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DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature
and State Progress

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POETRY

COL. JOHN H. BARTLETT

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. L, NOS. 1–3 JANUARY–MARCH, 1918 NEW SERIES, VOL. XIII, NOS. 1–3

A MAN OF THE HOUR

Elsewhere in this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY, appears a timely article upon "New Hampshire's Contribution to Naval Warfare," from the pen of Col. John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth—timely because of the fact that shipbuilding, is one of the great industries upon which the Nation must depend, not only for success in the great war in which it is engaged with the liberty-loving nations of Europe for the suppression of German Caesarism, but for its prosperity and progress in the days after the war when its commercial interests will be of predominating importance.

It is but fair to say that the GRANITE MONTHLY is glad indeed to be able to present an article upon this subject, at this time, from the pen of one who holds so prominent a position in the public eye in New Hampshire, as does Colonel Bartlett. Many men of the State have given much time and effort to the work of arousing the patriotic spirit of its people, and inspiring a thorough realization of the great crisis in the world's history now facing our own and all other civilized peoples. Governor Keyes has done his full duty in this regard, and the active members of the Public Safety and National Defense organizations, the Food and Fuel Administrations, and other organized agencies, have been actively and effectively at work in their different spheres to bring New Hampshire into the front line among the States of the Union in the proper preparation for, and the efficient conduct of, the great war, so far as American participation therein is concerned; and it is safe to say, in view of what the State has already accomplished, the spirit of service and sacrifice which its people generally have exhibited, and the splendid record which the gallant young soldiers of the Granite State are already making on the battle-front in Europe, that their efforts have not been in vain.

We believe it is not over-stating the case, however, when we say that no man in New Hampshire has been heard so generally, and none to better effect, in public addresses throughout the State for the past year, along patriotic lines, arousing the people to the exigencies of the situation they are facing, as has Col. John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth.

Colonel Bartlett has devoted his time and abilities unsparingly for many months to public speaking along this line. He has been heard on anniversary occasions, before woman's clubs, Grange meetings, board of trade gatherings and church organizations, day and night, in all sections of the State; he has been speaking to the people—men and women, old and young—impressing upon all the magnitude of the great work to be done to suppress the monster of "Kaiserism" and make the world safe for liberty, democracy and humanity, and inspiring all to do their full share of that work, for all of which he is entitled to the grateful thanks of the people.

HER BOY

By E. R. Sheldrick

A warm soft roll of sweetness,
A rosy, dimpled face,
A thing to love and cuddle,
A baby's dainty grace—

A naughty, meddling darling,
In mischief all day long,
Two sleepy ears that listen
To Mother's "bye low" song—

A heap of toys on the door-step,
Cut fingers and bumped head,
A good-night kiss for Mother,
Two prayers beside the bed—

A thousand vague ambitions,
A wond'rous appetite;
Rents and holes by dozens
For Mother to mend at night—

A pile of books on the table,
A shrilly whistled call,
Lessons and chores forgotten,
A noisy game of ball.

A manly arm to lean on,
A heart by strength made kind,
And eyes where honor glistens,
A firm courageous mind—

The voice of a stricken country,
A nation's cry of need;
A prompt and willing offer
That urgent call to heed.

A strong handclasp at parting,
A kiss and fond good-bye,
Great gray ships weigh anchor,
And fade 'twixt sea and sky—

At last a fatal letter,
A proud but broken heart,
The mother's compensation—
Her boy has done his part!

Wilton, N. H.

FRANCES PARKINSON

An Appreciation of a New Hampshire Girl by her Grand-Daughter

Frances Parkinson Keyes

"William Parkinson, and his young wife, Esther Woods, emigrated from Scotland, and settled in Londonderry, Ireland, about 1739. In that city their eldest son, Henry, was born in 1741. In 1744 they came to this country, and settled with their Scotch kindred in Londonderry, New Hampshire, where five daughters and five more sons were added to them."

This information, gathered from Cochran's History of Francestown, is the first we have of the Parkinson family in America. William and Esther were not among the famous "original settlers" of Londonderry, and we have no ground for belief that they distinguished themselves in any way after they arrived. But the succeeding generations showed such remarkable qualities—such persistence and courage, such a thirst for knowledge, and such high and unshaken ideals, that we cannot help believing that the humble founders of the family must in some way have inspired and encouraged these principles. Two of the six sons mentioned went to college; five of them were soldiers in the Revolution; and the eldest, Henry, had quite a remarkable career. In 1764 he graduated from Nassau Hall (now Princeton University) and remained there as a teacher for some years afterwards. His parents had destined him for the Presbyterian ministry, but he was not able to accept the doctrine of "election." He must, indeed, have had ample opportunity for religious discussion, for Theodore Romeyn, the founder of Union College, and Jonathan Edwards were among his classmates and intimate friends. Before the Revolution broke out he had returned to Londonderry, and at the time of the Lexington Alarm he promptly enlisted as a private in the First New Hampshire Regiment, commanded by John Stark. His promotion was equally prompt for on July 4, 1775, he became quartermaster of the regiment, and on January 1, 1776, lieutenant and quartermaster of the Fifth Continental Line. He served at Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Trenton, resigning his commission in 1777 on account of ill-health. In 1778 he married Janet McCurdy of Londonderry, purchased land in Francestown, and "took her home to dwell." In Francestown he served as town clerk, as justice of peace, and as chairman of the Committee of Public Safety; and moving, later on, first to Concord and then to Canterbury, he established a famous boys' school, and taught until the time of his death in 1820, preparing many young men, among them, Daniel Webster, for college.

"Ireland gave me birth; America nourished me; Nassau Hall educated me; I have fought, I have taught, with my hands I have labored." So reads (in Latin) the quaint inscription on Henry Parkinson's tombstone in the quiet cemetery at Canterbury Center; and it is because his capacity for doing well all these things seems to have been passed down to his descendants, that I have felt it permissible to sketch his life so fully before attempting to describe that of his granddaughter, Frances.

Robert, the eldest son of Henry and Janet Parkinson, was educated by his father, and we read that he was a "great reader, a teacher in early life, a scholarly and capable man";

but it is his skill and courage in "laboring with his hands" that most commends him to us. Employed by Colonel Timothy Dix to build a road through Dixville Notch, then an unbroken wilderness, Robert bought a tract of land in East Columbia, hewed logs for a cabin, cleared the ground for grain, and, after living there nearly a year alone, married Elizabeth Kelso of New Boston, and brought her there to live. In her he found the true mate for his intrepid nature, and their rude farm buildings became the shelter, the school, and the sanctuary of all the pioneers who followed in their wake. Here the first school sessions and church services were held, and here the cold, the friendless, and the poor found a welcome at all times. Here, too, their eight children were born, with a heritage and example of learning and courage and practical ability that few have been fortunate enough to possess.

It was, then, in this little log cabin in Columbia that my grandmother was born, on March 9, 1819, and named Frances for an ancestress for whom the village of Francestown had long before been christened. Coming halfway down the line of eight children, and into a family where the father and mother were trying to minister to the needs, not only of their own brood, but to those of half the country-side as well, it would seem as if there must, of necessity, have been little time to devote exclusively to her. But it has been proved again and again that it is as impossible to keep back a child who is determined to forge ahead as it is difficult to shove one on who does not care to learn. She went to the public schools in Columbia and New Boston, and wrung from them all they could possibly teach her; and when she was fourteen years old she was already teaching herself, to earn the money to

Frances Parkinson

go away and study more. For several years she progressed in this way—she taught at Mont Vernon, then went herself to the Nashua Academy; she taught at Milford, and went to Mt. Holyoke, the academy then recently opened by that pioneer in women's education, Mary Lyon, and the longed-for goal of almost every intellectually ambitious young woman in New England at that time. Blessed with the sturdiest health, indifferent to privations, sustained not only by her ambition, but by her tremendous religious faith and inspiration, she attained an education which few women of her generation were able to boast of. After she had begun to teach, she walked fifteen miles in her first vacation, and bought a copy of Euclid. The spirit which drove Henry Parkinson to make the difficult journey from Londonderry to Nassau Hall fifty years earlier must have been strong within her! Slowly and painfully she collected a library of Latin, French, and English books, finding means to buy whatever she could lay her hands on; and having finally secured an excellent position as teacher in the Northampton High School, she stayed there four years, learning much herself, and helping many others to do the same, when her marriage put an abrupt end to her career as a teacher.

She was by this time nearly twenty-nine years old, and though she was never pretty, she must have been extremely attractive—no girl so earnest, so healthy, and so animated could fail to be that. She loved people and company and the mere business of being alive was vitally interesting to her. Certainly more than one man had been drawn to her; but up to that time she had been too absorbed with her efforts along mental and spiritual lines to consider marriage seriously. Even then it hardly strikes one now as a love-affair in the generally accepted sense of the word, for the man she married, Melancthon Wheeler, was a widower, much older than herself, a clergyman, delicate, refined, high-bred and poor. She never addressed him except as "Mr. Wheeler," and seemed to be drawn to him more by a deep respect for his gentleness and noble character, and a desire to help him in his work, than by any other feeling. He was at that time doing clerical work for a missionary society, but, later, began to preach again, and, after filling several pastorates, finally became the minister of the North Congregational Society in Woburn, Massachusetts, and remained there until his death in 1870. The house given him for a parsonage had originally been built for Count Rumford; it was spacious, beautiful, and sadly out of repair. The former dancing-hall became the family living-room; fires were lighted under the carved mantelpieces, and drafts from defective windows forgotten; simple, homely, meals were cooked where banquets had been planned; and on a salary which never reached a thousand dollars a year, five children were brought up. It is impossible to estimate what they must have gone without; but what they had is certainly remarkable, for, after a childhood that was helpful and healthful and happy, every one of them received a college education! I think part of the secret of it all was my grandmother's attitude towards what she considered non-essentials—it was not a question of being hard to do without them; she absolutely refused to recognize their existence! With a certain goal in view, there was only one consideration—that goal must, by her own efforts, and with God's help be reached! That was all there was to it. Nor did she waste either time or strength in pretending to herself or anyone else to have what she did not. When her husband died, leaving her almost penniless, she did her own washing and lived in two rooms, she received her visitors wearing a gingham apron, and wore the same shabby black to church for years and years. My

earliest recollection of her is a terrible scolding that I received from her: she was taking care of my cousin Royal and myself, and we were playing together near her. I pretended that I was going to kiss him—and I bit him instead! I never shall forget the wrath—and the scorn—with which she descended upon me! It might be pleasant to kiss a little boy; it might be—perhaps—necessary to bite him; that was entirely beyond the point—you must not do the one if you had led him to expect the other—you must be honest!

those horrible examples about a rabbit and a dog taking leaps of various lengths (I have recently found one of my own children in tears over a descendant of that example!). I was quite ready to give up my educational career rather than pursue the course of those two miserable animals any further; but in a few minutes I was able to regard them as amiable and harmless—they leapt across a sheet of paper in my grandmother's hand with the greatest ease!

Frances Parkinson died as she had lived, with almost no money. The

The Woburn Parsonage

This was the first and the most important lesson which she tried to teach her children and grandchildren; but she taught us many other things as well. She was an old lady when I first knew her—eighty-five when she died; but to the end her mental brilliance and her spiritual vision remained unclouded. We learned whole chapters at a time from the Bible at her side—chapters which seemed alive and real as she taught them to us; she taught us Latin and French and mathematics as well. I went to spend Sunday with her once after struggling for hours over one of

little legacy she left me—the same that all her grandchildren had—barely sufficed to buy a simple necklace, which I wear constantly. Before she died, she had already given me, because I was her namesake, the Bible that was my grandfather's engagement present to her, and her first French book—a stained and tattered copy of Racine's Plays. I have also, among others, the letter which came to me from her, enclosing a small sum of money, on my fifteenth birthday:

My dear Frances:

When I date this letter I am reminded that

the 21st of July, a day that will always be sacred to me is nearing us, and I wish we were near enough to be together on that day.

There are no stores here (northern Maine) where I can buy anything that would be of the least value to you, but I want to enclose my trifle, which will remind you that your birth was a joyous occasion to me, and that I still hope and trust that your life in this world may be a blessing, not only to near relatives and friends, but to many others as well, and may be the beginning of a Life Eternal. Please convert my little gift into something that will always remind you that your grandmother loves you."

That, after all, was her real legacy to us all—the knowledge of her love, and the memory of her learning, and courage, her usefulness and her faith.

"THE FLAG WE LOVE"

By Stewart Everett Rowe

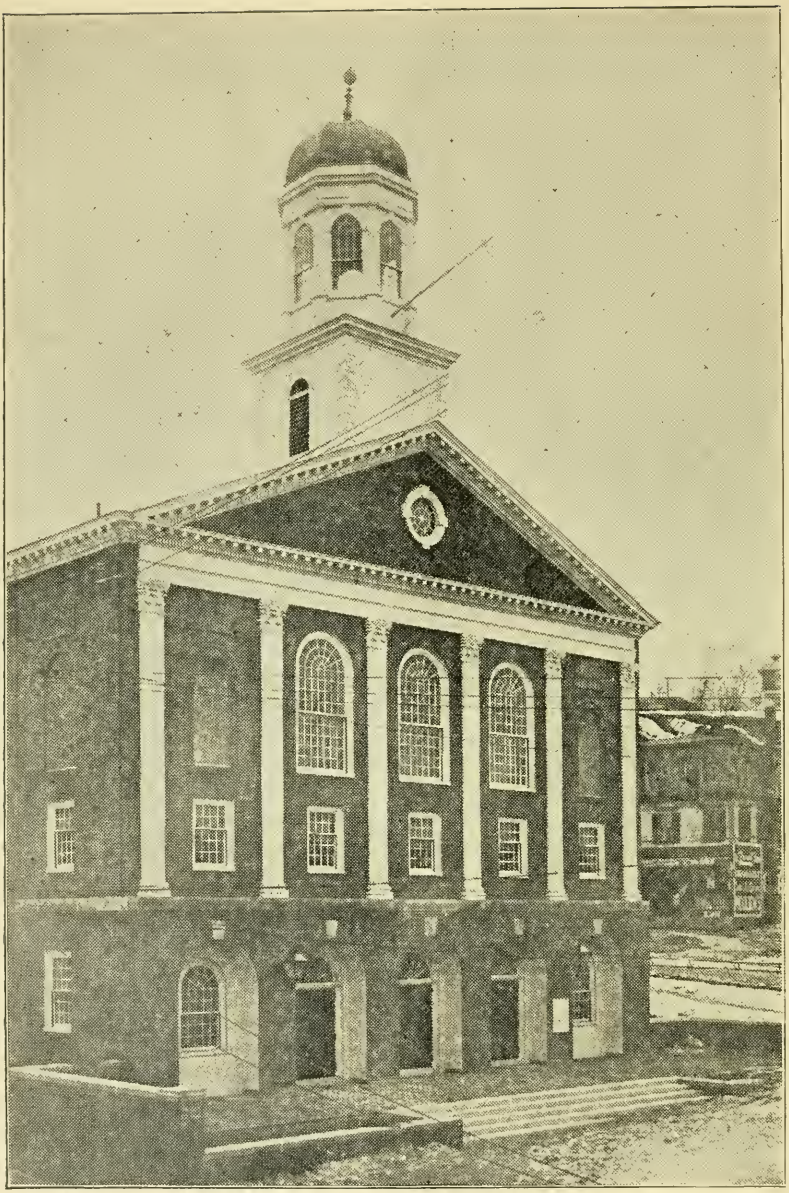
On Freedom's summit high,
It waves against the sky,
The flag we love.
By its immortal might
It makes us do the right
And leads us through the night,
Like God above.

We love its ev'ry fold,
And it is precious gold
To me and you.
For it we laugh and cry,
For it we dream and try,
For it we live and die,
Steadfast and true.

It made us all we are
And each old Stripe and Star
Will sacred be;
Where'er we chance to roam,
On land or tossing foam,
They speak to us of home,
Our land so free.

So free for each and all
To answer manhood's call
In ev'ry way;
Yes, free for you and me
To live our lives if we
Will true and honest be
From day to day.

God bless the Stripes and Stars!
We'll shield it from all scars
Of battle's roar;
We'll give it strength and might,
We'll make it do the right
We'll see it leads the fight
Forevermore.



PETERBOROUGH'S NEW TOWN HALL

PETERBOROUGH'S NEW TOWN HALL

The town of Peterborough, located in one of the most charming sections of New Hampshire's "hill country," has been for a century and a half, one of the most thriving and prosperous towns in the state, inhabited by an intelligent, industrious and public-spirited class of people, whose pride in their town has been rivalled only by their loyalty to the state and nation.

As indicative of the intelligence of the people of the town, it only needs mention of the fact that the first free public library in the United States was established here, and continues as the Peterborough Town Library; and, as showing the industrial enterprise of the community, it may be mentioned that the first cotton cloth woven by water-power in the state, was produced in the old "Bell" mill in this town 100 years ago next May. The town was at that time one of the most wide-awake manufacturing centers in the state with several factories of different kinds, and a population, as shown by the census of 1810, of 1537. Four governors, at least, several eminent lawyers, and three members of Congress have had their home in Peterborough in the past, and in recent years its representative citizens have exercised large influence in the public affairs and in the business life of the state.

On Tuesday, March 5, an elegant, substantial and capacious new town hall, erected on the site of the fine building which had been occupied for town purposes for quite a number of years, and was destroyed by fire nearly two years ago, or so badly damaged as to render reconstruction impracticable, was opened to the public for the first time, and dedicated by exercises characterized as "informal," but full of interest to the large number of people in attendance.

A description of the building, a cut of which is presented on the opposite page, by courtesy of the *Peterborough Transcript*, is copied from that paper, as follows:

The building faces on Grove Street with a frontage of 65 feet, and runs back on Main Street a distance of 106 feet, and covers 6,943 square feet of ground; is two stories high besides basement and has a slate roof. It is 60 feet from the ground to the ridge-pole, and the tower and weather-vane stands 52 feet in addition to that, making a total of 112 feet from the ground to the extreme top of the weather-vane.

The building of Colonial architecture, is of brick with white trimmings with limestone belt between the first and second stories. Over the center door in limestone is carved the inscription, "Town House 1918." The thresholds and outer steps are of granite; the three sets of double doors to the auditorium are of birch, stained with mahogany, representing the old work. A brick terrace extends in front of the building a distance of 14 feet, with walls on either side with limestone finish on the top. Besides the entrances on the front on Grove Street, is a bulk-head to the basement, and an entrance to the stage on the north or Main Street side; four entrances on the south side, one to police station, highway agents', furnace, and water commissioners' rooms.

The basement contains boiler room 24 x 36 feet, cell room 15 x 18, officer's room 8 x 15, besides 1527 square feet for storage, and a coal bin of 720 square feet.

The assembly room is on the first floor 50 x 62 feet, with coat rooms on either side 11 x 15, and a kitchen in the rear 15 x 18 with all the up-to-date appointments, the cupboards already filled with dishes and utensils for serving a banquet at any time, together with a large range. On the right of the main entrance on the first floor is the selectmen's room 15 x 30 feet, besides a large fire-proof vault for the keeping of town books and records; on the left is the court room 15 x 27 with the judge's stand already placed, and

speaking tubes connected with the officer's room below.

On the second floor at the right is the men's room, 11 x 14 and at the left, the ladies' parlor 11 x 14 feet. The latter is a dainty room with wicker furniture upholstered in blue cretonne with blue-bird designs, the draperies at the windows being of the same colorings, while a large mirror and solid mahogany table complete the furnishings. On entering the auditorium on the second floor, the delicate colorings are pleasing to the eye, and the lighting effects with the large high windows, and the electric lights at night are restful to the mind and body. This room is 54 x 62 feet. Over each window hangs a beautiful American flag, and those of our allies, and at the left of the stage is a Chickering concert grand piano. The seating capacity of the auditorium, reached by wide, winding stairs, is 571. The balcony, at the east end of the building, will seat 197, making a total of 768, and fifty or sixty more seats can be added if deemed necessary.

The new stage is 29 feet long and 22 feet deep while the old stage was 19 x 16 feet. Below is a stage, and men's dressing room 12 x 14 and the ladies' dressing room 10 x 18 feet.

The ladies' and men's rooms are all connected with toilet rooms and lavatories.

The stage is equipped with street, forest, garden, parlor and kitchen scenes, with a heavy gray velour curtain which draws to either side.

The auditorium is painted in grey, the remainder of the interior being finished in white with the exception of the kitchen, which is a natural finish.

The committee having in charge the construction of this building consisted of James F. Brennan, Robert P. Bass, B. F. W. Russell, A. J. Walbridge and F. G. Livingston. The contractors were the J. H. Mendell Co. of Manchester, construction; John H. Stevens, heating and plumbing, and M. B. Foster Electric Co., lighting. The corner-stone was laid June 16, 1917, and fires were first started in the boilers, October 16, last. The total cost of the structure is placed at $68,000.

The dedicatory exercises in the evening of March 5, opened with music by the New England Conservatory orchestra of Boston, while addresses were given by Frederick G. Livingston, treasurer of the committee; Andrew J. Walbridge; B. F. W. Russell, junior partner of the firm of Little & Russell, the architects, as well as a member of the building committee, who delivered the keys to the chairman, following which a telegram of congratulation and regret was read, from Ex-Governor Bass, of the committee whose work for the government at Washington rendered his presence impossible. The last speaker was Maj. James F. Brennan, chairman of the committee, who in closing his address, before delivering the keys to the selectmen, which were accepted by C. W. Jellison, chairman, for the board, with brief remarks, said:

"We now hand over this building, through the selectmen, to the town and it is to your candid judgment, on the result of our efforts, that we look with interest and respect. We have gladly given our time in the hope that our efforts might meet your approval and that we might have a safe and substantial building in which we could all take pride and which would promote the educational and moral advancement of our people."

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S CONTRIBUTION TO NAVAL WARFARE

By John Henry Bartlett

The Piscataqua River, by the thread of whose channel the state of New Hampshire divides jurisdiction with the state of Maine, forming a delta of many islands, as its deep, swift waters spread and empty into the Atlantic Ocean, is rapidly becoming again a busy scene of shipbuilding, and naval construction, which, at once reminds us of the similar, though more primitive, activities of the very early American days, when the same waters and shores echoed with the sounds of "hammers, blow on blow," the forge, the anvil, and the thrills of impending war. History is, indeed, repeating itself, causing the acts of those pioneer patriots to breathe a now more significant meaning for us and compelling us to review them, at least sufficiently to catch their spirit, and to learn afresh the cost of our inheritance of liberty.

The Portsmouth Navy Yard, situated in Portsmouth Harbor, on certain islands in this delta of the river, is, by geographical technicality, on the state-of-Maine side of the dividing thread, but, commercially and industrially, it is chiefly a New Hampshire child, although the beautiful and historic town of Kittery, Maine, should not be deprived of any of the credit of joint parentage. The United States government did not purchase the first and larger part of these islands for the beginning of a naval station until the year 1806, paying therefor the modest sum of $5,500 (added to in 1866), yet our forebears began to build all varieties of sailing vessels, including battleships, on this river as early as the year 1690, or eighty-five years before the Revolutionary War, when, as a faithful colony of Britain, they fashioned from these native oaks and pines the first real fighting-ship ever built in this country, namely, that primitive craft which they called the *Faulkland*. She was built for the Royal Navy (Britain), and they made her so "staunch and strong" that she "weathered" all seas and storms, even, for thirty-five years, and, with her fifty-four guns, was considered a very formidable enemy, a proud contribution to the English sea-fighters, although we have no record in detail of any of her naval engagements. And since we are today warring as an ally for the second time of that same Britain, and our entire floating navy is co-operating with her great navy, it is interesting to let History tell us again of our early beginnings; that not only was the *Faulkland* built for England here in New Hampshire waters in those early colonial days, but that there were also constructed here two other then doughty warships, the frigate *Bedford* of thirty-two guns, in 1696, and the frigate *America* of sixty guns in 1749.

This boat *America* we must not confuse with the later more famous war-vessel *America* of the Revolutionary days. But so very interesting unpublished events are associated with her and her builder, a private contractor by the name of Nathaniel Meserve, that they may not be too out of place here. In the first place the New Hampshire side of the river can claim her birthplace for she was built in that part of Portsmouth near what is now the North Mill Bridge, Raynes' Shipyard, before the bridge was constructed. It was said to be a wonderful product of the "New Country." The builder had

been commissioned a Colonel in the expedition against Louisburg, where he did valiant service for the English forces, and it was largely out of recognition of these services that he was commissioned to build this ship for the Royal Navy. He acquired a considerable fortune in shipbuilding and it was feared that this had something to do with the fact that he remained loyal to the mother country longer than nearly every other Granite stater. His son, George Meserve, was in England either by chance or design, at the time Britain, in its policy of oppression, enacted the infamous "Stamp Act" which so incensed the colonists in 1765, and it was highly significant that he was appointed "Stamp Master" by the King, to sell and distribute such stamps in New Hampshire.

Our fathers had heard of his appointment by some means (not wireless) before he, himself, reached Boston on his return; and, as a consequence, when he did arrive, he found the public feeling so enraged over it that he at once resigned. But before Portsmouth people received the news of such resignation, they hastily enacted, with considerable formality, a "triple effigy-hanging," in front of the local jail. They "rigged up" three life-sized figures, naming one Lord Bute, the name of the author of the "Stamp Act," one George Meserve, the Stamp Master, and the other the Devil, the latter being by them considered the best of the trinity. When the execution ceremonies had been completed, the three forms were taken down and cremated in the "public square."

Although they had learned of Meserve's resignation before he arrived in Portsmouth a week later, yet, to make sure, they led him to the same "square," and compelled him to publicly proclaim again such resignation. Even this was not sufficient for those irate people.

Later, when the specified date arrived for the "Stamp Act" to go into effect, New Hampshire patriots held a great public funeral, tolled all the bells, formed a lengthy funeral procession, marched through the main streets of the city, carrying at the head a huge black coffin marked "Liberty"; they finally lowered it carefully in a grave. At length, signs of life appeared in the coffin, then suddenly the muffled drums beat up a lively air, the tolling bells changed to ringing bells, and a new spirit of hope possessed the people.

But even this was not enough. Finally the document, the Stamp Master's commission, arrived from England. Then a real historic event occurred, comparable to the Boston Tea Party. A group of patriotic citizens, calling themselves "Sons of Liberty" holding swords in their hands, presented themselves with great determination before Meserve's residence. He came to the door. They demanded the commission. He promptly complied. It was pierced by the end of a sword, held high in the air, and its bearer led the procession down through the public streets of Portsmouth amid the noisy demonstrations of practically the entire population of New Hampshire, to a bridge on the tide water, on what was, and is, known as Water Street. Assembling here they compelled Stamp Master Meserve to take an oath before a magistrate that he would never attempt to execute the office; and then they tore the commission into "scraps of paper," threw the scraps upon the waves of the ocean and bade them return to England whence they had come. Next they erected a Liberty Standard to mark the spot, which has ever since been marked, now and for many years past by a large flag pole, from which Old Glory floats; and this bridge has since been known as "Liberty Bridge." It is located just across the river in plain view of Uncle Sam's great present naval station.

A new era in shipbuilding was then

ushered in, for no longer were the colonists willing to add ships to the Royal Navy, but, on the contrary, were determined to resist the tyranny of King George III (a German despot), who denied them the privileges of self-government. Then the "oaks and pines" began to creak, and the anvils ring, for liberty. Then, in succession, were launched in New Hampshire's only seaport, the battleships, *Raleigh*, *Ranger*, *America*, and *Crescent;* and around each one of these there clusters some of the most thrilling legends and stories that ever delighted the student of history.

Of these the *Ranger* is the bright, shining star of history, not simply local history, but in every school textbook or encyclopedia we are sure to find the name of the greatest American naval hero, Jones, linked forever with the name of this sloop which was built and launched from the north end of Pring's Wharf at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. This was the bold Yankee boat that literally ravaged the southern coast of England. This was the little wizard-ship of history that gave that enchanted mariner, Jones, his opportunity to electrify the world. If we can say figuratively that the powder captured by Sullivan and others at Newcastle, N. H., fired the shots at Bunker Hill that were heard around the world, it may equally well be said that the *Ranger*, piloted by Jones, followed the sound of those shots around the world; for he sailed from Portsmouth on November 1, 1777, on a world voyage. He sailed his ship to the harbor of Brest, there refitted, "and, in 1778 began one of the most memorable cruises in our naval history. In the short space of 28 days he sailed into the Irish Channel, destroyed four vessels, set fire to the shipping in the port of Whitehaven, fought and captured the British armed schooner *Drake*, sailed around Ireland with his prize, and reached France in safety" (McMaster). As if this was not glory enough for one vessel, history points very clearly to the probability that the *Ranger* was the first ship that flew the "stars and stripes." Jones described her as "slow and crank," and jokers like to remind us that he found fault that he had to start out on this voyage with only "30 gallons of rum for the crew to drink on passage." After her historic voyage the *Ranger* was finally burned in Charleston Harbor, at the surrender of that city. While it was Jones that made the *Ranger* famous, instead of the reverse, yet we claim Jones as a New Hampshire character, and we delight to recall his wonderful victory with his ship, *Bonhomme Richard*, in European waters over that British Frigate, the *Serapis*, when, with boats lashed together, they fought hand-to-hand by moonlight until his foe surrendered.

The *Seventy-four America*, the most formidable ship of her time, was built in Portsmouth Harbor under the supervision of Jones who expected to do great things with her. But just as she was launched in 1782 a French ship of the same size was accidentally lost in Boston Harbor, and our government immediately presented the *America* to her ally to compensate for this misfortune. After various adventures, and cruising, in the French Navy, she was captured by the British in Lord Howe's engagement in 1794.

The second warship-building era at New Hampshire's port was in the "sixties" when we produced that immortal conqueror the *Kearsarge*. Her antagonist, the *Alabama*, was built at Liverpool. Many now living will remember how, for a long time, the *Alabama* terrified the seas, as Germany is doing now, sinking sixty-six merchant vessels, one after another, until this New Hampshire boat finally challenged her to a duel, brought her face to face, and, in a gallant engagement in the English Channel, put her forever "under many feet of water."

The old *Constitution* was so completely rebuilt at Portsmouth that scarcely any of her original parts re-

mained. About twenty other wooden men-of-war were built here during this period, and five, after wooden men-of-war became obsolete.

The first steam vessel of the navy, the *Saranac*, the largest ship in the old navy, the *Franklin*, and the well-known *Santee* were built here just before the Civil War.

Portsmouth vessels have a privateering history. In 1812–14, ten brigs and schooners were built here, armed as privateers, and captured millions of dollars worth of property. It is said that 419 vessels were captured by 16 Portsmouth privateers. The Portsmouth schooner *Fox* in 1814 received $3,650 as bounty for prisoners captured from enemy vessels.

While this sketch confines itself to war vessels, it is interesting to note in passing that for the first fifty years of the nineteenth century Portsmouth turned out an average of nine merchant ships a year.

But at last and unexpectedly came the World War. New Hampshire is again to build ships and contribute to a stupendous undertaking. She does not rejoice in this kind of prosperity, but gravely recognizes the necessity and goes to the task with determination. Now the Navy Yard has a modern dry dock, new machine shops, up-to-date equipments, enlarged acreage, naval hospital, naval prison, and all that goes to complete a first-class naval station. It is employing some 3,000 to 4,000 men, increased from 1,000 before the war, is building submarines, constructing small boats, parts, accessories, and repairing big warships, all rushing at top speed.

Four miles up the river on the New Hampshire side, a new wooden shipbuilding plant is now getting well under way in the simultaneous construction of twelve ships of 3,500 tonnage, each 281 feet 6 inches long, 46 feet beam, and 23 feet 6 inches draw, being oil burning steamers. A large force of men are now swarming amid weird-looking projections, soon to look more like ships, and the management states that they hope to launch at least three of the vessels before next July. The plant is owned by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and when completed will cost about $600,000. The contractor constructing the ships under the direct supervision of the government is the "L. H. Shattuck, Inc."

On the same side of the river, on New Hampshire's soil, and much nearer Portsmouth, is a magnificent tract of land of one hundred and fourteen acres, with extended and easily approached tide-water facilities. It is the exact site where merchant ships were built fifty to a hundred years ago, and just north of the old Raynes' shipyards, being the property where, at a cost of millions, a paper mill project two-thirds completed has lain for a few years paralyzed in bankruptcy. This property has, within a few weeks, been purchased by the "Atlantic Corporation," a company of strong men, for the purpose of converting it into a mammoth plant for the construction of steel ships. This corporation is capitalized at $3,000,000. It has a contract with the Emergency Fleet Corporation, under the United States Shipping Board, to construct ten large steel vessels of 8,800 tons dead weight carrying capacity. This company is apparently in earnest. It brought to the plant hundreds of men, when three or four feet of ice and snow covered the land, and the adjoining river was frozen for the first time in known history and began dynamiting snow, ice, and ledge in a manner that made the natives "sit up and take notice." It gives promise of being another "eye-opener" to the credit of Yankee ingenuity and enterprise, and it is believed it will become a permanent New Hampshire industry, for the United States has clearly embarked upon an era of world commerce.

THE MERRIMACK: SOURCES, NAVIGATION AND RELATED MATTERS

By Howard F. Hill

[The compiler thinks these details are worthy of preservation in print. They would be lost were they not gathered into one place. This paper was prepared at the request of Rumford Chapter, D. A. R., and has also been read before Molly Stark Chapter. The compiler is largely indebted to George Waldo Brown, in the Manchester Historical Society's Collections, for particulars in regard to navigation. Some facts have been drawn from Bouton's History of Concord. Other information has its origin with Hons. Joseph B. Walker, John Kimball, John M. Hill and Major Henry McFarland. The new History of Concord has a wealth of notes and maps on our river and its bed changes. Mrs. Lydia F. Lund and Joseph W. Lund deserve thanks for material help. The remembrance of various talks with old-time worthies has added to the facts incorporated. The quotations are not indicated, as the full text has not been always used herein.]

The river discovered by Champlain on July 17, 1605, is formed by the junction of the Winnipesaukee and Pemigewasset rivers, "just behind Warren Daniell's barn," in Franklin, as once replied a school boy of that place. The Winnipesaukee begins at "The Weirs," the great, *great* fishing place for all the aboriginal people. Here is the famous "Endicott Rock," in the first rush of the pure water on its quest of ocean. Into what every New Hampshire man calls "The Lake," the Lake *par excellence*, empty Waukewan Lake, a really considerable body for most states less favored than our own; also, Smith's Pond, of really dignified size, at which was once an official residence of the Governors Wentworth. These feeders are steady of flow, rapid of current and produce quite a volume of power. They flow in at Meredith and Wolfeboro. Another of lesser volume, but adequate to sawmill uses, wanders in at Alton Bay. The whole watershed of the region seeks the high plateau, enclosed in solemn mountains and hills which would be called mountains in most places.

The Pemigewasset receives Baker's River just above Plymouth, the luncheon place to and from "The Mountains," a short distance from the Franconias and the abutments which outly them, and the White Mountains. Baker's River, in early days, was a dark and bloody ground where red men and pioneers joined battle. The Squam River is the outlet of the lovely Squam Lakes and reenforces the Pemigewasset not far below Ashland village. Its fall is very heavy and many a wheel is turned by the rushing waters. At Bristol comes in the short Newfound, an impetuous stream, from Newfound Lake, embracing the watershed of Cardigan and the semi-mountains called the Bridgewater Hills. (To be a mountain, in New Hampshire, intends at least 3,000 feet above the sea level.) This considerable tribute makes quite a flow and hum at Bristol. Here, then, are about seventy-six square miles of reservoir surface and that means, in all but exceptional seasons, when regulated, a steady and reliable power for a host of looms and spindles. The low-water mark at Concord is 253 feet above the sea level. When you consider that a one-inch fall in a mile constitutes a

strong current for power and three a rapid,* your respect for our familiar river will be increased. Whittier speaks of it as "a broad, slow stream" and so it was when his childhood eyes and the dim ones of his venerable years beheld it at Haverhill and Amesbury. He rests about a mile from the mountain-born tide which finds chronicle in his chaste, rippling verses. Here I observe, apropos of that term mountain-born, that in its very upmost reaches, some of its head-waters come from just beneath the very chin of that huge profile which is our peerless wonder, a wonder beyond our limits. Here the red man saw Manitou, his God, and in reverence looked upon him, awed, and I fear not to say, trembling, also. It has no small power of like kind on people more spiritually illumined.

Here, let me make some pertinent diversions.

I spoke of the Endicott Rock, visible from the cars at Weirs. It is enclosed in a granite structure built by the State in 1891. It is 15 x 14 feet and 13 high. I quote from the panel of the protecting building:

ENDICOTT ROCK

The name of John Endicott Gov. and the initials of Edward Johnson and Simon Willard, Commissioners of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, John Sherman and Jonathan Ince, surveyors, were inscribed on this rock, August 1, 1652, to mark the head of the Merrimack river.

The inscription on the rock is

E I (Edward Johnson) S W (Simon Willard)
W. P. (Worshipful) John Endicut
I S (John Sherman) I I (Jona. Ince)

All Latin students will recall textbooks which had no j, and used i. J is the youngest letter of the alphabet, invented in Holland about a century and a half ago. Its origin is indicated by the dot above it, in what printers call "the lower case."

*Not sure of exactness.

I spoke of Whittier's eyes, such a source of grievous headaches to him, because of a disabling derangement now recognized by oculists. Do you remember the pictures of Daniel Webster, whose great, dark, deep-set, solemn eyes seemed caverns and often overpowered strangers when turned suddenly on them? These eyes, Whittier's and Webster's, came from Rev. Samuel Bacheler, famous in Hampton's records.

The name of the river has always been spelled in our State with a final k, which has not been the case in Massachusetts, but is now the official spelling on all Government maps.

It has been said that the name of the great lake, our highland beauty, has to be printed lengthwise of the State on many maps. We can put up with almost any banter as long as we have the lake with us as a sure possession. The name has suffered many things of many scribes in regard to spelling. The termination aukee means place. The whole, "Beautiful water in a high place."

Old-timers will recall many endeavors, by Congressional action, to secure surveys of the river with a view to navigation. These efforts form part of what is roughly called the "pork barrel." It is connected with the rivers and harbors bill, a much-abused form of legislative appropriation, with which congressmen are wont to prop up their popularity. However much pleasure we may have at prospective expenditures in our neighborhood, it is plunder, pure and simple. As a matter of fact, at least one survey had been made as far as Lowell, long since. A later survey, 1914–15, has been made as far as Manchester, with the report, "Impracticable."

Passing in by the mouth, we see Plum Island on the left, some five miles long, created in the centuries by sand deposits, as the water slackens on contact with the ocean. Small steamers and schooners are able to get as far as Haverhill without break-

ing bulk. The freight is principally coal, lime, cement, etc. A flat-bottomed steamer of the grasshopper pattern (stern wheel) was running as late as 1900, between Haverhill and Black Rocks, at the end of Salisbury Beach. It was a delightful trip to make. It passed under Chain Bridge, now no more, the first suspension bridge in America. The rock island which parts the river here was the home of Harriet Prescott Spofford, an authoress of worth and note. The clam chowder served on that boat has a distinct place in my memory. It would rank with the nectar and ambrosia of Olympus. It had the real *bouquet de mer*. The delicacies the old Roman gourmands described in Plautus, had nothing better. Baked elephant's foot is described by African travellers as a mass of luscious jelly, but I would pass it by for a spoonful of that rich, rapturing, thrilling, real-thing chowder, a concoction more delightful than any with which the cooks of Heliogabalus ever struggled, plentifully based on "the strawberry of the sea," as Charles Levi Woodbury fitly called it.

But, to pass this by, I would say that the large expense of canals and locks around mill dams and in congested city quarters would seem to be prohibitory, aside from maintenance in easier places. The flow, so diminished from reason of deforesting, and needing to be helped out by steam in years of sharp drought, would have to be well weighed, and the rock-ledged and boulder-filled bed, extremely shallow between Nashua and Manchester, and the character of the stream to the right, going toward Boston, just as we pass the railroad bridge at Goff's Falls, are great difficulties for a canal in these days. Amoskeag and Hooksett falls require consideration. The less than half year of navigation caused by winter, all other difficulties set aside, would pay but for a small part of up-keep and service, in view of railroad competition. The survey may, not impossibly, be made again and yet again, but the river will be the monarch of all its surveys. All dreams of coal, cotton, machinery and heavy freight may be dismissed from the thoughts of those "clothed and in their right minds," when set in opposition to rail transportation.

Navigation was once practicable and practical, as well as profitable, but ox and horse-drawn teams did heavy duty for passengers, mails and much freight between here and Boston. Following the river, one main water route ended at Newburyport. A canal made another route to Boston. Its exact course, I cannot give, nor can I separate it from the side lines. The traces of this canal are very plain on the right of the railroad, going coastwards, just above and below Lowell. This was completed in 1808 by Loammi Baldwin and partly financed by a lottery (like the canal round the falls at Amoskeag, just above Manchester). This lottery was chartered by our Legislature and that of Massachusetts.

The Middlesex Canal was 27 miles long and entered the Merrimack two miles above Lowell. It was 30 feet wide at the surface; bottom, 20 feet and depth three feet. Lockage, 136 feet, with 20 locks. Passengers were carried. Last trip was in 1851. The stones of some of the locks were used for mill and railroad purposes at Lowell. In later days, under the Merrimack Boating Company, flat-boats were able to go as far as Sewall's Falls, above West Concord, where the electric power plant now is. This made a water course of 52 miles. Rosy hopes had been entertained to reach Winnipesaukee. The Merrimack Company, a Concord corporation, actually did a large business, for those days. The trip was five days up to Concord and four down. Twenty tons was a full cargo up to Lowell and fifteen beyond. It cost $13.50 per ton to Manchester and $8.50 to Boston from that place. In 1838, the charges were $5 and $4, with more

experience and expert knowledge. The granite for Quincy Market, Boston, was shipped from Concord. It was often sent as far as to New Orleans. From 1816 to 1842, a $470,000 business was done on the up route, and about half that on the down route. Before boating began, about $20 per ton was the ruling rate from Manchester to Boston on a road next to level.

A boat built on the Piscataquog River, near Manchester, by Isaac Riddle and Major Caleb Stark of Dunbarton was doubtless the first which ever ploughed "the raging canal" between Manchester and Boston. It was a scow called "The Experiment." The load was lumber. It was "received with great reception" at the Hub. A thunderous roar of venerable field pieces and a more continuous roar of human voices from leathern lungs was its greeting before it tied up from its rural seaport. Even then, Boston was an inchoate Liverpool of worthy ambition and this was an event of Brobdignagian proportions toward that consummation. There was "a hot time in the old town" that night. This was in 1812. In 1817, steam was tried over this route, but one trip was enough. Power enough could not be developed and wood fuel did not harmonize with large cargoes.

The Concord Boating Company was organized in 1823 and was operated until 1844. Twenty boats were afloat at one time. They were not less than 45 feet long; sometimes 70. They were 9 or 9½ feet wide in the middle, narrowing somewhat and rounded at each end, three feet deep in the middle and not more than one foot at the ends. They were of two-inch old pine and sometimes carried a sail, which was really of advantage at times. But the real means of propulsion was man-power push. Here what is roughly called "beef" counted. Weight and muscle were what did the work, using setting-poles. Two men worked, aided by the pilot, when his duties, by no means light, allowed. Runts and skinny men were no good at this arduous job. The poles were of smoothed ash, 15 feet long, shod with an iron point. The men stood on the bow fronting the stern, walked on a path and came back to repeat the process. It took avoirdupois to do this from the time when the first hint of rosy-fingered dawn appeared in the east till the afterglow arrived. The steersman had a huge oar, 20 inches of blade-width and when his knees were bent it was not in sitting. With the others, he had a sculling oar for favorable conditions. Here "quitters" were not wanted and one found inadequate for this task never took a second voyage and departed with no dubious opinions of his value. It was, literally, toil which called for sons of Anak. The crews were paid at the rate of $15 to $24 per month and were generally broken in on lumber rafting.

Courage was sorely needed sometimes, particularly in spills or a man overboard. Occasionally, a race took place. As the result of one, Isaac Merrill died in his boat from great and protracted exertion. But he brought it in one length ahead at Boston. A trip from Piscataquog was once made in four days, Middlesex Canal way, to Medford and back to 'Squog, loading and unloading included. This was probably done on a full moon, perhaps with relay helpers. This was verily "going some." The last boat over this route was run in 1851. The Concord Boating Company gave up business in 1844. The railroad reached here in 1842.

The diet of these men was generously adapted to the toil. Those of our old-timers familiar with the Norcross log drivers know the quantities of pork and beans (always baked in the ground), brown and ginger bread, fried pork, salt and fresh, biscuits and like filling-power provisions which they consumed, topped off with tea of 90 per cent nervous energy and of black ink grade. The boatmen had

about the same as the men had on the great log drives down our river, though not five times a day, perhaps, as did the loggers. Anyway there was strong food and plenty.

I have alluded to rafting as the fitting-school in which these canalers were broken in. Though born in 1846, I never saw one. However, I own a large colored lithograph, dated August, 1853, printed for Appleton, a view of Concord. The buildings therein are easily recognizable, notably the State House, with its dominating eagle, and the old South Church, on the site of the present Acquilla Building. In this picture, in the foreground, is represented, in a somewhat meagre stream, one of these rafts. It is in two parts, probably connected by some cable, with a man in front with a great steering oar and another similarly equipped on the rear of the second section. The notable feature consists of two women, well-bonneted and attired, admiring the prospect from a seat, and attended by the one loyal, loving friend of our species, a dog. I am doubtful of the correctness of this scene of interstate commerce. But there is one part which the artist did not create: great cumulus clouds of fleecy white, glowing with beauty in the sun, and like a castle with huge towers. I recall the artist's capture of this superb and remarkable formation. His stand was at the head of Bridge Street, and though I was but seven years old, the impression is still vivid. This was the time of the candidacy of Franklin Pierce and his home town was very much an object of public interest throughout our nation. I have also an oil picture on wood, dating, probably, about 1830, in which a three-section raft is depicted. The scene is the Great Bend, at the Passaconaway Club House.

The survival of the old canal in Concord! At Sewall's Falls, there is a stone pier on the eastern side, not otherwise to be accounted for, and which I have been told by the ancients belonged to the landing place. Just south of the Lower Bridge, on the western side, a pier was to be seen as late as 1900. Posts (piles) were also to be seen at low water. This was the great freight house. The house extended over the water and goods were lifted through a trap door. These posts were the support of the outer end. On the left of the railroad, going towards Boston, just above Hooksett station, relics of the lock round the falls can be seen very plainly. On the right of the road just after passing through the Federal Bridge at East Concord, going north, evident traces of the canal can be seen as little frog ponds, and a careful search up the intervale discloses other traces. Parts of the lock are in the piers of the railroad bridge. The old Butters' Tavern, standing until 1911, where the trolley road divides for the Manchester line and the Pillsbury Hospital, was a great place for the canalers to obtain refreshments, some of which came from Medford, one of the termini of transportation.

One of the first uses made of the river was the floating of huge logs. In every place where the great oaks, ash and pine of old growth were to be found, a royal forester made it his business to mark these spires with the broad arrow for the King's Navy. All prime timber for planking, spars and masts, were thus arbitrarily set apart at the landowner's expense. To take these "sticks" as they were called, for private use was a serious offence. They were generally run at high water to avoid breakage and prevent "hanging up." Much bad blood resulted and even grave fracases occurred, amounting to treason, under the law. Sometimes an official of easy conscience held the office, making things less strenuous. When worse came to worst, the forester was not disinclined to act as an intercessor with the Colonial Governor, for law it was, though like some other laws, inequitable and undiscriminating. To you, the name of a station just above Concord, the Mast Yard,

will hereafter sound more intelligible. A pine was once cut in Hopkinton which was so large that a yoke of oxen had room to turn upon the stump. Thus saith Rev. Dr. Bouton, our first chronicler, who cannot be accounted much of a romancer. This broad-arrow timber was a part of the things which made the Revolutionary War possible, even for men who had fought under the King and held civil or military commissions. It was certainly the first yeast cake of sedition, to use an anachronism.

The following article, by Oliver L. Frisbee, in THE GRANITE MONTHLY, touches more fully on a subject to which the compiler has just alluded:

The mast fleet, to and from the Old World and the Piscataqua in the seventeenth century, was the forerunner of the great fleets crossing the Atlantic in the twentieth century. These ships were built especially for the mast trade. They were of about four hundred tons burthen, and carried from forty-five to fifty mast. These ships had the privilege of wearing the King's Jack, and had a special convoy. When ships could not be found for this trade they sent large rafts of mast and lumber, shaped like a vessel, and rigged like a ship, across to Europe. One of these rafts made the passage in twenty-six days.

The mast fleet was the courier of the sea, the surest and quickest means of communication between the two continents.

No colonial product commanded so much attention in Europe as the masts, and pipe staves and other lumber from the Piscataqua.

New Hampshire was the great cutting ground for mast and lumber, and Piscataqua* the great shipping port. Cartwright and other commissioners in 1665, found "7 or 8 ships in the large and safe harbor of Piscataqua and great stores of mast and lumber." As early as 1631 the Piscataqua had its first sawmill, and gundalows to carry the lumber down the river.

The British Government paid a premium of one pound per ton on mast and yards and bowsprits. The masts were not to exceed thirty-six inches at the butt and be as long as the mast was inches in diameter. In 1664 they were worth from ninety-five to one hundred fifteen pounds per mast.

The broad arrow of the King was placed on all white pines twenty-four inches in diameter three feet from the ground. It was especially stipulated in the Royal grant that pine trees fit for masting the royal navy were to be carefully preserved, and the cutting for any other purpose led to the forfeiture of the grant. They were as tall as the giant trees of California are today. To fall these pines from thirty-three to thirty-six inches in diameter and from two hundred to two hundred seventy feet in length, was a business in itself, and called for the exercise of great care in falling them or they would break. It took forty cattle to move the massive load to the shore to start it on its mission to the Royal Navy.

Ships even came to the Piscataqua after the battle of Lexington for masts which were ready for them, but the people kept them for their own use. The broad arrow remained on the trees. Many of these trees took new growth from republican soil. They even served in equipping the stout cruisers of 1812, that fairly beat the great navy that took all the great trees of the subject colony.

The mast and lumber industry of the Piscataqua contributed to the glory of England, as much as the gold of the New World did to the glory of Spain. Spain was the mistress of the world, the queen of the ocean, the terror of the nations. England saw the only way to overcome was to build ships and send them all over the world, filled with sailors and adventurers. These outstripped the French, conquered the Dutch, and finally put England at the head of the world, and the lumber and masts from the Piscataqua enabled her to do it.

*Timber was largely floated round from Newburyport to Portsmouth. EDITOR.

This scheme of internal navigation extended to wild proportions. It was proposed to start at Sewall's Falls and go to the Connecticut, via the Contoocook, Warner and Sugar rivers. The survey was actually made by Loammi Baldwin, Jr., John Farrar and Henry B. Chase. The start of digging was to be made at where the woolen mill (Holden's) in West Concord, now stands, near Penacook Park. The drawings, map and profile, are in the archives of the Secretary of State. United States Army engineers made a resurvey in 1838 and reported to Congress by the War Secretary. Even Lake Champlain was not too far off for their commercial "pipe dream" aspirations. The cash for these enterprises was never banked. Where a contract was actually made and work actually carried out, as in case of Middlesex Canal, the workers on that successful enterprise, were in demand. Commodore Bainbridge, via Middlesex

Canal, got timber to refit *Old Ironsides* and build the *Independence*, from our forests. The oak and ash for the famous ship *Kearsarge* was cut by Joseph Barnard of Hopkinton on the slopes of the mountain of that name in Merrimack County, which has been officially settled as that for which the vessel was called.

There were various minor companies formed for enterprises which never ripened. There was a lively ferment over the rates and a new Union Boat Company came into being. The Merrimack Company was goaded into reprisals and set up a store for iron, sugar, tea and other standard groceries and goods, wet and dry. If one side was composed of greedy rascals, the other had the same possible ingredients, for both finally came together.

The business of these venturous men is now something to smile at. But it was a large enterprise then. In a Gazetteer of New Hampshire, printed by John Farmer and Jacob B. Moore, Concord, 1823, a cut on the title page is suggestive. There are heavy storm-clouds in the background, two islands with trees and what is recognizable to the eye of faith as a canal boat and crew. On a seal, now possessed by Miss Effie Thorndike, is a representation of a canal boat and locks. It appears to be the official seal of a company called the Bow Canal Corporation, 1808. The name is new to any record I can find. It is a cut, metal-back, and had to be imprinted. The artistic character of it does not call for excessive enthusiasm.

Let me suggest reference to the very first page of the new History of Concord. You will find several page-size maps, and though familiar you may think yourself with the stream, you will experience surprise at its tortuous course, for it is an enlarged Meander. From this fact arises the Indian name, which we call Penacook, crooked place. (The last syllables are aukee, in reality!) It has six great bends in as many miles. On the bluff at the bend first above the Free Bridge was fought a sanguinary battle between Indians. These bends force the current towards the east, resulting in a constant erosion of that bank, with corresponding additions to the western. In twenty-four years, to give an exact example, over three acres have been added to the Gerrish Farm in Boscawen in this manner.

This shifting character of the bed makes, year after year, new shoals, so that where it was deep, where I learned to swim, a tall man can now wade from bank to bank, with dry shoulders. Per contra, it may drop six or eight feet from these shallows, even more, on the instant. This fact has made it fatal, historically, to unwary youth or those who had not established confidence. I cannot recall a year in which it has not claimed its sacrifices. The most notable of these was the drowning of Willie Fletcher, an only son, a boy who could have stood as a Little Lord Fauntleroy for beauty and promise. Sometimes it has taken three days' search by swimmers, deep-sea divers and by firing cannon to find a body. The population of the city, at such times, has been roused and every means and possible helpers made use of freely. The Fletcher boy was never found and was supposed to be caught in some root or submerged tree.

The landing house of which I spoke as just south of the Lower Bridge, (then a toll bridge) will bear description. It appears from a rude picture, to have been about 75 x 25 feet, one story, with the common peak roof. The abutment was solid, of large, split stone. The house overhung the river about fifty feet, supported on strong posts which rested on stone. The boats were run up under it and unloaded by tackle and falls. Samuel Butters presided over this freight house and Stephen Ambrose was the

genius loci at East Concord.* It seems strange that, besides the machinery, molasses, rum, salt fish and the amazing variety of the rural country store, that grain, flour and butter were imported. En route, the dry goods sometimes became wet goods, for the unsalted waters had their wrecks like those on the great deep. Theodore French was one of the chief men interested in the canal trade. His daughter, Mrs. C. C. Lund, told me that there never was a shortage of fabrics damaged by water in his household, and that these were used as linings, just as useful but not so good to look at, especially when the dye was "runny." These wrecks were sometimes attended with fatalities to the boatmen and there were not infrequent rescues worthy of Carnegie's biggest, brightest medal, were there such a thing at that time.

Along the highways, in fitting weather, were droves of cattle, sheep and even turkeys. With the latter, especial care was taken, toward evening, for they knew full well their roosting time. Hot, winged words, clubs or stones could not swerve them from their purpose. Strings of Canadian and Vermont horses made their way towards Boston. In Winter, round hogs, sides of beef, butter, apple-sauce, pearl and potash and other rural goods were carried on low, single-runner sleds, shod and unshod. All the year round, the mail coach (or sleigh) loaded top and rack with luggage, the driver's seat and one still higher, and full inside likewise, made a triumphal progress. With honest iron and woodwork, wheels that would bear much grief, on leather thoroughbraces, it defied ordinary conditions. Its tin horn called the surprised and dilatory to this chariot's approach, but its comings were generally anticipated and greeted with acclaim. Papers and parcels were dropped. Commissions reported on, letters taken on and delivered and any startling news communicated in compact summaries. The whole household, cat and dog included, generally made it convenient to attend. A crack of the whip and four and even six horses buckled to it and in a whirl of dust made up the brief time of waiting. That whip had a stock five feet long. The lash must have been all of twelve and was handled in adept fashion. The driver was one who had presence of mind and was resourceful in tight places.

Of course, there were regular stages from neighbor towns, chief of which was that from Pittsfield—six horses, whose grand entree was the small boy's delight, whose hoop-la dash up Bridge Street, True Garland driver, is something to be remembered. There were moving teams and supply carts for country stores; things coming and going; something doing always, for Concord was a large distributing center.

The start and arrival of these stages at terminals were, literally a public function, unless very, very early in the morning. There were partings and greetings, tears, kisses, handkerchief wavings and hat and hand salutes. It was indeed much more than animated. Later, at the White Mountains, it was a dress parade of everybody. The landlord was the grand chamberlain and master of ceremonies. He personally greeted each guest with a hearty word and warm hand. Glad to see you! Come again! Don't forget us! This might be indefinitely elaborated. It was a moving picture.

Concord's very first tavern appears to have been where the First National Bank now stands. Here, to Osgood's Tavern, were carried the bodies of those massacred by Indians,

*The names of other agents were, Caleb Stark, Pembroke; Richard H. Ayer, Dunbarton; Samuel P. Kidder, Manchester; N. Parker, Merrimack; Adams & Roby, Thornton's; James Lund, Litchfield; Coburn Blood, Dracut; Levi Foster, Chelmsford; Noah Lund, Billerica; Jotham Gillis, Woburn; William Rogers, Medford; Thomas Kettell, Charlestown; David Dodge, Boston, Rust's wharf, just above Charles River bridge.

on the Millville road. Stickney's Tavern, for long years in the hands of a landlord of that name, was at the corner of Main and Court streets. There was a huge elm there, on land very much higher than the present elevation. George Peabody, the banker philanthropist, sawed wood (real wood and real saw), at this place to pay for accommodations. There was a long hall there, often used for dances and banquets. The old-fashioned landlord was always at the fore on state occasions and received his guests in due and ancient form, assisted by a volunteer staff and regular helpers. His person vouched for what was to be found within the hostelry. This brings up Shenstone's lines:

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his courses may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

The food was of the most substantial kind, meats, fowl and seasonable viands predominating. Gass' Hotel was later the leading house, on the site of White's Opera House. Butters' Tavern, at the South End, was of another class, but more than good. The fluids dispensed at these were mainly rum and brandy, though port, sherry and sometimes Madeira, were in favor. The rum was pure; the wines, vivacious. Malt liquors were next to unknown to real popularity, except in the form of flip, produced by the insertion of a hot iron in the brown fluid, which had been reinforced by an element of distilled liquor. It was common to see a person "chipper" and greater lapses were not unpardonable. Decanters were seen on sideboards, and tippling was a part of barn raisings and even church occasions.

These taverns! The story is susceptible of vast enlargements. There is a six-foot-shelf library in the suggestion. Here, in this then little town, came men of fame, such as Talleyrand and Lafayette. Presidents honored us and vice presidents, also governors, senators, congressmen, judges, professors, divines, physicians and all kinds of people; legislators and the interested persons who flock here during "General Court" sessions. Debates came off daily, following other debates of more formal character. National politics and state affairs fairly sizzled. Policies and strategic movements were settled and scuttled. Orations were born in these tavern rooms; verses, written; superheated editorials were dashed off; correspondence, mailed. Romances were begun, to end only with life itself. Jealousies, envyings and hates sprang up in this human hive. And sometimes a hush occurred as one was stricken and his passing followed. The pen of an Irving or Cooper is needed to describe the pulsing of the old-time tavern's heart. Under one roof, it was a mosaic of life, where gathered the best, the noblest, the wisest, the most brainy and energetic (and perhaps some others whom we now pass over), as well as the purest, sweetest, fairest of our little State, who added wholesome leaven in their time of sojourn.

CREATURES OF HABIT

By Georgie Rogers Warren

Make up your mind just the right thing to do—
And then form a habit—that just suits you—
Never skip a day, nor an hour, nor a minute
To keep this habit—it will help you to win it.
You can accomplish anything—everything in sight,
Only know the habit you've formed—is right—
It will bring health, wealth, and wisdom as well,
So "get the habit" today—but never tell.

GOD OF AMERICA

By Hester M. Kimball

God of America,
To thee we come and bow;
Long have we failed to heed thy call,
But we are contrite now.
Lord grant us soon a lasting peace,
And let this dreadful conflict cease.

God of America,
We kneel before thy throne,
Turn to this land thy gentle face,
And keep us as thine own.
Help in thy love the world to aid,
And bid war's ruthless arm be stayed.

God of America,
Bare now thy powerful arm.
For if Thou only say the word,
Swift speeding will come calm.
Speak Lord! the nations then must hear,
And cease the strife, both far and near.

God of America,
Thy mercy we implore;
We have no virtue of our own,
But contrite we adore.
Lord in thy pitying tender grace,
Turn to us thine averted face.

God of America,
Whose wise far-seeing eye
Looks on the good to come
That will be bye and bye,
Help us to see, to trust, to pray,
And leave with thee each coming day.

God of America,
Midst all the grief and woe,
Still with unwavering faith,
To thy high throne we go,
There may we leave our deep distress—
God of America—oh bless.

Pittsfield, N. H.

PORTSMOUTH, OLD AND NEW

By Fernando Wood Hartford

Can you picture Portsmouth as the industrial center of the State? Well that is just what it is destined to become, and, instead of the old picturesque "City by the Sea," visitors will find a hustling manufacturing community. Portsmouth with its ancient buildings, rich in history, will remain, but in addition we will have hundreds, yes thousands of new and modern homes.

for the manufacture of munitions and the training and equipping of men. It is here that Uncle Sam is building twelve of the latest submarines—those dreaded under-sea fighting machines. Besides this work which is being done at the navy yard there is the manufacture of supplies and the fitting out of war ships. This work has brought about an increase of from 1,200 men to 4,000 and this number

U. S. Government Building

Today one has difficulty in getting through our small business section on account of the crowds, and no western boom town has ever exceeded it in business life. Hundreds of skilled mechanics and laborers are arriving daily and, with from five to ten thousand army and navy men, one can easily picture the "New Portsmouth."

The reason for all this change is "the war"—the old town has been turned into an exclusively war camp will be increased to over 5,000. With this big increase in mechanics, there is also the great increase in facilities, new buildings and equipment.

The establishment of a government shipbuilding plant at Newington in June last has given employment to 800 and this will be increased to 2,200. The Atlantic Corporation, which has taken over the old paper mill plant at Freeman's Point to build ten steel cargo steamships of 8,800

tons each, will give employment to 3,000 skilled workmen.

With this industrial change you see the picturesque Portsmouth of a few years ago, with its famous breweries and shoe shops only disturbing the peace and quiet of our ancient city, disappearing.

Portsmouth will not be happy until it attains its deserved title of being the metropolis of the State. For thirty years I have been shouting to our citizens that "Old Strawberry Bank" possessed the natural advantages that would some day put her where she belonged—the largest city in the State.

We have got the old town rolling and bounding upward until there is not an inch to spare in sleeping accommodations. Portsmouth of the old days is now a thing of the past, and while we like to revel in its history, it is the history-making of the future that is of more interest just now. Unless all signs fail, we shall have a city of 25,000 within a year or two. If we should take in greater Portsmouth, it would bring the population up to 40,000.

View on Pleasant Street

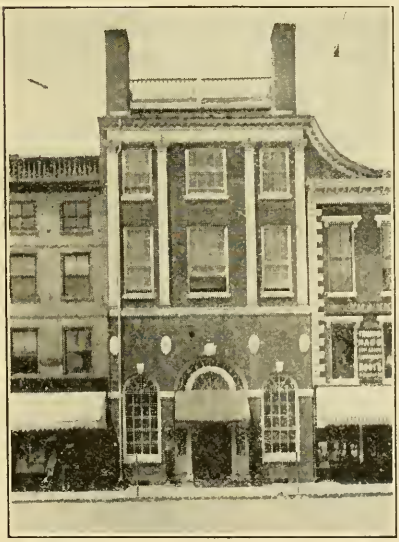
Portsmouth Hospital

THE OLD PORTSMOUTH

Portsmouth, settled in 1623, the port of entry and one of the county seats of Rockingham County, New Hampshire, is situated on the Piscataqua River. The city is served by the

Boston & Maine Railroad and electric car lines to the neighboring towns and beaches. During the summer season

St. John's Church



The Athenaeum

there is an important trade with neighboring watering-places; there is also a large transit trade in coal.

While Portsmouth is the oldest permanent settlement in the State, and one of the oldest in the country, she has kept pace with modern ideas, but not to such an extent as to sweep away all of her native charms. On the contrary, she still preserves, and there is a growing demand that she continue to preserve, many of the fine old houses and places of historical interest that are essential to her own reputation as one of the finest "old modern towns" in this country. Portsmouth has much to interest tourists—in her ancient architecture, in her quaint customs, in her charming manners, and, last but not least, in her local characteristics. It is no exaggeration to say that a stranger will experience a confusion of delight when he finds himself in our midst. The physical features of the surrounding country contribute an additional charm to its attractiveness. The land, with its miles of open country leading gracefully to the seashore and to the mountainous structure of this grand old State, is exceedingly rich in natural beauty. During the summer

months the climate is unexcelled, the warm days being made delightfully comfortable by eastern breezes from off the broad Atlantic. Portsmouth is, indeed, a most desirable resort for tourists, as these facts set forth. It is the "Beauty Spot of New Hampshire."

The city is well supplied with public buildings, schools, churches, charitable institutions, clubs, societies and fraternal organizations. The streets and roads are good and a strong effort is being made to keep them up to a high standard of excellence.

Portsmouth is a summer resort center, and more than nine million dollars have been invested in this section by summer colonists. The city has some of the finest stores east of Boston. Trolley lines connect it with the surrounding towns.

Portsmouth Savings Bank

Portsmouth Harbor

The greatest asset of the city is the splendid harbor, which can accommodate the largest ships and makes possible commerce with all the world. It has the distinct advantage of being the one port on the Atlantic coast which is open at all times of the year, for no matter how severe the winter the harbor never freezes. This was never more evident than in the winter of 1917–1918, when, with all of the harbors from Baltimore north blockaded with ice, there was not enough here to interfere with the small river boats.

The United States Geodetic Survey is the authority for the fact that Portsmouth harbor is the deepest on the Atlantic coast and to this might be added, with just as much positiveness, that it is one of the safest and best. In the harbor and river there is a channel eight miles long with a depth of water of at least seventy feet at low tide. This extends from the mouth of the harbor to Dover Point, five miles above the city. The channel at the widest part, in front of the navy yard, is about 5,000 feet and in the narrowest part 700 feet, thus affording a sea way for the largest vessel that is now afloat.

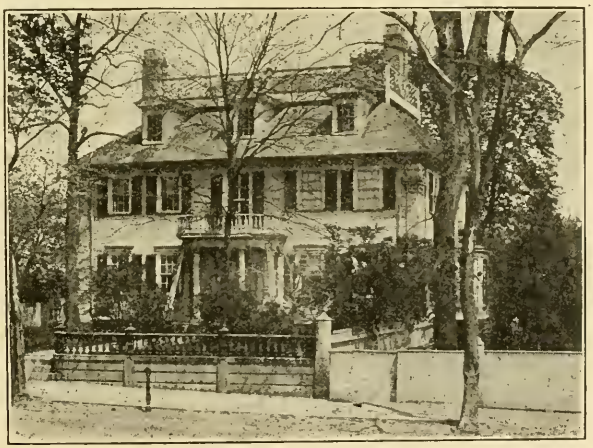
The lower harbor has a fine holding ground for anchorage, and it is so landlocked that once inside of Whale's Back light, shipping is safe from the hardest blow. The entrance is marked by two lighthouses and there are no bars or reefs to trap the careless navigator.

Public Library

The Custom House and Postoffice Building

Was erected during the administration of President Franklin Pierce. It is built of Concord granite and is a very substantial structure. In this building is housed the Postoffice, Internal Revenue Department of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, Port Collector and the United States Court.

The Rockingham County Court House was built in 1891, and is but a short distance from the Postoffice. The Rockingham County Bar has had many celebrated legal lights, among whom were Jeremiah Mason and Daniel Webster.



Governor Langdon Mansion

Industries

Portsmouth has several industries which would do credit to a larger city. Among them are the Atlantic Corporation; the Morley Button Company, the largest concern of its kind in the world; the Gale Shoe Company, which employs several hundred hands; the American Arquenthol Chemical Company Plant; the Portsmouth Tannery Company; the Portsmouth Foundry Company; the Rockingham County Light and Power Company, and the W. H. McElwain Shoe Company's extensive lumber wharves on the upper river front.

Portsmouth is the coal port of the State of New Hampshire and a good part of Maine and Vermont. More than half a million tons are annually shipped by rail to the great mills at Manchester, Dover, Concord and other inland cities.

A City of Churches

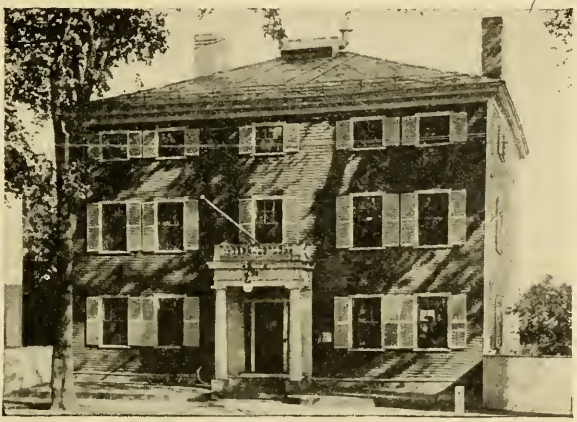
Portsmouth has no less than fifteen churches, representing nearly every denomination. Some of these churches have had much to do with the early history of the settlement.

St. John's (Episcopal) Church, one of the historic spots of the city, dates back to about 1638. Nearly all the first settlers were members of the Church of England. The original plate and service were sent over by John Mason. The present structure was built in 1806 on the site of Queen's Chapel, which had been destroyed by fire. The North Congregational Church also dates back to very early days, having been established in 1640, with a location on its present site since 1712. The Unitarian (South Parish) dates back to 1715; the Universalist to 1784; the Christian Church to 1802; the Methodist to 1790; the Middle Street Baptist to 1828; and so on to the Christ (Episcopal) Church, which was the scene of the Te Deum for the ending of the Russo-Japanese War, the services being held on the afternoon following the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth, and on each anniversary a peace service is held.

New Hampshire National Bank

The Navy Yard

A United States navy yard, officially known as the Portsmouth Navy Yard, is on an island of the Piscataqua River, and is one of the finest and best located naval stations in this country. The yard has a water frontage of nearly three miles, practically all of it with a depth of water ranging from fifty to seventy-five feet at low water, allowing the largest battleships that can ever be built to reach its docks. In 1800 Fernald's Island was purchased by the federal government for a navy yard. It was the scene of considerable activity during the War of 1812, but was of much greater importance during the Civil War, when the famous *Kearsarge* and several other war vessels were built here. In 1866 the yard was enlarged by connecting Seavey's Island with Fernald's. The yard has a modern equipped plant with a stone dry dock 750 feet long, 100 feet wide and 35 feet deep, excavated out of solid rock.



Portsmouth Athletic Club

On Seavey's Island the Spanish sailors captured during the Spanish-American War were held prisoners in July–September, 1898. In 1905 the treaty ending the war between Russia and Japan was negotiated in what is known as the "Peace Building." A large naval prison and the best naval hospital on the coast have recently been erected. It employs today nearly 5,000 men.

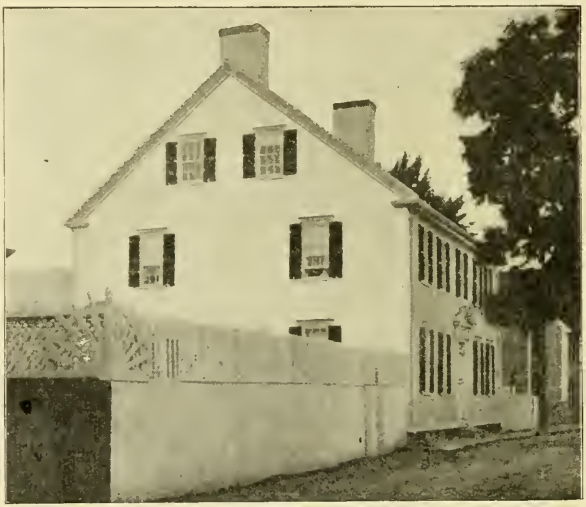
Gale Shoe Factory

A City of Colonial Houses

No city in New England is richer

in fine old Colonial houses than Portsmouth. Here are some of the finest examples of colonial architecture to be found, and in most cases they have been preserved in their original beauty.

Among the finest examples is the Governor John Langdon mansion on Pleasant Street, adopted as a model for a New Hampshire house at the Jamestown exposition, erected in 1784 by Governor John Langdon, a direct descendant still living there; the Governor Benning Wentworth mansion, at Little Harbor, made famous by Longfellow; the Governor John Wentworth house, built in 1769; the Warner mansion, on Daniel Street, built of brick in 1712–15; the Moffat house on Market Street, the home of William Whipple, and now the property of the Colonial Dames; the Pierce mansion, on Middle Street, and many others. The front doors of many of these houses have long since been recognized as among the finest to be found.



The Aldrich Memorial

Aldrich Memorial

The boyhood home of the well-known author, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, was built previous to 1812. On August 1, 1907, the house was purchased and opened to the public.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, November 11, 1836. In early manhood he entered a mercantile house in New York, but in 1866 he removed to Boston and became editor of *Every Saturday*, and afterward of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was equally eminent as a writer of prose and a poet. His best known prose work is "The Story of a Bad Boy."

Portsmouth Public Library

Was designed by that celebrated architect, Charles Bulfinch, and erected in 1809 for an academy. It was used as such until 1868 when it became a public school. In 1881 it was remodeled and became the home of the public library. The library is maintained by the city and has a fine endowment for the purchase of books. There are now 20,000 volumes, many of them very rare.

The Portsmouth Athenaeum

Is one of the handsomest old structures in the city. It is located in a prominent position in Market Square.

The Portsmouth Athenaeum was established as a library by an act of the legislature in 1817. It contains one of the finest and most valuable libraries in the country. It is especially rich in rare prints and pamphlets of early provincial days.

U. S. S. Chester Leaving the Navy Yard

It has received many legacies; among the most valuable were those of Benjamin T. Tredick of Philadelphia, and Charles Levi Woodbury of Boston.

Parks and Playgrounds

The park and playground system of Portsmouth cannot be equaled by any city of its size. The principal playground is situated in the center of the city, bordering the shores of the South pond, and contains nine acres. Here is found every equipment necessary for playground work, including a large ball field, tennis courts, running track, etc. Three parks, Langdon, Haven and Goodwin, having a total area of seven acres, all pleasantly situated and well kept up, afford fine recreation grounds for visitors and the public. At Goodwin Park is the soldiers and sailors monument, and at Haven Park is a statue of Gen. Fitz-John Porter.

APRIL

By Bela Chapin

Now the April winds are blowing
Over valley, hill and plain,
And the streams are overflowing
With the melted snow and rain.

Cheering sunbeams, gentle showers,
Will reanimation bring;
Haste away, ye tardy hours,
Hasten on the welcome spring.

Long did winter rule in rigor,
Long did freezing north winds blow;
Now will spring awake in vigor
And life-giving joy bestow.

April with its winds and showers
Comes with many pleasures rife;
Even now in woodland bowers
Budding flowers wake to life.

Now is gone the wintry sadness,
Dreariness that reigned so long;
Now returned, and full of gladness,
Doth the robin pour his song.

In the valleys, on the mountains,
In the fields and forests bare,
By the rivers, by the fountains,
Nature wakes new life to share.

"THE SWORD OF JESUS"

[On reading Harold Bell Wright's wonderful article in the *American Magazine* for February 1918 entitled as above]

O sword of Jesus, sacred blade,
On Freedom's holy altar laid!
In hand divine, lead thou the fight,
Of allied millions, for the right.

Lead thou the fight against the Hun,
Until the glorious work is done,
And all the round world safe shall be
For Freedom and Humanity!

Lead thou us on, oh shining sword,
In Christ's own hand,—our Master, Lord,—
Till all the serried hosts of wrong
Are vanquished by our legions, strong.

Oh sword of Jesus, lead the fight,
For truth and justice and for right,
Till War forevermore shall cease,
And reigns an everlasting peace!

H. H. M.

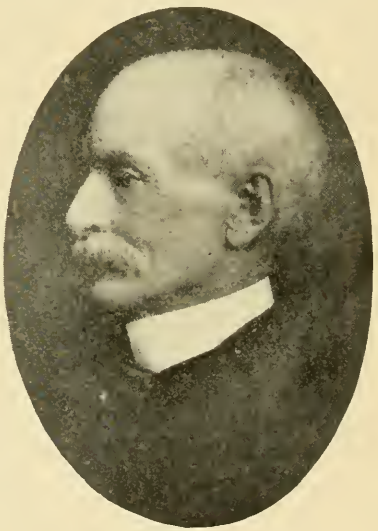
THE SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By Jonathan Smith

At the beginning of the Revolution the people of the Colonies were composed of several nationalities of which the English were by far the most numerous. Next in point of numbers were the Scotch Irish from Ulster. Besides these were the Dutch in New York, the Germans in Pennsylvania, Swedes and Finns in Delaware, and the French Huguenots in South Carolina.

The propriety of the name, "Scotch Irish," to designate the immigrants from the north of Ireland, has been challenged by Irish writers but wrongly so when the purpose of its use is seen. It is applied to that portion of the inhabitants of Ulster who, themselves or their ancestors, had migrated from Scotland to the north of Ireland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and had not intermarried with the Celtic Irish, though they had intermarried to a limited extent with the English and French which had settled there. They were Protestant in faith and held certain political and religious views not accepted by the native inhabitants. The term has no reference to racial origin but is rather one of convenience to distinguish a certain class of immigrants of Scotch descent and holding certain political and religious views. They were as purely Scotch in blood, character, temper, and habits as if they had been born in Edinburgh, and were almost as distinct in race and religious organization from the people of England as they were from the Catholic and Celtic Irish population which they displaced. The portion of them which came to this country prior to 1775 were of the Presbyterian faith and ardent Calvinists. The term as applied to these people is in general use. It was employed by Froude and by Windsor, Bancroft, Campbell, Fiske and others of the American historians. It is universally used by the people and their descendants in this country but not elsewhere.

These Scotch Irish Presbyterians accepted the five points of Calvinism: Election, Total Depravity, Particular Redemption, Irresistible Grace, and



Jonathan Smith

the Perseverance of the Saints, without doubt or hesitation. Its harsh doctrines harmonized with the Scotch disposition and temper. Calvinism was based on three great axioms: the Sovereignty of God, the Supremacy of the Divine Law, to which princes and potentates were equally subject with the humblest citizen, and the dignity and worth of the Individual Soul. It was a theology that elevated man because it honored God. Under its creed and discipline the humblest

member of the church sought to know the Divine Law which was to raise the temporal kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of Christ, and to this Law he yielded implicit obedience. Human ordinances were to be respected only so far as they conformed to the Divine Law, and in case of conflict the human law must and did give way. No church, bishop, or priest was permitted to interpose between the human soul and its Creator, for the individual stood alone in his "Great Taskmaster's eye."

In the interpretation of his creed the Presbyterian went to the Bible for its meaning, and in the last analysis his own reason and conscience were the final interpreters of his faith. It made of the Calvinist a thinker and student, stimulated his intellectual powers, led him to be fearless in his judgments, and independent in political and religious principles and actions. His deductions thus formed regulated his conduct in civil and church affairs. The Bible was to him the great authority and he studied the Old Testament, with its tales of cruel wars and awful judgments against the persecutors of the chosen people, rather than the New with its gentler teachings of love, mercy, and forgiveness. "A man's religion," says Carlyle, "is the chief part of him," and it was particularly true of the Calvinist believer. Both in principle and application it was thoroughly democratic and no people once accepting it has ever bent the knee to despotic power. It drove the Spaniard from the Netherlands, its Huguenot believers emigrated from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it overthrew the Stewarts in England, and in Scotland its followers slew two kings of the Stewart line, deposed two, drove Queen Mary from the country, took captive her son, James VI, and carried him around the country a prisoner. It was the first to raise the standard of rebellion against Charles I, and later, gaining possession of his person, sold him to his English enemies for a price.

Of this faith Scotch Presbyterianism was the fullest and most complete expression, and by it Calvinistic doctrines were pushed farthest to their logical conclusions. Its form of church government and creed were democratic in principle and practice. In the church, in the Presbytery, the Synod, and in the General Assembly, the laity were represented and joined with equal voice in determining action and general policies. The democratic principle, dominant in creed and form of church government, was naturally carried into political action. In his famous "Counterblast" John Knox gave full expression to Presbyterianism as it applied to civil affairs, defining the limits of royal power and the rights of the people, and laid down the following doctrines: first, the authority of kings and princes was originally derived from the people; second, that the former are not superior to the latter collectively considered; third, that if rulers became tyrannical or employed their power for the destruction of their subjects they may be lawfully controlled, or proving incompetent may be deposed by the community as the superior power; fourth, tyrants may be lawfully proceeded against even to capital punishment. In his famous interview with Queen Mary, Knox repeated these precepts to her. "Think you," said the Queen to him, "that subjects having the power may resist their princes?" "If princes exceed their powers, madam, no doubt they may be resisted even by power," was the bold reply. And Andrew Melville was still more audacious to James I (James VI of Scotland); "There are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland, there is King James the head of the Commonwealth and there is Christ Jesus the King of the church whose subject King James is and of whose kingdom he is not a king or a lord nor a head but a member." These statements of

Knox and Melville expressed the attitude of the Scotch Presbyterian towards the civil power and in action he was consistent therewith both in Great Britain and America.

He professed loyalty to the government so long as that government represented the will of the people and was not arbitrary and tyrannical in its laws and their administration; but he separated the religious from the civil authority. The church in his view was independent of all political control, not only as to its religious creed but in its forms of worship and church government. He was opposed to taxation without representation, and recognized the fact that civil and religious liberty stood or fell together. Herein is the key to the position and conduct of the Scotch Presbyterian, both in Ulster and in this country prior to the Revolution.

The Scotch Presbyterians coming here were from the north of Ireland. Prior to the Revolution the numbers migrating from Scotland were few and negligible. The causes of the large migration from Ulster to America between 1719 and 1775 are well understood. In all wars and controversies occurring in Ireland the Scotch Presbyterians had taken sides with the crown. By their victory in the siege of Londonderry, in 1689, against King James and his French allies, they had saved the city and Ireland to Great Britain and made secure to William III the English throne. Under the laws theretofore existing, they had become prosperous and reasonably happy and content. But England was not satisfied, and soon passed a series of enactments which wrought a radical change in the condition of the people. The first of these was a statute forbidding the export of cattle to England. By the Fifteenth of Charles II, Ireland was brought under the provisions of the Navigation Acts, under which its shipping was treated as the shipping of foreigners in English ports. Later, a law was passed forbidding the people of Ireland to export their woolen cloth to England; and later still, another, forbidding them to sell their wool to any other country than England, thus enabling the English manufacturers to purchase it at their own price. In 1704 came the Test Act, which deprived the Presbyterians of all civil and military offices down to the petty constable. The effect of this law was to empty the town councils of Londonderry and Belfast of a large number of representatives, a majority of whom had fought in the siege of the former city and help save it to the British crown. Many Presbyterian marriages were annulled and their children declared illegitimate. Acts were passed depriving Presbyterian ministers of their holdings, under which in Ulster, sixty-two of them were driven from their livings, and their pulpits were filled by curates of the established church, some of whom were unworthy of the sacred office. In parts of Ulster they were not even permitted to bury their dead unless an Episcopal minister was present and read the liturgy. Between 1715 and 1775 the leases under which they held their land expired and as fast as they ran out the landlords immediately doubled and trebled the rent. The results of all these things were destructive and far-reaching. Agriculture and the woolen industry were ruined and chronic scarcity alternated with actual famine.

Rev. Daniel McGregor, on the eve of the departure of the Londonderry (N. H.) settlers from Ireland, thus stated their reasons for coming to America:

First, to avoid oppression and cruel bondage; second, to avoid persecution and designed ruin; third, to withdraw from the communion of idolators; fourth, to have an opportunity of worshiping God according to the dictates of conscience and the rules of the inspired Word. Such were their motives for leaving Ireland and migrating to America.

These facts are stated somewhat

fully because they furnish the key to the Scotch Irish Presbyterian character, and explain his presence and attitude in the Colonies in their struggle with the mother country. While the exodus began as early as 1683 it did not attain considerable proportions until 1719, when the first large company, seven hundred and twenty-five in number, arrived in Boston. From that time on to 1775 they came in shiploads every year. It has been estimated that from 1720 to 1750 the average number coming was twelve thousand a year. The historian Lecky places it at twelve thousand annually for several years. In 1736 one thousand families sailed from Belfast alone. In 1772 and 1773, thirty thousand arrived in Philadelphia from County Antrim. So large was the migration that the Quaker governor of Pennsylvania expressed fears that these immigrants would soon be in the majority in the state and control its policy. In 1775 Pennsylvania had a population of 350,000 of which one-third was Scotch Irish. Large numbers came to Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. They were numerous also in Maryland and New York and were found in all the thirteen states. By 1775 they composed from one fifth to one fourth of the entire population of the Colonies and in numbers and influence were far greater than the Hollanders, French, and Germans combined. The migration was in families, the young, the middle-aged, the brave, the energetic; all filled with an earnest desire to better their economic condition and enjoy their chosen faith. They brought with them to this country, their arts, tools, and habits of industry, a knowledge of agriculture, and a fearlessness of perils from the savage and the wilderness. They also brought with them bitter memories of cruel oppression, religious persecution, and the poverty and distress, which they had suffered at the hands of royal and priestly power in Ireland. A home was sought here that they might be free from English tyranny, have an opportunity to work out their political destiny, and to worship under the forms of their chosen faith. It was inevitable that when the struggle between the Colonies and the mother country began they should be found on the side of the people and that they would serve the American cause with an unanimity and efficiency not equaled by any other people. Their aims were constantly before them for on the walls of the Scotch Presbyterian's humble home were placed copies of the national covenant of Scotland which many of their ancestors had sealed with their blood.

Presbyterian churches were numerous in all the Colonies: In 1775 there were of the Presbyterian faith: twenty-eight in Maine, thirty-eight in New Hampshire and Vermont, eighteen in Massachusetts, fifty-five in New York, eighty-three in New Jersey, ninety-two in Pennsylvania, sixty-nine in Virginia, forty-five in North Carolina, and forty-three in South Carolina. In all there were more than five hundred churches and Presbyterian settlements in the states, which were grouped in presbyteries, some ten or more in number, located in different parts of the country. These presbyteries were united in a general Synod, first organized in 1717, and which met annually in Philadelphia. The ministry was an able one, most of the clergy being graduates of Scotch universities. They were not like the Apostle Peter who "sat by the fire warming himself" in the crisis of his Master's fate. On the contrary they were leaders of their flocks, bold, aggressive, and defiant for what they believed to be the civic and religious rights of their people. These presbyteries were made up of the clergy and lay elders of the different churches and were centers of political no less than religious influence. At the meetings all questions affecting the people in their civic and church relations were debated, and

so their convictions were nourished and confirmed. It was deemed an offence worthy of discipline for a minister to exhibit British sympathies. One Captain Johann Heinrich of the Hessian troops wrote thus from Philadelphia in 1778 to a friend, "Call this war by whatever name you may only call it not an American rebellion, it is nothing more or less than a Scotch Irish Presbyterian rebellion."

The Scotch Irish Presbyterians holding strongly to their opinions omitted no opportunity to assert them when the people thought they had been unjustly dealt with. They were probably the very first to oppose the arbitrary power of the British authorities in America and were the most irreconcilable, the most determined in pushing the quarrel to the last extremity. In 1735, twenty-six years before James Otis made his famous speech on the Writs of Assistance, one John Peter Zenger was sued for libel in New York City. He was defended by Andrew Hamilton, a Scotch Irish lawyer, who in his argument to the jury contended for the principle of free speech and for a free press and the right of the people to resist arbitrary power exercised by those in authority. Gouverneur Morris cited this speech of Hamilton's as the beginning of our liberty.

It was eight years later that Rev. Alexander Craighead, a Scotch Irish Presbyterian minister, gathered his followers together at middle Octararia in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and led them in a renewal of the Scottish Covenant. At this meeting the members declared with uplifted swords their separation from the crown which had so infamously violated its covenant engagements on both sides of the Atlantic. They denied the right of George II to rule over them because of his being the established head of the Church and because of his connection with the prelatical system of government. This declaration caused so much excitement that complaint was made against Craighead for these utterances and later he removed to North Carolina. The churches there founded by him were composed wholly of Scotch Irish, Presbyterians, delegates from which, at the convention at Charlotte, N. C., on the 20th of May, 1775, passed the celebrated Mecklenburg declaration of independence. "We," reads that famous declaration, "do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country and hereby declare ourselves free from all allegiance to the British crown, and we hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people."

The fact of this action has been challenged, but whether such meeting was held or the resolution adopted were true or not, it is historically true that on the 30th of the same month and year the Presbyterians of the same county and in the same place, composed of the ministers and delegates from the same Scotch Irish churches, met and passed resolutions which, while not expressed in the same language, in effect asserted the same thing. "Thus," says the historian Bancroft, "was Mecklenburg County in North Carolina separated from the British Empire." Indeed, it was not the Cavalier nor the Puritan from New England but the Presbyterian from Ulster that made the first call for the freedom of the Colonies. The governors of the central and southern colonies were not far wrong when they informed the home government that the Presbyterian (or Scotch Irish) clergy were to blame for bringing about the Revolution, and it was their fiery zeal which instigated the people to resistance.

The first battle of the Revolution between the Colonists and British authority is usually fixed as at Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775. It was four years earlier, however, that the Scotch Irish of North Carolina, in May, 1771, assembled and petitioned the royal governor Tryon for a redress of grievances and demanded the right to regulate their own politics

and the punishment of crime. The governor raised a force, marched against them, and a battle ensued. Twenty of the Scotch Irish citizens were killed, a large number wounded or taken prisoners, and several of them were hanged. This action of the people was a movement against the arbitrary and despotic power of the government. This battleof Alamance was as much a fight against the British crown as either that of Lexington or of Bunker Hill.

While the Scotch Irish Presbyterians were foremost in their resistance to British oppression, not all were so ready in their action as those concerned in the cases mentioned. In a general way, at least up to 1775, they professed loyalty to the English crown, while systematically and strenuously opposing the oppressive measures of the government relating to the Colonies. Thus the Synod of New York and Pennsylvania, the highest ecclesiastical body of Presbyterians in America and composed of representatives of all the presbyteries, both clerical and lay, when the conflict opened in 1775 addressed to their churches a circular letter which, while it professed loyalty to the government of England, contained strong expressions of sympathy for the people in the contest, "A contest which could not be abandoned without the abandonment of their dearest rights." This body was the very first religious organization to declare for resistance and to encourage the people to take up arms. A year later the large Presbytery of Hanover, Va., after the congress had adopted the Declaration of Independence, recognized that Act, and openly identified itself and members with the cause of freedom and independence. It was the first body of clergymen in America to range itself on the side of the Colonies. At the same time this Presbytery addressed a memorial to the Virginia Assembly asking for the separation of Church and State and leaving the support of the churches to the voluntary contributions of their members.

The Scotch Irish Presbyterians were among the very first to declare for independence and when Congress finally took that step in 1776 they supported the action with all the energy and enthusiasm of which they were capable. The only exception was a small settlement of Highlanders in North Carolina who had immigrated to that state after the battle of Culloden. Other than this the Scotch Irish were practically unanimous in the support of American Independence.

Their services to that great feature of American government, the separation of Church and State, were of the utmost importance. In Virginia the two were united. In the state convention of 1776, called to form a constitution, Patrick Henry, the son of a Scotchman, though belonging to the established church, was the leader and in the movement to separate the two was strongly supported by the Scotch Irish Presbyterian and the Baptist members. Through their efforts a constitution was framed and adopted in which Church and State were forever divorced.

Mingled with men creating a sentiment for independence and supporting the movement when the issue of battle was joined, were found many of the most influential leaders of the Presbyterians. Among them were Rev. J. G. Craighead of North Carolina, John Murray of Maine, David Caldwell of North Carolina, and William Tenant. Of the early governors, were George Clinton the first governor of New York, John McKinley the first governor of Delaware, Thomas McKeen the war governor of Pennsylvania, Richard Caswell the first governor of Georgia, and John Rutledge, the war governor of South Carolina. Out of the fifty-six members of Congress which declared for independence, eleven were Scotch Irishmen. John Witherspoon of New Jersey, the president of Prince-

ton College, had great influence in the Congress. When the Declaration came up for signature in the latter part of July or the first of August, 1776, the members seemed reluctant to affix their signatures. Witherspoon in a speech of great ability said, "To hesitate at this moment is to consent to our own slavery. That noble instrument on your table which insures immortality to its author should be subscribed by every person in this house. He that will not respond to its accents and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions is unworthy the name of freeman. Although these gray hairs must soon descend to the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather that they descend hither by the hand of the executioner than desert, at this crisis, the cause of my country." So profound was the impression made, that when he ceased speaking all hesitation to sign on the part of the members was gone.

The number of soldiers the Presbyterian Scotch Irish furnished for the armies of the Revolution can not be stated, as the existing rolls do not give either the nationality or the religious faith of the men. The number, however, was very large, probably more in the aggregate than that of any other race, and outside of New England they did more of the real fighting of the Revolution. Two of the three colonels appointed by New Hampshire in 1775, John Stark and James Reed, were Scotch Irishmen. At Bunker Hill Stark held the rail fence on the left of the redoubt. Two of his companies were composed entirely of his own race and there were many representatives in the other companies. Stark's services at Bennington need no rehearsal. The Scotch Irish of New Hampshire and western Massachusetts formed a large contingent of his little army and the battle could scarcely have been won without their effective assistance.

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Virginia, Daniel Morgan, a Scotch Irishman and Presbyterian elder, raised a body of militia among his own people and marched to Cambridge, six hundred miles to reinforce Washington's army. Morgan was with Arnold in his march through the wilds of Maine the following winter in the invasion of Canada, and when Arnold fell under the walls of Quebec, December 31st, he assumed command. Taken prisoner, and exchanged the following year, he immediately went to Virginia, raised a corps from his own church followers, and joined Washington who sent him to reinforce General Schuyler at Saratoga. At the battle of Bemis Heights, October 7, 1777, he held the most important position in the American line. It was his men who mortally wounded General Frazer which threw the British army into confusion and won the battle. After the surrender, General Burgoyne, on being introduced, said to him, "Sir, you command the finest regiment in the world." Of the famous Pennsylvania line, which was the backbone of the Continental army, two-thirds were Scotch Irishmen.

But it was in the Southern campaign in 1780 and 1781 that their services were most efficient. The American cause was then at its lowest ebb. The currency was worthless, the troops were without food, pay, and ammunition. Gloom and despair had settled upon the army and the people. Cornwallis had overrun South Carolina and crushed, or thought he had crushed, all opposition to the royal cause. In August, 1780 he administered a crushing defeat to General Gage at Camden, which seemed to end the war in the South. With his army Cornwallis started north through North Carolina and Virginia to subdue those states. His line of march lay through Mecklenburg County, N. C., the center of the Scotch Irish settlement of that colony. There were thirty Presbyterian churches and many preaching stations lying directly in his line of

march, and he described the country as a "hornets' nest." Detaching Colonel Ferguson with 1,100 men to scour the country and rally the Tories, that officer took position on Kings Mountain. The Scotch Irish settlers of the mountain districts rallied, surrounded the British forces and killed, wounded, or captured Ferguson's entire army. Five of the American officers commanding in the battle were Scotch Irish, elders in the Presbyterian Church and almost all the men were of the same faith. Kings Mountain was the decisive battle of the war in the South, turned the tide and compelling Cornwallis to change his plans completely, ultimately drove him to his doom at Yorktown. Cowpens, where the same General Morgan commanded the American forces, and the drawn battle of Guilford Court House soon followed. In the former engagement Morgan's forces were almost entirely of his own race, and in the latter battle they were a substantial part of General Greene's army. By these engagements the struggle came virtually to an end in the Carolinas. Cornwallis entered Virginia with his army reduced in numbers by one-half, and a few months later was compelled to hand his sword to General Washington in token of utter defeat.

Another service rendered by this people should be mentioned for it was of vast importance to the future of the country. At the time of the Revolution Virginia claimed all that was afterwards known as the Northwest Territory, but Great Britain had by 1776 seized all the forts and garrisons north of the Ohio and south of the Great Lakes which were scattered throughout the Territory. In 1777 and 1778 George Rogers Clark, a Scotchman, conceived the idea of reconquering the Territory, and under the direction of Governor Henry of Virginia raised a military force from among his own Presbyterian people of the mountain districts of West Virginia, North Carolina, and the eastern parts of Kentucky, and crossing the Ohio River, recaptured or destroyed every British post in what now comprises the great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. Thus he secured to the Colonies all the country lying south of the Great Lakes and north and east of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

It can be truly said, as Dr. Engle, State Librarian and Historian of Pennsylvania, remarked, "I say now without fear of contradiction that had it not been for the outspoken words, the bravery and the indomitable spirit of the Scotch Irish in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas, there would have been no Independence and the now glorious Union would be but an English Colony."

The war could not have been won without Scotch Irish assistance. This is not saying that they alone could have achieved the victory, but neither could the English Colonists by themselves have made it a success. The utmost efforts of both groups were required, and neither could have succeeded in the struggle without the other. Their sympathies, their political and religious views, their conceptions of liberty and functions of government, and the bitter memories of their experiences at the hands of royal and priestly power in Ireland compelled the Scotch Irish Presbyterians to side with the Colonial cause, and that cause they served with a unanimity, courage and devotion not equaled by those of any other class of people. The value of their contribution far outweighs their numbers in the ranks of the Americans; for as soldiers they were the best of the best and the bravest of the brave. Their hearts were in the issue, and had America been defeated in the struggle they would have been the very last to lay down their arms.

AT THE SYMPHONY

Phenix Hall, Concord, February 19, 1918—Reflections Grave and Gay

Last concert of the third series, New England Symphony Orchestra, Carlyle W. Blaisdell, Conductor*

By Milo E. Benedict

Good luck, Mr. Blaisdell, to you and your "band,"
The public approves of the work at your hand.
You've sorted and chosen and brought to the fore
An orchestra we should have long known before.
A tentative effort? Well, more is the glory;
With salaried men, 'twere a different story!
A Foundation Fund for good music alone
Is yet a pale dream. Did ye ask for a stone?
To keep art in motion,—not all for the few—
Is a modern notion right good to pursue.
The work of rehearsals, which orchestras need,
Is conditioned by clothing, and money and feed;
In short, as you know, the up-keep of men
Who play for the public is serious when
There's only the box office cash to divide
With printers and gas men (and heat on the side).
And so we may make in this season of ice
A show of our thanks for your true sacrifice.
We know what it means to make music the goal;
It means the exchange of our talent for coal.
So many tons go for a song or a waltz,
Sometimes it's hard telling whose measure is false.
Prometheus stole all his fire from Heaven,—
Enough to keep heat in his hall up to 'leven.
But men of this age must usher in dollars
To keep in the van of white cuffs and collars,
Of swallow-tailed coats, when swallows are scarcer
Than hen's teeth, or diamonds! Which are the more rare, Sir?
But I see my ink is beginning to spatter,
So let me not digress too far from the matter
Of telling the world that music's no cinch.
We all have to work for it inch by inch.

But oh! for a million, no less, no more,
To put all our music upon the ground floor,
With organ, and stage, and a gorgeous front door!
How people would flock here to see and adore!

* These half humorous lines, written in a journalistic vein, which were prompted by the occasion indicated in the heading, will, we believe, be read with interest by many of our readers. They express a certain conviction as to the gain music has been given in the State through the efforts of Mr. Blaisdell in promoting the "Symphony" idea and in getting together a body of such highly qualified players as he has found. The abilities displayed by the various members of the orchestra itself, to which some of the lines most pleasingly refer, justify, it seems to us, the tribute the poet has seen fit to offer. A number of pertinent thoughts are brought to the reader's observation by the mention of the need of a fund for the support of orchestral concerts in the State. Not that music needs official sanction; but it does need, in the case of the orchestra, something more dependable than the attendance of audiences whose movements are subject to the caprices of the weather.—Editor.

Ne'er was the light on a cool, damp sea
More weird than the bassoon when Mr. Crampsey
Elicited tones from its superb bass,
And plied his deft hands on its long drawn face.
Too long has this instrument labored unheard;
Kept under by riotous strings, preferred
Because of their eagerness for the front seats
Like children among those who do greater feats.

Of brass, could I make it to sound like gold,
I then could a wonderful tale unfold.
But I leave that art, and my futile endeavors,
To the ample accomplishments of Mr. Nevers.

Most modest, reserved,—he gave us no hint
Of the breadth of his art—that gifted young Mindt,
Until he appeared in his spirited style
And gave us a solo without any guile.

And there is another whose style has a sheen,—
I refer to our gracious, good friend, Mr. Green.
But why should he hike to the snows of Laconia
Where they make cars and dodge the pneumonia?

I felt a wild tyranny in the big drum,
But it never got out under Robinson's thumb.
His bells were a shaft of blue and white light
Let down from Aurora to chasten the night.

The 'cellos and viols gave stronger persuasion
To wood winds keyed up to some lighter occasion.
They strengthened the sentiment, lest one should shirk,
Like generals leading their soldiers to work.

More starch in old Nicolai than in Peer Gynt!
But I may be wrong. Is it so, Mr. Quint?
One thing we have seen: old Orpheus beaten
With the flute in the hands of our own Mr. Wheaton.

The clarinet work was not done by a Hoosier,
For no one out west can quite equal our Tozier.
So nimble in fingers and smoothe in his tone
One fancies oneself on a thistledown blown.

I've just one reflection to offer that's grave:
From using revolvers—"Save O Save."
All right for the junkers who, like Boy-Ed,
Have evil designs, and are over joy-ed
When ever our powder blows up in our face,
Just so the old Kaiser may slacken his pace.
But this is no critique. I've merely said
Just a few things that flashed into my head
While the "boys" banished the thunders of Thor,
And made us forget we're a nation at war.

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW ENGLAND

*By Erastus P. Jewell**

I have chosen for a brief talk this evening the stormy beginnings of New England, the turbulent days when the earliest settlers toiled upon the foundations of the Republic. Some of them now have been sleeping for more than two centuries and a half. They fell in the wilderness then, where states like empires rise today upon the soil where savages hunted in silence undisturbed three hundred years ago.

About two hundred and seventy years ago, in early winter, after sixty-three days upon the waves, just one hundred persons sighted the New England coast. They were tempest-beaten and weary of the sea. Yet far more forbidding was the desolate shore. Nature at that time was presenting her most repulsive winter features. The cold sea with ceaseless roar was beating in upon the sands and the coast line looked defiant and wrathful upon the feeble and shivering invaders. The winds from the unknown islands smote the defenceless strangers as with whips of steel. A heartless foe seemed to stand guard in the solitude to strike down the defenceless few, and in the accurate and simple language of the old historian, "they were soon smitten with disease and desperate coughs," and in about three months sixty of the one hundred were in their graves." He adds: "Such were the solemn trials of God, so great was their distress in times of general sickness that there were no more than six or eight to care for all the sick and dying." Then he added

Erastus P. Jewell

the fearfully significant remark: "If the greater part had not been removed by death, all would have perished for want of food." No picture can be drawn which will faithfully portray

* This address, or lecture, by Mr. Jewell, was delivered on several occasions nearly thirty years ago. The manuscript of the same was found among the papers left in his office by the late State Historian Albert S. Batchellor, and is deemed worthy of publication at this time on account of its general interest and historic value.

Erastus P. Jewell was a prominent lawyer of Laconia for many years. Born in Sandwich, March 16, 1837, he was educated in the public schools and New Hampton Literary Institution, but was obliged to relinquish his studies on account of ill health. Finally he was able to take up the study of law in the office of the late Col. Thomas J. Whipple of Laconia, was admitted to the bar in March, 1865, commenced practice in company with Colonel Whipple, and continued with marked success, in several successive partnership connections, until his death, April 3, 1909. He was not only an able lawyer, but a widely read historical student, having made a special study of early New England history, and the habits and customs of the Aborigines.

the misery and suffering of that first winter, when the half-clad and destitute colony, scarcely daring to eat of their scanty food, from windowless, doorless, floorless, ill-constructed camps were committing one, two and three of their decreasing numbers to the earth daily, until it did seem as if the God in heaven to whom they constantly and imploringly prayed for aid had forgotten them or, wearied with prayer, mocked their calamity.

They were beyond the reach of human aid. God seemed their only refuge, and never from the time when Edward Thompson, who was the first to die, fell asleep, December 4, 1620, until the last of the sixty victims of the winter was put away, did these historic founders of a nation ever doubt that Heaven heard their petitions, and when the first soft air of March touched their emaciated and furrowed faces, it is written: "They fell upon their knees in thanksgiving to God that they had been such objects of his special care." Emerging from a winter of such unparalleled sufferings, well might these mighty old builders of history rise superior to material woes, as faith touched the border line of a majestic future.

The unexpected conditions which confronted these new settlers found them unprotected. Many had left homes of ease and comfort. They expected to winter in the milder climate of New York or Virginia. Of a terrific encounter with a New England winter they had never dreamed. For it they were not prepared, and they were not equal to the tremendous exposure. Twenty-six women—nineteen wives and seven daughters of the Pilgrims—faced the storms and shared their scanty allowance of pounded corn with their stronger companions during the memorable winter of 1620–21. Ten cold camps constituted the homes of the entire population. When the spring came, says Winthrop, "men actually staggered with faintness for want of food." For two or three years the food supply was shared by the entire population as one family, and at times it was so low that the people were brought to the verge of starvation. Prodigious efforts were required at all times to secure enough food of any kind to sustain life, while they practised the greatest economy in its use.

In 1623 the distress was so great, in spite of all efforts to secure food, that it was decided that each should plant for himself and make a special effort to increase the supply. The new arrangement was attended with marked improvement, but the increase was not sufficient to prevent want, suffering and danger at times.

This year the Plymouth Colony were reduced to one old boat, upon which the inhabitants actually depended for existence. They constructed a great net, which enabled them with the boat to procure bass, which providentially and unexpectedly came upon the coast and into the creeks in unusual quantities. All summer, early and late, they toiled with that old boat, with all their might, to procure fish. Had it not been for this seemingly miraculous supply of fish, it is likely that the whole colony would have perished. When there was a great scarcity of fish, and when the game disappeared, which was not an unusual occurrence, our fathers resorted to the humble clam, which afforded food when other means of sustenance failed. The game supply was always unreliable. Some years its scarcity was surprising and unaccountable, considering the abundance at other times. The sudden appearance of fish or game in quantities sufficient for the needs of the pioneers seemed to the eye of faith an answer to prayer.

At first only a small portion of land was set apart for each planter to cultivate, but it worked so well that in 1627 twenty acres were allotted to each and the New England home advanced a little. Small, rough houses of logs, hewn a little on two

sides and placed one upon another and notched and locked at the ends, soon adorned these little farms. They were rude affairs, these early log houses; built without bricks, nails, glass or boards, tightened with mud or clay, without floors, and frequently one third of the space was occupied by the great rock chimney. They were without cellars, and seldom contained more than one room, in which the humble dwellers crowded, cooked, lived, slept and *died*. Cooking then was simply roasting and boiling in that most useful and valuable of early household goods, the everlasting iron pot.

Outside of a few centers like Salem and Boston, the scattered settlers really had no furniture. They used rude benches and blocks for seats, and occasionally some one had brought some old article of furniture. Beds were made of hemlock boughs and skins. No supplies could be purchased, even of the simplest kinds, this side of the ocean. Such rude implements as they were obliged to have and their clothes soon became worn and out of repair, and there was no supply at hand to make good the wornout garments. During the first hundred years men and women, as a rule, went barefoot from early spring till late in the fall, from necessity. The garments which our ancestors sometimes wore were simply shocking in a multitude of cases. People wore to church what today would not be tolerated by the humblest laborer in our street ditches, and no woman of today could be induced to appear in her domestic labors as the women of New England appeared in public. Modesty was out of the question. The conditions which environed them were hard and unyielding and not calculated to develop taste, elegance or refinement. Even the decencies of life could scarcely be observed. It was often a weary battle for existence. For a large part of the first century, children could be found with their little feet wrapped in rags dipped in animal fat to afford some protection through the winter.

The ancient shoes were made by hand and were very rare. They were things of beauty, and, if one owned a pair, a joy almost forever. *They* had the merit of endurance, but, as I have said, they were not worn *every* day, and so one pair lasted a long time and frequently served several members of the family in turn—sons and daughters as well. The main point to be observed in the construction was the size. Ye gods! what shoes they were!

Advancing now to 1719, we touch a pivotal point. This year flax was introduced. Now everything seemed to change. Linen fabrics, of which the people were justly proud, came into general use and added immensely to the comfort and thrift of the people. Business boomed, and it may be said the second century was marked by great material advancement. But even now such things as tea, coffee, milk and sugar, outside of a few sections, were unknown. Pine knots constituted about the only lights, except from the fires in the roaring throats of the huge chimneys. Lamps and candles had not appeared, and the friction match was yet to be discovered. Fire had to be kept day and night, summer and winter. The loss of fire was sometimes a calamity and occasioned great distress. The utmost care had to be observed to preserve it in every home. Especially was this the case in habitations far removed from neighbors.

These old homes were without clocks, and a watch did not exist in dreams. The noon mark, and very rarely a sundial made of pewter, with a three-cornered piece to cast a shadow, served a useful purpose in sunshine, and the time of day could be guessed with reasonable certainty. It was a different thing in cloudy weather and in the night-time. The clepsydra came later for use in the night. This, as you know, was a contrivance to measure time by

water leaking from a glass in a given time. It was not very accurate and was a very poor substitute for a clock, but in those pioneer days it was a treasure and it was very rare. Only a few were in use. The great majority, for the first century, had no means whatever to determine the hours of night.

Prior to 1800, rye, corn, beans and squashes were about all that the planters raised. Wheat flour at that time was not in use at all. Game, fish and strawberries, which soon became abundant in their new fields, added to their simple bill of fare, though butter, sugar and milk as a rule were entirely wanting. A domestic beer, of some kind, could be found everywhere. It was compounded of roots, barks and herbs, in all sorts of ways, and frequently was a very good drink.

Judge Bourne, the historian of Wells, says: "Perhaps till the close of the 17th century the New England settlers as a rule lived in houses of but one and occasionally two rooms, and had but one bed, and only those of the largest means had two." This is his description of the furniture of one house in Wells: "In looking around we discover a table, a pewter pot, a hanger, a little mortar, a dripping pan, and a skillet. There was no crockery, tin or glass ware, no knives, forks or spoons, and not a chair in the house. There were two rooms and a bed in each. The inventory shows a blanket and a chest. We have been through the house. They have nothing more in it. 'And this is the house of Edmund Littlefield, the richest man in town. He had a large family and lived in style."

In the house of Ensign John Barrett, who was quite eminent in his day and had an elegant house, we find two beds, two chests, a box, four pewter dishes, four earthen pots, two iron pots, seven trays, two pails, some wooden ware, a skillet and a frying pan. Nothing else. No chairs, knives, forks, spoons, or crockery.

I have examined with care and with a great deal of interest such inventories of the period as I have been able to find, and find nothing more extensive than is indicated in the house of Nicholas Cate of Maine. He was a selectman, a notable person who maintained a fashionable house. His house was furnished with a kettle, a pot and pot-hooks, a pair of tongs, a pail and a pitcher. This house had a chamber, where we find a bed and bedding, and other articles valued at fifty cents.

I have selected these last estates as an illustration. They are very far above the average for the first three fourths of a century. What should we expect to find in the humblest New England log houses of 1680, when the richest families actually suffered such deprivations? Even in the first families, we note an entire absence of books, except in homes of clergymen. Not even an almanac furnished the means of telling the day of the week or month, and sometimes the most ridiculous mistakes were made in regard to Sunday. Multitudes of children were born and grew up who never saw their faces in a looking-glass. Scarcely one could be found, or even a fragment of a mirror. One was owned by Joseph Cross, of Ogunquit. He had no chairs in his house, but his little looking-glass was an object of curiosity, and so fixed itself in the minds of the people that it found a place in history, of which I speak tonight.

The wigwams of the Indians furnished more comforts to the victims than could be found in the very earliest homes of their white neighbors. They had some neat articles of bone, shell and stone, very good earthen pots of different sizes, baskets of twigs, birch bark, and some very fair vessels of wood, to which were added beds made of skins exceedingly well tanned but usually abominably dirty.

Soon after the arrival of the first settlers, many adventurers came and a large proportion of them were not

altogether intent upon the worship of the Most High. Still the leading, dominant class were religious, and their religion was heroic. The laws of England did not come across the ocean to oppress them nor to protect them. In their new home new laws had to be made, courts constructed and officers appointed to enforce the laws. At the beginning of New England there was no law, no courts, no executive officers. At first the leading men assumed judicial authority. They constituted a council and made such rules as to them seemed proper. Their work was rude and rough. These men had fled from what seemed tyranny, but unconsciously they became tyrannical themselves. They did, no doubt, what they thought was best to promote order among the new settlers and to advance what they considered the "cause of God."

Their laws and the punishments inflicted for their violation reveal in the most striking manner the character of the fathers. Fearlessly they cut loose from precedent and inaugurated strange, unheard-of, inappropriate and unequal punishments. There was no uniformity, but great dissimilarity in the laws as enforced in different localities. Prior to about 1648, it should be remembered, there were no printed statutes. The capricious and dangerous rules relied upon to regulate society before that time were originated and enforced by self-constituted bodies, from whose decisions there could be no appeal. They savor of bigotry, superstition and intolerance. They were often cruel, unjust and oppressive. Invariably woman as an offender was visited with unreasonable and disproportionate punishment.

In 1679 Sarah Morgan struck her husband. She was made to pay fifty shillings and stand all day before the people at town meeting in Kittery with an almost unendurable gag in her mouth. And this treatment of the defenceless woman, without doubt, met the approbation of the good men of the times. One George Rogers and a woman whose name appears upon the record were convicted of the same offence. Each was beaten with thirty-nine stripes, but the woman was branded with a hot iron and had her disgrace, as they put it, made enduring, while he resumed his standing with the good people in the church, having expressed sorrow for his sin.

No one could safely denounce such defenceless laws or question their sometimes brutal enforcement, without great risk of becoming a victim himself.

In 1648 some laws were published which were made by the ministers and magistrates, who had been working upon them from time to time and arranging such rules for the conduct of the people as seemed good to them. Penalties were attached for their violation, and the mind of the clergyman of the period can be plainly read in the laws. Courts were created for their execution and they enforced the will of the lawmakers with the same merciless spirit which characterized the dominant minds. Whatever the ancient ministers and the magistrates who took their guidance desired to be law was law. They were responsible to nobody, and nobody could appeal from the enforced will of these grim and surly men. The few ancient books which constituted the intellectual food, found only in ministers' libraries, impressed and fixed necessarily the severe and inflexible nature of their authors. No one except ministers, as I have intimated, had books, and the old leaders of thought and opinion were hardened into an intellectual tyranny by the influence of an older age.

As yet the masses were in mental chains. The age of newspapers and magazines had not arrived. No opportunities were open to the masses when the few old-fashioned, strong-willed men lived in the cold atmosphere of unquestioned power above the common people. While the many

were hopelessly ignorant, the few in advanced conditions of intelligence properly assumed the direction and leadership in public affairs. And, with all their faults and shortcomings, we conclude they followed the right as it seemed to them.

The few old controversial books read by the Mathers, Wheelwright, Prince and Hubbard exhibit themselves in the laws of two hundred years ago. They reveal the flavor and breathe the spirit of ancient thought, just as the books and literature of 1890 breathe the spirit of today. Then but a very few read only a few books and received from them few ideas; and much of error took root, outgrowing and uprooting the truth.

The witch lived in the old literature, and through it the strange delusion crept into the brain of the old scholar, filling his head with ridiculous fancies and alarms. The witch became an object of terror to our fathers, when they saw that the learned and saintly leaders were alarmed. The air was filled with beings who floated through the fevered night to vex and disturb mankind with the spirit of the devil. It is very difficult now for us to realize how the early settlers were afflicted with dreadful superstitions. The old historians, with great gravity, have recorded the most absurd and impossible occurrences, which they supposed, of course, to be true. Even Winthrop says that on the 18th of June, 1643, the devil was seen over against two islands in Boston harbor in the form of a man and emitting sparks and flames of fire, etc. Hubbard, who wrote forty years later, again records the story and sends it along the ages as an historical fact, to be remembered forever. These deluded leaders and teachers crowded the minds of their humble followers with fears. Strange and appalling sights and sounds filled the air. Evil spirits teased and tormented day and night, encompassed their fields and waters, wandering maliciously through the thick woods and screaming along the storm-swept coasts.

The senseless mummeries of the old or the insane were looked upon with dread, as the undoubted work of Satan. The gnawing of a prayer-book by mice, the destruction of a house by lightning, an accident, early frost, or any thing unusual and out of the everyday course of nature, was caused by the interference of supernatural powers. Chapters of silly accounts of such things can readily be found scattered all along the pathway of our earliest history, written by the scholarly and sincere historians for preservation.

With what caution should we read history, when the falsehoods are so conspicuous, when the superstitious authors honestly endorsed lies and thus served the evil one whom they so thoroughly despised!

Laws enacted under such conditions and born of such fearful delusions took cruel shape in New England to smite down the enemies of God and destroyers of mortal peace. In their great contest with the evil of witchcraft in Salem, with fasting and prayer the heroic old Christians asked of God special guidance, while in his special service they destroyed his foes. One instance will suffice to illustrate at once the zeal and madness of the times.

Bridget Bishop was the first victim to this strange fanaticism. Innocent as an angel (as all now admit), this despairing, frightened woman was roughly dragged from her home in Washington Street, Salem, to a public place of execution, in an open and conspicuous manner, "to make the spectacle appalling," as was written. Cotton Mather seriously affirmed that in passing "she gave a look at the meeting house and the devil tore down a part of it." This outrageous falsehood was used against her and may have been and probably was of great weight in the trial and conviction of other victims. A few years ago, as I read the testimony, faded with years,

against the unfortunate sufferers, which is still preserved in Salem, read the death warrants and the evidence of executions and could discover nothing—not a thing—to cast suspicion upon the accused, I was struck with wonderment that such delusions, trials, convictions and executions could disgrace our history.

As the witch literature retired before the advance of intelligence, so vanished the witch from the thoughts of men, until now only in the darkest alcoves of ignorance can traces of the hobgoblin be found.

Within three or four centuries, such was the level of intellectual development that the great and good, *all* believed in witchcraft and kindred delusions. The fires of the church were constantly employed in burning innocent, agonizing sufferers, till, crisped to cinders through unutterable suffering and torture, upon chariots of flame, the innocent sufferers reached their rest at last. The judicial executions in England in two centuries were more than thirty thousand. The great Matthew Hale caused two to be burned as late as 1664. Three thousand were executed during the long parliament. Neither church nor state spared any rank or condition. In 1716 Mrs. Hick and her child only nine years old were executed as witches. In fifteen years nine hundred were burnt in Lorraine, five hundred in Geneva in three months, one thousand in Como in one year, and thirty were executed in a village of six hundred in four years. More than one hundred thousand perished in Germany, among them an eminent Catholic priest accused of having bewitched a whole convent. The last sufferer in Scotland was in 1722. The damnable laws in England were not repealed until 1736.

But the ancient champions of justice, as they thought themselves, were honest, fearfully in earnest, and devoted to the service of the Holy One, and these hard-visaged, solemn-minded old soldiers of the cross took the lives of the enemies of the cause so dear to them with a relish, and with fasting and prayer continued to slaughter until the red stain of their delusion hangs forever upon us to mark with shame this conspicuous chapter of New England history.

In the original laws of Massachusetts Bay Colony were to be found thirteen death penalties. Such was the temper of the times that not only witchcraft was punished with death, but idolatry, blasphemy, false witness, smiting father or mother after sixteen years of age, filial rebellion after the same age, were also punished by taking the life of the offender. No one can fail to see the same cast of thought in these laws, as well as in the lower grades of offences, where we find punishments adjudged and inflicted for what seem to us most trivial, questionable, and even ludicrous matters.

Whipping was mercilessly applied for numerous offences. Branding with a hot iron and clipping the ears were well-known penalties. Richard Hopkins was severely whipped and branded for selling powder to the Indians. To deny the authority of the Scriptures cost fifty pounds or forty stripes, and the fifty pounds penalty was considered light compared with the stripes. Philip Radcliff had his ears cut off, was whipped and banished because he did what I do tonight. He censured the church which approved of the killing of witches. At one time no man could be qualified either to elect or be elected to an office who was not a church-member. Consequently the distance was very great between the two classes,—between the church men and those who ventured to question their authority.

As I have stated, the making and executing the laws in the early times were entirely the work of those especially interested in advancing the cause of religion and planting the Gospel in the New World. Religion and Law went hand in hand, and the

stocks in which offenders were confined stood appurtenant to the church, and the pillory was a kindred terror to evildoers and a great moral force and power. In one case, a carpenter charged too much, as was adjudged, for making a pair of stocks, and was sentenced for the offence to be put into them himself for one hour and to pay a fine just equal to what he charged for making them.

The first meeting-houses were owned by the town, and seats were allotted by a committee. Children were given the low benches in front and were made to feel that the house of God was truly an awful place. Vigilant and severe men were appointed to keep strict watch, and nothing escaped their observation. These men were frequently armed with a club big enough to kill an ox, with a knob on one end and feathers or a foxtail on the other. This club absorbed the almost undivided attention of "Young America" of those days, as it was carried about to thump the heads of masculine sleepers or to brush the noses of the ladies should they chance to be unmindful of the solemn sentences of the preacher.

This meeting-house tyrant looked after the whipping post, stocks and pillory, which were conveniently near and in readiness if any were deemed worthy of punishment by this exacting official. These great moral appurtenances were not kept for ornament, not at all; but for use whenever the man with the club thought such agencies were healthy. I find a case where one was whipped, suffered the loss of both ears, and was then banished, for what was termed "slandering the church." Captain Stone, of Boston, called Ludlow, who was a justice of the peace, a *just ass;* and for this offence the old law took one hundred pounds and sent him into banishment, "not to return on pain of *death*, without the governor's leave." A fine of one penny was fixed for every time of taking tobacco in any place, and in Plymouth Colony there may be found the record of a fine of five shillings for taking tobacco while on a jury before the verdict was rendered. At this time there was a penalty for not attending church, of ten shillings fine or imprisonment.

Private conference (whatever that might be) in a public meeting was fined twelve pence. And then, as a kind of omnibus, as lawyers say, we find this really rich statute: "*No person shall spend his time unprofitably under pain of such punishment as the court shall think meet to inflict.*" This was the great statute under which the court could pick up and punish any body or any thing which they were pleased to consider an unprofitable use of time, and the amount and kind of punishment were determined according to the notions of the court.

Not only did these ancient men attempt to regulate the acts and conduct of the people, but the dress must be made in accordance with their ideas of strict propriety. I will quote exactly now: "No person either man or woman shall make or buy any slashed clothes, other than one slash in each sleeve, and another in the back, also all *cutt*, embroidered or needle workt caps, bands, vayles are forbidden hereafter, under the aforesaid penalty," that is, such penalty as the court think meet to inflict. In Boston in 1639 the law provided that "no garment should be made with short sleeves whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing thereof." The same statute provided that, when garments were already made with short sleeves, "the arms should be covered with linen or *otherwise*." Also, "No person was allowed to make a garment for women with sleeves more than half an ell wide" and "so proportionate for bigger or smaller persons." Kissing was regulated then by law, and one at least endured twenty lashes because he refused to pay a fine of ten shillings for kissing his own (not another's) wife in his own garden; and in re-

venge, it is recorded, he swore he would never kiss her again in public or private. Fines and whippings were frequently resorted to to bring this troublesome matter of kissing within the prescribed rule.

There is some doubt about the date, but I think Ward's collection of laws, called "Body of Liberties," was published about 1641. In this collection were intertwined religion and law, according to the author's idea, as he had been a lawyer in England and minister here. A hundred laws were drawn up, largely by this minister of Ipswich, who had no restrictions upon him and was the best prepared of any in the colony to prepare the compound which was destined to be adopted to purge the community of evil. In this remarkable work appears the attempt to banish every thing this earnest author thought to be wrong or which did not conform to his notions of propriety. If in any given case this old "Body of Liberty" did not furnish the remedy, the magistrate did not hesitate to extend it. He supplied the deficiency and the penalty, and there was no appeal. Of course, there were many things which could be found in the laws of England, but much in the "Body of Liberty" which was a wide departure. Every thing that Puritanism touched was distinctly impressed by it. Houses of worship, dress, manners, customs and names, as well as laws, revealed the presence of its mighty and strange influence. Old forms and ceremonies were shivered into fragments by these stern and fearless men. They went directly to Sinai and its thunders, took their laws from God, and whatever they took them to be they were enforced. The Puritan was destructive. He was a born fighter and, armed with "Thus saith the Lord," he was well-nigh invincible. No other character could have subdued the wilderness and so successfully contended with the obstacles and conditions of two hundred and fifty years ago.

To them God was an "ever present help in every time of need," and in their warfare against every form of ungodliness they confidently relied upon his assistance in answer to prayer. Thus believing in God, they prayed for his guidance and support continually, and unhesitatingly moved in obedience to his will as they interpreted it, from conquering to conquer, but having broken down and destroyed old conditions they had no power to erect new systems except such as grew out of force.

The Puritan destroyed nature's wild but majestic harmonies with the zeal of the Crusader, but no divine art replaced what he had destroyed. His stubborn and unyielding tastes closed his eyes to a world full of transcendent beauty and settled the night shadows of unloveliness over all. The work of Puritanism was entirely wanting in every thing that we call attractive. It has been characterized as "a dreary waste overhung by a wintry sky." The imposing forms of worship of the old churches they seemed to hate, and a simplicity of the most severe type took deep root to choke out all forms of beauty in the New World.

Ornamentation was simply abominable in the sight of God. A modest ribbon was the devil's chain; a bow or flower upon a bonnet or a garment in a Puritan church would not have been tolerated a moment, and under the laws would have brought down something like vengeance on the wicked and proud. Our modern churches—the plainest, even the sanctuaries of the Quakers—by these old religious pioneers would not be regarded as "fit dwellings for the holy spirit." The furnace, carpet, organ and frescoing of our beautiful churches to the dear old Christian of 1640 would be dreadful, and the graceful spire with gilded top and deep-toned bell would suggest the vengeance of heaven upon these unsanctified and carnal devices of men, and in the modern service they would find food for abhorrence

but not for the strengthening of the divine life.

The ancient worshipers, regardless of storms and snow, went long distances frequently to the old meeting-houses upon the coldest hills, and in the fireless, forbidding, cheerless sanctuary worshiped as they did everything else with characteristic persistence and rigidity, and with amazing fortitude often sat in a temperature below freezing and listened to the hard doctrinal sermons of the past; and when they went to rest at night the day was closed with offering thanks for the great privileges they had enjoyed. They believed in a very straight and very narrow way. It mattered not to them that the sermon was two hours long. The freezing temperature of the meeting-house and the discomforts attending getting to it were not considered, they were so insignificant compared with the privilege of sitting under the sound of the Gospel where there was none to molest nor make afraid. They knew nothing of toleration. The right to shut the doors against intruders was as undoubted as their right to breathe. Episcopalians, Baptists, Catholics, Quakers were all offensive, and the Quakers in particular suffered extreme persecution.

Upon their very first arrival, Quakers were arrested, and, although there was no express law against them, they were condemned, confined and banished. All their books were forcibly taken and publicly burned. Strict laws were at once enacted to keep them out, as if a Quaker was an incarnate Satan. Any master of a vessel who brought one was fined one hundred pounds and required to give security to take him away. The Quaker in the meantime should receive twenty stripes and be sent to the house of correction for no offence except his faith. All who befriended or entertained one of the unfortunates were fined forty shillings an hour. If the offender persisted, he should lose an ear. If he repeated the offence, he was to lose his other ear. As a last resort to correct, whipping and boring the tongue with a hot iron followed.

Myra Clark, Christopher Holden and John Copeland endured the most inhuman whipping with knotted cords in 1657. The Quakers were as stubborn as the Puritans and sometimes seemed to enjoy their afflictions, as if they were accounted worthy of stripes. So the very next year Holden and Copeland appear again, this time to lose their ears and get into prison. No Quaker escaped unnoticed. Many were pursued and suffered cruel and brutal treatment. Robinson, Stevenson, Mary Dyar and others were put to death. Mr. Drake says "the cruelties perpetrated upon these poor misguided people are altogether of a character *too horrid to be related.*" At last, to his everlasting credit, the king of England interposed and by an order dated September 9, 1661, put a stop to the cruel work. A banished Quaker brought the order from the king to Governor Endicott's hands. Upon seeing the Quaker with his hat on, the severe old governor told him sternly to take off his hat. It is recorded that upon receiving the mandamus the governor's own hat came off and he replied "We shall obey his majesty's command." And so they did, so far as taking life was a penalty, but the persecution continued in various and almost unendurable ways, until at last they got a foothold in spite of opposition. Times then began to change, the laws against them became unpopular and could not be enforced, and at last, with his gospel of "peace," the Quaker found a home where, he too, could worship in peace. So

> Step by step since time began
> We see the steady march of man.

As we recall the hardfaced old settlers of 1640, barefooted, men and women, poorly clad in patched, scanty and ill-fitting garments, crowded into small and smoky log habitations or garrison houses in times of danger from

the Indians; as we recall the old barn-like churches and the worshippers attending with their guns, we have little difficulty in tracing the effect of such unyielding conditions upon their minds. We grow charitable towards the failings of the suffering pioneers who hopefully and valiantly labored upon the rough foundations of New England.

We find a strange suggestion in the names of the first three children baptized in Boston: Pity, Joy and Recompense. The same serious tone pervaded all the old-time homes, as children responded to the names: Patience, Deliverance, Prudence, Charity, Hope, Dependence, Thankful, Content, Hate, Evil and Holdfast. Many masculine names, enough to destroy a sensitive ear, were designed to perpetuate a remembrance of such Bible characters as had greatly impressed them.

The titles of books and pamphlets published on the other side of the water about the time of the settlement of New England afford food for reflection and abundant opportunity to ascertain the true level of thought of such as gave direction and shape to public opinion as it prevailed in the colonies. A pamphlet published in 1626 was entitled, "A most delectable sweet perfumed nosegay for God's saints to smell at." Twenty years later we find, "A pair of bellows to blow off the dust cast upon John Frey." Also, "Snuffers of Divine Love," "Hooks and Eyes for believers' breeches," "High heeled shoes for Dwarfs in holiness," "Crumbs of comfort for chickens of the covenant," "Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the soul sneeze with devotion," "A shot aimed at the Devil's headquarters through the tube of the cannon of the covenant," "A Reaping hook well tempered for the stubborn ears of the coming crop of biscuits baked in the oven of Charity carefully conserved for the chickens of the church the sparrows of the Spirit and the sweet swallows of Salvation," "Some sobs of a sorrowful soul for sin, in seven penetential psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuls* handful of Honey suckles and divers Godly pithy ditties now newly augmented," "A sigh of Sorrow for the sinners* of Zion breathed out of a hole in the wall of an earthen vessel known among men as Samuel Fish." All of these works were laboriously prepared by their pious authors as Baxter prepared and published the confession of his faith in 1655 "especially concerning the interest of Repentance and sincere obedience, written for the satisfaction of the misinformed, the conviction of Calumniators and the Explication and Vindication of some weighty truths." In these ancient works there is a marvelous revelation of the spirit and tendency of the age, of the temper and capacity of the men who were the models of the New England fathers.

The most conservative will now smile at their robust superstitions and wonder that such notions were entertained by reasonable men, and yet the honest and conceited old authors showed monumental contempt for all who differed with them, and evidently with great self-satisfaction thought they had reached the limit of unaided human reason, beyond which point they walked with majestic fortitude by faith, not by sight; laying hold of the promises of God, as it seemed to to them, they were fearless, never doubting the Almighty aid upon which they were taught to rely.

If famine threatened, they prayed. If disease invaded their homes, if the danger of Indian massacre hung like a fearful cloud above them, they sent up their petition for divine help. And, whatever of safety or comfort came to them, to their minds came in answer to their petitions To them

> Prayer was the Christian's vital breath,
> The Christian's native air,
> His watchword at the gate of death.
> They entered heaven by prayer.

* Reading doubtful.

I have taken this brief mental excursion to the olden days, not so much for entertainment as for instruction, if perchance there are some of my hearers who are not quite familiar with the ground over which we have so hastily traveled. To such as are most familiar with our early history no apology is necessary, for we cannot too often recur to this memorable period.

In the clearer light of today, we part company with the enslaving superstitions and some of the errors of the past. We look at them occasionally, as we do at the garments and toys of childhood, which may be treasured when outgrown and after the days of their usefulness are past.

The superstitious ignorance of the childhood of mankind, which beshrouded the religion of the founders of New England and edged many of their laws with almost inhuman barbarity, we cannot recall with pleasure, and yet we gladly throw around them the great mantle of charity and recognize outside of their few shortcomings that tireless spirit of resistless energy which characterized their historic labors and which is still felt at the heart of New England today.

On the whole they did their work well and in their day marched up with fortitude and great courage and held the picket line of thought, just as we now hold it two hundred years in advance of their time. Two eventful centuries have lifted the race far above the mental level of 1680, and the distance covered by the advance is so vast that it can scarcely be comprehended. But let us not be vainglorious and fall into the ancient error of overestimating our own attainments. The summit yet to be reached is not yet in sight. We are in the morning of the very first day of the mighty march of mankind. The call is to advance. It is the morning reveille that is sounding now. The ground which we occupy will be immediately left behind as we advance. The scholars of two centuries hence, as they review our times, will be charitable to our faults, but we may rest assured that the just criticisms upon much of our work and upon our religion and laws will not be calculated to glorify the century, still characterized by wars, conspicuous for crimes and permeated with corruption.

There will undoubtedly be great progress in the next two hundred years, as there has been in the last two hundred, but each succeeding age will forever push on, discarding the rubbish of the outgrown past, as the unchained human soul continually advances into the purer and higher regions of thought.

The ancient knights, mail clad and armed with cumbersome and unwieldy weapons, to strike down and brain their foes, were the heroes of coarse and brutal war. We have outgrown and passed out entirely beyond the ideas of the days of the crusades; and may we not hope that the superstitions which still remain in the minds of men and our ideas of warfare may speedily be outgrown as well, and that in the immediate hereafter war in any form shall be looked upon as brutal and unworthy of nations who bow before and worship the Prince of Peace?

We are not responsible for the conditions which surround us at birth, but we are under divine orders to advance.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

THE DIPPER IN THE SKY

By Charles Nevers Holmes

There is a dipper in the sky, at least it looks like one, a dipper of stars! We cannot see it in the daytime because our sun shines so brightly that his light hides all the other stars from sight; but at night it twinkles plainly before our eyes. If we go out-of-doors and stand in some spot where our view of the darkened skies is unobstructed by electric lamps and buildings, we shall see the dipper in the north. Now, this dipper's sky-position changes from hour to hour, for, as we know, our sun's position changes from hour to hour. The dipper circles around and around what is called the north star; but if we search for it at 9 p. m. on a certain night in the year we shall find it exactly in the same place at 9 o'clock just a year from that night. If we look for it in winter it will be in the northeast; in spring well overhead; in summer northwest; and in fall not far above the northern horizon. Of course, these are the dipper's positions for the seasons about 9 p. m.; but during every twenty-four hours the dipper revolves once wholly around the north star, so that at midnight it would not have the same place in the sky as at some earlier hour.

The dipper is such a noticeable firmamental object that we can easily find it. Besides, it is formed by seven stars, all of about the same brightness, and it occupies quite a large space in our firmament. Then, it looks very much like a dipper, with its handle of three stars and its bowl of four. The three stars of the handle, beginning at the end, are named Benetnasch, Mizar and Alioth, while the four stars of the bowl are Megrez, Phecda, Merak and Dubhe. If we carefully study Megrez, the star that joins the handle to the bowl, we see it is not as bright as any of the six other stars. Now, astronomers watch these suns—for they are suns just as is our own sun—with telescopes, and if we should observe with a strong glass the second sun in the handle, Mizar, we should discover that it is really two stars instead of one star. In other words, we should discern that Mizar is a "double star," a larger and a lesser sun, this lesser sun being visible without a glass to those of us possessing keen eyesight. And, if we use our telescope still more, we discern the colors of these seven remarkable stars: Benetnasch being white, Mizar white and green, Alioth very bright, Megrez yellowish, Phecda yellow, Merak greenish and Dubhe yellow.

These last two suns, the further of four stars forming the dipper's bowl, Merak and Dubhe, should be particularly observed and remembered because they are the famous "pointers." That is, they point or aim in the general direction of the north star, the sun which is our north sky-guide. This north star is also called Polaris; but unlike other suns Polaris has so little motion that we know always where to find him. Although not more noticeable than any one of the dipper's stars, he is truly a fixed sun in the north, and once we stand facing him, east is at our right, south behind us and west at our left. When one is not well acquainted with the whereabouts of this north star, the "pointers" of the dipper are a great help in finding him, although we should remember that Merak and Dubhe do not aim *exactly* at Polaris, that he is not very conspicuous and that he twinkles some distance firmamentally from the nearer sun, Dubhe. As has been stated, the dipper circles around and

around our north star; but when we have discovered the seven-starred dipper it is very easy to find Polaris which, by the way, is not as it appears a single sun but is two suns, a larger and a lesser one, so far distant and so closely associated that they sparkle to our unassisted eyesight just like one star.

Astronomers have given names to the different groups of suns, just as names have been given to the different countries on earth. The star-group to which the dipper belongs is known as Ursa Major or the Greater Bear, and, forgetting for a moment that it resembles a dipper, we can imagine that it forms part of the body and the tail of a big sky-bear, with the legs of the bear—alas, only three good legs—extending in front of and below the dipper. This star-group, or constellation, was named Ursa Major many centuries ago; indeed, the starry heavens are full of imaginary animals, but it is certainly easier to see the outlines of a dipper than of a bear in this particular star-group. There is another constellation called Ursa Minor or the Smaller Bear, and Polaris our north star is end-sun in this Smaller Bear's tail just as Benetnasch is end-sun in the Greater Bear's tail.

There are at least four "dippers" in the sky, visible to those of us living north of the equator, one of which is called the Great Square of Pegasus and another the dipper in the beautiful Pleiades. But the dipper of Ursa Major is grandest of the four; and although other star-figures glitter impressively before our eyes none of them is more noticeable than this firmamental ladle. Its seven suns shine at vast distances from our earth, the double-star Mizar being more remote than Polaris. In fact, we cannot really appreciate the distances of suns hundreds of thousands of times as far from us as is our own sun. Indeed, were our own sun put in the place of Megrez, the dimmest star in the dipper, that sky-outline would appear to us as possessing only six suns! Various names have been given to this remarkable star-outline, such as the plough, the butcher's cleaver, the saucepan, and so on; but to those of us who dwell in the United States the term "dipper" seems most appropriate. Yet whatever the word chosen to describe it, this seven-starred figure in Ursa Major is certainly one of the most noticeable, most symmetrical groups of suns to be seen by unassisted sight in these northern latitudes.

SUCCESS

By Fred Myron Colby

Success will come to him who toils
  And thinks, and cares not for the fame
He wins. The homage of an hour
  Is vain; not so a worthy name.

Then let us courage take, anew
  Gird up our loins for battle-strife;
Do what we have to do, content
  If we but win immortal life.

THE LAST NOTCH

By Anabel C. Andrews

"The notches, presumably, are proposals?"

"Surely!"

"Mine will never make another."

"Why so certain?"

"When I ask a girl to marry me, it will never be one who displays her scalps like an Indian chief!"

"Almost thou persuadest me to try for the notch."

"Time wasted—take your ghastly record. How many of those notches mean ruined lives, and broken-hearted mothers? You will enjoy telling me that; so kind and womanly."

"Not one. You have no right to be so unpardonably rude to me. I don't deserve it. Ever since we were kids you have always seemed to feel a great responsibility for me; you've never had the slightest hesitation in directing, and reproving me; allow me to tell you that I don't care for any more of it."

"You do deserve it—it will be good for you to hear the truth—pity I wasn't here before; might have been able to have prevented some of your mischief."

"Without doubt. You may possibly recall that, when we were in college, if you told me not to go on a fruit raid with the others, I always stayed in my room that night."

"I recall that you went then, if you hadn't intended going before. I also recall that you often wished that you had stayed in your room during the raids. I recall one night in particular when you wished it so fervently that you cried your wisp of lace and linen sopping; and I offered my hanky to sop up the rest of 'em."

"O, tell the rest of it, while you are about it; that I tore my dress; and you took it home for your mother to mend: so my mother shouldn't know I went stealing fruit—most gentlemanly to recall that particular night."

"Plenty of others, if you prefer them. Shall I recall the night that you tied the bell-clapper to—"

"I wish you wouldn't say 'recall' again—it sounds so—so—"

"I've been in town just two hours Daphne; the one I've spent with you has not been particularly peaceful—we have quarreled constantly."

"Did I commence it?"

"No. I can't truthfully say you did; but my remarks were not received by you in the spirit in which they were made."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed they were not. I am sorry—for I shall not be at home again in a long time; with a strong chance that I never shall."

"Changing your business?"

"Yes."

"Might one ask in what way?"

"My business now is to help defend the colors you wear at your throat. Where that business will take me, I do not now know; but I leave here tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"I go tomorrow. I came home only to say good-bye to mother, and to you; must leave early in the morning."

"I don't seem able to grasp your statement Jim—wasn't it a very sudden decision on your part?"

"No. Should have informed you sooner; but preferred telling you, rather than writing you. You will write me, Daphne? I'll tell you how to send mail, as soon as I am told myself. And now good-bye; and God bless you girl! Cut out the nonsense Daphne; put on some clothes, and make of yourself the woman you were meant to be."

"'Put on clothes!' What do you mean by such an ungentlemanly remark?"

"Look in your long mirror, and see what I mean—oh child wake up!"

"So grateful for all your kind admonitions, and complimentary remarks—don't crush my hand please."

With one last look Jim went.

* * * * *

"Well, Daphne Davies, you should be very proud of yourself this day. To send a man like Jimmie Lewis to war, with a good-bye like that—you need shooting—I hate you; yes, I do!" snapping the parasol handle as she talked. "I'll put you in our old stove oven, where Jim and I have cooked since we were kids. I'll make a burnt offering of you, if there is just one match left in our old tin box—and there is, glory be! now blaze! oh, how I hate you, and myself! I'll never dare go home; every last one of 'em will know I've been crying; oh dear, oh dear"; and the tears had their own way; to such an extent that the cremating of the parasol was seen through a heavy shower. Just as the coals were turning to ashes, came hasty steps through the trees—and Jim's voice crying: "Please marry me; dearest little Spitfire in all the world. Give me the parasol; I'll cut my notch; and—what! You've been crying? Do you care a little, sweetheart?"

"Ye-es—a very little."

"Well, let me have the parasol; for I've none too much time; but, if you wanted another notch, I meant you to have it."

"I—I burned the parasol."

"You burned it?"

"Yes, in our old oven; and, Jimmie, it was for—well, rejected proposals you know, only."

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

By Sarah Fuller Bickford Hafey

A voice from the Past is calling,
  Its dulcet tones we hear;
And joys we've tasted greet us,
  Though misty, with a tear.

Its pleasures and its sorrows,
  Its daily cares and mirth;
Its blighted hopes and blessings,
  As old Time gave them birth.

But 'tis a passing picture,
  Those scenes, of long ago;
As we grope, into the Future,
  And hasten the boat, we row.

But in the Past, could we've known how
  To live, as we do now,
'Twould have been a different Future,
  From that, to which, we bow.

A voice from the Past! O listen,
  To its joy's and sorrow's chime;
And the changes Time has brought us,
  Are a medley, in its rhyme.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. CHARLES E. BURBANK

Charles E. Burbank, son of Jason C. and Edna (Willey) Burbank, born in Claremont July 5, 1866, died at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, March 4, 1918.

Mr. Burbank was educated in the public schools of Claremont and Boston, the Harvard School for Social Workers and the Boston University Law School, graduating from the latter in 1894. He was a member of the law firm of Stebbins, Storer & Burbank of Boston, and also had an office in Brockton where he was associated with Harold S. Lyon. Politically he was a progressive Republican. He served in the Massachusetts State Senate in 1913, being one of the two Progressives in that body. He was a close friend of Gov. Samuel W. McCall, took an active part in the campaign for his election, and was appointed by him, in 1916, State Supervisor of Administration, which office he held at the time of his death, and in which he had rendered conspicuous service. He had practiced for a time after graduation in Colorado and California and had travelled in Europe, studying social conditions. He was a Mason, a member of the Economic Club of Boston, and actively connected with the Associated Charities.

October 10, 1906, he was united in marriage with Lily Owen, M.D., by whom he is survived.

COL. SOLON A. CARTER

Col. Solon A. Carter, who held the office of State Treasurer of New Hampshire longer than any other man ever held any state office in New Hampshire, died at his home in Concord, January 28, 1918.

He was a native of Leominster, Mass., born June 22, 1837, but removed to Keene in early life, where he was engaged in business when the Civil War broke out. He enlisted in the Union service, was Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. E. W. Hinks, and was brevetted major and lieutenant-colonel for gallant and meritorious service. He was a representative from Keene in the legislature of 1869 and 1870, was elected State Treasurer in 1872, and served continuously until 1913, with the exception of a single year from June, 1874, to June, 1875. He was a member of the N. H. Executive Council in 1915–16. An extended biographical sketch of Colonel Carter appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY for August, 1909.

HON. WILLIAM M. CHASE

Hon. William M. Chase, former associate justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and one of Concord's most eminent citizens, an extended sketch of whose life may be found in the GRANITE MONTHLY for November, 1907, died at his home in the Capital City, February 3, 1918, at the age of 80 years, having been born in Canaan, December 28, 1837.

He was the son of Horace and Abigail S. (Martin) Chase, graduated from the Scientific Department of Dartmouth College in 1858, taught school, studied law with the late Anson S. Marshall, was admitted to the bar in 1862, and engaged in practice in Concord, first as a partner with Mr. Marshall, afterward with the late Chief Justice Sargent, and later with Frank S. Streeter. He served as an associate justice of the Supreme Court from April 1, 1891, till December 28, 1907, when he was retired by age limitation. He was a member of the State Senate of 1909–10, and had holden many corporate offices.

DANIEL W. SANBORN

Daniel W. Sanborn, a long prominent railroad man of New England, died at his home in Somerville, Mass., January 7, 1918.

He was born in Wakefield, Mass., February 27, 1834, and was a brother of the late Hon. John W. Sanborn of that town. He commenced his career as a trainman, on the old Eastern R. R.; became a conductor in 1870; was transportation master from 1878 to 1884; was superintendent of the Eastern Division of the B. & M. R. R. from 1884 to 1891, when he became general superintendent of the Boston & Maine continuing till his retirement in 1906. He is survived by a wife and two children by his first marriage, Fred E. Sanborn, general superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad, and Mrs. J. M. French of Somerville.

PROF. GEORGE W. BINGHAM

Prof. George W. Bingham, a noted educator, native of Claremont, born October 23, 1828, died at his home in Derry, February 12, 1918.

He was educated at Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1863. He served as principal of Gilmanton Academy two years, was in educational work in Pennsylvania and Iowa for some time, was principal of Coe's Academy, Northwood, from 1884 till 1888, when he became principal of Pinkerton Academy, Derry, continuing until retirement in 1909, after which he was principal emeritus. He was deeply interested in religious and Sunday-school work, and represented this State at the World's Sunday-school Convention in London in 1889.

He married Mary Upham Cogswell of Northwood, November 1, 1863, who died

March 4, 1892. August 3, 1906, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Cogswell Prescott, a sister of his first wife, who died five years ago.

WILLIAM S. HARRIS

William Samuel Harris, born in Windham, March 29, 1861, died in that town December 17, 1917.

He was the son of William C. and Philena (Dinsmore) Harris, and was educated at Pinkerton Academy, Pennsylvania State College, and by private study. He taught school many years, his most important service in this line being that of instructor in Science and English, in Coe's Academy, Northwood, for twenty terms. He was best known, however, as a writer on historical and genealogical subjects, nature studies, etc.

ALBERT H. VARNEY, M.D.

Dr. Albert H. Varney, one of the best known physicians of Rockingham County for many years, died at his home in Newfields, January 16, 1918.

He was born at North Berwick, Me., March 27, 1836, attended Berwick Academy, and was graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1857. He commenced practice in Chicago, but soon returned East, and located in Newfields in 1860, where he continued through life, gaining an external practice, and also maintaining an office in Exeter for many years. Politically he was a Republican and had served his town as selectman, as representative in 1871, and as town clerk for twenty-three years. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Olive Fernald, and three daughters.

COL. THOMAS L. HOITT

Col. Thomas L. Hoitt, a prominent citizen of Barnstead, died in that town January 30, 1918. He was born in Barnstead, April 1, 1837, son of Benjamin and Mehitable (Babson) Hoitt. His mother was a granddaughter of Gen. John Stark, and he was one of two living great-grandsons of the General, at the time of his death. He was a Congregationalist and a Democrat, and represented the Stark family and the State of New Hampshire at the Centennial celebration of Stark County, Ohio, September 6, 1911.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The Granite Monthly for the first quarter of 1918—January, February and March—is herewith presented, in accordance with the plan outlined in the last issue for 1917. The greatly increased cost of production, over that of ante-war times rendered it necessary to adopt this plan or to double the annual subscription price. The amount of valuable and interesting matter presented in this issue should be sufficient to reconcile all our patrons to the change that has been made, yet which it is hoped may not necessarily be permanent. Subscribers are now reminded that payment for 1918 should be made upon receipt of this issue, in all cases where it has not been made in advance. This is an absolutely necessary requirement.

On the second Tuesday of March, at the annual meetings in the towns and at special meetings in the cities not holding regular elections on that day, delegates to a constitutional convention ordered for the first Wednesday in June, by the legislature, were chosen, a large proportion of able and experienced men being included in the number elected. There is a wide difference of opinion as to what course should be pursued by the convention when assembled. It is contended by some that the body should adjourn *sine die*, at once. Others insist that it should effect an organization and then adjourn at the call of the president, after the war is ended; while others insist that having been legally called it should attend to its work, and, if in the judgment of the majority amendments to the constitution are desirable the same should be drawn and presented to the people for adoption or rejection at the next election, on the ground that any changes needed in time of peace, are no less, and probably more necessary in time of war. Already there are several men mentioned for the presidency of the Convention, and one at least is reported to be making an active canvass. The general assumption seems to be that some Republican will be made president, because all presidents of such conventions have been Republicans, since that party came into existence. This ought not, necessarily, to follow, however. Party politics ought to be left out of sight entirely, and the ablest, most experienced and best qualified man chosen, regardless of his partisan affiliations.

The political pot is already "simmering" in this state, preparatory to the coming campaign, especially on the Republican side. Although there is but one declared candidate for the gubernatorial nomination in that party as yet, and not likely to be another, there are at least four men in the field for the nomination for U. S. Senator, viz.: Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, George H. Moses, Gov. H. W. Keyes and ex-Gov. Rolland H. Spaulding, with a strong possibility of further entries. The contest for the nomination promises to be a decidedly warm and interesting one.

HON. ROLLAND H. SPAULDING

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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THE PUBLIC CAREER OF ROLLAND H. SPAULDING

By An Occasional Contributor

The public career of Rolland H. Spaulding of Rochester, while comparatively brief, has been so brilliantly and exceptionally successful that his many friends and admirers have good warrant for their belief that it is to be further adorned with new and higher honors and that its usefulness is to progress and increase along ways of even broader opportunity for achievement and accomplishment.

It is only a few years since Mr. Spaulding was called from his great and rapidly growing private business to take his place in the public affairs of state and nation; but during those few years his ability and his courage, his steadfast sincerity and his unwavering desire and determination to serve the public good and that alone have entrenched him in the hearts and in the confidence of the people at large to a degree without parallel in the political history of the state.

The secret of his success is simple: He knows what is right and he dares to do it. And, moreover, he will not be driven or led, pushed or pulled, bullied or coaxed, into doing anything which he does not believe to be right. Show him a worthy cause, a public benefit, a forward step to be taken, an injustice to be remedied and you will have his prompt and powerful aid; but he will be just as prompt to oppose, without thought of personal consequences to himself, any proposition in which he detects dishonesty, chicanery or demagogism.

Rugged honesty has been the sure foundation upon which Spaulding success in business has been built; and Spaulding participation in public life could have no other basis and be consistent with his personality and his record.

Ancestry and training, heredity and environment, have worked together in his case to produce the same result, a man typical of New England's best, alike in mind and heart, brain and conscience.

Rolland H. Spaulding was born in Townsend Harbor, Mass., March 15, 1873, the son of Jonas and Emma C. (Cummings) Spaulding, the family lines of both his father and his mother going back to the beginnings of New England history and including soldiers, farmers, teachers, preachers and business men in their roster. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., preferring, as did his older brothers, Leon and Huntley, to make an early start in business with their father, rather than to attend college.

That business was a prosperous, but not large, leather-board mill in Townsend Harbor, which in a very few years proved too small to contain the activities of the three young men and they went up into New Hampshire at North Rochester to begin to branch out for themselves.

Today they have half a dozen separate plants in four states and in England and their products have an international reputation as the best, the most up to date and the most dependable in their line in the world.

To achieve this result while they were still young men the three Spaulding brothers found it necessary to give themselves almost absolutely to their work. In the earlier years, especially, of their endeavor, it required from them unremitting attention and the hardest kind of personal toil with their own hands about the factories as well as with their heads in the counting room. They were husky boys, built for business, and the hard work agreed with them, but for a number of years it kept them from having many outside interests.

Now their great business is so well organized and so efficiently systematized that even with the increased demands upon it which war activities are making, it runs on smoothly and successfully, allowing at the same time Huntley Spaulding to prove himself the best state food administrator in the country and Rolland Spaulding to direct state Red Cross drives and to assume other public duties.

It was, however, because of this early absorption in business that the youngest of the Spaulding boys found no time for active participation in politics until within the present decade.

He always was interested in local good government and ready to do anything in his power to secure it. Also, he always was a Republican in political belief, thoroughly subscribing to the principles of government upon which the party was founded and which it maintains to this day. In his clear conception of these fundamentals and his unswerving devotion to them, Mr. Spaulding shows the high quality of his Republicanism, rather than in pulling the wires of political partisanship and in repeating the stereotyped phrases of three generations of stump-speakers.

Through one phase of his business activities, Mr. Spaulding came in touch with the inside of New Hampshire state politics and the experience caused him to join heartily in the well-remembered "Lincoln Republican" movement to better certain conditions then existing in the majority party. The earnest support he gave to this endeavor was without thought of personal profit or prominence and when his peculiar fitness for the place caused his name to be mentioned in connection with membership on the public service commission at the time of its establishment he promptly vetoed the idea.

The third party Progressive movement did not enlist the support of Mr. Spaulding although he believed sincerely in many of its principles. He chose, rather, to remain within the Republican party and to use his influence there towards combining a forward looking program with loyal adherence to the faith of the fathers. With this purpose in mind he accepted an election as delegate to the Republican National convention of 1912 in Chicago.

Two years later both wings of the Republican party in New Hampshire were equally desirous of bringing about the return of their party to power in the state and they looked about for a leader under whose standard each faction could rally with equal confidence in the man and without surrender of their convictions.

Such a leader was found in Rolland H. Spaulding of Rochester and his nomination in the Republican primary by a plurality of 4,607 and his election by the people with a plurality of almost 13,000 are still fresh in mind. His campaigns for the primary and for the general election were open, direct and clean. He went straight to the people and told them without oratory, camouflage or circumlocution who he was, for what he stood and what he would try to ac-

complish if nominated and elected governor. He made no trades and he gave no promises, save only his pledge to try to do his duty as he saw it.

The people liked the man and his manner. His absolute lack of pretense and affectation appealed to them. He stood before them, sincere, straightforward and successful, and told them the truth. They believed in his ability and his integrity and they elected him governor.

The day after his election Mr. Spaulding began to study the new business of which he had been made manager and he did not relax his efforts in this direction during the ensuing two years. He delved deep into state reports; he visited state institutions, unheralded and unannounced; he found out how the wheels went around. And from his study of the state government mechanism he arrived at an important conclusion to which he remained steadfast; that wherever he found a weak cog in the machinery, a useless or imperfect part, he would replace it, if he had the power, no matter who put it there or who wanted it kept there; and, on the other hand, where he found the output of the plant satisfactory, he would make no changes, no matter who wanted jobs or how badly they wanted them. This was a new policy in partisan New Hampshire and it made trouble for Governor Spaulding in his own party from the start; but the people saw that it was good business sense and they stood behind the Governor as he put it in force and kept it in force. It is one of the principal reasons for the large "independent" following which even the Spaulding opponents admit that he has.

Governor Spaulding's inaugural address was out of the ordinary. It was brief, but packed full of suggestions for economies and improvements in the management of the state's business. Reforms in municipal finances; less injustice in the taxation of intangible property; more direct responsibility in state highway affairs; a business manager for state institutions; the limiting of political expenditures; the perfecting of the workmen's compensation law; the reorganization of some state departments and the combining of others; were among the recommendations that he made.

Some of these forward steps which Governor Spaulding advocated were taken by the legislature which he addressed; some are to the credit of the legislature of 1917; and some are still in process of attainment. All attest the ability and the sincerity which the governor brought to the discharge of his duties.

As the session progressed many important matters made their appearance which made demands upon the wisdom of the executive as well as the legislative departments of the government. Among them may be mentioned the investigation into the management of the state hospital; the attempted rehabilitation by reorganization of the Boston & Maine Railroad; the reorganization of the local courts of the state; and the codification of the fish and game laws.

An especial object of the attention of Governor Spaulding during the legislative session and throughout his administration was the finances of the state. On this line his successful business experience proved of the greatest value to him and to the state and he was able to effect some notable economies without in the least crippling the activities or lowering the usefulness of any department of the government. The net result was a reduction of $50,000 a year in the state tax, followed and supplemented by a reduction of $32,000 in the net indebtedness of the state at the end of his administration.

The seriousness with which Governor Spaulding regarded the oath which he took on assuming office made it necessary, in his estimation, for him to differ on several occasions with a majority of his own political

party in the legislature and in the executive council. On these occasions he did not dodge, flinch or swerve, but stood by his guns in the open. In every instance he went to the people with a public statement of the case and their verdict was in his favor. His three legislative vetoes received a majority vote in their support, and in his controversies with his council over certain appointments the opinion of the state as voiced by the press was on his side.

It was hard for many people, especially politicians, to believe that Governor Spaulding in making appointments was actuated solely—as certainly he was—by a desire to secure efficiency in the office to be filled. He sanctioned the removal from office of one of his personal friends, not because the man was a Democrat, but because the governor believed it to be for the advantage of the state to have a very efficient Republican official restored to the place from which a Democratic administration had ousted him. He named a Republican politician to one of the most important places within his gift, not because the man was a Republican and a politician, but because in the past he had proved himself peculiarly well adapted to the duties of the position. He insisted upon keeping Democrats in some offices for which they had shown especial fitness; Commissioner of Agriculture Felker, for instance, and Judge Clancy of the Nashua district court; but where he was convinced that the efficiency of the office could be increased and improved he had no hesitation in replacing Democrats with Republicans.

Business methods and political independence were the two chief characteristics of Governor Spaulding as a chief executive; but he also was well known as a hard working governor; a governor, to whom access was easy; a governor who was a kindly, thoughtful, generous gentleman. No chief executive ever was more popular with those who came to know him best, with those with whom he was in closest contact. Many there were who urged him to break New Hampshire's unwise precedent and become a candidate for a second term as governor, but such was not his desire.

He was content to relinquish the reins of office at the end of his two years and to turn over to his successor a state treasury better filled; a state government better manned; a more efficient administrative machine doing more useful work than when he assumed office.

Not only in his strictly official duties, but in the many outside demands upon a chief executive, Mr. Spaulding proved himself an excellent governor. Whenever it was possible for him to do so without neglecting the affairs of state, Governor Spaulding made it a point to accept invitations to occasions and gatherings where the presence of the head of the state was desired and desirable. There his pleasure at meeting his fellow citizens and their wives and children was so evidently sincere that his friendship was returned in full measure and to the high esteem which his official acts gained for him throughout the state was added a remarkable degree of personal popularity which still endures.

In his speeches on these occasions, as well as in his addresses to the legislature and other formal utterances, Governor Spaulding made no attempts at oratory. He soon came to be known as one whose speeches were sure to be brief and to the point, always conveying clearly and concisely a worth while message. This was true, also, of his gubernatorial proclamations and other official documents. Whenever and whatever Governor Spaulding says or writes, he never leaves any doubt as to his meaning in the mind of the person addressed. That always is his intention and it is easy for him to

carry it out because he says what he thinks and believes and does not have to search for language with which to conceal his real meaning or mental attitude in relation to any question. Honesty is his motto in words as well as in deeds.

During his term of office Governor Spaulding became well known in public life without the state as well as within it. He attended the conference of governors at Boston in 1915 and presided over one of its sessions and the next year he addressed the similar gathering held at Washington.

The services of Mr. Spaulding to the state were suitably recognized by its two principal educational institutions, Dartmouth College conferring upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts and New Hampshire College that of Doctor of Laws. As an ex officio member of the boards of trustees of both institutions he manifested a constant and lively interest in their affairs which has continued beyond his term of office and which highly gratifies their graduates and other friends.

Comment has been made in this article upon the fact that in matters political Governor Spaulding and a majority of his executive council did not always agree. This is true, but it should be added that in matters of the state's business they usually did agree and to much effect for the state's advantage. Under their joint direction the appearance of the state house and its grounds was very much improved. The work upon the state highways never was more carefully watched. Rare good sense was exercised in the matter of pardons from state prison and in other relations between the executive department and the state institutions. And, finally, in such financial matters as the settlement of the Nesmith estate tangle the advantage of an expert business administration of the state's affairs was made strikingly manifest.

The retirement of Mr. Spaulding from the office of governor at the close of his two year term was made the occasion for editorial comment of the most favorable character by the newspapers of the state upon his record as New Hampshire's chief executive. It was then said and has been repeated often that the state could not spare him from her service and that his experience as governor must be utilized as having fitted him for most useful work at another capitol, that of the nation, at Washington.

Governor Spaulding, however, made all preparations for returning to private life and giving renewed attention to his own interests. But the entrance of this country into the world war changed his plans as it did those of so many others. During his term as governor Mr. Spaulding had lent the weight of his official position and had given freely of his own time, money and efforts to the work of relief for the Belgian refugees and other sufferers from the early years of the great conflict.

With America in the war there was need for more of this work, and for other greater endeavors as well. When the New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety was formed ex-Governor Spaulding was made a member of its executive committee and vice-chairman. In this capacity he has been faithful in attendance upon the meetings of the committee and has proved a very valuable member because of his wide experience in certain lines of its work.

Of the great Red Cross drives in New Hampshire for members and for funds Mr. Spaulding has been the chairman, and their remarkable success, it is generally acknowledged, has been due in no small part to the wonderfully thorough and efficient organization with which he has covered the state. As a district chairman and member of the executive committee in the Liberty Loan and Red Triangle campaigns he has had equal success; and when the full history of New Hampshire's part in the war

activities of 1917–18 is written the share in it of the Spaulding brothers will be found to be very great.

In these patriotic endeavors the same qualities in Governor Spaulding's character are prominent as in his public career and his private life. They are the ability and the desire to do an extraordinary amount of hard work, honest work, result-bringing work in whatever line engages his attention. They made his two years as governor valuable years for the state of New Hampshire. They would give the same effect to his service in the United States Senate at Washington.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

Assembled, Deliberated and Adjourned, all Within Three Days

The Constitutional Convention of 1918, summoned by the people, at the election of November, 1916, by a vote of 21,589 yeas to 14,520 nays, met, in accordance with the action of the last Legislature, making provision for its session, in Representatives Hall at the State House, at 11 o'clock, a. m., on Wednesday June 5.

The delegates were called to order by Maj. William H. Trickey of Tilton, Commandant of the N. H. Soldiers' Home, and a delegate from that town, and prayer was offered by Rev. William H. Pound, D. D., of Wolfeboro, also a delegate and pastor of the Congregational church in Wolfeboro.

On motion of Hon. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury of Londonderry, Hon. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont—a member of the N. H. Legislature in 1859 and 1860, and of the National Congress from 1871 to 1875—was elected temporary president, and was escorted to the chair by Messrs. Pillsbury, and Brennan of Peterborough. Briefly expressing his thanks for the honor conferred, Mr. Parker set the wheels of business in motion after the manner of the ready presiding officer.

On motion of Mr. Kinney of Claremont, a committee of twenty, on credentials, was appointed, with that gentleman as chairman, and soon reported 426 delegates elected and entitled to seats, including William A. Lee of Concord, Ward 8, chosen in place of Edson J. Hill elected and since deceased; and Everett Kittredge of Bradford, in place of Frank J. Peaslee, resigned. The committee also recommended that Horace F. Hoyt and Frank A. Updike of Hanover, who received an equal number of votes, be given seats, with half a vote each, and Albion Kohler and Theodosius S. Tyng of Ashland, similarly tied, be allowed the same, which report was accepted and the recommendations adopted.

Mr. Snow of Rochester nominated Hon. Albert O. Brown of Manchester for permanent president, moving that the temporary secretary, A. Chester Clark of Concord, secretary of the last convention, cast one ballot for him, which motion prevailed and Mr. Brown was elected. He was conducted to the chair by Messrs. Hutchins of Stratford and Streeter of Concord, and addressed the Convention in a carefully prepared speech on the war situation.

A. Chester Clark of Concord was elected secretary and Bernard W. Carey of Newport assistant secretary.

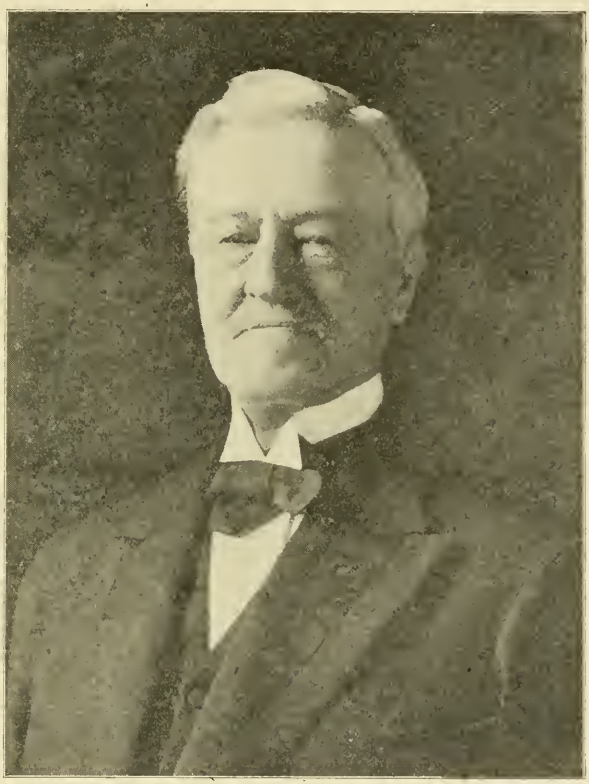
A committee, of which Frank P. Quimby of Ward 7, Concord, was chairman, reported a list of minor officers for the convention, and the same were elected, as follows:

Chaplain, Archibald Black, Concord; sergeant-at-arms, Walter J. A. Ward, Hillsborough; doorkeepers, Guy S. Neal, Acworth, George Law-

rence, Manchester, Albert P. Davis, Concord, Edward K. Webster, Concord; warden of coat room, George Goodhue, Concord; assistant warden, John C. O'Hare, Nashua; messenger, Frank Aldrich, Manchester; pages, Joseph H. Lane, Concord, Walter Pillsbury, Derry; stenographers, Margaret Conway, Concord, Bessie Goodwin, Newport.

it was voted to go into Committee of the Whole, immediately after the opening of the next morning's session, for the consideration of Mr. Lyford's first proposed amendment, which would authorize the Legislature to provide an equitable arrangment for the taxation of growing wood and timber.

At the opening of the second day's



HON. HOSEA W. PARKER, Temporary President

The balance of the first day, after organization, was devoted to an attempt on the part of Mr. Lyford of Concord to commit the Convention to an adjournment until after the close of the war, immediately after the consideration and disposition of two amendments relating to taxation; and one on the part of Mr. Varney of Rochester, to such adjournment at once, both of which were defeated after protracted debate; whereupon

session, seats were drawn by the delegates, after the five oldest delegates, all over eighty years of age—Messrs. Pierce of Winchester, Parker of Claremont, Patterson of Concord, Morrison of Peterboro and Woods of Bath —and Mr. Streeter of Concord, a former president, had been accorded the privilege of selecting their seats, and the delegates who were members of the G. A. R. had been assigned three rows in the center section. The draw-

HON. ALBERT O. BROWN, President

ing having been disposed of, and several proposed amendments presented and referred, the Convention went into Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Snow of Rochester in the chair, on the Lyford amendment, which was debated at length, and finally defeated by a decisive majority in committee, and immediately after in Convention.

HON. A. CHESTER CLARK, Secretary

This defeat practically put the Convention out of business, for it so disheartened the advocates of timber taxation amendment that many of them were ready to vote for adjournment, and when, upon the assembling of the Convention Friday morning, after a few proposed amendments had been introduced, the motion to adjourn until after the close of the war was renewed, it was carried by a two to one vote, and nothing further was done, except the announcement of standing committees by the president, and the adoption of resolutions pledging support of the Administration in its conduct of the war, and that payment for attendance be received in Thrift Stamps.

The adjournment resolution provides for the recalling of the Convention by the president and a committee of one delegate from each county named by him, at some time after the close of the war, and at least within one year after the declaration of peace; but the opinion seems to be quite generally entertained that no such call will ever be issued. The committee named by President Brown, to act with him in the matter, consists of Scammon of Exeter, Snow of Rochester, Kennison of Ossipee, Plummer of Laconia, Lyford of Con-

cord, Emerson of Milford, Rice of Rindge, Barton of Newport, Bartlett of Hanover and Hutchins of Stratford.

The standing committees named by the president are:

Bill of Rights and Executive Department—Streeter of Concord, Hall of Dover, Buxton of Boscawen, Cavanaugh of Manchester, Pattee of Manchester, Gaffney of Nashua, Jacobs of Lancaster, Bartlett of Hanover, Bowker of Whitefield, Howard of Portsmouth, Towne of Franklin, Charron of Claremont, Meader of Rochester, Norwood of Keene, Clement of Warren, Frost of Fremont, Towle of Northwood, Bartlett of Pittsfield, Goulding of Conway, Tilton of Laconia.

Legislative Department—Lyford of Concord, Amey of Lancaster, Snow of Rochester, Barton of Newport, Doyle of Nashua, Scammon of Exeter, Brennan of Peterborough, Spaulding of Manchester, Watson of Keene, McAllister (Geo. I.) of Manchester, Hale of Laconia, Evans of Gorham, Wright of Sanbornton, Brown of Berlin, Duffy of Franklin, Eastman of Portsmouth, Edgerly of Tuftonborough, Haslet of Hillsborough, Hutchins, of Stratford, Foote of Wakefield.

Judicial Department—Plummer of Laconia, Howe of Concord, Demond of Concord, Upton of Bow, Hamblett of Nashua, Belanger of Manchester, Prescott of Milford, Colby of Claremont, Madden of Keene, Donigan of Newbury, Aldrich of Northumberland, Woodbury of Salem, Lewis of Amherst, Pettee of Durham, Smith of Haverhill, Doe of Somersworth, Sise of Portsmouth, Baker of Hillsborough, Hodges of Franklin, Rice of Rindge.

Future Mode of Amending the Constitution—Stone of Andover, Page of Portsmouth, Wallace of Canaan, Walker of Grantham, Varney of Rochester, Bartlett of Derry, Lawrence of Haverhill, Jones of Lebanon, Craig of Marlow, Emerson of Milford, Hull of Bedford, Rogers of Pembroke, Morrison of Peterborough, Young of Easton, Shirley of Conway, Ripley of Stewartstown, Farrell of Manchester, Hodgman of Merrimack, Shellenberg of Manchester, Spring of Laconia.

Time and Mode of Submitting Amendments—Pillsbury of Londonderry, Wilson of Manchester, Wentworth of Plymouth, Keyes of Milford, Chase (L. J.) of Concord, Callahan of Keene, Duncan of Jaffrey, Hoyt of Sandwich, Beede of Meredith, Hill of Plaistow, Morse of Littleton, Dow of Manchester, Angell of Derry, Farmer of Hampton Falls, Hayden of Hollis, Duncan of Hancock, Foster of Waterville, Parsons of Somersworth, Beaman of Cornish, McNally of Rollinsford.

Among the amendments introduced and referred are several relating to the mode of providing for future amendments, one of which proposes doing away entirely with conventions and having amendments submitted by the legislature, alone, by two-thirds vote in joint convention; one providing for the initiative and referendum, one abolishing the executive council and another taking away its negative of the governor's appointments; one providing for reduction of the house of representatives, several in relation to taxation, and one eliminating the words "Protestant" and "Evangelical" from the Bill of Rights.

AN INTERESTING OCCASION

The Hanging of Portraits of Deceased Lawyers on the Walls of Plymouth Court House

It was an occasion of more than ordinary note, when, on May 14, last, ten portraits of eminent deceased lawyers, secured for the purpose after no little effort, were formally hung upon the walls of the Superior Court room at Plymouth, heretofore unadorned in this regard.

Associate Justice William H. Sawyer of the Superior Court, who had taken much interest in the work of securing these portraits, presided upon the occasion. The portraits in question were those of Hons. John M. Mitchell, Alonzo P. Carpenter, Harry Bingham, George A. Bingham, Lewis W. Fling, Albert S. Batchellor, William H. Mitchell, George H. Adams, Joseph C. Story and last but by no means least, Daniel Webster. Following are the remarks of Judge Sawyer, and various members of the Bar, incident to the occasion, which, as they relate to some of the most distinguished lawyers and eminent citizens of New Hampshire, in their day and generation, are deemed of sufficient interest for preservation in these pages:

Judge Sawyer: Gentlemen of the Bar—It is well for us, amidst the cares of a busy professional life, to pause once in a while and reflect upon the character and the achievements of those of our profession, who have gone before us. The law is a jealous mistress, but she amply repays those who are industrious.

While it is doubtful if the members of the Bar, whom we are here today to honor, could have accomplished the work that is attained today with the modern facilities that the Bar of today has, yet I sometimes wonder if with the modern aids there is induced that careful preparation, originality of thought and research, that men of the older school were induced to make.

I am frequently filled with amazement when I read and reflect upon some of the new legal treatises that bear so plainly the earmarks of the dictagraph, and I am wont to pause and with reverence reflect upon men like Story and Kent and Thomas M. Cooley, who produced such masterpieces with their own pens in all lines of law, from the common law to constitutional law.

The Grafton County Bar has been favored as fully as any bar of the state of New Hampshire in its personnel, and, as I said, it is good for us to pause and reflect and give heed to the lives and the industry of those of our brethren who have gone before us. It is not sufficient alone that we should have written and spoken words of commendation, but it is well that we should have their faces before us for the inspiration we gain from them, as well as for the lessons that the younger generations and those who come after us may derive in honoring the character and the ability that they possessed, and which their faces re-

flect, and which we honor by placing them in our halls of justice.

There have been presented to the Bar of Grafton County portraits of the Hons. John M. Mitchell, Alonzo P. Carpenter and George A. Bingham, Justices of this Court; and we also have today the portraits of the Hons. Harry Bingham, Lewis W. Fling, George H. Adams, William H. Mitchell, and Joseph C. Story; and we were to have, and shall have by tomorrow, the portrait of our late brother, the Hon. Albert S. Batchellor, and we are also favored with an engraving of Daniel Webster. And it may not be inappropriate if I call first to your attention the first one I have just named, who was a native of Plymouth, the Hon. John M. Mitchell, for some time a Justice of this Court, a learned man, a gentleman and a scholar, and of whom his partner, the Hon. Harry F. Lake, of Concord, will speak.

Hon. William H. Sawyer

Harry F. Lake, Esq.: May it please the Court—I have been asked in this hour, dedicated to the memory and deeds of men familiar to this Court in the years gone but now no more with us in the flesh, to say some words in appreciation of the late Hon. John M. Mitchell, who at the time of his death was an Associate Justice of the Superior Court.

Such an opportunity is indeed a privilege. If to have admired a man for his conspicuous ability, to have respected him for his integrity of character, to have been influenced by his high-minded philosophy of life and

his kindness, and if to have loved a man as a father because one can remember no other, gives one a right to speak a word concerning a lost friend, then I may even claim such privilege as my own.

To be born of worthy but poor parents in the midst of hard circumstances and the lack of ready advantage, and then by inherent ability and untiring industry attain a position in the administration of our laws requiring such qualities of head and heart as are possessed or can be attained by a few only, and in that position to be accorded the universal judgment of conspicuous success, and in dying to commend the attention and the expression of the affection and the heartfelt sense of loss of an entire state, is the brief story of his life.

Many of you present knew Judge Mitchell for a long time before I did, and many of his accomplishments that are biography only to me were personally known to you. Born here in the town of Plymouth, July 6, 1849, his parents soon removed to Derby, Vermont, whence John M. Mitchell came to Littleton to enter the law office of Harry and George A. Bingham, in September, 1870, and where he stayed until his removal to Concord in June, 1881. It should be stated that before he left Derby he laid the foundation of his education by short term attendance in Derby Academy, and by service as Superintendent of the Schools of the town for two years between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one. Likewise, in Derby he was a student of the law, registered in the office of Edwards and Dickerman.

Judge Mitchell was so devoted to his profession, that I can never believe that he ever sought for public office. However, early in his legal career, he served as solicitor of Grafton County—this was in 1879, seven years after his admission to the Bar. In 1888, he was appointed Democratic member of the Board of Railroad Commissioners, and served until his resignation in 1891. Once only, in 1892, he served his constituency in Ward 4, Concord, as Representative to the Legislature, but undoubtedly because the work was more to his liking he was delegate from the same Ward to the Constitutional Conventions of 1902 and 1912.

From a training of thirty-eight arduous years at the Bar, where he had taken a notable place in much of the important litigation in the state, complemented by a participation in business matters of the greatest moment, he was called to the Superior Court Bench, and assumed his duties October 1, 1910.

As an earnest admirer of Judge Mitchell, and jealous of his good name, I have taken pains to learn the estimation in which he was held for his work upon the Bench during his career there, which was all too short. It has been the absolutely unanimous judgment that from the first day of his service he was a great judge. Of the certainty of his success there could well be no doubt. No man in our times ever springs full-armed, without preparation, to the necessities of a great work. But in the case of Judge Mitchell, the preparation was there. It had come through the two score years of study and of meeting men in earnest contests over things big and little. It had come through countless arguments to the jury, and the preparation and presentation of countless arguments to the Law Court. It had come because he had added to the instincts of a warm and sympathetic heart the view-points of all sorts and conditions of men, in all the walks of life. He was prepared to be a great judge because from the first of his ripening years he had participated in the greatest study of mankind, which is man. He knew human nature.

May I suggest a few characteristics, which I believe mark, and hence make up, the man? His kindness was extreme, but was never for display. I have personally never known a man

HON. JOHN M. MITCHELL

to whom so many people resorted for favors and advice, which, within all reasonable limits, they obtained. Not only this, but I knew instances where his money was spent for food, clothing and other necessities in cases which called for an expenditure of impressive amounts. After these years, I could name the exact amount he gave that an humble servant girl might have a decent burial, except that delicacy forbids. His philosophy of life was not merely to "live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man,"—he found his greatest pleasure, I believe, in the tumult of the people wherever men were struggling upwards.

He was one of the most truly religious men I have ever known. As he respected other men in their views, he commanded respect for his own, and received it. He exemplified, as few men of my acquaintance have, the fine doctrine that has made the world so good a place to live in through all the ages,—that the strong should bear the burdens of the weak. It was for this reason that men in trouble came to him, and in him found a friend and helper.

I think he was one of the most consistent fighters I ever knew—there was something about the air of contest that stirred his blood. He never let go without a struggle, and then it came hard; and yet on many occasions, I have heard him say that if both parties to a contest would make concessions and so compromise a suit, each would generally come out of it better than would the victor after a contest in Court.

John M. Mitchell was an honest man. I have seen him working with compensation and without it—for poor clients and for wealthy ones—where he was opposed in the conduct of cases by men of large, and by men of small, ability; and I have never seen him resort to a mean, ignoble act in practice, or do a dishonest deed.

Of the time he spent in enterprises that interest the good citizen only, of the efforts in behalf of his church, and of education in his community, I cannot take the time to speak. Certainly, few men have equalled him in responding to such calls. When it means labor of a difficult nature, when it takes the time that should be given over to rest and recreation, when it means, as I think it did in his case, the impairment of health, such response means a sacrifice, but Judge Mitchell did not refuse, for he felt it was the part of the ideal lawyer to so respond.

This brings me to what I think was the great passion of his life—the law, itself, and his part in it. He regarded the law as a sacred thing, and the career of the lawyer as a high mission. I have never heard from any lawyer so passionately high-minded a conception of the place of the lawyer in our modern life. To him, a lawyer was always the pioneer, the moulder of public opinion, the discoverer of new remedies, and the ever ready assistant of the courts in the pronouncement of new decisions to fix the rights of our people. He thought in a large way. He regarded a decision of the Supreme Court as of more than local interest, as a contribution, indeed, to the jurisprudence of the world. He deplored to an unmeasured degree any tendency for the practice of law to degenerate into a mere business. To his mind, the ideal lawyer was he who could take his client's case from the very beginning through all stages of preparation, trial and appeal, to final judgment and execution. He considered the place of the lawyer as one of peculiar, even sacred responsibility, and to this responsibility he gave his all in most unstinted fashion.

You knew him as a student, but we in the office knew of the countless decisions he read and pondered and discussed, the many times he wrote and re-wrote an argument, the struggle to make a sentence or a paragraph mean just what he wanted it to

mean,—and sometimes it was a battle royal,—his carefulness as to punctuation, and his avoidance of the unthinkable heresy of a misquotation. A more tireless worker I have never known! I knew the care with which he composed some of his charges to the jury, and the delicate weighing of the evidence in court cases. There is in my possession the charge to the Grand Jury as he first gave it upon his ascendency to the Bench, and what I have said about his unusually high-minded regard for the law, often passionately and vehemently expressed, runs through this like a golden thread. I hope in some way this charge may be put into permanent form as a contribution to the state.

These I think are merely honest statements of Judge Mitchell's particular characteristics as a lawyer. It is but the bare statement of a fact that in his private life no unworthy act or deed tarnished the pure, white standard by which he chose to live. No period of his life could make a greater appeal to his friends and intimates than the last months, when, almost like a soul apart, especially after the death of Mrs. Mitchell, a woman of rare gentleness and beauty of character, he grieved and worked, until in the midst of grief and work his remaining strength was beaten down, and so the fine, heroic soul passed away, March 4, 1913.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is the query old as Job. Because, however, the Kingdom of God is within us, because Heaven commences now, because Immortality is from the very beginning, then we filling back into empty space the thoughtless words that say such a man is ever dead. We believe, not with the ancient orator, but consistent with a more optimistic philosophy, that the good a man does lives after him forever and a day.

This, then, is the man! The farmer boy's ambition to rise above the average fulfilled, the burden of many a wayfarer lightened, a large circle of friends made better, a strong man's full portion of the world's work accomplished, the ancient precept to "Do justly to love mercy, and to walk humbly" with one's God, made a living fact in a man's life, and to have fought the good fight that stretches all the way from babyhood to the grave.

So to us who knew and loved him, he still lives, though his visible presence is withdrawn. The body perishes,—what of it?

"This body is my house,
It is not I;
Triumphant in this faith
I live and die."

Judge Sawyer: The Chief Justice has desired me to express his regrets in being unable to be here today, which would have been particularly appropriate, and it was his earnest desire to have been here, but the urgencies of the Court at Manchester have prevented it, and he desired me to present his regrets. The same may be said of Brother Daley of Berlin, whom I expressly desired to have been here today, as there was something regarding Judge Mitchell that I earnestly desired him to tell the Bar. Brother Daley said his first acquaintance with Judge Mitchell was in 1883 when he was a student in the office of Hayward & Hayward of Lancaster—that was his first close acquaintance; he had met him casually in Grafton County—but he was admitted to the Bar at that time and after his admittance he received a letter from Judge Mitchell saying to him, "You have recently spoken to me of the fact that you have not acquired any library as yet; there is a lawyer in the southern part of the state" (I think his name was Burbank) who was planning to go away and Brother Mitchell said to Brother Daley in that letter, "The New Hampshire Reports, the General Laws, Town Officer and Sheriff, and such books as you

will need, are for sale for $242, and I suggest that you get them, as they are a bargain." To which Brother Daley replied he did not have the means at that time, and there he supposed the matter dropped, but a few days later a large case of books came to his office, upon opening which he found the New Hampshire Reports and the other books which Judge Mitchell wrote him about, and in due time he received a letter from Judge Mitchell saying "I have purchased these books, and at your convenience you can pay me." I earnestly wish Brother Daley might have been here to tell us about this and I expected he would until last evening when he telephoned me the condition of his wife would not allow him to be present, as he could not leave her bedside.

E. J. Cummings, Esq.: I wish to present the following resolutions and move their adoption:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Grafton County Bar be tendered to Miss Agnes Mitchell of Concord, N. H., for the gift of this most excellent portrait of her father, the Hon. John M. Mitchell, late Justice of the Superior Court, which from its position on the wall behind the Bench in the Court room of this, his native town, will ever remind the Bar, not only of his eminent legal attainments, but also of his personal characteristics of courtesy and fairness, which earned for him the affectionate respect of the entire Bar of the county and of the state.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk be instructed to spread these resolutions on the records of the Court and to transmit a copy thereof to Miss Mitchell."

Judge Sawyer: The resolutions will be received and unless objection is made they will be unanimously adopted, and are so adopted.

Those of us who have moved from the country to the city, even though they be the small cities, looking back on the small communities it seems almost incredible that the small village, nothing much more than a hamlet, could have supported a lawyer that ranked head and shoulders with the leaders of the bars of the state, but such is the past and such is the present. Chief among the jurists of New Hampshire who have become noted and adorned the Bench, and a companion of Chief Justice Doe—one of the greatest legal minds that ever lived—and the mind that most nearly matched Doe's, was Carpenter, whose portrait is behind the Bench, and presented to the Bar by his son-in-law—and his good wife, Mrs. Streeter, the daughter of Judge Carpenter—Frank S. Streeter; and General Streeter is here favoring us with his presence today, and he will speak to us of the late Alonzo P. Carpenter.

Hon. Frank S. Streeter: If the Court please and the Gentlemen of the Bar—I want to express my gratification in being able to be here at the time these portraits, representing this group of men, are to be presented to the Bar, for as Your Honor read the list, I realized that I knew all of them very very well, excepting Mr. Story. I knew many of them intimately, and some of them I loved as one man may love another.

It was very difficult for me to realize, as I was sitting here and thinking about this, that Judge Carpenter died twenty years ago this month. I asked my friend Veasey, in looking at the members of the Bar who were present, how many knew Judge Carpenter personally. It is quite certain, I think—you may correct me if I am mistaken—that there are here present, aside from myself, only two members of the Bar who knew Judge Carpenter as a lawyer. I am referring to my old friend "Ned" Woods, who lived beside him in Bath, and Mr. Burleigh. I do not see any one else here who knew him as a lawyer, because he left the practice of the law thirty-seven years ago. There are very few here—Brother Veazey and I have tried to make an inventory—that knew him in his capacity as a Judge. We make perhaps half a dozen, not more than seven or eight, out of this crowd that knew him at all.

The Judge was born in New Hampshire, and some member of the Bar will at sometime write a history of that territory lying north of Wells River and on both sides of the Connecticut River up towards Lancaster and beyond and will enumerate the list of great lawyers that were born in what appeared to be a special territory for the raising of great men. He was sent to Williams College, as he very frequently and jokingly remarked, so that he would have the benefit of Mr. Hopkins, and he thought his father was somewhat disappointed in the result. He graduated in 1849, and he went to Bath to study law. No, he went to Bath to teach in the community and then fell in love with Miss Goodall, the daughter of Ira Goodall, who was of the great firm of Goodall and Woods, and married and settled down in Bath in 1863. He there practiced until 1881 when he was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed the old friend of some of us, Judge William H. Foster. The story of that and the distinguished men that composed that court will sometime be written; there is no opportunity to tell about those men now —but Your Honor has referred to the fact that he was regarded as the only man, as an equal to Judge Doe in some respects and the only man on the Court that could match Doe in intellectual discussion. He was, upon Judge Doe's sudden death in 1896, made Chief Justice, and held that position until his death just twenty years ago, almost this very day.

Now, Your Honor, there are two angles from which we would look at a man who has first been a great lawyer, and, second, a great judge. One is of course the judicial side, and it is fortunate that the fame of the jurist sitting upon a court is permanently secured for his dignity, his reasoning powers, his common sense, and his judgment, all of which are reflected in the published opinions of the Court, to which we and our successors have a common access. Without reviewing that portion of his life, I shall be endorsed by all those who knew him, and about him, in the statement that he was a great judge, and will be so regarded by those who succeed us here at the Bar. But there is another side that I like to think about in connection, not only with Judge Carpenter, but with these other men whose portraits are placed here, and that is the human side—what kind of lawyers were they, what kind of men were they? That is the side that appeals to us I think especially after the lapse of so many years.

I went into Judge Carpenter's office in the fall of 1875. I was sort of wished on to him; I became engaged to his daughter, not perhaps with his entire approbation, but thinking he might have two to support instead of one, he thought he would take me into the office. I entered there and studied under him, and as illustrating the difference in the way—in the method of teaching or training students then and now, I remember that he was always home Saturdays, and always, not always, but almost always went away Monday morning. When he went away one Monday morning he handed me out some papers, which were statements regarding an action of slander which some woman had brought against old Asa Barron—you older men in Bath knew him—and said "Now I wish you would make a declaration in that." I didn't know anything more about a declaration than I did about the duties of the King of Heaven, and I went at them and I found a way, finally struck Chitty on Pleadings, and I worked pretty hard that week,—and of course it wasn't of any consequence. There was another advantage in those days that the boys had that they don't have today in going into a large office. The students have their places in the office, but they are not present at the consultations. Now during the time Eastman and I were in his office we were present at every talk he had with his clients. The statement of the

client to Carpenter and his advice, his examination to get at the facts of the case, and his advice were all open to us.

Now as a lawyer, I think perhaps the most striking quality was his power of concentration upon any subject in hand and a tremendous power of cross examination. I think the older men of the Bar will justify me in saying that there was no more skilful cross examiner to get at the truth than Judge Carpenter. Another thing he excelled in to a marked degree, and that you younger men at the Bar may perhaps remember with profit,—he felt that the opening statement to the jury was the most important part of the case. He has told me many times "If I can open the case to the jury and get the first hack at them I don't care who argues it." He opened his cases with the greatest particularity and anticipated in his opening every possible defence that could be suggested by the other side.

I feel a good deal like reviewing some of the things that happened in this very group of men. Judge Mitchell was just coming to the Bar, he was four years my senior, he was with Harry Bingham. I refer to that revolution in the practice which was carried on by Judge Doe without any legislative system; the absolute revolution of the practice at the Bar which was begun in 1876—he went on to the Bench (didn't he?), the second time in 1876—and I tell you, you younger men of the Bar, that it was a very painful procedure, and this group of men, including John Mitchell who was very much younger of course, but Carpenter and Harry Bingham especially held caucuses on some of those newest decisions, and while they were both good men, they had a great command of language, not only sacred but somewhat profane, and those men got together and discussed this last performance of Doe's. Doe would have such and such a case, they would review it, and I happened to be in a position where I realized the pain that that revolution, judicial revolution by judicial authority, and not by the help of the Legislature, produced—how it was discussed.

In addition to his being a great lawyer, Carpenter was, I think, the best student, scholar, that we have ever had at the Bar. It would seem strange to you, gentlemen, to know that he not only kept up his Latin, familiarly kept it up, but he also kept up his Greek. Now I don't think he could speak either Italian, Spanish or German, but he certainly kept up his knowledge of those subjects and read, and apparently with interest, books in each of those languages. Also he was a great lover of mathematics, and I have seen him when he got "tuckered" and tired and worn out, I have seen him take down from a little shelf over his desk in the corner of the fireplace, his geometry and take and figure a problem in geometry and work it out. There are very few members of the Bar that can do that.

Now one of the most striking things, most striking qualities, was his consideration for others and his sense of humor. He had a sense of humor that floated him over the most troublesome things, where some of us without a sense of humor get lost. One of the first illustrations of his consideration of others that I remember—Attorney-General Eastman was with him in the office, it was in 1876, and under the old bankruptcy form there were three lines left, "to the matter of" and coming next "The name of the man" then right under that "Bankrupt," they all ended on the same line, and then there was a brace—if Dr. Dunn wasn't here I should say it was a Sunday morning we were in the office, and Eastman had been preparing a bankruptcy paper and Eastman had drawn a brace so that it didn't look much like a brace; it wasn't very good shape, and he passed it over to Carpenter and Carpenter began to jolly him and laugh at him and so on, and finally Eastman got mad and I will never forget it, it was the only time I ever

did see him get mad, he turned around and he said "Mr. Carpenter, I want you to understand I don't advertise to draw." Well, the way in which Carpenter smoothed that off—"That is all right, I guess that is better than I could do." He disposed of it as finely as could be.

I say he had an unusual sense of humor. Every time he got into trouble, and we all do, except all my friends sitting along here don't have trouble—every time he got into trouble, he would think of a story, and nothing he enjoyed more than to tell a joke on himself. I remember of an old sheriff up in Littleton. He was out picking up pelts one winter morning, he drove down the hill and he had some pelts with him, he swung up around by the office and hulloed and Carpenter went to the door, and he sung out "I say there got any pelts to sell?" Carpenter looked at him, I guess he swore a little, and says "No, I haven't." He says "Well, I didn't know but you had, I know you take them."

Another thing he used to tell, which always delighted me. The old gentleman who lived opposite him was Uncle Chester Huckins. He had a farm and Carpenter had a farm, and they used to swap work in carrying on their farms, and Uncle Chester, whom Mr. Woods knew, was of the salt of the earth. He was a Christian gentleman, not only a member of the church but Superintendent of the Sunday School. Carpenter didn't make many pretensions. They always settled up at the end of the year. Uncle Chester would bring his books over to the little office and they would look them over and settle up, and pass a balance. This time the question was raised about a load of pumpkins, which Uncle Chester either had of him or he had of Uncle Chester, which they had charged in; there was a question about it. It started in the mildest kind of a way. If it was Carpenter who had them, he said "Chester, I don't remember about having them." "Oh, yes, you had them so and so." Carpenter tried to think and the more he thought about it the more he thought he didn't have them, and the more he thought he didn't have them the more Uncle Chester thought he did, and finally, as we have seen in actual daily life starting from a little simple thing, they both got thoroughly aroused until each said harsher and harsher things, and finally Uncle Chester got so thoroughly mad he called Carpenter a damn liar—then Carpenter saw right off what the trouble would be, he shut up the books, he says "Uncle Chester, you go home and we will drop this, and we will get together later and fix it up." Carpenter said that night he sat in his library reading, along about half past nine or ten he heard the old man's feet coming up the stone walk; the old man opened the door, broke in very greatly agitated and said to Carpenter "We had trouble this afternoon," he says, "we got mad." He says "Here I am a member of the church, Superintendent of the Sabbath School, a follower of Jesus, and I got mad and called you a 'damn liar.'" He says, "If you had done that to me nobody would have thought anything about it."

One of the last things that Carpenter said to me, illustrates his sense of humor. One Sunday he and I walked out to the Snow Shoe Club, some three miles out; it was a pretty long walk for the Judge, but he wanted to do it. Just as we got back, and were about to separate—this was a short time before he was taken with his final illness—he stopped and said very seriously: "Streeter, I want you to go up to the cemetery and buy a double lot for our families." He says, "I wish you would do it now, I wish you would do it when we are all pretty well and not wait until we get sick." He says, "I don't care where you do buy it." He says, "Jule"—that was his wife Julia—he says, "She wants a lot back under the trees where it will be quiet and retired, and Lillian—his

daughter—she wants one down on the broad hill side where she can get a good view." He says "I don't care, you go and get the lot and I will be satisfied."

This is a very inadequate representation of Carpenter; but the humorous side of Carpenter, exceedingly humorous side, because he was so delightful in his refined courtesy, comes back to me.

Now those of us who knew him intimately will remember that side of him and probably there are few of us left, but we shall remember that side with a great deal of pleasure. The others, the younger members of the Bar, will know about Carpenter, what Carpenter really was from the representation of himself that was reflected in his opinions. He was a good man and we all loved him and everybody respected him.

George F. Morris, Esq.: Please the Court—I want to present the following resolutions, and move their adoption:

"*Resolved*, That the Bar of Grafton County accept with deep gratitude the portrait of the late Hon. Chief Justice Alonzo P. Carpenter, which has been presented by Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Streeter, of Concord; which will ever remain upon the walls of this Court room, an inspiration to others to attain the heights in their profession which he so gloriously achieved.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk be instructed to extend these resolutions upon the records of the Court and to transmit a copy thereof to Mr. and Mrs. Streeter."

Judge Sawyer: The resolutions will be received, and unless objection be made, they will be unanimously adopted, and are so adopted.

General Streeter refers to men that were raised on the Connecticut River —Vermont produced her share, and we are happy to say that some came from New Hampshire. It is rare indeed that one family shall have produced three such wonderfully able men as were found in the three brothers, Harry, George and Edward Bingham. Of those three, two were members of the Bar of this county, Harry Bingham and George A. Bingham; the other member of the Bar followed the advice of Greeley and went West, to make his success in the state of Ohio, and later in the District of Columbia. The two that were members of this Bar, probably no person present was more familiar with than our friend, the Hon. James W. Remick, who will speak of them.

Hon. James W. Remick: May it please the Court and Brothers of the Bar—Nothing could bring to mind more forcibly the difference between our relation and that of our Allies to the present world struggle than the fact that while the temples of our Allies are being shot to pieces by the ruthless Hun, we are assembled in security adorning our temples with the portraits of those whose lives were associated with them. It is fitting that we should do this, if in doing it we neglect no war duty. That no such neglect is involved in what we are doing is attested by the leadership of Plymouth and all New Hampshire in every form of war activity and by the fact that the son of the Presiding Justice, to whom we are indebted for this, as for so many other forms of public-spirited service, is at this moment on the firing-line in France. By re-dedicating our temples of justice as we are doing today, we are rededicating ourselves to the struggle to preserve them and all that they stand for, at whatever cost. It is noteworthy in this connection that Ambassador Gerard in his latest book says, "The Emperor . . . . has an inborn contempt, if not for law, at least for lawyers. In October, 1915, for instance, he remarked to me, 'This is a lawyers' war—Asquith and Lloyd George in England, Poincaré and Briand in France.'" It was to be expected that one who deliberately wrote and published, "From childhood, I have been influenced by five men, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Theodoric II,

Frederick the Great and Napoleon. Each of these men dreamed a dream of a world empire. They failed. I have dreamed a dream of a German world empire, and my mailed fist shall succeed"—and who, to achieve that object, has made the world a human slaughter-house and himself the arch-butcher of mankind, and then invoked God in justification—I say, it was to be expected that such a one would have contempt for everything savoring of justice and everybody having to do with the administration of justice. Had I known before accepting the invitation to speak here today that the Kaiser held such opinions about law and lawyers, I might have declined. As it is, I see no way but to go forward with my part of the program, notwithstanding his majesty's sentiments.

I count it the most fortunate circumstance in my own humble career at the Bar that it was begun in the home town of those legal giants, Harry and George A. Bingham, and at a time when they were in the full strength and maturity of their power. The pleasure of self-conscious importance, which is sometimes the privilege of the young lawyer in a country community, was impossible in association with these men. On the contrary, to such a one their towering eminence gave a depressing sense of insignificance and obscurity. In the shadow of their greatness, it was for him to be a sort of chore-boy in the profession. But for all the deprivations for which they were responsible, in the way of early recognition and youthful conceits, they compensated a thousandfold by the lasting inspiration and helpfulness of their example and association.

Harry Bingham was at once lawyer, statesman, scholar, sage and philosopher. As a lawyer, he was worthy to sit with the great men who adorn the Supreme Court of the United States. As a statesman, he belonged with those who, in earlier times, fashioned the republic and wrote "The Federalist," and with the Edmunds, the Thurmans, and the Shermans of modern days. As a scholar and philosopher, he was a marvel to all who were admitted into his life of study and contemplation. For virility of mind, breadth of vision, and wealth of learning, he belonged to the highest classification.

To those who find his measure in the offices he held, and the attention he attracted in the nation at large, our estimate may seem exaggerated. Indeed, his fame was in no way commensurate with his ability. This argues nothing against the latter.

Reputation, as has been well said, is "Oft won without merit and lost without deserving." It should not be confounded with character, nor political notoriety mistaken for true greatness. "The grasshoppers make the fields ring with their importunate chinks, while the great cattle chew the cud and are silent." By means of wealth, brazen self-assertion, political craftiness and snare-drum eloquence, hundreds of men were famous in his day, as so-called politicians and statesmen, who were not worthy to unloose the latchets of his shoes. Wealth, position and reputation are but the trappings of circumstance. The true test of a man is the measure and quality of his mind, heart and soul.

Harry Bingham was never a senator of the United States, but he was immeasurably greater than many who have been and are, and no one will question that he was worthy to be. To deserve a high office is a dignity to which no man has attained who has simply secured it.

Those who, conscious of his power, stood by him in his last hours, and saw the great light fade and go out, may well ask, in view of the scant visible reward and apparent end of all, "What profit hath a man of all his labor?"

As a result of his work, Harry Bingham's mental horizon embraced the earth and planets, and all races

and times. The origin and development of man, civilization, and government were to him an open book. Sitting in his office, among the hills he loved so well, he could close his eyes and see the whole world as a panorama—as it was and as it is.

Suppose that death ends all; was not his capacity to hold communion with all that is and that has been, source of infinite satisfaction, and profit enough? But death does not end all. He still lives, at least in your lives and mine. By such individual endeavor, operating in invisible ways upon the generations, mankind has advanced and is still advancing. Is it not profit enough, when death comes, to know that we have contributed our most to this great forward movement? And finally, if, as we believe, death is but a transition, who shall measure the eternal advantage of a life of noble and strenuous endeavor here?

Besides knowing George A. Bingham in other relations, it was my good fortune to be a student in his office for about one year. Of him in this relation, I cannot speak too highly. When I entered his office, it was with something of awe, but he soon had me at ease by stating the legal question he for the moment had under consideration, and asking my opinion. It was not done with the air of condescension, nor from curiosity to test the quality of my mind. It was done in a sincere and genuine spirit of inquiry. He really wanted my opinion, and he could not have asked for it with appearance of greater respect had I been his peer at the Bar—if he had been the student and I the preceptor. However absurd the opinion, there was no offensive disapproval, no humiliating analysis, no sting of ridicule in word or look, but it was received with the same thoughtful and respectful consideration as if it had been the wisest deliverance of the greatest sage. This was not a rare exception due to a moment of relaxation and good nature. It was the uniform habit of the man. From that time on during my term in his office, I worked with him a great deal, examining law, writing opinions, making briefs and preparing oral arguments and he was always the same unsophisticated, confiding and agreeable person. Nor was his conduct in this respect any mark of favor to me. It sprang from the very constitution of his mind and nature. My experience was, I venture to say, the experience of every young man who was ever associated with him.

He was a tireless investigator of the law, not in a philosophic and scholastic sense, but always with reference to the case in hand. He taught his students the inestimable habit of thorough and exhaustive examination of legal questions, and thus put them under an obligation which a thousand tributes would not discharge.

In making briefs and writing opinions, his mental process was laborious. His mind ground slowly, but it ground exceeding fine. The heat of forensic conflict furnished a needed stimulus, and on such occasions he would astonish those accustomed to his office habits by his ready repartee and quick command of resources.

Along with his other judicial attributes, he possessed in a marked degree that indispensable quality of a great judge—he was a patient listener. The same characteristics which attached his students to him, made him beloved by the younger members of the Bar as a Judge upon the Bench.

He clung tenaciously to the law. He accepted in the fullest sense the oft-expressed idea that "the law is an exacting mistress," and allowed nothing to attract him from it. In his devotion to it, he denied himself that intellectual and physical diversion which health of mind and body demand. I do not know that he ever read a novel. I cannot say that he departed from the strict line of his practice to read the lighter literature

of the profession. I am not aware that he even so far relaxed as to engage to any considerable extent in historical, political, or philosophical reading. The seductions of society and the charms of nature could not lure him from his cases; night and day, year in and year out, he plodded on in life-destroying consecration to his calling.

If, like his distinguished brother, he had sought more of change and relaxation in political, philosophical and historical reading and contemplation; or like his former partner, Judge Aldrich, he had now and then put aside his briefs and cases and found near to nature's heart, in forest and on lake and stream, health-giving sport and recreation,—I believe his majestic figure would be towering in our midst today instead of sleeping, as it does, over yonder. But that unyielding persistency which broke natural limitations and made him the leader of men of greater genius, had fixed upon him a habit of work, from which the attractions of life could not lure nor the apprehensions of death terrify.

More than five years before he died, he was admonished by failing health of the necessity of diversion and rest, but, impotent to resist the force and momentum of habit, he worked on almost to the hour of his death.

He was a strong lawyer, an able judge, and an exemplary husband, father and fellow-citizen. No eccentricity marred the outline of his character. His manhood was stained by no excess. In all the relations of life, he was a dignified and wholesome gentleman. No higher tribute than this could be paid to any man.

Never was maternal love more richly rewarded than in the birth and life of the brothers, Harry, George and Edward Bingham. Three sons, and every one a king among his fellows—kingly in stature, pose and step; kingly in eye, voice and gesture; kingly in mind and soul and will and character—but, thank God, without touch of the Kaiser kind of kingliness, made up of moustache and egotism, blasphemy and brutality.

I am sure you unite with me in reciprocating the Kaiser's contempt and in paying tribute to such great and noble exemplars of our profession.

Raymond U. Smith, Esq.: I ask leave to offer the following resolutions and ask their adoption:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Grafton County Bar be extended Mr. Justice George H. Bingham of the Circuit Courts of Appeals, and to his sisters, Miss Helen Bingham and Mrs. Walsh, for the portraits of their late father, Mr. Justice George A. Bingham, and of their Uncle, the late Hon. Harry Bingham, whom the Bar loved and respected.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mr. Justice Bingham, Miss Bingham and Mrs. Walsh."

Judge Sawyer: The resolutions will be received and unless objection is made they will be unanimously adopted and are so adopted.

Nature is kind to some men; it was kind to Judge Bingham in prolonging his life so long; and when it is kind, and we meet one of the members of our profession who is on the western slope, going down into the deep valley, and who has come to a ripened old age, and whose faculties are clear, it is indeed a pleasure to associate with him and listen to his experiences. Of the members of the Bar whom it has been my pleasure to know, who have passed into the great beyond, there was none to me more pleasing than the dear old man, Mr. Fling of Bristol. He told me at one time he had attended one hundred and twenty terms of Court in this county without missing one. It was my pleasure to call upon him at his home in Bristol two years ago this summer, and there to review with him many of the instances of his early practice and to look over with him and hear his comments upon the

collection of photographs made by the late Chief Justice Doe between the years of 1864 and 1874. It was an inspiring visit. As he took my hand at parting he said "Brother Sawyer, I fear we shall never meet again in this world." He was a dear companion, a man of upright character, of high ideas, who honored his profession, and we, the Bar of Grafton County, are honored today with the portrait of that dear, good man, presented to us by his son, Charles W. Fling of Bristol, and his daughter, Mrs. Eva Fellows of Bangor, Maine, who have likewise honored us with their presence here today. Among those who knew him best is his former partner, Ira A. Chase of Bristol, who will speak of him.

Hon. Ira A. Chase: May it please the Court and Brothers of the Bar—As suggested of some other members of the Grafton and Coös Bars, Mr. Fling came to us from Vermont, having been born in Windsor, Vermont. He had a very excellent education for the times, in the district schools and high schools of Vermont and New Hampshire, and at the old Norwich University in Vermont, then a very celebrated university or military institute, as it was called. After graduating he was a teacher in New Hampshire and became acquainted with the late Mr. Sargent, or Esquire Sargent, a lawyer practising in Canaan, New Hampshire, and Mr. Sargent very kindly suggested it would be a very good idea for him to enter his office and study law. Mr. Fling upon reflecting took kindly to that idea and entered the office in the spring of 1847. However, Mr. Sargent, deciding that Wentworth was a more fertile field than Canaan, removed to Wentworth and Mr. Fling went with him; there he pursued the study of law and in a practical way. Mr. Sargent soon acquired an extensive practice; he was county solicitor at one time, and had a large business there, and Mr. Fling had the advantage of the law theoretically and of it practically. As has been suggested he was called into conference like as it was in Judge Carpenter's office, when matters were to be decided or to be talked over, where cases were to be prepared and the law examined, and he was made to assist in that work. He was admitted to the Bar in 1851, and was a partner of Judge Sargent for about a year and a half, when he heard of an opening in Bristol, which he thought would be advantageous to him, and he went there, and succeeded the Hon. N. B. Bryant, who was about removing, taking his practice and his office, wherein he continued for sixty-four years, and they are still in the occupation of his son, a prominent business man in Bristol. Mr. Fling at once secured an extensive practice in that locality, and took a leading place among the men of that town. He was interested in all public matters affecting the interest of the town, as well as the state. He was superintendent of schools as a young man. He was also much interested in the church, and was the leader of the choir, which he enjoyed very much, having a fine voice. He was also president of the bank. Being a Democrat in a Republican or a Whig town, as it was then, he was not favored with local office, although he was always the leader of his party in that town. In 1871 and again in 1872, when the Republican rule was overthrown, he was elected a member of the Senate, and was a member of the Committee on Judiciary during both sessions, and its chairman during one session. In those days when there were only twelve members, and the Senate was about equally divided between Republicans and Democrats, one man's influence was very great. The importance of his assignment to committees attests the respect with which he was regarded. This was, I think, all of the political career that he enjoyed. He was favored at that time by receiving the degree of Master

of Arts from Dartmouth College. A similar degree was also conferred upon Hon. Daniel Barnard at the same time. Mr. Barnard and Mr. Fling while frequently opposed to each other in court, were yet very great friends. I remember Mr. Fling told me upon congratulating Mr. Barnard of his degree, that the latter replied that Mr. Fling was already master of more arts than Dartmouth College could conceive or confer upon him.

I entered his office as a student of the law, and was admitted to the Bar, and to the firm in 1881, a relation which lasted until 1894 when it was dissolved by mutual and friendly consent. Mr. Fling, as those of you who knew him are aware, was a man of distinguished appearance. He was erect in stature, due undoubtedly to his early military training. He was a man who was very affable and courteous in his manner; very dignified and yet very kind; he was a man of judicial temperament, a natural jurist who would have adorned the Bench if he had been placed there. He was an able lawyer, well read, and a man of great good sense and sound judgment; and for his clients, a wise and discerning counsellor. He was respected by his associates at the Bar and by his fellow citizens. During his long career he was interested in many important cases, being associated, either with or against, every person whose portrait appears here today, with the exception, of course, of Daniel Webster. He was on terms of intimacy with all of these distinguished men, and with many others like Judge Ladd and Ossian Ray and very many more whom I could mention. He knew them very well, he called them into his cases and he was called into theirs. I might say in passing in reference to the Hon. Harry Bingham—I didn't think of it until Brother Remick was so eloquently speaking of him—he was once associated with Mr. Fling in a case, where a certain man's wife was injured on the railroad, and this man was a spiritualist. Mr. Fling was counsel for the plaintiff and had Harry Bingham with him in the case. The husband of the injured woman was present during the trial and at one of the consultations he remarked that Daniel Webster was with them in this case in spirit, Bingham replied with "I wish we had him in flesh."

Brother Fling was a most agreeable and companionable man in the office, being much like Judge Carpenter in respect to humor; he had a very keen sense of the ludicrous and humorous, in fact exceedingly keen, and he had a great power of characterization. He had such a long career, and knew the leaders of the Bar so intimately, and had been associated with them in so many cases, that he had a fund of stories and reminiscences that was remarkable, and which he was fond of repeating. I can recall a great many stories and interesting events that he related to me, that have occurred in this and other court rooms, concering about every person whose portrait adorns these walls. Mr. Fling was of a naturally philosophical temperament; he was a man who read and thought a great deal, and he enjoyed reading the finer and better things in this world, the finer literature, and for many years, except when engaged in the active matters, he spent his evenings in reading. He was naturally, speaking from a physical standpoint, an indolent man. I should say he didn't like manual labor of any kind, and as far as I could observe he never indulged in it unless he was obliged to; but when it came to the preparation of his case, he was untiring in his labor. He gave himself entirely to his client, and he worked heroically. He was always faithful to his clients. When before the Court or jury he was a formidable antagonist, adroit, tactful and resourceful.

Owing to the evenness of his

temperament and habit of throwing off the care and business of life at evening and passing that time in reading, he attained the great age of more than ninety-two years, and at his death was the oldest member of the Bar of Grafton County, and perhaps of the state of New Hampshire.

He was kindly cared for during his last years by his son and daughter, who are with us today. His son, Charles Fling of Bristol, accompanied by his mother, and also his daughter, Mrs. Fellows accompanied by her husband, a prominent lawyer in Maine, who has been Speaker of the House, have come today from their distant home, with their two sons, who are also honorable members of the Bar, leading men in Maine. I am very glad they could be present with us today to hear these remarks in regard to these distinguished men, the friends and associates of their father and grandfather.

Clarence E. Hibbard, Esq: I desire to present the following resolutions and move their adoption:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Grafton County Bar be extended to Charles W. Fling of Bristol, and to his sister, Mrs. Eva Fellows of Bangor, Maine, for the portrait of their father, Hon. Lewis W. Fling, late of Bristol, whose genial countenance reflects the beauty of his character, and the high ideals by which he was ever guided.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mr. Fling and Mrs. Fellows."

Judge Sawyer: The resolutions offered by Mr. Hibbard are received and unless objection is made will be unanimously adopted, and they are so adopted.

Mr. Chase might have added that one of Mr. Fling's grandsons, who has favored us with his presence, is the Clerk of the Federal Court in Portland, Maine.

Among my early recollections of the New Hampshire Bar—among the happiest of them in my student days—was that of our genial friend the Hon. Albert S. Batchellor, a man who was possessed of the combined qualities of a good lawyer, a thorough student of history, and the qualities of good fellowship, which made him an enjoyable companion. His portrait was to have been with us but I received word this morning that it had been delayed and would not reach here until tomorrow. It has been presented and will adorn the walls of this Court room tomorrow, the gift of his daughter, Mrs. Bertha Sulloway of Franklin. We all knew him so well that in our minds-eye we can carry the memory of his face as though it adorned the walls.

Among those who knew Brother Batchellor best in his last days,—perhaps none knew him better—is our Brother Fletcher Hale of Laconia, who will speak of him.

Fletcher Hale, Esq.: May it please the Court. Your Honor, when you asked me to speak of Brother Batchellor I sensed a feeling at once of intense gratification, and of sincere regret. Gratification, that such a compliment should come to me—that an opportunity should arise by which I might say a few words concerning the man whom I so loved and revered—and regret, Your Honor, that I did not know him all through his life that I might present his case justly and truly as it is.

Albert Stillman Batchellor was born in Bethlehem the 22nd day of April 1850. He attended Tilton Seminary, graduating from there in 1868, and then went to Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1872. He immediately entered the office of Harry and George A. Bingham, in Littleton, and with them studied law, being admitted to the Bar in 1875. From the time he graduated from college his name, and his fame, if you please, have been associated with the great names of Bingham and Mitchell right down almost to the time when he died, in 1913. In other

words, all his training, all his experience grew out of association with these great men, of whom we have heard this afternoon so well. His history, I think Your Honor, is not dimmed by the record of his associates, who stood in their sphere for certain things which go to make great lawyers. Judge Batchellor stood in his sphere for those things and other things which go to make great lawyers and good men.

It is unnecessary to say that a man of his calibre was honored in his town by almost every office he could hold. In addition, he served as Solicitor of Grafton County shortly after he was admitted to the Bar, represented the town of Littleton many times in the Legislature, and became a member of the Governor's Council in 1887 and 1888. For many years he served faithfully and efficiently as Justice of the Littleton Municipal Court, Trustee of the State Library and as a member of the Public Printing Commission. In 1890 he was appointed State Historian, an office which he held until his death, and the work of which I really think gave him the greatest delight of his life. He edited several volumes of the New Hampshire State Papers and of the Laws of New Hampshire during the Provincial period, wrote many historical pamphlets and treatises, and probably no man ever lived who possessed such accurate and thorough knowledge of the history of his State as he. He was intensely proud of New Hampshire, and intensely proud of being an American. His opinion on matters of history was widely sought by the foremost historians of the country. His attainments as lawyer and scholar were well recognized by Dartmouth College in 1910 when he was the recipient of the honorary degree of D.Litt.

He took particular pride in belonging to that group of men to whom General Streeter and Judge Remick have referred,—that great group of giants, which seemed to rise in that north country in that period. He did not have the temerity to class himself as one of them, as a peer with them, but to be associated with them and to speak of them as associates of his in his daily life, was one of the rich things he enjoyed. I think his admiration for Harry Bingham amounted almost to idolatry. He told me that he believed, if circumstances had adjusted themselves so that Harry Bingham could have entered the Legislative Halls of the United States his name and fame would have been handed down from generation to generation among the people of this country. And Harry Bingham's thoughts and philosophy, to a large extent, impressed themselves upon Judge Batchellor's nature, naturally, because he admired him as one man may admire another.

I first became acquainted with Judge Batchellor during my senior year in College. His son and I were in the same class in Dartmouth. Judge Batchellor came down from Littleton to attend our Commencement exercises, and he was invited to speak to the class at our banquet. The magnetism of the man, I think, may well be illustrated when I say that, after he had finished, the boys rose as a unit and voted him a member of the class of 1905, and he joined us, sat at the table with us and remained one of us. That thing, of itself, shows the way he impressed not only men of his own age, but the younger men. That is the way he impressed me. It was only shortly after that,—I think it was in the fall of 1905 or the early part of 1906,—that I received a letter from his son—I had then commenced to study law—saying his father had lost his eyesight, and asking me if I would consider coming to Littleton to do his reading and writing for him, while I was obtaining my legal education. It was really, it seemed to me, an unusual opportunity for a young man, and I accepted at once. I went to Littleton and entered his office, ex-

pecting to find a man who had gone blind, a man who had worked actively and industriously all his life, and then been stricken in that terrible way—expecting, Your Honor, to find a man broken in spirit, dejected, ready to give up and set back and take things as they came. But, Your Honor, although his affliction had been upon him but a few months, I found a man who had already discounted the philosophy of Milton in his ode on his blindness, "They also serve who only stand and wait,"— and had made his creed that the rest of his life should be one of active service—that he would die in the harness.

Now, Your Honor, you have spoken of his good fellowship, and it was a remarkable part of his nature, his good cheer, and his fund of stories which he could tell in his inimitable way. I think, sometimes,—I know, —it bothered him. He told me if he had his life to live over again—that was after he had lost his eyesight and had begun to see the serious parts of life more clearly than ever— he thought he would never tell a funny story again. He was afraid men held him in the light of a buffoon instead of a man. But I told him, in my humble way, that if he were able to bring good cheer into the world, if he were never able to do anything else, the good cheer which he had brought into the world was work enough, and more than most of us could ever hope to do. I think the men here, who knew him well,— General Streeter, Judge Remick, Mr. Martin and Colonel Jewett and all the others, would say he is held, not as a clown, as a buffoon, but as a gentleman, as a scholar, as an able lawyer, and as a good, honest, faithful and industrious man.

He was particularly painstaking that nothing should go out over his name unless it was absolutely correct so far as he knew how to make it so. He believed in industry to the limit, and if there was anything he could discover to make his work better, then it mattered not whether he worked late into the night, it mattered not whether he was paid for it. So long as anything that went out over the name of Albert S. Batchellor was correct, that was sufficient compensation for him.

I think perhaps I am taking up too much of the time, Your Honor, but I want to say in closing that it was an inspiration to a young man to go into that office and work for him, who could not see the light, and do his reading and writing for him, and see him work day after day in the face of the greatest obstacle, probably, that can come to man, and yet preserve his good cheer, his patience and his faith unto the end. If I had not known of him, if I had never heard of him, if I had known him only from the time when I first came into his office to work for him, I would have seen there exhibited his whole life. It was simply summed up in a fight for the right with industry and faith and loyalty.

He was a man who loved his friends, I think, better than any man I ever knew, and because he loved them he made many and kept them. It was a source of great delight to him, after his affliction came that such men as Your Honor and Judge Remick and others, whenever they came to Littleton, came in to see him. No one knows the pleasure he experienced after a visit of that sort.

So he lived in spite of the darkness, the physical darkness which confronted him, with his eyes of conscience and heart lifted always towards the sun.

George W. Pike, Esq.: I have a resolution I desire to offer and move its adoption:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Grafton County Bar be extended to Mrs. Bertha Batchellor Sulloway of Franklin, for the portrait of her father, the Hon. Albert S. Batchellor, whose life was devoted most honorably and assiduously to the practice of his profession and to recording the history of the

state; and who merited and received the esteem and confidence of his brethren of the Bar.

"*Resolved,* That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mrs. Sulloway."

Judge Sawyer: The resolutions offered by Brother Pike will be received and unless objection is made they will be unanimously adopted, and they are so adopted.

Brother Streeter, in suggesting the strong men that came from the Connecticut Valley on the Vermont side, spoke of two brothers born on the Vermont side, and the first speaker of today spoke of one that was born in this town and honored the Bench. Shortly after John Mitchell's birth the family moved to Vermont, and there, I believe, his brother William H. Mitchell was born; he, like his brother John, came over into New Hampshire and came to Littleton, where he studied in the office of Bingham & Mitchell, and it is particularly fitting that his portrait should adorn the walls of this room, the room where he made and achieved his great successes, and showed to the Bar of New Hampshire his most remarkable skill in the preparation of the case of *State* v. *Frank Almy* for murder. Mr. Mitchell was at that time Solicitor of this county, and he achieved therein the admiration of his fellow members of the Bar, as he always commanded their respect and love. His ideals were high; he was a whole-souled, whole-hearted man; to be associated with him was a pleasure. His portrait adorns the wall of this room, presented by Mrs. Clay. There are few of us left that studied in his office. Our genial Clerk, Mr. Dow, and Brother Hodgman, Clerk of the Federal Court, and Brother Bingham and myself, I think, are the sole survivors of the men who studied in that office, and of him his brother-in-law has kindly consented to speak.

Hon. Harry Bingham: Your Honor, Ladies and Gentlemen—

Hon. William H. Mitchell was born in Wheelock, Vermont, in 1856, was educated in the northern Vermont schools, Derby Academy, and at Standstead in the Province of Quebec. He graduated, I believe, or attended school at the Littleton High School, in 1877. He commenced the study of law with his brother, the late Hon. John M. Mitchell of the firm of Bingham & Mitchell, at Littleton, and while he studied he taught school at Dow Academy in Franconia for a brief period. I have met occasionally two or three men from that district and outside who said they had the pleasure and honor of going to school to Mr. Mitchell, that they profited by their training, and that they considered him a fine teacher. In 1880, Mr. Mitchell was admitted to the Bar, and in 1882 he became a member of the firm of Bingham, Mitchells' & Batchellor. Judge John M. Mitchell and the senior member of the firm opened an office in Concord in 1881, although retaining their interests in the Littleton firm until perhaps '85 or '86, when John M. Mitchell retired and the firm became known as Bingham, Mitchell & Batchellor.

Mr. Mitchell was very much interested in educational matters, was President of the Littleton Board of Education from about '86 or '87 to '95 or '96. He was a Trustee of the State Normal School, located here at Plymouth, for about the same time; he was a member of the New Hampshire State Senate in 1889, where he rendered conspicuous service on the principal committee in that body. From 1889 to '96, he was Solicitor of this County, and in '91 he was in the case of which Your Honor spoke, *State* v. *Almy.* Perhaps most of you remember that. Perhaps I might recall a certain circumstance there. There was a young lady in Hanover, found murdered; suspicion fell upon Almy who had worked for her parents,

and who disappeared concurrently with the crime. He was hunted for all over the country, and finally, some weeks after the crime was committed, some of the people in Hanover found evidences of food around a barn, and a guard was placed around it. In a night or two a man came out of the barn and went to an apple tree, and they found it was Almy; they surrounded the place and finally he made the proposition that he would see the County Solicitor. He was in the hay mow of the barn, and he said he would talk with Mr. Mitchell; Mr. Mitchell came and climbed into the hay mow, and went over and had an interview with Almy in which he gave himself up. That you may know the heroism and courage of Mr. Mitchell,—I might add that Almy was armed and had exchanged shots with some of those who had attempted his capture, and said he was prepared to shoot anybody that came. After a trial in this Court room Mr. Almy was sentenced to death before two Justices of this Court.

Mr. Mitchell was a very busy man, having great executive ability. Upon his entering into the firm of Bingham, Mitchells' & Batchellor, it became apparent at once he was just the man needed for the details of a large country practice, and he became very expert in that position.

He had always been a Democrat prior to 1896, when he declined to follow Mr. Bryan on the silver platform. He became a Republican at that time. I believe he did not hold any office under the Republican party, except that he was presidential elector in this state in the McKinley-Roosevelt campaign in 1900.

Mr. Mitchell was an untiring worker. I remember an instance well illustrating his industry. I think it was in the summer of 1887 during the great railroad fight in the Legislature. We had gone to bed about half past ten, at the Eagle. About twelve o'clock he sat up in bed and said, "I haven't seen 'so-and-so,' " I don't remember who it was. I says, "You can see him today." He replied, "Well, I suppose I can, I believe I know exactly where I can see him; I think he is over to the telegraph office." Up he got and dressed himself and started out, and in about half an hour he returned, saying, "Well, I saw him, and, it is all right; I had a satisfactory talk with him." "Well now," I said, "it would have been much better if you had staid right here in bed and seen him tomorrow." He replied, "I might have done that, but at the same time I can now go to bed and sleep, otherwise I would have been thinking about it all night. I had to get it off my mind."

In the last ten or twelve years of his life his health was not good, and he and Mrs. Mitchell made several trips abroad for the benefit of his health. What has been said here of Hon. John M. Mitchell, about his integrity and about his life, equally applies to his brother, the Hon. William H. Mitchell.

The north country—in fact the whole state—lost a big man when he passed away, and many there are who say they lost a friend in him, whose place no one can fill.

In April, 1912, he was stricken with pneumonia, and he was not strong enough to withstand the ravages of that disease, and so one of the grandest men in Littleton, and the sole remaining member of one of the greatest firms of lawyers in New Hampshire passed to that unknown country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

Hon. Charles H. Hosford: May it please Your Honor—I desire to offer the following resolutions and move their adoption:

"*Resolved*, That the Grafton County Bar expressits thanks to Mrs. Delia Bingham Clay, for the portrait of her former husband, the late Hon. William H. Mitchell, whose service at the Bar, for the state and for his clientelle, was ever recognized as of the highest order and merit; and whose genial, whole-souled character endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mrs. Clay."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions offered by Brother Hosford will be received and unless objection is made will be unanimously adopted, and they are so adopted.

We are getting closer to the home town, closer to this Court House, gentlemen, where we, as younger men, were accustomed to see that genial whole-souled man, George H. Adams, who served his county as Solicitor, his state as Insurance Commissioner, and who had a large clientage, which he served faithfully and well. No one knew him better than his partner the Hon. Alvin Burleigh, who will speak to us of Brother Adams.

[Mr. Burleigh read extracts from his address upon Mr. Adams, printed in the N. H. Bar proceedings for 1915.]

HON. WALTER M. FLINT: I wish at this time to present the following resolutions and move their adoption:

"*Resolved* by the Bar of Grafton County that its thanks be expressed to Mrs. S. Katherine Adams, for this beautiful portrait of her late husband, Hon. George H. Adams, which adorns the walls of the Court room, within the shadow of the building where for so many years he served his clients with an energy and faithfulness exceeded by none and equalled by few.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and transmit a copy thereof to Mrs. Adams."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions offered by Brother Flint will be received, and unless objection is made they will be unanimously adopted, and are so adopted.

Among the younger element of the Bar for many years there was no more upright man in his relation to his clients than our late brother, Joseph C. Story, of whom, Brother Asa Warren Drew, who was a student in his office, will speak.

HON. ASA W. DREW: It gives me pleasure at this time to attest to the sterling qualities of one of New Hampshire's sons, the late Joseph Clement Story of Plymouth, or, as he was familiarly known by his close acquaintances, "Clem" Story. He was born in Sutton, New Hampshire, August 28, 1855, and early in his life the family moved to Canaan where he resided up to the time of his marriage. From early life he evidenced those traits which characterized him in after years—a thorough determination to succeed along whatever lines he followed. He attended school at Meriden, at Phillips Academy and at other places. After completing his school course his aptitude for logical reasoning led him to the consideration of the law. He studied law in the offices of George W. Murray of Canaan, of Pike & Leach of Franklin, and in the office of E. B. S. Sanborn of Franklin and at the Boston Law School. In years after he would often relate some incident that occurred during his stay in the different offices whereby some legal point was impressed upon his mind never to be forgotten.

He began the practice of law in the town of Wentworth, but after a short time he came to Plymouth. While at Wentworth he became acquainted with Helen Louise Smith, the daughter of Hazen Smith, to whom he was married, October 18, 1881. By this union he had two charming daughters, Charlotte Louise Story, who at one time was in the office of Brother Thompson at Laconia, and Marion Story, who was musically inclined and learned to play the cornet, and at one time was known as the "Child Cornetist of New England."

It was my pleasure to be in the office of Mr. Story as a student and assistant for some two years and a half. While apparently somewhat aggressive in his nature, yet at the same time he possessed one of the most sensitive natures it has ever been my lot to find. One of the strongest characteristics of Brother Story was his loyalty to his clients and to his friends. He was never known to sit idly by when a friend was being abused; he was ready to resent reproachment of a

friend as if the shaft was aimed at himself. While this attitude occasioned some displeasure, in the end it won for him many friends.

He was associated with Brother Burleigh in the trial of Almy for the murder of Christie Warden, and at various other times became connected with the leading cases in Grafton County. His success at the Bar did not depend so much on brilliancy of oratory, as on the most thorough preparation of his cases. He introduced evidence with tact and astuteness, and acquired more than a local reputation in the trial of his cases. In speaking of dispatch, it may be stated that at one time he tried four divorce cases in a space of fifteen minutes and was on his way back to the office.

In the last three years of his practice, he was considered as one of the rising lawyers of New Hampshire and his future was accordingly looked to with a great deal of interest by his many friends. Some years prior to his decease he had an illness from which it was thought he never completely recovered, and in the fall of '92 and the early part of '93, he succumbed to acute melancholia, from which he died January 27, 1894.

He had his own peculiar views of the after life, and while he did not often speak of them, yet it became my privilege to have some conversations with him on that subject. Being asked "If a man die shall he live again?" he replied, "Well, what is the evidence to prove that he dies?"

He had not been in practice as a lawyer quite fourteen years, at his decease, but in that time he had won a reputation, not only locally but throughout the state, and will be remembered by the members of the Bar of Grafton County and a host of friends, as an able and honest lawyer, and the firmest and most faithful of friends.

Eri C. Oakes, Esq.: Your Honor—May I offer the following resolutions and move their adoption?

"*Resolved,* That the Bar of Grafton County extend its appreciation and thanks to Mrs. Helen L. Story for the portrait of her husband, the late Hon. Joseph C. Story, a strong and energetic lawyer, whose faithfulness to the cause he espoused, and whose never failing courtesy to his associates, secured for him the highest regard and affection of his brethren of the Bar.

"*Resolved,* That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mrs. Story."

Judge Sawyer: The resolutions offered by Brother Oakes will be received and unless objection is offered they will be unanimously accepted, and they are so accepted.

This completes the list of the members of the Grafton County Bar.

We have been honored in the presentation of a steel engraving of another lawyer, not one of the members of the Bar of Grafton County but a member of the Bar of America, foremost of the American statesmen in his lifetime. His portrait adorns our walls, facing out upon the little building where-on is the tablet certifying to the fact that in that building he argued his first case to a jury. Brother Wentworth will speak of Mr. Webster.

Hon. Alvin Wentworth: Daniel Webster was born on the 18th day of January, 1782, began the study of law in 1801, and was admitted to the Bar in Boston in 1805. He soon after returned to New Hampshire and opened his office in the little town of Boscawen, in order that he might be near his father. At his father's decease Daniel assumed his debts and then began the practice of law in Portsmouth.

While in Boscawen the incident in the practice of law which connects him with Plymouth took place. The Grand Jury at the May term holden in Plymouth in 1806 found two indictments, one for killing Russell Freeman and one for killing Captain Starkweather. Josiah Burnham was tried on the Starkweather indictment.

In the indictments it was alleged that the murders were committed December 17th, 1805, and that the victims died the following day. At the same term of the Court of Judicature, Chief Justice Jeremiah Smith presiding, the attorneys for the state were George Sullivan, Attorney General; Benjamin J. Gilbert of Hanover, County Solicitor. Alden Sprague of Haverhill, and Daniel Webster then of Boscawen, were assigned by the Court as counsel for Burnham, the defendant.

In reference to the trial, Judge Nesmith in the GRANITE MONTHLY, records that Daniel Webster informed him that "Burnham had no witnesses. We could not bring past good character to his aid, nor could we urge the plea of insanity in his behalf. At this stage of the case Mr. Sprague, the senior counsel, declined to argue in defence of Burnham, and proposed to submit the case to the tender mercies of the Court." Webster objected to this proposition, and claimed the privilege to present his views of the case. "I made," said Webster, "my first and the only solitary argument of my whole life against capital punishment; and the proper time for a lawyer to urge this defence is when he is young and has no matters of fact or law upon which he can found a better defence."

The *New Hampshire Gazette*, June 10, 1806, contains the following account of the trial:

"At the last term of the Superior Court in the County of Grafton, two bills of indictment were found against Josiah Burnham; one for the murder of Joseph Starkweather, Jr., and the other for the murder of Russell Freeman, Esq. On Monday the 2nd inst., he was brought to trial on the first indictment. The Attorney General discharged the painful duties of his office with fidelity and ability, and the counsel for the prisoner managed his defence with great ingenuity. The evidence was too clear and explicit to admit of doubts. The jury retired, and after a short consultation agreed that the prisoner was guilty. The Chief Justice, on Tuesday morning, in a solemn and impressive manner, pronounced against the prisoner the awful sentence of the law, in which he stated the aggravations of his offence, the candid and impartial trial which had been granted him, and the clearness of the proof against him, and after recommending to him sincere repentance for his sins and a firm reliance on his Saviour for mercy, condemned him to death. The prisoner appeared affected with the heinousness of his offence and regretted that he had not prevented the trouble and expense of a public trial by pleading guilty."

Judge Ebenezer Webster, the father, died in April, 1806, several weeks before the Burnham trial at Plymouth.

In Curtis' Life of Daniel Webster, the author erroneously states that the Burnham trial was in 1805, and referring to other cases tried by Webster in 1805 he expresses an inability "to determine which of them is to be regarded as his first case."

If Curtis had written with a knowledge that the plea of Webster at Plymouth was made in 1806, and after the death of Judge Ebenezer Webster, his statements and conclusions would have been changed. It is evident that the defence of Burnham at Plymouth was not the first plea made by Daniel Webster in the Courts of New Hampshire.

The little building now used as the Public Library in Plymouth, which stands directly east of the Court House, is the building which was then used as the Court House in which Webster argued in defense at the Burnham trial. It was afterwards used for various purposes. The building is now not only being preserved for its historic antiquity but is also being made active use of as a Public Library.

In May, 1852, Mr. Webster said to Professor Silliman "I have given my life to law and politics. Law is uncertain and politics are utterly vain.',

It was a sad commentary for such a man to have made on such a career, but it is said that it fitly represented Mr. Webster's feelings as the end of life approached. His last years were not his most fortunate and still less his best years.

If Mr. Webster's moral power had equalled his intellectual greatness, he would have had no rival in our history, but this combination and balance are so rare that they are hardly to be found in perfection among sons of men.

The very fact of his greatness made his failings all the more dangerous and unfortunate. To be blinded by the splendor of his fame and the lustre of his achievements and prate about the sin of belitting a great man is the falsest philosophy and the meanest cant. The only thing worth having, in history, as in life, is truth; and we do wrong on our part, to ourselves, and to our posterity, if we do not strive to render simple justice always. We can forgive the errors and sorrow for the faults of our great ones gone; we cannot afford to hide or forget their shortcomings.

His last wish seemed to have been granted, and that was that he might be conscious when he was actually dying, and on the morning of October 24th, 1852, just before he breathed his last, he roused from an uneasy sleep, struggled for consciousness, and ejaculated, "I still live."

I wish to offer the following resolutions and move their adoption:

"*Resolved*, That the Bar of Grafton County express to Mrs. Marie Hodges, its gratitude and appreciation of the fine engraving of America's foremost statesman, Daniel Webster, whose portrait is now hanging upon the walls of this Court room, so close to the humble building where his eloquent tongue and melodious voice first plead in behalf of a client.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk be instructed to record these resolutions on the records of the Court, and to transmit a copy thereof to Mrs. Hodges."

JUDGE SAWYER: The resolutions offered by Brother Wentworth will be received and unless objection is made they will be unanimously adopted, and are so adopted.

Let me at this time say to those who have been of so much assistance to the Court in gathering these portraits that I desire to express to them my hearty and sincere thanks.

VICTORY

By Martha S. Baker

I hear the steady march, the tramp of coming feet,
Of our victorious army that never knew defeat.

I see the lofty purpose in eager, flashing eye,
I see heroic action from motives born on high.

I hear, I hear them coming, I see each stalwart son,
Erect, triumphant, proud for righteous battles won.

An army of the free, a brotherhood of man,
The Prince of Peace their guide, the herald of the van.

They bring their trophies with them, the prize for which they fought;
Not selfish gain nor conquest was that they meanly sought;

It was justice, it was freedom, democracy made pure,
The golden rule of Christ that ever shall endure.

Make ready for their coming, make straight each crooked way,
Prepare the laurel-wreath for each victor in the fray.

All honor to the nation, all honor to her brave,
Who hazard life in service, humanity to save!

NEW HAMPSHIRE PREPARING FOR WAR*

By Prof. Richard W. Husband

Two years and eight months of careful observation of the war as it raged in Europe showed the American nation that success in warfare is today based upon sound business methods much more than it is upon excitement or mere enthusiasm. Before we ourselves declared war we realized thoroughly that our part in it would be insignificant unless we organized effectively in order that each effort would attain its best results. The most impressive fact about our participation in the struggle is that for the first time in the history of warfare a very considerable portion of the work is dependent upon civilian activity and civilian organization. The part played by the private citizens of New Hampshire in preparation for making the power of the state most useful and valuable is of noteworthy magnitude.

The one organization existing from the outbreak of war, and having as its primary object the operation of its members in war activities, was the American Red Cross. The service rendered by the Red Cross to the sufferers of all the belligerent nations was well known to our own people and to all other civilized nations of the world. As we drew closer to the point of joining in the struggle, a great effort was made to extend the Red Cross membership in New Hampshire, and the result of the campaign was most marked. By the time the United States declared war there were nearly one hundred and fifty active chapters in the state under the direction of a state chapter. More recently there has been some change in the organization, due to a desire that the system obtaining in other states should prevail in New Hampshire also. The work done by the Red Cross, however, has constantly maintained its high standard of excellence, and the volume of its product has increased. The people of New Hampshire not only contributed their full share of the one hundred million dollar fund raised in the United States in 1917 for the work of the Red Cross, but women in every town have agreed to devote a certain number of hours each week to the actual labor of making the materials so much in demand for the relief of suffering and the giving of comfort to the soldiers. This agreement has been more than fulfilled, as the large quantities of surgical dressings and garments sent to the front bear witness.

One hundred and seventy-seven thousand surgical dressings and made up garments have been made by the women of the New Hampshire chapter. In addition to this, over seventeen thousand knitted articles, including sweaters, socks, helmets, wristlets and mufflers, have been sent to the same headquarters. Eleven hundred Christmas packages have been packed and forwarded for the boys at the front.

During the summer of 1917 the American Red Cross adopted the system of dividing the country into districts. New Hampshire was placed under the direction of the New England division. The purpose was to have each community directly under the supervision of the division

*This article is a revision of an article by Professor Husband which appeared in the "Resource edition" of the *Manchester Union* of February 23, without his signature. It is deemed of sufficient importance and interest to be put in more permanent form for preservation, with due credit to the author.

rather than under the direction of a state chapter. New Hampshire has at present about thirty local chapters, with many branches and auxiliaries. Each chapter has jurisdiction over its own branches and auxiliaries, and the New England division has jurisdiction over the chapters. Within the past few months the output in materials has greatly increased due to the inspiration that has come as the result of sending our own soldiers to the front. The final figures relating to the Second Red Cross War Fund Drive just completed are not at the time of writing fully made up. So far as known at this moment, New Hampshire, with a quota of $300,000, has subscribed $510,000.

Beginning with the end of the year 1917, a new Red Cross activity has come into the state. This is called Home Service work. In every chapter a Home Service section exists, which has the duty of caring for the families of the soldiers and sailors who are in the service. This section has a double function: (1) to save the families of the soldiers and sailors from anxiety and suffering by means of quieting their fears and encouraging self-help in order to maintain the standard of comfort and health among the families and thereby to sustain the morale of the fighting men; and (2) to give information relative to the sending of material, learning the whereabouts and condition of the soldiers in the field, securing prompt payments of allotments and allowances from the government, and, where necessary, providing financial assistance.

The first attempt to induce the state systematically to make itself ready for engaging in war, provided war became inevitable, resulted in the formation of the New Hampshire League to Enforce Peace. This league was organized in June, 1915, but was superseded in May, 1916, by the New Hampshire League to Provide for National Defense and to Enforce International Peace. Early in March, 1917, a reorganization again took place, as a result of which all members of the New Hampshire league became members of the National Security League. The special purpose for which the league was formed is expressed in the following words taken from a statement issued by its executive officers: "It is in fact an attempt to mobilize the patriotic men and women of the state into a compact organization which can be relied upon to furnish public opinion in support of every measure which the governor and council may adopt for carrying on the work of the state in the present crisis." The work of the league has consisted chiefly in holding patriotic meetings throughout the state and in assisting other enterprises, especially engaged in active preparation for the war.

It was about the middle of March that the legislature of New Hampshire became impressed with the necessity for taking immediate action, with the result that a large number of bills were introduced and passed by practically unanimous vote, having a far-reaching effect upon the attitude of the state and upon its war activities. Among the bills thus passed by the legislature may be mentioned those permitting military instruction in the public schools, establishing a militia to be composed of all male citizens between the ages of 18 and 45, providing for a State Guard, providing aid for dependents of soldiers and sailors, directing the governor and council to assist the United States in the present crisis, and various other measures of great importance. In fact, the patriotic fervor of the legislature was so aroused that they displayed a readiness, almost without discussion, to adopt any suggestion whereby New Hampshire might render some contribution to the military, industrial, or economic strength of the nation.

The next stage in the active preparation of the state consisted in the appointment of the Committee on

Public Safety. The idea of the formation of such a committee seems to have been due to the initiation of a similar movement in Massachusetts. On March 13 a meeting was held in Boston of the governors of the several New England states to discuss plans of common interest in connection with "the present disturbed condition of affairs." At this meeting a resolution was adopted and signed by all the governors present, pledging their support to the president of the United States in carrying out his announced policy of protecting American lives and American property on the high seas. The resolution urged upon the national government the necessity of making forthwith the most energetic preparation for national defense upon land and sea.

Two weeks later, on March 27, the governor of New Hampshire appointed a Committee on Public Safety, consisting of 90 private citizens and the mayors of the 10 cities of the state, to coöperate with the civil and military authorities in the work of preparedness. On March 30 the Committee of One Hundred held its only full meeting, and then entrusted its active work to an executive committee which has put into effect the systematizing of the efforts of New Hampshire to assist the national government in performing its appropriate part in the world's struggle.

The New England states preceded the remainder of the country in the formation of state committees. When later the Council of National Defense, composed of six members of the cabinet, undertook the creation of subordinate councils of defense in every state, they simply took over the Committees on Public Safety in New England and made them part of the national organization. In this manner the Committee on Public Safety in New Hampshire has become the accepted representative of the national council, which in turn is the actual representative of the federal government. The committee has had no powers conferred upon it by the legislature, nor by the governor or the federal authorities, but it is recognized as the unofficial mouthpiece of the governing bodies that are seeking to have democracy plan the business of war in a truly democratic manner. The systematic nature of the work performed by the Committee on Public Safety constitutes the great difference between the war activities of the state in the present struggle and those in all previous warfare. Since it has become the recognized agent of the federal administration in the furtherance of its war aims, there is scarcely an undertaking in the positive preparation for war that has not either originated with the Committee on Public Safety, or been endorsed by it. The result of this is that the total effort of the state has been carried forward without crossing of purposes and without unnecessary and complicated machinery.

Immediately upon its creation the committee established an office in the state house and began its task of organizing the state by forming local committees in each city and town. The response from all parts of the state to the suggestion of making local organizations was remarkable, and within two weeks in almost every community in the state three committees were formed—an executive committee, a committee on food production, and a committee on state protection. Somewhat later a woman's committee was organized under the direction of the woman's division of the Council of National Defense. In addition to these four committees, various groups or bodies have been created for specific purposes, but these commonly disappear as soon as the particular enterprise upon which they are engaged reaches its definite conclusion. The local committees have been requested or instructed in many respects to work along definite lines in order that every section and every home may be reached with war undertakings. The majority of the

committees have performed excellent service, some going far beyond their instructions.

The coöperation of the Committee on Public Safety, a civilian body, with other civilian organizations in advancing the necessary undertakings of the state during a period of war, may be illustrated by one or two instances, which will serve also to illustrate the fact that the federal government is to a degree hitherto unknown depending upon the citizen body for assistance and vital support. When the national movement to raise $100,000,000 for the Red Cross took place in mid-summer, not only did the Red Cross organization have all its local branches working systematically and harmoniously to raise this fund, but it enlisted the coöperation of the Committee on Public Safety and used its local committees to aid in the task of raising the allotment of $350,000. In the places where there was no local chapter of the Red Cross the Committees on Public Safety were asked to raise the quota for their towns. When the first Liberty loan campaign was begun the State Liberty Loan Committee expressed the desire that the Committee on Public Safety assist it in reaching every citizen of the state in order that the subscriptions to the loan might be taken as broadly as possible. To this end a joint meeting was called of representatives of the Liberty Loan Committee and the Committees on Public Safety at which the state was divided into districts and the local committees of the Committee on Public Safety were asked either to become local representatives of the Liberty Loan Committee or to coöperate with the Liberty Loan Committee.

This is also the first instance in the history of warfare of a huge organization built upon business principles making an effort to supply comfort and recreation to the soldiers. This is done in the present war by the Y. M. C. A., which has the particular aim of sending the soldiers into actual fighting line in excellent mental and physical condition, so that their fighting qualities and their morale will be at the highest point of effectiveness. As long as there was a mobilization camp in New Hampshire so long also did a Y. M. C. A. hut exist there, maintained by the state organization. Since the removal of New Hampshire troops to camps beyond the limits of the state, each resident of New Hampshire has had the opportunity of contributing money to the support of this organization which has been so beneficial to New Hampshire boys. The campaign for Y. M. C. A. funds has been carried on by a most successful organization composed entirely of civilians and making the effort to reach all civilians.

Another most important opportunity offered to the civilian population to participate in the war and indeed to prove to the world that in a democracy each citizen is a useful factor has been found in the raising of the Liberty loans. Within a period of five months the country raised by popular subscription over seven billions of money and within a year nearly twelve billions. The secretary of the treasury is in charge of the campaigns and behind him stands the organization of the Federal Reserve banks. The officials of these banks organized committees of civilians, who place before each citizen the method by which subscriptions could be made and the advantage of making subscriptions. As a result New Hampshire contributed more than $27,000,000 in the first two loans and $17,282,300 in the third. So far the war is being financed almost exclusively by popular subscription, and in the first two campaigns the number of individual subscriptions in the state exceeded the total of 104,000.

Only recently the war tax has begun to operate and to be felt by the citizens. It may be of interest to note that at the outbreak of the Civil War, the state, and not the federal govern-

ment, was expected to finance the first enlistments and equipment of volunteers. Banks and private citizens of New Hampshire came to the assistance of the governor, and loaned the state nearly $700,000.

Long before the federal government took any active measures to increase the food supply, New Hampshire, among other states, had begun a campaign both to enlarge the planted area and to bring about a thorough-going conservation. When this became a feature of the federal administration and a federal food administrator was appointed, the chairman of the food committee of the Committee of Public Safety was appointed food administrator. The food administrator of New Hampshire has, in a measure, become a federal officer, and yet he is a civilian. His staff of workers is composed entirely of civilians and his representatives and committees throughout the state are all private citizens. The work of the food administration has taken three main lines—increase in production, conservation of the product and substitution of one kind of food for another. The success of the first division of the work is well indicated by the computation made that the farm acreage for the season of 1917 was about double that of an ordinary season, while the small gardens had increased 400 per cent. In conservation the effort has been directed against wastefulness. This has resulted in a reduction in households of large amounts of wholesome and palatable food formerly thrown away. In public places, such as hotels and restaurants, the immediate effect has been a decided decrease in the size of portions served to patrons, so that Hoover's gospel of the "clean plate" has taken firm hold upon the state. While conservation is evidently being practised faithfully throughout the state, the use of substitutes for ordinary foods lagged behind the other parts of the program. The point at which substitution seems really to begin is at the point where it becomes impossible to secure the ordinary foods. The food administrator requested that the amount of sugar consumed be reduced and the amount of wheat flour used be lessened. A decrease actually came when sugar and flour were scarce. This has been the most difficult part of the work of the food administration. During the last few months the attention paid by our citizens to the use of substitutes has increased most remarkably. While this has been brought about partly by regulation, the spirit of householders and housekeepers has radically changed. Very rarely indeed is the slightest objection raised to any regulation or suggestion, however drastic it may be. The visits paid each month to every home by the town units of the woman's committee are largely responsible for the new attitude. But the essential point of the whole movement is that the problem was not solved by federal enactment but through voluntary organization on the part of the civilian body.

A group of citizens connected with the Committee on Public Safety undertook to make an industrial survey of the state. The reason for taking the survey was that it was realized that the federal government would wish to know what industrial agencies in each state existed upon which it could rely for the manufacture of materials required in conducting the war. It was the intention of this committee after making the survey to place its results at the disposal of the state and of the federal government. A long and painstaking investigation resulted in securing from manufacturers an explicit statement regarding the kind of goods they made, the quantities they produced, the nature of their equipment and the number of their employes. The description of their equipment indicated whether or not the factories could readily be turned into establishments for making the classes of goods re-

quired by the government. The tabulation of the results of this investigation has already proved of service to the government in placing orders for essential war materials. It is of further interest in connection with the granting of transportation preference to establishments engaged in work for the government. If the time comes for a definite curtailment of the manufacture of non-essentials, this tabulation will become of inestimable benefit to the government, to the transportation officials and to the manufacturers. Such a change might involve a very considerable shift in the supply of labor, and might even include a partial removal of employes from one center to another. Apart from this immediate advantage, the tabulation constitutes a valuable record of the industries as they existed in the state at the outbreak of the war.

A committee was also formed to locate all points in the state where it seemed possible that damage to property might occur through accident or design. This committee ascertained the position of all bridges of importance, of dams, factories and other places of public utility. They made a list of the chief contractors of the state, together with the equipment and tools of all kinds possessed by the contractors, as well as a tabulation of their materials for building purposes and the number of men employed by them. The idea at the base of this survey was to find the method whereby damage done to property might be repaired with all possible speed. The method adopted was simple. Competent men were appointed in every small section of the state, whose duty it was to notify headquarters as soon as an accident occurred and receive directions as to the best system of setting about making repairs. By good fortune no necessity has yet arisen for calling upon the services of this group of civilians, but it has been a notable achievement for civilians of such number and great private interests to take part in accomplishing the work of this committee.

Another matter of considerable importance has been placed in the hands of private citizens. A shortage in coal was at first threatened and later became actual. A citizen of the state was appointed fuel administrator to represent the national fuel administration. The New Hampshire administrator has appointed representatives in all important positions in the state. To these representatives has been assigned the duty of endeavoring to conserve the coal which has already come to the state, to secure an equitable distribution of that which may come in hereafter, to see to it that a fair standard of prices is maintained, and in any other manner possible to obtain an adequate supply of fuel for the coming winter. This department bears a resemblance to the work of the food administration in the fact that it also possesses actual power of regulation. The fuel administrator has been granted the right to fix prices, just as the food administrator possesses, as one of his duties, supervision over the retail trade to the extent of forbidding excessive profits. Since there appears to be no prospect of immediate relief from the shortage of coal, the coal administrator has undertaken, with the help of the Committee on Public Safety and the State Forestry Department, to induce the owners of wood throughout the state to cut a sufficient quantity of wood to compensate for the lack of coal.

It is also new in the history of warfare that civilians have been designated almost exclusively to secure an army for the government. In this war, the greater part of those who have enlisted in New Hampshire have been induced to do so through voluntary civilian agencies, or through draft boards composed of private citizens. The Committee on Public Safety appointed a recruiting committee which conducted rallies in order to bring the National Guard and the regular army up to war strength. A most systematic organization existed and systematic pub-

licity was given to the rallies which were planned by this committee. The great success obtained is shown by the fact that, when the quotas for the draft army were first made up, that for New Hampshire was proportionately extremely low. This was due to the fact that the National Guard had already been recruited to war strength and the quota of the regular army remaining unfilled was small. When the time came to add to the armed forces by a selective process the execution of the selective service act was entrusted by the war department to civilian boards. In the state of New Hampshire sixteen such boards exist with the right of appeal against the decisions of these boards to a district board which is composed of civilians. The district board has its headquarters in the state house, in order to have ready access to the offices of the Adjutant General and the Governor. Already the state has given 3,500 soldiers to the country through the operation of these boards and the department of war has expressed the belief that the results obtained by the civilians who are members of the boards are eminently satisfactory. So successful has this work been that the administration of the selective service act will continue to be in the hands of civilians during the remaining period when it will be necessary for the country to increase or maintain its armed forces. The only military man in the state connected with the whole undertaking of securing troops according to the selective process is the adjutant general. Otherwise the matter has been entirely assigned to civilians. Instruction on matters of mobilization, selection, qualification, regulation and assignment of quotas come to the governor, who transmits them to the Local and District Boards. The adjutant general is the disbursing officer of the state, under the Selective Service Law, and is the source of information as to the application of the Selective Service Regulations. The regular navy and army recruiting stations are still in operation and are now rapidly getting recruits for these two branches of the service.

Early in the year 1917 the Council of National Defense in Washington appointed a committee of ten women to organize the war work that might be performed by the women of the country. A committee of women has been appointed in every state in the union for the purpose of lining up each state with every other state and of dealing with problems that are somewhat local. In the state of New Hampshire a committee of women also exists in each town. The town units receive suggestions from the state committee and the state committee in turn receives suggestions from the national committee. The national committee is in close contact with the Council of National Defense and with the federal departments charged with the responsibility of superintending the preparations for war. The woman's committee has been instrumental in securing signatures to the Hoover pledge, in teaching thrift to the housewives of the state, in conducting lectures and instructions in conservation and substitution of foods and in the broadest manner of inducing women to perform all the varied services that women may render. As an example, a committee of women obtained subscriptions to the second Liberty loan amounting to more than $3,000,000. The work performed by women in the Red Cross organization is quite independent of that of the woman's committee and it is quite possible that the Red Cross organization would have been fully as successful as it has been if the woman's committee had not been formed, but one is tempted to believe that the existence of a vigorous Red Cross movement was of value in enlisting sympathy for the formation of the woman's committee and it may well be that the new activities of women gave an impetus to the work of the Red Cross.

The Committee on Public Safety has undertaken to supply to the

state information upon war activities, regulations and the duties of citizens, and to inspire the citizens to a sense of their responsibility for the earnest prosecution of the war. To accomplish these things two organizations have been effected: a Speakers' Bureau, which has a list of about one hundred and fifty of the best speakers of the state, who have volunteered to speak at public meetings in any part of the state to which they may be called; the four-minute men, who have confined their activities to delivering four-minute speeches in the local theaters and moving picture houses. A plan is now contemplated whereby the operations of the four-minute men will be increased to such an extent that these short addresses may be delivered in meetings of all kinds wherever groups of persons congregate. For the same general purpose a War Conference was held in Concord on May 9, at which speakers of national reputation from Washington were present to give both information and inspiration to the war workers of the state. The State Conference has been followed by local meetings in many towns, to which the members of the Speakers' Bureau have carried the messages they themselves received from the speakers at the War Conference. Soldiers who have returned from the front, belonging either to our own army or to those of our allies, have added materially to the inspiration of these meetings.

Somewhat recently a new sub-committee has been established by the Committee on Public Safety to deal with Americanization. A realization of the lack of unity now existing in the country, due to a failure on the part of Americans to assimilate properly the millions of foreigners who have come to our country to live, has made it inevitable that we should either definitely undertake to instruct those who come to us in American ideals, American sympathies and American ways, or give up forever the idea of a unified national spirit. The immediate means to be adopted in this movement consists in the effort to make English the universal language of the country. It is proposed that this be accomplished by means of evening schools, by assistance of officers of industrial plants, and by various voluntary organizations dealing with questions of sanitation, child welfare, and other topics of philanthropic or uplifting nature.

A state director of the National War Savings Committee has been appointed, who in turn has chosen a representative in each town and city in the state to engage in the sale of United States Thrift Stamps. The sale of stamps in New Hampshire has progressed fairly satisfactorily so that at the present time the per capita purchase amounts to about $2.00. In this respect New Hampshire has done as well as the majority of the eastern states but has fallen far behind the western states. Attention is now being seriously given to the formation of War Savings Societies, each composed of a small number of persons who form a natural group. Societies are established in stores, factories, schools, city blocks, lodges and other organizations that might properly be formed into units. In this way it is anticipated that the sale will soon be greatly increased.

At the request of the Federal Department of Labor, a state director of the United States Public Service Reserve has been appointed, to whom has been given the task of enrolling men of the state engaged in many different occupations who were willing to engage in work useful to the government in its war activities. Up to the present time the chief task of the state director has been that of procuring the enrollments of 1,698 men for work in shipyards. In addition to this there have been requests for smaller assignments in various organizations, either military or civil. New Hampshire has been asked to furnish a few men to engage in tank service; others to enter the railway unit; others to enter the

ordnance department for specified technical employment. In securing enrollments and in locating New Hampshire men, the State Department of Labor has given most valuable and hearty aid to the state director.

Two other movements lately instituted may here be mentioned. A sub-committee on research has been appointed, to which has been assigned by the federal government the duty of discovering methods whereby the waste products from industrial plants in the state may be utilized. In many instances this may involve investigation lasting many months. The manufacturers of the state have shown a very hearty sympathy with the movement and are coöperating with the sub-committee in a most effective manner.

The second of these two movements is that relating to the preservation of the health and life of children. It has been realized that all the belligerent countries must devote more serious attention than they have done in the past to improving conditions surrounding childhood in order that a larger percentage than heretofore of children may grow into vigorous manhood and womanhood. This has become necessary in order that the loss of life and inefficiency on the part of those of our men who have gone to the front may be replaced. This movement is under the direction of the woman's committee, with the advice and assistance of the Committee on Medicine, a sub-committee of the Committee on Public Safety.

The wide range of subjects discussed and acted upon by the executive committee of the Committee on Public Safety shows evidence of the great number of topics that must be treated in the state's preparation for war. Among the topics treated by the committee are daylight conservation, universal military training, geological survey of the state, boys' working reserve, national prohibition, fuel, training camp activities, war economy, industrial safety, Hoover pledge cards, research in natural and applied science, storage facilities, four-minute men, public information, safeguarding the civil rights of soldiers and sailors, adjustment of labor disputes, economy in Christmas giving, and military record of New Hampshire men employment exchange system.

The attempt is being made to compile a record of all New Hampshire men who have entered the military or naval service of the country during the war. Card catalogues made in triplicate are being kept of all the men who have enlisted or who have been taken under the selective service act. This is no small task today, since there is no New Hampshire regiment and no New Hampshire unit of any kind. The men of each state who are serving under the colors are today scattered in all kinds of units, singly or in small groups from Texas to eastern France. There is no group anywhere that bears the name of New Hampshire. For this reason the list of New Hampshire men in the service is not to be found officially, in any office of the war department. It was thought advisable, therefore, that the office of the Committee on Public Safety undertake to compile the complete history of each man while he is in the service. For a knowledge of the facts the office is dependent upon the voluntary efforts of the local historians in each town of the state and this work is progressing in a most satisfactory manner. Eventually it is expected that all of the records of either state committees or local committees will be deposited in the central office and be available hereafter as a part of the state records of the history of the war.

At the end of May, 1918, there were approximately 12,000 New Hampshire men in the service. During the month of May alone nearly 2,000 entered the National Army or the various sections of the military or naval forces to which enlistment is still open.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE

By Francis A. Corey

A New Englander, coming back to his native heath, after years of absence, misses an ancient landmark that was very dear to his heart—the old red schoolhouse. Gone, almost altogether, are the squat, one-storied buildings that once upon a time crowned the hills and dotted the valleys. The inexorable years have seen them vanish one by one. Their passing was inevitable. They had served their purpose—served it wonderfully well all things considered. But needs and conditions changed. With the country's growth in wealth and culture old things naturally gave way to the new order. An ebb-tide struck the hill regions; the boys and girls were absorbed by the town schools with their superior advantages. And thus has it come about that our eyes rest sadly upon waste places where hardly a vestige remains of the structures that glorified them in days gone by.

Not that the old red schoolhouse was ever a thing of beauty. Grim and unlovely of architecture, without a line of symmetry or a redeeming grace, it stood, as a rule, at the fork of the road in a pasture-clearing where the soil was too stony and arid to warrant tillage. In summer no flowers bloomed about the door, no embowering trees drooped sheltering boughs over its lowly roof. The front yard, more often than otherwise, was a hopeless tangle of trampled grass. If a few scattering hemlocks, or a thicket of spruces, had been left to break the cruel force of the winter wind, it was more by accident than design. Solitary and alone, it lifted weather-scarred walls, growing a little grayer and a little grimmer with every passing year.

Within it had something of the austerity and frugal quality of the exterior. A long, narrow entry extended the width of the building, at the remote end of which was piled in orderly fashion the winter's supply of seasoned wood. Stout hooks garnished either side, where the boys and girls hung caps and sunbonnets in summer and a multitude of warm wraps in winter. In well-ordered schoolhouses there was usually a shelf or two that afforded convenient storage for dinner-pails. But woe to one who made use of these receptacles in zero weather! All too frequently the toothsome contents of the pails congealed into a solid mass that must, perforce, be thawed at the box stove, a slow and trying process when the victim, as was usually the case, chanced to be a hungry boy.

Schoolrooms everywhere bore a likeness to each other, as if all had been run in the same mold. It would be hard to imagine anything more dreary and uncomfortable. Invariably there was a raised platform for the teacher's desk. From this coign of advantage an absolute monarch ruled a little kingdom of submissive subjects. A "recitation bench" extended along either wall. Desks for the pupils were graded back to the rear of the room where sat the older boys and girls—wisely separated by a dividing aisle! The "tots,"—for the country school was always made up of assorted sizes—occupied the low front seats where they were di-

rectly under the teacher's eye. The schoolroom furnishings were exceedingly primitive. Webster's Unabridged held the place of honor on the teacher's desk beside a globe that could be made to revolve. A few maps adorned the whitewashed walls and a blackboard was very much in evidence. The windows—invariably six in number—were so high up that such tantalyzing glimpses as the boys and girls got of the world outside consisted wholly of clouds and sky.

Not an alluring picture. But, ah me! what delightful memories throng upon one when an idle hour is given over to retrospection! And some not so pleasant if the truth must be told! However far away the days of our youth, the scenes and incidents of that happy-go-lucky time never lose their charm and vividness. We see again the tumultuous rush for places at the tap of the bell—maybe we are among the boisterous boys crowding upon each other's heels. And how quickly hushed are the noisy play and shouts of laughter! As the real work of the day begins the schoolroom takes on an air of chastened sobriety with a suddenness truly amazing. Even the youngest child, as he settles into his place, bears upon his shoulders the burden of a responsibility that he assumes with surprising grace and dignity.

One is forced to the conviction that the New Englander of fifty years ago had less of initiative than his descendant of today. Or, possibly, he was more hampered by custom and tradition, in spite of the fact that the country was ridiculously young and history had hardly begun. Be that as it may, an unwritten law, seldom deviated from in the slightest particular, governed the exercises of the old-time school. A chapter in the New Testament immediately followed roll-call. Afterward came the reading lessons and the classes in arithmetic. How exasperating most of us found those intricate problems in "Colburn's!" "Adams's Arithmetic" was a blessed deliverance, for slate and pencil were now permissible and one was spared headaches and heartaches —the inevitable result of having to struggle through bewildering mental calculations where the important points had a maddening habit of slipping hopelessly away before they could be fully grasped and assimilated.

Always a ripple of interest ran through the school when the infant class was summoned to the teacher's knee. And this was not wholly because the cherub age has an appealing charm to which young and old are alike susceptible. The most unexpected things were liable to happen, and the older pupils, having this possibility in mind, kept one ear "cocked" while industriously studying their lessons. One memory is of a very small toddler who, on being asked to give the name of the letter "w," answered that he did not know. "Double you," prompted the teacher. The little fellow, who had been closely following the point of the teacher's pencil, looked up with a brightened face. "Ain't it double mother, too?" he asked. Such artlessness provokes a smile; and yet the incident has another side than the humorous—it goes to show the innate loyalty and devotion of the American boy.

The morning session closed with the spelling classes, usually half a dozen in number. There was a "nooning" lasting an hour—a gay and festive time to which both boys and girls, especially those living far enough away to bring their dinner, looked forward expectantly. For a hilarious sixty minutes, wild and unearthly sounds echoed within the four walls of the schoolroom. A chance passerby well might have concluded that a band of hostile Indians had come suddenly from out the forest, and a massacre, terrible as those of the early days, was being there enacted. But, punctually at one o'clock the tinkle of the bell called lads and lassies to their places—with never a

scalp missing! Then there would be more reading, beginning this time with "Hilliard's Fifth." Our fathers and grandfathers had profound faith in the helpfulness of this exercise. But what a farce it became when the teacher was incompetent or indifferent and permitted a monotonous, singsong tone that robbed the exquisite thoughts of poet and essayist of all beauty and dignity!

Geography and grammar belonged by divine right in the curriculum for afternoon. Map-drawing from memory was one of the strenuous tasks of this particular time of day—and yet not so strenuous if one had the outlines well in mind, for rivers were merely represented by sinuous lines and mountains by short, parallel scratches curiously suggestive of the vertebrae of the horned pout. Grammar, to the majority of boys and girls, was a study without a redeeming feature. Stumblingly and haltingly the class went through the ordeal of "parsing." "Paradise Lost," and Young's "Night Thoughts," wells of English undefiled, were invariably chosen for this purpose. Indeed, in those grandiloquent days, the modern classics were regarded with something akin to contempt. The inevitable reaction may be one reason why the poems mentioned are now so little read.

Afternoon was likewise the preferred time for history. It is singular how religiously our forefathers relegated the "lighter" studies to the latter half of the school day. Mathematics were good discipline of a morning when the rough edges of one's thinking needed the wholesome friction of "sums and figures"; but the chastened atmosphere of afternoon was accounted the only fitting time for the so-called ornamental branches; and there was something almost sacramental in the strictness with which this order was adhered to.

Shortly before four o'clock the various spelling classes again had the floor. And thus ended the lessons of the day.

Occasionally the monotony would be broken by a diversion of some sort. With what delight were such occasions hailed! The simplest humorous incident sufficed to set the whole school in a roar. An instance comes to mind at this moment. The class in history was reciting, the subject being the North American Indians. The question was asked if any member of the class had ever seen a tomahawk. Five-year-old Benny, sitting on a near-by bench, drinking everything in, eagerly raised his hand.

"Well, Benny, what is it?" the teacher paused in the lesson to ask.

"Please, teacher, I never see a tomahawk," quavered Benny, "but I've seen a hen hawk."

Many were the devices to which the old-time teacher resorted to keep all the cogs running smoothly. A story is told of a famous old schoolmaster in the day of the open fireplace. The youngest lad was getting restless, so the master set him down at a mouse-hole in the brick hearth and gave him the tongs, bidding him keep a sharp lookout and catch the mouse living down below. For a time perfect quiet reigned in the neighborhood of the fireplace and the master had momentarily forgotten the small boy on guard when a shrill little voice piped triumphantly,—

"Dosh! I dot him!"

And he held up a struggling mouse firmly imprisoned in the tongs.

Two hours out of every week were given over to the noble art of penmanship. The pot-hook and trammel stage well passed, learning to write was regarded a pleasing diversion rather than a hard-and-fast task. And then what wise and wonderful precepts headed the pages of the copybook! When these had been reproduced twenty times over with painstaking care, a faint comprehension of their beauty and wisdom naturally filtered through the outer crust of heedlessness and found lodgment in the youthful mind. Saints and solons were the legitimate outcome; but

alas! human nature is pretty much the same, whether in adult or child.

The older boys and girls were required, every alternate week, to "speak pieces" or write compositions. At such times life seemed hardly worth living. The girls hunted wildly for subjects that had not been worn threadbare from frequent use. The boys wrestled and perspired; and yet they had rather the best of it. If nothing better turned up, they could fall back upon Hamlet's soliloquy, or "Old Ironsides," or "The Sailor Boy's Dream." And this was what usually happened. Sometimes a venturesome girl would give a "recitation"; but composition-writing was considered her especial province, the one thing in which she could outstrip the boys. If a poetical effusion was born of much travail, the writer became the envy of less gifted classmates and was straightway exalted to a place of honor.

One rarely hears, nowadays, of the revival of anything so archaic as the old-fashioned spelling-school. Indeed we have well-nigh forgotten how to spell. In the hurry and bustle of modern life we have fallen into the pernicious habit of making elementary sounds do most of our oral work; and frequent apostrophes mark elisions on the written page. Already it seems a long way back to the day when spelling was accounted one of the accomplishments. Every one could not attain to the same degree of proficiency—there are born spellers as truly as there are born poets—but the noble art was taught with scrupulous fidelity. Even a cursory examination of present day business letters—and other correspondence for that matter—brings a sigh for the more abundant leisure when things were done thoroughly and well. In the early nineteenth century a redundant letter was rarely found in a word, and it was just as unusual for one to be left out. Little is thought of such carelessness nowadays, although the meaning is ofttimes radically changed. To quote an actual occurrence: Not so very long ago a certain business firm sent to the manufacturer a rush order for a bicycle "for a tall young lady to be *stripped* and painted yellow!"

When spelling-schools flourished the simple life was at its best. The thousand and one interests and diversions of the present day had not been evolved from man's fertile brain. Every country school held one or more of these contests during the winter term, to which all near-by schools were invited. Sides were chosen and the battle began. Great was the rejoicing of the school whose "crack" speller, usually a girl, spelled everybody down! This was rarely accomplished, however, before the North American Spelling-Book had been gone through from cover to cover, foreign quotations, abbreviations and all!

The last afternoon of the school term was usually a festive occasion. In summer nimble fingers decorated the bare walls with wild flowers and graceful festoons of plaited oak leaves; in winter resort was had to trailing evergreen and hemlock boughs. It was all very crude, and yet a little pathetic when one considers what was behind these poor attempts at decoration. A goodly number of visitors, mostly the mothers clad in their best alpaca gowns, usually straggled in, looking worried and anxious, uncertain whether their offspring would acquit themselves well or ill. It must be conceded that they were rarely put to the blush while the lessons in review went on. The decisive test came with the dialogues and recitations that made up the greater part of the afternoon's "entertainment." Invariably there would be choking, halting, stammering—ofttimes a premature and ignominious retreat wholly inexplicable to the mortified parent after the evenings and the mornings she had stood with both hands in soapy dishwater, the book propped open beside her, hearing that particular "piece" rehearsed. She might have

done some judicious prompting, but that would have been out of place in the schoolroom. Etiquette must be observed though the heavens fell.

The "committee man" was always in evidence, and closed the exercises with eulogistic "remarks." The writer vividly recalls one of these dignitaries—a stalky, clean-shaven man in bright blue broadcloth and glittering brass buttons, the bravery of which made a profound impression on his youthful mind. That blue suit must have been made of good material, for it survived the writer's generation in all its pristine splendor. Sometimes, to the unbounded disgust of squirming martyrs, the minister and the doctor came also; then there would be three long and tiresome speeches instead of one.

The boys and girls of the red schoolhouse were not without their simple pleasures. In hours of relaxation old-fashioned games were played with a vigor and zest quite amazing to one who had witnessed the languid lolling over desks during the school session. In summer there were May parties and picnics and long rambles in the woods in search of wild flowers. In winter skating, coasting and snowballing were sources of never-failing delight. Taken all in all, it was a gay and joyous time and brought such rapture to the youthful heart as children of the present day, surfeited with pleasures, never know.

Yes, the old red schoolhouse that crowned the heights or hid in half-forgotten byways, is passing never to return. Now and then, as we journey through the almost deserted hill-country, a turn in the road brings into view the sagging roof, then the many-paned windows, of one that has outlasted its kind. Sudden moisture comes into the eyes, the heart quickens a beat; there is an impulse to take off one's hat to it. It is deserving of reverence in its decay. The greatest of the world's thinkers, scholars, philanthropists and merchant princes were nursed in just such crude and humble cradles. Grander structures have since arisen in the scattered villages—more up-to-date methods have superseded the customs of that by-gone time. "Forward" is the rallying cry the world over. And that means constant change and readjustment. But let honor be given where honor is due. Only those who have left behind the morning of life and are facing evening and the sunset, can fully appreciate the debt we owe as individuals and as a nation to the little red schoolhouse of our fathers. Long may it be held in loving and grateful remembrance.

THE HARP

(Translated from the Spanish of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer by Lawrence C. Woodman)

In a dark corner,
Forgotten perhaps by its master,
Strangely silent till covered with dust,
Is seen a harp.

How many notes in its strings,
Like birds in branches, are sleeping!—
Asleep, but awaiting the hand of snow
That's coming to call them forth!

And how many times does genius
Thus sleep in the depths of the soul!—
Awaiting a voice like that which woke Lazarus:
"Arise and fare ye forth!"

JOHN MASON'S THREE GREAT HOUSES

By J. M. Moses

"Great House" was a term used for the manor house of an English manorial estate, on which the tenantry lived in small houses, the landlord in a larger one. It was applied by the settlers of New Hampshire to each of the three main buildings of the three Masonian plantations on the Piscataqua. These plantations, as named by John Mason and others in a letter of December 5, 1632, to Ambrose Gibbons, were "Pascattaway" (Odiorne's Point), "Strawberry-bancke" (Portsmouth), and "Newichwannick" (South Berwick). The letter, which did not reach Gibbons till the following June, assigned the houses at these places respectively to the care of "Mr. Godfrie," "Mr. Wannerton," and Ambrose Gibbons.

Replying, July 13, 1633, probably after Godfrey had left, Gibbons wrote, "Mr. Wanerton hath charge of the house at Pascatawa, and hath with him William Cooper, Rafe Gee, Roger Knight and his wife, William Dermit and one boy. For your house at Newichwannicke, I, seeing the necessity, will doe the best I can there and elsewhere for you until I hear from you againe." He did not mention Strawberry Bank.

It is to be noted that for the Masonians the mouth of the Piscataqua was at Little Harbor. Its channel was perhaps safer for small craft. Here, on Odiorne's Point, was their capital, "Pascattaway," where, in a "strange and large house" (Maverick), dwelt their governor, Walter Neale, till called home for consultation in the summer of 1633. He was lord of the enterprise, the only man empowered to grant land, though Gibbons was the chief business man. For three years Neale represented Gorges for Maine, as well as Mason for New Hampshire. Their plan for their new country was that of a landholding aristocracy, with subject tenantry, as in England.

John Mason died in December, 1635. His heirs neglected, and soon abandoned his plantations on the Piscataqua. With the assumption of jurisdiction by Massachusetts, in 1641, Strawberry Bank was adopted as the seat of government and center of business, while Odiorne's Point was left an isolated tract with few people. The manorial system of land tenure so completely disappeared that by March 30, 1660, Joseph Mason, in a deed of that date, thought it necessary to recite that "Capt. Jno Mason of London gent. was at his death seazed & posest of Certaine Land at piscataway in New-England as namely the great house upland & marishes nere unto it adjoyneing in the River of piscataq, & that the said Mason had in his life time many servants & Stockes of Cattle upon the premisses, did Intrust one Ralph Gee a servant of his more Pticuler to looke unto the said Cattle & did furnish him with a plantation neere adjoyneing upon the same lands to him belonging for the better Pforming of his trust," etc.

The deed goes on to say that Gee died in 1645, leaving "his house & grownd & Small Stock upon it," but insolvently indebted to William Seavey, who was appointed administrator "to receive all & pay him selfe, which he hath sithence done," etc. The deed does not convey the property, as Seavey was already in possession of

it, but acquits him of all claim by Mason's estate "to the said plantacon of house upland & marshes" of Ralph Gee.

Everything about this deed suggests that the "Great House" mentioned was that on Odiorne's Point, where Joseph Mason was probably living. (See GRANITE MONTHLY, Vol. 48, page 171.) Seavey in 1646 was just west of Odiorne's Point and south of Sherburne's Creek. (See N. H. Genealogical Record, Vol. 1, page 4.) In 1660 he had only twelve acres in possession, probably the Gee land.

There is a deposition of May 10, 1699, by Christopher Palmer, aged about seventy-three, that "Mr. Gee and severall other men whose names I do not remember lived at little harbour and that they were reported to be agents & servants to Capt. John Mason deceased and had an house at little harbour aforesaid called Randezvouz and that they had in their possession severall head of diverse Sorts of cattell which were reported to belong unto Said Capt. Mason." (Court Files, No. 25802.)

The first manor houses were doubtless built mainly of logs, though that on Odiorne's Point, built by David Thompson in 1623, seems to have been partly of stone. (For accounts of it, see the first chapter of the History of Rye, Jenness' First Planting of New Hampshire, also Old Eliot, Vol. 9, page 176.) It was a large cabin, or small hall, of one room on the first floor, with an immense chimney in the west end. The others were probably like it. Whether or not it was ever called Mason Hall, it can be said that it resembled the primitive hall of the chief, of earlier times in England.

Of one built ten years later, near Cape Elizabeth, by John Winter, a description written by him has been preserved. He wrote "I have built a house here at Richmond Island that is 40 feet in length, and 18 feet broad, within the sides, besides the chimney; and the chimney is large, with an oven in each end of him. And he is so that we can place a kettle within the mantle piece. We can brew and bake and boil our kettle within him, all at once within him, and with the help of another house that I have built under the side of our house, where we set our sieves and mill and mortar in, to break our corn and malt, and to dress our meal in.

"I have two chambers in him, and all our men lies in one of them. Every man hath his close boarded cabin [bunk], and I have room enough to make a dozen close boarded cabins more, if I have need of them; and in the other chamber I have room to put the ship sails into, and allow dry goods which is in casks; and I have a store house in him that will hold 18 or 20 tuns of casks underneath. Also underneath I have a kitchen for our men to set and drink in, and a steward's room that will hold two tuns of casks, which we put our bread and beer into. And every one of these rooms is closed with locks and keys unto them."

The Odiorne's Point plantation had, besides agriculture, a fishing and fish-drying industry, which was expected to yield profit. It was disappointing in that, but furnished an important part of the sustenance of the settlers.

The plantation at South Berwick was the most important. It had, besides the farm, a sawmill at Great Works, and a trading post for the Indians, which was so well patronized that Gibbons sometimes had to entertain one hundred of them at one time. July 13, 1633 he wrote that his family consisted of himself, wife and child and four men, Charles Knell, Thomas Clarke, Stephen Kidder and Thomas Crockett, and that he was far from neighbors. August 6, 1634 he wrote Mason, "Your carpenters are with me, and I will further them the best I can."

Continuing, he wrote, "You have heare at the great house 9 cowes, 1

Bull, 4 Calves of last year and 9 of this year; they prove very well," etc. He also spoke of goats, and boards from the mill. This great house stood opposite the site of the later house of Temple Knight. In the same letter he recommended sending more cows, adding, "A good husband with his wife to tend the cattle and to make the butter and cheese will be profitable; for maides, they are soon gone in this country." There were marriageable men neighbors by this time.

This plantation was the busiest, and the most profitable to the proprietors, for the trade in peltry yielded considerable returns. It was afterwards claimed that Mason had made most of his expenditure in Maine. But it was short lived. By May 25, 1640, Gibbons was down in Portsmouth, where he was assistant governor and a signer of the glebe grant. Humphrey Chadbourne is said to have succeeded him at South Berwick, but not for long. By 1645 the buildings were burned and the estate completely wrecked. Meanwhile Thomas Gorges had assumed the governorship of Maine, living 1640–1643 at Gorgeana (York), and Maine was referred to as the Province.

The plantation at Strawberry Bank could hardly have been more than agricultural. Its great house, built in 1631, is said to have stood at the corner of Court and Water streets. It was first occupied by Thomas Warnerton, who went to Pascattaway in 1633, but perhaps returned.

Reference is made to this great house in the town records of August 15, 1646, when John Pickering was to have four acres of "salt marsh at the great house adjouninge to the great paund [South Mill pond] in the south side." (N. H. Genealogical Record, Vol. 1, page 3.) Under the Massachusetts jurisdiction John and Richard Cutt took possession of this building and claimed to own it. Richard Leader had it in 1653, when Joseph Mason probably had the Odiorne's Point house, and grants of land were made to both. (N. H. Genealogical Record, Vol. 1, page 9.) The south end of it, with the chimney, was standing in 1700.

Rev. E. S. Stackpole's History of New Hampshire, Appendix A, pp. 373–376, gives an account of the successive ownership of this house, ending with a denial, against high authority, that the house of Odiorne's Point was ever called a great house.

It would be strange if that house alone of the three, the first built, and the residence of the first governor, was never called a great house (though called a large one). I am convinced that it was so-called in at least one record that still exists.

June 5, 1643 a ferry was granted by the court to Henry Sherburne from "the great house" to Strawberry Bank and three other places. (See Granite Monthly, Vol. 48, page 167.) Plainly this great house was not at Strawberry Bank. The fares show that it could not have been at South Berwick. For single passengers they were six pense to Strawberry Bank, twelve pence to "the Province" (Maine), two pence to Great Island (Newcastle), and two pence to "Rowes." In my article on Sanders Point (Granite Monthly Vol. 48, page 167), I tried to solve the problem mathematically, assuming that the fares corresponded to the distances, with the result of placing the starting-point on Sanders Point or Blunt's Island. .

This grant of a ferry may be compared with two other grants of ferries; that to James Johnson, October 6, 1649, from Odiorne's Point (Granite Monthly, Vol. 48, page 170), and that to William Hilton, June 26, 1648, from Kittery Point (N. E. Register, Jan., 1917). Fares were not determined wholly by distances; other elements of difficulty were considered. Something extra was allowed for crossing the main river, probably owing to the tide. The fare allowed to Henry Sherburne and James

Johnson agree for trips to Newcastle and Maine. Johnson was allowed twice as much for rowing to Strawberry Bank, and the ferry to Henry Sherburne's seems to have made that to Rowe's unnecessary. Perhaps Rowe's was then on Sanders Point, where it could be reached by land from Sherburne's.

On the whole I am convinced that Henry Sherburne's ferry started from the great house on Odiorne's Point, as claimed by the History of Rye (page 71). It is not unlikely that he and his father Gibbons were then living in this great house. Gibbons on coming to Portsmouth would have occupied some Masonian building, and this one was very near his land grant, on which Sherburne was settled three years later. Even if Sherburne had settled there by 1643, he would have been within shouting or signaling distance of Odiorne's Point, and could have operated a ferry from there.

I imagine this great house was granted by the Masonian heirs to Joseph Mason, their kinsman, in consideration of his coming here in his old age to care for their interests. They would surely have given him a tenement. The house at Strawberry Bank was otherwise occupied. I think he deeded the house July 21, 1668 to James Randall. (GRANITE MONTHLY, Vol. 48, page 171.)

According to the historian Hubbard, it had mostly disappeared by 1680; only "the chimney and some part of the stone wall" were then standing. Its position was across the road that has since been made down to the shore by the monument. The road here has been excavated, removing all traces of the building, except some of the foundation of the chimney, which can still be seen, and was seen by the Piscataqua pioneers, on their excursion to this region August 31, 1909.

EVENTIDE

By M. E. Nella

I crossed the shallow river
On a narrow, shaky trestle,
To the grove of silvery poplars
Near the ledge.
An old boat lay at anchor,
In the bend beyond the willows,
And reed birds lightly poised
Upon the edge.

A sheen was on the water,
And barn swallows skimmed across it;
While pickerel leaped for flies
Beneath the bridge.
The whip-poor-wills were calling
From tamarack and pine land,
And nightingales gave answer
From the ridge.

I saw the moon rise slowly
Above old Mount Monadnock,
And tiny stars come gleaming
Through the blue.
I watched the twilight fading,
The darkness creeping over—
And with it came the screech-owls
Weird "whoo-whoo."

THE BATTLE OF CHELSEA CREEK*

By Fred W. Lamb

Upon the alarm of April 19, 1775, the patriots, as is well known, began to pour into Cambridge, Mass., from all the surrounding country. Among the patriot leaders who were the first to arrive was John Stark, from Derryfield, now Manchester, N. H. He was followed by a large number of his friends and neighbors from all over the southern part of New Hampshire. With these men he soon organized a regiment and was stationed at Medford, Mass.

The headquarters of the British army, under General Gage, was located in Boston, Mass., and British troops were distributed at various points from Roxbury Neck to the foot of Hanover Street in Boston. A detached force of some three hundred men was about this time stationed at an outpost on Noddles Island (now East Boston), and formed the extreme right of the line.

To keep up the enthusiasm of the patriots there were several expeditions projected by the leaders to seize the supplies of live stock and hay which had been gathered on the islands in Boston harbor by the British. One of these, and the most important, the never half-known battle of Chelsea Creek, occurred on the 27th of May, 1775, at which time quite an engagement was fought and won by the patriots.

Colonel Stark was ordered by the Committee of Safety to take a detachment of some three hundred men and drive the cattle and sheep from Hogg and Noddles islands across Chelsea Creek, which could be forded at low water.

Accordingly, at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 27th of May, he started on his errand.

The sheep on Breed's Hill, Winthrop (then Hogg's Island), were removed successfully, but when it came to crossing to East Boston (Noddles Island) for the cattle there, the outpost of British regulars, some fifty in number, which was later reinforced, stood their ground and opened fire by platoons, briskly, upon the embattled Yankees on the Chelsea side of the creek.

The British Admiral, Samuel Graves, immediately sent a schooner and a sloop towing barges filled with soldiers up Chelsea Creek, intending to cut off the return of the patriots to the mainland from Hogg's Island. The schooner was armed with four six-pounder cannon and the barges were provided with twelve swivels, but with all their banging away at the green hillsides of Chelsea (where round iron balls have been found quite frequently) none of the patriots were killed, while on the deck of the armed schooner ran blood until it dripped out of the scuppers, according to a British letter home about the affair.

A force of grenadiers was also sent to aid the British marine guard on Noddles Island, as stated before, and Colonel Stark was finally obliged to withdraw to Hogg's Island, and then to the mainland, taking advantage of the ditches cut through the marshes, at the same time returning a hot fire, inflicting a heavy loss of killed and wounded on the enemy. He succeeded, however, in carrying off the greater part of the live stock.

The schooner continued to fire at the Americans after they had reached Chelsea Neck, but General Putnam,

* This article by Mr. Lamb was published in a pamphlet ten years ago, and is here presented by the author's permission.

who fortunately came up with reinforcements, among whom was Joseph Warren, serving as a volunteer, opened a brisk fire in return. For the first time in the American Revolution, artillery rumbled between Chelsea's hedgerows, along with the marching hosts, or rather two little four-pounders commanded by Capt. Gideon (?) Foster. The Provincials now numbered in all about one thousand men, according to Hon. A. D. Bosson of Chelsea, Mass.

All the afternoon the popping at the redcoats lasted, and at nine o'clock at night the impetuous Putnam began the work for a finish. Mounting his two cannon on a knoll near the river edge, backed by his whole force, as the becalmed British vessels approached that point on their retreat, towed by the sailors and marines in the barges, all far and near shots from the shore, Putnam and his men waded out waist deep into the water and poured a fierce fire to kill into the vessels and boats with demands for surrender. It was too hot for the regulars. At eleven o'clock at night, abandoning their vessels, they sought safety in flight in the boats, and the enemy's schooner was burned by pulling her ashore at the ferries and burying her up in heaps of hay, after removing from her decks four cannon, the sails from her masts and clothes and money from her cabin. In this way the schooner fell into the hands of the patriots with all her supplies, stores and equipments.

As the Americans were all trained marksmen, the casualties among the British were many. The action at this point lasted from nine to eleven. The Americans had three or four wounded but none killed. The British loss was greatly exaggerated at the time. General Gage stated in his official report that "two men were killed and a few wounded." The *New Hampshire Gazette* of June 2, 1775, said that "'Tis said between two and three hundred marines and regulars were killed and wounded, and that a place was dug in Boston twenty-five feet square to bury their dead.' One man stated that he saw sixty-four dead men landed at Long Wharf from one boat. Edwin M. Bacon's "Historic Pilgrimages in New England" in an account of this engagement, says that "the Americans had four men wounded, while the British had twenty men killed and fifty wounded."

Gordon, in his "History of the American Revolution," states that "at least two hundred British were either killed or wounded."

"Putnam," Bacon says, "got the credit for this fight"; and it is stated that the conduct of this affair influenced the vote in the Continental Congress to make him a major-general. The schooner was named the *Diana,* and was commanded by Lieut. John Graves, a nephew of Admiral Samuel Graves.

In the battle of Chelsea Creek, which opened so redly, our men fighting in the water with the shore rising behind them in the darkness, or standing or lying on the higher land, could be but dimly seen, while themselves firing at figures clearly cut out against the surface of the water.

Judge Bosson (of Chelsea), in his address delivered to the old Suffolk Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, two years ago, expresses his conviction that between two and three hundred of the British were killed and wounded. There is very little ot be found on record of this engagement in print, which should be accorded a place as the second battle of the Revolution, Lexington and Concord being the first actual clash of arms between the British and American troops.

EMMA GANNELL RUMFORD BURGUM

By J. Elizabeth Hoyt Stevens

Emma Gannell Rumford Burgum was born in London, April 20, 1826, daughter of Henry and Mary Grove Gannell and adopted by the Countess of Rumford while in London.

In 1814 the Count died at Auteuil, near Paris. The Countess, who was at Havre, France, was informed of his death by Baron Delessert and directed to come to Auteuil for the

Emma Gannell Rumford Burgum

Count Rumford (Benjamin Thompson), while yet in the service of the Elector of Bavaria, visited London in the year 1796 and bought a house for himself at 45 Brompton Row. Through his agent he became acquainted with a man named Grove whom he secured to manage his affairs in London.

funeral, which she did, remaining there for a short while after. Then she went to London and took possession of her father's house. She directed Grove to make some changes in the house. After a time, being lonesome, her friends, Lord and Lady Palmerston, Sir Charles Blagden and others besides her father, having

passed away, she thought to adopt a child and asked her man, Grove, if he knew of some little girl thereabout, whom she could get to come to live with her as a companion? Grove replied that he had a little girl, eight years of age, whom he thought would be glad to come to her and she did come, remaining with the Countess in London nine years, at the end of which time she accompanied her to Paris and lived with her there three years. After their return to London, Mary Grove married Henry Gannell in 1824. Gannell's business as a traveling merchant taking him so much from home, it was decided that his wife might remain with the Countess, which she did until time for her baby to be born. Then she went to her father's home to be confined, but she soon returned with her child to the Countess. The Countess became very fond of baby Emma and used to beg the mother to give the child to her for her own. When Emma was one year old Mrs. Gannell left the Countess to live with her husband in London. Being able to visit the Countess' home daily, Emma was left there and as other children (a girl and two boys), came to the Gannell family, Emma was eventually given up to the Countess.

In 1835 the Countess of Rumford sailed for America bringing the nine year old Emma with her. Here they remained three years, and interesting are the stories she now tells of those childhood days, at play in various well remembered historic houses in and about Concord, where she and the Countess used to visit.

In 1838 they sailed from America to Paris where they lived seven years. It was early arranged for the now twelve year old Emma to enter St. Joseph's Convent as a pupil. An outfit of clothes and silver marked "Emma Rumford" was ready, when Baron Benjamin Delessent persuaded the Countess that if she sent the child there, for an education, pressure would be brought to bear on the child that would result in her becoming a nun; then the Countess would never have her at home again. So the engagement at St. Joseph's was cancelled and Emma, much to the child's disappointment, was sent to a Protestant private school in Paris, and the writer has seen a sampler made by the child at the school. It is marked "Fait par Emma Rumford, Fait dans la Pension de Madame Schuts 1839." The Countess was fond of painting and worked much in water colors. She gave the child a master in oil and had her well instructed in this art while in Paris. In traveling, because of her being unmarried the passports always read "The Countess of Rumford and her niece Emma Rumford." In 1845 they returned to America.

In 1850 there came on a sailing vessel from Birmingham, England, to Boston a man named John Burgum. His voyage had been of a month's duration. He was by trade a painter of clock dials. The first thing he spied on landing in Boston was an omnibus having, as most vehicles in those days had, landscape pictures, as well as coloring and lettering upon them. He enquired of the driver where it had been ornamented and soon made his way to the manufactory, secured a position and this on his very first day in America. Some time later George Main (the late florist) then foreman of the paint shops at the Abbot Coach factory in Concord, N. H., was in Boston looking up a man for this kind of work. He heard of Mr. Burgum and secured him—in spite of the Boston firms' protestations—they not wishing to lose so valuable a workman and artist. His first work in Concord was on a circus wagon. Afterward he painted coaches that went over the world, among them was the famous "Deadwood Coach."

In course of time Hiram Rolfe brought Burgum to the Countess' home to see Count Rumford's paintings, books, etc. Following that,

Burgum was a frequent visitor at the Countess' home. Within a year's time he had obtained the Countess' permission to make Emma Rumford his wife. October 30, 1852, the couple were married somewhat earlier than had been planned because of the Countess' illness and her wish to see them married before she should pass away. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Nathaniel Bouton in the Old North Church. The Countess died December 2, 1852, two months after the wedding.

Most of the domestic articles of the house were left to Emma Rumford, who continued with her husband to live there for six months after the death of the Countess; then they went to live in their own house which Mr. Burgum had prepared for his wife at 68 South State street, according to present day numbering. Mrs. Burgum's father died in 1848. In 1855 her mother, Mrs. Gannell came to America for a year's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Burgum.

An interesting fact concerns the cradle in which Mr. and Mrs. Burgum's six children and some of their grandchildren were rocked. It was made out of the bread trough which had belonged to the Countess' mother, to which Mr. Burgum fitted rockers and applied paint and Mrs. Burgum fitted a quilted wadded lining. It now sits at rest in the Burgum attic at 68 South State street where Mrs. Burgum is still living at the age of ninety two years, a most interesting lady, spry and more active than many a younger woman.

TWILIGHT

By Florence T. Blaisdell

When one beholds at daylight's slumber time,
The works of God, tinged o'er with rosy hue,
How small the deeds of simple man then seem,
How grand creation's art appears anew!
Each shape, each form, takes on a different cast;
Our hearts are filled with reverence divine,
Our thoughts roam backward through the past
And onward through the boundless realms of time.

MADE POETRY

From English Literature Authors

By Hattie Duncan Towle, Chicago

1. 'Tis just a little nosegay of conceits—
2. But take it not I pray you in disdain—
3. Each posy in't hath perfume faint which doth
4. Remembrance make, with all her busy train.

5. I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time,
6. Ambition bred such monstrous hopes and fears,
7. But that's between the green bud and the red,
8. We've thoughts that often lie too deep for tears.

9. An honest man's the noblest work of God,
10. So think not meanly of thy low estate,
11. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,
12. They also serve, who only stand and wait.

13. Man was not made to trifle—life is brief,
14. How long we live, not years but actions tell,
15. And that life's long that answers life's great end,
16. 'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.

17. The way to bliss lies not on beds of ease,
18. So rise to works of high and holy love,
19. Nor cast a longing, lingering look behind,
20. Content to wait the recompense above.

21. There is no easy recipe for joy,
22. We cannot solve, though zealously we try,
23. Life's riddle deep its myst'ries vast unfold
24. In form complete, no happiness can buy.

25. There's aye a yearning, vague though it may be,
26. Perhaps some heart's desire that naught fulfills,
27. While life's a plain prosaic character,
28. We love the lights and shadows on the hills.

29. 'Tis Winter, Summer—Night before the day,
30. Some grief, some joy; some smiles and bitter cries,
31. For shade and sunshine every life is planned,
32. Next Calv'ry—just beyond—lies Paradise.

33. Lift bad to good, lift better up to best,
34. You'll find that love's a perfect bit of heaven:
35. Just help the world progress, that's all and know
36. That what is dark on earth, will be light in heaven.

The foregoing poetical curiosity made up from lines, quoted from many different authors, was composed by Hattie Duncan, sixty years ago liying in Concord, N. H., a member of Deacon John A. Gault's family, now Mrs. Hattie Duncan Towle and resident in Chicago.

The composition exhibits great skill and patience in the finding and arranging the poem—which has a wonderful continuity of thought, considering the many, many writers.

The Key is given below showing the name of the author of each line.

KEY TO THE NAMES OF AUTHORS: 1, Addison; 2, Chaucer; 3, J. G. Mills; 4, Goldsmith; 5, Byron; 6, Phillips; 7, Swinburne; 8, Wadsworth; 9, Pope; 10, Holmes; 11, Shakespeare; 12, Milton; 13, Bonar; 14, Watkins; 15, Young; 16, Collins; 17, Quarles; 18, Wilcox; 19, Gray; 20, Bethune; 21, Coleridge; 22, Kant; 23, Kant; 24, Dryden; 25, Moore; 26, Shelley; 27, J. S. Mill; 28, Spencer; 29, Cary; 30, Keats; 31, Anon; 32, Unknown; 33, Emerson; 34, Doddridge; 35, Congreve; 36, Whittier.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. JOHN Q. A. BRACKETT

Hon. John Quincy Adams Brackett, one of New Hampshire's most distinguished natives and Massachusetts' most honored citizens, died at his home in Arlington, Mass., April 6, 1918.

He was a native of the town of Bradford, born, June 8, 1842. He was educated at Colby Academy, New London, Harvard College, class of 1865, and the Harvard Law School, graduating from the latter in 1868, being admitted to the bar and commencing practice in Boston, at once, where he continued. He took much interest in public affairs, as a Republican, served four terms as a member of the Boston Common Council, of which he was president in 1876. In that year he was elected to the Massachusetts house of representatives, and served eight years, through successive re-elections, being speaker the last two years. In 1886 he was chosen lieutenant governor, serving three years, and in 1889 was elected governor, but was defeated the next year by the Democratic candidate—the late Hon. William E. Russell. He was a delegate in the Republican National Conventions of 1892 and 1900, and president of the Massachusetts electoral college in 1896. He was a member of the present Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, and prominent in the deliberations of the same during the session of 1917. He had been president of the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, and prominent in the Masonic order. In religion he was a Unitarian. (An extended sketch of Governor Brackett appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY for June, 1913, in the article on Bradford.)

Mr. Brackett married, June 20, 1878, Miss Angie M. Peck, daughter of Abel G. Peck of Arlington, Mass. For a time they resided on Union Park Street, Boston, but their later home was on Pleasant Street, Arlington. He is survived by his widow, a son, Judge John G. Brackett of the Municipal Court, and a daughter, Miss Beatrice Brackett, of Arlington.

COL. JOHN G. CRAWFORD

John Gault Crawford, born in Oakham, Mass., April 21, 1834, died in Manchester, February 24, 1918.

Colonel Crawford attended the public schools, served as a dry goods clerk in Worcester, and at the age of 21, went to Kansas, where he "mixed up" in the contest between the so-called "Border Ruffians" and the John Brown raiders, on the side of the latter. Subsequently he located in Michigan, where he studied law, was admitted to the bar, engaged in practice, went into politics and was elected to the State Senate. In 1870, he came to New Hampshire and located in Lancaster, where he was first a Democrat and then a Republican by turns, served as U. S. Consul to Coaticook, P. Q., 1881–84, and removed to Manchester in 1890, since when he had been a Republican and as such was elected to the last legislature. He was a unique character, and had appeared effectively on the stump for both parties.

Colonel Crawford married, April 16, 1863, Emma Tindall who died in 1866. June 7, 1867, he married Abbie True Stevens of Paris, Me., who died February 2, 1882. April 30, 1884, he married Mary A. Harrington, who survives him. He leaves also a son, Dr. Harry C. Crawford of New York and a daughter, Mrs. John W. Chapman of Manchester.

GEN. AUGUSTUS D. AYLING

Gen. Augustus D. Ayling, who though not a native of the state, nor a resident at the time of his death, was essentially a New Hampshire man, having spent most of his active life in the state, died at Centerville, Mass., January 9, 1918.

He was a native of Boston, born July 28, 1840, and was educated in the Boston schools and Lawrence Academy, Groton, Mass. He was in the employ of J. C. Ayer & Co., at Lowell before the Civil War, upon the outbreak of which he enlisted, serving throughout, being mustered out as a first lieutenant. After the war he was in business in Nashua, and was captain of Company F, Second Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard. He was appointed adjutant-general of the State of New Hampshire July 1, 1879, by Gov. Natt Head, and served in that capacity until January 1, 1907, when he retired. This long service made him ranking adjutant-general of the United States.

By direction of the New Hampshire State Legislature, General Ayling prepared the "Revised Register of Soldiers and Sailors of New Hampshire in the War of the Rebellion 1861–1865," which was published in 1905.

DR. CHARLES B. STURTEVANT

Dr. Charles B. Sturtevant, long a prominent physician of Manchester, died in that city, April 12, 1918.

He was born in Barton, Vt., April 2, 1850, son of Paschal and Louisa A. (Harvey) Sturtevant. He was educated at the Northwood and Pittsfield Academies, studied medicine with Dr. John Wheeler of Pittsfield, and at the Long Island and Dartmouth Medical colleges, graduating from the latter in 1874. He practiced eight years in New Boston, and then settled in Manchester, where he continued through life. While in New Boston he was superintendent of schools for five years. He was a member of the First Congregational Church of Manchester, the Manchester Historical Association and the New Hampshire Medical Society.

He had been twice married and is survived by two married daughters.

HON. WILLIAM F. WHITCHER

William Frederick Whitcher, born in Benton, August 10, 1845, died at his home in Woodsville, May 31, 1918.

Mr. Whitcher had been known for many years as one of the most active and public spirited citizens of Northern New Hampshire. He was the son of the late Hon. Ira Whitcher, a leading Democrat and prominent citizen, and was educated at Tilton Seminary and Wesleyan University, graduating from the latter in 1871 and from Boston University Theological School in 1873. He was a member of the Southern N. E. Methodist Conference for nine years, holding pastorates in Providence and Newport, R. I., and New Bedford, Mass. Abandoning the ministry he was engaged for eighteen years in journalism in Boston, as reporter and editor, first with the *Traveler* and later with the *Advertiser*, residing in Malden, where he was a member and chairman of the school board for several years.

On the death of his father, in 1898, he removed to Woodsville, where he purchased the *Woodsville News*, and edited the same until 1916, when he sold it, on account of failing health. Meanwhile he was active in public affairs, serving as representative in the Legislature in 1901, –03, –05, –07, and 1911 and in the Constitutional Convention of 1912. In the Legislature he was among the most influential members, acting upon the Judiciary Committee each year of his service, taking an active part in debate, and closely scanning all legislation of general importance. He was one of the most active supporters of the measure providing for the erection of a statue of Franklin Pierce in the State House grounds, and was one of the speakers at its dedication. Politically he was reared a Democrat and continued such on all questions except the tariff. He was a warm advocate of Woman Suffrage, and a devoted student of New Hampshire history. He was the author of a history of Coventry (Benton) and had nearly completed a history of the town of Haverhill. He had served several years as a trustee of the New Hampshire State library, and was connected with various business enterprises in Woodsville.

He was twice married: first to Jeannette Marie Burr of Middletown, Conn., December 4, 1872, who died September 22, 1894, and, second, to Marietta H. Hadley of Stoneham, Mass., November 4, 1896, who survives him, as does one son by the first marriage, Dr. Burr Royce Whitcher (Dartmouth 1902) of West Somerville, Mass.

IRVING ALLISON WATSON, M.D.

Dr. Irving Allison Watson, secretary of the New Hampshire State Board of Health, died at his home in Concord, April 2, 1918.

Dr. Watson was the son of Porter B. and Luvia E. (Ladd) Watson, born in Salisbury September 6, 1849. He was educated in the common schools and Newbury (Vt.) Seminary, studied medicine, and attended lectures in the Dartmouth and Vermont University Medical colleges, graduating M.D., from the latter in 1871. He immediately commenced practice at Groveton, remaining ten years. While there he was prominent in public affairs as a Democrat; was several years superintendent of schools, and represented the town of Northumberland in the State Legislature in 1879 and 1881. In the latter year he was appointed secretary of the State Board of Health, then just established, and continued in that office until his death, making a record for efficient service, and devotion to duty unsurpassed in the State or nation. He was connected with various organizations, having served as secretary of the American Public Health Association from 1883 to 1897; president of the International Conference of State and Provincial Boards of Health in 1903, and assistant secretary-general of the first Pan-American Medical Congress. He was a permanent member of the American Medical Association, and was president of the New Hampshire Medical Society in 1903.

Aside from his reports as secretary of the State Board of Health, and of the American Public Health Association, he had edited various publications including "Physicians and Surgeons of America," and written numberles papers on medical and sanitary subjects.

Dr. Watson married, in 1872, Lena A. Farr of Littleton, who died January 30, 1901. He is survived by a daughter, Bertha M. of Concord.

DANIEL G. ANNIS

Daniel G. Annis, native and life long resident of Londonderry, was born January 25, 1839 and died, February 20, 1918. He was long engaged in mercantile business, but retired many years since, devoting himself to agriculture and historical and genealogical reasearch. He published the "Vital Statistics of Londonderry," some years ago. He was prominent in the Grange, and the Junior Order of American Mechanics. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Londonderry, and a long time its treasurer.

MRS. MARY A. BOSTWICK

Mary A. Dunton Bostwick, a native and long time resident of Newport, died in that town Saturday, May 11, aged 69 years, 8 months and 22 days.

She was the daughter of William and Lois (Corbin) Dunton, her father having been engaged in the manufacture of scythes at North Newport in company with the late E. T. Sibley, and her mother being a daughter of the late Hon. Austin Corbin, Sr., and a sister of Austin Corbin, the eminent banker. She was educated in the Newport schools and

at the Millbury (Mass.) Academy, and taught in Newport for some time in youth.

In 1886, she married Oscar O. Bostwick, a prominent merchant and banker of Cleveland, Ohio, and resided in that city until his death, several years later, when she returned to Newport, and had since resided there.

She was a woman of modest virtues and rare graces of manner, and enjoyed a wide circle of friendship. A Universalist in religious faith, she had united with the Episcopal Church in Newport; was a member of Reprisal Chapter, D. A. R., of the Newport Woman's Club, the Equal Suffrage League, and was an active worker in the King's Daughters and Red Cross organizations.

She leaves one brother, Frederick Dunton, of Hollis, L. I.

PROF. HENRY P. WRIGHT

Prof. Henry P. Wright, born in Winchester, N. H., November 30, 1839, died at his home in New Haven, Conn., March 17, 1918. He served with the 51st Massachusetts Volunteers in the Civil War, and graduated from Yale in 1868 as valedictorion of his class, with the highest standing that had ever been attained in that college. He was made tutor in 1870, assistant professor in 1871 and professor of Latin in 1876. In 1884 he was made dean of the University, holding the office till 1909. He was given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by Yale in 1886, and Doctor of Laws by Union College in 1895.

He is survived by a widow, who was Martha E. Burt of Oakham, Mass., and two sons, the eldest being Prof. Henry B. Wright of the Yale School of Religion.

NATHANIEL G. BROOKS, M.D.

Dr. Nathaniel G. Brooks, a prominent physician of Charlestown, died at his home in that town, March 10, 1918.

Dr. Brooks was a native of Acworth, son of Dr. Lyman and Mary (Graham) Brooks, born October 1, 1838. He graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School, and practiced, all his life, in Charlestown. He was a surgeon in the Civil War, and was wounded at Gettysburg. After the war he had charge of the hospital at Brattleboro for a time. Prominent in public affairs in Charlestown—selectman, representative and state senator, first president of Springfield & Charlestown Street Railway.

He married Miss Emma Pressler who survives, with three sons, Lyman, Dr. Nathaniel P., now in France with Army, and Philip P. of Boston.

DR. JONATHAN M. CHENEY

Jonathan M. Cheney, M.D., son of the late Col. Thomas P. Cheney, was born in Holderness (now Ashland) December 15, 1863, and died in that town, March 4, 1918.

Dr. Cheney was educated at New Hampton Institute and the Vermont Medical College; also studying in Boston, New York and Germany. He located, in practice in his native town and there continued. He was active in politics as a Republican, served in both branches of the Legislature, was a member of the Grafton County Medical Advisory Board, and prominent in Masonry.

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Richard V. Chase of Lakeport, and one son, Thomas P. Cheney, a lieutenant in the service of the government.

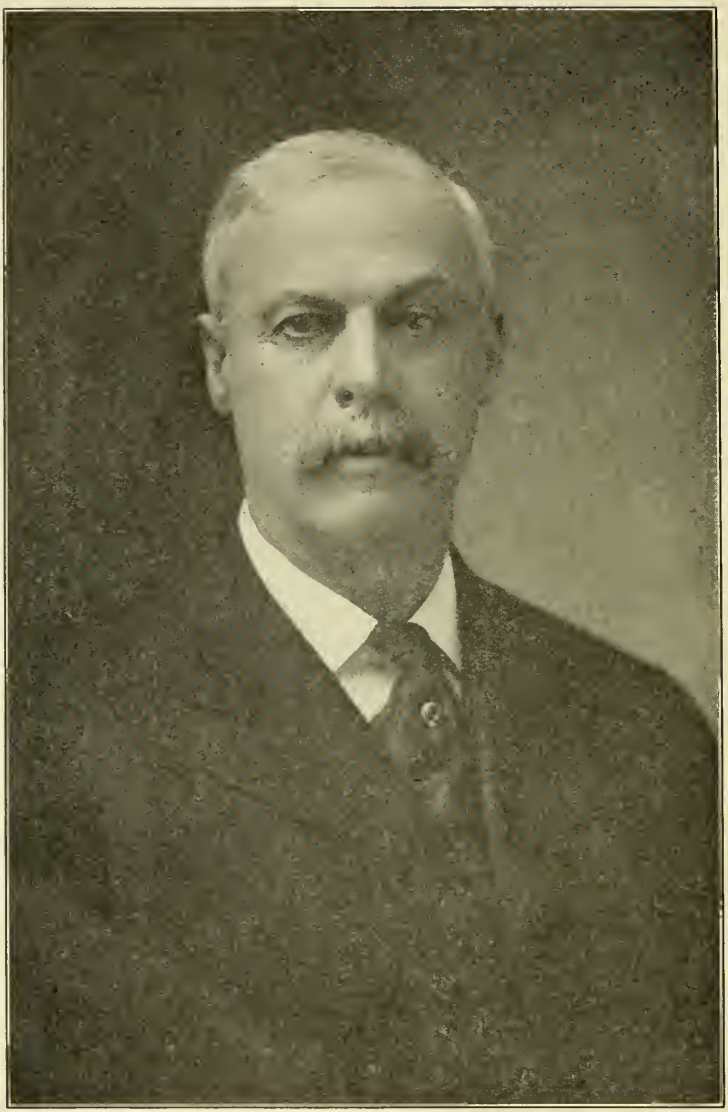
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The New Hampshire Old Home Week Association held its annual meeting at the State House, Monday, June 3. H. H. Metcalf was reëlected president; Andrew L. Felker, secretary, and J. Wesley Plummer, treasurer; with a vice-president from each county, headed by Gov. H. W. Keyes, and an executive committee composed of Nathaniel S. Drake of Pittsfield, Warren Tripp of Epsom, Henry E. Chamberlin of Concord, Dr. James Shaw of Franklin and Robert W. Upton of Bow. Old Home Week this year opens Saturday, August 17. Three towns—Acworth, Henniker and Sunapee—observe their one hundred and fiftieth anniversaries during the week.

There is a strong feeling in Concord and Portsmouth, that some small portion of the money allotted for railway improvement in New England, under the present regime, should be devoted to the reëstablishment of direct communication between the capital and the seaport city, which latter is now looming large on the industrial horizon. The Suncook and Candia rails should be restored.

The forty-fifth annual session of the New Hampshire State Grange will be held in Rochester, at the City hall, December 10, 11 and 12. Instead of alternating between Manchester and Concord, as was the custom for some years, it has been the policy of the organization of late to hold its annual gatherings in different sections of the state, Dover, Portsmouth, Nashua, Keene and Laconia, all having had sessions within the last few years.

As was announced in the last issue for 1917, the Granite Monthly *for 1918 appears in quarterly issues. The first appeared in March, and the second, for April, May and June, is now presented. It was understood that payment for the year was to be made on receipt of the first issue, where not already made in advance. Many subscribers, thus promising to pay, have forgotten to do so. That they will remit promptly on receipt of this issue is now expected. Consult the date on your address label, and if the same is not up to January, 1919, please remit the necessary amount at once.*



HON. NATHANIEL E. MARTIN

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. L, NOS. 7–9 JULY–SEPTEMBER NEW SERIES, VOL. XIII, NOS. 7–9

HON. NATHANIEL E. MARTIN

Democratic Candidate for Governor of New Hampshire

The Democrats of New Hampshire, at the recent primary election, nominated Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin, the present senator for District No. 15, as their candidate for governor, to be voted for at the election on November 5. As was the case with Col. John H. Bartlett, the Republican candidate, Mr. Martin had no contestant for the nomination, and that the vote cast for him was small in comparison with that which Colonel Bartlett received, is due simply to the fact that there was an exciting Senatorial contest to bring out the Republican voters and nothing of the sort to stimulate Democratic attendance at the polls.

The first quarterly issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY, this year, presented a frontispiece portrait of Colonel Bartlett, of whom an extended biographical sketch was published in its pages a few years since. With this issue Mr. Martin's portrait appears as a frontispiece, and some reference to his career may be deemed pertinent at this time.

NATHANIEL E. MARTIN was born in the town of Loudon, August 9, 1855, the son of the late Theophilus B. and Sarah (Rowell) Martin, and a great-grandson of James Martin, a Revolutionary soldier, of Pembroke. Of the same family came the late Dr. Noah Martin of Dover, governor of New Hampshire in 1852 and 1853, and Abigail Martin, mother of the late Judge William Martin Chase.

Nathaniel Martin, son of James and grandfather of the subject of this sketch, settled in Loudon ninety years ago, upon the farm which has ever since remained in the family, and became a successful farmer and leading citizen, as did his son, Theophilus, the father of Nathaniel E., who represented his town in the legislature, was treasurer of Merrimack County, and a trial justice for many years.

Endowed with a strong constitution, and inured to hard labor on the farm in early life, young Martin developed mental capacity and ambition commensurate with his physical ability, and he soon determined to secure a better education than the country school afforded, and to fit himself for professional life. To that end he entered the Concord High School from which he graduated in June, 1876, and immediately entered the office of Sargent & Chase for the study of law. Under the instruction of these learned jurists and able practitioners he became well grounded in the principles of the law and their application to particular causes. He also developed a habit of industry and a love for his work, so that when admitted to the bar, August 14, 1879, the promise of success in his chosen profession was clearly manifest to his friends, and it is needless to say that the promise has been fulfilled in abundant measure.

Commencing practice in Concord, he continued alone for some time, but for nearly a quarter of a century has

been associated with DeWitt C. Howe, also regarded as one of the ablest lawyers at the Merrimack bar. The business of the firm has constantly increased till it is now unquestionably, so far as the trial of causes is concerned, larger than that of any other firm in the county, and extends into all parts of the state.

As a successful jury lawyer Mr. Martin has no superior and few peers in the state. His clientage, in the main, is from the ranks of the common people, he never having catered for corporation practice. Indeed he is generally known as "the people's lawyer," and few men of great wealth are seen in the crowd of waiting clients usually filling his outer office. His remarkable success results, in large measure, from his thorough knowledge of men, whom he has studied all his life with care and diligence. Familiarity with the motives of men, and the springs of human action, is as essential to professional success on the part of the lawyer as knowledge of the law itself, and in this regard Mr. Martin's equipment is unsurpassed. Thoroughness in the preparation of his cases is one of his leading characteristics as a lawyer, as well as plain matter-of-fact statement in their presentation. He resorts to no oratorical arts or rhetorical devices in his argument, whether to the court or the jury; but depends upon plain, common-sense statement, in the every-day language which all can understand, for the desired result; and his wonderful success, especially before the jury, attests the wisdom of his judgment in this regard.

His knowledge of men as well as of the law, and his familiarity with the practical affairs of every-day life, in city and country alike, qualify him, in high degree, for the public service, which he has never sought, but into which he has been called to greater extent than most lawyers of his extensive practice, in communities where the party in opposition to their own is ordinarily in the ascendant.

A Democrat, by inheritance and conviction, in both the social and political sense of the term, Mr. Martin has always been allied with the party of that name, and, although strongly devoted to his profession and

Residence of Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin

avoiding rather than seeking preference and position at the hands of his party or the public, he has rendered the former no little service, and has been called by the latter into positions of trust and responsibility, in all of which he has acquitted himself with honor, and to the eminent satisfaction of the people. He has served upon the Democratic ward and city committees; as a member for many years of its State Committee, and as secretary and chairman of the same; as president of its State Convention, and, in 1904, was a member of the New Hampshire delegation in the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis.

Nominated for solicitor of Merrimack County in 1886, notwithstanding the normal Republican majority in the county, he was elected to that office, and his administration was characterized by the only successful attempt in the history of the state, up to that time, to enforce the existing prohibitory law, which had been practically a dead letter throughout the state since its enactment thirty years before, and enforced only in special cases, and against particular individuals, for the furtherance of partisan ends. Twelve years later, nominated by his party for mayor of Concord, his reputation for law enforcement gave him the election, though the city, then as now, was normally Republican by a large majority. His administration as mayor was creditable to himself and his party, but was hampered by an adverse majority in the city councils, blocking the way to the practical reforms which he sought to institute.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1912 Mr. Martin was a delegate from Ward Six, Concord, in which he resides, and took a prominent part in the work of the Convention. In 1914 the Democrats of the Concord Senatorial district impressed Mr. Martin into the service as a candidate, with the result of his election by a plurality of 150, when the Republican gubernatorial vote in the district exceeded the Democratic by 260. Although with the minority in the Senate, Mr. Martin was an acknowledged leader in all matters not purely partisan, and his influence in practical legislation was second to that of no other member. Renominated in 1916, he was again elected by a substantial majority, and to his presence and influence in the Senate the state is indebted for much valuable legislation, not the least among the same being the present prohibitory law, which could not have been passed in that body but for his earnest and effective support.

Mr. Martin's interest and activities have not been confined entirely to his professional and public service. He has been associated with others in extensive lumbering operations at different times, and has large real estate interests in the city of his adoption, besides owning and managing the old homestead farm in Loudon, where he was born, and where in former years he bred and reared much excellent stock, including some fine horses, among which was the celebrated "Newflower" which once made the fastest time then recorded on the Concord State Fair Grounds. He has, also, extensive holdings of land in Loudon, outside the home farm, some of which is heavily timbered.

He was one of the incorporators of the Concord Building & Loan Association in 1887, and has been treasurer of the same since its organization, it being one of the largest and most prosperous institutions of the kind in the state. He does not figure prominently as a "joiner," but has been a member of Rumford Lodge, No. 46, I. O. O. F., nearly forty years, and passed the chairs in that organization many years ago. He is also a member of Canton Wildey, No. 1, Patriarchs Militant.

Mr. Martin married, first, March 27, 1902, Mrs. Jennie P. Lawrence, a daughter of the late Ashael Burnham of Concord, who died October 20,

MRS. NATHANIEL E. MARTIN

1911. On June 14, 1915, he was united in marriage with Miss Margaret W. Clough, daughter of Warren and Georgia (Colby) Clough of Bow, a charming and accomplished young lady, who presides gracefully over his fine home at No. 8 South Street, Concord, and who will with equal grace perform the duties devolving upon the "first lady" of the state should her husband be elected to the high office for which he has been nominated, and which he is so admirably qualified to fill.

THE OLD, OLD HOME

By Charles Nevers Holmes

How we love when years have flown,
Seated at our hearth alone,
  As the evening shadows fall on vale and hill,
To revisit then once more
Like some dreamland scenes of yore,
  And our old, old Home whose recollections thrill.

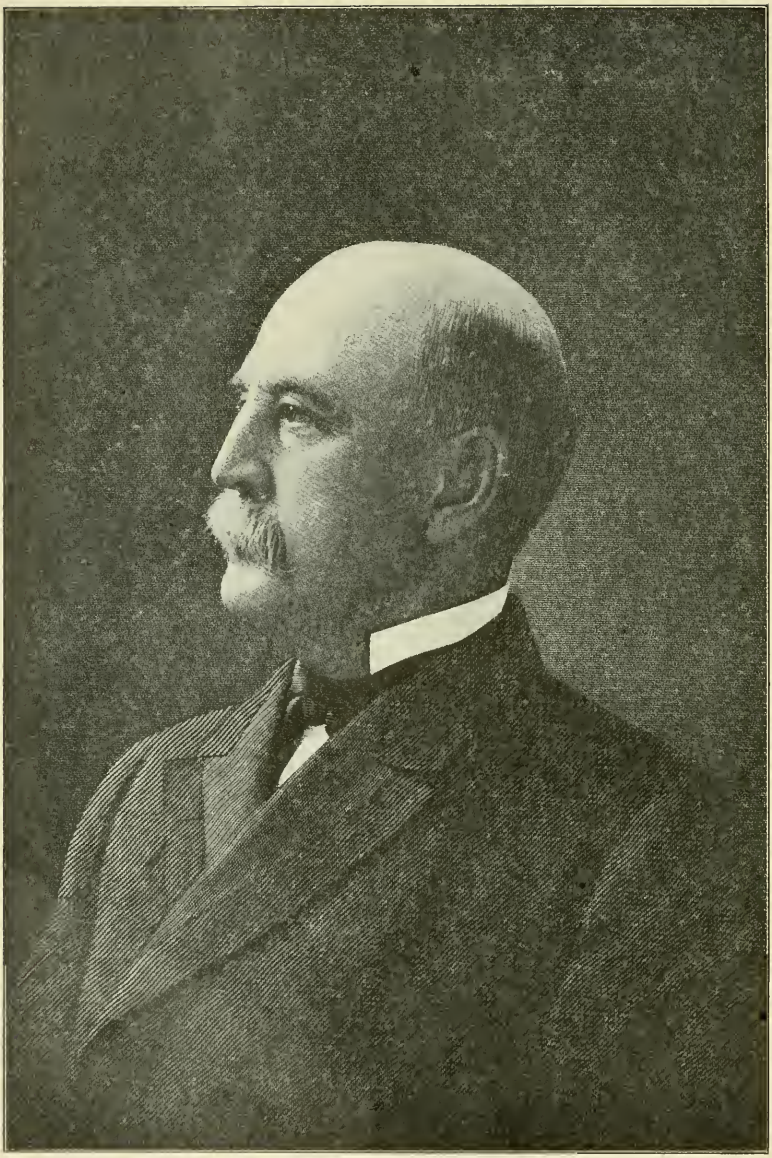
O, that Home where we were born!—
Where the bird sang ev'ry morn
  And the cricket chanted in the meadow near;
Where noon's sunshine was so bright
And the Harvest Moon so white,
  And no tragic grief had shed its bitter tear.

There still live those agèd trees,
Whisp'ring in the summer breeze,
  There that garden blooms before our eyes again,
And the barn stands sweet with hay
Where we used to romp and play,
  And "drive home the cows" along yon shady lane.

Dreaming—dreaming 'mid the gloom,
Now we see each humble room
  And the front porch where the lilacs thickly grew;
And our dear good mother's face
Hallows all this long-lost place
  With her smile so fondly tender and so true!

How we love when years have flown,
Seated at our hearth—alone,
  As the gloaming softly steals o'er vale and hill,
To revisit thus once more
Like some dreamland scenes of yore,
  And our old, old Home whose recollections thrill!

41 Arlington St., Newton, Mass.



HON. IRVING W. DREW

HON. IRVING W. DREW

Recently Appointed United States Senator by Governor Keyes

On the second day of September Governor Keyes appointed the Hon. Irving W. Drew of Lancaster to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate occasioned by the death of Dr. Jacob H. Gallinger, who had served in that office for more than twenty-seven years—a far longer period than any other incumbent from this state. It is but fair to say that in this selection the governor manifested admirable judgment, the eminent qualifications of Mr. Drew for this high office being universally recognized. He has long been well known to the people of New Hampshire, but a brief sketch of his life may not be inappropriate at this time, and perhaps none more comprehensive can be produced than that which was embodied in the article on Lancaster in the GRANITE MONTHLY of September–October, 1914, which is as follows:

HON. IRVING W. DREW

Irving Webster Drew, long known as one of the most brilliant lawyers in the state, son of Amos Webster and Julia Esther (Lovering) Drew, was born at Colebrook, N. H., January 8, 1845. He fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and graduated at Dartmouth in the class of 1870. He studied law in the office of Ray & Ladd, at Lancaster, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1871. William S. Ladd having been appointed a judge of the Supreme Judicial Court, Mr. Drew succeeded him as a member of the firm, of Ray & Drew. In 1873 the firm became Ray, Drew & Heywood. In 1876, Chester B. Jordan succeeded Mr. Heywood. The firm remained Ray, Drew & Jordan until 1882, when Philip Carpenter became a partner of Ray, Drew, Jordan & Carpenter. Mr. Ray was elected to Congress in 1880 and retired from the firm in 1884, Mr. Carpenter in 1885. From this time this law firm was known as Drew & Jordan until 1893, when William P. Buckley was taken into partnership. The firm continued Drew, Jordan & Buckley until 1901, when Merrill Shurtleff entered the firm. The name remained Drew, Jordan, Buckley & Shurtleff until the death of Mr. Buckley, January 10, 1906. The following March George F. Morris became a partner. Mr. Jordan retired January, 1910. For three years the firm name was Drew, Shurtleff & Morris. In 1913, Eri C. Oakes was admitted to the present firm of Drew, Shurtleff, Morris & Oakes.

Mr. Drew's career as a lawyer has been long and successful. During forty-two years of active practice he has devoted his best powers to the profession which he loves and honors. He was admitted to all the Federal Courts in 1877. A loyal member of the New Hampshire Bar Association, he was elected president at its annual meeting in 1899.

Mr. Drew has been actively interested in politics, state and national. He was chosen delegate to the Democratic National Conventions of 1880 at Cincinnati, and 1892 and 1896 at Chicago. But when William J. Bryan was nominated for President on a free silver platform, he became a Republican. He was a member of the State Constitutional Conventions of 1902 and 1912. He was commissioned major of the Third Regiment, New

Hampshire National Guard, in 1876 and served three years.

Mr. Drew has been much interested in the business affairs of his town and state. During the great contest between the Boston & Maine and Concord Railroads, in 1887, he suggested to George Van Dyke that there was an opportunity to secure the building of the Upper Coös Railroad. At the organization of this railroad in 1887, he was made a director and was elected president in 1909. He was also for some years a director of the Hereford Railroad. For many years a trustee of the Siwooganock Guaranty Savings Bank, Mr. Drew was made its president in 1891. Since its organization he has been director of the Lancaster National Bank. He has been a trustee and the president of the Lancaster Free Library for many years, and always an enthusiastic supporter of churches, schools and other town and state institutions. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, a Knight Templar in the Masonic Order, and an Odd Fellow.

On August 12, 1914, at the celebration of the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the town of Lancaster, N. H., Mr. Drew, as "President of the Day," presided at the commemorative exercises and at the ceremony of the unveiling of the memorial to the founder of the town.

Mr. Drew's home, since he began the study and practice of the law, has been at Lancaster. He married, November 4, 1869, Caroline Hatch Merrill, daughter of Sherburne Rowell and Sarah Blackstone (Merrill) Merrill of Colebrook. Of their four children, a son, Pitt Fessenden Drew, and a daughter, Sally (Drew) Hall, wife of Edward Kimball Hall, survive.

IN JULY

By Fred Myron Colby

In July the streams run low;
In the gardens poppies blow;
Wild bees wander murmuring.
From the brakes the blackbirds sing.
Banks of daisies meet the eye,
Dreaming sweet beneath the sky;
Breath of lilies scent the air,
Feathery clouds are few and fair,
In July.

In July the rose leaves fall,
And the harvest groweth tall;
Like the billows of the sea
Clover fields toss wild and free.
O'er the lakelet's glassy rim
Wings of swift and swallow skim;
Corydon woos his rustic maid
In the languorous woodland shade,
In July.

VOICES FROM AN OLD ABANDONED HOUSE

By Martha S. Baker

I pass an old gray house upon my way,
Then turn, retrace my steps a while to stay,
To dream, to ponder, let my fancy play.

It stands bereft, abandoned, quite alone,
A voice from out the past in minor tone;
A worn and faded picture dimly shown.

The faded lilac blooms about the door,
A gracious welcome bring from days of yore,
A call the tangled paths to wander o'er.

A startled bird its nesting place reveals,
A gnarled old apple tree that half conceals;
A distant, tinkling cow-bell faintly peals.

The murmur of a tiny, cooling stream,
Whose trickling waters through the tall grass gleam,
Adds tuneful voice to mingle in my dream.

Beside a crumbling wall of stones, a rose,
Its wasteful fragrance on the still air throws;
A cat-bird's song in sweet abandon grows.

The vagrant breezes play among the trees;
I hear the drowsy droning of the bees.
How restful nature's music, real heart's ease!

I muse of all the music of a *home*,
The dearest place beneath the sky's blue dome,
A hallowed spot wherever one may roam.

I fancy children's laughter glad and gay,
Its cheery echo from some bygone day;
Young men and maids who trill a merry lay.

I dream of matrons sweet, serene, demure,
Of pleasant, kindly voice in love secure;
Of sun-browned, stalwart men whose hearts are pure.

I think of gala days, of marriage bells;
Of sorrow, tears, the sadness of farewells,
And this the silence of the old house tells.

* * * * *

Not now a time-worn, battered frame it stands,
But wistful, yearningly, with outstretched hands,
A *home* once loved, revered it large expands.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES
(Mrs. Henry W. Keyes)

MOSES DOW, CITIZEN OF HAVERHILL

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

Shortly before the outbreak of the American Revolution, a young man named Moses Dow left his native town of Atkinson, and, after remaining for a short time in Plymouth, went to Haverhill, established himself there, and remained for the rest of his life.

His arrival must have created quite a stir in that quiet, isolated and agricultural district. He was a young gentleman of some elegance and fashion, very handsome, with an excellent education and an independent income; he was, moreover, a lawyer—apparently the first who had thought of settling there. It would not have been strange if a person of this type had succeeded only in antagonizing his new neighbors by assuming airs of superiority, or if he had found the quiet life of the place distasteful to him, and, when the first novelty had worn off, decided to go elsewhere. But neither of these things happened. He bought land, built himself a house, and, marrying, brought up his family there; and the affection which he felt for his self-adopted town, and the substantial ways in which he showed this affection, were acknowledged and rewarded again and again by the positions of prominence and trust which he was called upon to fill by his fellow-citizens.

It does not appear that the ancestry of Moses Dow was illustrious or even remarkable. Thomas Dow, the first member of the family to emigrate from England, was one of the early settlers of Newbury, Mass.; he moved from there to Haverhill, Mass., where he died in 1664, and Haverhill, for several generations, remained the home of the Dows. In 1741 the state boundary line was changed, and the northern part of the town of Haverhill, Mass., became the town of Atkinson, N. H. The first house built there—and still occupied by one of his descendants—was erected by John Dow, great-grandson of Thomas, and father of Moses. This, and the fact that he sent his son to Harvard, where he graduated in 1769, and encouraged him to become a member of the bar, showed that he must have beem a man of some enterprise and ambition; but I have found no further record of his achievements.

Of Moses Dow, however, and of his fearlessness, his integrity, his fine mind, distinquished appearance, and notable attainments, there are records in plenty. He was, first of all, a gentleman in the highest sense of that much-abused word, and, secondly a keen student and an able lawyer. In 1774 he was appointed by the Court of the General Sessions of the Peace to act as King's Attorney in the absence of the Attorney-General; he was for four years solicitor of Grafton County, and thirty years register of probate; in 1808 he was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas, an office which he held until his death, and which necessitated at one time a temporary residence in Plymouth. The many responsibilities which his own profession brought him would probably have seemed to a less able man to entirely fill his life; but Moses Dow seems to have found plenty of time for public affairs as well. He was the second postmaster of Haverhill, his commission for that position being signed by George Washington; and his keen desire to see his own town improve in every way is shown not only by the fact that he was one of the original—and one of the heaviest—subscribers to the stock of a bridge company formed for the purpose of building a bridge across the

Connecticut River, between the towns of Haverhill and Newbury (Vermont) just opposite, and one of the incorporators of Haverhill Academy, but also by the type of house which he built for himself, and which served for many years as one of the finest examples of Colonial architecture in the vicinity. Set upon a slight plateau, shaded by elms and pines, surrounded by fertile meadows which sloped on the west side straight down to the Connecticut, and on the east to the high-road, more than a quarter of a mile from the house, and far beyond it; dignified, spacious and simple, it represented all that was best in the building and the living of its time. Outside, it was painted white, with green blinds and broad piazzas; inside it had large square rooms, with hand-wrought latches on the doors, white pannelling, and great fireplaces. The one in the dining-room was especially remarkable, as the crane that hung there was over twelve feet long, and a six-year-old child could easily step inside of it, and look up at the sky. (As, many years later, I was one of the numerous youngsters who delighted in proving the truth of this statement, I know that it was no idle boast.) Neither pains nor expense were spared in providing furniture for the house which should be worthy of it, and among items of interest in this regard is one in the History of the Town of Newbury, which says that "Colonel Thomas Johnson and Moses Dow were the first men in this locality who bought pianos for their daughters, and who had them brought up from Boston, and set up in their houses, at great expense."

Having established his home and his profession, and seen Haverhill beginning to take a proud stand among the towns of the state, Moses Dow began to indulge his tastes and his talents for politics. In 1780 he became a member of the state legislature, and not long after that, a member of the Governor's council; in 1790 he was sent to the state Senate, and was chosen president of that body; he was also major-general of the state militia, the office which gave him the title by which he was commonly called. He must have filled all these positions well, for Dartmouth College awarded him the honorary Degree of A. M. in recognition of his public services, as well as on account of his literary attainments, and in due time he was elected to the Congress of the United States by the General Assembly of New Hampshire. We cannot help feeling that he would have filled this position well also; but Moses Dow did not think so, and spoke his mind with the same frankness with which he had protested against being taxed for the preaching of the Gospel. It did not matter to him whether the question at hand was for his own advantage, or against it—he had the courage of his convictions, and he stuck to them. "As I have had no apprehension" (no thought of being called to so responsible a position), he wrote to the governor, "I had entirely neglected every necessary precaution. The present infirm state of my health, the real conviction of my inequality to the business of the mission, render it extremely difficult—or rather, impossible—for me to engage in a trust so arduous and so interesting."

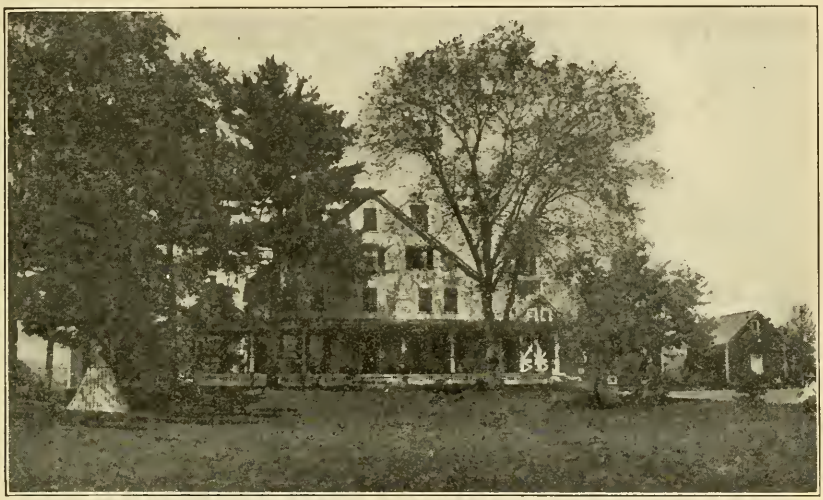
Deeply as we must regret that the Nation should have lost so valuable a statesman as General Dow would doubtless have proved himself, we cannot help experiencing a thrill of admiration for such rare and self-sacrificing conscientiousness.

Moses Dow died in 1811, universally beloved, esteemed and regretted. He was survived by his wife, who before her marriage was a Miss Phebe Emerson, and by two sons and two daughters. One of the daughters married into the Hazeltine family, and her daughter—also named Phebe—became the wife of Haynes Johnson, a son of Col. Thomas Johnson of Newbury, which was considered a "great match" in those days. The sons,

Moses Dow, Junior, and Joseph Emerson Dow, were both lawyers, and the younger was a graduate of Dartmouth, but neither appears to have possessed his father's abilities and force of character. Joseph Dow eventually removed to Franconia, where his son, also named Moses, founded Dow Academy, and later in life established the *Waverly Magazine*, in Charlestown, Mass., through which he made—and lost—a fortune.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, there were no Dows left in Haverhill who cared about the old place enough to wish to keep it, and the house and farm were sold in 1848 to Henry Keyes, a rising young merchant who had recently come to Newbury. For years it was occupied only by his farmer; but when his eldest son graduated from Harvard, he decided to make it his home, just as Moses Dow had done a hundred years before; and the "Dow Farm" gradually changed its name by common consent to the "Keyes Farm", and began to resume its former position in the country-side.

As a young girl, I always spent my summers at the old house in Newbury, Vt., which my great-great grandfather, Col. Thomas Johnson, built for his son David (brother of the Haynes who married Phebe Hazeltine) and in the early fall of 1900, we were horrified at the news that "the old Dow Place"—"the Keyes Farm"—was on fire! In those days there were few telephones with which to send news rapidly, and no fire apparatus of any sort. I jumped on horseback, and rode up and down the valley giving the sad tidings. Everyone in both towns did all that was possible in the way of rendering immediate and efficient help, but it was of no use.



The Old Moses Dow Mansion, North Haverhill, N. H.

The fire, the cause and origin of which are still unknown, had gained too much headway before it was discovered and in a few hours nothing remained of the lovely old Colonial mansion but a pile of ashes.

So, in these days, the Dow House like the Dow family, is only a memory in Haverhill; but it is because it seems to me a memory so worthy of being kept green that I have tried to give some account of both. The brick house, to which I came as a bride, and which was built on the site of the one which Moses Dow erected, bears not the slightest resemblance to its predecessor. The present owner is

connected by no ties of blood to the first one; though we cannot help being struck by the curious coincidence of the similarity of their characters and careers in several respects. But I like to think that the spirit which Moses Dow first breathed into the place still survives—that the ideals which he cherished are still followed, even if they are not always attained, and that the mantle of his courage is still wrapped around us and our descendants, for ever and ever.

TO A WILD BEE
1918

By Rev. Sidney T. Cooke

O you little hummer
Humming in the summer,
Know you not that war is on the earth?
Seem you so unheeding
Of the red, red bleeding,
Law of Death usurping Law of Birth.

You have but one notion
As you guide your motion
In the glow and warmth of sun crowned noon:
Life is joy of living,
Soul-free music giving,
Whether death o'ertake you late or soon.

What your combination
With the whole creation
Said to groan together until now?
Bring you rhyme or reason
To a war time season
When with joy our grief you would endow?

Ah—, so sweetly stealing
O'er me grateful healing!—
Logic goes in face of working truth.
See I how your coming
With your tuneful humming
Serves to brace the mind of age and youth.

For you teach endurance
Though without assurance:
Reck you not of fate while life obtains;
'Tis not self deceiving
To ignore our grieving
If a buoyant hope our courage gains.

Note how much you've taught me:
Unto hope you've brought me,
And I feel like going further still.
Once from hope to praying,
You will hear me saying,
Death can break not Life's eternal will!

Rochester, N. H.

OLD HOME SUNDAY ADDRESS

At Rollins Park, Concord, on Sunday August 18, 1918

By Rev. William Porter Niles

Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage:

Galatians V: 1.

For whosoever would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall find it:

St. Luke IX: 24.

There are two things I wish you to think about this afternoon: the liberty

Rev. William P. Niles

for which our forefathers lived, strove, fought and were willing to die, and the sacrifice which all of us are called upon to make to preserve that liberty for ourselves, and to extend it to all men.

We may be sure that the liberty which we enjoy is in accordance with God's will and is the result of the aspirations which fill men's hearts as a result of the teachings of Christ and the practice of the Christian religion. For God desires that every man and every nation should be free, for only as men and nations are free can they be held responsible for their actions, and only thus can their good or evil actions be to themselves merit or demerit or give to God's heart joy or sorrow. Freedom of action, individual or national, confers upon the acts of a man or a nation a significance utterly lacking in the acts of a slave or a subject race. God wants the allegiance which comes from free choice, not the service of slaves or the allegiance of states which have no self-determining choice.

Liberty was the most precious possession of the early settlers of this region, who were the product of the seventeenth century in England in which despotism was overthrown and representative government established. Parliament, not the king, henceforth determined the policy of England, and the American colonies came out from England with a larger measure of self-government than any colonies had enjoyed before. In fact, so nearly complete was the self-government of the American colonies that they chafed under its few remaining ties to the home government, and won in the Revolution, that complete self-government which is essential to the Anglo-Saxon always and everywhere.

But in the years before the Revolution, with an aptitude for self-government which demanded scope and opportunity, men sought grants from Massachusetts or New Hampshire and so proprietors laid out plantations or townships in which great care was taken to ensure that only proper settlers should be given land, and thought was directed from the start to the educational and religious wel-

fare of the people as well as to their civil rights.

Such was the settlement of Penacook, later called Rumford and finally Concord, and if you examine the records of the early days of the town you see the great pains which were taken that everything should be done in an orderly and legal way and in accordance with the common welfare.

The early settlers had to contend not only with the natural difficulties of making a new settlement, but had to be constantly on their guard against hostile bands of Indians who at times took their toll of lives. These difficulties and dangers made men strong and selfreliant and made them jealous of the liberties and privileges so dearly bought. It is not surprising that such men should have been prompt to resent and resist British oppression and to protest through lawful channels such oppression; such protest finding its culmination in a resolution of the General Congress of New Hampshire, June 16, 1776, by which the delegates to the Continental Congress were instructed to join with other colonies in declaring the thirteen colonies free and independent.

And when news came of the fighting at Concord and Lexington a company of volunteers from our Concord marched to Cambridge without delay. Bunker Hill saw Concord well represented by three companies. Concord men were at Ticonderoga and Quebec, fought bravely under Stark at Bennington, shared in the victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga, suffered at Valley Forge and were with Washington at Princeton and Trenton.

The names of those early days, the men who laid the foundation of this community in which we take just pride, names of Kimball, Walker, Bradley, Chandler, Stevens, Rolfe, Eastman, Carter, Abbot, Hall, Coffin, Stickney, Herbert, Hutchins, Farnum, and many others, are names which through the history of Concord, stand for its wisdom, strength and patriotism. Today as of old they are names of honor.

Now the long struggle for liberty, and the cost of such a struggle, has made that liberty precious and worth fighting for. And when that liberty and the liberty of the world are threatened, the descendants of the early settlers, Indian fighters, Revolutionary soldiers and defenders of the Union go forth from Concord, side by side with more recent comers of varied races, in the noblest war for righteousness man ever fought.

Liberty fought for, maintained, enjoyed and appreciated must be preserved for all men and all time. How is this to be done? Only by the sacrifice of those who fight and those who stand behind the fighters with support.

This brings me to the second thought —victory, with its blessings, can come only through sacrifice.

Our Lord Jesus Christ said: "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake the same shall save it." Christ evidently thought this to be a vital truth, for it is four times recorded that He said it. It teaches one of the great lessons of the Gospel, the truth of living through dying, elsewhere expressed by Him in the words "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit"; And St. Paul teaches the same truth when he says "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

This thought seems paradoxical, but it means that he who would save this life shall lose life eternally, but he who would lose his life here and now for Christ's sake the same shall have life eternal.

The quality of an act is in the will, and God alone can judge the value of an act. A man with the best of intentions may fail; another man, for selfish purposes, may do things which help men and win applause. But God's approval is won on different

terms. He may brand as failure what man terms success; and what man looks upon as failure, God, seeing the heart, may stamp with His approval. It should be a real comfort to many of small attainment that longings and aspirations, unselfish purpose and the spirit of sacrifice, all have value and recognition with God. Browning has expressed this thought:

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass;
Things done that look the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.

But all the world 's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount."

The character of a man's eternal future is shaped by the purposes which controlled him in this life, the will which was the mainspring of his actions. Whosoever will save his life here and now at any cost, will pay as the price his own eternal life, and whosoever shall lose his life here and now for Christ's sake and right's sake, shall save it forever.

If a man is so determined to save his life that he will sacrifice all else to that end, he has so degraded his soul, and debased his character that there is no place for it among those who, while loving life, have loved home, country, honor more.

The devil says, as quoted in the book of Job, "All that a man hath will he give for his life." There is no greater slander on human nature, for men of all times, irrespective of race or religion, have by a God-given instinct ever been willing to throw their lives into the gap and die to save loved ones, national existence, or national honor. Yes, even, so regardless of this present life are men found to be that they are frequently risking it for those who have no claim upon them but their humanity and need.

If a man will give all he has for life, sacrificing honor and duty and sacred obligation of family, country and humanity, he loses the value of his life, he retains it a worthless thing.

A man in a shipwreck who saves himself while the weak and helpless perish, with no thought or effort for anyone beside himself, saves a life as good as dead. The coward and the shirker in war saves his life at the cost of rendering it useless and contemptible. There is nothing finer in recent years than the noble self-control of ordinary, everyday men, of whom little of nobility was to be expected, in great disasters such as those of the Titanic and the Lusitania—such men redeemed misspent lives by the utter disregard of self and an intense interest in others when the supreme test came. By such an attitude in the last hours, is it not possible that a man shall save his soul alive? Many a seeming failure has redeemed his life by freely offering it as a sacrifice.

Many a young man of careless, unpromising life has, in recent months, heard the call of duty and, disregarding present comfort and certain risk, has thrown himself into the service of his country, or in the earlier days of the war into a cause far removed from his country which appealed to his sense of right and chivalry. In such a laying of life on the altar of his country many a man has redeemed his life. There are no men more enviable than those who have sacrificed life willingly for a noble object, who showed disregard of this present life except as means to an end.

The compelling power of Christ is His willing sacrifice upon the Cross. "I have power" He says, "to lay down my life and I have power to take it again." His glory was not that He had the *power* to lay down His life, but that He had the *will* and that He did it. He was willing to lose His life that He might save it eternally and above all might save your life and

mine. "I, if I be lifted up" He says, "I will draw all men unto me." He has drawn all men unto Him by the power which appeals to the best in men, the power of a life freely given that others might live.

This spirit of sacrifice has been aroused in the American people by the German menace which has threatened the world for four years and which has forced itself on men's minds with unequalled fury and success since the twenty-first of last March.

The seemingly irresistible onrush of innumerable Germans across Picardy, then further North towards Flanders and again South beyond the Marne brought as never before to men's imaginations the fact that civilization was at stake; that there was danger of the collapse of that civilization in which we rejoice and the substitution for it of what we falsely call the civilization of Germany which is no civilization at all, because it lacks the prime elements of civilization, noble qualities of heart and mind and soul, and seeks to replace them by system and laboratory and card index and machinery and other things which spell efficiency of a certain sort with humanity and heart left out. Such a civilization is merely a thin veneer of civilization over an arrant barbarism, making that barbarism all the more dangerous because armed with the efficiency and dressed in the sheep's clothing of civilization, with, however, a disregard and contempt for Christian virtues which the world as a rule recognizes as the common law of civilization.

We have been passing through the most momentous period of human history, because our vaunted civilization has been in the balance. There have been times in history when the civilization of the world seemed to be threatened with destruction. When the Northern tribes rushed down from their homes to plunder the cities of the south, swarmed across the rich plains of northern Italy and sacked the Eternal City of Rome, it seemed as if the ancient civilization of Rome, the product of centuries of conquest, wealth, art, literature and legislation were about to vanish before the inroads of barbarism. But Rome absorbed the conquerors, received a new impulse, an infusion of new blood and her decadence was arrested and her civilization maintained. So in the seventeenth century when the Mohammedan hordes overran Europe, captured city after city and subdued ruler after ruler, and were only halted before the gates of Vienna by John Sobieski, it seemed as if the civilization of those days was to be submerged by the civilization of Mohammed, and the cross to be replaced by the crescent. But if the civilization of Rome in the fourth century, or of Europe in the seventeenth had been replaced by the barbarism of the Goths and the Vandals and the flight of Mohammedanism, the civilization which would have been lost was but a crude civilization compared with the civilization we enjoy, the product of nineteen centuries of Christian culture, a state of development in which intercommunication has brought the nations of the world together, overcome antipathies and broken down barriers and made of the world one great neighborhood. It is the civilization which we know and enjoy which is at stake and which Germany seeks to destroy.

Now our young men in this country led the way in seeing the vital nature of this war, that it was no family quarrel in Europe, but a fight to the finish between Christian civilization and pagan domination; they saw that future generations would inherit freedom or bondage according to the outcome of this war. So while the "old men dreamed dreams the young men saw visions," the vision of a world freed and rescued from oppression by the struggle of free men for the freedom of men. While you and I and official Washington were hesitating these young men, 20,000 strong, went across the line into Canada and

across the ocean to England and enlisted and went to France and joined the air service and the ambulance service and laid down their lives freely, willingly, cheerfully, for the cause of humanity and the welfare of generations as yet unborn. And in their train have gone a million and a half to France, Italy and Russia to complete the work they so nobly began. And from dead and living alike comes the appeal to us to carry on their work and support them in their work for us and for all men. This appeal is pictured to us as coming from the other world by Lieut.-Col. John McRae who himself died on Flanders fields:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, tho' poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

And some one has written an answer in verse, which America is also making in multitudes of men:

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead!
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up, and e'er will keep
True faith with ye who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead
Where once his own life blood ran red;
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught;
The torch ye threw to us we caught;
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

Their lesson is the lesson of sacrifice, full and complete. Their language is the language of sacrifice, sacrifice of the beginnings of success, of honorable ambitions, of home and loved ones, of health and life, a language inarticulate but altogether intelligible. If we would speak to them we must learn their language. It is always necessary to learn a man's language if you would speak to him, therefore, when we would speak to Germany we cannot use the language we are used to, the language of sacred treaty, of honest speech, of humanity and decency, but we must learn the only language Germany can understand, the language of force without limit, and we are learning it with great speed and proficiency at Camp Devens and other camps so that we may speak to Germany in terms which are intelligible to her and in a way that is unmistakable. So we must speak to our boys in their language, the language of sacrifice, which as we speak it, in self-denial and service of every kind, will encourage the living who fight our battles and by some strange telepathy go beyond the barriers of death and give a grateful message to those who have died for humanity; a message that we are in harmony with their sacrifice and will see this struggle through to the end at all cost.

No great thing is attained without sacrifice. Sacrifice and risk paved the way for the Magna Carta, the charter of English liberty; sacrifice made representative government in England possible; sacrifice gained American Independence and maintained the Union, and only sacrifice can save the world today. Sacrifice is of the essence of Christianity; it is taught by the birth, life, and death of Christ, "He came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many," "by His stripes we are healed," the law of sacrifice was the law of His earthly existence. The language of Christ is the language of sacrifice. The language of our men who fought and died or who fight and live is the language of sacrifice. Our answer must be in the language of sacrifice full, free, willing and without stint.

THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD HOME IN WAR TIME*

By Rev. Raymond H. Huse

He drives the cows himself, tonight,
O'er pastures brown and green,
Neath sunset skies aglow with light
While night-hawks fly between.

The boy who used to drive them down,
And sometimes make them prance,
Now, in a suit of olive brown,
Is driving Huns from France!

His father, who to tell the truth,
Is older than he vows,
Is camouflaging long lost youth
And driving home the cows.

It seems to him but yesterday,
A little barefoot boy,
With garments tattered from his play
And face aglow with joy,

Was walking, talking by his side,
So many tales to tell,
He had to hush him, while he tried
To hear the distant bell.

He sees again the sudden fright
At whirr of partridge wings,
Recalls again his grave delight
With every bird that sings.

Remembers how when from the track
He strayed upon a thistle
He winked his childish tear drops back
And started up a whistle.

And when at last he reached the gate,
His pride and joy complete,
To see his mother smiling, wait
Her grown-up son to greet.

He boasted how he now could keep
From her all lurking harms,
But when that night he went to sleep
He slept within her arms.

Oh, those were days more safe and glad
Than anybody knew,
Before the world had grown so sad—
When summer skies were blue!

* Written for and read at Old Home Sunday service, at Rollins Park, Concord, August 18, 1918.

He drives the cows himself tonight,
But thanks his gracious God
That should he fall in perilous fight
And sleep 'neath foreign sod,

The boy, God gave him, clean and true
As heroes famed in story,
Has helped to bear Red, White and Blue
To victory and to glory!

And though tonight he falls asleep
On fields with carnage red,
Where angel armies vigil keep
Above the hero dead,

I'm sure that he is just as safe
As when by mother's knee;
For God who made us love him so
Must love him more than we.

SUMMER

By M. E. Nella

In the brook cow lilies are blooming,
Gleaming, round balls of gold;
And about them the wild bees hover,
Droning a song so old.
The dragon flies poise on the petals,
Or dart from pads of soft green,
Which rest on the warm, brown water,
Where scarcely a ripple is seen.

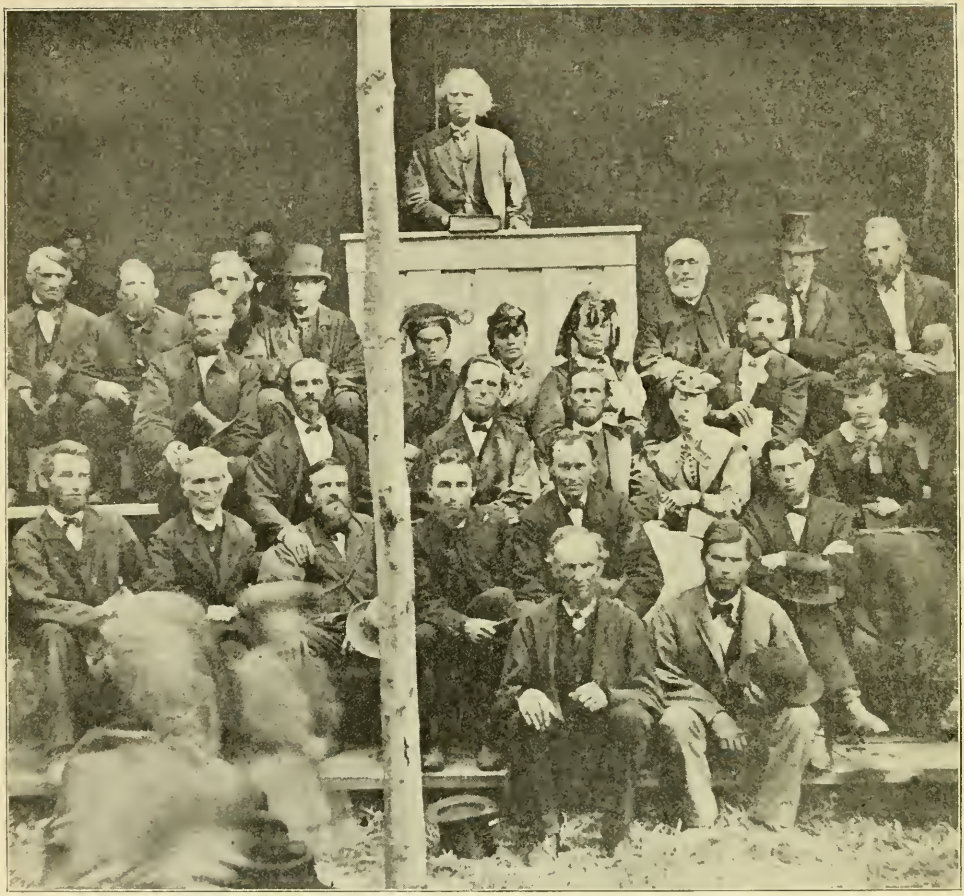
There are hordes of white butterflies flitting
Round the spearmint, which borders its edge,
And a bull-frog far out calls a challenge
To one who keeps guard near the sedge.
The bobolinks sing in the meadow,
Gray catbirds call back from the tree;
And the hot sun beats on the curing hay,
While earth basks in its fragrancy.

THE WORLD WAR

By Georgie Rogers Warren

The penalty of being "physically fit," my son,
Is to "train for the service"—"go across"—"over there"—"somewhere"—
And face the "Hun"—with your heart and gun.

The honor of being physically fit, my lad,
Is when you have won—which is soon to come—
And you have made the whole world—glad.



WILMOT CAMP-MEETING, 1870

Group of preachers, singers and laymen taken at preacher's stand by Mr. Bachelder. Rev. George W. H. Clark,* presiding elder, stands behind desk. At his right hand are seven ministers: from left to right, Rev. O. W. Scott, Rev. E. A. Smith, Rev. A. C. Coult,* Rev. Reuben Dearborn,* Rev. Silas Quimby,* Rev. O. H. Jasper, Rev. Hugh Montgomery,* close to stand; directly in front of the latter are two unidentified clergymen. In the left foreground are Joseph G. Brown* and Samuel Stevens.* At the right of the stand are Rev. R. N. Tilton,* Rev. Newell Culver,* and Rev. Daniel C. Babcock.* In front of the stand, back row, are Mrs. Sarah Piper,* Mrs. Eben Kibbee,* Mrs. ——— Baker,* Rev. W. H. Jones; middle row, Rev. W. H. Stuart,* Rev. Lucien W. Prescott* and Mrs. Prescott,* Miss Lydia Hill* (afterwards Chadwick). First row, at right of tree, Rev. James Thurston, ———, Rev. A. W. Bunker.* In right foreground, Rev. C. F. Trussell, Rev. Jacob Spaulding. [Note—Identification of some of the above is uncertain but made as accurately as writer could determine. Those starred are undisputed.]

WILMOT CAMP-MEETING—HISTORICAL SKETCH

By Ernest Vinton Brown

A fiftieth anniversary was observed by the Wilmot Camp-Meeting Association during the first week of September, 1918, at the time of its annual series of services. The occasion was the fiftieth annual session on the grounds, close to the northern base of Kearsarge mountain, and was the fiftieth anniversary of the camp-meeting held at Wilmot Center in 1868.

This camp-meeting of the Methodist Episcopal denomination is in direct continuance of the one held for many years at Alexandria, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and which was transferred to Lebanon in 1860.

The program began on Tuesday, September 3, with religious services which continued daily till Friday evening. The sessions of Wednesday, September 4, were especially devoted to the anniversary observance. In the forenoon there was a flag raising with patriotic addresses by Rev. D. E. Burns of Haverhill, Rev H. J. Foote of Littleton and Rev F. P. Fletcher of Sunapee. This was followed by an historical sketch by Ernest Brown of Concord. In the afternoon the Rev. Elwin Hitchcock of Newport and Rev. R. T. Wolcott of Sunapee, former district superintendents, gave reminiscent addresses.

Letters of congratulation were read by the president from Gov. Henry W. Keyes, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes; Rev. Adolphus Linfield, superintendent of Concord district; Rev. Jesse M. Durrell of Tilton; Rev. Otis Cole, who was present at the first meeting on the ground; Rev. Edgar Blake of Chicago, General Secretary of the Board of Sunday Schools; Rev. Charles Parkhurst and Rev. E. C. E. Dorion, editors of *Zion's Herald*, Boston; Rev. O. S. Baketel, of Newark, N. J., editor of the Methodist year book; Rev. E. A. Durham of Nashua, and Rev. F. F. Adams of Connecticut.

The evening was given over to a "campfire," at which many personal experiences were related. The sessions were presided over by the Rev. T. E. Cramer of Manchester, district superintendent, and president of the association.

The preachers of Thursday were Rev. Elwin Hitchcock, Rev. A. H. Morrill of Woodstock, Vt., and Rev. Donald C. Babcock of Lebanon. Friday there were addresses by Rev. E. A. Tuck of Concord, field agent of the Lord's Day League and Mrs. Ellen R. Richardson of Concord, president of the N. H. W. C. T. U.

The historical sketch by Mr. E. V. Brown was in part as follows:

It is impossible to present an adequate history of the Wilmot Camp-Meeting. To do so it would be necessary to write hundreds of biographies and to consider the religious life of more than a score of towns. Neither can it be limited to fifty years. There were tremendous forces which brought men together in this grove in 1869, and tremendous forces will continue to go forth from this grove for years to come. We do not bow down in this place to worship nature as God, but the very trees about us join in saying "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." And here have many seen the descending tongues of Pentecostal fire. The very air about seems filled with the

spirits which have here in mortal form praised God for redemption through the Blood of the Lamb. The only adequate history of this spot is being written on the books of eternity.

The first camp-meeting held on these grounds was in 1869. The records do not give the dates of opening or closing. The Kearsarge Camp-Meeting Association, however, held meetings on Wednesday, September 1, Thursday, September 2, and on Friday, September 3. It seems probable that the religious meetings began on Tuesday and continued during the week. There is no record as far as I know of what tent companies were present or of the preachers who gave sermons. Of those who appear in the business records Rev. Lewis Howard was stationed at Antrim, Rev. Newell Culver at Hill, Rev. Charles H. Chase at East Canaan, Rev. Simeon P. Heath at Claremont. John Smith of Sunapee was made a member of the executive committee and that charge was probably represented.

The Wilmot Camp-Meeting is so intimately connected with the history of Methodism in Wilmot and the surrounding towns, that before entering upon its particular history it is well to go back more than sixty years previous to 1869 to an incident which links us to the founder of American Methodism. Wilmot was incorporated in 1807. A few years previous the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike was incorporated. "It was made in 1803, through an entire forest, without any inhabitants for fourteen miles above and about six miles below Wilmot." There were then in existence two county roads which traversed portions of what is now Wilmot. One was the road which passed just to the south of the camp ground up over the hill by the cemetery at the Center where the first town meeting house was erected, crossed over by the Pedrick place, then through the meadow at the foot of "Bog Mountain," or, as I prefer, "Old England," and on through Springfield.

The other road was the North Road which crossed the northern extremity of the town and has left us a name for one of the two early settlements in Wilmot. The proprietors of the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike naturally selected a route with as few hills as possible, as it was designed to be one of the main arteries of commerce on the route from Montreal to Boston. This turnpike, extending from Concord to Hanover, was constructed in the years about 1804–6. Wilmot was half way of its length and became an important center on this account. The road is still known as the Turnpike, as its course runs from West Andover to Wilmot Center and Springfield, and the old county road was crossed about half a mile east of the Gay tavern, two miles above Wilmot Center. In 1806 this turnpike probably had few houses, having been built such a short time and the settlers resided on the older roads.

If, however, on a beautiful May morning of that year one had stood a scant mile from the camp ground to the north on the then new Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike, he might have seen a man on horseback riding down the pike. The man had long, whitish hair, keen blue eyes, wore a frock coat and a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat. Behind him a pair of saddle-bags would contain a few books and tracts among other things. The man's face would have shown the marks of an outdoor life, spent on horseback. Yet there would have been marks upon it of the thinker. As he passed by so near the spot which now for fifty years has been associated with Methodism, I like to imagine him in meditation or prayer, and that the spirit of Francis Asbury, the great pioneer bishop of America, hovers over this place.

In his journal on May 19, 1806, he wrote:

"New Hampshire—We crossed the mountains and came into New Hampshire at Andover, and continuing on, dining and praying at Salisbury, to Concord, forty miles; we lodged at Mr. Ambrose's tavern, our host was polite and attentive. We came on Wednesday eighteen miles to dinner at Harvey's, Northwood, then through Durham and Dover, into Berwick, Maine, the first town in the district, where we put up for the night."

This entry, evidently made after reaching Berwick and from memory is slightly confusing. Whether the similarity of sound of Hanover and Andover or whether the lack of inhabitants on the New Turnpike caused the peculiar wording can not be determined. It would be about forty miles from Hanover to Salisbury.

It is probable the Methodist itinerants passed and repassed through the rapidly increasing settlements of this region during the early years of the nineteenth century. In an inventory of the town of Wilmot in 1822, after the passage of the Toleration Act of 1819, when the public money for preaching was divided between the denominations according to adherents, Daniel W. Stevens is listed as a Methodist. A few years later three union churches were built in town: at the Center, at the Flat and at North Wilmot. Methodists soon had part in each church and the circuit preacher occupied the pulpit at the Center on the fifth Sunday of months in which occurred five, and at North Wilmot one Sunday each month.

Wilmot was linked with various of the surrounding towns. Salisbury, Andover, New London, Sutton, Springfield, Danbury, appear in the appointments coupled with Wilmot. In the forties a quarterly conference was held in this territory.

How well these itinerants sowed the gospel seed will be revealed only in eternity. Enough strength had been gained in the early forties so that a camp-meeting was held in town. It was accompanied by a great revival. This old-fashioned tent meeting was held near the town poor-farm, on the road to South Danbury. This was a point easy of access to North Wilmot, then the most populous part of the town. Two young men, drawn by curiosity, attended the meeting, became interested and stayed. The father of one hitched up his team and took other members of the family to discover the cause of the youth's detention. The whole family thus spent the week at the revival. Beans were baked at night in the brick oven and were carried with other substantial food to the grove each day. This was typical of the old-fashioned tent meeting. Many conversions took place and Methodism was strengthened throughout the entire region. That was the first camp-meeting in the town. While I have not yet learned the date it was probably about 1841.

There followed a period of religious activity and then a declining interest on the part of the public, but those who had been converted at that camp-meeting seem generally to have remained steadfast Christians throughout their lives.

In 1867 a stalwart Irishman, six feet tall, was pastor at Grantham. A man of force, wit and great native ability, he was a power for God wherever he was. He is remembered throughout New England as a power in the temperance cause. In a narrative of his life is the following:

"North Wilmot, about seventeen miles from Mr. Montgomery's home, was a wicked place. It had a church edifice, but no minister, and no public worship, though there were a few excellent people whose hearts mourned over the sin by which they were surrounded. Nine years previously a number of praying men, among whom was a pious Congregational deacon by the name of Stearns [Jenness], had covenanted together to meet once a week at the school-

house to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, until a revival of religion should be given. They thus met faithfully for some months, when one dropped off, and then another, and so on, until the good deacon was left alone. He could not let go his hold upon God. As often as the appointed evening came, he took his way to the schoolhouse, lighted his candle, read a portion of Scripture, and offered his prayer. For more than eight years did this saintly old man thus meet alone with his God, and keep the solemn covenant which he had made. And God, who is ever faithful, heard his servant's cries, and graciously poured out the Holy Spirit upon the community.

"In the scenes that followed Mr. Montgomery was called to participate. He says of them: 'One cold night in the middle of winter I was awakened from sleep by a loud knocking at my door. I arose and opened it and before me were two men heavily clad, covered with frost, and with icicles hanging from their beards. I bade them come in. I found that they had rode seventeen miles to see me, and after doing their errand they must immediately return, so as to be at their labor the next morning. I made a fire to warm them, and gave them a cup of tea. They told me that at North Wilmot there were indications of a great awakening, and they had come to get me to go there.

"'Brother Montgomery,' they said, 'the Lord is at work among the people; but we have no minister. Won't you come and preach to us next Sabbath evening?'

"'I don't see how I can,' I replied, 'for I am now in the midst of a revival in this place.'

"Those two strong men burst into tears and pleaded with me to go. They were so urgent that we knelt down and asked the Lord to direct us, and after prayer I decided to go as desired. They were very joyful over my answer, and left, thanking me."

The two men referred to were the late Rev. Charles F. Trussell and the late Joseph G. Brown.

The church was filled, Montgomery arrived after going three miles out of his way in a snowstorm, and forty presented themselves at the altar for prayers. He remained several days and he says: "The zeal of the people was unbounded, many coming five and six miles every night on sleds drawn by oxen."

In 1868 some Christian Baptists at Grafton asked the Methodist conference for a minister and Montgomery was sent. Arriving at the house of the leader at eleven o'clock at night he found the project had fallen through and they refused to keep him. He found a Methodist at work in a sawmill who gave him his bed for the night and the next day went to Wilmot. Mr. Trussell saw the opportunity and proposed his moving to Wilmot. A house was purchased and his goods moved. He says of the work: "I preached or held a prayer-meeting every night somewhere in that or one of the neighboring towns for a circuit of fifteen miles from my home. Vital goodness was nearly dead in that whole section; and my soul was determined, by the help of God, if the honest preaching of the truth would do it, to awaken a new life in His cause.

"In pursuance of this purpose I planned a meeting to be held in the autumn for eight days, hoping to draw to it the people of all the country round about. I hired a large tent for the services; I also secured the town hall and spread upon its floors a couple of tons of straw for lodging purposes. The meeting was widely advertised and thousands attended. Ten or more of my brethren in the ministry came to my help and preached. Among them was Bishop Baker, who early saw the value of the movement. Brother Lewis was another; he labored with us the entire eight days, contributing very greatly to our

success. He was a noble workman and a sweet singer.

"Nearly a hundred souls professed to have been saved by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A large proportion of these converts lived in towns around us where there were no Methodist churches and they sought spiritual homes in other folds.

"The Kearsarge Camp-Meeting grew out of this meeting which I have described. Bishop Baker, while he was with us, with a wise look ahead, advised the purchase of the ground. It was bought, and the necessary grading, building, and seating were done in sufficient season for the first camp-meeting to be held there the next year."

The tent meeting of 1868 was held in the pasture now owned by Harriet M. Woodward, close to the Blackwater river in the rear of the residence of Miss M. Emma Brown. A shop on the river bank owned by Calvin Fisk and the townhouse were used by the attendants. Straw was strewn on the floor of the townhouse and it was used for sleeping quarters.

The story as told by the Rev. Hugh Montgomery gives us much of interest. But other things had combined to give him his opportunity. For a few years previously a camp-meeting had been held at Lebanon. The records of the association which conducted it somewhat quaintly record the following:

"In compliance with a generally expressed desire by the Methodist Churches in the Northern part of Claremont District, N. H. Conf. a Camp-meeting was appointed & held by Rev. Elisha Adams P. E. in the fall of 1860—on land owned by Rev. A. C. Hardy in the town of Lebanon, N. H.

"There were a goodly number of tents pitched, but for some reason or reasons the meeting did not appear to be as useful as it was expected it would be. Still some souls were converted, & the churches quickened. Several revivals followed this meeting.—

"The Second Camp-Meeting on the Claremont District N. Hamp. Conf. was organized on Tuesday September 9th 1862 by Rev. Elisha Adams P. E. on land leased from widow Sweatland for the term of five years & situated about one mile west of Lebanon Center. The ground was easy of access & well prepared for the meeting.—"

This camp-meeting adopted the name of "The White River Junction Camp-Meeting Association." In passing I desire to quote from its records action taken in 1862: "The Assoⁿ voted adverse to permitting an Agent presenting the matter of the Contrabands of Port Royal, lest the attention of the people be distracted from the purpose for which they came together." As the camp-meeting at Lebanon was the immediate predecessor in the Claremont district of the Wilmot Camp-Meeting it may be interesting to note that in 1863 the records state: "Nine tents are pitched."

When the association met in 1866 a committee was appointed to see on what terms the Sweatland farm could be leased for ten years. This committee reported at a session held during the meetings that "the owners of the ground wished for a greater compensation."

The ownership appears to have changed and a vote in 1867 indicates twenty-five dollars was asked for the use of the land that year. The association discussed securing some other location, one being found within one mile of White River Junction, and a grove to be controlled by the Northern Railroad was considered. The Sweatland farm, it was found, could not be re-leased and its price—$3,500—was evidently prohibitive. A committee was appointed to negotiate with the Northern Railroad in regard to a grove.

Then on the records appears the following:

"There being no session of the camp meeting for 1868 the Association was called together at Wilmot,

at a tent meeting, by the P. E. of Claremont District on Thursday, Sept. 17, at which meeting a motion was made that the lumber remaining on the old ground be sold and the proceeds put into the hands of the Treasurer. After some discussion the motion was withdrawn and it was moved that the matter be left with the Executive Committee. Carried. Bro. Folsom of Lebanon was chosen Treasurer. Adjourned to meet to-morrow morning."

Rev. B. W. Chase of Enfield signed as secretary and the next day recorded:

"The Association met according to adjournment. Moved that Bro. Rowe of Wilmot Flat be added to the Ex. Committee. Carried. Moved that the Executive Committee have instructions to secure a ground in Wilmot for a Camp-Meeting and that it shall be done as soon as may be. Carried. After a free talk adjourned."

The next record in the book is of a meeting of the Kearsarge Camp-Meeting Association at the preachers' stand on the grounds on September 1, 1869. The ground had been purchased, buildings erected, and seats provided. These latter arranged in a semicircle, were of plank laid across peeled hemlock logs and were in the same location as the present seats.

Thus the zealous energy of Hugh Montgomery had resulted in the securing for Wilmot of the camp-meeting established for the old Claremont district, after difficulty had been met with in securing a suitable grove at Lebanon. The experience at that place pointed the necessity of outright purchase of a site, rather than leasing, and with good business judgment the Kearsarge Camp-Meeting Association took steps to that end.

Rev. G. W. H. Clark was the presiding elder and thus was its first president. The other officers elected were Rev. S. P. Heath as secretary, an office he declined and for which he nominated Rev. C. H. Chase who was then elected; Robert M. Rowe as treasurer acted for the association in securing the present grounds; the executive committee was composed of Rev. Charles F. Trussell, Minot Stearns of Wilmot, George W. Murray, William George of Caanan, John Smith of Sunapee, David Frye of Grantham (an interesting story of whose conversion is related in Montgomery's book), and Aysten Berry of Bristol.

Mr. Rowe at a meeting held the next day reported that the land cost $325.00, boarding house, seats and work, $475, or thereabouts, making the whole expense $800. The association received from the Northern Railroad $100, from the White River Junction Association $80, leaving a debt of about $620.

Steps were taken to have the property insured and the record states: "The treasurer was instructed to sell anything he thought not needed by the association."

When the association met in 1870 a more definite report was made showing nearly $900 had been expended in the purchase of the grounds and fitting them up for the meeting, and that there was a balance of $543.13 against the association. A collection toward paying this debt was voted and $42.47 was raised at the afternoon service of Thursday, September 17.

That year it was also voted to take a subscription and collection for a bell for the stand, and $10.93 was secured for that purpose.

It is recorded that "Mr. Bachelder, an Artist, paid into the hands of Br. Chase $5.00 for the privilege of taking some views of the meeting."

This is an appropriate point to briefly draw a picture of those early camp-meetings. Mr. Bachelder, whose work as a photographer compares favorably with that of the present, pitched his tent near the entrance to the field each year. Many a first picture, a tintype, was taken in that tent. Horses and carriages filled the field south of the grove and lined the

road for half a mile to the north as well as around the field. The boarding tent had large quantities of fruit and confectionery, to attract the youthful, while, at meal times, baked beans and brown bread were served on heaped-up plates. Places at the tables were not always easy to obtain.

In the grove, especially on Wednesdays and Thursdays there was a surging crowd during the intermissions. The seats would be full with many standing during the services. In front of the platform the ground would be thickly strewn with straw. This was the "altar." In the circle of cottages would be several large white tents.

Early in the morning teams would begin to arrive and they would continue to stream in until toward noon. Many had risen before daylight, done their farm chores and driven many miles to be present. Nor were all present religiously inclined. On the roadside would be horse trading, and the horses would be driven along the road by the grounds to display their qualities. Sometimes in the neighboring woods a bottle would pass from hand to hand and many a session had an accompanying trial of some liquor vender before a justice of the peace. At noon the family groups would gather and eat their lunches. The cottages would have their cook stoves going. From each train would come a many-seated team, the driver flourishing a long whip which he carried with him as a badge of authority as he went about to announce his departure for the station.

These scenes, however, are not the substantial picture. That is limned in deeper colors in the hearts of those who have known the glories of Wilmot Camp-Meeting. There was the morning prayer service. It began at eight o'clock, and lasted till nearly time for the forenoon preaching. The Wilmot cottage would be crowded and those moments would be filled with song, prayer and testimony, fervid, sometimes crude and sometimes cultured, but always breathing the spirit of deep religious experience. Then came the forenoon preaching, ending with a stirring exhortation when the straw-carpeted altar would be filled with worshippers, and sinners would be urged to the open gateway of salvation. At one o'clock would come the noon prayer-meetings in the larger cottages, with halleluiah shoutings and religious ecstasy. The seats would be full and the doorways crowded with those who came from many motives.

In the afternoon there would be a larger attendance than in the forenoon. The ablest men in the conference would speak at these services and another altar service would follow. Many from a distance would leave, at the close of the preaching but enough always remained to make the altar service one of interest.

At the noon hour there was a general renewal of acquaintanceship, while at the supper hour the social greeting was of a more intimate nature. Evening preaching, with kerosene lamps lighting the grove and its approaches, was appealing to the imagination. And then in the cottage prayer-meeting would be the driving home of the day's truths, the gathering of the harvest. On the last evening this meeting might be protracted till a late hour and many have been quickened and renewed in spirit.

After evening service the Wilmot "tent master" would be importuned by many for an opportunity to sleep in the bunks above the main room. These bunks extended the length of the "tent," and each year were filled with straw. Horse blankets would be spread over the straw and the places crowded so one could not turn in the night without the consent of their neighbors. A board partition down the center separated the men from the women.

Each year the association which is the business organization of the camp-meeting held its sessions. These did the prosaic things required. It may

be of interest to note some of them.

In 1871 it voted to build a fence on the south and east sides of the grove to Mr. Flanders, line. This was to be of posts and spruce boards six inches wide and four boards high, and was the one removed recently. The committee was William Flanders, Wm. Nelson, C. F. Trussell, R. M. Rowe, J. K. Wallace.

Elder Trussell was also appointed to see the selectmen and "have a police of six suitable legally invested with authority and appointed to serve in that capacity during the time of our camp-meeting."

The executive committee of that year consisted of Wm G. Nelson, Z. Dustin of Henniker, Ruel Whitcomb of New London, Chas. F. Trussell, Theodore Clarke, John Fitch of Sunapee, David Frye of Grantham, J. K. Wallace, Chas. Whitney of New London and Chas. H. Chase of Enfield.

This meeting, held at the preachers' stand on September 6, 1871, took important action when it "Voted that Br. Chas. H. Chase be a committee to see to obtaining an Act of incorporation for the society."

This resulted in the passage by the legislature of an act:

"That James Pike, George W. Norris, Chs. H. Chase, Moses T. Cilley, J. Mowry Bean, Schuyler E. Farnham, Chas H. Hall, Watson W. Smith, John H. Hillman and Lucien W. Prescott, their associates and successors be and they hereby are a body politic and corporate by the name of the Wilmot Camp-Meeting Association, for such religious and moral, charitable and benevolent purposes as said corporation may from time to time designate." The act was dated June 26, 1872.

The first meeting was called through the *Zion's Herald*, as required by the act, and was held at Canaan, October 29, the same year. The act was accepted and by-laws adopted.

The incorporators organized with Rev. James Pike, the P. E. as president, Chas. F. Trussell as secretary and R. M. Rowe as treasurer. The executive committee were the preachers at Enfield and Canaan, Ruel Whitcomb of New London, Green Johnson of Wilmot, William G. Nelson of Wilmot and Zachariah Scribner of Salisbury.

Another meeting was held at Wilmot on March 15, 1873, when "Br. R. M. Rowe signified his willingness to convey by Deed the grounds occupied by the Camp-Meeting Association. The Association directed Chs. H. Chase to make a Corporation Note for the balance $425 due him on the grounds."

September 11, 1873, the association voted that the secretary be authorized to draw upon the treasurer for money to pay the note he gave for the association, $425. Thus in four years the association had cleared itself of indebtedness and stood in possession of a valuable property.

It appears as if the change of name by the incorporation was questioned, for it was at this meeting "voted that the secretary be requested to learn the name by which the association is Incorporated."

In 1873–6 the presiding elder was Rev. M. T. Cilley.

In 1874 it was voted to open the camp-meeting on Friday and close on the following Thursday, but when the association met, September 8, at the time of the meetings it had proved unsatisfactory and it was voted "that next year the camp-meeting shall not be held over the Sabbath."

At this same meeting the preachers present were constituted a committee "to confer with such persons from adjoining towns as are present in regard to an earnest effort to compass the object of society tents."

In 1871 Rev. J. W. Merrill was appointed to collect money by subscription to bring water on to the ground, and he reported $15.25.

In 1874 it was voted to clapboard the preachers' stand, to put backs on one half of the seats, commencing

with those nearest the stand, to enlarge the kitchen by adding ten feet to the length, to build a fence the remaining distance on the road, to have the necessary lumber got out on the grounds during the winter, to secure a division of the fence on the north side and to build the association part, that Wm. G. Nelson be a committee to bring the water into the kitchen before the next camp-meeting, and purchase of crockery was authorized.

These indicate the prosperity of the association, which the treasurer reported was free of debt and with a balance on hand of $178.59, and the secretary, Rev. George N. Byrant, adds, "The committee feel as though God was smiling on their efforts and look upon the future of the meeting as especially encouraging."

In 1875 W. G. Nelson's offer to move the preachers' stand back ten feet for $10 was accepted. The vote to bring water into the cook house was rescinded.

The improvements made in 1875 caused an indebtedness of $62.65. The treasurer reported $106.29 paid on seats, $116.35 on boarding house, and $44.88 on furnishings, a total of $267.52.

Rev. George J. Judkins became presiding elder in 1877. At a meeting in June that year a committee was appointed to arrange a lease of the well dug on Mr. Clark's farm, with the right to repair the pipe, and in September reported their success.

In 1881 at the annual meeting of the association "Dr. Jasper, the presiding elder peremptorily declined to act as president of the association, taking the ground that "no body could legislate a man into office against his will."

The same year the retiring secretary, J. A. Steele of Canaan, signed as acting secretary of a meeting, held after his successor was chosen, and appended:

"I make the above record although not regarding myself as Secretary as I was elected only to hold office till my successor was elected."

Rev. O. H. Jasper in 1883 declined to conduct the affairs of the association as president and the executive committee instructed Rev. C. F. Trussell to perform all the duties usually devolving on the president of the association and he served also in 1884.

Dr. Jasper, a scholarly Christian gentleman, aroused because of the liquor selling on neighboring ground of which the association vainly tried to obtain control, determined at the session of 1882 to close the camp-meeting on Thursday afternoon. The news spread rapidly and aroused the townspeople and its supporters. They crowded into the altar and pleaded with him. At first he would make no concession but finally stated that if forty voters would clean out the liquor venders in the adjacent swamp the meetings might continue. More than the number volunteered, but when they reached the spot there were only a few broken bottles.

The announcement by Dr. Jasper led to one of the most stirring incidents in the history of the camp-meeting. Spontaneously the people crowded at the altar, burst into singing, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." And for an hour and a half the people sang hymns, repeating verse after verse in fervid thankfulness. None thought of supper and few patronized the victualling tent that night, food being forgotten in the excitement.

This occurrence probably influenced Dr. Jasper in his attitude towards the camp-meeting. But liquor selling from that time became less rampant and gradually died out. Decreasing population, changes in social life, vacation habit, and Old Home gatherings reduced the attendance. The camp-meeting, however, still holds its historical attitude in remaining a purely religious gathering in its beautiful grove looking out on the northern slope of Kearsarge.

The presiding elders and later the district superintendents who have had to do with arranging the annual programs, and ex-officio were its presidents, have been: Revs. G. W. H. Clark, 1869–70; James Pike, 1871–2; Moses T. Cilley, 1873–6; George J. Judkins, 1877–80; O. H. Jasper, 1881–4; J. E. Robins, 1885–9; G. W. Norris, 1890 and 1897–9; O. S. Baketel, 1891–6; G. M. Curl, 1900–2; Elwin Hitchcock, 1903–8; R. T. Wolcott, 1909–14; E. C. Strout, 1915; T. E. Cramer, 1916–18. During Dr. Jasper's term Rev. C. F. Trussell was in charge.

The ministers whose names appear on the records of the association in the earlier years include Revs. Chas. H. Chase, Charles F. Trussell, James Pike, George W. Norris, Moses T. Cilley, J. Mowry Bean, Lucien W. Prescott, John H. Hillman, George C. Noyes, George N. Bryant.

The laymen whose names appear in the first dozen years of the camp-meeting include Robert M. Rowe, Joseph K. Wallace, Theodore Clark, John Felch, David Fry, Albert Sanborn, William G. Nelson, Ruel Whitcomb, Green Johnson, Zachariah Scribner, Moses Brown, Lowell T. Buswell, Arthur A. Miller, Joseph J. Chase, Augustus E. Phelps. None of these remain with us today and for each a golden star appears on the service flag which memory raises within this sacred grove.

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS

By Ernest Vinton Brown

O knights of holy memory,
  Look now on France and see,
Descendants of their chivalry
  Who flew the fleur-de-lis.

The sunlight with its alchemy,
  Transmutes the flag we see,
From one tri-colored splendidly,
  Unto the fleur-de-lis.

Beneath that banner's errantry,
  The knightly nations be,
Which honor noble ancestry,
  Who blessed the fleur-de-lis.

These latter knights live righteously,
  For Christ of Galilee,
Or bear for Him most willingly,
  The cross-like fleur-de-lis.

They fight with beasts and dragon's brood,
  Whose captives they would free,
And over home and womanhood,
  They raise the fleur-de-lis.

Their triple vow is poverty,
  Obedience and chastity,
As with such noble fealty
  They serve the fleur-de-lis.

They seek the Holy Sepulchre,
Of Him who knew the tree,
They meet the host most sinister,
Who hate the fleur-de-lis.

They fight to gain His Calvary,
These knights the ancients see,
Where watch that ghostly company,
Who love the fleur-de-lis.

They wield the sword of Liberty,
These knights so brave, so free,
Who hold from God equality,
Who love the fleur-de-lis.

From faith they draw a warranty,
That men should brothers be,
So seal in blood and gallantry,
The royal fleur-de-lis.

When wearied by the mystery
That life and death should be,
Behold, they see the Trinity,
Within the fleur-de-lis.

While they who join the company
Of ghostly knights so free,
Stand near with that majority
Which guards the fleur-de-lis.

FREEDOM'S PLEADING

By Mary C. Butler

On that desolate horizon,
Whence all living things have fled,
See proud Freedom crushed and bleeding,
Millions dying, millions dead.
Hear her children, tortured, groaning,
Starving, wailing, asking bread.
Hark! Joan, herself, is pleading.
See'st thou not that queenly head?
See the maid's pure eyes entreating,
Asking for her people bread.
Will ye fail me now, my people?
Shall your cherished rights lie dead?
See, those mighty armies falter!
Shall my just cause fail for bread?
Rise ye up, my slumbering freemen;
Raise the standard high o'erhead;
Go ye forth to save and labor,
Fight for Freedom's cause with bread.

THE "OLD NORTH MEETING HOUSE"

First Congregational Church, Concord, N. H. Erected 1751—Burned 1870
(Site now occupied by Walker School House)

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

Of the Sunday School of the First Congregational Church, Concord, N. H.*

By John Calvin Thorne, Church Historian

This year we reach the one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of our Sunday School, founded under the leadership of Dr. Asa McFarland, the third pastor of our church, from 1798 to 1825. He succeeded the Rev. Israel Evans, A.M., who was known as Washington's Chaplain, and who continued throughout the entire War of the American Revolution; and was followed by Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, known as Concord's first Historian.

Last year, May 8th, to the 13th, the American Sunday School Union intended celebrating its 100th anniversary, at its headquarters in Philadelphia, with exercises of a notable character to be held in the great Academy of Music. But as war with Germany was being declared by our government, it was decided to postpone the occasion until Peace should again come to the earth.

This national organization has been interdenominational in its work, laboring in the smaller communities, rather than in the large towns and cities of our country. During the hundred years of its existence it has organized 131,814 schools, or nearly four schools for every day of the century. In these were enrolled 699,034 teachers with 5,179,570 scholars. For the last sixty years it has published 174,000,000 pieces of periodical literature, which if placed, one upon the other, it is estimated, would make a column fifty times higher than the Washington monument. It is a great and noble work which this national society has done in laying the foundation of religion throughout rural America;—it has been the pioneer of the Sunday School and the forerunner of the church.

But to revert to our own history, leaving the National Society to carry on its exalted labor, we must now ask ourselves what has been done in the years past, and what are we doing at present in our own church?

On looking at our early records I am obliged to quote from a paper I presented at the 150th anniversary of our Church, November 18, 1880, on the "History of the Sabbath School," from which I am able to give briefly the facts of the foundation and growth of this Garden of the Lord's planting. (For further and fuller information see the Historical Pamphlet published 1880.)

History records that in the Spring of 1818 our church organized four different schools in Concord, then being the only religious institution in the town (as we had been for the previous hundred years), although that year the First Baptist Church began its life among us, whose 100th anniversary is celebrated next month. One of our schools was opened at the old Town House (located where the present Merrimack County Court House stands); one in the Schoolhouse (where is now situated the Abbott-Downing Co's carriage shops); one in the West Parish, and one in the East Parish.

The one with which we are most intimately connected was the first one mentioned, which met at the

* Address delivered by Deacon Thorne, Sunday, Sept. 22, 1918, it being the 100th anniversary of the Sunday School of the First Congregational Church of Concord.

Town House. This school gathered at 9 o'clock in the morning, at the ringing of the first bell, and after their exercises were completed, then anyone looking out on Main Street, at the time of the opening of the morning service at the church, would have beheld the beautiful sight of the scholars walking in the order of their classes, accompanied by their teachers, from the Town House, where they had assembled for the Sunday School at 9 o'clock, to attend divine worship at 10.30 o'clock, at the Old North Meeting House, standing where is now the Walker Schoolhouse.

The schools in the outlying districts gathered at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the Sabbath. This arrangement was employed until the year 1842, when we removed from the old church edifice to the one on the present location; then all the schools were consolidated and met at the noon hour in the church. This method has been continued until the present year, as being the best possible time for all concerned.

The trial of returning again to the earlier way of seventy-five years ago is now presented to us as something quite new, it is thought by some, but is really an old idea and obsolete for three fourths of a century. It would seem as if the value of the noon hour for our Bible School has been firmly established by the custom and experience of more than two generations.

May we not ask ourselves—Is it not better for our minister, who is also a teacher, for the teachers also, and most of the scholars, especially the older classes, many of whom cannot positively attend at the early hour, to hold to the noon services? Shall our school be divided? Who will take that responsibility?

The only way of teaching the Bible in the Sunday School, in the beginning, was by committing to memory verses of the Holy Scriptures, and reciting the same without any explanation or comment by the teacher. It is a matter of record that in 1826, eight years only after the opening of the schools, 480 scholars, not above fifteen years of age, repeated during the term of six months 161,446 verses —five times the whole number in the Bible, a wonderful record certainly. It was not until 1838, twenty years after the beginning of Sunday Schools in our midst, that adult classes were formed under the pastorate of Dr. Bouton.

Considering this first method of instruction, of committing to memory the words of Holy Writ, may we not ask—Was there not much truth inculcated into the growing minds of the young? Who can deny? That life-giving thoughts were in this way treasured in Memory's rich storehouse, there cannot be any doubt, ready to be called upon in later years for hope and strength to fight life's battle. In these days is it not possible that we are getting away from an intimate knowledge of God's direct word by relying too much upon the many explanatory books and helps of all kinds, thus losing the close and full contact with the Word which in the beginning was with God, and which is God?

It was in this same year of 1826, which was one of a great awakening and deep religious interest in the progress of the Sabbath School, that our library was established. It remained and retained its usefulness for more than three fourths of a century. Recent years have seen it gradually supplanted by the free public library and by many publications of infinite variety and value, issued by the steam-printing presses and spread broadcast over the land. Much of this change was due to the many weak and over-sentimental style of books furnished for our libraries—lacking in originality, interest or any real worth. When today our city libraries are passing out to the multitude of readers much literary trash, with some good books of general importance, however., it

may be a question whether or not, a small but well-selected list of suitable and instructive reading, prepared along the lines of the coming advance in religious education, might not demand a place upon our library shelves?

Our School has been through a great many changes in its teaching methods, in its hundred years of existence, generally moving forward in its endeavor to maintain a high standard of moral and religious instruction. At the first merely reciting verses from the Bible; then came "Select Scripture Lessons," the text being repeated from memory, then remarks by the teacher to explain and impress the truth upon the scholar. This latter was certainly an improvement over simply rehearsing the words of the Scripture. This better way came the very next year after the remarkable record of thousands of verses being given by the pupils. It is quite evident that the management of that early day saw the graet need of instruction accompanying the text. After five years of this manner of teaching came the preparation of the subjects of the lessons by the pastor, Dr. Bouton, with the approval of the teachers. This plan was continued for more than thirty years including in the range of topics the whole Bible. (We have most of these lesson slips, for each term, on file with our church papers.) In 1857 a question book was introduced, called "Useful and Curious Questions on the Holy Bible." This was in use for a few years in connection with the regular lessons mentioned.

It was in 1865 that the "Union Question Book" series was adopted and continued for several years as a guide to Bible study.

In 1872 the "International Uniform Sunday School Lessons" came into use, and have been accepted as a leader to higher thought and nobler living by nearly all the Christian people of the world. At present the "Improved International Lessons" have been recognized and received as best fitted to direct in the study of the Holy Scriptures. Mutual classes have been formed for independent investigation, also other adult groups of men and women who have pursued a choice of courses.

Yearly anniversary exercises of the school were first observed in 1825, by Dr. Bouton in the first year of his pastorate. The school assembled in the order of their classes, in the body of the church: an address adapted to the occasion, with reports of the officers, would be presented. This arrangement continued under the ministry of Dr. Bouton and Dr. Ayer for some fifty years, and it was an important feature in exhibiting to the church membership the work of its school.

Through all the many years we have had faithful and able superintendents, also both men and women teachers—a long list of names of noble volunteers who have led the way to a higher life. They are known to us all, and all shall receive their reward as good and faithful servants of the Lord. We are fortunate to have had the ability and fine service rendered to our school by our present superintendent: it is to be hoped that he may return to us and continue his good work.

The present is calling for more thoroughly trained workers in religious education in our Sunday Schools, as well as in the secular lines of instruction. An intelligent people see the need and are demanding more system and a better preparation in the leadership of our spiritual life. Perhaps even paid superintendents and teachers, as under Robert Raikes in England in 1780, will have to be employed. Those who can give trained thought, time and strength to the work will ere long be required to make our Sabbath Schools what they might be and what they should be for the existing and coming conditions which our country will have to meet.

A new era is dawning in this work.

We have had and are having conferences on Sunday School methods in different states for the training of workers. One such has been held in our own state, the last four years, at Dartmouth College, and largely attended: some of our own people have been students there, and gained knowledge along this present movement in preparatory work. It certainly has been to them a great source of inspiration and benefit. A fund has been given for this special course and plans are under way for incorporation. Many of the foremost leaders and instructors in the country have placed this school in high standing—its success has been due to the splendid planning of the Dean, Mrs. Nellie T. Hendrick.

Many colleges are introducing religious education in their curriculum; there are also Community Schools organized in our larger cities for the same purpose.

At the very present moment the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations, made up of thirty leading church bodies of America, have united for a great drive for Teachers' Training during September and October. They realize that the greatest weakness is the lack of an adequate force of trained superintendents and teachers. The great majority show the need of preparation in their profession, for such it is coming to be, so this Council has adopted standards and courses of study, and is ready to move forward. Next Sunday, September 29th, is to be observed as Teacher Training Day, when there will be special effort to awaken an interest in this matter most vital to the churches.

The plan is that there be at least one Teacher's Training Class in every Sunday School in the United States, to meet once a week; that there be a Monthly Workers' Conference; also a coöperative Community School of Religious Education—to graduate for special work, and to train superintendents in their administration duties and teachers as leaders of local classes; and finally to aid in the right selection of current literature and books on this important subject.

This new advance in Sunday Schools is to be committed to the supervision of the Education Society, and they will give every possible aid to pastors, superintendents and teachers in furnishing information for the desired end.

As a very great assistance in this new and to be desired advance, there will be for all those possible to attend, here in Concord, this next month, October 9, 10 and 11, at the South Church, the "N. H. Sunday School Convention." The program presented will embrace information and discussion on all the various phases of the new methods that have here been outlined.

This splendid movement to establish on stronger foundations the Bible Schools of our land must meet with a ready response. How often in the consideration of the greatest book on earth, of the most sublime thought and exalted teachings, how indifferent we have been; how little, and how poorly we have labored to prepare ourselves for living in this world, and still more for the life that is to come.

It is due, to our present pastor, and long list of able superintendents and teachers, to say that the work has been carried on with a high measure of earnestness and fidelity. All honor, then, to those who began and have maintained this school of the church among us. Who can tell of the influence of such an institution for one hundred years upon the intelligence, morals and character of our community?

"The Sunday school. Earth has no name
Worthier to fill the breath of fame,
The untold blessings it has shed
Shall be revealed when worlds have fled."

NEW HAMPSHIRE PIONEERS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

No. 1

Elder Benjamin Randall

Founder of the Free Baptists

James Arminius, the eminent Dutch preacher who occupied a chair in theology at Leyden from 1603 to his death in 1609, became the founder of a movement of remonstrance against Calvinism. After his death the remonstrants became an anti-Calvinist party with "Arminianism" as their rallying slogan. In 1618 the synod of Dort, consisting of deputies from England, Scotland and the Protestant countries of Europe, summoned Episcopius and other active Arminians before them and banished, excommunicated, and drove from all ecclesiastical and civil offices, all who accepted Arminian doctrines. This tyrannical treatment defeated its own purpose, for the scattered Arminians became agitators in the various communities where they took refuge, and a few years later Arminians appeared everywhere, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century it was a movement fighting valiantly against the intolerant Calvinism.

In America the Massachusetts colony was under the iron sway of the Calvinist Puritans and the more liberal ideas of the Arminians made little progress. New Hampshire, however, offered a more congenial soil.

Benjamin Randall was born in the little seagirt town of New Castle, February 7, 1749. His father was a sea-captain. The boy was a deeply religious minded boy from five years of age. When George Whitfield visited Portsmouth and Exeter in September of 1770, Randall went to hear him. Though deeply impressed by the earnestness and power of Whitfield, Randall steeled himself against Whitfield because the great preacher was supposed to be not a sound Calvinist, though Whitfield broke with Wesley because Wesley too far abandoned Calvinism. Whitfield preached at Portsmouth for the last time on September 29, and the same day went to Exeter where he preached his last sermon, going from there to Newburyport, where he died in the night. A mounted herald rode into Portsmouth on September 30 announcing "Mr. Whitfield is dead." One of the first to hear the message was young Randall. His heart smote him. Had he done right in harboring his prejudices against the man who appealed to him so earnestly the day before and whose voice was now stilled in death?

Out of the experience came a deeper and more tolerant religious conception. The War of the Revolution broke out and Randall served a year and a half. He became a Baptist on the question of Baptism and planned to go to Stratham to be baptized by Dr. Shepard, but hearing that Wm. Hooper was to be ordained at Berwick, Maine, he went there instead. The same year the little colony from Durham went into the North Country to establish the town of New Durham, and the Randall family went with them. Randall had now become an Arminian and fellowshipped with those in Elder Lock's church of Loudon and Canterbury people who were forming an Arminian church. For this he was expelled by the Baptists, and the next

year, 1780, he formed the first "Free" Baptist church at New Durham. The movement spread throughout the state and Maine, and then into other states. The earnestness of the Free Baptist preachers impressed people everywhere, and their milder views took where the harsher Calvinism failed to appeal. Memoirs, journals and autobiographies of all the early Free Baptist preachers are in print, and from them one may get a first-hand vision of the religious views and experiences of the movement. Later, missionaries went to the middle west of the nation. Randall and the Free Baptist preachers who helped him appeal to the people made a lasting imprint upon the religious life of America, and on the whole life of New Hampshire. And in thus calling about him his earnest little band he became the first of the New Hampshire Pioneers of a more tolerant religion than had been given New England by the settlers from the old world.

TILTONIA

By A. W. Anderson

Thou beautiful tiara of the granite hills!
  Thy river flowing from the smitten rock bestride—
To thee, and thy fair name, Tiltonia, we thrill;
  Thou art the cherished object of thy people's pride!

From out the dimming shadows of the misty past
  Come forth the forms of thy brave pioneers;
We hear their axes ringing in the forest vast—
  And straightway vanish all the intervening years.

The veil is lifted, and before us lies outspread
  Primeval wilderness, and foaming cataract;
Unfettered flows the river o'er its rocky bed;
  On rushing thru the hills to meet the Merrimack.

In woodlands deep and dark, the naked Indian prowls,
  And in his heart the secret dread of white men bears;
While from the wilds, at evening, the gray wolf howls,
  And mothers 'lone with little children hide their fears.

Hemlock and pine before the lusty woodsman fall;
  The giant oaks go crashing down beneath his blows;
And where of late was heard at morn the wild bird's call,
  The thrifty farmer plows and plants his garden rows.

Where beat his drum the ruffled grouse at mating-time
  Now stands the settlers' staunchly builded hut of logs,
And where the squirrels undisturbed the beeches climbed
  The wearied hunter makes his camp, and feeds his dogs.

The years fleet-footed pass away and changes come;
  The forest disappears replaced by fruitful fields;
Where stood the fort-like cabin stands the modern home,
  And where the thorn tree stood, the vine its bounty yields.

Still flows the lovely river from her granite bowl;
No longer wasted is the might of her cascades,
For man has learned from nature's force to take his toll—
And now, enslaved, she turns the wheels of busy trade.

The wigwam of the Indian is seen no more;
Nor breaks his birch canoe the river's silv'ry sheen;
The smoke, upcurling from his campfire on the shore,
Is gone; supplanted by the fact'ry's murky screen.

Unchanged remains thru all time's strange vicissitudes
In their posterity the spirit of thy sires;
And in the stress and strain of fortune's varying moods,
The courage of thy patriarchs thy youth inspires.

When tyrants rise to drench the peaceful world with blood,
And set at naught Columbia's just and honorable claim;
Thy sons have been the foremost in the human flood
That rushes forth to save America's fair name.

And when the nation calls for succor and for aid,
Or poor humanity lies bleeding and distressed;
Thy noble daughters every sacrifice have made,
And dying soldiers their sweet ministrations blessed.

But not in times of trouble only do they shine
Like meteors that sudden flash, then quench their light,
In times of peace these daughters, and these worthy sons of thine,
A bulwark strong have ever been for truth and right.

The stranger in thy midst by various circumstance
Instinctive feels the friendly warmth of thy home-fires,
Thy leadership in human brotherhood's benign advance
The fainting heart with courage new and purpose strong inspires.

Thy founders, ever mindful of omnipotence,
Their God acknowledged in their daily lives,
And sanctuaries builded where in reverence
They humbly sought the dictates of His guiding rod.

So walk thy loyal children in this latter day,
Foregathering each Sabbath morn in faith devout,
With loving hearts for help divine to pray
Not for themselves alone but all the world without.

And from these centers of the Christian virtues bright
The leaven of the holy gospel permeates
The social mass; like winds of heaven recondite
And human lives and aspirations elevates.

Thrice blessed art thou in those who at thine altars stand
And preach the law sublime of righteousness and love
With single hearts; like Gideon's triple-tested band
Devoted to their people and their King above.

Nor art thou blesséd less in those that throng the gates
And reverent hear the message from the sacred word;
From them the grace of human kindness radiates
Like golden sunshine bursting through the gloomy cloud.

With cordial handclasp and with kindly word they greet
Both friend and stranger in the common meeting-place;
Of purpose lofty and in unity complete
They vie in shining deeds of courtesy and grace.

And thy twin settlements; how peacefully they live
Together on the banks of thy fast flowing stream;
The blessings springing from this happy union give
A ruddier glow to friendship's ever brightening beam.

High on her green acropolis, with honor crowned,
Thy queen of erudition lifts her regal head;
Thru all the land for learning and for worth renowned
She in the vanguard of enlightment has led.

The youth of nations foreign and of peoples strange
Dream of her classic beauty and her walls that stand
Like beacons, beckoning to wisdom's wider range
Children of far Formosa and the "Sunrise Land."

To those who 'neath her constant benediction dwell,
And knowledge find in life's bright morning at her feet
The mellow music of her tower-cloistered bell
A message seems to bear from regions of the great.

And in the hearts of those who pass her portals thru,
The treasured names of her loved pedagogues are found;
Dear memories of faithful friends and mentors true
Who share their future glory in the heights they gain.

And they, who guide with gentle hand and patient love
Thru learning's mysteries the childhood of thy hold,
The crown of everlasting gratitude shall have—
And benedictions fervent from the young and old.

So ever thus, Tiltonia, may thy fortunes be,
And future generations rise to call thee blest!
May genius, honor, wealth and peace inhabit thee
And righteousness remain thy constant guest!

SUNAPEE'S ANNIVERSARY

Historical Address Delivered Monday, September 2, 1918

By Albert D. Felch

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the present town of Sunapee, granted as Saville, Nov. 27, 1768, occurring this year, the town voted at its last annual meeting to celebrate the event in connection with the annual Firemen's Field Day and Labor Day parade, on Monday, September 2. The necessary committees were appointed, the arrangements made and duly carried out. The weather was fine, the attendance large, and everything passed off in a satisfactory manner. A parade, led by the Newport band, including many fine floats and decorated autos, was the feature of the forenoon. The exercises of the afternoon were presided over by Albert D. Felch, who also gave the historical address, prayer being offered at the opening by Rev. F. P. Fletcher. Col. John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth, a native of the town, also gave an address, and informal remarks were made by Franklin P. Rowell of Newport and Gen. Joseph M. Clough of New London. An exciting ball game, between the Newport and Sunapee teams, won by the former, with a score of 11 to 9, followed the exercises, and a band concert, moving-picture exhibition and dance in the evening concluded the day's festivities.

The historical address by Albert D. Felch was as follows:

Historical Address

This town, originally of 23,040 acres (now 15,666 acres, 2,700 of which is covered by a portion of the lake) then in Cheshire county, was known as Coreytown, granted November 27, 1768, to Oliver Corey, John Sprague and others, under the name of Saville. The name was changed to Wendell in honor of John Wendell of Portsmouth in 1781. The southern part of the town was combined with portions of Newport, Lempster, Unity and Newbury to constitute the town of Goshen December 27, 1791. Small tracts were severed between George's Mills and the twin lakes and annexed to New London December 11, 1800, and June 19, 1817. The name was changed to its present name July 12, 1850. The lake was found on maps engraved in London and Paris as early as 1750 as Sunope and Sunipee, showing that the lake was known to King George's surveyors. The names are two Algonquin words, meaning Goose Lake, implying that it was a favorite hunting ground

Hon. Albert D. Felch

for the Penacook Indians during the autumn months. During the French and Indian War, one, Timothy Corliss, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Orin Cross, was taken captive by the savages at Weare Meadows and carried to Lake Sunapee. The Indians showed him a vein of ore on the eastern slope of Sunapee mountain from which lead was mined and bullets made. Corliss was kept in prison till after the fall of Quebec, when the Indians withdrew to Canada. The first white settlement was made in 1772 by a small company of immigrants from Rhode Island, who were soon followed by an enterprising band from Portsmouth. The names of the grantees of Saville in 1768 were ninety-four in number, only fourteen of the names now appearing on our tax list. The census of 1775 was only 65; 1790, 267; 1830, 637; 1850, 787; 1880, 895, and the last census of 1910 was 1,071.

As early as 1800 to 1815 Elder Nehemiah Woodard, a Congregationalist, settled in the south part of the town, which is known as the ministers' lot, on the east side of the road on the farm now owned by Frank M. Harding. Services were held for about thirty years in private houses or schoolhouses. Elder Woodard was of a mild temperament and easily satisfied, his salary being the products of the soil. Meetings were also held in the northern part of the town in dwellings of Elijah George and others, Thomas Smith and Deacon Adam Reddington being the leaders. July 24, 1830, Elder Elijah Watson organized a Free-will Baptist church with fourteen members which for twenty years was the leading society. Mrs. Mary Conant, widow of Josiah Conant, was the last survivor. The church edifice, now standing at the lower village, was built in 1832 and dedicated November 8 of the same year, N. J. Gardner raising the purchase price of the bell. At an adjourned meeting of the legal voters, held June 1st, it was voted that Nathaniel Perkins, Jr., John Young and Charles Sargent be the building committee, and it was further voted that those that purchased pews should pay for the same, one-half in money and one-half in grain. For twenty years there was no permanent minister, being chiefly supplied from the Universalist faith. By decree of court the property was sold to W. W. Currier in 1906. In 1833 a similar church was built in South Sunapee, occupied for a time, but after many years of disuse, was torn down and the land used to enlarge the church cemetery. Methodism began in Sunapee in 1805 under the old circuit system, a Mr. Jones preaching in the house of John Chase, now occupied by Louis Davis, followed by Shaw, Beck and Twitchell. In 1818 services were held in the schoolhouse on the hill near David Harrison. In 1823 Steele preached in the house of Abiathar Young, afterwards Jordan and Hedding. In 1853 the Methodist conference sent Joseph C. Emerson to Sunapee, and during his pastorate the first church was built on the site of the N. A. Smith house, being dedicated October 29, 1856, and was burned June 10, 1871. Three years later the present church was dedicated June 18, 1874. The pastors from 1853 have been Emerson, Norris, Johnson, Hayes, Eastman, Robinson, Prescott, Stuart, Hillman, Quimby, Chase, Keeler, Kellogg, Dorr, Wolcott, Pillsbury, Onstett, Taylor, Tasker, Bartlett, Martin, Foote, Parsons and the present pastor, F. P. Fletcher.

Elder John Young, known to this generation, a minister of the Christian faith, preached within a radius of twenty miles of Sunapee nearly all his long life, and is credited with conducting nearly one thousand funerals and half as many marriages. He died Sept. 29, 1905. Ezra S. Eastman was another local preacher, who died Sept. 24, 1874. Those who have gone from Sunapee as ministers to preach the gospel are Edward R. Perkins, Charles E. Rogers, Joseph Henry Trow, Alden O. Abbott, Almon B. Rowell and David Angell.

The first general store was kept by John Dane in 1820, on the site of the Elwin Bartlett house, followed in 1825 by John Colby, who built a store about 1830 opposite the home of N. P. Baker when it was moved in 1853 to what is now conducted as the H. B. Sawyer store. The store now run by D. A. Chase was built by Josiah Turner and has had several owners, N. P. Baker occupying it for over thirty years. The store at the lower village was built by a Mrs. Marble for her son. At his decease it was continued by Wadley, Colcord, Edson, Russell and Brooks. O. T. and J. N. Hayes conducted a store at George's Mills in its early settlement which has continued to do business up to the present time.

The schooling for our town has always been considered a most vital asset. Up to 1885 the town was divided into school districts, each district hiring their own teacher from five to ten dollars per week, the teacher boarding around in the families. By an act of the legislature in 1885 the old district system was abolished and a school board created to care for the schools of the town. We now have but five schools aside from the high school established in 1914 (Hattie M. Smith, Albert D. Felch and Martha H. Abbott composing the school board). In our schools the foundation has been laid by many who have brought much credit to our town and success to themselves, not the least of whom one who is with us today, who brings back, not only credit to our schools, but to the state in which he is soon to be made governor, Col. John H. Bartlett.

The first town meeting was held April 23, 1778, in conjunction with the towns of Newport and Croydon. Benjamin Giles of Newport was elected moderator, Samuel Gunnison of Saville, clerk. Moses True, Esek Young and Samuel Gunnison were elected selectmen of Saville. December 5, 1782, Benjamin Giles was chosen to represent the town, being in the class with Goshen, until the population reached six hundred, which was not until 1824. Then the town elected Thomas Pike to represent her alone, and has been well represented since, George E. Gardner being our present representative and Frank M. Harding, George E. Gardner and Charles G. Hutton our efficient selectmen. It is interesting to note that the first town charge was that of a son of widow Simister, whose labor was sold at auction to the highest bidder. Three years later Hannah Woodard, sister of the first minister, to board and tobacco, was sold to the lowest bidder for twenty cents per week.

Those among the first settlers who fought in the Revolutionary War were six in number, their names being given as Abiathar, Robert, Cornelius, Esek Edward and James Young and Christopher Gardner, all of whom returned without a scratch. Twenty-seven men fought in the War of 1812, whose names are on record. The Saville Guards was organized in 1841, a company of the 31st regiment, 5th brigade, 3rd division N. H. Militia, with William Young as its first captain, Joseph Lear ensign and Francis Smith lieutenant. Its last muster was held in Newport in 1851. At this time there was an independent company called the Bold Rangers, and men by the name of Putney, Roby, Young and Muzzey being saluted as captains.

We come now to the war of rebellion, in which Sunapee contributed 46 men, only three of whom are living, Samuel O. Bailey, living in Croydon, Jacob Sleeper in Laconia, and our respected townsman, whom we are pleased to have with us today, Wilbur Young.

December 3, 1702, Joel Bailey of Newport was invited to accept a gift of twenty acres as an inducement to build a grist and sawmill, but the first gristmill was not built until 1784, when John Chase erected a mill on the site of the Emerson Paper Co., sawmill. In 1780 a dam was built across the river, back of H. B. Sawyer's store of today, and the gristmill

built and run for many years in the building now used by the Emerson Paper Co., for a tenement house. About 1820 Hills Chase, son of John Chase, established a privilege below the gristmill, erecting a clothing mill in which homemade cloth was fulled and dressed. Jonathan Wooster and D. B. Colcord followed Chase in the business, Colcord moving the same to George's Mills, closing the business in 1845, the products of factories taking the place of home manufactured goods. In 1842 the foundation was laid for a tannery by George Keyser and David Haynes, the building still standing at the harbor. The tanning business was run successfully for many years, the power was formed by throwing a dam across the river below the grist mill dam. In 1837 the substantial stone dam was built east of the Harbor bridge, but nothing was done on this until 1844, when Christopher Cross, from Lowell, built the sawmill on the south end of the dam. About the same time Ephraim Whitcomb built a shop just below the bridge on the present site of the Brampton Woolen Co., for the manufacture of bedsteads, and that business was continued until 1852 when Dexter Pierce engaged in making clothespins. The basement was used by Royal Booth for the making of cardboard machinery and in 1857 took fire and not only destroyed this building, but one east of the bridge occupied by Abiathar Young for the manufacturing of shoepegs. The peg business was carried on by Abiather Young for many years in a shop east of the harbor bridge; that, too, in April, 1887, was destroyed by fire and the business discontinued. Threshing machines, imitation leather, excelsior, among other things named, have been manufactured on our village stream.

In 1867 the hame business was started on the site of the Brampton Woolen Co. and developed under the ownership of Bartlett and Rowell until it was united with the Andover Hame Works and the hame business of the middle west into the largest industry of its kind in the United States, with the principal plant at Buffalo, N. Y.

John B. Smith, a Sunapee boy, invented and patented a clothespin machine in 1868, which with a few minor improvements leads the world today in the making of clothespins, turning out one hundred and twenty-five finished pins per minute. Mr. Smith in his declining years, interested himself in the making of telescopes, selling one to the Cambridge Observatory. His heirs still have in their possession the largest he ever built, having six-inch lenses.

Sunapee claims the honor of having the first inventor of a horseless carriage in the person of Enos Merrill Clough, who forty-nine years ago brought out a finished product after fourteen years of study and labor an automobile containing 5,463 pieces. The machine was propelled by its power to Newport, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lebanon, Lancaster, Landaff and thence to Lake Village, now Lakeport, for exhibition. Although the invention was really a success, the authorities forbid Mr. Clough running it on the highways as it frightened horses. Mr. Clough became discouraged and sold the machine to Richard Gove of Lakeport, who ran it into a fence, doing considerable damage to the car. The machine was afterwards dismantled, the engine being sold to be used in a steamboat on the lake and the carriage part was afterwards destroyed by fire. This car was finished in a shop just east of our Methodist church connected with the house occupied by Mr. Clough. Mr. Clough predicted that he would live to see the streets full of horseless carriages, a prediction which has been abundantly verified. Mr. Clough was struck by a New York machine while doing flag duty at the Lakeport R. R. crossing, and died from the injuries received August 2, 1916, in his eighty-second year.

Among many who have gained dis-

tinction in other lines as natives of Sunapee are Charles H. Bartlett, late of Manchester, Alfred T. Batchelder of Keene, Caleb Colby of New York and Dr. G. A. Young, late of Concord, whose well-established business in dentistry is continued by his son, William A., and Dr. Edwin P. Stickney of Arlington.

N. S. Gardner purchased of Moses George, about 1860, what is known as Little Island in Lake Sunapee for fifty cents, and in 1875 built the first public building thereon with bowling alley. At that time there were but twelve rowboats on the lake and one sailboat, but immediately following, Lafayette Colby built several for the accommodation of those desiring to go to the Island. The lake was first recognized as a summer resort, at this time, W. S. B. Hopkins of Worcester, Mass., and Dr. John D. Quackenbos of New York being among the first to locate upon its shores. In 1854 Timothy Hoskins and William Cutler built a horse-power driven boat with a carrying capacity of one hundred people. The boat was operated eight years when it was broken up. In 1859 George Goings of New London built the first steamboat. It was a side-wheeler with a carrying capacity of three hundred people. The boat had but little use and in 1861 Goings enlisted, was made captain and his boat dismantled. In 1876 N. S. Gardner purchased and placed on the lake a small steamer called the Penacook, for the benefit of his fifty-cent Island enterprise. The boat did not run satisfactorily and was remodeled and named the Mountain Maid, being owned and operated by Captain Nathan Young. In the same year, 1876, Frank and Daniel Woodsum of Maine built the Lady Woodsum and have since added the Armenia White, Kearsarge, Weetamoo and Ascutney. In 1885 another commodious boat was launched, called the Edmund Burke, which had a short life due to accidents and litigation.

While it has been the custom of many of our townspeople to rely upon Newport for medical aid and other needs, yet as early as 1815 a physician by the name of Buswell located in town and was followed, after a short practice, by Elkins and Corbin. In 1829 John Hopkins, a native of Francestown, began practice in town and remained here till 1864. During his stay, several young practitioners came in and took part of the business, among whom was Isaac Bishop, who came here in 1859. He moved to Bristol, N. H., and Dr. Hopkins went to Vineland, N. J., the same year, where he died in 1879, aged eighty-seven years. In 1866, Ira P. George, whose father was a native of Sunapee, practiced here for three years, removing to Newport and finally to Nebraska. D. M. Currier, a graduate of Dartmouth, practiced from 1868 to 1871, removing to Newport. C. F. Leslie from Maine followed in 1874, and moved to Windsor, Vt., in 1883. His place was soon filled by our present physician, Dr. Edwin C. Fisher.

Sunapee owes very much to William C. Sturoc, a historical son of Scotland, who died in Sunapee, May 31, 1903, leaving much on record in our Sullivan County history and elsewhere.

July 4, 1779, a liberty pole, cut from the Rogers woods, was raised on the northwest corner of the John Dame lot, now owned by Elwin H. Bartlett, from which flew the stars and stripes, which has given us protection to this day. We have renewed the raising of our flag today, which not only stands for our liberty but for liberty of all our allies. The church and community flag today represents thirty-four boys of our best blood who are in the service; and it is up to us to do our bit by keeping our brains working, and our hands from shirking, doing the things needed to be done, to keep the money flowing to the boys that are going to fight until our liberty is won.

I will ask you to rise as the names of these brave boys are read and at the conclusion join in singing America, led by the band.

Lieut. William Koob, John Brown, E. J. Blake, Merton Sargent, Elmer Rollins, Irving Young, Howard Sanne, William Werry, Ernest Derry, Ernest Collins, Jack Mathews, Robert Hayes, William Morgan, Edwin Thornton, Sergt. Jack Whitney, Ralph Cooper, Wm. J. Hardy, Raymond Haven, Charlie Lear, Harold Campbell, Harold Gove, Andrew Abbott, Joe Gamsby, Cecil Hadley, Willis Hoyt, Ray Cooper, George Bartlett, Harry Sanborn, Lester Walsh, George Lear, Percy Muzzey, John Rowell, Clarence Davis, Clifton Hayes, Leon J. Drew and William Lambert.

QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE, PRIUS DEMENTAT

By E. M. Patten

Once a mighty nation flourished, rich in science, music, art;
A Mecca for all students; of the earth a living part.
But hark! Didst hear the tocsin sound the hatred of the world
For Prussia, when her lawless flag in Belgium she unfurled?
When babes were slaughtered, boys were maimed, and men were crucified;
Nuns, maids, and mothers raped and slain, all laws of God defied
By the ruthless Hun invader, by the Prussian vandals, mad
As the devilled swine in Galilee. They are mad, mad, mad.

The world, at first, could not believe such awful deeds were wrought;
Crimes worse than heathen savages have ever done, or thought.
But proofs on proofs were multiplied; there was no pause, no shame;
Destruction of world treasures forever will defame
The scutcheon of the Teuton; through all the years to come
The Lusitania's fate shall damn the record of the Hun;
His name shall be anathema; his language shall be banned
Till all the German people shall rise and rule their land.

One by one, the world's great nations arose in righteous rage
Against foul deeds that soiled the screed on history's darkest page;
From land and sea, his victims cried for vengeance on the Hun,
But a blasphemed God of justice hath his punishment begun;
For eye must see, and ear must hear, and memory shall not cease;
Ghosts, night and day, his heart shall flay, and he shall have no peace
From the drowning face, from the dying shriek, from the maimed and blinded lad,
Till to God he cry, "O, let me die, for I'm mad, mad, mad!"

Hanover, N. H.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS

At the Celebration of Acworth's One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary, August 21, 1918

By John Graham Brooks

When the invitation came to me to speak at this anniversary, I had been interested in three town histories that tell us of New England life and ways in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I doubt if any records exist that are more informing and in many ways more profitable for us, especially in these days.

We meet to revive something of that past, and listen to any message it may have for us and for our day. Yet something disturbing is in all our minds; something throwing its shadow backward into the past and forward into the future. I shall not discuss it, but it cannot go unmentioned. We have begun the fifth year of a war that has destroyed outright more than ten millions of human beings and, directly and indirectly crippled more than fifty millions—nearly twice as many as existed in our entire country at the time of our Civil War. Through the life of the youngest person here, and indeed much longer, it will probably stand out as the world's most overpowering and tragic event. This brief word must be given because on such occasion as this we cannot keep it out of mind. We cannot speculate about the past, or dream about the future, apart from the staggering record of these four years.

But what has this to do with our early histories and their instruction for us? I went to them first to see what people were thinking and saying when days looked black to them; when they, too, thought the world was tottering. It was a relief to get away from too constant dwelling on our daily press and to see how people lived and braved it out in other times and under other difficulties.

We take up Mr. Merrill's history of Acworth and note that the first settlers had barely made a home of it and the first baby that came in the ox cart with all the family goods had hardly learned to toddle alone, when troubles broke out which looked to those of that time as if devils had been let loose and were trying with some success to destroy the world. Acworth men had to march away to face a storm which did not clear for a dozen years, while those at home took up the burden.—I want to dwell a little on that burden.

I do not imply that it had any such measure of horror as the present conflict, although there was far more suffering and anxiety than any of us can in the least realize. But what I emphasize is that thousands of our countrymen then honestly believed that nothing worse had ever happened or was likely to happen. John Adams was a cool man, but he thought Boston was to suffer martyrdom and to expire. When salt cost twenty-seven dollars a bushel, tea and molasses ten times what they now cost, and loaf sugar four dollars a pound, and they had finally to get it out of corn stalk; when they made tea from sage, thoroughwort and currant leaves and could get no coffee; when labor had gone up seven and eight hundred per cent, and could hardly be had at that, John Adams wrote from Philadelphia beseeching his wife, a most thrifty woman, to be not only frugal but *parsimonious*. Let us, he says, eat potatoes, drink only water, and wear canvas and undressed sheepskins. There were bitter complaints about food, because pumpkins had to be eaten even for breakfast—and

not only in pies but in bread and sauce. There was a forced Hooverizing of which we have but the slightest conception.

A common needle was so rare that any fortunate possessor had to lend it about the village every spare moment when it was not in use. The needles most in service were made from sharp thorns, polished bones and even of wood. Pins, so much more essential then than now, rose to unheard-of prices, but could rarely be got. We are proud of the incessant knitting for soldiers all about the land, but they were doing it too in old Acworth and everywhere else. There was then not a factory in the country. The tiny house was indeed itself the factory.

At Rowley, Mass., for instance, all the adult women (thirty-three of them) were up an hour before light, through with breakfast and ready, wheels in hand, at the village parsonage.

At Northboro, forty-four women spun 2,200 knots in one day. Then there was hoarding of food, very gross profiteering and conditions in Congress incomparably worse than anything the sharpest critic would suggest against our present Congress. The air was charged with incessant and venomous criticism and faction against faction, party against party, one prominent man against another, which we should not tolerate today through a single election.

By a happy accident, I knew one man who connects us directly with the time we celebrate. He was a historical scholar especially in our New England traditions, Dr. George Ellis. Though he was then almost exactly my present age, he seemed to me tottering on the edge of the grave. He told me of a visit he made in his youth to John Adams at Quincy, then over ninety years of age. In passing through a connecting hall to the dining room, the young man's attention was caught by a portrait of George Washington somewhat different from anything he had seen. He stopped to look at it. Mr. Adams turned sharply and said, "Don't stop to look at that old fool." Now this was not wholly a joke. If this strong and educated man of Washington's own Federalist party could talk like this, what is it likely that the father of his country had to suffer from those we now call democrats and from his enemies generally.

It is such glimpses as these that our most trustworthy histories record, yet I have given you only one leaf out of a stiff volume.

But I confess it is not quite worthy of us to seek comfort for our ills by dwelling on the equal or greater troubles of other peoples. It is not this I have in mind, but rather the certain proof these old records show us that, however ugly times then looked, we can now see them *as a part of progress*. We now see our harrassed ancestors, by strange and zigzag ways, slowly getting on and reaching up to something better; better politics, better religion and better citizenship.

Following close upon our own Revolution came the far more terrible uprising in France which tore and shattered Europe for another dozen years. One of the wisest men of those times thought the race was committing suicide. Another thought that as an individual may become insane, whole peoples can fall into madness. Yet as we now look back upon that great upheaval, we see it a condition and a birth time of immense and permanent improvement. As it swept away huge abuses, it brought new liberties and new equalities.

This then is my question: Are not we also justified in thinking that even in the waste and misery of this war, forces may be at work to which those of a wiser future will look back as upon steps that lead to still more liberty and to a still higher social order? Our faiths are at least as good as our doubts—our hopes as our fears—and this faith and hope shall be ours as we look backward on this day of memories. ———

We are trying on this August day to commemorate—that is, call up again the far-off beginnings of our town. Some five generations have lived out their allotted space on these hills. Many left them for other scenes, but one and all of our ancestral roots are here, and no more than these village maples can we wholly cut ourselves off from our roots and really *live*. Far more than any of us know, those roots are a part of all that we now are. Here on these hills the child became father to the man. Here we were taught our first lessons and here dreamed our first dreams. However grizzled we have become, there is not a single pictured memory of those old days but enters into the life we now live. Yes, the older we grow, the more vivid become those first impressions. We turn back to them oftener, and I hope a little more fondly. We talk about them more, as if our latest days could only be enlivened and made tolerable by living again the days of our youth. To call this "second childhood" does not fully or rightly express it. It is rather the natural, ripened and completed life for every one of us.

What better use can our anniversary have than to make us rational and cheerful about our own lives and our own times? I am going to read you a few lines from one of the most deep-seeing and far-seeing Americans —a wit, a scholar, a poet and statesman—James Russell Lowell. He had very black moods at the time of our Civil War. But in this passage he looks back and out on the great life scene, and this is the summing up of his faith. The forefathers who worshipped in this church would have thought it rather blasphemous, but there is not an irreverent syllable in it.

"The more I learn, the more my confidence in the general good sense and honest intentions of mankind increases, the signs of the times cease to alarm me, and seem as natural as to a mother is the teething of her seventh baby.

"I take great comfort in God and think that he is considerably amused with us sometimes and that he likes us on the whole and would not let us get at the match box so carelessly as he does, unless he knew that the framework of his universe was fire-proof."

Our own backward look should have this spirit in it. We need it the more I think, because, as the sparks fly upward, too many of us are prone to fault finding. We have a great talent for complaining of the time and events in which we live. I am going therefore to suggest a good remedy for this weakness. I want to imagine us all for the moment in the world of magic and fairyland where we can do the most impossible things. I want to put every one of you (myself included) back into the old Acworth for a vacation of about two weeks. We have got to stay there and live exactly as they lived. We must live in a log shelter, probably of one room. Even when the first chimney was built and one spare room under the roof, we must reach it by climbing up the side of the chimney. There is no such thing as a match or a bit of glass to let in the light. There is no doctor, and a dentist was as much unknown as an airship.

We must, of course, eat as they ate and just what they ate. We must get the wood, make the fire, and bring the water. We must dress as they dressed and, if sick or aching, we must take their medicines. I have a long list from which I select but two.

For a trouble of the eyes there was concocted an elaborate mixture of decayed creatures and bitter herbs made sticky by infusion of tar. One would think that even sore eyes might be useful until the meal was eaten, but this sorry mess was to be abundantly applied before each meal. If you waked in the night, you must daub it on again. Who of us would not think sore eyes a luxury if we could avoid medicine like that?

One more I take from the records of a community in which one of the most

enlightened women of those days is our informant—Abigail Adams, wife of our second President of the United States.

This is the medicine for one of the commonest diseases. You were to hunt until you filled a peck measure with snails. These were then to be well washed in small beer and put in a hot oven until they "stopped making any noise." They were then to be taken out and wiped with the green froth exuded in the oven; then bruised to powder in a stone mortar. You are by no means done yet. You have to go out with a quart measure and fill it with what we used to call here fish worms. These were to be carefully scoured in salt, then slit into strips.

I pause here, I think, for the same reason that made the old chronicler hesitate to add the further ingredients and the process of dosing soon to begin. There were a great many medicines much worse than this and probably just as utterly useless. It seems to have been a first principle that the more nauseating and disagreeable the dose, the more certain it was to cure you. And this principle applied also to a good deal of the religious instruction and observances. Even Judge Sewall gets such a moral shock at the most innocent April fool practices that he writes to the schoolmasters to stop the affront to the Almighty because in his own words it is "so defiling."

One of the Mathers confesses that he had often sinned, but of all his sins he says "none so sticks upon me as that I was *whittling on the Sabbath Day* and, what was worse, I did it behind the door." He says it is a specimen of atheism. The play of jolly little Sammy Mather, aged ten years, is called by his father "a debasing meanness." This explains another healthy boy's perplexity. After three Sunday sermons, he wanted to walk out for a little exercise but was refused. He came back to his mother with the question what "Holy" meant. She was a little uncertain but said it was "good"—it was the best thing we could imagine; the boy went away puzzled, but returned to ask why God picked out such a disagreeable day as Sunday and then called it a "Holy Day."

And so I insist, if we were all set back into those days to live their lives to the letter as they lived them—especially to be dosed medically and religiously during our vacation—we should all come back to present-day ways of living, in spite of all their defects, with an enthusiasm and a satisfaction which would shame most of the grumbling well out of us, I hope, for our remaining days.

May I close this simple tribute to the Founder's Day with an old and perhaps too familiar story. I choose it because it has the soul and spirit of such memorials, as well as its lesson for us on this occasion. I choose it too because some of Acworth's best past citizens link us close to Scotch history.

A Scotch regiment, led by one of the Campbells, though in many a tough contest, was said never to have been beaten even if the battle was lost to others. The colonel was a silent man, but he always made a speech to his men that put fire and valor into them. It had one purpose, to recall and vivify old home memories—to call them up out of the past and make them live in the present moment.

As the men stood there, tense for the fight, their leader always repeated the same words, "*Scots, remember your hills.*" The very sound of them fired something which nerved them for victory.

I have looked on those Scotch hills and they are not fairer than our own, nor do I believe their traditions are worthier than our traditions. So changing a word or two, but keeping the soul of them, let us take up the spirit of that old valor-cry,

> "Men and women of Acworth,
> Let us 'Remember our hills.'"

GRAND OLD RED HILL

By Mary Blake Benson

Of all the charming scenes which greet the eye as one sails up the beautiful bay of Center Harbor, none surpass grand old Red Hill.

For ages it has looked out over our beloved Winnipesaukee, and down upon the smaller, but none the less lovely Lake Quinnebaug, nestling at its foot. Years ago, before the white man invaded this territory, the red men knew Red Hill as their hunting ground, and from its top gleamed their council fires. Gradually, however, their graceful birch canoes disappeared form the calm waters of the lake below, and their tribal feasts were held no more along its shore.

Always generous with its favors, the old Hill showered them as freely upon the white men as she had upon the Indians in whose steps they followed. Brave pioneers settled in its shadows, and built their log cabins of the staunch old trees which grew along its slope. Among its forests they hunted game, and from the lake at its foot they caught their fish; while on the fertile lowlands they planted fields of corn. Thus Red Hill befriended the white man and became his home, even as it had been the Red man's from time immemorial.

In 1797 its name was changed to Mt. Wentworth, in honor of Governor Wentworth of that time. Just how long this name endured is not known, but to one who has been fortunate enough to see the Hill in all the splendor of its autumn dress, there can be no wonder that the name Red Hill or Red Mountain, clings above all others. Its sides are thickly covered with a growth of oak whose foliage in the fall turns to a brilliant red. Here and there stately pines, in their never changing beauty, and the bright yellow of maples and birches, stand out in striking contrast against the deep rich color of the oaks. Thus through all the beauty of the long autumn days, Red Hill looks out over the surrounding country serene in its glory—a wonderful mountain of red!

About 1800, a family by the name of Cook located near the summit of its western slope. Mr. Cook was a man of Revolutionary fame, as vigorous and strong as the very trees of which he built his little cabin on the mountain top. Just why he chose so isolated a spot for his home is hard to tell. It is said that, in the early days, pioneers settled on high land, not on account of its fertility, but to avoid the trails of the savages which were made along the river banks and by the lake shores.

Be that as it may, the site of the old Cook house was truly a delightful and picturesque spot. And the view from it was unsurpassed by any in New England. Here at least three generations of the family lived and died.

One of the earliest records which we have of them is found in an old Log Book which was presented to them by Charles A. Winthrop of New Haven, Conn. This book was kept at the Cook house and all who visited the mountain top were requested to write their names therein.

As the town of Center Harbor became settled, and its hospitable hotels were opened to summer guests, many visitors found their way to this beautiful lake region and likewise to the summit of Red Hill itself. According to the Log Book, a party of people ascended the Hill on a sight-seeing

trip as early as 1821 and the record tells us that this party was the third one which went up the narrow, rugged trail on a similar mission.

These old Log Books, in two volumes, covering the years from 1832 to 1869 inclusive, bear silent testimony to the hundreds of people who came from all parts of the world to pay homage to our wonderful New England scenery. Among the first entries in the book we find the following: "John Q. A. Rollins visited the Hill, June 3d, 1832, accompanied by other gentlemen from Concord, N. H. Come all you young men, wherever you be; come and visit Red Hill and see what you can see."

"July 4, 1834. John H. and Edward E. Wood ascended Red Hill this day and were highly delighted with the prospect; they would advise every one that visits Lake Winnipissiogee to ascend the Hill, for it is the most beautiful picture of natural scenery that the eye ever witnessed. Ladies may ascend with safety; should they ascend on horseback, it would be well to descend on foot. Their horses will be able to descend without assistance, never mistaking the path laid out for them. Adieu, Red Top. Adieu, Mrs. Cook and Family."

"July 9, 1835. Franklin Pierce of Hillsborough, N. H., ascended Red Mt., in company with Simon Drake, Esquire." (As is well known, Franklin Pierce later became president of the United States.)

After Mr. Cook's death Mrs. Cook continued to live on the mountain, with her son and daughter, the latter being both deaf and dumb. In summer they sold blueberries and milk to the many tourists who stopped at their humble home for rest and refreshments.

From some of the later entries in the Log Book, we have chosen the following: "May the kind old lady who lives here, and is called by the name of 'Mother Cook,' live long to show her kindness to others as she has extended it to us today. Fifty-nine years has she lived here in this romantic spot. God bless her, and may the rest of her days be calm and peaceful, and may she sink to rest like the summer's sun sinking behind the summit of Red Mountain.—William O. Barnicoat, Boston; Isaiah A. Young, New York. August 31, 1848."

"September 14th, 1848. Paid my first visit to Red Hill. I am highly gratified with the prospect and scenery, which is most delightful. The terrific grandeur of the Ossipee Mountains, connected with the aquatic scenery of the lakes, form a scene difficult if not impossible to describe. I must not forget the kindness of Mother Cook; she gave us a very kind reception; she also produced a number of potatoes which were planted in the middle of June, which are equal if not superior to any in my native country.—Patrick Calhoun Mossaugh, Enniskillen, Ireland."

Reginald Neville Mantell, C. E., from London, England, visited and lunched at Aunt Cook's on August 5, 1869, being on a tour of the United States for the purpose of studying the interesting objects of science, art, and nature. The books are filled with beautiful quotations and interesting bits of information from the pens of those who sought in this way to express their appreciation both of the lovely landscape spread out before them, and also of the kindness and charm of old Aunt Cook. One writer put it very gracefully when he wrote:

> "Led by 'the Lady of the Lake' *
> Our hearts with beauty oft did thrill,
> But our gratitude was wakened,
> By the 'Lady of the Hill.'"

Romantic as the life of the Cook family may seem to have been in summer, the long severe winters must have tried the resources of these brave people severely. In those days only a bridle path led from the base of the mountain to the top, and this was, of course, nearly if not quite impassable during the deep snows and blinding

* The "Lady of the Lake" was formerly a passenger steamer on Lake Winnipesaukee.

storms of our New England winters.

In the days of the old Senter House, which stood where the Nichols Memorial Library now stands, many were the merry parties which left its hospitable doors to make the trip to Red Hill. Large covered wagons, their seats filled with laughing, joyous crowds, each morning made their way from the hotel to the foot of the mountains. There, ponies were secured, and the final journey to the top of the mountain was begun.

In after years the bridle path was widened, and a very good road was laid out as far as the Cook house. From there the climb was not long and was easily accomplished on foot. Still later, when the last of the Cook family had been laid to rest in the shadow of the Hill they loved so well, a new trail to the top was made, which turned off about a mile below the Cook house. Eventually the old farm fell into other hands and was finally abandoned. Now, only an occasional visitor follows the overgrown path which leads to the site of the home of these fine old pioneers. The remains of an old house and barn may still be seen, but the woods on all sides are gradually creeping up and winning back for their own, the fields once cleared at such an expense of labor and time. A few old apple trees still drop their fruit among the tall grasses, and the squirrels and wild deer find in them a dainty luxury.

A grapevine wanders at will over an old stone wall, and yields its purple grapes to the feathery folks who nest in the near-by trees, and even among the ruins of the old house. It would be sad, indeed, if in the future years all trace of this old homestead should be lost, for on this little plot of land, high upon this grand old mountain, three generations lived and died, secure and happy in their peaceful home. Mighty, indeed, was the struggle which they must have made against the elements, and many the hardships they must have undergone in such a place. Yet the mountain was their home, and nobly it protected them. Wonderful beyond description were the scenes, daily spread before their eyes, by the everchanging work of Mother Nature's fingers. Truly, the Everlasting Hills were their refuge.

Secure in its grandeur, Red Hill still stands guard over the surrounding country, rugged and beautiful. Swept by the icy storms of winter and bathed in the glory of the summer sunshine, it grows dear to the heart of its admirers with each passing year. Nature lovers still make their pilgrimages to its summit, and gaze in awe and wonder at the charming scene before them; while the little lake below continues to smile tenderly up at the old mountain whose reflection it has mirrored for ages.

THE NOT CROSS NURSE

By Edward H. Richards

I know a skilful Not Cross nurse
Out on life's firing line,
Who does her duty every day
From early dawn till nine.

Sometimes she binds a wounded toe
And sometimes to her breast
She draws a little tired foe
Into a cozy nest.

At eve we see her in the camp,
With soldiers round the fire,
Telling tales of wondrous deeds
Of Him who dwells up higher:

While eager faces all intent
Of what she has to say,
Are drinking in the truth she tells—
To be recalled some day.

And then each soldier bows his head
Around her easy chair
And lists devoutly while is said
The nurse's evening prayer.

Anon the mantle clock rings out
The bed-time bugle call
And straightway up the soldiers get
And file out in the hall.

Then up the steps they march away,
Obedient to command,
And bye and bye we hear her say,
"They've gone to slumberland."

O, patient, gentle Not Cross nurse,
Oh, charming mother mine,
How many battles would be lost
Without you on the line!

TO THE "HAVERHILL"

Launched August 24, 1918

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

Go forth, sturdy ship, from the shores of New Hampshire,
As stalwart and strong as the state of your birth,
And bear on the ocean, wherever you venture,
The message she sends to the rest of the earth.

The message which rings from the tops of her mountains,
From boulders of granite, and meadowlands green,
From still, sunny lakes, and from swift-rushing currents,
She trusts now to you, in the Merchant Marine.

Remember the woods where grew trees for your timbers—
The freedom, and healing, and peace that they give;
Remember the hands of the workmen that wrought you—
And sink, if you must, that the nation shall live.

Go carry the name of the home of your sponsor
Where need is the greatest, and carry it well;
Go make it a symbol of strength and salvation
Through darkness of death, and through horror of hell.

Go show all the world that your state stands for courage
Which never will falter, and never will quail;
For truth—and for faith—and for far-reaching vision—
Then you never can stop—and you never can fail!

THE ALBUM QUILT

By Eva Beede Odell

The Benson farm was next to the last one on the road which lost itself at the foot of the mountain. One fine spring morning in the early fifties, Susan, the ten-year-old daughter of the house, heard a wagon cross the dooryard, and then a very energetic "Whoa!" Exclaiming, "Oh! somebody's come," she skipped to the door, followed by her mother and Aunt Phœbe.

"Of all things, Mis' Pettingill," said Mrs. Benson, "who'd ever 'ave thought o' seein' you this time o' day? Hitch up to the corn-barn post there an' come right in."

"Good land! This 's ol' Kate. She'll stan'. She druther stan' than go any time," was the response. "I sh'll hev ter tell ye my errant spry an' be a-movin' on, fer I'm a-layin' out ter go all round in the neighborhood this forenoon. Dretful warm spell fer the time o' year, hain't it? I'm heftier 'n I uster be an' it takes holt on me."

"Susan, you run up chamber an' fetch down one o' Aunt Phœbe's gray goose fans," said Mrs. Benson, as Mrs. Pettingill settled herself in the big rocking chair. Then, as the good lady slowly fanned herself, she unfolded her plan.

"Wall, you know there hain't be'n much talked on lately 'cept Beniah Wood's goin' out 's a forrin missionary, an' what a gre't honor 'tis to our society. I do pity his pore mother, though. I shouldn't s'pose she'd 'spect ter ever set eyes on him ag'in in this world, but he got so chock full o' religion off t' the 'cademy that he felt it his duty ter go ter Indy an' convert the heathen. Course you knowed that he was a-goin' ter merry Elder Ethridge's darter, down t' the Lower Village. There was three gals gin out word that they was willin' ter go, but he went ter see Philindy Ethridge fust, an' was so well pleased with her that he didn't look no further. Folks say they may be two months on the v'yage, an' like 'nough seasick most o' the time. I've heern tell 'twas a dretful squeamish feelin'. Sairy Ann Judkins says she hopes ter mercy the natives won't make 'em into a stew fust thing when they land. He's so kind o' spare like, mebby he won't be so temptin', but she's purty plump. Now what I come up here for is ter tell ye about the album quilt that we wimmin wants ter git up for 'em. Each one is to make a square out o' some pieces o' her calico gownds, dark an' light, with a block o' white in the center to write her name on in indelible ink. I sh'll put on mine 'Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pettingill.' I've fetched ye the partern," said she, diving into the depths of her carpet bag. It'll be sot together with a sash. His mother an' Aunt Hitty an' the gals is a-goin' ter do that, then everybody that's pieced up a square's ter be invited ter the quiltin'."

One beautiful afternoon, a few weeks later, when the short grass, like a dainty green carpet, spread over the broad fields, and the trees had just come out in the delicate shades of spring, the good women met at the old homestead, at the end of the mountain road, which had sheltered the Wood family for three generations, to quilt Beniah's album quilt. The west room was opened for the occasion. The heavy green paper curtains, behind the dainty white muslin ones, had been rolled up, letting the sunshine in. It shone on the pretty spindle-legged table and the mahogany bureau. It lighted up the gilt-framed looking-glass and brought out the beautiful

shades in the peacock feathers around it. Even the face of the woman, in mourning garb, leaning against the family monument under the weeping willow tree, in the dark frame above the fire-place, brightened in the sunlight. It rested on the plaster of Paris cat and dog watching each other from opposite ends of the mantelpiece, glinted the tall brass candlesticks and the snuffers in the painted tray, and gleamed from the great polished balls on the andirons standing on the hearth below.

Here in readiness was the quilt. Busy fingers, with darning needles and strong wrapping yarn, had sewed the lining into the quilting-frames, had laid on the thin sheets of batting, and then had basted on the patchwork. The corners, where the frames crossed were held in place by gimlets and put between the slats in the backs of four kitchen chairs.

The only child in the company was Susan. "She c'n quilt as good 's any on us," said Aunt Amos. Then, as Mrs. Benson did not enjoy very good health, Susan went everywhere with Aunt Phœbe; together they roamed the woods and pastures, breaking off great bunches of hemlock for brooms, digging roots to put into beer for the haymakers, picking the wild berries and gathering herbs for tea to cure all ailments. The one exception was when Aunt Phœbe was called upon to sit up nights with sick neighbors; there she watched alone.

Susan wore her hair in braids crossed at the back of her neck. Her calico dress had a brownish stripe and one of rosebuds on a background of light blue. It was cut with a low yoke, long sleeves, a short waist and scant skirt, reaching nearly to her calf-skin shoes, which were made by the traveling shoemaker, who during the winter months went from house to house. Each woman had on a new calico dress and a long white apron and the older ones wore white lace caps.

By half-past one all were in their places around the quilting-frames. The skeins of thread were cut in two lengths and braided in the middle to avoid snarling when needlefuls were drawn from the hanks. Little Susan kept up with the older quilters and followed the long chalk lines with straight rows of daintily set stitches. When each one had quilted as far as she could reach, then they were ready to roll up. The gimlets were unscrewed and the quilt was rolled over the frames as far as it was finished. New lines were chalked as the women seated themselves to the work again. After the second roll-up, it was not long before the quilt was ready to be ripped from the frames.

During the visiting time which followed, some took out their snuff-boxes and exchanged friendly pinches with their neighbors, but soon the hostess appeared in the doorway, saying, "Now, all walk right out ter supper." A beautiful pink tea-set graced the table, with little glass cup plates in which to stand the cups when not in use, for the custom was to pour the tea into the "sassers" to cool and drink it from them. Cold meat with warm biscuit, fresh butter, tansy cheese, and hot maple syrup, plum cake and caraway cookies to eat with the cup custard which stood by each plate, made a bountiful repast.

The women went home early to get supper for the hungry men folks who were doing the spring plowing, but the good time they had over Beniah's album quilt they never forgot. Across the ocean it went to a foreign land, and for many a year comforted the hearts of the missionary and his wife, as again and again they read the names of the dear home friends so far away.

WILLIAM PLUMER FOWLER

By Frances M. Abbott

The death of William P. Fowler, which occurred at his summer home at Little Boar's Head on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 3d, calls for more than passing mention in the city of his birth. The third son and fourth child of the late Judge Asa and Mary Cilley (Knox) Fowler, he was born at the "old North End" in what is now the Streeter house, Oct. 3, 1850. This house was built by Judge Fowler in 1840, but about 1870 the family moved to the Governor Gilmore place, now occupied by St. Mary's School, which continued to be their Concord home till Judge Fowler's death in 1885.

William P. Fowler was educated in the Concord schools, graduating from the High School in 1867 under the stimulating principalship of the renowned Moses Woolson. He took his A.B. at Dartmouth in 1872, was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1875, and after that Boston became his permanent home.

Mr. Fowler was much more than a successful lawyer. A man of fine literary taste, conversant with the best literature of the world, a judicious philanthropist, devoting years of his life to unpaid service in connection with the city's important charities; a man of domestic qualities, whose immediate relatives had most occasion to know his sterling worth—withal a religious man who reverently followed the deeds of the Master as well as the observances of the church, he preferred the higher things of life and contributed to the world's sum of good. His death is a distinct loss to the community in which his lot was cast.

For many years a parishioner and a close friend of Edward Everett Hale, he acquired many of the ideals of the latter, as well as Dr. Hale's broad religious views and wide interest in human welfare. The Fowler family has always been identified with the Unitarian faith and they were among the up-builders of this church in Concord. William P. Fowler bettered the traditions of his people. Not only in Boston, where he was

William P. Fowler

chairman of the Unitarian Festival Committee for many years, but at Little Boar's Head, where he was most active in promoting the religious services in the Union Chapel, will he be missed.

For a quarter century he was president of the Cambridge Shakespeare Club, succeeding the famous critic, Dr. William J. Rolfe. Possessed of a rich, mellow voice and, like other members of his family, trained from

youth to memorize the best poetry Mr. Fowler was peculiarly well fitted to interpret the great authors and his readings will long be remembered as a delight. Only last September the writer heard him at Little Boar's Head give selections from Kipling, Whitman and other poets in a way that will linger in the memory.

The gift of the Fowler Library building to Concord in 1888 was a noteworthy act. Although our town had been in existence more than a century and a half, up to that date none of its citizens had ever reared a structure for its benefit. That William P. and Clara M. Fowler, a brother and sister in the early prime of life, should thus be mindful of their native city made the benefaction of double value. They gave joyously, freely, generously, while in the flower of their youth and health, instead of waiting for the time when earthly goods must be laid aside upon the inevitable summons.

On October 14, 1899, William P. Fowler was married to Susan Farnham Smith at North Andover, Mass. Besides his widow he is survived by three children, William P., Katherine and Philip; by his only sister, Miss Clara M. Fowler, and by the three children of his elder brother, the late Judge George R. Fowler, Minot, Mary and Robert of Jamaica Plain, Mass., and by two nieces at Concord, N. H., Elizabeth and Evelyn Fowler. Many outside the immediate family circle have reason to mourn the passing of a good man and a useful citizen.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER

Jacob H. Gallinger, United States Senator from New Hampshire since March 4, 1891, died at the hospital in Franklin, to which he had been removed for care and treatment from his summer home in Salisbury a short time previous, on Saturday, August 17.

Senator Gallinger came home early in the summer, after a strenuous winter's service in Washington, hoping to regain strength for further service, as he had done the previous year in the bracing atmosphere and amid the cheerful surroundings of his summer home at Salisbury Heights; but, at his advanced age, his recuperative powers proved unequal to the demand. Dangerous symptoms developed, his removal to the hospital followed, and the final summons, to which all must respond, sooner or later, came on the date above named.

The career of Senator Gallinger, who had represented the state in the upper branch of Congress longer than any other man, has been sketched more than once in the pages of the Granite Monthly, but the following brief outline is not out of place at this time:

Jacob Harold Gallinger was born at Cornwall, Ontario, Canada, March 28, 1837, the son of Jacob and Catherine (Cook) Gallinger. He was educated in the common schools and by private tutors; graduated M. D. from the Medical Institute, Cincinnati, in 1858; from the New York Homeopathic Medical College in 1868 and received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth College in 1885. He was of German ancestry on the paternal side, his greatgrandfather, Michael Gallinger, having emigrated to this country and settled in New York in 1754, later removing to Canada, while his mother was of American stock; one of twelve children, he learned and worked at the printer's trade, before entering upon the study of medicine; located in medical practice in Keene, but removed to Concord in 1862, where he has since resided; early allied himself with the Republican party and entered actively into politics; was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, in 1872 and 1873, and again in 1891; member of the Constitutional Convention in 1876; State Senate, 1878–79–80, being president the last two years; surgeon-general on staff of Gov. Natt Head, with rank of brigadier-general, 1879–80; chairman of New Hampshire Republican State Committee for eighteen years; at one time New Hampshire member of Republican National Committee; chairman of the New Hampshire delegation in the Republican National Conventions of 1888, 1900, 1904 and 1908, member, United States House of Representatives, 1885–89; elected United States senator for six years from March 4, 1891 and four times re-elected, the term for which he was last elected ending March 4, 1921, being the oldest member of the Senate in point of service; president pro tem of the Senate in the sixty-second Congress; minority floor leader since 1915, and long regarded as a leading champion of the protective tariff

policy; chairman of the Senate committee on District of Columbia for many years and instrumental in promoting many public improvements; member of the important committees on Appropriations, Finance, Library, Printing and Rules; chairman of the Merchant Marine Commission of 1904–05; member of the board of trustees of the Columbia Hospital for Women, and of the board of visitors to the Providence Hospital; member of the National Forest Reservation Commission, the National Washington Monument Association, and vice-chairman of the Water Ways Commission; Baptist; Mason, Odd Fellow, Patron of Husbandry, member of University Club and Lock Tavern Club of Washington, D. C.

He married, August 3, 1860, Mary Anna Bailey, daughter of Maj. Isaac Bailey of Salisbury, who died in Washington, February 2, 1907, having been the mother of six children, of whom one only, Mrs. H. A. Norton of Winchester, Mass., survives, the last to pass away being Dr. Ralph E. Gallinger, a successful practitioner in his native city and physician at the New Hampshire State Prison.

ROGER G. SULLIVAN

Roger G. Sullivan, one of the most prominent citizens of Manchester, and leading cigar manufacturers of the country, died in a Boston hospital on July 13.

He was a native of the town of Bradford, born December 18, 1854. When five years of age he removed with his parents to Manchester where he attended the Park Street Grammar School, but early in life learned the painter's trade, which he followed some years at Amesbury, Mass. Returning to Manchester in 1874, he commenced the manufacture of cigars on a small scale, employing one man to work with himself, but gradually developed his business, through the excellence of his product, till his establishment became one of the largest in the country, employing more than 1,000 hands, and producing 1,000,000 cigars per week. He is said to have been the largest individual tax-payer, to the internal revenue department, in the United States.

Outside of his manufacturing his business interests were extensive. He was a director of the Amoskeag National Bank, the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, the Manchester Traction Light & Power Company, and the Derry Street Railway, of which he was also president, and was a trustee of the Manchester Public Library. He was a Catholic, a Knight of Columbus and a member of the Derryfield Club. Politically he was a Democrat, and was one of the electors who cast the vote of New Hampshire for Wilson and Marshall in 1912.

In March, 1875, he married Susan C. Fernald of Manchester, who survives, with three married daughters.

SAMUEL D. BEMIS

Samuel Dana Bemis, a leading citizen of the town of Harrisville, died at his home at Chesham in that town August 18, 1918.

He was born on February 8, 1833, in that part of the town of Dublin which later became a part of the new town of Harrisville, the son of Thomas and Anna (Knight) Bemis, and was educated in the academies at Westminster, Vt., and Hancock, N. H. In early life he was engaged in the manufacture of wooden ware, but later bought a farm and continued in agriculture to the time of his death. Through his efforts the township of Harrisville was incorporated, the town being a part of towns of Dublin and Nelson. He served as moderator at the first town meeting and held that position until about ten years ago. He was also the first selectman chosen and served on the board of selectmen for twenty years, being chairman of the board most of the time. He was a member of the school board for sixteen years and always took great interest in the educational welfare of the town. He was also treasurer of the school district for a number of years, holding that position when he died.

Mr. Bemis was the second representative sent from the town, serving in 1872. He also was sent as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1876. In politics he was a staunch Democrat and long one of the leaders of the party in Cheshire County.

September 27, 1859, Mr. Bemis married Calista M. Russell, who survives him. They celebrated their golden wedding in 1909. He leaves one son, Bernard F. Bemis of Chesham, and three grandchildren.

WOODWARD EMERY

Woodward Emery, a prominent Boston lawyer, died on Thursday night, July 11, at his home, 160 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass.

He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 5, 1842, the son of James and Martha Elizabeth (Bell) Emery. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1864, received the degree of LL. B. from Harvard Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He was a special judge of the Cambridge Police Court, from 1872 to 1878, and a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1885. He was a member of the Commonwealth Harbor and Land Commission from 1894 to 1906, and served as its chairman. He joined the Boston Bar Association as a charter member, and long had been prominent in his profession, his office being at 110 State Street, Boston. He was a member of the Union Club.

He is survived by a widow, Anne Parry (Jones) Emery, a son, Frederick I. Emery of Brookline, who is treasurer of the Suffolk Savings Bank, and a daughter, Mrs. Alfred C. Cox, Jr., of New York, formerly Helen Prince Emery.

REV. CHARLES H. LEONARD, D. D.

Rev. Charles Hall Leonard, D. D., long dean of the Crane Divinity School at Tufts College, died at his home in Somerville, Mass., August 27, 1918.

He was born in Northwood, N. H., September 16, 1822, the son of Lemuel and Cynthia (Claggett) Leonard, and was educated at Haverhill, Mass., and Atkinson (N. H.) Academies, Bradford (Mass.) Seminary and the Clinton (N. Y.) Theological School, from which he graduated in 1848, immediately entering the Universalist ministry as pastor of the church at Chelsea, Mass., where he continued till 1871. Meanwhile he was made Goddard Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in the Crane Divinity School, Tufts College, in 1869, and resigned his pastorate to devote himself to the duties of that position. In 1884 he was made dean of the school, continuing till 1914. While pastor of the church in Chelsea he instituted the custom of observing the second Sunday in June as Children's Day, which has since been adopted by churches throughout the country. He was the author of several notable religious works.

DR. WILLIAM CHILD

William Child, M. D., born in Bath, N. H., February 24, 1834, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. A. Meader, at North Haverhill, July 20, 1918.

He was educated in the public schools, and at the Bath Academy under the instruction of such men as Rev. Edward Cleveland, Nathan Lord, Jr., and the late Hon. Alonzo P. Carpenter, walking six miles per day for four years to attend this latter school, at which he was prepared for advanced standing in college, but entered the Dartmouth Medical School in 1854, graduating in 1857. He rode for six months with the celebrated Dr. McNab, of Wells River, Vt., and commenced practice in his native town, where he met with a high degree of success, and established a reputation for professional skill and ability.

In August, 1862, he was appointed assistant surgeon of the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War, and later became surgeon of that famous fighting organization. He was present at all important battles in which the regiment was engaged, and was a division surgeon at the close of the war. After the war, he at once resumed his practice in Bath, and entered into a large and successful business in his chosen profession. He never sought public office, but was twice elected representative from his native town to the general court of New Hampshire. He was for some years president of the New Hampshire State Medical Society, and is credited with having read more papers before that society than any other member.

He is survived by three sons and two daughters and a widow who was his third wife, his former wives having been sisters, and daughters of the late Capt. Sherburne Lang, of Bath.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The absence of all political excitement over the approaching November election in this state, is due entirely to the universal and commanding interest in the great war, in which the civilized world is involved. Notwithstanding the death of Senator Gallinger renders necessary the choice of two United States Senators, and a governor and two members of Congress are to be chosen as well as a council and legislature, it seems to be utterly impossible to arouse partisan interest in the outcome to any extent. Candidates may be anxious, but the people mainly are intent only upon winning the war and the promotion of the public welfare, and candidates generally will be voted for with reference to their ability and fitness, rather than their partisan affiliation or service. Nor is the state likely to suffer because of such action.

On Wednesday, September 18, memorial tablets, placed on a boulder in the old burial ground on Chapel Street, Dover, marking the last resting place of the remains of Maj. Richard Waldron, slain by the Indians in the famous massacre of 1689, when a large part of the inhabitants of Dover were killed by the savages, were formally dedicated under the auspices of Margery Sullivan Chapter, D. A. R., and the New Hampshire Society of the Colonial Wars. The placing of the memorial is due to the efforts of Margery Sullivan Chapter, of which Mrs. Olive Hill Houston of Dover is regent.

The Congregational church at Lebanon observed, during the week commencing Sunday, September 23, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its organization. The pastor, Rev. F. G. Chutter, gave an historical address on Sunday morning, and on Friday following was held the anniversary day proper, with appropriate exercises, and an address in the evening by Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, D. D., of Manchester.

A neat little volume of verse, entitled "Songs from the Granite Hills," just issued by the Gorham Press, Boston, is from the pen of Clarke B. Cochrane of Antrim, and is a meritorious contribution to the lyric literature of the state, which will be appreciated by every lover of true poetry. The writer has surely quaffed deeply from the Parnassian spring, and his verse gives evidence of the inspiration derived therefrom.

LAKE TARLETON

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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WILLIAM TARLETON

The Tavern Keeper of Piermont

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

Not far from the White Mountains, a little lake called Tarleton, with thickly wooded, sloping shores, lies high among the hills of New Hampshire. Long ago, there were several prosperous, though small settlements of farmers in its vicinity, but these were gradually deserted, and for some time the country around the lake remained wilder than any near it. The beauty and peacefulness of its location, the high elevation and splendid air, all conspired against its permanent abandonment, however. One by one, a few little camps were erected on its shores; and, finally, the splendid possibilities of further development becoming apparent, a company was formed, and a clubhouse built.

The success of the undertaking was immediate. Within a year, the clubhouse could not begin to accommodate the would-be guests clamoring for admittance. One addition after another had to be arranged for, and bungalows under the same central management were also erected for families who wished to live by themselves and still be relieved of all household cares. Tennis-courts, golf links, and wide gravel walks began to replace hitherto undisturbed pasture land. A garage, a boathouse, and a steam laundry sprang up as if by magic; and throngs of pretty women in dainty summer dresses, romping children, and men in white trousers and knickers began to crowd the place which a few years before had been very nearly a wilderness.

The Tarleton Clubhouse of today, however, is not the first hospitable hostelry beside the quiet lake to open its doors to an eager public. Not far from it stands—though now changed by additions and "modern improvements" almost past recognition—a farmhouse, where, almost a century and a half ago, a young man named William Tarleton established himself, and hung in the breeze a beautifully painted sign, made of a single piece of solid oak. This sign is still preserved, in excellent condition. On one side there is a picture of General Wolfe (who was in the heighth of his fame when this tavern was opened) in full uniform, with the name "William Tarleton" above it, and the date "1774" below it; while on the other side there is a representation of "Plenty," which must have immediately suggested to the tired traveller, journeying over the old turnpike road on foot, on horseback, or by stagecoach, that he would be sure of finding rest and refreshment within.

For many years the tavern prospered; the little lake by which it stood became known far and wide by its landlord's name, and William Tarleton himself became one of the most famous hosts of his day—a position of some influence

and importance in Colonial times. The railroad, when it came, however, swung far to the west of the old stage road, following closely along the line of the Connecticut River, and there was soon no incentive to keep the old inn open; the tide of travel had turned another way. But now that the place has once again sprung into prominence, it is interesting to trace the history of the man who first brought it fame.

The earliest record I have found of the Tarleton family dates back as far as 1400. There were two branches in England, one in London, one in Liverpool. In the former, there was a well-known actor of Shakespeare's plays, at the time they were written, who is said to have been able, when Queen Elizabeth was serious—"I dare not say *sullen*" remarks the faithful chronicler—to "undumpish her at will." A man who could "undumpish" this great but hardly sweet-tempered sovereign must have possessed no small amount of good humor and talent himself, and indeed we further read that to make "comedies complete, Richard Tarleton never had his match for the clown's part, and never will."

For the most part, however, the London Tarletons were tradespeople of comfortable means, but of no special talent or distinction. The Liverpool branch was more noteworthy. There were several mayors, justices of the peace, and naval officers among its members, and Sir Banastre, one of its later scions,was very prominent on the Tory side during the American Revolution. Mr. C. W. Tarleton, in his "History of the Tarleton Family," to which I am indebted for much valuable information, says of him:

"At the outbreak of the War, Banastre left the study of law, and purchased a cornetcy of dragoons. In December, 1776, he commanded the Advance Guard of the patrol which captured General Lee in New Jersey, and served with Howe and Clinton in the campaigns of 1777–1778. After the evacuation of Philadelphia, he raised and commanded, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, a Cavalry Corps of Regulars and Tories called the British Legion. This Corps was constantly rendering important service to Cornwallis until he and Tarleton surrendered at Yorktown. In May, 1780, he surprised Colonel Buford, and massacred his entire force, refusing to give quarter, and so 'Tarleton's Quarter' became a synonym for cruelty. He was in many engagements, and was a brave and skilful, though cruel officer."

He continued his military career after his return to England, becoming finally Major-General of the Eighth Light Dragoons. He was also made a baronet, and a member of Parliament, serving twenty-two years. Sir Banastre's grand-nephew, who inherited his estate, as the former died childless, became an admiral in the Royal Navy, serving in many engagements, and displaying both courage and wisdom in his command.

Such was the family to which the first Tarleton, Richard, who came to this country belonged—the sturdy, "upper middle-class of Great Britain," hardy, prosperous, and brave. There seem to have been no students among them; yet all were possessed of a good education for their time and position in life; only one minister, but many church members; no men of great wealth, but no paupers either. Such families form the backbone of every nation in which they are found, and Richard promptly set about to form such a family in the New World.

He appears to have come to Newcastle between 1685 and 1690, with John Mason, as a master workman, a carpenter, to build houses on the island. He lived there until his death, from drowning, in 1706. The Assembly seems to have met at his house between 1693 and 1696, and he was one of thirty-two signers of a petition to the Governor asking that Newcastle be incorporated as a separate town and not considered a part of Portsmouth.

He was a man of solid worth, though not of great note in the community. His first wife, Edith, had died before he came to this country, and he left one daughter there. About 1692 he married, in Newcastle, Ruth Stileman, who, with four children, survived him. The eldest son, Elias (a name which occurs over and over again in the annals of the Tarleton family) was a cooper in Portsmouth, dying at the ripe age of ninety-two after a busy and useful life during which he was active in all matters of value to the public welfare; and his eldest son, also named Elias, was the father of the genial tavern-keeper whom it has taken me so long a time to reach.

William Tarleton was born, either in Portsmouth or Rye, on November 23, 1752. There is no record of his mother's name, or the date of her marriage or death, but he had a sister and three brothers, and he must have passed an interesting childhood, for his father, who started life as a ship's carpenter, was also a soldier, both in the French and Indian Wars, and in the American Revolution, and later became keeper of the lighthouse at Fort Point, a position which he held until the time of his death; even while he was absent at war, he was regularly paid as guardian of the light. When and why William left Portsmouth we do not know, but he was in Orford in 1772, and his name appears on a list of young men in that town who had improved land there. Two years later—that is, when he was only twenty-two years old—he had moved to Piermont, and was "Master of the Inn" at Tarleton Tavern. And there he remained, except during his Revolutionary service, until his death in 1819—a period of forty-five years. It is seldom indeed that a young man finds his "life job" as early as William Tarleton did, and having found it, sticks to it, and makes the success of it that he did.

As a soldier, he seems to have been very little less distinguished than his distant cousin, Banastre, who fought on the opposite side in the war, and there is no black stain of cruelty, no "Tarleton's Quarter," against his name. He served first as a sergeant in Colonel Bedel's regiment, and later on his rank was raised first to that of captain, and then to that of colonel. He was twice married and his patriotic interest shows itself quite markedly in the names of his fifteen children, among whom we find George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and James Monroe—a collection, which, had they been endowed with the diverging opinions and characteristics of their namesakes, must have produced a considerable amount of family discord! After the Revolution, he became deeply interested in politics; he served as selectman in Piermont, as high sheriff of Grafton County, twice as member of the state legislature, and twice as presidential elector. But it was as host of Tarleton Tavern that he shone supreme.

In those days, the keeper of an inn, if he possessed any force of character at all, was inevitably a man of influence and high standing. The Inn was not only the hotel, in the modern sense of the word, of its village—it was the club, the railroad-station, the bank, the news-bureau, and the political nursery. William Tarleton was entirely equal to the position of bartender, train (or, to be strictly literal, *stage*) despatcher, cashier, journalist, and statesman! He welcomed and sped each arriving and departing guest; saw that the game roasting in front of the huge fireplace was done to a turn, that the brass warming-pans were passed through the linen sheets of the high wide beds, and that the stage- and saddle-horses which crowded his dooryard, no less than their masters and mistresses, had good food and good quarters against their next day's journey. He made money, and he deserved to; no better inn was to be found for miles around. He became famous, and that also he deserved, for

BIRDS EYE VIEW OF TARLETON PLATEAU FROM PIERMONT MOUNTAIN—MOOSILAUKE IN BACKGROUND

genius, like virtue, often consists merely in doing well our "duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call us."

Can the lady, stepping from her limousine at the door of the Lake Tarleton Club today, her "motor-trunk" instantly seized by waiting bellboys, herself and her belongings quickly installed in a "room and bath," electrically lighted, cooled by electric fans in summer, warmed by steam heat in spring and fall, picture the lady of 1774 alighting from the coach, or from the pillion behind her husband's saddle, her belongings wrapped in a round bundle, or—very rarely—in a little raw-hide trunk; her wide skirts billowing around her, after she had eaten her evening meal in the main hall with the rest of the travellers—and probably enjoying her mug of foaming ale with her lord!—repairing by the light of a tallow candle to the little chamber under the eaves, shivering or sizzling, according to the season, to sleep in a great feather bed, and perform such ablutions as she could with the help of a "ewer and basin" which we should consider hardly large enough to serve a dessert in!

Can the leisurely male golfer, or the more strenuous tennis player, disporting himself on the club's carefully cultivated grounds, form a mental image of the traveller of the same period, who helped take care of his own horse, and bring in the great pine knots for exercise? And is it not in a way almost a pity, that the immaculate little girls and boys, in their well-guarded play, superintended by watchful nurses on the club piazzas, know so little of the healthful hardships of those youngsters of a hundred and fifty years ago, travelling in their mothers' arms, wrapped in shawls and "comfortables," sleeping at night in trundle-beds, eating heartily of bacon and corn-bread and foaming milk? There are none of us, probably, who

Autumn Scene on Road from Pike to Lake Tarleton

could truthfully assert, that we would willingly exchange the conditions of the Lake Tarleton Club for those of Tarleton Tavern; but if we *are* truthful we cannot help confessing that those conditions produced a type of men and women from which the most luxury-loving among us is proud to have descended.

We are amply supplied—oversupplied, some cynical persons think—with fact and fiction concerning the bravery of Revolutionary soldiers, the learning of Revolutionary scholars, the piety of Revolutionary clergymen; will not some novelist with real imagination, or some chronicler with the poetry of history in his soul, do justice to the true hospitality and sterling worth of the Revolutionary innkeeper, and present his story to the managers and proprietors of hotels, and to the guests that fill them throughout the country today? And if such a writer can be found, and will undertake this pleasant and far too long-neglected task, what better subject could he have for his labor than William Tarleton, the Tavern Keeper of Piermont?

IN THE OLD HOME, ONCE AGAIN

By E. M. Patten

From the far West, I've been writing to my parents in the East;
They will get the letter Christmas; they will read it at their feast.
And my thoughts go with the message speeding toward that home of mine,
Till, 'mid dirty, noisy cities, I can smell the balsam pine.

Now, methinks I cross loved Boston and just catch the Concord train,
Soon, it seems that I am walking down the village street again.
Ah! I see the white-haired deacon; there's Judge Fitts and Doctor Towle;
There's the minister and lawyer, and my dear old Grandma Cole!

How I fain would stop and gossip with each one; the large, the small;
But that I must hurry, hurry, to the dearest one of all! . . .
This old latch is out of order; I am *sure* that gate swings out;
I'll just step 'round to the kitchen; mother's there without a doubt.

There she is! Oh, I can see her sitting in her old armchair!
"Mother, dear," I cry; . . . and waken, wake to find no mother there. . . .
Yes, my letter's speeding onward, but *I* take the midnight train;
I'll be there in time for Christmas, in my old home once again.

Hanover, N. H.

HON. WALTER H. SANBORN, LL.D.

Presiding Judge, U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals*

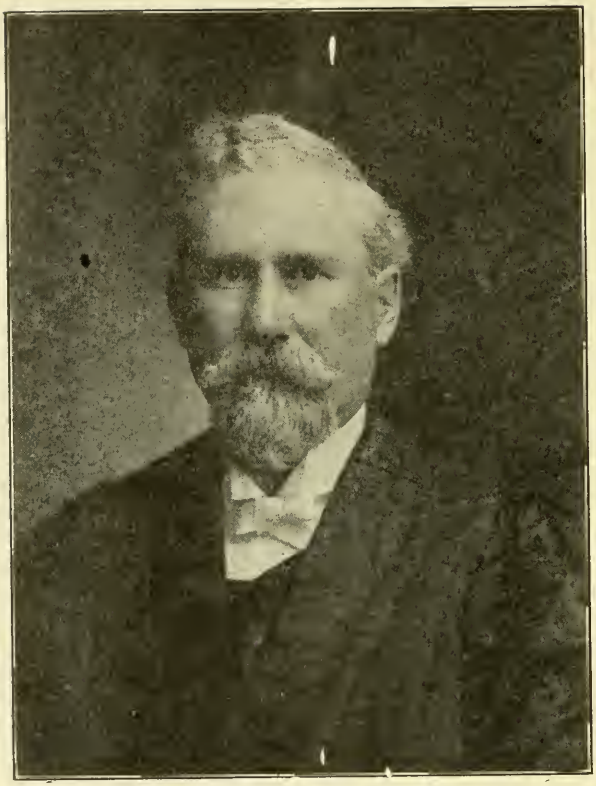
One of the ablest and most distinguished members of the judiciary of the United States resides in St. Paul, Walter H. Sanborn, United States Circuit Judge and presiding judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals of the Eighth Judicial Circuit; in population, in area and in varied and important litigation the largest circuit in the nation, comprising the thirteen states, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Missouri, Kansas, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Arkansas.

For twenty-one years Judge Sanborn was an active member of the Minnesota bar and as a practicing lawyer added many laurels to the name which has some of the most distinguished associations in this state. While as a lawyer and public-spirited citizen Judge Sanborn has for more than forty years been prominent in St. Paul and the State of Minnesota, his services as a judicial officer in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals long ago elevated him to the rank of a national figure. He was commissioned United States Circuit Judge March 17, 1892, and for more than twenty-two years has served as a member of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals of the Eighth Circuit, and since 1903 has been the presiding judge of that court.

It has been said of him that he has done more in recent years to make St. Paul famous than any other man. Since he has been on the bench he has delivered some of the most important and influential opinions ever rendered in this country, opinions so broad and comprehensive, so replete with legal learning as to constitute in reality clear, vigorous and authoritative treatises upon their respective subjects. Conspicuous among these are his opinion on the power of railroad companies to lease the surplus use of their rights of way, in the Omaha Bridge cases, 2 C. C. A. 174, 51 Fed. 309; his definition of proximate cause and statement of the rules for its discovery and the reason for them in Railway Company *v.* Elliott, 55 Fed. 949, 5 C. C. A. 347; his declaration of the effect by estoppel of the usual recitals in municipal bonds and rules for their construction in National Life Ins. Co. *v.* Huron, 62 Fed. 778, 10 C. C. A. 637; his treatise on the law of patents for inventions in his opinion in the Brake-Beam case, 106 Fed. 918, 45 C. C. A. 544, which has been cited and followed by the courts in many subsequent decisions and has become a leading authority upon that subject; his opinions in United States *v.* Railway Company, 67 Fed. 948 and in Howe *v.* Parker, 190 Fed. 738, setting forth and illustrating the quasi-judicial power of the Land Department and the rules governing the avoidance of its patents and certificates, and many others that cannot be cited here. He has delivered more than one thousand opinions for the Circuit Court of Appeals, opinions that in clearness of statement, strength of reason and of diction are equalled by few and that disclose an intuitive sense of justice, a profound and accurate knowledge of the law and an amount of labor that have rarely, if ever, been excelled.

The great national judicial issues during the last twenty years have concerned the supremacy and extent of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States and the enforcement of the federal anti-trust act,

*This sketch is taken from a recently published volume of sketches of "Minnesota Men."



HON. WALTER H. SANBORN

and upon these questions Judge Sanborn's opinions have been pioneer and formative. It was he, who, while a practicing lawyer, argued before the Minnesota Legislature the unconstitutionality of the bill for the "dressed beef act," and after its enactment challenged it in the United States Circuit Court and in the Supreme Court of the United States and sustained his position that it was violative of the commercial clause of the national constitution (see In re Barber, 39 Fed. 641, Minnesota *v.* Barber, 136 U. S. 313); it was he, who, in 1911, when the State of Oklahoma by legislation and by refusal to permit transportation across its highways, undertook to prevent the export of natural gas from its borders, in a logical and luminous opinion established the proposition subsequently adopted by the Supreme Court that "neither a state nor its officers by the exercise of, or by the refusal to exercise, any of its powers may prevent or unreasonably burden interstate commerce in any sound article thereof," Haskell *v.* Cowhan, 187 Fed. 403, 221 U. S. 261; and it was he, who, when in 1911 the question became instant whether national or state regulation of railroads should prevail when in conflict, demonstrated in an exhaustive opinion that the nation may regulate fares and rates and all interstate commerce, that to the extent necessary completely and effectually to protect the freedom of and to regulate interstate commerce it may affect and regulate intrastate commerce, and that where a conflict arises between such national regulation and state regulation the former must prevail, 184 Fed. 766; and while the Supreme Court modified the practical result in that case, 230 U. S. 352, it subsequently affirmed that principle and the reasoning on which it was based and they have now become the established law of the land, 234 U. S. 342.

In 1893, before the national anti-trust act had been construed by the courts of last resort, it became the duty of Judge Sanborn to interpret it, and he delivered an exhaustive opinion to the effect that it was in reality an adoption by the nation of the common law upon the subject of combinations in restraint of trade, and that under it those combinations only that were in unreasonable restraint of competition and of trade violated it and that in each particular case the restrictions under the facts and circumstances presented must be considered in the light of reason. Trans-Missouri Freight Assn., 58 Fed. 58. In 1896 the Supreme Court, by a vote of five to four, reversed that opinion and adopted the view that every restraint whether reasonable or unreasonable rendered a combination unlawful, 166 U. S. 291. Fourteen years later, however, that court by a vote of eight to one abandoned that conclusion and adopted the view originally taken by Judge Sanborn, Standard Oil Co. *v.* United States, 221 U. S. 1, and it did so in a case in which the opinion it was reviewing was written by him and affirmed by that court. In 1914 he delivered a dissenting opinion founded on the same principles, 214 Fed. 1002, which has since been followed by the Judges of two circuits and is now under consideration by the Supreme Court. These and other like opinions have established his reputation throughout the nation as one of the ablest jurists of his time.

In addition to his labors in the Court of Appeals the administrative work of the circuit has fallen upon him. There are nineteen district judges and courts in the Eighth Circuit and it is his duty to supply the places of judges disqualified and to assign the district judges to the courts where their services are most needed. As a part of his administrative work, and of a quasi-judicial character, he has successfully conducted great receiverships and operated great railroads: the Union Pacific from 1894

to 1898, the Great Western in 1908 and 1909, and the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Co. in 1913, 1914 and 1915. In the management of the receiverships of the Union Pacific and its twenty allied railroads he collected through his receivers and applied to the operation of the railroads and the distribution to creditors more than two hundred and sixty millions of dollars without the reversal of a decree or order or the loss of a dollar.

In Free Masonry he wrought long and faithfully to reach and to teach the lofty ideals of liberty, fraternity and justice the members of its order seek to attain and he commanded their respect and confidence. He was elected eminent commander of Damascus Commandery No. 1, of St. Paul, the oldest commandery in the state and one of the strongest and most famous in the land in 1886, 1887 and 1888, and in 1889 he was elected grand commander of the Knights Templar of the state.

Walter H. Sanborn was born on October 19, 1845, in the house in which his father and grandfather were born, on Sanborn's Hill in Epsom. His great grandfather, who was state senator three terms, representative eight terms and selectman twenty years, built this house, which has long been Judge Sanborn's summer residence, in the year 1794, and it and the farm upon which it stands have descended to the eldest son of the family since 1752, when Eliphalet Sanborn, a soldier of the French and Indian and of the Revolutionary War and clerk of the town in the memorable years 1773, 1775, 1776 and 1777, and selectman in 1772, 1773 and 1774, settled upon it. Honorable Henry F. Sanborn, the father of the Judge, was selectman of his town six years, representative in 1855 and a member of the state senate in 1866 and 1867, when that body consisted of but twelve members. He entered Dartmouth College, but failing health compelled him to abandon a professional career and he devoted his life to education and farming. His mother, Eunice Davis Sanborn, of Princeton, Mass., was a granddaughter of that Thomas Davis who served under Prescott at Bunker Hill, took part in the battle of White Plains, was one of the victorious army which compelled and witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne, served through the war and was one of the veterans present whom Webster addressed as "Venerable Men" at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument in 1825.

Walter H. Sanborn spent his boyhood and his youth in manual labor on the homestead farm, except when he was attending school and college, until he was twenty-two years of age. He was fitted for college in the common schools and academies of his native county, and entered Dartmouth College in 1863. During his four years in college he taught school five terms, was elected by all the students of the college in 1866 one of two participants in the annual college debate, led his class for the four years and was graduated in 1867 with the highest honors as its valedictorian. He received from his college in due course the degrees of A.B. and A.M., and on June 19, 1893, Dartmouth College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1910 he was elected President of the Association of the Alumni.

From February, 1867, until February, 1870, he was principal of the high school in Milford, and a law student in the office of Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh, afterwards United States Senator. In February, 1870, he declined a proffered increase of salary, came to St. Paul, Minn., and in February 1871, was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Minnesota. On May 1, 1871, he formed a partnership with his uncle, General John B. Sanborn, under the firm name of John B. and W. H. Sanborn, and practiced with him for twenty-one years, until on March 17, 1892, he was commissioned United

States Circuit Judge. He was one of the attorneys in several thousand lawsuits and leading counsel in many noted cases.

In politics he is a Republican. In 1890 he was the chairman of the Republican County Convention and for fifteen years before he was appointed a judge he was active, energetic and influential in every political contest. In 1878 he was elected a member of the city council. In 1880 he removed his place of residence to St. Anthony Hill and in 1885 he was elected to the city council from that ward, which was the wealthiest and most influential in the city. From that time until he ascended the bench he was reëlected and served in that position. He was vice-president of the council and the leading spirit on the committees that prepared, recommended and passed the ordinance under which the cable and electric system of street railways was substituted for the horse cars. When he entered the city council there was not a foot of pavement or cement sidewalk on St. Anthony Hill, but under his energetic supervision that hill, as far west as Dale Street, including Summit Avenue, was paved, boulevarded and supplied with cement sidewalks. He was treasurer of the State Bar Association from 1885 to 1892 and president of the St. Paul Bar Association in 1890 and 1891.

On November 10, 1874, he was happily married to Miss Emily F. Bruce, the daughter of Hon. John E. Bruce, of Milford, and ever since 1880 they have maintained their town home in spacious grounds, shaded by more than twenty native oaks and elms at 143 Virginia Avenue, St. Paul, and their summer home at the old homestead on Sanborn's Hill in Epsom. Their children are Mrs. Grace (Sanborn) Hartin, wife of Mr. C. G. Hartin, Mrs. Marian (Sanborn) Van Sant, wife of Mr. Grant Van Sant, Mr. Bruce W. Sanborn, attorney at law, and Mr. Henry F. Sanborn, General Freight Agent, at St. Paul, of the Great Northern Railway Company, all of St. Paul.

Judge Sanborn is a member of the Minnesota Club, the Congregational Church, the Commercial Club and the Minnesota Historical Society.

A CYCLE

By Lawrence C. Woodman

Days of sun,
  And nights of moon,
Apple blossoms,
  Sunrise-time—June!

The joy of summer!
  . . . And summer's joys!
Lure of life,
  And life's alloys.

Time of harvest.
  The afterglow . . .
Saving my life
  From the undertow.

Came the snow,
  And then the rain,
Washing the ground
  And my heart again.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CONCORD, N. H.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CONCORD, N. H.

By Frank J. Pillsbury

The First Baptist Church of Concord, next to the old North or First Congregational Church in years and influence upon the religious life of the Capital City, observed its one hundredth anniversary on Wednesday evening, Dec. 4. An elaborate programme had been prepared for the anniversary, which really occurred October 8; but on account of the prevalence of the influenza at the time this

Rev. Walter C. Myers

had to be abandoned, and it was decided, finally, that the occasion should be celebrated in a less formal manner, and in connection with the church supper, on the date above named, when, after the material feast, the assembly was called to order and the following carefully prepared history of the church was read by the author, Dea. Frank J. Pillsbury, after which many pleasant reminiscences were given by others present:

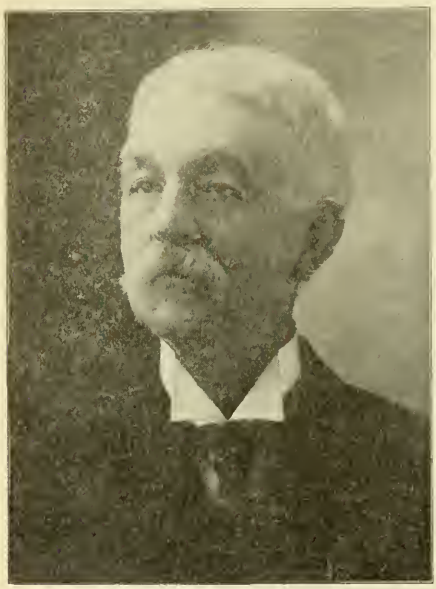
Historical Address

The first Baptist preaching in Concord was by Rev. Hezekiah Smith, pastor of the Baptist Church in Haverhill, Mass., who, with some of the members of his church, came here on a missionary tour in 1771, almost one hundred and fifty years ago. The doctrines taught and held by the Baptists were looked upon with but little favor in those days. The old established form of worship was considered to be *the thing*, and those who differed from it were regarded as meddlers and opposers of the truth. The bond of union and sympathy between those of different beliefs was lacking. It required courage and a strong faith in God to break away from "The Church" as it was then considered. Thank God this feeling is rapidly passing away. We believe our church has had a large share in bringing about this result.

It does not appear that any immediate results followed this first service, but it is very probable that the seed sown at that time fell on good ground and later resulted in the formation of the church, whose centennial we are now observing.

During the succeeding years there was occasional preaching by Baptist clergymen—elders they were then called—who passed through the village of Concord, and there certainly were members of Baptist churches, in other places, residing here, prior to 1814. Rev. P. Richardson, a missionary of our faith and practice, spent several days here in 1817; but nothing was done looking to the organization of a church until the spring of 1818. Our book of records says: "May 20 1818—A number of

brethren and sisters living in this town and belonging to different Baptist churches, met at the house of Mr. Richard Swain, in said town, for the purpose of ascertaining what degree of fellowship exists among them in the faith and order of the gospel, and to consider what were the prospects with regard to the formation of a church of their own number, agreeably to the principles and practices of Our Lord." At this meeting two brothers and four sisters gave to each other an expression of their Christian fellowship. A few days later three sisters related



Frank J. Pillsbury, Historian

their experience, and the record says: "Those present who had previously united expressed to them their Christian fellowship."

At this meeting Mr. Oliver Hoit related the dealings of God with him, and after deliberate examination they unanimously agreed to give him fellowship in the ordinance of baptism and that it be administered on the next Lord' Day at half-past twelve, noon. This, most likely, was the first instance of baptism, as we hold it, in the town and most likely it was administered in the Contoocook River. This Mr. Hoit was the first settler in the part of the town known to us as "Horse Hill," coming there in 1772. His name appears among those who signed "The Association Test" in 1776, and the next year the town voted "To lay out the money which they shall receive for land sold Oliver Hoit for a town stock of ammunition." He died in September, 1827, aged eighty years.

Dr. Bouton's History says: "He was a worthy member of the Baptist Church and had honored His Savior by a uniform life of piety for a number of years." Some brethren from the church in Bow were present by invitation at this meeting to advise in the matter of forming a church organization. The record says: "They unanimously advised to imbody, organize and invite the neighboring churches to give us fellowship as soon as might be convenient."

Sunday, September 20, the brethren and sisters met at eight o'clock in the morning, listened to the experience of Mr. Nathan Putnam, and it was voted to receive him into membership after baptism. The record says: "After the forenoon service, repaired to the water side when he was baptized and came up straightway out of the water." He was chosen the first clerk of the church, but did not long remain in the town, having been dismissed in April, 1824.

On September 23 the members agreed to call a council to give them fellowship as a church of Christ, to be held on the 8th day of October at two in the afternoon and "To send for the assistance of the Baptist churches in Salisbury, Weare and Bow."

On the eventful day named—October 8—the brethren and sisters met precisely at nine o'clock in the morning. At this time they received Elder William Taylor, his wife and one other sister to their fellowship. "The council, after deliberating by themselves, voted unanimously to give

the brethren and sisters named fellowship as a church of Christ, and that the moderator give the right hand of fellowship."

The founders of the church, and it would seem there should be a tablet bearing their names on our wall, were Elder William Taylor, James Willey, Oliver Hoit, Nathan Putnam, Sally Bradley, Deborah Elliott, Sally Mann, Mary Whitney, Polly Hoit, Hannah Colby, Betsy Elliott, Ruth Eastman, Mary Robinson and Sarah Taylor, four men and ten women. Services of recognition were held in the "Green House," so called. Elder John B. Gibson of Weare preached the sermon. Elder Otis Robinson of Salisbury gave the right hand of fellowship and Elder Henry Veazey of Bow offered the closing prayer.

At this meeting the members adopted articles of faith, twenty-five in number, and a covenant of considerable length and fully covering the duties of church-members. It is said "The several parts were performed according to previous arrangement and to general satisfaction."

The building in which this service was held was near the State House, and was called the "Green House," not on account of its color but because it was the residence of Judge Samuel Green, one of the first lawyers to practice in Concord and for twenty years a judge of the Superior Court—a prominent citizen. As he was not connected with the Baptist Church we can suppose that he was one of those noble, broad-minded, generous-hearted men found in every community—of which our city always had and still has its full proportion—who have sympathy with and are willing to aid a good cause. So, as there were no public halls in those days and his house was large and roomy he opened it for the infant organization. The first church meeting was held on October 12, at two of the clock in the afternoon. Brother Nathan Putnam, as has been stated, was chosen clerk and Elder William Taylor moderator. The Salisbury Baptist Association was formed just after this date and our church voted to apply for admission, which request was granted. Elder Taylor and Brother Putnam attended this first meeting which was held in Salisbury.

Elder Taylor would appear to have been a missionary preacher, an enthusiastic, self-sacrificing worker, well fitted for pioneer labor and at that time he was considered one of the leading Baptists in this section. In the spring of 1818, passing through Concord, he stopped over and preached. The meeting that day was held in the Carrigan House. Most likely he spent more time here and that his efforts on this occasion resulted in the organization of the church some months later. Certainly our church should be, as it always has been, a missionary church. The Carrigan House is still standing on North Main Street, the residence of Dr. William G. Carter, now deceased. It was built by Philip Carrigan, a brilliant Scotchman, at one time secretary of state and the publisher in 1816, of the first map of New Hampshire. There is nothing to show that Mr. Taylor was ever called to be the pastor, or that any stated salary was given him. It would rather appear that he supplied the pulpit from Sunday to Sunday and received such compensation as the brethren and sisters saw fit to give him.

On November 5 the church voted to hold communion services once a quarter—on the first Sabbath in February, May August and November. James Willey was chosen deacon at this meeting. He continued to serve in that office till his death in August, 1853, nearly thirty-five years. He was ever active in the affairs of the church, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the community.

Some of the expressions in the record book sound rather queer to us. When coming as a member by baptism they say, "Voted to receive to the Ordinance of Baptism." When joining by

letter, "Voted that ——— be a member of this church." Speaking of the communion service—and for several years there is an entry on the record book for each such service—they use such words, "Then proceeded to an agreeable communion." Many requests were received for meeting in council with other churches for various purposes. Voted "to send to their assistance." On May 26, 1826, after entering their church home they voted to hold communion each month, except December and January.

For the first four and one-half years there are no records of any business of a secular nature being attended to; nothing about money affairs whatever; but on March 12, 1823, a meeting was held in the town hall at which time the record reads: "Voted that we accept the constitution and that we avail ourselves of the privileges of incorporation by giving notice of our existence in the *Concord Patriot.*" The first article of the constitution reads: "We, the subscribers to the following constitution, wishing to promote the cause of truth, and feeling the importance of establishing religious order, do, for that purpose, form ourselves into a Baptist Society and adopt the following articles, agreeing to be governed by the same." This was signed by sixteen men, six of them members of the church, the other ten, citizens of the town, and so was commenced the body which, until October, 1904, over eighty years, had the care of the temporal and physical affairs of the organization. Our notes from this time on will be made up of extracts from both the church proper and society records. Article 7 reads: "It shall be the duty of the committee, which consists of three members, to employ a regular, Calvinistic Baptist preacher, and by order to draw money from the treasury to remunerate him for his services."

The meetings of the church during these early years were held in various places, at the home of the pastor or some of the members, occasionally with some one in the West Village, also in the East Village, and very many times in the village schoolhouse, probably meaning what, in later years, was known as the Bell School House, such a wonderful building in those days as to cause people from the surrounding towns to come and see it. It stood on the lot now occupied by the Parker School, but nearer State Street. The western part of the lot is described as part frog pond, part sand bank.

But the time had come when they felt that to maintain their position and accomplish the good they felt the head of the church had for them to do, they needed a church home. As much of the help in building must come from outside parties, a society, as conditions then were, was a necessity. It was a great undertaking; money was not plenty; but their faith was strong; the cause—Baptist preaching and doctrines—not altogether popular; but they had a vision. They felt the Lord had called them to do a certain work and they trusted Him to provide the means. So they decided to arise and build.

We can well believe that there were many anxious prayerful gatherings. Help from outside was given. It would be very interesting to have the names of the helpers, but we only know that the land on which the church stands was given by Col. William A. Kent, a prominent and well-to-do citizen, not a member with them. In passing we will say he also gave the land on which the Unitarian Church stands, and it was his desire to give the town of Concord, a large tract of land in what is now the central, the thickly settled part of the city, for a public common or park. The town fathers did not feel it was wise to accept his offer. "Pity 'tis 'tis true." The condition of the gift was that the land should always be used for religious purposes, and that a house of public worship should be built within two years.

At the second meeting of the society

it was voted to raise thirty-two dollars for the support of Baptist preaching. On May 10, 1823, a building committee was appointed and at a meeting a few days later their duties and powers were set forth in a paper containing six articles. As originally planned the building was to be sixty feet long, fifty feet wide and two stories high, but at a later meeting it was voted to add ten feet to its length. The committee consisted of Col. John Carter, Benjamin Damon and Dea. James Willey. This John Carter was never a member of the church, but was an active and efficient member of the society. He was a Revolutionary soldier, a colonel in the War of 1812, and a prominent man in the community. He was repeatedly chosen as moderator of the meetings and served on various committees many times. He is buried in the Old North Cemetery, where a granite monument records his services to our country. He was the grandfather of our Dea. Orin T. Carter, and lived at the south end, near what is now known as "The Pines."

Benjamin Damon was one of a number of young men who came here from Amherst, about 1806, all of whom, with one exception, proved to be of great help to the growing town. Mr. Damon did not become a member of the church until August, 1832, but he was one of the most active in society matters, and after his baptism was equally efficient in church affairs. He was elected to the office of deacon January 31, 1840, and continued to honor that office until his death, September 18, 1872. He built, and for many years lived in, a house where the State Block now stands. This was burned in the fire of November 14, 1801, when the deacon bought, and occupied for the rest of his life, a house standing where Col. G. B. Emmons now lives.

Deacon Willey, as has been already mentioned, was the first one to hold that office, and well did he fulfill its duties. He was a blacksmith and lived in a house still standing on West Street. Neither of the last two named have any descendants in this city that we have any knowledge of.

In the spring of 1824 Elder Taylor visited Boston and Salem and collected $320 for the building. So, in various ways, the fund grew and on May 28, 1824, the corner-stone was laid with appropriate services, as follows: Singing the 127th Psalm, "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it." Address by Rev. Mr. Taylor. The stone was placed in position by Mr. Taylor, assisted by Rev. Dr. McFarland of the North Church, thus showing that the pleasant Christian spirit existing between the "Old North" and the "First Baptist" is not a thing of recent growth. Elder Taylor, standing on the stone, offered a fervent prayer to the Most High and the services closed by singing Psalm 84, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, Oh Lord of Hosts."

The work of building progressed slowly, so that the dedication did not take place until December 28, 1825. The order of exercises was: Anthem; prayer by the Rev. Mr. Robinson of Salisbury; reading short portion of Scripture by Rev. Mr. Barnabee of Deerfield; singing Psalm 132, L. M.; dedicatory prayer by Rev. N. W. Williams, who was later to be the pastor of the church; singing Hymn 132, C. M.; sermon by the Rev. Mr. Ellis of Exeter—text, Haggai ii, 9, "And in this house will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts"; prayer by Rev. Mr. Carleton of Hopkinton; singing Hymn 136; closing with an anthem. The singing was by the "Concord Central Musical Society," which had been invited "To take charge of singing on the day that our new brick meeting house is dedicated."

As originally built the church was seventy feet long, about two-thirds the length of the present edifice, and fifty feet wide. It had seventy-two pews on the ground floor, and thirty in the galleries, which were on three

sides of the church, supported by pillars. There were two rows of windows, one in each of first and second stories. The windows on the south end of the building, each side of the vestibule, give us an idea of these windows, and how the original church looked on the outside. The pulpit, elevated seven feet from the floor, supported by columns and entered by winding stairs on each side, was at the south end, between the inside entrance doors, and there was a small vestry over the vestibule. The tower was erected at this time. Each pew was valued at eighty dollars and they were all to be sold, except four which were called "the society pews," and were held as the equivalent of the money collected by Elder Taylor from the friends in Boston and Salem, Mass. They were the straight backed, wooden looking pews now occasionally seen in some ancient country church. Each pew had a door which the occupant was supposed to close on entering. As first arranged there were only two aisles, the pews on each side being built into the walls. We can well believe there were no cushions on these pews. A deed was given by the committee and the pew was looked upon as so much property, as witness, many old-time wills say, "To my son Jacob or my daughter Rebecca I give and devise Pew—in the ———Church." We are fortunate in having one of these deeds to present at this time. A tax was levied on each pew, the amount to be determined by assessors, chosen at the annual meeting. The proceeds from the rent of the pews, with the money received from the town, were for the expenses of the society. These taxes could be collected by law, at that time, the same as on any other property.

The building was a much more expensive one than had been the original intention, but the offers of assistance from residents, not connected with the organization, encouraged them to build the edifice as described. It cost some $7,000, one third of which was unpaid. This debt was a source of anxiety for a number of years. It was difficult to meet the payments as they became due. People in Concord, not connected with it, offered to pay the debt if they could control the pulpit. As this most likely would have defeated the object for which the church was formed, this offer was courteously declined. Aid was then asked from people outside the town, outside the state even, and at last the indebtedness was paid. It may be interesting to note that the church in Bow gave $100, a very liberal donation in those days—another reason why we should have a missionary spirit.

Nothing in the records show that Mr. Taylor, Elder Taylor as he was called, ever preached in the building which he was so active and instrumental in securing. Doubtless there was some good reason for this, but we are not able to state what it was. The only reference regarding his going away is on June 30, 1826, when he and his wife were dismissed to join the church in Sanbornton. He died in Schoolcraft, Mich., June 7, 1852.

A subscription paper, dated December 31, 1825, reads: "We the subscribers agree to pay the sum affixed to our names to be appropriated to the purchase of a bell and clock to be placed on the Baptist Meeting House in Concord, N. H." To this paper eighty-two persons signed their names, and the amount pledged was $705. William A. Kent, who so generously gave the land for the church, gave $100; Joseph Low, one time postmaster and the first mayor of the city, $50; Isaac Hill, editor of the New Hampshire *Patriot*, one time United States Senator, three years governor of the state and solicitor of the treasury under President Jackson, gave $150. Eight others gave $155, the balance being made up of small contributions. Among other names is that of Andrew Capen who died on the Isthmus while on his way to the land of gold. He was an uncle of our treasurer, William A. Capen. A perusal of the list shows that it was a

town affair, only a few members of the church signing it, nearly every prominent family of the time being represented; but such are the changes ninety years make in a community, very few of the names are now found among us.

The clock and bell were placed in position, and gave great pleasure to the people of the town; two town clocks in the village the size Concord then was being an uncommon thing. The clock did faithful service for fifty years when, the illuminated one having been placed on the Board of Trade Building, it did not seem to be needed and was sold to a church in another town, where it continues to remind the passer-by of the flight of time. Some misfortune befell this first bell, for a paper dated June 12, 1827, reads: "Whereas the bell on the South Meeting House" (you will remember there were but two churches in the town then) "is unfortunately broken and rendered useless, whereby the public sustains a loss in being deprived of the use of it, and likewise of the clock attached to the same, we the subscribers, being sensible of the loss and desirous of assisting in procuring another bell, do engage and obligate ourselves to pay the sum set against our respective names." The people from all parts of the town responded freely. Governor Hill again helped with a contribution of $15. The others from ninepence—12½ cents—to $5. The bill for this second bell is interesting: "Messrs Isaac Hill, Wm. Gault and John H. Chaffin to Joseph W. Revere, Dr., Boston, August 17, 1827, to a church bell, 1240 lbs., 35 cents; Tongue, 28 lbs., 35 cents, $443.80. Deduct old bell and tongue, 1252 lbs. at 30 cents, $375.60—balance, $68.20. This bell is warranted for twelve months, accidents and improper uses excepted, and unless it be rung or struck before it is placed in the belfry, or tolled by pulling or forcing the tongue against the bell by string or otherwise, received payment for the same. Joseph W. Revere."

The bell was brought to Concord by the Concord Boating Company, a corporation operating a line of boats between Concord and Boston at an expense of $7.25. This second bell was unfortunately cracked after a service of many years and, June 4, 1855 a committee was authorized to procure a new bell as soon as possible.

The first mention of heating the building is under date of October 30, 1826: "Voted to accept the use of Col. William Kent's stove, and a committee of four be appointed to procure funnel from him for said stove." Colonel Kent came here as a worker in tin and sheet iron, and doubtless had a stock of stoves for sale. So, it would appear that, during the first year, the brethren and sisters depended for external heat on foot stoves, as was then the custom. One of these stoves is on the platform. Later on, we do not know just when, two of the large cast-iron stoves used in public places years ago were placed in the south end of the building, and a long arrangement of funnel made the building somewhat comfortable, and used up a large quantity of wood. Some of the older people of the city remember this method of heating, or attempting to heat. It would seem that furnaces were installed some time before 1856, as on January 21 of that year some action was taken regarding the furnace "as it does not heat properly." This same old story has been told over and over again in the past sixty odd years.

Rev. Nathaniel West Williams, of Windsor, Vt., and his wife, were received into the membership of the church July 2, 1826, and it would appear he then entered upon the duties of the pastorate, though the formal vote of the church to call him was not taken until November 18, 1827. Rev. Mr. Williams had been a seafaring man and at the age of twenty-one years was captain of a ship engaged in the East India trade. Although brought up in a different belief he there met some Baptist missionaries, and his

THE OLD FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

As it appeared from 1845 to 1875

acquaintance with them changed the course of his life. In 1816 he entered the ministry. No doubt his experience led him to emphasize the work and worth of missions, thus early in its history causing our church to be a missionary church. He is spoken of "as being a clear, sensible, methodical but not a brilliant, preacher." Rev. Baron Stowe wrote of him, "He understood his own capabilities and never ventured beyond his depth. He respected the rights of others, was not a controversalist, but loved peace and the things which made for peace." Mr. Williams continued to serve the church and was a help to it for nearly five years, resigning his charge and asking letters dismissing himself and wife, June 26, 1831, which was accepted, and letters granted, and suitable resolutions adopted.

For the next few months the church had supplies, how regularly we do not know. But Rev. Mr. Freeman and Rev. Mr. Randall of Methuen are mentioned as having administered the rite of baptism.

In those early days the records say: "Met in church conference and examined the brothers and sisters with regard to the exercise of their minds." Occasionally it says, "Found them in a low state," but more often "Found them to be in a comfortable frame of mind." These meetings were held in the afternoon of some weekday.

At a meeting of the society, February 26, 1832, it was voted "To concur with the church in giving the Rev. E. E. Cummings a call to become their pastor." And at a later date it was voted "To offer Rev. E. E. Cummings $350, to supply the desk for the present year."

The salary of the janitor was fixed at $15 for the year. Mr. Cummings was continued in the pastorate with an increase in salary from time to time so that the last year it was voted to pay him $800 and allow him two weeks' vacation, the pulpit to be supplied at the expense of the society, thus disproving the statement we often hear that the church, in former days, did not provide for a pastor's vacation.

In the spring of 1835 important changes were made in the interior of the church, the gallery in the north end being removed, the pulpit placed on a platform at that end, and the pews turned to conform to this arrangement. The room over the vestibule which had been used as a vestry, to be for the singers' seats as then called. The pews were set nearer together so that eight pews were added. The committee having this work in charge were to take the additional pews to pay for the same. Faithful service was rendered, for the committee having charge of the alteration reported that "They have the satisfaction of saying that the work has been perseveringly attended to and faithfully performed, and in the opinion of the committee the undertakers have done more for the interest of the pew holders than for their own interest." The society accepted and concurred in this report and further say, "That we believe the property in said house is greatly advanced in value by the alteration."

The galleries were supported by pillars which interfered with the view of some of the people, and it was later voted that the committee might remove them, provided they would put in iron rods for support and provided further that the committee take the pillars for their pay. Probably the outside of the building was painted about this time, 1837 or 1838. In 1845 the attendance had so increased that more room was needed and other improvements were desired. Twenty feet were added to the north end of the building, the galleries on the sides removed, the windows lengthened, and the pews rearranged to form a center and two side aisles, as we now see them. A neatly constructed pulpit, painted white and highly polished, was placed on the platform, and from the ceiling hung a large chandelier of curious workmanship. The ladies of

the congregation purchased a carpet for the platform and aisles.

A writer of that date says: "The congregation reêntered their improved and beautified house of worship October 26, 1845, having been absent from it three months and six days." The text of the first sermon preached in the remodeled edifice was from II Samuel vi, 11, "And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months: and the Lord helped Obed-edom and all his household." The same writer says, "The church and congregation entered their renovated sanctuary with gladness and thanksgiving. Everything seemed to be in harmony with the tastes and wishes of its people."

"The walls and ceiling, with the pulpit and platform, were of immaculate whiteness, and in beautiful contrast with the carpet and pews, and when, subsequently, green blinds were furnished for the windows, the contrast was intensified."

Mr. Cummings resigned June 22, 1859. His pastorate had been very successful. The church had prospered in every way. A writer in the history of Concord says: "Few of the Baptist ministers in the state were college graduates and the fact that Dr. Cummings held a diploma from Waterville College enhanced his standing in the denomination. He was an old-style preacher, strong on denominational points, not eloquent but vigorous." During his pastorate occurred the noted revival, under the leadership of Rev. Jacob Knapp. A very great number were converted, united with the church, and for the next forty or fifty years were among its most active and useful members. From the lips of one of the number we have it that on one occasion when the hand of fellowship was given the candidates stood across the front of the church and on each side of the main aisle.

On December 15, 1842, the clerk says "one hundred and thirty-six have united with this church within three months, one hundred and twenty-eight by baptism." We think the last survivor of those who united during this work of grace was Mrs. Dr. Oehme, formally Miss Clara Walker, who was baptized at the age of ten years. She was the daughter of the second clerk of the church and died in Portland, Ore., which had been her home for many years, September, 1917, so that the lives of this father and daughter embraced nearly the entire time this good old church has existed. All who knew Mr. Cummings revered him because of his kindheartedness and benevolence, and he was affectionately known as "Father Cummings." He is the only native born son of New Hampshire who has served us as pastor and the only one, also, who is buried in our city. He died in Concord, July 22, 1886, aged eighty-six years.

Rev. Charles W. Flanders was installed as pastor, January 13, 1851, at six o'clock in the afternoon—notice the early hour at which the service was held. Rev. Baron Stow, one of Boston's leading pastors, preached the sermon and several other ministers from Massachusetts had parts in the service. The concluding prayer was offered by Rev. D . Bouton. Dr. Flanders entered on the work of the ministry after having labored for several years as a carpenter. He graduated from Brown University in 1829, and studied theology under President Wayland. His first settlement was in Beverly, Mass., where he remained ten years. He was a man of distinguished appearance but quiet manner. He was scholarly rather than brilliant, but was popular because of his kindly spirit, his work among the young people and for the deep interest he took in the families of the society and for the personal calls he made in the parish.

The church prospered under his ministration, over two hundred being added in the fifteen years he served

us. This extract from the resolution adopted by the church and concurred in by the society shows the appreciation in which he was held: "Resolved, that, so long as irreproachable integrity and manly consistency may be regarded as elements of true nobility, will we remember with especial pleasure the devotion to his calling and duty, the purity of character, uprightness of life, kindly and benevolent impulses in behalf of the poor and afflicted, and high Christian attainments of our pastor, whose resignation we accept with deep regret." While he was our pastor we had what was known as the "Verse-a-Day Class" composed of members of the Sunday School who were to learn and repeat once a month a verse of Scripture for every day. The ones doing this for a certain time—a year we think it was—received a Bible. Several of these Bibles may yet be found in the homes of our people. This was the Sunday School Concert, was of great interest, and was largely attended. Dr. Flanders died at the age of sixty-eight years, in Beverly, Mass., August 2, 1875. He had retired from pastorate labor.

Rev. D. W. Faunce was called July 30, 1866, and entered on his work as our fifth pastor in September. His previous pastorates had been in Worcester and Malden, Mass. A graduate of Amherst College, he was a preacher of a very different class from any of his predecessors. A clear thinker, a ready writer, a good speaker, his pulpit addresses were earnest, eloquent, and practical. During the time he was with us he delivered the sermons which afterward were incorporated in the book, "A Young Man's Difficulty with His Bible"—a book which at once became popular and still continues to be one of the standard books on religious subjects. He also received the Fletcher Prize from Dartmouth College, for the best essay on Christian Doctrine, the book known as "The Christian in the World." He also prepared a question book for Sunday Schools, which was largely used in New England and to some extent in other sections. A leave of three months' absence was voted him that he might visit the Holy Land. On his return we were favored with many interesting lectures concerning the things he had seen on his trip. The fiftieth anniversary of the church was held while he was our pastor. On this occasion the third and fourth pastors and the son of the second pastor were present and took part in the exercises. An original hymn, written by our sister, Lucy J. H. Frost, was sung and historical addresses of the church and society were given by Dr. Faunce and Hon. J. H. Gallinger. On January 31, 1875, he resigned to accept a call to Lynn, Mass. He afterwards preached in Washington, D. C., and died in Providence, R. I., June 3, 1911.

During these last two pastorates the Ladies' Charitable Society, every year, secured the service of some distinguished preacher from another place to deliver a lecture on Sunday evening. These services were looked forward to with interest by the whole community and resulted in a large collection for the use of the society.

Rev. William V. Garner preached his first sermon, as our sixth pastor, on Sunday, September 5, 1875. He came to us from the Charles Street Baptist Church in Boston. He was a Christian gentleman in every respect and as fine an orator as ever filled a Concord pulpit. Some of us remember well his reading the Scriptures, especially the Psalms. The words seemed to stand forth in their full meaning. A kindly man to meet, he was popular in the church and in the community as well. The church prospered under his ministrations. During the summer of 1875 extensive repairs were again made on the church edifice, which left it as we now see it, except that the walls were frescoed, as was then the style. While the repairs were in progress, by the kindness of our Pleasant Street brethren,

we held our services in their church Sunday afternoons. Rededicatory services were held on the afternoon of December 23. Rev. Dr. Cummings gave an interesting historical address. The pastor preached the sermon and Dr. Faunce offered the dedicatory prayer. The hymn sung at the laying of the corner-stone was sung. The organ, a gift of George A. and Charles A. Pillsbury of Minneapolis, Minn., former members of this church, was used for the first time at this service. Our friend and brother, who so lately departed this life, George D. B. Prescott, officiated. In the evening the installation services of Rev. Mr. Garner as our pastor were held. Rev. Dr. Faunce preached the sermon, from Jonah iii, 2, "Go preach the preaching that I bid thee." Dr. Cummings gave the charge to the pastor; Rev. S. L. Blake of the South Congregational Church welcomed him to the city; Dea. J. B. Flanders gave the hand of fellowship.

Rev. Mr. Garner resigned, to take effect July 1, 1884, having been called to the First Baptist Church in Bridgeport, Conn., where he died quite suddenly on November 23, 1892. *The Watchman*, our leading denominational organ, summed up the story of his life in these fitting words: "Mr. Garner was an accomplished preacher, a faithful pastor and a noble Christian man. He was highly esteemed by his brother ministers and by all who knew him."

Mr. Garner was succeeded by Rev. C. B. Crane, former pastor of the old historic First Baptist Church of Boston—which church was established in 1665—and commenced his labors with us April 5, 1885. Dr. Crane—what a flood of memories, what a host of recollections that name invokes—was a genial, loving, lovable man of wide experience which had made him charitable and considerate of the opinions of others, though not in the least disposed to be a charlatan. He thoroughly believed in the Baptist faith, but was broadminded enough to feel there might be good in other denominations. So it came about that he counted as one of his best friends, Father John Barry, whom all Concord honored and respected and whose tragic death we all so much deplored. Dr. Crane was a tactful man, able to smooth out any differences that might arise; popular not only in our church but in the community, so that his going away was considered a public loss. In speaking of the close of his ministry the *Monitor* voiced the general sentiment when it said: "In the broadest sense Dr. Crane's life in Concord has shown him to be a Christian; he has struck hands with every servant of the Lord who was intent in doing his Master's bidding. It is, therefore, in no ordinary sense that his removal from this state and from the activities of the ministry is a loss." His resignation was accepted September 25, 1896, when he removed to Cambridge, Mass., where he acted as supply for several years in various pulpits though not being settled as a pastor. His death occurred in that city in January, 1917.

The pulpit was supplied from October, 1896, to August, 1898, by Rev. Roland D. Grant. He was a brilliant, interesting preacher and considerable additions were made to the church as a result of his labors, but he did not care to accept the call to become our settled pastor. When he closed his labors with us quite a number of his friends asked for and received letters and formed an organization known as "The Friends' Christian Union," which held services in different halls for several months, but the enterprise finally came to an end.

Rev. Joel Byron Slocum entered upon his pastorate December 4, 1898. He was a younger man than any of the former pastors, but he possessed ability as a preacher and tact as a pastor. Largely through his efforts an invitation was extended to those who had gone out, as mentioned above, which invitation was accepted by very many, and though several of them

have been called away the remaining ones have been, and still are, among our most valued members. During his pastorate the duplex system of envelopes was introduced and has continued to gain in popularity because it seems to be the best method yet devised of raising money for the work of the church. In July, 1899, Mr. and Mrs. Slocum started on a trip to Japan, returning in October. We enjoyed many interesting accounts of what they saw while abroad. While Mr. Slocum was away we were favored with the services of our former beloved pastor, Rev. D. W. Faunce, D. D.

Rev. Mr. Slocum resigned, to take effect November 1, 1903, having accepted the call to the First Baptist Church in Columbus, Ohio. Afterwards he served in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Norwich, Conn., and is now the beloved pastor of one of the leading Baptist churches in New York, the Warburton Ave., in Yonkers.

Rev. Sylvanus E. Frohock was installed as pastor March 16, 1904. Dr. Faunce preached the sermon and the other parts of the service were rendered by pastors of other churches in the city. While he was with us the society was dissolved, and the church as a body assumed charge of the secular as well as its spiritual affairs. December 6, 1906, Brother Frohock, having received a call to the Chestnut Street Baptist Church in Camden, Me., tendered his resignation to take effect January 31, 1907, which was accepted, and suitable resolutions adopted. Though he had been with us but a short time his ministry had been successful; additions had been made to our numbers and he had labored for our upbuilding. We have learned he has recently concluded his labors in Camden and is now settled over the church in Milo, Me.

On March 29, 1907, the committee appointed to select a pastor reported, recommending Rev. Virgil V. Johnson of Claremont, and it was voted to extend the call to him. He commenced his services with us July 7, 1907, after having taken a trip to Rome, France and England. Recognition services were held September 19, the sermon being given by the pastor's brother, Rev. Herbert S. Johnson of Boston, the ministers of other churches in the city taking part in the services. The records say: "Exercises were very interesting and the attendance large."

On October 29, 1911, Pastor Johnson tendered his resignation to take effect November 12, in order that he might enter on the work of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement." It was voted to accept the resignation and resolutions, expressing our high appreciation of him as a man and a preacher, were adopted. He has since been engaged in social settlement work in New York City, in Rockford, Ill., and, for some time, was engaged in religious work in some of our army camps. At present he is in Philadelphia, as district secretary of the Travelers' Aid Society.

During the next three months the pulpit was supplied by different ministers. The record says: "We have had very interesting, helpful sermons and the attendance has been very good."

On December 28, 1911, it was voted to extend a call to our present pastor, which call was accepted, and he preached his first sermon February 18, 1912, from I Corinthians ii, 2, "For I determined not to know anything among you but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." That he has ever had in mind the purpose this expression indicates, all who have listened to him will bear witness. His sermons have been founded on *The Book*, in which he firmly believed from the first word in Genesis to the last word in Revelations, no doubts, no questions, but "Thus saith the Lord."

All the ministers we have had have been respected and held in high esteem by the public and no one of the ten who have preceded him have

been regarded more highly than Rev. Walter Crane Myers. He has always been willing to take his stand for the advancement of the best, the highest things in the community.

Vestries or Chapels

As has already been stated the room over the entry was used as a chapel for some time. The first mention of a vestry in a separate building was under date of April 2, 1839, when it was voted to have it insured. It would seem that this was a company affair. It was a long, bleak two-story building, the upper part being owned and used by Prof. Hall Roberts, a member of the church, for a private school. The building completely changed in appearance now stands on Tahanto Street and is owned by Mr. Arthur H. Britton. The need of a more convenient chapel became apparent and, on April 11, 1853, it was voted to proceed with the erection of one as soon as possible. A committee of seven of the leading members of the society was chosen. Not one of the seven is now represented in our church or city. It was dedicated with appropriate services December 1, 1853. The seats at that time were stationary like the pews in the church, and there were also seats on each side of the platform. The walls were whitewashed. In 1877 settees took the place of the pews, and other repairs were made. The part now used as a ladies' room and the kitchen were built at this time. Later on these settees were replaced with the seats now in use, and in 1916, when the repairs on the church were made, the chapel walls were repainted as we now see them.

Music in the Church

The first reference to a musical instrument in this First Baptist Society, Concord, N. H., is as follows: "Bought of Abraham Prescott, Concord, April 25, 1829, one double bass viol, $50." This was paid for by subscription, William Gault giving half the amount; seventeen parties giving the balance. What became of the bass viol there is nothing in the records to show.

Soon after 1845 we find action taken about the organ, which had been presented to the church by a few individuals. The names of the donors are unknown. A piano had been bought some time before May 20, 1861. Our present organ, as has been already stated, was placed in the church in 1875.

Baptisms

Baptisms have been administered in several places. As has been already said it is probable the first observance of the rite was in the Contoocook River at Horse Hill and at the same place at other times, as on September 4, 1828, mention is made of the baptism of James Hoit and others. This Mr. Hoit was a very active member of the church fifty or sixty years ago, and was the great-grandfather of our sister, Ruth Bugbee. Several times it was observed in the Contoocook River near Fisherville, now Penacook; also on several occasions in the Soucook River in the towns of Chichester and Loudon, in which latter place we at one time had a branch, as it was called. In the East Village, near the bridge over the Merrimack, the ordinance was administered more than once; while in the city proper it was many times administered in the Merrimack near the Free Bridge, in Horse Shoe Pond, in Hospital Pond and in a pond of which few now have any knowledge, between Jackson and Lyndon streets, near Beacon. On one occasion, at this place, a thunder shower came up and the record says, "All present were impressed with the deep solemnity of the scene."

As far back as 1829 Pastor Williams introduced the subject of a baptistry and a committee was appointed to consider the matter. Reading between the lines it would seem that some of the members felt the ordinance could only be administered in

running water, and the project was dropped. Several times in later years the matter had been agitated but it was not until November 25, 1854, that a baptistry in the church was obtained. Four persons were baptized on that date, but no representative of them is now living.

Other Churches and Sunday Schools

On June 3, 1842, letters were granted to twenty-three persons to form a church in Boscawen, which is now known as the First Baptist Church of Penacook. The first pastor of that church, Rev. Edmond Worth, was a member with us.

On November 11, 1853, letters were granted to thirty brothers and sisters to form the Pleasant Street Baptist Church.

We rejoice in the prosperity God has granted these churches and we are glad to welcome representatives from them on this occasion.

The Sunday School was organized in 1826. Its fiftieth anniversary was fittingly observed on June 25, 1876. Senator Jacob H. Gallinger delivered an address and there were other appropriate exercises. Its seventy-fifth anniversary was observed June 23, 1901. Quite an elaborate program was presented. For fear of exhausting the patience of the audience we forbear any extended account of this helpful adjunct of the church. Later on, we hope, God willing, to prepare a paper giving an account of that, and of other organizations that have been or are now connected with our church, as well as mentioning several who have brought special honor to us; also, to present some other interesting incidents connected with our history and a complete list of those who have served us in official capacities.

UNCLE SAM'S BRIDE

An Historical Ballad of 1918, A. D.

By Charles Poole Cleaves

I ain't no mother's darling, and beauty makes me shy;
But some gals kinder fancy me and keep me on the fly.
There was Massachusetts steadied me; and old New York can rule;
And me and Miss Virginny—why, I went with her to school!
But I kinder took a notion, and my taste j'ined with my pride,
That some day I'd lead the chorus with New Hampshire for my bride.

States' Chorus:
"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"

Now I am some inventor; but I'm slow to take a hint;
And Dandy Booze, he had a rig—how that machine could sprint!
'Twas some like an automobile, but was named an autobust;
And he took the gals all riding, and he loved 'em all the wust.
Then I sighed for my New Hampshire, riding on that pesky thing.
But I'm just a plain old Democrat and Dandy Booze was king!

"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"

I had a dear old steady, Maine, way down by Water View.
And we grew up together, and she knew a thing or two.
She was so darned independent she could take no what nor which;
But she could use a hammer; and she hammered out a hitch
That she called a water wagon. And she ran it sixty years.
(She can tell her age.) She did it, so she said, by saving tears!

"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"

Then some other gals—young Kansas, Oklohomy and the rest,
Caught on to her invention, right before me, I'll be blest!
There was wheels a-whizz and whirring! Dandy Booze, he druv ahead..
To court 'em and to keep 'em he'd ha' stolen half my bread;
And when he rode down to Washington he swore he'd see me fried
Before I'd lead any chorus with New Hampshire by my side.

"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"

Now New Hampshire, she was sensible. She'd let me have my say;
But I saw her riding off with Dandy Booze, and ev'ry day,
A fussin' her and mussin' her, he kept her up o' night,
Until the dudes o' Boston p'inted fingers at her plight;
And she looked so jade and wilted that I kind o' lost my pride.
When folks said: "You think you want her? Want New Hampshire for your bride?"

"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"

Then! I took my latest wagon—Hooverized and some complete—
And I washed it off and dusted it and drove up Congress Street
To some fellers that I knew there, run a water-motor shop,
And I got down off that wagon and I said to them: "You hop!
You make this a water wagon and I'll let my ploughing slide
Till I get the gals behind me and New Hampshire by my side."

"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"

Then New Hampshire—stole my wagon! Yes, by hook! she up and did it;
Came and stole it in the winter, and she ran it off and hid it;
And I looked a thousand daggers when we passed in town next day;
But she laffed and swore—she'd run it, all herself, the First of May.
And I hadn't got my peas hoed before I looked up to see
Hampy on that water wagon, calling: "Come and ride with me!"

"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"

Lord! How quick I leaped beside her! I've took medicine before,
But O, how it stirred and thrilled me when New Hampshire at my door
Sat there, furbished up, all ready! lost her signs o' young decay.
Dimpled up and gay and laughing: "Sam, is this the First of May?"
Said I, "Hampy, will you have me? I'll be chauffeur by your side."
But she took my hand and kissed me. "Dear old Sam! I'll be the bride!"

"Wait for the wagon! Wait for the wagon!
Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"

ADDRESS OF REV. RAYMOND H. HUSE

At the Patriotic Praise Service in the South Church, Concord, N. H., November 11, 1918

It is very easy for the average American to speak extravagantly. We are apt to be generous with our words as well as with our possessions. The last storm is the biggest; the last winter is the coldest; the last event is the most wonderful. But I think I am speaking words that history will calmly verify in the cool light of life's tomorrow when I say that this is the greatest day since Jesus Christ burst the bonds of death, put Easter in the calendar and hope in the dictionary!

I did not know but what this celebration might possibly break loose while we were at church yesterday and so I went prepared. I gave my organist and chorister instructions and I carried with me Whittier's poems that I might read the lines he wrote at the ratification of the amendment to the United States Constitution abolishing slavery.

In that poem he said,—

"Did we dare
In our agony of prayer
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

"How they pale
Ancient myth and song and tale
In this wonder of our days;
When the cruel rod of war
Blossomed white with righteous law
And the wrath of man is praise!"

It is good to hear a serene gray-coated Quaker shout like that over the victory of human freedom.

But, without minimizing the importance of the event that set his heart singing, it had to do with but one ocean-bound, hide-bound republic, for that is what we were, then. This event, this day, concerns the world and the gladness of its shining spreads as far as man is found.

This morning while the Boys' Club was having its quiet celebration in front of the State House, tidings were traveling on feet of fire over all the world that made every tyrant on earth feel for the back of his neck to see if his head were still on! Democracy's day has dawned for humanity.

It is natural and appropriate that we think of the heroes of the hour. One of the best poems I have seen in the war was in one of our daily papers. It was this:

"Boche!
Foch!!
Gosh!!!"

Not by the side of Napoleon who fought for name and fame, nor Caesar nor Alexander does he stand in history's hall of heroes, but with Washington and Lincoln and with Moses, who loved a cause more than he loved himself and led that cause to victory and to glory!

Somebody has suggested that it is time for Pershing to make one of his famous speeches such as he made at the tomb of LaFayette and say this time, "William, we are here!" The difference is that when he made the first speech who can doubt that the spirit of LaFayette, hovering evermore in holy helpfulness above the sacred soil of France, was there to get the message. But when Pershing was ready to make the second speech, "William, we are here," there was "Nobody on this line now. Please

excuse us." William Hohenzollern has made his exit!

Then, there is that master man of England, King George. I do not refer to the kindly grandson of Queen Victoria who to his credit has come through this war with unsullied honor and unstained hands. I mean Lloyd George, great commoner and Christian democrat!

I might mention the generals of Italy, but I hardly dare to try to pronounce their names! *They do not dare to pronounce them in Austria either!* I might speak also of the brave monarch of war-rent Belgium, Albert, almost the only king in Europe who has come through the fire with his crown on straight!

I do not want to introduce any matter that is partisan at this time, but I cannot resist the temptation of saying that I am a Republican of the Republicans and as such I wish to declare my belief that *Woodrow Wilson has come to the kingdom for such a time as this.* He is the voice of America, crying in the wilderness of the world, "Prepare the way for Democracy and make her paths straight."

But, as great as have been and are their leaders, their work would have been impossible and the victory would never have come, had it not been that the cleanest and most glorious bunch of men the sun ever shone on, in trench and camp and on deck, with look of morning on their faces, have followed the example of Him who gave His life a ransom for many.

We may say of this meeting and of every meeting like it that is being held today, as Lincoln said at Gettysburg, that the world will little notice nor long remember what we say, but the world will never forget what they did!

It has been our sacred privilege to stand behind the men behind the guns during these years. Let us do it still. The United War Work appeal is no less keen because the bells chime of victory and of peace. It is after the strain is broken, in the reaction of nerve and muscle and mind and soul that comes now, that our boys will need all the Christly ministry that can be given them. Don't shout too loud today unless you are willing to give tomorrow.

There is a beautiful little story oft told, of a man in Chicago who was walking out with his little child when the evening star was blossoming up there in the afterglow of sunset, and the child said, "Look daddy, God has hung out His service flag. *He must have a son in the war.*"

It is in recognition of that fact that we have gathered in the church this day, following the sacred custom our fathers have followed before us on similar occasions. We have seen that the victory of the day would have been impossible without both leaders and soldiers. It would also have been impossible without God. His Son has been in the war.

It is not necessary to recall the interpositions that seem almost supernatural in their divineness,—Was it Kitchener who said that God must have miraculously stopped the Teutonic onslaught at the first battle of the Marne?—nor to remember the vision of the White Comrade on the fields of Flanders, nor even to remind ourselves that since America went to its knees for a day of prayer in May the whole map of Europe has been changed. Down underneath these things there is the deep undercurrent of a conviction that, "working invisible, watching unseen" the God of justice and of right has been helping the forces of liberty who were fighting for humanity "for whom Christ died"; strengthening the morale of mothers and of men, steadying the hand and heart of the people and the army; guiding events by His own providential laws, so that today we would be blind and deaf and dead if we did not recognize that the victory is God's. Not wholly God's for He is no selfish tyrant, but a Father who delights to share His work and His glory with His children, but chiefly God's.

And to recall again the famous saying of Lincoln it has come not because God is on our side but because we are on God's side. The battle of liberty is always divine. The war for human rights tugs evermore at the heartstrings of the everlasting Father!

In this our hour of triumph let us dedicate our lives anew to be on His side in times of peace as well as times of war.

Let us keep our national life and our personal life so clean; let us share the passion for humanity and for universal brotherhood of the immortal Christ. Let us follow Him.

"He has sounded forth His trumpet
That will never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before His judgment seat;
O be swift my soul to answer Him,
Be jubilant my feet,
Our God is marching on."

CHRISTMAS DAY

By Fred Myron Colby

O Christmas bells! O Christmas bells! ring, ring a merry chime,
And set our hearts to music on this joyous festal time;
Call up again the memories that haunt this natal night,
The glorious scenes of olden time that fill the world with light.
Bring, bring to us the love of Christ, the grace that does not fail,
And let us pray as church bells tell the wondrous Christmas tale.

We see the town of Bethlehem 'neath far-off Judean skies;
And shines the Star with luster bright that dazed the Magi's eyes;
We see the Babe, the manger low, and Mary's saintly face,
We see the treasures of the East spread in that lowly place;
We hear the echo of that choir that sang in accents clear—
"Peace on earth, good will toward men and Christmas' holy cheer."

King Herod in his marble halls o'erheard that sweet refrain,
But in his worldly heart of pride felt but a moment's pain.
Caiphas, God's own chosen priest, with deafness closed his ear,
And haughty Scribe and Pharisee turned pale with sickly fear.
But fishermen and publicans and they of low degree
With pleasure heard the angel strain that startled earth and sea.

The cattle in a thousand stalls, the sheep upon the hills;
The palm trees whispering in the shade, the grasses by the rills,
And song birds in the Orient groves with adoration bright
Welcomed the coming of that Light which banished heathen night.
On Carmel's height a radiance shone o'er the dark salt Sea;
It flashed along Esdraelon to waves of Galilee.

And ever since those holy beams have widened broad and far;
O'er heathen lands and Christendom shines down the Christmas Star.
That wondrous birth is welcomed with joy in every land
From bleak Norwegian fiords to India's coral strand.
For Pagan and for Christian the Christmas bells shall ring,
To tell to all the story of Christ our Saviour King!

NOT WHAT SHE ORDERED

By Myron Ray Clark

Letitia Jane MacNicoll was a spinster in our town,
Whose stocks and bonds and real estate secured her much renown.
Her wealth of golden ducats brought her suitors by the flock;
But none came twice because her face would really stop a clock.

She lived alone except for cats, of which she kept a score,
And though she had so many, she was always getting more.
Her tender nature simply loved the entire feline breed,
And drowning tiny kittens wasn't part of Letty's creed.

At night she'd put her Tabithas, each in its little bed,
And tuck them in and kiss them all and then,—her prayers said,—
She'd carefully examine all the closets in the place,
A smile of expectation plainly writ upon her face.

The search was ever fruitless, but her hope refused to die,—
She'd just blow out the candle and she'd breathe a little sigh,
And go to bed to dream about a gallant Lochinvar,
Who'd come some day to fetch her in a mighty motor-car.

* * * * *

Now "Sulky Spike" McNulty was a burglar of some fame,—
Once shot by a policeman and resultantly quite lame.
This handicap precluded him from urban operations,
So countryward perforce did "Spike" divert his machinations.

He reached our town and limped about a bit to reconnoitre,—
"A rich bloke there, all right," he growled, "I hope he gets a goitre."
What roused his ire was Letty's house, the finest in the village,—
It fanned in "Spike's" resentful breast a fierce desire to pillage.

By ten p. m. the sleeping town was plunged in deepest gloom,
And "Sulky Spike" was groping blindly 'round Letitia's room.
He'd scaled the front veranda by a honeysuckle vine
And found a window open and he'd gently murmured: "Fine!"

Just then Letitia's sprightly tread resounded on the stair,—
If you'd been there to listen, you'd have heard "Spike" softly swear.
His refuge was a closet where he tried to hide himself
Beneath the frills and furbelows upon the bottom shelf.

Letitia stood before the glass and laved her face with lotions,
Then knelt beside the bed and made her usual devotions.
Then she peeked inside the closet where—Oh such is Fate's caprice—
She discovered "Spike" concealed behind a crêpe-de-chine chemise.

She screamed just once—then slammed the door and quickly turned the key,
While "Spike" yelled: "Lemme out!" with fierce impetuosity.
"You naughty man!" she simpered, "not without a chaperone."
"I'll get one now," she cooed, and called . . . the sheriff on the phone.

NEW HAMPSHIRE PIONEERS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

Rev. Elias Smith of Portsmouth, New Hampshire's Theodore Parker

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer of Kensington

New Hampshire had its Theodore Parker as well as Massachusetts, and he came a half century earlier. Rev. Elias Smith of Portsmouth was a man much after the type of Boston's great prophet-preacher. He was born at Lyme, Conn., June 17, 1769. At six years of age he was taught to read from the New Testament, and that book became his great center of interest through his life. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on his sixth birthday, and when news reached him he was terrified and feared death for all his family from the victorious Red-Coats. Hearing his elders discuss the Tories, Regulars and Rebels, his boyish mind became averse to Tories and Regulars, and that aversion continued till his death, for he was ever a pioneer. In 1782 his father moved to Woodstock, Vt., and Smith's autobiography gives us a vivid picture of the hardships endured by the settlers of upper Vermont and New Hampshire.

Being a serious-minded lad he acquired some education and became a school-teacher. He gave much time to serious thinking on the one supreme intellectual topic of the countryside, religion; and when he was twenty-one years, one month and four days old, preached his first sermon. He followed his father in being a Baptist, and was strongly set against the established Congregational Church, and its Calvinist creeds. After the custom of his time, he set out in 1791 on an itinerant preaching tour, having as his destination the groups of Baptists in southern New Hampshire; the brethren at Bradford, Vt., having provided him with "a poor cross horse," a watch, pair of boots and $7.50 in money.

He finally landed at the home of Josiah Burley in Newmarket. With this family he made his home, and from it made preaching tours among the Baptists of Epping, Stratham, Brentwood; Salisbury and Amesbury in Massachusetts. He made an agreement to preach two-thirds of the time at Lee and live there, and the other third at Stratham, stopping with Richard Scammon while there. Smith's ordination took place at Lee, in August, 1792, on a stage built before the meetinghouse, and it is estimated that 3,000 people were present, an Elder Baldwin coming from Boston to preach the sermon. The next day the newly-ordained preacher and Elder Baldwin rode horseback to Kingston Plain, where they separated, Baldwin going on to Haverhill and Boston, and Smith off to East Kingston and South Hampton on a preaching tour.

These travelling Baptists were thorns in the flesh to the established Congregationalists, and as Smith held radical views, believing that the clergy should not be called "reverend," receive stated salaries and be permanently located in a pastorate, he was especially obnoxious. In Candia the established preacher ordered him from his parish, but Smith of course did not go.

In January, 1793, he was married to Mary Burleigh of Newmarket, and for the next nine years was an active Baptist propagandist in New Hampshire and eastern Massachusetts. But the Baptists were growing more and more prosperous and adopting

more and more of the ways of the Congregationalists, and accepting the hated Calvinist doctrines, and in 1802 Smith broke with the Baptist clergy and issued his pamphlet, "The Clergyman's Looking-Glass." It was mainly directed against the Portsmouth clergy and was a scathing indictment and led to his later expulsion from the Baptist clergy.

In October of 1802 Smith came to Portsmouth and opened his popular meetings in *Jefferson Hall;* he became a free-lance preacher, after the manner of Theodore Parker, and proclaimed political as well as religious ideas. In June, 1803, Elder Abner Jones who had formed a "Christian" church in Vermont came to see Smith, and his ideas appealed to Smith as beyond his own, and he joined Jones to become a propagandist of the new order of "Christians," and was soon accepted as the leading light of the new faith.

"Reformations," as they called them, followed their preaching, and in little towns the "Christian" churches were built. The "Christians" held to Smith's radical ideas; their preachers were called "Elders" rather than "reverend"; black coats and settled pastors were looked upon as marks of popery; in fact all creeds and ideas not expressly taught in the New Testament were rejected and the New Testament was literally taken as the rule of the new order. One great advance the new order made was to adopt the use of the New Testament discipline of members who violated New Testament ethics; this made the new churches practical rather than doctrinal. The "Christians" were a growing force till 1843 and 1844, when their popular character and self-educated ministry made them peculiarly susceptible to the Millerite dissension, and the churches were split and weakened and began to fade away.

Smith, however, was not always in good favor with all Christian churches; he accepted a form of Universalism and denied the doctrine of the trinity as an un-New-Testament idea, which was received coldly by many. In 1805 he began the publication of a quarterly magazine, and in 1808 he began the publication of the first religious newspaper in America, *The Herald of Gospel Liberty.* Smith was a strong follower of Thomas Jefferson, and had been active among the adherents of the Republican-Democrats who sprang up after Jefferson's return from France.

Portsmouth and Rye had gone anti-federal in the election of 1797, the first New Hampshire towns so to vote. John Langdon and Nicholas Gilman, signers of the Federal Constitution, had become Republican-Democrats. The centers of conservatism were the established churches; around this church in every town was organized the religious and political and social life of the town. Strongly intrenched as these centers were, the Republican-Democrats accepted the Jeffersonian doctrine of religious liberty and declared for it in every state.

The established clergy now became fiery opponents of Jefferson's party; but the numerous members of the new sects—Baptists, Free-Baptists, Christians, Universalists—were too strong, and Vermont went Jeffersonian and repealed its religious statute in 1807. The next year New Hampshire sought to compromise and granted freedom to Universalists and Baptists, but the Jeffersonians could not be placated. The leader in the fight for this tenet of Jeffersonianism was Elias Smith. By public choice and through his paper he was praising Jefferson and attacking the established clergy. Over the top of his paper he boldly declared, "Jefferson will always be loved by those who love liberty, equality, unity, peace; for this he is hated by the hypocrites who would grind the people in the dust and deprive them of their rights."

Success attended the brave efforts of Smith and his followers, and in 1819 New Hampshire granted full religious freedom.

Rev. Elias Smith was a restless soul, but a pioneer, and his influence is stamped forever on New England life. While in Massachusetts, the farmers of the central and western part of the state were Republican, the well-to-do classes along the shipping coast were strongly conservative; Portsmouth was in striking contrast with Salem, Boston, and Newburyport—due some what to the work of Elias Smith.

OUR CHILDHOOD'S CHRISTMAS TREE

By Charles Nevers Holmes

From days of yore, O Memory,
Bring back our childhood's Christmas tree!

Bring back that old-time Christmas tree,
  Cut down by father's sturdy hand,
  Amid a pathless timber land,
And dressed by mother's thoughtful care,
With dainty touches here and there;
  Adorned by ribbons red and white,
  A festive and enticing sight,
Where pop-corn, candies, nuts were strung,
And tinselled trinkets thickly hung.

How beautiful, on Christmas night,
It stood, ablaze with candle light;
  When round that tree in times gone by
  The household gathered—you and I!—
Awaiting eagerly our share
Of gifts that hung so tempting there,
  Which *Santa Claus*, in costume grand,
  Presented with a lavish hand.

Upon us, like some sleepy spell,
The fire-light shadows softly fell,
  And sometimes at the window pane
  There tapped a fast and frozen rain;
Around our tree of love and cheer
We lingered, far from strife or tear,
  When 'mid that room's low-posted space
  There was as yet no missing face.

Bring back our childhood's Christmas tree
From days of yore, O Memory!

THE BRIDGE OF FIRE

By Professor J. K. Ingraham

It was a rainy day at the old farm, "Bear Camp," in Ossipee, N. H. We played in the barn until we were tired. Then we scampered over the wet lawn to the house and teased grandfather to tell us a story.

Grandfather Chase closed the old family Bible and replied:

"Yes, my little dears, I will tell you a true story of the early days among the White Mountains.

"When I was eighteen years old, Red Serpent, an Indian boy of the same age, Bessie Brown, seventeen years old, and I went hunting on Moat Mountain. When we were near the top, Bessie exclaimed: 'There's a bear.' Then she fired her gun.

"The biggest bear I ever saw shambled from the bushes. Red Serpent and I fired quickly. But the three bullets did not kill the big bear. He came at us on a mad run, screaming with pain and foaming with rage.

"At this moment the mountain trembled. We heard strange sounds. The earth trembled more and more. We had hard work to stand up. We heard a great tearing and grinding all around us. The bear cowered upon the ground and whimpered with terror.

" 'Heap bad,' shouted the Indian boy. 'Heap bad. Landslide. We slide. We killed sure. Heap bad. Heap bad.'

"Then I knew what had happened. We were going down the mountain on a landslide.

"The trembling of the earth grew worse every moment. The ground rose and fell in waves. We could not stand up. We cowered on the ground, like the bear. The tearing and grinding became deafening. Suddenly, the earth opened and swallowed up Bessie and the bear.

" 'Heap bad,' shouted the Indian boy. 'Heap bad. Girl gone. Bear gone. We go soon. Heap bad. Heap bad.'

"Far below, I saw the famous Indian village of Pequaket, now Conway. The landslide was shooting toward it, with a great roaring, like the crashing of thunder. Squaws, papooses and dogs were running out of the wigwams in wild terror; but an army of red warriors faced us calmly.

"The landslide arrived at the foot of the mountain and began to slide over the plain. It slowed up. Red warriors took the Indian boy and I by our arms and led us before Paugus, the famous Sagamore of the Abnakis Indians. He looked at us as calmly as though we had come by the usual road to Pequaket.

" 'The white boy and the red boy have had a good slide,' he said. 'They may go with me.' Then Paugus, with his red army, started to raid the white folks. This was the beginning of Lovewell's Indian War, the worst in the early history of New Hampshire.

"A short distance from the village, Paugus halted. His red warriors laid me on the ground, on my back, with my legs and arms extended. They tied my wrists and ankles to four stakes.

"The fatal fifth stake was driven into the ground about ten feet from my head. An Indian laid a buckskin bag near this stake. He opened it cautiously. Slowly, out of this bag, came the repulsive head of a big rattlesnake.

"With a forked pole, a warrior quickly pinned the head of the rattlesnake to the ground. With a similar pole, a second Indian held the tail. A third warrior tied a rawhide cord around the neck of the rattlesnake. Paugus tied the other end of this cord to the fifth stake. The forked poles

were then raised and the warriors bounded out of danger.

"This rough treatment had enraged the big rattlesnake. It coiled swiftly, sounded its warning rattles and darted straight at my head. The fangs of the rattlesnake came so near to my head that I could feel them at the ends of my hair. Then the cord stopped them, with a rough jerk. This increased the rage of the rattlesnake. It darted madly at my head again and again.

"Paugus laughed with joy.

" 'The rattlesnake does not reach the paleface,' he said. 'But it will rain. The wet rawhide will stretch enough.' Then Paugus and his red raiders marched away. I was left alone with the mad rattlesnake.

"Presently, I heard some one coming on a run. My bonds were cut swiftly. I was pulled away from the rattlesnake. I saw the face of Bessie Brown. I heard the sweetest laugh in the world.

" 'O Bessie, I thought you were dead,' I exclaimed.

" 'Oh, I'm all right,' laughed Bessie. 'When the earth opened, the bear and I and a lot of sand dropped into a gully. I climbed out and watched you and Red. Now let's find Red.'

"We soon found him. The Indians had cut the thick branches from a low hemlock, so as to leave sharp stubs. Then they had wound wet rawhide many times around the boy's body and the tree. As the rawhide dried, it would shrink and draw the poison points slowly into the body of the boy.

"Bessie cut the rawhide quickly. She trembled. Her face was pale. 'Let's go home as quick as we can,' she said, in a faint voice. 'We ought to have minded our folks and not gone so far away from home.'

" 'Heap bad,' cried the Indian boy, 'Can't go home. More Indians come. Burn us at stake. Look. Heap bad.' All the Indians in the village were running toward us, in great excitement. We were three children, with no weapons, except Bessie's small knife.

"At such times, the mind with the greatest capacity assumes the command. Bessie was transformed. Her large gray eyes shone like stars as she said to the Indian boy:

" 'You run the fastest. Run home. Tell them John and I are in the Haunted Ruins, without food, water or weapons, and surrounded by Indians. Run your best for our lives.'

"Her inspiring words changed the boy into a warrior. He did run his best, with great odds against him. To me, she said, in the same tone of command: 'Follow me, John. Our only hope for life is in the Haunted Ruins.

"These Haunted Ruins are one of the most interesting remains of the mysterious people who lived among the White Mountains, before the Indians. They are the ruins of a stronghold on the middle of a plain. This plain is surrounded by a deep moat. From this moat, the nearest mountain was named Moat Mountain. The Indians believed these ruins were the abode of the Evil Spirit. They do not enter them.

"These Haunted Ruins were about half way to the Indians. I followed Bessie on a swift run to the moat. We crossed it on a rude bridge of one log. At the same time, the Indians arrived at the moat on the opposite side of the plain. The women and children leaped about, brandishing all kinds of weapons and shouting mad threats at us. The men assembled in council.

"The council was soon over. The Indians went around the moat to where we had crossed it. This gave us an unguarded road for escape to our homes. Bessie was troubled. She had heard old men say that an Indian council developed deep deviltry.

" 'Climb to the top of the ruins, John,' she said. 'See what they are doing. Be careful. Remember, In-

dians are good shooters.' I climbed to the top. I saw no Indians on the side of the plain toward our home. They were busy on the other side. I could not tell what they were doing. I was not careful. I heard a gun. A red hot iron entered my leg. I fell on the stones. I tried to get up. I could not use or move my right leg.

"In a moment, Bessie was at my side. She carried me to a safer place. Then she cut strips of cloth from her petticoat, stopped the flow of blood and dressed my wound. Suddenly, she turned pale and trembled.

" 'What's the trouble, Bessie?' I asked.

" 'The Indians are setting fires,' she answered.

" 'You must go home, while you can,' I advised. 'The Indians will not hurt me now. They will wait till I get well, so I can suffer longer torture. Our folks will have time to rescue me.'

" 'You do not quite understand the situation, John,' replied Bessie, in a gentle voice. 'This plain is covered with dry branches, mostly pine. There are many dead trees. The wind blows this way. In a few minutes there will be a big fire.'

" 'You must go now, Bessie,' I pleaded. 'You have a father, a mother two sisters and a brother. For their sakes, go, now. If you stay here, you cannot help me a bit. If you go now, you can save your own life. Go, now.'

" 'I will go, John, you will go too.'

"Bessie took me in her arms and carried me out of the ruins. When the Indians saw us, they danced and yelled with glee. I was a good sized boy. I weighed 125 pounds. This was a heavy load for a girl of seventeen to carry in her arms. Bessie carried me a few yards. Then she was so tired she had to lay me down. After a moment's rest, she took me in her arms again and ran as far as she could. In this way, running and resting, she carried me toward the bridge.

"The fire spread faster and faster. The strong wind carried sparks and burning brands to start new fires. Dead pines blazed furiously. The fire gained on us. I felt the heat. Sparks fell upon us. Fires started all around us. There were times when the smoke was so thick I could not see.

"Bessie did her best. As she carried me in her arms on a run, I heard the panting of her lungs, I felt the furious beating of her heart. The fire was soon right upon us. From the tops of tall trees, great flags of flame unfurled and waved in the wind, almost above our heads. Burning brands fell upon us in showers. Our clothes caught fire. The heat was something fearful. We could not live in it much longer.

Bessie toiled on over the burning plain with her great load. She did not dare to stop to rest. Her long, thick, golden hair had worked loose. It caught fire in several places. I put out the fires with my hands.

" Presently, Bessie stumbled and fell. I thought she had swooned. She rose slowly upon her hands and knees, but she did not rise to her feet. I thought she was somewhat dazed. 'Bessie, you have done all you can,' I pleaded, once more. 'Run home and get help. I can now crawl to the bridge. I can straddle the log and hitch myself across the moat with my hands. I can crawl out of danger.'

"Bessie did not answer. She was on her knees. Her hands and face were raised toward Heaven. I heard her pray: 'Oh, God, give me strength. Give me strength.' The prayer was over. Bessie removed her shoes and stockings. She took me in her arms again. Her panting had ceased. Her heart was steady. She carried me as if I were a baby. We soon came to the moat. This was bridged with one birch log, long and slender.

"The top of this log was on fire in several places. I did not think the fires had burned deep enough to weaken the log much.

"We were on the log bridge. With her bare feet, Bessie felt her way along the log, carefully and safely. With

her great load, she could not have walked safely with her slippery shoes on the smooth bark of the slender log.

"I could see down into the moat. At this place, it was deep and wide. It looked like a natural rift in the ledge. The bottom and sides were rough rock, with points as sharp as knives. The slender log bent and swayed under our weight. Every step shook off burning coals and blazing bark.

"I shuddered with sympathy for the intense pain. Bessie was walking with her bare feet upon live coals of fire. There was no other way. The log was old and punky. In several places the fires had smoldered into a bed of live coals, a yard or so in length.

"Every moment, the birch bark kindled and blazed up fiercely. Bessie's clothes caught fire a number of times. But the homespun woolen cloth smoldered and smoked without flame. Bessie had to feel her way carefully with her bare feet upon these burning coals.

"Suddenly, we were threatened by a more startling danger. After their council, the Indians had appeared to go half way around the moat and leave this bridge unguarded. But several strong warriors had stayed behind. These warriors were hidden in some thick bushes. They had a rope which was fastened to one end of the log bridge.

"When we were on the middle of this bridge of fire, these red warriors would pull on their rope and draw the log into the moat. Then Bessie and I would fall, about twenty-five feet, upon the stone points as sharp as knives.

"With Indian cunning, they had concealed the rope with grass and bushes. I did not see the rope till it moved when the Indians began to pull. It was then too late to escape. The Indians had driven us by fire from the Haunted Ruins into this death trap.

"At this moment, I heard a great snapping. The log was breaking. We were shooting through the air. I heard the broken log go crashing down. I fainted.

"I revived. A strong man was by my side.

" 'Am I hurt very bad?' I asked, in a faint voice. 'Bless you, no, you aren't hurt,' replied the man in a most reassuring way. 'You've got a hole in your leg, but it will soon heal.'

"I sat up. Bessie was lying near me. Two other men were wrapping bandages around her feet. How white and still she was. 'Is Bessie dead?' I asked.

" 'Bless you, no, she's only fainted,' replied the man, 'Her feet are burned to blisters, her clothes and hair are burned full of holes, but she'll soon be the queen of the settlement!'

"Strong men were all around me. They had guns. The fire was dying down. The Indians were gone.

" 'What's happened?' I asked.

" 'I'll explain,' replied the man, after a sharp glance to see if my mind was clear. 'We are hunters and trappers. When we heard about the Indian war, we came from the mountains.

" 'A short distance from here, toward the settlement, an Indian boy caught up with us. He told us that Captain Chase's son and Deacon Brown's daughter were in the Haunted Ruins, without food, water or weapons. They were surrounded by a mob of yelling Indians. Most of us had served under Captain Chase in the old war. We were on our way to his house to ask him to lead us against Paugus. When we heard about his son, we started on a run for the ruins. We'd give the Indians something to yell for. We came in sight just as the girl, with golden hair started to cross the bridge of fire, with a wounded man in her arms. We didn't dare to shout to her, because it might startle her and cause her to fall.

"We saw the girl, with the greatest load a girl ever carried, pick her way so slow and careful, with her bare feet on burning coals, with many fires

blazing fiercely before her and behind her, with her clothes and hair on fire in a dozen places.

" 'We heard the log snapping. We thought the girl was lost. But she made a swift run. At the right moment, just before the log parted, the girl made a wonderful jump. She landed on this side, all right.

" 'It was the grandest feat in the history of the White Mountains. We cheered her as we never cheered before. She turned toward us, tottered a few steps, swayed blindly to and fro and fell in a deep swoon. The girl had done all she could and 'twas enough.

" 'Young man, the love of this noble girl is the greatest treasure in this world. Always remember how she saved your life today.'

"I always have remembered," concluded my grandfather, Jonathan Chase, as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "Every day I remember how Bessie carried me in her arms out of the doomed castle, over the burning plain, across the bridge of fire, out of the jaws of Death."

My grandmother, Bessie Chase, rose from her easy chair, with a slight flush on her still beautiful face. "Now Jonathan," she said in a tone of gentle reproof, "you know you are praising me too much, for it was not my strength that saved your life, but it was the Hand of God, in answer to my prayer."

THOUGHT*

By Horace G. Leslie, M. D.

Thought is eternal as the years
  And every spark of flame divine,
Kindled in all the ages past,
  Lives, and will, throughout all time.

The purple light in Western sky
  That lingers after sunset hour,
Is not the stardust science claims
  But thought's unloosed immortal dower.

Could we command a crystal lens,
  Moulded with rare alchemic skill,
We'd find the old Platonic germs
  Were moving in their cycle still.

They come and go with varying force,
  Awakening life's lethargic cells,
As, far across some distant field,
  The sleeper hears the morning bells;

And odes of the Homeric muse,
  Unclaimed by pen or printer's art,
Await in evening's silent air
  The meeting of some kindred spark.

* This poem, written by the late Dr. Leslie of Amesbury, Mass., for the GRANITE MONTHLY, many years ago, has never before been published.

They are not dead in all these years,
  But breathe Lethea's breath alone,
And need but hand to smite the rock
  And claim the water for its own.

The wise man said that no new thing
  Has found a place in earthly field;
That only things were new to us
  When fate the other side revealed.

* * * * *

Thought is no plant of annual growth.
  The rings concentric slowly form;
The breath of the eternal years
  Must buffet it like autumn storm,

To give the fibre and the strength
  To beams that bear the lofty roof,
Beneath whose shade the unchained soul
  Holds converse with the King of Truth.

* * * * *

All that Greece heard, or Rome e'er knew,
  Was but a sample sheaf of grain,
Snatched from the shallow furrowed earth—
  A promise only of the brain.

The present welds the broken links,
  Scattered along the path of time,
(The artifice of unknown hands)
  Into one perfect chain of mind.

These books of mine, with vellum bound,
  Hold part of what some one has dreamed;
Oh, could we know that other part
  No earthly hand has ever gleaned!

The poet sings some sweet refrain,
  That echoes in the vale of years.
We feel he had some other note,
  Unsung, save in the distant spheres.

This is the song we fain would hear
  The music of a broader ife;
The harp strings tuned in silent space
  Beyond the jar of human strife.

* * * * *

The pages of historic lore
  Are stained by hands of prejudice;
And what should be but facts alone
  Oft prove but frame for fancy's dress.

The fruit of this erratic vine
  Needs mell'wing power of sun and light;
And days should be a thousand years
  In which to set its flavor right.

Too near the lens the view is blurred,
  And strange distorted visions rise;
'Tis distance gives a clearer sight
  And juster value in the eyes.

E'en creeds and doctrines change with need;
  No fixed stars shine in sky of thought;
The children cast the temples down,
  On whose strong walls their fathers wrought.

The water that was sweet of old
  Grows bitter as in Marah's spring,
And over ruined dreams and hopes
  Forgetfulness like grey vines cling.

* * * * *

When Romance spins her gauzy strands
  Across the window pane of life,
The warp and woof of checkered web
  Is but a dream of love and strife,

Caught by that spider's cunning plan,
  And served for food of present needs;
The marsh gas, fitful, wavering flame
  Around a pool of mud and weeds.

And yet it oft a purpose serves,
  As mulch around some tender shoot,
To guard it from the frost and cold,
  'Till thought secures a firmer root.

Truth sometimes needs a coat of sweet
  As we the bitter pill disguise.
The virtue still remains the same
  Though hid from sight of peering eyes.

Thus thought, in all these varying ways,
  Is brought before the human mind,
And ever up its tendrils creep
  Around life's moss-grown trunk entwined.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF LOON MOUNTAIN

By Norman C. Tice

One pleasant morning in October I was standing on the summit of Loon Mountain, not far from the summer village of North Woodstock. There had been frosty nights but as yet no wild, rough storm had despoiled the foliage of its beauty. The clear blue sky was nearly obscured by lowering clouds, but sudden bursts of sunshine lighted up the valley and the surrounding mountain range.

The mountain-ashes, on the slope of the peak, vied with the sumac in vividness of colors, and were heavily fruited with clusters of crimson berries. Every dwarf shrub was clothed with bright-hued leaves, and the gray rocks and the winding, mossy trails were splashed with blots of fallen, gay-colored leaves.

In the distance were the purple and gold slopes of Mount Moosilauke. The purple was the clumps of spruces, wrapped in the smoky veils of Indian Summer. The gold was the Midas-touched foliage of the slender paper birches. The summit of this peak was capped with a floating mass of filmy clouds that drifted away toward the south. The blue shadows brooded over the slopes of the mountain and crept down the winding valley.

Franconia Notch was half in shadow and alternate bands of sunshine. Where the stripes of sunshine came could be seen the vivid foliage of Autumn, now a blur of red, then one of yellow, or orange. Toward the Notch, and somewhat lower than the summit, could be seen the shores of Loon Pond. The cold, gray waters mirrored the cloud streaked sky, the gorgeous foliage in the trees that overhung the stream, and the leaning birches and spruces.

In the valley below were the nestling villages. Bordered by fields of green aftermath and outlined by groves of trees in Autumn dress, they seemed like painted pictures. Now and then a cloud shadow crept over the valley, darkening the green fields and the gay trappings of the trees, slid over the mountain wall and vanished.

The stream that curved down the valley gleamed in some open eddy, in a long line of yellowish foam, then hied away in the shrubbery. It appeared now and then as if coquetting with the observer, then vanished in the purple haze at the end of the valley.

In the rustling of the gold leaves of the paper birches and in the ruby cheeks of the mountain-ash berries, one could read the signs of the approaching winter, when the village in the valley and the wooded slopes of the encircling peaks would be wrapped in snowy dreams.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BELL OF GHENT

By L. Adelaide Sherman

(The ancient alarm bell of the Belgian city of Ghent was inscribed with these words: "My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire; when I ring there is victory.")

The bell has long been silent; long ago
The church and tower have vanished quite, but lo,
A mighty host has gathered once again—
Yea, all the hero dead from hill and plain,
With folded hands and heads in reverence bent
To hear the message of the Bell of Ghent.

Ring, ring the bell, St. George, that England may
Hear the good news, rejoice with us today.
For O her dead have borne a gallant part—
Their names shall live in every patriot heart.
And still Britannia rules the ocean waves
To prove that Britons never shall be slaves.
Ring, ring the bell. Its word from sea to sea
Is Victory and Victory and Victory.

Ring, ring the bell, Joan, that France may hear—
Her children answer with a jubilant cheer.
Pull, pull the cord, while Belgium's blue-eyed king
Shall hear the joyful, peace-winged message ring,
Rejoicing that he checked the foe's advance
And saved the honor of his sister, France.
Republic France! Thy word from sea to sea
Is Liberty—is blood-won Liberty.

Yea, Father of thy country, Washington,
Ring, ring the bell, while every loyal son
Hearkens to its inspired peal; it rings
The downfall of all coronets and kings.
Rejoice, ye dead, for from your sacrifice
Freer and holier nations shall arise.
Ring out, ring out your word from sea to sea,
Democracy, Democracy, Democracy.

The vision fades! And One in robes of white
Stands by a Cross, bathed in eternal light.
English and German, Frank and Austrian stand
In adoration with hand clasping hand.
Their voices blend in one triumphant strain,
And heaven is echoing the glad refrain;
The angels sing it round the crystal sea,
Christianity, Christianity, Christianity.

Contoocook, N. H.

N. H. NECROLOGY

EDWARD J. CUMMINGS

Hon. Edward J. Cummings, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second New Hampshire District, died at his home in Littleton, N. H., September 23, 1918.

Mr. Cummings was born in Littleton August 13, 1881, graduated from the Littleton High School in 1900, from Dartmouth College in 1904, and the Harvard Law School in 1907, when he was admitted to the bar and practiced in Concord with Hon. Henry F. Hollis till the fall of 1908 when he located in practice in Littleton and there continued. He was elected solicitor of Grafton County, as a Democrat, in 1912, serving for two years following. He was a member of the legislature from Littleton during the last session, and took an active part in legislation, being especially prominent in advocacy of prohibition and woman suffrage. In the last state primary—September 3—he was nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Second District, but died suddenly of pneumonia twenty days later.

He was active in the affairs of the Episcopal Church in Littleton, and prominent in the Independent Order of Foresters, having held the office of high chief ranger for New Hampshire and Vermont.

He married in June, 1911, Eunice J. Marsh of Haverhill, Mass., who survives, with a son.

WILLIAM H. ELLIOTT

William H. Elliott, a prominent citizen of Keene, died at his summer home in Nelson, August 2, 1918.

Mr. Elliott was born in Keene, May 25, 1850, son of John H. and Emily A. (Wheelock) Elliott. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard College, class of 1872; studied law, and received the degree of LL.B., from Harvard Law School; was admitted to the bar and took up his residence in Keene, but devoted himself mainly to business and financial affairs. He was a director and president of the Cheshire National Bank, president of the trustees of Elliott City Hospital, founded by his father; president of the Beaver Mills Corporation, of the Keene Gas and Electric Co., and a director in many other corporations. He was a Unitarian, and a Republican, and was several times a member of the Keene city government.

He married, in 1882, Mary Fiske Edwards, daughter of the late Hon. Thomas M. Edwards, who survives him, with a son and two daughters.

HON. A. CHESTER CLARK

Allan Chester Clark, judge of the Municipal Court of Concord, died at the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital in that city, from pneumonia, September 23, 1918.

Judge Clark was born in Center Harbor, N. H., July 4, 1877. He was educated at the Meredith High School, New Hampton Institution and Dartmouth College, leaving the latter after the first year. He studied law for a time with Bertram Blaisdell of Meredith, but soon removed to Concord and engaged in journalistic work, as Concord correspondent of various newspapers, meanwhile pursuing his legal studies, and was admitted to the bar June 27, 1913, being soon after appointed judge of the Concord District Court by Gov. Samuel D. Felker. When the district court system was overturned by the Republican legislature, in 1915, to get rid of the Democratic judges, Judge Clark was one of the very few Democrats retained by Governor Spaulding, and was made judge of the new municipal court which position he filled with marked ability, establishing a reputation which extended throughout the state and beyond its borders.

He was a Unitarian, a Democrat, a Knight Templar Mason, a Patron of Husbandry, and a Knight of Pythias, having been a chancellor of Concord Lodge and deputy grand chancellor of the New Hampshire Grand Lodge. He was a delegate from Center Harbor in the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and secretary of the conventions of 1912 and 1918.

He married, June 12, 1917, Jennie A. Ross of New Brunswick, who survives him, with a son, Allan Chester, Jr., born subsequent to his decease.

HON. EDWIN F. JONES

Hon. Edwin F. Jones, born in Manchester, April 19, 1859, son of Edwin R. and Mary A (Farnham) Jones, died in that city, from pneumonia, October 6, 1918.

He was educated in the Manchester schools and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1880; he studied law with the late Hon. David Cross, was admitted to the bar in 1883, and was in practice in Manchester till the time of his decease, with distinguished success.

Mr. Jones was a Unitarian and a Republican. He served as assistant clerk of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1881; as clerk in 1883 and 1885, as city solicitor of

Manchester twelve years, from 1887, as treasurer of Hillsborough County from 1887 to 1895, as a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and as president of the Convention of 1912. He was president of the Republican State Convention in 1900, and a delegate at large from New Hampshire in the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1908. He had been a trustee of the Manchester City Library since 1906, was a member of the American Bar Ass'n, N. H. Bar Ass'n, (president, 1906–8), a 32d degree Mason and Knight Templar, and grand master of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire in 1910. He was a member of the Manchester Committee of Public Safety, and chairman of the Speaker's Bureau of the New Hampshire Committee of Public Safety.

On December 21, 1887, he was united in marriage with Nora F. Kennard of Manchester, who survives. A daughter, Rebecca, died in October, 1902, at the age of twelve years.

FRANK P. MAYNARD

Frank P. Maynard, a prominent business man, and for many years an extensive shoe manufacturer of Claremont, died on November 7.

Mr. Maynard was born in Fairfield, Me., August 25, 1850. He went to California in youth where he was engaged three years in mining. Returning East, he engaged in shoe manufacturing in Nashua, where he continued eight years, then engaged in the retail shoe trade in Boston for a time, but removed to Claremont in 1883, where he established an extensive shoe manufacturing plant and conducted the same many years with great success. He was prominent in many other business enterprises, was president of the Claremont Building Association, Peoples National Bank, and the Claremont Gas Light Co. He was instrumental in introducing electric lighting in Claremont. In politics he was a Republican, and served on the staff of Gov. George A. Ramsdell.

He leaves a widow and one daughter.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

The subscriber, who founded the GRANITE MONTHLY in the city of Dover, in 1877, removing the same to Concord two years later, who has been its editor and publisher during a considerable portion of its existence, hereby announces its sale to Harlan C. Pearson of Concord, who assumes control January 1, 1919.

It is with no little regret that he takes this step, but advancing years and other interests render it necessary. He has the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the magazine is passing into the hands of one who is abundantly qualified to make it a publication in which every New Hampshire man and woman, at home or abroad, may well take pride; and whose succeeding volumes will fitly supplement the fifty volumes already issued, as a repository of New Hampshire history and biography, and of literary and descriptive matter pertaining to the State and its welfare.

No man in New Hampshire is better acquainted with the State, its people and its interests, than Mr. Pearson, who has been the Secretary of six of its governors and long editor of the Concord *Monitor* and *Statesman*, also Concord correspondent of the Associated Press and many newspapers in and out of the State. The subscriber bespeaks for him the hearty support of all present patrons, and of the general public in the earnest and honest effort which he will make to improve the character and extend the influence of this magazine.

Volumes 49 and 50 of the GRANITE MONTHLY, embracing the issues for 1917 and 1918, bound together, in one book, after the style of preceding bound volumes, will be ready for delivery to such subscribers as have been accustomed to exchange their unbound numbers for the same, early in the coming year.

Subscribers who are in arrears should make payment up to January 1, 1919, before that date, as all bills not then paid will be placed for collection at the advertised rate of $1.50 per year for subscriptions not paid in advance.

H. H. METCALF,
Publisher.