senators of the United States from New Hampshire. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in 1836, visited him. He was at that time the last surviving member of the first senate of the United States, and had dined with Washington on the day of his first inauguration, when our constitutional government was organized. Mr. Winthrop, in speaking of this visit on one occasion, narrates an interesting anecdote. He was at that time secretary of the committee of arrangements, and chief-marshal for the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College, and had made the journey to Stratham to secure the autograph of the oldest living alumnus of the college, Hon. Paine Wingate, of the class of 1759, who was then in his ninety-ninth year. “ He had asked me,” said Mr. Winthrop, “ to read over to him the names of his colleagues in the first senate of the United States. I read them to him accordingly. Rufus King and Robert Morris, Richard Henry Lee and Caleb Strong, Oliver Ellsworth and Ralph Izard, and all the rest, not forgetting

John Langdon, the colleague of Paine Wingate, who was president *pro tempore* of the first senate until John Adams was installed vice-president of the United States. There were but twenty-two senators in all, from only eleven states, North Carolina and Rhode Island having no senators as yet. I went through the whole list, and at the end of each name the old man repeated the name in a clear, ringing tone, and asked most eagerly, 'Where is he?' On my saying that he was dead, he exclaimed, 'Is he dead? And is he dead? And is he dead, too?' It had escaped his memory that he himself had long been the last survivor of that first senate of the United States, and I can remember but few things in my life more impressive than the hollow and sepulchral tones of Paine Wingate's voice, as he repeated, 'Is he dead? And is he dead? And is he



The Wells Tavern.

dead, too?' after each name of his old colleagues. They were as pathetic and as dramatic as the exclamations of Philoctetes on being told successively of the deaths of Achilles and Ajax and Patroclus, in the great tragedy of Sophocles."

Dr. Sam'l Langdon, a native of Boston, and former president of Harvard College,

was installed over this church in Hampton Falls in 1781, and spent the remainder of his days there. Thus this spot is made historic for being the site of the first church, over which so many eminent divines presided; and, finally, the location of a monument to the memory of an illustrious man and patriot.

The road over the hill, from Newburyport to Portsmouth, has been the route of many distinguished men. On Dec.

13, 1774, Paul Revere took his first public ride. The Boston Committee of Safety, having just learned of the British order that no military stores should be exported to America, sent Paul Revere on a fleet horse to Portsmouth, to inform the committee there of the news. Measures were at once taken, under the direction of Major John Sullivan and Capt. John Langdon, to secure the stores at Fort William and Mary, at Newcastle, which was successfully accomplished, and the powder there obtained did good service at the battle of Bunker Hill. In 1789, Gen. Washington passed over this road in his own private carriage, on his way to Portsmouth, escorted by Gen. Sullivan, governor of the state, and four companies of light horse.



Elmfield.

President Monroe also passed over this road in 1817; and in 1824, on Wednesday, Sept. 1, Lafayette made his flying eastern visit, and returned o'er the same road on the same day, about midnight. This road has since been called the "Lafayette road." On this

road, not far from the monument, is the old "Wells Tavern," built by a Mr. Wells in 1808, which was a noted hostlery in the days of the old stage-coach. This location has been occupied by an inn for nearly two hundred years. Here once stood the "Sanborn Inn," where the state legislature met, in 1737, to settle the boundary between New Hampshire and Massachusetts. In the hall of the Wells tavern Daniel Webster once made a legal plea. This house, now occupied by a Mr. Lovering, has recently been made more interesting and memorable as the place where Whittier dined while resting at Elmfield.

South of the wayside inn stands a giant elm, which was set out, in 1732, by Mrs. Benjamin Sweet, assisted by her little daughter Sarah. This tree, in May, 1843,

measured fourteen feet in circumference at a distance of seven feet from the base; the latest measurement shows an increase of four feet. Just below, shaded by this majestic tree and others nearly as large, is an ancient house, built in 1786, the homestead of the Wells family, and now known as "Elmfield," overlooking the marshes and valleys below, owned and occupied by a descendant of Mr. Wells, Miss S. A. Gove, whose guest the poet Whittier was amid the scenes of his earlier poems; and this house becomes the scene of the latest memorable event on this historic ground, and future generations will point to the spot where the sweet poet of New England died. Here he wrote the poem to his beloved friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, on his eighty-third birthday, and also the little verse for the *Boston Journal*, on the 26th of August, which was destined to be his last, and published in that paper on the 26th:

"DR. HOLMES.

"Beloved physician of an age of ail,
When grave prescriptions fail,
Thy songs have cheer and healing for us all,
As David's had for Saul."

ALEXANDER SCAMMELL.

BY HON. CHARLES R. MORRISON.

"Scammell! Scammell!" said Gen. Pierce, with peculiar emphasis, in the first public address which I heard from him, and that nearly fifty years ago. This name, with other of New Hampshire's officers who had distinguished themselves, was often heard till a much later period. At our return from the funeral of Chief-Justice Bell, who was an antiquarian, the late Judge Asa Fowler alluded to Lafayette's visit at Concord, in June, 1825, and to the sentiment which he himself heard and remembered ever after, though but a boy at the time.

Lafayette, from first to last, was not with the French auxiliaries, but with the American army. August 7, 1780, Washington placed him in command of a special corps of light infantry. Enoch Poor, whose reputation was well established, at Lafayette's request was given command of a brigade in the corps, which place he held until his death,

in September, 1781, from wounds received in a duel with a French officer. In announcing his death, Gen. Washington declared him to be "an officer of distinguished merit, who, as a citizen and a soldier, had every claim to the esteem of his country." Some time before the battle of Yorktown, Scammell, who desired an active command, was given command of one of the chosen regiments under Lafayette. He died of wounds received at that battle.

At the banquet given in honor of Lafayette, in front of the New Hampshire state house, in June, 1825, more than two hundred Revolutionary officers and soldiers were present; he was called upon by a gray-haired veteran for a sentiment. Lifting his glass to his lips, and after a few explanatory words, he gave,—“Light Infantry Poor, and Yorktown Scammell.”

This incident, which was omitted from the interesting sketch in the GRANITE MONTHLY, September number, 1892, of Scammell, I have thought should be remembered.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

The clock strikes twelve! Comrades, arise,
 Fill up each glass and drink with me;
 E'en while I speak the old year dies,—
 Here's to his sacred memory.
 He brought us cares, he brought gray hairs,
 Smiles, tears, and joy and sorrow;
 But drifting snow shall ebb and flow
 Across his grave to-morrow;
 And as we bring our cups in line,
 Our teardrops mingle with the wine.

Fill up your glasses once again,—
 Here's to the new year! Oh, may he
 Be brightest in the radiant train
 Of golden years that are to be!
 May Justice reign, and Freedom gain
 Some genius-crowned defender;
 May Art advance, and Truth's keen lance
 Strike down the vain pretender;
 May Wisdom's sun diffuse its light,
 And bigots hide like birds of night!

ABBY HUTCHINSON PATTON.

BY P. B. COGSWELL.

On Thanksgiving-day evening, November 24, 1892, Abby Hutchinson Patton, the last survivor but one of the renowned Hutchinson family of singers, died at her home in New York city, of apoplexy. She was stricken with the fatal disease on November 13, and only for a brief day regained her power of speech afterwards. She passed away as quietly as the twilight of a June day fades into the shades of night, and lo! her friends were left alone.

Mrs. Patton had recently returned to her city home from a prolonged visit among the hills and valleys, mountains and lakes of the "Old Granite State," which she loved devotedly. Never did the scenery of our good old state impress her more than during her last visit to New Hampshire, and to her old home in Milford. It was her good fortune to visit Sunapee and Winnipiseogee lakes on beautiful August days, and they left a sweet benediction with her, which continued to the end. No artist ever discerned the beautiful in nature more quickly than did Mrs. Patton, or was ever more enchanted with it. Henceforth Lake Sunapee and Lake Winnipiseogee will possess added interest to the friends who were her fellow-voyagers on those days.

Abby Hutchinson Patton was born in Milford, August 29, 1829, and was the youngest of the family of sixteen children of Jesse and Mary Leavitt Hutchinson. She was a natural singer in a remarkable musical family that acquired a high reputation as singers a half century ago. In 1841, at the age of twelve years, she started out on concert tours with her brothers Judson, John, and Asa, as the fourth member of the famous quartette which N. P. Willis felicitously described as "a nest of brothers with a sister in it." They appeared at anti-slavery meetings, temperance and other reform meetings, as well as in concerts, and added much to the interest of such gatherings by their stirring humanitarian and patriotic songs. When such orators as Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison were disturbed by mobocratic outbursts, the sweet rendering of "Pity, Kind Gentlemen," or "The Slave's Appeal," by Abby Hutchinson, would quiet the stormy feeling.

The concert tours of the Hutchinson family extended not only through New England, but to New York and other states, in the years preceding 1845. In 1844 they made the tour of the White Mountains, and on that occasion gladdened the heart of Nathaniel Peabody Rogers by entering his native town of Plymouth singing Felicia Hemans's "Song of Spring":

" I come, I come, ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with joy and song."

In 1845 the Hutchinsons visited Great Britain, where they were well received in society, as well as in the concert-room. They were entertained by Charles Dickens, William and Mary Howitt, Harriet Martineau, and many other persons distinguished in literary and reform circles. Abby's rendering of Tennyson's "May Queen" was received with great favor wherever they appeared. After returning home, the family continued their concerts for several years, and sang their way into the hearts of the people.

In 1849 Abby Hutchinson was married to Mr. Ludlow Patton, a banker and broker, and member of the New York Stock Exchange. His father was the late Rev. Dr. William Patton, one of the founders of Union Theological Seminary, and the founder of the Evangelical Alliance. Mr. Patton possessed fine musical tastes, and their union was a happy one. After their marriage, Mrs. Patton sang only occasionally with her brothers, but ever responded to a call for charity. In late years, Mr. and Mrs. Patton had travelled extensively, and formed a wide acquaintance. Mrs. Patton took active interest in all movements for the benefit of mankind, and was a humanitarian by nature and training. A volume of happy thoughts, in prose and poetry, recently published for private distribution, under the title of "A Handful of Pebbles," bears testimony to the wisdom of her thoughts and to her felicity in expressing them. Among the numerous songs which she set to music two of the best known are, "Kind Words can Never Die," and "Ring Out, Wild Bells." The latter was sung at the musical festival at the The Weirs, in 1891, on which occasion Mrs. Patton was present, and greatly enjoyed its rendering.

It will be of interest to know that Mrs. Patton and her only surviving brother, John W. Hutchinson, and her hus-

band, sang some of the songs of yore at the dedication of the statue of John P. Hale in the state house park, on August 3, 1892, and also sang at the funeral of John G. Whittier, which was the last public appearance of the trio.

Funeral services were held in New York city, Saturday, November 26, 1892, and at the Unitarian church in Milford on the following Tuesday, November 29. At the latter service, John W. Hutchinson paid a beautiful tribute to his sister, and sang the last song they had sung together; also the songs, "What shall be my Angel Name," and "Kind Words can Never Die," and, with others of the family, sang the chorus of the selection which he and Mrs. Patton sang at Whittier's funeral. The services included the reading of some extracts from "A Handful of Pebbles," and the last poem in it, entitled,—

"LOOKING TOWARD SUNSET.

" Oh, when the long day's work is done,
And we clasp hand at set of sun,
Loved friends we meet,
In concourse sweet,
At even.

" So, when for us has passed away
The last bright hour of earthly day,
Then may we meet,
In converse sweet,
In Heaven."

At the conclusion of the services the earthly casket of Abby Hutchinson Patton was laid to rest in the burial-place of her fathers, beneath the shade of a favorite tree. To her numerous friends, the remembrance of her sweet life is an ever present benediction.

COLONEL JOSEPH WHIPPLE AND HIS DART- MOUTH PLANTATION.

BY LEVI W. DODGE.

The first settler of what is now the town of Jefferson, in the White Mountains, was Colonel Joseph Whipple, a man of large wealth and influence for those days, and living in some approach to baronial style and sumptuousness. He owned, it is said, four slaves, and employed many other men upon his extensive demense, besides house servants, male and female, and kept for his own use and pleasure a dozen horses. His house was a large, square structure, with wing, two stories high, strongly built for resistance from external influences, and with high windows heavily shuttered and barred. It was much after the manner of ancient dwellings nearer the seaboard, and built for defence, having loop-holes in the upper story, a provision against possible attacks from Indians or other foes from without; and tradition says that in those upper rooms were stored much valuable property, family plate, silks and broadcloths, and wealth of Spanish coin, for the Colonel was once a merchant upon the high seas, and his trade with the Indies had brought him great riches. In his cellar too, like the barons and grandees of other times, he kept his stores of choice Burgundies, Madeiras, and good old West India rum.

All along the pathways of the world's history there are scattered monuments to the memory of its men of mark, pioneers in its enterprises, foremost in its leading events, great captains in the onward march of improvement. Such was Col. Whipple. But what particular incentive brought him hither so early as 1772-'73 it would be a satisfaction to know. A luxurious home by the sea exchanged for a wild haunt among the mountains; the enjoyments of the world of life, social and political distinction, and the amenities of civilization for the deprivations of the wilderness! Was it an inborn love for adventure to be gratified, or really the acquisition of more wealth and power in the development of his mountain-walled domain? Or, was it the allurements of the grand old mountains themselves, and he

"A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart."

Col. Joseph Whipple was born at Kittery, Maine, Feb. 14, 1738. He was a younger brother of Gen. William Whipple of Revolutionary fame, who was one of New Hampshire's delegates to the Continental congress, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The father of these distinguished sons was William, a native of Ipswich, Mass., where he was born Feb. 28, 1695-6. The mother was a daughter of Robert Cutts, a wealthy shipbuilder of Kittery, who at his death left to his daughter a handsome fortune. The emigrant ancestor of Col. Joseph was Dea. John Whipple, who was granted land in Ipswich in 1639, and made a freeman in 1640. He was a ruling elder there in the first church, a man of influence and considerable wealth. He died June 30, 1669, leaving one son, "Cornet John," or Captain John, as he was familiarly known, who was born about 1626. He was a man of energetic and active nature, and was appointed captain of a troop to march against the Indians during those troublous times when Philip of Pokanoket was a reigning terror to the Massachusetts colonists. Wealthy, honored, and respected, he died August 10, 1683, in the midst of an active life. In his will, dated August 2 of that year, he mentions his three sons, John, Matthew, and Joseph. The latter, "when he comes of age, to have the malting office, houses and lands. Son John to have the houses, lands, and appurtenances in the hands of Arthur Abbott. Son Matthew to have the saw mill. &c."

This son Matthew (Major, for distinction) succeeded to the business of his father in practice if not by entailment, for he owned a malt-house, besides grain and saw mills, and "carried on much business." He died, aged 80, in January, 1739. His will, at the probate office in Essex county, mentions sons Matthew, Appleton, John, Joseph, and William. The latter, born February 28, 1695-6, moved to Kittery, Me., and became the father of William, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and of Joseph, the subject of this sketch. The mother of Col. Joseph Whipple was Mary, eldest daughter of Robert Cutts of Kittery, whose father was Robert, one of the three brothers of that name who came to America at a very early period, and were prominently connected with the early history of New Hampshire. John settled in

Portsmouth, and became New Hampshire's first president, in 1679. Richard settled in Portsmouth, and was a man of great property there and at the Isles of Shoals, in the palmy days of those islands. Robert first settled and married at St. Christopher's; afterwards at Barbadoes, where he married a second wife, Mary Hoel, whom he brought to New England. He first settled at Portsmouth, and lived in what was known as the "Great House," at the foot of Pitt street. He afterwards moved across the river to Kittery, set up a carpenter's yard, and became an extensive ship-builder.

The father of these sons was at the time of his death a member of Cromwell's second parliament, in 1654.

Mrs. Whipple, the wife of William, died in 1783, at 85 years, leaving two sons and two daughters. The sons were William and Joseph; a third son, Robert Cutt Whipple, died in 1761.

Just across the river from Portsmouth, in the old graveyard at Kittery, where the stately, drooping elms, the gnarled and knotted oaks, and the sighing aspens are whispering of the long-gone years, may still be read the time-worn inscriptions upon the lichened tombstones of the Cutts and the Whipplés, where and when they dropped into the silent slumber of the grave.

The house in which Col. Joseph Whipple was born and where his youth was passed is situated on the east bank of the Piscataqua, opposite Portsmouth, at the head of a small cove east from the navy yard, and about a mile from the mouth of the river. The inlet is still known as "Whipple's cove." The ancient domicile was originally built for a garrison-house, or protection against the Indians, and until far into the present century its antique design was well preserved, but it has gradually yielded to modern improvements until, externally, the old block-house built two centuries and a quarter ago has lost its antiquarian attractions. The house, as originally built, was about thirty-four feet square, two stories high, with the upper one projecting over the lower one foot on every side; around this projection, at intervals, were scuttles, or loop-holes, for the purpose of permitting the occupants, in times of assault, to pour hot water down upon the assailants, or for the extinguishment of fires which might be builded

against the house, as was a frequent mode of attack. This garrison was constructed of hemlock timber, squared and locked together at the corners in a sort of dove-tailing; and when the structure was extended and modernized by Mr. Jesse Philbrick, about 1840, its blocks and timbers were as sound and perfect as when rolled and locked together by the settlers of Kittery cove, in the days of John Cutt, New Hampshire's first president, and whose brother, Robert Cutt, was probably the first occupant of the fortress. He was a wealthy ship-builder and a merchant upon the high seas at the time his daughter became the wife of William Whipple, Sr., and the mother of Hon. William and Joseph Whipple, and at his death left to this daughter a handsome fortune, of which this estate at Whipple's cove formed a part.

The father of Joseph Whipple being a seafaring man, his boys were naturally inclined to similar pursuits, and so we find them, after a few years of school life in the public schools of their native place, devoted to commercial life upon the sea, chiefly between this country and the West Indies. After a few successful ventures they, in 1759, relinquished their seafaring life, and settled in trade at Portsmouth. During the following decade, while William and Joseph Whipple were prosperous merchants at the commercial and political centre of the province, the country was fast drifting towards a revolution. The "taxing of the colonies" was stirring the hot provincial blood. The "Stamp Act" was exciting general alarm, and other arbitrary measures of the British government were receiving the attention of the "Sons of Liberty," and the people, through their representatives, were petitioning the king and parliament for a redress of grievances. During these exciting times, and as a result of their unsettling of the laws of commerce and chances of trade by reason of the "tea tax," the "molasses act," the stamp grievance, and the non-importation agreement, the Whipples closed their mercantile relations at Portsmouth, William turning his energies exclusively to public life, and Joseph looking elsewhere for the gratifications of an active but not over ambitious temperament. A spirit of speculation in lands had been prevailing for some years in all ranks of society; applications were constantly being made to the governor for grants of wild land, and he

readily complied with all such requests, for it filled his coffers with gold. It was during this unappropriated land-grabbing movement that the territory included in the present town of Jefferson was granted to John Goffe, Esq., and his associates. Some of the latter were members of the governor's council and immediate friends, grantees, for convenience, we may say, and we find the same names in many of the township charters of those days, ostensibly as real petitioners, but in truth to make up the required number, of about sixty, necessary for a successful consideration by the authorities at Portsmouth. The date of this Goffe grant was October, 1763, and it was called "Dartmouth," suggested by the governor in memory of his friend and patron, the Earl of Dartmouth; but not one of those original petitioners ever took possession of his nominal share in that wild *terra incognita*. Taxes were assessed, however, and in a few years the township was in the market for sale, on account of accumulated tax arrears; and out of this tax-gatherer's necessity grew Col. Whipple's opportunity.

Josiah Willard of Winchester, a speculator in lands, had come into possession of twenty-six of the original rights of Dartmouth, and these Whipple bought in 1774; and the same year, through the assistance of John Hunt, Esq., who was then private secretary to the governor, he secured the titles of twenty-six others of granted rights. These transactions were followed during the next few years by other acquisitions through the necessities of tax sales, until, in 1796, the entire township had passed under the ownership and control of Col. Whipple. He was literally "monarch of all he surveyed." Here, upon a broad plain in the heart of the White Mountains, upon the banks of the wild Sirrooganok, and mid the awful grandeur of the everlasting hills, Col. Whipple established his country-seat, planted a colony, and builded a manor house, unpretentious, to be sure, as compared with the titled heritages of the old world, but in extent of demense, in the wild grandeur of its cliff-hung mountains, in the broad reaches of its primeval forests, where the storm-beaten "Agiocochook" rears its craggy mist-crowned crest above the valleys of the Israel and the Johns, it was unrivaled among all the baronies of England. Though bred a merchant, and with some political ambition, yet he had a taste for agriculture, and in the acquiring

and building up of this wild domain he was doubtless persuaded by the example and influence of the then provincial governor, John Wentworth, who, it will be remembered, began a plantation for himself in the township of Wolfborough, on which he expended large sums and built an elegant house, where he entertained extravagantly for those days, and the road from this manor house by the lake to Portsmouth was the best improved highway in the state; and it was the governor's purpose, as shown in his correspondence, still preserved, to extend this "King's highway" northward to Quebec. The official letter of the governor containing these suggestions is dated April 5, 1768, and by 1774, largely through the negotiations of the governor's private secretary, Col. Whipple had acquired possession of nearly the whole township of Dartmouth, had located his manse, and from the banks of the wild, silvery Sirrooganok his followers were pushing back the borders of the forest, enlarging the meadow boundaries, building mills, planting a young republic, and making history.

The route of Col. Whipple and his associates was up the valley of the Saco and through the then recently discovered rocky pass of the mountains denominated "The Notch"; but at what point he entered the valley from the governor's plantation on Lake Winnepesaukee, we can only conjecture, but it is more than probable at Conway, as that would appear the most feasible route, and at that "three-river point" was already established a young settlement, for the Osgoods were there in 1764. The date of the commencement of his plantation was not later than 1773, and some say a year earlier, which would be but a twelvemonth following the discovery of the mountain pass, and the "King's highway" was then but a line of spotted trees, to become in after years (1803) the "Tenth N. H. Turnpike." chartered and built largely through the influence of Joseph Whipple.

In August, 1781, Col. Whipple came near falling a victim to British designs and Indian cunning. The affair is made the subject of notice in the Adjutant-General's report for 1868, page 395, as follows: "The 3d of August, 1781, a party of Indians made an attack upon the inhabitants of Bethel, Me., and the adjacent towns upon the Androscoggin river; killing three men, and capturing three others, whom they took to Montreal. About the middle of August,

they made prisoners of Col. Joseph Whipple, of Jefferson (a gentleman from Portsmouth and a large landholder), and a Mr. Gotham, who carried on his farm; both men, however, escaped from them. Great alarm existed on the Northern frontiers on account of these attacks. . . . 'The Committee of Safety' took immediate measures for the defence of the inhabitants in that quarter, placing a force there under the direction of Col. Joseph Whipple and Col. David Page for the defence of the 'Northern Frontiers,' consisting of forty-nine officers and men. They were in the service from August 29 to Nov. 6, 1781. . . ."

We here reproduce the story of the capture of Col. Whipple by the Indians, as narrated by Rev. B. G. Willey, in his sketches of the White Mountains, published in 1855. The Willey homestead was situated in the valley of the Saco, about on the boundary line between Conway and Bartlett, and was on the traversed route of the Colonel as he passed to and from his home at Portsmouth and his plantation among the mountains. He was a frequent guest at the Willeys, who were among the pioneers of the valley in 1777. The narrative, therefore, may be considered authentic in detail, as related by the Colonel himself, and afterwards written by an interested listener. The writer hereof has also heard it substantially as here told from the lips of those contemporary with Whipple, but whose names now, like his, are graven on stones.

"Colonel Joseph Whipple, one of the most widely known men in New Hampshire in his day, was one of the earliest settlers (of Jefferson). . . . During the war of the Revolution he was captured by the Indians in his own house. The party acted under the authority of the English, and the object was to get information in respect to the designs of the Americans in this region. Suspecting nothing, he admitted them, as usual, to his house, and was a prisoner before he imagined their intention. With his usual presence of mind he made no objection to accompany them, but said they must wait a short time for him to get ready. He immediately commenced active preparations, and contrived in the bustle to tell his housekeeper, Mrs. Hight, to take up the attention of the Indians with some articles of curious mechanism which he had, while he should escape from the window. So occupied were they in examining

the curiosities that they suffered him to go into his bedroom to change his clothes, as he told them, and through the window of this he fled. He went directly to a meadow, where he had men to work, and ordering each man to seize a stake from the fence and shoulder it as he would a gun, soon presented himself again to the Indians, who were already in search of him. Seeing him in the distance at the head, as they supposed, of a large company of armed men, they hastily seized what plunder they could lay hands on, and fled. A Mr. Gotham, residing in the family, chanced to be coming toward the house at the time the Indians arrested Col. Whipple, but saw them in time to make good his escape. They fired upon him as he was crossing the river upon a log, but did not hit him."

B. F. Willey, in speaking of Col. Whipple, in his *White Mountain Sketches*, says he was "one of the most widely known men in New Hampshire in his day; . . . more thoroughly versed in the ways of the world than his poorer neighbors, his influence became almost absolute in this region. He however never abused this power and position. The early inhabitants invariably speak of him as a father to them. He made a ready market for all the region, always purchasing whatever they had to sell. His annual visits to Portsmouth were regarded by the inhabitants with almost as much interest as the yearly arrival of a vessel by the first inhabitants of Greenland."

Colonel Whipple took with from Portsmouth his retinue of servants and workingmen, for his object was the making of a town. Among those of his attendants was Miss Nancy Barton, the first white woman ever in that region, and whose tragic death is commemorated to this day in Nancy's brook and Nancy's rock, in the valley of the Saco. Deborah Vicker succeeded the unfortunate Nancy as feminine advisor in the family of Col. Whipple. She afterwards became the wife of Richard Stalbird of Portsmouth, but through the influence and the kindness of the Colonel they became settlers upon the Dartmouth plantation, and Deborah became a noted nurse and doctress, and was familiarly known among the country folk in after years as "Granny Stalbird," a welcome guest at every hearthstone.

Colonel Whipple was a member of the first scientific exploring party to ascend Mt. Washington, in July, 1784,

at which time it is supposed the mountain received its present name. The other members of the party were Rev. Manassah Cutler of Massachusetts, Rev. Daniel Little of Maine, and Dr. Belknap and Dr. Fisher of New Hampshire. The party was entertained by the Colonel at his Dartmouth plantation, and it was on this occasion, while a guest at Col. Whipple's, that Dr. Belknap preached to the pioneers of Jefferson the first religious discourse ever preached in the town, the service being held in Col. Whipple's large barn, July 26, 1784. The impressiveness of the occasion must have been enhanced by the furious warring of the elements in the mountains above, for it is said that a violent thunder-storm was raging the while.

Col. Whipple was a prominent member of the old North Church of Portsmouth until his death. The old north meeting-house was famous in the early history of the town, not only from the number and prominence of its worshippers, but there was connected therewith many a political reminiscence, not the least interesting of which was that of the Portsmouth Tea Party, in December, 1773, the purpose of which, like that of the famous Boston Tea Party, was to resolve and take measures "against the importation of the East India Company's tea into this port." The old church was built in 1712, and the last services previous to demolition were held in April, 1854. George Washington and James Monroe had both worshipped within its walls, seated in the pew of Hon. William Whipple.

Col. Whipple was the first acting collector of customs at the port of Portsmouth, under the newly organized government of the United States. He was appointed by Washington, August 3, 1789, about three months after the inauguration of the new order of things by the people. Col. Pierce Long first received the appointment, but died before entering upon the duties of the office, April 3, 1789.

There was no custom-house, or government building, in Portsmouth at that time, and the business connected with the office of collector was transacted in a small building adjacent to the Colonel's residence, situated on State street, and afterwards known as the "Old Pickering mansion." Mr. Whipple "sat at the seat of custom" during the eight years of Washington's administration of government, when he was removed for political reasons, to make room for

Thomas Martin, another of Portsmouth's successful merchants, and a friend of the new, or Adams, administration. Martin held the office of collector for the four years of Federal rule, or until April 3, 1801, just one month after the inauguration of Thomas Jefferson, when Col. Whipple was again honored with the appointment, which position he held until his death, in 1816, at the age of 78. This change was one of the few made by Jefferson among the government offices.

Colonel Whipple was a strong anti-Federalist, and in the heated controversy which made Adams president his personal influence and power of political position were thrown in favor of the Jeffersonian party. This course lost him his position, and on the 6th of July, 1798, he was removed to make place for the appointment of his successor, Thomas Martin. Portsmouth at this time was the social, intellectual, and political centre of the state, and during the excitement of that third presidential campaign party lines were as strictly drawn as they were in the days of 1776. Col. Whipple, impulsive by nature, was an outspoken Republican, and his course during the campaign called for the question of his removal from office under the changed administration. The removals and appointments on account of political differences under the new administration were made in New Hampshire by the advice of Judge "Jerry" Smith, at the suggestion of the then secretary of state, Mr. Wolcott, and it is evident from the results that the demands of the civil service even at that day received less consideration than the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils." for his advice to the secretary was, that all officers who did not support the administration should be removed from office. "It is a solecism in politics," he writes, "that a government should be administered by its enemies. It has always been my opinion that those whom the sovereign people entrust with the administration of their political concerns are in duty bound to appoint and continue in office those men and those only who are firmly attached to the principles of our government and the administration."

After the removal of Col. Whipple from the office of collector at the instance of Judge Smith, he received a letter from that individual, written half apologetically, but sharp and cutting as a two-edged sword. He wrote: "To your

politeness as a gentleman, integrity, zeal, and intelligence as an officer, I could most cheerfully bear witness; but these are not called in question. You are sensible that the public opinion of your politics is what I have mentioned. . . . When our government has been assailed by a profligate foreign faction, to be moderate is to be cold in the cause, and at once a hypocrite and a traitor. Ten thousand lies have been daily circulated by lying men and lying firms against our public organs. Those who knew them to be so, and yet have been silent, are sharers in the guilt."

For the years 1776, 1777 and 1778, Col. Whipple was chosen to represent at "General Court," as a class, all the towns now included in the county of Coös, and again the same class in 1782 and 1783. He was notably prominent in encouraging and fostering any enterprise conducive to the prosperity of the "Cohos country," as that northern section was at that time called.

The particular location in Jefferson made memorable by the labors of Mr. Whipple is what for many years has been locally known as "Jefferson Meadows," situated on the old turnpike road from Lancaster, southward over the "Cherry Mountain" pass, and so onward to the White Mountain Notch and directly east of "Bray Hill," in Whitefield, and not far from the little railway station recently established for the accommodation of the "Jefferson Hill" residents.

The will of Col. Whipple was admitted to probate in Rockingham county, March 14, 1816, included in which was a bequest disposing the residue of his estate for the encouragement of the manufacture of woollen cloths and window-glass in this state, to be disposed of by trustees in the form of bounties for the promotion of the above enterprises as in their judgment the "events and circumstances may render advisory." It transpires that among the Colonel's papers are claims against the government, on account of the French spoliations, which, according to recent decisions, can now be made available as a part of the residue of his estate.

The wife of Joseph Whipple was Hannah Billings of Boston, to whom he was married October 9, 1762, but we are not aware that any children ever came of this union, nor

do we know where or when Mrs. Whipple died; but the parents and grandparents and a younger brother found burial in the old graveyard at Kittery, where their epitaphs may still be traced.

In July, 1784, while the exploring expedition, of which Col. Whipple was a member, were upon the summit of Mt. Washington, himself and the Rev. Mr. Little engraved upon the uppermost rock the letters "N. H.," and under a stone they left a plate of lead, on which their names were engraven. The letters upon the rock have long since been erased by the action of the elements, but the leaden tablet is no doubt still a hidden treasure, as no individual or cabinet could long withhold so valuable a memento from a curiosity-loving public.

The memory and characteristics of Col. Joseph Whipple are written in the ancient records of the county and the towns, the foundations of whose growth and later prosperity he largely helped to establish, and are told among the unpublished traditions around the firesides of the descendants of "ye old time folk" among the mountains.

These are days of post-remote memorial tributes and historic monuments, and the inquiring traveller may perhaps, in the years to come, turn aside to read from some public engravement among Jefferson's rare natural attractions, where the history of the centuries is writ along her sculptured rocks, a grateful hint of the life and public services of her founder and pioneer settler, Col. Joseph Whipple.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

PROF. CHARLES S. CONANT.

Charles S. Conant, teacher of vocal music in the Concord public schools, is one of the best known men in musical circles in northern New England. He is a native of the town of Greensboro, Vt., born July 2, 1860. His father, Tolman Conant, was a farmer, a descendant of Roger Conant, one of the founders of Salem, Mass. His mother's maiden name was Mary Jane Fisher. She was a native of the town of Londonderry in this state, of the old Scotch-Irish descent. Tolman Conant died when his son was but two years of age, leaving a large family of children, and he was inured to labor in early life, assisting in the cultivation of the farm and support of the family. He remained at home until eighteen years of age, attending the district school during the winter term. Meanwhile, he developed a strong taste for music and great power as a vocalist in one so young, and at sixteen years of age was a member and leader of a local quartette. At the age of eighteen he went to St. Johnsbury to attend the academy, and there he found, incidentally, a better field for the development and exercise of his vocal powers. He made the most of his opportunities, securing the best instruction to be had in town. He sang in various church choirs in St. Johnsbury, and, at the age of twenty-one, commenced teaching evening classes in singing, and giving private instruction to pupils. He also engaged in convention work, as director and soloist, in northern New Hampshire and Vermont, and soon became a popular favorite in that section.

Prof. Conant came to Concord to accept his present position, as instructor in the public schools, in the spring of 1888, having previously been engaged for some time as tenor in the choir of one of the Boston churches. That his work in Concord has been eminently satisfactory is evidenced by the fact that he has been retained in his position at an increased salary, and that the advantages in the line of voice culture which the Concord schools afford



C. S. Conant.

under his instruction constitute one of their chief attractions to outside pupils. Meanwhile his time is also largely occupied with lessons to private pupils, who come from a wide territory to secure the benefit of his painstaking and conscientious tutelage. He has also been instrumental in introducing music into the public schools at Laconia, in which he has been instructor for more than three years, going there at first to teach a private class.

For some three years past Prof. Conant has been a pupil, in voice, of George J. Parker, the noted Boston tenor, and he also received, last year, a diploma from the National Summer Music School in that city. While he has had strong inducements presented to locate in other places, he has not seriously entertained them thus far, and it is to be hoped that he will permanently continue his residence and labor in the capital city of New Hampshire. In 1889 and 1890 he was a member of the choir of the South Congregational church. For the last two years he has filled the position of 1st tenor and director of the Crescent Male Quartette, constituting the choir of the Universalist church, and filling various engagements in concerts and festival work.

Prof. Conant is a natural musician, from whom music flows as freely as water from a fountain. His voice is a fine, sweet tenor, rich and strong, and he easily meets the demands of the most difficult tenor music. It is, moreover, under such complete control, and has, as it were, such a perfect understanding with his cultured ear that he never fails, by even a shade, to strike the proper note. Thoroughly acquainted with the theory of music, with decided ability as a composer, loving it as his native element, few men are better representatives of the kingdom of sweet sound.

In January, 1884, Prof. Conant was united in marriage with Miss Martha Burnham of St. Johnsbury, by whom he has one child, a son.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MUSIC AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Mr. Theodore Thomas, director, and Mr. George H. Wilson, secretary of the Bureau of Music for the World's Fair at Chicago, seem to have narrowed down the whole of New England (in their own minds) to Boston, Springfield.

Worcester, and Pittsfield, Mass., and Hartford, Middletown, and Willimantic, Conn. Either the knowledge of the very worthy director and secretary is limited, or else they fail to find room in the little states of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Rhode Island for the operation of their musical intellects. It is characteristic of most people to believe and contend that nothing good or worthy can be found outside the large cities, and no better example of this idea and its application can be cited than the management of the *Musical Herald*, which is published in Boston, and of which this same Mr. Wilson is proprietor and editor-in-chief. Of nine musical festivals which the writer conducted last season, including the work of the Concord Choral Society, which gave entire two oratorios and many lesser works, and of which every programme was sent to the *Herald*, not one received any attention whatever, and the outside musical world do not and never will know what we poor "countrymen" are doing if the Boston *Musical Herald* can help it. Yet this same publication begs for subscribers among us, and would have us believe that only such apostles as Henry Krehbiel of New York, Philip Hale of Boston, or Frederick Corder of London, are worthy the attention of the musical people of the United States. Again, it seems that only the cities above mentioned belong to the musical "four hundred," or, as the saying is, we are "not in the swim."

Now the fact is, New Hampshire in one year has put herself on record by festivals held by nine different musical associations, besides many concerts, given under the auspices of local singing societies or organizations. At these gatherings the oratorios of "Creation" and "Elijah" have been well performed, besides the "Crusaders," by Gade, twice, "Psyche," by same author, "The Daughter of Jairus," by Stainer, "The Dream," by M. Costa, "The Feast of Adonis," by Jensen, "The Evening Hymn," by Reinecke, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Anderton, one evening of Wagner, including the Prayer and Finale of first act of Lohengrin, "Hail, Bright Abode," Tannhauser, "Spring Song," from Flying Dutchman, together with the solo work in both Lohengrin and Tannhauser. In addition to all this, select choruses from the "Redemption," and oratorios and operas have been creditably performed. Yet we fail to

receive recognition from the powers that attempt to dictate to the people of these United States upon what they shall feed their musical natures!

To be sure, these works have not received the perfect treatment which the Handel and Haydn Society, with the help of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, can give them; but why should that preclude our efforts from being put on record with the rest of the world, and receiving the commendation justly due? One serious difficulty which we have to meet, and for which there is no apparent remedy, is that of securing an orchestra of sufficient size and ability within the financial means of our musical societies. Boston orchestral performers will, as a rule, get six dollars for an oratorio performance, and ask ten dollars and all expenses added for such a concert in New Hampshire. These same men will play a Sunday concert in Boston for three dollars and fifty cents, under the name of one of the most honored and respected organizations in New England, and then feel that their musical dignity is not maintained unless they get ten or more dollars for a less laborious performance in New Hampshire. But because such obstacles as these stand in the way of a perfect performance in our state, is that any reason why we should be ignored?

Mrs. Theodore Thomas has condescended to address a letter to Mrs. Judge Ladd of Lancaster, asking if there are any organized female choruses in New Hampshire; also who and what amateur performers there are (ladies) who would like to take part in some concerts to be given under the auspices of the woman's auxiliary. If there are any such found in our state they must go to Chicago or some other place designated by the committee, and sing or perform before a commission, which has the power to accept or reject. Certainly a pleasant outlook for those who are asked to pay all expense for such a journey, to be sent home in musical disgrace because the Bureau of Music at the Chicago Exposition has placed its stamp of disapproval upon them! This is the place assigned New Hampshire at the World's Fair, 1893. We think it would have been an excellent idea to have invited every state in the Union to have prepared one or more concerts representative of its abilities and ambitions, letting them stand entirely upon their own merits, and thereby not offending the dignity or tastes of any musical æsthetic or Pharisee.

THE LANCASTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The first annual festival of the Lancaster Musical Association, which occurred November 28, 29, 30, and December 1, was a decided success in every particular. The chorus numbered one hundred and ten voices, was well balanced and of excellent quality, which must be considered as remarkable, this being the first gathering of the singers of Lancaster for years, and it is a fact that no town in northern New Hampshire can muster so large and efficient a chorus of resident members.

The music, which was very creditably performed, was the "Wreck of the Hesperus," by Anderton; "The Evening Hymn," by Reinecke; part songs, by Mendelssohn, and church music. Mrs. Louise Laine Blackmere of Boston was the soprano soloist, Mr. Thos. H. Norris of Boston, tenor soloist, and Mr. Smith of Lancaster, baritone soloist. Martha Dana Shepard was the pianist and accompanist, and Blaisdell's Orchestral Club of eight pieces was present. The financial part of the undertaking was balanced on the right side, despite the fact that the weather was stormy and uninviting. Great credit is due the local committees for the success of the festival. H. G. Blaisdell was the conductor.

CHAMBER CONCERT.

The young people of the Universalist Church in Concord managed a concert of chamber music on the evening of December 7. Blaisdell's String Quartette, the Crescent Male Quartette, and Miss Ada M. Aspinwall, pianist, took part. The audience was not large, but was enthusiastic. It is to be deplored that among musical people there are not more who are willing to take hold of the matter and acquaint the public with the beauties of such music. The male quartette appeared to great advantage, singing splendidly, and the solos of Mr. Conant and Mr. Scribner were worthy of special commendation. In the trio for piano-forte, violin, and cello, Miss Aspinwall showed painstaking work and faithful application as a student. All did well, and nothing happened to mar the performances worthy of mention.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

GEN. JOSEPH H. POTTER.

Joseph Haydn Potter, a conspicuous figure among the military men of the country in two wars, died in Columbus, Ohio, December 1, 1892.

Gen. Potter was born in East Concord, October 12, 1821, and graduated at West Point in 1843, standing next below Gen. Grant in class rank. He served in the Mexican war and was brevetted 1st lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Monterey. He was on frontier duty in the army until 1861, and in July of that year was captured by the Confederates, in Texas. After his release he was made colonel of the Twelfth N. H. Volunteers, and served with distinction throughout the war, attaining the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers and brevet brigadier-general in the regular army. He afterwards served as lieutenant-colonel and colonel in the regular army, and was made a full brigadier-general by President Cleveland in 1886, when he was placed in command of the Department of Missouri, going on the retired list by reason of the age limitation shortly after.

Soon after the close of the late war he married Alice G. Kilbourne of Columbus, O., by whom he is survived, with two sons and two daughters.

GEN. JOHN W. STURTEVANT.

John Warner Sturtevant, born in Keene, June 15, 1840, died in that city December 12, 1892.

He was a son of Luther and Isabella L. Sturtevant, was educated in the Keene public schools, and at the outbreak of the rebellion was a clerk in Tilden's bookstore in that city. In August, 1862, he enlisted in the Fourteenth N. H. Regiment, and went to the front as a sergeant in Company G. He performed gallant service, was badly wounded at the battle of Opequan, and was mustered out in 1865 with the rank of captain. For two years after the war he was in business at Beaufort, S. C., but returned to Keene in the spring of 1867 and purchased an interest in the bookstore where he was formerly engaged as clerk. He served as town clerk of Keene from 1869 until its incorporation as a

city in 1874, was for nine years a member of the board of education, and a representative in the legislature in 1876, 1877, and 1885. In 1888 he was appointed a member of the special commission to ascertain the value of the state's interest in the Concord and Boston & Maine railroads. He was also prominent in the National Guard for some time, and was made lieutenant-colonel of the Second Regiment in 1879. The same year he was appointed Inspector-General on the staff of Governor Head.

Gen. Sturtevant married Clara, daughter of Charles Chase of Keene, Jan. 15, 1871, who survives him, with two sons, Charles C., and Clifford L.

HON. GEORGE E. TODD.

Hon. George E. Todd, a native of Cambridge, Mass., born February 6, 1830, died in Concord on Wednesday, November 16, 1892.

Mr. Todd entered the service of the Northern railroad Jan. 1, 1848. In 1866 he was appointed superintendent of the road, and held the position until 1884, when the Northern railroad became part of the Boston & Maine system. He was then appointed division superintendent, an office he continued to fill until failing health, in the spring of 1892, compelled him to abandon active railroad work. He was for many years a director in the Northern, Concord & Claremont, and Peterborough & Hillsborough railroads. He was a Republican in politics, and served as a member of the legislature in 1872 and 1873, and represented his district in the state senate during the sessions of 1874 and 1876. He is survived by a wife and daughter.

HON. DAVID M. COOLEY.

Hon. David M. Cooley died in New York city on Sunday, November 13, 1892.

Judge Cooley was born at Sugar Hill, Lisbon, November 7, 1825. He studied law with Hon. H. E. Stoughton, and, in 1845, was admitted to the bar. He went to Dubuque, Iowa, where he practiced law successfully for many years. In 1863 President Lincoln appointed him commissioner to South Carolina, acting at the same time as a commissioner to settle titles in Charleston. In 1865 he was appointed by President Johnson commissioner of Indian affairs, which

office he resigned for the purpose of practicing law in Washington. In 1873 he served as a commissioner to the Vienna exposition. He subsequently served as a member of the Iowa state senate, and of the supreme court.

He was for some years president of Cornell college, of which institution he was a liberal benefactor. He was also extensively engaged in banking, and was president of the First National Bank of Dubuque. He leaves a wife, one son, Harland, a lawyer in Chicago, and three married daughters.

DR. EDMUND TUCKER EASTMAN.

Dr. Edmund Tucker Eastman was born in Hampstead, November 6, 1820, and died in Boston, November 6, 1892.

Dr. Eastman prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and graduated at Harvard in the class with Profs. Francis J. Child, G. M. Lane, Charles Eliot Norton, and Fitzward Hall, and Senator Hoar. He received his M. D. degree in 1850, and M. A. in 1854.

Dr. Eastman was a member of the Boston board of overseers of the poor for three years, and of the school committee eleven years; he held the offices of dispensary physician five years, and warden four years. He was a Republican in politics, and represented ward 17, Boston, in the Massachusetts house of representatives, in the legislatures of 1882 and 1883. A widow and son survive him.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The subscribers, who have published the GRANITE MONTHLY during the past year under an arrangement with John N. McClintock, proprietor and former publisher, have purchased the good will, subscription list, and all other interest of said McClintock in the magazine, except arrearages for subscriptions previous to the year 1892, and back volumes and numbers issued previous to that time, and have also effected an arrangement whereby they are to have the disposal of such volumes and numbers as he may now have on hand.

The magazine has been issued promptly for every month of the past year, and has in large measure regained the confidence of its patrons, which had been materially weakened through irregularity of issue and practical suspension during the year previous. The many words of commendation received from prominent citizens interested in the maintenance of a periodical devoted to state history, biography and other matters of kindred nature, encourage us to go on with the work, hoping that the time is not far distant when the patronage accorded will afford fair compensation for the labor involved, and warrant material improvement in different directions.

Thanking all present patrons for their aid and support, and bespeaking a continuance of the same, we do not hesitate to assure them that they will find the GRANITE MONTHLY for the year to come more interesting and valuable than ever before.

If every present subscriber will call the attention of friends and acquaintances whose names are not now on the list to the merits and value of this magazine, much aid will be given the enterprise, with comparatively little effort. We trust all will willingly do this, and that each one will make it a point to secure at least one other subscriber for the ensuing year.

Let it be remembered that the subscription is \$1.50 *in advance*, and every one promptly remit subscription for Volume XV. Those desiring can have their numbers of Volume XIV handsomely bound in cloth, for 50 cents per volume, by forwarding the same to the publishers.

Those who are still in arrears for subscription for 1892 should at once forward \$3.00 for the last and the coming year.

All persons receiving sample copies of this number are invited to become subscribers.

METCALF & ROBINSON.

ERRATUM. The cut on page 13, designated as "The Wells Tavern," should have been designated "The Weare Mansion."



TRUE L. NORRIS,
DISTRICT NO. 1.

JOHN B. SMITH,
GOVERNOR.

HERBERT B. MOULTON,
DISTRICT NO. 5.

JOHN C. RAY,
DISTRICT NO. 2.

EDWARD O. BLUNT,
DISTRICT NO. 3.

FRANK N. PARSONS,
DISTRICT NO. 4.

GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XV. FEBRUARY, 1893. NO. 2.

THE GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL.

The executive power in the state of New Hampshire is combined in a governor and council, the latter being composed of five members, chosen from as many election districts, constituting an advisory body, and clothed with equal power with the governor himself in the matter of appointments and in certain other directions. There are but two states in the Union aside from New Hampshire having councils, Maine and Massachusetts,—that of the former containing seven members and the latter eight,—but in other states important executive nominations go to the senate for confirmation, so that the governor's power is practically no greater in this respect.

As a rule, the members of the council in New Hampshire, like the governors, have been conservative business men, although not unfrequently a lawyer or "practical politician," or the two combined, has been called into that branch of the public service. The six men constituting the executive department of the government at the present time, who were inducted into office on the eighth day of January last, and whose portraits are given in our frontispiece, represent as wide a variety of interests and callings as their number permits, and their collective judgment may be relied upon to safely guard and promote the welfare of the state.

HON. JOHN B. SMITH, Governor of New Hampshire, was sketched at length in an article appearing in the GRANITE MONTHLY of May last. The leading facts in his career may be briefly summarized as follows: He was born at Saxton's River, Vt., April 12, 1838, being the son of Ammi and Lydia F. (Butler) Smith. His father was a woolen manufacturer, who retired from business and removed to the town of Hillsborough, in this state, when

John B. was nine years of age. He attended the public schools and Francestown Academy, where he was nearly fitted for college; but, at the age of sixteen, he determined upon a business career. He first obtained employment in a peg-mill at Henniker, then in Manchester, and was subsequently engaged as clerk in a store in New Boston. In 1863 he went into the drug business in Manchester, where he had his home until 1880, but, in about a year, sold his business, and started a knit-goods factory in the town of Washington. Subsequently, he leased and operated for a time the Sawyer Woolen Mill, at North Weare. From this experience, having determined upon his line of business, he erected a mill at Hillsborough Bridge, in 1866, which was the foundation of the extensive plant of the Contoocook Mills Company, manufacturers of knit goods, of which organization he was the founder, and has been president from the start. In 1880 Mr. Smith removed his residence to Hillsborough, and has recently erected there one of the finest dwellings in this section of New England, where, with his family, he enjoys the comforts which come from a successful business life, and the respect of a community in which he has been a potent factor in every movement for progress and improvement.

In politics Governor Smith has been a Republican from youth, and has given active support to the cause of that party whenever opportunity presented. He was a presidential elector in 1884, and a member of the executive council in 1887-89. He also served as chairman of the Republican State Committee, during the early part of the campaign of 1890. In religion he is a Congregationalist, and an active and liberally-contributing member of the church of that denomination at Hillsborough Bridge.

Mrs. Smith, an amiable and accomplished lady, was Emma E., daughter of Stephen Lavender of Boston. Of two children born to them, one, Archibald Lavender, a boy of three years, survives.

HON. TRUE L. NORRIS of Portsmouth, Councillor for the First District, is a native of Manchester, born May 4, 1848, a son of the late Col. A. F. L. and Olive (Wallace) Norris. His father was a lawyer, prominent at the bar in

New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and a brother of the noted Democratic leader and U. S. Senator, Moses Norris, Jr. His mother was a sister of the late Capt. Jasper G. Wallace, many years city marshal of Dover, and a gallant officer in the Union service in the late war. He was fitted for Harvard College at sixteen, but, instead of entering, enlisted in the Fifth Massachusetts regiment and bore a musket in defence of the Union. Subsequently, he read law in his father's office in Boston, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one years. He practiced for a time in Boston and later in Concord, but, with a natural talent for newspaper work, he soon drifted into journalism, and was for some years the Concord representative of the *New York Herald*, *Boston Globe*, and *Manchester Union*. In 1888, Col. Charles A. Sinclair, having acquired the proprietorship of the *Portsmouth Daily Evening Times* and *States and Union*, offered Mr. Norris the managing editorship of these papers, which position he accepted, and has filled with energy and ability to the present time.

Mr. Norris is a man of keen perceptive powers and well-balanced judgment; in politics an earnest and zealous Democrat, and in religion an Episcopalian. May 20, 1890, he was united in marriage with Miss Lillian G. Hurst of Eliot, Me.

HON. JOHN C. RAY of Manchester, Councillor for District No. 2, a son of Aaron and Nancy (Chase) Ray, was born in Hopkinton, January 3, 1826. His parents removed to Dunbarton during his early childhood, where he was reared to farm life, in which he has always taken a strong interest. He became prominent in town affairs in early manhood, and represented Dunbarton in the legislature in 1852 and 1853, being the youngest member of the house, with a single exception, the first year of his service, but taking an active part in legislative work. He subsequently served several years as chairman of the board of selectmen and as superintending school committee.

July 2, 1874, he was appointed superintendent of the State Reform School, now known as the Industrial School, at Manchester, and from that day to this, with rare tact and skill, combining firmness and kindness in his management and discipline, he has directed the affairs of that

important institution, making it one of the best of the kind in the country. He has become prominent in the social and public life of Manchester, and represented ward two of that city in the legislature in 1881. He was also for a time one of the trustees of the State Normal School, and has always been interested in the success of the institution. In politics he is a Republican, and in religion he affiliates with the Congregationalists, attending the Hanover Street Church, in Manchester. He still owns a fine and well-managed stock farm in Dunbarton, is keenly alive to the welfare of agriculture, and an active Patron of Husbandry.

In Dec., 1856, he married Miss Sarah A. Humphreys of Chicopee, Mass., by whom he has a son and daughter.

HON. EDWARD O. BLUNT of Nashua, Councillor for District No. 3, was born in Nashua, August 4, 1846. His grandfather, John Blunt, was one of the early merchants of the town, removing there from Amherst in 1836, and building a store on Chestnut street, on the site ever since occupied by the family for general mercantile purposes, and which was then the last building on the street. His father, John G. Blunt, went into the business a year later, continuing forty-nine years, until his death. His mother was Caroline, daughter of Dea. Thomas Ball of Acworth, a soldier of the Revolution.

Mr. Blunt was educated in the Nashua schools, and has followed a mercantile life in line with his ancestors. He has been active in city affairs and in Republican politics in Nashua; has served three years in the board of aldermen, and been twice chairman of the Republican City Committee. He served in the house of representatives in 1881, and in the senate in 1887. He was appointed a member of the Nashua police commission, established by the last legislature, which position he resigned upon his election as councillor. He is prominent in the Masonic fraternity, and is also a Knight of Pythias. He is a director and treasurer of the Masonic Building Association in Nashua, and a trustee of the City Savings Bank and the Security Trust Co. He is popular and public-spirited, and commands in large degree the confidence and regard of men of all classes. In religion he is a Congregation-

alist, and is a member of the Congregational Club, as well as of the New Hampshire Club.

December 5, 1871, he was united in marriage with Lucette A., daughter of Ivory Harmon, superintendent of the Nashua Manufacturing Co. They have one child, a son.

HON. FRANK N. PARSONS of Franklin, Councillor for District No. 4, is a son of Rev. Benjamin F. and Mary A. (Nesmith) Parsons, born in Dover, September 3, 1854. He fitted for college at Pinkerton Academy, Derry, graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1874, and taught in the high schools at Franklin and Nashua, one year each, after graduation. He commenced the study of law with G. C. Bartlett of Derry, continued with Daniel Barnard and Pike & Blodgett of Franklin, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1879, when he immediately formed a partnership with the late Senator Austin F. Pike, which continued until the death of the latter. Since then he has been alone in business, and has established a reputation as a keen, alert, and sagacious practitioner.

Upon the death of the late Hon. William S. Ladd of Lancaster, Mr. Parsons was appointed by the supreme court reporter of its decisions, which position he now holds. He served on the Franklin board of education from 1880 to 1887, and was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1889. He is treasurer and clerk of the Franklin Gas and Electric Light Co., director and clerk of the Kidder Machine Co. of Franklin, a director of the Citizens' National Bank of Tilton, and holds similar positions in other corporations. He is also a trustee of the Franklin Library Association, a member of the Franklin board of water commissioners, and clerk, treasurer and manager for the same,—all of which indicates a life of untiring activity. Politically, he has always been a working Republican.

He married, October 26, 1880, Helen E. F., daughter of the late Senator Pike.

HON. HERBERT B. MOULTON of Lisbon, Councillor for District No. 5, the old-time Democratic stronghold of the

state, was born in Lyman, July 5, 1846, his parents being James M. and Betsey B. (Titus) Moulton. His father was a farmer, and he was reared to farm life, receiving such educational advantages as the public schools afforded. Early in life he commenced operations in buying and selling cattle, and has successfully followed the occupation, being well known among the live-stock operators frequenting the Boston market. He has also operated extensively in lumber, and is known in his section as a man of sound, practical judgment, and business sagacity.

Politically, he has always been a thorough-going Democrat. He served as selectman in Lyman and represented that town in the legislature in 1876 and 1877, removing to Lisbon in the fall of the latter year, where he was one of the Democratic candidates for supervisor in 1878, when, for the first time in many years, that party secured control of the town. He served in the legislature as a representative from Lisbon in 1885. He is a director and member of the loaning committee of the Lisbon Savings Bank and Trust Co., and a director of the Parker & Young Co. of that town. He is liberal in his religious views, and is a member of Concordia Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Lisbon.

September 11, 1871, he married Caroline L. Foster of Littleton.

JOHN HALL.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

John Hall sat at his cabin door,
 At Dover Neck, one day,
 And watched a boat, just out from shore,
 Go sailing down the bay ;
 The wind was east, the tide was high,
 And with well-filled sails the boat went by.

As the cloud in air, as the fish-hawk flies,
 It onward sped the while,
 And John Hall watched it with age-dimmed eyes
 Till it rounded a tree-clad isle ;
 It rounded the point and left no trace
 On the silver water's shining face.

The woods were bright in the autumn glow,
 Red, golden, and green, and brown,
And the trees above met the trees below,
 Wave-mirrored, with tops adown,
And the haze of an Indian summer day
Like a bridal-veil o'er the landscape lay.

On John Hall's brow the sunlight gleamed,
 Like a halo from the skies,
And the spirit of the landscape seemed
 Reflected in his eyes ;
His life, like the year, was anear its close,
In the golden time of the soul's repose.

Its course, like the course of the sail-boat, lay
 Along the tide of time,
And he thought again of the fearful day
 When, leaving his native clime,
He left his home and his kin behind,
 A place in an unknown world to find.

He thought of the weary days they sailed
 On the stormy ocean's breast,
And the joyful morn when land they hailed,
 Away in the far blue west ;
And he heard the sound of the breakers' roar,
And his feet stood firm on the strange, dark shore.

The years went by, new friends were found,
 And the clearings larger grew,
And the thoughts of the old-world life were drowned
 In the home ties of the new ;
Till his children, all to manhood grown,
Had one by one from the home nest flown.

And with pious heart he felt God's hand
 Had led him all the way,
And marked his course from land to land,
 And kept him to that day ;
And murmured softly, in quaint old phrase,
His oft-used form of prayer and praise.

The fields of Dover Neck were brown,
 And dark was the cloud-wrapped day ;
 A long boat moved, with sails adown,
 On the waters of Great Bay,
 The rowers rowing two by two,
 And the wind-chopped waves were darkly blue.

But John Hall watched the boat no more,
 For, cold as the winter day,
 On a rude bier before the door
 His confined body lay ;
 And the great funeral pall was spread
 In awful blackness o'er the dead.

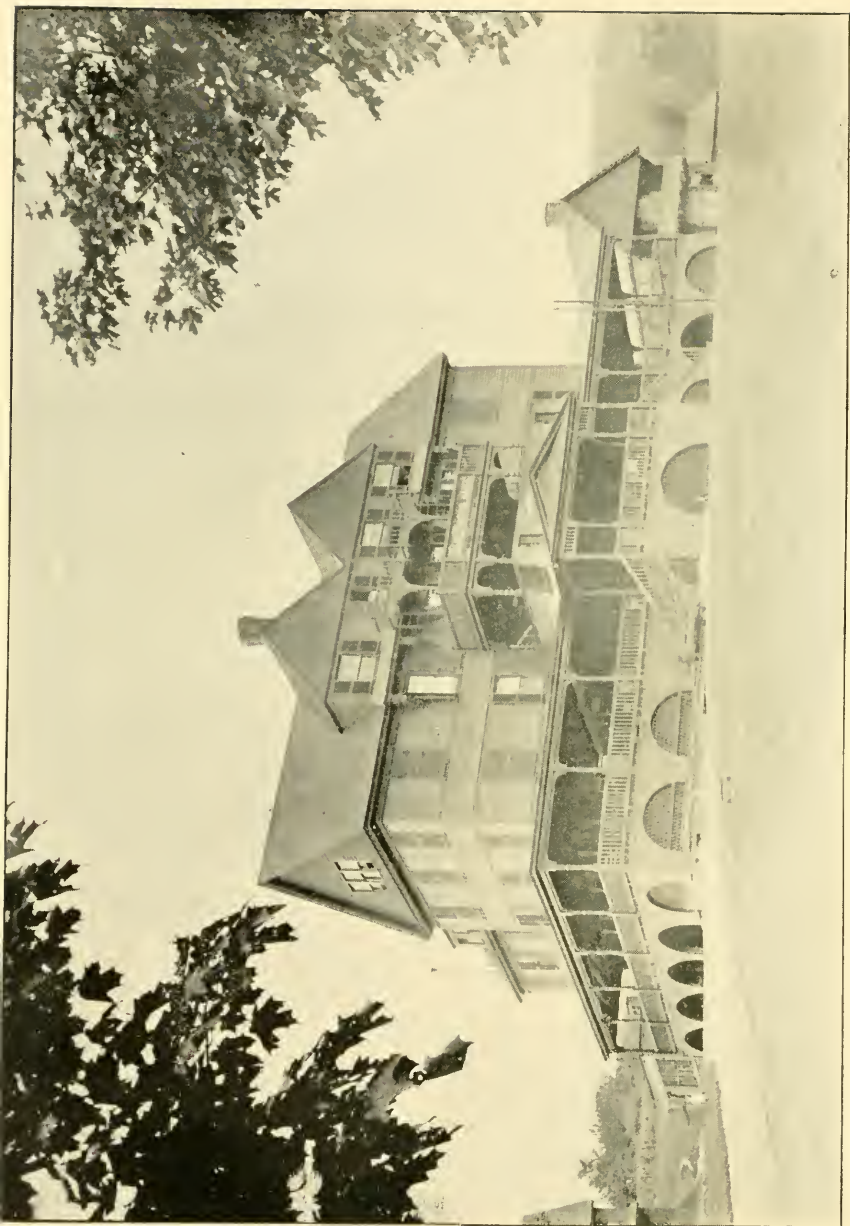
The bearers' steps were sad and slow
 Upon the frozen ground ;
 The sound of sighs and weeping low
 In the gusty wind was drowned,
 As, two by two, in solemn gloom,
 The long train followed to the tomb.

By Dover Neck the rivers flow
 To the ocean deep and wide,
 And the salt sea waters come and go
 With every changing tide ;
 And the land's green robes and the autumn glow
 Are yearly changed for a shroud of snow.

And John Hall's clearing on the shore
 Still yields its grain and corn,
 Although his sons are there no more,
 Their home and hearthstone gone ;
 And cars and whistling engines go
 Across the fields they used to know.

But John Hall's progeny we trace
 In many and many a town,
 The home, the church, the state they grace,
 And sometimes with renown ;
 While, as the waters ebb and flow,
 The generations come and go.

PITTSFIELD, N. H.



"The Moosilauke," Breezy Point, Warren, N. H.

THE WARREN-WOODSTOCK ROAD.

BY WILLIAM LITTLE.

This mountain road, recently built, leads from Breezy Point, East Warren, across the river Baker, a roaring stream from Moosilauke's woody ravines, through the "Reservation," so called, over the pass between Mounts Cushman and Waternomee, hangs on the flank of the latter mountain for a long distance, spans the head waters of Shirt brook, follows down Walker brook and crosses Moosilauke river to North Woodstock near Agassiz basin. Ever since the towns were first granted, in 1763, the building of a road across the mountains to connect them has been agitated. About the year 1830, the citizens of both towns united and agreed to make a blazed path. A day was appointed for the purpose; the people of Warren turned out, spotted the path up to the town line in the high pass, and then waited for those of Woodstock to put in an appearance. They shouted, making a noise that awoke every owl and wild beast of the forest, but not a soul appeared or responded. Woodstock men had made a mistake in the day; but a week later they spotted their part of the path, and then in like manner shouted for the Warren folks, but with no better success. In addition to marking the trees, they chopped off the logs, threw out the windfalls, and cut up the trip-wood or hobble-bushes.

There were several hamlets in the west part of Woodstock up among the mountains near Elbow pond. These were Mount Cilley, Potatoe hill, Scotland and Jackman's plantation, all containing about thirty families, and the citizens of these often used the path when they wished to see friends in Warren, attend the court at Haverhill, or visit the office of register of deeds. Warren people traversed it on business, and a great many went to Elbow pond to fish. Joshua Chapman of Woodstock, a noted land surveyor, used it many times when he came across to survey the disputed territory of the two towns, camping nights in the woods. Reuben Mills, an old man, started late in the fall to come to Warren. A blinding snow storm overtook him; he became exhausted and lay down to rest. Not returning at the appointed time, his friends started in search, and

found him by the path, dead. The heat of his body was such that it melted the snow beneath him, and his head was lying on the dry leaves.

When the rebellion broke out some of the men of the hamlets enlisted and went to the war, and their families came to the Pemigewasset valley to live. Then the old folks, one by one, died; the young people got lonesome; there was a spirit of unrest, and they moved away, one family, then another, till all were gone. The hamlets were deserted. Gradually the good houses and barns which they left fell and decayed, their school-house rotted down, their orchards were girdled, the trees killed, and hedge-hogs, foxes, bears, wild deer and other beasts were the only inhabitants. Even now the tracks of the deer can be seen on the muddy shores of Elbow pond every day, all summer long.

For many years the blazed path was but little travelled, and the growing shrubs almost obliterated it. Then several summer hotels and boarding-houses were established at Woodstock, the Breezy Point House was built at East Warren, and the citizens of both towns felt that the old path should be reblazed and extended to North Woodstock. June 20th and 21st, 1879, Frank C. Clement, Fred T. Pillsbury, Ira Merrill, with many other citizens* of Warren, cut out a bridle-path fifteen feet wide over the east branch of the river Baker, up to the northeast corner of the town, and then, leaving the old foot-path, kept away north to the deserted settlement of Kimball and Dearborn, near Moosilauke river. They made the work a holiday excursion, a picnic, and they had an abundance of food and a few delicious drinks. Charles F. Bracy, while exploring, was so unfortunate as to lose his gold watch, which cost him one hundred and twenty-five dollars. It is still lying in the forest. Another party got lost and climbed far away up to the top of the lonely fir-crowned mountain, Waternomee, that looks down on Elbow pond. Here he found "Bart" Libby's line of sable and fisher-cat traps, which extends for three miles on the long crest, and followed it down to the

* Men who cut the bridle-path in 1879: Frank C. Clement, Fred T. Pillsbury, Ira Merrill, William C. Carpenter, Charles F. Bracy, James F. Merrill, Albert B. Merrill, Amos L. Merrill, Enoch Merrill, William Moses, James A. Clough, John Boynton, Benjamin F. Eastman, Oscar French, Abraham Cookson.

bridle-path in the pass. Many pedestrians, making tours of the mountains, passed over this road during the next few years.

In 1887 the people of Warren determined to have a better road to Woodstock. The subject was much discussed. Capt. George H. L. Head was the leader in the enterprise. Daniel Q. Clement, James M. Bixby, Joseph M. Little, Henry N. Merrill and others took an active part; while, in Woodstock, Nathan H. Weeks, Fred P. Weeks, Mark M. Hall, Joseph W. Campbell, George F. Russell, S. S. Sharon and others favored the road. Capt. Head drew up petitions to the legislature for state aid; they were circulated, signed and presented. Albert B. Woodworth and Edward B. Woodworth of Concord, proprietors of "The Moosilauke," at Breezy Point, and Hon. Samuel N. Bell, owner of the Deer Park Hotel, at North Woodstock, went before the legislative committee on roads, bridges and canals, and advocated an appropriation. The committee gave an attentive hearing. August 3, 1887, they went to Moosilauke, lunching at "The Moosilauke," and dining at the Tip-Top House on the summit of the mountain. It was a clear day and the view was fine. William Little of Manchester pointed out the route of the proposed road, through the pass between Mounts Cushman and Waternomee and down the valley of Moosilauke river to North Woodstock. George W. Mann of Benton also made a speech in favor of the road by Tunnel stream. The committee was much pleased, and on returning to Concord, recommended an appropriation of \$2,500, which the legislature unanimously voted. The money was given with the proviso "that the towns named and citizens interested shall raise a sufficient sum in addition thereto to complete the road without further aid from the state." The legislature also made a law authorizing the town of Warren, "by a majority vote of those present and voting at any special town-meeting, to raise and appropriate any sum of money they may deem necessary to build or aid in building of a highway in said town from a point near the Breezy Point House, so called, to the line of the town of Woodstock."

The town of Warren voted \$800, the Breezy Point Hotel Company gave \$700, the town of Woodstock \$700, and Hon. Samuel N. Bell \$100, to build the road. Of the state appropriation Warren got \$900; Woodstock, \$1,600.

The selectmen of Warren contracted with Capt. George H. L. Head and Frank Batchelder to build the new road necessary in the first section, including the high bridge over the river Baker, from Breezy Point House, 303 rods, to the McVitty farm on East Branch, for \$1,000; and with Samuel, George W. and Charles A. Witcher the second section, 561 rods, to the town line in the pass, for \$1,222. The selectmen of Woodstock hired Edgar F. Howland of Warren to build the third section from Warren line along the slope of Mount Waternomee, 1,180 rods, to the old Jackman plantation, for \$3,000; and John H. Caldron of Thornton to build the fourth section by the Dearborn-Kimball place and over Moosilauke river, 328 rods, to Gordon's saw-mill, for \$860. Mr. Howland's section proved to be 1,325 rods long, and, after building 390 rods, he sublet his job to George C. Clifford of Warren, who built 160 rods, and then sublet the balance, 775 rods, to Samuel Head, now of Hooksett, who finished it. The third section was the hardest of all to build; it was in the heart of the wilderness; no road to it and no house within two miles. Mr. Howland first erected a log cabin for himself and men, and carried in all his provision, bedding and other supplies with a sap-yoke. Afterwards he built a log shanty for his oxen.

Work was begun October 1, 1888, and continued until the snow flew. It was resumed in May, when the snow in the woods was gone. The road was built ten feet wide, from inside to inside of the ditches, and the trees and shrubs were cut out five feet more on each side. The culverts were of logs, covered first with poles and then with earth, and the stringer bridges had log abutments, a pier in the middle if necessary, and were covered with plank. The whole length of the road from McVitty's by the East Branch to Agassiz basin is six miles and two hundred and ninety-four rods.

Sunday, June 23, 1889, the road was passable for carriages, and that day Mark M. Hall, one of the selectmen of Woodstock, was the first person to drive over it. Prof. E. H. Barlow, principal of the Tilden Ladies' Seminary at Lebanon, with his family, was the next to use it; Ernest B. Little was his driver. The legislative committee on roads, bridges and canals inspected it June 26, and about

the same time Dr. C. P. Bancroft and wife, Albert B. Woodworth and wife, with several others from "The Moosilauke," went over it to North Woodstock.

The road was very rough and muddy and needed improvements. At the June session of the legislature the state appropriated \$200 a year for 1889, 1890, to repair that portion in Warren, and \$300 a year to repair the portion in Woodstock. This money was laid out by the chairmen of the boards of selectmen, James M. Bixby being agent for Warren and Joseph B. Campbell for Woodstock. The legislature of 1891 appropriated the same amounts for 1891 and 1892, and Albert B. Woodworth, for Warren, and Hon. John J. Bell of Exeter, for Woodstock, made the repairs.

The state has been liberal in appropriations for mountain roads, and can well afford to be. Nothing else conduces so much to attract summer visitors and tourists to our mountains as good highways. The state expends a few thousand dollars each year on them, and the summer travel brings and leaves with our hotels, boarding-houses, farmers, steamboats and railroads at least six millions of dollars yearly.

The Warren-Woodstock road affords one of the pleasantest woodland drives in New Hampshire. For five miles it runs through an unbroken forest—the primitive woods. It is a delicious ride any summer day, always shady and cool; the deciduous trees sweet smelling, the evergreens so fragrant. It was in such a wood that Hertha, the goddess of the Angles, had her lovely residence; that Pan piped and satyrs danced; that dryads had their ward, fairies their revels, and Puck his pranks;—such was the haunt of witches, sprites, elves, the sporn, the man-in-the-oak, and the will-'o-the-wisp.

The forest is a mighty temple. What magnificent columns are the giant spruces, near a hundred feet high, surmounted by capitals of wavy splendor; what arches of blue with heavenward opening windows, sometimes painted with rainbows and often with the golden glories of sunset; what magnificent aisles, carpeted with mosses, ferns and forest flowers; what splendid altars gemmed with quartz and crystals of mica and spangled with lichens; what a glorious place in which to admire the beauties of nature! May these woods never be cut down! The state should

make a law that, among the mountains, no tree should be felled for wood or timber less than six inches in diameter, unless the owner of the land wishes to clear it for tillage or pasture. Then the mountains would always be clothed with a vigorous young growth.

These woods are full of flowers in their season. Trailing arbutus with the richest fragrance, anemones nodding in the open glades, trilliums or wake-robins with dark purple flowers, yellow dog-tooth violets with adder-tongue leaves, Jack-in-the-pulpit standing up under the trees, the hobble-bush with hydrangea-like flowers, wild columbine with its curiously formed flower swinging in every passing breeze, and a host of others are found in spring and early summer. Later come the lilies, red, white and yellow, cardinal flowers rearing their flaming spikes along brooksides, willow-herbs with showy, bright-purple flowers springing up in great profusion in newly-cleared land, oxalis or wood sorrel, and last, fringed gentians, golden rod, white and yellow and blue asters—many varieties in great abundance.

Forest birds are always found here; the blue jay with its shrill scream, the Canada jay almost equaling the mocking-bird with its varied notes, the great horned owl with its blood-curdling hoot at night, the blue snow bird, the most abundant bird in the world, black-cap titmice with their sweet chick-a-dee-dee—they will light on your boots if you will sit still a few moments under a fir copse—the white-throat finch, one of the sweetest singers, heard often in the night by campers lying by their smoldering fires, the ruffed grouse that drums on some old, prostrate log, the spruce grouse that drums on its own sides with rapidly vibrating wings as it leaps into the air twenty feet or more in spiral flight, are here, some of them the whole year round. The winter wren comes early in the spring. It lives by the streams. What a weird volume of song it sends forth for a bird with so tiny a body—immense, mighty, prolonged. If the terrific explosions and awful thunder of a live volcano should proceed from a Chinese fire-cracker, the noise would be no more wonderful than the voice of the winter wren. The hermit thrush sings in these deep woods all summer, a sweet refrain, and the song thrush, on the edge of the clearing at eventide, pours forth heaven's own matchless melody.

The wild beasts are yet here. Bears frequently kill the farmers' sheep. A few are trapped each year. Amos L. Merrill of Warren, proprietor of Merrill's Mountain Home, caught two the past season. If you wish to see the forest denizens, sit down very quietly and wait; the red squirrel delights to have you watch him—what antics he will perform for your amusement; the sable keeps in the tree tops and eats birds and their eggs; the hedgehog will come and smell of you—he would like to eat your boots; and sometimes you will see the deer, with mottled fawns, cropping the tender herbage. How attractive the deer make the woods! What a pity that any should be killed! A law should be enacted to prevent it. For them it should be a close season the whole year.

If the Warren-Woodstock road shall be kept in good repair and improved, in time it will become one of the most travelled thoroughfares in the mountain region.

LITTLE IMPS OF SNOW.

BY C. C. LORD.

Across the lawn, in wintry light,
 Float nimbly in excited flight,
 All dressed in robes of spotless white,
 The little imps of snow.

Forth from the haunts of regal frost,
 For pleasure found or treasure lost,
 They roam, on airy billows tossed,
 The tiny elfs of snow.

Lithe emissaries of the cold,
 Of mission swift and impulse bold,
 They mount the hill and sweep the wold,—
 The fairy films of snow.

In exaltation of the air,
 On buoyant wings, they blithely dare
 The rush and rout, despising care,
 The goblin specks of snow.

One end of fierce ambition high,
 One aim of fancy wild, to try,

They swerve, revolve, and madly fly,—
The demon mites of snow.

Alas! alas! Of rashness led,
They quickly fall and seek the dead;
And round their low, enshrouded bed,
Flit little ghosts of snow.

LAURA A. W. FOWLER.

BY MARION HOWARD.

It cannot be truthfully said that the Bay State has any superfluous women, so long as they are able to compete with men in various walks of life, are self-supporting, and an honor to the community. We hold New Hampshire partly responsible for the magnitude of this grand army of women, in sending to us some of the brightest, brainiest and busiest women of the "Hub."

Boston is essentially a club city. The very social, musical, literary and philanthropic atmosphere demands organized work in many directions, and no woman is better known in musical and club circles than the subject of this sketch.

Mrs. Fowler was Laura A. Wentworth, daughter of Amasa and Susan Wentworth, and was born in Somersworth (Great Falls), June 11, 1837. Her mother was Susan Nowell, daughter of Col. Ebenezer Nowell of Sanford (Mt. Hope), Me. She has a lineage worth chronicling. Her earliest American ancestor was Elder William Wentworth, the emigrant, who came from England in 1636. From him also sprang the branch of the family which furnished New Hampshire with "Lieut.-Gov. John" Wentworth, in 1717 (the governorship proper being vested at that time in Massachusetts), and, later, Governors Benning and John Wentworth, son and grandson respectively of "Lieut.-Gov. John," as he was called.

Mrs. Fowler is a great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Wentworth, who, with his three sons, Amaziah, her great-grandfather, "Col. Jonathan," and Daniel (who enlisted at the age of nineteen and died in service), served in the Revolutionary war, and was in the battle of Bunker Hill. This ancestry makes Mrs. Fowler eligible to membership in the



L. W. Fowler.

order of the "Daughters of the American Revolution." She was a charter member of the national organization, and is an active worker in the Warren and Prescott Chapter of Boston.

But to return to the early days of Laura Wentworth's eventful life. When very young, a mere school girl, she displayed such unusual musical ability as to warrant her being sent to a musical institute at Worcester, Mass., where she remained three terms. At the age of eleven she began to play in church and to teach others, besides attending faithfully to her studies. In the winter of 1856 she left the high school and taught in one of the intermediate schools, in addition to which she had a class of thirty musical pupils in Great Falls and adjoining towns.

This ambitious little woman also, at the time, served as organist in one church, conducted the musical services at the Sunday-school in another, and taught an evening singing-class in her own home. The six churches of the town were at one time supplied with organists from among her pupils.

As an acknowledged leader in musical and social circles, she was able to plan and carry out programmes of rare merit in her section of the state. She served during these two years as pianist of the Mozart Quartette (the other instruments being flute, violin and cello), which gave frequent concerts in Great Falls and the surrounding towns. From 1848 to 1856 she was pianist for twenty-two different evening singing-schools. In the year 1859, she resigned her position as a school teacher, because denied an advanced one in the High school, and entered Abbot Academy, at Andover, Mass. Miss Wentworth made a mental resolve to win that longed-for position, however, and it was offered her, unsolicited, three years later. Two years were spent in the academy, where, during her course, she also taught music, graduating in the class of '60.

At the opening of the Rebellion, she was induced to accept an offer to take charge of the musical department of Lagrange Female College, Lagrange, Tenn., much against the wishes of her friends. Her year's labor there gave great satisfaction and her reminiscences of those trying days and her teaching experiences would make an interesting volume. When the war was in actual progress,

being a true northerner, she left the enemy's country and returned to Great Falls to resume teaching, and then in the high school. After one year, she resigned to accept a position in Concord, as teacher of mathematics, languages and music in the high school, of which Henry E. Sawyer, a former teacher of hers, was principal. After entering upon the second year she received a flattering offer to take charge of the musical department in Monticello Seminary, Illinois, where she remained four years. A call to the departments of music and painting in Elmira College, New York, brought her east again. She filled this responsible position, being at the same time organist and orator of music in the First (Presbyterian) Church, six years, until her marriage to William Fowler, in 1871. Mr. Fowler was a graduate of Yale College and of the Albany Law School, and was at one time editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine* and organist of the leading musical society. He was graduated fourth in a class of one hundred and twenty. He entered the army as lieutenant of 173d N. Y. regiment, was with Gen. Banks in his famous expedition, and was then transferred to the Army of the Potomac. He was rapidly promoted to the position of assistant adjutant-general on the staff of Gen. Charles Griffin of the fifth corps. Four horses were shot under him during his service, and he was in every battle of the Virginia campaign but one, when he was sent to Washington. He was present at the surrender of Gen. Lee, and brought home with him the colors of the corps, the first planted at Appomatox. Mrs. Fowler treasures that flag among her most precious possessions. After the war he served upon the staff of Gen. O. O. Howard, at Washington. Finally, he returned to New York and resumed the practice of law, but, suffering from the hardships of war, after a long and painful illness, he passed away, November 26th, 1874.

After her husband's death Mrs. Fowler resumed teaching, being engaged four years at Sayre Female Institute, Lexington, Ky., and four years in Stuart's Female College, Shelbyville, Ky., when she returned to New England. During her journeyings she visited every city of importance west and south. The oratorios, operettas, concerts, theatrical and other entertainments given under her direction during all these busy years number many hundreds.

Mrs. Fowler is a life member of the Bostonian Society, her name being the first of her sex to be enrolled, after a long discussion in regard to admitting ladies. She is on the board of management of the Boston Children's Friend Society and resident manager of the Boys' Home of Dedham, where she at present resides; is a member of the Ladies' Aid Association of the Soldiers' Home, and its musical conductor, besides having served as visitor, director, and upon the board of council of this large organization for several years. She is a member of the Woman's Relief Corps, No. 88, Dedham; of the Dedham Historical Society and the Society for the Home of Discharged Female Prisoners, in the same town. She is also deeply interested in the Beneficent Society of the N. E. Conservatory of Music, and was for several years chairman of its entertainment committee. Like Mrs. Micah Dyer, Jr., Mrs. Fowler is heart and soul interested in all charitable work. She is found in the ranks of the W. C. T. Union, the E. and I. Union, and the Woman's Charity Club, and is also a worker in the Helping Hand Society and Home for Intemperate Women.

In addition to her rare musical gifts Laura A. W. Fowler has literary abilities of a high order. Her musical critiques have been extensively quoted in leading musical journals. She wields a free lance. Her "Reminiscences," for the New Hampshire *Free Press*, received flattering comments, and articles of varied interest from her pen frequently appear in the *Journal of Education*, *Traveller*, *Transcript* and other well-known publications. She is a member of the New England Woman's Press Association and is Vice-President of the General Federation of Clubs of America. Her "pet club," as she calls it, is the Abbot Academy Club, of which she is the honored president.

In person Mrs. Fowler is most attractive, with her abundant gray hair, clear blue eyes, and fine complexion. She has a personality all her own. Her chief characteristics are tact, a resolute will, remarkable energy and enthusiasm. She is an indefatigable worker in whatever she undertakes, and is thoroughly business-like. She inspires life and energy in all around her, and her busy, useful life well demonstrates what a woman of pluck and talent combined can accomplish.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

BY LEANDER W. COGSWELL.

Nestled among the hills and valleys of New Hampshire lies the town of Henniker. Its wooded hills, its fertile slopes and valleys, through which runs the beautiful Contoocook river, the largest tributary stream in the state, and along whose course is heard the busy hum of machinery, make the town a beautiful place for situation.

Its people are industrious, frugal, intelligent and enterprising. Several church spires point upward to heaven, snowy white school-houses adorn the town, and the dwellers therein have a respect and reverence for the things that make this life the better for living.

All of this have they inherited from the noble men and women who settled the township a century and one third ago.

One of the very earliest settlers of the town was Alexander Patterson, born at Bush Mills, in the north of Ireland, in 1714, who settled, with his father, in 1721, in Londonderry, New Hampshire, the home of that noble company of Scotch-Irish who settled in the state—true types of religious, God-fearing men and women.

His wife was Elizabeth Arbuckle, who was born on the passage to America, and whose parents also made their home in Londonderry. Arriving at womanhood, she was described as “pert, little woman, straight as an arrow, of great activity and of an excellent education for her day.”

A large family of children were born to this worthy couple. Mr. Patterson came into the township of Henniker, with two of his stalwart sons, driving a cow with them, and lived in a bough-house until a piece of land was cleared and a log-cabin was erected, into which provisions were stored, his family gathered, and preparations made for the coming winter, which proved to be one of great severity.

For six weeks they saw no person save their own number, and were greatly delighted, when, one day at the expiration of that term, Deacon H., their nearest neighbor, living one mile away, made his appearance upon snowshoes, and informed them that he had “come to see whether they were dead or alive.”

Afterwards a more comfortable house was erected, and, besides caring for her large family, Mrs. Patterson taught one of the first schools in the township, in the kitchen of her house. In due time Sarah, one of the daughters, who was described as being "tall, very straight and erect, quick in her movements and overflowing with ready wit and humor," became the wife of Major David Campbell, the eldest son of another early settler in the town, who brought with him a large family of sturdy sons and daughters. Major Campbell was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, the commander of a company, and was one of the most prominent men of the town. He resided upon the place settled by his father, and here he and his wife lived long and useful lives, and in due time were gathered to their fathers.

Major Campbell was the first one to introduce tea into the township. On his return from a journey to Boston, he brought some of it to his home. Neither he nor his wife knew how to prepare it for use, but finally Mrs. Campbell put it all into a kettle and boiled it for greens. Upon the eating of it, however, both declared that "it was not fit for that, even."

Physicians were few in number in the olden times in newly-settled townships, and many a good housewife became quite skillful in caring for those who were ill. Compounds and extracts from roots and herbs, with which their homes were stored during the summer and autumn, raised in the garden and found in the woods about them, proved very efficacious, and many lives were saved through a faithful use of the same.

Mrs. Campbell became widely known for her skill and ability in ministering to the sick, and calls for her aid were frequent, and were never refused if possible for her to respond to them. So with her faithful old horse, Marmion, upon whose back she rode as but few women, or men even, could ride, she hastened to the relief of those who required her aid.

The Contocook river was always called in the grants and plans of the town "the great river." It takes its rise in a small sheet of water near the Monadnock mountain, and receives the water of several small streams before it flows a great distance, and of many larger ones before it

passes through Henniker, which it does the entire width of the town, from the southwest to the easterly side. thence on and discharges its waters at Penacook, near the island made famous by Mrs. Dustin's exploits with the Indians, and

"Of all the streams that seek the sea,
By mountain pass or sunny lea,
Nowhere is one that dares to vie
With clear Contoocook, swift and shy."

This river was crossed in various parts of the township by fording when the water was low, and by ferry boats when too high for fording. This was a very inconvenient way of crossing at times. Some of the people of the town favored placing a bridge across the river at some convenient point. Others opposed it, saying it could not be done, as it would be swept away at high water. In 1780, however, the citizens of the town assembled in meeting, and voted to build a bridge at the most convenient place for crossing the river, and raised a sum of money to erect the same.

The place selected was at a point where the river was fully one hundred and fifty feet in width. Abutments of stone were built at each edge of the river, and a strong pier of the same material was placed midway of the river, and upon these rested long "stringers" of heavy pine, then so abundant in the forests of the town. These "stringers" were hewn to a flat surface upon one side, and upon these were placed thick, heavy planks, upon which to cross the river. The bridge was finished with what was called in the olden time "figures." These were posts, rounded at the top, resembling an image, set at regular intervals upon each side, to which the railing of the bridge was bolted. This was the first and only bridge, at the time of its completion, upon the river, from its rise to its discharge, and was a great wonder and curiosity; and people travelling went out of their way to cross it, that they might say they had crossed the river upon the "new bridge."

This bridge withstood the ice and high water of the river several years, when a winter of unusual severity came. The heavy snows drifted and gathered in almost unparalleled depths until the whole surface of the township seemed covered with a mass of snow without any breakage what-

ever. The winter was a dreary one, but as the days lengthened and the sun's rays became warmer the snow began to give way; warm, heavy rains descended, the south wind blew in gales, and the snow melted rapidly. Down the hillsides and through the valleys little rivulets became large streams of water, all making their way towards and discharging into the river, which soon became a raging torrent of water, overflowing its banks, carrying the ice with it, rushing madly on with ceaseless energy. As yet the bridge had withstood all the assaults of ice and water, and was deemed secure.

One day, in the midst of the wild storm that was raging over the township, a very urgent request came to Mrs. Campbell to attend a lady friend who was very ill, residing across the river and beyond Craney Hill, the highest point of land in the township, being one third of a mile in height, and several miles from her home. No entreaties of her family could dissuade her from making the attempt to reach the sick one. She could not resist the call. Relief of suffering was a paramount duty with her, and, amidst the blackening gloom of the day, with direful forebodings upon every side, she mounted her faithful old Marmion, wrapped in her warmest clothing, and rode out into the pelting rain on her errand of mercy.

She passed down the river bank close by the water, and one half of a mile from her home crossed the bridge, then above the water and apparently as strong as ever. She made her way slowly through the valley, the snow being soft and spongy, rendering travelling in any manner slow and unsafe, then slowly climbing the mountain before her, taxing the strength of her horse to the utmost. Step by step she ascended higher and higher the mountain enveloped in a dense fog, and, although it was but midday, darkness was about her upon every side.

After a severe ride of what seemed hours to her the top of the mountain was reached, and carefully she descended until the home of her friend was reached, greatly to her relief and that of Marmion, as well as to that of the invalid one and her anxious family, for whom it was fondly hoped relief had come. She remained with her patient, caring for her in the most faithful manner, until midnight, when, deeming her better and giving all needed instruc-

tions to the family, she resolved to undertake the task of reaching her home.

The fearful storm was still raging. The great trees around the cabin groaned and lashed each other in wild fury, the little cabin shook with the violence of the storm, the darkness was dense, but notwithstanding this and the most urgent entreaties of the family to remain until the storm abated, Mrs. Campbell, fearing the snow would become so soft as to prevent her from reaching her home for some time, determined to make the attempt, and remounting her faithful old Marmion, who seemed to understand perfectly what would be required of him and who seemed resolved to act well his part, she bade the inmates of the cabin good-bye and went forth into the darkness and the storm.

Slowly and carefully she descended the mountain step by step, amidst the roaring of the huge trees by which she was surrounded and the cries of the wild beasts concealed in their lairs; on and still on she went until the foot of the mountain was reached, and then, with much difficulty, the plain was passed over until the overflow of the river was reached, some distance from where she knew the bridge must be. Still she hesitated not but urged her horse forward, who kept on but with very cautious step. When the end of the bridge was reached Marmion suddenly stopped, and with his keen eye seemed peering into the darkness before him and was reluctant to proceed.

"Come, Marmion," said Mrs. Campbell, "go on, and carry me safely home, for it is high time we were there. Ye've been a long time on the road, but have brought me safely so far, and now go on with ye."

The faithful old horse proceeded, placing each foot firmly as he went. Mrs. Campbell was aware the water was much higher than when she crossed the bridge hours before, for her feet were in the water as she sat in her saddle and its current was swifter, causing the horse at times to nearly lose his foothold; but on he went, each moment seeming a long one to Mrs. Campbell, who wondered why Marmion was so slow in crossing the bridge.

"Be careful," said Mrs. Campbell, as the horse went nearly upon his knees; "we must be nearly across the bridge and will soon be home." Suddenly, as before, Mar-



A. F. NEVERS.

mion stopped and seemed to take another survey of what was before him, then started again, and proceeding a short distance, gave a sudden bound and planted his feet upon the ground with the water all about him. But the river had been crossed, and finding his way up the river bank, Mrs. Campbell soon reached her home, greatly to the astonishment of her family, who were aroused from their slumbers by her arrival, and "How did you cross the river?" was quickly asked her. "On the bridge, of course," replied Mrs. Campbell.

"Why, wife," said her husband the major, "The planks of the bridge were all washed away shortly after you crossed it yesterday, and how *did* you get across?"

"Old Marmion was a good while in crossing the river, and I noticed he placed his feet very carefully each step he took," replied Mrs. Campbell; "but I don't know what he crossed upon."

As soon as possible an examination was made, and, to the great amazement of all, it was ascertained that the faithful horse, Marmion, with Mrs. Campbell upon his back, had crossed the river *upon one of the stringers of the bridge which had remained in position, the others having been washed away.* And from that time until the present the story of Mrs. Campbell's perilous ride has been rehearsed in every household of the town.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

ARTHUR F NEVERS.

Mr. Arthur F. Nevers, the subject of our sketch, was born in Claremont, N. H., March 27, 1861. At an early age he gave unmistakable evidence of a musical nature, and manifested a remarkable aptitude for the cornet. At the age of sixteen he received his first instruction from the leader of the local band, making rapid progress. Later, he studied with the late E. M. Bagley, then cornet soloist with the Germania band and the Symphony orchestra, of Boston.

In 1882 Mr. Nevers came to Concord, taking the position of cornet soloist in Blaisdell's orchestra, which position

he holds at the present time. He is a faithful student, and from year to year has made remarkable progress, and has honestly earned the reputation as one of the leading soloists in the country. Among important engagements as concert soloist, since 1881, may be mentioned one season at Long Branch, N. J., several seasons at Profile House, White Mountains, and Hotel Wentworth, Newcastle, N. H., and during the summer of 1892 he was with Baldwin's Cadet Band of Boston, and at Park Theatre. Later, in October, he was engaged to go with Ellis Brooks' celebrated New York band to the Pittsburgh, Pa., exposition. He has also appeared as first cornet and soloist in all the principal cities of the New England and Middle states, at concerts and musical festivals, and has performed the trumpet obligatos in the Handel oratorios with great success, with nearly all the great vocalists in America.

Five years ago he enlisted in the N. H. N. G., as bandmaster of the Third Regiment. This band will be known hereafter as Nevers' Third Regiment Band. Mr. Nevers has refused many flattering offers to join other organizations, preferring to remain with Blaisdell's orchestra and the Third Regiment. He has been faithful to his art and profession, never disappointing friends or the public. He is to be relied upon both as a gentleman and a musician. He is genial and affable to all, using every effort to please, and happy when such results are attained. As an instructor of the cornet and bands he is very successful. His future prospects are decidedly flattering, and we confidently predict for him a long and useful career.

CONCERT BY CONCORD CHORAL SOCIETY.

The eighth concert of the Concord Choral Society took place on Wednesday evening, January 17. The works in hand were the Stabat Mater by Rossini, the Evening Hymn by Reinecke, and Eaton Fanning's Song of the Vikings. The soloists were Mrs. Louise Laine-Blackmore, Miss Gertrude Edmands, Mr. T. M. Cushman, and Mr. D. M. Babcock. Miss Ada M. Aspinwall presided at the piano, and Blaisdell's orchestra was present. It was indeed a most satisfactory performance throughout. The chorus was true to every call of the conductor, and their intonation, phrasing, and shading were all nearly

perfection. Especially trying is the Evening Hymn of Reinecke, where the modulations are numerous, and where anticipations of what is to follow from measure to measure are, as a rule, misleading. The soloists acquitted themselves in a most satisfactory manner, their most trying and most finished work being the unaccompanied quartette in the Stabat Mater, "Quando Corpus." The only "out" about the entertainment was the circumstances under which it was given. The demands upon the purse and time of Concord people are enough for a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, and this seemed to be the busiest week of the year. Yet there is a lamentable fact and another side to our "tale of woe." Janauschek's tickets were on sale side by side with those of the Choral Union, and many people were not too busy or too tired to ignore the Choral Union and patronize her.

NOTES.

Mr. E. T. Baldwin of Manchester is managing a series of monthly piano-forte recitals at the chapel of the First Congregational Church in his city. In his announcement he takes occasion to tell the truth regarding Manchester—and we add all the cities in our state—being ignored by artists of repute for want of patronage and support. It is a lamentable fact that our musical students have but little to encourage them, except as they go to Boston for such inspiration as will uplift and correct wrong methods of practice or instruction which are so prevalent and fatal among us. Another fact that shows the purely unselfish nature of Mr. Baldwin is that all receipts in excess of actual expenses attending these recitals will be paid into the hands of the treasurer of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association, which, using his own words, "is the only society organized for the single purpose of promoting musical art throughout the state." The first recital was given Thursday evening, December 15, by Fraulein Adèle Lewing of Boston.

The South Congregational Church of Concord once more enjoys a good choir. It is composed of Mrs. Annie Deitrich-Brown, soprano, Miss Rose F. Jenkins, contralto, Mr. C. S. Conant, tenor, and Mr. C. F. Scribner, basso; Mrs. J. W. Odlin, organist.

Concord and Laconia enjoyed a rich musical treat January 11-12, in the appearance of the Philharmonic Club of New York, assisted by Miss Marion Weed, mezzo-soprano soloist. The students of stringed orchestral instruments had an opportunity to hear perfection in both execution and ensemble playing, while Miss Weed is never disappointing to lovers of music, whether vocal or instrumental.

Lisbon, N. H., holds its annual festival during the week of February 20. Artists not yet announced.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

GEN. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Benjamin Franklin Butler, one of the most striking figures in American public life, and easily among the ablest of New Hampshire's native sons, died suddenly, in Washington, D. C., Wednesday morning, January 11.

Gen. Butler was a native of the town of Deerfield, born November 5, 1818. His mother was left a widow in his childhood, and removed with him to Lowell, Mass., when he was about two years of age, where she was enabled more readily to earn a subsistence. He subsequently, being of a studious disposition, secured admission to Phillips Exeter Academy, where he fitted for college, and graduated at Waterville, now Colby University, in 1838. He had been destined by his mother for the Baptist ministry, but his inclinations took a different turn, and he pursued the study of law, being admitted to the bar, at Lowell, in 1840, and soon after commencing practice in that city, where he ever after held his residence, although, as his remarkable abilities developed and commanded attention, he established offices in Boston, New York, and Washington, at all of which he spent some portion of the time, as the interests of his clients demanded. He was active and conspicuous in political and military circles in early manhood, becoming a leader in Democratic politics and a general in the state militia. He served in the Massachusetts legislature in 1853, and was active in forwarding the bill to reduce the hours of factory labor. He was a member of the state senate in 1859, and a delegate to the National

Democratic Convention at Charleston, S. C., in 1860, acting with the extreme states rights wing of the party, and voting fifty-nine times for Jefferson Davis for candidate for president. But at the very outbreak of the rebellion he took emphatic ground against it, and was the first general officer of state militia to tender his services, with those of his command, for the defence of the Union. His prompt action unquestionably saved the capital from falling into the hands of the Southern army. His subsequent striking military career, in command at Fortress Monroe, New Orleans, and at other points, is well known.

In 1866 Gen. Butler was elected to congress by the Republican voters of the Sixth Massachusetts district, and served continuously until 1879, except one term, for which he was defeated by Charles P. Thompson, the Democratic candidate. He was a leader of the radical Republicans in congress during the reconstruction period, a champion of the force bill, and a prime mover in the impeachment of President Johnson. He was an independent candidate for governor of Massachusetts in 1878 and 1879, and, in 1882, received the united Independent and Democratic support for that office, and was elected. In 1884 he received the Greenback and Anti-Monopoly nomination for president, and commanded 133,825 votes at the polls.

Latterly, although failing in health and strength, he has been constantly devoted to the practice of his profession, his services being in greater demand than those of any other lawyer in the country.

He married a daughter of Israel Hildreth of Lowell, who died April 8, 1876. He leaves a son and daughter, Paul Butler of Lowell, and Blanche, wife of Ex-Senator Adelbert Ames, formerly of Alabama.

HON. ALONZO NUTE.

Alonzo Nute, born in Milton, upon the old Nute Homestead, February 12, 1826, died in Farmington, December 24, 1892.

He learned the shoe business early in life at Natick, Mass., and commenced manufacturing at Farmington in 1849, continuing through life, except during the time when he was occupied in public service. He served in the late war

as quartermaster of the Sixth N. H. Regiment, and was promoted to the staff of Gen. Rush C. Hawkins. He was a representative from Farmington in the legislature of 1866 and a senator in 1867 and 1868. In 1876 he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and in 1888 was chosen by that party a representative in the fifty-first congress, defeating Hon. Luther F. McKinney, but, broken down in health from malarial disease contracted during the war, he declined a renomination.

In 1850 he married Mary, daughter of Joseph and Betsey Pearl, who survives him, with two sons, Eugene P., recently a member of the state board of bank commissioners, and Alonzo I., a representative in the present legislature.

RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL. D.

Richard Burleigh Kimball, an eminent writer and lecturer, born in Plainfield, October 11, 1816, died in New York city, December 28, 1892.

He graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1834; read law at Waterford, N. Y.; continued his studies in Paris, and afterwards located at Troy, N. Y.; removed to New York city in 1840, devoting himself almost entirely to literary work. He was one of the prominent contributors to the famous *Knickerbocker Magazine*, in which his first novel, "St. Leger," appeared. He published numerous novels, essays and books of travel, and lectured before various institutes throughout the country. Just before his death he completed his great work, entitled "Half a Century of Recollections." He married Julia C. Tomlinson of New York, April 17, 1845. Dartmouth College conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. in 1874.

SUMNER ALBEE.

Sumner Albee, a well-known member of the Massachusetts bar, born in Langdon, N. H., March 23, 1825, died at Cambridge, Mass., January 11, 1893.

He graduated at Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1848, taught several years in the Brimmer School, Boston, read law with Morse & Ranney in that city, and was admitted to the bar in 1854, commencing and continuing practice in Boston, but establishing his residence in Cambridge, where

he served several years as a member of the city government and also upon the school board, and was for thirteen years one of the overseers of the poor, resigning in 1891. During the war he was a member of the committee to distribute state aid to the families of Cambridge soldiers, and was for twenty-one years a deacon of the Prospect Congregational Church, Cambridge.

He married, in 1825, Lucy A., daughter of Rev. Andrew Rankin of Chester, Vt., by whom he had three children—a son and two daughters. The son, Sumner Rankin Albee, a promising young man, a graduate of Harvard, class of 1889, and an enthusiastic student in the class of 1893, Harvard Law School, died in September last, at the age of 25 years, and his loss was an inciting cause of the illness which terminated in his own decease. The daughters survive, with their widowed mother.

SIDNEY SMITH HARRIS.

Sidney S. Harris, a well-known lawyer of the city of New York, died there, December 11, 1892.

He was born in the town of Plainfield, February 5, 1832, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1855, and from the Albany, N. Y., Law School the following year, pursuing his study under the instruction of the noted Ex-Chancellor Walworth. He settled in practice in New York city in 1858, and April 20, 1864, was united in marriage with Miriam Doughty, daughter of Butler Coles of Dorsoris, L. I. His wife became famed as a novelist, being the author of "Rutledge," and other stories of interest. She survives him, with two children.

DR. HADLEY B. FOWLER.

Hadley Blake Fowler, M. D., one of the best known men in the medical profession in the state, died at his home in Bristol, January 11, 1893.

Dr. Fowler was the son of Capt. Blake and Ruth (Sleeper) Fowler, and was born in Bridgewater, March 20, 1824. He was educated in the Bristol High School, Hebron Academy, and at Dartmouth Medical College, graduating from the latter in 1850. He commenced practice in Alexandria, but established himself in Bristol, in

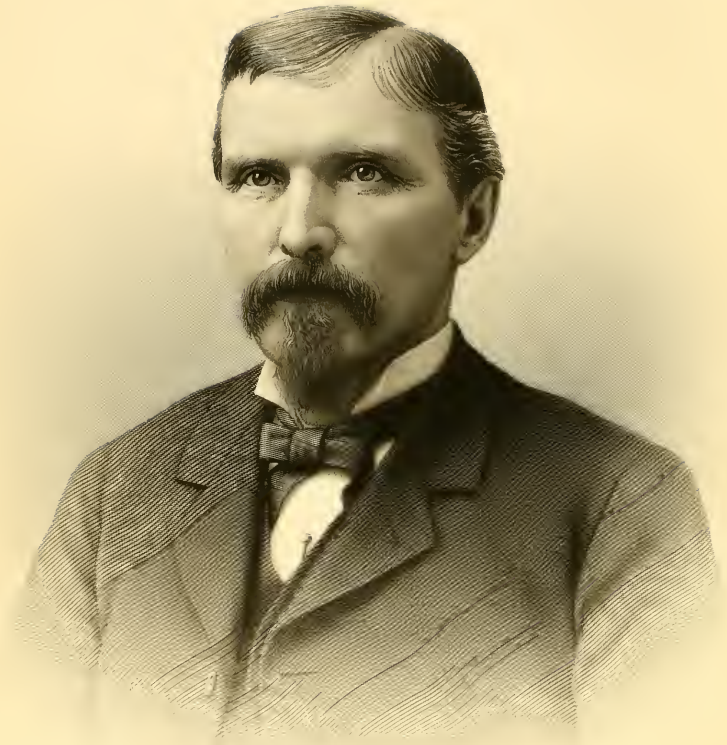
1854, where he afterwards remained. He entered the Union service, as surgeon of the Twelfth Regiment, N. H. Vols., which he was instrumental in raising, August 12, 1862, and was prominent in hospital service during the war. His father was a captain in the Twelfth Regiment, and his son, George H. Fowler, also served in the same organization.

Dr. Fowler had an extensive practice, especially in surgery, and was greatly esteemed. In politics he was a Democrat, and was once the candidate of that party for railroad commissioner. He was a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and an active member of the G. A. R.

DR. ISAAC W. LOUGEE.

Isaac W. Lougee, M. D., born in Gilmanton, August 1, 1818, died in Rochester, January 4, 1893.

He was educated at Gilmanton Academy and Dartmouth Medical College, graduating from the latter in 1845. He commenced practice at New Durham, removing to Alton in 1847, where he remained twenty-one years, when he bought out Dr. James Farrington of Rochester and removed to that town, where he continued until death. He was a member and had been president of both the Strafford county and New Hampshire Medical Societies, was postmaster at Alton under the Taylor and Fillmore administration, represented that town in the legislature in 1886-7, and Rochester in 1877-8. He purchased the *Rochester Courier* in 1885, and conducted it until October, 1891, when he sold to the present proprietors, Lougee & McDuffee, his eldest son, William W., being the senior member of the firm. He leaves a widow and two sons, the younger son, Arthur W., being a member of the present senior class in Dartmouth College.



E. J. Mann

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HON. EDWARD F. MANN.

BY H. H. METCALF.

Edward Foster Mann, born in Benton, September 7, 1845, died in Concord, August 19, 1892.

He was the second son of George W. and Susan M. (Whitcher) Mann. His father, George W. Mann,* an active and influential citizen, still prominent in public affairs, was the youngest of eight sons of Samuel Mann, who removed with his parents, in childhood, from New Haven, Conn., to the town of Landaff, where he grew up and reared a family, but removed, in March, 1835, to Benton, purchasing and settling upon the farm where George W. has ever since resided, and upon which Edward F. was born and reared. Susan Marston Whitcher was one of sixteen children—ten sons and six daughters—of the late William Whitcher of Benton. She was a woman of great personal beauty, amiability, intelligence, and energy, which characteristics were transmitted in no small measure to

* George W. Mann, who has been for nearly half a century a leading citizen of Benton, and long prominent in public and political life in Grafton county, was actively engaged in agriculture for many years, and is still greatly interested in that occupation, although having been more directly engaged as a contractor and builder for the last quarter of a century. He was collector of taxes in Benton for five years, from 1844, and selectman eight years, from 1846. He also served four years as town-clerk and ten years as superintending school committee. He represented Benton in the legislature in 1857, 1860, 1875, 1876, 1881, and 1883, taking a prominent part in the deliberations of the house in the later years. He also served in the Constitutional Convention of 1876, and has long been prominent in convention and committee work in the Democratic party, to whose principles he is devotedly attached. In 1892 he was appointed

as zealously regarded. Reared in the faith of the Democratic party, he was ever an earnest worker in its cause in every legitimate direction, and he efficiently served his town and district and the state at large in the legislature, representing Benton in the house in 1871 and in 1872, being a member of the committee on Agricultural College the former and on Reform School the latter year; and the Grafton district (No. 2) in the Senate in 1879 and 1881, serving, in 1879, upon the committees on education, claims, roads, bridges and canals, and engrossed bills, and, in 1881, upon those of elections, roads, bridges and canals, and Reform School, being chairman of the latter committee. In 1888 he was the candidate of his party for representative in congress from the second New Hampshire district, and, although defeated, ran largely ahead of his ticket.

In the prosperity of the thriving village of Woodsville, which grew up under his eye, as it were, during the years of his railroad service, and wherein was his home during some of the most active of these years, he ever took a deep interest, and was a mover in all its important local enterprises. He was a prime mover and director in the Woodsville Aqueduct and Electric Light Company, and in the Woodsville Guaranty Savings Bank, and gave his hearty support to the movement for the transfer of the county seat from Haverhill Corner to Woodsville. He was also intimately connected with every active project for bringing Mount Moosilauke to public attention. He loved the grand old mountain beneath whose shadow he was born and near whose sheltering form his ashes now repose, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to have others admire it. He was an active member and Vice-President of the Provident Mutual Relief Association, and at the time of his decease a director of the N. H. Democratic Press Co. He was a member of Burns Lodge, F. and A. M., at Littleton, and of Franklin Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, at Lisbon. In religious conviction he was broad and liberal—a firm believer in the universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man.

January 13, 1881, Mr. Mann was united in marriage with Miss Elvah G., daughter of the late Chase Witcher of Benton, who survives him, with one child, a daughter, now thirteen years of age.

Frank, sincere and outspoken, earnest, faithful and true in every relation of life, kind, helpful and considerate, loyal to every obligation of manhood and of citizenship, New Hampshire has lost no worthier son in recent years than Edward F. Mann, and the departure of none has been more widely or deeply mourned. Among the many expressions of sympathy which were received by the family at the time of their bereavement was a letter from Hon. John G Sinclair, in which he wrote :

“ But alas ! the lips of one are closed ; the soul of one has fled. Never again will those eyes flash back the light with which he ever met his friends. As son, brother, husband, father, he never failed in duty ; and, from brakeman to superintendent, he met every obligation faithfully. In public and political circles he was ever true, filling every position with credit to himself and honor to his constituency. Peace to his ashes ! and may we meet him when we have crossed the river with our hosts of friends who to-day are with him.”

As, on the 21st day of August, 1892—a beautiful summer Sunday—the mortal remains of him whose career is thus faintly outlined were borne to their last resting-place in the soil of his native town, amid the grand scenery he loved so well, the following lines were penned by the writer. No better tribute can we now bestow :

IN MEMORIAM.

There is no death for men
 Like him whose mortal frame to kindred earth
 We now consign. For base, ignoble souls,
 For narrow, selfish minds without a thought
 Above their own pet purposes and schemes,
 For grov'ling spirits, never rising up
 To manhood's measure and its high demands,
 Death and oblivion indeed may come ;
 But for the good and strong, the noble souls,
 The kindly, gen'rous hearts, warm, true and brave,
 Who stand full-fronted on life's battle-field
 And strike for right and duty every day,
 No death can come. Eternal life is theirs.
 Here, in the memory of their fellow-men,
 Whate'er beyond the veil their course may be,
 They live in honor and enduring power ;
 And he, our friend and brother, thus cut down

In manhood's early prime, shall live for aye—
 Live in the deeds he did, the work he planned,
 Live in the hearts of those with whom he wrought,
 Live in the progress of his native state,
 Whose name he honored and whose weal he loved,
 As long as honest worth commands its due,
 And truth and justice shall be known of men.

So, while the mountains of his native home
 Keep watch and ward above his mold'ring dust,
 His monument shall rise, and it shall be
 More fair and bright than any marble shaft
 Which human skill hath fashioned yet to keep
 The mem'ry of departed souls still fresh
 Within the heart of man; for it shall rise
 From out the fabric of his noble life
 And stand in simple beauty evermore.

HENRY CLAY HARMON.

BY FRANK H. MARION.

In the quiet village of Eaton, Carroll county, N. H., Henry Clay Harmon, eldest child of Artemas Harmon and Mittie Sherman March, was born, June 29, 1833.

Possessing many of the sterling qualities for which New England's sons are noted, and inheriting keen perception and sound judgment, he was well equipped for the various duties of life he was called upon to perform, and through all of its vicissitudes he was ever faithful to his youthful training, following zealously the precepts of honesty and integrity.

Having completed his studies, at an early age he enlisted as an instructor of the young idea. This profession, however, he soon renounced to engage in surveying, in which he became an expert, and which occupation he followed when history records his name among the pioneers of Kansas.

Having been appointed to a clerkship in the United States treasury, he went to Washington, in 1861, with his wife, Martha F. Towle. While serving in this capacity he inaugurated the bureau for the investigation of frauds, of which division he was appointed chief. His valuable

service rendered the government, and the fact that many thousands of dollars were recovered through his untiring zeal, have been highly appreciated and duly acknowledged by his superior officials. When the vacancy occurred, he was appointed deputy second auditor, at the earnest solicitation of the entire corps of his fellow clerks.

About a year ago Mr. Harmon's health began to fail and he was confined to his bed for nearly six months. Rallying, however, he resumed his duties for a short time before succumbing to the fatal disease which relieved him of all suffering, October 7, 1892, at his home in Mount Pleasant, D. C.

Mr. Harmon possessed rare virtues for endearing himself to his friends; the sterner sex found aid and counsel, while the gentler ones knew where to look for help in time of need; and there was always a spare moment for the children, who were his heart's delight, as they gathered around his knee to be made happy with song or toy. The sick were remembered with a few flowers, though a ramble through the woods might be necessary to obtain them. Fond of animals, he was never without his horse, dog or cat, a captured baby rabbit or motherless chickens, all of which were tenderly and lovingly cared for.

Thus was his life spent! A pure, honest, and upright life which could boast of kindness to all humanity except itself; a life, like all others, of weaknesses and virtues, but, like few others, forgetting the care of itself. No truer words can be spoken of him than those uttered by Rev. Dr. Small, "God knew him better than man;" nor can fitter words than his own express his willingness to meet his Creator, "When God weighs the balance, I know there will be something in my favor."

CRAVEN AT MOBILE BAY.

BY GEORGE E. BELKNAP.

"After you, pilot," he grandly said,
And proudly stayed his dauntless tread,
While up the ladder the pilot stept
And safely from the turret leapt.

Alas! no "after" was there for him,
 Waiting in turret so close and grim;
 Each throb of life with peril fraught
 Weightier growing by doubt distraught,
 As the eager flood, with a gurgling sound
 And rush and roar, fast flowed him round.
 Fainter and fainter the morning beams
 Shimmered through tower in fitful gleams;
 Darker and darker grew turret and tower,
 Surging and plunging with fateful power;
 Faster and faster the torn hulk filled,—
 A moment more and all was stilled;
 For oh! the waters, with pitiless thrall,
 Over brave Craven threw their pall,
 And, shrouded in iron, he sank to rest
 Enshrined in deed forever blest.
 On swept the fleet 'mid flame and smoke,
 And thunderous roar and cannon stroke,
 But the bubbles that rose to the surface brim
 Were the last of earth that told of him.
 O beauteous bay that saw such bloom
 Of valor's flower its deeps illumine,
 A grace like that by Sidney sealed—
 Refulgent ray from Zutphen's field—
 Stay not your joys with saddening tear
 As flow your tides about his bier,
 But leave to the Gulf's aye restless surge
 The murmurous chant of ceaseless dirge:
 For down the years with freshening glory
 Resplendent glows the lustrous story,
 And calling to deeds of likest fame,
 Immortal crowns grand Craven's name!

NOTE.—When the monitor *Tecumseh* was sunk at the battle of Mobile Bay, her gallant captain, Commander T. A. M. Craven of the navy, one of New Hampshire's noblest sons, a native of Portsmouth, went down in her. At the moment of the explosion Craven and the pilot, Mr. John Collins, were in the iron tower or pilot-house directly over the turret, steering the ship to attack the Confederate iron-clad *Tennessee*. Seeing the inevitable fate of the vessel, Craven and the pilot scrambled down into the turret and met at the foot of the iron ladder leading to the top of the turret through a narrow scuttle, the only exit now left for escape from the doomed vessel. At that point Craven drew back in a characteristic way and said,—“After you, pilot!” “There was nothing after me,” relates Mr. Collins, who fortunately escaped to tell the tale of heroism. “When I reached the topmost round of the ladder the vessel seemed to drop from under me.”



N. H. CENTENNIAL HOME FOR THE AGED.

N. H. CENTENNIAL HOME FOR THE AGED.

BY A. H. ROBINSON.

Among the many benevolent and charitable institutions in the Granite State, the New Hampshire Centennial Home for the Aged is deservedly one of the most conspicuous. The necessity for an institution of this kind—one which should furnish a comfortable home for aged people of good character and limited means, without immediate friends able or willing to care for them—had long been realized and considered by charitably disposed people in Concord, had been discussed to some extent by the newspapers or through their columns, and public sentiment aroused in some degree in such behalf, but the first practical movement in that direction was made, when, in December, 1875, the Concord Female Charitable Society, through its directors, voted to give, as a nucleus for further donations, the amount which should be realized from contributions at the time of the next annual address before that organization, which was given in January following, when the sum of \$110 was realized.

Early in February, 1876, a call was issued for a mass meeting of the ladies of Concord, signed by two members of each of the religious societies of the city, and on the 17th day of that month such meeting was held, with a large attendance, and the subject of founding a home at the capital for the aged of both sexes was discussed. Mrs. Nathaniel Bouton was chairman of the meeting, and Mrs. William H. Bartlett, secretary. A constitution, presented by Mrs. Nathaniel White, was adopted, and officers for the ensuing year were elected, the association formed being designated the "Concord Ladies' Centennial Association." The officers chosen were,—Mrs. Nathaniel Bouton, president, with several vice-presidents; Mrs. William H. Bartlett, recording secretary; Mrs. Charles C. Pearson, corresponding secretary; Mrs. William M. Chase, treasurer; with an executive committee of two members from each religious society in the city, and a finance committee consisting of Mrs. Nathaniel White, Mrs. Onslow Stearns, and Mrs. George A. Pillsbury.

In June of that year an act of incorporation was passed by the legislature, and the association immediately reorganized under that act, with the name of the "New Hampshire Centennial Home for the Aged," the constitution being amended, and by-laws and regulations adopted in conformity therewith. Under the constitution as amended the officers of the association consist of a president, two vice-presidents, a recording secretary, a corresponding secretary, a treasurer, an executive committee consisting of two members from each religious society represented in the association by ten or more members,—all of which officers shall constitute the executive board; also a board of fifteen trustees and an auditor. These officers, except the trustees, are chosen annually, by ballot; the trustees are chosen three each year for five years, the first board consisting of three members chosen for one, two, three, four, and five years respectively.

At the annual meeting in January, 1877, Hon. Jonathan E. Sargent was chosen president; Mrs. Nathaniel White and Mrs. Onslow Stearns, vice-presidents; Mrs. W. H. Bartlett, recording secretary; Mrs. James R. Hill, corresponding secretary; J. C. A. Hill, treasurer, and John Kimball, auditor. Judge Sargent was continued president till his death, in 1889, when Hon. Stillman Humphrey was chosen as his successor, and still continues in office. Mrs. Bartlett has continued as recording secretary and Mr. Hill as treasurer. In the other offices there have been changes.

The association held frequent meetings and labored zealously for the accumulation of funds. In January, 1878, the amount in the treasury was reported as \$1,365.51. In the meantime Mrs. Sarah J. Hale of Philadelphia, a native of New Hampshire, had donated a portion of her private library as the foundation for a library for the home. The city was thoroughly canvassed for subscriptions during the fall of 1878, and, in November, a fair in White's Opera House netted over \$1,300. On the first of January following the amount in the treasury was reported at \$4,681.53. At this time a home was opened for the reception of inmates, the Dodge house, so called, on Pleasant street, in Concord, having been leased for the purpose. The home opened with six

inmates, which number was increased to ten before the close of the year. Miss Susan C. M. Farnum was the first matron.

The accumulation of a permanent fund has been from the start a prominent feature in the policy of the management, and, on January 1, 1881, a donation of \$10,000 from Mrs. Nathaniel White, on behalf of herself and her late husband, transferred to such fund, made an aggregate of \$18,113.89, which has constantly increased, until at the present time it exceeds \$60,000.

For some time the need of improved accommodations had been recognized, and, in the year 1891, formal steps were taken towards supplying the want. The matter of remodeling the old building, which, with the ground originally leased, had been purchased by the association, was considered, and the project decided impracticable. It was, therefore, decided to erect a new building, and a plan submitted by Mr. Cutting of Worcester was finally adopted. A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions towards the building fund, which met with excellent success, nearly \$15,000 being ultimately secured. A building committee was also appointed, and, in July of that year, the work of construction was commenced and carried forward with due dispatch until completion, in the fall of 1892, the inmates being transferred from the old building to their rooms in the new and elegant structure on the 12th day of November, although the formal dedication did not occur until the 12th of January, 1893.

The new building is of brick, of tasteful design, as shown by the engraving accompanying this sketch, and is provided with all the modern conveniences. The total cost of the building was about \$25,000, the amount necessary to meet the expense, aside from the contributions to the building fund, having been borrowed from the permanent fund of the institution. The building is delightfully located, an ornament to the city, and a credit to the association. It is sufficiently capacious to meet all requirements for some time to come, and is so planned that it may be enlarged without interference with the points of symmetry and convenience when the means and needs of the association demand it.

The membership of the home, at the time of the transfer

to the new building, was smaller than had been the case for some time previous, as the removal of a portion of the old building, when the construction of the new one was commenced, had so limited the accommodations that, although three of the inmates died in the meantime, no others were admitted in their places, but several others have since been received, and there are now about twenty aged people enjoying the benefits of the institution. The total number of inmates received during the occupancy of the old building was thirty-four, of whom twenty-three have died. Of the six inmates who entered upon the opening of the institution, fourteen years ago, but one survives, Mrs. Harriett F. Smith, formerly of Hanover, now in her eighty-second year. The present matron is Mrs. Lavina E. Kelley.

Under the regulations, in order to become inmates of this home, persons must be at least sixty years of age, must have been a resident of the state for ten years next preceding the date of application, of good character, and of such condition of health as to be able to care for themselves, and without sufficient means of support or friends able and liable to maintain them. Before admission the payment of the sum of \$200 into the treasury of the institution is also required, or \$150 may be paid and the furniture of a room provided. Each person admitted is received on probation for six months, and, if dissatisfied, may leave at or before the expiration of that time, upon one week's notice. If not remaining, or not permanently accepted, at the end of six months, the admission fee, deducting board at the rate of two dollars per week, is returned. Inmates who have property are required to secure the same to the institution before permanent admission, or, in case of their acquiring property after admission, they are to make it over to the institution if remaining; but they may be allowed one half the income of such property for their own private use.

The funds of the institution are acquired through membership fees, donations, and bequests. Any person may become a member of the association by paying one dollar annually. Ten dollars constitutes a memorial member, twenty-five dollars a life member, and one hundred dollars a patron member, both life and patron members

being entitled to vote. There are now about three hundred annual members, sixty memorial, and sixty life members, while six persons have become patron members. Many handsome donations and bequests have been received, the largest, aside from the donation of Mrs. White already mentioned, being from the estate of the late Calvin Howe, \$9,500. received the past year. There is no more worthy object for the contributions of the charitably disposed, in the state or natives of the state abroad, than the New Hampshire Centennial Home for the Aged.

COL. CHARLES JOHNSTON.

BY REV. J. Q. BITTINGER,

HISTORIAN OF HAVERHILL.

Charles Johnston was undoubtedly the foremost citizen of Haverhill in point of character, ability, and influence, and this, too, in view of the fact that he had as associates in life such marked men as Col. Bedel, Col. Asa Porter, Andrew S. Crocker, Esq., Col. John Hurd, Gen. Moses Dow, and Alden Sprague, men who would have made themselves felt in any community. He was of Scotch origin, and was born in Hampstead in 1737, the fifth child of Michael and Mary (Hancock) Johnston. He married Ruth Marsh of Londonderry, whom, tradition says, was a person of delicate mould and of womanly diffidence. They had a family of eight children, two of whom died in early life: (1) Michael was the oldest, and remained on the homestead. He was a captain of militia, and served for two years as a private in the Revolution. He also held civil office in the town. His wife, before her marriage, was Sarah Atkinson of Boscawen, and of their children, (i) Sarah married Capt. Stephen Adams; (ii) Charles, born in 1789, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1813, studied theology with Rev. Grant Powers and Dr. Lyman Beecher, labored as an evangelist in Connecticut and New York with Dr. Nettleton, was pastor of a Presbyterian church, Otisco, N. Y., and was a man of much force and character; (iii) Hannah, born in 1793, and received her education at Haverhill Academy. She was married to

Rev. Silas McKeen, D. D., in 1821, and of their four children, (a) Philena, the oldest, was carefully trained in scholastic studies, and also in the fine arts, especially music, and has been successfully engaged in teaching in the Ohio Female College and in the Western Female Seminary, Oxford, O. For many years she has been the accomplished principal of Abbot Academy for Ladies, Andover, Mass. Her sister, (b) Catherine, was at one time a teacher in Mount Holyoke Ladies' Seminary, Mass., and died in West Virginia. A son, (c) George W., was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and died in early manhood, and is said to have been a young man of much promise. The youngest daughter, (d) Phebe Fuller, was associated in teaching with her eldest sister both in Ohio and at Andover, and died a few years ago in Baltimore. Hannah Johnston McKeen was a woman of rare Christian character and graces, whose "price is far above rubies," a devoted wife and mother, wise in speech and discreet in action, and a friend of the poor and needy. She was superintendent of the first Sabbath-school organized in Haverhill, about 1818. (iv) Michael succeeded his father on the homestead, and married Anna Atkinson of Boscawen; (v) George Whitefield and a sister, (vi) Betsey, married Atkinsons of the same place; (vii) Hale Atkinson was educated at Haverhill Academy and at Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter institution in 1825. After leaving college he taught for a while in an academy at Northumberland, Pa., and then read law for a time with Joseph McKeen of New York, and finished with Joseph Bell. He was admitted to the bar, in 1829, at Haverhill, and begun the practice of his profession there, but his career as a lawyer was brief, and he died of consumption in 1831. He is said to have been a man of hopeful professional prospects and of a trained intellect.

Of Michael Johnston's family (son of Michael) the only one living in Haverhill is Kate McK. Johnston, a cultivated lady and accomplished singer, as was also her sister Mary, who died a few years ago. A son, Harry A., recently deceased, was a man of keen, bright mind, and more than average intelligence. Edward P. lives in Washington, D. C., and is a graduate of Dartmouth College. The Johnston homestead was in the family till within a few

years, when it passed into the hands of Amos Tarleton, who now lives on it.

(2) Ruth, one of Col. Johnston's daughters, married Ebenezer Gray, and their son, (i) Michael, born in 1789, received his early education at Haverhill Academy. He then went to Scotland and graduated at Ruthersham Seminary. After graduation, he returned for a short period to his native place, and then went to England, and was settled over a Congregational church in London in 1813. Of his subsequent history little is known, except that he is reputed to have been a very eloquent preacher and a man of large influence. (3) Abigail married Israel Swan, and (4) Betsey married Lawson Dewey, who became a judge of a county court in Ohio. The other daughters were (5) Polly and (6) Sarah.

Col. Johnston came to Haverhill in 1769 and settled at the Corner, and at once took a leading part in all the affairs of the town. He had a far-seeing mind. When felling the trees on the park which he gave to the village he would tell his wife, in apparent jest, that he should have a court-house, an academy, and a church fronting on the park, and Haverhill would be a flourishing place, all of which came to pass in his day. Haverhill was the most noted place north of Concord.

The good people of North Haverhill may never have thought much about it, but it was the fine hand of Col. Johnston that brought the court-house and jail to the Corner after they had been located at the Plain for nearly a quarter of a century. To this end he, with others of the more enterprising citizens of the Corner, erected the old academy building, and offered it free of charge for the use of the courts. With the growing importance of the South End and its easier access the courts would hardly be disposed to decline such an offer, and accordingly they were held in that building, and in its successor after the first one was burnt, till the present court-house was erected on Court street. Meantime a jail was also erected at the Corner. The excellent water-power of the Oliverian contributed also largely to the more rapid building up of the South End, and when the Cohos turnpike was constructed to Haverhill, and stage lines centered there, the early glory of the Plain was transferred to the Corner. In all this no hand was more influentially felt than Col. Johnston's.

Col. Johnston was the owner of the land on which Haverhill stands, and the land which constitutes the beautiful park around which the village is built was his gift to the place. He also gave the land for the old court-house and that of the academy, evincing not only his generosity and public spirit, but also his forethought and faith in the future of the town. His guiding hand and wise counsels were everywhere seen. United with his confidence that Haverhill must some day be the center in these northern limits was the gift of a genius to do. He was laborious and persevering in pushing on his plans. It was he who led in the building of the old court-house and the academy, and towards the close of his life he was a leading spirit and one of the incorporators of the old Cohos turnpike. He was also one of the incorporators of the Social Library of Haverhill. In the records of the town his name appears repeatedly on committees for carrying out various enterprises. No man was so prominent in town affairs. No one held more various public positions of honor and responsibility. Twenty-four times during his active life he presided in town-meeting.

His military record is honorable, even conspicuous for bravery. At the age of twenty-four he was commissioned for the old French war, and was quartermaster-sergeant in Col. Goff's regiment. This was in 1761. Afterwards he took an active part in the Revolution. He was lieutenant-colonel of the Twelfth regiment N. H. militia, and was engaged in the battle of Bennington, in 1777, in which he gained prominence for distinguished bravery. Col. Johnston was detailed by Gen. Stark to carry an order from one division of the American forces to another division. In order to execute the task he was compelled to pass through a wood which was made dangerous by the enemy having his scouts there in ambush. Col. Johnston pressed forward with only a short staff which he had cut, when suddenly he was commanded to halt by a Hessian officer with drawn sword. In an instant the sword was struck from the enemy's hand and in Col. Johnston's possession, and, pointing it at the Hessian's breast, he commanded him and his companions to surrender as prisoners of war on peril of death. The Hessian ordered his men to throw down their arms, which they did, and he and his scouts

were led captive into the American lines. The sword was brought to Haverhill and presented to his son, Capt. Michael Johnston, with the request that it should descend in the line of the oldest male heir. It is now in the possession of Charles Sanford Johnston of Ovid, N. Y., great-grandson of Col. Johnston.

The following is a minute description of the sword by one of the Johnston descendants, Edward Sanford Burgess of Washington, D. C. :

“The sword is adorned with a tassel, silvered and gilded, a brass hilt, a silver-corded handle with brass attachments; the blade is double-edged, and on one side bears the words *DEI GRATIA DUX BRUNSV: ET LUNEB:* (By the grace of God Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg.) These are engraved lengthwise of the sword, and surrounded by gilt scroll-work, in which appear casques, banners, halberd, a drum, trumpet, spear, etc. A warrior in armor completes the upper part of the figure, represented from the knees upward, and clad in complete coat of mail, with plumes in the helmet; below, toward the hilt, is a crown; below that, an ornamental letter C, followed by scroll-work, under which is engraved transversely and next to the hilt the name *JEAN JULION*. From most of this engraved work the gilt has worn out.

“Nearly all of the preceding figures and ornamentations are repeated on the other side, with the following differences: The words, *A BRUNSVIC*, are engraved transversely, and the motto, *NUMQUAM RETRORSUM*, longitudinally. The same scroll-work is seen along its sides as before, the same warrior above, the same crown below; in place of the letter C is a prancing charger, mane and tail flying, fore-feet rearing.

“The blade of the sword is about three and a half feet long; it is accompanied by a leathern scabbard, and is provided with a steel tip.”

Had Gen. Stark listened to Col. Johnston, it is claimed that the battle of Bennington would have been more fruitful in results than it was. In DePuy's “Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Heroes” the historian says,—“We chased them till dark. Col. Johnston of Haverhill wanted to chase them all night. Had we done so, we might have mastered them all, for they stopped within three miles of the battle-field, but Stark, saying he would run no risk of spoiling a good day's work, ordered a halt, and returned to quarters.”

After the battle of Bennington Col. Johnston returned to Haverhill and took no further active part with the armies in the field, but he was deeply interested in matters at Cohos, which was a point of great importance during the Revolutionary struggle, and constantly exposed to attack from the British forces in Canada. In 1778 we find him appointed to the command of two companies of sixty-five men each, to rendezvous at Haverhill for special service, and in the following year he commanded two companies of rangers. He was also active in the organization and direction of scouting parties, and served on various town committees during these stirring years in providing for the safety of Cohos against enemies from within and without, and was untiring and patriotic in the service of his country.

Col. Johnston's civil service in responsible positions extended over a number of years. The commission by which he was appointed judge of probate for Grafton county bears date November 22, 1781, and from then till he was disqualified by age, a period of twenty-six years, he held that office and faithfully discharged its duties to universal satisfaction. He also was elected to the office of county treasurer in 1795, and continued to be chosen for many years without opposition. He was one of a commission appointed by the governor to administer the oath of allegiance and of office to civil and military officers within the county of Grafton. His colleagues on this commission were such well-known persons as Samuel Livermore, Samuel Emerson, Moses Dow, Elisha Payne, and Bezaleel Woodward. In 1784 he was commissioned a justice of peace for Grafton county "during good behavior, for the term of five years," and this commission was renewed from time to time, the last renewal being in 1810, a few years before his death. At that time the office of justice of peace was a more important and responsible position than it is now, since the justices constituted a court called the Court of Sessions. He was also a councillor in 1779 and 1781.

Concerning Col. Johnston's relations to the politics of Grafton county in the Revolutionary period, we find an interesting summary in a biography of Col. John Hurd by W. F. Whitcher of the *Boston Traveller*, in the Proceed-

ings of the Grafton and Coös Bar Association, Vol. I, p. 492. Mr. Witcher says,—“The refusal of Grafton county to elect a councillor or member of the general committee of safety extended over two years, and in 1777 and 1778 the county was unrepresented in the upper branch of the state legislature. During these two years the movement for the union of the towns lying west of the Mason Grant and east of Connecticut river with Vermont advanced so far that sixteen of these towns, counting Dresden as a part of Hanover, were duly represented in the Vermont Assembly.* But such was the pressure brought to bear upon the political leaders in Vermont in opposition to this union that they [deliberately] gave the delegates from these towns signal offence by refusing to erect counties east of the river, a measure which was demanded by the delegates as indispensable to good government. This refusal on the part of the Vermont assembly led to a dissolution of the union which these towns had formed with Vermont. The college party then sought to influence the New Hampshire authorities to claim jurisdiction in Vermont west of the river, and there was, in the latter part of 1778, a strong reaction in favor of the New Hampshire state government. There was need of a leader to take the place which, had not Hurd been driven away, would have naturally been taken by him. Such leader seems to have been found in the person of Col. Charles Johnston of Haverhill, who, in August, 1775, had been made lieutenant-colonel in Col. Israel Morey’s regi-

* NOTE.—Haverhill was not represented in the assembly of the province of New Hampshire. Three Grafton county towns, Plymouth, Orford, and Lyme, sent representatives in May, 1775, upon the authority of the king’s writ. They were rejected by the house. 7 Province Papers 371, 383, 385. Haverhill, however, sent Capt. Ephraim Wesson as representative in the Fourth provincial congress (Revolutionary) which assembled at Exeter, May, 1775. Col. John Hurd subsequently appeared as representative for Haverhill in the same body. 7 Province Papers 468, 665. Col. Hurd and Capt. Wesson subsequently took opposite sides in the Vermont controversy, which for several years involved all the towns in the vicinity of Haverhill. Capt. Wesson’s brother, Nathan, was a lineal ancestor of Chief-Justice Melville Weston Fuller. The Fifth provincial congress assembled December 21, 1775, and Col. John Hurd was representa-

ment. He had adhered to the provincial government of New Hampshire, and seems to have been in no way involved in the schemes of the college party. His methods may possibly have been more conciliatory than those of Col. Hurd, but he was beyond question in hearty sympathy with the views of the latter.

“President Meshech Weare, in a letter under date of August 18, 1778, estimated that from one third to one half the people in the disaffected valley towns had been averse to the schemes of the college party; but these people were almost destitute of leaders of ability after the removal of Col. Hurd, excepting Col. Johnston and one or two others. It is not impossible, however, that for the sake of political effect President Weare exaggerated the strength of the friends of the provincial government. But advantage was taken of the discomfiture of the college party, and to the council of 1779 Col. Johnston was elected for Grafton county by the votes of such of the towns as had been loyal to the provincial government and the votes of some of the towns which had met with such a decided rebuff from Vermont. From 1779 on Grafton was represented in the council, Col. Johnston alternating in that office with Frances Worcester of Plymouth. . . .

“During Col. Johnston’s second term as councillor, in 1781, another union with Vermont of the towns in New Hampshire east of the river was consummated, thirty-four

tive for a class constituted of Haverhill, Bath, Lyman, Gunthwait (Lisbon), Landaff, and Morristown (Franconia and Lincoln). 7 Province Papers 693. Col. Hurd was chosen by the house to be councillor for the current year, by vote of January 6, 1776. 8 Province Papers 6. On the 8th of January the house directed that precepts for the election of new members be sent to the towns whose representatives had been advanced to the council. The towns of the Haverhill class refused to comply, and gave their reasons, which appear in a paper dated December 13, 1776. 10 Province Papers 240. Haverhill persisted in this refusal till the political year 1780-81. History of Haverhill 70, 73, 429. The town was represented in the assembly of Vermont in 1778 by James Bayley. In 1781 the representatives of Haverhill in the Vermont assembly were Timothy Bedel and Joshua Howard. 10 State Papers 286, 400. At the same time it was represented in the New Hampshire legislature of 1780-81

towns joining it. Vermont proceeded to exercise its jurisdiction over this disaffected territory, and Col. Israel Morey of Orford, Elisha Payne of Lebanon, and Bazaleel Woodward of Hanover accepted office under Vermont. Active measures were now taken by New Hampshire authorities to maintain the jurisdiction of their state to the river, by force if need be. Col. Morey was removed from the command of his regiment, and it was given to Col. Johnston, in January, 1782. Col. Johnston was also appointed judge of probate for the county of Grafton in place of Israel Morey, and the latter was directed to turn the records over to him. New Hampshire was sustained in its vigorous policy by the Continental congress, and the good offices of Gen. Washington prevented the employment of the military.

"In January, 1782, the Vermont assembly again renounced its claim of jurisdiction east of the river, and the disaffected towns there, by the inevitable logic of events, came at last under the jurisdiction of New Hampshire."

In addition to these more prominent public duties he took an active and foremost part in local matters, holding various offices in town and church, and serving on various committees, and his wise counsels and influential hand can be traced in all the growth and progress of the community. An obituary notice of Col. Johnston at the time of his death presents his position and character as it was in the

by Moses Dow. Under the constitution of 1776, the political year commenced in December. The constitution of 1783-84 made it begin in June. Thus a part of the terms of officers elected for the year 1783-84 was cut off. Mr. Dow represented Haverhill (or the class in which it was placed) from December, 1780, to December, 1783, three successive terms. He was also councillor for Grafton county for the fragment of a year from December, 1783, to June, 1784. In one of these years, when Haverhill was represented in the legislatures of two states at the same time, its political condition was unique. 8 Province Papers and 10 State Papers, *passim*. A recent work casts much new light on the political and military complications in which the Grafton county towns of the Connecticut valley were involved by the Vermont controversy in the Revolutionary period. [History of Dartmouth College and Hanover, N. H., by Frederick Chase, chapters 6 and 7.]

community: "A rare assemblage of virtues concentrated in this remarkable character. He was colonel of militia, judge of probate, county treasurer. But his principal excellence consisted in professing and exemplifying the religion of Jesus. He embraced the gospel in early life, and with singular constancy observed its precepts as his rule of life to the end. His liberality to the poor, his hospitality to strangers, and his aid to public institutions will long be remembered among his works of faith and labor of love. No death in Coös was ever more sincerely lamented. The public feeling was expressed by a very numerous and deeply affected audience honoring his funeral with their presence on an intensely cold day. Military officers from the adjacent towns on both sides of the river, in their uniforms, formed a part of the procession. A sermon was preached by the Rev. David Sutherland on the occasion from the appropriate words of the Psalmist, 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'"

Physically, Col. Johnston was a very powerful man. On one occasion, finding two men in a quarrel, he separated them, but in turn for his kindness they both set upon him. Taking them by the shoulders with one hand each, he held them apart, and then brought them violently together, handling them as if they were dolls. He was a man of great kindness of heart, ever ready to give a helping hand to the worthy needy, even though it cost him sacrifice and inconvenience. At one time it is said that he divided with a very poor man and his distressed family his two cows. When remonstrated with by Mrs. Johnston, who said they could not spare the cow, the colonel replied that they could do with one cow better than the poor man and his needy family could do without any, and so the cow was allowed to go. As justice of the peace he had occasion to exercise his gift of peace-making, and sometimes mounted his horse and rode miles to see parties who were intent on litigation, and counseled with them if something could not be done to prevent strife amongst neighbors. He was a man of large and quick sympathies and generous impulses, united with the best of judgment and good sense. Some of his neighbors, not as bountifully endowed with these traits as he was, were annoyed by the depredations of

boys upon their orchards, and these depredations were made more frequent from the fact that the owners of the orchards were selfish and stingy, and if a boy was found looking over the fence at the tempting fruit beyond, he was sure to be ordered off with harsh and angry words. Col. Johnston was not troubled in this way. When he saw a group of boys near his orchard he would walk out and pick up a hat-full of the choicest fruit and carry it to the fence, and in kind and winning words invite the boys to eat all they wished. The boys would take the apples with thankful hearts and go away, and whilst they were eating the colonel's apples with many an enthusiastic praise of his kindness and generosity, they were sure to lay plans to raid the orchard of some snarling and stingy neighbor.

In the later years of his life, when past labor, he was accustomed to walk out in pleasant seasons to the Johnston woods for exercise and pastime. A small house by the way-side had some beds of bright flowers in front of it, and he would stop to admire these and pass a friendly word with the good woman of the house. He was social and neighborly, and enjoyed life all the more if he saw others in prosperity and happiness.

In those days books were scarce, and knowledge derived from such sources was not very great, but Col. Johnston was a man of much intelligence for the times. He appreciated the value of knowledge, and was foremost in the organization of the village library. His contact with the best and most intelligent men of the times was large and frequent, and his official position gave him many advantages with persons of culture and experience. He was also better trained and equipped by education than the average person of his position in society, and was deemed qualified to take the charge of Haverhill Academy for a term during a vacancy in the principalship. His handwriting is a marvel of beauty as it stands to-day on the town and county records, and is almost as perfect as script.

Probably no part of Col. Johnston's character was more marked than his religious character. He was the first deacon of the Congregational church at its formation, and was a most steadfast friend of all that was good and true. His example was a daily call to duty and righteousness. No man in the community exerted a greater influence as

a Christian. Around his Christian character grouped every other trait, and shone through this as the light shines through a pure atmosphere. The kingdom of God was uppermost in his thoughts. From a letter written by his grandson, Michael Johnston Gray, dated Rotherham, England, September 12, 1811, where he was studying for the ministry, we learn Col. Johnston's deep interest in the cause of Christian education: ". . . . I am glad that the academy of which we had thought is likely to be established. . . . I hope that by this time you will have procured a charter to secure its safety. I am glad that the ministers object to its being connected with Dartmouth College. I don't think that it would do at all. For my part, I never entertained the least doubt but that a sufficiency for its support might be obtained in America, by subscriptions, donations, etc., etc. Christians in America have warm hearts as well as Christians in England; and with a little exertion, nay, without almost any I was going to say, the Academy might be carried on and prosper. A few pence from each lover of Jesus would, I doubt not, be amply sufficient. . . ."

Col. Johnston's letter, to which this is a reply, is unfortunately not preserved, but from the extract of Mr. Gray's letter it would seem that there was a project at that time to connect with Haverhill Academy, or enlarge its scope, a school for the training of ministers. The endowment of this school was one of the things to be secured.

Col. Johnston's name has lingered more distinctly in public memory than that of any other man in the town.

KENILWORTH.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

Thy hoary walls still stand, O Kenilworth !
A splendid ruin of that stately eld,
When all the games of chivalry and mirth
Within thy courtyard drear and vast were held.
What scenes of pomp, what pageantries of state
Have passed in old time in these empty halls !
The baronial bearings on thy broken gate,
The feudal sculptures on thy lichened walls,
All speak of another and more distant age
When men lived in a grander, nobler way.
Thy very name calls up from pictured page
A host of noble knights and ladies gay
Who here once played the hearty game of life—
A courtly throng, whose names live yet in story,
Though they themselves have passed from mortal strife,
And ta'en their separate paths to glory.
Old John of Gaunt's grim shadow haunts the place ;
That tower he built which looks so darkly down
O'er foss and moat, whose site you still can trace ;
In yonder chamber bare, in silken gown
That stirs and rustles in the wailing wind,
The ghost of Amy Robsart comes and goes,
Seeking the rest that she can never find ;
And there walks the cause of all her woes,
The courtly Leicester, haughty as a king,
And who deemed himself king in that far day
When good Queen Bess, wearing her lover's ring,
Sat there enthroned as mistress of the play.
No feat of prowess, joust or tilts of knights
Was wanting, nor the rare device of mask,
Or mystic scenery, till seventeen nights
Succeeded seventeen days, and the lordly task
Was o'er. But sprightly mirth and regal state
Abide no more within thy fallen gate ;
No more the minstrel's harp plays at the feast,
Dance, tourney, maskings long ago have ceased ;
And where DeMontfort spread his Christmas cheer
The mantling ivy creeps year after year.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

LITTLETON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

This is, musically, a marked year for Littleton, where the local association has just held its twenty-fifth annual festival, January 16-20. Mr. Zerrahn held the tiller, as usual, if we may borrow a nautical phrase, and the old management held the till, or the locker, or the ship's chest, and it goes without saying that Mrs. Shepard was on deck, as bos'n's mate, whenever the crew were piped to quarters. But these excellent artists commanded a better crew than common, and were allowed to sail a much better course, with the result that Littleton is justly pleased with itself. The festival is declared by good judges to have been the best ever held there, with the possible exception of that of 1889.

We record this fact with great pleasure. Our first concern in these pages is to give honor where honor is due. Our next is to point out the meritorious features of any creditable piece of work, and how it could have been made still better. Following this line, with the Littleton festival we should say that its commanding feature of merit was the excellence of the music chosen. Besides Mr. Zerrahn's new book of chorus selections, which is singularly good and interesting, five choruses from the "Messiah,"—"And the Glory of the Lord," "O Thou that tellest," "Glory to God in the highest," "Lift up your heads," and the "Hallelujah Chorus,"—made a noble groundwork for study and for final performance. With these were introduced the Pastoral Symphony, a few recitatives, and the airs, "O Thou that tellest," "He shall feed His flock," "Come unto Me," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

For this all thanks! To Mr. Zerrahn, who suggested such a scheme, and to the executive committee who had the courage to adopt it, we offer both our thanks and our congratulations. It seems quite certain that they were well rewarded. The chorus was the largest ever gathered in Littleton—some 225 all told; and it was drawn by this very prospect of selections from Handel's "Messiah." On

the side of criticism, however, it should certainly be pointed out that it was shocking to give selections from that great oratorio *with no male soloist!* Not to begin with "Comfort ye my people," and "Every valley shall be exalted," is simply *not* to let the people know what the "Messiah" tastes like. The bass solos *can* be dispensed with; the tenor simply *cannot*. Very secondarily, we should add that "I know that my Redeemer liveth" ought never to be sung by any but a great singer. It was done creditably at Littleton. If it cannot be done gloriously, better leave it out, is our mind; but, of course, the public want to think that they have heard it. Perhaps they cannot be refused. With more assurance we should say that "Glory to God" and "Lift up your heads" are too nearly alike when only five choruses are to be given. "All we like sheep," illustrates a different manner of Handel, and a very characteristic and delightful one. If Mr. Zerrahn had put that in the place of "Lift up your heads," he would have done more for his chorus, and we believe they would have done more for him.

Of the particular concerts we have but little room to speak. The artists engaged were the Germania orchestra (eight pieces), the Macey-Appleton combination, and the Schubert male quartette of Chicago, with an appended lady whistler. All gave excellent satisfaction, but one could but recall how much better soloists Littleton had had in 1889 and 1890, under the system of getting one high-class mixed quartette. Nothing calls for special mention, unless it be a singularly delightful rendering of Gillet's "*Lion du Bal*" by the orchestra.

Outside of musical criticism, however, we ought to note two marked features of this festival. It was the first public appearance of Mr. Zerrahn after the very recent death of his admirable and devoted wife, who was to have been his companion in this visit to the north country. It was feared that he would not be able to keep his engagement, and all who saw how bravely and sweetly he bore himself through that trying week must have wished to render him a tribute of respectful sympathy and admiration.

The other great feature of the festival was the presentation to Mrs. Shepard, in the intermission on Friday evening, of a purse containing \$52.50 in gold, gathered

for the purpose of the purchase of a souvenir gift from her host of friends in Littleton. Mrs. Shepard, taken utterly by surprise, made a charming response, delightful for its simple genuineness of good feeling. She made a happy hit in quoting from a recent talk with H. C. Barnabee, in which he wished they could go to Littleton together again *as they used to five hundred years ago!* All Littleton agrees with Mr. Barnabee,—Martha Dana Shepard is just the same as she was then!

A LAMENTABLE FAILURE.

The efforts of Mr. E. T. Baldwin to interest piano teachers and pupils in the city of Manchester in recitals by the most eminent pianist in America have been in vain. Mr. Baldwin is a most conscientious teacher and musician. He has lived long enough and is great enough to overcome all selfishness, and has a desire to aid in elevating the standard of music, particularly as regards his favorite instrument, the piano-forte. To that end he arranged these recitals, and, lest they should savor of speculation, he announced that the profits were to go to the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association. He also offered to the pupils of the scores of piano-forte teachers which Manchester can call her own admission at a reduced rate, expecting such patrons to write the names of their teachers on the back of the ticket. Not over thirty pupils availed themselves of this splendid educational opportunity, and the greatest number of teachers who attended at any one time was five. Financially, Mr. Baldwin is about one hundred and fifty dollars poorer than when he began the series, or, in other words, it has cost him this amount to find out how little the people of Manchester care for music, and how thoroughly selfish and indifferent the piano teachers are. One word expresses the whole situation—"ignorance." The teachers more than the public are responsible for such a state of affairs. How can one reasonably expect the public to be interested in a cause which professed leaders and followers ignore? When the home circle is satisfied and entertained by such music as the "Man in the Moon," "The Bowery," and "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-A," it is ignorance that is responsible; and when men tell you that it is

only fashionable, and not entertaining, to attend the performance of an oratorio or symphony, it is ignorance, not education or intelligence, that prompts such an insult to art; and no class under heaven are responsible but teachers and musicians themselves. Until the teachers can work together, with a desire to interpret the art in its true sense to both pupil and public, revealing its now almost hidden beauties and wonders, how can they reasonably expect or ask the public to support or appreciate their undertakings, no matter how meritorious or worthy? It is hope that gives us life, that makes the heart strong. On this one word and thought the heart of every true musician leans. We hope for something good to come, but our faith is terribly shaken at times.

The Schubert Club of Laconia gave their first concert of the season, at the South Church, on Friday evening, January 27. The talent, aside from the chorus, were the Crescent Male Quartette of Concord; Miss Fannie Wilcox and Mr. A. C. Morse, readers; Miss S. Florence Mallard, Miss Laura B. Hibbard, autoharp; Mrs. Jennie H. Lougee, pianist; Mr. J. B. F. Bell, tenor; Miss Mary Susie Tilton, soprano, and Miss Minnie O. Woodhouse; Mr. C. S. Conant, tenor and conductor. The programme embraced the Evening Hymn by Reinecke, Part Songs by Mendelssohn, and the Sirens, for female voices, by Harry Brooks Day. The work of both soloists and chorus was good, and the public appreciated their efforts enough to give them a full house. The club are in a prosperous condition, and have taken up for work for the last concert "Don Munio," by Dudley Buck, which will be given, with experienced soloists and orchestral accompaniment, in the spring.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

GEORGE W. ELA.

George W. Ela, born in Portsmouth, January 18, 1807, died at Allenstown, February 17, 1893.

He was the third son of Joseph and Sarah (Emerson) Ela, and at sixteen years of age entered the office of the *New Hampshire Journal*, Jacob B. Moore, proprietor, in Concord, to learn the printer's trade, where he remained for nearly five years, when he went to Dover and started the *Dover Enquirer*, of which he was for a time publisher and editor. The late George Wadleigh was subsequently associated with him for some years. In 1831, returning to Concord, he commenced the publication of the *New Hampshire Statesman*, with the late Asa McFarland, but the latter soon retired and Mr. Ela continued alone for several years, and afterwards had the late Hon. Jacob H. Ela as an associate in the business, from which he retired, on account of failing health, in 1844, and subsequently passed most of his time upon a farm in Allenstown. He married Mary Adelaide Lane of Sutton, who died some years since.

DR. JOHN R. KIMBALL.

John R. Kimball, M. D., of Suncook, died from pneumonia, January 8, 1893.

He was born in Pembroke, December 23, 1824, educated in the public schools, Hebron (Me.) Academy, and Bowdoin Medical School, from which he graduated in 1869. He first settled in Antrim, but removed to Suncook in 1873, where he was in active and successful practice till his decease. He was a member of the New Hampshire Medical and Historical societies, and had served as town-clerk and member of the school board. He was also an active member of the Pembroke town history committee.

DR. JOHN F. JARVIS.

John Furness Jarvis, M. D., born in Concord, August 8, 1826, died in Boston, February 10, 1893.

He was the son of Dea. John Jarvis, who was the proprietor of the woolen mills at West Concord, since owned

by the Holdens. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1848, and from the Harvard Medical School in 1853. He located in practice in Boston after completing his studies, and there continued till death, meeting with great success. He was a prominent member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. In 1854 he married Miss Carrie C. White of Boston, who survives him, with one son, a member of the firm of Farr & Jarvis, proprietors of the Oak Hill House at Littleton.

DR. S. C. WHITTIER.

Samuel Crook Whittier, M. D., a prominent physician of Portsmouth, died February 1, 1893. He was a native of Dover, born January 3, 1837, being therefore 56 years of age at his decease. He graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1862, and, in August of that year, was commissioned by Gov. Andrew assistant surgeon of the Eleventh Massachusetts regiment, which regiment he joined in September, serving till May, 1864, when he was appointed surgeon of the Twenty-Third Massachusetts regiment, with which he remained till the close of the war.

He located in Portsmouth in 1869, where he continued in practice. He had been president of the New Hampshire Medical Society, and chairman of the local board of examining surgeons for the pension bureau.

FRANCIS ALEXANDER MARDEN.

Francis Alexander Marden, a well-known lawyer of New York, died in that city, February 1, 1893. He was born in Windham, June 19, 1840, fitted for college at Phillips Academy, and graduated from Harvard in 1863. He commenced practice in New York in 1865. Two years later he went into mercantile business, but soon returned to his profession, which he pursued with success.

DR. JAMES H. WHEELER.

James H. Wheeler, M. D., born in Dover, September 17, 1831, died in that city, January 26, 1893.

He was the son of John H. Wheeler, a druggist. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons

in New York city in 1862, and immediately commenced the practice of medicine in his native city, where he remained, gaining a high reputation in his profession. He had been president of the Strafford Medical Association, and was president of the New Hampshire Medical Society at the time of his decease. In 1871 he delivered the address before the graduating class of Dartmouth Medical College, and for several years held the office of examining surgeon under the U. S. pension bureau. He was a prominent member and a deacon of the First Parish (Congregational) Church in Dover.

EDWARD H. SAVAGE.

Edward Hartwell Savage, born in Alstead, N. H., May 18, 1812, died in Boston, Mass., January 31, 1893.

He passed his youth in the town of Acworth, but went to Boston at the age of twenty-one, and was engaged in various occupations until his appointment on the police force, in February, 1851. He was an efficient officer, and his promotion was rapid, until, in 1870, he was made chief of police of the city of Boston, holding the position until the reorganization of the force by the police commission, in 1878, when he was made probation officer, continuing until the time of his death. He was the most popular and efficient police officer Boston ever had, and had published two or three interesting volumes which his experience inspired, "Boston by Gaslight," being one of them.



HON. JACOB BENTON.

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HON. JACOB BENTON.

BY REV. JAMES B. MORRISON.

The sad and tragic death, by a carriage accident, of the Hon. Jacob Benton, September 29th, 1892, at Lancaster, calls for a more extended notice than the GRANITE MONTHLY was able to publish at the time of his sudden and violent demise.

He was one of the distinguished men of the famous Coös county bar, that in its *personnel* and practice has commanded wide attention throughout the state from the industry and ability of its brilliant membership.

Jacob Benton came from that strong race, mostly of English stock, that for two centuries, socially, morally and intellectually, has made the genuine Yankee, pure and old-fashioned, the theme of a large amount of historic and biographic literature. They were men of genuine thrift and enterprise.

Mr. Benton was born in Waterford, Vermont, August 19, 1814. He was the son of Samuel Slade and Esther (Prouty) Benton. He must have faithfully improved the advantages of his school-boy days, as he did not enjoy the benefit of a collegiate course. He attended academies at Lyndon, Peacham, Newbury, and Manchester, Vt. After completing his education at Manchester, he went, for a few weeks in 1840, to study law in the office of Heaton & Reed, Montpelier. In order to obtain the means to pursue his legal studies he accepted the position of principal of the academy at Concord Corner, Vt., and taught it with great success for four years. In 1840 he entered the office of Hon. Henry A., afterwards Chief-Justice Bellows, at Littleton, N. H. From this office he next entered that of Gen. Ira Young of Lancaster, and

with him completed his professional studies. He formed a partnership with Gen. Young on being admitted to the bar, in July, 1843, and remained with him until his death, in 1845. Since then he has had three law partners—Hon. Ossian Ray, 1855-1865; J. H. Benton, Jr., 1867-1871; Herbert I. Goss, 1885-1887.

Mr. Benton was a sagacious, vigilant, and thorough lawyer. He was strong in his forensic arguments, presenting his reasons with clearness, and pressing home his conclusions with a force which made him one of the most successful advocates in New Hampshire. Hon. Chester B. Jordan of Lancaster says,—“Whoever met him, met a foe worthy of his steel. His resources were unlimited; his tact knew no bounds.”

The men of northern Vermont and New Hampshire are of a strong race. Mr. Benton was a noble specimen of physical manhood, more than six feet in height, and well built. This physical robustness and his mental vigor he retained until the end of his long life.

When he began the practice of law in Lancaster, it was most natural for a man of his positive opinions to become a party leader. At that time he was a Whig, and the Democracy reigned supreme in New Hampshire. He might, being an ambitious man, have allied himself to the dominant party and taken front rank, but instead of that he adhered in a most earnest, faithful, unswerving way to his Whig principles. He advocated them fearlessly and untiringly, even though by doing so he was kept for many years in the ranks of the minority. Year after year he labored to build up a successful opposition to the Democratic party in Lancaster, and it was largely owing to his efforts that the town finally became Republican and remained so for many years. At the breaking up of the Whig party he identified himself with the Republican. In that stormy period of the anti-slavery struggle he flung himself into the ranks, with armor on, to do battle for the slave. There seems to have been no hesitation on his part. The call had come to him as to many men of that troublous time, and he obeyed it with all the power of a strong manhood; and in all the years that followed he never faltered in the support of the Republican party. Always springing forward, he was instant in season and

out of season in doing the work and serving his party in high offices of honor and trust in state and nation. He filled them well, for he was a force in those forensic battles. He was swift of attack and defence, and most eloquently vindicated the Republican party as it plead for justice and the rights of an oppressed race.

It was in 1854 that Mr. Benton was first elected to the legislature from Lancaster. He at once took high rank by his capacity to lead. Lancaster re-elected him in 1855 and again in 1856. In 1855 he probably did as much as any one to secure the election to the United States Senate of John P. Hale and James Bell. In 1867 he was elected from the third New Hampshire district a representative to the Fortieth congress. The third district comprised the counties of Sullivan, Cheshire, Grafton and Coös, extending from Massachusetts to the Canada line. It was often called the "Comet District," from its extreme length. In congress Mr. Benton was a useful and influential member. He served upon important committees, and was always in his seat. His vote stands recorded upon every important measure that came before the house. He made but few speeches in congress, occupying the attention of the house only when he had something of interest to say, and then but briefly. One speech, made February 25th, 1868, before the house sitting as a committee of the whole, and having under consideration President Johnson's annual message, in which he severely criticised the President's policy, was extensively circulated throughout the country as a political document in the ensuing campaign of that year. In the Grant campaign of 1868, although occupied most of the time by his duties as a member of the committee on retrenchment, sitting in New York city, he made some notable campaign speeches in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and was greeted with enthusiasm wherever he spoke. He was re-elected to congress in 1869, and, after the close of his brilliant congressional career, devoted himself to the varied occupations of farmer, banker, and lawyer, in Lancaster.

He was a wealthy man when he entered congress, but in his old age he suffered severe business reverses. They crippled him for a time, but he was able to meet his financial obligations, although upwards of seventy when he

became financially embarrassed. Mr. Benton was very strong in his friendships, and it is a pleasure to record the generous friendship of Hon. Luke P. Poland of Vermont in this time of his business troubles. These two distinguished men had been warm friends for many years. When other men fell away, as too often happens, Judge Poland nobly assisted him, and it was largely through his generous aid of many thousand dollars that Mr. Benton recovered from his financial difficulties. In spite of his own indomitable exertions he would not have been able to have saved his fine property had not Judge Poland been true, with the sincerity of a perfect friendship. Mr. Benton loved to tell of the friendship so true as that of Poland's. Such friendships are rare, but Judge Everett Fletcher of Lancaster perhaps explains it all, when he says of Mr. Benton,—“No one could be a better neighbor. Nobody could be a more delightful companion, socially, than Mr. Benton.”

Lancaster is a wide-awake country town, and noted for the intelligence and public spirit of its citizens. Among them all no man took more interest than Mr. Benton. He was always interested in town affairs, and the beautiful Main street of the village, lined with noble elms, he took great pride in keeping up. With the single exception of Hon. James W. Weeks, he was Lancaster's best road maker, and that is one of the achievements all public-spirited citizens take great pride in. Lancaster had no more conspicuous citizen than he at the time I became pastor of the First Unitarian Society of the town. His lovely home, standing among the trees of his extensive estate, was always pointed out to the summer visitor. I was welcomed to his home, and ever found him an entertaining conversationalist.

Mr. Benton was not remarkable for his piety, and did not belong to any church; but he was a well-read man, and the sermons of Dr. Channing and Ward Beecher were familiar words to him. He sincerely believed in their liberal theology, and accepted the Christian faith with perfect freedom of the reason to judge for itself. As a friend I found him interested in all the work a clergyman is called to do, and he thoroughly appreciated the minister's opportunity in modern life. So it was ever a

pleasant hour, after his six o'clock dinner, to talk with him. Many a conversation of that twilight hour will linger in my memory. He loved to talk of those early days of his in Lancaster, and of the Congregational Church of his youth, to which he was loyal to the last moment of his life.

Two other friends of mine, in my Lancaster ministry, I must associate with his memory,—the late Hon. William Burns and the Hon. Ossian Ray. It is rarely the fortune of a quiet country clergyman to have the privilege of enjoying the close intimacy of three such men. They were utterly unlike, and either one of them would have been sufficient to have stamped his memory in the hearts of an entire community. They were all in active practice together, and accurately understood the value of a public life and a professional reputation. They possessed the universal esteem of their fellow-citizens. Staunch men, good citizens, able lawyers, their lives and labors present a symmetrical outline and furnish a model that may be followed with profit. To give up three such friends is one of the hard things which has come to my lot as a Christian minister :

“I also wait ; but they will come no more,
 Those friends of mine whose presence satisfied
 The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah, me !
 They have forgotten the pathway to my door ;
 Something is gone from nature since they died,
 And summer is not summer, nor can be.”

Mr. Benton was especially fortunate in his home relations. His wife, Louisa Dow, daughter of Gen. Neal Dow of Portland, Maine, was of great assistance to him in his congressional career, and has made his home a happy one. For many years Mrs. Benton has been an invalid, confined to her room, but has never lost her interest in the town of Lancaster. In the early months of 1892 she began to take steps to have erected a costly granite drinking-fountain, to be presented to the town as her free gift of love and interest. It was to have been presented on October 1st, with appropriate dedicatory exercises, but on the very day (September 29) that it was being erected her husband died before he had seen it, and all things were changed for her. The end was sudden, and turned the light of that glorious September day to utter darkness. To him it mattered but very little. He

would never have been ready to die. He was so full of life and plans, and expected that long years lay still before him. One possible moment of sharp agony and it was over. He left no good-by for wife and friends, but went home in the full strength of a vigorous old age.

Very tenderly were the last words said over him, the day of his burial, Sunday, October 2d, by his pastor, Rev. G. H. Tilton, of the Congregational church. I went to his home from Laconia the day before his death on a visit, and so was there to say the last word for his memory. We had enjoyed the last day together in this life for him, and as he rested there in his home, with the citizens of Lancaster, the members of the bar, and the friends who sadly mourned his tragic death surrounding him, we would not have called him back again—but it was hard to have it so. From his home, where the death-touch had so swiftly come, he was taken to his beautiful lot on the summit of the hill in the village cemetery, overlooking the town and valley he loved so well. At his grave I read the committal service, and the seventy-eight years of his life were over.

At the eighth annual meeting of the Grafton and Coös Bar Association he delivered a most impressive address to the memory of his warm friend, Gen. Gilman Marston. They were personal friends of many years' standing. After he had written it he read it to me, and I heartily praised, as did the Bar Association, when he subsequently delivered it. The closing sentence did not meet the approval of my theological view, and I urged him to strike it out. But when the address came to me in printed form there stood the objectionable sentence. He evidently liked it, and so it is fitting to insert it here: "He has gone to his last resting-place, freed forever from the labors, the trials, and the conflicts of life, to sleep his last sleep, to wake no more until the archangel's trump shall sound and awake him again, to summon him to his final reward."

The Monday following his burial, October 3d, the elegant granite fountain was presented to the town. An impressive service of dedication was held in Music Hall. This inscription has been engraved on the front of it,—
"In memory of Jacob Benton, as a gift to the town, this fountain was erected by his wife, Louisa Dow Benton, on the day of his death, September 29th, 1892."

EDWARD CRANFIELD.—OCTOBER 4, 1682—
AUGUST, 1685.—CHARLES II, KING.

BY ALMA J. HERBERT.

New Hampshire suffered a change from the "government that was too good to last," though there were some slight complaints against it, when Edward Cranfield, the first foreign ruler, was appointed "our Lieutenant-Governour and Commander-in-Chief," it was said through the influence of Mason, to advance his private claims, by a bargain with the king.

Cranfield was of the family of Lord Monteagle, who was concerned in the detection of the Gunpowder Plot; was commissioned May 9th, 1682, and arrived in October of that year; and, on the 23d, reports from Portsmouth,— "After six weeks and five days from Plimoth on y^e first of October his Majest^{ies} Shippe the Lark come to anchor in Salem Harbour, fifteen leagues to y^e southward of Piscataqua, the Wind Taking her Short, whereupon I went Overland and got to Portsmouth on y^e Third Instant at night." In the morning he wrote to the council, but, before sending, Mr. Waldron's son and another came and conducted him to the house where that body was assembled, and his commission was read; and after a pause and some questions—Waldron and Martyu being excluded from their office—the oaths were taken on the Holy Evangelists, and he adjourned the council, "it being the time of gathering their Indian Corn."

This was one of the oaths: "I, Ed. Cranfield (also Robt. Mason and others) do declare, That I believe that there is no Transubstantiacon in y^e Sacrament of y^e Lord's Supper or in y^e elements of bread and wine at or after y^e consecration thereof by any person whatsoever." He brought the province a new seal of silver. He describes to the home board the one fort of timber, with eight guns, "Extraordinarily well situated upon a Neck of Land at y^e mouth of the River," the timber "both oke and pine, whereof N. H. is much pillaged thereof;" the militia of "horse and foot, about four hundred and fifty, whereof about sixty horse," but badly armed and exercised; "not one fishery, the Islands of Shoales* not belonging to the

* Later the south half of the islands were mentioned as pertaining to N. H.

province and" the four poor towns, "only Portsmouth having trade." He took residence at Barefoot's on Great Island, and later, for two years, in the Jaffrey cottage.

The new official was soon disillusioned as to the prospect of making a fortune. Mason utterly failed to meet his promises of one fifth of all sums received for quit rents, with one hundred and fifty pounds a year for seven years, secured by mortgage to the king on all his bonds for twenty-one years, for Cranfield's salary; and he reports "that however he (Mason) magnified, all did not amount to one hundred pounds per annum," and asks that the Province of Maine may be added. All persons were ordered to take out leases under Mason within a month, but no one would take the lands forfeited by failure. There was bitter quarrel. Waldron and Martyn were reinstated, and the deputy, Barefoot, was abetted in his ruthless extortions to secure money. The provision that only laws enacted by the Assembly should be enforced was omitted in the code promulgated, and he had free scope. The Assembly, resisting his attempt to levy taxes, was dissolved once and again. Exorbitant charges were made for all legal processes,* and money extorted in lieu of the goods usually tendered; the coin was debased, all pieces of eight, however lacking in weight, were ordered to pass for six shillings.

There was resistance to Barefoot's attempt to force doors and eject residents, and he was roughly handled, and the threats and dangers of "gunpowder, scalding water, and red-hot spits," were reported home. The Gove outbreak brought the arrested leaders in danger of the terrible penalty for high treason, but pardons and orders to release came from England; but he retained Gove and Waldron in prison a while after, "to terrify the rest, as all clemency to such disengenuous people is abused."

Foiled in a suit against the owner of a vessel in the harbor, he reports that it is impossible to secure verdicts against church members, and wants arms and "the Lark frigate" in port to overawe them. He thinks there is "no dislike to his person, but of his Majesty's rule," and lays the blame of disaffection on the ministers, who "intermeddle in all matters of government;"—"the Church of England

* Fees raised from 20s. to 6£.

must be Established and these Silenced." The people look upon them as "little less than apostles; it is incredible what influence they have over the vulgar." November 27, 1683, he writes from Boston: "I found Mr. Moody and his party so troublesome that I believed myself unsafe to continue longer amongst them, till I had a friggot and full instructions to reduce them to better understanding." December 10th, 1683, he ordered all ministers (though it would seem that all official proclamations had been made by them; if not, certainly at the meeting-houses) to admit any not of scandalous life to baptism and the Lord's supper, according to the liturgy of the English Church, and in January sent word to Mr. Moody that he and others would receive the sacrament in that form on Sunday. The minister refused. To have complied with the order would have been a violation of English law. He was arrested and confined in prison for some months.

The zealous governor advises that, after reclaiming the charter, "it will be necessary to dissolve the University of Cambridge, for from thence all the several colonies of New England are supplied." "There is no greater evil to his Majesty's affairs than these pernicious and rebellious principles which flow from their college at Cambridge, and this country can never be well settled till their preachers be reformed and that college suppressed." Nath'l Weare sent eight charges against him; two were sustained.

Disappointed in obtaining a fortune for which he came, "his injustice drove him away in dishonor," hated by the people, his methods censured by the powers at home. He had once and again asked permission to go to England or elsewhere for the winters, "this cold climate not agreeing with my thin constitution." The "cold affected his legs," and at last the fleet had sailed before leave of absence arrived. In 1684 he is "absolutely ruined, having spent in the discharge of my duties here all that I had from the sale of my house at Whitehall, which is all I had in the world." By 1685, "It would be the greatest happiness that ever I had in my life to remove from these unreasonable people;" and August 15th, 1685, he sailed away to "Jamaica or Barbados," for the recovery of his health.

He sent to England and received the office of collector, and while resident of Barbadoes he suggested a tax of four

and one-half per cent duty on sugar to the British crown, which was granted by the Assembly of the island and continued. Favored again by fortune, in the reign of William III, he procured a ship-of-war at his own expense, and presented it to the crown. He died about 1700, and was buried in the Cathedral Church, at Bath, England.

His deputy, Walter Barefoot, held office till Dudley arrived.

TO LEILA, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER
BIRTH.

BY W. C. STUROC.

October's mellow harvest-breath was blowing
 In balmy zephyrs o'er the sunlit hills ;
 The falling leaves an autumn crop were sowing,
 And dropping gently on the babbling rills.

The woods their tints of sweet decay were flaunting
 In all the colors which death's rainbow hath ;
 The lake scarce rippled in its weird enchanting,
 While dying brakes perfumed the pasture's path.

This was the picture which kind Nature limn'd us,
 As swept along the fateful tide of years ;
 And this the music which the autumn hymn'd us,
 As Leila's birthday once again appears.

What wonder, then, the dreamy poet wandered
 O'er granite hills to Leila's rural cot,
 To tell in farewells what the heart had pondered,
 And wish that joy might crown her future lot?

Ah, Leila ! here, alas, the curtain falleth
 On sweetest friendship till the winter's o'er ;
 May springtime find us, as it light recalleth
 Those gleams of grandeur to our eyes once more !

SUNAPEE, N.H., Oct. 14, 1892.

THE MANCHESTER SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

BY ETTA F. SHEPARD.

This is an age of intellect and critical investigation. We must know the spirit of the age, and take the places and do the work which our new civilization thrusts upon us.

The last twenty years have witnessed great changes in the character of woman's work, and woman's literary clubs as well. There is little in the ordinary daily life and work to feed either the intellectual or spiritual. It must be sought after, and here is where organized effort is needed.

Women need a formulated course of study, systematic and exhaustive, in order to find that they can study, and that they like it. There is a fascination in going to the root of things; in personal investigation of a subject, which is in itself a great spur to continuous and increasing effort. In the club each gains from the other new and helpful suggestions. It was the custom in ancient Greece, in the time of Herodotus, 484 B. C., to study the philosophy of language. The Persians put their language into mystic records, unintelligible to the masses of the population, and it was only slowly and with difficulty it was deciphered. That and contemporary languages have been almost forgotten, while successive generations of scholars, with infinite toil and labor, have preserved the Greek language for mankind for two thousand years. In the light of the nineteenth century, however, the attainment of knowledge is made easy to all diligent and earnest seekers.

In the search for new truth, and the readjustment of human relations, woman comes to the front, and is an important factor in the problems of the hour. About eighteen years have elapsed since five young women of scholarly tastes residing in Manchester, the queen city of the old Granite State,—Mrs. Sarah S. Reynolds, Mrs. Lizzie Burt James, Mrs. Hannah Lewis, Mrs. Ellen Ham, and Miss Nellie W. Cate,—whose horizon was broadening, and who aspired to something above the dull routine of everyday cares, came together, in an entirely informal way at first, to study somewhat, to understand as far as might be the fundamental meaning, and to enter into the spirit of the words and to be able better to appreciate the dramatic works of the immortal bard of Avon. Their interest grew

with every reading till it became an absorbing thought. It was not long before Mrs. Etta F. Shepard became a member, and for three years they were called by their friends the "immortal six." They met regularly once a week, on Mondays, without any organization or officers, simply calling themselves "the coterie."

One of the number was chosen each week to assign the parts, as it seemed impossible to do more than study one character, and be able to render that, even indifferently, in a week. Teachers in elocution were not as numerous then as now, but the six, feeling desirous of further knowledge in that art, persuaded Mrs. Henry H. Huse to give them instruction, she having been, previous to her marriage, a teacher of note in a distant city. She was a very thorough teacher, and required of her pupils the best of which they were capable. While with her they made commendable progress. Among the exercises she gave them were abstracts from Shakespeare's plays.

During those days it was a pastime of the six to memorize certain fine passages and soliloquies, and each rehearse them under the criticism of the others. They understood French indifferently well, and Mrs. Reynolds would give Katherine's part in the play of Henry V with fine effect.

The young club had many pressing invitations, about this time, to appear in public, but always declined the honor. They found rare enjoyment, however, in stepping from their narrow sphere into the company of kings and queens in royal state,—

"Thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us."

They often thought, "Transfigured in the tender moonlight of Shakespeare's fancy, what must have been the sensations of an audience at the first performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream!*"

There came a time when the coterie thought it was perhaps best to widen its circle; that the influx of new thought would be advantageous. They considered twelve about the number that could read the plays together with the best results. They dwelt upon the subject one whole season, hesitating to break the invisible but magic tie that bound them; but at last it was decided that each member should invite some choice spirit to enter the temple with her, to

study, discuss, and draw lessons of wisdom from the writings of this great author; therefore, Miss B. B. Shepard, formerly a teacher of note in Manchester schools and later in New York, Mrs. Lucinda Farmer, a widely known and gifted artist, Miss Henrietta A. Simmons, from Providence, R. I., a lady of cultured tastes, Mrs. Lydia A. Scott, a woman of literary taste, subsequently editor of the Fireside Department of the *Manchester Union*, Mrs. Julia Ferren, for some years principal of a woman's college in the West and later taking up the lecture field, Miss Elizabeth McDougal, formerly preceptress of the Pembroke Academy, were invited, and joined with the others, which brought the number up to twelve. They then formally organized as a Shakespeare club.

There was then, outside of Concord, only one other Shakespeare club known in the state.

Mrs. Sarah S. Reynolds was chosen first president. Others followed, but up to 1884, when Mrs. Reynolds was again chosen president, with Mrs. Etta Frances Shepard, vice-president, and Miss Henrietta A. Simmons, secretary, no records of the weekly work were preserved.

During that season there were twenty-six meetings, and eight plays were read. One afternoon in the month was given to miscellaneous reading, each using her own taste in selection. Later the club took up the life and works of the best writers, assigning to each member some book of the author chosen, the sketch to be given orally or in writing, according to choice.

Hawthorne was selected as the first subject for this exercise. First was given the life of Hawthorne. Then followed a synopsis of the *Marble Faun*, *The House of Seven Gables*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Blithedale Romance*, and others. Mrs. E. A. Wallace always gave her part orally, and with perfect clearness.

It was during this year that services were held in the Hanover Street Church, in commemoration of the eightieth birthday of her husband, the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Wallace, which the club voted to attend, also to send a basket of flowers to Mrs. Wallace on that occasion. "As many lines close in the dial's centre," so the year '84 was full of interest in many ways.

In 1885 Mrs. Etta F. Shepard was chosen president,

Mrs. Lizzie Burt James, vice-president, Miss Sarah Jane Green, secretary. There were twenty-six meetings, eight plays being read, and four authors studied, including Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Sir Walter Scott, on whose works they spent several afternoons to the infinite delight of all.

“That Highland halls were open still
To wilder'd wanderers of the hill.”

The poet Wordsworth was also taken up.

In 1866 Mrs. Cleora Bailey Cleworth was chosen president, Miss Sarah J. Green, vice-president, and Miss B. B. Shepard, secretary. Before the year ended there was inaugurated the custom of choosing a presiding officer for the month, as the work of assigning the parts required so much time. In this way the duties were made light for each one. That year eight plays and five poets were studied,—Shelley, Pope, Bryant, Adelaide Proctor, and Lowell.

In 1887 this custom of choosing presidents by the month was continued. For miscellaneous work they read Thomas Buchanan, Thomas Moore, and other authors' works.

In 1888, presidents by the month not proving as satisfactory as having one by the year, Miss Henrietta A. Simmons was called to take the chair for the entire period; Miss Elizabeth McDougal was vice-president, and Miss Sarah Jane Green, secretary. This year the assignment of parts was abandoned. For miscellaneous work the club studied Longfellow, Goldsmith, and Phebe and Alice Cary's poems.

In 1889 Mrs. Lucinda Lyman Farmer was chosen president, Miss Lizzie Burt James, vice-president, and Miss Sarah J. Green, secretary. This year Miss Mary Lucie Sleeper joined the club. Twenty-five meetings were held, and nine plays were read. For miscellaneous work Emerson's essays were taken up. Plato said, “Poets utter great and wise things, which they do not understand.” It was suggested by Miss McDougal that written opinions of the plays and characters would be a benefit to the club, and many afternoons were profitably spent in reading essays on the different incidents of the play. Miss McDougal was in a great degree the oracle of

the club. "Nature and the fortune of circumstances joined to make her so."

In 1890 Mrs. Lucinda Lyman Farmer was again elected president, with Miss Lizzie James, vice-president, and Mrs. Etta F. Shepard, secretary. This year Mrs. Olive Rand Clarke, Miss Mary Percival Stone, and Mrs. Lizzie A. Upham joined, which was a very delightful acquisition. Eight plays were studied. Many afternoons were passed with Ruskin. Then the reading assumed a varied character, taking up thrilling times in the history of the nation, invention, anti-slavery Boston, and much other reading of an instructive nature.

In 1891 Mrs. Lydia A. Scott was chosen president, Miss Henrietta A. Simmons, vice-president, and Miss Sarah J. Green, secretary. A good deal of work was done this year. Read King Henry the VI for the first play. A paper was read on the obsolete words in the play, and one on society in the time of Henry the VI. For miscellaneous reading Ireland was taken up, making a very exhaustive study of it. Mrs. Scott invited Major P. A. Devine to give the club a talk on that country, in which he had travelled, and was therefore good authority upon that beautiful though oppressed land. Papers were read on the geography of Ireland, its history, authors, politicians, manufactures and legends.

During this year Mrs. Evalyne French Johnson, Mrs. Josephine Latham, and Mrs. Mary Call Perkins joined the club. Later on a study of Central America was made. There were original papers, each one taking up a different phase of the country. The club has now in the prospective a lecture on Mexico, in which much pleasure is anticipated.

At the last meeting, November 7, 1892, the old board was again elected, making Mrs. Scott the second time president. So far this year good work has been done. King Lear, Cymbeline, The Tempest, and Winter's Tale have been read. One new office has been created, Miss McDougal being elected to assist in choosing subjects to be elaborated by selected members of the class.

When the coterie organized as a Shakespeare club, three members were appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws; but they were never at any time very closely fol-

lowed, and in time became practically a dead letter. The present year a committee of three has been chosen to revise and amend the old constitution. The membership fee is placed at one dollar, and a small assessment is made on the absence of any member from a session. One of the articles in the by-laws is to the effect that continued absence, without notifying the president and paying assessments, disqualifies for membership. That clause, however, is probably unnecessary, as such a thing is never likely to occur. Very few have ever left the club, and most of them have followed its fortunes with unflagging interest, till it has become very dear to them.

Two beautiful spirits have passed on to the immortals,—
Mrs. Nellie Ham,

“The young and strong who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Heavy with the march of life.”

and Mrs. Julia Ferren,

“The holy one and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded her pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more.”

As in the early days, the club has continued the custom of meeting at the houses of the members, most of them having commodious and very attractive homes. The subject of securing a small hall where they could have a permanent place to convene has often been agitated, but the majority thought it more pleasant to meet in the home.

The field day has always been one of unalloyed pleasure, and never, in the month of May, have they failed to meet on hill, in dale, forest or mead, by paved fountain or rushy brook.

One year their field day was passed at Shirley Hill. The dinner was sumptuous. At each lady's plate was a basket of flowers. The printed menu was so carefully arranged with appropriate quotations that it formed a very handsome souvenir.

“Epicurean cooks sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite.”

One of the field days was passed in the classic shades of the Uncanoonucs. But for some years they have sat down

by the clear waters of Lake Massabesic, with a few invited guests. There are about three hours at table, over the toasts and original papers, usually spent.

There have been twenty-nine ladies in all whose names have been enrolled upon the list of the club. Of those not mentioned are Mrs. Marianna Morse Furness, Miss Mary Ann Allison, Miss Jennie Moulton, formerly teachers, Mrs. Mary James, Mrs. Lizzie Bartlett Adams, Mrs. Lizzie Anna Runlet, and Mrs. Lillian Appleton Furness. There are three honorary members,—Mrs. Sarah H. Reynolds, Mrs. Naine B. Payne, Edward Scott Swazey, who was last year made an honorary member, a grandchild of the president, a youth of great promise, held in admiring regard by every member of the club.

There has never been a falling off to reduce the club again to twelve, but, as they have only averaged enough at the meeting to make it pleasant and profitable to read, it has been very satisfactory.

Although the members of the club differ widely in their religious views, they are about equally divided on the political questions of the day, and their views in regard to the proper diversions of life varying somewhat; yet here all meet on common ground, in a pleasant, social way.

During the life of the club, all the histories, all the tragedies, and most of the comedies have several times been read. At seven plays a year, it requires four or five years to read all the plays once.

This has always been distinctively a Shakespearian club. Its members have never swerved from their allegiance or fealty to the bard of Avon, and have never been disturbed by the discussions in regard as to whether the plays were written by Bacon or the Stratford actor.

Many of the ladies of the club have travelled quite extensively. Some have been through Europe once, others twice, besides being familiar with all parts of their own dear America.

As other states have a federation of woman's clubs, which is a rallying center for the organization of club work, which gives stimulus to it, and as work advances its scope must grow apace, why should not clubs in this state correspond with each other, exchange visits by delegates, and report the proceedings of one club to another? As in a sister state,

why should not cards be prepared to facilitate fellowship, and enable the members, when journeying, to attend gracefully the meetings of federated clubs in the places where they may be visiting? Why should not New Hampshire be as progressive as other states in this regard?

A SONG CROWN.

BY C. C. LORD.

True Heart would once evoke a song,
 And weave Sweet Love a tuneful prize,
 And through bright soul-land tripped along,
 Where raptures breathe and beauties rise.

The noonday smiled with shining cheer,
 The blithe birds piped a glad refrain,
 The wind lisped gaily in his ear,
 And blossoms decked the hill and plain.

A sprite came forth with happy mien,
 And sang,—“ True Heart, of earnest gaze,
 Of roses white and leaves of green,
 Construct thy gift in joyful phase.”

Thus, strolling on in paths of light,
 In blooming fields his fancy wrought,
 And leaves of green and roses white
 Became a garland in his thought.

Then, hastening to his idol dear,
 He sang,—“ Sweet Love, be this thy crown,”
 And, kindly moved, she loosed a tear,
 As on his breast her head fell down.

They keep their tryst since that blest day,
 And every tide of sadness stem,
 And when True Heart repeats his lay,
 Sweet Love puts on her diadem.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE CINCINNATI.

BY JOHN C. FRENCH.

Some thirty years ago I heard an intelligent old lady describe an annual meeting of the Society of Cincinnati, held in Epsom in her girlhood days. Since that time I have persistently attempted to learn something of its organization, its members and records, without success until recently. In a memorial volume, published by the Massachusetts Society, I found mention of the branch in this state, and learned that its records were deposited with the New Hampshire Historical Society, and extracts published in the sixth volume of the society collection. On application to that repository of historical data the accommodating librarian produced to my astonished vision a large, well-bound volume, containing the records of the New Hampshire Branch of the Society of Cincinnati, covering a period of forty years, and I have a complete copy of the same, duly transcribed.

It commences with a copy of a letter from Maj.-Gen. Baron Steuben of West Point, N. Y., to Maj.-Gen. John Sullivan, dated July, 1783, urging the organization of a branch in this state. The first meeting was called at the house of Gen. Samuel Folsom, in Exeter, and the following-named Revolutionary heroes were present and completed an organization. The records show in plain penmanship their signatures and term of service:

Name.	Rank.	Residence.	Term of Service.
John Sullivan,	Major-General,	Durham,	4 years, 6 mos.
Joseph Cilley,	Colonel,	Nottingham,	5 years, 6 mos.
Henry Dearborn,	Colonel,	Nottingham,	7 years, 10 mos.
Jonathan Cass,	Captain,	Exeter,	6 years, 4 mos.
Ebenezer Sullivan,	Captain,	Durham,	7 years, 9 mos.
Joseph Mills,	Lieutenant,	Nottingham,	6 years,
Daniel Gookin,	Lieutenant,	North Hampton,	8 years, 1 mo.
Samuel Adams,	Lieutenant,
Josiah Munro,	Captain,
Jonathan Cilley,	Lieutenant,	Nottingham,
Neal McGaffey,	Lieutenant,	Epsom,
Michael McClary,	Captain,	Epsom,	6 years,
William Parker,	Surgeon,	Exeter,	3 years, 4 mos.
Nicholas Gilman,	Captain,	Exeter,	6 years, 3 mos.
Joshua Merrow,	Lieutenant,
Amos Emerson,	Captain,	Chester,	5 years,
John Adams,	Lieutenant,	Stratham,
John Boynton,	Lieutenant,	Stratham,	7 years,
Samuel Cheney,	Captain,	Londonderry,	8 years,

Name.	Rank.	Residence.	Term of Service.
Francis Frye,	Captain,	Wilton,	9 years,
Z. Rowell,	Captain,	Epping,	8 years,
Jonathan Perkins,	Lieutenant,	Epping,	6 years,
John Harvey,	Lieutenant,	Northwood,	4 years,
Jonathan Fogg,	Captain,	Kensington,	3 years, 6 mos.
Jeremiah Richards,	Lieutenant,	Hollis,	3 years, 8 mos.
James Reid,	Brigadier-General,	Keene,	8 years,
Jas. Harvey McClary,	Epsom,
John Sullivan,	Durham,
Joseph Mills, Jr.,	Nottingham,
John W. Gookin,	Captain,	North Hampton,

Of forty-two meetings, nine were held in Exeter, seven in Nottingham, four in Durham, three in Deerfield, fourteen in Portsmouth, one in Dover, three in Epsom, and one in Epping.

Maj.-Gen. John Sullivan served as president eleven years; Gen. Joseph Cilley, five years; Maj. Joseph Mills, ten years; Col. Amos Cogswell, fourteen years, and Gen. Michael McClary served as treasurer thirty-nine years.

The long term of service of the officers will be noticed. The First New Hampshire regiment, with numerous changes, served a longer time than any volunteer regiment in the country. Comparatively few of the New Hampshire line officers joined the order, and those mostly resided in the limits of what was then Rockingham county.

Only four of the sons of the original members succeeded their fathers to perpetuate the order, and after forty annual reunions on "Independence Day," with convivial services commensurate with the times and occasions, the closing page sorrowfully reads as follows:

Portsmouth, July 4, 1823.

Present: Michael McClary, Daniel Gookin.

Proceeded to the choice of officers:

Amos Cogswell, president; Bradbury Cilley, vice-president; Daniel Gookin, secretary; Michael McClary, treasurer.

Examined the treasurer's accounts. There are in his hands one hundred forty-three dollars and seventy-eight cents (\$143.78), interest by him accounted for to July 1, 1823.

Voted, that the treasurer pay to Charlotte Page, daughter of the late Joseph Mills, fifteen dollars.

Voted, that the treasurer pay to the children of John Sullivan ten dollars.

Voted, that the next annual meeting be held at Portsmouth.

DANIEL GOOKIN, *Secretary*.

As the society failed to meet in 1824, the interesting question naturally arises,—Where is the fund and the accumulated interest? It had been voted to change the fund from state to United States securities, and the receipts from interest had averaged about \$150 annually for the forty years, but the treasurer's books were not rescued from oblivion. The secretary's records are in admirable condition, and were presented to the New Hampshire Historical Society in 1843 by the son of Daniel Gookin, the last secretary.

At the close of the war, the officers of the American army who had shared the common danger, and whose friendship had been cemented by eight years of conflict, desired to combine themselves into a society based on the principles of friendship and charity, "to endure as long as they shall endure," or "any of their posterity." General Washington was chosen president. Out of respect to the Roman citizen and soldier, Cincinnatus, it was called the "Society of Cincinnati," the general society to meet triennially, and branch societies in each of the thirteen states to meet annually on the 4th of July. An officer was eligible to membership who had held a commission in the army three years, and who assigned a month's pay to the fund, and his eldest male descendant could be his successor to membership.

For over a century this honored and revered society has demonstrated its pure patriotism and benevolence, and to become a member has been considered of the highest honor. The general society, Hon. Hamilton Fish, president, holds regular meetings, but most of the state societies have failed to continue existence. Massachusetts and New York societies still exist, being prominent and wealthy.

Gen. (Gov.) Benjamin Pierce of Hillsborough was vice-president of the Massachusetts society from 1836 to 1839, and was succeeded by his three sons,—Col. Benjamin K. in 1841, Gen. (President) Franklin in 1852, Henry D. in 1873, and his grandson, Kirk Dearborn Pierce, in 1889.

John B. Varick of Manchester, as successor of Col. Richard Varick, who was mayor of New York city twelve years, is a member of the New York society, and he, with Mr. Pierce, are probably the only two members now residing in the state belonging to the Order of Cincinnati.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

EDWIN T. BALDWIN.

Edwin Thomas Baldwin was born in New Ipswich, N. H., July 9th, 1832, and the following year his parents moved to Nashua. It is said that somewhere back in the twenties, before the days of quartette choirs, Mr. Thomas Moore led the singing in the old South Church at Nashua, and that his eleven children sung for him, the youngest, the mother of Edwin, being the leading soprano. His father, an energetic business man, was also a lover of music and gave some of his leisure time to singing and practice upon the violoncello. Young Edwin was but three years old when his mother died, and during the following ten years he seemed to have had no permanent home, at times employed in a bobbin shop, mills, store, or on a farm, vibrating between Nashua and Manchester, though most of his boyhood was spent in the former place.

He attended at various times both public and private schools in Manchester, also the Nashua Academy, taught by the late David Crosby. If he ever ran away from school, it was to follow some band; and he speaks with enthusiasm of the hours when, as a very small boy, he travelled barefooted by the side of the old "Boston Brass Band," in the days when the celebrated bugler, Edward Kendall, was the leader, ably seconded by his brother James, no less celebrated as a clarinet player. In those days Nashua was the leading town in the state; military enthusiasm ran high; there were no less than five finely uniformed and equipped infantry companies, while the Nashua Artillery was one of the most noted organizations in New England, and rarely paraded without the "Boston Brass Band" and a section of dignitaries, who were invited guests for the day.

In 1842 he received his first lessons on the piano-forte from a Boston teacher who had been employed to teach in a private school, visiting Manchester once a week for that purpose. Three or four years later we find him again in Nashua, playing a cornet in the "Nashua Band," and trying his hand on all sorts of instruments, from a snare drum to a piccolo.



E. J. Baldwin.

Here he began more earnest preparation for his life work, resuming the study of the piano-forte and of harmony, under the able guidance of the late Edward Hosmer, a musician and teacher who probably had no superior in New Hampshire, remaining with him two or three years. He subsequently studied with the late George James Webb and other well-known teachers in Boston. His career as a teacher of music and church organist commenced in January, 1850, in Nashua. Mr. Baldwin returned to Manchester in the early fall of 1851, where he has since resided, though for nearly twenty-five years his time was quite evenly divided between the two cities.

While his daily occupation was teaching and the study of piano, organ and harmony, his evenings were devoted mainly to organizing and instructing clubs, choral societies and bands, in both Nashua and Manchester; sharing with the members in all expenses, asking only, in lieu of salary, that good music should be studied and that members should pledge prompt and regular attendance.

For this department of work he seems to have had special fitness. The choral societies in both Manchester and Nashua that took part in the great Boston Jubilee, also the "Nashua Cornet Band," he organized and trained for the occasion. When, at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, in 1861, the call came for seventy-five thousand men, he dismissed a large class of pupils and enlisted as a private in Company C. 1st N. H. Regiment, as did nearly every member of his band; and "Baldwin's Cornet Band," was not only the first band that left the state, but the first to play in the streets of Baltimore after the attack upon the Massachusetts Sixth and the near annihilation of its Lowell band.

Mr. Baldwin has had several very tempting offers to locate in larger cities, but Manchester seems to have been his first love. He has never been obliged to go from place to place to secure patronage, and to-day, notwithstanding his years of service, there is a constantly increasing demand upon his time as a teacher. Long ago he gained the reputation of being a fine performer on the piano, organ, and various band instruments, but his chief ambition has been to make players; not to exhibit his own technical skill, but to interest, instruct, and, if possible, enthuse his pupils. The

unusual excellence of the work which has been done year after year at his class recitals fully demonstrates his success—a success which may be attributed to love for his profession and his efforts, by close observation and study, to keep in touch with the general progress of his art and the most approved methods of instruction.

He is to-day surrounded by competitors who were once members of his class, while many others once numbered among his pupils are successful teachers in schools, conservatories, and cities in various parts of the country.

As a musician he is at peace with all men and not without honor in his own country. His services as organist and chorister have been retained for nearly thirty-six years by the largest Congregational church and society in the state. He was the first president of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association, and has been twice re-elected.

In the fall of 1861 Mr. Baldwin married Miss Sarah C. Kendrick of Nashua, by whom he has had two sons and a daughter. The oldest son, E. K. Baldwin, a good organist and choir-master, is a well-known young business man in Lowell, Mass. His youngest son, the late Thomas C. Baldwin, was a good violinist and singer, but best known as the faithful and efficient state secretary of the Y. P. S. C. E. A married daughter resides in Quincy, Mass.

The following extract from a brief address by Mr. E. T. Baldwin of Manchester, before the Congregational Club, on February 22, 1893, in the North Church, Concord, very clearly indicates the attitude of most musicians towards much of the gospel-hymn music so often heard in our Sabbath-schools and prayer-meetings. After touching upon various subjects, Mr. Baldwin said,—

“I have sometimes felt that as a denomination we were in danger of getting into ruts—too much afraid of new ideas—apparently unmindful of the fact that the world moves and that old methods will not always meet new conditions; and I raise the question, To what extent and in what way can our Sabbath services be varied and made more attractive, without adopting secular or sensational methods?”

“Perhaps, because of my calling, I may be expected to say something about music in our devotional meetings. It is, indeed, an important factor, but, should I express my feelings as fully as I might, I fear I should precipitate a controversy. I believe,

however, that much of the music in our meetings, in both morning and evening services, is neither elevating nor devotional.

“Of the last meeting of the Saviour with His disciples before the crucifixion, we read that ‘after they had sung an hymn, they went out.’ Would you not like to know what that hymn was, and to what music they sung it? It may have been a psalm, simply chanted, or some plaintive melody, but I do not believe it was ‘Beulah Land’ or ‘Hold the Fort.’ If there were bands in Jerusalem in those days, I do not believe they adopted the music because they found it to be just the kind for street quickstep. I do not believe that quadrille bands played it for Jewish maidens to dance by. Neither do I think it was a melody that had been made popular as a drinking-song by Roman soldiers, and because of its popularity adapted to sacred words and sung by the disciples. I cannot think that the Saviour, had He been called to conduct a service in the temple on the Sabbath, would have permitted a band that had been playing during the day at some lawn party or beer garden to hurry to the temple to lead in the service of song; but such things are not unheard of in our day. I believe the time has come when the churches of New Hampshire should enter an earnest and solemn protest against the use or further introduction into our Sabbath-schools and prayer-meetings of such undignified and undevo-tional musical trash as is found in many of our gospel hymn books; and if other denominations will not join us, let the Congregational church alone call a halt. If we cannot stem the tide, it will surely do us no harm to go on record as opposed to this trivial and undevo-tional music.

“While we seek to make our services attractive, let us not adopt purely secular or sensational methods, neither forget the ‘fitness of things:’ ‘God is in holy temple;’—we enter there to worship and not simply to be entertained. If the reading of the word, the prayer, and the sermon are worshipful and devotional, so also should be the service of song.”

THE LISBON FESTIVAL.

The annual festival of the Lisbon Musical Association occurred February 20-24. Considering that it was held during Lent, and that the weather was as unpropitious as imagination could picture, it was a grand success. The chorus numbered, as usual, about one hundred and twenty-five, but it has steadily grown in proficiency until it is a fact that no chorus of its size in the state can compare with it. The works in hand this season were the “One Hundredth Psalm” by Lachner, “The Evening Hymn” by Reinecke,

Part Songs by Lassen and Cowen, and selections from Concone's Mass in F. The soloists were the Misses Clark and Woodbury of Boston, and Mr. Arthur Burnett, tenor, also of Boston. Especially to be commended was the duet singing of the young ladies. Mr. Burnett was a sufferer from a severe cold and a mistaken idea of what his duties were to be, hence we reserve criticism. Mrs. Shepard, as usual, presided at the piano, and, like an old violin, she improves with age, and this should be considered very complimentary where one is so proficient from the beginning. She is the faithful friend of the chorus, the saving-power of the artist, and the true musical companion of the conductor. Mrs. Morgan of New York, now a resident at Pike's Station, created a furor, almost, by her wonderfully sweet soprano voice. She is one of a very few vocalists who can adapt her voice and her very nature to the sentiment of the aria or song she is rendering. It is a great pleasure, as well as simple justice, to speak in her praise, and we only wish the conditions were such that New Hampshire could claim her as a representative daughter of music.

Mr. Mart Dow, the impersonator, calls for especial commendation, and while we can never countenance anything of this kind as belonging to a musical performance, yet we must give him the highest position in an artistic sense. This "side show" to a musical festival is peculiar to northern New Hampshire, and if it is necessary to "draw" the non-musical element, give us Mr. Dow every time.

Blaisdell's orchestra did excellent work, and the solos by Master Cotton, violin, Mr. Stockbridge, cello, and Mr. Wheaton, flute, were well received.

Financially the Association came out with the balance on the right side. The president, Rev. Mr. Felt, and the executive committee are entitled to much praise for their untiring and faithful efforts, which made this eighth annual such a success. Especially attentive and painstaking was Mr. Edgar Davison, the chairman of the executive committee.

Mr. H. G. Blaisdell has been appointed on the Board of Advisory Council of Music at the World's Congresses at Chicago, which will be held July next.

The Concord Choral Society is rehearsing the Oratorio of the Messiah, which will be given some time in May.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

BERNARD B. WHITTEMORE.

Bernard Bemus Whittemore, born in Peterborough, May 15, 1817, died in Cambridge, Mass., March 5, 1893.

He was a son of Bernard and a grandson of Nathaniel Whittemore, the latter a Revolutionary soldier. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, and graduated from Harvard in the class of 1839. He taught school for a time in Baltimore, after graduation, but studied law and was admitted to the Hillsborough county bar in 1842. He practiced for a time in Palmer, Mass., and afterwards in Amherst, but soon located in Nashua, where he continued through life. In 1846, in company with his brother, F. P. Whittemore, a practical printer, he bought the *Nashua Gazette* of William Butterfield, and continued to edit that paper until its sale to the Gazette Company in 1889, a period of nearly forty-three years. He was the first Democratic candidate for mayor of Nashua, in 1853, though failing of election, and was a member of the state senate in 1852 and 1853. He also served as alderman and city treasurer, and was a trustee of the Nashua city library from its establishment till his death. He was unmarried, and is survived by two brothers and three sisters.

HON. OZIAS M. HATCH.

Ozias Mather Hatch, a prominent citizen of Illinois, and one of the pioneers of the Republican party in that state, died at his home, in Springfield, March 12.

He was born in the town of Hillsborough in this state, April 11, 1814, being the third child of Dr. Reuben Hatch, a native of Alstead. He received an ordinary common-school education, supplemented with brief attendance at a private school and academy, working upon his father's farm in the summer season, until fifteen years of age, when he went to Boston and was engaged for seven years as a clerk in the wholesale and retail grocery of Merriam & Brown. At the age of twenty-two he removed to Griggsville, Pike county, Illinois, where his father had gone the previous year. He was appointed clerk of the circuit court of Pike county, serving seven years. He subsequently engaged in general

mercantile business, and, in 1851, was elected to represent Pike county in the state legislature. In 1856, upon the organization of the Republican party, he was made the nominee of the party for secretary of state, was elected, and, after a term of four years, was re-elected, making eight years' service in all in this responsible position. He was a close friend of Abraham Lincoln and Richard Yates, and was deeply interested in the Union cause during the war. He was an original member of the National Lincoln Monument Association, and secretary of the same, and was largely instrumental in securing the funds for the erection of the Lincoln monument in Oak Ridge Park, Springfield. He was a public-spirited citizen and prominent in various local enterprises in Springfield, where he resided after his election as secretary of state.

In 1860 Mr. Hatch married Miss Julia R., daughter of Pascal P. Enos, one of the prominent early settlers of Springfield, who survives him, with their three sons, Ozias M., Jr., Pascal E. and Frank L. Hatch.

CARLOS G. HAWTHORNE.

Carlos G. Hawthorne of Hopkinton, a well-known member of the Merrimack county bar, died suddenly in Gilman-
ton, March 9, 1893.

He was a native of Hopkinton, a son of Calvin and Rachel (Jackman) Hawthorne, born September 29, 1827. He received an academical education, and engaged for some years in teaching, the last two years in Chicago, where he went in 1852, meanwhile pursuing the study of law, in the practice of which he subsequently engaged at Dubuque, Iowa, where he was located for several years, and served during the late war as assistant provost-marshal and attorney of the board of enrollment. He returned to Hopkinton in 1866, and there formed a law partnership with Herman W. Greene, which continued for some years. He was a man of keen intellect and an entertaining conversationalist. He had an arm badly broken by a fall in Concord some years since, and suffered other injuries from which he never fully recovered. He married Frances P. Gilman of Gilman-
ton, in 1850, who survives him, with one daughter, Jessie A.

ANGELIA C. TEWKSBURY.

Mrs. Angelia C., wife of Hon. Robert H. Tewksbury, ex-mayor of Lawrence, Mass., died in that city, February 10, 1893, of pneumonia.

She was a daughter of Calvin and sister of Carlos G. Hawthorne of Hopkinton, born January 13, 1834, and united in marriage with Mr. Tewksbury, also a native of Hopkinton, in 1859, since which time her home has been in the city of which her husband has been a most honored resident, and where she was herself endeared, by her virtues and graces of character, to a large circle of friends.

FRANCIS C. FRENCH.

Francis Ormand French, born in Chester, September 12, 1837, died in Tuxedo, N. Y., February 26, 1893.

He was a son of the late Benjamin B. French, formerly of Newport, who was clerk of the U. S. house of representatives from 1845 to 1847, and afterwards commissioner of public buildings at Washington. He graduated from Harvard College in 1857; was admitted to the bar in 1860; was appointed deputy naval officer at Boston in 1862, and deputy collector the following year. He engaged in the service of the banking firm of Samuel A. Way of Boston in 1865, and in 1870 entered the employ of Jay Cooke & Co., New York. Subsequently he represented prominent English banking firms in the latter city, and in 1874 was engaged with others in funding U. S. government loans. He retired in 1880, but for the last few years had been president of the Manhattan Trust Co. He married, in 1861, Ellen, a daughter of the late Hon. Amos Tuck.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE.

William Allen Wallace, son of James Wallace, a merchant of Pembroke, born in that town September 28, 1815, died in Canaan, February 15, 1893. At the age of fifteen, his father having removed to Canaan, he entered the office of the *New Hampshire Post*, at Haverhill, to learn the printer's trade. Remaining there two years, the paper was removed to Concord, and he went with it, continuing a year longer. He then went to Nashua and engaged in the office of the *Telegraph*, where he also continued two years,

after which he started out to make his fortune, working in various offices temporarily. In 1839 he became foreman of the *Spy* office at Worcester, Mass., and in 1846 one of the editors of the *Daily Spy*, continuing till 1850, when he went to California, locating at Los Angeles, where he was editor of the *Star* for several years. He also engaged in teaching and was a member of the school board. Subsequently he became a correspondent of the *California Alta* and later one of its editors. He travelled extensively, doing special work for the *Alta*, and, in 1861 and 1862, was its Washington correspondent. At the close of the latter year he returned to Canaan and continued there until death, engaged in agriculture and literary work, having collected a large amount of matter pertaining to the history of the town. He married Mary Currier of Canaan, in January, 1865, by whom he has one son, James Burns, a lawyer in New York City.

DANIEL J. PARSONS.

Daniel J. Parsons, for many years a practicing lawyer at Rochester, died February 29, 1893, at the residence of George S. Blanchard, in Pembroke.

He was a native of Gilmanton, a son of Josiah and Judith (Badger) Parsons, born April 15, 1821. He was educated at Gilmanton Academy; read law with the late Hon. Ira A. Eastman; was admitted to the bar in 1842, and immediately commenced practice in Rochester. He served many years on the Rochester school board, and was a member of the legislature in 1850. For the last five years he has been disabled by paralysis. He married, in 1852, Ella Greenfield of Rochester, by whom he had a son and two daughters, surviving, John G. Parsons of Portsmouth, Mrs. O. L. Temple of Framingham, Mass., and Miss Emma Parsons of Boston.

REV. SILAS CURTIS.

Rev. Silas Curtis, one of the oldest and most prominent clergymen of the Free Baptist denomination in New England, died at his home in Concord, January 27, 1893. He was born in Auburn, Me., February 27, 1804; was educated at the Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, Me., and was ordained a preacher at the F. B. quarterly meet-

ing in Topsham, October 4, 1827. He held pastorates at Augusta, Me., Great Falls, N. H., Lowell and Roxbury, Mass., and Pittsfield, N. H., removing from the latter place to Concord in 1856, where he afterwards remained. He was a member of the publishing committee of the Free Baptist Printing Establishment from its organization in 1832 till his death, and was auditor for forty years. He was agent for the New Hampton Institution several years, raising \$17,000 for its funds. He was thirty years corresponding secretary of the Free Baptist Home Mission Society, treasurer sixteen years, and clerk of the general conference from 1835 till 1868, when he resigned. November 9, 1831, he married Patience Gould of Wayne, Me., who died April 23, 1880.

REV. ANDREW P. PEABODY, D. D., LL. D.

Andrew Preston Peabody, born in Beverly, Mass., March 19, 1811, died in Cambridge, Mass., March 10, 1893.

Dr. Peabody, although not a native of New Hampshire, nor living in the state at the time of his decease, was for so long a period of time a resident, and so intimately well known to many of our most cultured people, that he may properly be classed as a New Hampshire man; and that he so regarded himself is evidenced by the fact that, in accordance with his wishes, his mortal remains were laid to their final rest in New Hampshire soil, at his old home in Portsmouth. He was a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1826, being then but fifteen years of age. After three years spent in teaching, one year being as principal of the academy at Portsmouth, he entered the Harvard Divinity School, where he completed the course, and was ordained and installed pastor of the South Parish (Unitarian) Church of Portsmouth, in 1833, which position he occupied for 27 years, until his election as preacher to Harvard University and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in that institution, in 1860, officiating in those capacities until his resignation in 1881.

In addition to his pastoral and educational work, he did much in the way of contribution to American literature, and was a frequent writer for some of our best periodicals. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Massachusetts Historical, and several kindred associations.

EDITOR BATCHELLOR'S STATE PAPERS.

Governor Goodell made no mistake when he selected Hon. Albert S. Batchellor of Littleton for the important position of editor of state papers, to succeed the late Isaac W. Hammond. There is no man in the state better qualified for the position,—no one who has a deeper interest in, or a keener taste for, the work which the position calls for; and the results of his labors thus far, soon to be more fully manifest, cannot fail to give the greatest satisfaction to all students of our early state history.

Volume XIX, shortly to be issued, is made up of miscellaneous papers of more or less importance, but largely relating to the boundary-line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Volume XX, already issued, is devoted to the journals of the senate and house, and records of the president and council (the latter never having appeared in print), from 1784 to 1787, an important period in our history, commencing with the adoption of the first constitution and the organization of the new state government. As an appendix to this volume is given a reprint of an old and rare pamphlet, embracing a life of the Revolutionary patriot, John Langdon, by his grandson, John Langdon Elwyn. Volume XXI, which will be issued in a few weeks, presents the house and senate journals and council records from 1787 to 1790, and Vol. XXII, soon to follow, will embody the same from 1790 to 1793. Vol. XXIII, already commenced, will consist of a complete calendar of New Hampshire papers in English archives, obtained by the N. H. Historical Society from B. F. Stevens of London.

The next work to be taken up will be the reproduction of old town charters, including those granted by Massachusetts, by New Hampshire, and charters of Vermont towns granted by New Hampshire governors, with plans of the various grants, all of which will require some four or five volumes.

ERRATUM.—An unaccountable error, manifest from the context, appeared in the sketch of the Hon. Edward F. Mann in the last issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY. The age of his daughter was given as thirteen years, whereas it should have been *eleven*, her birth occurring February 13, 1882.



Sincerely yours .

Cephas B. Coxam .

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REV. CEPHAS B. CRANE, D. D.

Time was when in all our New England communities, as everywhere in the Christian world, the minister was regarded not only as the spiritual guide and moral teacher of the people, but as a natural guardian and mentor, whose advice should be sought and followed in all matters affecting the intellectual welfare and the material interests of the community and of individuals; and this entirely without reference to his own personality or characteristics—the breadth of his culture, the quality of his mind, or the measure of his sympathies and affections. His position gave him dignity and honor, and entitled him to the reverent regard and trustful confidence of all. Such, however, is no longer the case. In these days of steam engines and perfecting presses, of telegraphs and telephones, of electric railways and ocean cables, when communities are no longer isolated and the four quarters of the globe are brought into immediate communication with each other—when by the magic processes of modern skill the best thoughts of master minds and the greatest productions of human genius in all the ages are brought within the reach of the poorest and humblest—the halo of position, however exalted, is practically dissolved, and priest and potentate, minister and magistrate, are regarded primarily with reference to what they are in heart and mind, in character and conduct.

While, therefore, we may hope the time will never come when the Christian ministry, as a whole, will fail to be a commanding power for good throughout the world, it will thus be maintained only through the noble character, the exalted purpose, the pure personality and devoted Christian spirit, as well as the virile and cultured intellect of those who enter upon its holy office.

The city of Concord is more than ordinarily fortunate in

the character and influence of its church organizations. It has generally been fortunate in the worth and ability of the men serving as preachers and pastors for these various organizations. Such is particularly the case at the present time. It is, indeed, doubtful that there can be found in New England or the country at large, to-day, a city of corresponding size where the clergy, as a whole, combine so much of intellectual culture, high moral worth, and thorough devotion to their work, and at the same time manifest such an intelligent interest in all that pertains to the material, social, and educational welfare of the community, commanding thereby, individually and collectively, in so large measure the confidence and respect of the great mass of the people, as is the case in Concord.

Prominent among these clergymen, and a commanding figure in the community, is the Rev. Dr. Crane, pastor of the First Baptist Church, who has occupied his position for the last eight years, and is more generally known by the people than many who have spent a lifetime in their midst.

Cephas Bennett Crane, son of Rev. Wheeler I. and Almena (Riddell) Crane, was born at Marion, Wayne county, New York, March 29, 1833. His father was of English and his mother of Scotch-Irish parentage, the former, who was also a Baptist clergyman, being a native of New Hampshire, born in the town of Richmond, but removing to New York in early life, where he ultimately fitted for the ministry, and held various pastorates in different parts of the state.

The early inclination of the son was not in that direction. Endowed with an ambitious spirit, and duly encouraged by his parents, he had gained a good preliminary education at different select schools and academies, engaging meanwhile to a considerable extent in teaching district schools, an occupation whose experience and discipline has contributed in no small degree to develop the mental powers of aspiring young men, while furnishing the means for the further pursuit of knowledge. He had determined to fit himself for the legal profession, and with a view to the study of the law under the learned and eminent Prof. Theodore Dwight, he entered Hamilton College; but while pursuing the course he was led to an entire change

of plan and purpose in life. The claims of religion were brought forcibly home to his heart, and, uniting himself with the church, he determined to dedicate his powers to the service of the Master as a minister of the gospel. To this end he left Hamilton and entered the University of Rochester, a leading Baptist educational institution, where he graduated from the classical department in the class of 1858, which included among its members such men as William O. Stoddard, the eminent writer, Lemuel Moss, president of the Chicago University, and subsequently of Indiana State University, and Prof. William Harkness, the distinguished astronomer, of the naval observatory at Washington. After completing the classical course, he entered the Theological Seminary at Rochester, from which he graduated in 1860, going immediately to his first pastorate in Hartford, Conn., to which he had been called by the South Baptist Church of that city, where he was ordained and entered with earnestness and enthusiasm upon his chosen life work. His situation was at the same time a most trying and yet a most advantageous one. Called in the very outset to the pastorate of an old and flourishing society in one of the most cultured New England cities, and brought into association with clergymen of wide repute, great ability, and profound learning, the young minister had to prove himself worthy in character, aspiration, and purpose to stand in the ranks of the great profession whose ornaments in that city were such men as the venerable Dr. Horace Bushnell, Dr. Calvin E. Stowe, Dr. Robert Turnbull, Dr. Nathaniel J. Burton, Dr. E. P. Parker, Dr. S. J. Andrews, Dr. Joel Hawes, Dr. William L. Gage, and others of like celebrity. That he did so in full measure is evidenced by the fact that his pastorate here continued for nearly eighteen years, covering a most prosperous period in the history of the church, during which he established a high reputation for ability, faithfulness, and zeal, and which terminated only through his acceptance of a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Boston—a call which, although regretting the severance of long-continued and most enjoyable relations with the Hartford society, he did not feel at liberty to decline.

During the Boston pastorate, upon which he entered in

April, 1877, Dr. Crane maintained and increased his reputation as a representative clergyman of the Baptist faith, engaging earnestly in all the work directly pertaining to the welfare of his parish, which was among the oldest and most prominent in the city, and also taking an active part in the broader work involving the prosperity of the denomination at large. A Boston pastorate is generally regarded as a most desirable one for a clergyman of any denomination. It affords opportunities for intellectual growth and culture surpassed by those of no other city in the Union. These opportunities Dr. Crane fully improved, and during his pastorate of seven years held a position abreast with the progressive thinkers and workers in the religious and intellectual life of the metropolis.

The First Baptist Church of Boston flourished under his ministry, and it was during his term of service that the magnificent house of worship on Commonwealth Avenue, now its property, was secured. But his incessant labor told heavily upon his health, notwithstanding his splendid physique, and a long, severe, and dangerous illness, from which final recovery was adjudged improbable by his physicians, resulted, compelling his resignation.

Regaining his health in some measure, and with the hope that the pure air of New Hampshire might prove salutary in that direction, he accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in this city, entering formally upon his duties April 1, 1885. Here he has remained to the present time. Improving materially in health, he has been able to pursue all lines of pastoral activity to the complete satisfaction of his people, while as a preacher he has not only commanded their strong admiration and consenting attention, but has attracted to the congregation many who never before attended there. The church and society have greatly prospered under his ministry, and their standing and influence in the community were never better and stronger than now, nor has any pastor in the city ever endeared himself more strongly to his people and to the general public.

During his ministerial service of thirty-three years, embracing but three pastorates, he has received calls to other large and important churches, but believes in reasonably long terms of service wherever one is placed.

He has served for a long time as a member of the boards of various state and national societies of the Baptist denomination, and while in Boston was a member of the executive committee of the American Baptist (Foreign) Missionary Union. He is one of the trustees of both the Newton and Rochester Theological Seminaries, and has also served as trustee of various academies. He was actively instrumental in the organization, last year, of the Winnipiseogee Baptist Grove Meeting Association, of which he is president. He has written much for newspapers and magazines, and many of his sermons have been published. He received the degree of D. D. from Rochester University in 1875.

He has always manifested a fraternal and catholic spirit, emphasizing the agreements rather than the disagreements of the various Christian denominations, and believing that the church of our Lord is one. While loyal to the truth as he apprehends it, he concedes to all others the privilege and right of loyalty to the truth as they apprehend it. He is a believer in "the sweet reasonableness" of religion, and counts it an honor to be called a Christian rationalist, insisting that Christianity is capable of philosophical and scientific interpretation. His reading covers a wide range in all departments of knowledge, and he takes great enjoyment therein. He has ever taken an active interest in the life and welfare of the city, state and nation, endeavoring always to do his full duty as a citizen. He was elected chaplain of the New Hampshire legislature for the session of 1885, and has served three years as a member of the Concord school board. His interest in the cause of education and the welfare of the schools has always been particularly strong, and his friendship for the children is as marked as the unflinching courtesy and geniality of his manner towards all with whom he comes in contact.

Dr. Crane has travelled extensively, having visited the old world four times, the last during the summer of 1887.

November 14, 1865, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary A. Day of Hartford, Conn. They have three children—two daughters, Annie Louise and Mary Riddell, and one son, Russell Day. The eldest daughter is a graduate of the Concord High School of the class of 1887, while the others are now pupils in that institution.

REV. WILLIAM V. GARNER.

Rev. William Vaughn Garner, the immediate predecessor of the Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D., in the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Concord, was a native of Wales, born January 9, 1834. He received his education in England, and was there ordained to the ministry, but came to this country at the age of twenty-seven years. His first pastorate was at Hastings on the Hudson. From there he went to Binghampton, N. Y., and afterwards to St. Johns, New Brunswick. For nine years previous to his settlement in Concord he was pastor of the Charles Street Baptist Church in Boston, serving his people and church with efficiency and fidelity, and gaining a high reputation, both within and without his own denomination, as an eloquent and forceful preacher.

After the resignation of Rev. Daniel W. Faunce, D. D., who, after some eight or nine years' service in the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Concord, accepted a call to the Washington Street Church in Lynn, Mass., the Concord church and society, after due deliberation, extended a call to Mr. Garner, who then, just past forty years of age, in the early prime of fully developed manhood, earnest, active and enthusiastic, of fine presence and pleasing manners, might well indeed be regarded as most eligible for the vacant position. The church edifice was then being extensively remodeled and refitted, at an expense of some \$12,000, and the condition of the parish was such as to render the call most acceptable to him.

Removing to Concord, and entering upon his work, in September, 1875, Mr. Garner soon won the love and confidence of his people, and gained a firm place in the regard of the general public, through his courteous manner and liberal spirit. Here he continued for a period of nine years, during which time about one hundred and fifty members were added to the church, and his reputation as a devoted pastor and an eloquent and persuasive preacher was fully maintained.

In July, 1884, he removed to Bridgeport, Conn., having accepted a call to the pulpit of the First Baptist Church in that city, carrying with him and retaining through life the affectionate regard of very many Concord people in and out of his society.



REV. W. V. GARNER.

His pastorate in Bridgeport continued successfully for seven years, at the end of which time he severed his relations with the parish, to engage in secular occupation, associating himself with his son, W. V. Garner, Jr., in the real estate business. He continued preaching, however, filling the pulpit of the Baptist church in Stratfield, Conn., in the absence of the regular pastor, for some time previous to his decease, which occurred quite suddenly, from a recently developed heart trouble, on the twenty-third day of November, 1892.

Mr. Garner was united in marriage February 24, 1858, with Miss Margaret A. Jones, daughter of Dea. John R. Jones, of the Judson Memorial Church, New York, in whose affectionate companionship he passed the remainder of his life, and by whom he is survived, with three daughters,—Mrs. A. H. Lester, Mrs. Herbert Birdseye, and Mrs. James H. Crossley,—and one son, William V. Garner, Jr., all of Bridgeport. But eight days previous to his decease, he had himself performed the sacred rites which united his daughter Emma with Mr. Crossley, and the newly-married couple were recalled from their wedding tour by the sad intelligence of his death.

During his residence in Concord Mr. Garner became a member of White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., continuing his connection therewith till his decease. While in Bridgeport he was for six years moderator of the Fairfield County Baptist Association, holding the position at the time of his death.

Impressive funeral services were conducted at the home, 315 State street, Bridgeport, on November 28, eight clergymen of the city acting as honorary pall-bearers. The remains, temporarily deposited in the receiving-tomb in that city, have since been interred at Greenwood, the beautiful "City of the Silent," in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The *Watchman*, the leading organ of the Baptist denomination, sums up the story of his life in brief but fitting words in concluding its notice of his death: "Mr. Garner was an accomplished preacher, a faithful pastor, and a noble, Christian man. He was highly esteemed by his brethren in the ministry and by all who knew him."

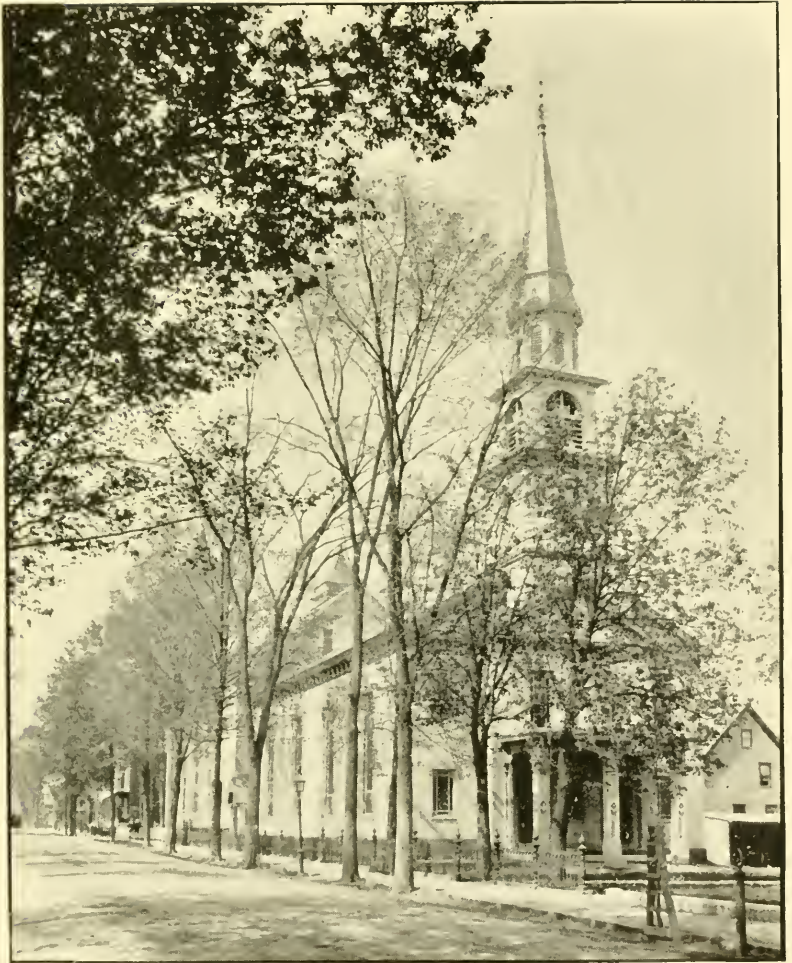
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CONCORD.

The First Baptist Church in Concord is one of the oldest religious organizations in the city, the first steps towards its formation having been taken in May, 1818, seventy-five years ago, and its formal recognition occurring in the month of September of the same year. A sketch of the history of this church, from the pen of Howard M. Cook, appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for October, 1881, and, in this connection, but a mere outline is necessary.

During the seventy-five years of its existence the church has had but seven settled pastors: Rev. William Taylor, from 1818 to 1826; Rev. Nathaniel West Williams, from 1827 to 1831; Rev. Ebenezer Edson Cummings, D. D., from 1832 to 1850; Rev. Charles Worthen Flanders, D. D., from 1851 to 1866; Rev. Daniel Webster Faunce, D. D., from 1866 to 1875; Rev. William Vaughn Garner, from 1875 to 1884; Rev. Cephas Bennett Crane, D. D., from 1885 to the present time.

The church edifice, a cut of which is herewith presented, is the oldest house of worship now standing in Concord, having been erected in 1825, and dedicated December 28 of that year. Its original cost was about \$7,000, and at the time of its erection it was regarded as a spacious and attractive edifice. It has been enlarged, remodeled and improved at four different times,—in 1835, 1845, 1854, and 1875,—the last improvement being quite extensive. The present substantial chapel was built in 1853, and an addition, for a ladies' parlor and other needed conveniences, was made in 1877. The fine organ now in the church was donated by Hon. George A. Pillsbury and his son, Charles A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, former worshippers there, and was placed in position at the time of the last general remodeling, in 1875.

Aside from the First Congregational, or "North" Church, which is the oldest and was for many years the only one in town, no other religious organization has exercised a greater influence in the community, nor has its history more closely interwoven with that of the city than the First Baptist Church of Concord, which has always included in its membership a goodly number of the most intelligent, substantial, and public-spirited citizens.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CONCORD, N. H.

THE TIMBERS OF THE KEARSARGE.

BY JOSEPH BARNARD.

A few months since the newspapers announced that the famous old gunboat Kearsarge, whose encounter with the Confederate cruiser Alabama was one of the most notable events in naval history incident to the war of the Rebellion, had been overhauled at Brooklyn, and her timbers found "sound as a nut" after thirty-one years of service.

It is well known to the general public that this famous vessel was largely manned by New Hampshire sailors at the time of its conflict with the Alabama, but it is not generally known that a considerable portion of the timber for the frame of the vessel came from this state, and was cut in the town of Hopkinton, though such is the fact.

For several years before the Rebellion, Hon. J. H. Butler of Nottingham and the writer had been associated in the handling of oak timber. In the winter of 1860-61 we had quite a large quantity for ship building at Newburyport and Portsmouth drawn to the railroad. Some of it was the best quality of oak, and some was "old growth," which had become comparatively soft and brittle, but, though not suitable for the navy, answered very well for use in the construction of ordinary vessels. In the spring or early summer following Judge Butler came to see me.* He stated, if I remember rightly, that the construction of three gunboats had been ordered by the government in the navy-yard at Portsmouth. Our navy was then very small. The government was in need of more vessels, and the best of white oak timber was wanted for use in building. We had already sent a good portion of our best timber, when he came up again to see if the oak on the "Story lot," so called, could be purchased. This was a superior lot of oak, standing on Rattlesnake hill, about sixty rods south of Tyler's station, on the Concord & Claremont railroad.

We drove down to Mr. Story's, and he accompanied us to the lot. After looking it over, and finding it just what was wanted, we asked Mr. Story his price for the timber.

* A recent letter to Judge Butler, who has been in failing health for some time past, brought a response from Mrs. Butler to the effect that he distinctly remembers his association with the writer, and the matter of procuring the timber for the government used in the construction of the Kearsarge.

"Ten dollars a ton, where it stands," he answered.

Six or seven dollars was considered a fair price at that time for oak delivered at the railroad.

Judge Butler motioned me aside, and asked,—“Won't he take less?”

“I think not,” I replied, “but we cannot afford to take it at that price.”

“The government *must* have it, and immediately,” he responded. “Close the trade.”

The next day, which, I believe, was Saturday, I set four men at work cutting and digging. The remainder of the day was spent in engaging men; carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, farmers, and day laborers were pressed into the service. Monday morning I had twenty-one men at work on the lot, and on Tuesday there were thirty. They were divided into gangs: first, the choppers and diggers; second, the trimmers; third, the beaters and scorers; fourth, the hewers,—one following closely after the other. A hardy young man was employed carrying water for the men to drink, that the work might not be delayed. All trees with one large root were dug, saving a piece of the root to make “risers,” “futtocks,” etc.

The government required all timber hewn square; but there was no time for splitting hairs, and some of the timber was nearly as round when sent away as when it was standing. As soon as the choppers had moved on the teams were set at work drawing to the railroad, and cars were loaded and dispatched as rapidly as possible.

Our forest white oak in its best estate, which is at from eighty-five to one hundred years' growth, is the hardest, strongest, and most durable of all our New Hampshire trees; and such was the kind from which the frame of the Kearsarge was built. Old Kearsarge mountain can plainly be seen from the lot where this timber was cut, and the vessel was fitly named the Kearsarge. Her length was 214½ feet, beam 33 feet, and depth 16 feet. She carried two eleven-inch smooth-bore guns, one thirty-pound rifle, and four thirty-two pounders. Her opponent, the Alabama, was built of British oak, and her size and armament were substantially the same as that of the Kearsarge; so the two vessels were quite evenly matched. But the Kearsarge stood the heavy pounding, and came out of the fight

unharmed, except for one heavy shot that stuck in her stern-post, while the sides of the Alabama were crushed in, and she was sunk.

The Kearsarge, as is generally known, was assigned to take part in the grand Columbian naval review, now about transpiring in New York harbor.

The following has been kindly furnished me by the present commandant of the navy-yard at Portsmouth, George C. Remy :

U. S. NAVY-YARD, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.,
COMMANDANT'S OFFICE.

March 11th, 1893.

SIR :

In reply to your letter of the 9th inst., I have pleasure in furnishing you with the following information concerning the U. S. Str. Kearsarge, built at this yard :

Work on the vessel was commenced June 17, 1861, and completed Feb. 5, 1862.

On Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1861, she was taken into the dry dock from the "ways" on which she was built, and on Saturday, Oct. 5, 1861, was launched (floated) from the dry dock.

A draft of men arrived for the vessel Friday, January 24, 1862, and she was placed in commission on that date, at about 3 o'clock p. m., and on Wednesday, February 5, 1862, at 11 o'clock a. m., the vessel left the yard.

Very respectfully,

GEO. C. REMEY,
Captain, U. S. N.,
Commanding.

Mr. Joseph Barnard,
Hopkinton, N. H.

[MEMO.]

The following material was used in the construction of the hull of the U. S. Str. Kearsarge :

164 $\frac{9}{12}$	cubic feet live oak, moulded.
8,852 $\frac{3}{12}$	cubic feet live oak, promiscuous.
10,206 $\frac{1}{12}$	cubic feet white oak, moulded.
3,319 $\frac{8}{12}$	cubic feet white oak, promiscuous.
479	cubic feet white oak, keel pieces.
153	cubic feet white oak, rudder stock.
1,688 $\frac{7}{12}$	cubic feet white oak plank.
250,848	bd. feet white oak plank.
5,257	cubic feet yellow pine plank stock.
3,326	cubic feet yellow pine, moulded.
92,906	bd. feet yellow pine plank.
1,649	cubic feet yellow pine beams.

I have reduced the above to board measure, that it may be better understood, and the total is as follows :

Live oak,	108,204
White oak,	422,439 $\frac{7}{12}$
Yellow pine,	215,690
	746,333 $\frac{7}{12}$ ft. bd. measure.

DAWN AMONG THE ALPS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Solemn and silent the mountains stood,
 And all in shadow the valleys lay ;
 Smooth as a lake hung o'er the wood
 The mists that so soon would flee away.
 Like a tiny bell from a chalet rang
 The time-piece, striking for half-past four ;
 Then the first faint glow of the dawn upsprang,
 And the snow-crowned peaks a rose-hue wore.

In a moment the whole ridge seemed on fire !
 Then the herdsman seized his Alpine horn,
 And while the rich tints mounted higher
 His weird strain welcomed in the morn.
 How glowed the landscape beneath, around !
 The sun rushed up like a burning ball ;
 And, sweet as an angel's trump, the sound
 Of the music echoed from hill and fall.

For a thousand leagues the mists were stirred,
 The clear air shimmered, the smoke uprose ;
 A hymn of praise from afar was heard—
 "He blessed our land, may He save our foes !"
 So like creeping ghosts the shadows fled,
 The bright stars paled in the sky's blue dome,
 And, with glory wreathed, the mountain's head
 Looked down as to bless each fair Swiss home.

CAPTAIN HENRY LOVEJOY.

BY J. W. ROBINSON.

Among the most noted and able men who settled at an early date in Penny Cook was Capt. Henry Lovejoy. He must have had an inventive turn of mind as well as a great amount of perseverance and push. I cannot ascertain that he was related to either Nathaniel or Ebenezer Lovejoy, who were among the very first settlers admitted to this beautiful valley, as shown by the earliest records of Penny Cook for the years of 1721 and 1725. The first mention I find of Henry Lovejoy's name was on the 26th day of March, 1733, when, at a meeting of the proprietors, it was voted that Mr. Henry Lovejoy and Mr. Barachias Farnum be accepted and approved of for building of mills on Turkey river in Penny Cook.

At a legal meeting of the proprietors of Rumford, held on the 11th day of March, 1734, it was voted that John Chandler "shall have the liberty to build a saw mill on Rattle Snake brook, and liberty to flow the great pond called Rattle Snake pond." Captain Chandler did not improve the property, but Captain Lovejoy soon acquired a title to the same, and built a grist mill instead of a saw mill. I do not learn that Lovejoy and Farnum built a mill on Turkey river, as at first contemplated. In order to supply his mill on Rattle Snake brook with water-power, the Captain, instead of building a dam, performed what at that time must have been a very difficult task; he excavated a canal in very hard ground for some forty rods and turned the brook through it, thus bringing the water to the top of the hill or slope that faces to the south-east (just west of Holden's new mill); there he led the water through a flume on to an overshot wheel. Near his mill he built a garrison, or fort. At that time there were no settlers between him and Canada. The old canal is still used (or was until very recently) by the Concord Manufacturing Company, to conduct the water to their mill.

The hardy pioneers that soon settled in the most desirable localities hereabouts came to the new mill through the wilderness with their grists on their backs. During the years of 1745, '46 and '47 the Indians were so troublesome, it is related, that they used to go in considerable numbers when they went to mill, but at some distance apart, so as not to

be ambushed and shot down in a body by the redskins. One day a party of four went up from the "Street," as the thickest-settled part of the place was called, each beside his grist, carrying a gun ready for instant use, with a distinct understanding that no one was to fire unless an Indian should be discovered. Everything went well until their grists were ground and they were returning, when one Zeb Farnum, who was in the rear, shot a deer. Immediately each man in front threw down his grist and jumped behind a big tree, with gun cocked, on the lookout for a foe. When they learned the cause of the shooting they were very indignant, but as each had a quarter of venison to take home with his meal it may be supposed that peace soon reigned in the camp.

Capt. Lovejoy, soon after the completion of his mill and garrison, put in a dam just above the mouth or upper end of his canal, and built a forge, or smelter, and made bar iron from ore obtained under the high bluff at the bend of the river above the lower bridge, and it is presumed that the ore was carried up through the woods on horseback. This iron industry became of great importance to the settlers, as well as the grist mill, but the Indians were so troublesome that provincial troops were stationed at the Captain's garrison several times to protect the workmen. It is related that the Indians were much frightened by the noise caused by Lovejoy's trip-hammer, and by the sparks thrown off from the hot iron.

Capt. Lovejoy came in time to own nearly all the land now included in the West Village. Later on, his family having all died, he sold out to Josiah Farnum, and moved "down east," near the close of the last century, to what afterwards became the state of Maine, where he died about 1805, at the ripe age of nearly ninety years.

As a lasting and fitting memorial to this intrepid man, who had the foresight and courage, at that early date and under such adverse circumstances, to build a mill, garrison, and forge, and successfully manage them, what can be more appropriate than to change the name of Rattle Snake hill to that of Mount Lovejoy? It was under the very shadow of the hill that the Captain performed such heroic service; and, as it has recently been ascertained that the summit of the hill is nearly eight hundred feet above tide-water, it may well be called a mountain.

JOSEPH DUDLEY, THE SECOND PRESIDENT.
MAY 25 TO DECEMBER 20, 1686.

BY ALMA J. HERBERT.

Charles II was dead. The charter of Massachusetts was vacated. James II, pledged to preserve the laws inviolate, established a provisional government over Nova Scotia, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Narragansett, called the King's Province, and Joseph Dudley, with a council of seventeen members selected by the crown, was appointed ruler, with the title of President. He had arrived on the *Rose*, May 14th, and presented his commission to the officials, who entertained scruples, and considered. There was no provision for an assembly, nor for the administration of justice; but on the 20th they yielded, saying, "If you do take upon you the government of the people, altho' we cannot give our assent thereto, yet we hope we shall demean ourselves as true and loyal subjects to his Majesty," and appointed a committee to receive and preserve the records of the charter government, and sadly adjourned. On the 21st the new president went on board the frigate a little below the castle, the royal flag was displayed at the main-top, and at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon she sailed up to the town, the castle firing twenty-five guns, the sconce and ships in port, Noddle's Island and the Charlestown batteries joining in, the frigate replying, and flags over all. Bradstreet and the other officers met him with the usual escort, and after the proclamation there were such festivities as twenty-one pounds charged to the province procured. On the 25th the reading of his commission in the assembly dissolved that body, and ended the history of fifty-eight years under the old charter. The president and council issued a call for an assembly, as he had informed the last that the changes from the old would be few, and he should hasten "to lay them at his most gracious Majesty's feet for allowance and confirmation." The obnoxious Randolph, who, in his zeal for royal despotism, crossed the Atlantic eight times in nine years, still held his office, and the two quarrelled, and in hatred of Randolph the people warmed slightly towards Dudley. On June 10th an order of council—of which John Hicks was the member from New Hampshire—was issued, setting the county courts,—“The first at Great Island, the first Tuesday in October; the second at Portsmouth, the first Tuesday in April; with Richard Chamberlin as Clerk, Mr.

Pheasant Eastwick, Coroner;" with appeal to a supreme court three times a year at Boston. September 25th the queen's birthday was observed by the loyal officers of the warship with show of bunting, guns, huzzahs, and a jubilee of bonfires on the Island, as they were forbidden in town for fear of conflagration. Many people were greatly disturbed by the noise on that Saturday evening, as it was customary to regard Sunday as beginning at sunset of Saturday. The king's birthday was similarly observed October 14th. The president seems not to have visited New Hampshire, and the short time left scanty records. Two matters are worthy of preservation,—“that none presume to draw drink without license under the penalty of five pounds for every conviction;" and “there having been appointed meet persons for the surveying of ships [either which are building or defective] and demnified goods, such persons are continued in the service." President Dudley's short term of office expired December 20th, when Sir Edmund Andros took the oath of office. The first appearance of Dudley in public life was when sent to England to defend the people against the claims of Gorges and Mason; and again, in 1681, pledged not to do or consent to anything that should violate or infringe the liberties and privileges granted by the charter,—to protest against Randolph's quo warrantos,—but he saw the way open to his ambition and went over to the side of royal prerogative, and the people regarded him as a traitor. He was chief-justice and president of the council under Andros, and on that governor's fall, on the accession of William and Mary, on returning from his official duties, he was arrested and imprisoned. After a short time in jail he was guarded in his Roxbury residence till a mob demanded his imprisonment. The jail-keeper refusing to receive him, he was left over Sunday with a niece, Mrs. Page. On Monday the windows were broken there, and to keep the peace he walked with some gentlemen to the jail and remained, with frequent protests, till ordered to England for trial and discharged. He was the first chief-justice of New York, 1691-2; deputy governor of the Isle of Wight; in Parliament, “commending himself to English dissenters by his piety, and to the court party by his vote." After ten years of secret intrigue for office in his native land we shall meet him again.



Very Sincerely,
Lydia A. Scott.

A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN.

BY H. H. METCALF.

While volumes have been written to tell the story of the "self-made" and successful men of our own and other times, comparatively little has been said or written concerning the world's successful women—those who, while remembering and honoring their womanhood and remaining faithful to all its peculiar obligations and responsibilities, have asserted their independence of old-time conventional limitations and their right to make the best of all the powers with which nature has endowed them. and, acting accordingly, not with noisy demonstration, but with fixed purpose and quiet determination, have made honorable place for themselves in the ranks of the world's workers. Such women there have been, such there are, and many more there will be in the years to come. Of one of the number it is the writer's purpose to speak briefly, at this time.

Lydia Abigail Gray, now Mrs. A. M. Scott of Manchester, was born in China, Me., February 4, 1841, being the third daughter and fifth child of Hon. John L. and Lydia (Carlton) Gray. Her parents—the father of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock, and the mother of an old English family—were worthy members of an intelligent rural community, blessed with honest purpose and a goodly family of children rather than wealth, and the rearing of those children worthily and well was the prime object of their lives. The father, hale and hearty at eighty-five, is still living in the Pine Tree State; the mother, a woman of great strength of character and happy disposition, who made herself the friend of all with whom she came in contact, entered the higher life nearly twenty years ago. Five daughters, including the subject of this sketch, and one son, the latter Hon. John Carlton Gray, a prominent lawyer of Oraville, California, and for some time past a judge of the superior court, survive. One son, Capt. Lemuel Carlton Gray, died February 23, 1880.

Her father was a staunch Democrat, and the old *Augusta Age* furnished the fireside reading for the household of the faithful Maine Democrat in those days; among Mrs. Scott's earliest recollections is that of reading this paper aloud to her father and others at evening, while another is of writing

votes previous to the annual election-day for the various candidates of the party, of which her father was one of the active leaders in the town, filling various responsible positions, including membership in the state legislature. To secure better educational advantages for his family, when she was thirteen years of age, her father removed to South China, where she attended the public schools and the academy, and made such excellent use of her opportunities that at fifteen she was given a teacher's certificate, which important document she still cherishes among her choicest treasures. A little later she commenced writing for newspapers, mainly for mental discipline and pastime, her first published productions appearing in the *Kennebec Journal*, then under the editorial management of James G. Blaine. She has continued writing, more or less, through the changing situations of her life, for various New England papers, her topics pertaining mainly to the home, to character building and questions of social import, although she has frequently done descriptive and reportorial work.

October 24, 1859, when in her nineteenth year, she was united in marriage, at Augusta, with Albert M. Scott, and made her home in that city, where her husband, a young man of twenty-four, was overseer in a cotton factory. Here their daughter and only child, Hattie Isabelle, was born, February 23, 1862. But the War of the Rebellion was then in progress. The call of patriotism summoned the young husband to the defence of the Union; the claims of wife and child held him at their side; finally she consented to his enlistment, and he entered the Union service as a sergeant in Company B, 2d Maine Cavalry, November 13, 1863, continuing through the war. Bidding her husband God-speed as he went forth to do battle under his country's flag, the young wife, thrown largely upon her own resources for support of herself and child, looked the future in the face and with true womanly courage entered upon the path before her. Teaching was the occupation in which she engaged, and, putting her heart into her work, she pursued it successfully. During the two years of her husband's absence she learned the lesson of self-reliance, and initiated the work of developing those previously latent powers which, in the fullness of their strength, have made her the well-poised and successful woman she is to-day.

After the war Mr. Scott removed with his family to Salem, and subsequently to Whitinsville, Mass., where he was engaged for some years in his work of cotton manufacturing. In March, 1872, he removed to the city of Manchester, where he has since resided, holding a good position as an overseer in the Manchester Mills. Here, for the last twenty-one years, has been Mrs. Scott's home. Comfortably situated and provided for through her husband's labor, she might, like the average woman, have contented herself with attention to ordinary domestic duties and the common rounds of social life. But, having realized her power for other work, and her right and duty in the line of greater development and multiplied effort, she has not been thus content. Neglecting no home duty in the slightest degree, meeting in full measure every obligation of wife and mother, fulfilling every just social requirement, she has passed these limitations and interested herself in other work, with her own mental and material advancement and the benefit of others alike in view.

Her decided literary taste has been cultivated and strengthened. Early in its history she became an active member of the Manchester Shakespeare Club, has continued her interest in its work, and is now upon her second term as president of the organization. Continuing her newspaper writing, and contributing quite extensively to the Manchester *Union*, during the later years of the proprietorship of Campbell & Hanscom, she became editor of the Fireside department of that paper early in 1880, after the change in proprietorship, continuing for five years, during which time her work attracted wide attention, and her words of hopeful cheer lessened the burdens of many a housewife, and carried light and comfort to many a home circle.

With a strong sympathy for disabled soldiers and their dependent families, she became interested in the outset in the work of the Woman's Relief Corps, and was a charter member of Louis Bell Corps, No. 17, of Manchester. Never seeking, and many times refusing, important official positions in the corps and department, she wrought earnestly in the ranks to promote the objects of the organization; while the personal effort she has given in numberless cases to aid worthy veterans in securing pensions is best known by

those most closely concerned. She served two years as a member of the department council in this state, and was twice delegate-at-large from New Hampshire to the National W. R. C. convention, attending the sessions at Portland, Me., and San Francisco, Cal. In 1885 she was appointed by the national president, Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, chief of staff, being the first person who ever held that position, which she accepted only upon urgent solicitation and out of consideration for her state. In 1886 she was appointed by President Elizabeth D'A. Kinne a member of the national pension committee, her associates being Mrs. E. Florence Barker, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, Mrs. Mary A. Logan, and Miss Clara Barton, and she contributed her full share of effort in furthering the important work of the committee.

The following words from the pen of Mrs. Fuller most fittingly characterize Mrs. Scott, and her work in and out of the order :

“ At the Department Convention of the Woman's Relief Corps, held in Portsmouth, N. H., in January, 1883, I first met Mrs. Lydia A. Scott. Her fine intellectual face, well modulated voice, and commanding presence at once attracted attention. As a speaker she had the rare ability of expressing herself clearly, and in language forcible but concise, with a fund of humor that always pleased, while on all questions relating to the interests of disabled veterans there was a strong pathos and sense of justice and equity that proved her a woman of deep thought, and thoroughly conversant with the subject.

“ Positively declining nominations for several important positions, it was evident she did not desire honors or office, but was a willing worker. Without doubt she has done more pension work, and aided more old soldiers to secure their pensions than any other woman in New England.

“ As National President of the Woman's Relief Corps, in 1885, it was my pleasure to tender her the position of Chief of Staff of National Aides, an office which she filled with great credit to herself and the order.

“ On the journey across the continent with the entire New England delegations of the G. A. R. and W. R. C., and during the week of national convention in San Francisco, Mrs. Scott won hosts of friends, and received the highest compliments from military men, as well as the old veterans and the most prominent women of our order, for the lady-like and efficient manner in

which she performed the duties of an office never before filled by a woman.

“Possessing a generous, sympathetic nature, her great warm heart is ever ready to respond to the call for aid from the sick or suffering, and many a soldier’s widow and orphan children will rise up and call her blessed.

“Her friendship is constant and true: an affectionate, devoted wife and mother, her home is indeed a haven of rest, as well as a bright social center, for her literary ability and attainments naturally attract the brightest minds of the social and literary world.”

Soon after the marriage of her daughter, November 22, 1882, to Edward Lyon Swazey, a successful young ranchman and cattle dealer, then of Wyoming, now residing in Kansas City, she was advised by her physician to engage in work involving travel and out-door activity. Accordingly she entered the service of the C. A. Nichols Co., the well-known publishing firm of Springfield, Mass., and although on her first day’s effort, in the city of Concord, she was advised by one, now a senator in Congress, not to continue, as she was sure to make a failure in the work, such was the measure of her success that, within one year from that date, she was offered a salary of \$4,000 per annum by a responsible firm, which she declined, because acceptance would take her continuously from home. Subsequently, for some time, she successfully conducted a general agency business in various lines, but early in 1892 she engaged as an agent for the sale of real estate in Kearney, Neb., after satisfying herself by personal investigation of the complete reliability of these investments. In this line she has met with phenomenal success, and at the last annual meeting she was made one of the directors of the Kearney Land and Investment Company.

As to her business capacity, it may be said that the C. A. Nichols Co. testify to their continued “admiration for the energy and tact which, under all circumstances, enabled her to reach the most unapproachable,” and they add the recollection that “during her busiest moments her mother’s heart never forgot that she was still a woman.”

A woman she is, indeed, true to her sex and all that pertains thereto; though never an advocate of woman suffrage, yet ready to meet its responsibilities whenever they may

come. Never concerning herself in partisan politics, her advice is nevertheless sought by many a man among her friends in both parties, as is also her judgment in business affairs. She has been the true friend, filling almost a mother's place to more than one young man who owes success in abundant measure to her kindly interest and counsel. Though uniting early in life with the Congregational church, and remaining a member of the Franklin Street Church, in Manchester, she long ago outgrew all credal limitations and puts her faith in that practical Christianity which seeks the greatest good for man, physical and mental, moral and spiritual, in this world of time and sense.

THE OLD FARM.

BY C. JENNIE SWAINE.

I watch the folding shadows where the hand of daylight
closes

Around the gilded mountains the soft draperies of night,
And I dream of summer sunsets that were banks of crim-
son roses

In the glowing ether gardens of the fading summer light ;
And across the hills of verdure and the valleys of the
daises

To the pasture by the hillside I am wafted ever on,
And I see the same wild blossoms where'er my pleased
eye fondly gazes

That I used to love to gather at the setting of the sun.

Is the lovely vision real, or am I only thinking

Of the olden golden sunsets with their aftermath of stars,
And the brook's low, distant murmur, and the kine-bell's
silver tinkling,

As they left the fragrant pasture when my hand let down
the bars?

Or are dreams but wandering breezes in the distant wild-
wood shadows,

Where song seems the sweeter in the waning light of day,

As with little trills of music the lark sails down the
meadow,
Swinging low as if he scented the fragrance of the hay?

Through the changes of the music which the mellow years
are singing,
One strain of all the sweetness grows sweeter still to me,
And amid time's many pictures where the golden lights are
clinging,
The summers on the farm will the dearest ever be ;
For the glory of their sunsets are in rival lights outshining
The real of to-day with its true and living charm,
While memory 'round the past like an ivy-vine is twining,
Where summer immortelles are still blooming on the
farm.

If the earth renewed and blooming in eternity's glad
summer
Should bid me choose a mansion on the spot I love the
best,
With the clearness of the vision that follows death's long
slumber,
On the dear old farm in summer I would surely choose
to rest ;
With my loved ones all about me in youth and bloom
immortal,
And love's wreath mine without loss of flower or star,
This were my heart's true home and heaven's shining
portal,
With the gate between the flower-lands ajar.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

N. H. M. T. A.

The fourth annual meeting of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association is announced for July 24-28. As heretofore, the meeting will be held at the Weirs. There have been many improvements made at this resort the past winter, which will make our next meeting more pleasant in every way. We are aware that hotel accommodations are limited and inadequate to the demands of our meetings—inadequate in a sense of comfort pertaining to rooms rather than *menu*. But why should this stand in the way of our success? Our mission there is not one of pleasure wholly. We have a work, a duty to perform for a common good. We must try to guide the hand that would dictate to our young in the generation to come the method or methods which will reveal the hidden beauties and wonders of this art, developing a God-given talent and taste which is so sadly neglected, adding to our education and accomplishments as a people, drawing us nearer the Infinite, bringing sunshine to paths now obscured by the dark clouds of neglect. Let us master our selfishness, and work one week for the good of the present and those yet to come.

The plan now is to do less chorus work, and do it better than heretofore. The liability to excessive heat and a desire for more finished renderings has stimulated the programme committee to this conclusion. The orchestra, this season, will be of greater service to the Association than ever before, as experienced men only have been engaged. It is also intended to engage one or more vocal artists who command the highest regard of the musical world in an artistic sense.

An excursion on the lake for Wednesday afternoon will, most likely, be arranged this year. Let us urge music teachers, and all who are interested in music, to make their plans now to attend this meeting. Come with a determination to instruct as well as to be instructed. Come full of spirit and happiness, and help make others so, for why should it be otherwise? Called together in the very heart

of picturesque New Hampshire, on the shores of one of the most charming lakes in the world,—“The smile of the Great Spirit,” which sends everlasting greeting to all,—where nature’s pictures are so wonderfully drawn, here you are invited to meet for a divine purpose, obeying a command and doing a duty which will send every true man and woman away feeling that the blessing of Him who ruleth over all is richly and deservedly bestowed upon them.

CONCORD CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Concord Choral Society has voted to postpone the presentation of the “Messiah” until next Christmas, and give for its next concert the “One Hundredth Psalm,” by Lachner, and other choruses of a miscellaneous character. For this entertainment only home talent is to be employed. This, in every sense, is a move in the right direction. To begin with, no society, except some old organization, can give so great a work without practice covering at least one year; in the next place, it is well to give home talent a hearing in a public concert where the patronage of the people is solicited, for without such encouragement no place can ever expect to develop or maintain anything worthy of mention in either science or art.

NOTES.

The Schubert club of Laconia will give its last concert for the season May 4. “Don Munio,” by Dudley Buck, will be performed. Mrs. Gertrude Swayne Mathews, soprano, Mr. Charles Swayne, tenor, of Boston (both natives of Laconia), Mr. Scribner, basso, of the South Church choir of Concord, with eight pieces of Blaisdell’s orchestra, have been engaged.

Dr. B. F. Rix of Lowell, Mass., has been engaged as organist for one year at the Unitarian church in Concord.

A man living in Milford, who holds a responsible town office, was delegated as one of a committee to visit Boston to purchase a piano for the town hall. He displayed his knowledge of the mechanism of the instrument, and relieved the anxiety of his constituents by assuring them that he

should not consent to a purchase until he could examine the inside, to "see if the pipes were all in and in good working order."

Manchester is taking a step forward in the line of lady violinists. Among the prominent are the Misses Grace and Myra Webster, daughters of G. N. Webster, the well-known agent for Hood of Lowell. They give much promise, and have appeared in the violin recitals at the New England Conservatory in Boston, with flattering success. They are pupils of Emile Mahr, of the N. E. Conservatory.

Mr. Charles S. Conant, teacher of music in the public schools of the cities of Concord and Laconia, has, through his publisher, Mr. W. K. Day, given the public a very beautiful sacred song, the text being "Rock of Ages," and dedicated to Mrs. S. L. Bartlett, one of Concord's best vocalists, who sang it while in manuscript at the exhibition of Sherman's Phantasma, under the auspices of the Universalist society, at White's Opera House, in February. The music is written in excellent taste, and shows much talent in the line of composition.

A successful concert was given in Proctor Hall, Andover, Thursday evening, April 20, by Concord talent, consisting of Mrs. S. L. Bartlett, contralto, Mr. I. Eugene Keeler, tenor, and Miss Ada M. Aspinwall, pianist and accompanist, assisted by Miss Fannie E. Hadley of Fitzwilliam, reader. Although a stormy evening, there was a good-sized audience in attendance, and a very appreciative one.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

HON. DAVID MORRILL.

Hon. David Morrill, born in Canterbury August 12, 1798, died in that town April 6, 1893.

He was of the fourth generation from Ezekiel Morrill, a pioneer settler from Salisbury, Mass. He was a large farmer and prominent citizen; in politics an active Republican, having been an original abolitionist, and a co-worker with Stephen S. Foster. He held various town offices, representing Canterbury in the legislature in 1859, and was a member of the state senate in 1860 and 1861. He had been twice married, and had eight children, of whom six survive, five sons and a daughter. Of these two sons, George P. and Milo S. reside in Canterbury; the others are in the West.

BENJAMIN POOR.

Benjamin Poor, born in Raymond September 24, 1795, died in that town March 30, 1893.

He was the third son and seventh child of Ebenezer and Sarah (Brown) Poor, and a descendant of Samuel Poor of Wiltshire, England, who settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1635. He enlisted as a fifer in a state regiment which went to the defence of Portsmouth in the latter part of the war of 1812, and for the last twenty years or more of his life received a government pension on account of that service. He became a prominent and influential citizen, held various town offices, represented Raymond in the state legislature in 1837 and 1838, and was one of the road commissioners for Rockingham county in 1843 and 1844. He was an extensive farmer, a public-spirited citizen of sound judgment and business sagacity, and in politics a zealous Democrat. He retained his interest in public affairs to the last, and voted at the election in November, 1892, although then in feeble health, that being the last time he left home. He leaves three children,—two daughters and one son,—Mrs. Sarah J. Moar, Melinda K. and George S. Poor. His wife, formerly Miss Alice Moore of Chester, with whom he was united in 1816, died some fifteen years ago.

GREENLEAF CILLEY BARTLETT.

Greenleaf C. Bartlett, a well-known lawyer of Derry, and a native of Nottingham, born May 7, 1822, died at his home in Derry April 10, 1893. He commenced the practice of law in Salem in 1847, but removed to Derry in 1855. He had been for many years clerk of the Rockingham county bar, and represented the town of Derry in the legislature in 1866.

HON. WILLIAM H. SHEPARD.

William H. Shepard, for some years past a prominent citizen of Derry, died in that town April 10, 1893. He was born in Holderness May 18, 1816, where he passed his early life on a farm, but went to Lowell, Mass., in youth, and subsequently to Framingham, where he was extensively engaged in woolen manufacture for a long series of years, but for some twenty years past had been a resident of Derry, which town he had represented in the legislature. He also served as a state senator in 1879. He was a director and vice-president of the Derry National Bank, and his son, Frederick J. Shepard, is cashier of that institution.

DR. HOMER BROOKS.

Homer Brooks, M. D., a popular physician of Haverhill, Mass., died in that city April 4, 1893. He was a native of the town of Franconia, born August 1, 1855. He was educated at the Littleton High School and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1877; he studied medicine with Dr. William Child at Bath, and Dr. Peabody of Worcester, Mass., and graduated from the Homeopathic Medical College of New York in 1881, in which year he married Miss Minna Needham of West Peabody, Mass., and commenced the practice of his profession in Haverhill, where he continued till death. He was successful in practice, popular and public-spirited as a citizen, and an active member of the Haverhill school board. He is survived by a widow and four children.

EZRA S. HARRIS.

Ezra S. Harris, born in Marlow November 27, 1827, died at Penacook March 23, 1893. Like his father Almon,

and grandfather, Bethuel Harris, he was a prominent woolen manufacturer, and was proprietor of the Dustin Island Woolen Mills at Penacook, where he had been engaged in business for forty-five years. He had been prominent in public affairs, and represented the town of Boscawen in the legislature in 1891.

HUGH K. MOORE.

Hugh Kelsea Moore, founder and superintendent of the American Steam Gauge Company of Boston, died at his home in Malden, Mass., March 20, 1893.

He was a native of Pembroke, born August 12, 1815, but had been a resident of Malden nearly half a century. He was prominent in military, musical, and Masonic circles. Rev. Albert W. Moore, pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Lynn, is a son of the deceased.

FREDERICK A. LULL.

Frederick A. Lull, born in Lebanon, N. H., September 24, 1831, died in Cambridgeport, Mass., March 22, 1893. He was actively engaged in the real estate and insurance business, and was one of the oldest constables in the city of Cambridge. He served during the late war in the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery and the Fifth Massachusetts Battery, and was brevetted major for gallant and meritorious service.

DR. HANSON C. CANNEY.

Hanson C. Canney, M. D., a prominent physician of Manchester, died at his home in that city April 21, 1893, from the results of an accident occurring some two weeks previously, when he was thrown from a carriage.

Dr. Canney was born in the town of Strafford, November 17, 1839, but removed with his parents to Barnstead when about seven years of age. He worked at farm labor in early life when not attending the district school, but acquired an academic education at Pittsfield, New Hampton, and Gilmanton. He studied medicine with Dr. John Wheeler of Pittsfield, and Prof. A. B. Crosby at Hanover, graduating from the Dartmouth Medical College in 1864. In Jan-

uary following he commenced the practice of his profession in the town of Auburn, where he remained until November, 1874, meeting with a good measure of success in his practice, and gaining the confidence and respect of his fellow-townsmen, who made him their superintendent of schools for several years, and sent him as their representative to the legislature in 1873 and 1874. In 1875 and 1876 he was city physician for Manchester, and in the latter year was a representative in the legislature from ward four. He always had a strong taste for literature, wrote quite extensively for the press, and was for a time editor and joint proprietor of the publication known as "The Boys and Girls of New Hampshire." He had been one of the censors of the New Hampshire Medical Society, was an active member of the Masonic fraternity, and one of the organizers of the Manchester Building and Loan Association, of which he was president at the time of his death. November 13, 1864, he married Ellen M. Nutter, daughter of William Nutter of Barnstead, by whom he had two children, of whom one, a daughter of 18 years, survives.

GRAFTON T. NUTTER.

Grafton T. Nutter, born in Wolfeborough July 9, 1825, died in Boston March 23, 1893.

At the age of thirteen years he left home, where he had enjoyed but meager educational advantages, and went to Boston, where he became an apprentice in the cabinet-making business, at which he served some years, continuing the work until 25 years of age, when he commenced railroading, serving first as a brakeman in the employ of the Grand Trunk road, being soon promoted to freight conductor, in which capacity he ran the first train over the Niagara Falls Suspension bridge to test its strength. Subsequently, he removed West and became agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road, but left this position to become eastern agent of the Chicago & North-Western, with headquarters in Boston and New York. After the completion of the Pacific railroads he organized the California fast freight line. He was the inventor of the Nutter car-hoist and truck-transfer machine, in use upon many important lines. During some of the later years of his life

he was agent of the Erie freight line in Providence and Boston, but retired from business a year ago. He is survived by a son and daughter, the former being John I. Nutter, New York agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

SCHUYLER WALKER.

Schuyler Walker, born in Bow, May 15, 1811, died in Charlestown, Mass., March 17, 1893.

He spent his early life in his native town, where he married Mary C. Green, in August, 1838. He filled all the offices in the gift of the people of Bow, and represented them in the legislature, and in the constitutional convention of 1850. In 1855 he removed to the town of Alexandria, where he resided till 1869, serving several years as selectman, as representative in 1864, and as a member of the board of county commissioners for Grafton county. From 1869 to 1875 he resided in Bristol, removing to Massachusetts in the latter year, where he remained till the death of his wife, in November, 1880, when he returned to his old home in Bow. He leaves three sons and two daughters, and was stopping with one of the latter, Mrs. A. N. Blake of Charlestown, at the time of his decease.

DR. GEORGE H. POWERS.

George H. Powers, M. D., a native of Groton, born September 26, 1852, died at Acworth April 12, 1893. He gained an academical education by his own efforts, and graduated from the Dartmouth Medical College in the class of 1881. In November of that year he married Miss Hattie A. Stearns of Lebanon, and immediately commenced practice in the town of Hopkinton, where he remained until July, 1888, when he left Hopkinton and located in Concord; but in January following, at the solicitation of Dr. C. A. Allen of Acworth, whose wife, a sister of Mrs. Powers, had recently deceased leaving several small children, he removed to the latter town and associated himself in practice with Dr. Allen. Some time later Dr. Allen removed to Holyoke, Mass., and Dr. Powers continued alone at Acworth, where he had a wide and very laborious field of practice. He was an active worker in the Congregational church, and left a large circle of friends.

“ POEMS OF PENACOOK.”

Mr. C. C. Lord, who has recently published the “ Historical Classics of Hopkinton, N. H.,” has added another to his list of useful and entertaining works. The “ Poems of Penacook ” represents his latest effort in the line of adapting local history to classical sentiment. The success of Mr. Lord’s original literary scheme is abundantly attested in the approval of his critics. In fact, the success of his Hopkinton classics has proved the pledge of the “ Poems of Penacook,” which is a Concord book, written and published in consequence of the special requests of his appreciative readers among the more influential residents of the capital city. The “ Poems of Penacook ” represents two early chapters of Concord’s history, adopted and embellished in Mr. Lord’s best poetic vein. The story in each case is told in blank verse, the monotony of which is at intervals broken and interspersed with lighter specimens of verse in rhyme, touched off in the author’s happiest manner. The local chapters of history are respectively embodied in “ The Seer ” and “ The Last Powwow.” The “ Seer ” is no other than Passaconaway, the wonderful sage of the Penacook tribe of Indians, to whom early local civilization owed so much on account of his far-seeing intelligence and skillful government, by which he held numerous confederated tribes in restraint in the presence of the suspected and aggressive white invasion of the Indians’ local primeval home. The “ Last Powwow ” was an actual occurrence that historically closed the career of the Penacooks in Concord, and appropriately names the chapter that recites the progressive downfall of the tribe. The complete “ Poems of Penacook ” embraces a copious collection of historical and other notes that greatly assist the comprehension of the descriptive text.

Poems of Penacook. By C. C. Lord. 12mo. cloth, gilt edges, \$1.00. At Eastman’s, Mace’s, and Hunt’s, Concord, N. H.

PUBLISHER’S NOTE.

Subscribers for the GRANITE MONTHLY who have not yet paid for the current volume, should remit at once, to secure the benefit of the advance rate,—\$1.50 per annum. When payment is delayed to the end of the year, the price is \$2.00



REV. NATHAN R. WRIGHT.

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REV. NATHAN REED WRIGHT.

BY REV. A. A. MINER, D. D., LL. D.

Among the most useful and honored of the sons of New Hampshire was the subject of this sketch. Rev. Nathan Reed Wright, son of Dr. Nathan and Betsey L. Wright, and the third of a family of nine children,—six sons and three daughters,—was born February 8, 1810, in Washington, N. H. His family were among the sturdy yeomanry of that town, of high character, though of but moderate resources. His opportunities for education were meagre, but such as they were he made the most of. His first essay in that direction was attendance upon a private school, in a private house, where the economic housewife utilized the living-room as a schoolroom, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, and bedroom, the latter proving specially convenient when any of her little candidates for future honors chanced to fall asleep.

Graduating shortly from such a school to one in a school-house of the roughest description, limited to four months in a year, he made such progress as he could until twelve years of age, when his family removed to the village. Until then his church privileges, though five miles distant, were constantly availed of, while his private religious training was received at the hands of a venerated grandmother, whose Calvinism was of the unmitigated sort.

Removal to the village brought improvement in school privileges, though with but slight lengthening of the term. Here he came into close contact with some of the ablest men in the state. The Hon. Joseph Healy, member of Congress, whose eldest son, Hon. John P. Healy, was for twenty years city solicitor of Boston, Deacon David Farnsworth, Thomas and Eben Laws, Dr. McQuestion and others, with Dr. Wright himself, formed a group whose discussions and conversations were well fitted to arouse

the thoughts and kindle the aspirations of an earnest and ambitious lad.

About this time a new set of influences became more distinctly operative in Washington and surrounding towns. Rev. Messrs. Samuel C. Loveland, Robert Bartlett, the older Skinners, and especially Lemuel Willis and Otis A. Skinner, all preachers of the gospel as understood by Universalists, were often heard on the greatest of themes. Dr. Wright and his family shared in the unwonted interest awakened. The subject of our sketch partook largely of its quickening influence. His ambition for education felt the power of the new life. He became a private pupil of the Rev. O. A. Skinner, afterwards Dr. Skinner. Later he entered Hopkinton Academy, and still later was a private pupil again, this time with the Rev. Broughton White, pastor of the Congregational Church in Washington, whom he describes as "a stern Calvinist, a superior scholar, and a jolly old man."

It was during these years of his student life that the writer of this sketch first came to know him. He was serious, staid, self-controlled, ambitious, high-minded, conscientious. It is safe to say that his earlier as well as his later life was unstained by any unworthy act.

It was not without a struggle and some misgivings that he came, after years of delay, to his life work. He had marked aptitude for the medical profession. Assisting his father not a little in his practice, he came to be known as the young doctor, and when the father could not be had, he was often summoned in his place. On one occasion a messenger came in hot haste, a distance of twenty miles, with directions to obtain the old doctor if possible; if not, to take the young man. The father being absent, the young man obeyed the summons. He found a very sick child, and a most distressed household. By a little careful treatment and much wise counsel the condition of the child was greatly improved, and the family delighted that the young doctor providentially came in place of the old. He was then but eighteen years of age. Practicing medicine afterwards in both Boston and Salem, with no small measure of success, it grew upon him that medicine was not destined to be his profession. His experience with the sick had made him sensible of the popular need of a

more cheerful faith, and of a milder and more natural system of medical treatment. As he sometimes stated it, "Calomel, Spanish flies, and pure Calvinism are synonymous." After a struggle of nearly three years, he says, "I resolved, God helping me, to preach Christ and Him crucified—the messenger of peace and salvation."

On January 16, 1835, he married Mrs. Eliza C. Melvin, daughter of Deacon Jonathan Clark of Washington, who, though a Baptist, sympathized with his growing faith, and greatly aided him in the immediate social contests which were inevitable, and in his life work and successes which she came gladly to share. He was accustomed to speak of this conflict as affording precisely the training he needed. The Bible was his text-book, and divine love the key to its interpretation. To this book, rather than to any man, he owed his theological attainments and his professional success.

After ministering as a student in various places, he received ordination at Lempster in 1838, and settled in Dunbarton in 1839, preaching half the time in that place and the remainder in Hopkinton, Bow, Hooksett, Goffstown, and in many other places. So numerous were the calls upon him that he engaged others—ministers, or candidates for the ministry—to assist him, among whom the late Dr. Ryder of Chicago was the most prominent. The assistance young Ryder thus received at his hands was gratefully remembered by him through life, as a bequest of \$1,000 sufficiently attests.

In all the places in which he ministered his labors were greatly blessed—in Concord, where he may be said to have laid the foundation of its excellent parish; in Hooksett, where he resided a couple of years; in Washington, the native place of himself and wife, where, at a special meeting called with reference to inviting him, he received every vote, and where he assisted in the establishment of Tubbs Union Academy, and rendered other important educational service, being superintendent of schools for eighteen consecutive years in Washington and neighborhood—in all the wide country surrounding, where he was not improperly styled "Bishop"; in Reading, Mass., where he settled in 1856, and where, in the midst of marked professional success, he endured a great affliction, in 1858, in

the death of a dear girl of seven years, so reviving his love of his native state as to carry him back to its hills and valleys the same year.

Alstead, Swanzey, Hinsdale and neighboring towns were centers of his itinerating labors until he was called to Palmer, Mass., where, though his family did not remove there, he planted a parish that holds high rank in our own day. After a brief tarry in Franklin, Mass., he cast in his fortunes with the Second Society in Lynn, of which he secured a genuine resurrection, and clothed it with all the insignia of vigorous life. During an interregnum in the pastorate of the First parish, he was pressed into its service. This was repeated during a second interregnum, and continued for eleven months, until a new pastor was found. In all these places, and in others not named, his ministrations were always effective, solid, and Christian.

Among his professional services none were more warmly appreciated than his consolations to the bereaved. All through his ministry he was often called to his native state, and especially to the neighborhood of his native town, and other places where he had ministered, that he might apply the healing balm of Christian consolation to wounded hearts. After four years of active labor in Amesbury and Salisbury, and eight years in Dunstable and Tyngsborough, in 1884, surrendering his pastoral cares, he made his home again in Lynn, and was here in almost constant requisition for funeral ministrations, attending, for a series of years, fifty or more funerals a year, rivaling the work of our active pastors in our largest parishes, and nearly all, it is understood, as a labor of love, wholly unrequited, save by the gratitude of the recipients. Truly did he prove himself a "Son of Consolation." From 1886 to 1888, both inclusive, his calls upon the aged, the sick, and the bereaved aggregated a little less than two thousand.

The value of such services he never stopped to estimate. The spirit in which he rendered them is best expressed by himself: "If I have carried the bread of heaven and the water of life to needy hearts, to afflicted spirits, or to the homeward-bound languishing on the threshold of time, God alone can estimate the value."

The *Lynn Daily Item* of August 2, 1888, contained the following just and affectionate tribute from the pen of one

of its Christian citizens (Mr. J. W. Noyes), who had been a careful observer of his work :

“ It is but justice to make honorable mention of the Rev. Nathan R. Wright, the worthy and venerable clergyman so well and favorably known as a former pastor of the Second Universalist Society and Church in this city. He has for the last few years been a resident of Lynn (permanently located, as we suppose and hope), without a regular pastorate, except being engaged to perform the pastoral duties (aside from preaching) pertaining to the First Universalist Society during the pastor's vacation. His labors in this direction at other times are manifold and wholly voluntary and gratuitous. Thus, virtually, although not formally, he may be considered an ‘ assistant pastor.’ He has spent more than half a century in the Master's service, leading many flocks to the ‘ green pastures’ and beside the ‘ still waters ’ of life eternal, and is now resting from his life-long labor as a settled pastor.

“ He is remarkably vigorous in his serene old age, and, like his Divine Master, delights in going about doing good. Many are the calls he receives, almost daily, to comfort the afflicted, and minister hope and consolation to mourners—work congenial to his kind and sympathetic nature. His labors of love are well known and appreciated throughout the community. They are bounded by no denominational limit, and prompted by no pecuniary considerations, his reward being with him. He is thus winning a chosen place in many a heart and home, and making the world better for his having lived in it.”

As “ afflictions do not spring out of the ground,” so preparation for such transcendent work comes only through the sublime training of profoundest experiences. Twice was this servant of God prostrated at death's door—once at twenty-seven years of age, again as he was nearing fourscore. In both instances he was at peace.

On May 2, 1881, after more than forty-six years of blessed companionship, the partner of his joys, one of the wisest, calmest, and most faithful of women, was taken from him. His home broken, his children married, his voluntary pastoral work unremitting, it is not strange that he should seek to rebuild that home. After three and a half years in his lonely pathway, he was united in marriage, November 21, 1884, with Mrs. Sarah R. Blake of Lynn, by Rev. Dr. Biddle, her former pastor. The sunshine of her life warmed his heart and illumined his pathway to the close of his days.

Of his two daughters, one, as we have seen, was taken from him at seven years of age, while the other survives him. Three of his four sons responded to the call of their country during the late civil war, one of whom, greatly beloved, William Henry Ryder, returned no more. Parental grief was in some measure compensated by the establishment of national unity, and the shattering forever of the power of slavery.

No such balm came to the wounded heart in the loss of another son, Wallace W., his youngest. He was greatly loved and honored in Lynn.—superintendent of the First Universalist Parish Sunday-school; a notary public; clerk and assistant treasurer of Lynn Institution for Savings; trustee and clerk of a syndicate holding real estate in Florida. Hoping that a trip to that genial clime would restore the impaired health of his wife, he embarked with her on the ill-fated "City of Columbus," January 17, 1884, both of whom, between three and four o'clock the next morning, with a hundred others, found a watery grave. The ship had struck the rock on which stands Gay Head lighthouse. Resting easy there, all might have escaped but for a combination of villainies rarely excelled. The captain, not yet recovered from a drunken debauch of the night before, characterized by a rescued sailor as "a hell of a time," gave orders to "back'er hot," which done, she immediately sank. The first mate, sworn by the captain to be 28 years of age, was declared by his mother to be under 21. Not a sailor on board knew how to handle a lifeboat, and the laws looking to the comfort and safety of the passengers had been generally disregarded. How facts like those added to the poignancy of an aged man's grief, no language can describe.

Great, however, was the satisfaction of this venerable man in the children that remained to him, one of whom, the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor, Washington, D. C., is among the best known, most gentlemanly, and most useful men of the country.

Such is but a sketch of one of the most venerable and widely known sons of New Hampshire. No rhetorician, not specially captivating in style, not eloquent save in the sublimity of his subject-matter, he was, nevertheless, always wholesome, solid, earnest, instructive, spiritual, consoling.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

BY MRS. F. H. BAILEY.

In the year 1859, on the evening of November 19, three young men of Hopkinton, N. H.,—George H. Crowell, Darwin C. Blanchard and Silas Ketchum,—met in a room over the store of Fellows & Huntoon, in the village, and formed themselves into a society called the Philomathic Club. It was their fancy that their number should never exceed seven.

A constitution was drawn up by Darwin C. Blanchard, and contained this clause: "The club shall never cease, except by unanimous consent; and so long as two of its members live, the club shall live."

In travelling by carriage from Concord to Hopkinton, the cottage in which Mr. Crowell lived can be seen, part way up Beech hill. In a chamber of this cottage was gathered a private collection of relics, minerals, and natural curiosities. The room had been fitted up by Mr. Crowell, and on the 13th of October, 1860, it was dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, "To the use of the Philomathic Club forever."

In this room the members of the club met, for educational and social purposes, for eight years, when the house, having been sold, passed into other hands. During this time specimens were added to the collection, and after leaving its first house it was located for a time in Henniker. In 1866 the club met at the home of George H. Ketchum in Nelson and held a festival, at which time the seven chairs were filled by the seven members,—the only time in the history of the club. It was seven years from the time of its organization before the membership was complete, namely, George E. Crowell, Darwin C. Blanchard, Silas Ketchum, Harlan P. Gage, Henry A. Fellows, Henry C. Day, and George H. Ketchum. Charles F. Whittier, a former member, having died in the war, his chair was filled by one of the above named. In 1868 George H. Ketchum was made treasurer, Silas Ketchum, secretary, and Henry A. Fellows, curator of the cabinet. These officers were annually re-chosen to the same office as long as the club existed.

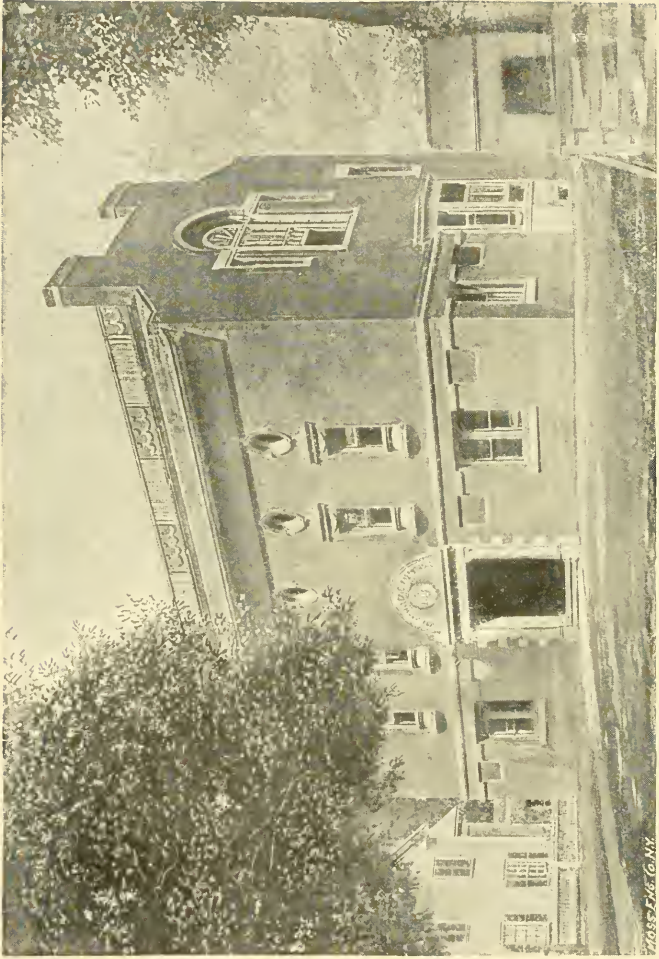
As the membership was limited, it was voted that honorary members, paying nothing and having no voice, could be added at discretion. Mr. John F. Jones, Mr. Ira Arthur Chase, and Captain Grovenor A. Curtice were chosen as such members. The seven voting members paid one dollar quarterly as membership fees. In August, 1872, rooms were hired in Contoocook, a village of Hopkinton, all the articles removed there, and after arranging and labeling the collection, it was catalogued, and the doors were thrown open to the public.

During these years many articles had been added to the cabinet, it being the purpose of every member to interest the public in the collection, and have added to the same such articles as they might have in their possession of historical value.

As time passed, the members became too scattered for literary and social pursuits, and through a similarity of tastes among its members the society gradually assumed the character of an antiquarian as well as a philomathic body. In November, 1872, the club adopted a new constitution, the first article of which runs as follows: "Name—This society shall no longer be called the Philomathic Club, but shall be New Hampshire Philomathic and Antiquarian Society.

"The purpose of the society shall be for the collection and preservation of such articles of apparel, ornament, furniture, equipage, and garniture, and such implements of husbandry, mechanic, culinary, and other domestic manufactures as will illustrate the modes, resources, and general condition of the last and former generations; for the collection and preservation of family records that have, by descent from generation to generation, become time-honored and precious; for the collection of one copy of all books, pamphlets, almanacs, maps, charts, etc., published in or relating to New Hampshire."

The rooms at Contoocook, after nearly twenty years, became insufficient for the rapidly-growing collection, whose fame was known throughout the state, and was an object of much interest to visitors from abroad. Through the generosity of one whose interest in her native town and all that pertains to its welfare is unbounded, the present magnificent home was built. The site of the Timothy



LONG MEMORIAL HALL.

ROSS & CO. N.Y.

Chandler homestead in Hopkinton village was purchased and the present structure erected during the summer of 1890. Upon the marble tablet in the vestibule is cut the following inscription :

This building was erected in 1890,
by
LUCIA A. D. ROLLINS LONG,
in affectionate memory of her husband,
WILLIAM H. LONG.
Dedicated and presented to the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society
September 3, 1890.

Owing to an unavoidable delay the dedication services did not take place until October 10, and were held in the Congregational church, which was filled to its utmost. As would seem fitting, Harlan P. Gage, one of the early members of the society, and a nephew of him in whose memory the building was erected, was chosen to deliver the memorial address. During the summer of that year he was summoned to a higher work, leaving the manuscript unfinished. The address was completed and delivered by Mr. Charles Hill of Boston. There were, also, music, short addresses by prominent men, an oration by Rev. Dr. Warren A. Cochrane, presentation of the building from Mrs. Lucia A. D. Long to the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society by Prof. Arthur W. Goodspeed, and acceptance by the president of the society, Mrs. Silas Ketchum.

The present officers of the society are : president, Rev. T. J. Drumm ; corresponding and recording secretary, Mr. H. W. Green ; treasurer, Mr. J. S. Kimball ; curator, Mr. Aaron Smith.

By a vote of the society, at the annual meeting of 1890, Mrs. Long was made an honorary member.

There are now living two of the three first members—George H. Crowell and Darwin C. Blanchard. Henry A. Fellows, one of the seven Philomathic members, died in Massachusetts, April 18, 1893, making four that have been taken from the ranks.

In 1892 the town voted to have a free public library, and an appropriation of \$400 was made. The state gave \$150, a public-spirited lady, Mrs. Richerson, bequeathed \$800,—

all of which was to be divided between the libraries of Hopkinton and the upper village of Contoocook. As a nucleus, books numbering 1,000 volumes belonging to the public library, a stock company formed in 1871, were, by vote of the stockholders, leased to the free public library for a term of ninety-nine years, without compensation. The two easterly rooms in the Long Memorial Building were fitted up, the front one as a reading-room. On the wall hang lifesize portraits of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Long. The rear room is supplied with shelves and cases to hold the books which have from time to time been purchased from the above named funds, the leased volumes, and donations from private individuals.

Hopkinton can now number among its attractions a free public library, under good management. Miss Sarah L. Kimball is librarian.

WILLIAM H. LONG.

BY L. W. REYCROFT.

William H. Long, in whose memory Long Memorial Hall was erected, was born in Hopkinton, N. H., on the ninth day of September, 1813, the youngest in a family of ten children. His early childhood was spent in the fashion of those days, when parents brought their children up in a Christian faith, and it was there that the foundation of his life of usefulness was laid. When old enough, he attended the village school, and between times did such work about the home as was possible, learning there the lessons which through life he never forgot. Having passed through the village school, the next step to the ambitious youth was Hopkinton Academy, a school at that time of no little merit, where he formed the unquenchable desire for an education of greater breadth than it was possible to obtain at home. After two years spent here, and at the earnest solicitation of two of his friends who were already there, he went to Yale College, New Haven, Ct., and frankly confessed to Dr. Jeremiah Day, president at that time, his unfitness. The president, a kind, genial gentleman, said to him, "Young man, it is not the quantity, but the quality, we want." His expectations were more than realized, for



WILLIAM H. LONG.

the young man who, in 1836, entered college with nothing but a strong determination, graduated in 1840, one of the first twenty in a large class, with a high rank, and taking a part in the graduation exercises. For two years he had charge of the music, an exceptional occurrence, and he had entire charge at the graduation. Just at this time a great misfortune befell him, for on the very night of his graduation he was stricken with brain fever, due to his determination to graduate with honor, and the brilliant youth hovered for weeks between life and death. However, thanks to that constitution which had been so carefully nurtured, nature, very slowly, it is true, began to assert itself, and the young man was once more able to be about. With his eyes set longingly upon the Christian ministry, he set steadfastly at work to attain it, even though he knew it must be at the greatest personal sacrifice, for his means were small. For three long years he worked hard, and in 1843 we find him entered at Yale Divinity School, from which he graduated in 1846, with every prospect of a brilliant future. Alas for human hopes! his one essential point as a speaker and minister of the gospel—his voice—failed him, and the greatest disappointment of his life was about to be realized.

Nevertheless, what he was unable to preach he could practice, and with Christian courage he turned his back to his disappointment, undismayed, undaunted, simply determined that from the store of knowledge which for years he had been harvesting he would yet win a place in life where even his ambition would be satisfied. As one and another of the different pursuits in life were canvassed, he concluded that as a teacher he could use his knowledge to the best advantage, and give full rein to his tastes, which were in every sense scholarly. As a teacher, he first began in West Concord, N. H., in what was known as the Ballard district. From there he went to Massachusetts, and thence to Utica, N. Y. After a year spent here he turned his face towards Boston, Mass., then, as to-day, high in the educational scale, where, through the recommendation of Prof. Fiske, D. D., of Chicago Theological School, Mr. Reed, master of the Washington School, Roxbury (now part of Boston), appointed him as a substitute, and his success was so assured that he soon became a permanent teacher. He continued in the Washington school until a

new district was formed from part of the Washington, when he was honored with the promotion to the principalship of the Dearborn School, in 1852.

We must digress here to record his marriage, in 1848, to Lucia A. D. Rollins, at Nashua, N. H., who was ever to him a help and comfort through life. As master of the Dearborn School for thirty years, he retained the love and respect of teachers, parents, and scholars alike, and it was with the deepest regret that, owing to ill-health, he resigned in 1882. Having laid aside his life work, and settled down to the enjoyment of a competency which was not only well earned but well deserved, he passed the remainder of his days in the company of her who for so many years he had walked through life with, and on the fifth day of November, 1886, passed into the rest which such a life must surely find, there to await the time when she whom he loved so long shall cross the silver stream, and be at rest in heaven.

LUCIA A. D. LONG.

BY L. W. REYCROFT.

She whose loving tribute stands in memory of William H. Long was born in Antrim, N. H., the twentieth day of April, 1816. She was the third child of Benjamin and Martha Washington (Nevins) Rollins. Her early life was spent here, when her parents moved to Massachusetts, and remained there until the forties, when they settled in Hopkinton, N. H. Then and there began the acquaintance and friendship which, in due course of time, ripened into love, the fulfilment of which was reached in her marriage to William H. Long, on Christmas day, 1848, at Nashua, N. H. Her love, unswerving fidelity, and faithful encouragement gave to her husband the support which in after years he was wont to lean upon. Together they lived a happy, useful, quiet life. Not blessed with any children, the love, kindness, charity, and everything which would have found in them a natural course was disseminated into other channels, and many a heart has cause to thank the kindly hand which has never been stretched forth in vain, but always to make some life happier, some home more cheery; and



LUCIA A. D. LONG.

always in that quiet, unassuming manner that would subscribe itself to any charity as "A Friend." Mrs. Long was proud, and had cause to be, of her illustrious husband; and well might she be pleased when she knew that in part it was due to her co-operation and assistance. When upon the stage of life Mr. Long acted his part with the utmost exactness, he found a ready helpmate. When upon a sick-bed he was laid low, it was then that the love of her who had promised to love him in "sickness and in health" was shown in its fullest sense; for, patient, vigilant, tender always, she watched that dear life glide slowly but steadily down to the "bourne from whence no traveller returns." Mrs. Long still resides in Roxbury (Boston), Mass., carrying well her weight of years, her kindly face yet bearing the freshness of a younger life, and submissively she waits the time when her life's work shall have closed, and she will be united with him who has gone a little before. Truly the world is better for such a life, and had we more, we should be nearer the promised millenium. May her life be rounded out in fullest measure, and when she has passed on, let there be raised to her such tribute as is her due!

Peacefully gliding down life's stream,
 Her voyage almost o'er,
 She seems to see, as in a dream,
 Her loved one waiting on the golden shore.

THE FUGITIVE.

[Translated from the German of Schiller.]

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

Brisk comes the morning, awake and alert,
 Purple-tinged sunbeams, coquettishly dancing,
 Through the dark fir-trees with young bushes flirt;
 Or, to the heights advancing,
 On clouds, like flames, are glancing.
 With rapturous, gleeful spring, larks mount in space
 To greet, with melody, the sun,—
 Already by Aurora won,
 And glowing in her fierce embrace.

O blessed light, on all
 Your cheering glances fall !
 Hillside and valley, your warming rays renew !
 All in a silvery flitter
 The spreading meadows glitter,
 And a thousand suns are trembling in the pearly dew.
 With rustling coolness,
 And charming demureness,
 Nature drops into play ;
 Zephyrs tumble the posies,
 And toy with the roses,
 Till lowlands are riot with perfumes astray.
 High over the city smoke clouds are disporting,
 Cattle are lowing, horses stamping and snorting ;
 Carts jar as they travel,
 Wheels crunch through the gravel,
 In the resounding vale ;
 The woods are alive with stirring things,
 And, buoyant on sunlighted wings,
 Hawks, eagles, and falcons hover and sail.

Where shall I find retreat,
 Rest for my weary feet,
 Love that may soothe and save ?
 All this fair, laughing earth,
 Teeming with youth and mirth,
 For me is but a grave.

Spread high, O rosy dawn, and fling
 Your crimson kisses over grove and plain !
 Rustle in, O twilight dim, and sing
 The darkening earth to slumber again !
 Morning, O, thy crimson flush
 But over death fields creep !
 Evening, O, thy calm will hush
 My last long sleep !

CAPT. ELEAZER TYNG'S SCOUT JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM LITTLE.

The Indians of northern Massachusetts and of New Hampshire were known before the country was settled by white men as Nipmucks, a word derived from "nipe," fresh water, and "auke," a place, which, translated into English, means fresh-water Indians. They were famous for naming the places where they happened to live, and the English, without any particular reason for it, if they found a few families in a certain place, called them by their name of the place. Thus, if a small number lived at Pawtucket, now Lowell, they were called Pawtuckets; if a few others, or even the same Indians, lived at Nashua, they were called Nashuas. This was also true of the Nipmucks at Amoskeag Falls, at Penacook, at Winnepesaukee, at Pemigewasset, and at Pequawket. They were respectively Amoskeags, Pennacooks, Winnepesaukees, Pemigewassetts, and Pequawkees. The English named other Indians in New Hampshire, Souhegans, Squamscotts, Newichannoeks, Winnecowetts, Pascataquaukes, Amariscoggins, and Coosucks. They made thirteen great tribes of them.

In the time of Lovewell's war, when Massachusetts paid large bounties for Indian scalps, all the Nipmucks in southern New Hampshire moved to the central and northern parts of the state. Against these nearly all the scout expeditions of that period were directed. In three years more than twenty companies of armed soldiers went tramping through the north woods.

March 31, 1725, Captain (afterwards Colonel) Eleazer Tyng* of Chelmsford, now Tyngsborough, Massachusetts, marched for the head waters of the Merrimack, and in May he sent to the governor the following journal of his expedition, which is copied from "38 a" in the office of the secretary of state, Boston, Mass. :

CAPT. ELEAZER TYNG'S SCOUT JOURNAL.

March 30 1725 The men musterd & got ready to march
31 They marched out of Town to Nom Keag brook

* Captain Eleazer Tyng was the son of Colonel Jonathan Tyng, who is said to have been killed by the Indians. The Captain had a brother, Major John Tyng, who was also killed by the Indians, in 1711.

- April 1 We marched to Cohasset
 2 We marched to Ammuskeag & got our Canoos all up
 the Falls, carried our Canoos one mile
 April 3—To Suncook River ; carried our Canoos forty rods
 4 Were Forced to tarry by Reason of the Height of the
 Wind.
 5 To Penacook—To the Irish Fort carried our Canoos
 1 mile
 6—Were detained by the Snow that fell in the Night &
 hung on the Bushes that we could not travel without
 wetting our Provision
 7—To the Head of Penacook upper Fall¹ where y^e Rain
 forced us to Stop
 8—Detained all the forenoon by the Weather—In the
 afternoon we traveled 8 miles up the River
 9 We marched within 3 miles of Winnipisseocket River
 We took out our Canoos, after we had all passed over
 to the West Side of Merrimack—Sent a Scout up on
 y^e East Side to Winnepisseocket River mouth
 10 The Weather Detained us
 11 Travelled 5 miles N W b N to Pond,² which the
 Indians used to carry their Canoos into from the
 River then we turned more eastward toward the
 River three miles
 12 9 miles up the River
 13—Hindered by the Rain
 14—Traveled one mile & saw a Camp³ that lookt new ; but
 could not cross the River by Reason of Falls ; a mile
 further up we made a Raft & sent over & found it done
 last Sumer. Sent a Scout 3 miles up a small River
 who found where they had lived & hunted last Spring
 & Sumer but no newer sign—another to a Pond⁴ who
 discovered nothing 6 miles
 15 8 miles up the River
 16 10 miles to Pemitchuosset Intervalls⁵ Sent out a Scout
 to a River that leads to Connecticut River
 17 Detained by the Weather till afternoon, marched five
 miles & all rafted over to the east side of the River
 before Sundown

1. Now Sewall's Falls.

2. Webster lake.

3. In Sanbornton.

4. Newfound lake.

5. It will be noticed that Pemigewasset was the name of the country and not
 of the river.

- 18 12 miles up the River Found many Signs of their⁶
Having lived on the River about a year or year & half
ago
- 19 I took 26 men & traveled 20 miles up the River
Rafted over once about noon to look on some trees
that were peeled which we found done last Spring
- 20 Hindered from marching by Rain. Sent out a Scout
about 6 miles up the River made a Canoo & Raft
to come down sent 3 more Scouts all round
- 21 Came down to the men we left the 19 Day
- 22 Sent a Scout of 16 men with 4 Days Provision to that
River⁷ that leads to Connecticut, to go up & search
quite to Connecticut River who found English Tracks
& returned the same day about 12 mile down the
River—
- 23 Coming to one of our old Camps found Capt White had
been there—We came to a small River called Souhe-
gon⁸ which comes out of a Pond about 8 miles from
Winnepissocket Pond
- 24 Sent a Scout to search about the Pond & the carrying
Place out of Merrimack River into it who returned
Discovering Nothing we returned to the Place where
we campt the 14 Day
- 25 Tarried by Reason of the Weather
- 26 Came to our Canoos 3 miles below Winnipissocket
River
- 27 To Penacook Fort
- 28 To Amuskeag
- 29 To Dunstable

It was our Practice to stop early & before we began to cut wood to camp, to send out Scouts all Round to 4 or 5 miles Distance

We came down so quick by Reason we made bark Canoos which with the Board ones left were sufficient to transport all our Men.

ELEAZER TYNG.

The Indians, at the time of Lovewell's war, must have been numerous in the Pemigewasset country. All scout journals speak of finding many signs of them. Captain John Lovewell killed one and captured another in Campton.

6. The Indians must have been the Pemigewassetts, so called, by the English custom, after the name of the place in which they lived.

7. Baker river.

8. The outlet of Squam lake, called by the Indians Kusumpe pond.

Captain Tyng mentions a wigwam on the east side of the Merrimack river, and the other scout journals speak of finding many places where they had lived.

Much is said about Indian canoes made of birch bark. It was a common thing to carry them from the river to the neighboring ponds and back again, also to Webster, Newfound⁹ and Squam lakes. Indians were adepts at making canoes, and two men with keen axes and knives, which they procured from the whites, could make a good one in a day. They made them water-tight by covering the seams with pitch, which they got by boxing the white pine. Captain Tyng must also have had some good canoe-makers, for they made one at North Woodstock, "to come down," and several others at a place three miles below the mouth of "Winnipissocket River," as his journal relates. The making of these canoes did not delay them a day at either place.

The Nipmucks, when a few of their number had been killed, hid in the fastnesses of the mountains, and all the later expeditions had no success in finding them. When the contest was over, some came back and lived in the Pemigewasset and Pequawket valleys till after the old French and Indian war. They then united with the St. Francis or Arosagunticooks in Canada.

9. Newfound lake was much visited by the Indians and whites in early times, and it is passing strange that no Indian name for it has come down to us.

THE STEAM INTERLUDE.

BY FRANK WEST ROLLINS.

On a bold, rocky point, pushing its way fearlessly out into the ocean, stood a low, broad-piazzad house, with doors and windows wide open, and the scent of the roses and the sea breeze blowing alternately through. It was a warm June morning, and the heavens ran clear and blue from zenith to horizon. Away off on the sea line an occasional sail moved almost imperceptibly, and the waves beat gently on the rocks below.

Close to the edge of the cliff, indeed almost hanging over it, was one of those great gnarled willows, and around its base a seat had been built many years before, as was evidenced by the hundreds of names and initials cut in the wood. On this June morning the seat was occupied by a man long past his prime, yet erect and soldierly in his bearing. His snow-white hair was closely cut, and his keen, gray eyes looked out in a questioning way from beneath his overarching brows. His cheeks had still the dark bronze they had worn in earlier years, and which time could not efface. He looked like a sailor, and had been one. All his life had been spent on the deck of a man-of-war, and now, as old age crept on and active service was no longer possible, he withdrew to this lofty promontory, where he could watch the ever-coming and going sails, and live over again, in memory and reminiscence, his eventful life.

On the seat beside him, holding a telescope almost as long as himself, was a sturdy little fellow of ten, a grandchild, and he was importuning the old man for something.

“Grandpa, please tell me that story about the steam.”

“Why, my boy, I’ve told that to you before.”

“Well, I want to hear it again. Please tell it to me, Grandpa.”

The old man smiled, patted the boy on the head, and gazed reflectively off over the swelling waters. It was some moments before he spoke, but the child knew his ways and waited patiently.

“It was in the summer of 1905,” he began. “I was in command of the Gettysburg, one of those monster battle-ships. You know there is a picture of the vessel over the

mantel in the parlor. She was the largest vessel then afloat, but I won't try to give you the dimensions, as you are too young to appreciate them. She was covered with armor that was practically impervious to shot and unbreakable by collision or shipwreck, as it was made of composition, the secret of which was known only to the Navy Department, and which rendered it not only immensely strong, but also elastic, so that a shot from the heaviest gun would rebound from it like a rubber-ball. This armor was the despair of other navies, which had tried by fair means and foul to find out the secret of its composition, without success. Her armament of heavy guns for both all-around and for broadside fire was something unprecedented, and she also had the honor of being the first vessel to be armed with the then new electric rifles, which have since revolutionized warfare. She had military masts, with rapid-firing guns mounted in armor-tops, but no sails. Her engine and boiler capacity, however, were enormous, and on her trial trip she had made twenty-seven knots an hour, which is railroad speed for so large a vessel.

“The summer of 1905! Years before you were born, or before your mother was born, my boy, and yet it seems but yesterday to me! I can scarcely realize till I get up and walk about, or look in the glass, that I am no longer a young man, ready for life and action. The body is aged, but the heart, the heart is young. Those were stirring, busy times. We were engaged in building up our navy and extending our commerce, and our flag, which had been noticeable by its absence, was beginning to appear in every seaport of the world. Our harbors were alive, our wharves piled high with merchandise, and the sound of the shipwright's hammer was heard from Florida to Newfoundland, from the Gulf of California to Vancouver, and also upon the great lakes. We led the world again! Our ships thronged the commercial ports, while the white sides of our men-of-war gleamed a joyful welcome to Americans the world over!

“As I said before, I was in command of the battle-ship *Gettysburg*, and we were a week out from New York on our way to the Pacific. How well I remember my feelings as we steamed down the harbor accompanied by several vessels of the Atlantic squadron and by a multitude of

steamers, yachts, and tugs. It was a grand sight and a proud moment for me. My ship was the finest the government had ever built—indeed the finest in the world at that time. In fact, in armor and armament she was entirely unique, and, as I heard her great engines throbbing under me, and saw her massive armored bow tossing the waves from either side like playthings, I felt invincible. I thought what a wonderful stride when steam replaced sails. And I gazed in awe at the great volumes of black smoke pouring from the funnels, and at the white, impetuous steam snorting from her escape-pipes.

“One by one the yachts and tugs were left behind, and accompanied by the men-of-war we steamed out by Sandy Hook, where, after parting salutes, they also turned their prows towards the harbor, and we were left to pursue our voyage alone. There was enough to do, however. The ship was new, and a large part of the crew were raw hands. The crew was a large one, there being a total of officers, sailors and marines, of over seven hundred. All the new material had to be broken in, and so the drills were constant. We were beginning a long voyage with few breaks. Our coal capacity was enormous, and we could practically sail around the world without touching at a single point.

“Notwithstanding the size of our ship, she was easily handled, for we had every mechanical appliance for lessening labor. The anchor was raised by steam, the pumps were worked by steam, the wheel was controlled by steam, and even the dishes were washed by steam. The vessel was lighted by electricity, and could, by means of multitudes of wires laid in the metal of the vessel, be so brilliantly illuminated, both outwardly and inwardly, that the darkest night was like noonday. These wires were so contrived that they could be brought to a white incandescence by means of electricity, and thus furnish the light. We had, of course, electric search-light in abundance,—one at the bow, one at the stern, one on either side, and one in each of the three tops. The guns could be fired from the conning-tower by means of electricity; electric signals and telephones connected every part of the ship; the ventilation and heating were run by electricity, while the revolutions of the screw were registered in the pilot-house and

engine-rooms by an electric contrivance; our ice was made by an electric motor, which also distilled our drinking-water, and the speed the vessel was making was ascertained by an electric log. These were all wonderful scientific inventions at the time of which I am writing, but, of course, as you know, my boy, are dwarfed by the marvelous inventions of the present day. In short, there was little for the men to do except to direct and control the work of these two elements, steam and electricity, drill, paint and scrub, and stand watch. Of course, in case of action, there would be enough for them to do in handling the immense pieces of ordnance and the more lively secondary battery.

“The days passed pleasantly. I was full of my ship. I watched her every motion with love and admiration as a mother watches her child. My officers were splendid fellows, and as full of admiration as I was for the magnificent piece of mechanism. We had one or two old officers aboard, however, who had served all their days aboard the old time wooden frigates, with their tall, tapering masts, and vast, swelling sails, and they could not get over their dislike for our poor apologies for masts and entire lack of sails. They shook their heads dubiously when we raved over the speed we were making, and one of them said,—

“‘Its all very fine and pleasant as long as everything goes well with your machinery, but if that gives out where are you?’

“‘But we have three sets of engines and boilers and screws, and if one gives out we can get along very well with the other two, I replied.’

“‘But suppose they all give out?’

“‘Oh! that’s not likely to occur. Who ever heard of such a case? Anyway, we won’t borrow trouble.’

“The days passed rapidly, filled as they were with endless duties, and every night our electric log showed the wonderful speed we were making, carrying us farther towards the equator. Great rolls of writhing, black smoke poured from the monstrous stacks and went streaming behind to the northern horizon, and the trembling throb of the triple screws forced the massive steel ram through the windy waters with irresistible impulse. I would stand on the bridge for hours together, watching the magnificent sight with a feeling of power, a sense of triumph over the

elements, and a consciousness of superiority over old ocean which I cannot describe. What was there that could harm us? I feared no storm, no armed foe. I was never so happy in my life.

“Day followed day, and still our speed never slackened. The great engines kept at their work ceaselessly day and night. The busy engineers stepped nimbly about, tightening a nut here, touching a gauge there, oiling a valve or feeling of a crank-pin, and the clink-clank of the valve-gear was answered by the swish-swish of the pistons as they swept ponderously up and down, while deep down in the bowels of the ship the sweating stokers plied their shovels and fed the roaring, red mouths, always open and sucking in the food by means of which they lived and performed their stupendous work.

“But on the 29th day of August—how well I remember that day! and, in fact, how well the whole world remembers it!—when we were in latitude $4^{\circ} 15''$ N. and longitude $35^{\circ} 36''$ W., a marvelous and inexplicable thing occurred. It was in this way. The previous night had been a peculiar one, and I had several times been called up by the officer in charge of the deck, who was worried by the peculiar appearance of things. There was no wind, but a very heavy sea suddenly arose, and the heavens glowed towards the north with a dull red glow, as though a great conflagration were taking place at a distance. The men thought they could hear heavy reports, but I could not distinguish them. It was most peculiar and alarming, but with dawn all trace of the matter disappeared, although the sea still ran high.

“The sun rose hot and overpowering. We were now in the tropics, and every piece of metal was like molten lead to the touch. About ten o'clock in the morning, as we were pursuing our undeviating way under a glassy sky, I noticed a slight diminution in the speed,—a slowing-up of the screws. I was standing on the bridge at the time. This slackening of speed was so unusual (not having heard any command given), I stepped to the officer of the deck, who stood near the wheel, and asked him what it meant. ‘Have you ordered her slowed down, Mr. Parker?’

“‘No, sir; and I was just wondering what the trouble was.’

“I stepped to the speaking-tube connecting with the engine-room, and asked if they were slowing her. They replied in the negative. I then asked if anything was the matter with the machinery. There was nothing.

“‘This is strange. We are surely gradually coming to a standstill, are we not, Mr. Parker?’

“‘Yes, sir; unquestionably.’

“I was turning to speak to the quartermaster at the wheel, when the chief-engineer sprang on to the bridge.

“‘Well, what does this mean,’ I asked curtly. ‘Why are you stopping the vessel? Anything wrong?’

“‘Not a lever has been touched, sir.’

“‘What is the matter, then?’

“‘That’s what troubles me. I can’t make out. I wish you would come below, sir.’

“I followed him to the engine-room. The engines were still moving slowly and feebly, like a man whose breath is nearly spent. I ran my eye casually over the machinery, and glanced at the steam gauge.

“‘What does that mean?’ And I pointed to the dial, which indicated but one hundred pounds of pressure, and the indicator of which was going steadily back towards zero, denoting reduction of steam pressure every moment.

“The engineer started, and gave a few brief commands to his assistants who were gathered about. A hurried examination was made of the boilers, but nothing developed, and every instant the great pistons were going more slowly and laboriously.

“‘This won’t do,’ I said. ‘She will be at a standstill in a few minutes. Anything the matter with the firemen or fires?’

“‘No, sir; Mr. Reed has just reported everything all right in the fire rooms.’

“‘This is very mysterious,’ said I, taking the executive officer away from the other officers who were grouped around. I can’t understand it.’

“‘Nor I, sir. Is anything wrong with the machinery, do you think?’

“‘Apparently not. The engineers are still examining, but everything seems all right so far. I am certain that the trouble is with the boilers, or, at least, we can’t make steam.’

“Just then, with a sort of sigh, the engines stopped altogether, and we looked at each other curiously. For a moment I stood stupidly staring at the machinery, but, bethinking myself that such an attitude would not do before the officers, and that something must be done, I turned to the chief engineer.

“‘Make a thorough examination of the boilers; leave not a bolt nor valve without examination, and when you have finished report to me in person.’

“I then dispatched a trusted officer to examine the screws, and started, accompanied by the executive officer, on a minute tour of inspection myself. This getting disabled in the middle of the Atlantic was no joke.

“The men had aroused from the lethargy caused by the heat, and were standing around in groups, discussing the strange occurrence. They were conscious that something mysterious was happening. The great vessel lay motionless, rising and falling slowly on the long surges.

“It took half an hour to make the inspection I had ordered. During this time I looked things over carefully myself, but could find no explanation of the trouble. I returned to the bridge and awaited the report of my officers. In a few moments the chief-engineer joined me.

“‘Well?’

“‘I can find nothing wrong, sir. The boilers and machinery seem to be in as good, if not better, condition than when we sailed.’

“‘Put on forced drafts, and see if you can’t get steam enough to start her.’

“And he went below. I waited impatiently for some movement. I listened intently for the first throb of the screw. Minutes dragged by, and a half an hour passed, but no sound broke the stillness. Volumes of smoke, shot with flame and spark, tumbled from the funnels, showing that the fires were working well, but the screw did not revolve.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KING EDGAR AND ELFRIDA.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

From a height the king hath seen,
In the valley broad and green,
“ Bordering on a silver tide,”
Ethelbald’s affianced bride.
Rode his gray steed down the hill,
Urged by all a lover’s will.

“ Listen to me, lady fair,
Slight not now thy fortune rare ;
Wilt thou wed a baron bold
Who has lands and who has gold ?”
Proud she answered, with a frown,
“ Naught shall tempt me but a crown.”

“ Sweet dame,” he said, “ answer me,—
Wilt thou not a countess be ?
Thou shalt wear a coronet
Of pearls in thy coils of jet ;”
But she turned with scorn away—
“ Thou wilt live to woo another day.”

“ Can not a marquis’ high renown
Smooth away thy dreaded frown ?
Thine escutcheon proud shall bear
Three leopards on its surface fair ;”
But she shook her head and smiled—
“ I am a woman, not a child.”

Then the king looked very wise,
Mirth and laughter in his eyes.
“ Duke I am of high degree,
And now thou must marry me.”
“ Nay,” she answered, with a sigh,
“ Not a haughty duchess, I.”

“ But, upon my bended knee,
I a crown can offer thee.
King am I of England’s realm—
Count the jewels in my helm.”
Laughed Elfrida, loud and free,
“ Queen of England I will be.”

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

CONCORD TROUBADOURS.

Concord can boast, just now, of a male vocal club of seventeen members that certainly has no equal anywhere in the state. The Concord Troubadours are an organization of about two years. They have worked patiently and faithfully to master the difficulties of good ensemble work, and the success which has attended their efforts has been highly gratifying. They gave their second concert, at Phenix hall, on the evening of May 4. A splendid audience greeted them, and made manifest its satisfaction in hearty approval of the work done. Assistance was rendered by Miss Bessie Hamlin, soprano, of Boston; Miss Ada M. Aspinwall, pianiste, of Concord; and "Judge" Green of New York, who catered to the less serious style of life. All seemed to be at their best, and it must be considered as an evening of great pleasure for music lovers. Miss Aspinwall showed marked improvement in her style and expression. Her solo was intelligently and artistically performed, and was a source of delight to her many friends who have watched her progress with more than passing interest for several years past. We hope the club will go on perfecting its art and accomplish much in the line of male chorus work.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The recent concert by this celebrated organization, at White's Opera House, was of unusual interest, and drew together a very large and enthusiastic audience. Such concerts are of great assistance to the growth of musical culture in our midst, and until the people in the country can hear more such music, we may expect it to be a difficult task to teach the young or entertain the older; for, in the first instance, words cannot picture the effects of tone,

color, or the wonderful depth of the power and beauty of combining the different families of instruments; and in the second place, it is impossible to entertain when people do not know what to expect or how to listen.

NOTES.

The last concert by the Schubert Club of Laconia was given May 4. As is usually the case, the audience was "small, but very appreciative," which does not "help pay the fiddler," or conductor, and hall rent. Laconia possesses a musical taste scarcely commensurate with its ambition, and until the more accomplished in other lines of art are willing, for the sake of local pride and a desire to improve, to lend a helping-hand and attend these concerts, the Schubert Club will have up-hill work to exist.

Mr. J. E. McDuffee, the talented pianist and musician, of Rochester, has just composed four songs, viz., "Two Little Birds," "To a Swallow," "The Maid and the Gull," and "Farewell to Song"; also a rhapsodie for piano-forte. The songs are published by Miles & Thompson, and the rhapsodie by White, Smith & Co., of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Straw are engaged for the summer at the Senter House, Centre Harbor, N. H.

St. Paul's surpliced choir, Concord, of thirty-five boys' and men's voices, will give a concert at an early date.

The Unitarian Society of Concord have engaged Mrs. Harriet A. Morgan, late of New York, as soprano, for one year. She is one of the most accomplished lady vocalists in the country, and a valuable acquisition to our musical ranks.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

GEN. SIMEON B. BROWN.

Gen. Simeon B. Brown, a brave and distinguished officer in the Union army in the War of the Rebellion, died at his home in St. Clair, Michigan, March 16, 1893.

He was a native of the town of Bridgewater in this state, a son of Daniel Brown, a soldier of the war of 1812, and a native of Candia. He was born March 1, 1812; graduated at New Hampton Academy in 1835, and soon after emigrated to Detroit, Mich., where he engaged in the commission business, and became a captain of a militia company. In 1843 he removed to St. Clair, which was afterwards his home. He built the St. Clair hotel, then the largest building of the kind north of Detroit, and was an active, public-spirited citizen.

Soon after the breaking out of the war he enlisted, although then nearly fifty years of age, going out as major in the Sixth Cavalry, of which Gen. Alger was colonel. He distinguished himself quickly as a brave and determined fighter, and, in 1862, was made colonel of the Eleventh Cavalry, subsequently winning the rank of brigadier-general. He participated in seventy-two engagements, and was generally known as the "Hero of Marion," in which Virginia battle he won his last promotion. At one time, when on a scouting foray, at the head of 1,000 men, in East Tennessee, when under command of Gen. Stoneman, he charged two Confederate brigades, routed them, and captured their artillery.

Gen. Brown was a prominent Free Mason, the first member of the order made in St. Clair county, and was deputy grand master at the time of his death. He married, in 1836, a daughter of Benjamin Woodworth, brother of Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," who died in 1867. Two years later he married Mrs. Harriet Dickey, by whom he had one child, Miss Grace C. Brown, one of the most accomplished young ladies in St. Clair. A brother of Gen. Brown, Capt. Richard Brown, is now living in the town of Bristol in this state, at the age of 85 years, still active and intelligent.

HON. W. H. H. ALLEN.

William Henry Harrison Allen, born in Winhall, Vt., December 10, 1829, died in New York City, April 26, 1893.

His father was Joseph Allen, a farmer and Methodist preacher, a descendant of Samuel Allen of Braintree, England, who settled in Cambridge, Mass., in 1632. In 1844 his father removed to the town of Surry in this state, which was his birthplace, and there remained till his death, in 1877. William H. H. secured his preliminary education in various academies, and under the private tutelage of Joseph Perry of Keene, and entered Dartmouth College, graduating, in 1855, in the class with Judge Walbridge A. Field of Massachusetts, the late Judge William S. Ladd of this state, Congressman Nelson Dingley of Maine, and others of note. He taught school some time after graduation, and read law with Wheeler & Faulker of Keene, and Burke & Wait of Newport, being admitted to the bar, in the latter place, at the September term, 1858. In November of that year he was appointed clerk of the court for Sullivan county, holding the position till 1863, when he was made a paymaster in the army, serving two years. He then returned to Newport and commenced practice, but removed to Claremont in 1868. He was judge of probate for Sullivan county from 1867 till 1874, and United States Register in Bankruptcy from 1867 till 1876, in which year he was appointed an associate justice of the supreme judicial court, which position he held till his resignation, on account of ill health, a few months since. In politics he was a Republican, and a Unitarian in religious belief, though attending the Episcopal church in Claremont. He was twice married. His first marriage was with Ellen E., daughter of the late John Joslin of Surry, in 1856, by whom he had born to him nine children. Two died in infancy, and the other seven survive. His wife died in Claremont, in June, 1873. In October, 1874, he married Sally S., daughter of the late John Sabine, of Strafford, Vt., who survives him.

 HON. JAMES W. PATTERSON.

James Willis Patterson, born in Henniker July 2, 1823, died in Hanover May 4, 1893.

Mr. Patterson, an extended sketch of whose career

appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY for October, 1892, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1848; prepared for the ministry at Yale Divinity School; was a tutor at Dartmouth from 1852 to 1854; professor of mathematics from 1854 to 1859; professor of astronomy from 1859 to 1863; he was also school commissioner for Grafton county from 1858 to 1862. In 1863 he was elected a representative in Congress, and was re-elected in 1865, and in 1867 was elected United States senator for six years, serving with great distinction. Subsequently he travelled extensively in Europe, and lectured in this country upon various subjects. In 1881 he was appointed state superintendent of public instruction, and held the position till his resignation, a few months since, to accept the Willard Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory at Dartmouth College. He was a courteous and genial gentleman, a finished scholar, and the most accomplished orator New Hampshire has known for many years. December 24, 1854, he married Sarah Parker Wilder of Lake Village (now Laconia), by whom he is survived, with one son, Rev. George W. Patterson of Hamilton, N. Y.

HON. WILLIAM HEYWOOD.

William Heywood, president of the Grafton and Coös Bar Association, and the oldest practicing lawyer in the state, died at his home in Lancaster April 22, 1893.

He was born in Lunenburg, Vt., October 6, 1804; attended the Concord (Vt.) Academy; read law with Judge Charles Davis at Waterford and Danville, Vt., and Judge William A. Fletcher in Detroit, Mich., and was admitted to the bar, at Guildhall, Vt., in September, 1831, where he practiced until his removal to Lancaster, in 1856. He served in the Vermont senate in 1837 and 1838, was state attorney for Essex county, Vt., for fifteen years, and also served the Vermont Constitutional Convention of 1850. He had an extensive practice, and had been president of the Grafton and Coös Bar Association since its organization. He married Miss Susan Hibbard of Concord, Vt., by whom he had three sons and a daughter; one son, Henry, for some time past his partner in business, and the daughter surviving.

HON. ROBERT I. BURBANK.

Robert I. Burbank, a well-known lawyer of Boston, died May 6, 1893.

He was a native of the town of Shelburne, a son of Barker and Polly (Ingalls) Burbank, born March 26, 1818. He graduated at Dartmouth in the famous class of 1843, of which Hon. Harry Brigham was a member. He pursued his legal studies at the Harvard Law School, and in the office of Daniel Webster; was admitted to the Suffolk bar, and soon secured a good practice. He served in both branches of the legislature, in the city council, and was prominent in the state militia, at one time commanding the First Regiment of Infantry. In 1878 he was appointed judge of the district court of South Boston, and held that position up to the time of his death.

HON. HENRY L. BURNHAM.

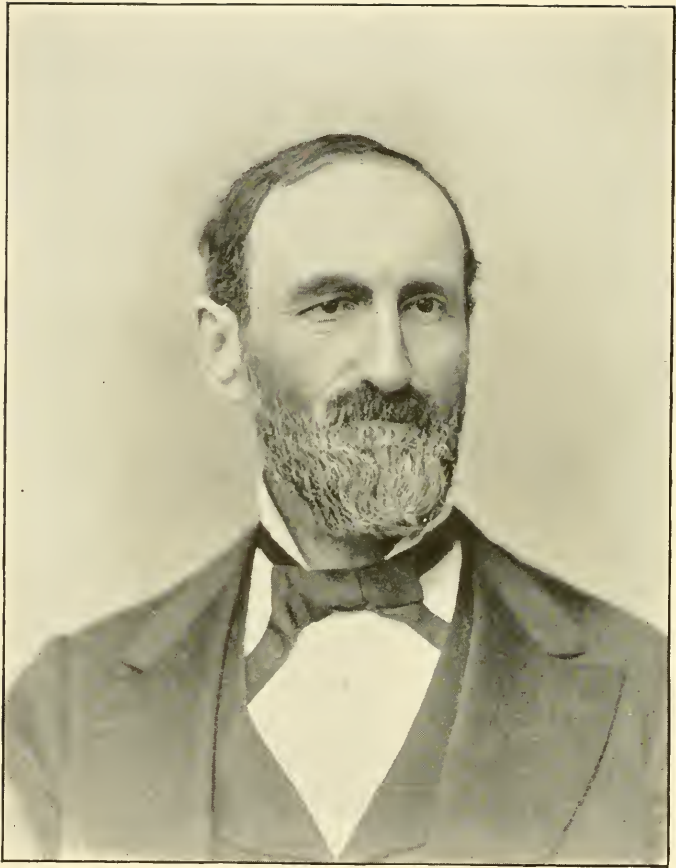
Hon. Henry L. Burnham, born in Dunbarton, November 25, 1814, died in Manchester, April 30, 1893.

He was a son of Samuel Burnham, was a teacher for many years, and was prominent in public affairs in Dunbarton and Merrimack county, representing the town in the legislature, and serving as commissioner and sheriff of the county; also as state senator in 1864 and 1865. For some time past his home had been with his son, Hon. Henry E. Burnham of Manchester.

HON. JOHN K. C. SLEEPER.

John Kilborn Clough Sleeper, born in Bridgewater, February 7, 1828, died in Malden, Mass., April 18, 1893.

He was a son of Amos Sleeper, removing with his father to Concord when about eight years of age. At fifteen he went into a woolen mill at Holderness (now Ashland), afterwards attending the Seminary at Newbury, Vt., for a time. When about eighteen he went to Boston; afterwards resided some years at Cleveland, O., for the benefit of his health. Returning east, he established his home in Malden, Mass., engaging in the millinery business in Boston. He served on the Malden school board, as a trustee of the public library, as a representative in the Massachusetts legislature, and as mayor of Malden.



Mr Colby

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HON IRA COLBY.

BY H. H. METCALF.

The impression very generally prevails that the New Hampshire bar, at the present time, falls below the standard of twenty-five or fifty years ago in point of average ability. Whether this impression be well or ill founded in fact, it is not to be disputed that there are fewer lawyers of wide popular reputation in New Hampshire at the present time than was the case a generation since; but this results largely, without doubt, from the fact that the course of procedure has so changed in our courts within the last few decades that there is comparatively little occasion or opportunity for the display of those qualities and powers whose exercise or manifestation so impressed the popular mind in former years. The tendency in this state has been for some years past in the direction of the avoidance of jury trials. There is not one important case brought before a jury in New Hampshire to-day where there were half a dozen thirty years ago. Most civil cases of importance go directly to the judge for hearing, and even in criminal cases there is a strong tendency to compromise, or effect some arrangement whereby the expense, trouble, and uncertainty of a jury trial shall be avoided. It was in the frequent and hotly-contested jury trials of former years that lawyers made their reputation with the people for sagacity and ability, and there is no question but that the qualities calculated to dazzle an admiring crowd of listeners were wonderfully developed and strengthened through this frequent exercise.

Nevertheless, the members of the legal profession still hold the front rank in the constitution of the body politic, in New Hampshire as elsewhere; they are a moving spirit

in public and political life—a controlling power in the business world. Legislation is largely directed by them, and their influence is potent even in social affairs.

Among the more prominent lawyers of the state at the present time is Hon. Ira Colby of Claremont, who has certainly no superior in ability at the Sullivan county bar, and whose connection with public affairs, especially in the line of legislation, has given him celebrity throughout the state.

IRA COLBY was born in Claremont January 11, 1831, and was the second of a family of eight children. His parents went from Henniker, of which town his father was a native, and settled in Claremont immediately upon their marriage, which took place April 17, 1827. Both parents were of purely English descent, and the family on both sides numbers in its various branches many persons of distinction. His mother's family name was Foster, her father, Zebulon Foster, being a descendant in direct line from Reginald Foster, who came from Exeter, Devonshire, England, and settled in Ipswich, Essex county, Mass., in 1638. His grandfather, Zebulon Foster, was born in old Essex, Mass., and was one of a large family of children. Three of his brothers were in the war of the Revolution, and one of his sisters was the mother of Rufus Choate. He married and settled in Essex, where a family of nine children were born, but he afterwards removed to Henniker to prevent his sons from becoming sea-faring men.

Mr. Colby's mother was eleven years of age at the time of this removal, and she is still living at the advanced age of ninety years, and retains to a remarkable degree her physical and mental powers.

His father, Ira Colby, was one of the most successful and enterprising farmers of Claremont; was honored by it as one of its selectmen and representatives; was a most useful citizen, and died at the age of seventy years, with no stain upon his character or reputation.

The subject of this sketch was brought up on the farm, and attended the district school until seventeen years of age. He then for a short time attended the academy at Sanbornton, N. H., and later the academies at Springfield, Vt., and Marlow, N. H. He finished his academical

course at Thetford, Vt., entered Dartmouth College in 1853, and was graduated in 1857, among his classmates being the late Gen. E. F. Noyes of Ohio, Wm. J. Forsaith, now judge of the municipal court of Boston, and Hon. J. B. Richardson of the present board of trustees of the college.

During the winter months, from the time he began his academical course to his graduation from college and for one year thereafter, he taught school, first in his own state, and afterwards in Massachusetts and Wisconsin.

In September, 1858, he was admitted as a student at law into the office of Freeman & McClure, at that time the leading lawyers of Claremont, and, after two years of study, was admitted, on examination, to the bar of Sullivan county. The death of Mr. McClure occurring just at this time, and Mr. Freeman retiring from business, he commenced the practice of law in the office where he had studied, and with the exception of a partnership at the first with Lyman J. Brooks, Esq., and about four years afterwards with A. T. Batchelder, Esq., now of Keene, he has been alone in business, and occupied the same office in the practice of his profession as a lawyer, since 1860.

He has had as students in his office a large number of young men who are now successful lawyers in various parts of the country.

He has always been a Republican in politics; was an active and zealous supporter of the Union in the time of the Rebellion; was a representative in the legislatures of 1864 and 1865, 1881, 1883 and 1887; a member of the state senate in 1869 and 1870; a delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention in 1876; and for the entire time from 1864 to 1888, with the exception of two years, at first by appointment and afterwards by election, he held the office of solicitor for Sullivan county. In 1889 he was appointed by the governor and council a member of the commission to revise, codify, and amend the public statutes of New Hampshire, which were published in 1891.

On the resignation of Judge Allen, in March, 1893, he was appointed associate justice of the supreme court, which position he declined.

He is a Methodist in religion, as was his father before him. For many years the father was one of the board of trustees of his church, and, at his death, the son succeeded to the office, which he still holds.

June 20th, 1867, he married Miss Louisa M. Way, daughter of Gordon Way of Claremont, and sister of Dr. O. B. Way of the same place. They have had two children,—a son, Ira Gordon Colby, now a member of the junior class of Dartmouth College, and a daughter, who died in infancy.

The foregoing brief outline of Mr. Colby's career indicates a life of unflagging industry, of persistent application to professional labor, and of ready response to the call of the public for service in different directions. As a citizen he is among the most public-spirited in the community, and his pride in and love for his native town and his ready support of all measures calculated to promote its prosperity and welfare are no less marked than the devotion which he gives to his chosen profession. As a lawyer he is regarded as a particularly safe and sagacious counselor, urging no man into litigation where it can reasonably be avoided; but when fairly engaged in the prosecution of any cause giving the same his best energies and most careful attention.

His long experience at the bar, his thorough familiarity with the law, and especially with the New Hampshire statutes, which was largely enhanced through his faithful and laborious service as a member of the last commission for the revision and codification thereof, together with the conservative character of his mental organization and temperament, have been quite generally regarded as fitting him in more than ordinary measure for judicial service; so that when the vacancy upon the supreme bench occasioned by the resignation of the late Judge Allen was to be filled, he was considered, not in his own county alone but throughout the whole state, as the most eligible man for the position, and his declination, when named therefor by the executive, if not a surprise to those who knew him best, was certainly a disappointment to the general public.

In his legislative service Mr. Colby became a prominent figure, particularly during his last two terms in the house. In 1864 and 1865 he was chairman of the com-

mittee on elections in that body. As a member of the senate, in 1869, he served as chairman of the judiciary committee and a member of the committee on railroads; and in 1870, in the same body, he was chairman of the railroad committee, and also served on the committees on banks, towns, and roads, bridges and canals. In 1881 he was a member of the judiciary committee of the house, and chairman of the committee on agricultural college. In 1883 he was again a member of the judiciary committee and also of that on the asylum for the insane; while in 1887 he was chairman of the normal school committee and a member of the judiciary. He was at all times faithful in attendance upon committee work and equally interested and active in the deliberations of the house. In 1883 he introduced and was instrumental in securing the enactment of the measure generally known as the "Colby bill," which materially modified the law of the state in reference to chartering railroad corporations; while in 1887 he was the active leader of those supporting the so-called "Hazen bill," which failed only through the executive veto, and in his direction of the contest for its passage on the floor of the house he manifested the same tenacity of purpose and indomitable energy combined with skill and judgment which has characterized his management of important causes in his legal practice.

Upon several occasions in the past the Republicans of Sullivan county have urged Mr. Colby's nomination for representative in Congress in the district conventions of that party, not only on local grounds, but also because of his eminent fitness for the position; and in the last convention there were many earnest advocates of his nomination from all sections of the district, although he had himself taken no action in the furtherance of such object. He is, indeed, too ignorant or careless of the arts of the self-seeker for the fullest success in modern political life, even did his ambition lead him in that direction; and it is safe to assume that the remaining years of his active life will be devoted in the main to the professional labor in which he has already won enviable distinction.

THE GRANTEES OF CLAREMONT.

BY C. B. SPOFFORD.

The events which led to the granting of the town of Claremont are but a repetition of those of other towns along the Connecticut and in Vermont. Previous to the French and Indian war (1754-1761) the only settlements of importance were at Charlestown, or "Number Four," as it was then called, Upper Ashuelot, or Keene, and Fort Dummer, or Hinsdale. From these places the expeditions were sent, usually taking direct routes to their objective points, so that the value of the lands through which they passed became known. When the contest ended the whole northern part of America became British possessions, and the ungranted portions were eagerly sought. The title to these was, however, claimed by both New York and New Hampshire, the former under the government of Tyron, the latter under Benning Wentworth. Tyron claimed the territory as far east as the Connecticut river, while Wentworth presumed that his authority extended as far west as that of Massachusetts, or within twenty miles of the Hudson river. Both had certain reasons for such claims, and the dispute over territory was not settled until many years later. With the close of the war these lands were sought by adventurers and speculators and generously granted by both governors. Gov. Wentworth availed himself of the opportunity to fatten his own purse, reward friends and relatives as well as a few faithful subjects, and he granted almost without limit.

By the advice of the council he ordered a survey to be made of the Connecticut river valley and three tiers of townships to be laid out on each side, each township to average six miles square. During the year 1761 sixty of these were granted on the west side of the river and eighteen on the east side, among them being Newport in 1761, Cornish in 1763. Besides the fees and presents received for these grants the governor also reserved for himself five hundred acres in each of the grants, also a share for the schools, first settled minister, the Church of England, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. All of these reservations were exempt from fees and charges of improve-

ment. Those who obtained the grants seldom settled upon them, but sold their rights to those who did settle, or sought purchasers in the neighboring colonies, in some instances making grants to those who would settle. The passion for new lands rose to a great height, and in a few years many settlers had become occupants of and were tilling the fertile lands along the Connecticut river, the greater part of whom were from the older settlements in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

On October 26, 1764, "By the Special Grace certain knowledge & meer motion, & for the due encouragement of settling a new plantation within the Province of New Hampshire" the council, with the advice of "Our Trusty and well beloved Benning Wentworth, Governor and Commander-in-chief of said province, do upon certain conditions and with certain reservations grant unto the parties hereafter named the tract of land bounded as follows, 'beginning at a marked tree standing on the easterly bank of the Connecticut River, which bound is the Northwesterly corner of Charlestown, from thence running south 78° easterly about six and one half miles to the Southwesterly angle of NewPort from thence turning off & running North 8° easterly about five and seven eighths of a mile by New Port aforesaid to the southeasterly angle of Cornish. Then turning off again and running north 77° westerly about six miles by Cornish aforesaid, to the Connecticut River thence down the said river as that runs to the bounds begun at, together with the islands lying in said river opposite the said premises.'" This tract was further said to contain by admeasurement 24,000 acres, six miles square and no more, out of which was made an allowance of 1,040 acres for highways and unimprovable land, by reason of rocks, ponds, mountains, and rivers. The tract was named Claremont, and was divided into seventy-five equal shares, sixty-nine of whom were named as individuals, the remaining six shares being for the governor and the various societies. The usual reservations were made for the preservation of white pine trees for his majesty's navy, and providing for two "Fairs," the dates being left open. Samuel Ashley was named as the first moderator. We shall give the names of the grantees as they appear on the charter, the numbering being our own for the sake of con-

venience. The first meeting of the proprietors was held at the house of Hilkiah Grout, in Winchester, N. H., on February 21, 1767, at which Samuel Ashley was chosen moderator, and Col. Josiah Willard, clerk. Hilkiah Grout, although not a grantee, was quite a noted man. He was born in 1728, was living at Bridgeman's Fort June 24th, 1755, when that place was taken by the Indians, and his wife and three children were captured and taken to Canada. He enlisted for the war, and after its close removed to Winchester, his family being exchanged. He resided in Winchester about ten years and then removed to Wethersfield, Vt., where he died. During the trouble of the New Hampshire grants he was an active partisan on the side of New York. He was made a justice of the peace in 1777, assistant justice of the court of common pleas in 1788, justice of the court of oyer and terminer in 1782. In 1775 he served as major of the upper regiment of Cumberland county.

The first meeting held in Claremont was at the house of Thomas Jones, on April 20, 1767.

LIST OF GRANTEES.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Josiah Willard, | 23. Gideon Ellis, |
| 2. Samuel Ashley, | 24. Joseph Ellis, |
| 3. Jeremiah Hall, | 25. John Grimes, |
| 4. Josiah Willard, Jr., | 26. Joseph Cass, |
| 5. Thomas Frink, Esq., | 27. Jonathan Scott, |
| 6. John Ellis, | 28. William Richardson, |
| 7. Simon Willard, | 29. John Pierce, |
| 8. Abraham Scott, | 30. Thomas Lee, |
| 9. Henry Foster, | 31. Stephen Putney, |
| 10. Solomon Willard, | 32. Timothy Taylor, |
| 11. Jonathan Hammond, | 33. Benjamin Freeman, |
| 12. William Heaton, | 34. Oliver Farwell, |
| 13. Prentice Willard, | 35. Jonathan Searles, |
| 14. Col. Joseph Hammond, | 36. Oliver Farwell, Jr., |
| 15. William Grimes, | 37. Ephraim Adams, |
| 16. Jonathan Willard, | 38. Phineas Wait, |
| 17. Samuel Ashley, Jr., | 39. Oliver Ashley, |
| 18. James Scott, | 40. Abijah Willard, |
| 19. Samuel Scott, | 41. Micah Lawrence, |
| 20. John Cass, | 42. Abel Lawrence, |
| 21. Joshua Hyde (or Hide), | 43. Lemuel Hedge, |
| 22. Nathaniel Eaton, | 44. Clement Sumner, |

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 45. Abel Lawrence, | 61. William Smeed, |
| 46. Michael Medcalf, | 62. Col. John Goff, Esq., |
| 47. Ephraim Dorman, | 63. Daniel Jones, Esq., |
| 48. Joseph Lord, | 64. Hon. John Temple, Esq., |
| 49. William Willard, | 65. Theodore Atkinson, Esq., |
| 50. Jeremael Powers, | 66. Mark Hunking Wentworth, |
| 51. John Armes, | 67. Theodore Atkinson, Jr., Esq., |
| 52. David Field, | 68. Col. William Syms, |
| 53. Henry Bond, | 69. Samuel Davis, |
| 54. John Hawks, | 70. { |
| 55. Samuel Field, | 71. { Gov. Benn'g Wentworth, } |
| 56. Simeon Chamberlin, | 72. Society for the Propagation |
| 57. Elijah Alexander, | of Gospel in Foreign Parts, |
| 58. Ebenezer Dodge, | 73. Support of Schools, |
| 59. Samuel Wells, | 74. First settled minister, |
| 60. John Hunt, | 75. Glebe for Church of E'gland. |

NO. I. JOSIAH WILLARD was born in Lancaster, Mass., January 15, 1715. He was a son of Col. Josiah Willard, one of the grantees and early settlers of Winchester, N. H., and for many years commander of Fort Dummer, now Hinsdale. In 1737 he migrated with his father to Winchester, he having, on November 23, 1732, married Hannah Hubbard of Groton, Mass., sisters of whom married Col. Joseph Blanchard of Dunstable, Oliver Farwell of the same place, and Col. Benjamin Bellows of Walpole.

The elder Josiah died, at Dunstable, December 8, 1750, at the age of fifty, and the subject of our sketch was commissioned colonel, to succeed his father, on the 18th of the same month, which position he held until relieved by Col. Samuel Ashley, just previous to the outbreak of the Revolutionary war. His position was one of great responsibility and, consequently, influential; so much so that when the passion for new lands and settlements agitated the older towns on the Connecticut river, Col. Willard became prominent in their charter rights, and with him nearly all of his relatives and friends.

In addition to Claremont we find him to have been a grantee of Putney, Vt., Chesterfield, five shares of Westmoreland, Grafton, Jefferson, and doubtless many others, as we find him to have been associated with Benjamin Bellows of Walpole, Samuel Chase of Sutton, Mass., and Cornish, N. H., and Daniel Jones of Hinsdale, as agent for the sale of lands in no less than twenty-five townships.

His part in the granting of Claremont is fully set forth in the following deposition (from a copy in possession of Isaac H. Long, Esq.), which was taken in connection with the suit to recover possession of the governor's farm :

“ Josiah Willard of Winchester in the county of Cheshire and state of New Hampshire of lawful age &c. testify and say that in the year 1764 I took out the charter of the town of Claremont, agreeing with Gov. Wentworth that 500 acres should be laid out to him in the south west corner of the said town including the island called Walcotts island. At the first meeting of the proprietors of said township it was agree by them that the said 500 acres and island should be laid out to Gov. Wentworth, and in the year 1767 the same was laid out by the following boundaries. [Boundaries follow.] I further testify and say that I did agree with William Porter to settle on the said governor's farm and do settling duty for which I was to procure for him the deed of forty acres from the Governor. The said Porter did so settle and I procured the deed. I further testify and say that a number of other shares or rights were voted at the same time and in the same manner as the governors to be set off by themselves to several proprietors.”

As has been said, very little was done for three years after the charter was granted, the other rights referred to being those of Col. William Symes, Col. John Goff, Theodore Atkinson, Mark H. Wentworth, John Temple, Lemuel Hedge, Micah Lawrence, John Hunt, Simon Chamberlin, Joshua Hide, William Willard, Joseph Lord, Thomas Frink, Jonathan Hawkes, Daniel Field, Samuel Field, Samuel Ashley, Jr., and Oliver Ashley. Of these rights nearly all were purchased by Samuel Ashley and Col. Willard as well as others from other grantees, and the settlement of the town was largely promoted by these two men as proprietors. That the rights were considered of little value at that time is evident, for the registry of deeds in Cheshire county records many transfers for sums varying from two to five shillings each.

The commencement of the Revolution found Col. Willard an ardent supporter of the crown, and in an agreement between the citizens of Keene to “ Oppose the Hostility of the British against the United colonies,” all but thirteen of its citizens signed; of these one was Col. Willard.

Several of his family also maintained allegiance, one of whom was his son Solomon.

Col. Willard died, in Winchester, November 19th, 1786 (the gravestone says April 19th, but is incorrect), and part of his rights which were originally sold to Samson, Solomon, Jonathan and Abel Willard, John Ellis, William Grimes, Clement Sumner, Michael Medcalf, Elijah Alexander, Stephen Putnam, John Serles, Oliver Farwell, Jr., Gideon Ellis, Joseph Cass, and John Grimes, were sold February 4th, 1787, by Solomon Willard, executor, to Timothy Grannis of Claremont for 151 pounds four shillings. Much more might be said of this man, but for further reference the several volumes of State Papers may be consulted, hardly one of which but that contains allusions to him or to his family.

No. 2. COL. SAMUEL ASHLEY was born in Westfield, Mass., March 20, 1720. An extended sketch of him was printed in the GRANITE MONTHLY for May, 1892, and it is unnecessary to repeat the same at this time. Of the sixty-nine individuals who were grantees, the following were bought out by Col. Ashley: William Willard, Lemuel Hedge, Jonathan Hunt, Micah Lawrence, Joshua Hide, Jonathan Hawkes, David and Samuel Field, Joseph Lord, and Thomas Frink. Nearly all of these were transferred in July, 1765. Samuel Ashley removed, about 1783-4, to Claremont, where he died February 18th, 1792, aged seventy-two.

No. 3. JEREMIAH HALL was one of the first settlers and a proprietor of Keene, going to that town, with six others, from Concord, Mass., in 1734, under the grant from Massachusetts. In 1753 he, with others, petitioned for a re-grant under the New Hampshire authorities, the request being acknowledged April 11, 1753. He was also a grantee of Westmoreland. He sold his right in Claremont, May 15th, 1771, to Col. Benjamin Sumner, for 40 pounds.

No. 4. MAJOR JOSIAH WILLARD, the eldest son of Col. Josiah (No. 1), was born in Lunenburg, Mass., September 22, 1734. At various times he commanded Fort Dummer and was also in command of a regiment at Fort Edward

in 1755. During the Revolutionary war he was a resident of Keene, but we do not find that he took any part in those events which led to American independence. He was the first register of deeds for Cheshire county, and many volumes yet existing attest his fitness for the position. Major Willard married three wives, the second of whom was Mary Jennison, daughter of John and Mary (Hubbard) Jennison. To them were born four children. His right in Claremont was sold by his father to Ezra Conant of Warwick, Mass., August 29th, 1774. (Conant became a settler.) Major Willard died, in Keene, June 29th, 1801.

No. 5. THOMAS FRINK was of Keene and a physician and surgeon. He was in Col. Samuel Ashley's regiment, which marched to the relief of Ticonderoga in June, 1777, serving in his professional capacity. His right was purchased by Col. Ashley, on July 23, 1765, for "five shillings lawful money."

No. 6. JOHN ELLIS, probably from Winchester. He enlisted from that town for three years, in 1779, receiving a bounty of seventy-five pounds in advance, and deserted February 1, 1780. This right was also one of those transferred to Timothy Grannis by the executor of the estate of Josiah Willard, and was doubtless purchased by Willard soon after the granting of the charter.

[CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.]

THE TEST.

BY C. C. LORD.

There is one, like wise Socrates,
 Who yields, before unjust decrees,
 His life, undaunted, calm, sublime,
 With words that, like a holy chime,
 Inspire and urge the righteous van,—
 "What seems to be is not a ban,
 Kind friends; consider how
 In every man one purpose is,
 To try whatever work is his,
 Then let it try us now!"

Another is who bears at length,
 Like Hercules, of mighty strength,
 Twelve labors huge and still lives on,
 Each one a prize of virtue won ;
 And, while the world with shrinking awe
 Regards, he cites and pleads the law,—
 “ Each step foretokens how
 In every man one purpose is,
 To try whatever work is his,
 Then let it try us now ! ”

Again, a soul fulfills his day
 Along some still, secluded way,
 Content, the truth upon his side,
 Its present issue to abide ;
 And, questioned of his hopeful part
 And end, replies with honest heart,—
 “ True wisdom shows us how
 In every man one purpose is,
 To try whatever work is his,
 Then let it try us now ! ”

Yet thousand, thousand others are,
 Who put the evil day afar,
 And idly seek to shirk the pain
 Of earnest faithfulness in vain.
 O ye, who thus your care abate,
 ’Tis coming—coming—soon or late—
 When life discovers how
 In every man one purpose is,
 To try whatever work is his,
 Then let it try us now !

CAPTAIN JONATHAN CASS AND FAMILY.

BY ROLAND D. NOBLE.

In the article, "The New Hampshire Cincinnati," by John C. French, in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for April, 1893, mention is made of Captain Jonathan Cass of Exeter, which revives some reminiscences of him and of his family in Ohio. The late Alfred T. Goodman, then Secretary of the Western Reserve Historical Society (Cleveland), of date February 17, 1871, in a contribution to the *Springfield (O.) Advertiser*, makes this notice of Captain Cass:

"In December, 1792, Captain Cass was transferred to the 2d sub-legion and in the year following served in that command. When the 3d sub-legion of Wayne's army was formed Cass was promoted to the rank of Major, his commission bearing date February 21, 1793. Major Cass served with great applause in the Indian campaign of 1794, and was afterwards in command at Fort Hamilton. In November, 1796, Major Cass was assigned to the 3d U. S. Infantry, and continued in that regiment until his resignation, which occurred February 15, 1801. Having, under an act of Congress, received a warrant for Revolutionary bounty-land, Major Cass selected and entered a large tract of land on the Muskingum, at what is now Dresden, fifteen miles above Zanesville, Ohio, to which place he retired as a private citizen. There he continued to live, following the humble occupation of a farmer, until he was called to his final reward, August 14, 1830. His widow survived him two years. Major Cass left three sons, the late General Lewis Cass, of national fame, Charles L. Cass, an officer of the army, now deceased, and George W. Cass, who still, at the advanced age of 85, resides on the old homestead at Dresden. General George W. Cass of Pittsburgh, Pa., is a son of George W. of Dresden."

The present writer will add that Major Cass also left a daughter, Mrs. Munroe, at Dresden. Each of the children was provided by him with a large farm. Commencing with his at Dresden the aggregate stretched up the pebbly and beautiful Muskingum, fringed with stately sycamore and other native trees, for two or three miles. A drive under their shade along the river bank of a fine summer day can hardly be excelled in comfort and beauty.

The elegant but unpretentious hospitalities furnished by Major Cass's descendants—educated and enterprising peo-

ple—at their residences on those farms will long be remembered. Doctor Edward Cass, a grandson of Major Cass, a distinguished physician of Ohio, and perhaps other descendants of Major Cass, still resides at Dresden. Lewis Cass was for a time a pupil at Exeter Academy. His magnificent farm is yet known as the “Lewis Cass Farm,” although, being in the public service, he never resided on it, and sold it more than fifty years ago.

CLEVELAND, O., June, 1893.

IF I WERE NOT I.

BY PERSIS E. DARROW.

If I were not I, O, who would I be?
 Who is purest, sweetest, from taint most free?
 Who puts songs into the heart,
 Who smiles back the tears that start?
 Who, wherever she doth move,
 Worketh only works of love?

If I were not I, but were thou, Marie,
 Then would my happiness perfected be;
 Would I sigh for nothing more,
 Would my cup then bubble o'er?
 Nay, dear Marie, I should sigh,
 Being thou, that thou wert I.
 Else how should love abide with thee and me?

MRS. BELLE MARSHALL LOCKE.

BY A. H. ROBINSON.

The time passed, years ago, when marriage was necessarily regarded as destroying the active individuality of the woman entering into that relation. The old fiction of law that husband and wife become one through the merging of the wife's personality in that of the husband may still be cherished to some extent and for some purposes, but it is becoming more and more manifest every day, not only that the rights, privileges, duties, and responsibilities of women, generally speaking, are on a par with those of men, unless hampered by unjust limitations of law or custom, but also that in entering the married state woman surrenders none of these, though they may be modified by circumstances, as are those of man, in entering this or any other new relation.

It is no strange or uncommon thing, therefore, at the present time to see a married woman marking out for herself and following a career of labor and usefulness, of study and achievement, either in industrial, educational, or professional lines, entirely independent of her husband, and this by no means necessarily because of any requirement of physical or domestic need. The woman, indeed, who, with power and opportunity for work and achievement in any worthy or useful direction, fails to improve the same because of her ability to subsist in comfort upon the fruits of her husband's labor, makes a sorry failure of life at best, and the truth of this is being more fully recognized as the years go by.

Among our New Hampshire women pursuing an independent career, though neglecting none of the proper requirements of home and domestic life, is Mrs. Belle Marshall Locke, wife of City Marshal G. Scott Locke of Concord, who has come to be known, not only in her own but adjoining states, as a most accomplished and successful teacher of vocal and dramatic expression. Mrs. Locke is a native of the town of Lancaster, a daughter of the late Anderson J. and Frances (Perkins) Marshall. She attended the schools of her beautiful native village, completing the academic course under the instruction of the well-known educator, Prof. J. C. Irish. In early child-



Yours Sincerely,
Belle Marshall Locke.

hood she attracted marked attention for the facility and power which she manifested in the line of recitation, her appreciation of the character and demands of the piece being almost intuitive. Her talent in this direction was heartily recognized and encouraged by her parents and friends, and the best special instruction attainable was provided. She was also favored with musical gifts of no mean order, which, coupled with her dramatic abilities, rendered her a prominent figure upon the local operatic stage upon frequent occasions, successfully representing "grown-up" characters while yet a mere child. She also exhibited strong literary tastes in early life, and at sixteen years of age was a prolific contributor to the *Waverley Magazine* and various other publications. Nor has she neglected her pen in later years, though its productions are principally confined to subjects in line with her work, and contributed to publications devoted to vocal culture and expression.

Although her union with Mr. Locke had occurred at an early period, immediately upon the close of her school days, she did not allow her marriage to destroy her identity or thwart her ambition. She determined to continue the full use and development of her powers, and this she has done with the success so generally known. Her first instructor of general note was Mrs. Edna Chaffee-Noble, now head of the Chaffee-Noble School of Expression at Detroit, Mich., and who has also founded two schools of expression in London, and several others at the West. A year of study under her direction gave much advancement, but only prepared the way for further study and greater progress. She entered the New England Conservatory College of Oratory in Boston, under the instruction of Prof. S. R. Kelley, and so energetically did she apply herself that she completed the usual four years' course in two years, winning such favor and distinction by her progress and merit that she was made the single representative of the college in the second year, at the grand annual exhibition of the Conservatory.

Graduating in 1884, with the highest honors, her diploma being accompanied by commendatory letters of the strongest character from her instructors, she was not yet content with the preparation for her life work, and the follow-

ing year was passed under the special instruction of the renowned Leland T. Powers. It was a year of deep interest in and intense application to the work in hand, and the result was so successful as not only to win public approval in a marked degree, but also to call forth the emphatic commendation of her instructor.

Spending a year in Texas, where her husband was engaged in the management of an extensive cattle ranche, for the improvement of her health, somewhat impaired by too close application to study, she returned with him to Concord, their former home, where they have resided for the past seven years, during which time she has devoted herself with persistency and fidelity to her chosen life work as a dramatic and elocutionary instructor. Her thorough methods and conscientious effort have brought remarkable success, enhancing and extending her reputation with each succeeding year, till at the present time she has not less than a hundred different pupils under her instruction in Concord, in Lawrence, Mass., and in adjacent places. She has taught in Lawrence for about five years, where she is a great favorite, and where, as in Concord, dramatic representations and recitals under her direction, for whatever object, are always largely patronized. Many of her pupils in elocution have won much favor before the public, while not a few of her dramatic pupils have developed marked ability, several already sustaining with credit leading parts in popular companies. In addition to her direct instruction of many hundreds of individual pupils in the past seven years, Mrs. Locke has directed the presentation, in different places, of more than forty plays, taking a leading part herself, in many cases, with brilliant success, and has also conducted as many public recitals by her pupils, and spent one successful season travelling with a dramatic company of her own organization and management. She has written one sparkling play, "Myra's Secret," which was favorably greeted upon presentation, and is engaged upon another, but allows nothing to interfere with her active and increasing work as an instructor.

Of charming personality and winning manner, endowed with all social graces and blessed with a sunny temperament, Mrs. Locke is no less popular in society than in her professional work, and shines in any circle which may be

favored with her presence. Having scarcely reached the early prime of womanhood, it is safe to assume that there is a long career of successful achievement still awaiting her in the work to which she has given herself with such zeal and enthusiasm.

THE STEAM INTERLUDE.—Continued.

BY FRANK WEST ROLLINS.

“Impatiently I rang the bell to start her, and my reply was a call through the speaking-tube. What is it? I asked.

“‘There’s not an ounce of steam,’ replied the chief engineer.

“How are the fires?

“‘Never saw better ones. We ought to have pressure enough to drive her twenty knots an hour with the fires we have, but the water does not even boil, though it is at a terrible heat. Never knew anything like it.’

“My officers were now gathered around me with anxious, concerned faces, while the crew gazed up at us with curiosity. Various suggestions were offered but no solution of the puzzle could be found. It was morally certain that the machinery was all right, as the most minute examination had revealed nothing to account for the stoppage. Besides we had three separate sets of engines and boilers, and they had all stopped at the same time and in the same manner. It was not likely that anything could have given out at the same moment in each. But the curious and inexplicable part of the thing was that we could not make steam—absolutely none. Followed by my officers, we repaired to the engine-room again, where a glance at the steam gauge told the story. The engineers were standing about watching the gauge expectantly, and with puzzled faces.

“We then proceeded to the fire-rooms, and found the fires roaring, while the stokers crowded the furnaces with coal till they fairly roared and trembled with the heat. Still no steam. I put my ear to a boiler, but no sound indicated any presence of steam, or any boiling. I opened a cock and scalding-hot water poured out, but no steam. I

was non-plussed. The trouble was evidently with the boilers, or at least it consisted of an inability, from some mysterious cause, to make steam. We had sifted it down to that.

“Leaving instructions for the fires to be kept up at a white heat, I returned to the engine-room and awaited developments. By this time every soul in the ship was on the *qui vive*. I had as good engineers as there were in the navy, if not in the world, and none of them had ever heard of such a case. How could such fires fail to make steam? The question was unanswerable. A visit to my cabin and an examination of my books on engineering failed to reveal a parallel case or any explanation of the matter. I was on my way to the engine-room again when I heard the look-out announce a sail. I thought to myself perhaps she can assist us, and then it occurred to me how ridiculous it was. Who could help us in such a predicament? All we could do was to go on hunting for the trouble and continue our efforts to make steam.

“After all, I was more puzzled than worried, as I thought the difficulty could be only temporary, and we were in no danger, at least for the present. The sea had quieted down and was like glass, with a long, swinging undulation on which the powerful fabric swam as buoyantly as a gull. The great white sides were reflected in the sparkling water, while the brass work was turned into iridescent gold in the morning sun. The only thing to be feared, as we were in the broad Atlantic, was a sudden storm, which might, without the use of our engines, leave the sailless hull at the mercy of the winds and waves. For a moment I regretted the symmetrical old wooden ships with their great white sails, on which I had taken my first lessons in navigation. Thinking over all these possibilities and contingencies, I turned thoughtfully to the deck.

“How does the sail bear? I asked of the officer of the deck.

“‘Broad on the port beam, sir,’ he replied.

“A glance revealed some dark object low down on the horizon in the direction indicated. What it was it was impossible to tell from the deck.

“Hail the lookout, Mr. Brace, and see what it is.

“‘He says it is a steamer, as he can see smoke, sir.’

“ How is she heading?

“ ‘ She seems to be lying to, sir.’

“ Have a watch kept of her, and as soon as she is near enough, signal that we want to speak her.

“ ‘ Aye, aye, sir.’

“ I then joined the engineers in their discussion of the problem, and it was an hour before I again went on deck; and during this time no sign of pressure had appeared upon the gauge. The first thing I noticed as I put my head above the companion-way was that the ocean was still as smooth as a mill pond, and the sky as azure clear as a mountain stream. The men were gathered at the rail, gazing at the now clearly visible vessel. I started in amazement as my eye fell on her.

“ She was lying beam on about five miles off and clearly visible to the naked eye. I saw at a glance that she was a man-of-war, and, seizing a glass, I made out the British ensign. She was of nearly the same class as ourselves, though not so large, and was one of the finest vessels in the English navy. There she lay, however, motionless, rising and falling on the long swells, while great masses of smoke tumbled in involuted columns from her stacks, and floated lazily to leeward. Seeing me on deck, Mr. Brace approached, and informed me that he had signalled that we wanted to speak her.

“ What reply did she make, and why don't she come within hailing distance?

“ ‘ She replied, all right—we want to speak you.’

“ Tell them we are disabled, and ask them to come within hail.

“ In a moment the proper signal was hoisted, and it was quickly answered from the British vessel.

“ ‘ She replies that her engines have stopped and that she can't move,’ reported Mr. Brace.

“ The deuce she does.

“ I turned to my officers about me, and we all remarked on the singularity of the circumstance of two of the finest vessels of the British and American navies being disabled within a gun-shot of each other in the wide Atlantic.

“ Thinking it advisable and courteous to confer with the commander of our neighbor, I signalled him that I would come aboard, and was soon speeding towards the man-of-

war as fast as twelve oars could carry me. As we swept along I thought I noticed that the two vessels were a trifle nearer than they were when I had first come on deck, and laid it to the action of some current. The ship, as I discovered on approaching, was the Destroyer, a fact which I had already surmised, as I knew her well from descriptions and pictures I had seen. The gangway had been shipped, and as I stepped aboard I was received with every naval courtesy. I at once followed the commander to his cabin, where, after a glass of wine, I broached the subject uppermost in my mind.

“I am in a quandary, I said, and have come aboard partly to confer with you about it, and to see if you can offer me any suggestions.

“‘Why, I was about to order my boat away for the same purpose when you signalled me that you were coming aboard. I, too, am in a dilemma.’

“Well, it is singular. In fact, everything that happens now is mysterious. However, I will tell you of my predicament, and then you can post me as to yours. This morning, about 10 o’clock, without any apparent reason, my engines stopped, and I have been unable since, with the hottest fires, to make an ounce of steam.

“As I spoke, the commander of the English vessel looked at me in the utmost astonishment, and, springing to his feet, he exclaimed,—

“‘Why, man, that’s just what happened to me! Surely you are joking me!’

“I sank back in my chair, paralyzed, and we stared at each other in speechless amazement.

“I am not naturally a believer in the supernatural, but if this does not partake of the powers of darkness, I am mistaken, I said, when I could get my breath. What time did your engines stop?

“‘A few minutes past ten; in fact, the same moment yours did.’

“Instead of gaining light by my visit I was more mystified than before. This settled the question that it was no local trouble with the engines, or boilers even, as it affected us at the same moment. Could there be anything in the atmosphere of this particular locality which prevented the making of steam? For an hour we discussed the question,

and cudgelled our brains ; advanced theories, only to throw them over as untenable, and finally gave it up as a bad job. We were still talking when an officer entered the cabin, with an apology for intruding, and informed us that the two vessels were drifting uncomfortably near together.

“ We hurried on deck, and, sure enough, the two great steel monsters were slowly but surely approaching each other. It was another case of attraction such as has often been noted at sea. Two vessels in a dead calm will frequently draw towards each other without any visible cause or reason. But the collision of two such vessels must be avoided, and, springing into my boat, I was soon on the deck of my own vessel.

“ How to avoid the collision which seemed imminent was the burning question. I had no sails, and if I had had them there was no wind. The only way I could think of was to out boats and tow her out of harm. I gave the necessary orders, and in a few moments all the boats were piped away. A hawser was run out at right angles to the bows and all the boats made fast to it in a long line. At a given signal they all pulled together, and the water flew and sparkled from the oars as the sturdy backs bent to their work. Glancing at the Destroyer, I saw that she was following suit, only that she was towing in the opposite direction, so as to pull the head around. I looked anxiously over the bows to see if we made any progress, but not a ripple stirred around the ram. We were not moving. The boats had not moved her a foot. After ten minutes of tremendous efforts I communicated with the Destroyer, and asked that all together be tackled on to our line to see if all the boats could not move one vessel. This was done, but without effect. The combined strength of both crews had no effect on the great hull.

“ Our relative position was unchanged, and we were every minute drifting nearer together. We were still several hundred yards apart, but the approach was as sure and deadly as though we were being warped together. It was fascinating but terrible to watch the sheet of intervening water growing narrower and narrower. I was at the end of my rope. We had no motive-power, and were as impotent as though we were in the rapids below Niagara. We could now talk across the gap, and even hear the foot-

fall of the men as they walked the deck of our unwelcome neighbor. The black muzzles of the Destroyer's guns were looking right into our faces. My heart was like lead, for I knew what the effect of a collision between such vessels would be. Suddenly a bright idea struck me. It was a forlorn hope, but I determined to try it. Springing upon the rail, I hailed the commander of the Destroyer, who was on the bridge of his vessel, telling him that I had a plan which would possibly prevent the collision.

“ ‘ Let's have it, quick! ’

“ It is simply to load our port and your starboard guns with blank cartridge, and when we are near enough to fire, with the hope that the reaction will drive us apart.

“ Waiving his hand as a signal of assent, he sprang from the bridge, and we both went to work to execute the plan. The crews were called to quarters, and our port and the Destroyer's starboard guns were double loaded with blank cartridge, after which the crews were sent below to escape as much as possible the terrible concussion. Each gun could be fired from the conning-tower, or either battery altogether, by means of electricity, and I knew that the same appliance was in use on the English vessel. I called to the commander to fire when I struck the ship's bell, which he could plainly hear from his position. Our arrangements were hurriedly made, for time pressed, though perfect discipline prevailed, and I stood in the conning-tower, my finger on the electric button, waiting the proper moment to fire.

“ Noiselessly the two leviathans approached each other; inch by inch, foot by foot the space between us narrowed. Not a sound was to be heard; a death-like stillness prevailed; the decks of both vessels were entirely deserted, every man and officer, except those in the conning-towers, having gone below to escape the explosion. The suspense was terrible, for if this experiment failed, the crashing, crushing collision must follow, and this meant death to part, if not all, of us. I knew that the commander of the Destroyer was at his post in the conning-tower, his finger on the button, his eye and ear alert for the signal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

CONCERT AT NASHUA.

The choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception of Nashua gave a concert on the evening of May 25 for the benefit of its organ fund. They were assisted by Miss Delia Smith of Lowell, soprano; Miss Minnie Sullivan of Boston, soprano; Mr. T. F. Molloy of Lowell, tenor; Mr. George Burns of Lowell, bass; Mr. Walter S. Cotton, violinist, of Nashua, and Cummings's orchestra, also of Nashua.

Mrs. M. C. Mooney, the organist and directress of the choir, acted in the capacity of accompanist, and Mr. E. M. Temple of Nashua was the conductor.

Aside from a fine miscellaneous programme they performed Mercadante's celebrated Mass in Bb entire. In addition to the above list of artists Miss Mary Driscoll and Mr. James O'Brien assisted in the mass. The press of Nashua was warm in praises of the combined efforts of soloists, chorus, and orchestra. Mr. E. M. Temple was complimented upon the success of his chorus, as would be naturally expected of one who is both competent and faithful. Let us hope that Nashua may awaken from an already too long sleep and do her part in a musical way, by organizing a mixed chorus for serious study during the coming winter months.

CONCORD CHORAL UNION.

The Concord Choral Union gave their closing entertainment of the season on Wednesday evening, May 24, at Phenix hall. They performed Lachner's One Hundredth Psalm, the Hallelujah Chorus from the Messiah, Rheinberger's beautiful "Night Song," and "The Water Nymphs," by Rubinstein, for female voices.

The soloists were Mrs. Morgan, soprano; Mrs. Annie Dietrich Brown, soprano; Miss Rose F. Jenkins, contralto; Mr. C. S. Conant, tenor; Mr. C. F. Scribner, basso; Miss C. K. Piper, elocutionist; Miss Ada M. Aspinwall, pianist and accompanist; and H. G. Blaisdell, conductor and violinist. The chorus did excellent

work, particularly so in the One Hundredth Psalm. The soloists, without exception, appeared to good advantage, and it was a creditable showing of home talent, giving the people of Concord an opportunity to judge of the standing and progress of musical culture in their midst. All things considered it was one of the most pleasing entertainments ever given by the Concord Choral Union.

ST. PAUL'S CHOIR CONCERT.

The choir of St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church of Concord, consisting of thirty-five boys' and men's voices, H. G. Blaisdell, choir master, gave a concert in Phenix hall, Concord, on Tuesday evening, June 6. Master Charles Furber of Littleton, who has been a member of the choir for nearly one year, in the aria, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard," from the Holy City, by Gaul, Master Walpole Pearsons, in a Lullaby, Master Walter Uffenheimer, piano, and Master Eddie Underhill, violin, gave great satisfaction and pleasure by their masterly performances. The full choir sang admirably, and, under more favorable circumstances, might expect a full house to encourage them. As it was, the boys will realize something besides "well done" for their work. The tenor and basses of this choir are equal to any in New England.

PIANO-FORTE RECITALS.

Mr. E. T. Baldwin of Manchester gave a piano recital at Hanover Street Chapel, on Wednesday evening, June 7, assisted by his pupils, including Miss Mary Chandler, Miss Kate L. Smith, Miss Florence J. Drake, Miss Minnie E. Aiken, Miss Clara Ash, Miss Ethel E. Boyd, Miss Blanche M. Stephens, Miss Alice G. Colby, Miss Alexandrin Boutin, Miss Cora A. Webb, Mr. Harry Whittemore, Mr. Benjamin Price, Mr. Edwin H. Fradd, and Master Willie Ryerson. The programme embraced selections from the works of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Saint-Saens, Moszkowski, Wieniawski, Bach, Godard, S. B. Whitney, and many less noted but promising authors. This is an excellent showing for any teacher and one to feel great satisfaction over. Mr. Baldwin is doing good work for the cause in New Hampshire, and we doubt if so attractive a

programme in a musical sense can be duplicated by another teacher in the state.

An invitation recital was given by Mr. E. T. Baldwin of Manchester, complimentary to his pupil, Miss Mary Chandler, at Hanover Street Chapel, on Wednesday evening, June 14. Miss Chandler was assisted by the Misses Kate L. Smith and Florence J. Drake and Mr. Harry Whittemore. Miss Chandler performed Prelude and Fugue in F minor, Bach; Erste Grosse Sonate, Op. 42 (first movement), Schubert; Norwegische Tanz, Op. 35, No. 2, Grieg; Davidsbundler, Op. 6, Nos. 12, 13, Schumann; Idyllen, Op. 28, No. 4, McDowell; Valse Gracieuse, Dvorak; besides appearing in duets and other selections in the second part of the programme. Miss Chandler gives promise of becoming a great artist as her teacher pictures it. She is patient, conscientious, and a faithful student during practice hours. With such pupils only can a teacher fully demonstrate the worth of his method of instruction.

The pupils of Mrs. Fannie Odlin gave a very pleasing piano recital at G. A. R. hall, Concord, on Tuesday evening, May 23. They were assisted by Mrs. Annie Dietrich Brown, soprano; Miss Rose F. Jenkins, contralto; Mr. C. S. Conant, tenor; Mr. Erastus Osgood, banjo soloist. The efforts of the young people were warmly commended, and reflected great credit upon their faithful teacher.

NOTES.

The Sacred and Secular Chorus Society of Plymouth, John Keniston, conductor, gave a concert on Tuesday evening, June 13. They performed "The Daughter of Jairus" by Stainer, "Carnovale" by Rossini, "Praise the Lord" by Gounod, "Dance me so gaily" by Schubert, and "Festival Hymn" by Dudley Buck. Miss Bessie Hamlin of Boston was the soprano soloist, Mrs. Shepard, piano, and Blaisdell's orchestra.

The boy choir of St. Paul's School, Mr. J. C. Knox, choir master, attended the concert of the St. Paul's Church choir in a body, on the evening of June 6. This choir is the largest and in some senses the best in the state.

Miss Edith M. Lord, a very promising young lady violinist of Tilton, is now studying with Mr. C. N. Allen of Boston, and is making rapid progress. We may soon expect to hear pleasantly of her in an artistic sense.

Newport and Claremont announce musical festivals for the last of July and second week in August, respectively.

Blaisdell's orchestra, Miss Rose F. Jenkins, and Mr. C. F. Scribner gave a concert at Warner, on the evening of June 16, under the auspices of the Warner High School.

Blaisdell's orchestra, Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, soprano, of Boston, and Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, elocutionist, of Boston, gave the commencement concert at the N. H. Conference Seminary, at Tilton, Wednesday evening, June 14.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

HON. AMOS A. PARKER.

Amos A. Parker of Fitzwilliam, noted for his great age and remarkable career, died May 12, 1893, in that town, where he was born October 8, 1791. He was the son of Hon. Nahum Parker, United States senator from 1807 to 1810; fitted for college at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich; entered the sophomore class at the University of Vermont, at Burlington, and graduated, second in his class, in 1813. At the time of his death he was supposed to be the oldest college graduate in the United States. After graduation he was for a time tutor at Fredericksburg, Va., but returned home and studied law with Hon. Levi Chamberlin of Keene. He was admitted to the bar in 1821, and commenced practice in Epping. In 1823 he became editor of the *New Hampshire Statesman*, in Concord. As an aid on the staff of Governor Morrill, in 1825, he escorted Gen. Lafayette on his visit to and trip through New Hampshire. In 1834-5 he travelled extensively through the South and West, and a book of travels relating his observations and experience met with an extensive sale. He also published his "Recollections of Gen. Lafayette,"

and later, when about eighty years of age, a volume of poems. He was thirteen times elected to the New Hampshire legislature, and was well known as a public speaker. He was largely instrumental in securing the construction of the Fitchburg, Cheshire, and Rutland and Burlington railroads, and was always characterized by an active public spirit. He was three times married, and left four children, one of whom is Hon. John M. Parker of Fitzwilliam. His last wife, with whom he lived from 1879 till her death in 1886, was Miss Julia Smith, one of the famous Smith sisters of Glastonbury, Conn.

HON. GEORGE G. LOWELL.

George G. Lowell, a prominent citizen of Dover, died at his summer residence, York Beach, Me., June 7, 1893.

He was a native of Hallowell, Me., born November 2, 1824. He was one of the California prospectors of 1849. Returning East in 1852, he settled in Dover, where he afterwards resided, engaged for many years in mercantile business. He held various ward and city offices, and was mayor of Dover in 1887 and 1888, the new city water works being established during his incumbency. He was prominent in the Masonic order, and a leading member of the Pierce Memorial (Universalist) Society. He is survived by a widow, daughter, and two sons.

HON. ORREN C. MOORE.

Orren C. Moore, born in New Hampton August 10, 1839, died at Nashua May 14, 1893.

Removing with his parents to Manchester in childhood, Mr. Moore received his early education in the schools in that city, but when quite young learned the printer's trade in the office of his brother, Frederick A. Moore, at La Crosse, Wis. Returning to New Hampshire, he worked at his trade in Manchester some years, where he was clerk of the common council, and a representative from Ward 4 in the legislature. In 1864 he went to Nashua, as editor of the *Telegraph* in that city, of which paper he became part proprietor in 1867, and continued his connection therewith through life. He was a brilliant writer, became active in Republican politics, and also developed remarka-

ble ability as a speaker. He was four times chosen a member of the house of representatives from Nashua—in 1873, '74, '75, and '77—and was elected a member of the state senate for two years, in 1878. He was appointed chairman of the board of railroad commissioners by Gov. Hale, serving three years, and in 1888 was elected a member of the 51st Congress from the second district, but was defeated for re-election by Warren F. Daniell of Franklin. He is survived by a wife, formerly Miss Nancy W. Thompson, and one daughter.

PROF. CYRUS BALDWIN.

Cyrus Baldwin, born in Antrim May 14, 1811, died in Hill May 30, 1893.

Prof. Baldwin graduated from Dartmouth College in 1839, was for a short time principal at Thetford, Vt., Academy, and in 1840 became professor of mathematics and language at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, continuing until 1855. He was then two years principal of Palmyra, N. Y., Union Academy, and in 1857 engaged in mercantile business at Providence, R. I., where he continued till 1862, when he again became a teacher at Freehold, N. J., remaining till 1868. In 1869 he again took a professorship at Meriden, which he held for three years, when he retired. For some years previous to his death he resided in Wilmot, and more recently in Hill.

PROF. MOSES G. FARMER.

Moses G. Farmer, a noted scientist and electrician, for many years professor of electricity at the United States Torpedo Station in Newport, R. I., died at Chicago May 25, 1893.

He was born in the town of Boscawen, Feb. 9, 1820, was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College, and was for several years principal of the academy at Eliot, Me. He subsequently devoted himself entirely to scientific study and invention, gaining a fortune through the latter, the Boston fire alarm system and the duplex telegraph being the product of his genius. He is survived by two daughters—Mrs. Charles Carlton Coffin and Miss Mary G. Farmer.

DR. BUTLER H. PHILLIPS.

Butler Hubbard Phillips, M. D., born in Gilmanton August 17, 1815, died in Suncook May 25, 1893.

He was a son of Russell and Polly (Merrill) Phillips, was educated at Gilmanton Academy, studied medicine with Dr. Melvin Wight of Gilmanton, attended lectures at Dartmouth, graduated from Bowdoin Medical College, Brunswick, Me., in 1841, and subsequently attended lectures at Jefferson College, Philadelphia. He located in practice in Pembroke in 1847, and there continued, changing his residence from Pembroke street to Suncook village, in 1874. He married, in 1848, Huldah P. Woodward of Tunbridge, Vt., who died five years since. A daughter, widow of the late Dr. John R. Kimball, survives.

JOSEPH W. PARMELEE.

Joseph Warren Parmelee was born in Newport February 2, 1818, and died there, May 15, 1893. He was a descendant, in the fifth generation, from John Parmelee, who came to this country from England in 1635.

His education was received in Newport and at the Kimball Union Academy at Meriden. After leaving school he was engaged in teaching to some extent, then turned his attention to mercantile business in Newport. In 1847 he went to Charleston, S. C., to engage in business in an old and wealthy house, into which he was received as a partner, remaining there until the civil war broke out, which proved disastrous to his interests. He then went to New York city, where he was engaged in the dry goods house of H. B. Claflin & Co. He remained with this firm until 1879, when he removed to Newport, where he has since resided.

Mr. Parmelee had a decided taste for literary pursuits, often contributing to the press both prose and poetry of more than ordinary merit. Other articles were often written of interest to his townspeople, and published in the local papers.

He was a member of the board of trustees of the Richards Free Library; also a secretary of the library from the beginning. For several years he was superintendent of the schools, and a member of the board of education in

Union School District. In all his work he was interested and faithful. Though naturally fond of repartee and fun, it not in the least lessened his strong affection for friends nor dimmed his unwavering faith in all that is good.

He often quoted Whittier's beautiful poem, "The Eternal Goodness," which is aptly illustrative of his own firm faith and religious principles. In August, 1851, he married Miss Frances Ann, only daughter of the late Amos Little of Newport, who, with their three children, survives him.

c. s. c.

WILLIAM HALE.

William Hale, born in Dover December 10, 1804, died in that city June 1, 1893.

He fitted for college in Phillips Exeter Academy, and graduated from Bowdoin in the famous class of which Franklin Pierce and Nathaniel Hawthorne were members. After graduation he entered the mercantile and ship-building firm, at Dover, of S. & W. Hale, in which his father, Hon. William Hale, a member of Congress, was a partner, and finally succeeded to their business. He was the projector of the Cocheco or Dover & Winnipiseogee Railroad, secured its construction, and was long president of the corporation. He served as a representative in the legislature from Dover several years, and was known as a most enterprising and public-spirited citizen.

REV. FREDERICK T. PERKINS.

Rev. Frederick T. Perkins, born in Sanbornton August 15, 1811, died in Burlington, Vt., April 2, 1893.

He graduated at Yale College in 1839, studied theology at Yale and Union seminaries, and was settled as pastor of the Congregational Church in East Cambridge, Mass., in 1843, where he remained eight years. He subsequently held successful pastorates at Manchester, Conn., Williamsburg, Mass., New Haven, Conn., Galesburg, Ill., and Tilton, this state, but retired from regular pastoral service some twelve years ago, making his home with his son, Prof. George H. Perkins, of the University of Vermont, at Burlington.



G. W. M. Pitman

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HON. GEORGE W. M. PITMAN.

BY H. H. METCALF.

With a single exception, George W. M. Pitman of Bartlett has been elected and served as a member of the New Hampshire legislature for a greater number of terms than any other man now living. The exception is Hon. Harry Bingham of Littleton, who has had twenty elections to the house and two to the senate, while Mr. Pitman has been a representative thirteen terms and a senator twice. Again, there are few instances in the political history of the state where the legislative service of any individual covers so wide a range in the matter of time as that of Mr. Pitman, his first election being for the legislature of 1853, and his last for that of 1893; and during all the intervening time he has been a prominent figure in public affairs in town, county and state.

The Pitmans of Bartlett have been a conspicuous family for more than a century. Descended from noble ancestry, whose progeny had been domiciled for generations in the English counties of Devon, Suffolk and Norfolk, Joseph Pitman, the progenitor of the Bartlett family, was born in London in 1759, and emigrated to America shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution. Espousing the cause of the colonists, he served valiantly as a privateersman during the great struggle which established the independence of the republic, and shortly after the war, with his wife, Alice Pendexter, a sister of John Pendexter, also one of the first settlers of the place, established himself in the wilderness of Stark's Location, which was subsequently included in the town of Bartlett, in whose incorporation, in June, 1790, Joseph Pitman was actively instrumental, and at whose first town meeting he served as moderator. He was the father of eleven children, the fourth son being

also named Joseph Pitman, and attaining prominence in public affairs. He was born July 25, 1788, married Joanna Meserve, reared a family of six children, of whom George W. M., the subject of this sketch, was the fourth, and died October 23, 1875, at the venerable age of eighty-eight, having commanded the respect and confidence of his townspeople in the fullest measure. He was a farmer by occupation, a Democrat in politics, a Universalist in religion, a great reader and an earnest thinker, and filled many responsible positions, including that of state senator, to which he was elected in 1852.

GEORGE W. M. PITMAN, fourth child and third son of Joseph and Joanna (Meserve) Pitman, was born in Bartlett, May 8, 1819, and is consequently now in his seventy-fifth year. He spent his early life upon his father's farm, with the exception of two or three years at the hotel of his cousins, Stephen and Ezra Meserve, at the location now occupied by the well-known East Branch Hotel in Lower Bartlett, attending the district school when in session, and subsequently completing his education at the academies in North Conway and Fryeburg, Me. In 1840 he was united in marriage with Emeline, daughter of Captain Levi and Ann M. (Davis) Chubbuck, and continued his residence in Bartlett, which has always remained his home. This union has been blessed with eleven children, seven of whom are now living, to wit, Winthrop M., Lycurgus, Levi C., Adnah, William, Emma, and Andrew J.

For several years in early manhood Mr. Pitman devoted himself to teaching, an occupation which his brother Joseph, another prominent citizen of Bartlett, also successfully followed for a long period of time; but, preferring more active employment, he made a thorough study of surveying, and subsequently adopted it as a profession. In this capacity he has perambulated the entire White Mountain region more extensively than any other man, has platted vast tracts of its territory, and has been called to testify as a witness, in court, in almost countless cases, many of which have been complicated and important, involving vast interests.

He surveyed, originally, Hart's Location, the Thompson and Meserve Purchase, the Sargent Purchase, the

Bean, Gilman and Meserve Purchase, the Pinkham Grant, besides a large number of smaller tracts. He has also re-surveyed the lands in Albany, Bartlett, Conway, Chatham, Eaton, Jackson and Madison, to a large extent. He has probably done more field work than any other man in the state. He made the survey for the plaintiffs in the suit, *Wells v. The Jackson Iron Manufacturing Co.*, which involved the title to Mt. Washington. In this suit a new question was raised, which had not been settled. It was upon what mode had surveys been made in New Hampshire? Whether upon the magnetic, or the polar principle? Mr. Pitman took the ground that all surveys made in New Hampshire had been made on the magnetic principle, and his position was sustained by the court. This is probably the first instance in the jurisprudence of the state in which a surveyor has been called in to establish and maintain the principle upon which surveys have been made in New Hampshire. A reference to his brief and argument in that case is interesting, as almost everything was introduced into the case, even to the meaning and use of words.

Later, he incidentally took up the study of law, fitting himself for the bar, and participating in a large amount of local litigation for the last forty years, and acting as the trusted adviser in legal controversies for a large portion of the community in Bartlett and vicinity. Meanwhile he has also been engaged in mercantile life for about forty years, having a general country store at Lower Bartlett, and, last but not least, has been quite extensively engaged in farming, believing the latter occupation to be more important and no less honorable than any other.

As has heretofore been stated, Mr. Pitman was first elected to the New Hampshire legislature, as a representative from Bartlett, in 1853. He received a similar election at the hands of his townsmen in 1854, '55, '56, '57, '59, '62, '63, '64, '65, '68 and '69. In 1870 and 1871 he was chosen to represent the old Twelfth district, or Democratic stronghold, in the senate, and for the latter year served as president of that body, presiding over the exciting session incident to the change in political control in the state, and in all the controversies that arose maintaining fully the dignity of his position, and commanding the personal

respect of senators of both parties. He has, meanwhile, held all important town offices, including that of chairman of the board of selectmen for some twenty years altogether, and was a member of the board of county commissioners from 1856 to 1859. In 1874 he was appointed judge of probate for the county of Carroll, holding the office and discharging its duties with conspicuous ability till the next political overturn in 1876. He also served as a member of the commission to adjust the war claims of individuals against the state, in 1863-4.

Judge Pitman has been a member of three constitutional conventions in New Hampshire, those of 1850, 1876, and 1889, a distinction said to have been enjoyed by no other citizen. In each of these conventions, as in the legislature, whenever he has been a member, he performed efficient service. In the convention of 1876 he was a member of the Committee on Legislative Department, and in that of 1889 on Bill of Rights and Executive Department. His last important public service was as a member of the house in the present legislature, in the session opening in January last, in which he was one of the most conspicuous members on the Democratic side, and was one of those selected to represent the house in the official delegation from this state to the World's Fair in Chicago, from which trip he has recently returned.

Politically an earnest Democrat, he has served his party faithfully in convention and committee work for nearly half a century, and has been one of its recognized leaders in Carroll county for the greater portion of that time. He is liberal in his religious views, public-spirited, popular and respected by all classes, and, notwithstanding his many years of labor, is likely to remain a power for good in the community for some time to come. His children well maintain the family name and influence, one son, Hon. Lycurgus Pitman of North Conway, having been for some time conspicuous in public life, and serving in the state senate in the legislature of 1887-'88, being thus a representative of the third successive generation in direct line to hold such position, the only instance of the kind recalled in the history of the state.

Of his father's family, five are now living,—Jonathan M., Dorcas A., G. W. M., Joseph, and Frances E. They all

reside in Bartlett. The oldest is seventy-nine years of age, and the youngest is sixty-seven.

Seven of his own family are now living. Winthrop M. resides in Brookline, Mass.; Lycurgus at North Conway; his two daughters reside in Lawrence, Mass.; William runs the East Branch House at Lower Bartlett, and Andrew J. resides with his father on the home farm.

His second child, Mary A., died at the age of two years. His oldest daughter, Joan M., died in 1876, aged 34 years. His oldest son died in 1880, in his thirty-eighth year. He was one of the proprietors of the East Branch House, and was one of the most capable business men in that section. His wife died in 1889, aged sixty-seven years, and his sixth son, Dr. Joseph H., who was one of the best physicians and surgeons in the state, died in the fall of 1890.

TO MOUNT KEARSARGE.

BY HARVEY HUNTOON.

To you, Kearsarge, my heart is much beholden,
 Your hold upon my life is firm and dear;
 Your silent counsel, like your love, is golden,
 And faileth not to still all doubt and fear.

Your name, Kearsarge, hath dealt a blow to treason,
 For Freedom's sake hath made the world turn pale;
 Your name, Kearsarge, stands aye for right and reason,
 And points a moral that can never fail.

You stand alone; therein is placed your power
 To watch and wait while wrong and treason sleep;
 God grant there ne'er shall be a waking hour,
 Your life may be to guard and guide and keep.

And when the golden shadows gather round you,
 To usher in a night of care's release,
 Fill, fill our hearts with praise to Him above you,
 Because He is and was the Prince of Peace.

NEW LONDON, N. H., June 19, 1893.

**MEMBERSHIP OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CIN-
CINNATI OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

Rev. C. L. Tappan, librarian of the N. H. Historical Society, states that the list of names of members of the New Hampshire Society of the Cincinnati, as given in the GRANITE MONTHLY for April, was not entirely correct. He furnishes the following, copied from the original records now in the keeping of the Historical Society, which is believed to be correct, just as the names there appear :

COVENANT.

We, the subscribers, Officers of the American Army, do hereby Voluntarily become members of the foregoing institution; and do bind Ourselves to Observe and be Governed by the principles therein contained.

For the performance Whereof We do pledge to each Other sacred honour.

Done at Exeter this 18th day of November in the Year 1783.

Names.	Rank.	Time of Service.	Time of Res-ignation, or Resolution of Congress by which they were deranged.	Place of Residence.
Jno. Sullivan,	M. Genl.	4 years & 6 months	Resigned Nov. 19 1779.	Durham
Jos. Cilley,	Col.	5 years 6 mo.	Deranged 3d & 21st Octo. 1780.	Nottingham
Henry Dearborn,	Lt. Col. Comm'd't	7 years 10 mo.		Exeter.
Jonathan Cass,	Capt.	6 years 4 mo.	Deranged 1st March 1783.	Exeter.
Eben'r Sullivan,	Capt.	7 years 9 mo.	Deranged.	Durham
Joseph Mills,	Lieut.	6 years	End of ye War.	Nottingham
Daniel Gookin,	Lieut.	{ A sol- dier 1 yr. 7 mo. An officer 6 years 6 mo. }	{ End of the War. }	North-Hampton

Sam'l Adams, Lieut.
 Josiah Munro, Capt.
 Jonathan Cilley, Lieut.
 Neal McGahey, Lieut.
 Mich'l McClary, Capt. 4 years. Oct. 1779. Epsom.

SIGNED FEBRUARY 5TH. 1784.

Wm. Parler, Jr., Surg. 3 years Resigned Exeter.
 4 mo. Nov. 1778.
 Nich's Gilman, Capt. 6 years Deranged. Exeter.
 3 mo.
 Josh'a Merrow, Lieut.
 Amos Emerson, Capt. 5 years. Resigned Chester
 March,
 1780
 James Harvey McClary, son to the late Major McClary
 killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill. Epsom.
 John Adams, Lieut. To the Stratham.
 end of
 the War.
 Joseph Boynton, Lieut. 7 years Deranged Stratham.
 Sam'l Cherry, Capt. 8 years To the end Londonderry
 of the War.
 Isaac Frye. Capt. 9 years To the end Wilton
 of the War.
 W. Rowell, Capt. 8 years. Ditto Epping
 Jonath. Perkins, Lieut. 6 years Ditto Ditto
 Adna Penniman, Capt. 4 years Deranged Moultonborough
 John Harvey, Lt. 4 years The end Northwood.
 of ye War.
 Jere : Fogg. Capt. Eight End of Kensington.
 years the War.
 six
 months.
 Jere'h Prichard, Lieut. 3 years. July 1780. Hollas
 8 mo.
 James Reed, B. General 8 years End of Keene.
 the War.
 Jno. Sullivan, son to the late Capt. Eben'r Sullivan deceased.
 Admitted 1808
 Joseph Mills, son to the late Lt. Joseph Mills deceased.
 Admitted 1815.
 John W. Gookin, son of Lieut. Daniel Gookin deceased, a
 Capt. in the U. S. Army from 1812 to 1815 during the late
 war.

The following were admitted members of the Society, but their names do not appear among the signers of the Covenant :

Rob. Wilkins, Lieut.	Admitted 1796.
Mr. John Sullivan, eldest son of Gen. Sullivan deceased.	Admitted 1797.
Mr. Bradbury Cilley, eldest son of Colo. Joseph Cilley deceased.	Admitted 1800.
Amos Cogswell, Capt. from the Society of Cincinnati of Massachusetts, being now a Citizen of this State, took his seat as a Member of this Society.	Admitted 1801.
Seth Walker, Colo., applied for honorary membership in 1805.	
Nathaniel White, Colo., was, after due consideration,	Admitted in 1805.

These are all the names of members found in the records of the Society.

SUNSET ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

The golden arrows cleave thy snowy crown,
 While thy dark vestments take a deeper brown ;
 The twilight watchers ward each dark'ning zone,
 And, bolder grown, usurp the sunlight's throne ;
 Blow, north winds, blow ! aye, set the wild news flying !
 The reign of day is o'er—its king is dying !

The length'ning legions leap o'er castellated wall,
 O'er ramparts frowning high and sky and all ;
 The long light from thy hoary summit flees,
 Like spirit hosts across the forest seas ;
 Ye swift-winged winds, set the wild news flying !
 The king is dying ! Echo answers, dying ! dying !

THE GRANTEES OF CLAREMONT.

BY C. B. SPOFFORD.

[CONTINUED.]

No. 7. SIMON WILLARD was a brother of Col. Josiah, and a resident of Winchester. He was also a grantee of Chesterfield in 1752, a selectman of Winchester in 1782-84, and in 1790 one of the trustees under the act incorporating Chesterfield Academy. This right was also purchased by Josiah Willard, and ultimately by Mr. Grannis.

No. 8. ABRAHAM SCOTT, probably from Winchester or Hinsdale. He was, in 1795, a petitioner for the building of a bridge across the Connecticut at Hinsdale, by means of a lottery.

No. 9. HENRY FOSTER was a resident of Winchester as late as 1795.

No. 10. SOLOMON WILLARD, of Winchester, son of Col. Josiah (No. 1). A petition to the general court, in 1785, states that "He was unfortunate enough to differ in sentiment from his countrymen who were struggling to gain and support the Independency of the United States. That in 1777 he went to Long Island and took protection under the King and during the war spent most of his time in that place in a State of Neutrality. That at the time of the petition he was supporting his aged father and after reciting the reasons for his petition promises that he will Behave as a good and faithful subject of the state." The petition is "Heartily joined in by his father Josiah, and the selectmen of the town, one of whom is Simon Willard," and all "Desire that the Prayer of s'd petitioner be Granted," and the records show it to have been successful. Solomon Willard's right in Claremont was sold to his father, and later transferred by himself as executor to Timothy Grannis of Claremont.

No. 11. JONATHAN HAMMOND was from Swanzev, and also a grantee of Reading, Vt. He was a brother of Col. Joseph Hammond, and originally came from Littleton, Mass., but settled in Swanzev about 1737. Born 1714; married, July 29, 1741, Abigail Hastings of Lunenburg, Mass.; died September 11, 1777.

No. 12. CAPT. WILLIAM HEATON, probably a relative of Nathaniel of Swanzey, as he was a grantee of that town. In 1777 he exchanged farms with Rev. Clement Sumner of Thetford, Vt., removed there and opened a tavern, which he conducted a number of years, it being also the usual place for holding town meetings [pp. 1093-4, Vol. II, Vt. Gazetteer]. He had eight children, born in Swanzey.

No. 13. PRENTICE WILLARD was of Winchester and Putney, Vt., and a son of Col. Josiah (No. 1). In 1784 he was a selectman of the town of Winchester, and a petitioner for a fishway in the Ashuelot river. He died at Putney, Vt., March 25, 1796, aged forty-seven years. His grave is in plain sight of the railroad, on what is known as the Great Meadow.

No. 14. COL. JOSEPH HAMMOND was, in 1744, one of the first settlers of Swanzey, going to that place when a young man from Littleton, Mass. He was a colonel in the French wars, and on receipt of the news of the battle of Lexington was elected captain of the Swanzey company, and with sixty-two men marched, April 21, to the defence of Boston. He was lieutenant-colonel of Col. Ashley's regiment at the second Ticonderoga alarm, but being considered too old for active service, was employed as mustering officer, and also placed in charge of the transportation of supplies for the army. He resigned June 14, 1779, and his letter was accepted with regrets on June 19th, accompanied by a vote of thanks from the Assembly. He was also a grantee of Jefferson, in 1772. Born about 1722; died 1804.

No. 15. WILLIAM GRIMES, Swanzey, his name appearing on the town records there as early as 1738. He originally came from Lancaster, Mass., and was also a grantee of Reading, Vt. His right in Claremont was probably sold to Josiah Willard, as it was transferred by him to Moody Dustin of Dunstable on February 8, 1768, with other land drawn to the right of Michael Metcalf, the consideration being 42 pounds. Died January 14, 1781.

NO. 16. JONATHAN WILLARD, Winchester, also a son of Josiah. In 1774 he was an early settler of Langdon. His right was one of those purchased by Timothy Grannis from the estate of Josiah Willard.

NO. 17. SAMUEL ASHLEY, JR., was born in Westfield, Mass., September 29, 1747, son of Col. Samuel Ashley (No. 2). He became one of the early settlers of the town, and served on many important committees; was captain of the company raised to oppose the advance of Burgoyne, and served at various other times in the war of independence. June, 1785, he was appointed, with two others, as managers of the lottery, with authority to raise 200 pounds, the proceeds of which were to be expended in building "Lottery Bridge." He married, August 9, 1770, Lydia Doolittle of Northfield, Mass., had several children, some of whom were born in Claremont. He removed, with his son Charles, to Susquehannah county, Penn., about 1818, and died there in 1820. Many of his descendants live in the West, and several became early settlers of Grant county, Illinois.

NO. 18. JAMES SCOTT was from Winchester, and later of Stoddard. He was a soldier from the latter place in the battle of Bunker hill, and was also at Burgoyne's surrender. In 1783 he served the town of Stoddard as selectman.

NO. 19. SAMUEL SCOTT was probably from Winchester, as several transfers of real estate are recorded to him as from that town. He marched with others to the defence of Ticonderoga in 1777, and was present at Burgoyne's surrender.

NO. 20. JOHN CASS, of Richmond, was, about 1762-3, a settler of that town, the first town meeting being held at his house, he being styled "Innholder," and at which meeting he was elected moderator, selectman, treasurer, assessor and highway surveyor.

NO. 21. JOSHUA HIDE (OR HYDE), of Putney, Vt., originally from Deerfield, Mass. This right was sold to Samuel Ashley, on July 16, 1765, for two shillings.

No. 22. NATHANIEL HEATON, probably from Swanzey, at the time of the granting of the charter; but later, in 1784, we find him a petitioner for the appointment of a Mr. Freeman as justice of the peace in Hanover, N. H., and also for the issuance of paper money sufficient to pay the debt of the state. It is probable that he sold his rights in Claremont, or exchanged for others in Hanover, which was granted in 1761. He had four children, born in Swanzey between 1761 and 1771.

No. 23. GIDEON ELLIS was a resident of Keene as early as 1734, his father having settled there as one of the proprietors. He was, in 1753, a petitioner for the incorporation of that town, "Praying that if it was Consistent with the Pleasure of his Exelency he would insert a clause in the charter whereby every man may be entitled to those lands which he thought himself to be the honest owner of." By the "Annals of Keene" we find him to have been a member of the Foot Guards, in August, 1773. His right in Claremont was sold to Josiah Willard.

No. 24. JOSEPH ELLIS, Keene, one of the grantees of that town and also one of the first settlers. In 1740, at a proprietors' meeting, grants were made of ten acres of land to each of thirty-nine parties, of which Joseph Ellis was one, "As a reward for hazarding their lives and estate by living there and bringing forward the settlement."

No. 25. JOHN GRIMES, one of the first settlers of the town of Hancock. Part of his right was sold to Benjamin Tyler, November 22, 1768. Tyler also sold Meadow lot, No. 7, to Barnabas Ellis, and deeded it as "part of the original right of John Grimes." The remaining rights in undivided land were sold to Mr. Grannis by the estate of Col. Willard.

No. 26. JOSEPH CASS, probably from Richmond, and a relative of John (No. 20). This right was also a part of Josiah Willard's estate.

No. 27. JONATHAN SCOTT was also probably from Richmond. His right was sold by Willard to Ebenezer

Rice for twenty-nine pounds, the latter becoming one of the early settlers. —

No 28. WILLIAM RICHARDSON of Pelham was an early settler of that town, going there as early as 1722 from Chelmsford, Mass., and continued to reside there as late as 1769. —

No. 29. JOHN (OR JONATHAN) PIERCE was a lawyer in Portsmouth, born in 1746. He received a mercantile education, and was early in life entrusted with the charge of his uncle's property, the latter being Mark Hunking Wentworth, and also with the management of the affairs of the Masonian Patent. In 1791 and for several years he was a member of the legislature, and was the principal agent of the proprietors in the construction of the Piscataqua bridge, in 1794, also the Concord turnpike. He died, June 14, 1814, aged sixty-eight years. —

No. 30. THOMAS LEE, probably from Lunenburg, Mass. —

No. 31. STEPHEN PUTNAM, from Wilton or that part of which was later formed into the town of Temple. He was one of the two first families which removed there from Danvers in 1738. This right was sold to Col. Willard, and later transferred to Mr. Grannis. —

No. 32. TIMOTHY TAYLOR, from Merrimack. He was justice of the peace and selectman several years. In 1754 he was a petitioner for the division of the state into counties. —

No. 33. BENJAMIN FREEMAN, probably from Swanzey. —

No. 34. OLIVER FARWELL, of Dunstable, was also an incorporator of Wilton and Acworth. He married, in Groton, Mass., Dec 25, 1738, Abigail Hubbard, sister of Hannah, wife of Col. Willard. Part of this right was sold to Mark Hunking Wentworth, May 11, 1774, for sixty pounds. Born November 19, 1717; died October 12, 1808. Genealogy of family says, died Feb. 12, 1808. —

No. 35. JONATHAN SERLES was probably from Dunstable, as in 1746 he was a qualified voter, and as such voted to settle Rev. Samuel Bird as the first minister of that town. In 1752 he was a grantee of the town of Richmond, and in 1757 appears as constable of Dunstable. Col. Willard

obtained the right on December 13, 1770, and later it was sold to Timothy Grannis by Willard's executor.

No. 36. OLIVER FARWELL, JR., son of Oliver (No. 34), like his father, was a grantee of the towns of Acworth and Claremont. Part of this was sold, July 11, 1771, by Gideon Lewis, joiner, to Barnabas Ellis, the price being thirteen pounds six shillings; the remainder was sold to Grannis in 1787. Born June 21 (or 28), 1741; lived at South Merrimack, N. H.; died 1822.

No. 37. EPHRAIM ADAMS was born and lived in Ipswich, Mass., until 1748. He was a soldier in the French and Indian wars, and after his return married, and removed to New Ipswich, N. H., with his brother Benjamin. He was an enterprising and useful citizen, assisted at the organization of the church, and was elected its first deacon, a position he occupied until his death. During the Revolutionary war he assisted greatly in procuring soldiers and arms. He represented the town in the legislature, and filled many town offices; was a proprietor in the grant of Richmond, New Ipswich and Temple, one of the incorporators and a trustee of the New Ipswich Academy at its incorporation in 1789, it being the second of its kind in the state.

No. 38. PHINEAS WAIT, Groton, Mass. There are two of this name from this place, father and son. The elder married, March 14, 1731-2, Mary Hubbard, and died May 30, 1777, aged sixty-nine. Phineas, second, married Sarah Pierce of Pepperell, January 28, 1762, and died November 29, 1802, aged sixty-seven years. It is of course not sure which of these was the grantee.

No. 39. OLIVER ASHLEY was a son of Col. Samuel Ashley (No. 2), and early became a settler of the town. He was also a grantee of the town of Grantham, and his right in that town was sold to John Dorchester, for twelve pounds, on July 9, 1771. He resided in Claremont from about 1772 until his death, which occurred April 9, 1818, aged seventy-four. A more extended sketch of this man was also given in connection with that of his father, Col. Samuel Ashley, in the May number of the GRANITE MONTHLY for 1892.

No. 40. ABIJAH WILLARD, of Winchester. Part of this right was sold to Amaziah Knights of Claremont, on July 14, 1772, for eighteen pounds. Knights was from Northfield, Mass., and became one of the early settlers.

No. 41. REV. MICAH LAWRENCE was the Congregationalist clergyman at Winchester, having been ordained November 14, 1764, and continued there until 1777, when he was discharged, the principal cause being his "Unfriendliness to the American cause," for which offence he was confined by the Committee of Safety to a limited territory. He was born in Farmington, Conn., March 15, 1738-9; graduated at Harvard 1759; married, in 1765, Eunice, daughter of Col. Josiah Willard; died in Keene, October 20, 1798, aged sixty. He sold his right in Claremont to Samuel Ashley, March 16, 1767, for forty shillings.

No. 42. ABEL LAWRENCE was from Groton, Mass., and a cousin of Micah. He was born February 25, 1729-30; died, insolvent, September 20, 1770, aged 41 years. His right was sold to William Lawrence (probably a brother), who died in 1780; by him it was sold to Josiah Willard, and by him to Benjamin Sumner, on July 14, 1772, for thirty-six pounds. The following epitaph is taken from his gravestone, for which we are indebted to the records, as published by Dr. Samuel Abbott Green.

" MEMENTO MORI

Here lies Inter'd the Remains of Abel Lawrence Esq'r son of ye late Col'n Wm Lawrence & Susannah his wife. Being formed by ye God of ye Spirits of all flesh with Superiour intellectual abilities he was called forth in Early life to the management of publick bussiness and acquitted himself with honour, he was for several years a member of ye General Court. a Justice of ye peace, he was affable in his disposition, when he saw any in Distress he felt for them & was ready to Releve them to the utmost of his power. Beleiving a state of immortality he endeavoured to secure happiness therein by the Exercise of Repentance towards God & faith in Christ after patiently Enduring a long and distressing illness he submitted to the Stroke of all Conquering death on the 20th of Sept. A. D. 1770. Anno *Ætatis* 41."

C. JENNIE SWAINE.

BY A. H. ROBINSON.

Almost every one has some aspiration or inspiration which, if followed out, will lead to some beautiful achievement. The busy housewife devises some new viand to please the fastidious taste of her lord, and it carries pleasure to other homes than her own; the modiste plans a new and pretty costume, and becomes a model in her profession; the artist paints a picture which brings himself into rivalry with the old masters; the poet writes a poem which makes his name immortal,—and each is following some bent or inclination whose yearning voice was heard from the threshold of life. The subject of this sketch may illustrate the old adage, "Poets are born, not made."

C. Jennie Clough was born in the town of Pittsfield, as were both her parents. She is the youngest daughter of the late Daniel and Mehitable (Watson) Clough, whose family consisted of three daughters and an only son. The eldest is the wife of Capt. C. S. Heath of Epsom, and is known as a local poet of no mean ability, as well as an occasional writer for the press, whose contributions are always gratefully received. The second daughter, Lizzie, married Rev. J. B. Leighton, and is now a resident of Vineland, N. J. She was considered a fine prose writer, but the earlier years of her married life were devoted to the duties incumbent upon a minister's wife, and later an invalid husband and increasing household cares prevented the free use of her pen. The name of the son and brother, D. Ansel Clough, is familiar to most New Hampshire readers, although he has been dead nearly twenty years. Possessed of fine artistic talent and an all-absorbing love for the beautiful, combined with fine conceptions and marked powers of execution, he was fast making for himself an envied name in the world of art, when ill health compelled him to lay aside pencil and brush, and, shortly after, an early death blighted the fond hopes of his admiring friends. One of his earlier paintings, a picture of Major Sturtevant, may now be seen in the Doric hall of the state house.

Mr. Daniel Clough purchased a farm in Epsom, somewhere in the forties, and Mrs. Swaine's earliest recollections



C. Jennie Savine

of home are of an old brown house on a lovely hill in "New Rye." Her love for early associations is very marked and tender, and the poem in the May number of the GRANITE MONTHLY is a very loving tribute to the old country farm house where her childhood and youth were passed. As a scholar Jennie Clough was quick to memorize, and took a deep interest in all studies relating to nature or art, but she loved best to sit amid the birds and flowers, with some rude attempt of song in her hand, usually written upon a picked-up scrap of brown paper. At the age of sixteen she commenced teaching, dividing her time for several years between teaching and attending the old academy at Pembroke. Her compositions in school were considered superior, and she was encouraged to write by her teachers and friends.

About this time she commenced to write for the *Morning Star*, a religious paper then published at Dover, under the signature of "C. J." She has continued to contribute to this paper, and the publishers say of her,—“Mrs. Swaine has been for many years one of our best-known contributors. Her verses show true susceptibility to fine impressions, and some of them have been a real pleasure. One cannot read her productions without feeling that there is a true and deep meaning in all her singing.”

In 1863 she was married to Charles G. Swaine of Barrington, a prominent citizen and a man of sterling worth. Their only child, D. Loren Swaine, graduated at Pembroke Academy in 1887. He married Angie E., only daughter of Moses D. Page, Esq., of Dover, with whom the young couple at present reside. He has the passionate love for music which his mother has for poetry, and his talent as a violinist is of a fine order. His wife is an accomplished vocalist and pianist, and their services are much solicited and enjoyed in the best circles.

For several years after her marriage Mrs. Swaine devoted herself to the literary and religious interests of Barrington, writing largely for social and literary entertainments, with occasional productions for several of the leading papers. Living on a large farm, she had little time from household duties and the religious and benevolent work which, in a quiet way, she delighted most to do. “If I have anything to do,” says Mrs. Swaine, “and every one has

that, my work is among the lowly, those whom others pass by." In all charities she believes in following the Bible injunction,—“Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth.”

The death of Mrs. Swaine's brother, to whom she was devotedly attached, preyed so heavily upon her mind that her physicians advised her to take up her pen as a diversion, which she gladly did, and since that time she has written extensively for various publications. Her own sorrows have made her deeply sympathetic with the afflicted, and as a memorialist she has endeared herself to many hearts. She is in sympathy with the sentiments of Odd Fellowship, and, for her brother's sake as well as her own, she has written much both for Odd Fellows and Rebekahs. Her work is nearly all of an impromptu nature, written while about her work or while riding or walking amid the beautiful scenery which surrounds her home. She may often be seen in the early morning before the cares of the day commence, or at evening when the labors of the day are over, busily writing upon her little flower-adorned veranda.

She has written many stories and sketches of places and individuals, usually under a *nom de plume*, or without a signature. Her odd moments are spent, at the present time, upon a story entitled “Lillian Lyle; or, The Enchanted Life.” She is also compiling a volume of poems for the press, mostly new. As a writer for the young Mrs. Swaine has been unusually successful, and the fact that she has thrice been chosen poet for large public gatherings is a sufficient proof of the esteem in which she is held by our young people. As a hymn writer for especial occasions she has done herself much credit. Though contributing to several books she has published but one, which is wholly her own, “Legends and Lilies,” lately issued by the Republican Press Association. The book was well received and is steadily growing in public favor, and that without any effort on the part of the author.

When Mrs. Swaine was once asked to contribute a sketch of her life and work for the gratification of the public, she said,—“There is nothing in my life worthy of note, nothing in my work worthy even of the commendation which it has received, and it has given me much surprise as well as pleasure that the public have been so generous with me.

In return for their generosity, should time be given me, I feel sure that I can give them far better work in the future, and ideals more to their taste and my own. I sing my humble songs for the love of singing. If they please the public, I am pleased, and more than pleased if they please the friends I love."

Of Mrs. Swaine an intimate friend says,—“ Her strongest characteristics are a deeply affectionate and sensitive nature, easily touched by a kindness, easily hurt by a wrong. Lenient with every one's faults except her own, always ready to sacrifice her own comfort and pleasure for others, to know her well is to know her worth. Her songs come from a loving and generous heart; her ideals are her own true conceptions.”

ANCIENT DWELLINGS AND TREES IN CONCORD.

BY J. W. ROBINSON.

At this time, when so many fine dwellings are being erected in our beautiful city, it may be well to briefly call the attention of our good people to some of the old landmarks in that line. There are two very antiquated dwellings situated on Clinton street, at the south end, on opposite sides of the street, which was formerly known as “ Bog Road.” The one on the south side was erected by Benjamin Abbot, maternal great-grandfather of Jeremiah Noyes, Esq., who came here from Andover, Mass. He was one of the original proprietors. They pledged themselves each to build a house within one year or to surrender their holdings and move away, and, as is generally known, every intending settler for some years afterwards was admitted to the settlement, if so lucky, by a ballot of the proprietors, after a somewhat thorough investigation into the previous character of the applicant. Thus “ Penny Cook ” was settled by a good class of people, which probably accounts for the high standing of the inhabitants of Rumford and Concord, as town and city.

It is thought that Mr. Abbot built his house during the year of 1730, and about twenty-five years after he built

the one on the north side of the road for his son. Neither of the houses has ever been enlarged or improved, though they have been kept in a fair state of preservation. Undoubtedly there is hard wood timber enough in them for several modern dwellings, though, of course, hard wood frames have not been used for many years past.

Now, as to the ancient trees, it is perfectly safe to say that out of Concord's great number of fine trees there are two as grand and beautiful elms as can be found in New Hampshire or New England, which is, of course, saying a great deal. One of these trees stands very near the house first built by Mr. Abbot. The age of the tree, large as it is, is but one half of that of the house. As there has been some question regarding the origin of the tree, I recently had an interview with Mr. Noyes (who is eighty-two years old) and learned the facts. Mr. Abbot, when leaving Andover on one of his early visits to this new country without roads, was compelled to journey on horseback and follow an Indian trail. Needing a switch to touch up "Dobbin" from time to time, he attempted to break off an elm sprout, which came out of the ground with a portion of the root; he retained it all, and brought it along. On arriving at his destination, he set it out in the ground just west of his house, or where he afterwards built it. The youngster from so far down the river thrived finely in its new home and became a noted object in the landscape. After many years the house needed new shingles, and the old ones were piled up near the tree. Some roguish boys set them on fire, which so damaged the noble tree that it was subsequently cut down. But in the meantime it had done what it could to perpetuate its race by the shedding its seeds into congenial soil, and one of its offspring is the now giant elm standing near the east end of the old house. It is eleven feet in circumference three feet above the ground, and it is estimated by good judges to contain at least seven cords of wood; but its value is in its great beauty and refreshing shade. Mr. Noyes well recollects that in his very early boyhood it was a small sprout, growing up among the currant bushes. So it must be about as old as himself. He relates that many years afterwards he sowed some of its seeds in his garden, and sent one hundred baby trees in a cigar-box to a friend in Illinois. About sixty of

them lived and are now fine, large trees, an honor to their native state.

The largest and undoubtedly the handsomest elm in this state stands near the Walker schoolhouse at the north end, on the old Samuel Coffin place, now owned by Milon D. Cummings. It is sixteen feet six inches in circumference at four feet above the ground, and at noontime it casts nearly a perfect circular shadow one hundred and twenty feet across, or three hundred and sixty feet in circumference. This tree is probably about thirty years older than the one at the south end just noted. It is said that it was set out, about the year 1782, by the brothers, Capt. Enoch and Col. John Coffin. Both trees suffered fearfully from the ravages of the canker worms, about a dozen years ago, as did nearly all of our elms and apple trees. It was thought by many people at the time that they might be fatally injured, but they have entirely recovered their youthful vigor, and are to-day growing as fast as ever during their lives. Long, long may they live and flourish to ornament the capital city and be admired by those who appreciate nature's best efforts!

AT WEBSTER'S TOMB.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

I.

He died—a nation bowed in tears;
 He passed away, yet still lives on,
 His speeches ringing in our ears,
 Like treasured words of Washington;
 And like that hero's, too, his face
 Distinctly rises into view,—
 Both mighty leaders of their race,
 Courageous, noble, just, and true!

II.

I stand before his sleeping dust
 When smiling spring is robed with flowers,—
 That idol men could safely trust,
 And muse upon his godlike powers;

Above the singing of the birds
 I seem to hear his voice again,
 The patriotic, burning words
 That swayed men as winds sway the grain.

III.

I think how Webster led the way
 In the great senate round him drawn,
 Amidst the wise in service gray,
 His eyes prophetic as the dawn ;
 That hand upraised with stately grace,
 The mind and heart intent, I see,
 The lion grandeur of the face—
 Each moment's big with destiny !

IV.

The single-hearted purpose scan
 For which he lived, stood grandly forth,
 And then thank God that such a man
 In old New England had his birth ;
 And down the avenue I stray,
 Where trees majestic now uprear,
 His own hand placed along the way,
 My pilgrimage made doubly dear.

V.

Ah ! though he died, I said, in tears,
 'Tis true that spirit liveth on ;
 His words are ringing in our ears,
 Pure as the prayer of Washington ;
 The fitting honor of his name
 Linked with the Union evermore ;
 Firm as his native mount his fame,
 That white peak seen from shore to shore.

THE STEAM INTERLUDE.—Continued.

BY FRANK WEST ROLLINS.

“Just as the two monsters, rising on the swell, seemed about to crash into each other, and when the muzzles of the guns were almost mouth to mouth, I raised my arm and the bell struck, and at the same moment I pressed the button. A mighty gush of lurid, blinding flame, a roar that sounded like the crack of doom, and the next thing I knew I was untangling myself from among a heap of struggling arms and legs on the deck. At last I managed to stand upright, and while the rest of the occupants of the tower were getting to their feet, I tried to collect my scattered senses. I was stunned and dazed, and my nose was bleeding, but at last I managed to pull myself to the opening in the conning-tower, and to my great joy saw the Destroyer at least fifty yards away, and still receding with a rolling, plunging motion. The air was filled with a vapor like thin fog, for though we used smokeless powder, the immense amount of it discharged at short range left a slight smoke. I noticed also that our relative positions had changed, for we had forged a little ahead.

“I was fearful of the effect of this terrible concussion on the crew, but in a moment the men began to pour on deck from every hatchway, and I realized that they were uninjured. No serious casualties occurred, and all felt extremely thankful for our providential escape. The dinner call, which had been long delayed, was sounded, and we gathered at the table to discuss the strange situation.

“The day waned and darkness drew on. The moon rose out of the sea, and there we lay, silently swinging on the ebon waves; no sound to break the stillness save the tinkle of the bells, the pipe of the boatswain’s whistle, or the occasional order of some petty officer. Near at hand lay the Britisher, smoke still issuing from her stacks, but no sign of life visible.

“Luckily the weather remained perfect, and for the present we had nothing to fear, though the proximity of the other vessel was a continual menace, and gave me much uneasiness, especially when darkness fell. I paced the bridge till midnight wondering how this was all to end, and seeking in vain for a solution to the perplexing prob-

lem. At last I turned in, after giving orders for a double lookout, and directions that I be called immediately if anything unusual occurred.

“When morning dawned the sun arose upon the same condition of things. No change had taken place in our relative positions, and we were apparently drifting side by side in some current. An observation revealed the fact that we were moving slowly southward. Where were we drifting and where should we bring up?

“We had given over trying to make steam, simply keeping our fires going in order that we might increase them if it seemed of any use. You will hardly believe it, but for two whole weeks we drifted in this manner, the distances varying, but we were never more than a mile or two apart. The weather remained balmy and clear, and frequent visits of a social nature were exchanged between the officers of the two vessels. At these meetings and dinners the subject of our strange adventure was naturally the foremost topic of conversation, but all our reasoning and discussion brought us no nearer the mark. We were as much in the dark as ever. It seemed to be simply a question of where we should drift to, and from our position and the trend of our course it seemed likely we should bring up in the South Atlantic ocean. We were liberally supplied with food and water and were good for a number of weeks, and in the meantime we looked for something to turn up, some change in our condition which would help us out of the scrape. We were now out of the path of vessels, and no sails were sighted, although we kept a constant lookout for them. The ocean was bare and glistening day after day to the horizon’s edge.

“But at last, just as our patience was getting low, a change came. On the seventeenth of September, the twentieth day of our ocean imprisonment, about three in the morning, I was called by the officer of the deck.

“A change had taken place in the weather. I hurried on deck, and sure enough our period of calm and safety was at an end. The sky overhead was inky black, and not a star was to be seen. The wind, sweeping over the deck, made a moaning sound as it whistled around the turrets and superstructure; a difference was perceptible, too, in the motion of the ship. She no longer rode on an even

keel, but plunged slightly, and with an uneasy, jerky motion. In the distance the outline of the other man-of-war could be faintly seen. This change made me at once anxious. A storm was evidently brewing, and here we were helpless as an old dismantled hulk. No steam, no sails, no anything. What was the use of our splendid boilers, our costly machinery, our triple screws? They might as well have been at the bottom of the sea.

"A glance at the barometer showed a steady fall. A storm, and that a bad one, was at hand. I paced the deck, waiting impatiently for the dawn, but when it came it afforded no relief. The sea ran sullen and gray, while dark, ugly-looking clouds packed the heavens and frowned upon our helplessness. The force of the wind was steadily increasing, and it was now blowing half a gale. The motion of the vessel was momentarily becoming more and more noticeable as she lay in the trough of the sea. My anxiety increased with the wind, and went up as the barometer went down. The officers consulted in groups uneasily, unable to conceal their anxiety from the crew, who were watching the storm with many dark forebodings.

"As the day wore on the condition of things grew steadily worse, and when darkness fell it was upon a waste of windy, thrashing waters, upon which our great unmanageable hull was tossing and rolling like a child's toy. The Destroyer, at a distance of a couple of miles, was in as bad a plight as ourselves. We could see her as long as it was light rise to the top of a great billow and then go sinking out of sight in the abyss beyond, only to repeat the step over and over again.

"Our oil lights were hoisted as the darkness came on, but oh, how we missed our steam! for we could not use our search lights, which would have enabled us to keep the Destroyer in full view. No steam, no electricity, of course, except from small batteries, enough to keep the electric bells in action. The danger of collision in the darkness and with this frightful sea running was imminent, and we were powerless to prevent it. The two great unwieldy masses of iron and steel, with their freight of hundreds of human lives, their intricate and costly machinery, their great guns and engines of destruction, were tossing upon the enormous surges, rolling from the depths

of one abyss to the horrors of another, like sodden logs in a cataract; and if by chance they should collide, there was nothing but destruction for both. The situation was horrible. If we could have done anything, had any employment to occupy our minds and hands, we could have borne the suspense better, but we could only wait what seemed to be the inevitable result with what bravery and resignation we could command.

“The hatches were battened down, and all means of ingress to the hull sealed, in order to prevent the monstrous waves from swamping us. All the men and officers were on deck, lashed to the rail, or secured in some way. The wind, which was now blowing the most terrible gale it was ever my misfortune to witness, howled and roared as it swept great volumes of water from the tops of the waves to be driven in hail across the deck. To breathe was difficult; to speak or see impossible. Mountains of water were constantly pouring over the deck, sweeping everything before them. Nothing movable was left; our boats had been either carried away, or smashed at the davits early in the storm.

“Every time we rushed down one of these great declivities into the seething caldron lashing below to receive us, I closed my eyes, never expecting to see the light again, but after what seemed minutes of terrible struggle and labor, the noble vessel rose once more above the waves and again began the dizzy climb, only to repeat the sickening plunge.

“This had been going on for hours, each moment the storm increasing in violence, and I had given up all hopes of saving the vessel or our lives. I was momentarily in expectation of seeing the iron ram of our consort plunging at us. Suddenly, in the midst of the howling black storm, I noticed a streak of vivid forked lightning, and this first flash was followed by another and another, all seeming to start and radiate from a point directly overhead in the heavens, and to spread out like the spokes of a wheel from the hub, while the crash of thunder which accompanied it was like the explosion of thousands of pounds of dynamite.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

ASA LOCKE DREW.

“Every time and day must have had its earnest workers, its faithful few.” To these the world owes its progress. A very little act, a quaint saying, or an eccentricity, may immortalize a soldier or a statesman. Many are brought into prominence by what might be considered accidental good luck. The world is full, however, of unwritten history of men who worked and died in the harness, who in one generation are forgotten except by a small circle of friends or acquaintances, who live over the past in memory’s sweetest thought, but do no more to immortalize the faithful who lived in their day. This is especially true of the followers and teachers of any branch of art in our country. Among, and we may say foremost in his day of the devoted and faithful music teachers of the past, we find the subject of our sketch, Asa Locke Drew, who was born in the town of Barnstead, April 13, 1820. From his early childhood to the age of seventeen we know little of him, except that he was devotedly attached to music, and destined to be counted among its most ardent exemplars. When a mere boy he began the study of band music and instruments with that celebrated band teacher, Alonzo Bond, who was there teaching and conducting the Boscawen Brass Band. It may sound a little strange to our present generation to hear that old Boscawen, which at the present day, as you pass by in the cars, has, as in the past fifteen years, the appearance of a Rip Van Winkle sleep, should at one time have boasted, and that justly, of the best military band in Merrimack county, if not in the state. Such was the case, however, and Asa L. Drew was its boy member. He became proficient in his manipulations of the clarinet and keyed bugle, for cornets were not used then. After leaving Bond he studied with the famous Ned Kendall of Boston. During this time he also was a most thorough student in the practice of piano and organ, and was quite young when he accepted his first position as church organist. He was engaged at nearly all the churches in Concord and vicinity during his lifetime, and maintained his position

a long time after fatal disease had fastened upon him, and only when death looked him squarely in the face did he surrender. As a piano teacher he was thorough, comprehensive, and what would be considered severe. Mistakes of the slightest nature were never overlooked. The pupil must obey and understand, even if the entire lesson of one hour was devoted to one measure. Mr. Drew possessed that faithfulness in his nature that when disease had lain hold upon him to such an extent that he could no longer walk to the piano, he was helped into his chair, and with that same firm, yet kind nature, would dictate to his pupils; and even after taking his bed he wondered why his pupils did not come to him. His saying to his wife was, when remonstrated with for working in such feeble health, "When my pupils are gone, I am gone," and such was the case, as he took to his bed only three weeks before he died, from consumption, February 13, 1870.

Mr. Drew married Mary Frances Hosmer of Boscawen in 1854. Only one child was born to them—a daughter—Clara West Drew; born March 27, 1862. She inherited her father's love and taste for the piano. She began her studies when only four years of age, and made her first appearance, when scarcely six years of age, at the State Musical Festival in Concord, receiving a gold medal for her wonderful performance of Beethoven's Concerto in G major. After her father gave up his work he, unbeknown to the family, made arrangements with the well-known Carlisle Petersilea of Boston for the continuation of her studies. She afterwards studied piano with Felix Schelling of Philadelphia, and harmony with the late Dr. Guilmette. She now lives in New York, engaged as an orchestral conductor for theatre and opera. She inherits her father's firmness of character, and is a thorn in the side of the orchestral performer who dares be negligent, or lacks proficiency. She understands instrumentation, and is, so far as we have any knowledge, the only American lady orchestral director and arranger in this country.

It is proposed in the future to publish, as frequently as possible, in this department, sketches of the native-born musicians of New Hampshire, both those who lived and died in our state, and those who have gone into more pro-

lific and congenial fields. New Hampshire has done much in a musical way, and has sent a larger number into the world engaged in a musical life than one would think without a thorough investigation. There is much of interest to be said of them, and much which ought to stimulate the present generation to more active service and better results.

NOTES.

C. S. Conant, teacher of music in the public schools of Concord, and choirmaster of the South Congregational Church, goes to Minnesota and takes in the World's Fair during his vacation.

F. A. Straw and wife are engaged at the Senter House, Centre Harbor, for the season.

Manchester has another very promising violinist in the person of Master Cook, a ten-year-old son of W. B. Cook, violinist in Eastman's orchestra. He already accepts concert engagements, and delights all who attend his concerts.

The September number of the GRANITE MONTHLY will contain a review of the fourth annual meeting of the New Hampshire music teachers, at the Weirs, July 24-28.

Bandmaster A. F. Nevers accepted a week's engagement with the Boston (Baldwin's) Cadet Band during its annual encampment at South Framingham.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

DR. HENRY M. FRENCH.

Henry Minot French, a prominent physician of Concord for several years, and also well known in musical circles, died at Manchester June 13, 1893, after a long and painful illness. He was a son of the late Dr. Leonard French of Manchester, born in Ashby, Mass., April 1, 1853, and removed with his parents to Manchester when eight years of age. His preliminary education was gained in the Manchester public schools, and he graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1876. He pursued the study of medicine with his father and older brother, graduated from Dartmouth Medical College in 1878, continued his studies in New York University and Bellevue Hospital,

and in 1879 was appointed assistant physician in Kings County Hospital, at Flatbush, L. I. Returning to New Hampshire, he was appointed assistant physician at the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane in Concord, and in the autumn following opened an office and engaged in general practice in the same city. In 1883 he was made physician at the state prison, and held the position four years. He was a skilful practitioner, and an expert in certain lines, and was often called to testify in such capacity in court. He was a fine musician, gifted with a bass voice of great power and compass, and was a member and director of the Unitarian choir in Concord for several years, and later of the South Congregational choir.

On account of failing health he retired from practice two years ago, returning to his father's home in Manchester. He was unmarried, and is survived by one brother, Dr. L. Melville French of Manchester.

ALFRED C. CHENEY.

Alfred Constantine Cheney, born in Groton, N. H., April 15, 1838, died at Lake George, N. Y., July 13, 1893. He left home in early youth, going to New York city, where he first secured employment as an office boy in a large dry goods establishment, gradually securing promotion until he became well known in the business. Subsequently he became interested in the towing business on the Hudson, and was president of the Cheney Towing Company. He afterwards engaged in banking, and was made one of the directors of the Garfield National Bank on its organization, in 1881, and in 1884 became president of the institution, which position he held at the time of his death, which occurred after an illness of some months, although a fatal termination was not generally expected. He was an active promoter of the Nicaragua Canal Company, and was the first president of the Nacaraguay Canal Construction Company, in which office he was succeeded by Warner Miller, the present incumbent. He was a Republican in politics, an active partisan, and treasurer of the New York Republican State Committee in the last gubernatorial campaign in that state. He served in a New York regiment in the war for the Union, and was a member of Lafayette Post, G. A. R., of New York city.

HON. BOLIVAR LOVELL.

Bolivar Lovell, born at the village of Drewsville, in Walpole, August 30, 1826, died in his native village June 10, 1893.

He was the son of Aldis Lovell, a lawyer of local repute, and in early youth engaged as a clerk in the mercantile house of Craven & Hartwell at Providence, R. I. In 1845 he returned home and commenced the study of law in his father's office, continuing with Hon. Frederick Vose of Walpole, but in 1847 he accepted the position of deputy sheriff, which he held for several years till 1855, when he was made sheriff of Cheshire county, continuing for ten years. In 1862 he was appointed United States assessor of internal revenue for the third congressional district, serving till 1870, when, having been in the meantime admitted to the bar, he commenced the practice of law at Alstead, but ten years later removed his residence to Drewsville. He was an active Republican in politics, held various town offices in Alstead and Walpole, representing the former town in the legislature, and was a member of the executive council in 1873-4.

HON. CHARLES A. FOSS.

Charles A. Foss, born in Barrington December 18, 1814, died in that town June 29, 1893.

He was educated at Gilmanton Academy, and was a prominent figure in public life in Barrington, and active in political affairs for half a century. He was one of the organizers of the Republican party in New Hampshire, and served in the state legislature in 1855 and 1856, and had also been moderator for nearly forty years consecutively. He was a member of the executive council in 1875 and 1876. By occupation he was a farmer, and was successful in his calling.

EDWARD H. SPAULDING.

Edward H. Spaulding, born in Wilton March 12, 1825, died there June 20, 1893.

During the greater portion of his active life, Mr. Spaulding was a resident of Nashua, where he was prominent in public and business affairs, especially in banking and railroading. He was instrumental in the organization of

the First National Bank and the City Savings Bank of Nashua, and was the leading spirit in the movement for the organization and construction of the Nashua & Acton railroad, an enterprise which, though under a cloud for a season, now promises to be an important factor in the future prosperity of the city. In politics he was a Republican, and at one time represented ward eight, Nashua, in the state legislature. He took great interest in historical matters, particularly such as pertained to his own state, and had one of the most complete collections of New Hampshire publications to be found anywhere in the state. For the last few years of his life he had been in failing health, and lived in retirement on the old homestead at Wilton. He is survived by a widow and three children.

THE WINE OF MAY AND OTHER LYRICS.*

This book, a New Hampshire publication, the product of the talent of a New Hampshire author, suggests a profitable reflection. Among the large number of metrical scribblers of the present day there are some poets. Prof. Fred Lewis Pattee, the principal of Coe's Academy, in Northwood, is a poet in the etymological sense of the term, he being literally a "maker," or one who sets forth original, imaginative ideals in both meter and prose. Author of "The Wine of May and Other Lyrics," he has exhibited both poetry and scholarship in pleasant companionship. Without any effort at pretentious display, he has compiled and arranged a collection of the gems of his genius in a peculiarly happy manner. The work comprises a number of divisions, made with reference to the subjects of composition. A collection of "Pastels" presents a number of poems in prose that exhibit delicacy of taste and beauty of diction. The volume is a very dainty one, expressing the excellent mechanical skill of the Republican Press Association. In its entirety, the book is a credit to the constructive mind and hand of the Granite State, attesting the immanence of industrial virtue in our present local generation.

C. C. L.

* The Wine of May and Other Lyrics. By Fred Lewis Pattee. 12 mo., cloth, gilt-edged; pp. 87. Concord, N. H.: Republican Press Association, Railroad Square. 1893.



Mr. J. Tucker.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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PRESIDENT TUCKER AND THE NEW DARTMOUTH.

BY HARRY B. METCALF.

In the rapid onset of American life, which demands more imperatively every hour the best mental equipment to maintain its restless progression, advanced education is coming to be regarded as a necessity, rather than a luxury. Although the public schools are broadening their field of instruction, and technical institutes are springing up to meet the modern requirement for specialization, our colleges and universities are summoned to meet a constantly growing demand for the blessings they bestow. Their response is a multiplication of pecuniary aids to students, a broadening and increase of courses, and a modernizing of the old methods of instruction.

With the millions of money which philanthropy is annually bestowing upon them, these institutions represent a tremendous force in our national life; and with their growth in influence and power they demand in their administration the best and ablest manhood our country can supply. The presidency of an American college demands in its incumbency not only broad scholarship, thorough culture, and a personality whose impress is the stamp of character, but that industry, energy, force, and foresight which constitute the highest executive ability. All these qualifications are united in the person of the new president of Dartmouth College.

WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER was born at Griswold, Conn., July 13, 1839. He fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy, that faithful handmaid of Dartmouth, and entered the latter institution in 1857, graduating with high honors in 1861. He spent the two following years

in teaching, at Laconia and Columbus, Ohio, and entered the Theological Seminary at Andover in 1863, completing the course three years later.

Dr. Tucker's first pastorate, which he accepted the year following his graduation, was over the Franklin Street Church at Manchester. Here he remained until 1876, establishing for himself, in the meanwhile, a reputation as an earnest and brilliant preacher, and well earning the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which was bestowed by his alma mater in 1875. In 1876 he accepted a call to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church of New York city. A four years' pastorate there completed his active service in the pulpit, for, in 1880, he assumed the professorship of Homiletics at Andover. It is as a theological instructor that the influence of William J. Tucker has been most broadly felt, for to him, perhaps more than to any other, is due that liberality in religious teaching that has made the Andover school such a living force in the theological world. During his term of service at Andover, which continued until May 1st of the present year, he contributed many valuable papers to the *Andover Review*, of which he was an editor, lectured on Homiletics at Harvard, inaugurated the socialistic movement of which the Andover House in Boston has illustrated the value and success, and delivered many addresses from platform and pulpit, which have marked him as a leader among the thinkers of the age. His Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, in June, 1892, "From Liberty to Unity," which created so profound an impression upon the philosophy of the day, well illustrates that depth of thought and breadth of view which characterizes his contributions to the ethical literature of the times.

In 1876, upon the death of Asa Dodge Smith, the trustees of Dartmouth offered to Dr. Tucker the presidency of the college. He was then a young man, and his valuable service in the ministry was being rewarded by the prospect of still greater achievement in the future. He deemed it unwise, therefore, to accept the charge which was offered him, and the vacancy was filled by the election of Dr. Bartlett. In 1878, however, upon recommendation of the alumni, he was elected a member of the board of trustees, and he has served the college continu-

ously in that capacity ever since, doing valuable work upon some of the most important committees of the board.

Upon the resignation of President Bartlett, in the spring of 1892, the trustees of the college, by a unanimous vote, again elected Dr. Tucker to the presidency, hoping that he would at this time view his duty in a different light. Impressed with the importance of his work at Andover, however, he again declined the position, in a letter strongly characterized by sincerity and singleness of purpose. Great was the regret of all friends of the college, who recognized in him ideal qualifications for the administration of the office.

The trustees were now left in darkness. Realizing their great responsibility, they determined to make haste slowly in filling the vacant presidency, and elected Prof. John K. Lord temporary president. The right man for the place failing to appear, and the impatience of the alumni being on the increase as the last college year advanced, earnest demands were made upon Dr. Tucker to reconsider his declination. It was evident that some action must soon be taken for the welfare of the college, and the eminent divine responded to the call of duty. Loyalty to his alma mater commanded his service in the hour of her need, and he accepted the presidency of the college when tendered for the third time, in February last. Resigning his professorship at Andover, May 1, he spent the two following months in preparing for his inauguration, which occurred on Wednesday of Commencement week, June 28, with impressive ceremonies in the college church.

The friends of the new president and of the college are warranted in the belief that he will make a model executive. He brings to the service of Dartmouth the vigor of a strong manhood, a reputation for broad scholarship and progressive thought, and a determination to improve to the utmost the grand opportunities that lie before him. As a guide and instructor of youth he has ideal qualifications. Of keen perception, generous impulses, and noble bearing, accessible at all times, he will command the confidence and co-operation of the student-body, a fact that will count for much in the well-being of the college.

His inaugural address, in which he reviewed in a mas-

terly manner the educational progress and system of the country and the history of Dartmouth, foreshadows a broad and liberal policy of up-building consistent at all times with that homogeneity which is the essential characteristic of a college. And he will be aided in his work by larger resources than the institution has heretofore commanded. The Butterfield bequest of nearly \$200,000, received this year, and the Wentworth estate of \$500,000, which has recently become available, together with other bequests made during the year, have increased the total trust funds of the college to \$1,054,162.48, which is invested in sound securities. As a result of this increase in endowment and the progressive spirit which is entering into the government of the college, the immediate future will witness a vast improvement in the material equipment of the institution. The new Butterfield building, to cost at least \$30,000, is to be built at once; plans are being drawn up for a new chemical laboratory. Culler hall, now the property of the college through the generosity of the state, is to be renovated and remodeled as a recitation hall; old Dartmouth hall will either be entirely modernized or give place to a new dormitory; and other buildings are being projected, which, erected upon a harmonious plan, are to complete a series of college buildings which will meet every requirement and supply every convenience. A system of water-works, upon which rapid progress is now being made, will probably be in operation before the close of the year.

The granting of trustee representation to the alumni, as a result of which the government of the college is controlled by its graduates in greater measure than is the case, probably, in any other institution of its kind in New England, has aroused an interest and quickened a loyalty that is now responsive to every need of the college. Although the influence of the alumni is being felt in every direction, it is more particularly in the interests of athletics that their best efforts are now being made. They have fitted up one of the best athletic fields in the country, at an expense of \$15,000, and will at once devote a like sum to a complete renovation of the gymnasium. The time has now come when physical development in our colleges is rightfully placed on the same plane as mental

training; and the new Dartmouth is bound to be unsurpassed in this important department. President Tucker, in his inaugural address, expressed in the following words his views upon this point: "Athletics have a rightful place in the modern college. They represent a discipline, a culture, an enthusiasm which are a part of the college life. Let a wise and generous provision be made to this intent, not as a concession, not as a means to some ulterior end, but in recognition of one of the varied elements which go to make up the training and the culture of the college-bred man." The government of the college athletics is now directed by a board of management made up of alumni and undergraduates, the wisdom of which arrangement is manifest.

Beginning with the coming college year, Dartmouth will offer three parallel courses—the classical, the Latin-scientific, and the Chandler-scientific, the Chandler school having been united with the college, and also an engineering term of five years, covering the scientific and Thayer departments, which is the best in its line that the country affords. This new arrangement is accompanied by a widened range of elective study, the creation of chairs in sociology, history, biology, and physical culture, and the establishment of a system of fellowships which will grant the means of advanced study to deserving students. These are some of the initial results in a movement which is to enable New Hampshire's old college to fully adapt itself to the needs of the new educational era, and equip its sons for effective service in the great epoch that is opening for humanity.

Dartmouth is the college of northern New England. Her family is gathered largely from the hillsides and valleys that produce the sturdiest of American stock. Beyond the bounds of her legitimate domain she does not seek to extend her blessings; but to those who naturally turn to her for the armor of education she presents a shining shield. It is not in the names of her Websters and Choates that her greatest glory lies, but in that humbler success that has attended her sons in every field of human effort, and proven the value of her training. With the grandeur of her future opportunity accords the measure of present responsibility. The auspices are bright, and there is every

reason to believe that the new administration will give an added glory to the reputation of our New Hampshire college, whose lustre has remained undimmed from the day when Eleazer Wheelock, in the wilderness, blazed the way of intellectual progress.

SUNSET MEETIN'-HOUSE.

BY C. JENNIE SWAINE.

The meetin'-house is very fine,
 The parson's words are splendid,
 But still I miss the blessed tone
 That once with sermons blended ;
 I long to hear the loud amens
 That through the pews resounded,
 When on the board behind the desk
 Some strong appeal was sounded.

I go to meetin' when I can
 And listen to the preachin',
 But still for exhortation time
 My hungry soul keeps reachin' ;
 "I wish the last amen was said,"
 Somehow I keep repeatin',
 Longin' to hear Aunt Patience Priest
 Git up and talk in meetin'.

If sometimes I had caught a nap,
 When parson's leaves were turnin',
 I waked when Sister Priest got up,
 Whose gift was more than learnin' ;
 She let her green silk clash fall back,
 Her pale, sweet face disclosin',
 And, list'nin' to her heavenly talk,
 I thought no more of dozin'.

But when the choir got up to sing,
 Each one his own time beatin',
 I thought Aunt Patience's daughter Faith
 Just made complete the meetin' ;
 Her small white hand, in downward beat,
 Fell tremblin' on the railin',
 When, lookin' up, she caught my eyes,
 Her fair face flashin', palin'.

Ah ! many years has mother Priest
 Slept 'neath the churchyard roses,
 And, with her babe upon her breast,
 Beside her Faith reposes ;
 My name upon the headstone is,
 I plant the flowers above her,
 And, as upon our weddin' morn,
 At eventime I love her.

Perhaps across a Christian's mind
 Such thoughts should not be flittin',
 When sanctuary droppin's fall
 Upon me where I'm sittin' ;
 But let who will take up the time,
 And if awake or sleepin',
 My soul draws nearer to the Lord
 While such sweet memories keepin'.

I come to sunset meetin'-house
 With every Sunday mornin',
 But cannot tell what fangles new
 Make up your church adornin' ;
 I only know that Faith and me
 Sit there beside each other,
 And wait for exhortation time
 And the sweet talk of mother.

AT THE SHERBORN REFORMATORY.

BY GRACE BLANCHARD.

[Mrs. Ellen (Cheney) Johnson, the superintendent referred to below, and the only female warden in the world, says, "I am sorry I am not a New Hampshire woman. I only lived there through my girlhood." Her family moved from Massachusetts to Weare when she was very young. Later, she came to Concord for music lessons, boarding at the old Phenix hotel, and singing in the Unitarian Church choir. She married Mr. Johnson, a Boston merchant. Widowed and childless, she took up the work glanced at in these notes. She is always asked to give her views before the national conventions of prison reformers, and New Hampshire should hasten to put her name on its honor roll. In the Anthropological building at the World's Fair, Mrs.

Johnson has, by means of costumed dolls, photographs, products, &c., admirably illustrated "her girls" and their industries. For a fuller account of her success at Sherborn, see *The New England Magazine* for March, 1893.—G. B.]

When are women wickedest? Before they are thirty-one years old, say the statistics of the Women's Prison at Sherborn, Mass. Ah, then, we shall see behind its ivy-covered brick walls that saddest of sights—hundreds of depraved young women! But at the portal stands a figure which we at once feel is a bulwark against crime—a woman, commanding in face and form. The superintendent? Yes, though that is a cold name to apply to one who comforts while she controls, and who, though employed by the state to punish the offence, is God's helper to lift the offender.

She leads the way down one of the prison corridors, saying, "In these rooms, on the right and left, the new cases are detained until we can see where they better be put permanently;" and, looking in, we see that the rooms are no more desolate than those in a tip-top house on a mountain summit, and, as Mrs. Livermore says, put to shame the quarters where Miss Lizzie Borden was confined. Next, the superintendent unlocks a door, and we step over our first prison threshold. A great room, a flood of sunshine, rows of tiny cots, and a score of babies. At sight of the superintendent they roll and toddle and tumble towards her, crowing with delight. Into her big lap she takes each one for a frolic, making the dread keys into playthings. These tots are depraved if ever children were; their mothers are serving sentences in another wing of the building, but here at least they are clean and well and happy. The half dozen women in charge of this nursery are convicts, too. The superintendent once cured hostility between two prisoners by interesting them both in the care of an orphan bossy; and what divine healing must descend when these convict nurses pull together with the noble young woman physician to save a croupy child.

As we go on to the next hall, the superintendent stops suddenly, beckons a young woman, and gives the pleasant order,—“Bring a basket of pears, and follow me.” As the girl departs, the superintendent asks,—“Did you notice her collar and breast-pin? That means that she has earned, by good behavior, the right to wear those feminine adorn-

ments. Her ribbon-badge is that of our temperance society, and the one stripe in her blue gingham shows she is in our best class of inmates. The only uniform I have imposed is this gingham dress, but according to the class a woman is in, her gown is barred off with one, two, three, or four blue stripes. And see (opening the dining-room doors), I give these chipped dishes to the fourth class, and keep not only an extra article of food but better plates for those who are getting to be women again. There is something left in almost every one of my girls that responds to such treatment. Why, one of my hardest cases glowered sullenly at me at first, when I stopped daily at her door with a 'Good morning,' but when curiosity at last made her ask what I did that for, and I told her I never made a longer call unless I was offered a chair and welcome, she gave me both, as woman to woman. Thank you (to the girl with the pears), now to the work-room."

This was fitted with tables and sewing-machines, at which sat a hundred prisoners making shirts. The industry brings in over eight thousand dollars income—for this institution is remarkable in making with one hand what it has to spend with the other; yet its great object is to forestall Satan in the employment of idle hands. The superintendent takes her place by the desk, at which sits a supervising matron, and, with hardly a word or gesture, indicates her will, and the women rise and fall into line, and file past to receive from her hand the seldom-tasted fruit. In the laundry the scene is repeated. Here, at tables so large as to hold an open table-cloth, and allow several to iron on it at once, stand dozens of women, who speak to one another any necessary word concerning their work, and have a smile ready to give for the pear. An experiment in raising silk worms has given some of the prisoners a diversion, a great henhouse makes the question of breeds and lays a common interest, while light farm work gives healthy occupation.

The next place to visit is the schoolroom, where we arrive barely in time to see the fifty or more pupils handing in their books and slates for the day. Old, gray-headed sinner, just closing your primer, will you have time for so much evil plotting now that you have been taught to read and write? The first sermon to prisoners was preached

under protection to the preacher of a loaded cannon. Now, behold, the chaplain of this nineteenth century prison holds day and evening school and prayer-meeting! In the chapel all texts of wrath have been taken from the walls. Hymnals and books of a circulating library are here, a picture of Jesus and the little ones who came unto Him, and in the place of honor has been hung a great painting of Christ and the repentant woman, and carved on the frame are His words,—“Go and sin no more.”

As we walk towards the stable to take the carriage for the station, we are beckoned to a paddock where stands a superb black bull. The superintendent lays her head and arm on his neck, giving the petting that has been his since she took the motherless animal to bring up. What a power over brute natures this woman has! Indeed, it was into her hands that Jesse Pomeroy put the bag of tools with which he had been meaning to make good his escape.

As we drive away one thought is prominent that was not so when we came. It is a reformatory prison for women which we have been visiting. That is its official title, and it is reformatory in spirit as well as letter. Convicts break out from their cells? Not at Sherborn. There are a dozen conflicting theories of prison government—but here is Sherborn, a blessed fact. A writer in a recent *Forum* says humane treatment has increased criminality. Would not Sherborn persuade even him that Elizabeth Frye was right in claiming that women should superintend women? Wesley was forbidden to preach in jails, “Lest we should make the prisoners wicked, forsooth,” but to-day there is at Rome a normal school for the training of prison officials.

Each of the fifty state prisons in the United States may have its own good and sufficient way of throwing out a lifeline, but certainly at Sherborn the grand old commonwealth, by joining hands with its prison commissioners and the superintendent and her corps of assistants, forms a human lifeline to rescue the hundreds who have stepped off the shore of womanhood into the quicksands of vice.

RAMBLES ABOUT A COUNTRY TOWN.

RAMBLE NUMBER LII.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

“It seems that you take a pleasure in these walks, sir.”—*Massinger*.

For our ramble this morning we will walk up to the north village schoolhouse. This suburban institution of learning stands at what is locally yclept the “Four Corners.” One road runs straight east and west. In the right-hand corner stands a white-painted schoolhouse, which took the place of the old yellow structure in 1858. The land it occupies was taken originally from the farm of E. W. Sargent. Back in the boyhood of those who are now passing off the stage the schoolhouse stood farther east, in the field across the road, nearly opposite the Gideon D. Wheeler house. While it stood there a bear one day walked through the open door and entered the schoolroom unannounced. There was a speedy exit of teacher and pupils, and a hastening by the country lads after firearms. But Bruin did not prove such a dangerous visitor after all. He was a trained bear, and his master arriving upon the spot, the scholars were treated to a bear dance upon the green, which quite repaid them for their fright and the loss of some of their dinner. This incident is placed about the year 1812.

We take the right-hand road, the one that leads west, up the hill. This is a portion of the old north village road, which extended from Isaac Elliott’s, now the C. M. Keyser place, to Bradshaw Ordway’s, where John Ordway now resides. It was nearly a straight street and just a mile long. The cluster of houses on this road constituted the former north village, which also included two or three other dwellings lower down on the old road towards W. W. Davis’s, where there are only cellars now, and also Wells Davis and his mills at the Pratt place, and Isaac Dalton and his tannery at the Levi O. Colby place. Ela’s bridge and the present highway up by Major Davis’s and Sylvanus Harriman’s were not thought of at that time, but the river was crossed a little below the present railroad station, and the highway wound up over the hill by W. W. Davis’s,

where the boys drive the cows, and came out a few rods east of C. M. Keyser's house.

I used to wonder, when a boy, why this little rural street was ever called the north village. I suppose the term must have been used antiphrastically, for it was south rather than north from the centre village, which I believed to be the hub of the town. But this idea was altogether erroneous. If my readers will drive up the almost deserted Gould road and out by the "Kiah Corner" to A. N. Gage's, and count the ruined cellars, some twelve or thirteen, they will see what a populous, bustling street that must have been a century ago. It was the inhabitants of this south road who gave the name to this settlement on the north road. The name has always "stuck."

There are deserted cellars on this north street. As I go through the hollow leading to Dalton hill, I cross a rude plank bridge over Silver brook. This is a famous trout stream, and when a boy I have caught strings worth mentioning—great, handsome fellows that would weigh a pound apiece—in those deep pools. The brook chatters on, "over stony ways, in little sharps and trebles," with that old song made familiar by Tennyson,—

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

But the big speckled beauties are not there any longer, only small fish that scarcely repays the angler for his trouble. At your right hand, beyond the brook, is a little field of an acre and a half. It is now a portion of Mrs. Ruth Sargent's estate, but in the early part of the century this lot and the pasture to the northwest belonged to Timothy Flanders, one of the eight sons of Zebulon Flanders, an early settler. Flanders worked for a number of years in a clothing-mill at Plainfield, and later he travelled over the country selling "Yankee Notions." Hence he was familiarly known among his neighbors as "Peddler Tim." Sometime in 1812 Timothy Flanders bought this land of Daniel Morrill, built a small house over a little roughly-stoned cellar, and brought home his bride, Rhoda, the daughter and eldest child of Jacob and Miriam (Stevens) Osgood. She was not yet sixteen years of age, her husband being nearly twice as old. They had children, accord-

ing to the town records, as follows: Almira, born August 12, 1813; Rhoda, June 26, 1815; George Washington, September 26, 1817; Isaiah H., January 26, 1825; Hannah, February, 25, 1827; Noah Osgood, 1834, and Livona, 1837.

Two years after the birth of his last child Timothy Flanders committed suicide by hanging. The deed was committed in what is now Mrs. Sargent's cow pasture, and the beech tree from whose limbs he swung himself into eternity was felled for firewood several years ago by the writer's own hands. The widow lived here a few years longer, and finally went to reside with one of her children, when the little, low, unpainted structure was taken down and removed by Webster Barnard, who put it up as the ell of his cottage, which stood in the garden just below the present residence of Sylvanus Harriman. Only the old foundation and the depression where the cellar was remain to tell us of the former home where so many memories cluster. The acre-lot was always known in my early days as the "Rhody field," from Mrs. Flanders, and only within a year or two I have heard it thus designated by one of the older residents.

On the opposite side of the highway is a lot covered with a thrifty second growth. When I was a boy this was open ground and a part of the mowing- and tillage-land of Benjamin F. Flanders, who lived in the red house on the Henniker road now occupied by his son-in-law, David C. Harriman. I have seen the stout herdsgrass lay in swarths as large as windrows on the very ground now covered with a thick growth of wood. In the upper part of this former field, and under the very shadow of the two large pines that grow close to the roadside, is another obliterated cellar. Here, too, was a home in the olden time; here a family gathered around the Lares and Penates; here life began; here it celebrated its heyday festivals, and here it went out accompanied by all the solemn adjuncts of death.

We must obliterate the growth of trees, the old stone wall now standing in front of the spot, and restore an expanse of lawn, as we recall the past, on that spot. We shall then have the old yard as it must have been in former times. On this spot, somewhere near the beginning of the

century, probably not later than 1804, Daniel Morrill reared his domicile and established his home. He was a son of Zebulon Morrill, who settled on the Matthew D. Annis place, in Joppa, and lived there many years. The latter's eldest son, Samuel, followed his father on the same place, but Daniel purchased a lot in the north village, which he proceeded to clear, and where he built this house as we have just stated. The barn stood on the high ground farther to the west, and its foundations and the old walled barnyard are still visible. Cherry trees, the descendants of those set out by the settler, still bloom and bear their fruit as constant as the seasons. He married Elizabeth Kelley of Fryeburg, Maine, a niece of Rev. Wm. Kelley, the first settled minister of Warner, and one or two of his large family of children must have been born here.

Daniel Morrill was the father of Zebulon, Asa, Eliza, Samuel, William K., Daniel K., and John. Daniel K. is the only one living to-day. His residence is in Boston. Daniel, senior, sold this place, in 1811, to Cyrus Watson, and moved down to what is now the main village, where he built the house now occupied by the Jeffers family. After living there a number of years he sold to Daniel Young and went up and built the house on the plain where his son, Wm. K., resided for many years, now owned by Mrs. Seba Morrill. Daniel Morrill died about 1843, aged 65 years.

Cyrus Watson was also a Joppa man by birth, a son of Jonathan and a grandson of Dea. Parmenas Watson, an early settler of the town, who lived near where George Henry Clark now resides. Watson resided here until 1814, when he sold to his brother-in-law, Benjamin F. Flanders, who moved down from the little red house on the hill, now occupied by W. H. Davis. Mr. Watson subsequently carried on blacksmithing at the centre. He was usually called Capt. Watson, having been an officer in the old state militia for many years.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

CONTOOCCOOK RIVER PARK.

BY C. W. SARGENT.

The opening of this ideal park to the public by the officials of the Concord Street Railway has been one of the pleasant happenings of the summer of 1893. Formerly the cars stopped in Washington square, Penacook, that being the northern terminus of the railway. Now, taking a car at the south end of Main street, near the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, the extreme southern terminus of the railway, and passing many points of interest in Concord, West Concord and Penacook, passengers are landed in the park directly opposite the old "Borough Dam," having enjoyed a ride of about fifty minutes, one that is delightful, and always gratifying to our visitors. On the car is a lady from Bangor, Me. Looking awhile at the different views along the route, she enthusiastically remarks,— "Oh! this is beautiful!" Nor was she alone in her expressions of delight and admiration. But the car stops in the grove near a pavilion on one side and a beautiful stream of water falling over the dam on the other, with scenery wildly beautiful on both sides of the river. We are in a natural park—in one of nature's sanitariums. Dense woods and open clearings commingle in views above the dam, while below it is the river's rocky bed, from which bluffs of jagged rock rise fully fifty feet high.

Here, then, is a summer resort of nature's own arranging. Reaching back from the bluffs on the park side of the river to the track is an uncleared forest containing almost every species in the catalogue of New England's forest trees, all happily blended. Several yellow pines, near the highest bluff, stand straight as needles, and without a branch on their trunks for upwards of sixty feet.

The dam is at the "Great Pitch," so called by the Indians, and was built about forty years ago; it holds in reserve the water of the Contoocook for several miles, thus adding to the park one of its most charming attractions.

Contoocook River Park consists of about twenty-six acres, all enclosed by a substantial fence, the direct entrance being at the gate on the east side, on the railway. Near the gate and next to the river, on the north

side of the track, is the largest as well as the coolest and most densely shaded grove of the various ones that form the park. In it ten thousand people can easily be accommodated. On the south side of the track is the highest point. It is partly cleared, and a liberty-pole rising seventy-five feet above the ground has been erected on its summit, from which "Old Glory" is displayed. Near this hill, and towards the southern boundary of the park, is a cleared field, seemingly arranged by nature for a lawn tennis court or a croquet ground, being perfectly level, shaded on both sides, and is about four hundred feet long by sixty feet wide,—just the place for children.

The grove, already fitted up for the public, is amply provided with seats, has plenty of movable tables, swings, water tanks, pavilion, café, boathouse and landing, and other conveniences, with electric lights for evening parties. All the buildings but the boathouse were erected under the supervision of Mr. George W. Abbott of Penacook, and are a credit to the park as well as to his workmanship.

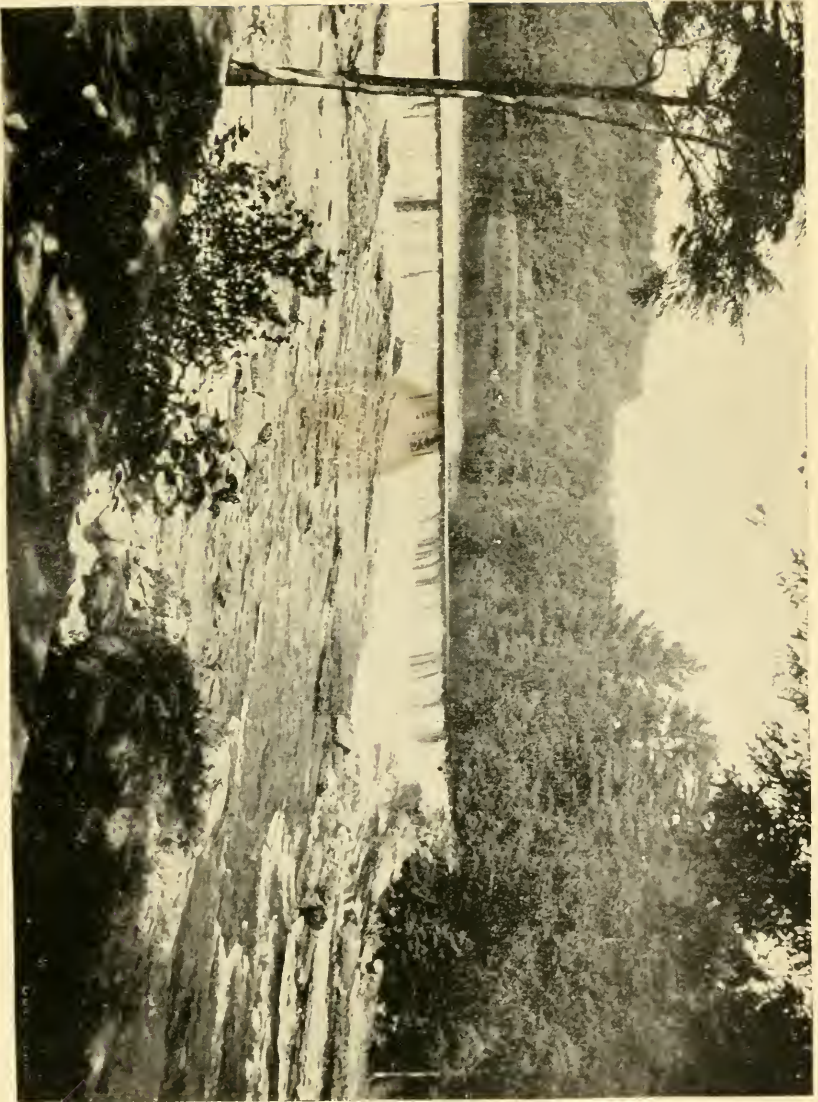
Under the direction of Park Superintendent Phillips improvements are constantly being made. As to the future of the park what has already been done is a sufficient guaranty that its popularity will not wane. No more desirable resort for a day's outing, nor one so easy of access to the people of Concord, or even to parties from abroad, can be found in the central portion of New Hampshire. Every foot of the twenty-six acres of the park has something interesting to present us, and we pass out of the gate satisfied that "a day at the park" gives restfulness, health, and pleasurable memories.

The parties first suggesting the advantages of this picturesque "vacation land" are among the solid men of Concord. Paul R. Holden and Adam P. Holden have long been connected with the woolen mills at West Concord. When a location for a park, such as could be of use to the public and easily reached by the cars of the street railway, was in demand, these gentlemen came forward with the claims of the river park; and, at their invitation, Mr. John H. Albin, the genial president of the Concord Street Railway Company, was induced to visit the location. He was so



CONTOCOOK RIVER PARK—PAVILION AND BOAT LANDING.

CONTOOCOOK RIVER PARK—VIEW OF THE FALLS.





favorably impressed with its natural attractions that he at once brought the matter to the attention of the directors of the corporation, and measures were taken to secure the property. Several purchases were made, the last one this present year, and now the public can long enjoy Contoocook River Park.

A day at the park is not complete if the boat ride on the Contoocook river is omitted, for the scenery above the dam on the river is exceedingly beautiful. The Contoocook River Steamboat Company, Hon. John Whittaker of Penacook, manager, have steamers and row boats in readiness for parties. Mr. Whittaker takes a great interest in the development of the park property, insisting on keeping it in as natural a condition as possible, and is working in perfect accord with the railway corporation. For thirty years he has been a lumberman on the Contoocook, but this has been his first season of running passenger steamers. His thorough acquaintance with every crook and turn of the river and every rock and tree on his route is why he is the man for the place. Taking his seat at the wheel, the boat moves under his guidance, first northwest, then west, south, west, so that in going and returning nearly every point of the compass is touched. We soon pass Pulpit rock, and enter Broad cove. Here our jolly captain stops at a landing, and invites his passengers to inspect "Whittaker's Park," and quench their thirst at the spring. Leaving the spring we ascend Ike Walton's stairway to the grove above, where a fine view of the Contoocook river on its northeast course is obtained. Then, "all aboard" for the "Borough Dam." The trip down the river is equally as delightful. One member of the party is an active four-year-old, who at last becomes quiet on the deck, leaving his mother in the cabin. Her caution to "sit still" obtains the reply that "she was in the boat, and the boat won't drown;" it proved correct, for we are again in the park, in time for the homeward car.

"Nothing like this in Rhode Island," says the lady from that state; we add, "Nothing like it in New England." It seems as if the steamer were moving through the fields and woods instead of on the river. Soon after leaving the landing Horse hill comes in sight, and from the deck of the steamer it is a delightful view. Horse hill was the first

clearing made by the early settlers, and here they pastured their horses. That is why the hill has its present name. Passing Horse hill, Putney hill, in Hopkinton, next comes in view, and various other familiar localities. Nearly the entire south bank of the river from the dam to the cove has trees or shrubbery growing to the water's edge, while several farm houses are pleasantly located near the river's banks. And although we spent the day in going about thirteen miles from our starting-point, the pleasant discovery is that we have enjoyed it all within the limits of the territory of the capital city.

THE GRANTEES OF CLAREMONT.

BY C. B. SPOFFORD.

[CONTINUED.]

No. 43. REV. LEMUEL HEDGE, Warwick, Mass., was the first settled minister of that town, being ordained there in 1760. His rights in Claremont were purchased, March 4, 1766, by Col. Samuel Ashley, for two shillings.

No. 44. REV. CLEMENT SUMNER, Keene, was born in Hebron, Conn., July 15, 1731, being the fifth child of Dr. William and Hannah (Hunt) Sumner. (His father removed, in 1767, to Claremont, and died there March 4, 1778; his wife died April 2, 1781. The family consisted of eleven children, of whom the ninth was Col. Benjamin Sumner, born Feb. 5, 1737; removed to Claremont in 1767, and died May 9, 1815. The tenth was Elizabeth, born May 22, 1749; married Joseph Taylor, of Cornish, The eleventh, Sarah, born May 22, 1749, married Timothy Grannis, one of the early settlers of the town.) Clement Sumner graduated at Yale in 1758, and on March 16, 1761, was given a call, at a salary of thirty-five pounds sterling and his firewood, with an annual increase of one pound ten shillings, until fifteen pounds were added, to preach for the Congregational church of Keene. He was ordained July 11, 1761, and continued to serve them until 1772, when the people became dissatisfied, and he was dismissed by a vote of the town and his own consent. He never became a settled minister afterwards, but preached

in Thetford, Vt., and other places, from 1773 to 1777. He afterwards removed to Swanzey, and became a Universalist preacher. He was a grantee of several townships, among them Shrewsbury, Vt., in which place his right was sold at public vendue for two pounds eleven shillings. Like several others of his family he was not in sympathy with the American cause during the Revolution, and, in 1777, was, with others, fined forty shillings for misdemeanors towards the state, "that is, utterances disparaging to the American cause" [page 593, Vol. VIII, State Papers, and page 314, Vol. XII]. He was father of twelve children, six of whom were born in Keene, one in Thetford, and four in Swanzey. He died, in Keene, March 29, 1795. The right was sold to Col. Willard, and later to Mr. Grannis.

No. 45. ABEL WILLARD, of Winchester, a brother of Col. Josiah, to whom he sold the right. He was born January 12, 1731-2, and died in London, Eng., November 19, 1789. His wife died in Boston.

No. 46. MICHAEL METCALF, of Keene, was a lieutenant in Col. Ashley's regiment, and as such was present at the battle of Bennington, where he was killed. He was a grantee of the town of Reading, Vt., as well. The right in Claremont was sold to Col. Willard, and by his estate to Mr. Grannis.

No. 47. EPHRAIM DORMAN, of Keene, one of the first settlers of that place, his name being mentioned as early as 1738. In 1740 he, with thirty-eight others, drew lots of ten acres each, provided that they built houses thereon before 1742 [page 19, Annals of Keene]. In 1753 he was one of the proprietors of the town under the New Hampshire charter, and at the first meeting, held in May of that year, Dorman was voted eight dollars for going to Portsmouth and securing the charter. Died in Keene, May 7, 1795, aged 85 years.

No. 48. JOSEPH LORD, of Putney, Vt., and Westmoreland, N. H., was a direct descendant from Robert of Ipswich. Joseph was born about 1704, and graduated from Harvard in 1726. He was one of the first

five settlers of Athol, Mass., in September, 1735, and was for many years the leading man of the place, being the first preacher, magistrate, clerk, treasurer, surveyor, and tax collector. In 1755 Col. Hinsdale paid him three pounds six shillings ten pence for preaching four Sabbaths at Hinsdale. In 1759 he removed to Putney, Vt., and later to Westmoreland, N. H. Died Dec. 7, 1778. His right was sold to Samuel Ashley, July 16, 1765, for two shillings.

No. 49. WILLIAM WILLARD, Westminster, Vt. This right was sold to Samuel Ashley, for two shillings, on July 17, 1765. Willard died in 1804, aged 83.

No. 50. JEREMIAH POWERS, Grafton, Mass., was also a grantee of Rindge. He sold his right to Amos York, in 1767, who became one of the first settlers, and he in turn sold one half to Benjamin Brooks, Dec. 15, 1767.

No. 51. JOHN ARMES, of Deerfield, Mass., and Brattleboro, Vt., was born April 30, 1722. He settled in the latter place on the "Fairbanks Moore Farm," where for many years he kept a famous tavern, and which was the resort of Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys. He was killed by a kick from a horse, March 6, 1770. He was also a grantee of Swanzey, in 1753. Married, in December, 1743, Susannah, daughter of Col. Josiah Willard, who died March 8, 1793, aged 73.

No. 52. DAVID FIELD was born Jan. 4, 1712. He lived in Deerfield, Mass., where he was engaged in the fur trade. He was colonel of the northern Hampshire county regiment, but resigned, in 1778, on account of his age. In May, 1778, he was a delegate to the Provincial Congress at Cambridge, and in 1779-80 a member of the constitutional convention. The latter part of his life was one of poverty, and most of his possessions passed into other hands. He married, in 1741, Thankful, daughter of Thomas Taylor, and probably widow of Oliver Doolittle. There are two traditions regarding this marriage: one, that she married Field; the other, that she married Doolittle, and soon became a widow. David Field died April 19, 1792. His wife died March 26, 1803. The share in Claremont was sold, July 19, 1765, to Samuel Ashley, for two shillings.

WISDOM IN FABLES.

BY C. C. LORD.

[Written after perusing Bulfinch's "Age of Fable" in company with
two friends.]

Bright friends, we love the days when thought
 Revolved creation's sights and sounds,
 Nor pledged its faith to sense, that wounds
Pure, sweet imagination, wrought

In mythic tales that charm the ear,
 Where'er we list those legends old,
 That in these later days are told
And told, to ever seem more dear.

Proud science, pushing for the van
 Of privilege, peers round and tells
 Of facts that break the magic spells
That haunt the captive soul of man

That leans on myths. Its aim is just.
 Let knowledge free the craven mind
 Of superstition, cramped, confined
In chains that gall while grooved with rust!

Yet we refuse to count as dumb
 The counsels of the hoary past,
 Or make life's contemplation vast
The measure of the time to come.

In pride we own a lore sublime,
 That out of deep conviction springs—
 The earnest of the soul of things—
That far outweighs mere thought of time,

And holds all treasures old as new,
 And new as old, nor wastes a gleam
 Of wisdom in an ancient dream
Of things conceived, not seen, yet true.

Hence our delight expands. We see
 The secret of the mighty soul
 Of ages that on ages roll
Come forth, to live for you and me.

THE STEAM INTERLUDE.—Concluded.

BY FRANK WEST ROLLINS.

“As soon as I could bear the lurid light I looked around for the Destroyer, and to my horror saw her apparently right above us on the crest of a huge mountain-like wave, and just toppling over to come crashing down upon us, for we were in the vortex below. This sight, which froze my blood, was seen by all at the same moment, and above the shriek of the storm I heard the hoarse, agonized cries of the men. I watched her with sickened heart, as she came plunging like a meteor at us, her great steel ram aiming as true as though directed by human hands, while the faces of her men and officers could be distinctly seen on the deck. Just as I thought the blow was to strike, I closed my eyes, murmuring a prayer, but, though I waited several moments, the blow did not fall. Opening my eyes fearfully, to my joy I found that a wave as big as the one down which our fearful antagonist was darting had borne us out of harm’s way, at least for the moment. A faint cheer rang out over the waste of waters, and we breathed again.

“The lightning still continued, and the picture it revealed was horrible to contemplate. Not a soul who witnessed that frightful spectacle of the elements, lashed to blind, ungovernable fury, ever expected to see light of day again. We could catch glimpses of the Destroyer, plunging and rolling, off on our starboard quarter. The air was filled with electricity; blue electric flames ran along the metallic rails, jumped from gun to gun, and glimmered in ghastly radiance on binnacle and crosshead, while round globes, like lanterns, surmounted the signal masts; electric shocks kept running through my body, and my hair stood fairly on end with horror and electricity combined; my fingers tingled; my eyeballs seemed bulging from my head, and my teeth chattered. Another minute of it would have turned every soul on board into a corpse, but it ceased as suddenly as it began, and as the last flash occurred a strange change took place. The deep, dark gloom which followed the intense brilliancy of the electric storm began to lift, and a pale yellow light, like dawn, broke over the awful tumult. I looked at my watch and found it was only one o’clock, so that it could not be sunrise.

“ This light gradually became stronger, turning from pale yellow to deep orange, and illuminated the sea till it was as bright as noonday, but it was not as the light of the sun. Everything wore a strange tint of deepest orange, an uncanny tinge, while the heavens were shot with bands of deep purple running transversely. Many of the men were on their knees praying, and I must confess the events of the past few days were enough to justify a man in believing that the end of the world was at hand. As this light strengthened the hurricane abated, and the sea went down. The great mountains of water were smoothed as by magic, and in less than ten minutes there was not enough air stirring to blow out a candle, and the ship was riding as gently as though in harbor. This sudden change, from the most awful tumult and raging storm imaginable to absolute quiet and peace, was indescribable ; words cannot paint it. This was perhaps the most miraculous circumstance of this eventful voyage. That a gale of such ferocity should have entirely disappeared in ten minutes was remarkable enough, but that a sea which would ordinarily have lasted for days should have become as a mill pond in the same length of time, indicated something supernatural, or, at least, a departure from the established and known laws of nature.

“ But a few brief moments since our vessel was climbing mountains with lightning rapidity and falling off their summits into yawning caldrons of death, while a hurricane strong enough to blow a man’s teeth down his throat howled around us, and darkness that could be felt enveloped us. Now we rode gently and softly on a calm, placid, summer sea, while the air around us bore the deep orange tint of an autumnal sunset. A short mile away lay our companion of so many vicissitudes, and but for her broken davits and battered appearance you would have thought she had just come to anchor. I gazed upon this scene in stupid amazement, for you must remember that by the clock it was still in the middle of the night. I had not dared to clear away the lashings which held me, for fear that this was only a temporary lull to be followed by something more terrific ; but as minute after minute passed and nothing occurred to disturb the serenity of the scene, I finally cast myself adrift, and the other officers, doing likewise, gathered around me awestruck and weak from fear.

The crew cowered under the bulwarks with ashen faces, and were even more frightened than they had been during the storm. We were all eagerly discussing the strange phenomena, and wondering what would happen next, when the bell from the engine-room rang. It startled me as, in our unstrung condition, the least thing was magnified. I stepped to the tube and answered the call.

“What is it?”

“‘She is making steam.’”

“Hurrah! I cried, forgetting myself for the moment. She is making steam. And without more ado we all hurried to the engine-room, where we found the engineers eagerly watching the dial of the steam gauge. Sure enough, the indicator, which for so many days had hung disconsolate at zero, was slowly but steadily crawling round the dial. The engineers were jubilant, and I never felt such a sense of relief in my life. With my engines working I did not fear anything natural, though I must confess that I had cultivated a very healthy fear of the supernatural. I knew that a few minutes would give us control of the ship again.

“When did you first notice the change? I asked the chief engineer.

“‘At just three bells. I had just looked at the clock and then glanced at the gauge, more from habit than anything else, and my heart fairly stood still when I saw the indicator vibrating.’”

“Have her fired to her full capacity and put on forced draft, Mr. Sproul, and start the engines the moment there is steam enough. There’s no knowing what may be coming next.

“‘Aye, aye, sir.’”

“‘The Destroyer signals that her boilers are making steam, sir,’ reported a cadet at this moment.

“Signal back that ours, too, have started up.

“Would wonders never cease! The Britisher’s engines stopped simultaneously with ours, and now the minute our boilers begin to make steam hers also resume their work. These facts, taken together with the miraculous and supernatural scenes we had just been witnesses to, left no doubt in our mind that the cause of the trouble was totally unconnected with our boilers or engines, and due to some occult

circumstance entirely beyond our knowledge. But whatever the cause, it had evidently ceased to influence us, and the boilers had resumed their normal action. In less than half an hour the tremor of the vessel announced that the screw was in motion, and we once more had control of the noble vessel. You can imagine the feeling of relief I experienced when the man at the wheel threw her over and brought her head to the course. It was like coming to life after having passed beyond the gates.

“The British steamer soon forged up within hailing distance, and we concluded, as we were both bound round the Horn, to keep within signalling distance in case of emergency. We congratulated ourselves and each other on our escape from what seemed certain death, and then, giving the signal, we both moved ahead on our course.

“During all this time the strange orange light had continued, though the purple bands across the sky had gradually paled away and disappeared. The illumination was now giving way to the light of day, and it was with a feeling of relief that we saw the sun rise from its ocean bed and displace the awesome and spectral refulgence. It seemed as though things had at last got back to their normal condition and natural laws were re-established.

“The rest of our voyage was uneventful, but when we touched at Valparaiso, full of our experiences, and expecting to electrify the civilized world, we were not only disconcerted but dumbfounded to learn that we had been playing but an infinitesimal part in a great drama which had had the world for its stage, all the inhabitants thereof for actors, and perhaps the peoples of other planets for spectators.

“You have read in your history at school, my boy, how, on the 29th day of August, 1905, in every part of the world, water ceased to make steam, and how this strange event was preceded by certain peculiar conditions of the atmosphere and heavens, and in some sections by violent and terrible earthquakes, which destroyed even many of the mammoth buildings in New York city; and how this state of things lasted for twenty days, when, after great electrical storms such as I have described, and which were common over the whole world, the ban seemed to be removed, and steam, the great motive-power, once more revived.

“You have read what disasters, what sufferings, and

what trouble it caused. How vessels were lost at sea with thousands of lives; how trains were stranded in every corner of the world, leaving the passengers to get to their destinations as best they could; how all the great factories were stopped and millions of people thrown out of employment; how our cities, which depended on electricity generated by steam, were left in darkness; how families were separated, business prostrated, marriages prevented, the dead buried without the presence of loved ones; how bread rose to a dollar a pound and all other necessities of life in proportion; how the streets were filled with people begging for food; how mobs of rioters attacked the great cities; how horses became worth fabulous prices; and how, in fact, for the space of twenty days the world was in chaos,—and all because when you put a kettle on the stove steam refused to come out of the spout.”

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

N. H. MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The fourth annual meeting of the N. H. Music Teachers' Association, held at the Weirs, July 24-28, was in every way a success. This is a very pleasing fact, inasmuch as the financial depression of the country and the World's Fair were considered sufficient reason to expect a light attendance. This was, indeed, the first meeting which paid for itself, and to those who are interested the future of the association seems bright and full of promise. The chorus was not so large as in past years, but was made up of excellent material.

The music attempted, as a rule, required less serious study than usual. This, in connection with a more willing spirit, which was manifest throughout among the singers, gave a more finished performance than hitherto, and was a source of pleasure to all concerned.

The piano recital of Tuesday forenoon, by Master Harry C. Whittemore and Miss Mary Chandler of Manchester, both pupils of Mr. E. T. Baldwin, was interesting, and gave evidence of great natural ability, particularly so in

Master Whittemore. The method, thoroughness, and scholarly manner which characterized the performance of the entire programme places Mr. Baldwin at the head of the piano-forte teachers of New Hampshire.

The afternoon concert by local talent gave pleasure to a good audience, and was a credit to all concerned. Where so many appear it is impossible to particularize, even had we the desire to do so, and we leave the simple "well done," which must apply to all.

The vocal and piano-forte recital of Wednesday forenoon, by Miss Helen B. Wright and Miss Nellie C. Dean of Boston, was very entertaining. The efforts of both were noted for delicacy and refinement. In the voice of Miss Wright we find much to please and praise. She possesses the breadth of style which should soon place her at the front as an oratorio singer. The "Seven Centuries of English Song," as illustrated by Prof. Louis C. Elson of Boston, held the profound attention of the audience, and was a masterly recital of musical history. Rev. Arthur W. Jenks gave an interesting and instructive talk on "Building a Sonata."

On Thursday afternoon the first concert by the orchestra and soloists was given. The orchestra was in excellent form and did splendid work throughout the week. Miss Mary E. Montgomery, soprano, of Portsmouth, Miss Jennie F. Woodward of Lowell, Miss Eva Merrill of Laconia, both contraltos, and Mr. Everett L. Hill of Boston, tenor, rendered the vocal assistance at the concert. The efforts of all were eminently satisfactory and worthy of much praise. Miss Montgomery is the happy possessor of a remarkably pure soprano voice, capable of the most perfect results in the line of oratorio and concert work. We wish she might see fit to give her whole time to this work.

At the evening concert appeared Miss Bessie Hamlin, soprano, of Boston, the Oberon Ladies' Quartette of Laconia,—Mrs. O. M. Prescott, first soprano, Miss Minnie Woodhouse, second soprano, Mrs. C. K. Sanborn, first alto, Mrs. Eben Hoyt, second alto,—and Mrs. Harriet R. Morgan, soprano, late of New York, now of Pike's Station. Miss Hamlin was the same pleasant, faithful artist as ever. The Oberon Ladies' Quartette did very fine work, their voices blending perfectly, singing in good style. In fact,

they were an agreeable surprise. We are indeed happy to speak words of praise for Mrs. Morgan. She always does well, and affords delight. To be faithful to our convictions we must suggest that she look more to the dramatic thought in music. With more vigor, with a better appreciation of the climaxes, she would round out her truly fine voice, and take rank among those at the front.

On Friday, Mr. E. W. Pearson of Nashua, teacher of music in the schools of that city, gave a practical talk on the subject of teaching music in the public schools. We wish every teacher could have enjoyed the modest, candid, yet pointed talk on this subject. We most positively believe in Mr. Pearson and his methods; indeed, we see no other way for a successful culmination of this all-important work. We sincerely hope that Nashua will retain Mr. Pearson in his present position, for surely, in the end, not only will that city see and feel the power of his argument, but the whole state will be benefited.

The piano-forte lecture recital, by Edward Baxter Perry of Boston, in the afternoon, was indeed an hour with the soul of music. The poetry of music was beautifully portrayed. In this man, who is bereft of his sight, we have a living picture of musical purity, while no one will ever forget the moments spent with him in the dreamland of music.

The evening concert brought to a close a very happy week for the music-lover; but, while we find much to commend, let us not forget that there is much that is deplorable. One fact which we feel called upon to mention is the comparatively few chorus singers in our state and the numerous solo singers, or supposed soloists. There seems to be a sort of a disease which claims as its victims those who once stand before an audience with "fear and trembling," and manage to get through a simple song or ballad, so that, from that time on, they are too good to engage in ensemble work, but occupy seats in the audience and criticise their superiors, scowl at beautiful harmonies because they are too ignorant to know what is right, and retire with an air of "let the poor creatures work, I was once only a chorus singer myself." What good are such persons to the cause? What have they done and what are they doing to advance the art in our land?

Rev. Dr. Waterman has made a faithful president, and we are to be made happy by another year of his reign. Mr. E. M. Temple was, as ever, the friend of all laboring to bring about results which will in the end benefit the state. Conscientious and excellent work was done by Miss Ada M. Aspinwall and Miss Anna L. Melendy, as accompanists for soloists and chorus.

In closing, let us urge all interested to send in early their money for membership tickets for 1894, to Miss Anna L. Melendy, Nashua, N. H.

NOTES.

Mrs. E. A. Hibbard of Laconia was early at her post, and remained faithful to the end. Such exemplification of true devotion to the cause is worthy of imitation, and is a good object-lesson for the coming generations.

Mrs. Charles Bingham, pianist and teacher of music in the public schools at Littleton, was in attendance at the meeting. Mrs. Bingham is a born musician, a conscientious teacher, and a willing worker in the chorus. She could pose as a soloist, take seats with the curious, and look wise, but she is not that kind of a musician. Her best efforts are put forward at every proper time and place to advance the cause and educate the masses.

It is a singular fact that clergymen, as a rule, show very little interest in the meetings of the N. H. Music Teachers' Association. Only one church this year was represented by its clergy—that of the Episcopal denomination. This is a wrong state of affairs. Vocal music should particularly interest clergymen of all denominations, for a choir should be considered as necessary to the worship of God as the minister; and in no way can the proper style of choir singing be so fully and completely demonstrated and developed as by chorus work.

SULLIVAN MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The seventeenth annual festival of the Sullivan County Musical Association was held at Newport, August 7-11. The chorus numbered about one hundred and fifty voices, was well balanced, and did excellent work. The works presented were selections from Gounod's *Redemption*, Erl

King's Daughter, by Gade, and numbers from the Index. The soloists were Miss Hamlin, Miss Lillian Carl Smith, Mr. Ricketson, D. M. Babcock, and Clarence E. Hay. The orchestra of nine pieces were in part from members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Martha Dana Shepard presided at the piano, and Carl Zerrahn was conductor. The attendance was good, and the local press asserts that in a musical point of view the festival excelled any ever before held by the association. It was voted to hold another festival next year.

CLAREMONT FESTIVAL.

As this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY is sent out, the ninth annual festival of the Western N. H. Music Association opens at Claremont, with Dr. H. R. Palmer of New York as conductor, Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, accompanist, and the noted Mary Howe-Lavin as the soprano soloist, Ella Cleveland Fenderson of Boston, contralto, William Lavin, tenor, and Ivan Morawski, basso. The Tremont Quartette and Boston Symphony Orchestra also appear.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

PROF. GEORGE H. WHITE.

George H. White, professor of ancient languages in Oberlin College, who died July 7, at Cleveland, from the result of a surgical operation, although not a native of New Hampshire, passed his youth in this state, and his mother now resides in Goffstown. He was the oldest son of George A. and Mary A. (Chandler) White, born in Lawrence, Mass., May 2, 1848, removing with his parents to Francestown at the age of ten years. He fitted for college at Francestown Academy, then under charge of Prof. Frank G. Clarke, now an eminent clergyman of New York, graduated from Amherst in 1870, and remained at that college, as a tutor in Latin, for three years, when he resigned to take charge of Hopkins Academy, at Hadley, Mass. In 1876 he accepted the professorship of ancient languages and the principalship of the preparatory department at Oberlin, which he held till his death. November

30, 1875, he married Miss Laura J. Billings of South Deerfield, Mass., by whom he is survived, with three children,—a son and two daughters.

HON. OLIVER C. FISHER.

Oliver C. Fisher, born in Deering August 2, 1809, died in Newton, Mass., August 4, 1893.

In early life he removed to Henniker, where he was engaged in mercantile business for many years. Subsequently he was commissioner of insurance for the state of New Hampshire, and assistant assessor of internal revenue. He was prominent in Free Masonry, and was grand lecturer of the grand lodge of New Hampshire five years, from 1870, two years deputy grand master, and one year, in 1875, grand master of the grand council. He married, in 1836, Miss Eliza E. Campbell of Henniker, by whom he is survived, with four sons and two daughters. He removed to Newton, Mass., in 1872.

C. HOWARD KIMBALL.

C. Howard Kimball, a well-known journalist, died at Manchester, Sunday, August 6. He was a native of Amesbury, Mass., born May 18, 1857, but removed to Manchester, with his parents, in childhood. He graduated from the Manchester High School in 1870, after which he studied French and German under private tutors. From 1876 to 1887 he conducted the *Grafton County Journal*, at Plymouth, after which time he was employed in different capacities upon Manchester papers. He is survived by a widow and four children.

HON. ROBERT M. FOSS.

Robert M. Foss, son of John Foss, and grandson of Joshua Foss, first proprietor of the mill privilege at Bow Pond in Strafford, died while on a visit in Dover, July 28.

He was born in Barrington, now Strafford, May 7, 1814. In early manhood he removed, with his brothers, to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and subsequently to Chicago, where he carried, in 1843, the first wood-planing machine ever taken west of the Alleghany mountains. He became prominent in business and in politics in Chicago, was one

of the founders of the Republican party in Illinois, was chairman of the finance committee of the municipal government when "Long John" Wentworth was mayor of Chicago, and was actively instrumental in the election of Gen. John A. Logan to the United States senate. A few years since he married Miss Emma Nealley of Dover, who survives him.

HON. JOSIAH S. HOBBS.

Josiah S. Hobbs, born in Chatham June 27, 1828, died at Augusta, Me., August 2, 1893.

His parents removed to Fryeburg, Me., in his childhood, where he attended school, and also the Liberal Institute at Norway. He studied law in the office of Hon. D. R. Hastings of Fryeburg, and was admitted to the bar in 1853. He located in practice in Waterford, Me., in 1855, and in 1857 and 1858 represented that town in the legislature. In 1860 he was elected register of probate for the county of Oxford, and removed to Paris, where he held the office for twelve years. In 1872 he was appointed state librarian by Governor Perham, and removed to Augusta, serving the state in that capacity continuously till 1890, with the exception of three years. In 1858 he married Emma, daughter of Stevens Smith of Waterford, by whom he is survived.

DR. RALPH BUGBEE.

Ralph Bugbee, M. D., born in Waterford, Vt., December 20, 1821, died at Littleton July 25, 1893.

Dr. Bugbee had been in active and successful practice in the town of Littleton for thirty-six years, and was particularly skilful as a surgeon. He came of a family of physicians, his father and two brothers also being members of the medical profession. He graduated from the medical school at Castleton, Vt., in 1845, and practiced in his native town nine years and in Franconia three years before locating in Littleton. He leaves a wife, a son, George, also a physician, and a daughter, Mary, now Mrs. Blake of New York.



E. G. Wallace

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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EBENEZER G. WALLACE.

BY H. H. METCALF.

It is one of the characteristics of our American republic that, under the benign influence of its free institutions, the young man of humble birth, without the advantages of wealth and position, may readily make his way to the front rank in public and professional life, or in the no less important field of industrial enterprise, if it so be that he is endowed with the ambition, energy, and perseverance essential to success in any department of human effort. It is an undeniable fact, moreover, that the man who, himself reared in the sphere of common toil, establishes and develops any legitimate business enterprise which furnishes remunerative employment to large numbers of his fellow-men, becomes no less a public benefactor than he who by his labors furthers the cause of educational progress, broadens the field of scientific investigation, establishes a charitable institution, or liberalizes and improves the methods and policies of government. Especially is this the case when a just regard for the interests and welfare of the employé characterizes the management of the enterprise in question. Such a man, it may safely be said, was the subject of this sketch, who, in company with his brother, Edwin Wallace, built up in the town of Rochester, now one of New Hampshire's thriving cities, a great manufacturing establishment which has for years given reliable employment to hundreds of men, and has been the leading factor in the prosperity of the place, and who, after a brief illness, departed this life on the 23d day of August last.

EBENEZER G. WALLACE was born January 5, 1823, in the town of Berwick, Maine. His father, Rev. Lindsey

Wallace, was a local preacher of the Methodist faith, who went to Berwick, from Littleton in this state, in early life, and there married Abigail Gowell, who had inherited from her father a portion of a large farm, upon which they settled. In addition to preaching at various points in the surrounding country, attending funerals and answering other calls, which returned little or no pecuniary reward, Lindsey Wallace acted quite extensively as a local magistrate, and, there being no lawyer in the vicinity, wrote various legal documents, such as deeds, wills, etc., by which the meagre income of the farm was supplemented to some extent.

When about seventeen years of age Ebenezer G. Wallace became an apprentice at the trade of tanner and currier, in the employ of Oliver Hill of Berwick, whose tannery was about two miles from his home. Here he patiently and conscientiously devoted himself to his work, laboring through the long days, and a portion of the year until nine o'clock at night, at forty dollars per year and board, and also working holidays and extra hours, as opportunity offered, so that at the close of his apprenticeship he had saved over a hundred dollars. At this time he strongly realized the necessity for a better education than he had been able to secure through the limited advantages of the common school, and, in company with his brother Edwin, he entered Phillips Academy at Exeter, where they remained three years, earning the money to meet their expenses by working at their trade in the tannery of Captain Fernald of Exeter, which they secured at a nominal rent, where they spent their time mornings and evenings, through the vacations and such days as the school was not in session, tanning calf skins and other small stock, yet at the same time keeping abreast with the best students in their class in their studies, and completing the college preparatory course with honor.

After completing his studies at Exeter, he abandoned the purpose, at one time entertained, of pursuing a college course, and, having developed a decided liking for business, went to Rochester, where he commenced tanning in a small way on his own account in the establishment of Horne & Hall, working also part of the time by the day for that firm, and also to some extent for another tanner in

the same town. Subsequently he also engaged with a partner in a job of finishing leather for John N. Furber at his tannery in Farmington, where he was occupied at the time the news of the discovery of gold in California was received, in January, 1849. He immediately formed the determination to go to California in case the news was confirmed, and, such being the result, in the early part of February following, having in the meantime disposed of his tanning interests to his brother Edwin, who had been engaged in teaching since leaving Exeter, he joined a Boston organization known as the Bay State Company, containing over one hundred and forty members, formed with the idea of proceeding together to California, living and working in common, and sharing equally the profits of the enterprise. This idea was abandoned, however, and the company broken up into small squads before the overland journey to the land of gold was half completed, and when the objective point was reached there was still further division, so that the original company was scattered all over the mining regions. Mr. Wallace engaged in mining, generally with one companion, and was fairly successful during his three years' stay in California, saving more than any other member of the original company, who had pursued mining alone, with a single exception. Some who had gone into other business had made more, while the majority had saved nothing.

He returned home in February, 1852, and in May of the following year was united in marriage with Miss Sarah E. Greenfield of Rochester. After a short residence in Concord he returned to Rochester, and formed a copartnership with his brother, under the firm name of E. G. & E. Wallace, purchasing the tannery of Warren & Richards, and continuing a constantly developing business for nearly forty years.

Shortly after the outbreak of the late war, in 1861, failing to dispose satisfactorily of a large amount of leather on hand, the firm concluded to add a shoe manufacturing department to its business, and work up its accumulated stock in that way. The venture proved successful, and the business grew from year to year till it became, as stated in the outset, one of the most extensive in the state and the chief source of prosperity in the town of Rochester,

employing altogether some seven hundred men, at a monthly pay-roll of twenty thousand dollars.

Mr. Wallace was characterized by great industry and intense application to business. It was his invariable custom to reach the office at 6:15 in the morning, before the arrival of any of his employés, and he was the last to leave at night. He never felt that he could take a vacation, but, in 1874, at the urgent solicitation of his family and friends, he revisited California, for relaxation and inspiration amid the scenes of his successful labor in 1849-52.

He was interested in various corporate enterprises outside his regular business, and was a director in the Great Falls & Conway Railroad for several years, and until its absorption by the Boston & Maine. He was for some time a director in the Page Belting Company of Concord, and also in the Great Falls Manufacturing Company; but, owing to a defect of hearing coming on in the latter part of his life, resigned these positions.

Though an earnest Republican in politics, he had no ambition for public life, but served his town and the state efficiently in the legislature for two terms, in 1867 and 1868, being both years a member of the railroad committee of the house, and chairman of the committee on retrenchment and reform the latter year.

He is survived by his wife and five children—Albert, Sumner, Carrie H., Annie, and Josephine. The two sons will undoubtedly continue in the business as he left it, and on the same lines. Carrie Helen is the wife of Charles E. Hussey, now superintendent of schools at Wakefield and Reading, Mass., and Josephine is the wife of Dr. R. V. Sweet of Rochester.

SITTING ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY WALTER MERTON HAZELTINE.

I.

Sitting alone in the twilight of years and twilight of day,
Watching the sun in the heavens sinking and hiding away,
Watching the western hilltops, resplendent, glow with the
gold
Mist of the evening, as the air-shades, fold on fold,

Thicken the dim growing landscape, plain, valley and hill,
Till the very echo of silence, grown sweeter, paused and
was still.

II.

Sitting alone in the twilight of years and twilight of day,
I caught a sound like the music of a heavenly fountain at
play ;
Raising my trembling fingers over my heart of hearts,
I tried to sing, but the jar, as when suddenly parts
The strings of a mighty organ, shook my trembling frame,
And the heart which throbbed was broken, now only a heart
in name.

III.

The music passed in the distance, no longer the fountain
played,
And pressing my hand to my bosom idly my fingers strayed,
Unthinking, restless, and weary over my heart grown
weak,
And seemed with a sudden impulse for a time half for-
gotten to seek
Down through the chambers of has-been and the halls of
memory
For the songs the dearest and sweetest in the days that
used to be.

IV.

Sitting alone in the twilight of age and twilight of day,
As the great sun hid in the shadows and the purple changed
slowly to gray,
The songs and the old-time music came up from the
past to me,
And I wandered once more with the days and the loves
that used to be ;
I wandered out through the twilight, grown deeper with
heart's unrest,
I drank from memory's fountain, and dreamed and the
days grew blest.

NATHANIEL SPRINGER BERRY.

BY COL. J. W. ROBINSON.

On the first day of September, 1796, at Bath, in that down east country which a quarter of a century later became the state of Maine, was born Nathaniel Springer Berry, New Hampshire's principal war governor, who was for many years known simply as the "Honest Tanner of Hebron." His grandfather, John Berry, came from Scotland, and served as a captain of an infantry company in the Revolutionary war. His father, Abner Berry, while repairing a brig at his shipyard on the Kennebec for William King (who became Maine's first governor), while in a very heated condition, was precipitated into the river, which caused his death. This was in 1802, when young Nathaniel was but a few days more than six years old. His mother's maiden name was Betsey Springer. She was a daughter of Nathaniel Springer, who was of Swedish descent. He was a captain of artillery in the war of the Revolution, and was killed at Bath while defending military supplies in store there. A British brig sailed up the river and opened fire on the garrison, determined to loot the valuable material, but they met with such a hot reception that they soon slipped their cables and abandoned the undertaking. Some years after his father's death his mother married a New Hampshire man named Morse, and soon removed to that state. In the town of Bath our future governor, while a mere lad, learned the saddle and harness-maker's trade with William Morrison, father of the late Hon. Charles R. Morrison, of Concord, and afterwards learned the tanner's trade. From his early youth he supported himself, and never had but a few months' schooling, but was almost entirely self-taught.

Although he has held many offices of trust and honor during his long and useful life, none of them have been of his own seeking. Soon after becoming of age he settled in Bristol, where and in the neighboring town of Hebron he has ever since resided, with the exception of a few years at Andover, Mass., after retiring from his active duties as governor. He was elected a representative in the legislature from Bristol in 1828, '33, '34 and '37, and from the town of Hebron in 1854. He was elected sena-

tor from the old Eleventh district in 1835 and 1836. In 1840 he was chosen a delegate to the Democratic national convention at Baltimore, which nominated Martin Van Buren for president, but made no nomination of a vice-presidential candidate.

He was appointed associate justice of the court of common pleas in 1841, and served nine years. He also served five years as judge of probate for Grafton county, ending June 5th, 1861, when he was inaugurated governor. He was for two years lieutenant-colonel of the old 32d regiment. In 1845 he was nominated for governor by the Free Soil party, and received votes enough to prevent an election by the people. Anthony Colby, the Whig candidate, was elected by the legislature. Judge Berry was the standard-bearer of the Free Soil party for several years following, and was nominated and elected governor by the Republican party in 1861, and again in 1862, receiving handsome majorities each year on the popular vote, notwithstanding there were three candidates in the field.

During his term of office as governor, from June, 1861, to June, 1863, fifteen regiments of New Hampshire troops, commencing with the Second, were enlisted, seven during the first and eight the second year, and he signed, in all, over seven hundred officers' commissions. He took a deep interest in the comfort and welfare of the soldiers, and gave much personal attention to their needs. He was one of the twenty-two governors of Northern states who met in the famous conference at Altoona, Pa., in the spring of 1862, at which an address to the president was prepared, taken to Washington, and formally presented, Gov. Berry being selected to make the presentation, which he did in simple, strong, and straightforward language.

He has been an active member of the Methodist church and an aggressive champion of the temperance cause for nearly three fourths of a century. Since retiring from the gubernatorial chair, thirty years ago, he has, as ever before, taken a lively interest in all good works going on around him, and has kept himself well posted upon passing events, generally, though for some time past he has been unable to read the current literature even with the aid of the best procurable glasses, but still reads his bible in very coarse print.

It was a great pleasure to the writer to be somewhat instrumental in arranging a pilgrimage to the beautiful town of Bristol, on the first day of September, to pay a tribute of respect to the venerable ex-governor on his ninety-seventh birthday. Many distinguished men, among whom were His Excellency Governor John B. Smith, ex-Governors Frederick Smyth and David H. Goodell, ex-Congressman Warren F. Daniell, Col. Peter Sanborn, Hon. Ezra S. Stearns, the venerable Prof. John W. Merrill, Hon. Joseph B. Walker, Hon. John D. Lyman, Col. Daniel Hall, and many others gladly embraced the opportunity to personally greet the noble old man whom all delight to honor. Several telegrams were received during the day from those who hoped to be present but were at the last moment prevented, sending cordial greeting and congratulations on the happy event. Among these were ex-Governors Person C. Cheney and Charles H. Sawyer, Hon. Allen Tenney and Hon. N. B. Bryant. Letters of regret at their inability to be present, and expressing their admiration for the venerable ex-Governor, were received from ex-Governors Bell, Weston, Currier, Prescott, and Tuttle, Chief-Justice Doe, Hon. A. S. Batchellor, and many other leading citizens.

We found Governor Berry enjoying the best of health, happy and contented. He considers his labors on earth well completed, and is simply waiting the summons of his Master to come up higher, though to all appearances he may live to become a centenarian. Some of the party were obliged to return on the first train, and therefore repaired at once to his residence, and had a brief interview, but those who remained passed a delightful hour in his company in the afternoon. The governor entertained his friends with many incidents of his long life, and astonished all by his remarkable memory. He sang a favorite sacred song, and the Rev. Prof. J. W. Merrill, who is eighty-five years old, recited an original poem.

After a hearty handshaking by all, and a God bless you to all by the patriarch, the visitors retired, greatly pleased with their delightful interview. It has since been ascertained that the governor greatly enjoyed the day, that its excitements had no injurious effects, and that he was as well as usual on the days following, and has since enjoyed his usual good health.

RAMBLES ABOUT A COUNTRY TOWN.

RAMBLE NUMBER LII—Concluded.

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

Benjamin F. Flanders was another of the sons of Zebulon Flanders and an older brother of "Peddler Tim." He was born in 1784, at the present W. M. Flanders place. In 1805, at the age of twenty-one, he went up on the hill this side of Bradshaw Ordway's and built the little red house, and carried there his young bride, Mercy Hall, daughter of Dr. John Hall, one of the early physicians of the town. Five of their eleven children were born on the hill. Their oldest child was Benjamin E. (Seth), born 1806, died in 1884. Moody W., who died in 1891 at the age of seventy-eight, was the last of the children born on the hill. The others were born under the pines after the removal of the family to the valley.

In October, 1836, Mr. Flanders moved his buildings to the Henniker road, and this place knew a habitation no more. Several oil-nut trees stand near the spot that were set out by Mr. Flanders, and not far from the old cellar there is a magnificent Balm of Gilead tree whose foliage is a sight in the leafy June. The tree was of large growth when I was a boy, and before that time was a wonder. In connection with this tree, a lady, now a resident of Londonderry, relates the following incident, which, though not particularly important in itself, is of worth as sustaining the reputation and age of the tree. Back in the early fifties Samuel W. Colby taught school in the little yellow schoolhouse before referred to at the "Four Corners." One day half a dozen of the largest girls rambled off at intermission to visit this Balm of Gilead tree and secure some of the fragrant buds. They were late on their return, and were condemned to stand in the floor with their loot in their hands. In the warm atmosphere of the schoolroom the buds soon became sticky, and to complete the punishment they were forced to take hold of hands. It was a sticky time, and I dare say these young ladies were not tardy again that term.

We leave the spot where once "groups of merry children played," and the green orchards where "youths and maidens dreaming strayed," and proceed along the road up

the hill. Up this same thoroughfare a future governor went to and fro to school, and later passed on his way from the old homestead to enter upon business at one of the busy stores at the centre. Up further on the hill is his birthplace, and our ramble will include a visit to the Ordway homestead, which is still in possession of the family.

It is a rough, picturesque country that we are passing through. The pasture lands are rapidly growing up to bushes, scrub pines and silvery birches predominating, and the little fields are undulating and rocky. We can look down into the valley now and trace Silver brook by its borders of second growth to its confluence with the river. Through the green tufts of the trees rise the spires and roofs of the distant village, and beyond are the green sloping sides of Denney, Burnt and Pumpkin hills, with their fine farms and white farm houses. Back of us are the Minks, and on the north towers the gray summit of grand old Kearsarge. It is a sightly place anywhere on this hillside, and some day, I dare say, airy villas will look down in stately pride upon the way, for these few farm houses will inevitably give way to something better.

On the right hand going up is a small one-story-and-a-half cottage, painted red. In other days a long range of shed broke off the west wind from the yard, and at the rear stood a large barn. Both of these are now gone. A portion of the old barn was worked into the present structure at the Sylvanus Harriman place. These buildings were erected by Benjamin F. Flanders, as before related, who established his first home upon this sightly location. After Benjamin left the hill, the place was owned and occupied by his brother, Washington, quite a number of years. Washington Flanders married Sarah, daughter of Simeon Sargent, who lived at the present Frank Bartlett place. Their children, Hazen, Aaron, Alfred, Marcellus, Mahala, and Ellen, were all born in this house. Washington died here, comparatively a young man, in 1832.

The farm subsequently came into the possession of Levi Flanders, another of the sons of Zebulon, who gave it to his son Daniel. The latter lived here two or three years and then went West. His brother, Captain Timothy, occupied the house several months, and later Ebenezer W. Sargent lived at this place. In 1852 Joseph Ordway came

into possession of the farm, keeping it until 1866, when he sold it to Sylvanus Harriman. The latter still owns the farm, but the little red cottage he sold, in 1870, to Mrs. Susan E. Harriman, a daughter of its builder, who used it several years as a summer residence for herself and children. Its present occupant is W. H. Davis, a son of John Davis by Bradford pond, and a brother of John S. Gardner, and Calvin, whose wife is Lurena, a daughter of Benjamin F. Flanders.

Beyond the house a brooklet, a tributary to Silver brook, ripples down from the hills to the vales below. You cross by a plank bridge and ascend a steep hill. Perched on the summit, with a fine outlook over the valley, is a story and a half dwelling-house, painted white. This is the residence of John Ordway, who is the fourth in the line of ownership of the surrounding estate from the ancient proprietor, his ancestor.

The name of Ordway is of some note in the annals of Warner. Any one who has glanced over the early records of the proprietors of the town will there see on almost every page the name of Dr. Nehemiah Ordway. He was a resident of Amesbury, a graduate of Harvard college, and a physician of wide reputation in his day. The Ordway family originated from James Ordway, who was born in Wales in 1620, and, marrying Ann Emery, emigrated to America about 1648, and settled at Newbury. Dr. Nehemiah Ordway was the great-grandson of this James and the son of Deacon John Ordway. He was born in 1713, and died January 13, 1779, aged 66 years. Dr. Ordway was one of the original grantees of Warner, and was clerk of the proprietors a great many years. He was greatly interested in the settlement of the town and owned a valuable lot at the lower village, embracing the whole hillside by the Runels house, which was afterwards the property of Joseph Bartlett. He visited Warner in 1768 and again in 1773, the last time staying several months, but he never settled here. That work he left for another's hand to do.

Dr. Nehemiah Ordway was the father of at least two sons, Rev. Nehemiah and Bradshaw Ordway. Rev. Nehemiah, who was born in Amesbury in 1743, and graduated at Harvard in 1764, preached successively at Warner in 1767, '68, '69, '70 and '71, but not regularly. Among the

proprietors' bills for 1769 was one for five pounds and twelve shillings (\$18.65) to "Nehemiah Ordway, Jr., for preaching," and in 1771, "one pound and ten shillings to Nehemiah Ordway, Jr., for preaching." He was subsequently settled over the church at Middleton, N. H., and later at East Haverhill, Mass. He died at Pembroke, in 1836, aged 93 years.

Bradshaw Ordway was younger than his brother, the exact date of his birth being not far from 1750. He came to Warner as early as 1782, and built a log cabin on his father's lot a short distance up the hillside across the highway from George Colby's residence. His wife was Eleanor Stevens, a cousin to the wife of General Aquila Davis. In 1784 Bradshaw Ordway exchanged his lot with Joseph Bartlett for two adjoining lots in the north village. The same year he sold one of the lots to Isaac Dalton, and, in 1785, Bradshaw Ordway and his family moved up to the hill. Nehemiah, the oldest of his children, was then a babe in his mother's arms.

There was a habitation already there. The Bartlett gore, as it was called, embraced some one hundred and forty acres. All were sixty-acre lots on the west of this gore. The two lots that constituted the gore were very irregular. On the north the width was eighty-seven rods; at the south end it tapered to only a few rods in width. In length it was more than a mile. The original Dalton farm, which was cut off at the south end, embraced sixty acres. The remaining portion constituted the farm that Bradshaw Ordway took possession of one hundred and eight years ago. Near the center of the estate stood a log cabin which had been built by Joseph Bartlett a year or two previously. This became the home of the pioneers for a number of years, certainly until after 1793, for Samuel and Thomas, who were twins and were born that year, first saw the light in this structure. The next year, perhaps, or a year later, a frame building of larger dimensions was erected by the pioneer. This latter structure stood but two or three rods from the former habitation and about thirty rods northwest of the present buildings. To reach the site of these ancient dwellings one should follow the path out past the apple trees about twenty rods, then go straight north about ten more. On a little rise of ground in

the center of the field is the site of the former house where Bradshaw Ordway spent the latter years of his life. Not a vestige of that early habitation remains to-day. A few rods beyond this, straight north, is another green knoll, where rests a large granite rock. Just west of this rock stood the log cabin erected by Joseph Bartlett, and the first home of Bradshaw Ordway on the place. A huge elm overshadowed it during the time it was a habitation. In my childhood's days a portion of this stump was visible and also broken pieces of brick, the remnants of the pioneer's chimney, but there is nothing there now to show that it was ever the site of a dwelling-place.

This part of the north village came very near being an Ordway settlement. Just across the path from the site of the original home, on a still higher knoll, is the foundation of the house which Thomas Ordway built for himself a little after the close of the second war with Great Britain. The frame of the house was about thirty by eighteen feet, one story in height, and was never painted. A well near by has water of remarkable purity, and the old sweep stood there when I was a boy.

Thomas Ordway married Polly Ferrin, a daughter of Benjamin Ferrin, who lived at the present Newton Gove place. Their two children, Alvah and Susan, were born in this old house. After living here a number of years Thomas Ordway sold his little patrimony of thirty-four acres to Benjamin F. Flanders. The price paid was one hundred and ten dollars, whose purchasing power, in 1826, was twice that of the same sum to-day. Mr. Ordway moved to Bristol, and died there about 1870. His two children have descendants still living at Evansville, Wis.

The next owner of the Thomas Ordway house was James Batchelder, who married a daughter of Jacob Morrill in the east part of the town. Batchelder was an Osgoodite, and remained here only four or five years. The house then became the home of another child of Bradshaw Ordway, Deborah, who had married a Dudley Webster of Bristol. This Webster was a tailor by trade, and justified the truth of the old adage that it takes nine tailors to make a man. He deserted his wife, and she and her three children came here to live. After these children were old enough to care for themselves, Mrs. Webster gave

up her home and lived with her brother Nehemiah, and the land reverted to the original homestead. The old house was taken down in 1842. One half of the frame was sold to Captain Timothy Flanders, who set it up for a carriage-house at the Dalton place; the other portion was used by Levi Flanders, senior, for the same purpose at the Walter M. Flanders place.

Meanwhile David Ordway had gone out farther to the south and built him a home. It was a low, one-story building, thirty by eighteen feet, the long side facing the south, and was unpainted. The house was built in the summer of 1812. In 1817 he exchanged with his brother, Nehemiah, who had put up a dwelling-house in what is now known as the Stevens lot, a component part of the Ordway homestead.

This is the house that those of my generation remember as the "Uncle Miah Ordway house." Nehemiah Ordway made it his home the remainder of his life. To this house he brought, in 1818, his young bride, Mary, daughter of Isaiah Flanders. Here were born his three sons, John, Joseph, and ex-Governor Nehemiah G. Ordway. An addition of about sixteen feet was made to the east end, a little later, which gave the house a remarkable frontage for so low and narrow a structure. This addition was known as "Aunt Lucy's parlor." It was the living-room of Bradshaw Ordway's eldest daughter, Lucy, who spent her life in the home of her brother.

In this house Bradshaw Ordway died in 1820, aged some over seventy years. The latter years of his life were clouded by spells of partial insanity, and the cares of a large family fell upon his oldest son, Nehemiah, at an early age. The remains were interred in the cemetery back of Union block, where Mrs. Ordway was already buried. Nehemiah Ordway's wife, Mary, died in 1850, and was buried beside her kindred. Mr. Ordway subsequently married Hannah, one of the seven daughters of Levi Osgood and widow of Levi Colby, who lived on the Edmunds place in Joppa. He was drowned in Warner river, in July, 1862. His brother Samuel, who never married, continued to reside in the old house until 1867, when he went to live with "Brother" Charles Colby on Burnt hill, where he died in 1874. The next year after he left

the house was taken down, and the frame was sold to Rufus A. Davis, who used a portion of it in making the ell of his dwelling-house. John Ordway's woodsheds stand over the old cellar. Mr. Ordway's present residence was erected in 1853. The barn was built by Nehemiah Ordway in 1820.

Just south of the maples in the little hollow there formerly stood the "village smithy." Samuel Ordway was blacksmith as well as farmer, and did considerable work at his forge up to 1860. This shop was a portion of the old frame house, the first built on the place. It was taken down several years ago.

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Above the wheat fields, full and round,
 When not a living thing made sound,
 I watched the harvest moon,
 And thought of frowning mountain gates,
 Where the lone trapper patient waits
 Near waves that sparkle soon ;
 Of hunter's white-haired children brave,
 Weeping above their mother's grave
 Beside some dark lagoon ;
 Of that once crimsoned, bright Champlain,
 Of Southern gulf and lakes of Maine
 Lit by this lovely moon.

I thought of Vernon's peaceful shade,
 Of spots where martyred ones were laid
 In sturdy manhood's noon ;
 Of Alleghanian peaks afar,
 Bejewelled by some rising star
 And silvered with the moon ;

Of many a blue and tranquil sea
 Where balmy south winds whisper free,
 And flies the snow-white loon ;
 Where, nameless, lonely rivers roam,—
 But ah, more fair the haunts of home
 Beneath this harvest moon !

J. BAILEY MOORE.

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

It is the law of natural life that the climate has the making and unmaking of its people. The torrid clime of the tropics can no more bring forth and nourish the earnest worker of the temperate zone than the olive can bear the fruit of the apple tree. With equal evidence is it shown that the soil places the seal of its own ruggedness upon the brow of its children. The dwellers upon the easily cultivated and unproductive plain are naturally indolent and improvident, while those who have tilled the more stubborn earth have unconsciously assumed very much of its character. The good old farming town of Candia, with its rock-ribbed hills and sinewy valleys, is no exception to the rule, and whether it be her sons who have preserved the dignity of her homes, or her Moores, Palmers, Smyths, Eatons, Sargeants, and others who have brightened the honor of her name abroad, the list is an exceptionally strong one.

Four generations of the family of Moore have lived in Candia, Samuel, the great-grandfather being among the first settlers of the then called "Charmingfare." The father of the subject of this sketch, who was also named Samuel, built a house on "The Hill," since dignified by the name of High street, and here Jacob Bailey Moore was born in 1815, he having a twin sister, Jane P., and an older brother and sister, all of whom he outlived. His mother was Olive, a daughter of Isaiah Rowe, a soldier of the Revolution.

Placed with a neighbor at the age of seven to earn his living by working upon a farm, and getting his early education by short intervals of district schooling, his boyhood was cast in a groove peculiar to the times. In his fifteenth year, strapping on his back a small bundle containing his worldly possessions, he walked to Lowell, a distance of thirty miles, to find employment of John Avery, the agent of the Hamilton mills. Remaining there, where his associations were extremely pleasant, two years, he rounded out his school life by a term at Pembroke Academy. But one of his contemplative and speculative mind does not close the book of lessons with his graduation from the tutor's



J. Bailey Moore

care, and his studies, broadening into research, continued, leading him into the higher and wider plane of thought. Going to Boston when he was eighteen, and, with the exception of two and one half years in Lynn, living there eleven years, he was enabled to listen to the lectures and discussions of the deepest thinkers of the day upon topics of physical science, literature, and mental and moral philosophy. An apt scholar, a searching reasoner, and possessor of what was of great importance, a most retentive memory, with an intense admiration for nature and her mysterious plans, he sought the acquaintance of such students of religious philosophy as Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and A. Bronson Alcott, with all of whom he was on familiar terms.

In 1844, leaving the employment of the shoe store in Boston where he had been for six years, he came to Manchester to live with his mother, his father having died in 1830, making pleasant with a sincere devotion her declining life. As the fruits of his moral and philosophical studies, he began lecturing with promising results, but abandoned this field for newspaper work.

His most effective work in this line was not done until 1861, during the exciting period of secession by the South and talk of war in all sections of the country, when, while he had voted for Stephen A. Douglas for president, he wrote a vigorous article declaring that Abraham Lincoln had been fairly elected, and calling upon all parties to rally to the support of the government. Soon after he became the associate editor of the *Daily American*, which position he held about three years. He was next local editor of the *Union* three years, and then a reporter for the *Daily Mirror* one year. He was a regular correspondent of the *Boston Journal* for seven years, the *Herald* six, and a contributor to the *Post* and the *Concord People* several years. He was the author of numerous pamphlets and documents, among which were "New Hampshire at the Centennial," and a "Description of the Art Exhibition at Philadelphia," both of which were published by the state. A little over three years ago he began to write the history of his native town, which, unfortunately, he did not live to see completed, though it was so nearly done that it has been finished since his death and

is now ready for its subscribers. This work is much more than an ordinary town history, and it contains the fullest and most graphic descriptions and impartial criticisms of the manners and methods of old-time life, as far as the writer of this article knows, to be found in the state literature.

Having made his home in Manchester for half a century, he was one of the best known men in the city, and seen often on the streets rushing along with his short, rapid steps, at a headlong pace, or chatting merrily with whom-ever he met, or again, like the ancient mariner, holding spellbound some inappreciative listener to an hour's discourse upon the beautiful in nature and the cross-purposes of man, his round countenance beaming with a smile or crossed with deeper lines as he grew more earnest in his argument, his was a figure too well remembered to be early forgotten. As I had occasion to say in my memoir of him in his history of Candia, a man of versatile gifts, he was more than a newspaper correspondent or the writer of an occasional pamphlet. He was an acute logician, with a ready command of language and an incisive wit few could match. He was a philosopher with the imagery of a poet, and a worshipper of the beautiful in the handiwork of nature; with a brain fitted to receive impressions swiftly and faithfully, he was a person of healthful ideas and a cheerful, generous heart. With his varied talents he was extremely modest and unassuming, ignoring the opportunities which came to him for political preferment. With his other gifts he was an artist of acknowledged talent, and he did in oil and crayon several meritorious works, including life-size portraits of Abraham Lincoln, General Grant and General Stark.

Mr. Moore's mother died in 1869. He had been troubled with an affection of the heart for some time, and a severe cold, taken in April, was followed by prostration, from which he never rallied, and he died May 11, 1893, in his seventy-eighth year. It was characteristic of the man that he paid a poll-tax to the time of his death. His remains repose by the side of those of his parents in the old family lot on Candia hill. And so passes from life into memory the unique picture of an artist, author, and philosopher of no common ability.

AN OLD-TIME NEW HAMPSHIRE CYCLONE.

BY HOWARD M. COOK.

During the past few months the newspapers have contained frequent accounts of disastrous tornadoes or cyclones in different sections of the West and South, involving, altogether, the loss of hundreds of human lives and millions of dollars' worth of property.

It used to be a common remark, which has passed almost into a proverb, that "New Hampshire is a good state to emigrate from." And Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man," will long be remembered. Those of the sons and daughters of the old Granite State who have followed this advice have emigrated to the near or far West, and have thereby improved their condition either socially or financially, or both, can appreciate the force of the proverb and the advice. But there are many still left who are of the opinion that in many respects New Hampshire is a good state to live in.

The granite hills and mountains of our state serve as a protection against the frequent cyclonic storms that have visited other sections, and break the force of the winds that might otherwise prove destructive. Occasionally, however, under favorable conditions, tornadoes or cyclones have visited even New Hampshire, and their course has been marked with devastation. In the year 1821 a storm swept over the central portion of our state, and even had the audacity to invade the dominions of old Kearsarge, passing over a portion of the mountain. It commenced its course in Croydon, on the east side of Croydon mountain. In Sunapee it demolished a dwelling-house, and carried a child, who was asleep on a bed, into Sunapee lake. In New London and Sutton it did considerable damage, but met with few dwelling-houses and destroyed no lives. From Sutton it passed over the southwest branch, a spur of Kearsarge mountain, and a gore of land belonging to Warner, called Kearsarge gore. At the foot of the mountain it entirely demolished five barns, unroofed another, utterly destroyed two dwelling-houses, and damaged another so as to render it useless.

The houses thus wholly destroyed belonged to two brothers, Robert and Daniel Savory, and contained fourteen persons. In the house of the latter were his aged parents.

The old gentlemen, as he saw the cloud coming, went into a chamber to close a window, and was there when the cyclone struck the house. He was carried a few rods, dashed upon a rock, and instantly killed. His wife was badly hurt. A child of Daniel Savory was also killed. In the house of Robert Savory several were wounded and bruised, but no lives were lost. The buildings belonging to these brothers were not only leveled to the foundations, but the materials and contents were dashed into ten thousand pieces and scattered in every direction. Carts, wagons, sleighs, plows, and sleds were carried to a considerable distance and so broken and shattered as to be fit only for fuel. Stone walls were leveled, and rocks weighing some four hundred pounds were taken out of their beds by the force of the wind. Large logs that were bedded in the ground, fifty feet long, were not weighty enough to retain their places. An elm tree near where old Mr. Savory fell, which was one foot at least in diameter, and too strongly rooted to yield, was twisted like a withe to the ground, and lay prostrate like a wilted weed. Not an apple tree was left standing. One barn was taken up whole, with its contents, and, after being carried several rods, went to pieces, and flew like feathers in every direction.

From the neighborhood of the Savorys the cyclone passed over another spur of the mountain and fell with great force on the buildings of Peter Flanders and Joseph True. Their houses, which were but a few rods distant, one in Warner and the other in Salisbury, were also demolished. In Mr. Flanders's house were nine persons, two of whom were instantly killed. Mr. Flanders and wife were badly hurt, but at length recovered. In Mr. True's house were seven persons, all of whom were most wonderfully preserved, except two children, ten and twelve years old, who were badly burned by hot bricks, the brick oven having been heated. One of them lingered several weeks in extreme suffering and then died. The father and mother of Mrs. True were visiting there. Mr. True and his father-in-law went to the door and saw the cloud, but thought at first that they were so under the hill that it would pass harmless over them. But they were soon convinced that its track was marked with desolation. Mr.

True gave the alarm to his family and ran under the end of a shop that happened to stand beyond the violence of the wind. His father-in-law stood his ground until he saw the fragments of the barn flying in the air. He then threw himself flat upon the ground, beside a large pile of wood. Instantly a rafter from the barn fell endwise close to him, entering the ground, and a beam also grazed down upon the rafter and lay at his feet. He and Mrs. Jones were unharmed. They saw, instead of a new and very comfortable dwelling-house, a perfect desolation. Not even a sill remained on its foundation. Even the cellar-stairs and the hearths, which were of tile eight inches square, were taken up. The chimney bricks partly covered Mrs. True, and covered to some depth two of the children. Mrs. True received but little injury. The cries of the two children under the weight of hot bricks pierced the heart of the father. In removing the brick he burned his hands badly. The children were taken out alive but were in a state of great suffering, and one of them died. All were now found but a babe, about one year old. Supposing it to be under the bricks, Mr. True renewed his labors; but it was heard to cry in another direction, and was found safe under a sleigh about fifteen rods from the house. When the cyclone came the sleigh was in the barn, about eight rods north of the house. The materials of which these houses were constructed were reduced to kindling-wood and scattered in all directions. It was the same with the furniture, beds, and bedding. A loom, to all appearance, was carried whole about forty rods, and then dashed to pieces.

The width of the cyclone at this place was about twenty-five rods, while in the higher ground it varied from forty to sixty rods. The deeper the valley the more violent was the current of air. The appearance of the ground over which it passed was as if a mighty torrent had swept over it. Near the boundary between Warner and Boscawen the desolation ceased.

A woman in Warner who, at a distance of two or three miles, observed its progress, compared the appearance of this cyclone to a great elephant's trunk let down out of the sky and moving majestically along. When it reached the easterly part of the town of Warner, the lower end appeared to be taken up from the earth, and to bend around

in a serpentine form, until it passed behind a black cloud and disappeared. It was attended with but little rain, and to people living near Sunapee lake in New London it appeared as if the lake was rushing up towards heaven. Spruce boards, which were taken from New London, were dropped in Canterbury, a distance of about thirty miles.

On the same day, and about the same time of the day, two other similar cyclones were experienced, which moved in nearly parallel lines, one passing through Warwick, Mass., and the other to about the same distance to the northeast.

The above facts were condensed from the account in Haywood's New England Gazetteer.

THE GRANTEES OF CLAREMONT.

BY C. B. SPOFFORD.

[CONCLUDED.]

No. 53. HENRY BOND, probably from Winchester, N. H., and later of Maine.

No. 54. COL. JOHN HAWKS, of Deerfield, Mass., "the hero of Fort Massachusetts," was born Dec. 5, 1707. In early life he entered the military service, and in 1746 was in command of Fort Massachusetts, when, with a garrison of twenty-two men, it was assaulted by a force of French and Indians numbering seven hundred. After a defence of twenty-four hours he was forced to surrender from lack of ammunition. He served through the French wars as sergeant and lieutenant, had charge of the forts at Coleraine in 1754-7; commanded a company at the attack on Ticonderoga in 1758, under Abercrombie; was under Amherst, as major, and in 1760 was ranked as lieutenant-colonel. He was selectman of Deerfield for nine years, and filled many offices of trust. Married, Dec. 10, 1730, Elizabeth, daughter of John Nims, who died Feb. 27, 1779, aged 67 years. He died June 26, 1784. Samuel Ashley purchased the right, on July 19, 1765, for two shillings.

No. 55. SAMUEL FIELD, son of David (No. 52), was born in Deerfield, Mass., Sept. 14, 1743; graduated at Yale in 1762; studied divinity with Rev. Jonathan Ashley; afterwards read law with Daniel Taylor of Hinsdale; was

admitted to the Hampshire county bar, and practiced through life, and also engaged in trade. He was for several years town clerk, and was representative to the general court of Massachusetts in 1791; was also a writer of considerable ability, and after his death, at Conway, Mass., Sept. 17, 1800, a volume of his works in prose and verse was published, under the title of "Field's Works."

No. 56. SIMEON CHAMBERLAIN we are unable to locate to a certainty. A person by this name was one of the first settlers of the town of Swanzey, in 1746, and may possibly be the one mentioned in the rights of Claremont.

No. 57. ELIJAH ALEXANDER, Winchester, was a son of Elias, a blacksmith, who removed to that town about 1736. Elijah was born Feb. 10, 1733; was in the Nova Scotia expedition, 1755, as lieutenant. He married, Nov. 1, 1767, Susannah Trowbridge of Winchester, who died Nov. 17, 1797. He died Sept. 9, 1774. He was also a grantee of Richmond. The right in Claremont was among those transferred to Grannis by the estate of Col. Willard.

No. 58. EBENEZER DODGE, Winchester(?). The reasons for this conclusion are that he purchased, in 1794, pew No. 21 in the meeting-house at that place. Part of this right was sold to Benjamin Tyler by Benjamin Sumner, on Dec. 4, 1769, indicating that Sumner had bought the right of Dodge previous to this date.

No. 59. SAMUEL WELLS, Brattleboro, Vt., was born in Deerfield, Mass., Sept. 9, 1730; he removed to Brattleboro about 1762. He was a prominent man in the Vermont controversy on the side of New York; was judge of inferior courts, 1768-72, representative to the colonial assembly of New York, 1773-5, but during the Revolution was a Tory. After the war he removed with his family of eleven children to Canada, where they each had a grant of 1,200 acres of land. Samuel Wells died in Brattleboro, Aug. 6, 1786. [See page 64, Vol. V, Vt. Gazetteer.]

No. 60. HON. JONATHAN HUNT, Vernon, Vt., was born in Northfield, Mass., Sept. 12, 1738 [History of Northfield, Mass.], and died June 1, 1823 [Bridgman's Epitaphs]. He was also a proprietor of Richmond and Chesterfield, and Guildhall, Vt.; was a prominent landowner

as well as citizen, being at one time lieutenant-governor of Vermont. This right was sold to Samuel Ashley, on July 19, 1765, for two shillings.

No. 61. WILLIAM SMEED, originally from Deerfield, Mass., where he was born October 22, 1706. Early in 1736 he became a settler of Keene, having, in 1734, by the payment of five pounds, become a proprietor of that town. In the fall of 1736, with Seth Heaton and Nathan Blake, he made preparations to spend the winter in that place, but provisions giving out, Heaton was dispatched to procure a supply at Northfield, Mass. Not returning soon, Smeed and Blake returned to Northfield or Wrentham, and did not return to Keene until the next spring. [Annals of Keene.]

No. 62. COL. JOHN GOFF was born in Boston in 1701, and was a son of John Goff of Londonderry, being, with his father, a grantee of that town. He was a noted Indian fighter, and was with Lovewell in the celebrated fight at Pequawket. In 1734 he moved to Cohos Brook, near what is now known as Goff's Falls, and within the limits of the present city of Manchester, at which place he built a mill. In 1738 he removed to the adjoining town of Bedford, and still later, in 1748, back to his place on Cohos Brook. He was a major in the regiment which went to Crown Point in 1756, was lieutenant-colonel in 1757-8-9, and colonel in 1760. Subsequently he was colonel of the Ninth N. H. regiment, and judge of probate for Hillsborough county, 1771-6. He was a large landowner, being also a grantee of Goffstown,—which bears his name,—Jefferson, and New Boston. He died in Derryfield, now Manchester, October 20, 1788, aged 87 years.

No. 63. DANIEL JONES, ESQ., was of Hinsdale. In 1766 he was one of a number who petitioned for the remission of taxes from New Hampshire, the reason being that the disputed line of the town caused them to be taxed in both New York and New Hampshire. The subject was brought about by means of a resolution, passed in town meeting October 30, 1765, at which Daniel Jones and two others were appointed a committee to petition the general court of New Hampshire for an abatement for that year. The record was made by the town clerk, Daniel Jones. [Pages 386, 387, Vol. IX, State Papers.]

No. 64. HON. JOHN TEMPLE, of Portsmouth, was lieutenant-governor and surveyor-general of customs for the northern part of America. He was a grantee of Piermont and Temple, which bears his name.

No. 65. HON. THEODORE ATKINSON was born in Newcastle, N. H., in 1697; graduated at Harvard, 1718, and in 1734 was admitted as a member of the governor's council; he was collector, naval officer, and sheriff of the province. In 1746 he bought from John Tufton Mason one fifth of the whole state; that is, such parts of it as had not been granted or settled. He died in 1779, aged 82. The town of Atkinson was named for him, he being at one time the owner of the whole township. His wife was Hannah Wentworth, a sister of Gov. Benning Wentworth.

No. 66. MARK HUNKING WENTWORTH, Portsmouth, was father of Gov. John Wentworth (mentioned in the sketch of No. 67), and brother of Benning Wentworth, who was governor at the time the charter was granted. He was also owner of two fifths of the Masonian rights. His right in Claremont was sold, May 31, 1774, to Josiah Willard, for sixty pounds; but, as he had previously, on the 11th of May, for the same consideration, bought a part of the rights of John Grimes and Oliver Farwell, it is probable that the transfers were merely a transfer of territory. Mark H. Wentworth died, in Portsmouth, in 1785.

No. 67. THEODORE ATKINSON, JR., the only son of Theodore and Hannah (Wentworth) Atkinson, was born in 1736, graduating from Harvard in 1757. He was a member of the council of which his father was president, and for many years was the secretary of the province. May 13, 1762, he married Frances Deering Wentworth, from whom was named the towns of Francestown and Deering. A very pretty love affair might at this time be introduced,—of a former acquaintance with John Wentworth; of his departure to England, and return two years previous to the death of Atkinson, which occurred Oct. 28, 1769; how, ten days after, the widow laid aside the garments of mourning for those of the wedding with her first love, Governor John Wentworth.

No. 68. COL. WILLIAM SYMES, Swanzey, was one of the first settlers of that town, but appears to have lived in various places. He had lands granted to him in Northfield, Mass., in 1721, on condition that he settle there; was in Deerfield, October, 1725; at Northfield again in 1731; at Winchester, 1743 to 1753, and in November of that year was prominently engaged in the project of raising five hundred men to form a military colony on the Connecticut river at Cowas. The St. Francis Indians claiming the territory, the project was abandoned. In 1755 Col. Symes was in command of the fort at Keene. He was, in 1764, esquire of Hinsdale; in 1768, colonel at Northfield. He was also a grantee of Haverhill. He married, in 1728-9, Thankful (Hawks), widow of Daniel Ashley, and mother of Col. Samuel Ashley.

No. 69. CAPT. SIMON DAVIS, of Greenwich, Mass., was one of the first settlers of Chesterfield, N. H., in 1762, and also a grantee of Swanzey. He was selectman of Chesterfield in 1767, and died probably in 1784-5. [History of Chesterfield.] His right in Claremont was sold to Barnabas Ellis of Hebron, Conn., on May 7, 1767, for thirty-two pounds.

Nos. 71 and 72. GOV. BENNING WENTWORTH, of Portsmouth, was born in 1695, and was the eldest son of Lieut.-Gov. John Wentworth. Graduating from Harvard in 1715, he was appointed councillor in 1734, and in 1741, by the removal of Gov. Belcher, was appointed governor. He resigned in 1766, and died Oct. 14, 1770. Much more might be said of this man, but it would be superfluous in this connection. The tract, which was known as the governor's farm, was sold by him to Capt. George Hubbard, and was for many years the subject of much controversy between the heirs of Col. Joseph Waite and Mr. Hubbard. The latter finally won the suit, and it has been since 1798 in possession of Mr. Hubbard's descendants, being now owned by Isaac Long, Esq., a great-grandson of Mr. Hubbard.

The remaining four shares were, upon the drawings of lots, faithfully cared for, and each received its proportion.

The minister's share was in the first instance given to Rev. George Wheaton, who became, in 1771, the first settled minister of the town. He died soon after his ordination, and the tract was given back to the town by Mr. Wheaton's father, and later granted to Rev. Augustine Hibbard, who became the next minister, and a son-in-law of Col. Samuel Ashley. In 1799 the undivided lands were surveyed, and such proportion as belonged to the public rights were surveyed into lots of twenty acres, "according to an estimation; quantity for quality," and these, with the lots previously drawn, were accepted as follows:

Ambrose Cossitt, for the Society of Propagation, as trustee.

Sanford Kingsbury and Timothy Grannis, as wardens of Union Church, for the Glebe lands.

Sanford Kingsbury and Gideon Handerson, as selectmen of the town accepting for the school lands. These have been sold at various times as occasion came, and part of them used for town purposes. The town hall stands on part of school lot No. 29, and the old burying-ground in the village occupies a part of the same tract. The lands of the Society of Propagation were, in 1808, transferred to the general trustees of the Society in America. The proprietorship of the town remained vested in a legitimate body of owners, of whom the Sumners, Strowbridges, Grannis, and others, were stockholders. Occasional meetings were held for the sale of lots, the surveying of unsold lands and other business, until 1858 (Oct. 28), at which meeting Solon C. Grannis was chosen clerk, and David H. Sumner, moderator. At this meeting it was voted, "that, as said Sumner was a large proprietor of the lands unsold, that none be sold except by his written consent." This David H. Sumner was a nephew of Rev. Clement Sumner, one of the original grantees. So ends the history of the proprietorship. But two of the grantees became settlers, although indirectly the Sumners became proprietors soon after they moved to town. The early settlers, in several instances, bought rights and sold to other settlers, among them being Mr. Grannis, Joseph and Christopher York, Amos Conant, Barnabas Ellis, Joseph Alden, and several others.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

DAVID B. STORY.

Until a very recent date the musical profession in New Hampshire was represented by what are known as self-made men. Among the more prominent of these may be regarded the subject of this sketch. David B. Story was born in Hopkinton, January 19, 1836. His love for music was made manifest at an early age. His first effort was the study of the French horn, which he soon laid aside for the trombone, which was more in use, and has always been his chosen instrument, although he has mastered to a satisfactory degree almost every band instrument. At an early age he began the study of vocal music with Miss C. C. P. Learned, who was considered an accomplished musician and teacher, and for over twenty years he was tenor in St. Andrews church choir in Hopkinton. His tutors in instrumental music were the once famous Alonzo Bond of Boston, and, later, Gustave W. Ingalls of Concord. He was a charter member of the old Hopkinton band. Later on he was, for several years, connected with the Concord cornet band and the once celebrated Brigade band. The only stringed instrument Mr. Story ever studied was the contra bass. He became quite proficient on this instrument, and was a member of Gibson's quadrille band of Henniker, and subsequently identified himself with Brown & Ingalls' orchestra of Concord, which in those days was the "crack" organization of New Hampshire.

Mr. Story married, on the 6th of February, 1857, Miss Sarah J. French of Boston. They have been blessed with five children, as follows: J. Henry, Ada S., Fred W., Charles F., and Benjamin F. Story. All are living except Ada. J. Henry is a well-known, successful druggist of Laconia. Fred W. is the proprietor of a fancy goods house in Laconia and the popular manager of the depot café at the Weirs. Charles F. is the proprietor of the auction rooms in Laconia, and Benjamin F. is in business in Boston. Of these Fred W. and Charles F. turned, for a considerable time, their attention to music. Fred became very proficient as a violinist and Charles studied trombone.

After moving to Laconia they organized what was well known as Story's orchestra, which was one of the best organizations in the state.

Mr. Story has always been identified with the best musical interests of the state; a willing worker, always coming to the front to help the cause, and with a kind word for all who enter the profession. He never stooped to the jealousies so common among the profession, but his rivals were always treated with great consideration and kindness, and were, as a rule, among his best friends.

Aside from his musical life Mr. Story has been a successful hotel manager. No man ever entered his door but he was made to feel at home at once. Mr. Story has been elected by the people to many important offices, and has an enviable record in this direction. He was many years high sheriff of Belknap county, during which administration he was called upon to take charge of the execution of the murderer Samon. At present he is proprietor of Story's tavern at the Weirs, and is meeting with the success so justly due him. He is a member of Rublee's City Band and has, we trust, many years of usefulness before him.

NOTES.

Mr. A. F. Nevers has gone on a four weeks' trip with Brooks' celebrated military band of New York to the Pittsburgh exposition.

Blaisdell's orchestra is soon to reorganize, and Mr. Blaisdell is to take entire charge of the business, as formerly.

Mr. C. S. Conant retires from the position of teacher of music in the Laconia public schools, and is succeeded by Mr. Fred Osgood of Laconia.

Edward Baxter Perry is likely to appear in a piano-forte recital in Concord, October 18th.

The Western N. H. Musical Association's recent festival at Claremont, under the direction of Dr. Palmer of New York, with Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, pianist, was one of the most successful in the history of the organization. Mary Howe-Lavin was the greatest vocal attraction, of course. Several Concord singers, including Prof. Conant and Mrs. S. L. Bartlett, were well received.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

DR. FRANKLIN LANE.

Franklin Lane, M. D., born in Exeter, December 6, 1822, died in East Orange, N. J., July 24, 1893.

He was a son of Joel Lane, and was educated at Phillips Academy, Exeter and Bowdoin College, graduating from the latter in 1842. He subsequently pursued the study of medicine at the Berkshire Medical Institute and at Bellevue College, New York city. He established himself in practice in Baltimore, Md., where he continued with marked success until 1869, when, on account of failing health, he removed to Vineland, N. J. There his health improved and he continued in practice some twenty years, retiring in 1889. In early life he edited the *Exeter News Letter* for a time, and subsequently founded the *Journal* at Lewiston, Me. While in Baltimore he was for a long time literary editor of the *American*. He leaves a wife, formerly Miss Appleton, two sons, and three daughters.

HON. JOHN J. BELL.

Hon. John J. Bell, born in Chester, October 30, 1827, died suddenly, from apoplexy, in Manchester, August 22, 1893.

He was a son of the late Hon. Samuel D. Bell, chief-justice of New Hampshire, received an academical education, graduated at the Dane Law School, Cambridge, Mass., and was admitted to the Hillsborough county bar in 1848, having pursued his legal studies with his father and the late Hon. William C. Clarke at Manchester. He practiced in Nashua, Milford, and in Carmel, Me., and settled in Exeter in 1864, which was his residence ever afterward. He was justice of the Exeter police court from 1876 to 1883, served in the state legislature in 1883, '85, '87, and '91, and also upon various important commissions, being chairman of the state library commission at the time of his decease. He was also an active member and president of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and previous to his death had been prominently mentioned as a probable candidate of the Republican party for governor. He was extensively engaged in railroad affairs, and was a conspicuous member of the Masonic fraternity.

LUCIUS A. YOUNG.

Lucius A. Young, born in Lisbon, July 10, 1850, died at Southern Pines, N. C., August 14, 1893.

He was a son of the late J. R. Young, of the Parker & Young Manufacturing Company of Lisbon, and spent most of his life in that town, where he was engaged in mercantile business, and was editor of the *Lisbon Index*. He was for several years town clerk, and was postmaster at Lisbon during the first administration of President Cleveland.

Nine years ago, in 1884, he went to Southern Pines, where he located for the benefit of his health, and actively identified himself with the business and development of the place, publishing a newspaper and engaging in the real estate business. But a few weeks before his death, which was from consumption, he received the appointment of postmaster at Southern Pines.

HON. CHARLES R. MORRISON.

Hon. Charles R. Morrison, eminent as a jurist and legal author and compiler, died at his residence in Concord, September 15, 1893, after a brief illness.

He was a son of William Morrison of Bath, born January 22, 1819, was educated in the public schools and Newbury (Vt.) Seminary, studied law with Goodall & Woods of Bath, was admitted to the Grafton county bar in July, 1842, and immediately commenced practice, in partnership with Ira Goodall. In March, 1845, he removed to Haverhill, and attained such distinction at the bar that he was appointed an associate justice of the court of common pleas by Governor Dinsmoor, August 4, 1851, continuing on the bench until the Know Nothing overturn in 1855, when he returned to practice. He served as adjutant of the Eleventh N. H. regiment in the war of the rebellion, was twice wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, and shot through the abdomen at Spottsylvania. After the war, he settled in practice in Manchester, but devoted himself largely for several years to the preparation and publication of his "Digest of New Hampshire Reports," "Town Officer," "Justice and Sheriff and Attorney's Assistant," and "Digest of Laws Relating to Public

Schools," of which new and revised editions have also been issued.

In 1886 he removed to Concord, which was subsequently his home. He was a Congregationalist in religion and a Democrat in politics, and sincerely attached to both church and party. He was also a charter member and first president of the New Hampshire Society of Sons of the American Revolution. December 22, 1842, he married Susan Fitch of Littleton, who survives him without children.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST.

Two books of widely different character, the one dealing with the details of the history of a New Hampshire town, and the other embodying the poetical productions of a young man specially favored by the muses, have recently come to hand.

The History of Candia, by J. Bailey Moore, in an octavo volume of 528 pages, is a particularly valuable contribution to the increasing, but still comparatively small, number of our New Hampshire town histories. It is somewhat out of the ordinary line of these publications, being almost as unique as William Little's History of Warren, and displaying in its various chapters some of the striking mental qualities of the author, whose career, which closed just as the work was approaching completion, is sketched elsewhere in this number by George Waldo Browne, who completed and published the volume.

"The Prayer Cure in the Pines and other Verses," by Clarence Henry Pearson, in a neat little duodecimo volume of 106 pages, issued by The Writer Publishing Co. of Boston, is indeed a literary treasure, every line being redolent of the spirit of true poetry. Several of the poems which the book contains appeared originally in the GRANITE MONTHLY, and their striking merit was recognized by many readers. The author is a New Hampshire boy, and will be remembered by many as a young lawyer at Laconia some years since. He spent some time in Michigan, and is now located at Sequachee, Tenn.



Eoghan A. Irish

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HON. EDGAR ALDRICH.

BY H. H. METCALF.

The position of United States District Judge, in any part of the country, has always been regarded as one of great dignity and honor. It is a position which has been occupied by many of the most eminent jurists, often proving a stepping-stone to still higher position and greater honor in the judicial field. In our own district of New Hampshire, while the incumbents of the office have not been numerous (only six men in all having occupied the position since the establishment of the court), they have been men of ability and distinction. The list includes the names of John Sullivan, eminent in the early military as well as civil history of New Hampshire, who served from September 26, 1789, till January 23, 1795; John Pickering, 1795 to 1804; John S. Sherburne, 1804 to 1830; Matthew Harvey, 1830 to 1866; Daniel Clark, 1866 to 1891, and Edgar Aldrich, the present incumbent, who was nominated by President Harrison, February 16, 1891, the nomination being confirmed by the senate four days later. The longest term of service was that of Judge Harvey, which exceeded thirty-five years; while that of his successor, Judge Clark, was nearly twenty-five years. Judge Harvey had distinguished himself in public life before going upon the bench, having served in both branches of the legislature, as president of the senate, member of the executive council, representative in congress, and governor of the state; while Judge Clark had won the highest rank at the bar, and been for ten years a member of the United States senate, resigning his place therein to accept the appointment at the hands of President Johnson, upon Judge Harvey's decease.

EDGAR ALDRICH, whose appointment to the office left vacant by the death of Judge Clark was very generally recommended by members of the bar throughout the state, is a native of the town of Pittsburg, formerly known as Indian Stream Territory, a section the jurisdiction of which was in dispute between our own and the British government for many years, and whose people, in 1830, set up and maintained for some time an independent government, pending the settlement of the controversy. It was about this time that Ephraim C. Aldrich, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, removed from the state of Connecticut and located in the territory, with his family, which also included a son, Ephraim C., the father of Edgar, born February 4, 1818, who became a prominent and influential citizen of Pittsburg, was conspicuous in town affairs for many years, was a deputy provost-marshal and largely instrumental in raising men and money for the Union service during the late war, and was also an active manager of the Upper Coös River and Lake Improvement Company. He married, in 1840, Adaline Bedel Haynes, a granddaughter of the noted Gen. Moody Bedel, a soldier of the Revolution and of the War of 1812, who was also one of the pioneers of the Indian Stream country. They had six children, of whom but three survive—Frank, of the well-known firm of Eustis & Aldrich, wholesale starch merchants of Boston, Mass., Edgar, and Isabel, wife of Justus W. Baldwin of Pittsburg. The father died February 25, 1880, but the mother is still living. Edgar, who was born February 5, 1848, remained at home, receiving such educational advantages as the district school afforded, until fourteen years of age, when he entered the academy at Colebrook, where he continued about three years, and soon after commenced the study of law in the office of Ira A. Ramsey of that town. He subsequently entered the law department of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, graduating therefrom, in March, 1868, with the degree of LL. B., when twenty years of age.

Returning to Colebrook, he was admitted to the bar of Coös county at the following August term of court, upon motion of the late Hon. Hiram A. Fletcher, who stated, upon moving such action, that he would attain the age of twenty-one before the next session of the court. He

opened an office and commenced the practice of his profession in Colebrook, continuing alone until January 1, 1882, when he formed a partnership with William H. Shurtleff, under the firm name of Aldrich & Shurtleff, which continued four years. Later he was for three years similarly associated with James I. Parsons, and was again alone in practice until his removal to Littleton, January 1, 1881, where he became the partner of Hon. George A. Bingham. In May, 1882, Daniel Remick was admitted to the firm, which continued under the style of Bingham, Aldrich & Remick, until Judge Bingham's second appointment to the supreme bench, in December, 1884. Subsequently the firm of Aldrich & Remick pursued practice until January, 1889, after which Mr. Aldrich was alone until his appointment as U. S. District Judge.

While in practice at Colebrook he was twice appointed solicitor for Coös county, first by Governor Straw, in 1872, serving until the political overturn in 1874, and again by Governor Cheney, in 1876, serving until June, 1879, and establishing a reputation as an able and efficient prosecuting officer. In November, 1884, he was elected a member of the legislature from the town of Littleton. Although without previous legislative experience, he was nominated by the Republican caucus for speaker of the house, and elected to that position, for whose difficult and delicate duties he developed a surprising aptness, acquitting himself throughout the session in a manner which would have done credit to a veteran parliamentarian.

At the outset of his professional career Judge Aldrich entered at once into the preparation and trial of causes, paying comparatively little attention to the ordinary routine of office work. He took delight in the exciting legal and forensic contests which have characterized the practice of both the Coös and Grafton bars, and an examination of the reports will demonstrate his active and conspicuous participation in many of the important causes on the northern dockets during the last two decades. One of the most important and interesting causes in which he was engaged, and one in which he added greatly to his reputation for ability and research, was that of the *Connecticut River Lumber Co. vs. Olcott Falls Co.*, in which he was associated with Hon. Irving W. Drew of Lancaster, as counsel for the

plaintiff, defendant's counsel being the late Hon. William S. Ladd of Lancaster, and Hon. Jeremiah Smith of Dover. This was a bill in equity to regulate the respective water-rights of the plaintiff corporation, using the stream for navigation purposes in floating its logs, and of the defendant mill owners. The right of trial by jury was claimed by defendant's counsel, on the alleged constitutional ground embodied in Article 20 of the Bill of Rights, which guarantees the right of trial by jury in all controversies concerning property, "except in cases in which it has been heretofore otherwise used and practiced." The question involved in this contention was one of constantly recurring interest, and one which had long been the subject of much attention and research, with no definite result. Mr. Aldrich devoted his entire energies to the work in hand, and with such effect that, in his able and exhaustive oral argument in reply to Judge Smith, at the December law term, 1889, which was regarded by the court as so worthy an effort as to warrant its publication in full in Vol. 65, N. H. Reports, he secured a favorable determination, the court holding that no such right, as the defendant claimed, existed.

For some time previous to Judge Aldrich's appointment it had been generally considered, and not without warrant, that the position of U. S. District Judge for New Hampshire was, practically, a sinecure—a post of honor and emolument, involving comparatively little labor. Although under the general provisions of the Federal statutes the judge of any district court in the circuit, which in our case embraces the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, may be called upon, whenever in the opinion of the circuit judge the public business so requires, to hold the circuit or district court in any state or district in the circuit, very little outside service had been required of the New Hampshire district judge for many years, and the work of the court in the district itself had been very light. But almost contemporaneously with the appointment of Judge Aldrich came the act of congress, approved March 3, 1891, creating the circuit court of appeals, for the relief of the supreme court, to which questions of law are taken from the various district and circuit courts, which provides that such court shall

consist of the associate justice of the supreme court assigned for the circuit, the circuit judges in attendance (an additional judge having been provided in each circuit), and the district judges within the circuit, presiding in the order of rank and seniority of their commissions. This act largely increased the duties of all the Federal judges (the salary of the district judge being at the same time properly increased from \$3,500 to \$5,000 per annum), so that, ever since his appointment, Judge Aldrich has found his time very fully occupied, having been called largely into service in the Massachusetts courts, where, as in his immediate district, he has already won an enviable reputation as a courteous, discriminating, and conscientious administrator of justice.

Dartmouth College conferred upon Judge Aldrich the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1891. As a public speaker he takes high rank, and has delivered several notable addresses upon special and anniversary occasions, among which may be named his address, in 1886, before the Grafton and Coös Bar Association, of which he has been a prominent member, upon the question—"Shall the Law and Trial Courts be Separated?"; that before the court upon the death of Judge Frederick Chase of Hanover, at the September term, 1890; his eulogy of Gen. Gilman Marston, before the Grafton and Coös Bar Association, January, 1891; and his address at the last meeting of the Southern New Hampshire Bar Association, upon—"Delays Incident to the Removal of Causes from the State to the Federal Courts," &c. It may also be noted that he has been invited to deliver an address before the New Hampshire Historical Society at its next annual meeting, upon the Indian Stream controversy.

Judge Aldrich was united in marriage, October 7, 1872, with Louise M. Remick, daughter of Samuel K. Remick of Colebrook. They have two children—a daughter, Florence M., born July 1, 1874, an accomplished young lady, who has been educated in the public schools, at Tilden Seminary, West Lebanon, St. Mary's School, Concord, and Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass.; and a son, Ephraim Fred, born June 9, 1878, now a student at Phillips Academy, Andover.

Although on account of his official duties, spending

much of his time in Boston, he retains his home in Littleton, where he has a finely appointed and beautifully located residence on Church street, commanding a delightful view of the village and the charming valley of the Ammonoosuc.

Thoroughly democratic and unostentatious in manner, readily approachable and courteous to all, Judge Aldrich is popular alike in the general community and in the profession of which he is a conspicuous representative. Of fine presence and strong physique, he is also endowed with vigorous intellectual powers; and with a full appreciation of the labors and responsibilities of his position, and the zeal and earnestness of comparative youth in meeting all their requirements, there is good reason for belief that he has before him a career of usefulness and honor, creditable alike to himself and to the New Hampshire district.

FORGIVE.

BY CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

Crush your anger down, 'tis the wiser part,
 It will grow and grow till it fills your heart
 If you nurse it and let it live;
 What tho' he wronged you, and glories still
 In the deed malign that has wrought you ill?—
 For your own sake, friend, forgive.

Forgive and pity and leave him alone;
 He must reap, God help him, what he has sown
 Ere the days of his life are told;
 For the seeds of rancor grow naught but tares,
 And woe is the harvest that malice bears,
 And they yield an hundred fold.

Oh! drear is the snow-crowned arctic peak
 When the howling wind blows cold and bleak
 In a wild and angry mood;
 But drearer yet is the luckless breast
 Where the vulture of hate has made her nest
 And hatched her hellish brood.

SEABROOK SKETCHES.

BY CLARKSON DEARBORN.

No portion of New Hampshire is more rich and interesting to the historical student than that which is now Rockingham county, between the Piscataqua river on the north and Salisbury, Mass., on the south. Not only on account of the important events which have transpired within its borders, but also for being the residence of many families whose descendants are scattered throughout the old Granite State, and who can trace their lineage back to those sturdy pioneers who, during the privations of the wilderness and the hostility of the red man, laid the foundations of the towns and cities of New Hampshire as firm as her own granite hills.

From the time of its first discovery by Capt. John Smith, in 1614, and the earliest grant made to Mason & Gorge's, in 1622, it received a variety of names. It was called New Hampshire by Capt. John Mason (the original patentee). In 1623 it was styled Laconia, and in some of our old histories, Capt. Mason Patent and Pascataqua.* It was first occupied more or less by a class of adventurers and speculators, whom the greed of gain and the desire to domineer over the people induced to obtain grants and titles to the land, and it is a singular fact that its boundaries and rights have been more or less in dispute almost to the present time.

In 1641 all of these settlements submitted to Massachusetts and were included in the county of Norfolk, which extended from the Merrimac to the Piscataqua river. For many years they received but little attention from the mother country. In 1679 New Hampshire was made a royal province by commission from Charles II. The commission was brought to Portsmouth by Edward Randolph, whose subsequent acts are fair examples of the injustice and unscrupulous treatment the early settlers were subjected to.

Portsmouth, also called Strawberry Bank, and Hampton formerly included the whole seaboard of New Hampshire, about sixteen miles in length, and were, later, sub-divided

* Farmer's N. H. Gazetteer.

into smaller townships. Hampton Falls was incorporated in 1712, and Seabrook, so called on account of its many brooks meandering through to the sea, was set off from Hampton Falls and granted, June 13, 1763, to Jonathan Weare, Richard Smith, John Moulton, Ebenezer Knowlton, Winthrop Gove, Henry Robie, Elisha Brown, Benj. Leavitt, Isaac Brown, and others. Joseph Dow, Christopher Hussey, and Thomas Philbrick were the first settlers.

Here in the little southeast corner of Rockingham county, included within the present limits of Seabrook, have been born and lived some noted persons, and many incidents of interest have transpired. Here was born the first president of New Hampshire; here lived and died Edward Gove, the fearless defender of popular rights in old colonial times, the first man to lead in open resistance to the tyranny of royal rulers in New Hampshire, and the first to suffer punishment for adherence to the principles of liberty.

The following extract from an historical address, delivered by Joseph Dow, M. A., at Hampton, December 25, 1838, gives a good idea of the early history and the government of Cranfield in New Hampshire :

“ Hampton was settled by authority of Massachusetts, and it was for many years considered under the jurisdiction of that colony. In 1643 a new county was formed, embracing all the towns between the Merrimac and Pascataqua rivers. This was called the county of Norfolk. The number of towns within its limits was six. Salisbury was the shire town; Portsmouth and Dover, however, had courts of their own.

“ Capt. John Mason, to whom a large part of it (Norfolk county) had been granted by charter, was dead (died 1635). His heirs made some opposition as to the claim of Massachusetts. About 1677 or 1678 the heir of Mason made an attempt to recover possession of New Hampshire. He claimed the soil of the province as his own property. Agents were sent over to England, and a hearing was granted them before the highest judicial authorities. The judges reported that Mason's heir had no right of government in New Hampshire, and they further reported that the four towns of Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter, and Hampton were beyond the limits of Massachusetts. But in regard to Mason's right to the soil of New Hampshire they expressed no opinion. This report was accepted and confirmed by the king in council. New Hampshire was then separated from Massachusetts, with which it had been for so long time so happily united.

“The commission for the government of New Hampshire passed the great seal on the 18th of September, 1679. Under the new order of things, a president and six counsellors were appointed by the crown, and these were authorized to choose three other persons to be added to their number. An assembly was also to be called. The whole number of voters in the four towns was two hundred and nine, fifty-seven of whom belonged to Hampton. The assembly consisted of eleven members, three from each of the four towns, except Exeter, which sent only two, that town having but twenty voters. The members from Hampton were Anthony Stanyan, Thomas Marston and Edward Gove. Among the counsellors were Christopher Hussey and Samuel Dalton of Hampton. The assembly met at Portsmouth on the 16th of March, 1680.

“In 1682 another change was introduced into the government. Edward Cranfield was appointed lieutenant-governor and commander-in-chief of New Hampshire. This change was effected through the influence of Mason’s grandson, an heir. Cranfield’s commission was dated May 9th, 1682. Within a few days after publishing his commission, he began to exhibit his arbitrary disposition, by suspending two of the counsellors. The next year he dismissed the assembly, because they would not comply with all of his requests. This act of Cranfield very much increased the discontent of the people. In Hampton, particularly, and in Exeter it created a great excitement. Edward Gove of Hampton (now Seabrook), a member of the assembly that had been dismissed, was urgent for a revolution, but could not induce the leading men in the province to join him in a confederacy to overthrow the government. He collected his followers and appeared in arms; but was at length induced to surrender. He was soon after tried for high treason, was convicted, and received sentence of death. His property was confiscated. He was sent to England, and after remaining imprisoned in the Tower of London three years, was pardoned and returned home, and his estate was restored to him. Several other persons were also tried for treason, two of whom belonged to Hampton. These were convicted of being accomplices with Gove, but were reprieved, and at length pardoned without being sent to England.

“Not long after, when the courts had all been organized in a way highly favorable to Mason, he commenced suits against several persons for holding lands and felling timber, which he claimed. These suits were decided in his favor. A large number were despatched in a single day, and the costs were made very great. When the estates of those prosecuted were exposed for sale, no purchasers could be found, so they still retained possession of them. At length the grievances of the people were

past endurance, and they resolved to complain directly to the king. Nathaniel Weare of Hampton (now Seabrook) was accordingly chosen their agent and despatched to England. In consequence of his representations, censures were passed on some of Cranfield's proceedings, and he soon after left New England and sailed for the West Indies.

"It seems that Hampton people had much confidence in the ability and good sense of Edward Gove, for, in 1689, less than four years after his return home from the Tower of London, he was appointed a commissioner with five others to attend a convention to resolve upon some method of government for New Hampshire. The persons chosen were Henry Green, Henry Dow, Nathaniel Weare, Samuel Sherburne, Morris Hobbs, and Edward Gove. The meeting at which these delegates, or commissioners, were chosen was held January, 1689-90. After a preamble mentioning that commissioners had been chosen by the people of Portsmouth and of Dover, and that the people of Hampton had been invited to pursue a similar course, the determination of the town is expressed as follows :

"We, therefore, ye Inhabitants of the Town of Hampton, in answer to their request have agreed to send thes sixe persons as our comishoners to joyne with ye comishoners of ye other Towns in ye province to cofer about and resolve upon a method of Government within the province—And what ye sayd comishoners of the whole province or the majer part of them shall conclude and agree upon as to ye settlement of Government amongst us—If thes our sayd comishoners (viz) Henry Green Esqre, Ensign Henry Dow, Mr. Nathaniel Wire, Capt. Samuel Shewborne, Morris Hobbs, Senior, and Mr. Edward Gove, in discorsing and agreeing about ye same, if they or ye majer part of them shall se just cause to comply and agree with the other comishoners as to ye way and method of Government that shall be settled amongst us And shall subscribe thereto—We the Inhabitants of ye Town of Hampton reposing especiall Trust and confidence in our sayed comishoners, what they shall agree to, or the majer part of them, We shall hould as good and valued to all intents and purposes ; Hereby obledging our selves to yeld all ready obdience thereto, untill Their Majesties Order shall arive for ye Setelment of Government over us."

Edward Gove emigrated from London, England, to New England in 1640, in company with his father and brother, whose names were John. They settled and died in Cambridge, Mass. But Edward, about 1655, removed to Hampton, N. H. In 1660 he married Hannah Titcomb and settled on a farm in the present limits of Seabrook. The

ancient house now standing on it was built by his son John in 1713, and has always remained in the possession of the Gove family. It is now owned and occupied by one of his descendants, Miss Sarah Elma Gove. Adjacent to his farm was Nathaniel Weare's, where was born Meshech Weare, the first president of New Hampshire. Edward Gove had thirteen children, of whom only two sons, John and Ebenezer, lived to marry and have children. His daughter Mary married Joseph Sanborn, and was grandmother to Phebe (Sanborn) Philbrick, the wife of Capt. Samuel Philbrick, who moved from Seabrook and settled in Weare, N. H.

An old eight-legged table once belonging to Mary Gove is kept as an interesting relic by her descendants, the Misses Philbrick, now residing in Salem, Mass.

Abigail Sanborn, a daughter of Joseph and Mary (Gove) Sanborn, married, October 7th, 1703, Ebenezer Dearborn, one of the grantees of the town of Chester.

On this farm Edward Gove lived in 1682, when Gov. Cranfield assumed the control of affairs in New Hampshire, and by his acts became very obnoxious to the people, especially by dissolving the assembly, a proceeding without a precedent in the history of the colonies. This act was looked upon with a jealous eye by the prominent men of New Hampshire, and by none more so than by Edward Gove, a member of the assembly and a man of influence at that time. The feeling among the people was that of grave fear. Although they had left the mother country for liberty's sake, the old customs still clung to them, and the idea of the divine right of kings was not wholly obliterated from their minds. Its accomplishment took almost another century, and when Edward Gove sounded the tocsin of revolution it was not responded to with that concert of action and energy which marked the uprising in 1775; but Gove's rebellion, so called, was an epoch in the history of New Hampshire of more importance than most historians give to it, and indeed was the beginning of the great struggle for freedom from the tyranny of kings. He and his followers were arrested, and tried for high treason (Edward Gove was sentenced to be hung and drawn in quarters, but was finally taken to the Tower of London, and in less than two and a half years was pardoned, and

returned home April, 1686).^{*} His adherents were convicted of being accomplices, but were respited. They were John Gove (son of Edward), William Hely of Hampton, Joseph, John, and Robert Wadleigh (three brothers), Thomas Rawlins, Mark Baker, and John Sleeper of Exeter. His own words at the time of his arrest indicate the deep interest and concern for the welfare of the colonies,—“If ever New England had need of a Solomon or a David it is now.” And while he lingered in the Tower of London, condemned to an awful death, the spirit of unrest still remained in the minds of the people, and finally culminated

^{*} Following are copies of the king's order and the pardon of Edward Gove.

[L. S.]

JAMES R.

Whereas Edward Gove was neare three years since apprehended tryed and condemned for High Treason in Our Colony of New England in America, and in June 1683 was Committed Prisoner to the Tower of London. We have thought fit hereby to signify Our Will and Pleasure to you, that you cause him the said Edward Gove to be inserted in the next Generall Pardon that shall come out, for the poor Convicts of Newgate, without any condition of trasportation, he giving such Security for his good behavior, as you shall think requisite. And for so doing this shall be your Warrant Given at Our Court at Windsor the 14 day of September 1685 in the first yeare of Our Reigne.

To Our Trusty & Wellbeloved the Recorder of Our City of London and all others whom it may concern	} By his Majt ^{ties} com'and Sunderland.
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Edward Gove to be inserted in ye Generall Pardon.

[THE KING'S SEAL.]

At the Court at Whitehall
the 9th of April 1686
Present

The Kings most Excellent Majesty
in Councill

Upon reading the Petition of Edward Gove Setting forth that his maty was graciously pleased to order the Petr should be released from his imprisonment in the Tower and that he should be inserted in the next pardon of the Convicts in Newgate. But in Regard the said Pardon as he is informed will not issue till Michaelmas next, and for that his family beyond the sea are in a necessitous condition, he humbly prays his maty to signify to the Government of New England, His said Gracious Pardon and that he may be restored to his Estate and Condition

His Maty in Councill is thereupon this day pleased to order that the Rt. Honorable the Earle of Sunderland doe pepare a letter fo his maty's signature—signifying to the Governm^t of New England that his majesty has graciously pardoned the said Edward Gove, and Requiring them to restore him to his Estate there.

W^m Bridgeman

in the American Revolution. He died in Hampton (now Seabrook) July 29, 1691.

The following is an exact copy of an unpublished letter written to him by his daughter during his confinement in the Tower, and now in possession of one of his ancestors, and shows the quaint style and address of those times :

(Directed thus :)

“ For
my honoured father Edward Gove
In the tower or elsewhere
I pray deliver with care.”

“ From Hampton The 31st of ye first month 1686

“ Dear and kind father, through god’s good mercy having this opportunity to send unto ye hoping in ye Lord yt ye art in good health. Dear father my desire is yt god in his good mercy would bee pleased to keep ye both in body and soul—Loving father it is our duty to pray unto god that hee would by his grace give us good hearts to pray unto him for grace and strength to support us so yt ye love of our hearts and souls should be always fixed on him whereby we should Live A heavenly Life while we are on ye earth so yt gods blessing may be with us always—as our Savior—Christ in ye world ye shall have troubles but in mee ye shall have peace. So in ye Lord Jesus Christ ye true Light of ye world There is peace joy and Love with strength & power & thuth to keep all thoses yt trust in him

“ Dear father I hope god in his good mercy will be pleased to bring us together. Again to his glory and our good interest ye Let us heare from ye all opportunityes as may bee for it is great joy to us to hear from ye father. I have one Little daughter. my husband is troubled with a could, he Remembers his duty to ye.

“ So no more at present, I Rest thy Dutiful son and daughter.

“ Abraham Clements & }
“ Hannah Clements ” } }

BIG TREES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY HON. J. D. LYMAN.

I shall not yield to J. W. Robinson in admiration of the majestic elm in Concord, in front of the old Samuel Coffin house. Taking into consideration its size, symmetry, and height, I used to point it out to visitors as one of the grandest and most beautiful trees I had ever seen. It is easily the king of the beautiful elms in our beautiful capital, while the plane tree or sycamore, on Main street, is the king of all the trees I have ever seen of its kind. But I think Colonel Robinson will, upon inquiry, find larger elms than that on the Coffin place, in this state. The Crowninshield elm, which I went to see in Malden, Mass., is much larger. Its huge size, and the belief that Washington once hitched his horse to it, makes it famous. The "Bridal elm," near the road from Exeter to Hampton, when I measured it, was sixteen feet and nine inches in circumference, four feet from the ground. This tree received its name, says tradition, from a couple meeting a magistrate in the road near it, when on their way to get married, and he performed the ceremony there in the road. This tree, with its majestic harp-shaped top, was exceedingly beautiful till the ice, a few winters since, considerably damaged it. Across its spurs, one foot from the ground, I found its circumference about twenty-five feet. Not far from this tree, on the same road, the elm near the Gilbert Rollins house I found sixteen feet in circumference, four feet from the ground. On towards Boar's Head the road swings round under the charming, low, widespreading elm at the J. J. Leavitt place. This tree measures fourteen feet, five inches, four feet from the ground. As you drive from Hampton into Exeter, before you cross the bridge, you see the majestic elm in the sidewalk at the old Joshua Getchell place which, some few years since, I found measured sixteen feet ten inches, two feet from the ground, and fourteen feet ten inches, four feet from the ground. This tree is said to have been set out in 1775. These four majestic trees stand in or near the same road, leading from the river bridge in Exeter to Hampton Beach, and to see all of them, and also other fine ones, you have to travel only some seven miles,

and that over one of the best roads in or out of New England.

The white pine, cut by Governor Tuttle and his associates, including Councillor Farrington, on the John F. Torr lot in Rochester, January, 1892, was one of the noblest pines I have ever seen standing. It was a little over two hundred years old. This tree sprouted into life about the time that the Indians were killing the citizens of Durham and other towns, and Major Waldron of Dover was military chieftain of what little there then was of New Hampshire. The pine that bore the seed from which this tree grew, its father and mother, may have been growing before Columbus discovered America, when Richard the III was reigning, when Edward the V and his brother were murdered in the Tower, and England and Scotland were almost constantly at war with each other. I was invited to see this magnificent monarch of the forest fell by the axemen of the genial governor and his associates, but failed to be present. "Straight as a gun and sound as a nut," this grand old tree measured about five feet across its stump, and was thirty-eight inches in diameter twenty feet from the ground, thirty-three inches at forty feet, thirty inches at sixty feet, twenty-three inches at eighty feet, sixteen inches at one hundred feet. The lumber when sawed measured four thousand five hundred and five feet. Mr. Torr was offered one hundred and twenty-five dollars for this tree about thirty years ago, when masts for ships were in demand, but it was ultimately sold for about one half of what was then offered for it.

It was with emotions at least akin to pity that I once set the men to cut an exceedingly beautiful and perfectly "upright" pine, which had soared one hundred and thirty-six feet towards the starry heavens, as faultless in its perfection as were Phillips Brooks or John G. Whittier in their Christian characters. May not such perfectly developed, upright trees be properly regarded as moral teachers?

JERE O'HALLORAN.

BY MARION HOWARD.

Tonsorialism is strictly a practical art; there is nothing poetic about it, and yet the Granite State has produced a young man who combines this art with that of verse-making. He is talented and promising in that line, and, better still, he is a self-made man who has won his way towards success solely through honest endeavor and industry. He has made many valuable friends. His verses, hundreds of which have been set to music, show poetic genius, possessing as they do the merit of originality, fine sentiment, and ready wit. Without education to aid him his efforts are indeed remarkable.

Boston's poet-barber is Jere O'Halloran, born in Fisherville (now Penacook), November 14, 1861. He is the son of Edward and Catherine (Ford) O'Halloran, who came to this country from County Cork, Ireland. Mr. O'Halloran, senior, entered the employ of the Hon. C. H. Amsden, where he remained thirteen years. He died in 1871, and ten years later, on Halloween, his faithful wife passed away. Three children were born, the subject of this sketch being the eldest. The lad had been attending the district school, and was a bright scholar. On the death of his father, young as he was, he realized the necessity of going to work, and, at the age of ten, he entered the cotton mill, where he remained three years; then he sought employment with Mr. Amsden in his furniture factory. A year later an opportunity presented itself to learn the grocery business in the establishment of the Hon. J. C. Linehan. This not proving to his taste, he next tried the woolen trade with E. S. Harris of Fisherville, where he remained three years, working ten and one half hours per day. During this time he was seized with a desire to acquire the barber's profession, so all his spare hours, evenings, and Sundays were devoted to the labor. It suited him so well; it seemed so much cleaner and more congenial that he finally adopted it, and gave up his situation in the mill. He was for some time employed by B. F. Morse. Later he opened a shop of his own, and, during



Mrs. D. Halloran

the summer season, he successfully carried on his business at Boar's Head and at the Hotel Fiske, Old Orchard, serving in the latter hostelry in a double capacity—that of head waiter and barber. He was very popular at this famous resort, and was presented with many valuable gifts at the end of the season.

During the winter months, while running his little shop in his native town, he was much sought after as an entertainer, and it was he who originated the Fisherville Minstrels, acting as a sort of "Pooh Bah" of the organization, but chiefly as a rhymester and joke-maker. During the days of roller-skating he was immensely popular, and his management of the rink, his artistic skating, and his clever poetical advertising made him famous throughout the state and in Massachusetts, where he won many prizes for his skill.

Mr. O'Halloran was married, at the age of twenty-one, to Miss Maud Josephine Elliott of Concord, a young lady of many talents. They have one son, Edward, known as "Master Eddie," a musical wonder, who first delighted a select Salem audience when only 6 years old, and who is in demand at various entertainments in classic Cambridge. He is a very promising scholar, and will be given all the advantages of proper schooling.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Halloran moved to Cambridge in 1888, where they now reside. Mr. O'Halloran was offered a fine position in the leading establishment of tonsorialism in Boston, located in Young's hotel. He had not been in his new quarters two years before he was advanced to his present position, that of general manager of the popular Brattle Street parlors. His patrons are of the best class of citizens.

Our poet-barber's gift of verse-making made itself known when he was only thirteen years old. In 1887 his first song, "You Know," was set to music by Sam Lucas, and it has been sung the country over. His later songs are, "I Love the Dear Old Banjo Best of All," "The Old Brass Knocker on the Door" (his special pride), "Games on the the Old Village Green," "When Your Money's Gone Your Friends are very Few," and a beautiful string of verses on the touching scene in Hoyt's "Temperance Town," and dedicated to Miss Elsie Lombard. He has

recently been engaged in writing a song for the well known tenor, Mr. Herbert Johnson.

Jere O'Halloran, in appearance, is a slender, dark-eyed, intelligent-appearing young man, with a finely-shaped head, and a clear, manly countenance. He is wide-awake, ambitious, and an honest man in every sense of the word.

PIONEER SETTLERS OF WEST DUNSTABLE—III.

BY C. S. SPAULDING.

Large tracts of land were granted in West Dunstable to various individuals by the Massachusetts Colonial Court between the years 1659 and 1716. Some were granted in payment for services rendered in the Narragansett war; some were granted in payment for civil service rendered to the commonwealth; some were purchased, others were granted on a promise of building a mill within the bounds of the grant in a given time.

In a volume of Massachusetts laws, published in 1726, entitled "Acts and Laws passed by the Great and General Court or Assembly of his Majesties Province of Massachusetts Began and Held at Boston Wednesday the 30th day of May, 1716," chapter II, page 252, appear the following:

"An act for settleing of Grants—Whereas sundary Grants of Lands have been made by the General Court at divers times, unto particular Persons, of which Grants the greatest part have been taken up; but some may be yet standing out,

"Be it therefore Enacted by his Excelency the Governor, Council, & Representatives in General Court Assembled, and by the authority of the same, that all persons claiming a right to any tract, or tracts of land, by Grant from the General Court, And not yet laid out; Shall within the space of three³ years, from the publication of this Act bring in a copy of their Grant to the General, Assembly of this Province in order to have the same laid out and confirmed to them; And all such as neglect or refuse to bring in their claims as above said shall ferfeit their rights to said Grants," &c.

Agreeable to this law, Jonathan Blanchard of Dunstable was engaged to make a copy of the original draft, or

plan, of West Dunstable, which he did under date of June, 1720.*

The grantees were exceedingly anxious to dispose of their property to the best advantage, and as soon as there was a prospect of inducing people to make a settlement an effort was made to influence them, by posting large and small handbills setting forth the advantage of settling in the new country. These handbills were posted pretty generally throughout Middlesex and Essex counties about the time of the contest between New Hampshire and Massachusetts in regard to the state line boundary question, which occurred between the years 1731 and 1741. Each state wishing to obtain jurisdiction over as many towns as possible, the agitation of this question helped to promote settlements in the region west of the Merrimack river.

In the spring of 1738 eight men, with their families, coming mostly from Middlesex county, settled in West Dunstable, in the vicinity of what was afterwards called Monson. Their names were Thomas, William, and David Nevins, ——— Wooley, William Colburn, James Wheeler, Philip Woolerich, and John Martin. They brought their entire effects in an ox cart, plodding their way through the Dunstable wilderness, guided only by marked trees. Erecting log huts, clearing off the forests, and making paths was their first employment. Thomas Nevins served as sergeant in the old French war, and afterwards went West, where he left numerous descendants. David Nevins was one of the first settlers of Plymouth, N. H. Samuel Leeman, an early settler, has already been mentioned in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* (December number, Vol. 14). William Nevins was a prominent man in the new settlement; was selectman, moderator, &c. He was the father of five sons, all of whom served in the Revolution. He died February 15, 1785, aged 66, and was buried in the old churchyard at Hollis. William Colburn was the ancestor of nearly all the Colburns of Hollis. He died April 3d, 1769, aged 79, and was buried at Hollis. James Wheeler was an honest, hard-working yeoman, and ancestor of nearly all the Wheelers of Hollis. He lived and died on the

* This plan was made on parchment, is now in a tolerable state of preservation, and may be seen at the office of the Hillsborough county registry of deeds, at Nashua.

farm he settled on, which has ever since remained in the Wheeler family—a period of one hundred and fifty-five years. Philip Woolerich resided in West Dunstable only a few years. John Martin and his son John were soldiers in the old French war.

The first settlement in the Nissitissit hill section of West Dunstable was made by Moses Saunders of Marlborough, Mass., during the spring of 1738 or 1739. He commenced a clearing, built his log hut, and erected a saw-mill about this time, which was the first one in West Dunstable. The dam is still to be seen, a few rods northeast of the dwelling-house at the Daniel Bailey place, in Hollis. This mill was situated on the south branch of Witch brook near its headwaters, on the verge of a deep and picturesque valley. This brook has its source in the Nissitissit or Birch hill section of Hollis, being fed by springs all along the eastern slope of these hills. Before the old-growth forests were cut, these brooks furnished a never-failing supply of water, and were well filled with trout.

On these hills, prior to the settlement, the wolf, bear, catamount and panther roamed in great numbers. Some were seen as late as the beginning of the present century.

It was in this wild region that Mr. Saunders reared a family of four children, the births of whom are found recorded in the old Monson records. It is said that Mr. Saunders sawed the boards for the first meeting-house in West Dunstable, built in 1741. Its dimensions were, "22 by 20 feet and 9 feet stud, with one Glass Window." He also sawed the lumber for nearly all the dwellings in the young settlement.

In the spring of 1747, fearing an Indian invasion, Mr. Saunders became alarmed for his personal safety, and moved his family to Southborough, Mass., where he lived on a large and well cultivated farm. Tradition says that he saw Indians lurking in the woods several days before he left. They seemed bent on the destruction of every mill and its owner. Quite a number were destroyed about this time in various sections of the state. Their motive for doing this, as Dr. Belknap says, "was to retard the settlements, and prevent clearing off their hunting-grounds."

The water power of Witch brook is now owned and utilized by Daniel W. and David N. Hayden; their mill

being situated only a few rods below the Saunders mill site. They are engaged in the lumber and coopering business, and by their untiring industry have acquired quite a large property. They enjoy the confidence and esteem of the people of Hollis, having served them as selectmen, as well as in minor town offices.

DESTINY.

BY JERE O'HALLORAN.

For some 'tis a world of pleasure,
 For others a world of care ;
 Love locked in the heart as a treasure
 May give way to despair.
 Joy may give way to sorrow
 At the great Almighty's will ;
 We know not our lot to-morrow—
 It may be for good or ill.

THE LIBRARY MOVEMENT IN NEW
 HAMPSHIRE.*

BY LOUISE FITZ.

It is not until the close of the Revolutionary war that America, finally freed from the heavy burdens entailed by her long struggle for independence, begins to cherish any particular regard for schools and other institutions of learning.

New Hampshire, like the other states of the Union, took part in the founding of schools and in the establishment of libraries, and her remarkable success in the latter work is deserving of special mention. To New Hampshire belongs the honor of having been the first state in the Union to adopt a general library law. Not inaptly has she been called "the mother of the free library system." Hence it follows that a careful study of the library movement in

*This paper was read at the meeting of the New Hampshire Library Association, at Littleton, September 15, 1893.

New Hampshire is full of importance and fraught with many interesting details.

Let it not be supposed that the idea of a free public library, as we now understand the term, was recognized in its fulness in those early days. By no means. The libraries which came into existence in New Hampshire, close upon the enactment of its early library law, were termed *social* libraries. At that time, the establishment of these so-called social libraries was the easiest, the cheapest, and the most effectual mode of diffusing knowledge among the people.

These social libraries were not unlike the subscription libraries which exist to-day. Each citizen, upon the payment of six or eight dollars, and a small additional subscription each year, was constituted a proprietor and entitled to the use of all the resources the library afforded. Thus it may be seen that the early libraries of New Hampshire were not free, and that, consequently, only the more prosperous and well-to-do citizens could avail themselves of the privileges they afforded.

The first library of this kind was the Dover Social Library, which was incorporated December 18, 1792; but inasmuch as Dr. Jeremy Belknap, in his history of New Hampshire, written about 1792, recommends the establishment of social libraries, it is evident that in those early days they were not so numerous as a devoted and public-spirited citizen might desire.

No doubt Dr. Belknap's suggestion was a timely one, for we note with satisfaction that from 1792-1838 many library associations, social libraries, and reading clubs were incorporated; most of these in the very early part of this century, though a few followed in 1797-99. From 1792-1838, a period of little less than fifty years, two hundred and fifteen library associations were incorporated in the state of New Hampshire.

It is probable that the public-school libraries—the real pioneers and progenitors of our free town libraries, since they were practically free to all the inhabitants and derived their support from taxation and state grants—did not exist in New Hampshire as in most of the other New England states. Undoubtedly the early and general prevalence of the library corporations provided for the library needs of

the people and rendered unnecessary the public-school library system.

Meagre though the resources afforded by the social libraries may seem to us, in those early days they were held in high esteem and played an important part in the education of the people. Books were infinitely more difficult to procure than now, and the collections of the book clubs and of the library associations were of great value. In those days, the question whether we estimate at their true worth those things which do not cost us too much could never have arisen. The resources of our forefathers were few and were possible only at the cost of great struggle and sacrifice. Books in those days were rated at their own intrinsic worth, and the few which could be obtained were gratefully cared for and profitably used.

The idea of a free public library, as practically exemplified now in several states, is of comparatively recent origin. In the public libraries of *all* classes in the United States, in the year 1800, there were not more than 80,000 volumes.

As has been already said, New Hampshire was the first state in the Union to recognize the expediency of establishing public libraries. More than forty years ago a bill was introduced in the New Hampshire legislature with the title, "An act for the establishment of public libraries." This bill was adopted, without amendment, and became a law on the 7th of July, 1849. By this law towns were authorized to grant money to establish and maintain public libraries, the amount of such grants being fixed by the voters of the respective towns.

Thirteen years before the enactment of this general state library law, the town of Peterborough, by a vote of April 9th, 1833, established a town library. With the establishment of the Peterborough Library, sixty years ago, the American idea of a free town library first took tangible shape. So far as is now known the library at Peterborough was the *first free public* library supported by municipal taxation among English-speaking people.

New Hampshire is entitled to claim also the additional distinction of establishing one of the earliest state libraries, and of being one of the first three states in the Union to form a state library association. By means of this

organization New Hampshire's library interests are actively furthered, and much good work is accomplished by the interchange of ideas necessarily resulting. The New Hampshire Library Association was the earliest incorporated society of the kind, its act of incorporation being approved August 16th, 1839.

Satisfied that New Hampshire may well be proud of her early interest in libraries, and of her success in their establishment, let us now glance at the more recent library progress in this state. Of this we cannot speak with so great enthusiasm. There would seem to have been a lull in the good work so early and successfully prosecuted, and for many years the old-time library associations, the somewhat inadequate social libraries, and the reading-clubs, not calculated to satisfy the needs of an ever-increasing population, are all that New Hampshire offers to her inhabitants. Only recently has she recalled her early interest in library matters and set about fulfilling the promise of former days.

There is, perhaps, no more difficult and unsatisfactory task than that of comparing doubtful statistics. The data with regard to the libraries of this state are, as yet, quite incomplete, and though an earnest effort is being made to obtain recent and reliable statistics, this effort has not yet been entirely successful. The data, however, may be trusted as far as they go, and perhaps by their careful consideration we shall gain at least a relative idea of New Hampshire's past accomplishments as well as of her present library needs.

We know that in the year 1800 there were not more than eighty thousand books in *all* the public libraries of the United States, and that seventy-five years later there were more than two hundred thousand volumes in the state of New Hampshire alone.

The most recent library statistics of New Hampshire show a goodly number of entirely free public libraries containing about two hundred and eighty thousand volumes. This means about one hundred and seventy-five free public libraries, and provides *approximately* one hundred and thirty volumes to every one hundred of the inhabitants of the state. There are still nearly sixty towns without free library privileges.

When New Hampshire fully realized the necessity of establishing town libraries absolutely free to all of the inhabitants, further library legislation was necessary to accomplish this result. With this end in view, the legislature of New Hampshire, in 1891, following the example set by Massachusetts one year previous, created a commission whose duty it is "to promote the establishment and efficiency of free public libraries."

The library commission is authorized to grant one hundred dollars' worth of books to every town not possessing a free library. The commissioners select and purchase all books to be so provided, but no town is entitled to the benefit of these provisions until they have been accepted at a regular town meeting, nor until the town has provided in a manner satisfactory to the board of commissioners for the care, custody, and distribution of the books.

This library law further stipulates that, to secure assistance from the state, an annual appropriation must be made by each town of not less than fifty dollars if its last assessed valuation was \$1,000,000 or upward; not less than twenty-five dollars if said valuation was \$1,000,000 and not less than \$250,000; or not less than fifteen dollars if said valuation was less than \$250,000.

The commission serves without compensation. Its present members are Josiah H. Whittier of East Rochester, George T. Cruft of Bethlehem, Hosea W. Parker of Claremont, and Arthur R. Kimball, Librarian of the State Library at Concord. The commission has recently met with a severe loss in the death of its chairman, Hon. John J. Bell, late president of the New Hampshire Library Association.

The first meeting of the library commission was held February 9th, 1891, and J. H. Whittier was chosen secretary. Mr. Whittier was the author, or rather the adapter, of the library act from that enacted by Massachusetts, and to him is due, more than to any other person, its successful passage through the legislature.

Soon after organizing, the library commissioners issued circulars, which were widely distributed, calling attention to the library law and the benefits that must necessarily follow the establishment of a free public library. The result of their labors has been very gratifying, and has

proved conclusively that the people are alive to the importance of this question.

In all eighty-one towns voted favorably regarding the acceptance of the provisions of the law.* The favorable action so generally taken seems to have gone far to solve the question of the establishment of free public libraries, and the result of the first year's work of the Free Library Commission of New Hampshire cannot but be gratifying to those who believe in the educational value of the library. At a corresponding rate the question of the establishment of libraries in New Hampshire will be solved within a few years. In the future will come the problem of proper maintenance and a consideration of the true position to be assumed by the state.

Already there has been proposed the enactment of a law making it obligatory upon all towns to raise by taxation a small annual sum to be expended in maintaining free public libraries. This proposed law fixes the tax at the rate of thirty dollars for every dollar of public taxes apportioned to the individual towns. To towns in which this sum does not amount to one hundred dollars the state is to lend a helping hand by a grant of books equal to the difference between the sum and one hundred dollars. This would insure every public library at least one hundred dollars a year for new books, and the cost to the state would be comparatively small.

Formerly it was believed that when a law was enacted allowing towns to establish and maintain libraries the matter was settled, and no further legislation was necessary. Now we feel that this is not so. We recognize that it is an easier matter to start a library than to continue its existence and care for its future well-being.

In towns that are abundantly able to provide proper library facilities, a general supervision of the library interests would seem to be the whole duty of the state. In the small and sparsely-settled towns the case is different, and if it shall be proved that the smaller and poorer towns of the state are not able to support and maintain their own

* More recent returns show the number of towns taking favorable action under this act to be in all about one hundred and twelve. About a dozen or fifteen of the towns included in this aggregate will fail to effect a full compliance with the law, or establish free public libraries under its provisions.

libraries, surely no one who recognizes the educative value of the free public library will object to the expenditure of a small annual sum by the state to help the sparsely-settled rural districts to the enjoyment of those "legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn."

Unlike all other public charities, the free library is equally generous to those who have and to those who lack, and the responsibility rests upon the citizens of New Hampshire to think twice before refusing to enact such legislation as shall render possible, not only the universal establishment, but also the proper maintenance, of free public libraries.

FRIENDLIKENESS.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

One friend, in every season proved and known
 That he indeed is friendly, this thy need ;
 One comrade of thy comrades, who hath heed
 Of the full measure of that undertone
 Wherewith thy longing unconfessed, makes moan ;
 One, instant like thine other self, to read
 The signs whereof the heart is said to bleed
 When it must suffer and endure alone.

His is the truest friendship whose high calm
 Hath reined his first great pity, and upborne
 By his strong presence thine own weariness.
 Then, after silence and the soothing balm
 Of blessed tears, he best with thee may mourn
 Who hath well learned how only tears can bless.

MANCHESTER, N. H., September, 1893.

THOUGHT ETCHINGS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

INNOCENT LAUGHTER.

When red ripe lips their pearls disclose,
And each cheek wears a full blown rose,
It flows, a silver rill of cheer,
Sweet as heaven's music to the ear.

GOOD DEEDS.

O'er honored ashes storied urns we raise,
That, crumbling soon, are buried from men's sight;
But warm and fragrant with judicious praise,
Good deeds for coming ages will delight.

DISPARAGEMENT.

Of none you meet depreciation show,—
Even an atom can a shadow throw!
No one disparage, while forgiving much,
Since meanest insect feels the lightest touch!

RIGHT LIVING

Lifting, cheering, strength'ning, giving,
Rounding out each golden hour,—
This is royal, Christian living,
This is life's consummate flower!

GOD'S GOODNESS.

He shows us the way that He is going,
Invites us to follow in that path, too;
And, going before, plows for our sowing,
Then gives to the fruitage its light and dew!

E. LEMPSTER, N. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

WILLIAM M. THAYER.

William M. Thayer, for many years active in journalism, died at Hotel Vassler, in Boston, September 20, 1893.

He was a son of Warren Thayer of Acworth, and was born in that town August 19, 1837. He commenced newspaper work at an early age, and was for some time during the period of the late war editor of a paper in Elmira, New York. Subsequently he returned to New Hampshire, and was for several years a member of the firm of Thayer & Guppy, editors and publishers of the *Daily Times* and *States and Union*, at Portsmouth. Disposing of his interest in those papers, he went to Boston, in 1873, and engaged as a reporter on the *Post*, becoming, soon, night editor of the paper, which position he held for seven or eight years, when he resigned to take the office of the New York and Boston Rapid Transit Company. For the last few years subsequent to his death he had been engaged in the sale of stock in various enterprises. He was twice married, his second wife, with whom he was united June 10, 1875, being Miss Hattie J. Flagg of Roxbury, Mass., which place was subsequently his residence. She survives him, also two sons by his first marriage.

CHARLES P. DANFORTH.

Charles P. Danforth, born in Milford September 16, 1812, died in Nashua October 19, 1893. He was engaged, in youth, in the manufacture of whips, with his father, at Amherst, but removed to Nashua and went into business for himself. In the fall of 1839 he purchased the *Nashua Gazette*, which he edited and published for six years, until his appointment as postmaster by President Polk, in 1845. Afterwards he was in the tailoring business for some time. He was sheriff of Hillsborough county in 1855, and for some years subsequently, and also served as alderman and representative in the legislature from ward one, Nashua. He was a leading member of the Universalist society in Nashua, and had been for fifty-six years connected with its Sunday-school. In 1840 he married Miss Nancy H. Pierce, by whom he had three sons, all deceased. The

widow and two grandsons are now at Rosana, in the Argentine Republic, South America.

TIMOTHY C. EASTMAN.

Timothy C. Eastman, president of the Eastman Company, cattle and sheep exporters of New York city, died at his country home, in Tarrytown on the Hudson, October 11, 1893.

He was a native of the town of Croydon, born May 30, 1821. He was educated in the common schools and at Kimball Union Academy, and married, in 1845, Lucy, daughter of John Putnam of Croydon and a sister of Hon. George F. Putnam, now of Kansas City. In 1850 he removed to Ohio and engaged extensively in the milk business at Cleveland. Later he engaged in the cattle trade in connection, operating upon a large scale in the Cleveland market, and subsequently extending the business to Boston and New York. In 1857 he removed to New York city, where he greatly increased his business, and was a pioneer in the exportation of cattle for the European market, amassing a large fortune. He was a member of the New York and Manhattan clubs, of the New England Society of New York, and of the American Geographical Society.

REV. LEWIS HOWARD.

Rev. Lewis Howard, one of the oldest members of the N. H. Methodist Episcopal Conference, died at his home, in Springfield, October 6, 1893.

He was a son of Abial and Keziah (Bartlett) Howard, born in West Bridgewater, Mass., December 4, 1802, removing with his parents to Grantham, in this state, at the age of two years, where he was reared and educated and became a prominent citizen, engaging for many years in teaching, and taking an active part in politics as one of the "Old Guard" Freesoilers. In 1839 he joined the M. E. Conference, and engaged in the ministry, continuing preaching, almost without cessation though without a regular appointment for some years past, till nearly the time of his death. He had been stationed, among other places, at Haverhill, Claremont, Nashua, Dover, Salem, Suncook,

Lisbon, Plymouth, and Contoocook, in this state, and Haverhill, Mass. He was for four years presiding elder of the Concord District, and two years connected with the N. H. Conference Seminary, at Tilton. He first married Sally Stone of Grantham, with whom he lived to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary. After her death he married Mrs. Feronia Clement of Springfield, who survives him, with one son by the former wife—Capt. Daniel E. Howard of Concord. He is also survived by two brothers—Abial of Grantham, and Rev. Nathan Howard of Kingman, Kan.; also one sister, Mrs. Madison Hayward of West Andover.

PROF. LYMAN B. HOW.

Lyman Bartlett How, A. M., M. D., professor of anatomy in Dartmouth Medical College, at Hanover, and for many years a prominent physician of Manchester, died at Hanover September 15, 1893, from consumption.

He was the son of Rev. Moses and Frances (Dearborn) How, born in New Bedford, Mass., February 25, 1838. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1860, and from the Medical College in 1863, having meanwhile attended a course of lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York city. He served for a time as assistant in the De Melt Dispensary in New York, but located in Manchester in 1864, where he gained an extensive practice and a wide reputation, remaining there except during such time as his connection with the Medical College at Hanover, which has continued for more than a quarter of a century past, required his presence in the latter place. He was a prominent member of the N. H. Medical Society, and was its president in 1890. He married, in 1866, Mrs. Mary L. P. Taylor of Hanover, by whom he is survived, with two daughters.

WILLIAM G. BILLINGS.

William G. Billings, Grand Master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of New Hampshire, died at his home in Portsmouth, Friday, September 1, 1893.

He was a native of Kittery, Me., born September 10, 1852, but had resided in Portsmouth for many years, where

he was engaged in business as a sash and blind manufacturer. He had been prominent in Masonry as well as Odd Fellowship, and was Past Master of St. John's Lodge, F. and A. M., of Portsmouth, and Past Commander of De-Witt Clinton Commandery, K. T., of that city. He had but recently been married, and his death resulted from diphtheria.

CHARLES O. EASTMAN.

Charles O. Eastman, born in Lisbon October 25, 1824, died in Claremont October 4, 1893.

He had been a resident of Claremont since early manhood, and was postmaster there from January, 1861, to July, 1870, and town clerk in 1871, after which he was actively engaged in the business of fire insurance till nearly the time of his decease. He leaves a widow, who is a sister of Col. Lysander H. Carroll of Concord.

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

The non-appearance of the Musical Department in this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY is due to the inability of the conductor—Mr. H. G. Blaisdell—to furnish material therefor in due season.

An interesting sketch of Gen. Eleazer Wheelock Ripley, of legal and military fame, will appear early in the next volume of this magazine.

Any subscriber who has not yet paid for the current volume of the GRANITE MONTHLY must remit within the next thirty days in order to secure the benefit of the \$1.50 rate.



W. C. Sturges

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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WILLIAM CANT STUROC.

BY H. H. METCALF.

Forty-three years ago there came into the little town of Sunapee, in Sullivan county, on the western border of the romantic lake of the same name, whose charms were then comparatively unknown, but are now heralded through the land, and annually attract hundreds of people,—among whom are many of the most intellectual and cultured in the country, poets, authors, and savants who make their summer home upon its emerald shores,—a young man named William C. Sturoc, a son of “bonny” Scotland, a lover of the beautiful in nature and of honesty among men. He came from Montreal, on a visit to a friend. He found in the scenery about this beautiful lake—

“Sweet Granite Katrine of this mountain land”—

as his muse has termed it in later days—much to remind him of his native country, rugged mother of sturdy sons and comely daughters, amid whose lakes and mountains his early life was passed; and the impression left upon his poetic nature, though developed in no immediate purpose, unquestionably exerted a powerful influence in subsequently determining the location of his permanent abiding-place.

It was during this visit that he was favored with an introduction to the late Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport, and formed an acquaintance with that talented and remarkable man, whose intellectual power bore the stamp of genius, which ultimately grew into strong and enduring friendship. Acting upon the advice of Mr. Burke, the young man, who, since leaving his native land, had spent several years in Montreal, engaged in the daily avocation of a mechanic, but attending a literary and scientific institution during the evenings, where he had gained a good knowledge of mod-

ern science and of at least two languages beside his own, decided to engage in the study of law, and ultimately entered upon the same in Mr. Burke's office.

It was impossible for a young man of positive and yet susceptible nature to be brought into close association with such a man as Mr. Burke without imbibing in no small degree the views which he entertained concerning public and political questions, and forming a devoted attachment to the principles and policies of government which he espoused and cherished, especially when the same were in harmony with his own ideas of right and justice and his own conceptions of duty. It is not strange, therefore, that, in the exciting political period in which he came into the country, and under the tutelage and influence of such a man as Edmund Burke, the subject of our sketch soon became as strongly interested in politics as in law, and that not a long time elapsed before he was championing upon the stump in the political contests of the day the Jeffersonian doctrines to which he has given his adherence, and in fealty to which he has never swerved. The writer well remembers the first political address to which he ever listened, in the Sullivan county hamlet where several of his early years were passed, which address, earnest, impetuous and convincing, indicative alike of the devotion of the speaker and of stronger power of argument and expression yet to be developed, was given by Mr. Sturoc soon after entering upon his legal studies at Newport, and was probably his own first effort in that direction.

Admitted to the bar in Sullivan county in 1855, and establishing his residence the following year in Sunapee, where he has ever since had his home, Mr. Sturoc soon became a prominent figure in the public life of the community, notwithstanding the fact that his student habits, his native love of pastoral life, and his strong poetic temperament have combined to withhold him from that active practice of his profession, in which he might otherwise have won high distinction. He soon commanded the full confidence of his townsmen, and through all the years down to the present time has been their confidential adviser in all matters involving questions of a legal nature, and has transacted an extensive general office business. At the same time his legal reading has been extensively pursued, especially

upon constitutional lines. In evidence of the extent of his research and ability in this direction may be cited the fact that, in 1871, he was the author of a series of articles appearing in the New Hampshire *Patriot* over the *nom de plume* of "Junius," which were attributed by many lawyers at the time to the late Hon. Edmund L. Cushing, subsequently chief-justice of the supreme court, especially those upon the subject of "A Constitutional Judiciary."

For four years successively, from 1865 to 1869, Mr. Sturoc was elected by his townsmen as their representative in the general court, where he took and maintained a prominent position among the leaders upon the Democratic side of the house, both in debate and general legislative work, and that at a time when the membership upon that side included many of the master minds of the party in the state. In parliamentary discussion, as upon the stump as a campaign speaker, his terse and clear-cut sentences, incisive delivery and ready comprehension of the point in issue, made him a foeman worthy the steel of any debater, while in his impassioned moments his oratory often reached the point of true eloquence. For many years, indeed, "Sturoc of Sunapee" was a notable figure on convention occasions, and when speaking was in order seldom failed to respond most happily to the repeated calls of his many admirers.

But his love of rural pursuits and strong devotion to literature, covering of course the congenial realm of poetry, have tended to lead him in later years from active participation in political matters, although he permitted the use of his name at one time as the candidate of his party for state senator in the Sullivan district, and more than once received a handsome support for a congressional nomination. His occasional poetic productions, given to the public through various channels in the past, have demonstrated through their fineness and delicacy of sentiment, combined with vigor of expression, the real poet soul with which he is endowed, have undoubtedly won him truer admiration than anything he has accomplished in other directions, and have inspired the hope for which, we trust, there is reasonable promise of fulfillment, that ere his lifework is ended he may gather up for preservation in substantial form the charming gems of fancy to which his muse has

given birth. In July, 1867, he received from Dartmouth College the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

Not only in his adopted home, but in his native land have the productions of his pen commanded attention and admiration, while he has received favorable notice in various publications on both sides of the water, including Ross' "Scottish Poets in America"; an elegantly illustrated quarto published in Arbroath, his native place, and Edwards' "Modern Scottish Poets," a work published at Brechin, Scotland, and now reaching sixteen volumes, in the fourth of which are presented a number of his shorter poems, with an appreciative biographical notice, in concluding which the writer says: "In his longer poems scenery is graphically depicted, and the rhyme is easy and flowing. All his songs have the true ring of Scottish feeling, dressed in simple, hearty language. They are delicate and beautiful, and marked by true poetical inspiration."

Mr. Sturoc is not the man to boast of his ancestry, and if their claim to notice rested solely on the ground of conferred titles, the writer of this sketch believes he would not permit the same to be mentioned, for he would, no doubt, readily quote the lines of Burns—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that."

But when, on both sides of his family, the hereditary trait has been for generations marked intellectual strength, he will pardon his biographer for naming a few of the links backward, all verified by the local and general histories of his native land.

"Cantsland," an estate in Kincardineshire, Scotland, near Fasque, the patrimonial residence of the Gladstones, had for several hundred years been in the possession of the Cants, and although it has passed into new hands it still bears the ancient name. St. Cyrus, in the same county, was the dwelling-place of James Cant, the maternal grandfather of the subject of this sketch; and this James Cant was cousin to the famous Immanuel Cant (Kant), whose parents removed from Scotland in 1722, just two years before the birth of the philosopher at Koenigsberg, Prussia.* Immanuel died in 1804.

* All the biographers of Immanuel agree as to the nativity of his parents, and the substitution, by Immanuel, of the initial K for C in his name.

The grandfather of Mr. Sturoc had four daughters,—Helen, Ann, Margaret, and Jane, and one son, John, who, after a life of great activity, sleeps “the sleep that knows no waking” in the quiet little graveyard of Trumbull, Conn., near Bridgeport; and beside him rests his son, Rev. James Cant, who preached in that town for twenty years.

Ann Cant was the mother of Mr. Sturoc, and was married to Francis Sturoc of Arbroath in Forfarshire, Scotland, on the 19th of December, 1808, as the “Marriage Lines” and the records of the Kirk session of St. Vigeans parish declare. To Francis, by his wife Ann, were born ten children, the ninth of whom was William C. Sturoc, who first saw the light on the 4th of November, 1822. The father of William died in 1851, aged 77 years, the mother having died some years previous. Only three of this large family now remain,—Betsey Robertson of Aldbar, Scotland, William C. of Sunapee, and Margaret Sturoc of Andover, Mass.

Having spoken of the maternal ancestors of Mr. Sturoc, it only remains to be said of the paternal side of his family that the Sturoc of Panbride—the favorite parish of Lord Panmure, and the place of the “Live and let live” monument of that noble family—were a more than commonly able set of men, and that Francis, the father of William, was well known as highly cultured and profoundly read, and, although a business man simply, he lived and died respected by all who knew him. Of other members of the Sturoc family it may be generally stated that they developed clerical proclivities. James Sturoc, the uncle of William, was an able Baptist preacher in Arbroath; David Sturoc, a cousin, was of the Original Secession, and preached at Midholm, near Selkirk; James Lawson, another cousin, was a preacher of the same denomination; and Rev. John Sturoc, son of David, is to-day the front man of that ecclesiastical organization in Edinburgh, Scotland. Rev. David was a man of very ready speech and pen, and sixty years ago repeatedly entered into public debate with the renowned Dr. Wardlaw of Glasgow.

The great-grandfather of William, James Sturoc, died in Panbride in 1750, as his epitaph tells, and in his day

had written a book of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs." It is barely possible that the poetical vein in the "Bard of Sunapee" has descended from that distant source. But it may also be truly stated that Ann Cant Sturoc had a mind well stored with the literature, especially the ballad lore, of her native land, and that she used, as a kind Scottish mother would, to pour into the open ears of her susceptible child the quaint but thrilling ballads of the "land of the mountain and the flood."

December 12, 1856, Mr. Sturoc was united in marriage with Sarah C. Chase, a cousin of the late Chief-Justice J. E. Sargent of Concord, who departed this life February 9, 1889. His home is a fine old mansion, occupying a commanding location at "The Harbor," built by his wife's ancestors a century ago, and remodelled by himself in 1860. Here, especially in summer time, comes many a visitor from far and near to see and hear the "Bard of Sunapee," and a hearty Scotch welcome from the master is the unfailing response to the summons of the door-bell, while his general hospitality has long been proverbial. As an interesting conversationalist, his peer is seldom found; while as neighbor, friend and citizen, he is faithful to the minutest obligation.

Although past his "threescore years and ten," he is still active and vigorous in body as in mind, having made an extended visit to the great international exhibition at Chicago the present season, and enjoying in the fullest measure the manifold triumphs of human genius and skill there accumulated.

He has an excellent library, containing many rare and antique works as well as the products of modern thought and advancement. For the last twenty years, since his retirement from active politics, his studies have been largely scientific, embracing more immediately the fixed sciences of astronomy, geology, and cerebral physiology. His political views are, as they always have been and always will be, Jeffersonian; while as far as so-called creeds are concerned, he often repeats the couplet of the English poet,—

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

As a choice specimen of Mr. Sturoc's poetry, and one

which compares favorably with any of the recognized gems of Scottish or American song, we present, in closing, his beautiful lines to

MARY.

I saw a vision in my boyhood's days
 So bright, so pure, that in my raptur'd dreaming
 Its tints of emerald and its golden rays
 Had more of heavenly than of earthly seeming.
 The roseate valley and the sunlit mountain
 Alike, enchanted as by wand of fairy,
 Breathed out as from a high and holy fountain
 On flower and breeze the lovely name of Mary.

That youthful vision time hath not effaced,
 But year by year the cherished dream grew deeper,
 And memory's hand at midnight hour oft traced,
 Once more, the faithful vision of the sleeper;
 No chance or change could ever chase away
 This idol thought that o'er my life would tarry,
 And lead me in my darkest hours to say—
 "My better angel is my hoped-for Mary."

The name was fix'd—a fact of fate's recording—
 And swayed by magic all this single heart;
 The strange decree disdained a novel wording,
 And would not from my happy future part;
 As bright 't was writ as is the milky way—
 The bow of promise in a sky unstarry—
 That shed its light and shone with purest ray
 Through cloud and tempest round the name of Mary.

Burns hymn'd HIS "Mary" when her soul had passed
 Away from earth and all its sin and sorrow,
 But mine hath been the spirit that hath cast
 A gleam of sunshine on each blessed morrow;
 And crowned at last this trusting heart hath been
 With fruits of faith that naught on earth could vary,
 For I have lived until my eyes have seen
 The vision real in the form of Mary.

NATHANIEL P. ROGERS AND FAMILY.

BY ALMA J. HERBERT.

It was a great day for the anti-slavery cause when, in June, 1838, Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, one of the noblest of New Hampshire's sons of genius,—the brilliant lawyer, the keen wit, the fine, classical scholar, the Christian heritor of a long line of ministers,—in the honor and dignity of ripe maturity, endowed with magic pen, music, and oratory, threw himself, renouncing a competent fortune and

brilliant prospects, whole heart, mind and soul, a heart true, loving, alive in every fibre to the interests of humanity, an intellect acute, trained, polished, a soul pure, courageous as the mountain eagle, into the breach occasioned by the death of the saintly Joseph Horace Kimball, and became editor of the little Abolition paper, *The Herald of Freedom*.

The principles of the little sheet, published at Concord, N. H., certainly in the first years, should have claimed the support of every patriot, every Christian. Blinded patriot and Christian scorned, hissed. How few to-day can appreciate the bitterness of the battle! But the seed was sown; the blood of the martyrs ran in the veins of all the family. Mrs. Rogers, born at Newbury, Vt., was the second of the nine daughters of Judge Daniel Farrand of Burlington. A few weeks after the birth of the youngest daughter the mother died, and the babe, Mrs. Nathaniel E. Russell of Fairfield, Mass., was consigned to the care of Mary Porter, the second sister, who nobly honored the trust. The circle of sisters, all gifted Christian women, received the best educational advantages of the day, and well improved them. The grand scenery around Lake Champlain, and its islands and mountains on either side, stimulated to an intense love of nature; and the inspiration of patriotism in the war of 1812 was fanned by the battle fought only a few miles away, the guns heard on shore. Mary read well at four years, and at five had memorized Pope's "Messiah" verbatim. One or two readings sufficed to fix a poem in her retentive memory, and thenceforth she continued to store up the richest wealth of the age, and to the last her recitations were the delight of all listeners. We who have so much cannot imagine the wild luxury of joy experienced by well read-youth over each new creation of the "Great Wizzard's" pen, nor their interest in history, the classics, and Shakespeare. Such was the cultured wife of Rogers. She followed him in his anti-slavery views with unflinching support and cheerfully accepted all the resultant trials, and few knew how severe they were; but no complaint nor bitterness fell from her lips; she kept sweet and found inspiration in difficulties. The most unobtrusive of reticent women, but when drawn out, like her husband, a most delightful con-

versationalist. And it was such a family that society ostracised! but they had Garrison, Whittier, who wrote his "In Memoriam" there, with one of the daughters in Quaker garb as an inspiration, Wendell Phillips, and scores of others "of whom the world was not worthy" as familiar guests at the frugal board, and converse high was daily bread. "We did not expect Mr. Pierpont here when he lectured, but he came. We were at the table, with only bread and milk, and I gave him bowl and spoon, as he wished to stop with us." But violence, contumely, and wrong will tell, and, after years of physical suffering, from an injury received at college, and confinement for some time to his couch, October 16, 1846, Rogers passed on to solve the mystery of the ages, and, one Sunday afternoon, the clouds weeping bitterly, the precious dust was laid beneath the turf in a still unmarked grave!*

Ere long the bereaved wife and seven children returned to the ancestral lands in the beautiful valley of the Pemigewasset, accompanied by Mr. John R. French, who had married the elder daughter, Frances, to engage in fruit culture, and later were scattered. Mary, Mrs. Thomas L. Kimball, far away in the sunset land, claimed the almost idolized mother, and her last twenty years were spent in Omaha, Neb., blessing and blessed, excelling in all housewifely acts, with an intense love of child-life, ever ready for kind deeds, yet kept abreast with the literature of the day—after the age of seventy reviving her interest in the French, reading and speaking the language with facility. She kept at hand the New Testament, Shakespeare, Scott and other poets, and John Fiske. "What shall we study?" was one of her last questions. Her instincts were so pure that her judgment was rarely at fault; loving simplicity, and womanly timid, her moral courage rose to the heights of the sublime; the wish that the mystery of the future life "were a little more tangible" and the natural dread of death melted in loving trust. It was given in her last years to walk in sandals of light in the Beula Land, till on the 4th of April, 1890, fully conscious, and confined to her bed but three days, she was reunited to those long gone before. Ninety-three years! what a vista to review!

* When will New Hampshire honor herself by honoring that grave?

Mrs. French, leaving two sons, one a prosperous lawyer in Omaha, died at Edenton, North Carolina, of some form of congestive chills common to that Dismal Swamp region, her beautiful life a sacrifice to the bitterness of the people among whom Mr. French held some official station after the war. She died July 22, 1866.

The second daughter, Caroline, Mrs. Victor Smith, whose husband was appointed by Lincoln, at the request of Salmon P. Chase, collector of the Puget Sound district, is regarded as "a central figure," "one of the most important of characters," "the first white woman in Port Angeles, and the pioneer mother of Chellum county, Washington," had a life of varied experience among savage Indians and scarcely less savage whites in that great Western section. When the custom-house was washed away, in 1863, she saved two lives at the risk of her own. A widow, with a life of noble record, devoted to suffering humanity. After her mother's death she was taken very seriously ill at Omaha, and lay long on the very borderland of shadows, most assiduously attended by the sisters. When partially recovered she desired to return to her son's, at the Sound, and arrived there greatly worn and debilitated.

Ellen, the beautiful sweet singer, so beloved by her music pupils and by so many in Concord, who had rescued her nephew from death in a burning building, always delicate, and greatly needing rest and recuperation after the long watch of love, went with Lucie, the youngest sister, to visit friends at Colorado Springs. Suddenly, in the midst of the enjoyment of nature in that lovely region, some bilious trouble was followed by convulsion, extreme debility and death, September 17, 1890.

The fact of the decease of her devoted and self-sacrificing sister was withheld from Caroline as long as possible, but in her very low and enfeebled condition the shock, when known, speedily reunited the loving sisters, Caroline dying at the house of her son, Norman R. Smith, the second of her five children, January 31, 1891. Mr. French died soon after at Boise City, Idaho.

Daniel, the oldest of Mr. Rogers's sons, resides in Minburn, Iowa, and has a family of eight children, six of them sons.

Charles Stewart, who not long ago so sadly ended life in St. Paul, where he had a happy home, his wife the recent recipient of a munificent bequest, and two daughters. He had been president of the board of trade and largely active in business circles. Suddenly, without apparent cause, he became insane. When one sought to snatch him from the railing of the bridge, he cried, "I am an angel; angels do not fall, they fly."

Mrs. Kimball, Mary, is most pleasantly situated, with all that earth can give, and more blessed in her children—three of them married well and settled near—and in her grandchildren, the youngest daughter, Belle, still in the home nest, as is Lucia Anne, her youngest sister.

THE MAYHEW PIKE.

BY FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

Roll back the years a century
 And ride with me the Mayhew pike,
 For far and near no road its like;
 Through pathless woods for miles and miles,
 Through tangled swamps and deep defiles
 It ran, a pulsing artery,
 Between the forest and the sea.

And day by day what life and sound
 Went surging o'er the Mayhew road,
 With prancing four and merry load;
 With shout and din and crack of whip
 The stage-coach made its weekly trip,
 And passed the ox-teams, homeward bound,
 And peddler on his busy round.

And o'er it rolled the heavy drays
 That all the week from Boston town
 Had slowly toiled, well laden down
 With varied load that far had come,
 Of salt and fish, molasses, rum,—
 The few chief things he could not raise,—
 The sire of old New England days.

And here and there the tavern stand
 Threw wide to all its ample door ;
 At night a mighty fire would roar
 Within its ponderous chimney-side ;
 The jolly host, known far and wide,
 Dispensed the cheer with liberal hand,
 With merry tales convulsed the band.

Not late the hours—to bed at nine,
 The stage-coach comes with early morn,
 Announced by shout and whip and horn ;
 With flourish grand and dust and roar
 At highest speed it gains the door.
 The urchin looks in awe supine,
 And vows to be a “ whip ” sometime.

Alas, how frail all man uprears !
 Who travels now the Mayhew pike ?
 For miles and miles no hoof-beats strike
 From year to year its aged bed ;
 Its patrons all are with the dead,
 Save one or two, who tell, with tears,
 The glory of the early years.

Forgotten is the tavern stand,
 And dead the landlord many a year ;
 Departed all the merry cheer.
 The rattling stage and loaded drays
 Have perished with the olden days ;
 The progress of an age more grand
 Has swept them by with ruthless hand.

Yet oft where yonder wood appears
 I stumble on this beaten way,
 Grown o'er with grass and lichens gray,
 With forests to the left and right
 That hide the old turnpike from sight,
 And sit sometimes, and half in tears
 I muse upon the changing years.

SEABROOK SKETCHES.—No. II.

BY CLARKSON DEARBORN.

The first settlement was made in Seabrook about 1650, by Thomas Philbrick, Jr., who received a grant of land, and this estate has remained in the possession of the Philbrick family by inheritance, for eight generations, down to the present owner, George A. Philbrick. On this farm Captain Samuel Philbrick was born, July 13, 1734. He removed to Weare in 1770, and was a prominent and honored citizen of that town. He was captain in the Ninth militia regiment of New Hampshire, also a member of the Committee of Safety. His first commission, given in 1775, was signed by Matthew Thornton, president of the colony of New Hampshire. He died December 28, 1806. His youngest son, Hon. Joseph Philbrick, was associate judge of the court of sessions for the county of Hillsborough for several years. The ancient farmhouse now standing on the farm was built in 1783 by Joseph Philbrick, a minister of the Society of Friends. Two majestic elms, over one hundred years old, stand in front of this old mansion, while others of later growth on either side of the street throw their cool shade to the weary traveller, making Seabrook village one of the most picturesque and attractive between Newburyport and Portsmouth.

A company of French soldiers who fought in the Revolution were entertained here, and camped in the old Friends' meeting-house over night while on their way to Portsmouth to embark for France. Here Elias Hicks, the noted Unitarian Quaker minister, held appointed meetings in 1816, and Benjamin Lundy of Baltimore, Md., was a guest of Joseph Philbrick when on his way to and from Portland, Me. He was one of the first anti-slavery agitators, and editor of a paper called "The Genius of Universal Emancipation." He was born in New Jersey in 1789, and died 1839. Lorenzo Dow, the famous itinerant preacher, was also a guest at this house while preaching in Seabrook. He was born Oct. 16, 1777, at Coventry, Tolland county, Conn. During a thirty-three years' ministry he travelled over 200,000 miles. He died in Georgetown, District of Columbia, Feb. 2, 1834.

Samuel Philbrick, born on the old farm in Seabrook in

1789, the eldest son of Joseph Philbrick, the much esteemed minister of the Society of Friends, was a man of marked ability and individuality of character. The *Liberator*, in speaking of him after his death, says,—“His marked characteristic was integrity.” He abhorred everything that bore the semblance of dissimulation, and appreciated at its true value an ingenuous, straightforward course of conduct, being himself a pattern of trustworthiness, and remarkable for his frankness and plainness of speech, without respect of persons, in all his dealings, but was of a modest and retiring disposition. He had rare business talent, consummate judgment in all financial matters, and the most perfect order and method. He was a wise and sagacious counselor. In whatever he did he endeavored to keep a conscience void of offence, to meet all his engagements and discharge all the duties of life in the spirit of exact rectitude. He was treasurer of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society for nearly twenty years; a director of the Eastern Railroad and the Atlantic Bank, Boston. For many years he had a large amount of money in trust to his sole management. He spent most of his early years on his father’s farm, but in 1810 commenced school-teaching, at which he was engaged some three years, after which he went into mercantile business, being first employed in Lynn, Mass., by Thomas Rich, a merchant in the skin, leather and shoe trade. In 1815 he commenced the commission leather business himself, and in 1822 he opened a store in Boston for the sale of leather and hides, where he was very successful, having accumulated a large property before the unparalleled revulsion which took place in mercantile affairs in 1837, causing every bank in the Union to stop payment for one or more years. He had taken warning from the extravagantly wild and extensive speculations which prevailed during 1836, and was fully prepared for the event, having closed up the greater part of his business and secured his property from liability of loss before the revulsion occurred. At the time of his death his property was estimated at more than half a million dollars. Commencing with very small means, never borrowing money of individuals, never endorsing for others nor receiving their endorsements, keeping his business always limited within his means of control, and never experiencing the

least embarrassment in meeting every engagement with punctuality, his business was therefore necessarily limited in extent, yet always made sure by cautious and discriminating judgment, and free from those perplexing reverses so frequent in mercantile pursuits. In 1830 he removed with his family to Brookline, Mass., purchased an estate there, delightfully situated, which continued to be his residence for the remainder of his life; he died Sept. 19, 1859, leaving a widow, two sons and a daughter. The two sons were graduates of Harvard University. Edward S. Philbrick, the eldest son, who died four years ago, was an eminent civil engineer. The daughter married Lieut. Stephen Decatur, a nephew of Commodore Decatur, of historic fame.

Samuel Philbrick early gave his countenance and support to the anti-slavery movement, and was ever true to the principles he professed. He was a friend of Garrison, May, Phillips, Parker, Hopper, and all the early champions of the great cause of human freedom. Many a fugitive found shelter under his roof. In 1837 the sisters, Sarah and Angelina Grimke, found a home in his house, and in his parlors gave their first addresses on the subject of slavery to an audience of Brookline ladies. They did not know, while speaking, that the poet John G. Whittier sat in an adjoining room, listening intently to every word they uttered. They had many stormy experiences, and both perilled their lives for the sake of principle. It is not easy to believe that the friend who harbored them in Brookline was annoyed and threatened, and his family ostracised, simply because he insisted on taking a colored domestic into church with him, and allowing her a seat in his own pew.

The old house, once so noticeable to the traveller on the road from Newburyport to Portsmouth, on account of its antique style, was built, in 1636, by order of the general court of Massachusetts, and was called the "bound house." Mr. Dummer and Mr. Spencer were chosen a committee to erect the house in Winnicumet, and it was accordingly built under their direction by Nicholas Eaton. It is supposed that it was intended as a mark of possession rather than of limit, in order to claim the jurisdiction over the salt marshes for the sake of the hay. There is no evidence that a settlement was made until two years afterwards. It was origi-

nally built of white oak timbers, hewed seventeen inches square, which were laid one upon the other, with clamshell mortar between. This house was afterwards enlarged, boarded over and clapboarded, and came into the possession of Jonathan Green, who was killed by the Indians near his barn. During the Indian wars it served as a garrison, and was more generally known as the old garrison-house of Seabrook. In 1703 Ebenezer Gove (son of Edward Gove) and his descendants owned it, and occupied it until near the time it was taken down, in 1879. The last owner and occupant of this ancient dwelling by the name of Gove was Nathan, more familiarly known by the people in the neighborhood as "Uncle Nate," noted for his quaint sayings and mother wit, and his skill in hunting and fishing, and whose opinions on all matters pertaining to the craft were accepted as oracles not to be doubted.

On the other side of the road, nearly opposite, formerly stood the house where the mother of Hon. Caleb Cushing, the celebrated jurist, was born, and here her parents always lived. Their name was Dow. This part of Hampton, now Seabrook, was attacked by the Indians, and several persons were killed, among them Nicholas Bond, near the mouth of the New Zealand road, so-called. Aug. 17, 1703, a party of thirty Indians killed fifty persons in Hampton; among the number, Widow Muzzey, a celebrated preacher of the Quakers, or Friends, was killed with a tomahawk near the "slough," so called. A large earthen vessel which she was carrying home from the pottery is now kept as a relic by one of the descendants of Edward Gove.

In the last part of the seventeenth century, probably about 1690, a society of Friends was formed. In 1714 a meeting-house was built on land deeded by one of their members (Thomas Chase). He also gave the burial-lot around it and the lot on the north side of the Friends' lot, and there he was buried. A gravestone marks the spot. He was born in 1643, and died Oct. 23, 1714. His parents were Thomas and Elizabeth (Philbrick) Chase. She was born in England in 1626, and in 1630 came with her father, Thomas Philbrick, and family to New England, in company with Sir Richard Saltonstall and others, landing at Salem, Mass.; they soon went to Watertown, but preferring to be near the seashore, in 1645 they removed to Hamp-

ton. His son, John, had previously moved to Hampton, in 1639, in season to secure the first grants of land. In 1657, this John, with wife and daughter, were drowned, sailing in a vessel from Hampton river, bound for Boston. This event is the origin of Whittier's poem, "The Wreck of the Rivermouth."

"Once in the old colonial days,
Two hundred years ago and more,
A boat sailed down through the winding ways
Of Hampton river to that low shore,
Full of a goodly company
Sailing out on the summer sea,
Veering to catch the land breeze light,
With the Boar to the left and Rocks to right."

Elizabeth (Philbrick) Chase's last husband was Judge Henry Robie, one of the judges under Cranfield's administration. Elizabeth's sister, Martha, married John Cass, who was an ancestor of Gen. Lewis Cass, six years minister to France, governor of Michigan, United States senator, and secretary of state in President Buchanan's cabinet.

The society of Friends in Seabrook was quite numerous, and the monthly and quarterly meetings were occasions of great interest. These meetings were frequently attended by many noted preachers. Here John G. Whittier came with his parents. Among the settled ministers were Joseph Philbrick and Mrs. Comfort Collins, who lived to the great age of 105 years, and died in 1818. The last two ministers were Edward Gove, a descendant of Edward Gove of Tower fame, and his wife Elizabeth. "Quaker Edward," as he was called, and his wife were preachers of great power and strength to the society; but after their death the meetings were discontinued, and the old meeting-house, removed to another part of the town, was used for other purposes. He began to preach about 1830, and died at Seabrook, Sept. 3, 1877, aged 84 years, 11 months, 18 days. He was a son of Stephen and Hulda (Bassett) Gove, who were of Lynn, Mass. His wife, Elizabeth (Morrill) Gove, of North Berwick, Me., died at Seabrook, April 28, 1873, aged 76 years, 11 months. She was a talented speaker and a lovely woman. Whittier writes of her tenderly, in "The Friend's Burial":

"My thoughts are all in yonder town,
Where, wept by many tears,
To-day my mother's friend lays down
The burden of her years."

“No sound should break the quietude
Alike of earth and sky;
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,
Breathe but a half-heard sigh!”

This wood mentioned by Whittier is a beautiful forest, with romantic paths here and there, for many years a famous resort of merry May parties to gather the beautiful trailing arbutus and enjoy the refreshing odor of the pines. To the young Nimrod it is a paradise, abounding in game, and its brooks are the haunts of the young disciples of Walton. Here by a small stream many years ago was built a saw-mill; but for the lack of sufficient power it failed to be a success, and the old mill went to decay, and left a name to the woods which is historic, the name of “Folly Mill.”

The old Presbyterian meeting-house in Seabrook was built in 1763. It was two stories high, with gallery around three sides of it, and the old-fashioned square pews, lofty pulpit, and over-hanging sounding-board. It stood broad-side to the road; the belfry was built on the south end of the main building, and the spire was surmounted with the ancient weathercock. Rev. Samuel Pearley was the first minister, and was called “Parson Pearley.” He resided in the ancient house which was built, in 1705, by Nathaniel Weare (the father of Meshech Weare) for his son Daniel, and is the oldest house now standing in Seabrook. It is known as the old Boyd house, the last owner by that name being David F. Boyd.

On February 6, 1799, Rev. Elias Hull was installed the second pastor. Rev. Caleb Prentiss preached the sermon from Isaiah XLII: 1. Not an original member of the church was then living. The singers were all dressed in white, and although it was a very cold day in winter the house was not heated, as was the custom in those days. Mr. Hull was a Congregationalist, and preached until April 6, 1817. He died February 28, 1822. In 1828 Rev. Mr. Ropes, a Baptist, was installed. He resigned April 3, 1830. Rev. Oliver Barren preached from April 1, 1832, to May, 1833. From that time the house, mostly vacated as a place of worship, was suffered to go to decay. The birds built their nests in its belfry, and, what was a curious circumstance, a small cherry tree sprang up and grew for several years in the gutter of the eaves. The clapboards, worn and weather-

beaten, hung loosely to its ancient walls. It stood, a relic of better days, until 1858, when it was turned around and remodelled for a town house below and a Baptist church above. With its new spire and white coat of paint it would not be recognized as the old meeting-house of Seabrook.

The two physicians who practiced the greatest length of time were named Dearborn. Dr. Edward Dearborn was born in Chester, July 16, 1776, and settled in Seabrook about 1800, where he practiced over fifty years. He was a public-spirited man, and very much interested in Seabrook village, where he had built his residence, a large, square house, three stories high, in the old colonial style, which are so numerous in the old seaport towns of Portsmouth, Newburyport and Salem. He also induced his neighbors on the street to build in the same way, and assisted some who did not care to pay the extra expense. He donated the organ and bell to the Congregational church, which stood on the boundary-line between Hampton Falls and Seabrook, and at his death, which occurred March 1, 1851, the sum of four thousand dollars to the society. He also gave fifteen thousand dollars to found the academy now known as Dearborn Academy. His wife, Phebe (Knight) Dearborn, daughter of Enoch and Anna (Eastman) Knight, descended on her mother's side from Hannah Dustin of Indian fame, was born in Atkinson, August 21, 1777. She died in Seabrook, March 16, 1852.

Dr. Edward Dearborn had two brothers, who were physicians. Cyrus, who settled in East Salisbury, Mass., had a successful practice of over fifty years, and died in 1872; Ebenezer, who settled in Nashua in 1816, and practiced forty years. He was a councillor, and president of the New Hampshire Medical Society. His nephew, Jonathan Dearborn, M. D., studied medicine with him, practiced in Seabrook more than forty years, and died December 12, 1877. He was a skillful physician and surgeon, and sustained the reputation of the Dearborns as a race of doctors.

On a road called the "Walton road" once stood an ancient house, recently destroyed by fire, formerly the home of Lieut. Ephraim Eaton, a Revolutionary soldier, where was born his granddaughter, who, after the death of her father, Ephraim Eaton, Jr., removed with her mother to Newburyport, Mass., and there became recognized as a

singer of rare talent in the choirs of the churches in that city. She married Rev. Henry Eaton, a Universalist clergyman, and was the mother of Rev. Charles H. Eaton, the young and talented successor of Dr. Chapin.

The first stage route in America was through Hampton, from Boston to Portsmouth. The stage was drawn by two horses, and could accommodate only three persons. November 9, 1840, the Eastern Railroad began running trains through from Newburyport to Portsmouth, and now an electric road extends from Newburyport to the state line, and is knocking at the door of New Hampshire for admission to pass over the same route where, more than a century ago, the old stage-coach rumbled slowly along, and will, it is hoped, by the grace of the great and general court, yet become a through line from Boston to the cities of the Pine Tree State.

Seabrook now enjoys the possession of a beautiful library building, the generous gift of the late Augustus Brown of Salem, Mass., one of Seabrook's sons. It was dedicated September 1, 1893.

TO SILVER BROOK.*

BY FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

How sparkling is your silver tide,
 O mountain brook, my home beside,
 As through the vale your waters pour
 In rippling song or cascade's roar,
 Past meads fair-fringed with bosky green,
 Past many a sweet idyllic scene
 Fast mirrored in your limped blue.
 Bright waving grasses pearled with dew
 Bend o'er your brink with jaunty grace;
 There the wild columbine hides its face.
 Where'er your dancing waters flow
 The mallows and the Mayflowers grow.

* A romantic little trout stream which flows from the east side of the Minks and empties into Warner River at Riverbow Park bears the name of Silver Brook. Its length is about three miles, through a picturesque region of woods, meadow and pasture lands. Nearly a mile of this course is in full view of the early home of the writer.

Castalian fount was ne'er more sweet
 Than are your waters wild and fleet,
 And where they spring from Stewart's hill,
 Joined on the way by brook and rill,
 One has to pass a league or more
 Before your gleaming race is o'er.
 The wooded Minks look calmly down
 Upon your course without a frown,
 And Kearsarge's hoary peak
 Upon the north its vigils keep.
 The leaves of birch and maple dance
 Above your pools where sunbeams glance,
 While here and there are hazel covers,
 Cosy retreats for youthful lovers ;
 Hemlocks and firs their shadows throw
 Out and beyond your curve and flow,
 And where you join the teeming river
 Supple willows bend and quiver.
 O mountain brook, no other stream
 Enchants me like your silver gleam,
 And as you haste past woods and ridges
 And babble under wooden bridges,
 Now dashing high o'er rocks your spray,
 Now lying still like a smooth highway,
 Broadening ever from where you rise,
 Shimmering under the sunlit skies,
 I wonder if in any land
 There's that to match your dream-blessed strand.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN MICHIGAN.

BY EMMA L. MILLS.

New England characteristics have been indelibly stamped upon this state : so much so, it may be said, that Michigan is a New England state in the arms of the great lakes. No other state has done more to impress these characteristics upon the Peninsular State than has New Hampshire through her noble sons who have left her hills and valleys and made their homes in " Mitcha-Lagiegan," the Chippewa tongue for " the country of the great lakes," Michigan. Almost every great industry has had its primal force given

it by a New Hampshire pioneer. Every profession has been ennobled and honored by men educated at Dartmouth College. The present school system and the great university in Ann Arbor were founded by that noble son of New Hampshire and great commoner of the United States, Lewis Cass. In the political arena no state has had its lines more distinctly laid down and so tightly drawn, the result of the long service in state and federal politics of Lewis Cass, a sterling Democrat, and Zachariah Chandler, a staunch Republican, the former a son of old Exeter, and the latter a native of Bedford. Search the histories of the states, and no other case can be found where a New England state has had so much to do in moulding the character, the political economy, and the ethics of another as has New Hampshire that of the Wolverine State.

A brief reference to some of the New Hampshire men who have made their homes in Michigan is sufficient to corroborate these statements. First and foremost among them is Lewis Cass, who was born in Exeter, Oct. 9, 1782, and went to Detroit in 1812. He was territorial governor in 1813-1817, in 1820, 1822, 1825, and 1828. He was a United States senator for many years, a cabinet officer, and United States minister abroad. In 1848 he was the Democratic candidate for president. He died June 17, 1866, at the age of 84 years.

The next prominent son of New Hampshire in Michigan was Zachariah Chandler, who was born in Bedford, Dec. 1, 1813, and came to Detroit in 1833. He was a successful business man, and the leader of the Republican party, organized under the oaks in Jackson, for a long time both in the Peninsular State and the United States. He was a United States senator for many years, and Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes. He will be remembered as the prime leader in the 1876 presidential contest, which resulted in the inauguration of Rutherford B. Hayes as president in place of Samuel J. Tilden.

Other New Hampshire men may be named briefly, as follows:

John Ball was born in Hebron, Nov. 12, 1794, and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1820. He was one of the pioneers in Grand Rapids. He followed the law as a profession, and dealt heavily in real estate. He held

many public offices, and was a life-long Democrat. Mr. Ball died at the advanced age of 90 years.

Charles C. Comstock was born in Sullivan, March 5, 1818, and went to Grand Rapids in 1855, engaging in lumbering and manufacturing. He was mayor of Grand Rapids in 1863, and member of congress in 1873. Mr. Comstock is one of the solid men of Grand Rapids, and has done much to make it the furniture city of the world.

John S. Barry was born in Amherst, Jan. 29, 1802. He adopted the law as a profession, and went to White Pigeon in 1831. He was governor of the state in 1843, 1845 and 1850, and was the only man ever holding the office three terms. He died, in Constantine, Jan. 14, 1870.

Jay R. Monroe was born in Surry, April 11, 1806, and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1826. He went to Michigan in 1836, and built the first house in South Haven. He was a lawyer, and judge under the territorial government. He was one of the organizers of the State Board of Agriculture.

Charles Dickey was born in Londonderry, April 3, 1813, and went to Marshall, Mich., in 1836. He has been a state senator and judge of probate.

Rev. Luman Foote was born in Hanover, February 18, 1794, and was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1818. He followed the law, and removed to Charlotte in 1840. In the latter part of his life he lived in Kalamazoo.

Franklin Moore was born in Manchester, in February, 1802. He was a member of the New Hampshire legislature in 1826. In 1832 he went to Detroit. No man has stamped his individuality more indelibly upon many lines of business in the Wolverine State than has Mr. Moore.

Sullivan M. Cutcheon was born in Pembroke, Oct. 4, 1833. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1856. After graduation he went to Ypsilanti and engaged in teaching. He has been speaker of the Michigan house of representatives, comptroller of the United States treasury, and was United States district attorney under President Hayes.

Byron M. Cutcheon, a brother of the above, born in Pembroke, May 11, 1836, removed to Michigan in early life, and graduated from the University at Ann Arbor in 1861. He served one year as principal of the high school

at Ypsilanti, enlisted in the Union army, rose to the rank of brevet brigadier-general, graduated from the Ann Arbor law school in 1866, was a presidential elector in 1868, was elected to the forty-eighth and several subsequent congresses, and was a regent of the University from 1875 to 1883. He is now located in practice at Manistee.

William T. Powers is a native of Bristol, having been born in that place July 8, 1820. He located in Grand Rapids in 1847. Mr. Powers has done much to develop manufacturing in Grand Rapids. He is a large owner of real estate, and proprietor of Powers' opera house.

W. H. Woodworth was born in Dorchester, Jan. 14, 1828, and became a bobbin-boy in the Stark mills in Manchester. In 1853 he removed to Lyons, Ionia county, Mich. He has held the office of judge of probate for Ionia county.

David E. Deming was born in Cornish, June 14, 1796. He emigrated to Plainwell in 1833, and practiced medicine successfully many years.

Morris J. Cross was born in Grantham, July 24, 1831. He came to Grand Haven in 1869. He is a prominent lawyer in Ottawa county.

Rev. Samuel Graves, D. D., first saw the light in Acworth, March 25, 1820. He settled in Grand Rapids in 1848. He was prominent in the state as a pulpit orator.

Abel Page was born in Rindge, June 30, 1785, and went to Grand Rapids in 1836. He was a heavy dealer in real estate.

Milton Frost was born in Cheshire, April 30, 1823. He went to Detroit in 1855, where he engaged in manufacturing.

Uriah Smith, born in Milton, May 2, 1832, went to Battle Creek in 1855. He has written many works, and is a leader in the Seventh Day Baptist denomination.

Daniel C. Powers was born in Croydon, Jan. 30, 1822. He settled in Coldwater in 1855, where he followed medicine successfully.

Warren Chapman was born in Newmarket, July 24, 1812. He went to St. Joseph in 1843. He became a state senator, and was otherwise prominent in public life.

Dr. Freeman McClintock was born in Hillsborough, Oct. 28, 1811. He practiced medicine in Royalton, where he located in 1833.

Schuyler Hodges is a native of New Hampton, where he was born Sept. 1, 1798. He settled in Pontiac in 1820, and was for many years sheriff of Oakland county.

Henry R. Chamberlin was born in Pembroke, March 17, 1824, and went to Three Oaks in 1843. He has been a member of the Prison Board of Pardons. At present he is warden of the state prison, in Jackson.

John C. Clarke was born in Chester, March 3, 1822. He went to St. Clair in 1857, and engaged in lumbering. He has been president of the bank in St. Clair.

Oliver L. Spaulding was born in Jaffrey, August 2, 1833, and emigrated to St. Johns in 1856. He was a brigadier-general of Michigan troops in the late war.

James F. Joy is a native of Durham, born Dec. 20, 1810. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1836, and at once went to Detroit. He made railroads a life work, and has been interested in pushing many lines through Michigan.

Prof. Joseph Estabrook was born in Bath, in 1820. In 1840 he removed to Tecumseh, and engaged in teaching. He has been a professor in the State Normal School, at Ypsilanti, and state superintendent of public instruction.

Alfred Russell was born in Plymouth, March 18, 1830. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1850. In 1852 he went to Detroit, and entered upon the practice of the law. He is one of the leading members of the Michigan bar to-day.

Daniel Pitman was born in Lyndeborough, Jan 8, 1824, was graduated from Dartmouth in 1851, and went to Kalamazoo in 1854. He has been a teacher in the State Normal School at Ypsilanti.

Rev. John D. Pierce was born in Chesterfield, Jan. 18, 1797. He was graduated from Brown University in 1822, and went to Marshall in 1831. He preached in Ypsilanti a number of years.

Rev. Morgan J. Smith was born in Great Falls, April 26, 1833, and came to Grand Rapids in 1857, as pastor of the Park Congregational Church, which place he filled until 1863. He died in Dansville, N. Y., October 1, 1883.

J. Webster Childs is a native of Henniker, where he was born June 16, 1826. In 1848 he went to Augusta, where he has become a prosperous farmer.

Joseph Dillon is a native of Wilton, and was appointed

chief of the registry department, under Col. G. G. Briggs of the Grand Rapids post-office, in 1890, and still holds the position. He was state representative in 1887 and 1888.

Mark Bailey of Kalamazoo is a native of Dunbarton. He is one of the prosperous merchants of the Celery City.

Charles W. Moore of Detroit was born in Canterbury, in 1845, and came to the City of the Straits, in 1880, as the Michigan manager of the New York Life Insurance Co. Since he took charge of the business he has raised it from the sixth to the first place in point of premium income. He was elected from the first representative district in Wayne county, on the Republican ticket, to the legislature of 1893-1894. He is a member of the Michigan Club, and a thirty-third degree Mason.

Samuel P. Jackson was born in Londonderry, in 1817. His father moved to Manchester in 1819, where, in 1845, he commenced mercantile life, from which he retired in 1874. He served on the school board in that city, and was twice elected to the legislature of his native state, and to the constitutional convention in 1876. In 1883 he removed to Monroe, Mich., and with his sons engaged in the manufacture of paper, and has contributed largely to the success of the Monroe Manufacturing Co. He was elected to the house of 1889-90 on the Democratic ticket, and re-elected to that of 1891-92.

The city of Jackson may be said to contain a New Hampshire colony, for there reside in that city twenty-three families who emigrated from various sections of the Granite State, or are descendants from New Hampshire pioneers. Among the more prominent may be named the following: George A. W. Dodge, member of the firm of Warner & Dodge, hardware dealers. He came from Concord many years ago, where his brother, Howard A. Dodge, is a member of the firm of Humphrey & Dodge, in the capital city. Hon. Josiah C. Richardson, ex-member of the Board of Public Works, is a native of Keene, and came to Jackson twenty years ago. He is the senior member of the firm of Richardson & Knight, wholesale dealers in millinery. A. E. Ball came from Concord in 1868, and for many years was with J. R. Hill & Co. He conducted a carriage-trimming establishment until 1890, when he was appointed to a state prison position under Governor Winans. A. G.

Walker, of the firm of Waldron & Walker, grain dealers, is a native of Pittsfield, and for some years was connected with the *People*, a newspaper in Concord. The two latter are uncompromising Democrats.

A movement is on foot to organize a New Hampshire society in the Central City, the prime mover being Mr. Richardson, who holds that New Hampshire is pretty well up to the promised land. His able lieutenants are Messrs. Ball, Dodge, and Walker.

IN MEMORIAM—LOIS CORBIN DUNTON.*

My old-time friend,
 In thine accustomed place I meet thee now
 No more. No more thy cheerful voice, bright smile,
 And hearty hand-clasp greet me at the door,
 And bid me welcome as in days gone by.
 Thine earthly home, where wholesome joy once dwelt,
 And cast the influence of its spirit sweet
 On all who came within, with sorrow's pall
 Is darkened now, and in the gloom sits he
 Who knew thee best on earth and loved thee most ;
 While all thy friends are saddened by the thought
 That never more 'mid scenes of time and sense
 Thy presence and its cheer shall they enjoy.

But sorrow's cloud, however dark and drear,
 Like other clouds its silver lining hath
 And rifts of gold ; and from the other shore
 There comes, perchance, a radiant gleam of light,
 Which, shining through the rift, dispels the gloom,
 Brings hope and courage to the saddened heart,
 And cheers thy dear ones on their earthly way ;
 For it proclaims thy life and love beyond,
 And promise gives that when earth's life is o'er
 They shall resume companionship with thee
 In that fair land where death is never known,
 Where sorrow's tear bedims no more the eye,
 And love eternal reigns in every heart.

H. H. M.

* Lois, daughter of Hon. Austin Corbin, Sr., and wife of William Dunton, born in Newport, Dec. 21, 1819, died in that town, July 7, 1893. She was a true woman in all that the term implies. "None knew her but to love her; none named her but to praise."

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

DUTY OF MUSIC TEACHERS.

We would suggest that the teachers of music in our public schools come together in convention at least once a year and compare notes and relate their experiences, making suggestions for their own improvement as well as the enlightenment of the school boards, while at the same time giving the public some idea of their work and the good resulting therefrom. All professions have their quarterly or annual meetings for the purpose of improvement and the general advantage. If we have men or women of no ideas engaged to instruct the young in the art of music in our state, it is time they were exposed, and given a leave of absence. If, on the contrary, they have ideas, such ideas are none too good for the public, or that portion of the public who are interested in musical matters. The field of music is vast, and none of us can claim to have hardly explored its borders. I dare assert that fully one half of the teaching done within our state lines is purely a matter of bluff. The teacher, under these circumstances, is entitled to about as much consideration, in the sense of accomplishment, as is the woman who, during the annual spring cleaning, applies the paint to her garden furniture, in comparison with the landscape painter. Teachers throughout the state have been invited to attend the meeting at the Weirs, and have been given liberty to impart their knowledge to others, to ask questions, or to listen in silence. Neither the above inducements nor their love for the art have as yet enlisted the sympathy of any great number. If matters are not managed to suit them, why not communicate with the president, or attend the meetings and publicly make their wants known? A slight intimation on the part of themselves or friends will elect them to office, and the position of musical director is open to any who long for its delights and comforts. Why non-committal? Why not come out as "for or against," that themselves or others may profit by their conduct? Experience teaches us that advice or criticism like this is seldom heeded; but one com-

fort is left us—it may anger, and that is proof of some kind of life and impressions. “It is the constant dropping that wears the stone.”

THE PERRY PIANO-FORTE RECITAL.

The piano-forte lecture-recital of Edward Baxter Perry, at Phenix hall, Concord, on the evening of October 25, was very poorly attended. This was a matter of surprise, as it is indeed a rare occasion when the music-lovers of Concord—and they are supposed to be numerous—have an opportunity of listening to so great an artist. Even the students of music, particularly of piano, gave evidence of a lack of interest by not accepting the tickets at a reduced rate to hear a great master of their chosen instrument. Few, very few teachers, attended. The honest, conscientious teachers were there, and a few of their pupils. The teachers without a method or purpose, except the money they may humbug from their victims, were absent; so were their pupils. Of Mr. Perry everything delightful can be truthfully written. An artist by nature, gifted by his Maker, a man whose very soul is fed upon the beauties of poetry and music; a man who, having been deprived of his sight, turned his wonderful powers to the study of the language of the tone spheres. To him every form, cadence, or combination has its language. The tone colors of the grand orchestra are as plain and vivid to his sight as the beauties of nature are to the landscape artist. To his audience he tells the story, with ease and simplicity, of the tenderest love or the fiercest struggles of the warrior. Then turning to his much loved instrument—yes, more than that, his companion—he lives the story over again, and out of the depths of dreamland he paints the picture too vivid to be misunderstood, too beautiful to be forgotten. We are a musical people, but only tunelessly so.

NOTES.

The Schubert Club of Laconia began its season's rehearsals on Monday evening, November 6, under the most favorable circumstances. The older singers have once more taken an interest, and the attendance at this first rehearsal was the most encouraging for several years. The music

to be studied for their first performance will be "The Water Lilies," by Ed. Sachs; "The Water Nymphs," for female voices, by Rubenstein; a lullaby, "Good Night, Sweet Child," by Dregart; a four-part song, by Arthur Sullivan, "Joy to the Victors," and two four-part songs, by Mendelssohn. H. G. Blaisdell of Concord is the director this season, and Miss Jennie Lougee, pianist.

Prof. John Jackman, who died in his native town of Boscawen, November 16, at the age of seventy years, was a noted music teacher for over forty years, living most of that time in Concord. He was one of the most widely known vocal and instrumental teachers in New England, and was at one time teacher of music in the Concord public schools. He was associated with Messrs. Morey and Davis in the management of the N. H. Musical Conventions for many years. He was also active in the management of church choirs in Concord.

The Lancaster Musical Association holds its second annual festival December 4-8. H. G. Blaisdell is engaged as conductor, with Mrs. Shepard as pianist.

Miss Ada M. Aspinwall of Concord was the accompanist for the musical festival at Potsdam, N. Y., Nov. 20-24.

The Pease brothers of Laconia, cornetists, are justly winning many compliments for their excellent performances as soloists and in duet work.

Martha Dana Shepard, the eminent pianiste and accompanist, of Boston, and a much loved daughter of New Hampshire, has been visiting at her old home in Ashland.

The Episcopal church at Manchester is to have a boy choir.

Keene promises a musical festival during the coming winter.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

CAPTAIN DANIEL MARCY.

Captain Daniel Marcy, born in Portsmouth November 7, 1809, died in that city November 3, 1893.

After attending the schools of his native city until fourteen years of age, Captain Marcy, impelled by a strong love for the sea, shipped for a voyage, which proved to him a most interesting and exciting one, and confirmed his inclination for a seafaring life. Three years later he was engaged as an able-bodied seaman on the ship *Liverpool*, going to New Orleans for cotton, thence to *Liverpool*, and home to Portsmouth with a cargo of coal. In less than three years later he was mate of a fine vessel, and in 1831 became a master. He followed the sea successfully for more than a score of years, and later engaged extensively in ship-building in Portsmouth.

Politically, Captain Marcy was a strong Democrat, and was elected by his party to various positions of honor and responsibility. He was three years an alderman and two years an assessor in Portsmouth, represented his ward four times in the state legislature, was twice a member of the state senate, and a representative from the First New Hampshire district in the Federal congress from 1861 to 1863, rendering great assistance to Union soldiers in Washington during that time. He was a delegate in the National Democratic Convention, in Charleston, in 1860, and the Democratic candidate for governor of New Hampshire in 1876. He was a public-spirited citizen, and was connected with various banking and other corporate institutions in Portsmouth, and was ever noted for his great generosity and kindness of heart. He was twice married; first, to Henrietta, daughter of Franklin Priest of Portsmouth, by whom he had three children, Henry L. and Judah T. Marcy, now retired ship-masters, and Henrietta, wife of Captain Shirley B. Cunningham, who died some months since. After his first wife's death, in 1852, he married Katherine T., daughter of Captain Ebenezer Lord, who survives him, with one son, George, now engaged in business in Kansas. An extended biographical sketch of Captain Marcy appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, Vol. I, No. 12.

HON. CHARLES H. BELL.

Charles H. Bell, son of John Bell, born in Chester December 18, 1823, died in Exeter November 11, 1893.

He graduated at Dartmouth College in the class of 1844, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice in Chester, but subsequently removed to Great Falls, where he was in partnership with Nathaniel Wells. In 1854 he removed to Exeter, where he continued to reside through life, retiring from active practice about twenty-five years ago, and devoting his time to literature and history, with some attention to politics. He was ten years solicitor for Rockingham county, served in both branches of the state legislature, being also speaker of the house and president of the senate; was United States senator for a time by appointment of Governor Prescott; was elected governor by the Republicans, in 1880, and was president of the last constitutional convention. In 1881 he received the degree of LL. D. from Dartmouth College. At the time of his death he had substantially completed a history of the bench and bar of New Hampshire. In 1847 Mr. Bell married Sarah A. Gilman of Exeter. She died in 1850, leaving two daughters. In 1887 Mr. Bell was married to Mary E., widow of Joseph T. Gilman, who survives him.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. THOMPSON.

William H. Thompson, born at Salmon Falls, N. H., February 9, 1824, died at Salem, Mass., November 20, 1893.

Captain Thompson engaged in manufacturing in Maine early in life, and at twenty-three years of age was superintendent of the Pepperell Mills, which position he held fourteen years. He was subsequently for a long time treasurer of the Kearsarge Mills at Portsmouth. After retiring he travelled extensively for some time, and finally settled in Salem, where he built an elegant residence, and lived in comparative seclusion, being noted for his eccentric habits.



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