

THE GREAT TORNADO
OF 1821
IN NEW HAMPSHIRE



Compiled and Edited

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

It has never seemed to me that an adequate account of the "Great Tornado," from its beginning to its end, has ever been compiled. This I have endeavored to accomplish in the following pages. In doing so I have been compelled to draw from many authorities, in the first and foremost of which I place Mr. Sidney Perley's invaluable "Historic Storms of New England." From this, together with an article in Volume I of the Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society and John Hayward's New England Gazetteer, I have drawn the basis of the following pages, supplementing it with various items, notes, etc., from many other sources.

THE COMPILER.



FRED W. LAMB.



THE GREAT TORNADO OF 1821.

BY FRED W. LAMB.

The early part of the month of September, 1821, was noted for being very stormy. On the third of the month a violent storm prevailed on the whole Atlantic coast in which many lives were lost and a great deal of property was destroyed.

On the afternoon of Sunday, September 9, 1821, occurred the famous "tornado" in central New Hampshire. The day before had been very warm and Sunday was very warm and sultry, although the sun shone brightly. The wind blew from about the southwest until about six o'clock when a very black cloud was seen to rise in the north and the northwest, and as it passed in a southeasterly direction the lightning was incessant. About half past six, the wind suddenly changing to north, a peculiar looking, brassy cloud was seen in the northwest. As it came nearer it was noted that a cylinder or inverted cone of vapor seemed to be suspended from it. It did not seem to have any very destructive force until reaching Cornish and Croydon. It passed from Croydon to Wendell or Sunapee, then into New London, Sutton, over Kearsarge Mountain into Warner, finally ending its course in the edge of Boscawen. It was felt and is said to have commenced near Lake Champlain. One observer, a woman in Warner, stated that its appearance was that of a trumpet, the small end downwards; also like a great elephant's trunk let down out of heaven and moving slowly along. She stated that its appearance and motion gave her a strong impression of life. When it had reached the easterly part of the town, she said the lower end appeared to be taken up from the earth and to bend around in a serpentine form until it passed behind a black cloud and disappeared. This view was from a distance of three miles. It was attended with but little rain in parts of its course, more in others. It lowered the water in a pond in Warner three

feet. The width of its track was from six rods to half a mile, changing with the height of the cloud which rose and fell. It was the widest on the higher grounds. Its force was the greatest when it was most compact. In Croydon, besides other damage, the house of Deacon Cooper was shattered, his barn and its contents entirely swept away.

No other buildings were directly in its narrow path until it nearly reached Sunapee Lake. Here it came in contact with the buildings of John Harvey Huntoon of Wendell, now Sunapee. The house contained eight persons. The tornado, after a brief warning, was upon them, and the house and two barns were instantly thrown to the ground. One side of the house fell upon Mr. Huntoon and his wife, who were standing in the kitchen. The next moment it was blown away and dashed to pieces. Mrs. Huntoon was carried at least ten rods from the house. A child of eleven months was sleeping on a bed in one room; the dress it wore was soon after found in the lake one hundred and fifty rods from the house, but the child could not be found. The next Wednesday its mangled body was picked up on the shore of the lake where it had been carried by the waves. The bedstead on which the child was sleeping was found in the woods eighty rods from the house, northerly and clear out of the track of the tornado. The other seven persons were injured but none fatally. Every tree in a forty acre lot of woodland was leveled with the ground. A bureau was blown across the lake two miles and with the exception of the drawers was found half a mile beyond the water. A horse was dashed against a rock and killed. The feather bed upon which the child had been sleeping was carried to the town of Andover. A Mrs. Wheeler was living in another part of the house and when the cloud approached she took a child that was with her and fled to the cellar for protection, but was somewhat injured by falling bricks and timbers. Bricks were carried more than a hundred rods and pieces of the frame of the house, seven or eight inches square and twelve feet long, were carried eighty rods. Other pieces of furniture, casks and dead fowls were carried to a much greater distance and a large iron pot was found seven rods away. A pair of wheels was

separated from the body of a cart, carried sixty rods and dashed to pieces, one of them having only two spokes left in it. The only furniture found in the house was a kitchen chair. From the buildings the land rises about one hundred feet in a distance of fifty rods and then descends on the other side of the hill to the lake. A horse was blown up this rise a distance of forty rods and was so much injured that he had to be killed. A doorpost made of beech, from Mr. Huntoon's barn, measuring eight by twelve inches and thirteen feet in length, was carried up the hill forty-four rods. A hemlock log, sixty feet long, three feet in diameter at the butt and nearly two feet at the top, was removed from its bed where it had been for years and carried by the wind six rods up the hill, passing on the way over two rocks, which were only six feet from the place where the log was taken, each being seventeen inches high. It then struck a rock and was broken into two parts. The rise of land in the six rods was ten and one half feet. Not only were orchards destroyed but some of the larger trees were torn up by the roots and carried from seventy to a hundred rods. After leaving Mr. Huntoon's farm the tornado proceeded a hundred rods further and blew down every tree in a tract of timber land of forty acres in area. A house and barn belonging to Isaac Eastman were much shattered but not entirely ruined.

In 1869 Gen. Walter Harriman of Warner addressed a mass meeting in Painesville, O. At its close, an old gentleman, his form bent with age, came forward and made himself known as Mr. Huntoon, the father of the child destroyed in Wendell. He had left the shores of Sunapee Lake and the track of the tornado fifty years before and made his home in Ohio. Soon after this meeting with General Harriman he passed away.

The incident of Mr. Huntoon's family was made the basis of a story entitled "The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee," claimed by some to have been written by Charles Dickens and published in *Once a Week*, a London, Eng., magazine for August 22, 1863, and reprinted in *Littel's Living Age*, September 26, 1863. The

following query appeared in the *Boston Transcript*, a few months ago, in regard to it:

“In the *Boston Herald* of August 16, 1903, appeared an article on Lake Sunapee, N. H. In this article and also in the booklet descriptive of a resort on this lake is the statement that Charles Dickens wrote a story, ‘The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee.’ The tale had for its foundation a memorable cyclone which visited the lake in 1821. The incidents were related to Dickens on his visit to this country in 1842, and his story is said to have appeared in contemporaneous English and American periodicals. Can some reader inform me where this story may be found?
F. N. S.”

This query I answered as follows. “A query appeared in *Notes and Queries* some weeks ago inquiring about the story entitled ‘The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee,’ said to have been written by Charles Dickens. The question was asked where said story might be found and whether or not he wrote it. I have located the story in a publication entitled *Once a Week*, published in London, England, in 1863, and also in the *Living Age*, but Dickens’ name does not appear with it as the author, no name being given in either case. I have examined several editions of Dickens’ works put out as complete editions, but find no such story included and no reference made to it in a Dickens dictionary which I have examined. Now will you please inform me what edition of Dickens it may be found in? I wish to know positively that it was written by him.”

Then the *Transcript* editor answered us both as follows:

“The above communication was referred to Mr. Edwin Fay Rice, the Boston collector of Dickensiana, who sends the following letter:

“‘Did Charles Dickens write “The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee”? I have been asked this question three times within the year. In a thin pamphlet entitled “Soo-nipi [Indian for Sunapee] Park Lodge, Lake Sunapee, N. H.,” I find the following:

“‘In September, 1821, Lake Sunapee was the scene of a his-

torical cyclone. Starting on the south side of Grantham Mountain, it suddenly struck the east shore near Hastings, demolished the house of Harvey Huntoon, who, with his wife, on the way home from a walk, had taken shelter in a neighboring barn, whirled their infant into the lake, and strewed the fragments of their household goods in its swath on the way to Kearsarge. A feather bed was recovered over seventeen miles distant; and the body of the babe, crushed beyond recognition, was taken a few days after from Job's Creek. This pathetic incident reached the ears of Dickens while on his visit to the United States in 1842, and furnished the subject of a tale, "The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee," which appeared in a number of contemporaneous English and American periodicals, and first gave fame to the *Horicon* of New Hampshire.

"With the above in mind, I have examined every American and English periodical in the Boston Public Library bearing date of 1842 and after, and find, as did your correspondent, the story in *Once a Week* for August 22, 1863, and in the *Living Age* for September 26, 1863. If written by Dickens in 1842, and printed at that time, it is not probable, twenty-one years later, owing to the strained relations between Dickens and Bradbury and Evans, the proprietors of *Once a Week*, that the 'Fisherman' would have been republished in their journal had they known it to have been written by Dickens. It was owing to him that *Household Words*, jointly owned by Dickens, Bradbury, Evans, Wills and Forster, was discontinued in 1859. The trouble was due to the refusal of *Punch*, owned by Bradbury and Evans, to print certain statements concerning Dickens' domestic affairs.

"Frederick G. Kitton, in his 'Minor Writings of Charles Dickens, a Bibliography,' 1900, and his 'Old Lamps for New Ones, and other sketches and essays hitherto uncollected,' 1897, makes no mention of the 'Fisherman,' neither can it be found in the Gadshill, considered the most complete and final edition. A number of bibliographies, two quite recent, fail to give it.

"With regard to the story. It was written by an Englishman. It has the earmarks. It is based on the incidents given

in the Soo-nipi Park Lodge pamphlet. But to one familiar with the writings of Dickens it certainly lacks the Dickensian touch. I shall want something more definite than the statement of the compiler of the aforesaid pamphlet that Dickens wrote the story, and I will be glad if any one will tell me in which American or English periodical it was first published. I doubt if he was the author, and think it first appeared in *Once a Week* in 1863."

To return to the tornado. From Wendell or Sunapee the tornado passed across Sunapee Lake in an inverted pyramidal column, drawing up vast quantities of water. Its appearance at this time was sublime. It seemed to be about twenty rods in diameter at the surface of the water, expanding on each side towards the heavens, its body very dark, with a great deal of lightning. Along the shore of the lake was a stone wall which the tornado struck, scattering the stones at various places. Some which weighed seventy pounds were carried more than two rods up a rise of at least four feet in that distance. The shore of the lake was all covered over with timbers, boards, shingles, broken furniture and demolished buildings, that had fallen from the cloud into the water and then been washed ashore.

It next reached New London, the loss of property in this town being estimated at \$9,000. No persons, however, lost their lives. John Davis' house and other buildings were entirely demolished, not a piece of timber or a board being left on the ground where the house stood, nor a brick remaining in its original place in the chimney. A hearthstone which weighed seven or eight hundred pounds was removed from its bed and turned up on edge. All the furniture was swept away and destroyed and very little of it was ever found. The family were all away at the time. Josiah Davis had three barns blown away and his house much damaged. From a bureau standing in the corner of a room one drawer was taken and carried out of the window, with all it contained, and it was never found.

Jonathan Herrick's house was unroofed, the windows were

broken and much of the furniture and clothing was blown away. Nathan Herrick had a new two-story house frame nearly covered. This was blown down, with two barns. Asa Gage's house was unroofed and two sheds carried away. Anthony Sargent had one barn torn to pieces, another unroofed and two sheds blown away. Dea. Peter Sargent had a barn blown down, one unroofed and a shed torn to pieces. The Widow Harvey also had her house unroofed and a barn torn down. J. P. Sabin's barn was torn down. Levi Harvey's barn was blown to pieces, and he also had a sawmill torn down and 12,000 feet of boards in the mill yard carried away, a few of them being found in the Shaker Village in Canterbury, thirty miles away. A gristmill was moved for some distance and a hoghouse, containing a hog that weighed between three and four hundred pounds, was carried two rods and thrown upon the top of a stone wall, when it fell to pieces and the hog walked away unhurt.

The extent of the tornado in New London was about four miles, varying in width as the column rose and fell. In that area the timber on 330 acres of woodland was blown down. A pair of cart wheels, strongly bound with iron and nearly new, together with the tongue and axle to which they were attached, were carried ten rods, the tongue being broken off in the middle and all the spokes but two taken from one wheel and more than half knocked out from the other.

One writer says that two more houses were destroyed and two others injured, that a cider mill was demolished and three sheds damaged. One cow was killed and several injured. Eight orchards were utterly swept away, most of the trees being torn up by the roots. The trunk of one of these, divested of all its principal branches, was found a half mile away at the top of a long hill. A piece of timber, apparently part of a beam of a barn, ten inches square and ten or twelve feet long, was carried up the same hill for a distance of a quarter of a mile. Near the top of the hill was found an excavation some forty feet in length and in places from two to three feet deep partly filled with broken boards and timbers, having

apparently been made by the fall of a side of a barn that must have been blown whole at least a quarter of a mile. A birch tree, whose trunk was ten inches in diameter, was blown across the lake, which at that place was nearly two miles wide, to a point ten or twelve rods beyond. The most amazing feat of the wind, however, was the rending of a large rock one hundred feet long, fifty feet wide and twenty feet high, into two pieces, which were thrown twenty feet apart.

The tornado then swept through Sutton, doing considerable injury, though few houses were in its path. It then passed over Kearsarge Mountain at a point about two miles south of the highest peak and swept down the other side into the valley, known as Kearsarge Gore at that time, in the town of Warner. It seemed to split into two columns in passing over the mountain, the columns again joining into one as it reached the descent into the Gore. There were seven dwelling houses in this valley. The cloud could not be seen until it was driving down upon them with great speed. The first building struck was the barn of William Harwood, which was instantly carried away. Then the wind injured the houses of M. F. Goodwin, James Ferrin and Abner Watkins, completely destroying Mr. Ferrin's barn and unroofing that of Mr. Watkins. Five barns were entirely destroyed. The late Stephen N. Ferrin of Warner said that on a fence were perched a flock of turkeys more than half grown, about fifteen in number. These were caught up and whirled away and no trace of any one of them could ever be found afterwards.

Daniel Savory's house stood right in the path of the tornado. Hearing a fearful rumbling in the heavens, Samuel Savory (the writer's great-great-grandfather and father of Daniel, who was away), aged 72, hastened upstairs to close the windows. The women of the household started to his assistance, when the house whirled above their heads and instantly rose into the air, while that which was left behind, timber, bricks, etc., literally buried six of the family in the ruins. The body of the aged father, Samuel Savory, was found at a distance of six rods from the house, where his head had been dashed against a stone and he had been instantly killed. Mrs. Elizabeth Savory,

his wife, was very much injured by the timbers which fell upon her. Mrs. Daniel Savory was fearfully bruised. She had just taken an infant, Emily B., out of a cradle and the child was killed in her arms. The writer now owns this cradle which is in his possession. The family was extricated by the assistance of the elder Mrs. Savory, who though very considerably injured had the most surprising strength in removing timbers and bricks, beneath which could be faintly heard the cries and moans of the sufferers. The other children, Laura Little, Leonard N. and Jesse, escaped without much injury.

Daniel Savory's buildings were not only leveled, but the materials and contents were dashed into ten thousand pieces and scattered in every direction. Carts, wagons, sleighs, sleds, plows were carried a considerable distance and were so broken and shattered as to be fit only for fuel. Stone walls were leveled and rocks weighing four or five hundred pounds were taken up out of their beds by the force of the wind. An elm tree, near where old Mr. Savory fell, that measured from a foot to eighteen inches in diameter and was too strongly rooted to yield, was twisted like a withe to the ground and lay prostrate like a wilted weed. Logs that were bedded in the ground, fifty to sixty-five feet long, were not heavy enough to retain their places. Not an apple or forest tree was left standing. Only a part of the floor and some bricks remained to mark the site.

The house of Robert Savory, brother of Daniel, stood very near this place and that was also utterly demolished. Mrs. Robert Savory said that she anticipated a shower and went into a bedroom to take up a child and was conscious of nothing more till she found herself among timbers and ruins, greatly bruised but the child unhurt, her husband buried altogether in the bricks with the exception of his head, and two children completely covered by the splinters and rubbish. This family of eight persons were all hurt but none dangerously. Two girls, Charlotte and Ruth Goodwin, were in the house at the time and were severely hurt.

There were twenty-four hives of bees at the Robert Savory

place, probably the property of both families. The ground was sweetened with honey for half a mile, but no hive nor sign of a bee was ever seen afterwards. Furniture and crockery were smashed and scattered about everywhere, as were also the wings, legs and heads of fowls. Several acres of corn and potatoes were swept off clean, not leaving an ear, save at some distance a few in heaps. One barn was taken up whole and after being carried several rods, went to pieces and flew like feathers in every direction. The Savorys and Abner Watkins had captured a bear and chained him to a sill of Robert Savory's barn. Though the barn was entirely destroyed to its foundation, the sill to which the bear was chained, being a cross sill and bedded into the ground, remained in its place and the bear was unhurt.

"No person could conceive, without visiting the spot, the horrors of that instant—it was but an instant—when houses, barns, trees, fences, fowls, etc., were all lifted from the earth into the bosom of the whirlwind, and anon dashed into a thousand pieces; a few large stones remaining in their places, and others strewed on each side for several feet, indicated where a stone wall had stood; a few fragments of timber and a small quantity of hay, which had since been gathered together, denoted the place where stood the barns; a few timbers and bricks and at one place the floor remained of what composed the dwellings of the two Savorys; and the feathers here and there discovered in the dust showed that the very fowls of heaven that had often sported with the clouds could not fly the swift destruction."

About a half mile from the Savory houses, up a rise of the hill, lived John Palmer. He had stepped out of his door when the cloud came over the mountain, filling the air full of trees, branches, etc. He started to enter the house but the wind forced the door to, catching his arm, and at the same minute the house was caught in the tornado. The chimney gave way, a part of the frame of the house burying Mrs. Phebe Palmer, the owner's wife, under the bricks and timbers as she was trying to force open the door which held her husband. She was quite severely injured, but the rest of the family escaped with

slight injuries. Bridges in this vicinity made of logs were scattered in every direction. Rocks, some of which weighed five hundred pounds or over, were moved several feet and a hemlock log sixty feet in length, half buried in the earth, was taken from its bed and carried six rods forward, while a knot from the same log was carried fifteen paces back and driven with great force two feet under the turf.

The tornado then passed over a spur of the mountain about two miles from the Palmer house and swept down on the other side about a hundred feet, violently striking the house and other buildings of Peter Flanders. The house was so located that the family had no warning of the terrible event until it was upon them. All of the family, seven in number, were more or less injured. Mr. Flanders was dangerously hurt and his wife almost as severely. For several days he was not expected to live, but he finally recovered. Their daughter Mary had one of her arms broken and was somewhat bruised. The widow Colby, who was in the house, was somewhat injured. Mr. Flanders' daughter Phebe, only three years old, was carried from the house on her bed asleep, but was badly hurt, and another child by the name of True was slightly injured. Lorn Hannah, a girl who lived with the family, was severely hurt. Mr. Flanders' infant child and a Miss Anna Richardson were killed. Everything belonging to Mr. Flanders, his buildings, furniture, crops, etc., was destroyed. Mr. Flanders stated that the family had been baking and the bricks were hot; the chimney falling on three of the children so injured one of them that she died that night, and so burned another, a boy of five years, about the legs that the wounds did not fully heal for seven years and he was made a cripple through life. At the time the tornado struck Mr. Flanders' house he was standing at the west of the chimney by the jamb and close to the cellar door. His son True was standing in front of the fireplace. The child Phebe was asleep on the bed and Mrs. Flanders and Miss Richardson were east of the chimney. The buildings being borne completely away, Mr. Flanders was found with his feet partly down the cellar stairs, partially paralyzed, from which shock he did not recover for some six months. The girl, Phebe, was

carried with the feather bed and dropped some rods from the house and one arm was broken. Mrs. Flanders was thrown to the floor with Miss Richardson on top of her and a large stick of timber on top of Miss Richardson, whose arms and legs were broken and who received other injuries from which she died in half an hour. Miss Richardson resided over a mile away on the road to the Kearsarge Gore and was at Mr. Flanders' to get some milk.

A few rods from the Flanders house, over the town line in Salisbury, lived Joseph True. Seven persons were in this house when it was struck by the tornado, and all of them, except two children, were wonderfully preserved. Mrs. True's parents, of the name of Jones, who lived about half a mile away, were there on a visit, and the family had just left the tea-table. Mr. True and Mr. Jones were at the door, and seeing the cloud approaching, were soon convinced that it meant disaster. Mr. True gave the alarm to his family, and then ran under one end of his shop, which stood a short distance from the door of the house, on one side of the path of the tornado, and he was therefore saved. Mr. Jones stood still till the wind struck the barn, a few rods northwest of him, and he saw the fragments of it flying thick in the air above him, then threw himself upon the ground by a pile of heavy wood. A moment later a rafter fell endwise close to him, entering the ground to the depth of one or two feet, the other end falling on the pile of wood and protecting him from a beam that grazed down upon the rafter immediately after and lay at his feet, but he was unhurt.

Of the house, which was new, not a timber remained upon the foundation. It was blown into fragments and scattered to the winds. The cellar stairs even were carried away, and the hearth, which was made of the brick tiles of the time, eight inches square, was removed. The bricks of the chimney were scattered along the ground for some distance, partially covering Mrs. True a foot in depth. The oven in the chimney had been heated, and some brown bread was being baked when the tornado struck the house. The bricks were hot, and Mrs. True was badly burned by them. Mrs. Jones was also burned.

Of the children, Caleb and Joseph were badly hurt and Mary Sally was greatly bruised and burned. Piercing shrieks and cries from two others, who were ten or twelve years old, called their father to a pile of hot bricks, which he removed as quickly as possible, burning his fingers to the bone in doing so, and they were taken out alive, but suffering intensely from burns and bruises. One of them was so disfigured as hardly to be known, and after suffering extremely for several weeks, died. The baby was found lying safe upon the ground underneath a sleigh bottom, about ten rods from the site of the house.

When the wind struck the buildings the sleigh was in the barn, which stood six or eight rods north from the house, and it is interesting to note that the child and the sleigh should meet at exactly the same place. The top of the sleigh could not be found. The materials of the buildings were not simply separated, but were broken, splintered and reduced to kindling and scattered like chaff over the region. It was the same with beds and bedding, bureaus, chairs, tables, etc. A loom was, to all appearances, carried whole about forty rods, and then dashed into pieces. Nearly all of Mr. True's property was destroyed. One or two other occupied buildings in the neighborhood were somewhat injured.

In one place, near Deacon True's, a hemlock log, $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet through and 36 feet long and nearly half buried in the earth, was moved one or two rods. At another place, two hemlock logs of the same size with the other, one 65 feet long and the other about forty, were removed about twelve feet and left in the same situation as before. The entire top of one of the chimneys was carried 10 rods and the bricks left together on one spot. The width of the desolation here was about twenty or twenty-five rods. On the higher grounds over which it passed it was 40, 50, or 60 rods. The deeper the valley, the narrower and more violent was the current of the wind.

The tornado then passed into Warner again, tearing down a barn. It went over Bagley's Pond, the waters of which seemed to be drawn up into the center of the cloud. It destroyed the house of a Mr. Morrill, near the Boscawen line. When the tornado reached the woods of Boscawen, the

terrible arm that had reached down to the earth was lifted up and did no further damage, passing out of sight behind a black cloud.

As a contribution for the relief of the sufferers, sundry articles were sent from the Shakers to Benjamin Evans, Esq., and by him divided. The value of these Shaker goods was estimated to be \$134.72. Various other sums were received and divided by the committee from time to time, amounting altogether to the sum of \$501.04.

The amount of damage suffered by this tornado was appraised to each in Warner and Salisbury and a subscription in the several towns was raised for their relief, Salisbury giving the sum of \$174.54. The following are the names of the sufferers by the tornado in Warner and Salisbury, with the amounts lost as appraised in dollars by the committee:

Foster Goodwin, \$43; William Harwood, \$75; James Ferrin, \$194; Samuel Tiller, \$5; Lorra Little, \$20; Ruth Goodwin, \$6; Charlotte Goodwin, \$6; Abner Watkin, Jr., \$350; Widow Savory, \$100; Daniel Savory, \$675; Robert Savory, \$775; John J. Palmer, \$100; Joseph True, \$800; Peter Flanders, \$758; Jonathan Morrill, \$85; Ezekiel Flanders, \$30; Benjamin and Jesse Little, \$200; James B. Straw, \$50; Nathaniel Greeley, \$100; Moses Stevens, \$10; Jabez True, \$100; Enoch Morrill, \$20; Michael Bartlett, \$10; W. Huntington, \$20.

My authorities for the account of the tornado are found in the following list:

“Historic Storms of New England,” by Sidney Perley.

“Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society,” Vol. 1.

“History of Warner, N. H.,” by Walter Harriman.

“The New England Gazetteer,” by John Hayward.

“The History of Salisbury, N. H.,” by John J. Dearborn.

“The History of the Town of Henniker,” by Leander W. Cogswell.

“The Granite Monthly,” Vol. 15. Article by Howard M. Cook.

"A History of the Town of New London, 1779-1899," by
M. B. Lord.

"Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society,"
Vol. 3. Article on Warner, N. H., by Dr. Moses Long.

"History of New Hampshire," by John N. McClintock.

Also some traditionary accounts from private sources.

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