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THE
GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XXXVII

CONCORD, N. H.
PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1904

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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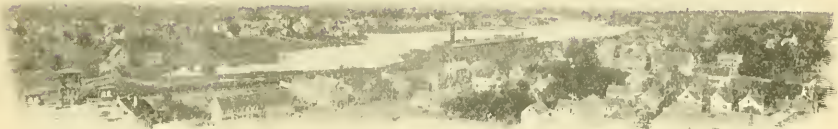
THE CLOCK TOWER, FRANK JONES BREWING CO., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVII.

JULY, 1904.

No. 1.



View From Clock Tower.

A GLASS OF ALE.

With pictures from the plant of the Frank Jones Brewing Company, Portsmouth, N. H.

By H. B. Colby.

Ale is a decoction of barley to which is added a certain quantity of hops and yeast, and is then allowed to ferment to a given degree, when it is drawn off into barrels and permitted to age perfectly before it is ready for the use of the consumer.

It has been made in some form or other since the very earliest ages of which we have any reliable record; for we find that the Egyptians made a decoction of barley which was used as a beverage more than five thousand years ago, according to the estimates of the most eminent Egyptologists of the present day. It played a most important part in their mythology and is mentioned in the "Book of the Dead," which is the record of the ancient Egyptian kings, and which book is at the least five thousand years old.

It would appear from these records that barley must have furnished a national beverage for many years before that book's earliest date. It is also related that Osiris, about 2017 B. C., found "barley-wine" in the Egyptian city of Pelusium; again, we are told, in another place, that about 3000 B. C., in the Nile land, four kinds of beer were known.

Herodotus (484 B. C.) speaks only of a barley-wine known to the Egyptians, and even asserts that the grape was not found on the soil of Egypt. A native of Greece, where the grape has been cultivated since dim ages of the past and where wine drinking was ever the universal custom, Herodotus was plainly an entire stranger to the Egyptian juice of barley. He relates: "Their beverage



Private Railway in Brewery Yard.

is a wine prepared by them from barley, there being no grapes in their country." Pliny (23 A. D.), speaking of the Egyptian drink, says that it is made from grain soaked in water; and, as a wine-drinking Roman, he deploras the fact that so much skill is wasted in the production of so light a beverage. That it was made from malted grain is not alone shown by the various designations of barley, but also by the *discovery of barley-malt in the ruins of ancient Egypt*. In this connection we find no mention at all of hops, so it is most probable that they used pungent roots and certain spices for the flavors to suit the popular taste.

The formulas for the making of barley-wine, and many variations of the same, were evidently carried gradually from one country to another, by occasional travelers and by the incessant invasions of warring armies, and in due course of time

reached England, where its manufacture attained such absolute perfection of brewing that the "Ale of Merrie England" has been for many years the standard of quality. By the beginning of the reign of Henry II the English were greatly addicted to the use of ale. The waters of Burton-on-Trent began to be famous in the thirteenth century. The secret of their being so especially adapted for brewing purposes was first discovered by some monks, who have ever been celebrated in poetry and painting as good and great drinkers, and the monasteries were remarkable for the strength and purity of their ales, brewed from malt prepared by the monks with great care and skill.

A record still extant and bearing date of 1295 (think of it), bears witness of a re-lease of certain lands and tenements in the adjacent neighborhood of Wetmore to the abbot and convent of Burton-on-Trent at a daily

rental, during the life of the lessor, of two white loaves from the monastery, two gallons of conventual beer, and one penny, besides seven gallons of beer for the men. The brewers of Burton-on-Trent are more famous today than ever before. Michael Thomas Bass, who died in 1884, was noted for his industry, integrity, ability, and public liberality (especially to religious and educational works). For thirty-three years he also represented Derby in the British parliament. Michael Arthur, his eldest son, succeeded him in the management of the business. His parliamentary career commenced in 1865 and he was created a peer, under the title of Lord Burton, during the last Gladstone administration.

Beer was brought from old England to New England by the passengers on the *Mayflower*, and we find in Young's "Chronicles of the Pilgrims," that, after a two days' pursuit of Indians on Cape Cod, they stood much in need of fresh water,

"for we brought neither beer nor water with us from the ship, and our only victuals was biseuit and Holland cheese and a little bottle of brandy." And later when on board ship they were debating as to the advisability of establishing a permanent settlement on Cape Cod, the same record says: "We had yet some beer, butter, flesh, and other victuals left, which would quickly be all gone; and then we should have nothing to comfort us. . . . So in the morning, after we had called on God for direction, we came to this resolution—to go presently ashore again and to take a better view of two places which we thought most fitting for us; for we could not now take time for further search or consideration, our victuals being much spent, especially our beer, and it being now the 19th of December." Later we find: "Monday, the 25th, 1620, being Christmas day, we began to drink water aboard. But, at night, the master caused us to have some beer, but on shore none at all."



Store where Ale is Matured.



A Floor in the Malt House.

A year later, one of the Pilgrims writing to a friend in England, tells him, in shipping goods for the colony: "Let your casks for beer be iron-bound." But so far as I can find out there is no record of the arrival of this beer in any kind of casks. One John Jenny, a brewer by trade, came to Plymouth in 1623, and was the first of the craft to arrive in New England; he worked a corn mill but it is not recorded that he ever brewed in the colony. The colonists of Massachusetts Bay were more successful in their shipments from the old country, for, early in 1629, the British Court of Assistants sent to them, on the *Talbot*, forty-five tuns of beer and four hundredweight of hops. Thirty quarters of malt were sent afterwards in another ship. Samuel Wentworth of Portsmouth obtained the first license to brew beer in New Hampshire in 1670, but the difficulty in obtaining barley caused the trade to languish for many years.

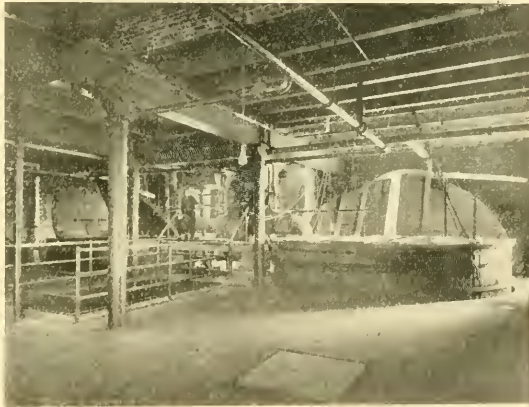
In 1854 John Swindels, an Englishman, came to Portsmouth, N. H., and

started a brewery on Bridge St., but soon moved to Market St. Swindels was a thorough master of the art of brewing and made a good quality of ale, but he lacked the business capacity essential to success, so in 1856 he sold an interest in the brewery to Frank Jones, and in 1861 Mr. Jones purchased the balance of the business and started The Frank Jones Brewing Co., which began with an annual output of only five thousand three hundred barrels, and is to-day one of the largest ale and porter plants in the United States.

Frank Jones was born in Barrington, September 15, 1832, and was the fifth of seven children of Thomas and Mary (Priest) Jones. Thomas Jones, a thrifty and well-to-do farmer of Barrington, was one of fourteen children of Peltiah Jones, a successful sea captain who, born in Wales and emigrating to this country with his parents in infancy (his father dying on the passage), was in early life placed by his mother in the service of the well-known Portsmouth navigator,

Captain Sheafe, by whom he was trained in the occupation which he followed for many years, becoming a ship owner as well as master. The War of 1812 made navigation dangerous, and, during its progress, he availed himself of a favorable opportunity to sell both ship and cargo, and with the proceeds purchased the farm in Barrington, which became known as the Jones homestead, and subsequently came into the possession of Thomas, who, inheriting the Welsh characteristics of perseverance and sagacity, aided by the Scotch thrift and intelligence of his wife, a daughter of Capt. Joseph Priest of Nottingham, added largely to his possessions, and accumulated a handsome property for a New Hampshire farmer of that day. With the characteristic independence of the New England youth his sons started out early in

he obtained his father's consent to strike out for himself and, putting his clothing in a bundle, he started on foot for Portsmouth, a city with which he was already somewhat familiar, having driven in more than once with charecoal, wood, or farm products for the city market, in the disposal of which he learned his first lessons in trade and business life. Here his elder brother, Hiram, was already well established in the stove and hardware business, with several men in his employ, most of whom engaged in peddling his lighter wares through the surrounding towns. Frank went to work for his brother, and shortly made a contract with him for three years' service, receiving a thousand dollars for the full time, most of which he spent as a peddler. The knowledge of human nature, and the varied characteristics of men,



A Mash-tun.

life to make their own way in the world. It was the desire of his parents that Frank should remain at home upon the farm; but the young man's ambitious spirit was not satisfied in any such circumscribed sphere of action. In his seventeenth year

which he gained during his three years' experience, proved of vast advantage in his future business career. His father had endeavored to secure his return home, but his brother's promise to receive him as a partner in the business at the expiration of the

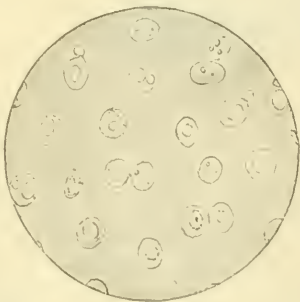


A Copper.

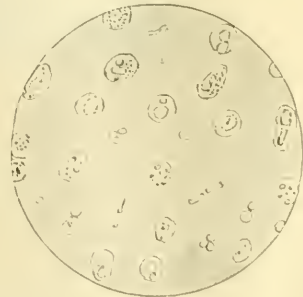
contract was a temptation too strong to be resisted. When reminded of his promise, after his contract had expired, his brother tried to persuade him to continue in his employ, offering him a cash present of one thousand dollars and a thousand dollars a year for a term of five years. This, at that time, was a most tempting offer for a youth of twenty years, and he thought at first to accept it; but, upon returning to the store, after a brief visit to his parents, he was forcibly struck with the thought that if his brother could afford to make him such an offer the business was sufficiently profitable to make an interest therein desirable, and he determined to insist on the original agreement,

which was accordingly carried out, and he became a partner with his brother in a large and well established business in January, 1853. Already thoroughly conversant with the practical details of the business, he devoted himself thereto with all the energy of his nature, and the following autumn his brother, being in ill health, sold him his interest, leaving him, at twenty-one years of age, the sole proprietor. He continued the business with eminent success until 1861, when he sold out, for the purpose (as we have already stated) of devoting his undivided energies to the management of the brewery.

Under his guiding hand the business grew more prosperous and luera-



Good Yeast.



Poor Yeast.

tive, and many improvements and additions were projected and carried out by Mr. Jones. To bring and keep the quality of his ale up to the highest point of excellence was Mr. Jones' object from the outset, and he consequently determined to produce his own malt. So, in 1863, the Company built a large malt house, with a capacity of eighty thousand bushels. The business increased steadily and they enlarged this house in 1868;

ter in the United States were built, and other improvements have since been made on a like scale, important among which should be mentioned the extensive bottling works erected in 1900, and adjoining the brewery.

A visit to the plant of this company will take one over an enormous acreage of floor space, every bit of which is absolutely as neat and clean as it is possible to obtain by the copious scaldings of boiling hot water, and



The Cooler.

then in 1871, to keep up with their orders, it was found necessary to build a new brew house, which was constructed and arranged throughout in the most thorough and perfect manner, and furnished with the best improved appliances known to the business. In 1878 a cooperage department was added, and the following year still another and much larger malt house was erected. During the early eighties the largest cellars for the storage of ale and por-

thorough scrubbing. Up in the top of one of the malt houses you will see great vats in which the barley is steeped, or soaked, in order to start the germinating process. In steeping, the grain swells about one fifth in bulk, and one half in weight. It is then spread on floors and germination begins.

Barley is the seed of several species of *Hordeum*, and belongs to the tribe of grasses called by botanists *Graminaceae*. It has been cultivated since



Fermenting Tuns.

the earliest times. Good barley should have a thin, clean, wrinkled husk, closely adhering to a plump, well-fed kernel, which, when broken, appears white and sweet, with a germ full, and of a pale yellow color. It is, of all cereals, the best adapted for malting, containing more starch and less gluten than other grain, and about seven per cent. of ready-formed grape-sugar. Great care must be exercised in buying in order that the barley may be of even-sized grains and free from clay, stones, and other seeds. Outside of this country the brewer has to scour Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, and the United States for his barley and hops; but the Pacific and Western states and the state of New York supply the American brewer with all that he requires.

The maltster's object is to obtain as much saccharine matter as possible, with the smallest loss of substance, by

converting the starch of the barley into sugar, and thus preparing it for the brewery. As germination starts, the stem begins to grow under the husk from the same end as the root, but, instead of piercing the husk, turns around and proceeds under it to the other end of the grain. This would develop into the green leaf were its progress not stopped. Best ales are made from malt in which the stem is allowed to grow to almost the length of the kernel and is nearly ready to burst through as a veritable sprout; at this time there will be found five rootlets curling from the end of the grain. When germination has reached this stage it is stopped by removing the barley to another room, having a metal floor pierced with many fine holes which admit a constant current of hot air, thus drying the grain quickly. The Frank Jones Co. malt houses use over four thousand bushels of barley every week.

The malt, being sufficiently dried, is then sifted, and crushed in a mill that resembles those used in making "roller process" flour, after which it is conveyed to the mash-tun and is there covered with water heated to a very high temperature. Good water, hard, and free from organic matter, is an absolute necessity in the brewing of good ale. The supposed value of the Burton waters is due to the fact that they are not surface waters at all, but are drawn from wells twenty to one hundred and twenty feet deep, supplied from springs. Now that is exactly the case in Portsmouth, and The Frank Jones Brewery has its own auxiliary pumping station ready in an emergency.

The water having been heated and added to the malt in the mash-tun (the contents of which are now known as "mash") the mash is drawn off into the copper; here the

hops are added and the materials for the brew (now known as "wort") are ready. Hops were first used in brewing in the ninth century, and were introduced into England from Flanders. They are added to impart the bitter flavor and also as a preservative. A good brewer carefully times his brew at the proper temperature, for too much or too little brewing is as bad for ale as for tea. The wort is now drawn off and rapidly cooled by falling in a steady stream over the pipes shown in the cut. These pipes are ice cold, being filled constantly by the pumps of the refrigerating plant. The wort passes from the cooler to the fermenting tuns, where the yeast is added and fermentation at once commences. The yeast is a very important factor in brewing operations and great care is taken to have it pure and of the right formation. Microscopic exam-



Filling Casks in Racking Room.



Where the Casks are Washed.

ination is the test for this and two kinds are here shown. As fermentation progresses, a great mass of foam is thrown up to a thickness of some three feet on the top of the ale and is repeatedly skimmed off until the operation is completed, when the ale is drawn off into a tank of metal, and compressed air admitted to the top to force it into the casks in the "racking room." The casks are also filled with air at the same pressure, so that as the ale comes in the air goes out, and there is no foaming; consequently the barrel may be filled full.

The Frank Jones Brewing Company make most of the casks which they use, and maintain a large and well appointed cooper shop for this purpose. When a cask is returned empty, it is carefully inspected, and, if sweet, is cleansed in the washing room, thoroughly scalded and rinsed before refilling; but if it is found to be foul, then it goes to the cooper shop and a head is taken out to cleanse the inside thoroughly.

In order that the ale in cask may be systematically and intelligently matured, stores are required in which



Farm Teams Waiting in the Brewery Yard for Grains.



Store for Maturing Bottled Ale.

one even temperature can be kept all the year round. This means that each store must contain a heating apparatus for use in winter and a refrigerating one for use in summer. In these vaults are stored thousands of casks at the same even temperature every day of the year. Experience has proved that 54 degrees Fahr. is the natural temperature for the life of ale. There are several useful by-products in the process which are valuable, among which are the grains which are bought by the farmers in the vicinity for feed; the spent hops, for manure; and screenings or skimmings of barley, for chicken food.

When the several brands of ale are properly matured, the casks are shipped to the different agents for sale, or else are taken to the adjoining bottling department and bottled for export or for family use. The bottling plant is equipped with the most

modern labor-saving machinery for cleansing the bottles, filling, and sealing them.

In every department of this immense brewing plant the utmost care is taken to the end that its product shall be the best that money and brains can produce. Cleanliness is the first order for every man on the place, and the men in charge of the various operations are every one experts. Only the best modern machinery is used, and the buyers of the grain and hops to be consumed are searching always for the best that can be bought.

The result is that most people consider Frank Jones' Ales even superior to the celebrated imported products. The output is steadily increasing, being last year nearly a quarter of a million barrels, and will probably exceed that amount considerably the present year.



CHARLES C. HAYES

CHARLES C. HAYES.

H. B. C.

At a recent political meeting held in Manchester, the Democratic candidate for mayor was briefly introduced by a man, who, after the nominee had made his speech of acceptance, was himself loudly called upon for a speech. The current papers said that he made "his usual graceful speech, which was composed of solid facts, combined in logical sequence; no vituperation; just a fair-minded presentation of facts and figures with which he was perfectly familiar."

This man was Charles Carrol Hayes, one of the leading business men of Manchester.

He is a native of New London. His early years were spent in that beautiful country town and in Salisbury, where his parents moved in 1861 and where his father, the late Hon. John M. Hayes, conducted a general store during, and after, the Civil War. In 1869 the family moved to Manchester, which has since been the residence of the subject of this sketch. Mr. Hayes obtained his education in the district schools of New London and Salisbury and the public schools of Manchester, graduating from the Manchester High school in 1875 with a good record for scholarship and industry.

After graduation he made a trip through the West and shortly after his return he entered the employ of John M. Chandler & Co., then conducting the "Old Family General

Store," known far and wide in the early days of Manchester under the management of Kidder & Chandler (the late distinguished Mason and Odd Fellow, Joseph Kidder, being the original head of the firm). The business of this firm was very extensive and it brought the young clerk a wide acquaintance with the farmers of the surrounding towns, for the "Old Family Store" was almost a landmark for the farmers from miles around, who were accustomed to make it their headquarters on their trading trips to Manchester. Remaining here about three years, Mr. Hayes entered into business for himself, purchasing a grocery store at the corner of Elm and Mechanic streets, which he conducted successfully for three and a half years, when he disposed of it and entered upon the real estate, insurance, loan, and surety bond business, in which he is at present engaged. Having his office at first in the Opera block, Mr. Hayes moved in 1894 to the magnificent, newly erected Kennard building, and in the new structure of the same name he has his office at the present time; he is also the agent for the building. The integrity, business acumen, and enterprise of Mr. Hayes has resulted in building up a profitable and satisfactory business of a sterling reputation among people of all classes.

Politically, Charles C. Hayes is a

Democrat, and of the most sturdy sort, as was his father before him. But such is the confidence reposed in him by even his political opponents that he has always run largely ahead of his ticket when named for public office. In 1894 and again in 1896 he was the candidate of his party for mayor of Manchester against the popular William C. Clarke. On the latter occasion he polled a vote larger by fifty per cent. than that thrown for his ticket, being defeated by only 700 votes when the average Republican majority for other officers was over 2,600. This was in the Presidential year of 1896, when, it will be remembered, the silver issue contributed so largely to demoralize the Democratic party, and when the largest degree of personal popularity was necessary to hold the average Democratic strength, not to mention gaining votes from the opposition. This year he has been named by his party for treasurer of Hillsborough county, and there is little doubt among any who know him but that his record will largely reduce, if it does not extinguish, the usual large Republican majority for that office. In the councils of his party Mr. Hayes is an influential figure. While making no aspirations to the fame of a "spell-binder," he is a clear, logical, and forcible speaker, and is found on the platform declaring the truth as he sees it, with dignity and effect, whenever occasion requires.

In the various business concerns of Manchester Mr. Hayes is largely interested as a public-spirited and enterprising citizen. A charter member of the Board of Trade, he was the president of that representative organization in 1894 and 1895, and has

been its treasurer since the death of the late Henry Chandler. In the development of the shoe industry, which is second among the great industries of Manchester, where its employees number several thousands, he is actively interested, and is treasurer of the Rimmon Manufacturing company, owning the factory operated by H. B. Reed & Co., and is clerk of the Manchester Shoe Manufacturing Co., which owns the huge building occupied by Kimball Bros., who are among the largest manufacturers in their line in the country. Mr. Hayes is a stockholder in numerous other manufacturing enterprises on which the abundant prosperity of Manchester is founded. No project looking toward the advancement of the city of his adoption fails to secure his sympathetic assistance.

It is inevitable that a man of Mr. Hayes' companionable nature should be attracted by that form of modern civilization which finds its expression in the Fraternal Order, and he early became a member of the Masonic fraternity, to whose teachings there is no more devoted adherent in our state. He took the degrees, which made him a Master Mason, in Washington lodge, No. 61, in 1877, and subsequently passed through the significant rites of Mt. Horeb Royal Arch Chapter, Adoniram Council of Royal and Select Masters, and Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar, of Manchester. He was also advanced through the degrees of Edward A. Raymond Consistory of the Scottish Rite of Nashua, and received the 33d degree of Masonry, September 21, 1897, at Boston, Mass. In all the beneficent work of this grand fraternity he bears an honored and prom-

inent part, for he is a friend and supporter of that magnificent charity, the Masonic Home at Manchester, being at the present time a trustee of that institution. The offices he has held in the Masonic order embrace those of Worshipful Master of Washington lodge, Thrice Illustrious Master of Adoniram Council, Eminent Commander of Trinity Commandery, Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons in New Hampshire in 1894-'95, and Right Eminent Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar of New Hampshire (in 1893), of which body he is now Grand Treasurer.

In addition to his Masonic connections, he is a member of Amoskeag grange, Patrons of Husbandry. Mr. Hayes early affiliated with the Baptist denomination and was president of the First Baptist Religious society of Manchester for the thirteen years ending in December, 1903, and was identified with its board for twenty years.

In a thriving city like Manchester there is no end to the directions in which the activities of a public-spirited and energetic citizen can manifest themselves, and, in addition to the bodies already mentioned, Mr.

Hayes holds membership in the Derryfield and Calumet clubs, and is a trustee of the Mechanics' Savings bank.

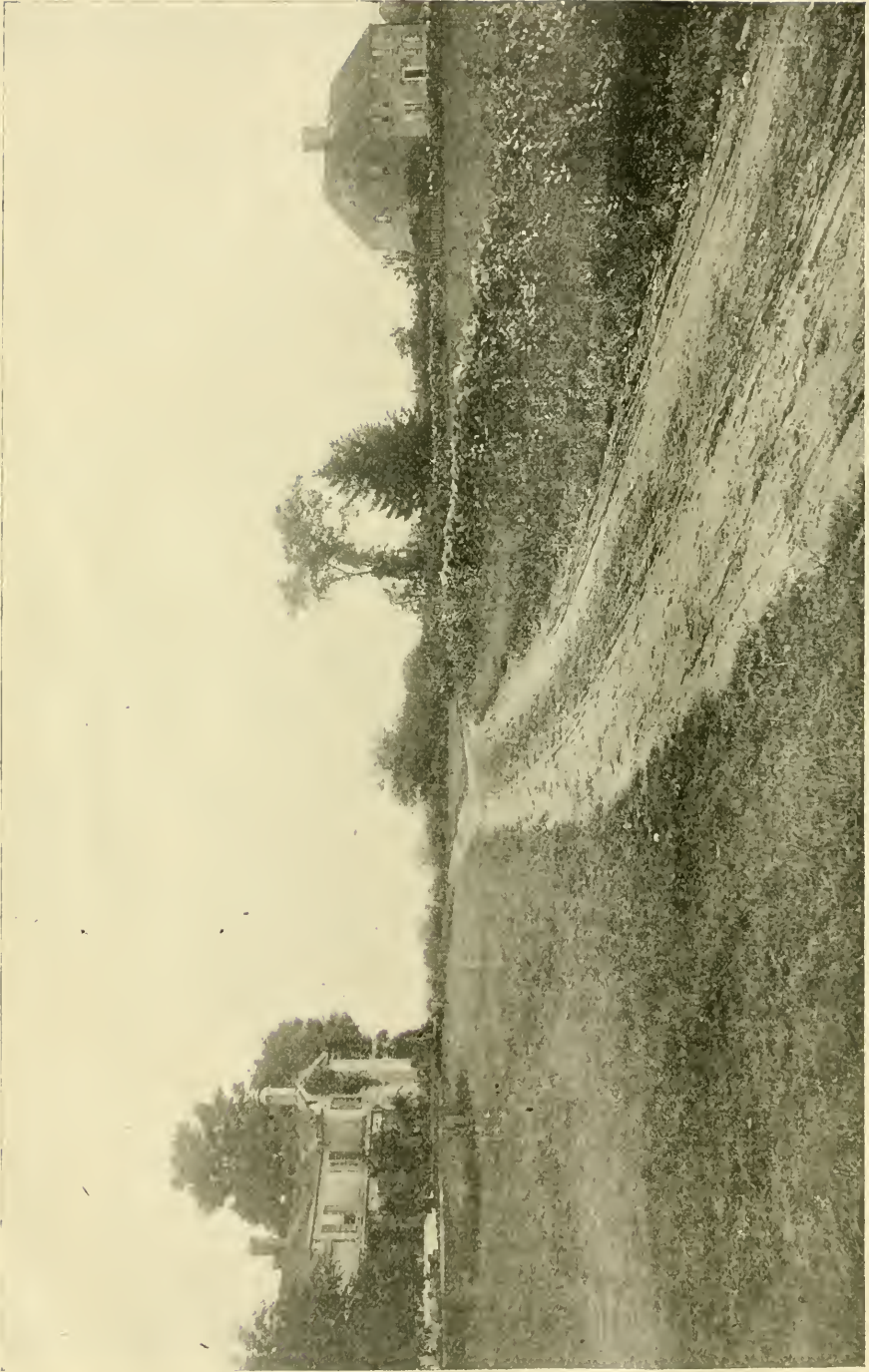
Mr. Hayes has been twice married, first, in 1885, to Miss Belle J. Kennard (daughter of John and Hannah B. Kennard), who died August 1, 1890, leaving three children, John Carrol, Louise K., and Annie Belle. In 1900 he married Miss Carrie W. Anderson. They have one daughter, Marion.

In all the relations of life Charles C. Hayes represents the best type of the public-spirited, conscientious citizen, and his name stands for honesty, conservatism, and good sense in the management of public and private affairs. Whenever he has been a candidate for public office, his opponent has realized at the close of the canvass that there has been a contest, and the large votes cast for Mr. Hayes show clearly enough the impress that his character has made upon the community in which he has lived so many years. Thoroughly loyal to his city and his state, true to his principles, to his friends and himself, Charles C. Hayes deserves the respect in which he is held.

ON THE TIDE.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

We idly drift down the marshy coves,
 And round the ledges where the breakers foam,
 The white-winged gulls fly overhead in droves
 And wildly sing our hearts: "The sea is home."



THE OLD HOUSE (BUILT 1743).



F. B. Sanborn (1904).

HISTORY AND POETRY FROM THE LIFE OF F. B. SANBORN OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAPTER I.—CHILDHOOD.

At the request of the editor of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, who desires to preserve and publish in this magazine all that relates to the colony and state where we were born, I begin these recollections of a long life, in which will be mingled many a strand from earlier times than ours, and many another life which has crossed mine, or flowed beside it to that wide ocean of Eternity, towards which every human existence tends, in its short course through this inscrutable world. We are sent into it without our will, and we stay here a longer or

shorter time, with no consent of our own, for the most part; and the influence of our small contribution of vitality and activity, to the infinitude of life around us, we can neither compute nor avoid in the final reckoning of human accountability. I can at least say that mine has never been consciously directed, save in the sallies of youth, towards aught but the good of others, as I then understood it; though it may well be that what I thought for their best was in its effect far otherwise.

My vitality, but, I hope, not my infant accountability, began in a brisk winter day, December 15, 1831, in



The Old B. Sanborn House. (In Front of Munt Hill)

the southwest lower room of the old house, built in 1743, which is represented in the view of it here given. My mother, Lydia Leavitt by her maiden name, was then approaching thirty-two, having been born at her father's house, under the four elms, (Thomas Leavitt's) in March, 1800, coincident with the new century, and married at the age of twenty. My father, Aaron Sanborn, was then thirty-nine (born November 26, 1793); and I was the fourth of his children who survived—an infant, his first-born, dying in 1820-'21. His oldest son, my eldest living brother, to whom I was much indebted for my early education, Charles Henry Sanborn, became a physician after many experiences and some adventures, and practised for more than forty years in the old township of Hampton, which was founded in 1638 by our earliest American ancestor, Reverend Stephen Bachiler, an Oxford graduate of 1586, and the latest of our immediate line to receive a university degree, until 1855 and 1856, when Charles and I took our Harvard diplomas of A. B. and M. D., 270 years later than our clerical forefather. In 1867 our youngest brother, Joseph Leavitt

Sanborn (born in October, 1843), took his Harvard degree. In his education Dr. Charles and I co-operated, and also his two sisters and elder brother, Lewis Thomas Sanborn (born October 11, 1834; died June 26, 1904), under whose particular care he was after my leaving New Hampshire in 1854-'55. These sisters were Sarah Elizabeth (born May 23, 1823; died at Hampton Falls, Feb. 25, 1903) and Helen Maria (born March 17, 1830, and still living in our old home). Our ancestors, with the exception of Mr. Bachiler and his eldest grandson of the Sanborn line, John, were all born in the first broad township of Hampton, including what are now that town and Hampton Falls, North Hampton, Seabrook, Southampton, and a good part of Kensington. Most of them, excepting the second John Sanborn and his brother Joseph (of the Sanborn line) were born on the farm of which our old house was near the center, and the Benjamin Sanborn house (represented above) was at the western limit. Another Sanborn house stood not far from the barn of Dr. Sanborn's place, and was long the residence of Deacon Benjamin, one of the first of many Hamp-

ton Falls deacons; while a still older house, most likely of hewn logs, stood near the "Pepperidge Bush," which was a landmark for centuries, half way down the hill to the north-west, on the old Exeter road.

The original Sanborn farm, taken up, as I suppose, before 1680, adjoined the farm of Nathaniel Bachel-der, a grandson of Parson Stephen, now occupied (in part) by my cousin, Warren Brown, the historian of the parish and town of Hampton Falls. It was much more extensive than that lately left by my brother, Lewis, and seems to have reached from the corner where the "Old Mill Road" comes out upon the "Back Road" to Hamp- ton, westward about 220 rods, to the Indian hill behind the Benjamin San- born house, on which, traditionally, was the wigwam of an Indian — always known as "Munt Hill," mean- ing "Mound Hill," as I fancy. This neighborhood center of San- borns, Bachelers, and Prescotts

was originally a blockhouse fort against Indian assault, then a school- house, and finally the meeting-house of 1768, here represented. One by one the families removed, and others came in (always excepting the Sanborns and a branch of the Bachelers), so that, at my birth, the neighborhood was made up of Sanborns in two houses, the Browns in two, the Lanes (a con- nection of the Sanborns by the mar- riage of Deacon Lane to my grand- father's aunt, Mary Sanborn), and the Perkinses, Wellses, and Healeys, who had come upon the lands of Deacon Sanborn, and of the Greens and Pres- cotts and Cliffords gone elsewhere. Temporarily the parsonage was empty of a minister (Parson Abbot having gone upon his farm at Windham) and my uncle, Joseph, with his wife and two children were there, tenants of the parish. A few years after my birth they removed to what is now the oldest house in town—an ancient Cram homestead—my uncle's wife



The Old Meeting-house.



Interior of the Old Meeting-house.

being Betsey Cram, a sister of Porter and Joseph Cram, who were an important influence in my boyhood and youth, as will be seen. Of this house the artist presents a view in connection with the story of my first escape. In my native hamlet I was one of some twenty children--six Sanborns, one Sanborn-Stevens, adopted by my grandfather; six Healeys, cousins of Mrs. Dall; three Browns, two Lanes, two Wellses, and one Perkins--the other Browns and Perkinses having grown up and gone into the world to make their way. At present there are but four children where the twenty-one of 1833 gambled and went to school at the red or the brick schoolhouse. My systematic instruction began in the red house, on the ridge leading to my Grandfather Leavitt's hill and meadow farm, and half way between his house and my father's. My sisters took me there before I was

four, and at the age of four and a half I was the pupil of dear Mary Lawrence, who gave me my first reward of merit, and bestowed on me her sweet smile, which I still remember. She was the daughter of Dr. Lawrence of Hampton, and taught only in summers--the winter schools, frequented by the big boys, requiring the muscles of a schoolmaster, who sometimes wielded the rod with manly vigor. I was soon transferred to the brick schoolhouse on the Exeter road, and there continued my education, summer and winter, till at the age of eleven I had begun algebra, and was learning a little Latin from my brother Charles, who read Cæsar, Virgil, and Cicero at the age of twenty, self-instructed, so far as I know.

But I have a few recollections earlier than even my alphabetical school years; indeed, I must have

had the alphabet when I went to Mary Lawrence; for I then read in words of two or three syllables, and could understand the pictured fables in the spelling-book that had superseded Webster's. His "rude boy" stealing apples still survived in the newer book, and could be seen in the coarser printed Webster, carefully preserved among other old schoolbooks in the garret. Of this garret I have early souvenirs; but one of my earliest recollections is of another garret, with very steep stairs, up which my short legs, at three years old, could hardly mount. I remember myself in a short plaid gown, toiling up this mountain pathway, along with another child (Arthur Godfrey, perhaps), and not till many years after did I recognize this same stairway in the old Benjamin Sanborn house, then owned by Cousin Nancy, in which my Aunt Dorothy, soon to be mentioned, was brought up by her grandmother as a companion to her younger cousin, early left an orphan. This incident I place in 1835; but before that I was the hero of another adventure, of which my mother told me, for I cannot recall it. In 1834, when I was a little beyond two years and a half, if so much, our house was struck by lightning, and the bolt ran down the big chimney, and diverted itself a little in the "back chamber," where I was playing alone, near the chimney. My sister ran up to see what had happened to me, but I was found placidly playing with a stick, seated on the floor, and declaring that the great noise had been made by my pounding on the floor with my stick. I believed myself already capable of making some stir in the world.

My father was one of five children

by the two marriages of my Grandfather Sanborn with two cousins named Blake. By the first was born one daughter, Dolly (shortened from Dorothy), who never married; by the second, two sons and two daughters, of whom only the younger daughter, Sally, married. The two brothers, Joseph, named for the builder of the house, and Aaron (a new name in the family), had been diligent pupils in the district school, and received prizes for their skill in mathematics,—small American editions of "Pope's Essay on Man," to which his Universal Prayer was annexed. These, together with the "ciphering books" that had won the prize, remained in an old chest in the west garret, which contained a medley of ancient literature. Upon these my thirst for reading exercised itself for half a dozen years,—almanacs and school-books, old copies of the *New Hampshire Patriot* of Isaac Hill, and more recent copies of the first Universalist newspaper in Boston, Thomas Whittemore's *Trumpet*.

But there was more solid food in a "Social Library" founded by Parson Abbot, who had succeeded Dr. Langdon as the town minister when my father was five years old, and induced his parishioners to take shares in it. Ordinarily it was kept in the parsonage, across the green from my grandfather's house, where now stands the house, about the same size, of my late brother Lewis. Before I was eight years old I began to read those books, particularly "Mavor's Voyages" and "Plutarch's Lives," the latter in Langhorne's version, with quotations from Homer given in the words of Pope, and with other poetic passages (in the footnotes) from Dr.



The Old Cram House.

Johnson and his contemporaries. For fiction we had the "Popular Tales" of Miss Edgeworth and the "Moral Tales" of Hannah More; while sermons and biographies, Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," and an occasional volume of poems,—Southey's "Joan of Arc," I remember, for there I first saw Greek verse in the unknown alphabet, and the effusions of Colonel Humphreys and Robert Treat Paine.

My Uncle Joseph, a grave and kindly man, who had lived for a few years in the parsonage after Parson Abbot vacated it in 1827, was now living, a confirmed invalid, in the old Cram house, here represented, and probably built before 1700. He died in December, 1836, before I was five years old, and his funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Stephen Farley, the father of Harriet Farley, one of

the founders, and for years the editor, of the once famous *Lowell Offering*, written by factory girls, of whom Harriet was one. I was sent to the Exeter Road school in the summer of 1836, a mile from our house, and more than half a mile from my uncle's; but, beguiled by some boy or girl, I ran up there after school, against the injunctions of my sister Helen, who had the care of me. I remember this incident for two reasons,—it was the only time I recall seeing this uncle, and I was much afraid of being whipped for my escapade. My uncle sat in the long dining-room, in his sick chair, and spoke to me in a pleasant manner, while my aunt and cousins were in and out of the quaint old room. I became well acquainted with the house afterward, but this was the only time I saw my uncle in it. My

sister Sarah, whose portrait at a much later date is here given, came up to take me home, and, I suppose, held out prospects of punishment by my father, for when I saw him, and he sent me to wash my feet on the bench at the back door, I had great fears that a whipping would follow. It did not, but my mother put her tired son to bed with many injunctions not to do such a thing again.

At this time, as near as I remember, I was a chubby boy, with long light hair, which my Grandmother Leavitt used to stroke with her soft hand, and call me her "little Dr. Franklin." I often visited her and my corpulent grandfather, 'Squire Tom Leavitt, living in the white house near the hill, under the four elms, and with his hives of bees beside the well, in full view from his east door, near which he sat in his justice's chair and read his newspapers, or heard cases brought before him as justice of the peace, an office he held by constant appointment from his first commission by Gov. John Langdon in 1805 till his death in 1852. His three sons had married and left home, and two of his daughters, my mother being the eldest; so that his house was kept by my Aunt Hannah, then about twenty, assisted by her mother, who soon became so much an invalid that she could do little except entertain visitors with her pleasant conversation. The farm was carried on by a hired man,—at first David Forsyth, a Yankee, but soon by a north of Ireland Scotchman, John Cochrane, who remained for many years.

With this pleasant homestead many of my most delightful recollections connect themselves. I was a favorite

with all, and allowed the range of the house, and the orchard, which in summer and autumn abounded in fruit. There were the bee-hives, from which we got delicious honey, and there were specialties in my aunt's cooking which pleased me more than what I had every day at home. I was first carried there, so far as I remember, in the winter, with my father and mother,—I sit-



Sarah Elizabeth Sanborn.

ting wrapped up in the bottom of the sleigh,—and as we glided along, drawn by the horse of my own age, or a little older, I noticed how the stone walls seemed to run away backwards as we passed by. Occasionally I spent the night at this house, and distinctly recall the high-post bedstead, into the luxurious featherbed of which I had to climb by a chair. There, too, I met my cousins from Boston, half a dozen city girls and boys, who spent some part of their vacations at their grandfather's,—



RESIDENCE OF T. LEAVITT, HAMPTON FALLS

one of them a boy a little older than myself, with whom I learned to swim in the small stream at the foot of the hill.

I was often sent to carry the newspaper to my political grandfather, who, in return, sent us his agricultural weekly, for he was a farmer with specialties, such as the breeding of Durham cattle and bee culture.

preferred to sit, and in front of which he died in December, 1901. In the corner opposite the fire stood the tall old clock, and there was the bookcase near by, in which I found and learned by heart two or three of the plays of Shakespeare, and from which I took my great-grandmother's "Scots Worthies," with its biographies of Knox and his associate Calvinists,



Thomas Leavitt, Esq.

(1808)

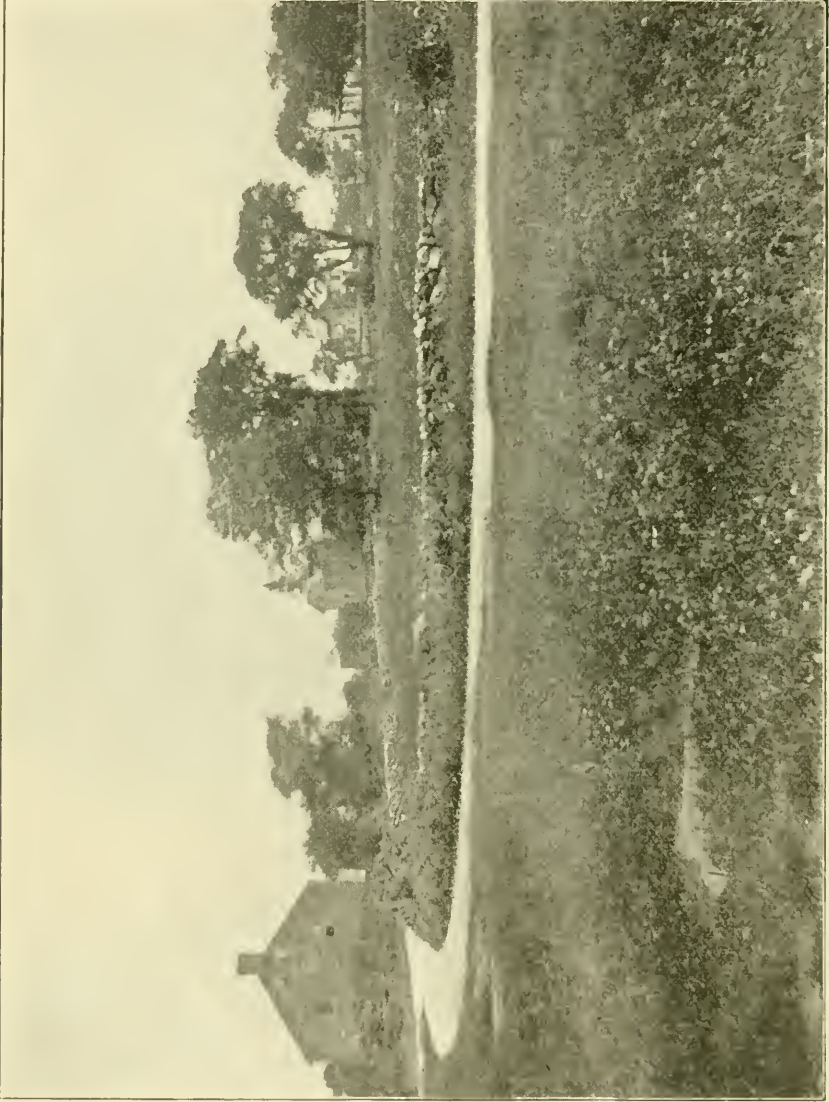


Hannah (Melcher) Leavitt.

He understood the latter better than anybody in town, and dealt with his bees in a way that astonished boys, who did not dare to go near the hives for fear of being stung. In the winter he lived by an open fire in a Franklin stove, which came to me afterwards, and furnished my poet-friend Ellery Channing, during the ten years and more that he lived in my house, the cheerful blaze by which he

and the scandalous pamphlet of Howie of Lochgoin, "God's Judgments on Persecutors," aimed specially at the Stuart kings and their instruments of oppression in Scotland.

The poetry in our Social Library did not much attract me as a child, nor was it very good, but at a neighbor's I found the poems of Burns, and my brother Charles had an Amer-



THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE HAMPTON FALLS MEETING-HOUSE AS IT APPEARS IN 1904.

ican edition of Moore's "Melodies," on which I feasted, as I did on a borrowed edition of Campbell's poems. These introduced me to Walter Scott, and one of my own first purchases was a Philadelphia edition of the "Waverley Novels," which I read at the age of twelve with the greatest delight. I had read the "Scottish Chiefs" of Miss Porter earlier, and an edition of "Don Quixote" in four volumes, printed at Exeter in small type, but easily read by young eyes. Mrs. Radcliffe's "Romance of the Forest" was another novel of which I read the first volume only, and did not learn till many years after how the story came out, for my brother, at a muster-field, where books were sold by a peddler, bought two copies of the first volume, supposing he had the whole book, and was never able to match them with the second.

All this time I was going to the district school, and learning all that successive teachers—young women in summer, and young men in winter—could impart to a boy who took to studies of all kinds like a duck to water. From my brother Charles I had got a smattering of Latin before I was ten, and at the age of eleven, a lively young schoolmaster, D. W. Barber, began to teach me Greek in the town school. I learned the alphabet and the declension of the Greek article, but then my careful father declared me too young for that study, and I unwillingly gave it up. At the same time I was learning all the common activities of farming—riding the horse to plow and rake hay, driving oxen, planting and hoeing corn and potatoes, raking hay and weeding the garden, taking care of the barn, chop-

ping wood, and a dozen other things which a boy could do. The work did not press, usually, and there was plenty of time to learn shooting, at first with bow and arrow and afterward with guns, and for playing the simple games that country boys then understood. Baseball, for instance,—not then the angry and gambling game it has since become,—and the easier games of "one old cat," "two old cat," and "drive," played with balls; and "truck," played with a solid wooden wheel, rolled over the ground.

In such games girls did not join; and the game of cricket, which has long prevailed in England, and in which girls in school now take part there, never was domesticated in New England. But there were many less active games in which girls in Hampton Falls participated. Such were "Hy Spy," a hiding sport, where one boy or girl stood at a tree, the side of a building, or elsewhere, with eyes covered, while the rest of the children sought hiding places during the half minute that the spy was counting a hundred. Then they were searched for, and when seen the one who was "it" called out, "I spy," and both ran for the "gool," which was the tree, etc., where the spy had stood. If the spy got there first, or touched the one espied, he or she was "it," and the game took a new turn. This word "gool" for "goal," figured in another game, called indifferently "gool," "tag," or "coram;" in this two spots were marked and called "gools," between which the children must run, and could be "tagged" or touched anywhere off the gools. To decide who should be the first catcher in such sports, a

mystic rhyme was recited ; sometimes this :

Eena, meena, mona mike,
Pestalahni, bony, strike,
Huldy, guldy, Boo !

A child was pointed at with each word, and the first catcher was the one on whom the fatal " Boo " fell. Another and more elaborate incantation was this :

Wier, brier, limber lock,
Five mice all in a flock
Sit by the spring, and sing
O-U-T !

The last letter fell to the one who was to be " it " in any game. Still another rhyme began,

Intery, mintery, cutery corn,
Apple-seed, apple-thorn,

to which the rhyme just cited could be added. In other games, like " Thread the Needle " or kissing games, these rhymes were chanted by the little girls, who had better notions of song than the boys,—

Uncle John is very sick,
What will you please to give him ?
Three good wishes,
Three good kisses,
And a pint of ginger.

Or else this,—

William Healey, so they say,
Goes a-courting night and day,
Sword and pistol by his side,
And Fanny Brown shall be his bride.

In each case the boy was to catch the girl and kiss her if he could. In " Thread the Needle," which, like most of these sports, was very ancient and traditional, like these rhymes (though the latter had been much changed in passing from one generation to another, never being written down), the boys and girls formed an alley by standing opposite and holding hands above the head of the girl who

walked down this laughing alley, as this verse was chanted—

This needle's eye no one can pass,
The thread it runs so true ;
It has caught many a pretty fair lass,
And now it has caught you.

At which last word the linked arms of the last couple dropped down over the head of the last girl, and she was subject to be kissed by the boy of that couple. These sports indicate how early the natural relation of the two sexes began to show itself in the simple community ; for the boys and girls who taught me to play them could not have been more than seven years old when I learned the rhymes. A little later came the sedentary games for long evenings,—checkers, morrice (which we called " moral "), fox-and-geese, and the simplest forms of card-playing. Chess came in later, and I was twelve at least when I learned that game of skill from the minister's son in the parsonage across the green. Whist came about the same time with chess, and was diligently pursued for several winters, the boys meeting round at each other's houses and playing in the family sitting-room, under the eyes of the older people. This, in my case, was the " clock room," where still stands the tall clock, one hundred and thirty years old now, which was made by Daniel Balch of Newburyport, and has kept good time for five generations of Sanborns in the same corner. In other houses we played in the long kitchen, which was apt to be the family sitting-room in winter, because better heated than the rest of the house, before air-tight stoves or furnaces came into use. The parlor, or " best room," was seldom opened to the children, except when " company " came to

dinner or tea, or for the "nooning" on Sundays, at which time our house, being near the church, became the resort of cousins, aunts, and distant parishioners.

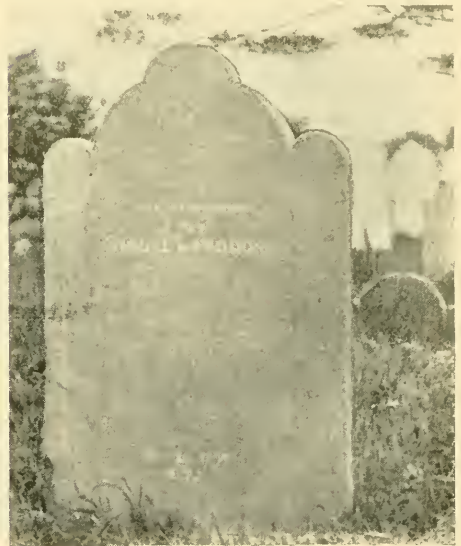
Already in my early boyhood, or before, had begun that religious disintegration which gradually changed the ancient unity of the town or parish into a group of warring sects, disputing more or less zealously about infant baptism, original sin, eternal punishment, the Trinity, and the other points of contention among believers nominally Christian, and more or less accepting the Bible as the literal word of God, both Old and New Testaments.

The last town clergyman who held the whole population together around his tall pulpit in Hampton Falls, was Dr. Samuel Langdon, who came there from the presidency of Harvard university in 1780, shaking off the dust of that ungrateful "society," as he termed it, and burdened with the debts contracted in the service of the clergy and people of Massachusetts, which the new commonwealth for several years neglected to pay, and never did pay in full. He was the most learned person who ever lived and died in the town, and one of the most useful; though his immediate successor, Rev. Jacob Abbot, who succeeded him as my grandfather's nearest neighbor, served the community longer, and with rather more of the modern spirit. Dr. Langdon was of the later eighteenth century, parson Abbot of the earlier nineteenth; both liberal, philanthropic, and devoted to good literature.

Before Dr. Langdon's death, in November, 1797, the revolting Baptists had begun to secede from the

orthodox Congregationalists in other towns, but hardly in Hampton Falls; while the Quakers, much more numerous then, in the towns which made up old Hampton, than they are now, or have been in my time, had long absented themselves from the parish meeting-houses.

Dr. Langdon brought together in the church edifice, near his parsonage, more than seventy families, and

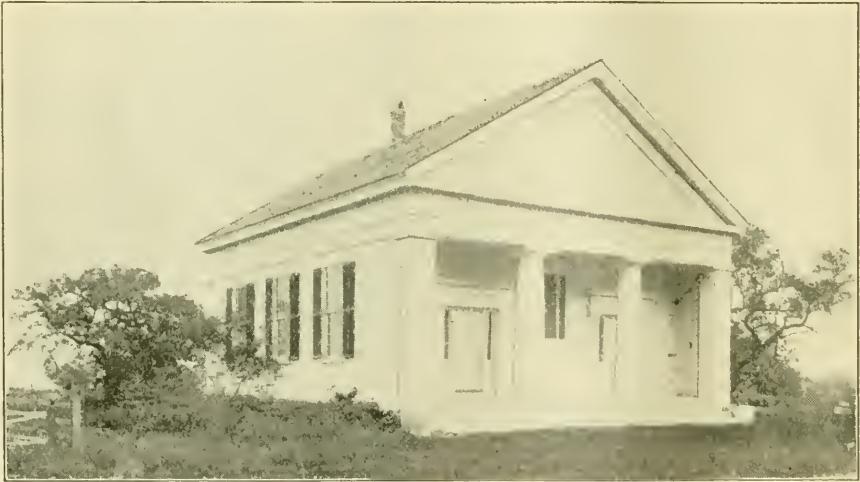


Doctor Langdon's Headstone in Hampton Falls.

must have had, on pleasant Sundays, if the weather was not too freezing for the unwarmed house, at least three hundred hearers for his learned sermons, expounding Romans or Revelations. But it was rumored that he was no Calvinist; and if he chose his successor, as probably he did, he must have known that young Mr. Abbot was Arminian, and did not insist on endless damnation for a majority of his parishioners. At any rate, such proved to be the fact, and very soon the Baptists began to hold meetings by themselves, and protest against

the ministerial tax collected by the town authority and paid over to parson Abbot. A wealthy family of Browns led off in this secession, which in course of twenty years again divided, the original seceders calling themselves "Christian" Baptists, and leaving the Calvinists to organize a church later at the "Hill" (as the small village was called), and to connect it with a special school, maintained by Baptists and known, during

or twenty years. My other grandfather, Sanborn, and his elder son, Joseph, also joined this society, and the latter was its treasurer in 1832, when the town's property in the parsonage lands was sold, and the money (about \$3,000) divided between the four societies then existing. Something more than a fifth part went to the Universalists, and the rest was divided almost equally between the still united Congregationalists and the



The Unitarian Church, Hampton Falls.

the twenty-odd years of its existence, as "Rockingham Academy."

The secession of the Freewill or Christian Baptists took place in 1805, and included several who took that mode of signifying their general dissent from the "standing order" of New England churches, without attaching any special significance to the rite of baptism. Among these was my grandfather Leavitt, who, ten years later, headed a movement for a Universalist society in the town, to which he and his son-in-law, my father, attached themselves for a dozen

two Baptist churches, the Christians getting more than twice as much as the "Calvin-Baptists." Now, seventy years later, the Universalists have merged in the Unitarians, the two Baptist societies mostly in the Calvinists, while the Congregationalists have divided into Unitarian and Trinitarian, neither of them strong societies. In my boyhood the Universalists had ceased to hold meetings, and their church library had been divided among the members, my father receiving as his share a two-volume history of Universalism, a Life of John

Murray (the Irish Methodist who first preached universal salvation in Rockingham county), and the sermons of Elhanan Winchester, a "Restorationist"; who, after preaching in New England awhile went over to London and founded what became the Finsbury Square Chapel, where W. J. Fox, and after him my friend, Moncure Conway, preached for long years.

There were other books from this source; but these attracted my boyish interest, and by reading them—never having heard a sermon on the subject—I became, at the age of nine, a convinced Universalist. But I continued to frequent other churches,—the Unitarian, near home, and the Christian Baptists where now the town library is. In the former I heard good preaching, by educated men, whose books I had read, or was to read. Among the Baptists I heard spontaneous religious utterances, oftentimes from women; while their ministers, or "elders," were without much education, but often of good natural eloquence. At home I had read the Bible from earliest years, so that I could perhaps have said at the age of twelve that I had read all its books through twice; of course without much understanding of the mystical or theological parts.

To a certain degree, these sectarian divisions in religion represented political opinions also. The "standing order" of Congregationalists had been patriots in the Revolution, Federalists under Washington and Adams, and had become "Whigs" under the classification that I first remember. The seceding sects, therefore, being at variance with the parish ministers, took an opposite side in politics; as the Or-

thodox were Federalists, the Baptists, Methodists, and Universalists became Jeffersonian Democrats,—in my time followers of Jackson and Van Buren. Thus, in Hampton Falls, until the Texas question made an issue among these Democrats, the Christian Baptists and Universalists, and some of the Unitarians, were mostly Democrats, while the Calvinists and most of the Unitarians were Whigs, and supported Harrison in the first presidential election that I remember. Even in 1839, at the age of seven, I was taking an interest in politics, as my father, grandfather, and elder brother did. Charles, afterwards Dr. Sanborn, subscribed, in his eighteenth year, to the *Congressional Globe*, of the elder Blair, and in that quarto record of congressional proceedings I became familiar with the names of all the senators and congressmen, and knew to which party they belonged. I even recall, though I was but little more than seven, the excitement caused by the shooting of Cilley, Hawthorne's classmate, a Maine congressman, by Graves of Kentucky, in a quarrel originating with Colonel Webb of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*; and I followed with interest the contest for the speakership in December, 1839, which ended with the election of Hunter of Virginia.

Then came on the noisy log-cabin campaign between Van Buren in power, but burdened with the lack of prosperity in the country, and Harrison, a military candidate (who united in his rather insignificant person, the elements of general discontent), and the powerful leaders of the capitalist party of Whigs, such as Webster and Clay, Wilson of New

Hampshire, and Evans of Maine. Knowing nothing of the principles involved (if there were any) I was a warm partisan of Van Buren, while the two sons of the new Unitarian minister in the parsonage, Charles and Henry Shaw, were ardent Whigs. With Henry I had a bet pending on the result,—no less than the old “fourpence ha’ penny,” valued at six cents and a quarter, in those days of Spanish and Mexican coins. I lost the bet, of course, but my exultation was great the next summer, when Tyler of Virginia, the accidental president, vetoed the currency and tariff bills of Henry Clay, divided his party, and let the Democrats come into power in the next congress,—even carrying Massachusetts, or a good part of it. New Hampshire valiantly supported Van Buren, who, on the currency and tariff questions, was right, as I now view it, and steadily sent a solid Democratic delegation to congress, in both branches.

I saw little of the leaders in these party contests, but Moses Norris, who went to congress in 1843, was a nephew of my Grandfather Leavitt, and I remember seeing him in the winter of 1842-’43, when he was a candidate, coming to our door in his uncle’s sleigh to make a call on my mother. It must have been in the summer of 1843 that I first saw his associate, Franklin Pierce, afterwards president, and I remember distinctly how he looked and was dressed. It was in the court house at Exeter, where a criminal trial was going on, and Pierce had come down from Concord to defend Sam George, a wild youth of Seabrook, who was charged with burning his uncle’s

barn. Of the merits in the case I know nothing, and it is possible that Pierce, who was district attorney for New Hampshire about that time, may have been prosecuting George in the United States court, but I think not. All that I recall is the elegant figure and pleasing face of the leading Democrat of the state then, and for a dozen years more. He was wearing the fashionable dress of the period, remembered now chiefly because Webster gave it a dignity,—the blue coat with brass buttons and the nankeen trousers strapped over the slender boot. His aspect was what Hawthorne afterwards described in his campaign life of General Pierce: “vivacious, slender, of a fair complexion, with light hair that had a curl in it; his cheerfulness made a kind of sunshine, yet, with all the invariable gentleness of his demeanor, he perfectly gave the impression of a high and fearless spirit.” Norris was of another make, tall and large and dark, of strength almost gigantic, and naturally a leader, without the graces of leadership. Neither of them get full credit now for their talents, because they were exerted in the cause of human slavery, its extension and perpetuation, yet both were men of great humanity, who would rather do a generous action than a cruel one.

The contest over the slavery question in New Hampshire began in the winter of 1844-’45, and in my very neighborhood, for it was the Democratic member of congress from Rockingham and Strafford, John P. Hale of Dover, who revolted against the dictation of Pierce, Atherton, and Norris in regard to the annexa-

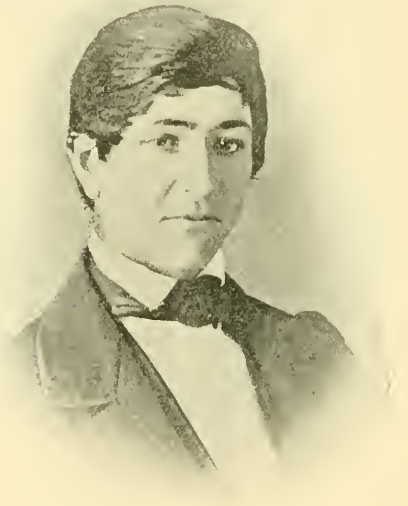
tion of Texas. New Hampshire had declared against slavery in 1820, when both political parties had united in passing resolutions in the state legislature, declaring slavery wrong and inconsistent with democratic institutions. The annexation of Texas was favored chiefly by the slaveholders and their political allies, and the extension and protection of slavery was sought to be guaranteed by this expansion of our territory, at the risk of war with Mexico. The New Hampshire Democrats, following the lead of Van Buren, had passed resolutions against annexation, but the South had carried its point in 1844, nominated a Tennessee slaveholder for president, rejecting Van Buren, and their national platform favored annexing Texas. Mr. Hale, who had been nominated by the Democrats for reelection to congress, came out with a letter explaining his vote against annexation.

The "Concord Regency," headed by Pierce, demanded that he should be dropped from the general ticket and another man nominated. When this was done, a few men in Exeter, Portsmouth, the Hamptons, and that neighborhood, called a public meeting, which took place at Exeter in February, 1845, and declared that "Independent Democrats" would support Hale. They did so, to such an extent that Woodbury, the substituted nominee, could not be elected, and there was a vacancy in the delegation till a coalition of Whigs and Independents carried the state in the election of 1846.

This contest brought my brother Charles, then twenty-three years old, into political activity, and made him one of the younger leaders of the In-

dependent Democracy in that part of New Hampshire. He had till then been occupied wholly with farm labors or with teaching, but had been a wide reader of political and social literature, and had many friends and followers in the towns where he was known.

Though but thirteen years old, I sympathized entirely with him in his views. I had been much indebted



Charles Henry Sanborn (1846).

to him for aiding my education, out of school, and teaching me much in the use of tools and the art of shooting, in both of which he had made himself more expert than I ever became. He was a good cabinet maker, self-instructed, a good draughtsman, and in other ways handy, which I was not, though willing to learn. He had taught himself Latin and French, and otherwise had qualified himself beyond what was common among the youth of his time and place; and he had

an ambition, afterwards gratified, to practice a profession. His experiences of the heart had been unhappy; the sweet girl to whom he was attached having died before they could be married.

In 1846 he became an assistant in the office of the anti-slavery secretary of state in Concord, and also aided



F. B. Sanborn (1849), *Æt.* 17½.

in editing the party newspaper, the *Independent Democrat*, which did much to turn New Hampshire from the pro-slavery Democracy to what was afterwards organized as the Republican party.

His portrait, here engraved, was taken in Concord at that time. It represents him at the age of (nearly) twenty-five, seriously handsome, and much resembling his mother's family,

the Leavitts. My own first portrait was taken three years later, when I was seventeen, and both were called good likenesses at the time.

It will be seen that the portrait above is that of a scholar, or, perchance, a poet, rather than a financier. My finances up to the age of seventeen were slender, and were chiefly expended for books or magazines. They were derived from small payments made to me for small labors on the neighboring farms, or the care of Widow Perkins' barn and woodshed; which I had for the most part until I entered college. To this were added small tips from visiting cousins or other persons who shared the ample hospitalities of my father and my two grandfathers; and the sales which I occasionally made of walnuts gathered in October. When in my twelfth year I visited Boston for the first time, my pocket money must have been supplied by my father; and was expended in part for an American edition of "Hudibras," which I bought at a book-stall near the Faneuil Hall market. I had made the acquaintance of this humorous poem by some citations in "Newman's Rhetoric"; but was much disappointed in the story, which seemed to me, after "Don Quixote," flat and tiresome. On this visit I saw Adelaide Phillips (subsequently a famous singer) in a child's part at the Boston Museum, long owned by Moses Kimball who was my associate in later years.

[To be continued.]



COL. JAMES ROBERTS OF BERWICK, MAINE.

By John Seales.

Col. James Roberts was the son of Joshua and Ruth (Smith) Roberts. He was born in Berwick, Me., 31 May, 1745. His father came to Berwick from York, where he was born and his ancestors had lived for several generations. His mother was the daughter of John and Elizabeth Smith of Berwick. It is not known that he was any relation to the Roberts family of Dover.

When a boy, James Roberts was a pupil of the famous schoolmaster, John Sullivan of Somersworth, and a schoolmate of John Sullivan, the distinguished general in the Revolutionary War, and of James Sullivan, governor of Massachusetts. Under the instruction of such a teacher, Mr. Roberts must have acquired a good education for that period. When he was twenty-two years old he married Martha Woodsum (9 July, 1767), and to them were born several children. The eldest of these, Mary, born 12 May, 1769, married Thomas Wentworth, 16 Feb., 1790; and their Martha, born 4 April, 1795, married John Ham of Dover (second wife), 14 May, 1837. Their only son is John Thomas Wentworth Ham of Dover, N. H., who was born 1 July, 1838.

The battles of Lexington and Concord were fought 19 April, 1775. The news of this affair reached Berwick the next day and of course caused great excitement. All the able-bodied men were anxious to vol-

unteer to form companies to march to Boston at once, but of course it required some little time to organize and equip the men. The second Provincial Congress of Massachusetts issued a call, 23 April, 1775, for troops, and York county, in which is Berwick, responded promptly and raised the first regiment of foot soldiers that was furnished by the district of Maine, then under Massachusetts rule. The town of Berwick raised two companies of 64 men each for this regiment. This shows the patriotic spirit that prevailed in the town.

One of these companies was commanded by Ebenezer Sullivan, the youngest son of Master John Sullivan and brother of the general. The other company was commanded by Philip Hubbard, and James Roberts, who was his second lieutenant, was very efficient and active in enlisting men for the company, which, when completely organized, was as follows:

CAPT. PHILIP HUBBARD'S COMPANY.
Col. James Scammon's Regiment of Foot, York County, District of Maine.

Captain Hubbard was commissioned June 2, 1775, and his descendants still have the original document. When he entered the service he was about fifty-seven years old and had had considerable experience in the French and Indian wars. The following is the muster

roll of the company, with time of enlistment, under command of Captain Hubbard, in August, 1775:

Philip Hubbard, Captain, Berwick; May 2.
 Jedediah Goodwin, 1st Lieut., Berwick; May 2.
 James Roberts, 2d Lieut., Berwick; May 2.
 Simeon Lord, Sergt., Berwick; May 2.
 Joshua Nason, Sergt., Berwick; May 2.
 Richard Plummer, Sergt., Berwick; May 2.
 Tristram Fall, Sergt., Berwick; May 2.
 Samuel Hubbard, Corporal, Berwick; May 2.
 Freethy Spencer, Corporal, Berwick; May 5.
 Samuel Worcester, Corporal, Berwick; May 5.
 Joseph Hubbard, Corporal, Berwick; May 5.
 Samuel Stevens, Drummer, Lebanon; May 20.

Privates:

Moses Hubbard, Berwick; May 5.
 Aaron Goodwin, Berwick, May 5.
 Moses Spencer, Berwick; May 5.
 John Shorey, Berwick; May 5.
 Benj. Row, Berwick; May 5.
 Daniel Lord, Berwick; May 5.
 Stephen Wood, Berwick, May 5.
 Daniel Hubbard, Berwick; May 5.
 Jeremiah Lord, Berwick; May 5.
 Wm. Stone, Berwick; May 5.
 Daniel Grant, Berwick; May 5.
 James Wentworth, Rochester; May 5.
 Richard Perkins, Lebanon; May 5.
 Benjamin Horsham, Berwick; May 5.

Elisha James, Lebanon; May 5.
 Wm. Davis, Berwick; May 5.
 Benj. Goodwin, Berwick; May 5.
 James Grant, Berwick; May 5.
 Daniel Wadlin, Berwick, May 5.
 Bartholomew Nason, Berwick; May 8.
 Ichabod Smith, Berwick; May 8.
 Abel Getchell, Berwick; May 8.
 Walter Abbott, Berwick; May 8.
 Morrill Hobbs, Berwick; May 8.
 Benj. Weymouth, Berwick; May 8.
 Theophilus Abbott, Berwick; May 8.
 Daniel Abbott, Berwick; May 8.
 Simeon Lord, Jr., Berwick; May 8.
 Aaron Hubbard, Berwick; May 8.
 Moses Courson, Lebanon; May 15.
 Dodifer Garland, Rochester; May 15.
 Jonathan Garland, Rochester; May 15.
 Nathaniel Blewett, Berwick; May 15.
 Daniel Hodgdon, Berwick; May 15.
 Moses How, Berwick; May 15.
 John Davis, Berwick; May 15.
 Ralph Farnum, Lebanon; May 15.
 Thomas Downs, Berwick; May 15.
 Londrast Hearst, Berwick; May 15.
 John Pugsley, Berwick; May 20.
 Francis Peirce, Berwick; May 20.
 James Smith, Berwick; May 20.
 Ichabod Downs, Berwick; May 20.
 John Cousens, Berwick; May 20.
 Jonathan Buroughs, Berwick; May 20.
 Paul Welch, Berwick; May 20.
 John Peirce, Berwick; May 20.
 Joseph Goodwin, Berwick; May 20.
 Gilbert Perkins, Lebanon; June 28.
 Silas White, Lebanon; Aug. 12.
 Moses Lord, Berwick; July 11.
 Philip Hubbard, Jr., Berwick; July 20.

The original roll, from which the above was copied, is in the Massachusetts Archives, Vol. 15, page 33. Total, 64 men. All had guns and all but one were supplied by themselves. Only twenty-four cartridge boxes returned in the company and no bayonets.

There is one remarkable and noteworthy fact in connection with this company, and that is that Ralph Farnum (Farnham) of Lebanon, who enlisted May 15, was the last survivor of the soldiers who participated in the battle of Bunker Hill. He lived to be one hundred and two years old and visited Boston and Bunker Hill after he had passed the century mark. He was received with great honors all along his journey.

Colonel Scammon's regiment marched to Cambridge in companies, one following another, because it was not possible for the taverns along the line of march to accommodate a regiment at one time, and the men had not the outfit for camping by the way. Captain Hubbard's company was the first to start on the journey. Each man had armed and equipped himself with gun, powder, bullets, and all that was deemed necessary to engage in fighting the British army. As a matter of fact the dress and equipments were picturesque rather than uniform. The housewives did not all use the same dyestuff in coloring the cloth, nor the tailors the same cut in making the garments; but all had the same uniform courage and desire to defend the rights and to preserve the liberties. None but the officers wore uniforms. The following is the line of march pursued by Captain Hubbard's company.

The point of rendezvous was Berwick, now South Berwick, and all had gathered there by Saturday night, June 3. It is not recorded what they did on Sunday, but they started on the march at sunrise Monday morning, June 5, and reached Hanson's tavern in Dover in season for an early breakfast, and the proprietor had everything ready to entertain the sixty-four men when they arrived. This tavern was what is now called the old Dover hotel, and is owned by the Misses Woodman. It stands at the "Corner," at the junction of Hanson street and Central avenue.

From here they marched to Durham and halted for dinner at Winborn Adams' tavern at the Falls. This hostelry stood on the hill on the east side of "Oyster River freshet," and nearly south of where the Sullivan monument now stands. Mr. Adams was then in the army and was later colonel of a regiment. His wife, the mistress of the house, was the daughter of Israel Bartlett of Nottingham, and sister of Col. Thomas Bartlett, one of the distinguished men of New Hampshire in the Revolution. After dinner they marched to Newmarket and put up at Doe's tavern for the night. That place was a small village then. Just where the tavern stood I do not know, but it was somewhere near the falls. The reader, who has a lively imagination and has had experience in feeding and providing otherwise for a crowd of lively and hungry men, can easily see what "mine host" Doe and his wife had to do to meet the wants of that occasion.

Tuesday, June 6, they left at sun-

rise and marched to Exeter before breakfast, where they halted at Gidding's tavern and partook of the refreshments that were all ready for them, the proprietor having been duly notified of the time they would arrive. Resuming the march they reached Parsons' tavern in Kingston and halted for dinner. The journey of the day was completed at Sawyer's tavern in Plaistow, where they lodged for the night.

Wednesday, June 7, they were out of bed at daybreak and at sunrise began their march to Haverhill, having first partaken of liquid refreshments, the common beverage of that period. At Haverhill they breakfasted at Greenleaf's tavern. A heavy and violent thunder shower came up while they were eating and delayed their crossing the Merrimack till noon, hence Mr. Greenleaf had to furnish dinner for them. They crossed the river and reached Stevens' tavern in Andover about sunset, where they rested for the night. As they neared the seat of war the rumors of what had happened and was expected soon to occur grew thick and interesting, and kept the men talking till the old god Somnus called them to sleep.

Thursday, June 8, found them up and on the march at sunrise for Ballardvale, where they took breakfast at Deacon Ballard's tavern. In the forenoon they marched to Wyman's tavern in Woburn, where dinner was served. In the afternoon they reached Wetherby's tavern, in what is now Arlington, and encamped for the night.

Friday, June 9, they marched to Cambridge and were ordered to encamp near General Washington's headquarters, of a later date the his-

toric Longfellow house. Thus, these patriots had been four days in traveling about seventy-five miles, over rough roads, each man carrying his own baggage. They were paid one penny a mile, and free board at the taverns. The other companies follow in the same route from all points in York county, Me. So the regiment was well in camp before the affair at Bunker Hill, in which it took part.

On the day of the battle, June 17, Colonel Scammon's regiment had to march to Lechemere Point, East Cambridge, opposite Charlestown. No sooner had he reached there than he was ordered to "Cobble Hill," later the site of the McLean Asylum. From there, just after the noon hour, he was ordered to take his regiment across Charlestown Neck to Bunker Hill to join in the engagement against the British. As they crossed the Neck they were subjected to a severe cross-fire from the British gunboats in the rivers on each side; but his men did not flinch or halt in the march through shot and shell. Some of the men had seen service and had been under fire in the French and Indian wars, but most of them were smelling an enemy's powder for the first time as they crossed that narrow neck of land. Lieutenant James Roberts here had his first experience in war, and was one of the bravest of the brave. The record says that when they were in the hottest and most dangerous of this cross-fire Colonel Scammon shouted to his men: "Come on, my Yorkshire lads! Let us show our bravery!" The men responded heartily; they went on, and they did show their bravery all right in the thickest of the fight.

After the battle they returned to

Cambridge and resumed their camp duties near General Washington's headquarters, engaged in the siege of Boston. This regiment was a part of the besieging army of 17,000 men, who were encamped in a semi-circle around that town. They lived in all sorts of habitations, a few tents, but mostly log-huts. Cambridge was a village of 1,500 inhabitants with only a few large houses like Washington's headquarters. It was not a part of the siege to attack the British in Boston, but to keep them from getting out of it by any other way than by their fleet which filled the harbor. Washington expected they would come out and attack him at any time, night or day, so he had his men at all times prepared to defend themselves against any sudden sally that might be made. This was the kind of work that Lieutenant Roberts and his men had to do, day by day, during the siege.

The regiment had left York county in such haste that the officers had had no time in which to get their commissions, but that proved to be all the more fortunate for them, as they finally got their papers signed by Washington himself, instead of the Massachusetts officials. It is said that Lieutenant Roberts' commission is still in existence with some one of his descendants. Of course whoever has it has a great prize with the autograph of George Washington on it. Lieutenant Roberts saw the great general often, who is described as a man six feet two inches tall; very muscular; large hands and feet; a Roman nose; blue eyes; a fine, large head, and his body in grand proportion with his head; and he impressed the observer as noble and lofty in spirit.

After Colonel Seammon's regiment was through with the siege of Boston, Lieutenant Roberts continued in the service and rose through various grades to that of colonel of a regiment. He was prominent in town affairs also. He lost his life in 1780, while on a journey down the river to Portsmouth.

One of the men in the company kept a diary from which the writer was able to trace the route of march from Berwick to Cambridge. Seammon's regiment was the "Thirtieth Massachusetts Foot." The Thirty-first was Colonel Edmund Phinney's regiment of Falmouth and vicinity. The Thirty-first marched to Cambridge in July over the same route through New Hampshire and Massachusetts that has already been described. Of course in passing through Dover they did not always stop at the same tavern, as there were several here at that time.

One does not have to stretch his imagination very much to appreciate the lively times the women of the taverns had in cooking enough to satisfy the wants daily of sixty or seventy hungry men on their march to Cambridge. They not only had to provide for those men from Maine, but also for the companies in New Hampshire on their way to the front from the towns around Dover. The women did not have any modern cooking ranges to work with but had to do the cooking over fires in open fireplaces and in the huge ovens by the side of the fireplace. All this work required as much patriotism on the part of the women as the marching and fighting required of the men. No doubt there was a good seasoning of fun mixed with all the hard work that won

American liberty for local self-government.

The writer has always taken special interest in all that concerns the battle of Bunker Hill, and no little pride that his great grandfather was a private in Captain Henry Dearborn's company, Colonel John Stark's regiment, at the famous "rail-fence." Captain Dearborn was a Nottingham man, and later in life rose to be general in the American army. About the beginning of the nineteenth century he published his recollections of the battle and in it describes the march over Charlestown Neck as follows:

"After completing the necessary preparations (at Medford) for action, the regiment formed and marched about one o'clock. When it reached Charlestown Neck we found two regiments halted in consequence of a heavy enfilading fire thrown across it, of round, bar and chain shot from the lively frigate and floating batteries in the Charles river, and a floating battery lying in the river Mystic, Major McClary went forward (from Stark's regiment) and observed to the commanders (of the halting regiments), if they did not intend to move on, to open and let our regiment pass. The latter was immediately done. My company being in front, I marched by the side of Colonel Stark, who moving with a very

deliberate pace, I suggested the propriety of quickening the march of the regiment that it might sooner be relieved from the galling cross-fire of the enemy. With a look peculiar to himself he fixed his eye upon me and observed, with great composure:

"'Dearborn, one fresh man in action is worth ten fatigued ones!' and he continued the advance in the same cool and collected manner as before."

It was just the same with Stark when he began to fight the enemy at the rail-fence covered with new mown grass. When he saw the enemy landing from the boats in Mystic river to march up against the New Hampshire troops, he marched out in front of his men and stuck a tall stick in the ground; he marched back deliberately to his line and gave orders for his men not to fire till the British line reached that stick. They obeyed his order; the result is recorded in every history; the British soldiers were cut down as grass before a scythe. When the British had reformed and were again advancing, Stark gave orders not to fire until they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes; they did so and the whole British line was cut down as before.

Lieutenant James Roberts was not in Colonel Stark's regiment, but he was just as brave as Stark's men at his post of duty.



VANITAS VANITATUM.

By A. T.

With winter nigh, a butterfly,
In the sun came floating by,
And, prophet-like, "O fool," said I,
"To some summer region hie,
Else to-morrow thou shalt die."
But looking then with prophet's eye,
Where Pleasure's train was passing by,
From my heart there came a sigh,
And turning on my way, said I,
"Man hath not yet become so wise
That he may preach to butterflies."

THE FRONT FENCE.

By Louis Milton Boody.

Uncle Dory had decided to paint the fence.

"We hev sech derved mean weather here on this Cape Cod," remarked he; "nothin' but fog durin' this time of year, and nothin' but a blisterin' hot sun in the summer, thet paint, 'specially white paint, gits to be no better than whitewash."

Uncle Dory was on his knees by the front-yard fence, and, as he addressed the foregoing remarks to me, he gave force to his words by expressive waves of the paint brush.

"Jest look at thet confounded fence. Last spring I painted it with the best white lead and good linseed oil—feller I bought it of said 't was linseed oil, but I believe the derved stuff was powgie oil. Now see the derved

thing! Half on't black as sut with dust, and tother half jest like powder—got some of the stuff on my good black britches, too. I don't care so much for the britches, cos it did n't do 'em any hurt, but Abigail gut mad as thunder."

At this juncture Abigail and her daughter Hetty appeared at the door.

"Theodore, you ain't a goin' to paint thet fence with them pants on, air ye? Now, Theodore, do be sensible."

"Well, Abigail, I think 't would look better if I kept 'em on." Then his tone changed perceptibly, as he continued in an explanatory manner, "Abigail, I ain't a goin' to paint—not what you 'd call reg'lar paintin'.

I'm jest a goin' to cover a few places."

Aunt Abby looked distressed. "Theodore, you air such a trial. You know you'll be spattered with paint from head to foot. Do for pity's sake hev a little sense, and change them pants!"

The Captain's head went up and he gave a snort, "Abigail, you let me paint this fence in peace. I'm a goin' to keep these pants on."

Aunt Abby returned to the kitchen, and Hetty followed after delivering this parting shot: "Father, I think you are real unlikely."

"Huh!" sniffed the Captain, "unlikely! Ain't thet jest like a woman? Unlikely! Ged, I'd like to know who's gut a better right than me to say whether I'm goin' to wear these pants or not! But, then, yer can't reason none with a woman. No, sirree, yer can't never tell a woman nothin'.

"Now there's my darter Hetty—good girl as ever was—hed a good education—graduated right here at that school yer see over yender—school-marster said he never hed a smarter scholar. But she's been teachin' school now fer a year. Thinks she knows all about everything now. Been livin' over to Southbay, yer see, en' gut a lot of dern-fool notions in her head.

"She don't like white paint—sez 'taint the thing now to hev yer house painted white. 'Taint artistic, she says. En' what Hetty sez Abigail will swear to. Ged! I don't know nothin' nowadays. What I say don't count. Jest as sure as I say a word, why Hetty puts her head back, en' kinder gives a little sniff en' sez with reg'lar quarter-deck air, 'Father, you

don't know. Styles hev changed.'"

The light of battle shone in the Captain's eye.

"Don't know! Don't know! Hm, don't know! P'raps I don't know. Ged, I follered the sea, man and boy, for fifty odd year. Shipped as cook at ten year, and been mate and mars-ter of a vessel, but now, Ged! Hetty's captain, Abigail's first mate, en' I'm workin' before the mast, with the whole focsle all to myself. Styles hev changed—yes, sir, styles hev changed. They did n't hev no sech derned, cussed-fool notions, when I was a boy, as they do now.

"Show! My Godfrey dominy! thet's the ruination of this whole country. Show! Show! Huh, show! Nothin' but show! Hetty wants a meckintosh—hed one two year ago, but 'taint the style now—so she sez.

"Now thet meckintosh is jest as good as ever 'twas—don't fit quite so good as it did once, of course, fer Hetty's fleshed up some, but 't will keep rain off jest the same.

"But then, what's the use of talkin'! Talkin' is derned poor business when yer run afoul of a woman, 'specially if thet woman is Abigail or Hetty—might jest as well shet up when either of them begins to talk. I tell yer what 'tis, a man thet hez two women folks at home hez gut to sail pretty clost to the wind.

"Well, we ain't all built alike—some thinks one way en' some another. Thet makes me think of a feller thet used to live here in the village—used to go mate with Cap'en Josh Hillerson.

"Well, the feller gut to goin' 'round one winter to dances en' sech like, en' after a while he begun to

take a shine ter Susan Bigsbee, old Cy Bigsbee's darter—derved pretty girl, too.

"Well, they was engaged, en' 'twas understood thet when he gut back from the next vyge they'd be merried. Things in this world is mighty uncertain, 'specially merriage.

"Yer see, the feller went whalin'—shipped along with a New Bedford cap'en, en' 'twas nigh onto three years en' a half afore he hove in sight agin. Ged, did n't he look fine! I recollec' the fust time I see him comin' down the street after he gut back. He hed a blue coat en' yeller pants—but I'm gettin' ahead of my story.

"Sue Bigsbee was a good enough girl, but—well, she was about like other girls, if yer know what thet is. Give me a good vessel en' a decent crew, en' I can do a thing or two, but I don't know nothin' about a girl. Ged, I never set up to be a *connoshur* on the subject of girls.

"Well, fer a time after the feller went away Sue was pretty dumpish—did n't go nowhere nor seem ter care fer nothin'—seemed kinder lonesome en' off color—lovesick, I suppose. Well, she run on thet way fer a week or two, en' then she took another tack. Mopin' want never in her line, en' I guess she overdid it. Anyway, all of a sudden she come out of mournin'—so ter speak—en' was as lively as ever.

"Ged, I had n't ought ter be wastin' my time tellin' yarns en' this fence not touched yet! Abigail en' Hetty will keelhaul me if they come en' find me runnin' on like a sea-lawyer this way—might as well finish, though, now I've begun.

"'Twas pretty nigh on ter six

months or so when a feller come down here from Boston—a slick lookin' cuss, he was, too—buyin' up cramb'ries fer the firm he worked fer. Somehow he happened ter git acquainted with Sue Bigsbee, en'—well, as I said, yer can't ever tell nothin' about a girl. Soon's she saw him, with his shiny shoes en' standin' collar en' pretty neckties en' sech, the fat was all in the fire. He hung on here en' he hung on till he'd bought every cramb'ry in the town, en' he en' Sue was tergether the whole endurin' time.

"Yer know how sech things turn out—they thought they could n't live without each other—thet fust affair was all a mistake, yer know, en' so on—yer know how girls talk.

"Well, he went back ter Boston, en' arter a while they was merried en' went away ter live—I guess 'twas a good match, too. Them en' their two children was down here last summer—they've gut two of as likely-lookin' children as you ever see—a boy en' a girl.

"When it come time fer the other feller to git back, people was kinder wonderin' how he'd take it. Yer see, he had n't heard nothin' about it, fer when a feller goes off whalin' yer can't always tell jest exactly where to reach him by writin', so he don't git much news from home. There want nobody on the train comin' down from Boston thet knew him, en' so he did n't hear nothin' about it until he was ridin' over on the stage from the deepo.

"Jimmy Smith, the stage driver, told me about it. He said they was a drivin' along, talkin' of this en' thet—things thet had happened while he was gone—lots of things happen

when a feller's away on a whalin' vyge, I tell yer. Jimmy sez they was along by the old Joe Kent place, when the feller said, kinder quiet:

" 'How's Sue lookin'?' "

" Jimmy said it kinder took him back a bit, but he answered somethin' or other. Feller kinder suspicioned somethin' was wrong, en' he begun to ask questions. Jimmy held back as best he could, but when they gut into the village, the feller sez:

" 'Jimmy, yer keepin' somethin' back from me, en' I don't git out of this stage till yer tell me what 'tis yer holdin' back.' "

" En' then Jimmy told him. Well, sir, Jimmy sez the feller jest set lookin' quiet-like out over the fields, en' keepin' mighty still fer a time, en' then he sez:

" 'Air yer tellin' me the truth, Jimmy?' "

" "God's truth,' said Jimmy.

" The feller looked down at the wheels fer a minute or two, en' give a sigh, then he bust out into a laugh. Jimmy sez thet laugh made his skin crawl.

" 'Well, there's more than one Sue in the world,' said the feller.

" Well, sir, I'll be derved if he did n't go next day en' propose to Sue Baker. He told her he never cared fer Sue Bigsbee, anyhow, en', womanlike, she believed him. They was married within a month.

" Well, as I was a sayin', some thinks one way en' some another."

" Theodore," came a voice from the house, "air you a goin' to open them oysters fer dinner?"

" Yes, yes, Abigail, I'm a comin'."

" Guess I'll hev to paint thet derved fence next week," remarked the Captain to me.

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MR. BAYNES AND "JIMMY," THE BLACK BEAR CUB.

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ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

By George I. Putnam.

Photos by Mr. Baynes except when stated otherwise.

"Hadn't you better inquire the way?" says your Companion for perhaps the twentieth time that morning. "Here's a pretty good looking house coming—"

"If you mean any reflection on the speed of this horse," you reply with dignity, "by attributing mobility to such objects as houses, I shall get out and walk and compel you to drive. As good a horse as there is in the county, the liveryman told us—"

"'T is a small county, and a poor."

"I'll inquire," says you, preparing to alight in the dooryard of the neat, red-painted cottage. Some one came out to meet us, and the some one was the man we sought. We had reached the Haven Cottage, in Croydon, and met its occupant, Ernest Harold Baynes, who welcomed us with the kindly manner that is the key to his success with all the lower animals, man included.

Mr. Baynes has been spending the summer on the eastern border of the famous Corbin Park, in Sullivan county, New Hampshire, and is now domiciled for the winter in Meriden, near the northern end of The Park. Sullivan county has gained some little public attention recently by reason of its many smart and agile centenarians; but with the coming of Mr.

Baynes the young men will again hold up their heads. The large public that has been enjoying his nature stories and studies in the past months will be glad to know something of his very interesting personality.

A young man just reaching the fresh and able maturity of the early thirties; medium height; stout enough to suggest strength; spare enough to prove the endurance of the wiry athlete; built for speed and carrying himself with the perfect poise of a happy physical training; face showing the pleasant lines impressed by sun and wind as he carries his studies afield; a thatch of brown, graying hair; his face and body the reflex of a mind that is active, discerning, well trained. A genial manner that places you on friendship's footing instantly, and a cheery voice that entertains you with story-bits and ends of experience in his work with birds and animals. These things mark the man whose success in the field of nature study has won him a wide public, together with recognition from that veteran, John Burroughs, and other of the old time leaders. Mr. Baynes follows the work from heart's choice; his efforts are sincere, his descriptions honest. There is a dependability about the man that



"Isaac," the Turkey Vulture.

runs through all his undertakings, and gives them permanence.

"Where are the 'critters'?" says your Companion, trying to look disappointed. "We expected to see all manner of fish, flesh and fowl on the fin, foot and wing submitting to your

guidance round the place. Where are they?"

"All around us," was the prompt reply. "They are a good deal like children; they never show off well before company. But we'll see what we can find."

So we submitted to his guidance, and sought the children with due care. For aught we could see we were as amiable in appearance as Mr. Baynes himself; yet feathers and fur flew to greet him, and shunned us as if we were the plague. We felt a secret aspiration to form ourselves on him, but the attempt seemed hopeless; and a little later we decided not to interfere with him in any degree. That was when, after stationing us at a safe distance and out of sight of the enemy even, he boldly approached the lair of an old lady skunk who, as he said, was "fixed ready for busi-



The Haven Cottage and Croydon Mountain.



Photo. by L. B. Baynes. Mr. Baynes and His Tame Fox, "The Sprite."

ness," detached one of her young from her maternal breast, and brought the little black and white baby to us in his hand for our wonder and admiration. Nothing unpleasant transpired, and we wondered and admired. Joshua's feat of compelling the sun to stand still may have been more far reaching in its consequences, but it seems no more wonderful than to compel the mother skunk to stay her hand, as it were, in defense of her litter. Moreover, we know that this was done. Joshua's feat has been questioned.

The barn was in use as a hospital. A lame robin eyed us from the window-sill, his only apparent interest being whether or not we brought him a worm. A cynical and despairing coyote in a stall nursed a leg that the young foxes had chewed, and dreamed

of the freedom of his forbears on western prairies, forever unattainable for him. A flying squirrel showed the most lovable disposition imaginable, sitting in Mr. Baynes' hand and accepting peanuts from strangers with charming confidence. He sub-



"The Sprite" as a Youngster.



Mr. Baynes' Present Home Near the Northwest Gate of the Blue Mountain Forest.

Buffalo Herd in Foreground.

mitted to any amount of handling by those experienced hands, while the peculiarities that give him his name were shown and described.

Across the road, on a daisy-dotted



Adult Bull Buffalo.

One of the Corbin Herd.

slope and in the cool edge of a wood, were a number of big wire crates, in each of which some pent-up denizen of the wild temporarily acknowledged the sovereignty of man as exemplified in the person of Ernest Harold Baynes. In this one, fox kittens; in another, a wolf; a mature fox in the third, and a fourth claimed by a vulture that flew the length of his cord and flopped heavily upon the ground. While a young bear, rejoicing in the name of "Jimmy," ambled about at will, scorning cages, making short forays into the wood and up trees, but returning with commendable faithfulness to Mr. Baynes whom he had quickly learned to recognize as the source of bread and milk and other things good for young bears. The Companion was well convinced of the existence of "critters,"—he had inclined to skepticism before starting—and we made our way back to the cot-

tage accompanied by as many members of the Happy Family as were not detained by cords and cages.

We were particularly interested in the fate of the fox, which Mr. Baynes said was soon to be turned loose to shift for himself.

"You would n't sell him?" we asked.

"Yes, if I could get my price," he replied, brazenly. "Several men have asked what that was, and I always give them the same figure—one million dollars—no more, for he is n't really worth it; no less, for moral reasons." Then he became earnest. "As a fact, the fox has earned his liberty. He has helped me earn my money—he has given me my studies, and has posed for character in my stories. He has had nothing in return. All he wants is his natural liberty, and that he is going to have."



A Broad-Winged Hawk.

We demurred a little, for we had mental visions of a fox, robbed by captivity of his ability to compete with other animals in the wild, falling



Photo. by L. B. Baynes. Mr. Baynes and His Tame Prairie Wolf, "Romulus."



Young Raccoons at Home.

a victim to their relentless natures ; or of a fox, tame and trusting, trotting with unsuspected feet up to a man with a gun. But Mr. Baynes held there was no danger,—for the fox.

“Farmers tell me,” said he, “that the tame fox is the worst fox. He is slyer than any other, and he is bolder. He will rob a henroost more openly and successfully. In fact, his operations become depredations. His natural war is on weaker animals than himself, and he will not suffer when I turn him loose in the park.”

So we saw that the real danger was to Mr. Baynes, and not the fox ; that farmers would protest against the taming of “varmints,” which might then be freed and become the worst sort of pests. We all know what the “embattled farmers” are capable of when they take a stand ; so we trem-



Fawn of White-Tailed Deer in July.

Showing the Protective Value of the White Spots at this Season.

bled, a little, for the enthusiastic naturalist who would spare the life of a single fox and ruin for some farmer's daughter the income of her poultry yard. We still count, however, on the qualities of redemption held by

trees is a lake and beyond that the heights of the Park mount up and up, ever clothed with trees, until the lofty line cuts the sky and shuts the west away. One may look and look, and never tire, for the land returns swiftly



Fawn of White-Tailed Deer in September.

the farmer's son and a handy shotgun.

The Haven Cottage that Mr. Baynes occupied is one of those surprising houses that keeps its pleasant places for the intimate guest. You might say it has turned its back on the highway with its passers, and keeps its face for the hidden side, turned towards the glories of the great Park. There is a wide, high veranda on this side, and the Park fence runs by at a rod's distance. Beyond the first fringe of

to its virgin state, and the green-clad folds of the hills inspire restful dreams. The mountain curve encloses as an amphitheatre; north, west and south the upraised world-crust rims you round, melting in distance to deep blue, coming nearer into hopeful green, making a blissful solitude in the centre of which nestles the red cottage with the white highway ribboning by unheeded. Here one denies the existence of the flesh and the devil, believing only in a

spotless world. Here one who is weary may grow strong; here also a naturalist may find the most secret and intimate heaven of his desires.

One immediate result of Mr. Baynes' stay in New Hampshire has been the arousing of his interest in the American Buffalo. With him, this means action, and he is already deep in the effort to arouse public opinion and sentiment to the necessity of preserving this noble animal from

ing the small wild animals of that civilized section, and attaining knowledge upon which he both writes and lectures most instructively and entertainingly. While he has by no means exhausted this field of study, his desire to widen the field has led him to make New Hampshire his home at present. The privileges of the great Corbin Park have been freely given him, with full power to hunt therein with all the weapons he de-



Mrs. Baynes Feeding "Actaeon," the Fawn.

extinction. Corbin Park contains a fine herd of buffalo, and, taken in connection with other herds scattered through the country, gives strong hope of future success. One of Mr. Baynes' most interesting lectures is upon the buffalo, and this, in connection with his earnest and convincing writing, is surely working to the result desired. It is a magnificent object, and worthy of his best endeavors.

For some years Mr. Baynes has been doing most excellent work at his home in Stoneham, Mass., study-

sires. As his weapons consist of field glasses, camera and note-book it is easily seen that the game will not suffer by his presence; while his studies of elk, deer, moose, buffalo and wild boar in a state of nature will certainly enrich man's present knowledge. For he is doing good work, and doing it well. It is a work that demands to be done, for mankind needs it. It is of high importance. When you consider, men have for a few generations been getting away from nature, wearing black broadcloth and living in cities. It has

remained for this generation to understand in some measure the folly of this, and to seek a return to the soil. Pioneers must go ahead and blaze out the way to this new-old land, encourage the revival of simple living, of belief in good old Mother Earth and her cures for man's ills, of interest in the natural life that ever shuns the cities, of love for the beasts, of kindness towards them, of a broader human sympathy than has been practised. Here is work for those who understand what is needed, for those who hear the call with comprehension, who have the physique and the courage to endure. The work

that Mr. Baynes has done is a guaranty of the work he will yet do; he brings fitness to the work, and the field is ample.



Young Fox Yawning.

OUR "OLD HOME WEEK."

By Ellen Burpee Farr.

(Read at Bow, N. H., Aug. 25, 1904.)

New Hampshire's children, roaming wide,
 In many a clime, the earth around,
 Will hear the summons to abide
 For this rare time, with joy profound,
 And with light hearts, will gladly seek
 Their "native soil"
 For "Old Home Week."

Our Farmer, from the grand, broad West,
 Forsakes his "miles and miles" of corn,
 And hies him straight, with eager zest,
 Back to the state where he was born.
 And fun is there, when "Greek meets Greek,"
 And he "swaps yarns"
 In "Old Home Week."

The Lawyer leaves the city's din,
 Where piles of brick and stone, uprear,
 And with his client's hard-earned "tin,"
 Comes back to freedom, year by year.
 So for this time, for him bespeak,
 A glad release
 For "Old Home Week."

OUR "OLD HOME WEEK."

The Doctor lets his patient "live"—
 Forgets that "calls" are part of life,
 And for a time dares all to give
 A respite to his world of strife.
 Of him beware! Lest he should seek
 To save your life
 In "Old Home Week."

Our "Politician" drops his artful "wiles,"
 Forgets that "Candidates" were ever born,
 And with the "other party," jokes and smiles.
 The future holds for him no times forlorn,
 While he goes forth, with conduct meek,
 To swell the crowd
 In "Old Home Week."

Of boys and girls, there comes a crowd,
 With elders in their youthful train,
 Than whom no parents are more proud,
 As with their kin, they meet again.
 What gay old pranks, these youngsters seek!
 What fun for them
 In "Old Home Week."

So "down the line" we search and call
 For those old friends, whom once we knew.
 New Hampshire greets them, "one and all,"
 And bids them come, the "tried and true."
 But what of those who may not speak,
 Or hear your call
 For "Old Home Week"?

How many such will not respond!
 Their souls heed not the calls of life.
 Today, they're in the "Great Beyond,"
 Far from the cares of mortal strife.
 So let them rest! No longer seek,
 Or wish them back
 For "Old Home Week."

And some who cannot heed the call,
 Would gladly meet with you once more.
 Send out to them, what e'er befall—
 Those absent ones, whose fate deplore!
 And for them all your love bespeak,
 With kindly thoughts,
 For "Old Home Week."

So, far from my home, in Sunset land,
 A "Greeting" speeds upon its way.
 For "memories" crowd on every hand,
 Recalling many a happy day
 With those whom you will vainly seek
 To join with you
 In "Old Home Week."

THANKSGIVING.

By H. G. Leslie, M. D.

“Man alive!” said Captain Some, one night when I had presented the proposition that I must return to my city quarters, “I don’t want you to go until after Thanksgiving. I am getting to be an old man and have no near relatives or children and when this day comes around, it is a pretty lonesome thing for Marm and I to sit down and gnaw a turkey bone alone. Of all the blessings that Providence sends I think the great big old-fashioned family is about the best. I don’t know of any word in the English language that has a more solemn sound than — alone. When my neighbors’ sons and daughters come trooping back to the old home on this occasion, I feel that I have been deprived of a good deal in life.”

That period of time ordinarily devoted to summer vacations had long since passed. From mountain hostelry and seaside resorts the children had returned to their schoolrooms and the business man to his desk, and still I lingered at Shoreline.

The trees along the river bank that bore the foliage of June, when I first saw them, had passed through various stages of transformation, the dusty tint of midsummer, the painted glories of autumn, and now with every gust of wind were sending their discarded decorations to float on the swift-running tide. The nights had grown chilly and in the early morning the dry grass in the yard rustled and crackled beneath the feet with the tune of frost. The river bank had already borne its first

silver fringe of thin ice, breaking up and floating away in the current with a chime and jingle of music, which would have been pleasant had it not been a prophecy of a sterner grip when it would not yield to wind and tide. Above in the cold gray of the sky the long irregular lines of wild geese seeking a more hospitable clime betokened the coming of a period of inclemency.

I had from time to time fixed a date in my mind when I would pack my belongings and return to my studio. Some new attraction would, however, present itself. Some varying tint of light and shade on the river. Some subtle unknown influence, and the day was indefinitely deferred. It was not altogether the appeal of nature that influenced me. I had no home of my own and even in childhood had been bereft of tender associations, clustering around the paternal hearthstone, so that the kindly unostentatious welcome to a seat by Captain Some’s kitchen stove was a nearer approach to such comforts than I had previously enjoyed.

Friendships are not always the growth of years. There is a mental telegraphy that oftentimes tells us on the first meeting that here is one whom we have heretofore missed in the by ways of life, who possesses characteristics for which we have felt the need to complete our happiness. Such had been my experience in Shoreline. The daily association with its people, their simple, pleasant lives, undisturbed by the rise and fall of stocks in the market place,

genial, sincere, honest; these words mean so much to one who has seen the selfishness of human cattle in larger fields, that the touch of unglazed, unvarnished kindness is a constant pleasure. Unfortunately the smile that has not beneath it some ulterior motive is as rare as the diamonds of Golconda and almost as priceless.

When the Captain gave me the invitation to stop over for this crowning event of the season's pleasure there was a ring and tone of voice that somehow conveyed more than the words themselves and as it required but little to tip the balance in favor of staying, I decided to remain.

To New England alone belongs the custom and observance of Thanksgiving Day. Here it originated and here transpired the events which gave cause for its being. History has engrossed the story on its pages, and the veriest tyro of a school boy can give the origin of the festival. The sons and daughters of Pilgrim stock have carried more or less of the sentiment to wherever they may have made their homes, but beyond the confines of New England it is a hot-house flower of forced growth; here it is spontaneous in development.

The poet Whittier must have had in mind this New England festival when he wrote the description of the wedding feast of Weetamoo in the "Bridal of Penacook," for surely nowhere else could have occurred the suggestion for such a scurrying together of good things for the delectation of the animal man :

Bird of the air and beast of the field,
All which the woods and waters yield
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled
Garnished and graced that banquet wild.

At almost any hour of the day, in the fortnight preceding the day set apart by the Governor of the Commonwealth

for the observance of these festivities, the Captain could be found in the kitchen arrayed in a wonderfully checkered apron covering the protruberance supposed to contain his digestive apparatus, and extending nearly to his feet, stoning raisins, chopping mince meat and paring pumpkins, or such other culinary preparations as preceded the event.

He had written to his niece in Boston who occupied the position of book-keeper in a mercantile firm in that city, as well as to the schoolmaster in Exeter, and received favorable replies from both. His injunction to the latter individual, not to forget his fiddle, betokened more than an ordinary element of hilarity. From sly inuendoes casually dropped I judged that the meeting of the Captain's niece with the young schoolmaster was a matter of exceedingly personal interest to them.

The afternoon preceding Thanksgiving Day the schoolmaster made his appearance, rosy and red from a long walk across the hills from Exeter. His hearty greeting should have compensated him for his rough journey on the uneven roads of Kensington, but in answer to a look of inquiry the Captain said, "Sadie will be up with Newell Marden the last trip tonight," thus tacitly admitting the particular attraction that was to recompense him for his long and dreary walk in the sharp November air. "All mankind loves a lover," and the Captain's smile as he made this statement proved that he was no exception to the general rule.

During the two weeks prior to this occasion the Captain's old dory made numerous trips to the Port to procure the condiments supposed to be necessary in compounding the various dishes. He even went so far as to visit the cider-

mill at the Buttonwoods and secure a keg of Tom Page's best sweet russet cider. This apparent lapse from absolutely strict temperance principles was only made on the repeated assurance of Mrs. Somes that it was utterly impossible to make good mince pies without boiled cider, and moreover there was the apple sauce to go with the doughnuts and cheese to be thought of. The Captain drew a long sigh as he started on this mission, well knowing of the repeated statements he would be required to make in reply to the sly inuendoes of his cronies with regard to secret bibulous habits. When the Captain returned from this unwilling trip Jake Short stood on the wharf and cheerfully assisted in landing the cargo. "Gor ram him," said Capt. Jared, "he is always hanging round where he ain't wanted."

At one time in the early history of Newbury, Vt., when the Thanksgiving Proclamation was read in church, one of the members gravely arose and stated that there was not a drop of molasses in town and as his boys had gone to southward to procure a supply he moved that the celebration be postponed until their return; which was accordingly done. No such untoward event occurred to mar Captain Jared's plans, and all things went as merry as the traditional marriage bell.

The sun arose Thanksgiving morning bright and clear but almost immediately slipped behind a gorgeously illumined cloud. A sure sign according to the Captain's standard of predictions that it would storm before night. Long before the church bell sent forth its appeal for devotional exercises, the sky had become overcast and the wind echoed the somber notes presaging the change. The scattered few who responded to the call of duty hurried along the bleak

street holding their wraps close about the face. Attractive indeed would be the discourse on such an occasion that would rival the housewives' consideration of the condition of the turkey, left to assume its most delectable flavor in the oven at home, and very popular was the preacher who had the good judgment to deliver an abbreviated sermon.

The Captain evidently did not feel the need of spiritual comfort and made no effort to respond to the call of the bell and accompany Mrs. Somes to the place of worship. His frequent trips to replenish the fire and carefully examine the conditions inside the oven door might have subjected him to the same reproof as the one of old who gave too much attention to the affairs of this world. His conscientious ministrations were amply rewarded and when Mrs. Somes returned home from her enforced period of rest the long table was in proper position and ready to receive its burden of smoking viands.

The Arab of the desert shares his pinch of salt with the traveler, beneath the folds of his tent, in token of friendship. The wild Indian of the far West when he invites the wayfarer to a seat within his lodge and bids him partake of his pot of meat precludes all ideas of treachery, and gives a guarantee of friendly regard. In a like manner the New England Thanksgiving table is an emblem of love and kindly feeling. Here are gathered the few of all the wide world most dear to the host. The ceremonials of state functions have no part or place at this gathering. The hired waiter, the obsequious servant is not in keeping with the event. The personal attentions of the master of the house, the watchful eye, the liberal hand conveys more than the morsel of

animal food; it possesses a permeating flavor of hearty good will, of more value by far than the orderly attendance and stately grace of trained servitors.

In the hour of repletion, over the figurative "walnuts and wine," the flash of studied wit, the brilliant display of oratoric power, bearing the trademark of laborious thought, pales before the simple stories and personal experiences of the host, who, although his efforts may bear the musty odor of age, contributes his best and all for the pleasure of his guests.

As we smoked our after-dinner cigars with the wind whistling around the window panes and the scattered snowflakes whitening the ground outside, the conversation drifted to the inconveniences and discomforts of a previous generation, who had used the great old-fashioned fireplace behind the stove, which the Captain had closed in favor of more modern methods of heating.

"Yes," said the Captain, "private houses were bad enough, but the old meeting-house at Rocky Hill took the cake on a winter's day with no attempt at heating. I have seen the puffs of breath going up from the pews like little steam engines. I can remember when my mother bought a foot-stove, and some of the women said she was getting terrible high toned. I used to have to go over to the parsonage and get my share of coals to put in it and take it over to the church. The minister's folks always built a great hickory fire Sunday mornings so as to have plenty of coals for the boys. I have seen a dozen standing round at a time waiting for their turn."

"What is a foot-stove, Uncle?" said the Captain's niece. "I never saw one."

"Bless your soul and body!" said

Capt. Jared in astonishment, "am I such an old back number that the things I know all about you never saw? Well, by Jiminy hill! you come up in the attic and I will show you the very one your grandmother used, and lots of other things I reckon you never saw. The fact is, that when some new thing comes around into this part of the house an old one goes into the next story, and then from there into the attic, and if it want for the roof to hold them in, I don't know where they would go next. Every time house cleaning comes around I have to stand guard."

"Now, Jared," said Mrs. Somes, "don't talk that way, and I don't believe that anybody wants to go in that dirty old place, so now!"

This did not prove to be the case, and we were soon treading the narrow stairs leading to the unfinished space beneath the roof. The Captain reached under the eaves of the garret and pulled out a square wooden frame of quite elaborate finish, which served to hold in place a perforated tin shell; inside of this was an iron tray designed to hold the charcoal, upon the whole quite a scientific device for imparting heat. On the wall hung a brass warming-pan, the duplicate of those that made up the somewhat celebrated cargo sent by Lord Timothy Dexter to the West Indies.

A variety of spinning wheels were in evidence, great and small, all bearing the marks of much service. Pathetic reminders of a lost art; every worn spoke telling its story of the devotion of patient hands to the needs of bygone generations. The Captain undertook to explain how the yarn was twisted by the spindle and drawn out in long threads, but if spirit eyes were looking from some shadowy recess, his clumsy efforts must have appeared like a trav-

esty on the skill of those hands that spin no more neither do they weave. Substantial chairs with broken flag bottoms stood here and there. Great, solid sea chests lined the wall, filled with the discarded finery brought home from many a distant land, now regarded as simple curiosities, the victims of fashion's fickle moods.

A heavy flint-lock musket stood in one corner with two or three rusty cutlasses, the relics of privateering days. On a wooden peg near the window hung a tall white hat with a long, silky fur almost like an animal's. This the Captain placed on his head, saying that it was his grandfather's wedding hat. He found an old green camlet cloak, with stiff high collar fastened by a large silver hook and chain. With these additions to his wardrobe he posed as the dandy of long ago.

Darkness began to gather in the corners of the garret before we descended to the sitting-room below, with somewhat of the same feeling as one has when returning from foreign lands to the familiar scenes of home.

"Now," said the Captain, when he had returned to the sitting-room, "let's have some real, genuine music. You can talk to me until doomsday about harps, pianos and orchestras, but to my mind they can't hold a candle to a fiddle. That little brown box that the Irishman said 'looked like a duck and was about the size of a goose, but when you turned him over on his back and rubbed his belly with a greased stick, Holy Mother! but the voice of him!' has more in it that will pull the heart-strings of a man than anything else in the world.

"You can hear your mother's voice in the old songs, your father's solemn tone in prayer, the laughter of child-

hood, the tremulous words of feeble age. It's all there! It's all there!

"When I was shipping a crew I always paid a man who could fiddle two dollars a month extra. Sailors get the grumps on a long voyage, and nothing will take it out of them like the snappy notes of a hornpipe. In ten minutes they are kicking the deck like mad and the squall is all over with."

The schoolmaster took out his violin and handled the bow with the skill of an expert. He made no attempt, however at classic productions, but played the old, sweet ballads of long ago.

After a little, in spirit of mischief, he shifted to the snap and flourish of an Irish jig, to which the Captain beat time in hearty appreciation, but when he suddenly changed to a well-known sailor's hornpipe, the Captain sprang to his feet and with a skill and agility wholly unexpected in one of his years and rotund girth footed the well-known step. As the music quickened, in feverish excitement his boot heels beat the floor like the long roll of a snare drum.

"There now, Jared," said Mrs. Somes, "I am ashamed of you. What would Elder Morton say if he should look into the window?"

"I don't know what *he* would say," said the Captain, "but I say that when a man is happy there is no way he can show it quite as well as by dancing. There's plenty of Bible authority for it, too. Whenever there was an especial occasion for rejoicing they danced. I don't know much about the modern fandangoes of hugging and lop-eared swinging, but I believe that there is nothing that makes one feel better than a good, honest breakdown."

The schoolmaster fingered his violin like a guitar and sang two or three college songs, then some one suggested

that the Captain give us a regular old sea song. Nothing loth, he cleared his throat and started that threadbare tale of

My name was Captain Kidd,
When I sailed, when I sailed,
And I murdered William Moore
And I left him in his gore,
When I sailed, when I sailed.

This selection was followed by

Billy Bowlin and his wife's mother
Both rode over the bridge together.
The bridge broke down and they fell in;
Devil of a bridge, said Billy Bowlin.

What was lacking in musical rhythm was made up in force, and seemed to carry the accompaniment of roaring sea and wind beating out the chords on straining rigging.

The schoolmaster whispered to the Captain's niece, and putting the violin in place they sang together the old song of Tom Moore's, "Sweet Vale of Avoca."

Have song writers lost a delicacy of touch and sentiment, or do the clustering memories of scenes and events give a flavor of their own to bygone minstrelsy? Certainly it seems as though the pages of the past must be turned to feel the heart touch of the best.

The lights had gone out along the shore save here and there where the wearying grip of pain called for a watcher's sympathy and attention. The wind howled in dolorous cadence down the wide chimney throat, the windows rattled and all the multitudinous sounds of a blustering night filled the air.

I lay awake for a long time, but finally dropped into a troubled sleep, where Captain Some's' brine-soaked songs mingled with the soft, tremulous notes of the violin in a way more fantastic and strange than the abrupt flashes of the northern lights that were painting the midnight sky.

The next morning when Newell Marden's overland express came swaying and rattling around the Ferry Corner I stood by my luggage on the Captain's front steps.

The theory that language was given man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts may or may not be true, but it is quite certain that the hand grasp of a friend gives an assurance of sincere regard that no words can rival. You may call it mental telegraphy, magnetism, or what not, but there is something that goes with it that binds the strands of friendship into a firmer cord. I felt this as I grasped Captain Some's' hand. Little was said, little need be said, we knew one another too well to play with words.

The old coach swayed and swang down the long street, its genial driver shouting his morning salutations to every one he met. When the horses slowed down to a walk on Cedar Hill I turned for a last look at Shoreline. A big lump came in my throat as I thought of the possible changes that might come ere my eyes rested again on this scene, if, indeed, they ever did.

A turn at the top of the hill, and the leaf of records of one summer vacation was turned.





Fire Consumed the Soil Twenty Years Ago.

Soil entirely gone. Rock washed bare by the rains. No future growth possible.

THE FOREST SITUATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND HOW TO CHANGE IT.

By Philip W. Ayres, Forester of the Society for the Protection of N. H. Forests.

I. THE SITUATION.

Few realize the importance of the forests in New Hampshire. Scattered as our people are in three hundred self-governing towns, it is difficult to realize the situation or to determine a method of forest treatment. Not only is a very large portion of the land area of the state covered by some form of woody growth,—more than seventy-five per cent., including the brush land,—but also a very large portion is non-agricultural and can never be productive of any but a forest crop. It has been estimated that the present gross product of the forests in the state is \$16,000,000 annually, and that at the present rate of cutting spruce in the

northern towns this product must soon be greatly diminished by exhaustion of supply. The old pine growth is gone already, but it reproduces rapidly, and we are reaping a large return annually from second growth. By proper management, getting pines instead of hard woods to succeed pines, as can easily be done, and has been done in the state repeatedly, the income from our pine forests can be more than doubled, perhaps quadrupled, while by a different method of cutting, our spruce supplies can be made to hold out much longer.

The clean cutting of spruce on our high mountain slopes, practised by all of the great paper companies, is wasteful in the extreme, and in many



This Tree Shows How the Soil was Consumed by Fire.

Two feet and eight inches were burned away.

instances, especially when the slash is consumed by the great fires, the soil is destroyed, and a future crop of any value is postponed for several centuries and sometimes forever. The accompanying picture photographs the soil consumed by fire, where formerly, only twenty years ago, a great forest stood. Germany and France have learned by much bitter experience that floods and timber famine follow destructive lumbering in the mountains. They now use the wiser, selective method, taking out only mature trees. We are following their former methods, without profiting by their experience, and when we awake to our real needs it may be too late. These considerations do not concern our summer visitors; they are not a matter of sentiment, but primarily of

bread and butter to our all-the-year population.

How essential a proper treatment of the forests becomes is seen in towns like Roxbury, formerly a flourishing community, but now without a post-office, or Saron or Richmond or many others that are not what they were when farming and lumbering combined yielded a comfortable living, for which the farms alone are inadequate and no longer used. It is inevitable that many of our mountain towns now flourishing will follow their example. Indeed, Bartlett and Tamworth have done so already, and are dependent largely on the summer visitors. It appears to be only a question of time when the present prosperity of several of our mountain towns will disappear.

As the forest grows slowly, and when abused produces tree weeds or species of little value, often for a hundred years or more, legislation is necessary—more necessary to a rational forest management than to general agriculture, yet our forest laws are few and inoperative.

II. HOW TO CHANGE THE SITUATION.

How can the situation be changed? In the following ways:

1. By spreading as widely as possible, among woodland owners, a knowledge of tree growth and tree values, and the best methods of cutting and of reproducing a forest. The Grange has been active in this regard, and can do still more. The Society for the Protection of New Hampshire forests provides lantern slides, and a lecturer free, except the expenses of the lantern.

2. There should be better laws on the subject of forest fires. Last year eight thousand acres burned over in the town of Bethlehem, two thousand in Franconia, twelve thousand in Milan and Berlin; more than two hundred thousand in the state at large, causing a loss in present values estimated at one and one half millions of dollars, with loss to young growth and to the soil that is beyond estimate. Several states, including New York, Massachusetts and Minnesota, have a fire warden in each town to put out small fires and to

bring forces quickly to bear upon large ones. There are striking examples of the benefit of this system in New Hampshire where private wardens have been employed.

3. By providing a nursery for the distribution of forest seedling trees and seeds at cost.

4. By establishing one or more areas in the state under expert management, to demonstrate the financial value of proper treatment of the forest, and to preserve some of the virgin forest, both of pine and spruce, of which now very little remains of either.

5. By the establishment of a national forest reservation in the White Mountains. A bill for this purpose has been introduced in both houses of congress. It has passed favorably the Senate Committee on Forest Reservations.

Every one who is interested in the preservation of the forests on these mountains, and in their more conservative use, is urged to write to his or her representative in congress, urging the passage of this bill. Persons of New Hampshire birth or ancestry, living in other states, can lend most valuable aid in this direction. Within the state the immediate objects to work for are better laws to protect our forests from fire, and one or more state reservations under adequate care.



DEMPSEY'S TRICK.

By Jesse H. Buffum.

The trouble began in a way that many troubles do, by my father's determination that I should enter the ministry. At first this did not concern me very much, for I was but fourteen years old when the subject was first broached, but as time accumulated I was so overwhelmed by the realization of my own sinfulness that I could not for a moment entertain the idea of correcting the same idiosyncrasies in others.

I gave this explanation to myself, for it was in a way comforting.

The inevitable climax came at last, and to the query, "What on earth *are* you going to do?" I promptly replied, "Go to my uncle and learn to quarry."

"Hugh!"

What made this sudden disposition of the problem possible was the fact that my uncle, Allen Eastman, owned a granite quarry far up in the "wilds" of New Hampshire, as my father termed it, in the beautiful White Mountain region; or, more particularly, in the quiet village of North Conway.

About my experiences in this strange position I shall tell you but little, for six weeks of quarrying ended in my extreme inquisitiveness being rewarded with a broken leg—two places, broken ribs—about six, and severe internal injuries.

My accident, which occurred in early spring, had been a peculiar one

the doctor said, and I was informed that I had a summer of idleness before me—to boot, the impossibility of a railroad journey home.

So I began to make the most of North Conway.

When I say that the trouble all began with my father, I am partially wrong, for had I not been born with a seemingly inherent love for railroading, I would not be telling you this story about myself—I mean about Dempsey,—for I play but a poor part in the little tragedy soon to be enacted.

Do not expect a graphic account of some deep-laid mathematical plot of a boy train despatcher, whereby he saves scores of lives by a single touch of the finger and brings the Limited in on time. It is a railroad story, to be sure, but of the practical coolness of an obscure fellow who, when he was needed, was there and able to *think*. The young man who wonders how he can succeed may read this with profit, perhaps.

I reveled in the unspeakable beauties of a springtime in the woods. I have learned where and when to spend my vacations, for the veritable nature-garden of the North Conway region cannot be surpassed. I took many walks after I had laid my crutches aside, and although I was weak and could stand but little exertion, I was constantly expeditionizing.

My fascination with things railroad led me to quite frequently pay visits to the depot, water tank and roundhouse. North Conway marked the terminus of the Boston & Maine. The Maine Central passed through another portion of the village, running north and west up through the White Mountains. It was on this branch that Dempsey did his "trick." I would each night at 6 o'clock stand and watch the engineer "put her to bed" in the roundhouse. The engines—there were three during the busy season—would come in from the turn-table panting just like "humans," as if they had done a hard day's work and wanted you to know it.

I did not confine my perambulations to the tank, switches or roundhouse, but occasionally would saunter into the cool depot, where the click of the relay fascinated and attracted me. For hours between train times, when the place was not busy, I would sit and chat with the operator. It was thus that I got to know Dempsey. Dempsey was the operator.

I had lived this way for about a month, perhaps, going and coming at will, doing nothing and wanting to do nothing, when one day after our customary chat about nothings in particular, Dempsey said to me:

"Why don't you learn to trick?"

He called everything a "trick," from booking cars to refilling batteries.

Dempsey nagged me continually about learning to operate. I have wondered many times at his interest in me, and as I have grown to know him better, I believe it was because he hated to see me kill time. I was indeed getting into a bad way. With

nothing on earth to occupy one, one gets tired of life even. So I began to learn the alphabet. As I grew a little more and more adept, the incentive became stronger, and I found myself spending several hours each day, wrapt mind and soul in the simple instrument before me. This went on until about the 13th of June, when, as the "summer" business began, there came down from the "C. F. D." the peremptory order to "Stop that novice work at C—y."

My ambition gauge dropped about fifty degrees, but Dempsey, who was resourceful if anything, sent me skyward again by running a private line from the office to his boarding-house and thence to my own room. Thus, whenever a spare hour came, whether daytime or evening, he coached me. I soon became an "expert," as my chum enthusiastically declared.

It was well along in July when an incident occurred which, though I placed no value on it at the time, proved of much consequence to me a little later on. I was spending the afternoon in the office as usual. Dempsey had left me, going out on some errand or other, and I was sitting alone, listening to the dull drone of the haymaking as it came up from the intervalles beyond. Suddenly the relay began to speak. I knew the call instantly: "C—y—C—y." It was the office call, and it kept coming insistently. It grew more imperious.

I trembled a little at what I was doing, but I opened in and, scarce realizing what I was doing, took down orders, flagged trains and, as some say, saved a few lives. I speak shortly of this, for it has nothing to do with Dempsey, and does

not compare with what he did in the mountains in the little town of Bartlett.

The summer was far spent. I had found time, when I was not sending whole chapters of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" over the wire to my friend of the key, to take in all the sights in the vicinity, and my conquering spirit yearned for fresh fields of adventure or work, for Dempsey had lost for me my laziness. I had climbed Washington, Moat, Kearsarge, and passed raptures on the various scenes and places of the famous White Mountain region.

My uneasiness for want of occupation was increased by a letter from home stating that my father had secured for me a position in a business house. It was time that I made some move. When I communicated to my chum this intelligence he was deeply interested, and distressed at the thought of my going back to New Jersey.

"It will never do," declared he, "you were cut out for the railroad and you won't fit anywhere else."

"Say," he continued, after we had stood a while in silence brooding over the matter, "will you take a trick if I can get one for you?"

"Yes," I said, though with no faith in the outcome.

My chum was enthusiastic and volubly assured me of a job soon found. I left him, myself far less hopeful of so delightful a result.

Though I had always entertained full confidence in my friend Dempsey, I was genuinely surprised to receive, as I did a few days later, my appointment to the night trick at Bartlett, a small town up in the mountains. It was here that my hero was to win

fame for himself and a better job for me.

I found my new duties very agreeable, and in time overcame the intricacies of the position with some assistance from my ever-ready friend down the line. During the remainder of the summer, and while the days were still hot, I found much leisure time, for my duties were light, as the passenger service, though brisk, alone demanded my attention. The freight traffic would begin to pick up in the early fall.

But while I had much time to spare from my work, I was not going to be allowed to lapse into idleness. Dempsey kept the wire hot. He first declared that I was not always going to hang out at Bartlett, and "you want more speed." He made me an expert in abbreviating, and no code or system in vogue in the railway world but what I could tick off glibly. On hot afternoons during August and early September we had delightful chats over the wire. I would sleep during the forenoon and spend the remainder of the day in the office. Occasionally he would try me for speed. Under his direction I accomplished a great deal, and during those periods when the wire would be almost entirely quiet, I would send him whole chapters of some favorite novel we would both be reading. Dempsey, who was an expert stenographer as well as telegrapher, would "take me down" in shorthand and repeat all I would send. I in turn would verify the stuff. In this way we both got in much excellent practice.

As the fall freight season opened in I found but small time for "novice work," so termed by the C. T. D.

The real work was beginning for me, and the heavy freight traffic kept me pretty well occupied throughout my trick. Nothing outside the despatcher's office is called a "trick," but I had fallen into Dempsey's phonology readily.

Coal and live stock and grain went up the line, and lumber and stone came down. A lot of mixed traffic was sprinkled in, but this constituted the principal business on the road.

Just why I never could determine, but the Bartlett freight yard seemed the dumping ground for all the empty freight cars north and east of Philadelphia. My predecessor informed me that on one occasion, in mid-winter, there had been a thousand cars in the yard at once, and "they made a nasty snarl," said he, adding significantly, "they changed operators next day." As the season's work advanced I began to realize what a "nasty snarl" might be, for several times my wits, and speed at the ticker, were taxed to the utmost to keep things out of a hopeless tangle.

A snowstorm in the White Mountains means something. December had come and gone, and still no snow—only a few inches. No genuine snowstorm had appeared. I was old for my years, and accepted this as a warning before disaster, for an "old timer" meant business for the operators. There were always blockades and rear-end collisions and such like to keep the poor fellows on nerve's end.

Dempsey came up to see me early in January—I think it was of a Friday—and as my trick began at 6 in the afternoon, he said he would stay

all night with me. He was off duty for a few days and was well rested. The night before it had begun snowing, and continued to snow all through the day following. When I went on at 6 a blizzard was raging.

All day long empty cars had been piling into the yard. The chief despatcher evidently realized the inexpediency of sending them further into the mountains in the face of what promised to be the biggest storm occurring in years.

It was none too warm, even in the office, yet sweat was pouring off my face as the strain increased.

It was near midnight.

I had no time for sociability. But Dempsey did not need entertaining. Despite his assurances that he felt "fresh as that young fireman on '71," he was now fast asleep.

The snow was now many feet deep and still falling fast. A double-header had just pulled in with thirty empty cars. The sidings were all full, so there she stood on the main track, fast losing her outlines beneath the heavy, clinging flakes which fell with amazing rapidity. I had booked every car so far, and had reported 983 in the yard. I had done a hard night's work, and weak from the exertion and rush, lounged back in my chair watching the snow as it drove by the window. I could scarcely distinguish the train on the track in front of me, only a few feet away.

The relay snapped—"B-tt," rather viciously, I thought. The wire had been talking some stuff about a special, but I had scarcely heard. It was with some misgivings that I opened. I was horrified when Liver-

more, next above, told me that special No. 5 had just passed.

I forgot all about Dempsey.

Opening on the C. T. D. I told him the situation. He swore in red-hot English and it snapped over the wire in an ugly way.

"Flag her!"

She had a snow plow in front and could n't see a red barn on fire.

"Back 86 [the double-header just in] down to Conway."

"86 stalled and can't move."

"——. No. 5 is lost and you——."

I don't believe I heard him finish, for I sprang across the room at Dempsey. Both he and the chair went to the floor together. I *had* been a little hasty. But I was helpless; and of course Dempsey would find a way out. You see I had boundless confidence in my benefactor. He sprang up and plied me with questions. He said, "I have twenty minutes yet," grabbed a lantern and rushed out the door.

Opposite the depot and parallel with the main track, on which stood freight train No. 86, ran a steep embankment. Between this track and embankment lay another track, a siding. On this stood a work train with derrick. Dempsey took this all in at a glance, though he was somewhat familiar with the ground. There

were, in the roundhouse across the yard, about twenty-five men, train hands and accustomed to rough work. In a few moments he had these men with shovels releasing the work train, rear and front. In the meantime the donkey engine was started, and one by one the empty cars of train 86 were picked up and dumped gently over the embankment.

It takes some time to handle thirty cars in this way. Dempsey had the job completed including the locomotive, with the exception of two cars filled with hay, when up the line sounded a whistle. No time to lose! While the derrick grappled one of the remaining cars, Dempsey sprang to the other. A lurid blaze shot skyward through the thickly falling snow. Above the storm came the rushing of steam and hissing of brakes, and special No. 5 came to a standstill, with her engine half way through the burning car. The wreckage was cleared away in a few minutes, and the special, with clear track, passed on down the line.

Dempsey is now at Portland, and I am holding down a good job at W——, one of the best positions on the road. This, however, is several years after Dempsey did his "trick" in the mountains.

A FACT.

By Laura Garland Carr.

Who does not earn, by work of brain or hand,
 His place in life, wherever that may be—
 Is but a useless cumberer of the land
 And lives—by charity.



JOHN STARK, THE HERO OF BENNINGTON.

By Gilbert Patten Brown.

Live free or die—death is not the worst of evils.—John Stark.

From the lives of many of the prominent men of past generations, we of this progressive age can profit much. While their forms are unseen by the human eye, their deeds of valor are monuments in modern civilization. Empires of the old world have been born and destroyed by the children of men. In the new world a republic has been formed, as a home for the oppressed of all races and creeds; and in that home the Declaration of Independence will serve as a Bible for the rights of human kind forever.

In 1493 the Duchess of Burgundy, widow of Charles the Bold, sent under Gen. Martin Swart a distinguished body of German grenadiers to take part in the invasion of England, in support of the claim of a pretender to the throne of Henry VII. The invading forces were defeated, and those whose good fortune it was to survive

fled to Scotland, where they had the protection of the Scottish king. Among that large body of soldiers were several men, mighty in stature and intellect, bearing the name of Stark. From one of those men of Germany's best blood the subject of this memoir descended. In the books of heraldry we find mention as to one of this distinguished name having saved the life of the king of Scotland. Archibald Stark was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1697, and was graduated from the university of that city. While he was young, the family moved to Londonderry, Ireland, at which place he married Miss Eleanor Nichols. In 1720 they, together with other Scotch-Irish families, came to the new world and settled in the old town of Nutfield, among the forests of the New Hampshire colony.

The warlike hand of the red man seemed to cause a cloud of gloom to hang over that part of the country, and giant Archibald Stark at once took up arms in defense of the king against the natives.

The inhabitants of Londonderry were in some instances protected from the savages through the influence of Father Rallee, the Catholic friar of Norridgewock, who informed the Indians that they would surely go to hell if they meddled with the Irish.

John Stark, his son, was born in Nutfield (now Loudonderry), New Hampshire, August 28, 1726. He received but little education, yet the best the town at that time could afford. But like Franklin "improved himself in books," so when arriving at manhood the hunter boy of Londonderry possessed the rudiments of an ordinary English education. He, together with his brothers, William, Samuel, and Archibald, held commissions in the king's service during the "Seven Years," or so, often called the "French War," of 1754 to 1760. On August 20, 1758, he married Miss Elizabeth Page of old Dunbarton, N. H. She was of sweet manners, of rare beauty, and of Norman and Celt extraction. The following children were the fruit of that marriage: Caleb, Archibald, John, Jr., Eleanor, Eleanor, 2d, Sarah, Elizabeth, Mary, Charles, Benjamin Franklin, and Sophia. The emigrant is buried in the beautiful city of Manchester, N. H., where a rude stone is seen, bearing the following epitaph:

Here lies the body of Mr.
Archibald Stark. He
Departed this life June 25th,
1758, Aged 61 Years.

Although the Starks had served the crown faithfully in colonial times,

when the dark cloud of the war of the Revolution came, no family in all New England took a more firm stand against the British longer ruling the American colonies than this one family. Excitement ran throughout that town, and they were foremost in the new and most vital issue. After the battle of Lexington (1775) John Stark was appointed colonel in the "Massachusetts' Line," and on the following month was appointed by the general court of New Hampshire, colonel to command the First New Hampshire regiment, which body, with Colonel Stark at its head, was in the thickest of the fray at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

In 1776 he served in the Canada campaign under Maj.-Gen. John Sullivan, LL. D. In the battles of Trenton and Princeton his regiment played a most conspicuous part. He being of modest disposition, therefore, claimed but little credit for his vast achievements, and was superseded by congress. This grieved the great-hearted patriot, who at once resigned his commission and quietly retired to his farm at old Merrimack, where he "patiently bided his time."

Much grieved were the New Hampshire people, as they had seen the mistake made by their honorable and patriotic body in failing at a very early date to appoint the hunter boy of wild Londonderry a colonel, thus permitting the Massachusetts colony to commission him. In 1777 he again left his loving wife and family amid the granite hills and took up the sword of human justice and fought at Bennington with results well known to history. As a volunteer he had joined General Gates and had fought with distinction and bravery at the

battle of Saratoga. After having been ordered by General Gates to send away his troops (and somewhat doubting the patriotism of Gates) he wrote the following letter :

ALBANY, June 1, 1778.

To the Mayor and Council of Albany :

GENTLEMEN :

As I am ordered by the Hon. Major-General Gates to send to Fishkill all the Continental troops from this place, with the British Hospital, I must beg the favor of you to mount the guards for the security of the city and the stores in it.

Your compliance will much oblige

Your friend and very humble servant,

JOHN STARK.

General Gates had not acted in a friendly manner to General Stark, as he well knew the New Hampshire veteran to be an honest man, and Gates was not so. General Stark, like the majority of those foremost in the patriot cause, was a member of the Masonic institution. It had been his wish for many years to be a Mason (some of his dearest friends were members of army lodges). In the busy and then much troubled town of Albany, N. Y., was old "Masters' lodge, No. 2" (now Masters' lodge, No. 5), among whose rolls of membership were the names of many men distinguished in colonial and Revolutionary life. The name of "John Stark, Brigadier-General," was proposed by a fellow-officer to "Masters' lodge," and on January 9, 1778, he was initiated into the ancient craft. There gathered upon that occasion at this fraternal shrine many of his military compeers. He paid "5L for initiation, 8s. to Tyler, and 4s. for extra lodge," and after his being there entered, crafted, and raised to the degree of a Master Mason, no prouder member of the fraternity could be found in all the Continental army than

the volunteer of Saratoga. In 1780 he served with marked bravery in the New Jersey campaign, and in 1781 had command of the Northern department.

On October 4, 1777, the continental congress passed the following act: "*Resolved*, That the thanks of congress be presented to General Stark of the New Hampshire militia, and to the officers and troops under his command, for their brave and successful attack upon and signal victory over the enemy in their lines at Bennington, and that Brigadier-General Stark be appointed a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States."

From the above date he bore a commission of a regular brigadier-general and served to the close of the war, when he was brevetted a major-general September 30, 1783. General Stark was noted for his unique phrases. Just before the battle of Bennington things looked critical to the Americans; he there addressed his soldiers in a most fitting manner. His words gave them fresh courage, and in concluding, he said: "We must conquer, my boys, or to-night Molly Stark sleeps a widow." Those last words reminded them of their homes, and all that was dear to them. Just previous to the battle of Bunker Hill, a British officer asked General Gage if he thought the provincials would stand the fire of the king's forces? He replied: "Yes, if one John Stark is amongst them—he served under me at Lake George, and was a brave fellow." At Bunker Hill an old soldier cried in tears to General Stark: "My son has fallen dead." The giant warrior replied: "Is this a time for private grief, with the foe in our face?"

In his official account of the battle of Bennington, General Stark thus writes: "It lasted two hours, the hottest I ever saw in my life; it presented one continued clap of thunder; however, the enemy were obliged to give way and leave their field pieces and all their baggage behind them; they were all environed within two breastworks with artillery; but our martial courage proved too strong for them. I then gave orders to rally again, in order to secure the victory: but in a few minutes was informed that there was a large reinforcement on its march within two miles. Colonel Warner's regiment, luckily coming up at the moment, renewed the attack with fresh vigor. I pushed forward as many of the men as I could to their assistance; the battle continued obstinate on both sides until sunset; the enemy was obliged to retreat; we pursued them till dark, and had the day lasted an hour longer should have taken the whole body of them."

Since the death of General Montgomery, this victory was the first event that had proved encouraging in the

Northern department, and the name of Stark was upon the lips of all patriots.

At the end of the war he retired to his farm in New Hampshire. He was popular only as a soldier. By his youthful training he had become well skilled in the art of warfare. As a farmer he was unsuccessful, and in politics he took no part. He died May 8, 1822. In Manchester, New Hampshire, upon the banks of the Merrimack, on a high bluff of land, stands a monument to the "Hero of Bennington." The inscription is simply

Major-General Stark.

Gentle reader, there rests all that is earthly of the scout of rural Londonderry, in whose veins there flowed blood of the chivalry of early Germany. The pine-covered hills of the town of his nativity seem, as each springtime comes around, to sing a requiem to a sacred memory:

Sleep on, thou warrior, ever bold;
Men think of thee no shame.
Your like could ne'er be gained with gold,
Nor insults touch thy name!

THE HOPE PLANT. ~

By A. H. H.

My little hope plant, promised much
In the spring of the opening year;
I've tried so hard, to nourish it right
To my heart was its life so dear.

The sun has tended the garden flowers,
And they have been full of bloom;
But not one bud has my little plant had
And my heart is filled with gloom.

The seeds are scattering over the earth,
Nature's perfect work is done;
But my little plant I have misunderstood;
The lot of many a one.

HISTORY AND POETRY FROM THE LIFE OF F. B. SANBORN OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAPTER II.—HEREDITARY INFLUENCES. SANBORNS, TOWLES AND LEAVITTS.

Having established my own existence in the first chapter, with some account of the immediate environment around my childhood and youth, it is proper next to consider the antecedents. Every person, by inheritance, is but a kind of net result of thousands of ancestors, both for his physical and mental structure. We understand heredity, as yet, very little in its details; but of its general effect there can be no doubt. The puzzle is to reconcile multiplicity with unity; the individual is one, his forefathers are innumerable. Is he, am I, a composite photograph of the multitude, or has some syndicate, or some powerful antecedent unit, impressed on me characteristics not of the generality, but specially traceable to him or them? I incline to the latter alternative, not only from a general survey of the field of heredity, but from special facts in my own genealogy.

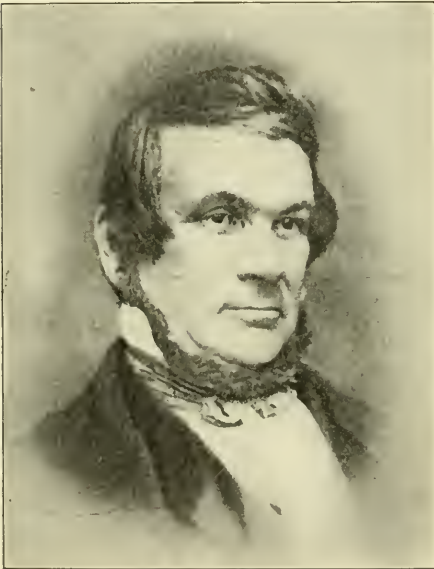
The Sambornes of England, who came over with their grandfather, the Puritan ejected minister, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, were purely English, so far as known; but possibly Norman rather than Saxon, and perhaps with a comparatively recent French admixture, through the Bachilers, with their kindred, the Merciers, Priaulx, etc. The Leavitts, my mother's ancestors, were also purely

English, but from more northern and eastern counties,—Lincoln or Yorkshire, instead of Wilts and Hampshire. No Irish strain appears in either line until some generations after the migration. Bachilers and Sambornes and Husseys, all kindred, were among the founders of Hampton; Leavitts, of two different stocks, were among the founders of the next town, Exeter. A certain connection by affinity seems to have existed between my ancestor, Thomas Leavitt, and his pastor, Rev. John Wheelwright, who, with the first Wentworth, and two-score others, founded Exeter. But nothing not English appears in that line; the wife of the first Leavitt being the daughter of John Bland, a good English name.

Now about 1650 there appeared in Hampton, N. H., a stalwart Irishman, Philip Towle, called a "seaman," and of course a Protestant, who in 1657 married a daughter of the same Isabella Bland from whom, through the Leavitts, I am descended. At the age of sixty-two he had a son Caleb, who married Zipporah, daughter of Anthony Brackett (an Indian fighter whom the Indians slew), and had eleven children, all but one leaving families. Caleb's son Philip, grandson of Captain Brackett, married Lydia Dow, and had a daughter Esther, who married Benjamin Leavitt, great-grandson of Isabella Bland, and therefore second cousin of Esther

Towle. About the same time my other great-grandfather, Benjamin Sanborn, married Anna Towle, second cousin of Esther, so that by those two marriages the Towle influence gave me a double chance of inheritance.

From the Towles came the great height and size which some of the Sanborns and some of the Leavitts have since shown. A son of Anna



Hon. Moses Norris, Jr.

(Towle) Sanborn, my great-uncle John, was about the stature of Abraham Lincoln, and of enormous strength. From Esther's daughter, Comfort Leavitt, who married Moses Norris of Pittsfield, my mother's cousin, Norris the Congressman and Senator, derived his height and physical strength. My own stature, and such strength as I have had, evidently came from the same source, for neither the Sanborns nor the Leavitts, in their own lines, were above the common size.

Moreover, this slight Irish admixture seems to have introduced a gay and active turn of mind, often verging on eccentricity, which was hardly natural either to the Sanborn or the Leavitt stock. From old Parson Bachiler the Sanborns might have derived, and doubtless did, vigor and independence, which were his traits; but liveliness, ambition, black hair and fair complexions, with an occasional turn for music, and escapades, came to the Leavitts from old Philip Towle.

When an old lady, recently, looking at me carefully, and hearing me talk with something of the Hibernian liveliness, said to me: "You were *intended* for a rogue," I said to myself, as Emerson did on a different occasion, "This is a saying in which I find a household relationship." Therefore, when Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Dall, and others fancy they see in me some outward signs of descent from Daniel Webster's "black Bachiler" ancestor, the old parson, I cannot deny the fact; but know in my own mind that my complexion and physical traits come from the Leavitts. When Esther Leavitt entered the Hampton Falls meeting-house with her sons Jonathan, Reuben, Brackett, and her daughter Lydia, for whom my mother was named, she could not help showing pride in her handsome children; and her deep religious sentiment did not make her regard it as a sin. My mother, as I remember her, to the age of sixty had the traditional Irish beauty—jet-black hair of great length and thickness, clear blue eyes with long lashes, and a complexion of clear white and red, which descended to several of her children. Others of

them followed the Sanborn type, with equally fair complexions, but without the sparkling eyes and thick dark hair.

There was an early admixture from another source in the Sanborn line, by the marriage of Mary Gove (daughter of Edward Gove, the prisoner of London Tower) to Joseph Samborne, son of the first John, and the first of the name to reside where I was born. Although Edward Gove's descendants became peaceful Quakers in considerable number, his own temper was far from peaceful at times, and he had involved himself in a dispute with his powerful neighbor, Nathaniel Weare, who was long active in the magistracy of New Hampshire. Notwithstanding this, Gove was often chosen to important local office, was a captain in the militia, and a man of property enough to make the confiscation of it a matter of interest to Governor Cranfield, who in 1683 procured his arrest, trial and sentence to death for high treason. It was an absurd name for his offence, which was an armed demonstration against James II and the Tories who then held sway in the new Province of the Weares, Cutts, Husseys and Sambornes.

He was sent to England under the escort of Edward Randolph, the great enemy of Puritan rule in New England, and lodged in the Tower under strict guard, about the time that the leaders of his party in England, Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, were imprisoned there, preliminary to their execution. But Gove was soon seen to be a harmless man, and nobody in England, even in that bloody time, urged his beheading. His neighbor, Weare, visiting England in the in-

terest of the planters and merchants of the province, secured the resignation of Cranfield through the influence of Savile, Lord Halifax; and soon after, the pardon and return of Gove to that part of Hampton which is now Seabrook. He recovered his forfeited estate, some part of which seems to have come to his daughter by way of dowry. She was married at the age of sixteen to my ancestor, two short months only before her father's sentence to death, and in the foot company of Hampton which arrested him, and put his mounted men in custody, her father-in-law, Lieut. John Samborne, was an officer.

Thirty years before, when this Lieut. John and Edward Gove were young men, they had joined Samborne's uncle, Christopher Hussey of Hampton, in a petition to the Massachusetts General Court in favor of Robert Pike of Salisbury (where Gove was then living), who had given offence by his free speech to the Puritan oligarchy. For this Hussey and Samborne were fined, but Gove seems to have escaped notice. He had been a member of the Provincial Assembly just before his arrest in 1683, and was a leading man.

After his return to Hampton he was chosen, along with Weare and others, to frame a temporary constitution for the Province, after the imprisonment of Sir Edmund Andros, and his name is signed, January 24, 1690, to the only copy of this brief and sensible document known to exist. Little more than a year later (May 29, 1691) he died. Various legends and traditions survived him, and are still kept alive by credulity

or ignorance,—that he was a hard drinker, was insane after leaving the Tower, and believed himself to have been slowly poisoned in his food there. His important offices before and after his imprisonment discredit these stories. He was probably a person of excitable and rather eccentric temper, and in other respects a good citizen, of more than ordinary intelligence. His son and his servant, William Healey, joined in his demonstration, and were long in prison for it.

His contemporary, Lieutenant Samborne, had been briefly imprisoned by Cranfield in 1684, for refusing to pay quitrents on his land in Hampton, which Robert Mason claimed to own. He escaped from the Hampton jail, probably by the connivance of the jailer.

I thought of these imprisoned ancestors when the United States Senate had me illegally arrested in 1860, but I was discharged by the Massachusetts court the next day, without going to prison. I have since visited many prisons as their official inspector.

By my maternal grandmother's line (Hannah Melcher, descended from Edward Melcher of Portsmouth) I am connected by descent with nearly all those early Hampton families from whom I am not descended through the Sanborns, Leavitts and Towles. But I still hold the chief part of my heredity as coming from the Leavitts and their Irish kin. My other ancestors were yeomen, deacons, petty officers in the towns, and industrious farmers tilling their own land; but the Leavitts, after the Irish infusion, began to get more education and push their fortunes farther. My grandfather, Thomas

Leavitt, and his father, Benjamin, were land surveyors, as George Washington, St. John de Crèvecoeur, John Brown and Henry Thoreau were,—a pursuit that implied education, accuracy, and some knowledge of the world. 'Squire Tom's oldest brother, Jonathan Leavitt, was an officer in the Revolution, afterwards a merchant, and one of the first citizens of Passamaquoddy, now Eastport, Me. There he came into acquaintance with the Lesdernier, or Delesdernier, family, of Swiss origin, and still keeping up the French language, which was that of their native Geneva.

When the celebrated Albert Gallatin, adventuring to America in 1780, reached Boston from Gloucester, where he landed, he was taken in charge by the Lesderniers, went with some of them to Machias, and spent a year on the Maine coast, trading with Indians, paddling in canoes, and learning English from the Lesderniers and their friends. Then he got an appointment in Harvard College to teach French, and soon found his way to Virginia and Pennsylvania, where he became a Democratic leader.

The Leavitts were also Democrats, as most of the Revolutionary soldiers in New Hampshire were, and my grandfather, appointed a justice of the peace by John Langdon, soon became a local leader of the party in his region. As a young man he was active and gay, and his sons, Benson, Joseph and Anthony Brackett (named by his Grandmother Esther for her ancestor, the slain Indian fighter) had the same activity, and soon left the little town to seek fortune elsewhere.

Joseph was to be the heir of his childless uncle, Brackett Leavitt, in Pittsfield, where his cousin Norris, afterwards senator, was growing up and getting an education. But the uncle was cut off by sudden death, and the boy returned home till he was old enough to be taken in charge by another uncle, his mother's brother, in Boston. Benson also went to Boston; in time the two brothers became merchants in a prosperous way at the North End, and in 1843, when I first visited my cousins, their children, they were living in the two tenements of a double house in Fleet Street, not far from Father Taylor's Seamen's Chapel. A few years after Dr. Edward Beecher was living in Charter Street, opposite my Uncle Benson's house at that time, and I called on Mrs. Stowe there, fresh from her success in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A certain sad romance, which could not extinguish my Uncle Brackett's natural gaiety of heart, followed his efforts to establish himself in the world. He married early and migrated to Ann Arbor in Michigan; was attacked there by the fever of the region, nearly died, and returned with his wife and son to his father's house to recover health. There I remember him with his violin, playing and singing—the family all having that gift—and amusing a child like me. Then he disappeared, going this time to Orange, near Hanover, N. H., where he bought a farm and carried it on without much success. Presently he tried a new move, and went to Illinois, some ten years after Ellery Channing had done the same thing in a more northern county. The

California gold fever in 1848-'49 attacked my uncle, too; he left his wife and young family near Peoria, Ill., and crossed the Plains to California, where he was prospering, as he wrote; but presently tidings of him ceased. Long afterwards it was learned that he had been murdered, and his property taken. Not even the place of his death is certainly known to his children, one of whom, Thomas Leavitt, has been a state official of Illinois, after an honorable career in the Civil War.

Another Thomas Leavitt, son of my Uncle Joseph, and named, like Brackett's son, for his grandfather, was killed in an Indian fight in what is now Dakota, as a lieutenant of an Iowa regiment, enlisted for the Civil War, but turned aside to fight the Sioux in the Northwest.

His father, whom I was said much to resemble in stature and features, had died of consumption after a long illness, when I was about sixteen. This uncle had the same cheerful turn of mind, and endured his malady with great patience.

My grandfather, the old 'Squire, born in 1774, was by 1844 verging on seventy; the loss of his sons, the illness of his wife, and the comparative neglect of his affairs by his absorption in politics, where he did not find the official promotion he hoped for, had combined with increasing age to diminish his natural high spirits. He was somewhat given to bewailing the degeneracy of the times; his sons, who faithfully looked after his affairs, were Whigs, his grandsons, Charles and myself, were anti-slavery youths; he remained a Jackson Democrat, as did my father. This caused the old gentleman some

pangs, but his kindness of heart and his interest in the family continued. He visited his descendants in Boston, and carried his snuffbox into their parlors and those of their friends. On his last visit, about 1850, he sat for his daguerreotype, as he had sat more than forty years before, to his Carolina friend, James Akin, and this final portrait, as I chiefly remember him, adorns this page. He died in



T. Leavitt, Æt. 75.

1852, when I was fitting for college at Exeter, and I was struck, in looking at his dead face in the coffin, to see so much of the youthful expression there (at 77) which Akin had caught in his slight sketch of 1808. The fair and smooth cheek, the clear-cut features, had taken on an earlier expression; and much of this youthful look was afterwards reproduced in the features and air of my son Victor, who has investigated the genealogy of his ancestors in Old England and New.

So much for the chapter of heredity. I quite agree, however, with old Master John Sullivan, father of two state governors, John of New Hampshire (the General), and James of Massachusetts, and grandson, as he said, of four Irish countesses, that men must be valued for what they are, not for what their forefathers may have been. Writing at the age of 93 to his son, the General, the retired schoolmaster quoted a Latin pair of distichs, which in English run thus :

Was Adam all men's sire, and Eve their mother?
Then how can one be nobler than another?
Ennobled are we not by sire or dame,
Till life and conduct give us noble fame.

Philosophers, who seek to know the causes of things, are apt to be interested, however, in the manifold influences that make men individuals,—no two alike, even in the same household,—and it is in the ancestry that we must look for certain determining causes, before environment and education begin to do their modifying work on the newly-arrived inhabitant of earth. Of that environment it is now time to say something. As I remarked in a chapter on "The New Hampshire Way of Life," which my son, Mr. Victor Sanborn of Kemilworth, Ill., induced me to write for his copious "Sanborn Genealogy" :

"For many years the bulk of the New Hampshire people were farmers or farm laborers; the mechanics, except in the largest towns, worked on their own land, or some neighbor's, a part of the year; and the parish minister, the country doctor, and lawyer, and the village schoolmaster all had farms, large or small. Originally, each parish had its parsonage or manse, to which more or less land was attached; this the parson and his sons, with a hired man,

cultivated, like his parishioners. The shoemaker who made my first pair of boots had a few acres, attached to the old house in which he lived and had his bench; the blacksmith at the corner of the road might also be a farmer; and the carpenters and cabinet-makers, if they prospered at all, became landowners. At first there may have been less of this 'territorial democracy,' as Lord Beaconsfield styled it, in New Hampshire than in Plymouth and some other colonies. A considerable tendency manifested itself among the Cutts, Champernowns, Atkinsons, Waldrons, Gilmans, Dudleys, Weares, etc., to establish a distinct class of gentry, such as existed in England; and the Wentworths and their connections maintained an offshoot of the Anglican church in Portsmouth, as did the royal governors and others in Boston. But the influences of a new country, combining with Calvinism, especially where the settlers were chiefly from the yeomanry and tradesmen of England and Northern Ireland, as in New Hampshire, soon brought about a virtual democracy. Education, however, was always highly valued there, and most of the towns in Rockingham county had a learned minister or two, preaching to the majority of the people, catechising the children in church and school, and often promoting the higher education by opening libraries, giving instruction in Latin, and encouraging the brighter boys to go to the academy or to college.

"In my own town much was done in this way by Dr. Langdon, a retired president of Harvard College, and his successor in the ministry, Rev. Jacob Abbot, a first cousin of Dr. Abbot of Exeter Academy,—both good scholars of wide reading and public spirit, who from 1781 to 1827 preached in the meeting house near by, and lived in the old parsonage, which was burnt in 1859. At the southern end of the town, after Parson Abbot's retirement, the Baptists set up their 'Rockingham Acad-

emy,' a sectarian high school, but not specially sectarian; so that for a town of 700 people and small wealth, Hampton Falls was well equipped with the means of education.

"The old-fashioned district school was in full swing when I was a boy; in it everything might be taught, from the alphabet upwards, to both sexes and many ages; there might be pupils of 20 taught in winter by a youth of 15; often by a college student, released in the winter term to pay his college bills by the money earned as schoolmaster. Francis Bowen, the professor and author, while a student in Harvard, taught in our 'Red Schoolhouse,' and boarded with Deacon Lane, my grandfather's cousin, whose father had inherited Dr. Langdon's globes and wig. The advantages of such a school were obvious; for though the teacher might have 40 pupils in 30 classes, to be taught in 340 minutes, at the rate of 13 minutes to each class,—yet the younger learned so much from hearing their elders recite, that perhaps as much knowledge, irregularly gained, got into the heads of bright scholars as is now insinuated more methodically by young women skilled in the newer modes of teaching. The terms were short, and arranged to meet the necessities of farm-labor, in which most children, even girls, took some part. They weeded gardens, picked apples and potatoes, husked corn, carried grain to mill, and with their mothers did much of the marketing, both buying and selling. In berry time they gathered raspberries, huckleberries, blueberries, wild blackberries, cranberries and barberries; and the women of poorer families carried these about to the farmhouses for sale, taking in payment provisions or clothing for their families, as did the Barrington basket-making gypsies, in their semi-annual rounds. One of the latter class, 'Hippin Pat Leathers' (a woman) of Whittier's 'Yankee Zin-cali,' used to whine at my grandfather's door, 'Haint ye got nerry

nold jacket, nerry nold gaownd, nerry nold pair traowse fur tu gimme fur this 'ere basket?' The huckle-berry women from Seabrook carried away from the same door salt pork in a pail, butter and cheese, and other means of stocking the Byfield larder."

All this I have seen still surviving ; but the worst of the rum-drinking times had yielded, before my recollection, to the efforts of the early temperance reformers. I have seen similar cases, but it was in Essex county that Arthur Gilman, the architect (born in Newburyport), used to place the scene of his hero who went about sawing wood for the "forehanded folks," and took his pay in rum. One Saturday he had worked for the village 'squire, and was offered for the task a pint of the beverage. "Oh, now, 'Squire, can't ye make it a quart? Haow kin a man keep Sunday on a pint o' rum?" "Nonsense, Jem; you have n't earned more'n a pint,—can't you keep the Sabbath on that much?" "Wa-al, 'Squire, ef you say so, I s'pose I must: but jest think on 't,—*haow* will it be kep'?"

The seafaring class, who were rather numerous in the old town of Hampton, and in Seabrook, Salisbury and Rye, were specially liable to the tipping habit; and when they went long voyages were apt to come back with their morals injured. But they were notable seamen, and great fighters when any naval war gave them a chance. My mother's cousin, Lewis Leavitt, perhaps named for Lewis Delesdernier of Quoddy, where he lived, was famous in the annals of the family for his skill in navigating from Eastport to Boston in the worst weather and the darkest night. Whether this anecdote of him is fact

or fiction I cannot say with confidence; but it was told and believed among his kindred. He was skipper of a coaster, which in the War of 1812 was captured by a British frigate. A prize crew was put on board, and she was headed for Halifax. Captain Leavitt watched his chance, and at night, when only the watch and the man at the wheel were on deck, he applied his great strength to them, threw them successively down the hatchway, fastened the hatches down, took the wheel himself, and steered his schooner into a friendly port. He was Esther Towle's grandson.

In simple communities such as I remember, maiden aunts were a power and a blessing. One of them, in the neighborhood of Boston, once told Theodore Parker, "The position of a maiden aunt is not to be despised, Mr. Parker; without maiden aunts the world could not be peopled, sir." In the nursing and pupilage of New Hampshire children the aunt bore a great part. I had three maiden aunts,—my mother's youngest sister, who stayed at home and kept her father's house, and after his death carried on the farm; and two elder sisters of my father, who lived with him in the old house where they were born. Aunt Dolly, his half sister, had been brought up, as I have mentioned, by her grandmother, Anne Towle Sanborn, who humored her, but kept her in a narrow domestic circle, from which courtship and marriage never emancipated her. She had the ways of the 18th century, just as she had its dishes and warming-pans, and ideas of costume. Never did she go farther from the houses of her relatives than to Ken-

sington, whence her mother, whom she never knew, had come; even Exeter, the "Suffield" of Miss Alice Brown, was almost unknown to her, though but five miles away. She was purely domestic; had certain cooking "resaits" that had come down to her, and that nobody else could manage; sat in her room or lay in her bed, and knew the ownership of every horse that passed the house, by his step. "I wonder where Major Godfrey was gwine this mornin'? His horse went down the Hampton road about half-past four." She watched the passer-by with an interest hard for the young to understand; the narrow limits of her existence developed curiosity in a microscopic degree. The wayfarer, though a fool, as she was apt to think him, was not an indifferent object to her. She kept track, too, of the minutest family incidents; would remind me the next morning, when I came in late at night from some visit, or a private cooking-party in the pine-woods, "The clock struck two jest after you shet the door, Frank." But she had sympathy with youth, and withheld such revelations from the head of the family; though you would not have said that discretion was her strong point. She outlived all her brothers and sisters but one, and was a neighborhood oracle as to births, deaths and marriages, without ever leaving the fireside in her latest years.

Aunt Rachel was a very different person. Born five years later (1789) and dying some years earlier, she had a most sympathetic, pathetic and attractive character. Fair and delicate of complexion, blue-eyed, with pleasing features, a sweet, rather sad voice,

she spent her later years (when alone I knew her), in caring for others. As a child she had been a favorite at Dr. Langdon's, who lived just across a little common and died when she was but eight years old; but the family, including Miss Betsy Langdon, the granddaughter, remained in the parish longer. A little Italian engraving from the parsonage was always hung in her "parlor chamber." She continued intimate at the parsonage, in the time of the Abbots; and and their children, of whom there were many, grew up under her eye, and were cared for by her in their earlier and after years. Aunt Rachel was skilled in all household arts, particularly in spinning, weaving and gardening; had her beds of sage and lavender, her flowers of the older kinds, introduced from Dr. Langdon's garden, I suppose; and was the maker of simple remedies from herbs, delicious wines from currants, and metheglin from honey and other forgotten ingredients. Mr. Treadwell's "Herb-Gatherer," that pleasing poem which he sent from Connecticut to Ellery Channing, and which Channing revised until it seemed almost his own, and gave to me to print in the *Springfield Republican*, had touches that recalled my dear aunt to me, after many years.

Aunt Rachel had her romance in youth; a pretty creature, she had been wooed by one who, wandering about in the wider world little seen by her, found some richer or more brilliant match, and broke off the engagement. This happened long before I was born, and I never saw him; but I believe the fine musket in which I learned to insert the bullets I had run in the wooden mould, and sometimes

hit the target with them, was his once, and had his initials in the silver mounting. He had wounded a tender heart with a more cruel weapon; and I fancied I read regrets for the dream of youth in the tears I sometimes saw falling, as my aunt spun in the long garret at the west window of which I sat and read my Waverley Novels. Her sister, nine years younger, had made an unlucky marriage, with many children and much hardship; and Aunt Rachel was often called to go to Brentwood and look after the young family and the delicate mother, who seemed to have inherited consumption (according to theories then prevailing) from her mother, my grandmother Sanborn, who died eight years before I was born. She performed this duty cheerfully; had taken care of her own mother in her last illness, then of her father and sister; and of many invalids who died or recovered. These charities called her much from home, and I saw far less of her than of Aunt Dolly, her half-sister, who was as much a part of the old house as the oak arm-chair in the kitchen, or the chimney corner cat. But she impressed my imagination more; she was gentle by nature and by grace, and deserves not to be forgotten. Had I been blessed with a daughter, I would have named her Rachel.

I have mentioned her spinning. Of the hundred farmhouses in the town when I was ten years old, more than fifty must have had looms, and all had the large spinning wheel for wool spinning. The garret of every one contained disused flax wheels, although a few farmers still grew flax, lovely with its blue flowers. But all kept sheep, and sheared them in

June; then had the wool made up in great bundles, wrapt in old linen sheets, spun and woven by an earlier generation, and pinned up with thorns from the bush of white thorn in the pasture, to be carried to the carding-mill. It was then brought home in "rolls," spun into yarn by the women of the house, and woven into cloth or knit into socks, buskins and mittens for the family. This homespun cloth was then sent to the "fulling-mill" to be dyed and fulled; finally brought back to be cut by the neighborhood tailor and made up into suits for the family, by the "tailoress," who went about from house to house for the purpose. Of the children at the district school, not more than one in twenty wore anything in winter but this home-made cloth. In summer they wore the cheap cotton from the New England factories and calicoes of the "ninepenny" variety. The boys mostly went barefoot till twelve, and the girls sometimes.

Gradually, after 1840, the town became dotted with shoe shops, where the young men and some of their elders made sale shoes for the manufacturers of Lynn and Haverhill; the women in the houses "binding" the uppers before the soles were stitched on in the shoe shops. My brother and I learned this art; he to perfection, I rather awkwardly; and it was from the profits of my first box of shoes that I paid the cost of my foot journey to the White Mountains, in September, 1850. Soon after this I began to prepare for Harvard College, at the suggestion of dear friends, and had no difficulty in entering a year in advance, in July, 1852. Up to that time I had mostly lived at home in the surroundings described, taking part in the labors and the leisure por-



Frank Sanborn (August, 1853), Æt. 21.

trayed in my first chapter. The accompanying portrait, from a daguerreotype taken in 1853, represents the student and lover that I was, during this period of my "obscure and golden youth," as Thoreau says. Amid many anxieties and mortifications, I

was happy, by reason of the romantic love which my next chapter will relate. It was a part, and an idyllic part, of my New Hampshire life; and with its close I became a citizen of Massachusetts and the world.

[To be continued.]

MIDSUMMER.

By *Eva J. Beede.*

Soft the song the leaves are singing,
 Tufted is the waving grass;
 Butterflies, like air flowers, winging
 Where the earth flowers may not pass.

Golden cups, the crowfoot swaying,
 Catch the sunshine and the dew;
 Balmy zephyrs, gently playing,
 Coy and blushing roses woo.

Cool the tents the elm trees, spreading
 Forth their grateful leaf shade, make
 Witching beams, the bright moon shedding,
 All the sleeping fairies wake.

EDITORIAL NOTES.



Autos at Bretton Woods.

The cut will demonstrate the favor the White Mountain region has received at the hands of automobilists this season. The photograph was taken in front of the New Mount Washington Hotel at Bretton Woods and shows one of the good roads on this estate and a party enjoying a short run. The first car is a Winton, being driven by Harry Fosdick of Boston, Mass. In it are seated Governor and Mrs. Bachelder.

An Automobile Law.

It is generally agreed that the next Legislature will pass some sort of a law establishing the maximum speed of automobiles upon the highways of the state. Several bills of that nature were introduced at the last session, but all failed of passage. Since then, the automobile has been a more common user of our highways. It can be safely said that the great majority of the drivers of such vehicles conduct them reasonably and with regard for the rights of others upon the avenues of travel. But there is now and then an auto-car driver who is reckless and

inconsiderate, and because of him, definite and stringent regulations are necessary for his restraint or for his punishment. In the framing of a law that shall fairly meet all of the varying conditions, much consideration should be given. Some weeks ago this paper printed the views of some of the leading automobilists of Manchester as to the provisions such a bill should contain, which attracted much attention and some comment.

The real centre of motor cars in New Hampshire this season has been Bretton Woods. They have been there by scores and of all styles and descriptions. Discussions pertaining to all

phases of the business have been general. Now at the close of the season, John Anderson gives the following interesting summary of his views as to the provisions of such a law, in the editorial columns of *The Bugle*, under the caption of "A Starter":

"Bretton Woods favors a state law to restrict speed of motor cars to eighteen miles in the lowlands and twelve miles in the mountains, and half speed in passing houses or within 100 yards of the vanishing point of a road on curves or the point beyond which the road is not in full view; and the same provision where a short hill hides the road beyond. A full stop for frightened horses, and the assistance of the chauffeur or other member of the auto party to help lead the horse or team by, when such assistance may be needed or asked.

"The horn to be sounded three times at each point where the road is not seen to be clear at least one hundred yards ahead.

"Twenty dollars fine for first offense, one half to constable; impris-

onment for second offense (one half to constable if he wants it)."—*Manchester Union*, Sept. 28, 1904.

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Road Improvement Under State Supervision.

FOREST LAKE ROAD IN WHITE-FIELD AND DALTON.

This is a road to a beautiful little lake, and a favorite resort for people of Littleton and vicinity. The road was built by the state of New Hampshire in 1901; it is one and one half miles long, and by the appropriations of the last Legislature, has in the past two seasons been made a model country road. Good ditches have been dug and the drainage perfected. Mud holes have been filled and the entire length rounded up and surfaced with good material, and this summer the road was hard and in perfect condition. The surface is as good, hard and smooth as that of any macadamized road in the country.



On Forest Lake Road



Before.

The cuts will give some idea of work done by the state of New Hampshire on its roads the past two seasons.

The photographs were taken at a point about one mile from Bretton Woods, on the new state road between Fabyans and Twin Mountain, at what is known as the rock cut.

The first picture shows the condition after the blasting, and before the removal of the rock. Steam-power drills were used, and the holes charged with hundreds of pounds of dynamite.



After.

The second picture shows the finished road, the rock having been removed and the roadway surfaced.

The bridge shown in both pictures crosses the Ammonoosuc River, and is built of steel, strong enough to sustain a train of railroad cars. The abutments are built of Portland cement concrete. This is probably the first concrete masonry used in highway work in New Hampshire. This makes the whole a beautiful and thoroughly strong and permanent structure.

From a point just beyond this bridge may be seen the Ammonoosuc Lower Falls and the great gorge in the solid rock, which is one of the many attractions in this White Mountain region.

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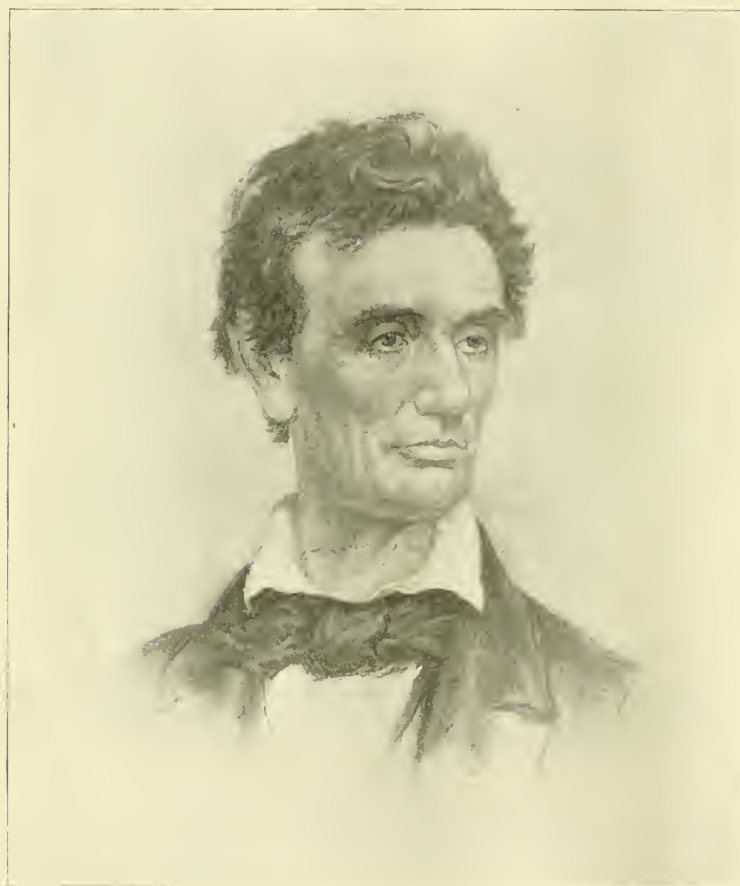
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Nos. 4-6.



A Section of the Jefferson Notch Road.

Improved by State Highway Commission, 1903-'04. This road was formerly a mass of mud, hub-deep.

STATE HIGHWAY WORK IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

By John W. Storrs, Civil Engineer.

The report of the state highway commission, of which John Anderson of Bretton Woods, Charles F. Eastman of Littleton and George E. Cummings of Woodsville were members, is so modest in tone that it gives but an indefinite idea of what has actually been accomplished in highway work and improvement under their direction.

The people of New Hampshire are certainly entitled to know more fully the details of the work done and the

satisfactory results of their undertaking.

The bill as passed by the last Legislature made an appropriation of \$32,000, to be expended by this commission on the improvements of certain roads that then had been started, but not finished, and for the building of new roads.

The bill authorized the commissioners to survey and locate a highway, beginning at the base of Mount Washington, at a point in the Thomp-

son and Meserve purchase, at the easterly terminus of what is known as the Mount Washington Turnpike, thence over said turnpike as it now exists, to the point of its intersection with the Portland road, so called, near the Fabyan House, thence over said road to an iron pin driven in the ground. From here the bill provided for building a new road, about a mile

being a distance of eight and a half miles.

It was provided, however, that this last part should be built, not for a carriage road, and specified that only \$5,000 should be used in its construction. The entire distance covered by the survey and location of this road is about twenty-two miles. That the commission faithfully performed this



Profile Bridle Trail, Eight and One Half Miles Long.

Built by State Highway Commission, 1903-'04. This was not intended for a carriage road.

in length, and then to cross the Ammonoosuc River, and use the old road for a distance of about a mile, then cross the river again, building a new road about two and a half miles in length, and coming again on to the old road near the Twin Mountain House, thence over an old road, a distance of about two miles, and then build a new road to the Chase farm, or Profile House golf links, this last stretch

part of their duty is shown by an elegant and accurate set of plans which they caused to be filed with the secretary of state. These plans are on twelve different sheets of heavy mounted white paper and bound with cloth cover in such a way that they may be easily taken out and used separately.

The plans show the location of the old roads as they now exist and the

new roads as located and built, with curves, distances, etc., and a record of the landowners and reference to deeds of the rights of way as conveyed to the state. These plans give definite information, so valuable to the engineer for reference and future operations, and make a permanent record.

The bill authorized improvements

The road follows down the southerly slope, crossing various brooks, large and small, to what is known as Twin River farm. This division is about ten miles in length.

The Southern division begins here and follows along (at about the same general elevation of 1,900 feet above the sea) the base of the Presidential



Another View on Profile Bridle Trail.

on the Jefferson Notch road. This road may properly be divided into two parts, and locally is called the Northern and Southern division. The former begins at the E. A. Crawford house at Jefferson Highlands, and winds down the hill into the valley of the Israels River, and then follows up the south branch to the summit of Jefferson Notch, where it reaches an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea.

Range from Mount Washington to the Crawford House, at the famous Crawford Notch. This division covers a distance of about four miles. This road was originally put through (and was passable, but never finished), and was a difficult undertaking. It was through a rough, rugged country and away from habitation. Rocks, trees and stumps were abundant, but dirt or anything suitable for



Section of Road between Fabyans and Twin Mountain House, Showing Side-Hill Cut.

road building was scarce and hard to get.

This commission found a big amount of work to be done here, and the question was how to begin and what to do that could be done.

The Southern division seemed to demand attention first, as it was needed most. Here was a continuation of mud and mud-holes. One of these was about one quarter of a mile long, while another was over half a mile in length—real mud, too. Where in ordinary dry times a wagon wheel would go down clear to the hub, at some previous time brush, tree tops

and shavings had been used to fill or cover this mud up, but without good results. In fact, the conditions were probably worse.

The commissioners decided that the only way to do was to shovel out the whole mess,—brush, shavings, mud and all. This was done, good ditches were dug, good under drainage provided, the roadway was filled with broken rocks and stones, and finally surfaced with good road material. This latter had to be drawn in some cases over a mile.

The whole of this division was carefully gone over, and this past season

has been in good condition. The parts of the road that were the worst are now the best.

On the Northern division long stretches were rounded up and surfaced, obstructions removed from ditches and water-ways. This latter required lots of blasting, and hundreds of pounds of dynamite were used.

Good material, or in fact any kind of dirt, was not handy and it was necessary to go long distances for proper surfacing material. To add to the troubles of the commission, the cloudburst of June, 1903, destroyed completely parts of this road.

No one who was not familiar with the conditions as this commission found them can realize or appreciate

the amount of work done here and the good results accomplished. What has been done may be considered as permanent, but, like all roads, must be taken care of to be maintained in its present condition. The appropriation that they recommend is principally for completing and finishing those parts of the road that were destroyed by the cloudburst, and for building two bridges.

The new road, not a carriage road, built from near the Twin Mountain House to the Chase farm or Profile House golf links, is in the mountains called the Profile bridle trail, and at the golf links connects with a road to Franconia, Sugar Hill and Littleton, and with another road to the Profile House, a distance of three miles.



Road between Fabyans and Twin Mountain House.
Built by the State Highway Commission, 1903-'04.

The Profile bridle trail is eight and a half miles long and opens up a beautiful, heavily wooded country, and when improved for carriages will be one of the most delightful drives in the mountains, and the connecting link between the base of Mount Washington and Bretton Woods, and the Profile House in the famous Franconia Notch with its lakes, the Old Man of the Mountain and other scenic attractions.

The commission laid out this road with regard to its probable future improvement for carriages, and carefully located it with reference to avoiding steep grades, railroads, etc.

If the road is ever completed along the lines proposed, there will be no place that a team of horses cannot trot at a good pace. There will be two bridges, one across Gale River, and the other, an overhead bridge, over the tracks of a branch of the Boston & Maine Railroad. The commission obtained the right of way four rods wide, and took deeds from the landowners which are on file with the state treasurer. They cleared the timber, stumps, rocks and boulders for a width of twenty feet, and used quantities of dynamite in these operations.

They made a good road for horse-back riding, and a road that it has been possible to get over with teams. Governor Bachelder and his council drove over this road on their inspection with a four-horse mountain wagon. This party were well pleased and satisfied with the character and amount of work done.

The pride of the mountains is the road built by this commission between

Fabyans and Twin Mountain. The length of this new road is about three and a half miles. The bill authorized its location between definite points marked by iron pins.

The road crosses the Ammonoosuc River four times, and there are two bridges over the Zealand River. The bridges are pile trestles, with one exception, and this, at the lower falls of the Ammonoosuc, is a beautiful and substantial steel bridge with massive concrete masonry abutments. The maximum grade on this road is ten per cent.

The work was in places heavy, in one place a deep ledge cut, where hundreds of pounds of dynamite had to be used in blasting out the rock; in other places deep cuts and heavy side hill work. The trestle bridges are built with oak piles and Georgia hard pine stringers covered with hemlock plank. They are eighteen feet wide.

The roadway is sixteen feet wide, besides the ditches, and was surfaced with material at hand. This road was built in part to avoid four railroad crossings, and in all places keeps well away from the railroad. This adds very materially to its attractiveness as a pleasure drive to visitors at the mountain hotels.

The scenery from this road includes a grand view of the Presidential Range, a view up the Zealand River Valley from Glacial Ridge, the lower falls of the Ammonoosuc, and the many beautiful little glimpses of the river which it follows, in part, as it winds around at the base of foothills of the Sugar Loaf Mountain.

CRAYON PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By William O. Clough.

A few months ago one of the popular magazines* of the day published the accompanying portrait of Abraham Lincoln, and with it a brief statement, and nothing more of importance, that a New York gentleman is the owner of the only artist's proof known to be in existence. There is, however, another copy, and it is the property of the writer.

This portrait of the martyred president was made at Springfield, Ill., in 1860, following his nomination to the presidency, by C. A. Barry, a noted Massachusetts artist of that day. It is, as artists of today must admit, a striking likeness in bold treatment, and so unlike any of the many portraits of the great emancipator that have been given to the public in late years as to attract attention and admiration.

The student of art will be impressed with the gracefulness of the pose, the unaffected expression in which character is brought out, and also by the breeziness of the Middle West, which gives tone to it. Rigidity, which minimizes the effect of many of the portraits of Mr. Lincoln, is made flexible, and to emphasize the intellectual mind and sterling qualities of head and heart that made him a man of the people, the unerring judge who estimated his fellow men at their precise value to a cause, the astute poli-

tician, the statesman with acumen to grasp the intricate problems of government, and mould seemingly widely divergent forces into their proper relation to the destiny of our country. It is also Lincoln in whom is discoverable the genial and kindly bearing of the child of the prairie, the individuality that caused him to be loved and trusted by men and women of his generation, and whose memory will be cherished so long as history is written and read.

This crayon portrait of Mr. Lincoln was a gift to the writer some twenty years ago by a physician†, who, by reason of age and infirmities, was dismantling his office. He saw that I admired it, whereupon he related to me the circumstances under which he obtained it, and also gave me the artist's story that accompanied it. Later, much to my gratification and surprise, he sent it to my residence with his compliments.

"It was presented to me," he said, "by a patient of mine‡, a relative of Artist Barry. There is not the shadow of a doubt of its genuineness. I was her family physician for many years, and it was made mine in recognition of my attention to her in a

† The late Dr. T. H. Gibby, Nashua.

‡ Mrs. Eben McIntire, Nashua. It is a singular circumstance that the last member of the family—a former Nashua shoe-dealer, noted vocalist and Knight Templar Mason—died at his home in Philadelphia since this article was prepared. It is also a circumstance that Dr. Gibby's only daughter, only child as well, is a resident of Philadelphia.

* *The National Magazine.*

protracted illness. There are probably other copies in existence, but of that I have no information."

Artist Barry's account of his visit to Springfield, and the circumstances and conditions under which he obtained the sittings and made the portrait was as follows:

"It was late in the afternoon of the last Saturday in June, 1860, when I found myself in front of a small, two-storied house, almost entirely surrounded by a plain white paling, in the City of Springfield, Ill. I had journeyed from Boston at the request of certain prominent Republicans of Massachusetts, bearing a letter of introduction from Governor N. P. Banks to solicit sittings from Abraham Lincoln.

"My intention was to make a crayon drawing (portrait) from life that could be used on my return to Boston as a study for reproduction on stone by an eminent lithographer. It was quite late in the afternoon, as I have said, when I arrived in Springfield, so I went at once to the front door of the now well known house and rang the bell, little suspecting the amusing bit of experience that came next. Suddenly the door was thrown violently against the wall, revealing to my notice a very small boy straddling across the passageway.

"'Hallo, mister!' screamed the small boy, 'what der want?'

"'I want,' I replied, 'to see Mr. Lincoln. I have come all the way from Boston to talk with him.' In an instant, before my lips closed, in fact, the small boy shouted out:

"'Come down, "Pop,"; here's a man from Boston to see you,' and thus saying, he wheeled himself upon

one foot and vanished through the end of the hall somewhere, leaving me as he found me, standing in the doorway. But I had not long to wait, for the good, the immortal Lincoln immediately came downstairs, holding out a great hand of welcome towards me. 'They want my head, do they? Well, if you can get it you may have it; that is, if you are able to take it off while I am on the jump. But no quills in my nose; I have had enough of that; and don't fasten me into a chair!'

"I learned afterwards from his own lips that he had never sat for a portrait, except photographic ones, but that Sculptor Folk of Chicago had 'plastered' him, so he termed it, sometime in 1858, for a bust. The arrangement, as made between Mr. Lincoln and myself, was that we were to meet at his room in the court house on the following Monday morning at seven o'clock, and this is the way the said arrangement came about. Twisting Governor Banks' letter in his large furrowed hands, he said:

"'I suppose you Boston folks don't get up at cock-crowing as we do out here. I'm an early riser, and my rising don't mean nine o'clock in the morning, by any means. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. You come to my room at the court house on Monday at seven sharp, and I will be there to let you in.'

"The good man evidently thought he had me on the hip, so to speak, as he said this, for he shook his side most heartily with suppressed laughter when he was bidding me good night.

"But Monday morning came, and seven o'clock came, and at precisely that hour I turned the corner of the

street upon which the court house faced to see, coming towards me from the other end of the sidewalk, my queer sitter.

“‘Well done, my boy,’ he said, as we shook hands, ‘you are an early bird, after all, if you do hail from Boston.’

“‘I told him I was rarely in bed after daybreak and much of my best work was done before breakfast. And so, pleasantly chatting, we went up to his room together.

“‘Now, then, what shall I do?’ he inquired, pointing to a large pile of unopened letters upon a table.

“‘Absolutely nothing,’ I replied, ‘but to allow me to walk around you occasionally and once in a while measure a distance upon your face. I will not disturb you in the least otherwise.’

“‘Capital,’ said my distinguished sitter, smiling pleasantly, ‘I won’t be in the least bit scared; go right ahead.’

“Then he threw off his coat and, sitting in front of the table in his shirt sleeves, plunged his hand into the great heap of letters before him, leaving me to begin my task. How vividly it all comes back to me as I write. The lonely room, the great bony figure with its long arms, and legs that seemed to be continually twisting themselves together; the long, wiry neck, the narrow chest, the uncombed hair, the cavernous sockets beneath the high forehead, the bushy eyebrows hanging like curtains over the bright, dreamy eyes, the awkward speech, the pronounced truthfulness and patience; and lastly, the sure feeling in his heart that coming events, whatever they might be, would come

to him and to the American people straight from the hand of God. A marked look of depression upon his face at times gave me no end of trouble. There was a far-away look about the eyes very often, as if the great spirit behind them was conscious of terrible trials to come, as if there was a mighty struggle going on in the bosom of the living man that living men must not know of until the time was ripe for them to know; such a struggle as Jesus knew in his agony after the arrest; as Savonarola knew when he was fighting single-handed the church of Rome; as Luther knew when he stood before his judge at the Diet of Worms; as Cromwell knew at the head of his thousands of men; as Theodore Parker knew when the whole Christian world, with one or two exceptions, held him in utter abhorrence.

“‘I worked faithfully upon the portrait, studying every feature most carefully for ten days, and was more than fully rewarded for my labor when Mr. Lincoln, pointing to the picture, said: ‘Even my enemies must declare that to be a true likeness of “old Abe”.’”

The portrait was exhibited in Chicago at the Tremont House, in New York at the room of George Ward Nichols, and Boston at the rooms of the old Mercantile Library Association on Summer Street. It was lithographed most excellently for those days and could have been seen in many places in Boston and elsewhere on the week following the assassination. A month later not a copy was to be obtained for love nor money, and therefore it is more than probable that there are more copies in ex-

istence than is believed by "the New York gentleman."

Artist Barry related this as a part of his experience in connection with the portrait: "When it was on exhibition in Mr. Nichols' room in New York and standing on an easel in the middle of the room facing Broadway, a short, thick-set gentleman walked in. He did not speak to me; I did not speak to him. He stood a short distance from the picture for a little

while, then—I had turned my head to look at him—stepped forward and, folding his arms across his breast, said slowly with clear utterance: 'An honest man, God knows.' The next instant he passed out of the room. It was Stephen A. Douglass." The last that was known of the original portrait—made in 1860, and the first made of Mr. Lincoln from life—it was owned by Mrs. E. A. Hilton, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF COL. AMOS A. PARKER.

By Amos J. Blake, Esq.

Amos Andrew Parker was born in Fitzwilliam, October 8, 1791. At the time of his death he was the oldest living graduate of any American college and member of the bar in New England. He died at the home of his youngest son, Hon. John M. Parker, in Fitzwilliam, May 12, 1893, aged 101 years, 7 months and 4 days.

He was the fourth of the nine children of Hon. Nahum Parker, a United States senator, and for twenty years a judge of the Court of Common Pleas of this state. A brief sketch of his distinguished father and of his public services rendered to the state and nation will not be out of place at this time.

Hon. Nahum Parker was born in Shrewsbury, Mass., March 4, 1760. His father was Amos Parker of Lexington, Mass., a brother of Jonas Parker, who was one of the eight men killed in Captain Parker's company of Minute Men on Lexington Common on the memorable nineteenth of April, 1775. The

name of Jonas Parker is on the Lexington monument.

Amos Parker was born July 26, 1723, and died at Shrewsbury, December 23, 1790. His wife was Anna Stone, born October 21, 1726, and died November 13, 1799. They had nine children; the two oldest were born in Lexington, the others in Shrewsbury.

Nahum was their seventh child and at the early age of sixteen he entered the Revolutionary Army from Shrewsbury. How long he remained in the army we have no means at hand to determine. He kept a diary at the time and if that could be consulted, the question might possibly be settled.

In the year 1817, when pensions were granted to all Revolutionary soldiers, he applied for a pension, and as evidence of services performed he sent to the secretary of war, John C. Calhoun, his diary, accompanied by an affidavit stating that he was the identical man who performed the services mentioned



COL. AMOS A. PARKER.

therein, and at once received his pension certificate; the secretary remarking that the evidence was conclusive, for no man could make such a diary without having performed the services. He was present at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777.

After the war he married Mary Deeth of Gerry (now Phillipston), Mass., August 11, 1783. After living a short time in Gerry, he moved to Shrewsbury in 1784, and in March, 1786, he came to Fitzwilliam and settled on a farm, now owned by Harvey A. Clark, on the east side of the town. He resided there until the day of his death.

The "History of Fitzwilliam" truthfully says of him: "The ability and fidelity of Mr. Parker were at once recognized by the people of Fitzwilliam, and he was soon called to fill offices of trust. October 17, 1792, the proprietors of this township elected him as their clerk and treasurer, and he held these offices till the closing up of the business of the proprietors in 1815. Though not educated as a lawyer, he was well acquainted with the forms and merits of civil proceedings, and brought to all his public duties a well-trained mind; a habit of exactness in all the calls issued by him for legal meetings, and in the record of the same, and the utmost fidelity in accounting for the funds in his possession. To all these qualifications for a public servant he added an almost faultless penmanship, so that from the date of his election as clerk of the proprietors, their record books become easy of comprehension.

"In 1790 Mr. Parker's name first appears upon the records of Fitzwilliam as one of the selectmen, and he held this office for four successive years. Beginning with 1792 he was often moderator of the town meetings. In 1794 he was

chosen to represent this town in the state legislature, and was re-elected annually till 1804, or for the period of ten years. In 1806 he was again chosen representative."

He had eleven commissions as justice of the peace and quorum throughout the state. His first commission is dated January 9, 1794, and signed by Josiah Bartlett, governor, and the last is dated December 20, 1836, and signed by Isaac Hill, governor.

Of the eleven commissions three were signed by John Langdon, three by John Taylor Gilman and one each by Josiah Bartlett, Samuel Bell, Davil L. Morrill, Matthew Harvey and Isaac Hill. He had three commissions as judge of the Court of Common Pleas. The first is a commission as "Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Cheshire," dated February 3, 1807, and signed by John Langdon.

The second is a commission as "An Associate Justice of our Circuit Court of Common Pleas for the Western Circuit," dated July 13, 1813, and signed by John T. Gilman.

The third is a commission as "An Associate Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Cheshire," signed by William Plummer, governor, and dated July 5, 1816. During all the years in which Judge Parker held the office, and discharged the duties of judge, Cheshire county included within its limits the present county of Sullivan. Cheshire county, incorporated March 19, 1771, was one of the five original counties into which the province was then divided, Keene and Charlestown being the shire towns.

July 5, 1827, the county of Cheshire was divided; its northern portion being taken to form the county of Sullivan, which was named in honor of Hon. John

Sullivan of Durham. In 1813 the "Western Circuit," as it was called, included the then counties of Cheshire, Grafton and Coös; the largest in the state, and Judge Parker "rode his Circuit" (as it was then termed) on horseback with his saddle bags, in one of which he carried the famous "Green Bag," containing his court papers, reports, statutes and other law books for reference, and in the other his change of wardrobe and other articles, being absent from home frequently during the terms of court in his district, from five to ten weeks at a time. In 1805 and 1806 he was elected and served as counselor from the "Old Fifth Councilor District." In 1828-'29 he was senator to the General Court from District No. 9, and was one of the leading members of that body. June 13, 1806, he was elected a senator from New Hampshire in the United States Congress for the full term of six years, but finding his duties as judge and senator too onerous, and moreover, sometimes conflicting in point of time, he resigned his office as senator after a service of three years, and continued to hold the office of judge.

In all the civil, social and religious affairs of the town, Judge Parker was prominent for a long series of years. His honesty, ability and fidelity being universally acknowledged by his townsmen, and in fact throughout the state. Of his kindness to the poor and afflicted many instances are related by aged citizens, and his influence was invariably in favor of the culture and good morals of the people.

He died at his homestead November 12, 1839, aged 80 years; and a substantial granite monument marks his resting place in our public cemetery, with the following inscription thereon:

NATHAN PARKER.

Born March 4, 1760.

Appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1807.

United States Senator from New Hampshire from 1806 to 1810.

Died November 12, 1839.

The subject of this sketch, Amos Andrew Parker, attended the district school in Fitzwilliam during the short terms kept in his district, and when the school was not in session, worked upon his father's farm until 15 years of age, when he formed the purpose of obtaining a collegiate education. He took a preparatory course of one year under the instruction of his pastor, the Rev. John Sabin, and a three years' course at New Ipswich Academy, under the tuition of Oliver Swain Taylor, who at that time was principal of the institution.

In June, 1810, he entered the University of Vermont in the Sophomore year, and graduated in 1813 at the age of 22 years, ranking second in his class. He was appointed to deliver an English oration, with the place of honor in the joint exhibition of the Junior and Senior classes; the Greek oration at the Junior exhibition and the salutatory address in Latin at Commencement.

Soon after graduation he went to Fredericksburg, Va., and was engaged as a teacher in the family of a wealthy planter, where he remained three years. He then returned to New Hampshire and commenced the study of law in the office of James Wilson, Sr., of Keene, completing his course with Hon. Levi Chamberlain, who was at that time in the practice of law at Fitzwilliam. He was admitted to the bar in 1821, and commenced the practice of his profession in Epping immediately after, where he remained until 1823, when he moved

to Concord to accept the editorship of the *New Hampshire Statesman*.

In 1824 and 1825 he was commissioned and served as aid on the staff of Governor Morrill, from which office he received his title of colonel. While residing at Concord, he was delegated as one of the governor's aids to proceed to Boston and invite General Lafayette to visit New Hampshire. This was in June, 1824. The General kindly accepted the invitation, but desired that his visit to New Hampshire be deferred until the following year, and accordingly in June, 1825, Colonel Parker made the same journey to Boston with proper equipage to convey the distinguished French soldier and statesman to Concord.

The equipage consisted of a barouche with four horses, an elegant stage-coach with four horses, and a two-horse carriage for the baggage. The General was accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and his private secretary and a body-servant. General Lafayette was then 67 years of age, well preserved, and in good health.

After Colonel Parker's retirement from active professional life, he published a work of 150 pages entitled "Recollections of Lafayette and his Visit to America." After leaving Concord he practised his profession at Exeter and at Kingston, and returned from the latter place to his native town in 1837, and continued the practice of the law.

While residing at Exeter Colonel Parker made a long excursion to the West, and on his return, published a valuable book (which was one of the first of its kind), entitled "A Trip to the West and Texas." It was published in three editions of 5,000 copies each, and had a rapid sale. He also published a book of poems in his eightieth year, and

wrote many stories, articles for magazines, and newspaper contributions. In his native town after 1837, he held nearly every office in the gift of the people, and took a very active part in the measures adopted to suppress the Rebellion, furnishing three sons for the Union Army, one of whom died in the service. He had received and held 15 commissions as a justice of the peace and quorum of five years each, covering a space of 75 years, his first commission bearing date June 22, 1822.

For several years he was a trustee of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, a director of the Ashuelot Fire Insurance Company, a director of the Cheshire County Bank (now Keene National Bank), was a member of the Bar Association of New York City, and of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He served as representative from Fitzwilliam during thirteen sessions of the the Legislature; his first election to that office was at the March election in 1839. He occupied the position of first selectman in Fitzwilliam for ten years, and for many years was moderator of town meetings, town agent and town treasurer; during the Civil War he was chairman of a committee of three for funding the war debt of the town, which was very efficiently and promptly accomplished. For 72 years he was a member of the bar, and engaged in the practice of the law the greater portion of that time.

In 1844-'45 he was actively engaged in forwarding the projected railroad between Boston and Burlington by way of Rutland. After aiding in obtaining charters for the "Fitchburg" and "Cheshire" railroads, he brought the matter before the people of Vermont, addressing large crowds at Bellows Falls, Brandon, Rutland, Vergennes, Burlington and other places. The Rutland and

Burlington Railroad was soon built, and is today the Rutland Division of the Central Vermont System.

Colonel Parker was a man of splendid physique, tall, remarkably erect through life, and in all respects well proportioned. As a public speaker he also made his mark. In addition to Fast Day addresses, railroad, political, educational and miscellaneous speeches, Colonel Parker delivered five Fourth of July orations, one in 1813 at Falmouth in Virginia, one in Rockingham county, one in Vermont and two in Fitzwilliam. One of the finest gems of its kind was an address on "Education," delivered at Rindge on October 17, 1843, before the Cheshire County Common School Association.

In his boyhood days he was too studious and busy to engage in any of the sports and dissipations which often undermine the constitutions of the more favored youths, and the temperate habits he then formed greatly augmented and preserved his constitution for work and a long life.

At 80 he had the vigor, endurance and strength of a man of 50; and at 90 that of a man of 60. He was always regarded as a well-read lawyer, a safe counselor, and when engaged in the trial of causes, a successful advocate. He was a good citizen and an honest man. He was a ready writer and a good thinker, and his success at the bar, upon the stump, and in the halls of Legislature attested his power and influence as a speaker and debater. His was an active life, and he was long interested in the cause of education and temperance.

Colonel Parker was a good Latin and Greek scholar; he retained his knowledge of the classics to a remarkable degree during his whole life, and quoted Latin and Greek phrases and maxims, in

his conversations and addresses, with great ease and fluency. He was quite a wit, and at times enjoyed a good joke.

A short anecdote illustrating his ready wit was recently related to the author of this sketch, by Hon. Albert S. Waite of Newport. While attending the session of the court at Keene, between 40 and 50 years ago, the judges and lawyers made their headquarters at "Col. Harrington's Tavern," as it was commonly called in those days, and more recently the Eagle Hotel; at the familiar sound of the dinner bell, the presiding judge and the lawyers from the various towns in the county and other parts of the state attending the term of court, filed into the spacious dining room and took their seats at the well-loaded table, which was assigned by the good host to the judge and members of the bar. Among the prominent members of the bar of Cheshire county at that time was Judge Frederick Vose of Walpole, who was invariably punctual and constant in his attendance at court, the sessions of which generally lasted from five to six weeks, and he was also equally punctual in his attendance at the dinner table. On one occasion there were seated at the head of the table, His Honor John James Gilchrist, the presiding justice, E. L. Cusheon of Charlestown, Aldis Lovell of Alstead, A. H. Bennett of Winchester, Col. Amos A. Parker of Fitzwilliam and several other members of the bar from other portions of the state, including himself, who was seated at the table directly opposite Colonel Parker, who, after looking up and down the long table for several minutes, failed to see Judge Vose of Walpole in his accustomed seat. Colonel Parker, turning to Brother Waite, ejaculated, "*Inter Nos?*" (Where is Vose?) which cre-

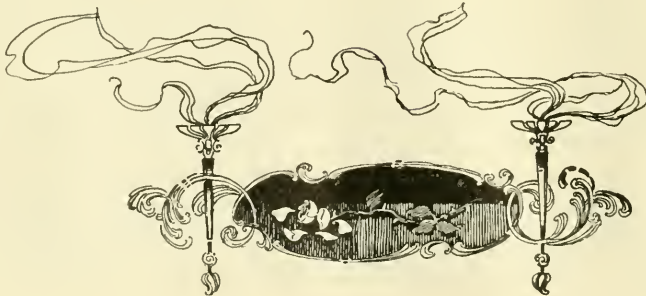
ated great merriment among all those seated at the table,

Colonel Parker was married three times,—first, to Miranda W., eldest daughter of Rev. Daniel C. Sanders, president of Vermont University at the time of Mr. Parker's graduation, by whom he had three children, two of whom still survive, George W., who resides at Halifax, Mass., and Andrew, who resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. He married second, Mary, daughter of United States Marshal McClary of Epsom, by whom he had four children, two of whom are still living, Mrs. Miranda S. Smith, widow of Anson B. Smith, formerly a hardware merchant of Winchendon, Mass., and Hon. John McClary Parker, now engaged in trade at Fitzwilliam, and who has served in both branches of the New Hampshire Legislature. He married third, Julia E. Smith of Glastonbury, Conn., April 9, 1879, he being at that time 88 and Miss Smith 86 years of age.

Miss Smith had become famous some 20 years before her marriage for resisting taxation without representation, or in other words, by refusing to pay taxes because she did not have the privilege of voting; and also by a translation of the Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek into English unaided and alone after seven years of severe labor and study, and publishing 1,000 copies at her own expense.

Her fame was in no wise diminished by her marriage to Colonel Parker at her advanced age. It was a nine days' wonder at the time, and more or less noticed by the newspaper press throughout the country, but it really proved to be followed by seven years of happy married life, during which time they resided at Glastonbury, and at Hartford, Connecticut.

She died March 6, 1886, and soon after Colonel Parker returned to his native town and resided with his youngest son, Hon. John M. Parker, as before stated, where he received all the care and attention necessary to make his declining years pleasant and happy. He was buried in our public cemetery, and a substantial headstone of native granite marks his final resting-place. At the time of his death the following editorial appeared in the *Independent Statesman*, printed at Concord, N. H.: "Colonel Amos A. Parker, once editor of the *Statesman*, has closed his more than a century of usefulness. Colonel Parker has lived a life marked by conscientious faithfulness to many a trust. As an editor, as a lawyer, as an official, he gave the best he had to the fulfilment of his duties, and went down the path of a green old age with powers unimpaired, with faculties undiminished, to a reward laid up by years of honesty with himself, his fellow-men and his God."



HISTORY AND POETRY FROM THE LIFE OF F. B. SANBORN OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAPTER THIRD.—YOUTHFUL LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Up to my eighteenth year I had lived fancy free, though very susceptible to the beauty of girls, and slightly attached, at school and in the society of my companions, to this maiden or that who had fine eyes, a fair complexion and a social gift. To one pair of sisters, indeed, I was specially drawn by their loveliness and gentle ways. Toward the younger of the two, of my own age almost exactly, I had early manifested this interest when my years could not have exceeded seven. They had come with their cousin, who was also my cousin, to spend the afternoon and take tea with my two sisters; it may have been the first time I had noticed the sweet beauty of Sarah C., who was the granddaughter of the former parson of the parish. So strongly was I impressed by it, that while they were taking tea by themselves, boys not being expected to enjoy their company, I went to my strong box, which contained all my little stock of silver, took from it a shining half dollar, the largest coin I had, and deftly transferred it to the reticule of Sarah, hanging on the back of a chair in the "parlor chamber," all without telling anybody what I had done. The two girls (aged seven and ten) went home unsuspecting what had occurred, but in emptying the reticule that night, the coin was found, and Sarah knowing nothing about it, the gift was

sent back to the house of the tea-party, and my little scheme of endowing her with my worldly goods was discovered, to my confusion.

There had been other fancies, but nothing serious until the year 1850, when I was just eighteen. Nor had I taken the burden of life very seriously in other directions. I had formed no scheme of life; my education had been going on as already described, with no particular plan on my part or that of my family. My mother's cousin, Senator Norris, being in Congress from 1843 until his death in 1855, it had been suggested that he should appoint me a cadet in the West Point military school; but I had no turn for a soldier's life, and nothing was done to obtain his patronage, which my grandfather, a veteran Democrat, could have secured, perhaps. So I drifted along, working on the farm perhaps half my time, studying, shooting, wandering about the pastures and woods with comrades; and spending my evenings in lively company, playing chess, cards, or, for a few years in the summer, joining a cooking club which met weekly in the thick woods far from houses, and got up a fine supper of chicken and coffee, with a dessert of sponge cake; which one of our number, afterwards Capt. John Sanborn Godfrey, of General Hooker's staff in the Civil War, had the secret of preparing to perfection.

This entertainment had begun with my schoolmates, William Healey and

Charles Brown, and two or three students of the Rockingham Academy, Cavender of St. Louis, Vanderveer of New York, and another, but was then transferred to an unfrequented pine wood, near the boundaries of Exeter, Hampton and Hampton Falls, and included two Tiltons and other school-mates on that part of the Exeter road. After I left home to enter college the Exeter congressman, Gilman Mars-ton, afterwards a general in the war, and some others from Exeter were admitted to the mysteries, but I never met with them later than 1850, I think.

A more exacting literary society had been established about 1848 in the upper hall of the schoolhouse where I had been a pupil, under the name of the "Anti-Tobacco Society," at the instance, I suppose, of the good minister of the Unitarian parish. We held debates, and soon established a MS. monthly journal, *Star of Social Reform*, which received contributions, supposed to be anonymous, from the members, male or female, and these were read at the monthly meetings. I early became a contributor, both in prose and verse, and in the summer of 1849 wrote a burlesque on the poem of "Festus," then much read in New England, in mild ridicule of the English author, Philip Bailey. The following winter the editor of the *Star* (now Mrs. S. H. Folsom of Winchester, Mass.), visiting her friend, Miss Ariana Smith Walker at Peterborough, showed her the "Festus" verses and some others, which she was good enough to like, and sent them to her dearest friend, Miss Ednah Littlehale of Boston, the late Mrs. E. D. Cheney, with this note:

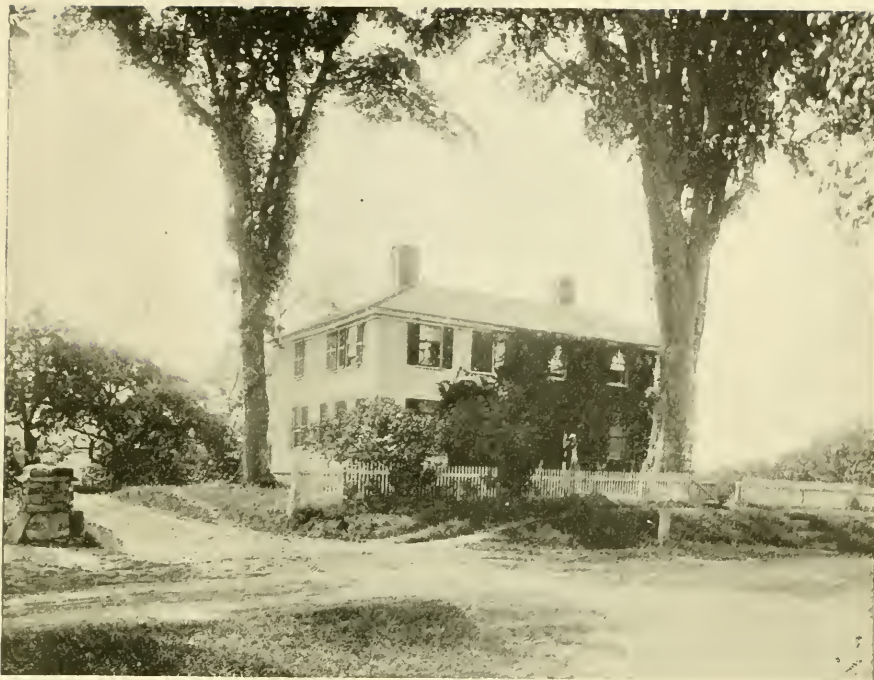
March 30. 1850. I don't know that I should have written you today if I had not wanted to send you the enclosed. It purports to be a newly discovered scene from "Festus," and is written by a person who does not altogether like the book, as you will see from the last part, especially. I want you to read it *first*, and then read the little note which will tell you about the author. I think it is capital; tell me how it strikes you. Please return it to me in your next. A. S. W.

A few weeks later, April 26, she added:

I send you herewith some poetry of Frank S., the author of the new scene from "Festus." The little ballad, is, I think, very pretty. He called it "Night Thoughts," but I like "The Taper" better,—do not you? And now I will tell you that he is a Hampton Falls boy, and that his name is *Sanborne*. I will send you all I can of his writing, and I want you to write a criticism upon the "Festus," etc., for the *Star*, a paper written by the young people at H. Falls. They shan't know who writes it; but won't you sometime send me a sort of laughing notice of this "new Poet"? I want you to, very much. Do you not get a pretty picture of the *maid* "who her needle plies," etc.? It reminded me of your "Gretchen."

The ballad was the subject, afterwards, of a commendatory notice in the *Star* by A. S. W. which pleased the young poet, and led him to anticipate the arrival of the critic; who also had some curiosity to see the youth about whom her friend had told her many things. When they first saw each other in the small church at Hampton Falls, she was sitting beside her friend in the pew, and I was opposite, facing them, but only 30 feet away, so that our eyes met. She wrote on her folding fan, with a pin, "I don't dare look at Frank S.; he has a poetic face." In her next letter to Ednah she said (July 22, 1850):

I have seen F. S., the young poet,—a face like the early portrait of Raphael, only Frank's eyes and hair are very dark. I don't care, now I have seen him, to speak or meet with him. [In fact two days after he called on her and was welcome.] When we began to talk earnestly I



Birthplace of George and Anna Walker.

forgot everything else in my surprise and pleasure. I was astonished and delighted. There was a charm about everything he said, because he has thought more *wholly* for himself than any one I ever met. . . . In books, too, I was astonished at his preferences. It seemed strange that *Shelley* should be the favorite poet of an uncultivated, I should say, self-cultivated boy; but so it is, and he talked of him and of the poems as I never heard any one talk, after his own fashion. . . . He stayed until 11, and yet I was neither weary nor sleepy, rather refreshed and invigorated.

The "laughing notice" of the Festus scenes, obligingly written by Miss Littlehale, and sent to the editor of the *Star*, was this, followed by Miss Walker's comment on the ballad:

The following notices of recent effusions we take the liberty of quoting for the benefit of the readers of the *Star*. This first,—a very brief extract (from the *London Enquirer*) from a notice of "The Supplementary Scene to Festus," which appeared in the July (1849) number of the *Star*; the second "Night Thoughts," from a source less foreign.

The New Scene of Festus.

The burlesque is capital; the similes are some of them so like "Festus" one could easily cheat another into the reality of certain passages. Who this young devotee of St. Crispin is, we cannot divine. The lines show an admirable tact at verse making; we hope to see something which has the writer's soul in it, too. So promising a genius should be cultivated, not spoiled.

I have elsewhere spoken of this lovely vision of youth and spiritual grace first fairly seen by me in the Hampton Falls church, July 20, 1850. She was the daughter of James Walker of Peterborough, a first cousin of President Walker of Harvard College, and her mother, Sarah Smith, was the favorite niece of Judge Smith of Exeter. She had died in 1841, and Mr. Walker had remarried a daughter of Rev. Jacob Abbot of Hampton Falls. Ariana, named for Judge Smith's

daughter, was born in the Carter house on the steep Peterborough hillside, overlooking the river Contoocook from the northeast, and commanding, as all the hills thereabout do, a noble prospect of Monadnock. Her brother, George Walker, afterwards bank commissioner of Massachusetts and consul-general of the United States at Paris, was born five years earlier in the same house, and the brother and sister tripped down this hill in early childhood, near the mansion of their uncle, Samuel Smith, the judge's manufacturing brother, to attend the private school of Miss Abbot, now Mrs. Horatio Wood of Lowell, whose younger sister James Walker married in 1844. Her uncle, Rev. Dr. Abiel Abbot, pastor at Peterborough, had earlier in his ministry, at Coventry in Connecticut, persuaded Jared Sparks, the future historian, then a carpenter in Mr. Abbot's parish, to go to the Phillips Academy at Exeter in 1809. Mr. Abbot going to make a visit to his brother, the successor of President Langdon in the Hampton Falls pulpit, slung the young man's box under his parson's chaise, while Sparks himself walked all the way to Exeter; whither his box preceded him, to the care of Dr. Benjamin Abbot (a cousin of the Hampton Falls pastor), then Principal of the famous Academy. It was this intermarriage between the Abbot and Walker families that led, as above mentioned, to my first acquaintance with Anna Walker. Her stepmother had a sister, Mrs. Cram, married in their father's old parish, and living next door to the old house then occupied by Mrs. Joseph Sanborn, my uncle's widow, with her two children, who were cousins of Mrs. Cram's children. Indeed the

two houses once had belonged to the Cram family, with only a garden between them; the later built of the two being more than a hundred years old, and soon to give place to a new house, in which many of my interviews with Miss Walker were afterwards held. But the old house, in its large parlor, was the memorable scene of our first interview, briefly described above by Anna herself. In a fuller entry in her journal she said :

F. stayed until 11 and yet I was neither weary nor sleepy, but rather refreshed and invigorated. He excused himself for staying so late, but said the time had passed rapidly. C. seemed very much surprised that he had spoken so freely to a stranger; I think he himself will wonder at it. The conversation covered so many subjects that I could not help laughing on looking back upon it; he might have discovered the great fault of my mind, a want of method in my thoughts, as clearly as I saw his to be a want of hope. But talking with a new person is to me like going for the first time into a gallery of pictures. We wander from one painting to another, wishing to see all, lest something finest should escape us, and in truth seeing no one perfectly and appreciatingly. Only after many visits and long familiarity can we learn which are really the best, most suggestive and most full of meaning; and then it is before two or three that one passes the hours. So we wander at first from one topic of conversation to another, until we find which are those reaching farthest and deepest, and then it is these of which we talk most. My interest in Frank S. is peculiar; it is his intellectual and spiritual nature, and not *himself* that I feel so much drawn to. I can't say it rightly in words, but I never was so strongly interested in one where the feeling was so little *personal*.

This was by no means my own case. I had the strongest personal interest in this young lady, whose life had been so unlike my own, but who had reached in many points the same conclusions, literary, social and religious, which were my own, so far as a youth of less than nineteen can be said to have reached conclusions. We met again and again, and



*Yours truly
Anna Walker*

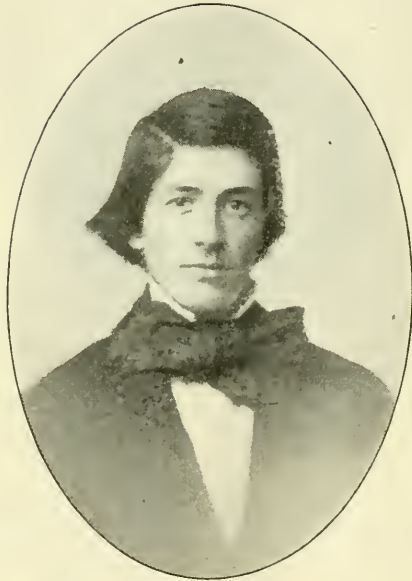
discussed not only Shelley, but Plato and Emerson, of whom we were both eager readers. She had received from her father the winter before Emerson's "Representative Men," just after she had been reading Plato with Ednah Littlehale, and she was also familiar with several of the other characters in that volume,—her studies in German having advanced further than mine. Two years earlier she had read Emerson's first book, "Nature," more than once, and at the age of 18 thus wrote of it to Ednah:

April 1, 1848. I am glad you have read "Nature." It has long been one of my books. It lies at this moment on my little table, and seldom does a day pass without my finding there something that chimes with the day's thought. Emerson always gives me a feeling of quiet,

simple strength. I go to him, therefore, when I am weak and feeble,—not when I am full of unrest and disquiet. My soul is at times the echo of his; like the echo, however, it can only give back a single word. I bow in quiet joy at his grander thought; but, like him, I do not therefore yield my own. The light of his spirit does not dazzle my eyes so that all seems dark elsewhere; on the contrary, the world around me, reflecting back that radiance, smiles in a new-born glory. I love the whole earth more, that I know him more truly.

Of the crayon by Morse, here engraved, which remained in Boston some weeks after it was finished, that winter of 1847-'48, she thus wrote to Ednah, February 6, 1848:

George Walker is very enthusiastic about Morse and the picture. "It is almost too fine," etc. From what he told me I should think it decidedly the finest of Morse's pictures. Tell him I could not have been more glad if the pic-



F. B. SANBORN IN COLLEGE, 1853.

ture had been my own. Greenough, the sculptor, says it is the finest crayon ever done in Boston. Shall I tell you what I felt when I read George's letter?—a deep regret that I was not beautiful. I could wish myself lovely for Morse's sake, for the sake of his fame; because then the picture would have been finer.

No one ever found this portrait other than beautiful. When I first saw her, two years after Alpheus Morse had finished it, her expression had changed from the serene, saintly look which Morse depicted, to one of more vivacity and gayety, which in her periods of comparative health was her natural expression, and which made her even more charming than in the earlier portrait. She had just reached 18 when it was drawn, and it was made for her brother, herself retaining only a daguerre from it.

Our second evening was that of August 1, and this is the record of it in her journal:

Last night F. S. was here again. We had been wishing he would come but did not expect him. He was in a fine mood, but one or two things I regret in the evening's talk. He had spoken of many things earnestly, and at last he mentioned James Richardson's proposal that he should enter into the ministry. We all laughed. I wanted to say something of his future life; but I seemed to have no right. He said "That is the last thing I should chose." "No," said I, with decision, "preaching is not your mission." I felt as if I must go on, but I restrained myself and was silent. He must have thought we ridiculed the idea of his becoming a minister, because we thought him unequal to the work. I did not feel this so fully then as I did after he was gone; but it hurts me to have so repulsed him, for I think he wished us to say something more—to talk with him of himself and of his future. O golden opportunity! I fear it is lost and will not come again.

We talked of many things—I more of people than formerly. His mind is analytic, the intellect predominating and governing the heart; feelings do not often get the mastery. He is calm and searching, with a very keen insight into the merits or demerits of a style. This is characteristic of his mind. He is unsparingly just to his own thought. He is not at all a dreamer; or, if he is ever so, his dreams are not

enervating. He is vigorous, living, strong. Calmness of thought is a large element of his nature; it extends to the feelings as well as the intellect. Yet there is fire under the ice, and I imagine if it should be reached it would flame forth with great power and intensity.

We talked of Plato and Herbert and Shelley, and many others. He says it is not the thought of "Alastor" that makes it his favorite, but the versification. I do not think now that he is wanting in severity. He went away after eleven. "I have stayed even later than the other night," said he, "quite too late." "Oh, no, not at all," said I. I think he liked to come again. It may seem vain to say so, but I suspect he had seldom talked with any one exactly as he did with us tonight. C. is the only person here who would care to talk with him on such subjects; and her gentle modesty would not allow her to sit deliberately down to draw any one out as I have done with Frank. C. said she did not know he could talk so finely. I believe that to him it was a relief. He has a rich nature, and yet my interest in him has little to do with feelings, less so than I could have supposed possible for *me*.

Ah, how little do we at such times know ourselves! The next few weeks showed that nothing so interested her feelings as the fortunes of this youth.

As I wrote the above, Mrs. Cram asked me why, if I felt that F. had misunderstood what I said of his becoming a minister, I did not write him a note, and tell him what I then wished so much to say. She urged my doing so, and at last I wrote the following, which I showed to her, and which she advised my sending:

NOTE.

When you spoke last night of Mr. R.'s proposition that you should enter the ministry, I have thought that what I replied might and must have given you a wrong impression. When I said with decision that I did not think preaching your mission, it was not because I feared you would fail in that or, in anything for which you should heartily strive; but because it seems to me as if no one should take such a mission upon himself unless he feels a decided call, and is sensible of a peculiar fitness.

Your work in life seems to me more clearly pointed out than that of most men; it comes under that last head in "Representative Men;" we need you as a writer. I know how much of struggle and even of suffering such a life must contain, but Plato says, "When one is attempting noble things it is surely noble also to suffer whatever it may befall him to suffer."

I feel that there is that within you which cannot rightfully be hidden; and your success seems to me sure, if you will but bend your whole energies to this end. I wish I were wise enough to suggest something more than the goal to be reached; but I am sure you will have

other and more efficient friends who will give you the aid of experience.

Perhaps you will think I presume upon a short acquaintance to say all this; but it is often given to us "to foresee the destiny of another more clearly than that other can," and it seems to me only truth to strive "by heroic encouragements to hold him to his task." Will you pardon my boldness? I give you God-speed.

Your friend,

Anna W.

The next day the journal goes on:

We rode to the Hill (the post-office) and left Frank's note with his little brother, Josey, at school. I felt sorry I had sent it the moment it was fairly gone, and if I could have recalled it I certainly should. It contained little of my thought, and would do harm if not received earnestly. It is difficult to do good. I hope I shall see and talk with F. before I go to Gloucester.

August 3. This evening, as I lay wearily on the sofa, for I had been sick all day, Charles Healey came in, and immediately afterward, Frank. I felt not at ease, for we could say nothing of what was in both our thoughts often and often, I am sure. I seemed stupid, talked, but said nothing. Frank was gay—he is seldom that; C. said when he had gone, "Anna, I saw your influence in all F. said to-night,—he was happy." I don't know what to think. Why did he come and why has he said nothing about my note? It requires speedy answer.

August 6, Tuesday. I felt all day as if something was going to happen to me, and in the afternoon F. C. brought me a letter from Frank. It was calm, manly, kind, sincere, earnest; not warm—apart from feeling. I felt it very much. A note which came with it, and which contained little in words, gave me an impression of feeling which the letter did not. A sonnet F. sent me also, which I like. He added some marginal notes which rather made a jest of it; but I think the sonnet was written earnestly, and the notes were an afterthought to conceal that earnestness. How deeply, how strongly I am interested in Frank! I feel as if I must help him. He has hardly been out of my thoughts an hour since I wrote the note. And now his frankness gives a new tone to my thought; for I feel as if I might perhaps do something for him.

THE SONNET.

Our life—a casket of mean outward show,
Hides countless treasures, jewels rich and rare,
Whose splendid worth, whose beauty, wondrous fair,

Only the favored few may see and know
On whom the partial Gods in love bestow,
To ope the stubborn lid, the silver key;

And such methinks, have they bestowed on
Thee.

Or shall I say? o'er all things base and low

Thou hast the blessed power of alchemy,
Changing their dross and baseness into gold;

And in all vulgar things on earth that be.
Awakening beauty, as the Greek of old

Wrought vase and urn of matchless symmetry
From the downtrodden and unvalued mould.

August 6, 1850.

F. B. S.

Wednesday, Aug. 7. I went to the Sewing Circle on Munt Hill. I had three reasons for going—to be with Cate, to sit under the green trees once again, and to see Frank, who I felt sure would be there. I had a beautiful but wearisome afternoon. I liked to sit under the green arches of the oaks and maples, and to watch the play of faces, and read through them in the souls of those around me. Cate is the best, and most beautiful and worthy to be loved; and next to her I was drawn to Helen Sanborn. She is cold and self-centered, but she interests me. I want to know what all that coldness covers and conceals. Frank came; he greeted me last, and then almost distantly—certainly coldly. He was gay and witty, and we had a little talk together, sitting after tea in the doorway. Miss (Nancy) Sanborn's house* is prettily located, but there is something really mournful in such a lonely life as hers. Heaven save me from so vacant, so desolate a life as that of most unmarried women!

We had a pleasant ride home, and I thought F. might come up in the evening. If he does not I shall probably not see him again. I hope he will come.

August 8. He did come up last night, and we talked very earnestly and freely together. I think I never spoke with more openness to any one; we forgot we were Frank and Anna, and talked as one immortal soul to another.

The conversation began by Cate's showing him my Analyses. I sat in a low chair at C.'s feet, and watched his face while he read. It was steady; I could not read it, and I admired his composure, because I do not think it arose from a want of feeling. He said, when he had finished, that he should not like to say whose the first analysis was; it might apply in parts to many; and then turned to his own, and began to talk of it; not easily, but with difficulty and reserve. I gave him a pencil and asked him to mark what he thought untrue. He made three or four marks, and explained why he did so; but not for some time did he say that it was himself of whom he spoke. He said I overrated him; he was quick but confused, and he complained of a want of method, strictness and steadiness

*The old Sanborn house near Munt Hill, in Chapter I.

of purpose, in his intellectual nature. I thought these rather faults of habit than of nature; few minds left so wholly to themselves, with so little opportunity, would have been other than desultory.

To be overestimated, or to feel himself so, is extremely painful to Frank, and he constantly referred to it. "I shall not, I think, be injured by your praises," said he at one time; "I have a mirror always near me which shows me to myself as I really am." In referring to that part of the analysis where I spoke of his being less self-dependent than he thought himself, he said, "Yes, I want some superior friend to whom I can go at all times, and who will never fail me." Who of us does not need such a friend? I thought of Ednah gratefully.

In talking of the ways and means of life before him, I told him how deeply I felt my own want of practical ability; it seemed idle to suggest only the goal to be reached, and to say nothing of the paths leading thereto. "After all," said I, with real feeling, "I have not helped you." "I am afraid," he said, "that you suffer as I do, from a want of self-confidence." Cate urged me to greater freedom, for I was embarrassed, and I said in reply, "I wish I were wise." "I hope it is not my wisdom that restrains you," he said with great gentleness, "a little child might lead me." The tone of feeling touched me, I looked at him quietly, and talked more clearly of school and college, and all the possibilities which the future held out to him, and the probabilities.

I told him it was the discipline he needed most,—not so much the books he would study as the power he would obtain over his own thoughts, and the opportunities which such a life would open to him. He then spoke of himself, and said that he feared a sedentary life would "only hasten what would come soon enough of itself." And for the first time I observed the hollow chest and the bright color which indicate consumptive tendencies in him. Health must not be sacrificed; his work in life must not be hindered by bodily weakness; this is an important consideration. He then spoke of Mr. R.'s proposition, and, finally, all solved itself in the question, "What is really my work in life?"

"I think," said I in reply, "that there might be a person wise enough to decide for you." "I think so, too," said he quickly, "and I wish that person would decide,"—"or those persons," he added, after a moment. I thought it possible he might mean Cate or myself by "that person"; but I did not feel capable of choosing for him, even if he had thought of me when he spoke,—and of that I greatly doubt. So no reply was made,—but the final result seemed to be, that if his health would allow,

private lessons or school would be the best thing open to him.

In looking again at the Analysis,*—I told him that it would not bear severe intellectual criticism; it must necessarily have many and great faults. He said, "It is almost perfect, except that you stood at too high a point of view, so that some defects were concealed,"—and seemed surprised that he should have laid himself open so far in so short a time. But "I see that I must have done so, unless you have much clearer eyes than most people." "Not that," said I, "but I have a habit of studying souls; persons are more to me than to most. I read in them as you read in books. I have seen in you tonight some new traits of character." He then asked me to add them to the analysis; but I would not promise to do so. "I hope," he said, "that you are not going to conceal anything. Talk to me as if I were a chair or a table; I can bear any truth,—do not fear to wound me." "I am not afraid to be severe with you," said I.

The conversation turned upon many things which I cannot write here,—upon pride, upon faith in a future life, etc. It was not till after midnight that he said he must go; and then it was evidently only because he felt he ought; the conversation held him. "When," he asked, "shall you be in Hampton Falls again?" "Perhaps in one year, perhaps not for several," said I. "Then it is doubtful when we shall see one another again. I shall not be likely to meet you anywhere else." "Yes," said I, "when I see you next, your destiny will probably be decided." "I will promise you," he said, "that my choice shall be made as quickly as possible."

I told him I hoped I should hear of it when he did so. He said he might not be in Hampton Falls at that time, and seemed, I half thought, to wish me to ask him to tell me himself of his decision; but I hesitated to do so, and so said nothing. "And so," he said again, as he bade me good-by, "it is uncertain whether we shall see each other again for

* The close of this is as follows: "Has many noble aspirations yet unsatisfied." Still seeking, seeking, groping in the dark. He wants a *definite* end for which to strive *heartily*; then his success would be *SURE*. Much executive power, executes better than he plans.

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

Aug. 5th, 1850.

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

years. Well,—I shall always remember that there is one person in the world who thinks more highly of me than I do of myself." We shook hands, and he went away.

Intellectually, or by a certain fitness between us, I seemed to draw near to him, and I think he was sorry that our acquaintance should have been so transient, and should have terminated so suddenly. It seems strange to think of now, and not quite real to me; but I feel it has been of great service to me, however little I have done to help him. I have never seen any one like Frank. It is good to have a new interest in life, and in him I shall always feel strongly interested. I believe the journal of this evening is very poor; it gives not the least idea of what I consider as almost the most singular conversation in my life,—and the end of a strange experience.

Ah, no! it was the beginning of that experience of which Dante wrote in his *Vita Nuova*,—"Behold a Spirit cometh mightier than thou, who shall rule over thee." This gentle maiden had not been averse to Love, but now he came in his full armor. The tell-tale journal goes on:

When he was gone I felt so full of regret that I had not spoken more wisely to him that I covered my face with my hands and let the warm tears flow fast,—but it was only for a moment. I was excited as I seldom am; felt strong and free, and as I looked out of the window had an inclination to throw myself down on the cool grass below. The girls would not let me talk; they went to their rooms,—but I lay waking all the night through. How I wished for some divining power to give me a knowledge of Frank's thoughts! Had I helped him? was this meeting of ours to have any influence upon his life? and if so, would it work for good or evil? was this the beginning or the end of some new life? Lastly, how had he thought of *me*? finely and highly, or had I seemed poor and bold? Upon his thought of me all the power of this evening to help him must depend; and I felt doubtful what it had been. Are we really to see each other no more? and is this to end our acquaintance? Have I been forbearing enough? Should I not have waited to be sought, and not have gone out to meet him? But my motive was pure and disinterested; does he know that? Of course he could not seek me. There certainly was feeling in him tonight,—I saw it in his face. It is true then that he loves X.? These and a thousand other questions I went on asking,

while the night wore away. I rose ill and feeble, and all day have suffered much; though not more than I expected last night. I have written F. a note, the principal object of which is to ask him to tell me himself when his decision is made as to his future life. I shall send it with the Analysis. Mrs. C. has seen and approved of it, and I trust to her judgment. There is much more feeling in it than in his letter; but it seemed to me not to touch upon sentiment. Beside, F. is not vain,—the strange boy!

There was no occasion to doubt how I had received all this inspiration and encouragement to a more active life. It had been taken exactly as it was meant, and no thought unworthy of the most ideal friendship occurred to me. But the arrow of Love had wounded me also, and I was not so unconscious of it as Anna was. We continued to correspond, and I went on my projected trip to the White Mountains early in September, with my head and heart both enlisted in her service. In one of my letters I sent her these lines, which, after the avowal of my love in November, I completed to a sonnet, by the lines of the final couplet:

SONNET II.

As calmest waters mirror Heaven the best,
 So best befit remembrances of Thee
 Calm, holy hours, from earthly passion free,
 Sweet twilight musing,—Sabbaths in the breast:
 No stooping thought, nor any groveling care
 The sacred whiteness of that place shall stain,
 Where, far from heartless joys and rites profane,
 Memory has reared to Thee an altar fair;
 Yet frequent visitors shall kiss the shrine,
 And ever keep its vestal lamp alight,—
 All noble thoughts, all dreams divinely bright,
 That waken or delight this soul of mine.

So Love, meek pilgrim! his young vows did pay,
 With glowing eyes that must his lips gainsay.

In the meanwhile she had gone to spend the rest of August with her dear Ednah at Gloucester by the seaside, and from there, two weeks after

this parting at Hampton Falls, she wrote to her friend Cate what I may call

ADVICE TO A YOUNG STUDENT.

(TWENTY TO EIGHTEEN.)

GLOUCESTER, August 22nd, 1850.

. . . And now, dear,—I want to talk to you about Frank,—about whose future I have had much anxious thought. There seem to me to be many objections to both the plans we mentioned in that evening's conversation, which were not as clear to me then as now,—I mean the going to college or the studying with Mr. Richardson.* Amid the sedentary habits of Cambridge I really fear for Frank's health,—so many have I seen sink under them who were more vigorous than he; and so often have I mourned over earthly promise lost,—ruthlessly thrown away,—amid influences like those, where everything was sacrificed to the *intellect*. With all the external struggles which Frank would be forced to undergo in addition to these, I feel as if it were hardly possible for him to go through a course at Cambridge without impaired health,—and, as a necessary consequence, *inevitable*, diminished powers; for let no one dream that he can break *one* of God's laws without the *whole being* suffering therefrom. Frank's health *must* be preserved; his work in life *must* not be hindered or marred by bodily weakness. He owes it to the good God who has given so much to him not to "lay waste his powers,"—that he may remain here with us, and help us to live, as long as he can. Is it not so, darling?

With regard to Mr. Richardson, even if that *should* be open to Frank, I doubt if it would *really* be for the best. James Richardson's faults of mind are so exactly those which F. complains of in himself, that I fear he would not obtain from him that discipline which he most needs. There is not enough *reality* about J. R. to satisfy the wants of a true and strong nature; not that I fear *contagion*, for Frank has more power of self-preservation than any person I ever met, and he might as well cease to be, as cease to be *true*; but his *teacher* should be a man of strict and accurate mind, with an element even of intellectual *severity* in it,—with a soul *open* to

enthusiasm but not *possessed* by it,—and ready and willing to impart its wealth to others. Such a man Mr. R. is *not*, and I do not say this from my own knowledge, merely, but from the better knowledge of those who have known him long and intimately.

And now, after all this, dear, I want to make a *new* suggestion to Frank,—which is that instead of either of these things he should remain at Hampton Falls, and take *private* lessons of Mr. Hoyt at Exeter, during this winter at least. Going into Exeter once or twice a week would be easy for him, and all that would be needful in his case. And from all I hear of Mr. Hoyt he is admirably fitted to be Frank's guide. Ednah, who knows him, says he is just the person, she should think, to do F. good; I only judge of him through others. If I were Frank I should go to Mr. H. and tell him just how it was with me,—that it was the *discipline of education* that I wanted, and not to be fitted for any particular profession; and I should ask *his* advice as to the studies best to pursue. If Frank would do this, I do not fear for the result; if I am not mistaken in my opinion of Mr. H. at the end of the winter he would no longer stand in need of that friend who is *wise* enough to choose for him his future course in life.

Does not this seem to you the best and most possible *present* course for Frank? It does seem so to *me*; and I have thought of this with *far* more anxiety and effort than I have bestowed even upon *my own* winter, and all that must depend thereon. *Can* I say more? or will you understand fully that this is *my best* judgment,—which *can* only pass for what it is worth? though I would it were of a thousand times more value than it is. . . . After all, this can only be a suggestion,—for it is made without a full knowledge of facts, and there may be many objections known to Frank, of which I am wholly ignorant. I would only offer it as all that I have to give.

Frank's course in life, as it lies clearly in my thought, seems to be this: To devote the next four or five years to as severe study (and I do not mean by study mere getting of lessons) as a strict obedience to the laws of health will allow; to take for this time intellectual discipline as the principal, though not the *exclusive* end and aim of life,—and for this purpose to make use of *all* and the best means in his power. At the end of those years he may work with his *hands* at anything he pleases; there is no labor which a noble soul cannot dignify. He shall make shoes or be a farmer, or whatever else he finds easiest,—if he will give us his *best* thoughts through pen and paper,—if he does also his appointed

*Rev. James Richardson, a classmate of Thoreau at Harvard, was then settled at Haverhill, Mass., and, preaching at Hampton Falls the preceding April had met F. B. S. and urged him to go to college,—promising to aid him, if needful. Nothing had come of this, or was likely to. Prof. J. G. Hoyt was the teacher of Greek and mathematics at Exeter Academy,—an active anti-slavery man also.

spiritual and intellectual work. He shall even settle down quietly in H. F. if so his choice lead him (for place will be little to him when he has obtained full possession of *himself*),—so that he do but let his light so shine before men that they may see his good works and give thanks to the Father therefor. I would not condemn him to the hard struggles of the *merely* literary man, *even* if his physical strength would allow; for in this money-loving Yankee land want and suffering are the sure accompaniments of such a life; but I *would* have him fitted to use to the *full* those powers of mind which God has given him for the benefit of others; and I would have this work of a writer the highest end and aim of life,—although other things may be the needful and even beautiful accessories.

And now I wish you to *show* this part of my letter to Frank; and I should like him to consider it without any reference to its being *my* opinion (for I think it would have not *more* but less weight, perhaps, on that account), but simply as a suggestion worthy of thought, while he is making his decision with regard to his future life, and the immediate steps to be taken therein. "If I were to proffer an earnest prayer to the gods for the greatest of earthly privileges," says Mr. Alcott in his *Journal*, "it should be for a *severely* candid friend." That, at least, I am and have been to Frank; and even should he think me inclined to force and intrude my opinions upon him, I will not selfishly shrink from doing what I think right, because I may thereby suffer the loss of his good opinion. I am very anxious that Frank should *now* and quickly have some intellectual guide and friend; and such, I hope, Mr. H. might become to him. Hitherto he has stood alone, for he is strong and *cheerful*,—but now he wants a helping hand, though it do but touch him gently, so that he may feel himself a link in the great chain that binds humanity together. For this he appears to me *not* yet to have felt quite clearly. He himself says "A little child might lead me",—but he cannot be led,—only guided,—and even that must be by his *superior*.

I incline to think he has never learned much from any *one* soul; for his life has been rather in thoughts than persons; but *all* things, animate and inanimate, have been his unconscious teachers; and should I seem to flatter if I said that, like his own Pilgrim, he has in him "something of the universality of Nature herself?" I think I do but use the expression with his own meaning. I have spoken to *you* dear, often, of the suffering of Frank's probable life,—but not from any feeble wish to hold him from it. He

must go upward by the "steep but terrible way"—by the *precipice*—and not by the *winding path*,—and I say *God speed*.

There is one other person in Exeter who would take Frank as a pupil, I have no doubt,—and that is Mr. Hitchcock.* In belles lettres he is far superior to Mr. Hoyt, and indeed to most men,—and I think he might gratify Frank's *tastes* more fully; but I doubt if he has so strict and accurate a mind as Mr. Hoyt, or would prove so good a guide for F. I should like him to be Frank's *friend*, and not his teacher.

I followed this very wise counsel, took lessons in Greek of Mr. Hoyt for a year, and then entered Phillips Exeter Academy for seven months, and from that entered at Harvard a year in advance,—having read much Latin before going to Exeter. The arrangement had the incidental advantage, not foreseen by either of us, that I could receive my letters and parcels from Anna, and send my own without attracting too much notice from friends and relatives,—who were generally excluded from knowledge of the correspondence.

I have sometimes thought that a young man of less vanity than F. B. S. might be excused for hoping that a lady, who evidently took so deep an interest in his character and future career, had at least a slight personal reason for so doing. But that would have been unjust to this rare personage, who certainly was the most unselfish, altruistic and just of all women. The disclosure of love was truly as great a surprise to her three months after this as anything could have been; but that it was not unwelcome the event proved.

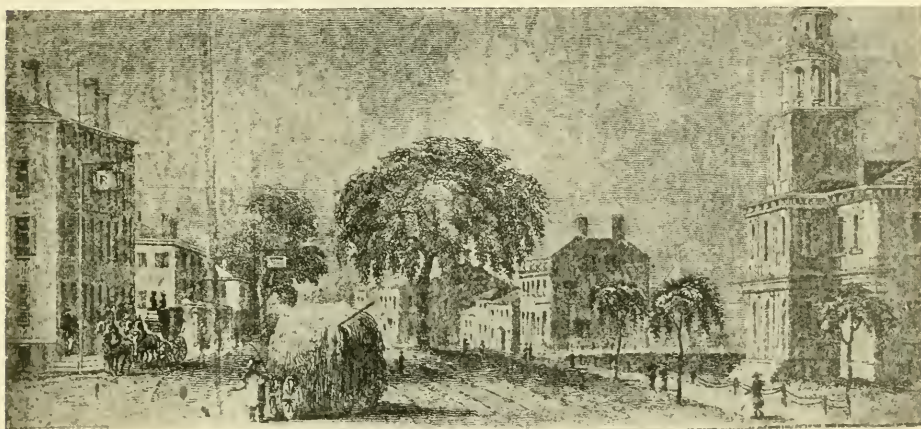
* Rev. Roswell Hitchcock was then preaching at the old church in Exeter, but afterwards became the head of the Calvinistic Union Theological Seminary at New York. Anna's judgment of him was very just; what her observation had been I know not; but once taking tea with him would have given her this perception, so remarkable was her insight.

Soon after my return from the White Mountains I made the arrangement with Prof. J. G. Hoyt of the Exeter Academy, by which I was to recite to him in Greek for a year before entering regularly as a student in Exeter.

My visits to his study were weekly, and this was the beginning of a friendship with a noble man, which continued so long as he lived. Years afterward he wished me to take a position with him in the Washington University at St. Louis; as the late

at Hampton Falls, she wrote me a letter early in November, asking my confidence in the matter. To convince her what the truth was, I confessed my ardent love for her. She received the avowal as it was meant, but in a spirit of self-denial, she deferred the acceptance for a time. The journal, as formerly, received her confession :

I opened the note (November '21, 1850) and read the first two or three lines, and covered my face with my hands. It seemed impossible to believe in the reality of what I saw. That



Exeter Street in 1850.

Amos Lawrence had offered me, a few years earlier, the head mastership of the Lawrence Academy in Kansas, which has become the State University. For good reasons, I declined both offers.

Miss Littlehale, whom I first met at Exeter in the spring of 1852, was in the autumn of 1850 seriously ill for a long time at her father's house, 44 Bowdoin street, Boston; and there Miss Walker visited her in October and November of that year. Misapprehending some circumstances in my relations with her particular friends

Frank could love *me*,—weak, feeble, unworthy as I am,—I had never even dreamed. When I could read the little note, it was so clear, so like Frank, that I could only thank God that he loved me. Had he been near me then,—could not but have told him that I loved him. I, the lonely, felt myself no more alone; and life looked fair to me in this new radiance.

So early and so bold an avowal fixed the fate of both; they could never afterward be other than lovers, however much the wisdom of the world pleaded against a relation closer than friendship. But the world must not at first know the footing upon which they stood; even the father and brother

must imagine it a close friendship, such as her expansive nature was so apt to form, and so faithful to maintain. One family in Hampton Falls and one friend in Boston, Miss Littlehale, were to be cognizant of the truth; and it was not clear, for years, to the self-sacrificing good

ment of marriage, to be fulfilled when my college course should be ended, and my position in the world established. The announcement was made in 1853, following a recurrence of the mysterious illness from which she had suffered more or less since 1846, and of which she died in 1854.



George Walker in Paris, 1886.

sense of the maiden, what her ultimate answer to the world might be. Hence misunderstandings and remonstrances from those who saw more clearly than the young lovers could, how many outward obstacles opposed themselves to this union of hearts. But the union remained unbroken, and could at last be proclaimed to the world as an engage-

In the intervening four years since our first meeting, great happiness had been ours, and also much suffering, from the uncertainties of life and the divided allegiance which she owed to her family and to her lover. Finally this source of unhappiness was removed, and it was seen by all that her choice was to be accepted, whatever the results might be. Her brother

George was her confidant after a little. His relation to his sister after the death of their mother, and in the feeble health and engrossing occupations of their father, was peculiarly admirable. When she found herself more closely bound to another, this new tie was not allowed to weaken the fraternal affection. He adopted the youth who had so unexpectedly become dear, as a younger brother; and his delicate generosity in circumstances which often produce estrangement was never forgotten. In public life he was the same considerate and high-minded gentleman; not regardless of the advantages which social position and moderate wealth give, but ever ready to share his blessings, instead of engrossing all within reach to himself and his circle. Without the commanding talents or decisive character which make men illustrious, and secure unchanging fortune, he had, as Channing said of Henry Thoreau, "what is better,—the old Roman belief that there is more in this life than applause and the best seat at the dinner table,—to have moments to spare to thought and imagination, and to those who need you."

Yet this affectionate brother seemed at first to stand like a lion in the path that was to bring two lovers together. A month after the declaration, Anna wrote to Ednah Littlehale, her dearest friend:

And yet, my Ednah, even you are not dearer to me than Frank is. I cannot bear to tell George of all this until F. has achieved for himself so much that it will not seem mere madness to George. I think I cannot speak of this to him until this is so. I cannot expose F. more than myself to the pain that would follow; and yet you say it would not be right to keep this a secret,—and I *could* not ask a longer waiting of

Frank; how shall it be with us? Will you help me as much as human love can aid, and tell me what you think of all this? I, your *child*, ask it of you as I would have done of my mother, were she living and near me; will you refuse me? "Will F. be able to like you"? Yes, yes, yes,—as much as I do; he would love you,—you would *suit*; only you must see each other first under favorable circumstances,—not in Town, not ceremoniously. I send you inclosed F.'s letters: I wish you to return them *at once*, and write to me of them some time, frankly,—just what you feel,—this, dearest, at your leisure. . . . Believe me that I do not muse and dream; the only time when I am ever guilty of this is in the very early morning,—when I have waked sometimes from dreams of F., and, half waking, half sleeping, have fancied what we should say to one another when we met.

And to show that I was no better in that respect, she enclosed to Ednah my last sonnet:

SONNET III.

Being absent yet thou art not wholly gone,
 For thou hast stamped thine image on the
 world;
 It shines before me in the blushing dawn,
 And sunset clouds about its grace are curled;
 And thou hast burthened every summer breeze
 With the remembered music of thy voice,
 Sweeter than linnet's song in garden trees,
 And making wearisome all other joys.
 Sleep vainly strives to bar thee from his hall,—
 Thou win'st light entrance in a dream's dis-
 guise,
 And there with gentlest sway thou rulest all
 His gliding visions and quick fantasies;
 The busy day is thine; the quiet night
 Sleeps in thy radiance, as the skies in light.

"These I thought you would like," she adds at the foot; "tell me if you do." The topic was never far from her mind, wherever she might be. At Westford, visiting her stepmother's sister, the aunt of her Hampton Falls confidante, she wrote to Ednah (Jan. 20, 1851):

One thing Cate tells me, that I am very glad of. She says that last summer Frank gave all the letters he had had from me to his sister Sarah; and asked her to read them, and tell him.

if there was any peculiar feeling in them? She did so, and said to him that she did not think there was. Then he told her the way he was going,—that he felt he had no power to resist,—that he saw himself daily passing into deeper waters; that every day he loved me more and more, and could not go back a single step. And he asked her to read the letters again, with reference to his feeling for me, and tell him what she thought of them. She gave them back to him, and only said, "Frank, you must watch over yourself unceasingly." It is a help to me that Sarah knows of this. I can be truer with frank judging of actions and words through her. . . . It is possible that I may not go to H. Falls at all next summer; and it is possible that I may spend some weeks there.

This last she did. Among the verses of the first year were these, which she also copied and sent to Ednah; indicating another mood of her young admirer:

SONNET IV.

One with sad, wrinkled brow said unto me:

"Why wilt thou strive, since struggle is so vain?

Thou dost but fret and chafe thee with thy chain,—

Thou canst not break it. No,—still waits for thee

The common sorrow of mortality,—

Restless to live, unsatisfied to die,

Pining for freedom, and yet never free."

"Yet will I never weep," calm answered I,

"But wreathe these heavy fetters round with flowers;

And through my grated window from the sky

Catch cheering glimpses of the heaven's great eye,

To shorten or to gladden my dull hours."

And lo! the prison walls bound me no more;

One breath of Hope has opened wide the door.

Our correspondence was incessant, and the Exeter post-office gave the opportunity to mail and receive letters without exciting gossip. Something like valentines passed in February, and on the 24th she wrote to Ednah:

May I talk to you of F.? I find him mingling more and more in my life; find it daily more

difficult to turn my thoughts from him. I believe he is dearer to me now than ever before. I hear often from him; he writes two letters to my one, generally; is he not good? I said to C., "I did not suppose Frank's pride would let him do that." "Ah," said she, "his pride is great, but his love is greater, and has quite overcome it." She has seen all the letters. F. thinks it not right to send them through her otherwise, and it is through him that it has been so. I told her I did not dare to speak to him as warmly as I felt; that by great effort I had compelled myself to answer quietly, when he had lavished love upon me. This is to show you that I am truer than I feared. . . . His winter seems to be much to him; he writes fully of his life outwardly as well as inwardly. I can't well realize that the Frank who cuts wood all day in the pine woods "where the birds are not afraid to come, and where the crows fly so near that one can hear their wings creak and rustle as they hurry along; and the sun shines through the trees, and over their tops at noon," is the same person who sits at night studying Greek, or talking with me of Schiller and Emerson, Shelley and Plato; does n't it seem strange to you, too? (March 19, 1851.) If it is finally decided that I do not go to H. Falls next summer, as seems likely now, I see no other way but for F. to come here in June. The excuse must be a pilgrimage to Monadnock,—not very difficult to see through, but sufficient to make no explanations necessary. I hate equivocation, but I am forced to it; and if it is possible for F. to come, it would be possible for me to receive him. There is another way which may be open to me. I might go to H. F. and stay two or three weeks, spending only a fortnight with you at the beach. If anything should happen to prevent my being with your family, or if you were in Dublin, I should think this the best plan for me, apart from any thoughts of F. But if I went to H. Falls, I know busy tongues would say it was for F.'s sake, and report would occupy itself about us both. Should I hesitate for that? What do you say?

There could be but one issue to all this; the heart governs in such matters, and I knew very early that her heart was mine. Nevertheless, there was the usual alternation of hope and fear, of jealousies and misunderstandings, out of which we always emerged with increased affection. I have

never heard of a love more romantic and unselfish; no permanent thought of ways and means, of foes or friends, came between us. I had been gifted with the power of winning friends without effort,—a gift that in her was carried to its highest point. She was beloved wherever she was seen, and had no enemy but her own self-accusing tenderness. Her life

had inspired. Emerson's "Hermitone" pictured the process:

I am of a lineage
That each for each doth fast engage;
In old Bassora's walls I seemed
Hermit vowed to books and gloom,—
Ill bested for gay bridegroom.
I was by thy touch redeemed;
When thy meteor glances came,
We talked at large of worldly fate,
And drew truly every tract.



Peterborough in 1854.

had been such as to arouse compassion for one so endowed, and so fettered by illness; but that very affliction had chastened her to a saintliness that was charmingly mingled with coquetry. "I love to be praised," she said; "I love to be loved"; and few were ever more beloved. By Heaven's direction her favor lighted on me; and, as usual, she exaggerated the qualities in me that herself

It was so from the beginning with her. At her first visit to my town, years before I saw her, she wrote to a Boston friend:

I reached Hampton Falls safely and found my friend Cate just the same—dear good girl! as ever, and professing herself very glad to see me. Here have I been, therefore, during the last week, living in true farmer-like style, with but two or three neighbors, and no village within three miles. The situation is a pleasant one. There is a pretty autumn landscape seen



The "Little Wood Opposite."

from the window at my side, whose gentle beauty does me good. There is much of blessing in Nature's silent sympathy. At night, too, we have a wide view of the glorious stars, which seem to have been peculiarly beautiful these last two evenings. I have thought of you all as I looked for my favorite constellations. Dear, you showed me the Scorpion,—you, Corny, Cassiopeia, and Ednah the Pleiades. All these were visible last night, and I am glad I can never look upon them without thoughts of you; is it not a pleasant association. Here too (as everywhere else), have I met much kindly sympathy. Strangers greet me like a long expected friend; rough, old farmers speak with a softened tone to the invalid stranger; and though the grasp of their hand be somewhat rough, it is full of heart-warmth, and, therefore very pleasant to me. One evening I had a treat which I had not anticipated here,—really good music. A pretty Mrs. Tilton* sang like a woodland bird, and with Cate's sweet low voice for a second, it was beautiful. I love music dearly, and good voices

are sweeter without an instrument than with it; so I did not miss the piano at all.

This was written in the tame and lovely scenery of Hampton Falls, a few miles from the seashore, in which this lover of nature always delighted, and which she needed to visit every summer. Her own native region of swift streams and mountains she once described thus:

Yesterday I walked out for the first time for a long season. (February 24, 1851.) I went on the snowcrust into the grove by the river, part way over the steep hill; and rested on a great rock which juts out over a high bank, and from which I looked down into the water just below me. Great twisted pines grow out of this bank, huge old sons of the forest; and thro' their thick branches I could see the gleaming of the first fall, which was close to me. The river is beautiful now, very full and swift; not a brook, as it is in the summer, but a rapid, rushing river. The sunshine coming into where I was sitting, through the pines overhead, made a kind of chequered light on the snow, and brightened into rainbow colors the icicles which fell

*This was Susan Jordan from Boston, who had been living at the same farmhouse (now gone), one of the oldest in the township, but was now married to a neighbor-farmer; she was a protégée of the late Dr. Henry Bowditch, and died in this hamlet, half way from Exeter to Hampton Falls village.

from the trees yesterday and lay still on the crust. Add to this a perfect stillness of the winter woods, broken only by the noise of the water; and you will have the best of my Sunday. So much, darling, for the outward world. Our French progresses pretty well. Mr. Krone is my principal amusement; oh, that man! he is too funny for anything, as Mrs. Thompson would say. I have read the life of Dr. Chalmers, which contains much that you would enjoy. I think, however, it is too long, a common fault with Memoirs. He was a fiery spirit. I am reading Agassiz too.

It was this house, in Grove Street, Peterborough, with its "little wood opposite" upon which her windows looked out, which is associated with her in my memory, and that of her surviving sister and her friends,—now alas! but few, out of the many who rejoiced in her love. The engraving shows it much as it then was,—one of two houses built by McKean, a skilful carpenter, about 1844, and

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

This fac-simile of one of her small pages to Edna shows how she passed from one topic to another, in her letters; and how uncertain was her spelling and punctuation. In our four



Residence of Anna Walker, Grove Street.



Ravine and Cascade, Peterborough.

and there their thick branches I could
see the gleaming of the first fall which
was close to me - The river is beautiful
now - very full and swift - not a
brook as it is in the summer but a
^{sustaining} river - The bright sunshine coming in
as when I was sitting - thro' the pine-
tree head - made a kind of chequer-board light
on the snow and brightened into rainbow
colors the icicles which fell from the trees
yesterday and lay still on the ^{crust} snow -
Add to this the perfect stillness of the
winter woods ~~and~~ broken only by the
noise of the water - and you will have
the best of my Sunday - So much

years' correspondence she never quite mastered the difficult spelling of Tuesday,—indeed, her education had been interrupted by frequent illness, and was desultory, though remarkable for the many fields into which it led her, in five languages,—English, Italian, French, German and Latin. But in the reading of human life and character she was unsurpassed, and that, as she told me, was her chief study. To quote again from “Her-

tact with graces like hers, native and untaught, but lacking in nothing of the perfection of good breeding. In no company, high or low, was she ever out of place. She was the delight of every circle in which she moved; and would have been, had her range of experience been world-wide. Her praise and her blame were equally useful and courteous; the impatience of which she complained in herself, and which had been a fault of her



The “Little Lake Near By.”

mione” (for Emerson was our daily library):

Once I dwelt apart;
Now I live with all;
As shepherd's lamp, on far hillside,
Seems, by the traveler espied,
A door into the mountain's heart,—
So didst thou quarry and unlock
Highways for me through the rock.

To love this daughter of rural New Hampshire was more than “a liberal education,” as Sir Richard Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings; nothing, as mere intellectual training, was more stimulating and elevating than con-

wayward childhood, was now trained to a fascinating caprice, which made her ever a surprise to her friends. In one of my visits, when she thought she was withdrawing herself into the cool grotto of friendship (which she kept saying was what she wished), suddenly she became as attractive as any of the Sirens, and I said to her, “Anna, how little I expected this; I did not even hope for it; what has brought you into this dear mood? I never find you twice the same; when I think I have become sure of you,

and accustomed to some phase of you, —thinking it to be *you*,—suddenly you seem to me wholly other than I thought, and I feel as if I had never known you.” Amid all these changing moods, she never failed to be what the French quaintly term *attachante*; and it was of her own sweet will that she was so. Never, in a long life,—now half a century since her death,—have I found another so truly a woman.

Meantime my actual education at school and college went on; though I was often called away by the phases of her illness, which, like everything about her, was strange and unexpected. From the depths of what seemed a mortal illness, and which no physician thoroughly understood, she would rally to a hopeful prospect of full recovery. But at last the forces of nature and her will were exhausted; she gradually passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and perished in my arms, August 31, 1854. We had been married eight days before, at her wish, and in her father’s Peterborough house, where I had attended all the changes of her last summer on earth, and done all that true love could do to make the pathway easier.

It was long before I could return to my college studies; but she had foreseen and directed all that, and even provided in her will that I should study

in Germany. Yet the pressure of the conflict between Freedom and Slavery in Kansas, after I had graduated at Harvard in July, 1855, kept me in America, and brought me into relations with one as remarkable among men, as she I had loved was among women—John Brown, of Kansas and Virginia. Of him and the events of his last three years my next chapter will treat.

I have given much space to this four years’ episode in my career, because I write for readers in New Hampshire. This romance of our lives was wholly of New Hampshire; Boston was only an occasional scene for its development, when we met there at the houses of her friends or mine. Nearly all of them are now dead,—Mrs. Cheney, one of the last to pass away, after a long life of public and private usefulness.

I have often said of my Ariana,—what Landor so modestly sung of his Ianthe,—Jane Swift,—in that verse addressed to the River Swift:

Thou mindest me of her whose radiant morn
Lighted my path to love; she bore thy name;
*She whom no grace was tardy to adorn,
Whom one low voice pleased more than louder
fame.*

Or that perfect distich in honor of the same Ianthe:

Vita brevi fugitura! prior fugitura venustas!
Hoc saltem exiguo tempore duret amor.

[*To be continued.*]



EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE BERLIN, N. H., FIRE.

TWO VIEWS OF THE SAME.



BEFORE.

This fire occasioned a financial loss of \$160,000.00; it started in the Opera Block and consumed a number of other buildings, including two hotels. The Opera Block (shown in above cut) was a frame building covered with galvanized iron. The top floor was used by tenants who roomed there. Many of these tenants were compelled to jump from the fourth story win-



AFTER.

dows in order to get out at all: one was killed and several were injured in so doing. **THERE WAS NO FIRE ESCAPE ON THE BUILDING.**

The Opera House had seats for 1,500,—or 400 more than White's Opera House in Concord. The alarm was sounded at 9.15 p. m. Supposing that there had been a show in the Opera House that night, what do you think would have been the fatality in that case? It's simply appalling to think of. There are still left a plenty of such buildings in this state, and there ought to be stringent ordinances to prevent the public use of such fire traps. It's nothing but luck that the loss of life was not 100, or more.

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Road Improvement in Some of Our Smaller Towns.

Comparatively few people know of the work that has been done by some of the smaller towns in the state in way of building good roads and improving their village streets. Within a few years the town of Littleton had their main street all rebuilt. The street was widened and straightened. New curbing was set where necessary, and between the curbing (which forms the edge of the sidewalk), the whole roadway was concreted with tar and gravel concrete. Now from the railroad depot, across the river, over a magnificent steel bridge, and down through Main street, is a good, wide concrete pavement.

The town of Woodsville has also put in tar concrete the whole length of the Main street, and what was at one time a rough and, at times, a deep mud road, is now a smoother and beautiful driveway.

Ashland and Meredith have recently improved their village streets by putting in a permanent pavement. Berlin has been rebuilding its main street this past season.

Lancaster repaired its main street a few years ago by putting in crushed stone.

In 1903 Lisbon relaid its sewer sys-

tem in part of the town, and this past summer has macadamized the main street and village square. They have converted a rough and worn-out old road into a modern improved road that it is a pleasure to do business on, and is a credit to the town.

Many other instances of road improvement in our smaller towns might be mentioned. This all goes to show the desire and determination of the people to have better roads in the state. This work is being started and done where, as it is thought, it will do the greatest good to the greatest number, and so it is, but from these beginnings, from these trunks as it were, will start the branches, and a little will be built from year to year until finally the roads improved will reach to the town lines, and good roads and a continuous system of good roads will be the result.

It is a good sign to see the people waking up to the importance of better roads. The people will demand of their road agents better results for the money they are spending, and the time is sure to come when those who have to do with our road work, and who spend our money, must give something to show for it. The people will demand a road builder for road agent and not, as is now too often the case, a political boss.

