Thoughts on Receiving a Copy of a Speech Proclaiming "The People's Right to Rule."

(Printed by Request of an Eminent Citizen of Boston.)

Insolent charlatan—who dares deny
The people's right to rule? To breathe free air?
To wear what clothes they like? To trim their hair?
Stale trick of demagogues, this raucous cry,
Impelling thoughts, motives, words, so false so base,
From brain disordered — their sole dwelling place.
Oh, insubordinate soldier, buckram chief,
Jest of true warriors, of their fame the thief,
Shout thine own praises to the empty air—
Thy egoist vauntings—but at least forbear
To desecrate great Lincoln's stainless name
With vain comparisons! Could he but see,
How would that wise, satiric voice proclaim
"The country is in danger?" "Yes, from thee!"

A Critical View of Us.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

The vote in Massachusetts will be spoken of as indecisive, but it did decide some things. It did not settle the presidential nomination, but it left no doubt on certain points. One is that the Republican party is in grave danger of being wrecked. Roosevelt set out to prove that Taft cannot be elected; he may end by convincing the nation that no Republican can be elected. Another thing put in high relief by the Massachusetts result is the existence of a vast amount of discontent. It is ready to break over party lines and to run after any leader who promises to do away with the old order of things.

The big vote for Roosevelt in places like Lynn and Lowell, and even in Boston, shows that Massachusetts is not deficient today in material for the demagogue to play upon. Nor are these restless voters very nice about the personal character of the man they go for. They seem easily to have put aside the terrific exposure of Roosevelt made by the President. Roosevelt openly bid for the applause of the groundlings, and he got it. This is one of the most disquieting things revealed by the Massachusetts primary. It showed us what perils may be brought upon the country, almost before we know it, by one with the skill and unscrupulousness of Roosevelt, willing to sacrifice everything in what has been called "the holy war of success."

THANKS MATTHEW HALE.

To the Editor of The Herald:

I feel that grateful thanks are due the committee presided over by Mr. Matthew Hale, for projecting a gleam of humor into the close of an otherwise sombre and serious campaign. When a ray like this shines out at sunset, who need remember foregone lowerings? "We believe in cleanly conducted campaigns." I quote from the "eleventh hour" advertisement of the Massachusetts Roosevelt committee, published on Monday.

For the other fellow, I imagine! At any rate the candidate at first was "under no circumstances" a candidate, then coyly a willing candidate provided he was actually pushed, had so speeded up his activities that his principal campaigning in Massachusetts consisted of spouting forth about every misrepresentation he could lay his tongue to. If his was a "cleanly conducted campaign," may we be defended against the noisomeness of a foul campaign!

Even if Roosevelt himself cannot see a joke, evidently the Roosevelt committee can; and that little joke of theirs must have been penned with many a chuckle and many a grin.

A sadly changed Roosevelt this, in the opinion of many thousands who once admired him. There never was a more striking example of degenerating influence of greed of power. The Roosevelt of 1904 hit hard—but he fought fairly. His logic was sound, not lame. His historic allusions and comparisons were not of the present "Me and Lincoln" type, so grotesque and absurd in their errancy. And his supporters were not solely sophomoric youngsters and the unthinking of all ages.

I voted for him twice, but—Never Again!

WALTER CAMPBELL TAYLOR.

Brookline, May 1, 1912.

SCRAP-BOOK

SHARON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SHARON, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME I

SEPTEMBER, 1904

Preface.

This book is composed of articles communicated by various members of the Sharon Historical Society. The Scrap Book was first suggested at the quarterly meeting of the Society held October 29, 1903. A speaker then said: — "Doubly interesting is the pursuit of town history when participated in by many co-laborers who constitute an incorporated society like ours. Each member can, from time to time, communicate in writing to the files of the society the result of his research. Let the communication occupy a single page. It may preserve an anecdote, the description of a rock, a tree, or a hill. A scrap book made up of such pages fastened together would be valuable for reference and afford good reading matter for quarterly meetings."

In carrying out the plan thus

proposed the following printed slip was circulated –

> Please write, in a legible hand, on one side of the accompanying leaf, inside of the marginal lines, something interesting relating to Sharon, as (for example) some fact in Sharon history, description of locality, building, tree, rock, or beautiful prospect, some authenticated anecdote, account of ancient document, book or writing, picture or plan, some genealogy or bit of family history, some former customs or amusements, important town event, old ways of living, old employments, noted visitors to Sharon, famous Sharonites; giving, when appropriate, the sources of information.
>
> This leaf, with other leaves written by members of the Sharon Historical Society will form a "Scrap Book," to be bound and filed for use. Please sign your name, affix date, and return soon, to Eugene Tappan.

Mr. Alvin R. Alden was the first to respond, his item bearing date of January 11, 1904. And now that enough material has been furnished for the first volume, it is hoped that other volumes of the Scrap Book will follow. The contributors have the satisfaction of doing useful work for the Society, and assisting in the formation of the habit of historical research.

An index is added which, besides other references, contains over 500 names of persons.

Eugene Tappan,
Corresponding Secretary.

Sharon Mass., September 1, 1904.

Contents.

The Massapoag Base Ball Club – State Champions.

One would hardly look for the crack ball players of nearly a half century ago in quiet old Sharon. Yet on June 29, 1857 the Massapoags of Sharon defeated in three straight games on Boston Common the Olympics of Boston, established in 1854 and the first regularly organized club in the State.

The Olympics carried all before them, defeating the Elm Trees, Bay States, Twin Mountains, Bunker Hills, Americans of Dedham, Rough and Readys of South Walpole, Unions of Medway, and Winthrops of Holbiston, meeting their first defeat at the hands of the Massapoags, which thereby became the banner club of the Commonwealth.

The members of the victorious Massapoags and their playing positions were as follows: – Warren Johnson, thrower, Lyman Johnson, catcher; William Smith, second catcher or "shacker" as they were sometimes called; Charles F. Richards, third catcher; Charles F. Bryant, second base; John S. Middleton, third base; Edward Hixson, fourth base; Dexter Packard, short stop; Daniel Mahoney, Obed Johnson, Charles Clapp, and George Tucker, fielders. {From an account published in the Boston Globe, Mar 26, 1888 by A.R. Alden, now in his Base Ball Scrap Book.

Sharon, Jan 11, 1904 –

A South [illegible] School Reminiscence.

Among my earliest recollections is the old school-house at South [illegible] which stood on the same site as the present structure. It was a one-story building, consisting of but [illegible] and [illegible]. There was a long [illegible] around the sides of the building and the boys [illegible] big logs of wood from the woodpile for [illegible] [illegible] were [illegible] in those days. There was the Indian [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible], the [illegible], the [illegible], the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] children. [illegible] the appreciation of the value of an education [illegible] the effort [illegible] children to school. When the snowdrifts were so [illegible] as to render the roads almost impassable, the [illegible] would [illegible] and take their own and perhaps their neighbor's children to school.

The school master, as he was termed in those days, used to send one of the boys out to the woods [illegible] to cut a [illegible] to be used [illegible] in my memory [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] it was the [illegible] end of the stick and it [illegible] when the teacher and the big boy were [illegible] should be made. The [illegible] would sometimes

[illegible] with a beautiful place upon it. I do not
well be glad if we [illegible] the building and the [illegible]
fund. William Lawson Duncan the Mr. Duncan, who, part
of the Baptist [illegible] was a large [illegible] of the
petition, then a youth of sixteen, [illegible] used to [illegible]
after 20d. I remember now it was necessary to [illegible] the day, on the
little children were kept [illegible] more than six hours at the passing [illegible]
period of [illegible] [illegible] time [illegible], we used to look
ward to [illegible] because it was [illegible] relative before
the school would be dismissed. [illegible] the world
often drop in, [illegible] by two, [illegible] eight [illegible], and we would
come in tightly on before opening [illegible] expected to make [illegible] at the end of the [illegible].
[illegible] change in the [illegible] school.

We read the words over as we made
our way down into the [illegible] with the [illegible] of the [illegible]
carpet; the [illegible] a short distance way which supplied
the school with water, with the bucket [illegible] the
[illegible] where we often [illegible] to drink; the great
rock in the pasture [illegible] by a mighty fall —
all these and many other pictures crowd on
memory.

Elizabeth M. Dillingo.

March 31. 1[illegible].

Free Text Books.

It may not be generally known that Sharon was the pioneer town in the State to introduce the free text book system in its public schools. Mr. S. W. Billings, being in the legislature and a member of its Committee on Education, was influential in securing the passage of the first permissive act in the matter in April 1873. This action he at once reported and secured the insertion of an article in the warrant for the annual town meeting that year, which was issued within a few days after the law was passed. This enabled the town to act upon it and at that meeting "it authorized the School Committee to purchase text books for use in the public schools,... and made an appropriation for the purpose."

Thus Sharon was the first town in the State and the only town that year to take this action and this fact is to its credit.

S. Ingersoll Briant.

Visit to Sharon in 1855.

My acquaintance with Sharon history and people is quite limited. I never but once visited the town, and that was in 1855 when in company with Mr. Henry F Corey, his wife, his sister my wife, we rode up from Brookline in a carriage to visit the Richards family living upon the farm which had come down to them from their Richards ancestor. The family consisted of William, Nancy, Olive, and if I mistake not Moses, all of whom but the latter never having been married. They were related to Mr. Corey and my wife by marriage, the mother of the latter having been Mary Richards of Roxbury, who married Elijah Corey Jr of Brookline, she dying in 1845.

The drive from Brookline to Sharon was in summer and a delightful one as was the return drive home in the evening. I well remember the old New England farmhouse and farm, with the men at work in the field and the crops that were growing there representative of New England farm life as it existed fifty years ago. The hospitality of the family we shared with a cordiality I have never forgotten. I have known some of the citizens of Sharon by meeting them at conventions at various times.

B. G. F Cardage President
Brookline Historical Society.

Brookline Jan. 25 1904.

Proposal to change town name to Massapoag.

I do not know who gave its name to the Town of Sharon, but I do not admire his taste in the selection he made. It is a good Biblical name, truly; but it is a name to be found in every State of the Union. It has no distinction, no uniqueness, no special fitness. No one can claim that this Sharon has a peculiar resemblance to that of Palestine, nor is there anything about the Town to suggest "the Rose of Sharon" of Biblical quotation.

The Town has a name connected with its history and geography that is unique and fitting, in the word Massapoag. No name could be more appropiate, fitting and beautiful. There is something about the Indian names that is always appropriate and suggestive. They are not duplicated everywhere, which I take to be a decided advantage in the name of a Town or City. I think the word Massapoag is not to be found elsewhere, and that gives it distinction and expressiveness.

What I propose is that the Sharon Historical Society take up the idea of a change in name, and petition the General Court to change the Town name to Massapoag. I suppose the proposition would not be favored by many, simply because familiarity makes a preference. But to me the familiarity is the very reason for a change, in order that the Town may have a name which is indigenous, special to itself, and of peculiar appropriateness. George Willis Cooke.

Boston Randall

There is buried in Chesnut Hill Cemetery, in this town, the body of a negro, who was reputed to have been the last slave owned in Massachussetts. He was known in the town by the name of Boston Randall.—

He is said to have been brought from Africa to Boston, and to have become the property of a Mr Randall, who later removed with his family to this town, and purchased and improved the estate known now as Elm Lawn on South Main Street.

As evidence of the kindly relations existing between Squire Randall and his slave, it is related that when his freedom was offered to Boston Randall by his master he declined it, and he remained in the service of the family until his death at an extreme old age, when he was buried in the family lot. The Randall family is now extinct in this town.

Lynn March 25th 1904.—

Cadwallader Curry

Philip Curtis's Firewood.

Att Meeting of Town of Sharon, Sept. 27, 1784. the Town voted me £60 for my salary, £6. s: 13 d4 short of what I have had for twenty years back, without saying a word to me about it, + also allowed my fire-wood + voted to send it eight feet long, which was never done since my settlement.

Att a Meeting of the Town of Sharon in the fall of the year 1786. The Town refused letting me have my fire wood. which is my due, according to the aggreement + contract we entered into, at my first settling with them.

The Truth is, when the Church + Congregation invited me to the work of the gospel ministry, I told them that if they would give me my fire-wood in addition to what they had offered me, I would accept of their offer.

Accordingly they complyed + ordained me, + took me into the service

x

which is a proof of their assenting to my proposal, & fulfilled the Covenant Engagement like honest men for forty years & upwards, without the least reluctance.

But that Generation being all dead, except two or three persons I am now denied my fire-wood. This is the truth, and what I can give Oath unto.

Philip Curtis,
Pastor.

Dated, Dec. 28th 1786.

The foregoing was found recently among the papers left by the Rev. Philip Curtis.

Clara E. Curtis.
April 28, 1904.

Sharon Hydraulic Water-Works.

One bit of Sharon enterprise, which is worthy of a place in our scrap-book, is the old water works so well remembered by many of us, the pump house just beyond the present pumping station burned a few years ago, the cistern back of the Unitarian Church on the land now owned by Dr. F. S. Billings were evidence of the energy and progressive spirit of the men of those times. This plant known as the Sharon Hydraulic Water Works was built early in the last century and was said to be the first system of its kind in the state, and at the time of its construction was the cause of much speculation by the knowing ones, as to the possibility of making water run up hill, but the promoters were undaunted, and determined to try the experiment and were successful in their attempt to bring water

rom the pure spring in the valley to the top f the hill for their family use, and continued o do so until the present water system was built. The original proprietors were Dea. Joel Hewins, Capt. Chas. Ide, Aaron Fisher, and Dea. Philip Curtis.

Deacon Hewins lived in the house now occupied by Col. E. H. Hewins, Capt. Ide where Mr. E. H. Warren now lives, Mr. Fisher in the brick house now owned by Mr. Chapman and Deacon Curtis at what is now the Glendale. They afterwards sold a supply of water to the people owning the house now owned by Dr. Dennett and to the Congregational society for their parsonage.

Charles S. Curtis.

Sharon, April 28, 1904.

Reminiscences of Sharon.

My acquaintance with Sharon dates from a beautiful Saturday afternoon, June 8th. 1861. I had come from Andover to occupy the pulpit of the Congregational Church on the following day. I then met for the first time a young man, who afterwards became the Hon. Elijah A. Morse. He had returned that afternoon from his first trip with a horse and wagon selling stove polish. Being informed that I was a Theological Student, and assuming that therefore I could unravel any Theological difficulty, he plied me with questions Biblical, Historical, and Metaphysical far beyond my ability to answer.

I have a distinct remembrance of faces in the Congregation that Sunday, June 9th. 1861. I then formed a high appreciation of the intelligence of Sharon people, which I still retain. Esq. Lemuel Hewins, with his delightful lisp, once told me there "was no congregation within twenty miles of Boston that demanded such preaching as the one where he worshiped".

A well known Sharonite at a pic-nic once held there offered the following tribute - "The little town of Sharon, situated on a hill, with three tall spires pointing unto heaven, showing that not only are the morals of the people cared for, but God adored".

Perley B. Davis,
218 Park St. West Roxbury.

Feb. 18. 1904.

My Early School days at North Sharon.

It is with pleasure that I recall my early school-days at North Sharon. I love to take a walk through fields and woods yonder and its happy moments I spent there.

You well I remember the faces of the school committee such as Mr Philip the precedents father and Dr Bacon, and such teachers as Rodney Capen which need no praise of mine.

I shall never forget our last spelling school. We were to spell against the Brick School which was then in South Dedham now called Norwood. Our teacher was then Rodney Capen. The north school stood the longest. Finally Edison, Fuller one of the scholars of the Brick School proposed the the teachers spell Rodney Capen spelt the other teacher down, and after it was over the Brick School teacher asked Ma Capen where he went to school and he said "to the Stoughtonham Institute," then he antagonized said, "If I had known that I shouldant have tried to spell with you; which was very serious to me."

Amanda M. Eddy

THE WINTER OF 1903-1904

The winter of 1903-1904 will long be remembered both on account of the large amount of snow which has fallen and for the low temperatures which have been experienced. It has proved to be a so-called "old-fashioned" winter and, certainly, it will tax the memory of the oldest inhabitant to recall a winter with a greater snowfall or a longer continued period of sleighing.

At the Blue Hill Observatory, during the three winter months of December, January and February, 83 inches of snow have fallen. During November there were 4 inches, and so far in March there have been 6 inches, making a total, from Nov. 6 to date of 93 inches, or nearly 8 feet of snow. This is the largest amount yet recorded in any winter since the establishment of the observatory in 1885, and is more than twice the average depth of 45 inches, the fall during January, alone, being 48 inches. Other snowy winters fall far behind 1903-1904 in snowfall, the next greatest depth recorded being that of 1893-1894 when, in the three winter months, 64 inches fell. 1886-1887 follows with a total of 62 inches, while 1902-1903 has a record of 61 inches. 1903-1904 also holds the record for the number of days on which snow fell, having 27 to its credit when one-tenth of an inch or more fell, and 10 days with less than that amount. This winter is closely approached, however, by several other years in this respect, there being 26 days in 1886-1887, 25 in 1887-1888, and 24 each in 1892-1893, and in 1900-1901, when one-tenth of an inch of snow fell, the average number being 18.

During this winter snow has covered the ground for a longer consecutive period than ever before recorded in this vicinity, during a period of twenty years. In December, from the 2d to the 9th, the ground was covered with snow varying from 1 to 4 inches and good sleighing was enjoyed, while from Dec. 26 to date the ground has been constantly covered, the amount varying between 4 and 24 inches. The maximum depth of 24 inches was recorded on Jan. 9 and again on Feb. 15. At no time between Jan. 3 and Feb. 29 was the amount on the ground less than 13 inches.

Not alone in snowfall has this winter distinguished itself, however. While not the coldest on record yet it takes its stand among the coldest, being the most severe since 1875.

The cold weather began to evidence itself early in November and has continued with few interruptions until the present week. November as a whole was not an extraordinarily cold month, owing to a very warm period during the first week, but the latter part evened things up by being from 10 to 20 degrees colder than the average for that time of year. December proved to be the coldest December since 1890 and January turned out to be the coldest month of that name since 1893, while February, not to be outdone by its predecessors, kept up the good work by being the coldest February in nineteen years. The average temperature for the three winter months has been 20.8 degrees, and this has been exceeded only four times in fifty-five years, 1852, 1868, 1873 and 1875 being colder. 1868 was the coldest winter in this vicinity since weather records began to be kept in 1849, being about 2 degrees colder than this winter. January, 1857, is the coldest month on record, the average temperature being 12.7 degrees or 5.8 degrees colder than January, 1904.

During this winter the temperature has fallen below zero fourteen times, the average number being five times.

On Jan. 5 and 6 the minimum temperatures of 32 and 28 degrees below zero were recorded at the Valley Station of the observatory in Readville. These are the lowest temperatures on record in this vicinity.

There has been somewhat less than the normal amount of sunshine. The wind velocity has not been unusual and there were no very severe gales. The wind direction was chiefly from the west and northwest.

L. A. WELLS

Blue Hill Observatory, Milton, Mass., March 9, 1904.

The above was clipped from the Boston Evening Transcript of March 14. 1904.

Sarah S. Edwards

Haverhill Mass.

It's all gone by in Sharon.

The "up to date spirit" now in evidence in modern Sharon was a characteristic trait in earlier times.

The following incident may illustrate -

A cousin of some of my relatives went to visit in Boston some forty years ago - a niece, while there she was presented with a very pretty collar. She accepted it, quietly remarking - "That style has been worn in Sharon, but it's rather gone by now, and since I was a little girl I have heard this expression. It will do, but it's all gone by in Sharon."

J F Gray.

Franklin. Feb. 1904

Franklin

Mass.

A Sharon widow, of Revolutionary times,
by Mary E. Hixson

record of a woman's work in the troubled times of the American Revolution, may interest those of to day, who are committed to the idea, that a woman should never be found away from the hearth stone,

When the mother of Capt. Richard Hixson, born in 1774, on the Hixson homestead, North Main st, was left a widow with 5 daughters and one son, she successfully conducted the business in varied lines which her husband Richard Hixson, dropped at his death, The farm was made productive, small fruits were cultivated, and the Charcoal pits at Rattlesnake Hill were kept burning, and the business of making and marketing charcoal was managed, the widow employing 5 men in the work, Nearly every article of food was a farm product, grains, fruits, meats &c, Herring

came up the Neponset River to Massapoag Brook in the spring, and a breakfast of fish was an easy thing to procure on the farm. Remembering the laborious work of spinning and weaving cloth on clumsy looms, caring for the cows, and the dairy; all of which fell to women as her share of the work, we can easily believe her to possess executive ability, as in all this work there was no male member to assist, as her only son was a small boy.

During the war with England, the rate of taxation was oppressively high, and many farmers were obliged to see their cattle driven away to be sold to cancel their obligations to the government. Not so with the Widow Hixson, It is told by her grand-children, that she was the only land owner, to pay her taxes promptly, when due. The desire for representation was strong and she frequently appeared at town meeting and dictated as to the management of affairs.

Undaunted tho' she was, as to the care

of her family, and property, when the booming of English guns in Boston Harbor was heard, it is related that she with her family of children fled in terror to Bromstick Swamp, in fear of ~~the~~ an invasion of the enemy. Here was a woman, unhampered by a thought of sex limitations, with the one purpose of keeping her family and her acres. Her eldest son, Capt. Richard Hixson, of Artillery, inherited, according to the old English custom, the larger part. The tract belonging to the first of the family, John, Jeremy, and Richard, was a King's Grant, and extended from near the Bay Road, to Massapoag Lake. Much of this is now in possession of their descendants. The farm house as it now stands, is the second one to have been built on the place, the first one standing on the opposite side of the st, the cellar now being used as a silo. by the owner, C. A. Hixson, third in line from the widow of Richard Hixson the subject of this paper. The first house was being raised on the day that Medfield was burned by the Indians.

Views from a Sharon window.

Fifty years ago, as I recall it Sharon was indeed a small village. its cottage houses rather widely scattered, with no pleasant side streets, where to day such lovely drives can be enjoyed. A stranger was rarely to be seen, each person was acquainted with his neighbor, and most of the people were addressed by their Christian names.
I often recall the quaint sayings of many of the older people. One very pleasant feature I sadly miss, to day, viz the lovely views of the surrounding country. many times while sitting at my north parlour window, have I enjoyed the sight of Blue Hill which I could plainly see in all its beautiful coloring. One evening I distinctly recall, a fire had ignited the shrubbery and the entire hill was burned over, it was a fine sight I lingered long to enjoy it. And the glory of the sunsets seen from my west windows, how have I loved the sight I think one need not visit foreign lands to witness the sun sinking beneath gorgeous colored clouds. the same can be seen and enjoyed in Sharon.

H. P. Johnson.

Feb 23 - 1904.

"The Sharon Ozone."

The local newspaper of above name was started Sep. 26, 1885, through the assistance and influence of Wm. R. Mann and Geo. Kempton, with Alvin R. Alden as editor, and A. J. Nichols of Foxboro as publisher. Its name was suggested by Mr. Kempton. The cause of its being published was the unfair management, previously, of the Sharon Advocate in not permitting civil replies, to editorial attacks on some of our leading citizens, to be published. With a determination that both sides should have a chance to be heard in any local controversy the Ozone was launched; and it met with a fair degree of success considering the size of the town for two local papers. After running over nine years to Dec. 29, 1894, the Ozone was purchased by Mr. F. W. Marshall, who changed its name to the Sharon Enterprise and continued to publish the latter from Jan'y 4, 1895 to January 1, 1896, when it was sold to Mr. Harry M. Hight and later merged with the Sharon Advocate with Mr. Hight as editor.

Geo. Kempton

Sharon, Jan'y 27, 1904.

Judge Lynde's Woodlands.

When Judge Lynde of Salem Mass. came up to Billings Lower in the section of Dorchester called Pole Plain, his carriage was considered quite an event in the quiet and secluded little village of ye olde Colonies. In accordance with his two, Judge Lynde came to Sharon to visit his tract of wood land, which extended from the foot of Moose Hill to Dedham, now called Norwood. The Judge gave orders for the larger growth of trees to be felled, and made into hand made shingles, an industry carried on in this place at that period, and when finished, conveyed to Milton Lower Mills by ox teams, and from there they were shipped to Salem Mass. in the vessels. This tract of land is recorded in the Dedham records as Div. 15.

Elisa J. Templton.

Sharon

Feb 17. 1904.

Ancient Sharon.

Our town, as is well known, gets its name from Scripture, an indication - perhaps - of the piety of its early settlers; and the readers of this Scrap-book may be interested in a scrap about its ancient namesake.

The word for it, spelled in Hebrew "שרון" which please read backward - means literally a level or plain; and there are two places in Palestine by which it is borne, one extending from Mt Tabor to Lake Galilee, the other along the Mediterranean Sea from Carmel to Lydda and Joppa. Both even now are very fertile; and the last is interesting as the one where the Apostle Peter labored, and with such good results that it is recorded, "Saron saw him and turned unto the Lord".

But the first Sharon, that along the Mediterranean shore, is the one chiefly referred to in the sacred writings. It is a plain, not wholly a town, about 55 miles in length and from 8 to 10 in breadth, - is crossed by several rivers, covered with oaks in the North, so that Josephus and others speak of it as the "oak place", - open for pasturage at the South, and everywhere beautified with quantities of gay-hued flowers.

The references to it in Scripture are at 1 Chron. V:16, where we are told, "The children of Abihail dwelt in the suburbs of Sharon, at 1 Chron. XXVII:29, where "Shitrai, the Sharonite," is said to have had charge of the herds of King David that fed in Sharon; at Solomon's Song, II:1, where the Shulamite

woman sings, "I am the rose" - it should be translated narcissus - "of Sharon and the lily of the valleys; Isaiah XXXIII: 9 where the prophet in describing the desolation of Israel, says "Sharon is like a wilderness"; Isaiah XXXV: 2 where in foreseeing the good time coming he breaks out into the words, "The glory of Lebanon shall be given to it, the excellency" - splendor literally - "of Carmel and Sharon"; and Isaiah LXV: 10, where he predicts yet further that "Sharon shall be a fold of flocks and the valley of Achor a place for the herds to lie down in."

There are allusions to it, also, in secular history. Josephus speaks of "King Aphek in Sharon". Jerome, the church father, celebrates "the superiority of the cattle and wine of Sharon. The Talmud refers to its bricks and pottery as of "very poor quality". The Crusaders called it "The forest of Assur; Napoleon "The forest of Uiksi", and Tasso in his great poem, "Jerusalem delivered", "The enchanted forest." Finally, as a prayer which may well be repeated just now by its modern namesake, there was a special petition in the litany of the Jewish High Priest, used on the Day of Atonement, which read thus:

"May God watch over the inhabitants of Sharon that they be not buried in the ruins of their houses."

Sharon, Mass. Jan. 23d, 1904. John C. Kimball

A MAY DAY IN SHARON.

At the time we have in mind, always on the First of May most of the young people of Sharon were off for a day of out door exercise, May walks, May rides and at night, those May baskets, made of fancy paper, with long curls, which we hung on the door knobs, were quite the up-to-date thing.

Well, this was May morning and it was a merry crowd of boys who were to meet at the Post Office, then in Calvin Turner's store, corner of Washington and Depot Streets. There were the Winships, Leonards, Pollards, Bakers, Abbot Gay, Geo. Estey, Hixon, Knapp, Bacon, Johnson, the Longs and others, all boys born in this small, but good old town.

As they stood planning out the trip for the day, who should come into the store but John Gordon, from down by the Knife Shops, back of Ben Bullard's place. John always would buy boots of the largest size, when smaller ones would fit him, as he wanted to get all he could for his money. After making a few purchases and telling Mr. Turner how his sister Mary was, he started for home, when some of the boys hollered "Snakes" and the antics he acted out were enough to please this jolly crowd, who were now ready to start.

Going down Meeting House Hill, the first man they met was Joel Pettee, walking as straight and his silk hat shining brighter than ever this fine spring morning. Mr. Pettee was a shoemaker by trade but went into the employ of the United States some years after.

As the boys reached the railroad they saw a man trying to paint a sign on the fence on the Ben Ide place, near

A DAY'S LIFE IN DRESS.

If the time we have to make, according to the first of May most of the young people of Dunvon were off for a day of wild labor exercise, day walks, day rides and at night, those day sweets, music of fancy paper, with long merry, which we group on the door knobs, were quite the sweet-while times.

Well, this was day morning and it was a merry crowd of boys who were to meet at the post office, then in Calvin Sherrer's store, another of musicians and lager drinkers. There were the Tiedeles, Lamarks, Pollards, Sherrs, Johnson, Dan, Lutey, Elmer, Bangs, Dunn, Fleming, the Lamps and others, all boys born in this small, but good old town.

As they began planning out the trip for the day, who should come into the store but Jim Gordon, from down by the Mills Shop, back of Jim Pollard's place. Jim always would buy boats of the largest size, when smaller ones would fit him, so he wanted to get all he could for his money. After making a few purchases and "filling up". Turner Sam the clerk, he started for home, when some of the boys hollered "Goodbye" and the fellows he voted out were enough to please his jolly crowd, who were now ready to start.

Going down Dwelling House Hill, the first man they met the Joel Patten, walking as straight and he will but walking straighter than ever with the fine morning morning. Mr. Patten was a homesteader by trade but went into the employ of the United States some years after.

[illegible]

the station. The man proved to be Elijah A. Morse and this was his first painted sign, advertising his great Rising Sun Stove Polish, which is well known the world over. His father, Prof. Morse, lived but a short distance from here in the big white house near the track, while his brother Albert worked in Pettee's store.

At this place Waldo Richards joined the crowd and they started up the railroad track, meeting John Gibbons and his men with a hand-car, which they tried to get for a May ride, but it was out of the question, so they left the track at the Boiling Spring.

A good deal could be said about this spring, but the boys were anxious to move on, taking the trail off to the right, up over the old dam, following the wood road up toward Beaver Hole Meadows. The boys tried to see a beaver, but had to be satisfied with watching a muskrat get his dinner.

Leaving the meadow and bearing up to the right, after a short walk they came out near the old Joe Waters' place, where they found Jesse McIntosh, the cobbler for about all Sharonites at that time.

Calling on Mr. Waters the boys tried to get him to show them the Bible that came over in the Mayflower, which he owned at this time, but he did not care to entertain such a lot of gay youths in his Hermit House just then and told them to call again. The Bible was sent away soon after that so there were some of those boys who never saw it.

Leaving Mr. Waters' place, the boys tramped on, anxious to reach the summit of Moose Hill by noon. As they

the window. The man proved to be William L. Barrow and this was his first initial sign, advertising his great Dining Car Fairy Palace, which is still known the world over. His partner, Ford. Barrow, issued his a short distance from here in the big white house over the bridge, while the brother Albert worked in Fairview's office.

At this place Julia Underwood joined the crowd and they started up the railroad track, meeting this Schwamm and his man with a load-wagon, when they tried to get for a ride, but it was out of the question, so they left the train at the Holding Spring.

A good deal could be said about this spring, but the boys were anxious to move on, taking the trail off to the right, up over the old dam, following the road up through Pewter Hole Hollow. The boys tried to see a beaver, but had to be satisfied with watching a muskrat get his dinner.

Leaving the meadow and heading up to the right, after a short walk they came out near the old Joe Vickers' place, where they found Jesse Dalrymple, the collier for about all transactions at that time.

Calling on Mr. Vickers the boys tried to get him to show them the little that came over in the Mayflower, which he owned at this time, but he did not deem it advisable with a lot of gay youths in his family. Jesse just then had told them to call again. The little was much more than other that he there were some of those boys who never saw it.

Leaving Mr. Vickers' place, the boys trudged on, [illegible] to reach the [illegible] of Cedar Hill in [illegible]. The [illegible]

came into the road from Sharon Heights they saw two men changing horses, who proved to be Ben Gannett and a man from Walpole. All the boys knew Mr. Gannett and thought, from the smile he wore when he drove away, that he came very near having the best of that trade.

Well, on they went, most of the boys stopping at the Smith Farm for water before taking in the view at the top of, what seemed to them, this big mountain.

After eating their lunch, which always seems very small after a tramp like this, the boys went up to the highest point they could reach.

Looking off to the east, Sharon Centre, with Stoughton in the distance, could be seen, then looking south, they saw Massapoag and Billings' Pond, with Easton in the distance. Looking west, they saw the Ben Rhodes' and Billings' Farms, with Walpole close by. Then looking to the northeast they could see, with field glasses, Boston Harbor and near by what was then South Dedham and Fowl Meadows.

It was now past noon and the boys decided to start back, going by the back road or trail passing the White Farm and the Ransom Cottage, then along the Joe Holmes' Ranch, striking the Walpole Road and coming out by the North Schoolhouse.

They went on for half a mile or so and turned off to the right to see Reuben Lawrence, a man who lived alone and owned a bull that he had trained to drive, hitched to an old wagon he had. This man was quite a character and when he came to town driving his bull with ropes for reins, he attracted more attention than a small circus would now-a-days.

Some into the road from Sharon Springs they saw the sign
Saturday morning, was proved to be Sam Bennett and a man from
Palmyra. All the boys knew Mr. Bennett and thought, from the
smile he wore when he drove away, that he had had very good luck
the best of that trade.

Well, as they went, most of the boys enjoyed of the
Saint Mary for rather taking in the view at the top of
that mound to them, this sig mountain.

After seeing their lunch, Saint Mary's seemed very
small after a strong lion club, the boys went up to the highest
point they could reach.

Looking off to the west, across Canton, with Saint-
ds the distance, could be seen, then looking south, they saw
Hemmingway and Utility' Road, with Dunton in the distance.
Looking east, they saw the Bunker' and Utility' Road,
with Tulpis close by. Then looking to the northeast they could
see, with field glasses, Canton Corner and near by that was Cass
Corth Dodson and Fuel Dodson.

It was now past noon and the boys decided to start
home, going by the back road or trail passing the White Farm and
the Bunnen Farmer, then along the Joe Holmes' Farm, arriving
the Tulpis road and coming out by the North Bonnifiemere.

They went on for half a mile or so and turned off to
the right to see Andrew Lawrence, a man who lived alone and looked
a mull that he had trained to drive, although it is not known to
him. This man was quite a disbeliever but when he came to town
driving his bull with hogs for rides, he attracted some attention
[illegible] a small [illegible]

Here the boys did not know if it was best to extend the trip further down by the Hawes' Farm and the Daniel Estey place or on to East Walpole but decided to go back by the Warren Fuller Farm, bearing off to the left, past John Bullard's Farm.

Mr. Bullard was home and glad to see the boys, giving them plenty of those small golden russet apples, which some of the boys, now grown to be old men, would be so glad to see and taste again. Mr. Bullard knew about all the boys, as he was on the School Committee and always attended the Town Meetings.

From here the boys went down to a road taking them past Solomon Talbots' and Josiah Johnson's, crossing the railroad track, coming out between Daniel Lothrop's and Luke Lothrop's places.

As they turned toward town, they were overtaken by Geo. Winship driving the well known mare Rose, hitched to a chaise and some of the boys said it was the best rig in Sharon.

A half mile more and the May walk would be over, so the boys hurried on, stopping only long enough to hear Dr. Bacon and Mace Hixon try to decide if Big Dan, who lived alone in a shanty near the Heights, should go to the Poorhouse or not.

It was a great day and the boys enjoyed every minute of it, although they were more than tired, but not so much so but that they decided to meet again that night and go the rounds, seeing how many of their girl friends got May baskets. As some may know, the trick was to catch the sender, when they had to give a kiss, but the boys were so tired from their long walk that

Here the boys did not know if it was best to attempt
to trip further down by the Thames' Turn and the Mortal Bishop
Lane or go on to Steel Twigwile Hill Bridges to go home by the
Green Miller Turn, hearing off to the left, past John Hallowell's
farm.

Mr. Hallows was keen and glad to see the boys, letting
them plenty of cheese small golden russet apples, which some of
the boys, who proved to be all men, would be so glad to see and
taste again. Mr. Hallows knew almost all the boys, as he was on
the School Committee and always attended the Town Meetings.

From here the boys went down to a road bisecting the
Saint Solomon Fields' and Tangle Bushmen's, crossing the
railroad tracks, passing out between Twelve Lightning's and John
Stormy's places.

As they turned towards home, they were overtaken by
men, usually driving the well known horse team, hitched to a
large old door of the large barn if was the best rig in Hunter.

A half mile more and the dry walk would be over, so
the boys hurried on, enjoying only just enough to hear
Jason and Jane Hunter try to decide if the men, who lived
alone in a shanty near the Bluffs, should go to the Storytown or
not.

It was a great day and the boys enjoyed every minute
of it, although they were some tired, but not so much so
that they hesitated to tell again that night when in the cabin,
having been away at least quite a little distance out the Lakeside. In some
way known, the Twins was to satisfy the mother, when they had to
give a kiss, for the boys were so tired [illegible]

they were easily caught.

So ended a May Day in Sharon forty years ago.

Geo. F. Leonard.

Boston, March 19, 1903.

they were successful enough.

He added in the day he learned fairly twelve men.

Geo. T. Lemmon.

Syracuse, March 18, 1897.

A Trip to Sharon after forty years.

A gentleman who was born and raised in Sharon some ~~sixty~~ forty odd years ago, but has been living in the far west since he was a young man, made a trip east a short time ago and went to this town, his birthplace, to see how much things had changed during the time he had been away.

Knowing, as he did, almost every man, woman and child in this town when he went away, he was somewhat surprised when he arrived there to find but few people whom he knew, but in looking around a little he found most of the old houses, so he thought he would walk through the principal streets in the village and try to call to his mind the people who lived in these places at the time he went away.

Starting in at the railroad station, he went up the hill. He found Eliakim Richards' house and barn moved to the other side of the street. Further up on this side lived the Davenports and Middletons and on the right was Warren Bullard's, then Joel Pettee's shop, then Geo. Gay's and Benj. Leonard's. Turning the corner at the Post Office and Turner's store he went up ~~Washington~~ Main Street, passing the house where Joel Hervins used to live, then the Rev. Mr. Ashley's place, with Thomas Woods' house further along. Then came ~~Joe Wiswall's~~ Eben Blackman's and quite a distance out, John Randall's.

The only places he remembered on the left of this street were Albert Hewin's House and Shoe Shop and Knapp's Blacksmith Shop.

In the building opposite Depot Street was Pettee's store and on the other side of this building, facing Pond Street, lived Chas. D. Hixon and Jack Keene lived in rooms over his.

A gentleman who was born and raised in Sharon some pretty odd years ago, but has been living in the far west since he was a young man, made a trip east a short time ago and went to this town, his birthplace, to see how much things had changed during the time he had been away.

Knowing, as he did, almost every man, woman and child in this town when he went away, he was somewhat surprised when he arrived there to find but few people whom he knew, but in looking around a little he found most of the old houses, so he thought he would walk through the principal streets in the village and try to call to his mind the people who lived in these places at the time he went away.

Starting in at the railroad station, he went up the hill. He found Blakie Richards' house and barn moved to the other side of the street. Further up on this side lived the Davenports and Middletons and on the right was Warren Tallard's, then Joel Pettee's shop, then Geo. Gay's and Jas. Leonard's. Turning the corner at the Post Office and Turner's store he went up Main-top Street, passing the house where Joel Jerrim used to live, then the Rev. Mr. Ushlay's place, with Thomas Woods' house further along. Then came Joe Winwall's and quite a distance out, John Bandall's.

The only places he remembered on the left of this street were Albert Hewin's house and Shoe Shop and Tempy's Lacemaids Shop.

In the building opposite Depot Street was Pettee's store and on the other side of this building, facing Pond Street, lived Chas. D. Dixon and Jas. Jerrim lived in rooms over his.

Further down Pond Street lived Chas. Winship and family, then came Addison Johnson's, with Willard Richards' place just across. Further along on the left was Hixon's Boot Shop and on the same side of the street, on the next corner, was the Winship & Johnson Boot Factory.

Just across the street in the big square house lived Chas. Brown, then Samuel Hitchcock and Horace Leseur and further down on the right lived the Godfreys, Richards, Youngs and Mr. Dunbar, the Undertaker, and on the other side of the street lived John Parks, Warren Holmes and William Hitchcock.

Taking the lane at the left, going south, he went by Shepard Carpenter's and came out opposite Israel Tolman's. Then to the left, up by Sanford Billing's house around the corner toward the center again, passing Mr.Poole's, Joe Blake's and Lucas Johnson's on the right and . H. Baker's, Jacob Shepard's and ~~Geo~~ Sam. Hixon's on the left.

Then bearing off to the right, going toward Canton, he passed what was Samuel Monks' on the right and on the left a little further on, the house and Livery Stable where lived Geo. Winship in one side of the house and Richard Hixon in the other.

In the next house lived Rev. Mr. Phillips and Granville Pollard in the next and on the other side of the street, near by, were the farms of Rufus Curtis and Mace Hixon, with Dr. Bacon's place just below the schoolhouse on the left and Luke Lothrop's further down.

On the lane that went down back of the schoolhouse is a small place lived in by Geo. Estey and on the road going toward Depot Street leading from this lane lived Albert Bullard, Chas. Johnson

Further down Pond Street lived Grace, Winship and Family, then came Addison Johnson's, with William Bigelow's place just across. Further along on the left was Bacon's Boot Shop and on the same side of the street, on the next corner, was the Brandig & Johnson Boot Factory.

Just across the street in the big square house lived Chas. Brown, then Samuel Hitchcock and Thomas Lawsur and further down on the right lived the Godfreys, Bigelows, Towers and Mr. Lumber, the Undertaker, and on the other side of the street lived John Parks, Warren Holmes and William Hitchcock.

Taking the lane at the left, going south, we went by Shepard Carpenter's and came out opposite Lorenzo Tolman's. Then to the left, up by Bradford Billing's house around the corner toward the center again, passing Mr.Poole's, Jas Blake's and Lucas Johnson's on the right and . E. Bailey's, Jacob Shepard's and Geo. Bacon's on the left.

Then bearing off to the right, going toward Boston, we passed what was Samuel Monks' on the right and on the left a little further on, the house and Livery Stable where lived Geo. Winship in one side of the house and Richard Dixon in the other.

In the next house lived Rev. Mr. Phillips and Gravesville Pollard in the next and on the other side of the street, near by, were the forms of Rufus Curtis and Mary Dixon, with Mr. Bacon's place just below the schoolhouse on the left and Luke Lothrop's further down.

On the lane that went down back of the schoolhouse in a small place lived Mr Geo. Bailey and on the road going toward Depot Street leading from this lane lived Albert Dillard, Chas. Johnson

and Daniel Pettee.

This gentleman had known them all and as he came to the end of his walk and went down the hill to the Depot again, many were the thoughts that came to him of bygone days, when the young people who had lived in these houses he had just seen were ready for all kinds of sport and the places they used to go for amusement, such as the Singing School, held in the Unitarian Vestry, Dancing down at the Lake House and the Norfolk County Fair at Dedham every fall.

He smiled as he thought of these good old times and wished to stay longer but business interests hurried him away.

It has often been said that people, as they get old, like to go back to the life and places where they lived as children and so it was with him, for he lived over and over again those happy days he passed in Sharon in the days of his youth.

George F Leonard

April, 1904.

and Daniel Pettee.

This gentleman had known them all and as he came to the end of his walk and went down the hill to the Depot again, many were the thoughts that came to him of bygone days, when the young people who had lived in these houses he had just been were ready for all kinds of sport and the places they used to go for amusement, such as the Singing School, held in the Unitarian Vestry, Dancing down at the Lake House and the Norfolk County Fair at Dedham every fall.

He smiled as he thought of those good old times and wished to stay longer but business interests surrounding him say.

It has often been said that people, as they get old, like to go back to the life and places where they lived as children and so it was with him, for he lived over and over again those happy days he passed in Canton in the days of his youth.

Stoughtonham Institute.

53 it is said is our number all told —
All sizes, and complexions, some young and some old.
Some look pleasant and pretty, some sober and wise;
But all, we should judge, look straight out of their eyes.

Miss Emma E. Talbot[1], a fine looking young miss,
Has a sister, Miss Laura[2] — for short she is called Sis.
Impolite she would say to follow the rule
Of calling one Sis who has ever taught school.

Just in front of these two, if their seats are not changed,
Miss Adams[3] and Johnson[4] are quietly arranged.
But hold on, stop a moment, is it quiet I say?
I've their pardon to ask, for they are always at play.

And still on toward the front, all intent on their book
Miss Hewins[5] and Pollard[6] most innocent look;
While another Miss Johnson[7] sits smilingly by,
With Miss Beulah Hitchcock[8], so keen and so shy.

Miss Walker, May A.[9] is a gem in our Band —
In French she is splendid, in rhetoric grand —

And we'd not be surprised if she made something great,
For she came from good stock in the old Nutmeg State.

Miss Wiswall[10], Miss Richards[11], and Miss Howard[12], and Bright[13]
Miss Drake[14], and Miss Pickering[15] – of course they are all right –
Very seldom indeed do they make any noise,
And its not very often they play with the boys.

At this point, by your leave, we will pass to the gents.
Please in your compassion tell where to commence –
With the largest or smallest, in front or in rear –
Never mind, we can't wait – in the corner, right here.

Winship First, No. 1[16], is the pride of his mother,
A merry five lad; so is Charley[17] his brother.
M. T. Estey[18] sits with him, his hair all in curls,
And 'tis said he's amazingly fond of the girls.

Master Bacon[19] and Gay[20], sit in seat No. 2.
Very smart I can tell you. They know it is true.
But they oft get playing with Baker[21] and Long[22],
But that's none of our business – Beg pardon, go on.

Capen, 1st,[23] is from Stoughton, the pride of the town,
Very witty and wise, sometimes sad and profound.
And Hunt[24] is his seat-mate; they're always together,
No matter the time, the place and the weather.

Friend Howard[25] and Hamer[26] will next meet your eye –
Howard's noted for notes which he passes on sly.
And soon you'll find Leonard – Leonard 2nd,[27] I mean.
He's a trump. Pass along, there is more to be seen.

Perhaps you'll not believe it; we've Great Britton[28] here –
Very stout, very strong – so we've nothing to fear.
The girls love the men (dispute it who can.),
And we surely can't blame them for loving our Mann.[29]

We've a clown in our Band – Leonard, 1st,[30] is the child,
And the jokes that he cracks are not always mild.
And little McCanna[31] and McManus,[32] his cousin,
We wish we had more – shouldn't object to a dozen.

Notice next, if you please, Mr. Richards, C. B.,[33]
Just a little bit queer, but good natured and free.

And he sometimes looks down on the Meadows[34] hard by,
While Jones[35] looks at both with a twinkling eye.

Mr. Myer[36] and Smith[37] are fast friends it is said,
Young Wilcox[38] has over a Paine[39] in his head.
Capen, 2nd,[40] and Henry,[41] never known to be mean,
Sit down near the front nearly opposite Dean.[42]

Then we've Hixon[43] and Bryant[44] and Patten[45] and Oliver,[46]
It would take near a week to describe them, I'm sure.
But our time being short, we must hasten our song,
Not forgetting to mention Mr. Frederic Long.[47]

Near the end of our ditty come Johnson[48] and Derry,[49]
And Murphy[50] and Kelley[51] and Mylod[52] so merry.
And one more - his initials I think are E. A.
But for fear you won't guess him, I'll tell you its Gay.[53]

Now we've mentioned them all from beginning to end,
On us all may the richest of blessings descend.
We've the kindest of teachers, both noble and true,
Happy School, happy Teacher, we bid you adieu.

N. W. Hunt, Milton, Mass. Feb. 1871.

The foregoing rhymes were written by Nathan W. Hunt by way of description of the students attending Stoughtonham Institute, a private academy kept by Sanford Waters Billings in Sharon. The lines were read at a Wednesday public exercise day about February 1871. The scholars made each his copy of the verses, and from one of such copies, the foregoing has been copied. The following remarks on the names will no doubt need correction.

1. Emma E. Talbot, daughter of Solomon Talbot, died in Sharon.

2. Laura Talbot, daughter of Solomon Talbot, married Warren S. Cotes, Chicago, Illinois.

3. Alice Adams, lived with her uncle Asa Adams, in Otis Tolman house. Now Mrs. W. F. Peck, Essex St., Salem.

4. Isabel E. Johnson, daughter of Lucas Johnson and sister of Reuben Johnson. Lived on Billings street in house opposite Mr. Eddy's. Married Samuel Griffin, West Pembroke, Maine.

5. Carrie Hewins, married Nathan Cobb, East Walpole.

6. Carrie Pollard, married Frank P. Long, Cottage St., Sharon.

7. Edna Johnson, daughter of Addison Johnson, married Charles S. Harper, died March 15, 1894.

8. Beulah Hitchcock, married Samuel T. Raymond, 43 Flint St., Lynn.

9. Mary A. Walker, came from Connecticut. Now in Congregational House, Boston

10. Marilla Wiswall, sister of Mrs. Charles E. Hall. Died.

11. Cora H. Richards, married Hiram Stockwell.

12. Dora M. Leonard, daughter of Benjamin Leonard, lives in the old homestead at head of Depot St., Sharon. Is teacher in Florence St. school, Roxbindale, Boston.

13. Minie Bright, married David Finkham of North Easton, died July 20, 1896.

14. Lizzie Drake, from East Sharon, daughter of Asahel Drake and sister of Edgar Drake. Died.

15. Ella Pickering, from Canton Corner, married John Stretton.

16. Frank Winship, lives in Lynn, boot manufacturer.

17. Charles Winship, brother of Frank, lives in Stoughton. Both sons of Charles Winship.

18. Mervin T. Estey, son of Jeremiah Estey, lives in Mansfield (jewelry business)

19. Fred Bacon, son of Dr. Amasa D. Bacon, owns a

ranch in Sundance, Crook Co., Wyoming.

20. Eldon Gay, then and now of Stoughton, farmer.

21. Elmer Baker, son of R. H. Baker, lives in Norwood, grocer.

22. Frank P. Long, lives on Cottage St., Sharon (of Long Bros.).

23. Charles D. Capen, Stoughton.

24. Nathan W. Hunt, came from Milton, a Baptist clergyman.

25. Frank Howard, North Easton.

26. Walter C. Hamer, afterwards lived in Attleboro'. Died.

27. Levi Leonard, from Bay St., Stoughton. His father was a sea captain.

28. Horace E. Britton, from Stoughton.

29. George H. Mann, son of William R. Mann, Sturtevant Blower Co.

30. George F. Leonard, brother of Dora M. Leonard, lives in Boston (wool business).

31. John H. McCanna, lives on Deborah Sampson St. Sharon, salesman at 77 Summer St., Boston.

32. Patrick McManus, lived on Viaduct St., Is now Catholic priest, South Natick.

33. Charles B. Richards, from South Walpole.

34. James Meadows, Canton.

35. Clarence Jones born and lived in Sharon, Maple Av., son of Warren Jones who died in 1904 in Canton. Clarence Jones is now chief regimental musician, U.S. army, Philippines.

36. John Myer, from Milton, spoke a piece in German at one of the graduation exercises. Is now a druggist.

37. F. F. Smith, Stoughton, farmer.

38. Charles A. Wilcox, lived on Pleasant St, Sharon (Eliza B Mills house), son of Charles D. Wilcox market-man. Charles A. Wilcox lives now in Reading, is in poultry and game business, 11 Faneuil Hall Market.

39. Charles E. Paine from Mansfield, now postmaster at Rockville.

40. Oscar Daniels Capen, lives in Canton, deputy sheriff.

41. Walter E. Henry, lives in Stoughton, office at 60 State St., Boston.

42. Fred E. Dean, from Stoughton. Died in California.

43. George Brewster Hixon, son of George Hixon, Sharon. Died.

44. Fred Fremont Bryant, son of Charles F. Bryant of Sharon. Lives at Wellesley Hills.

45. John Patten of Sharon, now of Norwood. Son of William Patten who lived on Quincy St

46. A. F. Cluer

47. Frederic Long, lives on Maple St. Sharon (of Long Bros.), son of John F. Long formerly of Easton, but moved to Sharon, and kept store, cor. Ames & Deborah Sampson sts, abt. 1850 to abt 1888.

48. Addison Johnson (son of Addison Johnson) captain of steamer Tallahassee, pier 49. North River. New York City.

49. Charles T. Derry Jr. son of Capt. C. T. Derry. Lives in Hyde Park, night watchman at Bird's paper mill, East Walpole.

50. W. F. Murphy. from Stoughton.

51. Kelly. from Stoughton.

52. George Mylod. afterwards lived in West Dedham, milk business on Mylod St.

53. Edward Abbott Gay, son of George W. Gay of Sharon. Died March 23. 1873.

SHARON.

Sharon as I found it in 1831 and some of the incidents that came under my personal observations during the last two decades of the first half of the last Century.

The old Meeting house on the common being the central figure, with only seven houses clustering around it, and double that number only could be counted within a radius of one quarter mile.

A description of the old Meeting-house may be of interest to those who never saw it. The ridge ran nearly north east and south west and two rows of windows graced its sides lighting the body of the house and gallery: a square tower stood up from the ground on its southerly end surmounted by an open bell deck containing a bell and then a tall spire. The tower formed a vestibule and stair way leading to the galleries that extended around three sides of the room, devoid of paint and brown with age. At the north end was a trap and door-way to the main body; also a double door on the east front surmounted with a heavy gable capping, being the main entrance and directly opposite the pulpit, between which was the main aisle, with two side aisles leading to the right and left. The pulpit was high up on the back wall and was entered by way of narrow steps winding

steps. The deacons seats were at its foot, The pews were the high square box kind, capped by a rail supported by little turned standards. to relieve the heavy box like look, and also gave the smaller people a chance to look out. A board seat with hinges to lift up, when the occupants stood up during "prayer-time", went around on every side with a loose board to place across the doorway when the family was large. Those pews were a great improvement over the present style, when the younger members of the family were on good terms. The worshippers in winter carried little foot stoves for their comfort; they were about one foot square, a wood frame lined with tin perforated in the form of a star on its sides, and held a sheet-iron pan of live charcoal; such were the comforts of our mothers, the men eschewed all such luxuries.

While the old house stood it was used for Sunday service town and political gatherings, also singing schools such as do not exist in this our day, Col. Josiah Bird of Walpole was a noted teacher at that time.

Widow Samuel Johnson, kept the "Tavern" dispensing hospitality for a consideration, to the traveller, with a few boarders, and catering for the "festive gatherings" that assembled there during the winter months. Music and dancing

were the enjoyments of those days, and much of the old school etiquette prevailed. Here also the Engineers and their assistants, located themselves who had charge of laying out the Rail-Road, among them William Raymond Lee, Wm Lee. and S. Chesbrough, and many others who became noted in after years. The old sign. a "gilded Copper ball" swung on an old fashion gallows post. on the north side of the tree next the Tavern.

Capt. Charles Ide, lived and kept a dry goods and grocery store in the brick house now owned by Oliver E. Chapman. The Capt was of rotund build, and very dignified, and somewhat pompous in his deportment, allowing no familiarity, and seldom unbent, even with his associates. I remember well one Sunday when he suddenly arose in his pew and deliberately walked out, to show his indignant protest against a remark the good Pastor made about the death of Morgan the Masonic Victim. he being a member of that Order. and gave no rest until the Revd Mr. Curtis resigned his pastorate and left. In the Autum of 1831. he built the house on the corner of So. Main and depot Sts. now owned by Mrs. Oliver Sage. and sold out to Calvin Turner. and moved to Fitchburg in 1847.

The building formerly occupied by Pettee & Colburn as a store and lately moved down on Station Street was owned and occupied by Willard Gould as a dwelling and store. Rum was free traffic in those days and report said, much of it was carried away under the hats and coats of those who entered there. It was a dark and mysterious place to the boys. Down in the cellar was a "fire place" where they made the "flip" and warmed their fingers and toes.

Deacon Joel Hewins was the village blacksmith and chorister. He was a great friend to all the children far and near. and when at leisure they gathered around him to hear his instructive stories. He never denied any one a favor that was in his power to grant. His house is on the right side of South Main St. third house.

The house next South was occupied by the Rev. Silas Hall. the Baptist clergyman. and the north chamber was where church service was held. The house was formerly owned by William Strowbridge. Hatter by trade.

The house now occupied by George A. Dennett. there lived the Rev. Jonathan Curtis. settled over the First Congregational Church. He had two sons and three daughters. The oldest child Sarah married a clergy-

Man and settled in Gilmanton N.H.. Doct. Jonathan a successful practioner in Hartford Connecticut. Thompson. the second son became the head of a young Ladies Seminary in Hartford. and Gail Hamilton was an assistant teacher. Mary. married and settled in Montclair N.J.. and Elizabeth married and settled in Springfield.

Deacon Philip Curtis (son of the first settled minister in the township) lived in what is now known as the "Glendale"; He was a well-to-do farmer. and well informed man, and was always found in the right place when wanted.

Jeremiah Gould Esq. a man of considerable literary ability in those days and of quiet habits. lived where George B. Fowler now resides. He was an acting Justice of the Peace and a man of influence. and the author of the Annals of Sharon.

Doct. Daniel Stone, a man of commanding presence. and very genial among his patients and friends. but would brook no opposition. A gentleman of the old school in all respects. He had a family of seven children. The two oldest were quite noted as teachers. The second son was easy going in

his habits. It was said of him. he asked his father if he might stay at home. he did not want to go to school. His request was quickly granted, and he was told to go to the barn, and sit in the horse stall. He went, and never asked to stay from school again. Doct. Charles E. the only one now living resides, in Marysville California. He is remembered as a sedate, manly boy. with whom it was not well to deal unfairly. He is now a successful practitioner in the land of his adoption.

The inhabitants obtained their living mostly, by the cultivation of their farms and the occasional sale of a load or two of wood. Every farmer owned one or more yoke of oxen and a yoke of yearling steers for the boys to train. Whenever a farmer had a new parcel of land to "break up" or that which had become overgrown with bushes, The neighbors were ever ready to lend a helping hand, and drove over with their teams. It was a great day with the neighborhood on those occasions, when the great wooden plow with a beam ten feet long was got out and twelve to fourteen yoke of oxen were harnessed to it. A substantial lunch was served with a liberal supply of old

Jamacia or Santa Cruz. in the form of Punch. furnished in a water pail or two gall stone jug with a gill tin dipper. When the Plains of Sharon were broken they turned a furrow twelve inches deep.

The Plains were bare of trees to the swamps on the easterly side of the highway, and to the hills and Meadows on the west. Many of the farmers were adepts in stone wall laying as many a farm will testify.

Among those who worked at trades, were Darius Lothrop and Sons. Stone Masons and builders.

John F. Randall. butcher and Marketer, who run a cart to Boston weekly.

Josiah Johnson. Owned a gristmill located near the bridge on Maskwonicut Street. Removed when the Rail Road was built.

James Carpenter manufactured light cotton goods at the Sharon Cotton Manufactg Co. factory. where now is the car house of the Electric Rail Road Co. on North Main Street.

Spencer Everton manufactured satinets in a small factory where now stands the grinding and and finishing shops at the Knife Works. He wore his

Cloth on hand looms. The factory in the fall of 1833. was destroyed by fire. One of his neighbors told him he would have to get a few more shavings, or the fire would go out. Everton laid claim to much territory on the stream by right of his ancestors. He claimed Indian blood in his veins.

Samuel Davis Hixon. Auctioneer and Manufacturer. His works were in the old building by the hammer Shop on Ames street. He had a "run of stone" where he ground the farmer's corn and rye carded "cotton batting". and manufactured tacks. He was an active partisan in the democratic ranks and his voice was always heard in the meetings of the town.

Earl Bradford Garnett. the son of the noted female American soldier of the Revolution was a great "story teller", one was that he carried a bushel of new corn to Hixon's mill to be ground for "samp" and taking it home for his wife to make a "batch" for dinner. After he had eaten his dinner, he sat by the fire to take his habitual smoke.

and took a sliver of wood from the pile in the corner to pick his teeth, when he found some fibrous matter clinging to his pick. He said, he got hold of it with his fingers and began to pull; it hung together like warp yarn, and he kept on pulling until he pulled his dinner all up, and on examination he found it was cotton that had got mixed in with the meal at the mill.

Jonathan Cobb's tavern was a noted place of resort in those days. He was Post Master and made up the Mail for the branch office which was afterwards established in the "centre": and was carried there by his youngest son on horseback, and who before his death became the second oldest Post Master in the States. The line of stages changed horses there, and John Duff and John Smith were among the Jehus of the line, and married daughters of Mr. Cobb. In those days the roads were very dusty (?) which caused the people travelling over them to stop there for something to clear their throats. The roads are in better condition now.

In the house on Bay Street next north of Henry J Maxwell. lived Thomas Williams an old stage driver. He was a tall, slim, silent man, very moderate in speech. and could tell a good story now and then of his adventures on the road when he handled the reins. The most noted one was when he found himself one cool November morning with a load of passengers and the U.S. Mail going down Washington Street in Boston, with a pair of lively sorrel Colts as leaders. When he neared the Boylston Market he found the street blocked with bread carts. – They were little two wheel box ~~hand~~ carts, that were trundled about the city by hand, and were gathered there to get their daily supply for distribution. He said he drew rein and called out, Clear the way! as he had the U.S. Mail which had the right of way at all times; As they did not heed his call, he called again loudly in his slow measured tone, giving them five minutes to clear the way, at the same time taking out his watch to note the time. Quite a crowd had gathered around to see what the result would be, and his passengers were getting restless at the delay so near their destination. When the five minutes were up. he called out "Gentlemen, the time's up! For God's sake, look out for yourselves

for your bread is going to the devil.' at the same time cracking up his leaders. They sprang to the work, and the carts were scattered to the right and left. overturning as they went, while the crowd cheered him on. He left his passengers at the Washington Coffee House, and the Mail at the Post Office. he then drove back to the tavern and put up his team, and while sitting by the fire warming himself, feeling somewhat "glum" – not knowing what the result would be – a man came in and laid his hand on his shoulder and asked. Are you the driver of the stage that scattered the bread carts at the market? He said he was. (all the time thinking he might be an officer to arrest him) The man said he saw the fun, and wanted to express his appreciation of his doings, and asked him to step up to the bar and take a "nip" – He said in telling the story. – I didn't decline. – and I never was disturbed for clearing the way.

Col. Israel Tisdale who lived on the southeasterly side of Rattlesnake Hill near the Easton line. was one of the best types. of our large hearted thrifty New England farmers. His square two story

farm-house with ample barns and sheds to house his stock and farming implements indicated care and thrift. His large family of sons and daughters made his home a pleasant place to visit, where every one was sure to receive from him an old fashion hearty welcome. He was a man of portly presence with a good natured jolly countenance that indicated a good liver, and content with his portion.

He was noted far and near for the beauty of his team. and the care of his stock, and the pride he took in having a good horse. They were all fat and sleek like there owner. It was worth a day's journey to see him on the road beside his team, dressed in his long homespun frock. and broad rim hat, as erect as a granadier. with a long polished whip stick which he carried military fashion and seldom used, as his voice commanded his team. His huge oxen on the pole wore broad leather harnesses to keep the yoke from knocking their horns. in descending the hills and were kept as clean and bright as coach harnesses. His horse on the lead was a white one large and powerful that seemed to realize the pride of his master in him. and carried his head, to the left on his arched neck as though he wished not to lose sight of his master's motion.

He rode the same horse on the Muster field when in command of his regiment. he was never much given to speech-making. although a good talker.

I remember one he was said to have made to his soldiers after their day's service, as they were drawn up for dismissal. as he sat in his saddle. "Fellow Soldiers! You have done well. If no one else won't praise you I will. Faith!" Then with a hearty laugh that shook his jolly sides. his soldiers cheered him as only such sturdy yeomen as constituted the rank and file of that day could cheer.

Hon. Benjamin Raynolds. one of the leading men in politics as well as in town affairs. A loco-foco. and the only man that ever represented Sharon in the Senate. He held a very strong influence over his townsmen of his party faith, who rallied quickly at his call. and was honored by them with their highest trusts. Like many of his townsmen of that period he was large and strong of build. full six feet high and very erect; he had a back bone, mental as well as physical. The two parties were very evenly divided and the utmost exertions were used to get out every man. After a very heated contest when the "Loco

Foco party were victorious in the town the "old Esquire" (as he was often called) came out of the old meeting house after the vote was declared, and in his thin shrill voice cried out. "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" I never saw one of the old line "Whigs" so indignant as he was on hearing that out-burst. He said he thought there was need of it, after such a vote as Sharon had given.

Friend Drake, another notable character of the same political faith. Well known as the most indefatiguable political worker in this region. A fortnight before the spring and fall Elections, his familiar form, and team would be seen, and heard at all hours of the day, and night on his electioneering tramps over the town. His old bay horse "Sleepy David" was a furious gover and his old yellow wagon, with the body on the axle to save it being taxed, with high back seat and himself dressed in a farmer's homespun frock and old white beaver hat that had stood the storms of many a winter and Summer are not easily forgotten, every notable event in politics or history that came to his knowledge, he chalked down on the

doors and walls of his house and barn to help his memory. To show the shrewd method of the man to carry out his political ends. the following is a fair sample.

Being desirous of electing a Democratic representative he looked about for an available candidate, and selected his man for the following reasons.: First his large family connections in which both parties were represented, believing they would vote for his candidate from personal motives. Then counting noses as it was called, he found a man of the opposition whom his candidate owed a considerable amount of money, and was doubtful about getting back his investment: So he goes to him, and tells him that by voting for his candidate, he can arrange it so that he can get his pay if he is elected by his man paying it out of the salary he will receive from the State. Just as he expected, the temptation was too great. the promise was given and made. The candidate was elected. And as an old Doctor in a neighbor town said when he heard of the transaction, "No one but Friend Drake or the Devil would ever have thought of such an advantage.

William R. Mann. April 28. 1904.

Amasa Dunbar built the stone Cottage on Pond Street. and lived there. He was a boot manufacturer and carried on the business in a shop that was connected to the cottage by an ell. He married Miss Abigail Pond. and they raised a family of four girls. Abigail. who married Russell C. Benson. Sarah Jane. who married our townsman Ford R. Hewins. Maria. married Benjamin Harlow. Henrietta. the only one now living married Emmons Leonard. located on Summit Avenue. and five boys. Hiram. Married Martha Bird - George Married a ~~Philadelphia~~ lady. of Trenton, New Jersey. Theophilus. Dexter and Edward. died unmarried. They were a musical family. and very harmonious. and many a time did they extend to their mates a hearty invitation to spend an evening and entertained them with vocal and instrumental music. Mrs Dunbar was a very unassuming woman. but she was a woman of rare attainments. and exercised a charming influence over her children and they gathered around her as the central figure and held them together as a Magnet.

From Boston Evening Transcript 1895.

A YANKEE JEANNE D'ARC.

Not a score of miles from Boston, stands a fine old-time house, as we pass along some of those woodland roads, which lead on to historic Concord. Wonderful old wall-papers remain in some of the rooms. Specially upon the walls of the well-preserved guest chamber, which for ninety years had not been replaced and was of a pretty pinken hue, too pretty in its design and color to be torn off, and replaced by more modern paper, as it was, we were told, soon to be.

In this very house my friend and hostess was born and reared and married. Her husband, formerly in the navy, retired to live with her upon the old farm, which was her inheritance, and which, from its lofty and magnificent pine trees in the rear of the homestead, gained the name of "Pine Grove Farm." Few pines in the forest State of Maine could equal these towering monarchs, as one gazed far up into their thick canopy of branches and trod upon the soft needles they had dropped down to furnish, as it were, a carpet for the grove. Seats and hammocks allured one to tarry in this grand old place and breathe in the fragrance of the spot, as the winds scattered the perfume of the pines.

As we returned from the grove for a leisure sitting in the parlor of the dear old home, our eye was attracted by a book which lay upon the centre-table, a rec of the "Sampson Family." As it c cerned the history of the kind fri whom I was visiting, I naturally bec interested in its genealogical contents. One picture alone graced the volume, and that midway between its leaves. It was the picture of a tall, stately, broad-shouldered female, with erect bearing and in the description her height was given as five feet, seven inches. Underneath was written the name of Deborah Sampson, and this was the heroine who served in the Continental Army, and went through three campaigns of the Revolutionary War, under the name of Robert Shurtleff, without suspicion. Her patriotism was aroused by the booming of cannon from Bunker Hill, although impelled by mixed motives to enter upon this hazardous experiment.

Her history is an interesting one. At the age of five years, her father having been shipwrecked, or perished at sea, her mother, through pressure of poverty upon the family, was compelled to part with her little daughter, and she was given to a maiden lady by the name of Fuller, and then after some years had a home in the family of Deacon Jeremiah Thomas, where she remained until the age of twenty, when she stole away secretly to enlist in the army, being tired of the humdrum life of feeding the pigs and poultry, and having an intense desire for a broader life and to see more of the world. Her love of books had been frowned upon. Yet she was ambitious to acquire knowledge, and had so used her limited opportunities as to enable her for a short time to teach a public school in Middleboro, where the curriculum was comprised in "The New England Primer," a spelling-book, the Psalter and a few Testaments. Sheets of paper were occasionally allowed the boys to draw upon, and the girls learned to knit and sew. But Deborah Sampson pined for larger scope for her talents, and sympathizing in the country's struggle for liberty, and listening with deep emotion to the booming of the distant cannon on Bunker Hill, she resolved to start forth and have a share in the glories and the hardships of her country's conflict. She spun and wove material for her suit of masculine apparel, and bespoke them of a tailor as for a relative of hers who contemplated going into the army. She made her escape in the night and after many wanderings, enlisted from the town of Uxbridge as a Continental soldier with the assumed name which she had chosen.

She was mustered into the service at Worcester, and in company with a large number of recruits, marched to join the army at West Point. There she was placed in Captain Webb's company of light infantry, in Colonel Shephard's regiment, and General Patterson's brigade. Here her civilian suit was exchanged for the Continental uniform.

The story of her first experience, when the attack of the enemy was unexpected and furious, and a man at her side was shot dead, is thrilling. But she admitted that she suffered less from fear than from fatigue, thirst and the heat of the day. Her transfer to another regiment, to join the French army under Count Rochambeau, is all told by her in vivid terms, and the march of the whole allied army under Washington to protect New York from the enemy is described (resulting in the siege of Yorktown), with the carnage and death she witnessed and also the digging of trenches in which she participated. These exposures brought on a severe cold, together with exhaustion and blistered hands. General Lincoln, noticing the smooth-faced laddie's exhausted appearance after the night's labor upon the trenches, said: "You have too great share of fatigue upon you, my fine laddie. Retire to your tent and pleasantly dream an hour or two." Her delicate appearnace and having no beard was often noticed and she was called the "smock-faced boy," but her sex was never suspected.

She was brave and fearless and valient in time of conflict. She went through three campaigns, sharing in all the hardships and the glories, and twice was wounded.

At last, being overtaken with a malignant fever, and being brought to the verge of death, the attending physician discoverd that the "brave soldier-laddie" was a woman, but such was his benevolence and generosity, he sacredly guarded the secret, save to the matron, who had her removed to her own apartments and nursed with the greatest care.

On her departure for camp, after this illness, for the purpose of being discharged, the doctor wrote a letter to General Patterson, disclosing the secret, and although greatly astonished, the general treated her with utmost kindness, giving her an honorable discharge, as she had been well-known and acted in the third year as his aide-de-camp and had lived in his family. She was granted a pension, which was continued during the remainder of her life. On returing home she did not immediately make herself known among her relatives, but at length resumed female apparel, and employments. In a few months she was married and became the wife of Benjamin Gannett of Sharon, and lived to rear a family of three children, two daughters and one son (Captain Earl B. Gannett).

At the age of sixty-seven she died at her home in Sharon, where she had sustained the character of an exemplary wife and mother, and a kind friend and neighbor.

The record of Deborah Sampson in all its parts is without parallel. Jeanne D'Arc, as a leader, was less exposed than the private soldier, Deborah Sampson. This résumé, taken from a book lying on the center-table of my friend, whose guest I was, made me more than ever interested in the descendants of this heroine, still bearing the family name, at Pine Grove Farm. H. E. H.

Contributed by Eliza B. Mills.

Deborah Sampson's Willow.

You are doubtless aware of the profuse growth of the willows in East Sharon.

It is interesting to know that the origin of these trees is due to one who figured so prominently in the welfare of her Country.

The first tree was brought from Plympton, the birthplace of Deborah Sampson, and planted in the yard of her Sharon home. She watched the growth of this tree carefully and finding it was not making the desired progress, examined the roots only to find they were obstructed by stones.

These stones, it was afterward learned were placed there secretly by her husband, whose favorite tree was evidently not a willow.

The stones being removed the tree again took root and flourished for over a Century. Its massive branches were finally torn asunder by the severe storms.

Mrs. F. G. Moody.
January 6-1904

[illegible] Sleigh rides. About the year 1851
[illegible] in Sumner and the D. D. Times engineered
[illegible] to Wrentham where they took dinner.
A few years later, parties, including all who
[illegible] willing to go, would start up north but
[illegible] notice and pay on a ride. The distance
seldom more than ten miles out, thus making
easy for all horses. Some one usually went a day
two before to arrange for Dinner and Horse feed.
[illegible] weather or moderate snow storms did not keep
[illegible] at home who had planned to go. One grand, good
[illegible] about these Rides was that it gave the young people
[illegible] opportunity to meet with others at a simple, inexpensive,
very pleasant gathering that did not often occur under
[illegible] circumstances. If space permitted, it would be pleasant
[illegible] mention the names of gentlemen and ladies, as far as could
[illegible] remembered, who usually or sometimes were of the party.
[illegible] have passed away, some are still with us.
[illegible] places visited were Wrentham, Hyde Park, Franklin, Thayer Ho.
[illegible] Bellingham, Randolph, and once to Foxboro; returning to Sharon
[illegible] dinner at the Massasoit House. A few names of foreign were
[illegible] Baker, Mann, Johnson, Rhodes, Drake, Tannett, Derry, Ingalls,
[illegible] Bacon, Richards, Billings, Stone, Harper, Drake, Lesure,
[illegible] Pettee, Gay, Reynolds, Chute, Ellis, Wade, and doubtless others.

[illegible] Jan. 23 1904 E. W. Pettee

Bonfire on Independence Day.

On several Fourth of July's between 1855 and 1861 it was the custom in Sharon to burn a barrel of tar on the summit of Moose Hill in the evening.

I do not know whether this display was a town enterprise or the patriotic contribution of some private citizens, but I have always remembered it as a spectacle much anticipated and greatly admired, and a far more appropriate and acceptable form of celebration than the noisy demonstrations of recent date.

John G. Phillips.

Florence. Italy.
March 28th 1904

A Story of Stoughton in 1716.

This year the first house built in Stoughton was erected by Isaac Stearns who came here from Lexington. The Stoughton Historical Society has erected a polished stone marker on the street, but a few feet from the cellar of the said house. The scattering bricks of the chimney are to be seen here and there on the ground today, or were a few months ago. Isaac Stearns was the Deacon of the first church in Stoughton which was located then in what is now Canton. There were then no houses in Stoughton except the house of Mr. Stearns, while in Canton there were the houses of Matthias Cuffer, Mr. Bailey and possibly one or two more. The immigrant, Stearns, was an ancestor of mine, and had a son, the Rev. Ebenezer Stearns, who was the first Baptist minister of Easton. He owned 451 acres of land, extending from the corner of Stoughton, next to Easton, and running over the town to the centre of what is now Stoughton Village. Adjoining his land was the land of Humphrey Atherton, also an ancestor of mine. About ¼ of a mile North from the Stearns' house was the land of his son, Consider Atherton, whose great-great-grandfather was Major Gen. Humphrey Atherton, from whom all the Athertons in Massachusetts and other sections have probably descended. Stearns' Bridge, crossing a little stream about 40 rods from his house, retains its name

to this day. Passing the water privilege lately of Albert Southworth, northerly, next is the pond of French and Ward, more ancient Leonard Hodges.

Isaac Stearns had a large family of children. They and their descendants have helped populate many sections of old Norfolk, as well as other sections near and remote. Very few, if any, remain of that name today however, but an infusion of his blood under other names has produced many men of note in various professions, in the various schools of divinity, medicine and law.

The closest neighbor to Mr. Stearns lived about three miles away in Canton. The site of his, Mr. Baily's, house is on the street which starts from the late homestead of Col. John Gay, running down to South Canton. The house of Humphrey Atherton afterwards built at West Stoughton, was about 10 rods from the school-house there. In 1698 the Selectmen of Dorchester laid out a road three rods wide from Milton, between the Great and Little Blue Hills, up to what is now Canton Corner, South Canton, into Sharon, until it comes into the way leading from Dedham to Mr. Billings' house. This road is located over an existing path, and in the language of the inscription, "as the way now goeth," but it seems to be upon the West side of Massapoag brook, from South Canton to Sharon factory. This way was made March 1st, 1710-20. I have just given a few sentences from the lay-out.

The population of these towns in 1739 was supposed by Mr. Newton Talbot, of Boston, to have been--Canton, 415 inhabitants, Stoughton 525 and Sharon 415, making in all 1355 inhabitants. While there were as I understand, but 273 ratable polls it will be remembered that the families in those days were large, ranging from 8 to 16. There were probably from 225 to 300 houses in town, most of the houses in those days probably not costing more than $200 or $300. In a short article like this, there is no opportunity offered to go into details very much, except that it will surprise people to know that houses were built so cheaply in those days.

Brockton Feb 3d 1904

Loring W Puffer

The name Tisdale is derived from the River Tees, a river in the North of England.

John Tisdale was born in England about 1600. He came to Duxbury in 1636, lived there until 1660 and then removed to Taunton. His house in Taunton was a kind of headquarters for the English, before 1675, but was then destroyed by the Indians and he was killed. He m. Sarah Walker of London, Eng. Children-: John-b. 1642, James-b.1644, Joshua-b.1646, Joseph-b.1656, Elizabeth-Mary-b.1660, Abigail. Joseph m. Mary Leonard Aug. 1681. Ch-: Joseph, Jr.-b.1682, Ellenar-b.1684, Mary-b.1686, Hannah-b.1688, Sarah-b.1690, Abigail-b.1692, Elizabeth-b.1694. Capt. Joseph, Jr. m. Ruth Reed March 13, 1706. Ch-: Joseph-b.1706, Lewis-b. 1708, Seth-b.1716, Job-b.1712, Ebenezer-b.1723, Simeon--Bathsheba--Mary and Hannah. Ebenezer m. Priscilla Drake. Ch-: Ebenezer, Jr.-b. 1747, Abijah and Edward-b.1755, Hannah, Ruth, Priscilla--Ace & Mace (twins) 1765, Capt. Edward m. Ruth Hanley. Ch-: Betsey-Israel-b. Feb.24, 1780, Edward. Col. Israel m. Susanna Wolcott Dec. 1, 1801. Ch-: Israel, Jr.-b.1803, Susan-b.1806, Abijah-b.1809, Ebenezer-b.1811, Ann-b.1813. His wife, Susanna, died 1813 and in 1814 he married her sister Betsey. Ch-: Elizabeth-b.1815, Josiah-b.1817, Susan-b.1819, Edward and a twin b. 1822, Mace-b.1824, Hannah-b.1828, Ruth-b.1831, these being the 7th generation.

The Tisdale family was a remarkable one. I remember Col. Israel very well indeed, who lived West of the Bay Road in Sharon, near the Tisdale Cemetery and close to the Easton line. The Col. had a large farm of many hundred acres and was noted for good husbandry. Fat oxen and fat horses were his delight. Rising as soon as it was light in the summer, he did not cease labor until it was nearly 10 o'clock P.M. He used to say, "I never knew what it was to be tired until after I was forty years old." He was a large man of noble mien, and in many respects resembled the late Hon. Oliver Ames, the founder of the shovel industry in Easton, who was his contemporary and intimate friend. In fact the two men were often quoted as being the two smartest men in Sharon & Easton. At one time, about 1840, Col. Tisdale's wealth was supposed to be much in excess of that of Mr. Ames, but who would have dreamed 70 years ago that in the year 1904 the Ames family would be worth many millions; the patrons of education, the arts and sciences, and the authors of many noble public benefactions, while the Tisdale family is almost obliterated.

I lived with Ebenezer, above, b.1811- from April 8, 1842 until Nov. 25, 1845 in North Bridgewater & Easton. He was a kind man, had an excellent wife, and the two removals while I lived with him gave me excellent opportunities for making acquaintances. Ebenezer Tisdale, who after I left him, lived on Turner Plain and lost all but one of his children while there, was industrious, just and honorable and with a strong pride in the Tisdale family. I wrote his will in Dec. 1866, and have had his estate in my charge since 1890. His only heir, a grandchild, will be 21 years old next October. There must be some persons now living in Sharon that do forget remember Col. Tisdale and his reputation. I saw him many times and have not forgotten his kindly treatment of me, then a little boy. Two of his sons were teachers, and his whole family were of good reputation in their native town. At least two of the older members of this family were captains in the Revolution.

Brockton, Feb. 5, 1904.

Loring W. Puffer

Uncle Daniel Fuller.

Antwerp Belgium May 24th 1904

A Unique Character.

I doubt if there are many persons now living in Sharon, who have a more lively collection of "Uncle Daniel" than the writer. Though bent nearly double, so that in going down hill, he put his hands under his long-tailed red coat, with its brass buttons, to keep his balance, he every Sunday took the long walk from his secluded farm house on Moose Hill, to "meeting."

Often he called at the noon hour at the Parsonage, where he swallowed the contents of a good-sized pitcher of water at a gulp, much to the amazement of the minister's children. His old time queue, carefully tied with a leather string by "Aunt Nabby" his maiden sister, was the only one ever seen in the meeting house, in the days which the writer now recalls. "Uncle Daniel" was faithful in doing his part to "support the gospel" as was testified in his keeping the minister's vinegar jug well filled. He was always ready to discourse on "spiritual and divine" themes, and no doubt his inner experiences were both vital & unusual, tho' most quaintly expressed.

Catherine A. Shead

The Old Sharon with its precious memories and its boundless blessing is not to be forgotten. The New Sharon with its beauty and glory is to be warmly congratulated.

The Old historic church with its straight pews its lofty Pulpit and its hanging paper are matters of sacred history. The transformed church speaks of a new spirit and purpose in the people. The Church in these strenuous times is a little nearer heaven than in former days. That which quickly moves the heart with the tonic in the air has wrought mightily for the weary suffering ones of Sharon. The Sons and the Daughters who have gone forth from this Town, have done nobly. The right purpose in the heart at first might have been feeble but it strengthened with their strength, and intensified their lives. Deborah Sampson's willow walking stick, was a little thing when she planted it in front of Mr Gannetts house, but to day the mighty tree defies the fury of the blast and the storm. Thus with these Sons and Daughters. the thought, the purpose, may have been small but to day they have a noble, commanding purpose.

They are kindly remembered by the people, Society honors them, The world in which they move appreciates their worth.

Edward G. Smith., Former Pastor.

January thirty 1904.

JOB SWIFT
OF
SHARON

**

(I) WILLIAM SWIFT, with his family, supposed to have come from Bocking, Essex, England, in 1630 or '31, was in Watertown, Mass., as early as 1634; he sold his estate there in 1637, and removed to Sandwich, Barnstable County, Mass., where he died: the inventory of his estate was presented at Plymouth Court in January 1643(4). His widow, Joane, died in 1663, leaving a will in which she names her son William.

(II) WILLIAM SWIFT Jr., son of William and Joane, married about the year 1650 Ruth, and had eleven children.

(III) JIREH SWIFT, son of William and Ruth, born in 1665, married Abigail Gibbs, a lineal descendant of Richard Warren Sr., who came to Plymouth, Mass., in the ship "Mayflower" in 1620. They had twelve children.

(IV) JOB SWIFT, sixth son and eighth child of Jireh and Abigail (Gibbs) Swift, born in Sandwich Oct. 3, 1711, married there Jan. 20, 1733-4 Sarah Blackwell, daughter of Joshua and Sarah (Ellis) Blackwell of that town. None of their children are recorded in Sandwich.

July 12,1735,Job Swift of Sandwich,Barnstable County,purchased of Benjamin Perry one hundred acres of land in late Dorchester,now Stoughton,Mass. He probably settled upon this land immediately,as he was living there in March 1742 when he bought of Perry more of the same lot adjoining his own land. In 1752 and '53 he bought out the rights of the Tupper heirs in one hundred acres in Stoughton; later Deeds show this land to have been in Stoughtonham District,now Sharon.

When his District became the town of Sharon,Job Swift was elected a member of the first Board of Selectmen,in 1765. That his townsmen had full faith in his patriotism is shown by his being chosen in 1774 a member of the Committee of Safety; he was also sent as a Delegate from the town to the Provincial Congress of 1774-5. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War Job Swift Sr. and his three sons responded to the first summons to engage in active service for the defense of their country, leaving only women and little children in their homes. Job Swift Sr.,although nearly sixty four years of age, and therefore exempt from military duty,joined Capt.Ebenezer Tisdale's Company of Minute Men; Job Jr. was a

member of Capt.E.B.Savel's (1st) Company,Col.Robinson's Regiment: Joshua and Jireh Swift were enlisted under Capt.Samuel Payson,in Col.John Greaton's Regiment,and all marched from the District of Stoughtonham on the alarm of the Battle of Lexington,April 19,1775: Job Swift Senior was in service fifteen days. Jireh enlisted as a Private,and Joshua as a Sergeant,immediately after for eight months,to the end of 1775; the three brothers were together at Ticonderoga in 1776,and Joshua Swift who continued in service during the war,made application for a pension from Lisle,Broome County,N.Y.

Children of Job and Sarah (Blackwell) Swift:

1 Lusanna married 1758 Nathaniel Capen of Stoughton, and,2d,----- Price.

2 Sarah married 1755 John Johnson,and removed with her family,about 1795,to Robbinston,Maine.

3 Temperance married 1759 Thomas Manley Jr of Easton,Mass.

(These three daughters were probably born and baptized in Stoughton,but the early Stoughton Church records being destroyed,no births or baptisms are found.)

4 Patience baptized by Rev.Philip Curtis of Sharon in 1748,died in 1768.

5 Joshua born and baptized in Sharon in 1744,married 1769 Mary Hewins,and had nine children; he removed about 1787 to Fairlie,Orange County,Ver-

mont, and later to Lisle, Broome County, N.Y.

6 Job Jr. born and baptized in Sharon in 1746, married in 1768 Rebecca Cummings of Pigeon Swamp by whom he had four children; he married, 2d, Elisabeth Guild and had seven children. Of these, Job, the eldest son, removed to Readfield, Maine; the second son, Samuel, remained in Sharon and married Anna Hewins; John died unmarried in Sharon: others of Job Jr's children went to Hamilton and Elmira, N.Y. After the death of his second wife Job Swift Jr. followed his younger children to Hamilton, Madison County, N.Y., where he died.

7 Jireh born and baptized in Sharon in 1748, married in 1769 Waitstill Lyon, by whom he had four sons; he died about 1777, in which year Job Swift Senior conveyed by Deed of Gift to his grandsons, Jireh, Wyeth, Zipha and Azel, the sons of his son Jireh Swift deceased, that part of his real estate that was their father's portion. Azel at this time was about a year old. In 1795 Job Swift Senior confirmed this land to them, Zipha being then a resident of Foxboro', Mass., Wyeth of Whately, Mass., and Azel of Northampton, Mass.

8 Charity baptized in 1750, died in 1754.

9 Abigail married 1774 William Lewis.

10 Unity born and baptized in Sharon in 1752, married in 1772 William Randall of Easton, Mass.

11 Philip baptized and died in 1754.

Sarah Blackwell, wife of Job Swift Sr., died in Sharon April 2, 1772: the stone which he erected to her memory

is still standing in Rockridge Cemetery.

From 1787 to 1790 Job Swift Senior was absent in Fairlie, Orange County, Vermont, and while there appointed his son, Job Jr. of Sharon his attorney to transact certain business; he also sold some of his land in Sharon. After seeing his son Joshua well settled in Fair lie, he returned to Sharon, and on Dec. 20, 1798, Job Swift made his will, in which he gave all his estate to his second son, Job Swift Jr., he to pay legacies to his eldest son, Joshua Swift, his five surviving daughters, and his grandsons, the four sons of son Jireh Swift deceased. After making this will he apparently decided to pay the legacies himself, and settle his own estate, and accordly, having confirmed the inheritance of their dead father to his grandsons, as above stated, on Nov. 15, 1798, he gave a Deed of his whole remaining estate to his son Job Swift Jr.

The original will of Job Swift Sr., probably cancelled by himself on the passing of the above Deed, (with the signature cut out) was found in the house of his great granddaughter, Mrs. Mary (Swift) Tolman, after her death in 1886. Job Swift Sr. died in Sharon Feb. 14, 1801, and was buried in Rockridge Cemetery, where his stone still 5

stands.

EZRA OTIS SWIFT.

Boston, March, 1904

STORY OF THE MONEY IN THE WELL.

There has been a story reported about bags of specie being brought to Sharon from Boston during the revolution, for safe keeping, and cast into the well in the corner of the Rev. Mr. Curtis's garden. This story is not strictly correct, but for the purpose of corroborating some of my previous statments, and giving a true account of the money in the well, I send you the following story from another source which was published some years ago.

The Rev. Philip Curtis had a daughter Elizabeth, who married a kinsman of her father's, and had a son, Nathaniel, born in Boston, the 17th of March, 1774

When the child was an infant, the British took possession of Boston, and many of the inhabitants who were disinclined to remain in proximity to the troops left it. The parents of this child took up their abode with her father in Sharon, and remained until Boston was evacuated by the British forces on March 17, 1776, when the child was two years old.

During the sojourn of the family as stated above, Capt. Curtis, the father, having a vessel lying at Salem, took her to Gloucester, loaded her with fish, and running under cover of the night, evaded the British crusers, and proceeded to the Island of Barbadoes, then as was supposed, under the French. Arriving in the evening he was boarded from a British frigate, and his vessel brought to anchor under cover of her guns. But his crew were not taken out, nor were officers or men put on board. Fortunately for him, a heavy gale blowing out the harbor accompanied with squalls of rain, sprung up that night, causing vessels to drag their anchors. The frigate's crew being occupied with her, Capt. Curtis cut his cable and drove to sea without being discovered.

The island was then in possession of the British. Running down to St. Eustatia, a neutral Dutch island, he sold his cargo very favorably for Spanish dollars. Not deeming it prudent to return to Massachusetts Bay, he made for Stonington, Conn., arrived there safely, and returned through Providence to Sharon. At this time, Col. Richard Gridley, the chief engineer of the army, was employed with a number of men at Massapoag Pond, proving some mortars, which had been cast to be placed upon Dorchester heights, to bombard the town or ships in the harbor. Capt. Curtis, having some knowledge of gunnery acquired in the French war, volunteered to assist Col. Gridley. Meanwhile an impostor rode through the country, stating that the British had marched out of Boston, had then reached Milton bridge, and were devastating all before them. Capt. Curtis returned home to find the family had fled to the woods, except the faithful negro, Scip, who had put out the fires, and armed himself with a heavy club with which he said he was determined to defend the house. He said that the bags of money were in the well, and pointed out the hiding place of the family. Capt. Edward B Savel's family fled to the woods. Chloe and Jerusha being small, could not keep up with the rest, when Chloe caught up her sister upon her back, and tugged on after the rest to a place of safety.

The old house was the house now occupied by Dr. Grant and the beautiful terraced garden was the land in front of the schoolhouse. The well was in the corner near the Glendale house

Sharon land owners in 1798.

The following list is taken from the returns of the assessors appointed under Act of Congress passed July 14. 1798, entitled "An Act to lay and collect a Direct Tax within the United States." The tax laid was two million dollars, of which there was assigned to Massachusetts $260,435.31 2/10. I have united, for greater convenience, into one alphabetical list two general list of the assessors' returns. The first two columns of figures in my list are taken from the assessors' "general list of all dwelling houses which, with the out houses appurtenant thereto and the lots on which the same are erected, not exceeding two acres in any case, [exceeding in value the sum of one hundred dollars] were owned, possessed or occupied on the 1st day of October 1798." The house lots in the present instance were one acre each.

The last two columns of figures in my list are taken from the assessors' "general list of lands, lots, and buildings (excepting only such dwelling houses as with the out houses appurtenant thereto and the lots on which they are erected not

exceeding two acres in any case, are above the value of one hundred dollars)."

In this valuation, the principal assessor was Seth Bullard, and his assistants were Aaron Everett, Timothy Mann and Joseph Hewins. Their summary shows 117 dwelling houses above the value of $100, 11 outhouses and 114 acres valued at $29,589; 19 dwelling houses (of value not exceeding $100) $805, and 1350¼ acres and 10 perches of land valued at $104,436. The several lots of each owner were separately assessed, but I have herein copied only the totals. The owner was indicated in a separate column from the occupant, but I have used only one column because the cases were quite few in which the owner and occupant were not the same person.

The valuation books covering Massachusetts property under the United States Direct Tax of 1798 are now in the custody of the New England Historic Genealogical Society 18 Somerset Street, Boston.

August 12, 1904. Eugene Tappan.

owner	house	value	acres of land	value	
David Allen			27	£81	
Joshua Allen			26	78	other land in Walpole
Seth Allen			37	185	
Elijah Baker	1	£120	60	450	1 dwelling house £30.
Elijah Baker Jr.			40	240	
Jonathan Belcher with Benj. Richards as to house	1	300	50½	532	
Joseph Belcher			17	170	
Elijah Billings	1	110	15	60	
James Billings			97	503	1 dwelling house £20.
Jonathan Billings	1	500	140	1500	outhouse with house.
widow Mary & Lois Billings			15	225	
Leonard Billings	1	250	80	686	
Nathaniel Billings	1	280	38	310	
Parker Billings	1	170	137	1127	
Samuel Billings - - - - -			4	3½	- other land in Foxborough.
William Billings	1	680	213	2168	
Robert Britton			12	120	
Benjamin Bullard			30	120	
widow Judith Bullard			12	48	
Silas Bullard	1	160	37¾	377	
Ezekiel Capen	1	160	91	656	Jerusha Capen occupying house with him.
widow Jerusha Capen			26	182	
Lemuel Capen	1	150	92	638	

owner.	house	value	acres	value	
Oliver Capen	1	$240	54	$432	
Samuel Capen	1	160	25	150	Elijah Capen occupying house with him.
Elijah Capen			25	150	
Jabez Chickering			38	152	
Samuel Clap	1	200	97	643	
Asa Clark	1	105	20½	117	
Hosea Clark	1	103	60	300	
Thomas Clark	1	160	150	750	
Jonathan Cobb	1	470	17¼	256	outhouse with house
Joseph Coney	1	102	50	250	
Thomas Coney			30	315	1 dwelling house $45.
William Coney			10	70	
Joseph Cummings	1	280	103	807	
Calvin Curtis	1	120	33½	420	
widow Elizabeth Curtis			120	840	
Francis Curtis	1	350	18	318	1 dwelling house $50.
Oliver Curtis	1	500	20¾	295	
Philip Curtis			86	757	
heirs of Philip Curtis	1	400	96	984	outhouse with house
Silvanus Clark			30	210	1 dwelling house $30.
Phin. Dean			4½	45	
William Dean			4	40	

owner	house	value	acres	value	
Abiel Drake	1	$170	90	$540	
Archippus Drake	1	650	70	385	
David Drake			22	142	1 dwelling house $40.
Enoch Drake			11	88	
widow Hannah Drake			20	120	"her thirds".
John Drake	1	130	135	810	
John Drake Jr.	1	350	128	937	
Joseph Drake.	1	175	104¼	739	1 dwelling house $40
Nathan Drake	1	160	190	1404	
Oliver Drake			50	250	
Spencer Drake	1	105	39	300	
William Drake			59	432	
Philip Draper			72	1058	
widow Mary Eaton			127	1069	"her thirds"
widow Joanna Estey			12	120	
John Estey	1	105	75½	288	
Lemuel Estey	1	260	30½	238	
Samuel Estey	1	165	126¼	823	
Abel Everett			12	168	
Ebenezer Everett			159	2607	
Edward Everett	1	260	70	700	
Oliver Everett	1	340	153	1600	outhouse with house

owner	house	value	acres	value	
Abner Fairbanks			71	568	Also occupant of 22 acres, value £176, of wh. Isaac & Lewis heirs are owners.
Benjamin Fairbanks	1	340	170	935	
Benjamin Fairbanks Jr.			83	350	
David Fairbanks			112	860	
Elipt. Fales			2 acres 50 perch	40	
Isaac Felch	1	180	100	600	
Aaron Fisher	1	450	111½	992	outhouse with house
David Fisher	2	385	169	1512	
Ebenezer Fisher			50	500	
Elijah Fisher			60	480	
Ezra Fisher			54	432	
Jacob Fisher			62½	405	1 dwelling house £30
Ebenezer Fuller	1	280	64	500	
Samuel Fuller	1	350	147	1344	
Benjamin Garnet	1	400	202	1892	
Benjamin Garnet Jr.			49	424	
Joseph Garnet	1	270	54	384	
Aaron Gay			9	45	
Ichabod Gay			25	175	
Jesse Gay			24	168	
Moses Gay			5	25	
Solomon Gay			100	500	1 dwelling house £40

owner	house	value	acres	value	
Solomon Gay Jr.			10	$50	
Solomon Gilbert	1	$150	63	378	
Thomas Glover	1	110	43	344	
Ezra Gould	1	220	56	420	
Nathaniel Gould	1	120	46	400	
Simon Gould			80	640	
Aaron Guild			18	144	
Samuel Guild			10	70	
Benjamin Harlow	1	150	47	329	widow Mary Harlow occupying house with him.
Benjamin Harlow Jr.			12	60	
Ebenezer Harlow			25	150	
Elizabeth Harlow			26	158	occupant, Elizabeth Harlow – owner, widow Eliza Harlow
Matthew Harlow	1	150			
Matthew H. Harlow			50	450	
Amasa Hewins	1	110	32	168	
Benjamin Hewins			40	330	1 dwelling house $40.
Ebenezer Hewins	1	280	84¼	588	
David Hewins	1	180	25	200	
Elijah Hewins	1	200	100	1050	outhouse with house
Enoch Hewins	1	250	49¼	305	
Enoch Hewins Jr.	1	150	63	384	Joseph Billings owner with him.
Jacob Hewins	1	450	115½	797	

owner	house	value	acres	value	
Joseph Hewins	2	850 150	109½	1124	Samuel Whittemore owner of houses with him. outbuilding with house
Samuel Hewins	1	105	46	396	John Holmes occupant with him – Olivier Curtis owner with him of house.
William Hewins	1	105	38¾	181	
Richard Hixon	1	255	78	660	owner of house, Richard Hixon & Mary Hixon's heirs. – Peter Thayer occupant of house with him.
Benjamin Hodges	1	250	298	1788	
Benjamin Holmes.	1	250	67	536	
Ebenezer Holmes	1	220	48¾	292	
Ebenezer Holms.	1	130	65	455	[Two persons of this name] called "2d." in one place
Samuel Holmes	1	110	66	330	
Samuel Holmes Jr.	1	200	70	560	
William Holmes			70	395	1 dwelling house #30.
Zebulon Holmes			12	114	1 dwelling house #30.
Zebulon Holmes Jr.			18	90	
James Indient			40	160	This in the original is under the letter E.
Ben Johnson			5	60	
Caleb Johnson			68¼	371	
widow Hannah Johnson			62	310	
Isaac Johnson			66	660	
Jacob Johnson heirs.			100	570	1 dwelling house #70
John Johnson heirs			12	88	1 dwelling house #40
Joseph Johnson heirs			20	110	
Josiah Johnson			8	120	

owner	house	value	acres	value	
Joshua Johnson			40	250	1 dwelling house #50.
Obed Johnson			4	135	Obed Johnson was occupant. Isaac Johnson was owner. 1 dwelling house #75.
Rebecca Johnson			15	180	
Jacob Jordin			36	220	1 dwelling house #40.
Joseph Jordin			30	180	
Ben Kingman			20	80	
James Kingsbury			58	917	
Nathanael Kingsbury	1	360	104	1042	
Adam Kinsley			50	200	Jonathan Leonard owner with him.
Thomas Kollock	1	290	85	522	
David Lawrance	1	120	37	239	
Nathanael Leonard	1	250	54	432	
David Manley			66	390	1 dwelling house #60
widow Temperance Manley			20	100	
Elijah Morse			35	210	
Elipihalet Morse	1	150	50	240	
Ezra Morse	1	200	98	783	
George Morse			25	175	
Gilead Morse	1	150	130	840	
Joseph Morse	1/2	110	147	882	Lewis Morse also 10 a. value #60.
Lewis Morse	1/2				
John Morse	1	110	30	210	

owner	house	value	acres	value	
John Morse			40	400	[different person from the John Morse before mentioned !]
John Morse Jr.			23	230	
Levi Morse	1	170	110	705	
Nathanael Morse	1	380	191 3/4	1904	outbuilding with house
Nathanael Morse Jr.			76	621	
Joseph Morse	1	160	119	833	
Ziba Plimpton	1	280	90	817	
James Pope heirs			30	240	
Marquis Quincy	1	105			
Benjamin Randall	1	1000	126	1210	outbuilding with house.
John Randall	1	320	44	248	
Joseph Randall	1	220	95	575	
Ben Raynolds			117	960	
John C. Renfreake	1	120	20 3/4	236	
Daniel Rhoads	1	250	55	550	
Eleazer Rhoads			8	80	
Jeremiah Rhoads	1	220	55	470	
Sim Rhoads			76	710	
Benjamin Richards	1	500	69	730	
Benjamin Richards Jr.	1	350	35	350	
Daniel Richards	1	320	100	1000	
Ebenezer Richards	1	350	59 1/4	640	

owner	house	value	acres	value	
Jeremiah Richards	1	200	10	100	
Thomas Richards			48	535	
William Richards	1	220	84	588	
William Savage Jr.	1	400	52	334	outbuilding with house.
Benjamin Savels	1	400	63	518	John Savels owner of house with him.
Edward Savels	1	250	64	626	widow Mary Savells owner of house with him
John Savels	1	1000	67¼	370	outbuilding with house.
widow Mary Savells			20	240	her thirds.
William Savels			86	864	
Abner Shelley	1	104			
Jonathan Shelley	1	120	108	616	
George Shepherd	1	300	98	866	
Jacob Shepard			15	120	
Israel Smith	1	160	84	892	
Israel Smith Jr.	1	400	51	561	owner, Israel Smith.
Jesse Smith			24	100	
John Smith			48¾	525	
Ebenezer Sumner			78	744	
Margaret Sumner			4	100	
Nathaniel Sumner			20	460	with sons, 40 a. $340. " Wm. Sumner, 8 a. 64.
Job Swift Jr.	1	450	135	810	
Ebenezer Talbot			2	30	

owner	house	value	acres	value	
Josiah Talbot	1	240	150	880	
Zelotes Thrasher	1	130	42½	286	
Ebenezer Tisdale heirs	1	350	189	988	
Mara Tisdale heirs			38	244	
Edward Tisdale	1	130	162	846	
John Tolman	1	250	80	656	
William Tolman	1	170	160	1100	
William Tolman Jr.	1	300	7	21	
Abijah Upham			5	25	
Zebulon Waters			20	100	
Ebenezer White			6½	33	
Joshua Whittemore	1	150	44	352	
Solomon Willer			40	270	1 dwelling house #30.
Ben Williams			4	20	
Philip Willis			15	75	
Philip Withington			40	170	
William Withington	1	220	98½	903	

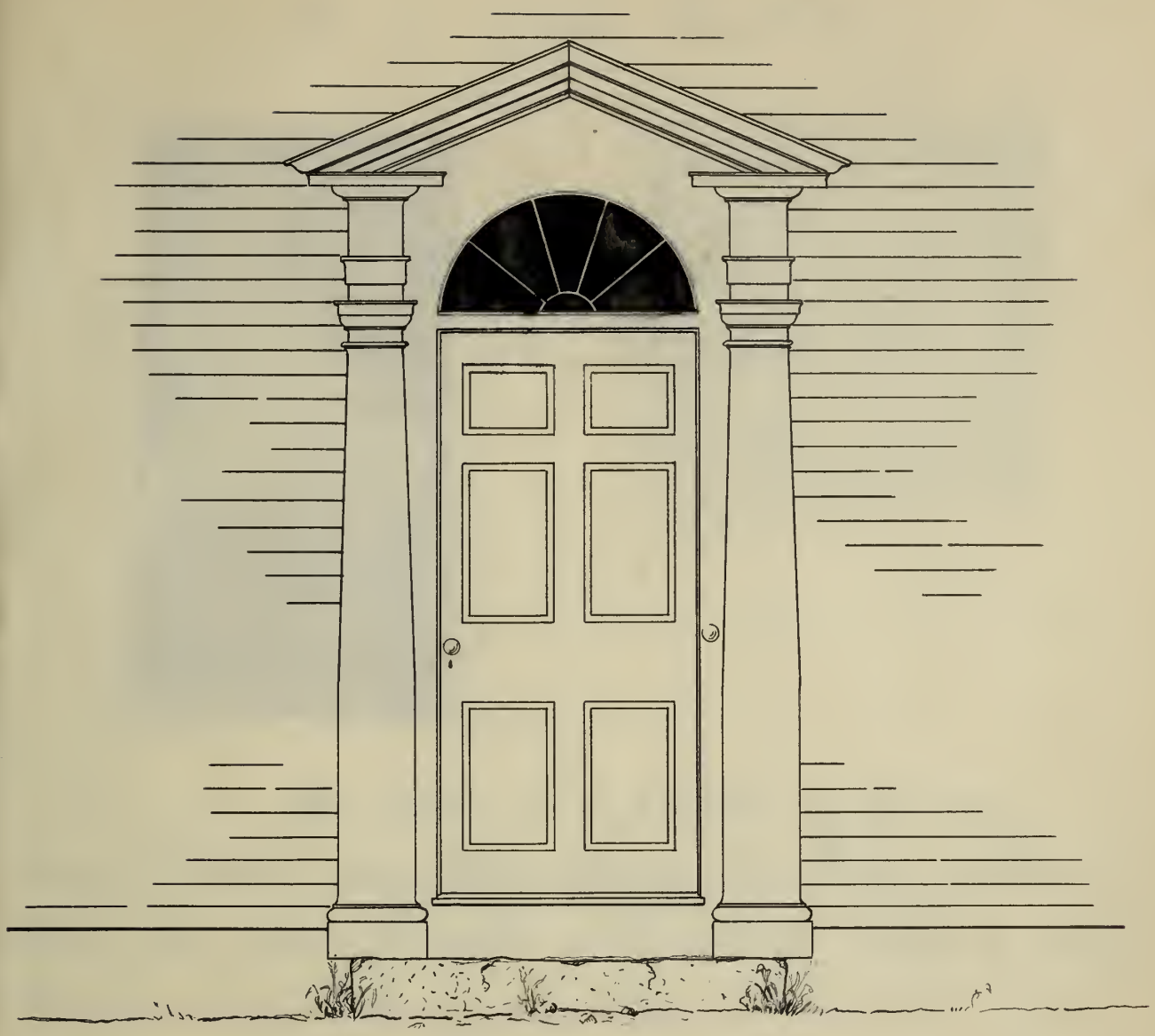
Live Moose in Sharon.

At the October meeting the question was asked "Did moose ever live in Sharon?"

This is not improbable. The hill has had its name for over two centuries. It is marked as "Moose Hill" on the plan of land of the Dorchester proprietors laid out in 1696 and 1697. Ebenezer Billings in his will made in 171 7/8 tells of his land on Moose Hill.

Abner Morse in his history of Sherborn says that wild animals "were not exterminated for a century. The last moose was attempted to be captured by Richard Seager and Negro about 1745." Mr. William S. Tilden, the historian of Medfield, in a letter referring to this incident says "Morse wrote about 1850; he was born in 1793 and he was acquainted with many men in his youth who could well remember the date referred to (1745). I have no doubt that "Moose Hill" in your town was named from the fact that some early settler in old Stoughtonham either saw or killed a moose there".

March 28, 1904. Muriel Sappen



THE ABOVE is a measured drawing of the entrance to an old building on Main Street, SHARON, MASS.
IT was once the parsonage of the Baptist Church, and its erection dates back to the early part of the 19th century.
THE ENTRANCE shows that purity of design and sincerity of execution so often found in the old, but so little seen in the new.

Scale: 1 inch equals 2 feet.
Drawn by R. Tappan.
June 13. 1904.

Leap-Year Birthday.

Dear Mr. Martin: I will now tell you what my birthday party was like. Thirty-one boys and girls came and I am sure they had a good time. I had so many presents that I can scarcely count them, a watch and necklace and furs and pictures and a writing-desk and silver spoons and things from my grandpas and aunties in the East. My little friends brought me books, cups and saucers, paper and candy and blossoming plants, and many pretty things. We played games, such as spin the platter, drop the handkerchief, going to Jerusalem and a peanut hunt. Then we had supper. A red ribbon ran to each child's place, on the end of which was a large red and white carnation. The birthday cake had many red cherries in it, eight candles on it, and only one lighted. The children each carried home a little souvenir in fancy red paper, and a picture like the one I sent you. Your loving little girl.

The above is a picture of Frances Howard Pettee, daughter of George D. Pettee of Cleveland, Ohio, and granddaughter of D. Webster Pettee of Sharon. She was born February 29, 1896, and had her first birthday anniversary February 29, 1904, when she was eight years old. The above letter was written by Frances to the children's editor of the Congregationalist newspaper in which it was published March 19, 1904 with the picture. A period of eight years between two leap years will not happen again for two centuries.

March 28, 1904 Eugene Tappan.

Sharon People who joined the Medfield Baptist Church.

Leavitt Hewins, baptized in Sharon, united with the church Sept. 6, 1812. Died in Windham, Ohio. Sept. 8, 1862, aged 84.

Joshua Whittemore, Sen. baptized in Sharon, united with the church Sept. 20, 1812. Died Aug. 19, 1823. aged 61.

Philip Hewins, received by letter (whence not recorded) Sept. 19, 1813. Died Sept. 20, 1827, aged 57.

Hannah Hewins, wife of Enoch H., (possibly dau. of Nathaniel Kingsbury) joined Sept 19, 1813.
Eunice Whittemore, wife of Joshua jr. dau. of Samuel Moss of Canton. Nov. 7, 1813. d. June 27, 1875. a. 84.
Sarah Hewins, dau. Lt. Enoch H. joined Nov. 7. 1813. Died unmarried Aug. 13, 1820, aged 49.
Susannah Richards, w. of Jeremiah R. dau of Lt. Enoch Hewins joined Dec. 5, 1813. d. Oct. 2, 1863 a. 78

Joshua Whittemore jr. joined Aug 7. 1814. Died May 18, 1857, aged 71.

Ruth Whittemore, wife of Joshua, Sen. dau. Isaac Johnson, Sharon, joined Aug. 7. 1814. Died Sept. 22. 1814, aged 57.

Elizabeth Hewins, wife of Leavitt H. dau. of Solomon Gay, Sharon, joined Aug 7. 1814. Died June 2. 1819. aged 36.

Lois Whittemore, dau. of Joshua W. sen. Joined Aug. 7. 1814 Died unmarried. Jan. 15. 1868 aged 80.

All the above, except Ruth Whittemore, were dismissed from Medfield for the purpose of forming a Baptist Church in Sharon. October 2. 1814.

John Smith of Walpole, who had joined here in 1778, was dismissed at the same time. He died in Sharon May 26. 1825, aged 90. His wife Mary (Fales) Smith who joined with him here, had died in 1798.

The pastor at Medfield, Rev. Wm. Gammell, had a circuit about here for preaching, which included Sharon & Walpole.

W. S. Tilden
Historian of Medfield.

First Acquaintance with Sharon.

If "not to know Caesar argues one's self unknown", it is equally true he must write himself an ignoramus who cannot touch Sharon at some point. My first acquaintance with the town was when as a member of the State Militia I spent there three days in Camp. I fancy some of the older residents whose homes were near the Camp ground have only unpleasant recollections of that event. The regiments included both soldiers of the war just closed and stripplings like myself. I think we would like to be forgiven for any mischief then done.

I remember well that good man and loyal son, Sanford W. Billings. His reputation as a Christian gentleman preceded my first acquaintance with him. "Sans peur et sans reproche" might well be his epitaph.

But I am asked to return this to Eugene Tappan and I wanted to free my mind a little concerning him. I never have heard of an up-to-date, old time gentleman, but I have seen one and Sharon is honored in his citizenship. His judicial position requires the patience of Job. Yet if he only knew how many a tangled skein he has unraveled, whereby many poor folk were relieved and assisted, he would see sunshine where others would see only clouds.

Rufus B. Tobey May 17, 1904

Choosing a Home in Sharon.

About eleven years ago, a young married couple, having resolved to make themselves a home, in some suburb of Boston, set out in the Spring to find just the right place, & after visiting several towns & finding nothing that exactly met their ideas, it occurred to them that a glimpse of Sharon once seen from a car window, looked attractive, & so one morning they started for that place, having provided themselves with a lunch-basket, lest the town should not support a restaurant. They strolled around the streets for an hour or two, & then began to look for a place to eat their lunch. They found a grassy road which led into a clump of woodland, & here they sat down. Charming was the panorama spread out before them, with Moose Hill for its highest point & between them and the hill wooded slopes and green pasture land, peeping through clustering trees, while an opaline sky bent over all. After drinking in the beauty of the scene, the wife said, "What a delightful place for a house!" It was talked over some, but not very seriously, yet the impression lingered, & a year later they visited the same spot again, to find that a fire had swept over the place, & that the largest trees had been cut down, but after mature consideration they decided to buy an acre & a half of this land, comprised between what is now Chestnut & Walnut Streets, and here after four years they built their home, in the meantime having improved the land somewhat. At the time the house was built, scrub-oaks & birches grew to the very doors, & what is now the lawn was a veritable Klondike as far as rocks are concerned, but patience & perseverance aided by "filthy lucre" have accomplished much, & Mr & Mrs Haskel have never regretted that they chose Pleasant View, Sharon for their home.

Mrs E. L. White.

Jan 19th 1904.

Apropos of the Executive order of President Roosevelt to the Pension Department let us all remember this list of the young men of Sharon who were the true minute men of our day, which the approach of the 19th of April and its many memories afford the writer much pleasure in copying from the Town Records of the year A. D 1861

At a town meeting duly called and held at the vestry of the Unitarian Society on Friday the Twenty-sixth day of April A. D. 1861

John Murray Drake, Moderator
Otis Johnson, Town Clerk.

Space will not allow me to copy a full verbatim report of this grand meeting of our fathers but I will pass on to the close, when Mr George W. Gay offered the following:

Resolved That the Town Clerk be directed to record the names of those persons who volunteer and are mustered into service, with the name of the Company and the number of the regiment to

which each soldier may belong. This record of names is to be considered the Roll for coming generations to admire and reverence

Roll of Co A. 4th Mass Vols. of persons residing in Sharon, Capt. Ira Drake. Commanding.

John Parks	Albert Bullard
Daniel Mahoney	Seth Boyden
J. Murray Drake	Obed P. Johnson
Eleazer S Greenleaf	Fred L Holbrook
Stillman Dunakin	Davis L. White
Edwin A Dunakin	Elijah A Morse
Charles Dunakin	Stillman H. Morse
Horace F. Drake	John E. Barrows
Lewis H Duly.	James N. Clarke
J. William Godfrey	George W. Parker
George W. Richards	Henry Peach
Norman Hardy.	James T. Haradon
Rueben F. Johnson	Warren Johnson

Ansel A. Smith.

Only ten survive to day. all come under the said order of the President. to them let us renew our gratitude as townsmen and bid them God speed once more in these years of approaching old age and infirmity.

George H Whittemore

Sharon April 15 1904

Dear Mr Tappan

I send you a sample of the interest Sharon people have ever manifested in public measures— I have been told that Richard Hixson the author of these resolutions.

Yours Truly G. H. Whitteman

"A Leaf from Sharon Town Records-"

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Town Meeting Monday March 6. 1854. Addison H. Johnson Moderator.

Resolved-That the citizens of Sharon, irrespective of political parties in town meeting assembled do sincerely deprecate and most earnestly remonstrate against the passage of the Douglas Nebraska Bill now before Congress - a bill to nullify the Missouri Compromise and open to the usurpation of Slavery the great territory of Nebraska, in ~~blighted~~ violation of the plighted faith of the Nation, of the Declaration of Independence and the professed principles of the Constitution, and the moral sense of the World.

Resolved.-That the authors of this nefarious shame, the aiders and abettors are recriant to the national honor and hostile to the best interests of the country, consequently henceforth utterly unworthy of public confidence of a just and liberty loving people-

Resolved-That if the Slavery propagandists succeed in accomplishing their diabolical purposes. it will show that they acknowledge no right. but that which they exercise on their own plantations, to wit: that of might. and that no compromise or compact in which slavery is concerned is of any binding force on their part, only as far as it is for the interest of their peculiar institutions and consequently unworthy of the confidence of the friends of freedom.

Resolved – That the repeated unscrupulous aggressions of the Slave Power is only an indication of what it intends to do, and it ~~is~~ therefore imperatively calls upon every northern man, every true patriot and friend of liberty of what ever political party to unite and make common cause against the usurpation of this unrighteous power, and not only say to Slavery, thus far shalt thou go and no further, but to wage an uncompromising war upon it, until it is driven forever from every inch of territory over which the Nation holds jurisdiction

Voted – That the Resolutions be placed upon the records of the town and an attested copy be sent by the Town Clerk to the Editors of the Boston Atlas, Journal, Commonwealth and Post, and to the Hon. J. Wiley Edmands Representative in Congress from the Third Congressional District

A true copy Attest Otis Johnson
Town Clerk.

Volume 3
Page 427,
Records of Sharon,

George H. Whittemore
Town Clerk.

Trip over the Moose Hill Road, written by Mrs. Adeliza A. Winship, and read Aug. 4. 1904.

Dear schoolmates and friends: The untiring wheel of time has brought us through another year, and the summons has come to us to attend the 33d anniversary of the Sharon Centre School Association. The summons we cheerfully obey, for dear to our hearts are the scenes of our childhood. We cannot repress a feeling of sadness as we call to mind many that were with us in the first meetings of this association who have been call to pass through the portals of those gates that forever stand ajar. One comes into my mind who was with us for the first and last time last year, as he was soon called to pass through those portals.

Now, friends, fond recollection takes me back to once familiar roads now almost forgot. So I propose we take a little trip to day over the Moose Hill road. We can chat as we go. We shall have to take memory's vehicle as that is very capacious. Now, if you will embark we will start here at

what was once Captain Ide's store, later Mr. Turner's, now a private residence. We recall the old church which stood where the Unitarian church now stands. We must remember in the start that the road is very much up and down hills.

We will first go down what we used to call Meetinghouse hill, now Depot street. The first house we notice is the one at the foot of the hill. This house once stood on the opposite side of the road, and a large walnut tree was near it. I think the house must have been built prior to the year 1780. It was the birthplace of a large family of children bearing the name of Johnson, nine of whom lived to be men and women. They have all passed on, and but five of the forty grandchildren of this family remain. Three of them are with us to day.

We will pass on over the railroad, and just here we miss a house that stood near the pumping station. This was the home of Ellis Johnson and family. Here we are at the little brook still babbling along. It has been a blessing to innumerable weary thirsty horses for many years.

Almost opposite we see a house that

we used to call Mr. Ben Ide's house now Mr. Barrow's. It must have been built a long time ago, for more than a hundred years ago a family by the name of Harlow lived there in which there was one son. His father sent him on an errand one day, and he went horseback. As he was gone longer than his father thought necessary, upon his return he was punished and then sent to put the horse in a pasture. He obeyed, but his absence was so long that the neighborhood was aroused and a search commenced, which resulted in the finding of his body suspended to a tree near Beaver Hole meadow. We can hardly imagine the panic such an act created in those days.

We will go up Mr. Ide's hill, at the top there is a nice little grove. The road to the right leads to Walpole but we will go straight ahead down a steep hill and over a little brook. Just beyond, there once stood two houses, one on the left, and one on the right of the road, both occupied by families by the name of Haradon. One of these houses was consumed by fire long before the advent of the Sharon fire one of these days. The other house

was moved up town and was had a lasting place on Billings street for many years. It was since occupied by Samuel Hixon and now by Mr. Eddy.

We must pass on up the next hill at the top of which one road leads to the town farm, the other direct to Moose Mill. This one we will take. Just here lived a family named McIntosh. Two sons and one daughter having never entered the matrimonial ranks made this their home during their lives. They were very devout people, and one Sunday as the elder brother was wending his way to church he was very much startled by hearing what he thought might be the cry of an infant in the grove we have just mentioned. Being a very timorous man, he like the priest and Levite passed by on the other side, and hastened to a near-by house where he found a good Samaritan who immediately went to the grove. Here he found a tiny infant boy who had been left there by some heartless person, either to die of starvation or by its cries attract aid. The good Samaritan - Ellis Johnson - took it to his home and tenderly cared for it until it found a home in a childless family.

But we must hurry, and as we pass along we come to the house which was the home of the mother of our late friend and schoolmate Sanford Walter Billings. We still ascend another hill and pass the road that leads to the summit of the hill. Now we pass through the Bullard and Smith neighborhood, and descending a steep hill we come to a little city of the dead; and just beyond we come to a road leading from Sharon to Walpole. We will take the Walpole way. Of course we soon come to a hill which was called Pine hill, taking its name from a large pine tree that stood on the crest of the hill waving its barren branches which seemed to say—

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch."

We do not see it now. Probably the admonition to the woodman to "spare that tree" was forgotten long ago. Just beyond we see a little clearing almost surrounded by forest trees reminding one of an island in mid-ocean. Yet this was once a flourishing farm many, many years ago.

In this clearing we see an old cellar. We will stop a minute. In the house that once stood over this cellar your humble servant made her entrance on life's tempestuous ocean nearly four score years ago,

and here for the first six years of her life her youthful feet did roam. Several years after, the owner concluded that this place would never become a city, and decided to remove what was available in the house to Sharon Centre, as a museum for a house there. This he did, and it now is the home of Mrs. Rebecca Johnson. When the new house was completed, it was occupied by a worthy couple, and one December Santa Claus thought he would visit this couple. So two days before his usual time of making his annual calls, he left at their home a package which upon investigation brought forth a lusty boy. It was a sample package, but as no further orders were given, probably it was not satisfactory. However they kept this one and gave him the name Edmund. He appears before us today as President of the Centre School Association. As men as well as women are sometimes sensitive in regard to their age, I will refrain from giving dates.

Please pardon this digression, and we will leave the old cellar to become a forest, and travel on towards Walpole, until we come to the turnpike, which is a direct road from Boston to Providence, and over which before the

days of steam and electricity all travel was done by horse power between the two cities. We will go down this road as far as East Walpole to the old hotel once kept by David Morse, and a very busy place it was, but now only a relic of those days. We will take the road here for Sharon, going home through Pigeon swamp, and pass the Estey place and up a hill, and now we are on the road that leads from Sharon to Canton. Just here on the corner we see the cellar; and from the house that once stood over it, four children named Estey used to trudge to the centre school.

Soon we come to another city of the dead, where many, very many of our dear friends are resting from the toils of life. The old chestnut tree from which this resting place takes its name has long since succumbed to the ravages of time. The little sprouts springing from its root seem desirous to perpetuate the name. As we pass on we miss the old Fuller house, also the genial face of Mr. Fuller who was always happy to impart information concerning the cemetery which we have just passed and in which he now sleeps

We pass under the railroad and by the

saw mill, and opposite we see another cellar, minus the house, from which three of our schoolmates - Edwin, Elon, and Artemas Richards - came. Where the lumber yard now is, a house once stood occupied by a brother and two sisters - Edward, Chloe, and Jerusha Lovels - none of whom ever joined the married army. Yet Edward was uncle to every one, even to the hill near by.

We will now go up Uncle Ned's hill and pass the three Lothrop houses, and the next is the Dr. Stone house. He was the only physician in the town for many years, and was very much respected by all. He was very fond of children. I remember, when I was a centre school girl, if we saw him approaching in his two-wheeled sulky drawn by a gray horse, we would form a line, and as he passed we would courtesy, and it was always smilingly acknowledged by him. He was very suddenly called away from life's duties in 1841, but not from the minds and hearts of a host of friends. The house once his home has changed but very little outwardly.

The Jeremiah Gould house - afterwards Mace Hixson's - the next one we notice, with its many modern

improvements and adornments, would hardly be recognized by its occupants of three score years ago. The Curtis house is not so much changed, but all show the work and tastes of later years. The old Curtis parsonage still stands, but the family has long since passed from our remembrance. We see many new streets leading to the new village on the vail ground to which I am a stranger.

I will not notice the present school house. The old one on the corner, with its hard seats and the schoolmates of those days, is uppermost in my mind. Methinks I am there now, but where are the scholars? We pass three other old land marks, and we are back at our starting place. As I look at the spires of the three churches, I am reminded of a toast once given by a citizen of Sharon (Mr. Thomas Wood) at a public gathering more than three score years ago. It was this — "Sharon, a little town situated on a hill with three spires pointing toward Heaven, showing that her morals are respected and her God adored." The giver and the manner in which it was given made it very impressive.

I hope our trip has not wearied you. As the sun is fast sinking to its bed chamber in the west, we are reminded that we must soon say "Good night", and seek our different homes, feeling that earth with all its sin and sadness has been to us a happy place to day. As we go let us call to mind the last verse of Bryant's beautiful poem with which we became so familiar the winter that Mr. Willard held sway in the old school house. I wonder how many remember it! It is this. –

So live, that when our summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
We go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach our graves
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams

Dear old schoolmates,

"We all have reached life's western hill,
And down its smooth or rugged slope
With tottering step we go until
The golden shoal beyond shall ope."

May God be with us till we meet again

One of the old Centre School scholars,

A. A. W.

OUR CALENDAR.

Greeting.

In sending out this first issue of our Calendar Your pastor feels hopeful that it may be of some service, and yet fearful that some thinking it unnecesary may frown it out of existance forever.

We feel sure of its welcome among the best friends of Gods cause. The mission of this little slip is wholly a good one, to interest more in the church and services by keeping all better informed of its doings and to drop a seed of Gospel Truth in ground by wayside or in fertile field.

We wish to shake hands and say "How do you do" to every body. We feel a little strange ourselves yet, as this is the first time we ever went to meeting. But we hope by trying to make every one else feel at home that we will too.

CHSISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

PRAYER MEETINGS AT 5-45.
in Congregationalist Church.

NOV. 19. Gentleness. A fruit of the Spirit. Eph 4: 30, 3 ; Col. 3: 12-15.
Mrs. Carrie Long

NOV. 26. Thanksgiving service. Ps. 68: 19: Ps. 92: 1 5. Consecration.
Mrs. Emma Davis.

OFFICERS.

President, Miss Emma Baker.
Vice-President, Winfred Holbrook.
Rec. Secretary, Mrs. A A. Baily.
Cor. Secretary, Miss Emma L. Pettee.
Treas., E. Gilmore Richards.

There were 58 Boys at the Drill on Tuesday Evg. We will not be able to take in any more unless there are vacancies.

[illegible]

No 421. Baptist Hymnal.

1. Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

2. Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain :
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ,
We have Christ's own promise
And that can not fail.

3. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, loud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

Ref.—Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

Tune Gertrude,

First paper ever Edited and Published in Sharon. comp of Editor A. T. Kelly

OUR CALENDAR.

BAPTIST CHURCH SHARON, MASS.

No. 1 NOVEMBER 1893. VOL. 1

DIRECTORY.

Pastor Rev. Austen T. Kempton.
S.S. Supt. Rev. E.F. Merriam.
Clerk. Rev. E.F. Merriam.
Deacons, A.L. Felt, S.F. Poole.
Ushers S.F. Poole, M. Holbrook.
Organist. Mrs Walter H. Delano.

SUNDAY MORNING TOPICS.

NOV. 19. "The Christian Life- Temptations Battle Field"

Hymns 423, 326, 364.

NOV. 26. "Silent Looks, which Volumes Speak"

Hymns. 138, 139, 176.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES.

NOV. 19. 1. Song Service, 15 minutes,
2. Prayer By Pastor,
3. Lords Prayer By all,
4. Scripture Lesson, Judges 6; 11 end.
5. Hymn.
6. Sermon, "Gideon the Hero of the Alter, the Fleece and the Sword."
7. Good night. May God be with you all we meet again.

NOV. 26. 1. Song service,
2. Scripture,
3. Hymn,
4. Prayer,
5. Hymn,
6. Address, By Rev. K. H. Basmajian, of Adrianople, Turkey. Subject, "The Land of the Apostles. The Capitol of the First Christian Ceasar and the Towers of Christian Churches under the Shadow of moslem minarets."
Little Eddie Basmajian (8 years) will Sing in English, Armenian, Turkey and Greek Language.
7. Collection (Silver) to Brother Basmajian and his work in Turkey.
8. Benediction.

COMMITTEES.

(in office till Jan. 1, 1894.)

CALLING COMMITTEE.

Mrs Poole, Mrs A. D. Packard, Mrs Walter H. Delano, Miss A. Felt.

STRANGERS COMMITTEE.

Mrs Eddy, Mrs Kempton, Mrs Emma Davis, Miss Effie Beecher, S. Frank Poole, W.H. Delano, Rev. E.F. Merriam

✣ OUR CALENDAR. ✣

NOTICES FOR THE WEEK.

TUESDAY EVG.	Boys Brigade.
Second Division..	7. o'clock.
First Division.	8 o'clock.
Drill master.	W. H. Delano.

Officers announced later.

FRIDAY EVG. NOV. 17. 7-30.

Prayer meeting. Subject. Prayer for those who suffer " these Hard Times. " Nov 24. Prayer for Better work and more consecration on " the Fragment remaining. "

MONDAY EVG. NOV 27.

Rev K.H. Basmajian will give his Lecture on " Religious and Social Life in the Orient " He has with him 13 very large paintings to illustrate his Lecture. Mrs B. will speak of Women of the East. Eddie B. will sing.

Admission 15cts. Children 10 cts.

✣ B. ✣ B, ✣ B. ✣

Extracts from the Constitution of the Baptist Boys' Brigade

" The object of the Brigade shall be the advancement of Christ s Kingdom among boys, and the promotion of habits of reverence, discipline, self-respect and all that tends towards a true Christian character. "

Members are required to take the following pledge:

" I solemnly promise that, while I am a member of the Baptist Boys' Brigade, I will abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and the use of profane or vulgar language "

" I also promise that I will faithfully obey all the Company rules and regulations, and will always strive for the best interest of the Company. "

" I also promise to serve honorably in the Company in which I enlist, until transfered to another Company, or honorably discharged by the Company officers. "

ITEMS.

All are Cordially invited to participate in the worship and work of this Church. We seek to do Each other good. Welcome

Every one who went to the C.E. Union at Canton had a good time. Profitable too. " So Say we All of us. "

We are really going to have A new Church Vestry Every body help. It is to be for the Boys' Brigade, socials, Sewing Society, Church Meetings, Christmas Tree and all kinds of good times

How the Boyes did Enlist in the Brigade. Went like Hot Cakes. Best Boys in the place too.

President Delano will make A good Drill master. Every boy keep his toes in line now.

Very sorry to loose Miss Effie Beecher from our services this winter

Mrs Merriam has been called away again by the sickness of her parents. Accept our sympathy.

The Pastor ane wife will be at home to all on Friday afternoons. Drop in and see them.

OUR CALENDAR.

Deacon Felt has returned from the Worlds Fair. Tell us about it, Deacon.

So the Young Ladies thought they would like a Brigade too. "Vive la Republique"! but here is Some thing better for you girls A Young Ladies Literary Society.

Sunday Evening services growing both in interest and number. Come and bring your friends.

We are glad that Miss Clapp has moved to the Centre Pleased to see you at all the services

Let us pray for our C. Endeavor We hope it may do the best work this winter it ever did

Jesus Say " Men shall not live by bread alone but by every word which proceeds out of the mouth of God.

" Do good as ye have opportunity "
" Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust. "

" Bear ye one anothers Burdens "
" Love one Another. "
" Fight the good fight of Faith. "

Contributed by
Miss Emma A. Baker.

August 16. 1904.

How they earned the Dollar.

The ladies were asked to earn a dollar, each, in some unusual way, and give it to the fund being raised to build a new parsonage for the Congregational Society in Sharon. At a parish supper in the vestry of the church 1904, Mrs. Eliza L. White read the following stanzas, composed by her, by way of a humorous report of how they earned the dollar.

Most every woman here to night earns money every day,
But how to get a dollar for the church she cannot say.
She may be earning 15 per, perhaps support a man,
But this especial dollar must be got by some new plan.
And so they talked it over, got the subject well in hand,
And Mrs. Hattie Johnson said that she could cook to beat the band.
Right off she cooked ten glasses of orange marmalade,
And sold it for a dollar as soon as it was made.
Then Mrs. Julia Hodgdon, not to be outdone,
Made ten lovely loaves of bread, and raised them in the pan.
Then she sold them to four women - Alas! they can't make bread;

But the trouble is not in their hands, so much as in the head.

And then you know the Deacon's wife, she earned a dollar too,
You'd never guess how it was done - the method's somewhat new.
They say she combed her husband's hair, got five cents every time,
And then she counted up and said, "two nickels make a dime.
And ten dimes make a dollar, - Oh! what a lot of work,
Next time he says, 'come, comb my hair,' I rather think I'll shirk."
Lizzie Tamblyn made some collars, put in them many a stitch;
And when they brought a dollar, believe me, she felt rich.
Poor Mrs. Potter lamed her back and wore her fingers thin,
Trying to cheat the laundry-man out of a little tin.
She washed away and scrubbed away on sheet and shirt and collar,
Until she reckoned up and found she'd saved that awful dollar.

One day the Leonards had no food - they all were sick in bed -
And Lizzie said "I cannot cook, I've got this dreadful head."
So with much pain and many a groan, she got upon her feet
And from the open window hailed an urchin in the street.
"Go, run to Minnie Bailey, as tight as you can go,
And tell her to come over here and make a batch of dough."
So Minnie dropped her dish cloth, put a hair pin in her hair,
And rushed down street to Leonards, as fast as she could tear.
She made four bowls of gruel and seven loaves of bread,

And put a mustard plaster on the back of Lizzie's head.
Uprose that grateful family, now cured of every ill,
And said, "Pray take this dollar, and also our good will."

And what did Flossie Richards do? It narrows me to tell.
She served as printer's devil, and she filled the office well.
Mrs. Addison Johnson and Mrs. Mabel Kincaid
Picked up their rags and rubbers, and sold them to the trade.
Now you may call that working, their promises to keep;
But I truly think that these two live way up on Easy Street.
But Mabel's conscience troubled her; she could not rest, you bet,
So she washed up somebody's soiled clothes, and made a huckabuck set
Dora Middleton went to town and rattled a type writer;
Of course she got a dollar or two, but found her weight much lighter.
Carrie Fernald nearly crazed her brain, made shirt waists by the dozens;
She made them for her aunts, and she made them for her cousins.
And when she took account of stock and added up her gains,
She cried - "I've made a dollar, and I'll buy ten pounds of nails.
Mrs. Myles became a beacon, with a light held in her hand;
But she didn't do it for nothing, I hope you understand.

Not one man in a thousand can wash the dishes clean,
Or make a cup of coffee that's scarce fit to be seen.
So one time, some men I know of thought they'd have a jamboree,

But who would wash the dishes up, and make the fine coffee?
Then Mrs. Otis Harwood up and said "why, don't you see
That I will clear the dishes up and make the fine coffee?
But you must pay a dollar and I'll give it to the church,
For the money for the parsonage is left way in the lurch."
Mrs. Colburn mended meal bags - a most distressing task -
And when she wanted money, she didn't have to ask;
But P. & C. paid up the bill and praised the patches too;
Said Arthur, "Such a fancy job I didn't expect from you"
The parson's wife grew weary of living in a ruin,
So she racked her tired brain and said, "Now what can I be doin'?"
Just then a hen came walking up and did her very best
To say the stir of mother love was waking in her breast.
Now here there came to Mrs. D. her first arrest of thought,
And she threw out corn, to thank the hen for the lesson she had taught.
"I'll set these hens to night," she said, "and thus I'll earn my dole",
For Mr. D. cannot refuse to pay a heavy toll;
And more I'll do, I'll shovel coal and sift the cinders clean:
Was ever sacrifice like this from any woman seen?"
Millie West and Lizzie Leonard in each other's work did share
And they made gorgeous cushions for the crippled children's fair.
And was it for sweet charity they made these cushions gay?

Oh! no. 'twas for the dollars; and the committee had to pay.
Mrs. Dora W. M———— hired me to sew
I found her very hard to suit, and wished my case was dough.
She said the stitches were too long, the fit was very bad,
And when I said I didn't care, she actually got mad.
She said she paid an awful price to get her shirt waists made,
And she wouldn't take a bit of work of an inferior grade.
I labored on grief at my heart, until at last one day
She handed out a dollar and said "Mother, here's your pay."
Of course I knew I'd earned a five, and by hard labor too,
But then in such a case as this, what could a mother do?
So many in my place can tell (to put the matter mild),
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a toothless child.
Mrs. West made ruffles, put in stitches up and down,
And didn't they look pretty on Millie's summer gown?
And now I'll tell of Florence Dean who did so many things
That one might almost fear to look lest she were growing wings
But get a sheet of paper and a pencil sharpened out,
For we must add these items up, that there may be no doubt.
Well,- first she made for sept of him a bag to hold his change;
She only got two cents for it, which certainly looks strange.
She had great skill in making bags - made a work bag for her mother,

The cash she got was 32 cents - which was more than she got from her brother -
She stitched away the livelong day upon her sister's trousseau,
And all she got was 50 cents - this family clings to cash so.
She had a dish - it was her pet - and then somebody dropped it:
"Please hand out 15 cents", she said, "I see that you have broke it".
And still one penny did she rack. She thought she'd beg or steal it;
Until, O joy! one lucky day, on Depot hill she found it.

Of course in this long medley, I've omitted some one's name.
'Twoud be funny if I had it, but twoud also be a shame.
So I ask that any woman who has shared in this good plan
Shall now rise and tell about it in the very best way she can.
And so I wait to hear it, please make it funny too,
For you know I like to laugh as well as the rest of you.

15 Court Square Boston
May 31. 1904

Eugene Tappan Esq.

Dear Mr. Tappan

I am sorry that I was not in when you called to-day. I see by the pamphlet which you left (and for which I thank you) that you are interested in the history of Shawn. If you or your society would care for an incident in Shawn's history, here it is.

In August 1893, I, then a summer resident in Shawn at "The Scow Gables", was told by the

al for the last two Sunday afternoons in August of that year. The place selected I went to York Harbor in Maine, where the Rev. Charles J. Ketchum (now of Middleborough Mass.) was spending his week days, coming up to Boston on Saturday to conduct the morning service at St. Paul's Church of which he was the assistant rector, and which was my Church home. He gladly consented to go to Sharon for the next Sunday afternoon.

On my way back to Boston I stopped at Portsmouth N.H., secured a postal card and wrote to Mr. Wicks, asking him to announce in his paper that there would be an Episcopal service held in the Unitarian Church, Sharon

late Wm. B. Wickes of your town that there was a need for a place of worship for summer visitors of the Episcopalian faith, and that I as one of that church ought to do something to provide for having services according to the ritual of the Church. Inquiry led to the conviction that he was right. He suggested also that as the Unitarian Church was not used in the afternoon of Sunday that perhaps I could get the use of that edifice. Acting on his hint I saw some of the leading Unitarians of Sharon, made known my wish and they cheerfully consented that their Church building might be at my dispos-

the next Sunday ~~afternoon~~ at 3.30 P.M. o'clock. The next day I had notices printed, took them out to Shann, nailed some on fences and trees, placed some in stores and public places, and made the matter as public as possible. Sunday afternoon came and with it a service of the Episcopal Church, which I have been told was the first ever held in public in Shann. Mr. Ketchum also held service on the succeeding Sunday afternoon. In 1894. service was held on each Sunday afternoon in the same place during the month of August. The clergymen who officiated were, on the first Sunday, Rev. Charles J. Ketchum - on the second, a clergyman

from Canada whose name has escaped me. on the third the Rev. George Walker of Canton. and on the fourth the Rev. — Jones, then residing in Walpole.

The next year upon my going to Shawa - rather late in the season I found to my great satisfaction that several ladies, of whom the late Mrs. Copeland (of blessed memory) was one, had taken up the work and services were being held in the Orthodox Church. The story of the work since that time can better be told by others.

Very truly yours
William W. Doherty

First Episcopalian service in Sharon.

Our

Lancaster was incorporated May 8, 1653 (O.S.) Lancaster (including the present entire town of Lancaster) was incorporated June 22d '4 (O.S.) Lancaster was incorporated on the 1st of August 1725

[illegible]

My first quotation is from the report of the Committee upon the business of and payed for by Council [illegible] 2 22

[illegible] 27

The second is from the boundaries of Leominster as given afterward.

The third is from an account of the Fords Rivers & Streams in Leominster.

[illegible]

Nessa Pond Lunenburg, Massachusetts

The selection of this sheet of water as such

(P 101)

(P 251)

(P 24) "And at the southerly end the outlet of Chuckom Pond forms a considerable stream which passes through meadows of the same name and through Fitchburg Village, &c"

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