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TAMWORTH

IRON WORKS

CHATMAN HILL

Madison Plains

NORTH CENTRE

QRTN

THE TAMWORTH SECTION OF THE CARROLL COUNTY MAP OF 1860

F

ROSSIE MOUNTAIN

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

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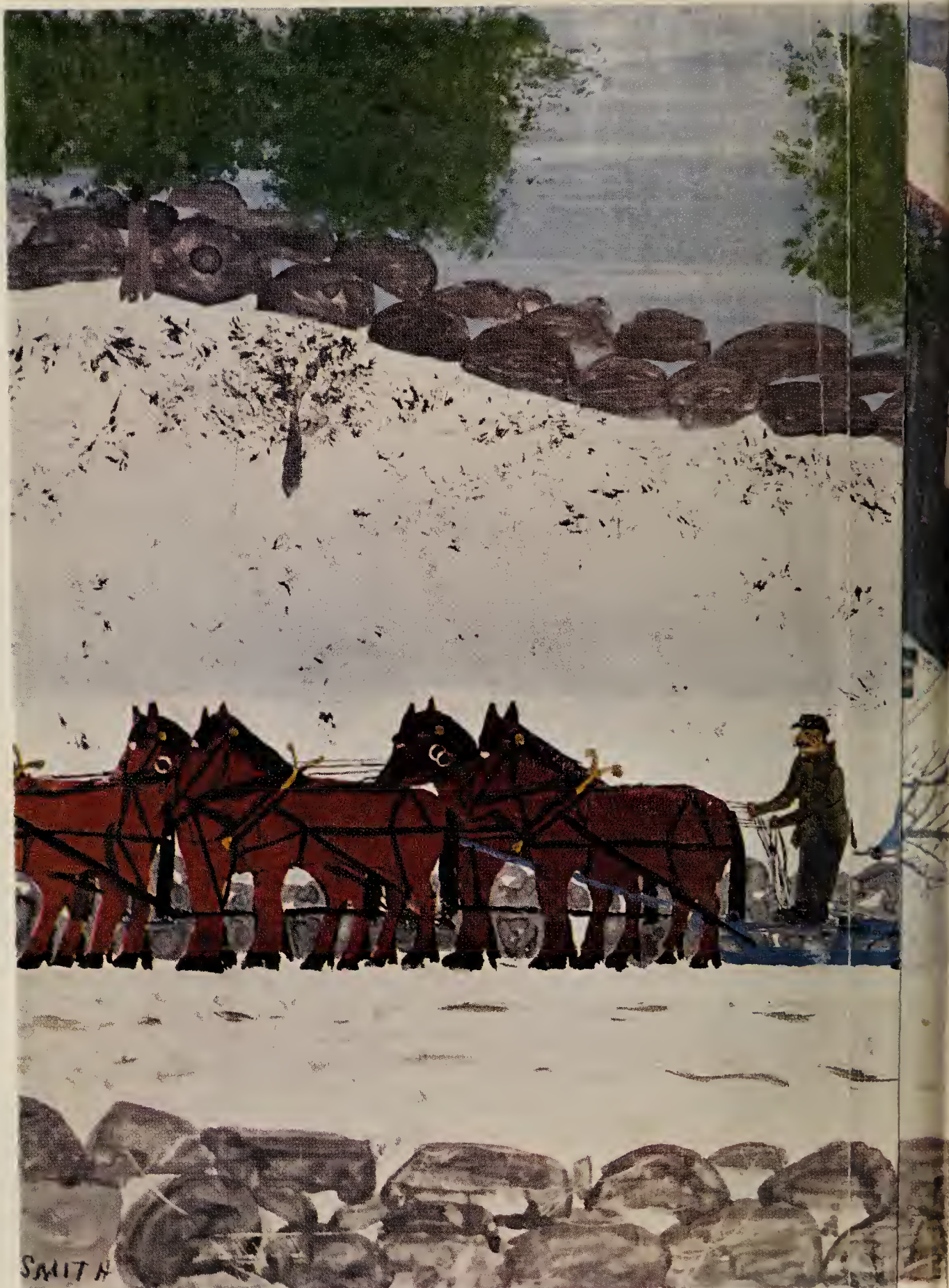
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The Tamworth Narrative



BOILER BEING TRANSPORTED FROM FREIGHT DEPOT UP TO PAUGUS MILLS

Eight pole hosses of Mudgett's and six leaders of Charles Smith's, all were bays. Ralph Smith stands on the sled driving the leaders, with Perley Grace; a man from Mudgett's handles the other reins from a seat on the boiler. All details of boiler and harnesses are historically accurate. While the team was passing through the village the snow melted, and the boiler was left on bare ground until more snow fell. To mark this spot between the Elwell house and the parsonage, the artist Ralph Smith indicated the Elwell house at the right, although space was insufficient. (See page 125.)



TRANSPORTED FROM FREIGHT DEPOT UP TO PAUGUS MILLS

Mudgett's and six leaders of Charles Smith's, all were stands on the sled driving the leaders, with Perley Mudgett's handles the other reins from a seat on the boiler and harnesses are historically accurate. While through the village the snow melted, and the boiler and until more snow fell. To mark this spot between the parsonage, the artist Ralph Smith indicated the spot, although space was insufficient. (See page 125.)

THE TAMWORTH NARRATIVE
(New Hampshire)

by
Marjory Gane Harkness

SPONSORED BY
The Tamworth Foundation
and
The Tamworth Historical Society



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FREEPORT, MAINE

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“When you leave Tamworth in the fall, you hang up your soul along with your khaki trousers, and find them both rather stiff when you come back to them in the spring.”

*A youth in the twenties
returning to college.*

Introduction

A VERY SMALL TOWN has come here to be looked at, a town that has never thought to be the subject of a biography over three hundred pages long. Ever since 1830 its population has hovered over the one-thousand mark in spite of that pull of the West and of the cities that changed the face of all New England hill towns in the seventies and eighties. This means that it has never diminished to the point of losing its character or its continuity, never increased so as to cut down all the elms on Main Street or otherwise get out of hand. Moderation it has always favored. Innovation it has eyed appraisingly, making changes gradually and not for temporary reasons. In an America where towns today rush to conform to a common pattern called Progress, this alone sets slightly apart a town that has not done so.

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Apathy, however is not the key to this behavior. The rugged terrain that gave rise to the abundant water power in the years before lumbering flashed and died, the same terrain that limited agriculture and fixed the course of the railroads and of the winding highways, dictated also the nature of those who set the molds for Tamworth. Jeremy Belknap whose delightful *History of New Hampshire* was brought down by him as far as 1791 winds up with a description of New Hampshire virtues that may have been not far out of the way in his time: "Firmness of nerve, patience in fatigue, intrepidity in danger and alertness in action, are to be numbered among their native and essential characteristics," he wrote. "To be without shoes in all seasons of the year is scarcely accounted a want." "One who indulges in idleness and play is stigmatized according to his demerit," and more to the same effect. *Indulge* is a hard word in eighteenth century New England. Belknap applies it like a whip. In place of indulgence in "spirituous liquors" he points to that "extremely pleasant" beverage, spruce twigs boiled in maple sap.

A town with such an inheritance does not wholly lose it in the course of a few generations. Land which is officially divided for tax purposes into "arable, pasture, meadow, and swamp" asks as much of descendants as of ancestors. Until the dawn of the oil-burner every man "sledged" his wood in wrists and earlaps, while every woman was taking her washing off the rocks in mittens and shawl.

The fibre was not only tough. In its first formative half-century Tamworth was held to the course of righteousness by a guiding mind that would have been remarkable in any period, not the usual gloomy disciplinarian of his day, but a leader who was joyous and friendly with the flock over whom he worked so ardently: Parson Hidden. By him his people were made not only religion-minded, but school-minded, public-welfare-minded, and above all book-minded. Was it usual for a town meeting to vote "to raise \$300 school money more

than the law requires," as was done in 1850? On the town's records are other gestures toward the fellow man: was it usual in 1841 to distribute surplus town revenue "to all females who in the opinion of the selectmen shall have had just cause for divorce" and therefore could be considered widows? In any case no other forest community still without roads set up in 1796 a library like those of the century-older towns of Portsmouth and Dover, and studied the mighty books of the day: Locke on the Human Understanding, Hume's *History of England*, Burlamaqui on Law. The pioneers cracked a long list of such hard-shelled nuts.

Tamworth's "firsts" down to this day tend to take these cultural or altruistic directions. What else is it to reach the quota first in the state in several war-bond drives or Red Cross war drives, so often as to amount to a habit (in one such campaign Tamworth was the first town in the United States to go over the top); to receive the most frequent Garden Show awards in the state; to be judged best also in such a project as the school-lunch program; indeed to have the first serious summer theatre in New England lasting the longest — in all these unrelated efforts there is a thread of connection. No credit is taken for the largest fruit crop in the county, or again the largest maple sugar crop, as natural conditions did their part in these records. But where the mainspring is human, it is a very small town that wins first place so often. An intangible that should not be discredited is that five differing communities here have made one. This should result in a richer mixture and may have done so, whether or not the elements can be measured.

Therefore the would-be historian does not find that Tamworth fits altogether into the period framework of northern New England in general. When the era of the self-sustaining farm unit passed with the coming of the railroads; and then when railroads encouraged the exodus south and west, and the Civil War took further toll of manpower, leaving many hill towns stranded on their rocks, Tamworth could

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not quite be so described. The railroad, hailed as the paramount blessing where it touched, came no nearer to Tamworth than four miles, and so failed to turn into an eyesore an otherwise blameless village. Yet it was near enough for marketing produce, so there was no stranding on the rocks either. Today when supplies are brought in by truck and trailer, those four miles become a precious asset instead of a liability. The end of the sheep-raising that was shared here with the rest of northern New England in the thirties and forties did not give a death blow to the economy, nor did the dairying that followed it take all the energies of local farmers only to disappoint them. Though Tamworth no doubt shared economic ups and downs with its neighbors, it has been spared the extremes. And when in recent history the winter business became a scramble, Tamworth was protected by having no resources to finance a monumental ski development. Its ills, in other words, have likely been some part of its blessings.

It must never be forgotten that there is one constant and ever-renewed yield of revenue. The mountains still grow trees. Essential conditions here are right for forest crops, better than for agriculture. Trees are not quick to produce, but long-term prosperity is assured to timber stands that are treated according to best forestry research. This is our own heritage, existing deeply in our soil and climate, unless lost through ignorant greed as threatened in the nineteenth century.

The greatest blessing of all has been much undervalued as sustenance. "Sure the mountains are pretty, but you can't get your living off them" is a common saying. This opinion must be disputed. There is no more stable and inevitable source of an immediate living than the beauty planted as a free gift in these lower reaches of the White Mountains. Indirectly but surely, whether the inhabitants like it or not, their main living must come from it. Farming, sheepruns, dairying, will never compete successfully with the greater enterprises on lands ideal for those purposes elsewhere. But in turn, the fertile plains of America will never receive those "thousands

of visitors who bring their wealth hither and scatter it freely all along the fascinating pilgrimages” where mountains and lakes compound their appeal (the eloquence is that of the *History of Carroll County*, back in 1889). “Cultured taste has ever admired the scenery of Carroll County,” states the same authority. The district will “continue to attract the best elements of society,” prophesied Larkin Mason, one of its shrewdest sons, before the present century. All Chocorua Mountain has to do is stand looming above its lake, and real estate becomes a business, lumber products are a business, bottled gas is a business, stoves, refrigerator, oil-burners, and plumbing are businesses. Carpenters are in greatest request, painters, electricians, gardeners, the man with the bulldozer and innumerable other specialists are courted, to make no mention of the busy cash registers at the crowded counters of the stores in the villages. Those who are busy are very busy indeed. With intelligent imagination, and fair behavior in the farther world, more and more could be. There are still services unsupplied. There are still desirable people wanting in.

Even without hotels or sizeable inns, the summer home doubles the normal Tamworth population in the warm months. Summer houses now extend their use into winters too, and many owners end by joining the year-round familiar friends. Father Belknap had not thought of skis in outlining New Hampshire’s future, but to young people of the nineteen forties and fifties skiing is integral to life. With it the full advantage of four miles from the railroad is reaped. That same absence of industrialization which caused disheartened emigration a hundred years ago is one of the attractions today. An old Gazetteer consigned Carroll County to outer limbo by calling it “sparsely settled,” but this is the term of the motorist’s intense appreciation when he comes in off the through routes. A mere two hours or so by express highway now puts the region into the category of reachable paradises. Here is Tamworth’s real fortune, not known to the forefathers. May it not be known too widely now. A boom might kill the goose.

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Some years ago two ladies were berrying together on an expanse of blueberry hill that reflected the sky like a blue floor. Combing a fat branch into a quick-filling pail, Mrs. Crothers sighed aloud to Mrs. Hocking, “‘Niggardly New England’!” A reputation for niggardliness can well camouflage some capital assets.

The most stirring aspect of the attracting beauty is the autumn flame spread with such munificence over hills and lakes. In this the chief factor is the rock maple which both altitude and soil particularly favor. To what extent the components of the earth create these effects of daring color is not fully known. A senior scientist from the Natural History Museum in New York during a summer here thought that the greater brilliance and depth of flower color observed by him in every small garden, as compared with those in New Jersey where he lived, might be directly due to the rock and minerals in the soil. At least the gala demonstration of the mountain October is beyond achievement by man. Nor did the pioneers select their pitches because of it. Descendants merely find themselves rich with a further unearned increment. Pray Heaven that no thoughtlessness may ever destroy it.

Mountain altitudes also conduce to climate. Just as uncomfortable degrees of heat in summer are so rare as to be negligible, so the winter's cold is a dry cold, not felt in the bones like the damp variety near the ocean. The famous clarity in the air not only makes the outdoor fall and winter brilliant to the eye but exhilarates the senses. Winds are mitigated by the mountain ramparts.

This book is written not for historians in high places but for reference and enjoyment at Tamworth firesides. It cannot be history in the exact sense of the term, because of the very scant original sources such as the true historian will alone take for evidence. A few documents pertaining to Tamworth are preserved in the State Papers. A few more are fortunately still in town archives. The bulk of the book is made from what other writers have written or from oral testimony out of living



THE OLD CHESLEY HOUSE
on the Hollow Hill Road, type of all early houses



CHOCORUA MOUNTAIN
has only to stand above its lake.



OLDEST HOUSE IN TAMWORTH VILLAGE
now the home of Forrest Ayer, Town Clerk

people's memories, and everyone knows the unreliability of both these as fact. Readers must be warned to stop short at this point if no hearsay is acceptable, no secondary material worth attention. The writer believes in the theory that back of tradition there is usually a fact, and even that the tradition is often more revealing than the fact itself. This was expressed forcefully by a worker in religious education who rose in a contentious meeting not too long ago and said, "The Bible is a book of truth, a book of great truth. It is not a book of fact."

Every reader may have items in mind that would have supplied additional interest. Such omissions should be brought to the attention of the author or the officers of the Tamworth Historical Society, so that when the volume has become obsolete and perhaps some day a new edition will be under preparation, a future worker will have fuller resources. The current data of today we have been at pains to leave unapproached, except when tied willy-nilly to some aspect of the past. The present too will take on in time the tone of antiquity and quaintness needed for the historical feeling.

Much more material has been brought together for this volume than could be put between its covers. The amateur history writer learns that everything has a bearing on everything else. In an ideal history nothing at all could be omitted that has ever happened on the globe. By this theory, every person living or dead is of significance in the life of every other in the ever dissolving and resolving life of the world. The hardest duty of the present writer has been to leave out. After all, the most that can be done is to gather a few pebbles here and there on what seems an endless shore, and erect a small exhibit out of these.

Tamworth Chronology

Battle of Lovewell's Pond; Indians defeated	1725
Town chartered	1766
David Folsom manufactures nails in Chocorua area	1770
Stephen Mason settles in South Tamworth	1773
Thomas Danforth's gristmill	1778
Petition for a "settled ministry"	1778
Freewill Baptist Church begun in Chocorua area	1781
Beginning of Tamworth Iron Works	1785
Ministry of the Rev. Samuel Hidden, Tamworth	1792-1837
Tamworth Meetinghouse erected	1793
Tamworth Library begun	1796
First fulling and clothmaking mill	1807
Larkin D. Mason, South Tamworth	1810-1902
Separation of church and government	1819
South Tamworth Methodist Church organized	c1824
First meetinghouse built	1832
Rebuilt and enlarged	1860
The "Cold Year"—snow every month	1827
"Siege of Wolves" at Great Hill	1830
Chocorua Church completed	1835
Rebuilt	1884
Population reaches high of 1766	1850
New Tamworth Church completed and old meeting house moved to present site as townhouse	1852-53
Elder Runnell's pastorate, Tamworth Iron Works	1852-87
Last settlement of town boundaries	1859
Tamworth Dam swept away	1869
Coming of the railroad	1875
Wonalancet Meetinghouse built	1880
Rebuilt	1890
Chocorua Library begun	1888
Change of name of Tamworth Iron Works to "Chocorua"	c1890
Cook Library completed, Tamworth	1895
Runnells Hall constructed, Chocorua	1897
First Roman Catholic Mass said	1898
Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Roman Catholic Church, Chocorua, built	1905
Rebuilt	1942-43
Tamworth Visiting Nurse Association	1922
St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, Whittier, organized	1924
Church built	1927
The Barnstormers	1931
Tamworth Outing Club	1935
The Tamworth Foundation	1937
Consolidated Elementary School	1956
The Tamworth Associated Churches	1957

I

The Beginnings

The Setting

IN ATTEMPTING HISTORY, a starting-point must first be found. Should we begin the story of Tamworth with the Ice Age, when the glacier was dragging Ordination Rock and others of our big boulders to the random spots where they are now rooted, then retreating during eons more to leave them high and dry? Or do we skip to the discovery of our shores by white men, navigators in small ocean-breasting sailing ships out of Portugal, out of England, out of France and Norway, beating along our unknown rocky coasts? Among these was Captain John Smith, who wrote in his log that there were vast snow-covered mountains inland, perhaps not more than seventy miles. To him, making his headquarters on Monhegan Island, these were as inaccessible as the mountains of the moon. But returning to England he made a map and presented it to Prince Charles, who promptly named the country New England and called it his own. Charles had never seen these territories so many weeks' sail over the water. Much less did he possess any real right or title to them, not even by conquest.

But man, who lives on top of the earth's surface and has to find his living off it, seems to have always believed that what he treads on belongs to him to do what he likes with, and he has developed great systems of law to support him in the conviction. James I and his successor Charles took up the matter of these far lands of New England with the idea of benefiting their kingdom. Knowing nothing of the nature or extent of the regions where the snow-covered mountains had been seen, and nothing of their value, with unruffled

assurance they began giving them away, in large vague chunks, to almost anyone who showed proper deference to their Majesties in asking for them. Parchment "grants" would be drawn up and signed by the King with a flourish and a seal, and henceforth loyal subjects believed without question that these far surfaces of the earth were theirs by absolute right.

As gold was the objective of the Spanish conquerors on the southern continent, so were precious stones and valuable minerals confidently expected out of New England. Captain John Mason and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, adventurers who were on the hunt for riches of this kind, were the first to acquire "patents" in this region. The geography of these patents was of the most hypothetical nature and changed repeatedly as Mason and Gorges and their companions juggled them back and forth. But Mason is called the founder of New Hampshire (*Encyclopedia Britannica*), and it was about 1629 that he gave the name of Laconia to a loose unknown and unmeasured territory between Lake Champlain and the Piscataqua River. He died before laying eye on any part of it, but he farmed out, or thought he did, to one Hezekiah Usher the "mines, minerals and ores of New Hampshire for one thousand years," reserving to himself "one quarter part of the royal ores and one-seventeenth of the baser sorts." Deluded Mason, more deluded Usher! The "factor" was scolded for not shipping back iron ore as ballast, and was requested if there were not iron enough, "to fill the ship upp with stockes of cypress wood and cedar." Plaintively Mason wrote "The chrystall stones you sent [from Mount Washington] are of little or no vawew, unless they were so great as to make drinking cups or some other works. . . . Good iron or lead ore I should like better of, if it could be found. I have disbursed a great deal of money in the plantation and never received one penny." The obsession of New Hampshire's mineral wealth never left him.

The first white man to see any part of our present Carroll County might well have been some unhappy factor like Ma-

son's man, some explorer with a mission to report on resources to his superior in England. Can we at all put ourselves in this man's place, working his way up into the interior of the alien continent as far as where Tamworth is today? Without any Tamworth, the broad valley that spreads between the Sandwich Range and the Ossipees was as it is now. What did it look like when this first white man came? At the most, only some three hundred years have passed, a mere twitch in the movement of time, since he struggled slowly through the forest, pausing often to look this way and that, with axe and powder horn at belt, flint and steel in pocket, and carrying as his only defense a firelock of dubious capacity.

What was it like? If it were summer and this man climbed a tree, or got upon a bare hilltop, the landscape would have looked almost as it looks now when you fly above it, the entire field of view to all horizons one continuous green carpet lapping both valleys and mountains. This is broken into by small clearings but only rarely, because from the air most of the buildings we know at ground level are hidden by the trees around them. The over-all view gives the lie to our usual conception that we are town or village communities on hard roads, with woods on the outskirts of our lives. The fact is that since man has known this territory he has rolled back the forest carpet but very slightly. Though the actual amount of timber may be diminished to a fraction of its former volume, and the same with watercourses, this kind of change is not very evident from the air.

To that first explorer venturing into it, the forest was something that never again can be known except in imagination. Dense woods, yes, pathless forest, "infinite thick woods," ruthless wilderness — none of the terms by which the adventurers tried to describe it to the uncomprehending officials at home conveys much meaning. Its unending extent alone was terrifying to men accustomed to the short distances of their green and pleasant isle. They were alarmed by its inhuman silence which caused any sound to startle, and con-

stantly frustrated by its teeming growth which often meant perpetual use of the axe merely to advance a few more steps. For hurricanes are nothing modern. Blowdowns lay where they had fallen like jackstraws, decay upon decay, clogged thick with young growing softwood. No man could get through that, or through swamp areas set thick with alders. There are many witnesses to these things in the records. Add the winter's immovable weight of snows, and the mountain territory could become the "frightful polar horror" it was called in English by one of the first arrivals.

Even without snow, absence of roads or paths doubled all difficulties. Indians followed rivers; their spotted trails could be used when found. But there is little evidence that the Pequaket Indians of our region, who were centered on the Saco River, had permanent villages in our Sandwich valley or came through except to trap and hunt. They knew certain oak groves, and ground acorns apparently in holes they made in boulders for the purpose. The dugout fished up by Boy Scouts from Bearcamp Pond was probably stored for summer fishing visits. But mainly they crossed from east to west along that natural route the Bearcamp stream, when obliged to go to fight their enemies the Mohawks across the Great River.

Though the redskins may not have inhabited these woods, other terrors did roam it and take toll, such as black bear and lynx — that formidable wildcat later called *loucivee* — and especially the fearsome wolves, perpetually on the scent of blood. The sound of wolves howling for prey is a noise that none of us today has ever heard. Would we have made a home where it was a feature of every nighttime? An early print shows a cabin in the moonlight in the middle of a circle of some fifty sitting wolves.

Another enemy that lay in wait, nor yet killed off today, was described by the early reporter Josselyn, he who first used the name The White Mountains. In 1684 he said, "There is a small black fly no bigger than a flea so numerous up in the country that they are not only a pesterment but a plague

to the country.” Another diarist is also “very much tormented by flies.” “Thar came a scout of gnats” testifies another. We have no trouble in believing it.

Of the beauties that came with the wolves and midges we hear nothing. But the trailing arbutus after the ice and the lady’s-slipper in June must have been abundant, and the purple fringed orchid *fimbriata* must have gleamed gloriously in the thickets. The songbirds came only with civilization, according to an early school history, and nobody would have thought them worth naming, but there were wild turkeys and passenger pigeons for food, multitudinous and tame, and all manner of small fry underfoot and in trees.

The forest must be thought of as dark. Trees towered then as they no longer can, untouched stands of them, in soil of a fertility and moisture now lost. The first settlers had incredible riches to mine from, and neither knowledge, experience, nor tools to deal with the treasure rightly. They regarded all of it as hostile. Both Indians and forest were “foes to be felled.” They destroyed as fast as they could, in their small piecemeal way. Conservation, or economical use of natural resources, was an idea that waited till the twentieth century to be born, after the amateur destruction had all been done, and most of the wealth gone down the rivers.

This pathless, impenetrable, dark, and silent forest, trimmed with hungry beasts and biting flies, as well as flowers and birds, in any case “daunting terrible” (another of Joselyn’s expressions), had surprising “intervals” — plains where grass grew — “grass man high unmowed uneaten and uselessly withering.” Such lush meadows along the great bends of the Saco River were where the Pequakets made their base. But some few of these open intervals were over in our Tamworth area and were seized upon first by the advance settlers. And there was Birch Intervale (Wonalancet) which, when Bradbury Jewell first looked down on it and called it his, was one enormous and solid stand of white birch. The lakes now in our township shone then as now, the ones we know as Cho-

corua Lake and White Lake, as did our various ponds — Great Hill Pond, James Pond, Moore's Pond, and smaller ones. Seen from the air, all but Chocorua Lake are now going to green and yellow scum and must pass through a long cycle of nature before swamp alders give place to hardwood, to pine, and to clear water again.

The rivers have likewise changed — the Bearcamp River, the Chocorua River, the Swift River, and the brooks that feed them had an impetuous volume of flow unimagined today. Trees met over these tumultuous waters. In them and in the lakes and ponds, fish were in multitude. About the middle of the last century it was estimated that one hundred bushel of trout were taken out of Wonalancet Brook alone, in one season.

Though most of Chocorua Mountain and most of the Ossipees are not within Tamworth's actual borders, this valley is the only one where either range is seen to advantage and is most fully enjoyed, so that Tamworth possesses them not only as ramparts but as intimate landscape and part of life. Chocorua Mountain, in particular, Tamworth residents have always appropriated with pride of ownership. Its pink granite peak composes into a unique and charming view from any one of some hundred or more homes that now command it. The cult of Chocorua Mountain with the lake at its foot is part of the tradition that permeates our small society. Every child is told how the Indians thought that the Great Spirits who lived on the mountaintop wished silence on the lake below, and that a word spoken aloud in a canoe would cause it to sink immediately.

The legend of the Indian sachem Chocorua meeting his death on the mountain heights is so deeply rooted that if not substantiated it ought to be. Here is the certain essential truth in ancient tradition, where scientific verification is out of place. That such a character as Chocorua lived seems to be fact, transmitted by Jonathan Gilman, husband of the famed first parson Hidden's daughter, who had often talked with an early

settler who in turn had known Chief Chocorua well. Jonathan's account came to many Chocorua residents through Ezra Nickerson, now only lately dead. Sweetser's *Guide to the White Mountains*, a veritable Baedeker in careful statement, first printed in 1876 with a full description of "the stagelines in the Mountain-district," even in the 12th edition of 1892, speaking of Chocorua says, "The legend was thus narrated to the Editor by a venerable man of Tamworth, who had written it down forty years ago as he received it from his ancestors." Chocorua as an Indian chief can be allowed.

The details of his story vary in the printed accounts. In general it runs about like this: The earliest recorded white settler near Chocorua Lake was one Cornelius Campbell. His house is variously considered as located at the bend of the state road at Pequaket, or at the next cellar hole beyond Durrell's. In one story his name is Tobias Russell, again it turns up as something else. It is permissible to enhance the account by reporting the Campbells as descendants of Cromwellian refugees forced into the American wilderness by the Restoration of the Stuarts. This is quite likely, as they are accounted different from other frontiersmen in having both manners and means. The man, anyhow, had made a friend of the Indian Chocorua who had remained behind with a few followers not to desert the graves of his ancestors after the battle of Lovewell's Pond, when most of the tribe had limped away to Canada. Chocorua's child played with the white children of the Campbells, and when the Indian went for a temporary visit to his kinsfolk at St. Francis, he left the boy in his friends' care.

Returning, the chieftain found his boy dead of fox poison drunk by mistake. The stricken father could not believe this accidental. He nursed his revenge until a day when Campbell in turn was away from home, when he fell upon the white man's family, massacred his wife and children, and set fire to the house. Campbell arriving home to this disaster called a neighbor or two and flung himself after the enemy. In

battle with the enraged colonists, Chocorua and his few Indians were worsted. He escaped alone up the mountain. Campbell's men closed in and followed him to the top, isolated him on a precipice, and ordered him to jump and die. The spot used to be pointed out to climbers, by no means as forbidding a cliff as appears in the Hatch engraving of the Thomas Cole painting illustrated opposite page 22. It would seem difficult to die by jumping from the real one.

At this point the story divides into two versions: one, that before leaping, Chocorua lifted arms to heaven and uttered his famous imprecation upon white men and all their works. Though nobody was taking shorthand, posterity quotes: "A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son, and ye killed him when the sky was bright! Lightning blast your crops! Winds and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the warpath of the Indian! Panthers howl and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit — his curse stays with the white man!"

The other version is that failing to jump, the chief was shot by Campbell where he stood; falling, he partially raised himself and delivered his terrific curse while dying upon the rock. This is the attitude made immortal by Cole. The legend has never taken an effort to believe, and the romance of the mountain which has its deep personal appeal for all has been supported by the authority of Frederick W. Kilbourne substantially as it appears in Sweetser's Guide. Let us fail to listen to the voice of reason which reminds us that an Indian, so much more a creature of the woods than they, could hardly be chased to a mountaintop by white men.

The curse had such weight with the settlers that when cattle did begin to die forthwith, they gave the region a wide berth for many years, and this is supposed to be why other areas were settled first. Ultimately it became understood that

the cattle disease called Burton ail was due to muriate of lime in certain springs in the township of Burton next north.

Campbell had no land ownership that is recorded. One account has him become a hermit on the site of his tragedy. He must have fled the region, otherwise the chain of revenge in the Indian code would have obliged a bloody end for him in turn, and this is not in the record.

The Pequakets whose sachem and prophet was Chocorua were a minor branch of the Sokokis (akin to the name Saco). The Ossipee Indians were another branch, and Pequot is a common designation. These were of the great Abenaki persuasion, and the Abenakis in turn were those tribes from the north and east within the Pennacook Confederacy, a unit of the Algonquins, centered where modern Concord is. There had been a great plague in 1617 that ran through all the eastern tribes like fire and killed them in such numbers that the living could not bury the dead. "By such singular means," pronounces the kindly Jeremy Belknap in his sober history in 1784 "did divine providence prepare the way for peaceable entrance of the European into this land"! By the time of the first English in the territory, only a remnant of the Pennacooks survived, all of one language; they have been estimated all the way from 20,000 down to 250. The next nearest tribe were their hereditary enemies the Micmacs or Tarentines on the east, and the Mohawks over beyond Vermont, a family of the Six Nations (Iroquois) who covered New York and the Middle West. In 1650 Father Ragueneau of the Jesuits wrote, "My pen has no ink black enough to paint the fury of the Iroquois."

Over-all head of the Pennacooks, which practically meant all New Hampshire's Indians, was the great pacific figure of Passaconaway, "Bashaba," he who was greatest in height, greatest in war, greatest in magic and craftiness, and greatest in wisdom. Even the whites fell under his spell. As quoted by Sweetser, "It is a notorious fact that the English trespassed on his hunting-grounds and stole his lands. Yet he never stole

anything from them. They killed his warriors,— yet he never killed a white man, woman, or child. They captured and imprisoned his sons and daughters,— yet he never led a captive into the wilderness. Once the proudest and most noble Bashaba of New England, he passed his extreme old age poor, forsaken, and robbed of all that was dear to him, by those to whom he had been a firm friend for nearly half a century.”

This influential sachem had urged friendship with the white men, whose overwhelming numbers must otherwise obliterate his race. Upon retiring at the age of one hundred years he laid upon his followers in handsome Indian-type oratory the command that they must cease to fight this on-coming tide. Part of his legend is that he lived to be one hundred and twenty and died in a cave on the mountain afterward named for him, where there is an undecipherable inscription on a rock. According to the tribal tradition

“Gently they laid him in the waiting sledge.
The gray wolf-team ran yelping up the ledge.
Men, watching, saw them reach the summit, whirl,
And vanish upward, in a fiery swirl.”

—Paul Scott Mowrer

His one surviving son and successor Wonalancet obeyed his father and withdrew his people far away from the encroaching paleface. Had the encroaching paleface been as temperate as they, there need never have been the unspeakable barbarities of the French and Indian wars. “Wars result from the crimes and ambitions of the few rather than of the masses.” To those earliest English governors of the Province of New Hampshire whose eyes were solely on riches and lands, the way to handle the wild men was to swindle them freely, to kill them together with their cousins the wild animals, or to sell them as slaves in the West Indies. That they maddened the red men by their own careless arrogance and fraud did not change their methods. They paid for land with firewater or Sheffield knives, and then when drunken Indians went on scalping sprees, were free with what they called righteous re-

venge. Was the forest not bad enough, they said, without prowling tomahawks and deadly ambushes? By this thinking, painted savages who could not even speak a civilized tongue did not deserve to live. Moreover, the savages did not fight by any known code. They made war as they hunted, patiently, with stalking, decoy, ambush, surprise, and then when the victim was thoroughly unprepared, with barbarous ferocity in the attack. The European system of declared war and pitched battles with opposing forces drawn up on a plain was to the Indian mind merely crackbrained.

In the long malevolent wars we have the spectacle of the French-Canadian government buying their Indian allies by a bounty on English scalps, to match Massachusetts which gave £100 apiece for Indian scalps. Later even this sum would be raised. In Maine it was £400, according to the town history of Thomaston. In inevitable reprisal, one outrage led to another in an unending cycle. Vengeance had to wait usually until winter, since crops and subsistence occupied all the attention of both Indians and whites for six months of the year. When the warpath was resumed, therefore, battles took place mostly on snow or in early spring. The final crucial fight was at Lovewell's Pond near Fryeburg, when both Captain Lovewell and the enemy Paugus, father of Chocorua, were killed.

“Twas Paugus led the Pequatt tribe.
As runs the fox would Paugus run.
As howls the wild wolf would he howl.
A large bear skin had Paugus on,”

recites the old ballad. He was so mighty a chieftain that his death was a great psychological defeat. After it the remaining Indians withdrew from New England altogether to their town of St. Francis up on the St. Lawrence River, and settlers no longer listened in terror for the blood-freezing warwhoop.

At Pequaket the tribe had been peaceable enough until roused by all the bloody excesses. Their settlements around the bends of the Saco, overlooking the fertile intervalles called

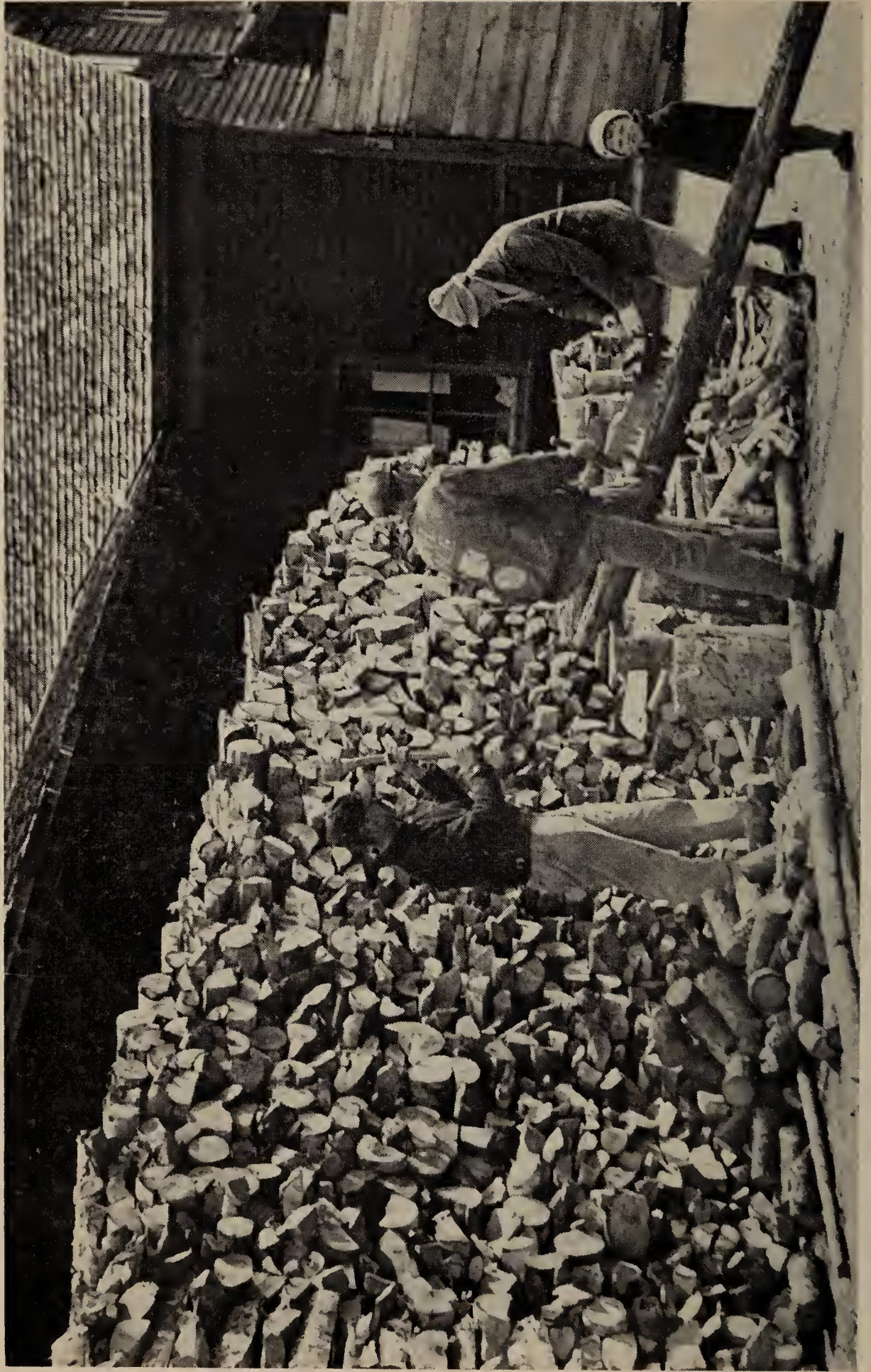
in general by their name, are to us the Conways and Fryeburg. Their main village of Auket would seem to have been on the long high peninsula by the river, a mile or so north of present Conway. There their assemblage of wickiups was within close reach of their plantations of corn, squash, tobacco, and beans, melons, and strawberries, and of the sugar bush where they tapped the rock maples. They trapped unlimited beaver whose fur was cash for trading. Seines fed them lake fish. Weirs in the Saco caught them salmon. Their squaws cured and tanned the game they brought, and curried the hides, made moccasins, and sewed wampum belts. The blue beads of wampum were their gold, and white their silver; they made these cleverly out of shells, drilled and strung and worked them. Pequaket crafts of this order are not practised in New England now, but as late as the early 1900's groups of remnant Indians used to come over from Old Town, Maine, selling their sweet-grass baskets at all the resorts, and doing well with them. Indians had no priests or worship, save to placate the Spirits who inhabited highest mountains. Their legends included a great deluge with one human pair surviving, as in other ancient race lore. Their inherited code was to scorn fear, to speak truth, to endure, and to *repay*.

We have inherited from those Indians whom our forefathers despised and exterminated. It is a multiple legacy: Indian place names are scattered thick over our country; the campfire and trail lore of Boy and Girl Scouts have much to do with the code of Americans grown; the moccasin pattern is integral to all our shoe industry; the canoe, adopted speedily by the English immigrant, has been the basis ever since of more and more refinement of manufacture; snowshoes have never gone out of production, nor the toboggan, an Indian utility for dragging freight. And every American who cooks something on a long stick at his backyard barbecue is paying tribute to aboriginal influence. The pumpkin was the Indians' before it was ours; squash is also an Indian word, chowder likewise; clams were a staple to them. Maple syrup was an



CHOCORUA'S CURSE

Engraving by George W. Hatch from the painting by Thomas Cole which brought \$1,500 at a recent sale. Climbers suspect Cole of not having been up the mountain.



BUCKING STOVEWOOD AT THE BARN

Indian discovery; so, of course, was tobacco which had reached England from America before any emigration to New England. Greater than any of these is corn. The maize first met with as the Indians pounded their meal in a stone mortar was soon to be our ancestors' main support, along with game. The words hominy, pone, samp, and succotash are all Indian in origin. Johnnycake is supposed to have been journey cake. From Indian pudding boiled in a bag, through popcorn (the marching ration of Indian warriors) down to corn liquor, maize has a place in every part of our diet today, and is peculiarly American.

There is an even more essential inheritance from the aboriginal American. Utterly displaced in our New Hampshire now, he still enters into the mental and moral fibre of the antagonist who supplants him, as conquerors have so often in history adopted the characteristics of the conquered. The Indian's strategy was learned in order to overcome him, by that so-called Christian newcomer whose guiding principle had been his strict Calvinistic religion. The two elements fused strangely. A Christian settler could listen to four hours of sermon on Sunday, hunt and take four scalps on Monday, and Tuesday ship the bloody mass to Boston to collect £1000, all seen as approved by the Lord. In "subduing the wilderness" the colonists were as resourceful and crafty as the frightened savages, and quite as cruel. To those of superior knowledge who had traded beads and liquor for hundreds of acres of timberland, trading became synonymous with playing to win. When, some generations afterward, descendants of this school became the unscrupulous tycoons of the 1870's and 1880's, business became license as never before. Our native New Hampshire farmers today come honestly by their talent and taste for tradin'. Trading amounts to the down-east Yankee's sport, and he is experienced and famous at it.

If the frontier experience has had a part in America's achievements, it is responsible for other things as well. The Indians honored guile — their venerated sachem Passacona-

way was a great example. They never forgot an injury (nor a kindness, it was said), and they knew relatively little of courts or arbitration. Retaliation in kind was their law, a lesson we quickly learned and have not as quickly forgotten. We named it "getting even." Getting even has created a host of good anecdotes and some of our more famous local characters, but is not an element in the Christian code. Though sources may not be traced too assuredly, some racial marks can be recognized. It is enough to understand that in counting up our heritage the defeated Indians may not be overlooked.

The Road In = *John Dudley Begins Route 16*

HAVING BEEN GRANTED "Laconia," Captain John Mason and after him his heirs could in turn grant some of the spoil to others. Surveying was primitive; mostly it did not exist and the courts of the time were helpless to create definitive titles. Grant had followed grant and sale followed sale in interlacing confusion for over a century. Claims could hardly have been more slippery and conflicting interests more complex.

Not to try to thread the swamps of litigation or find our way in grants that did not stick, we may skip the intervening generations to the year 1746 when New Hampshire, still a Crown province, saw most of the uncertainty swept away. In that year a syndicate of twelve men in Portsmouth brought from Lieutenant John Tufton Mason, for £1500, the claim of his great-great-great-grandfather Captain John. The Mason Patent then ceased to shift like a football from hand to hand. At last it was safe to go ahead and open the country. The "Purchasers of Mason's Claim," or the Proprietors, henceforth became the official owners of New Hampshire's real estate.

By fair means or foul the Indian problem had been disposed of, and settlers began at once pushing up into the New Hampshire wilderness. They were mainly not emigrants from Europe, but from Massachusetts and Connecticut or farther south. Each man "pitched" on his lot or lots among the newly surveyed lands and applied to the Masonian Proprietors to have his choice assigned him so he could start clearing. The Masonian Proprietors, twelve in number though in effect only two or three, were relatives or hangers-on of Benning

Wentworth, the governor of the new province. They had all made money in trading with the Indians or in masting or in rum, and now they were prepared to make some in land. To-day they would have formed a corporation. Their idea was to lay out towns of six miles square as fast as possible — in four years there were 150 grants of towns — and let groups of men locally interested take over each unit as a body of sixty or more grantees, who in turn would find settlers in the interest of the Proprietors. Land speculation being the main object, many of the grantees reappear in several town charters.

Because the final conveyance of the Patent had “raised a ferment among the people,” the Proprietors prudently quit-claimed at once to existing settlers the properties already taken up. At first a new and bona fide settler would receive his land free, with stipulations. In the division of a town into tracts each Proprietor and grantee received about three hundred acres for himself which he could dispose of as he liked. One lot in the town was reserved for a school, one for a minister, and one for a parsonage, besides the biggest and choicest one of five hundred acres for Governor Wentworth himself. In Tamworth on the earliest map, “B.W.” is initialed on a large square in the southwest corner. Masts for the King’s Navy were the principal wealth as yet believed in. This lot would be high on the Ossipee Mountain, where probably good pine had been spotted.

And since a man who pioneered into the wilderness usually hadn’t a penny in his breeches, the Proprietors gave every settler the bonus of a cow to get him started. In return he promised hard work — so many acres felled, so many plowed and planted, and a house raised by a certain date. The Tamworth Charter in 1766 expressly states that every grantee shall plant five acres within five years for every fifty acres held, on penalty of forfeiture. Every man was further to get a one-acre lot in what was forecast as probably the future center of the town. And he was to pay rent of one ear of corn on Christmas Day annually for ten years (if de-

manded!), and thereafter one shilling "proclamation money" for every hundred acres owned.

When land was as cheap as this, it was no matter if surveys were careless. Buyers buying sight unseen might find their holdings undesirable, and move. Sometimes pioneers would take up land as squatters and be forced off when legitimate owners appeared. Many were the deeds which were not clearly or even legally drawn, or not recorded, so the question of proper ownership was a minor delirium. This may explain why already in the eighteenth century there were abandoned cellar holes in Tamworth, and some land apparently belonged to no one.

After all, what attention is left for legal niceties where every family is alone in the little clearing, miles from any other, intent on its immediate necessities — getting the wheat and corn planted among the rocks, getting maple sugar out, getting fur to trade, getting berries and nuts and game, so there would be no need to boil the moccasins for soup while waiting for the wheat to ripen; all the while dealing with floods, blizzards, avalanches, famished bears, and howling wolves?

The houses these men raised might have been log-built at first, as an axe would be the only tool needed, but recent research has exploded the belief that they were lengthwise logs as in the early west. It is said now (Shurtleff and Morison: *The Log-Cabin Myth*) that the English had nothing of this form of construction — it was later brought by Swedish or Norwegian immigrants and flourished where they settled. In upper New Hampshire the earliest shelters seem to have had vertical poles bent to an arch at the top, as learned from the Indians, and been bark-covered. A three-sided pole shed was open on the south side as described in Seth Hubbell's diary. But frame houses were very soon built by the techniques and tools well known in England, sawmills on the ever-handy streams meeting the demand for "bords." Some houses were as high as a story-and-a-half. A few of these in Tamworth survive

today, as the Fay house on the road to Chocorua, the Forrest Ayer house in Tamworth village, or the Johnson and Mather houses in Chocorua.

In some cases settlers were paid outright to go on the land. In Moultonborough £100 went to each of the first six settlers, and later £1000 was offered for anyone to build a sawmill and "keep her in repair." The Proprietors, being absentee owners sitting comfortably in older towns down country, would turn a grant over to a committee of two or three who in turn would have a Proprietor's Clerk or agent in the field, usually someone early on the scene who knew the territory well and was himself a settler. This was a cushy job during the sixties and seventies and on after the Revolution when settlers were coming thick and fast. The agent would put down his own name for any lots he thought especially good; when someone came along to buy one, he would get his pay from the Proprietors, and the settler would give his bond and get his deed after one year, or perhaps forfeit it by moving on. Orlando Weed held this agent's office for Sandwich, before he moved over to Burton, and Colonel Jonathan Moulton's was the iron hand that controlled the Tamworth allotments from his mansion down in Hampton.

The Masonian Papers, meaning correspondence that went on between the Proprietors at Portsmouth and the men who were their agents here on the scene, and letters of pioneers themselves trying to write their grievances from their kitchen tables after a sixteen-hour day with grub hoe and crowbar, exist today in the fascinating bound volumes of the State Papers. The grievances were often very real. Can we not feel for "Mr. Rewbin Nichason" who "Desires the Favour of the Propretors that they Woud Consider him for the Lot of Land sold Richard Jackman on which the Said Nichason has Got a Framed House, Also a barn 30 by 40 . . . and the Said Jackman Takes into his Inclosir all the Buildings of the said Nichson, and Nichason has paid Taxes in Ossipee, as per rec't." (No upshot recorded.)

Reuben was in Ossipee; Ossipee and Tamworth papers often overlapped. In November, 1776, the year when certain other things were also taking place in America, one Captain John Dudley in Ossipee, a land speculator, had been laying out a road which was to serve Tamworth as well, and one Henry Rust, the agent for Wolfeborough, had to report on it. He could not be enthusiastic. He writes: "Memo . . . Capt. Dudley's Road the first half Mile or thereabout from Duncans or Bare Pond to be cut Straight, Wider & Stump lower The remainder of the Road to Lovel River will Answer for Wedth but, what Crosswayg & Bridging there is not quite Sufficient, some few Trees & some partly cut down to be clear'd Out — The Road in General is Straight & carried as Nigh Ossepe Mountain as possable to go to Tamworth being but just a Good Passable way between Sd Mountain & Bare Camp River — Henry Rust." Here making their first appearance in history we recognize the vague outlines of our Routes 16 and 25. The names of Duncan Pond (now Lake) in Ossipee and the Lovell River easily fix their identity. Until John Dudley's efforts this had been a horse-trail only, or for goaded oxen, doubtless the same as that which for centuries before had been known only to Indian moccasins. Where it carried "as Nigh Ossepe Mountain [Nickerson's Mountain on the Geological Quadrangle] as possable" it would be the old "mountain road" which joins the present highway again at the covered bridge, and continues as Route 25, still the main artery into present-day Tamworth by way of Butler's Bridge on Route 113. The covered bridge itself was not created until 1820, by which time it was necessary to connect our road with the extension to West Ossipee and points north. Up this route many a pioneer with a pack on his back had passed, coming into Tamworth over the ford near Butler's Bridge or at Bennett's Corner. If from the southwest, he would have used the rivers and lakes to get here by dugout and by canoe, as did LeGrand Cannon's Tamworth pioneer Whit Livingston, in the novel *Look to the Mountain*.

As to this John Dudley, he was a not too reliable worker, but he tried to please. The next year Henry Rust reports:

Gentlemen Agreeable to Your Desire I have again Servey'd Capt. Dudleys Road & find it much better than it was so that it may be call'd a passable Waggon Road except Bridging over the Two largest Rivers Tho not compleated according to his Agreement with You for the Agreeemt is that it shall be a Good & Compleat Waggon Road I have allso Seen Sd Road Measured begining at the Conway Road near Bear Pond to Beach River . . . from thence to Lovel River . . . which carried us near a small pond on the Easterly side of the Road whereabouts Capt Dudley thinks the Notherly side Line of the Township of Ossipe Crosses Sd Road tho we could not find it.

Dudley was often wrong, but his opinion about the line between Ossipee and Tamworth at that time is borne out by the 1775 survey map. The line today is farther north.

Two years later the same road is still not satisfactory, and forty-six Tamworth and Sandwich men, all now familiar names to us, such as Bryant, Tappan, Weed, Mason, Folsom, Beede, Meader, sign a complaint to the Proprietors.

A good & proper Waggon Road from Tamworth through your Land to Wolfborough is much wanted: the present Road for that Purpose made by Capt. Dudley & others, wanting great Repairs, & is in every Respect unfit for passing with any kind of Carriages . . . Two considerable Bridges on the same Road are of absolute Necessity . . . the one . . . over Lovels River & the other over Beach River; the want of which has put the Publick in this Quarter to great Inconvenience in carrying on their Business.

The Lovell River bridge was finally achieved in the modern manner in 1950, and the Beach River bridge a couple of miles south at Center Ossipee, in 1932. If by 1779 "any kind of Carriages" were on the roads, of course the previous

ox road could no longer be tolerated, as the motoring public today can no longer tolerate any mere carriage road.

Dudley was a very busy man; amassing property is hard work. One list of "Lotts" pitched by him describes ten different ones for which "proper securities . . . in three months" are promised to *him*, but signed by himself in some slight fog as to legality. Another list of forty-five lots, with names of claimants against many of them, shows the initials J. D. for nine, four hundred acres each. A while later he is reporting on what others have accomplished: "Labour don on Land in osepey gore by . . . Setlers on the Lord Priters Land and Examand by John Dudley . . . upon Strict Exseminnation of the Land menshend above is now under improvement by the men menshend above which I am Rady to a test to the Best of my Knowledg."

Though John is like some modern school pupils in not remembering from one line to the next how he has spelled a word, he seizes quill pen undaunted whenever he wants to talk to the Proprietors, and does not bother to reread his letter to make sure it contains the essentials:

To Daniel Rogers Esq Sir I make free to Recomend to your Honer a Nabeor of mind for a setlor in the New Garden [Ossipee's early name] and I do the More freely Recommend him as I take him to be a Claver honest man and one that will be sarvesable to the Place on account of his trade as wall as a Good townsman and as he Hath a fancy for a settlment on the Lot No 4 I Desier that you wold Do him the favor to Lat him have it one Reson of my Riteing to your honor is becaus one of his Nabors is about to undermin him after he hath Ben at Consadrable Troble abut it your honers Compliance will very Much ablidg your very humble sarvet John Dudley M:borough october ye 13 1777.

Failing to mention his "nabeor's" name or trade! We suspect the neighbor was one Adam Brown, who later gives Dudley a good deal of trouble, as the Papers show. John got

him a lot he had practically promised him, and next is writing:

To the Honrable Commmity of Masons Pattan I have had a hint that one Mr. Brown is a Coming Down to Git Liberty of your Honours to build a Sowy mill and a Griss mill on Loat No 7 on Conway Road on a Smoll Brock but I think it will hurt your Intrest much and be of but Littel Profit to the Setlers but if he will agree to build them on Pine River at the Lore End of the town I think it will be much for your Intrest for thair is a Good Place for mills. . . . mr Parse minsters fogg of kinnitown Sun he is Seen your Loat no 16 and Concluds to bie it if he Can git Sum Good Parterner and no fear I told him the Prise is 20 Shilings pr accor. . . . gentlemen I Should be glad to build the Brige if wee Can agree by Reason I am in Sum Difikilty aboute Sum Land that I wanted of your Hounors . . . I Reamein your Neady frind and Humll Sarvt osepee Gore June ye 18th 1781 John Dudley

John, in deep as he is, probably had a lot on Pine River that he wanted to sell to Brown. But next year Brown is in favor again (John is now dictating to someone who can write):

The Case of Capt Brown. . . . He at first ventured to lay out a large Interest . . . without any Encouragement of the Proprietors, & what has been unfortunate for him he has not got upon the first Rate Land — however his Enterprising Genius has overcome the many Obstacles in his Way — his Proficiency in Clearing Land has been great for the Time & his Buildings are large & commodious, & carried on through almost every Inconveniency — & he has ever through great Expencc kept best Entertainment for Travelers — he still Labours under great Discouragements; the Low Circumstances of the Settlers round him often call for his Assistance which he readily affords he has Two Mills upon his own Bottom now in Building — & in short the Business he carries on there give Life & Spring to the Settlements of the Place & will still greatly tend to promote the

Interest of the Propriety — & give me Leave Sir to add that his whole Conduct is worthy the Notice of the Propriety & any Favours they may shew him I humbly conceive would be for the Interest of the Town . . .

In the process of giving life and spring to the settlements Brown is learning about real estate promotion from Dudley: “Capt Brown Desires that the proprietors would Impower him to Put Setlers upon the Five hundred Acre Lots that are not Already Disposed off.” Sixty years later Adam Brown is still operating, now called Esquire. He is selling a hundred-acre lot in the southern section of Tamworth, “taken off” from Ossipee, for twenty dollars to Mark Pierce of Portsmouth, probably a son of Joshua Pierce, a Proprietor who was an untiring real estate trader himself.

Dudley sometimes writes his letters from Moultonborough and sometimes from Ossipee Gore, the gore being at that time the northerly part of Ossipee. He calls himself a husbandman, but he sounds too busy running around trading, laying out roads, building bridges, and helping raise houses to give much time to husbandry. One list of deeds that he signs names nine settlers, of which two are himself — easy, wasn’t it?: “I hereby ingage to have the above ment’d deeds on record in office with Thomas W. Waldron Esq. and produce in three months from the date his certificate thereof.”

The Proprietors wearied of John Dudley. They finally sent him an ultimatum that he must show results on some of these lots they had awarded him. On Lot No. 10 on the Conway Road he must build “an House on said Lots of Thirty feet Square or Equal thereto” and “a good Barn Twenty by Thirty feet and Set out Two hundred Apple Trees on said Lot and a Famely to Move on said Lot by the First Day of October Next Ensuing and to Reside on the Same for Five Years. . . .” Further, that on “that hundred Acre Lot that he Chose out of Lot No. 19,” he must “clear up and fit for Sowing” as many acres as were cleared on the other lot, and “raise a Substantial House Frame on said Lot Thirty feet by Sixteen feet,

Also a Good Barn Frame Thirty Two feet by Twenty” and “Bring a sufficient Quantity of Bords to the Spot for Covering [and] Inclosing and Bring also for Building a Partition a Cross said House, by the 15th August Next Ensuing.” Also “the Bords to be halled upon the Spot” by that date. John had his comeuppance in these exasperated instructions. Quite a job ahead of him — two houses and barns besides necessary clearing, all in a very short time. We do not know how he came out, but after a while he proudly wrote the Proprietors of what he had accomplished on still another lot, No. 41, and had three friends sign it:

This May Certify whome it May Consarne that Capt John Dudley of Ossipee goare has Erected a Comfortable Dwelling hous of Two goods Rums well Seeld of workmanlike — & has fitted 20 Acres fit for the ploy — Ten Acres of which Was plowed & put under improvement Last season with Indian Corn wheet & oates & Removd a famely on the premisses Last fall — the house is built of Good Hew'd timber — And it appears Verry likely a fine Settlement will bee Carried on there — we whose Names are Under written Attest to the same. Winthrop Smith John Sander- son Obadiah Dudy

Another set of friends testified similarly about John's mills.

We have taken time out to record these maneuvers of John Dudley not only because he is the father of Route 16, but because he exposes the wild real estate conditions inevitable in wild country. There are John Dudleys wherever pioneer land operations invite them, whether in New Hampshire forest wilderness, Yukon gold diggings, Virginia City, or today's uranium developments in Canada. The shrewd opportunist, educated or not, sights his chances and works several fields at once.

These events took place during six years. After 1782 John Dudley fades out of the Masonian Papers. He may have been too fast a worker even for his day. But he built the first road to Tamworth.

It was not long before it all changed. Like the forties and fifties of the twentieth century when the face of the world has altered so fast and so radically, the eighties and nineties of the eighteenth saw trails become dirt roads, clearings become farms with frame buildings, and mills, taverns, churches, schools, town meetings, and social living blossom out of isolation and hardship.

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Town Boundary Disputes

IN THE TAMWORTH TOWN HOUSE vault are some packets of tightly folded weekly newspapers tied up with hempen string, more primitive as string than any seen nowadays. These are copies of the *New Hampshire Sun* of Dover and the *New Hampshire Gazette* of Portsmouth. The first ones are dated at about when Tamworth was becoming conscious of itself as a corporate town and had a tax collector who advertised unpaid taxes as required by law. No hand had ever untied the string of the packet marked "1809 non-residence" until nearly a hundred and fifty years afterward.

It is illuminating to glance at what was going on in the outside world while within Tamworth's forest borders settlers were solely engaged in struggling with the woods, the rocks, the black flies, the wolves, and the risky crops that stood between them and starvation.

The *Sun* and the *Gazette* were each four pages only, about half the width of a modern newspaper, printed on heavy handmade rag paper with rough edges (pulp as yet unknown), beautiful paper by today's craft standards. The very fine print larded with long *s*'s is now browned by time, and of course there are no pictures. Foreign news had been brought by fast sailing packet from Liverpool and was only two months old. Napoleon was the hottest topic of the time. "Bonaparte Returning to France. On the 1st of October relays of horses were placed on the road from Vienna to Paris to convey the French Emperor home." "Napoleon has instituted a new Military Knighthood, to be called The Order of the Three Golden Fleeces. It will be composed of one Grand Master (himself),

100 Grand Knights, 409 Commanders and 1000 Knights. With exceptions as respects himself, and some favorites, a condition of creation will be having received at least three wounds in battle.”

Next to Napoleon in the *Sun's* columns, James Thompson of Farmington announces that “Whereas Molly, wife of the subscriber, has eloped from my bed and board and refuses to live with me — All persons are forbid harboring or trusting her on my account as I am determined not to pay any debts of her contracting after this date.” Also, there is “300 Dollars Reward, Extremely interesting to the Public: The Patentee to those much celebrated Bilious Pills, called and known by the name of Dr. Lee’s Bilious Pills is under the disagreeable necessity of making known to the public that spurious Pills bearing his name are in circulation in the New England States.”

Items exciting to the seaport Portsmouth in 1809 are impressment of sailors and shipping embargoes, injustices which three years later resulted in the War of 1812. Their *Gazette* devotes columns of finest print to the proceedings of Congress regarding the embargo laws. There is indignant eloquence in letters to the editor over British and French treatment of our vessels on the high seas, the slogan of the times being “millions for defence but not one cent for tribute.”

Alongside appears Tappan’s Book Store announcement which includes: “Tappan’s Circulating Library, more than 300 volumes; also Wheaton’s Genuine Itch Ointment, almanacs and Lottery tickets. Hillsborough, Cheshire, Coos, Northampton, Penobscott and all uncurrent money received at discounts for Tickets and Quarters in the above lottery,” which reveals that towns had taken to printing their own money and were embarrassed by it. Tappan’s also has “Glass Eyes for all who need them,” and advertises for ten thousand goose quills, for which cash will be paid. And “Doctor Spalding very much regrets that more of his debtors have not called and adjusted their accounts.”

As now, local crime has space: "Taken from a Sleigh belonging to the Livery Stable, a white lace work bag, lined partly with pink, containing a linen cambric pocket handkerchief marked Eliza Hall; a red morocco purse with nine dollars and a ticket in the Dixville Road Lottery; silver knife and fork with pearl handles; a gold tooth pick with silver case. . . ."

When a ship had come in, the front page of the *Gazette* froths with merchants' announcements: "More New Fancy & Staple Goods just received and for sale at Draper's cheap cash store, Among which are Ladies and Misses Beaver Bonnets, Gentlemen's Best Black Beaver hats. Plain & figur'd lace armlets & Gloves, white and fancy habit Kid Gloves, White Swansdown Trimming, Devonshire Kerseys and Forest Cloths, Cassimeres, Broadcloths, etc. Mock Sable Muffs & Tippetts. Good Tow Cloth will be taken in pay as cash." Tow cloth was burlap, made from the coarse fibres thrown off by the flax wheel.

At the same time that Napoleon was instituting his new Military Knighthood, upper New Hampshire was exploring the lonely road of straight self-government by the people, in the experiment in pure democracy that became perhaps the top example in all history. Town meeting is not the whole story, however. The democratic principle was lively in town doings no matter what, saturating behavior and acting as corrective whenever a local crisis threatened. Any who did not like the way things were going petitioned. Petitions were prevalent and the law went on from there. It was dubbed Government by Petition.

Tamworth's Charter was dated the fourteenth of October, 1766. This Crown grant was for an area of untouched forest six miles square, and for some years afterward it remained as untouched as ever, completely innocent of the settler's axe. In defining the limits of all land grants, allowance was always made if the space was unduly occupied by mountains, lakes, or rivers. Sandwich, for instance, chartered three years sooner than Tamworth, found its tract so mountainous and rocky in

the northern and western parts that the grantees petitioned for an additional slice on the east and south to make up for it, and this had been allowed. The first settler in the new tract called Sandwich Addition was a man named Orlando Weed. He was given seven hundred acres, seventy pounds in money, and seven cows, on condition that he clear forty-two acres, build seven dwelling houses, and settle seven families within three years — a tall order. But Orlando Weed was a tall man. He became Proprietors' Clerk, and operated extensively in other new towns as well. Presumably his seven families were all in residence three years later when the unclaimed space next east of them became Tamworth.

In the same year with Tamworth a similar tract to the north called Burton (made Albany in 1833) was granted to another list of proprietors with the same Orlando Weed as Clerk, and likewise Eaton took shape to the east, from which Madison was not set off until 1852. In all of these early grants the most wholesale operator and speculator was undoubtedly Colonel Jonathan Moulton of Moultonborough, who enjoyed Governor Benning Wentworth's special favor, and inserted his claims to share in every transaction.

The surveying of the entire United States into rectangular lots, with range and lot lines clearly defining bounds, was determined by Thomas Jefferson's Land Ordinance of 1785. This established the checkerboard map which is still our familiar usage. Prior to this, surveys were full of error, partly because instruments were primitive and faulty, but also because the surveying party, coming to obstacles such as boulders or swamps, would just lift the chain, carry it around and not measure that part. When they got to a corner they would select a tree that was not valuable as timber, which threw the measurements off again, and no matter. "They'd start out in the morning with surveying instruments and a jug of cider strong enough to knock the tines off a pitchfork, and when the cider was all gone by sundown and surveyors back at the starting-point, the measurings they'd made and the markings

they'd put down they called a township," explained an old-timer.

The term "more or less" which goes with all land descriptions in our deeds and often frightens a city lawyer has good reason behind it, perhaps more than the mere quality of the cider. When the measurements of the east and west lines of a town failed to match, a "gore" might be created. It has been understood that Tamworth measured its east boundary from the south north, and Albany had happened to measure first from the north south, so the odd no-man's-land resulting became the irregular gore adjoining Albany which peters out at about the Albany bridge in Wonalancet.

Markings being blazes on trees and very perishable, settlers found themselves uncertain where they lived, even sometimes in which town. There was friction, claim and counter-claim. But unlike earlier land disputes with the Indians, there were no massacres, no cow-stealing, no burning. The question of town boundaries was the first general issue which drew the Tamworth pioneers into a cohesive unit. In keeping with their democratic principles they resorted to petition.

In 1778 the selectmen William Eastman, Timothy Medar, and Bradbury Jewell were explaining to the General Court, New Hampshire's name for its legislature, that various settlers were not paying Tamworth taxes because their land had been incorporated over the line into Moultonborough (but they were not being assessed there either). Five years later the town sent word to the Court that it was unable to make up its tax inventory because one quarter of the inhabitants on the *east* side of the township had petitioned to pay taxes in Eaton. They having been then "set off" to Eaton without Tamworth's being consulted, this town was now only four and half miles wide instead of the chartered six. By 1796 Burton was also involved, and the situation as to who lived where was so confused that the three towns petitioned jointly in one instrument to get it cleared up. Three agents signed from each. Thomas Cogswell headed the Tamworth

delegation and Jacob Blaisdell the Eaton group. The Blaisdells had large holdings on Washington Hill as now called, then evidently part of the territory in dispute. Orlando and Henry Weed were spokesmen for Burton. They had pitched just north of the Tamworth line in the settlement recently known as Pequaket. This is probably the same Orlando Weed who was Proprietors' Clerk in Sandwich.

These nine agents, "to put an end to altercation and lawsuits" agree to lay their "papers and evidences" before three arbitrators whom they name, from Charlestown, from Portsmouth, and from Newbury respectively, with an alternate from Hanover. They wish these gentlemen to be a committee to fix these lines, and agree that their report shall be final and conclusive between the parties. They ask for an act to empower this committee, and agree to bring in a bill to that end, which would imply that the petitioners were all members of the legislature. Both House of Representatives and Senate concur at once on the bottom of the same document, and the Governor signs it. This was the first salvo in the great dispute.

The impressiveness of these early acts is much heightened by their parchment-like handmade paper with very rough edges. Every official document at this time is in longhand and shows off the proud accomplishments of an official scrivener. The smooth slanting copybook script is as legible as print, all capitals shaded, all hyphens double, long *s*'s freely scattered. All "Whereases," "Be it enacteds," and so forth are in large and more erect script with fancier capitals, and all personal names interrupt the page with high perpendicular letters so as to catch the eye at once. Still more prestige is added by treating the small letter *g* to special curlicues both below and above the line. As for the Governor, John T. Gilman, he is given giant capitals with the *J* swinging back in loops at the bottom and the *T* pressing forward in a parabola at the top.

Here also for the first time in town files appears the gran-

diose signature of Philip Carrigain, the State Secretary, which attests all "true copies" in his period of office that were sent back to the towns to keep, original documents being presumably retained at the State House. Carrigain wrote a measured angular backhand deeply shaded on the downstrokes. He artistically frames his name with immense pen circles and figure eights which reach half across the paper, as if he were drawing clouds in the sky. On one of these documents he must have dropped a blot of ink which he then treated as part of the design, outlining it round and round as if making waves of the sea for a child.

In a few days a full act was passed and signed by the Governor, granting the petition as filed. The representatives from the towns now having permission to bring in their bill for the committee of their own naming to fix their boundaries, the bill was brought in. This also was voted by the House, concurred by the Senate, and the Committee appointed. The next step was to have a survey made. The surveyor found was one Henry Gerrish, likely the man who had figured in the Revolutionary War as Muster Master for Captain Clough's Company (ours).

DIRECTIONS TO COL. GERRISH TO
PERAMBULATE THE LINE BETWEEN
TAMWORTH AND EATON

1796

To Col. Henry Gerrish Esqr
Sir

By agreement & concert of Parties you are appointed Surveyor to take Survey of the boundary line between the Townships of Tamworth & Eaton, being the East line of Tamworth & west line of Eaton you are to begin at a Pitch-pine Tree marked with six notches, which Stands on the Patent line so called about one mile East of Bearcamp River so called being the Southly corner between Tamworth & Eaton and from thence to extend a north line between Tamworth and Eaton untill Six miles are compleated where

Town Boundary Disputes

you are to erect a good & Sufficient Monument or land make —

And from thence are to extend a line due West between Tamworth & Burton until it shall intersect the eastern line of Sandwich addition, so called, where you are to affix a Monument or landmake as above —

You will appoint Two good & qualified Chainmen who Shall be Sworn to a faithfull discharge of their duty & Trust

You will notify the Agents of the Townships Tamworth-Eaton & Burton when you shall make s'd Survey —

You will Compleat s'd Survey & make a return thereof, on oath to me the Subscriber Chairman of the Comtee for Setling the boundary lines between s'd Tamworth Eaton & Burton — on or before the first Day of March next —

You are to expect your pay and reward for s'd Services from the Agents of the Township of Tamworth —

Concord 15th Dec'r 1796

Per order Sim. Olcott Chair'n

By telling their surveyor to begin at that certain pitch-pine tree with the six notches the honorable committee would seem to have stacked the cards, whether intentionally or not. The petition from the nine agents involved had made no statement at all as to where anybody thought the lines should begin. But it looks as if the gentlemen from such widely separated places as Charlestown, Portsmouth, and Newbury already smelled a mouse and were expecting to back Tamworth. They already knew about that "notched pitchpine about one mile east of Bearcamp River," and when Gerrish turned in his report he had duly found the pitchpine in company with one agent from each town, and "measured upon an old line which was then agreed to by the parties" (even the Burton and Eaton parties present), nobody appearing to have any real doubts as to where the line was.

Gerrish's report continues. On the old line they measured North one degree and about twenty five minutes West by the Needle six miles to a beach tree about seven inches diameter which we spotted on four sides for the North East

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corner of Tamworth which tree I also marked with the letters H G. N H. & TC. and dated it Dec 22 1796 and drove a cent into the Westerly side of said tree, from thence I ran and spotted a line West one degree and about twenty five minutes South, which makes it a right angle with the old line until I came to the line of Sandwich addition when I set up a stake for the Northwest corner of Tamworth, said stake is spotted and marked with the letters T C about eight feet Southeasterly from said stake, I also spotted a red Birch Tree which is about eleven inches diameter which I marked with the letters H G T C & I G [likely H G's boy] and drove a copper into the side of said tree facing the bounds.

Tamworth Dec. 24th 1796

Henry Gerrish Surveyor

I hereby Certify that the foregoing is a true copy of papers lodged in the Secretary's Office Feb 13th 1797 by a Committee empowered to settle and fix the boundary lines between Tamworth & Eaton & Tamworth & Burton.

Attest

Joseph Pearson Secry

[The true copy was again attested by friend Carrigain:]

Secretary's Office

[and the copy was dated]

Concord March 24th 1809

With the surveyor's statement in hand, the committee then sat. Their findings are again preserved in the same talented hand, with even more wanton *g*'s and the secretary as usual outdoing the scrivener as he brings up the rear lying upon his clouds. After preamble, the report solemnly states that they have "proceeded to hear the parties, their allegations and proofs and viewed their several papers and documents," and they confirm the pitchpine tree as the beginning of Tamworth's line (they put back that it is about one mile east of the Bearcamp River bridge, which the surveyor had left out) and otherwise repeat Gerrish's exact description as the lines which they settle, affix and establish for the three towns. They charge the proprietors of Eaton and Burton with the obligation

of the costs, which are \$70.50 for each, payable to Tamworth. The usual Carrigain exploit follows, dated 1809. Carrigain has a mountain named after him. It was he who christened New Hampshire the Granite State. He must have been a man to reckon with.

The pitchpine tree with the six notches allows some confusion for posterity. In the State Papers, Volume XXVIII under *Tamworth*, is a neat survey map by James Hersey dated 1775, twenty-one years earlier than the boundary dispute, with "Plan of Vacant Land within Mason's Patent Line" on it. This shows a site "supposed to Tamworth," and alongside it is much more vacant land running clear to the "Province of Main," which must later have become Eaton, Burton, and Freedom. There are two pitchpines recorded as markers, and the description begins at one of them "on the Patent Line," but this tree is away over on the eastern side of Ossipee Lake where the Ossipee River flows out of it toward Maine, and its Patent line is the old one that had at that time been corrected by a survey of Robert Fletcher in 1769. If the Bearcamp River bridge in our committee's report means the covered bridge at West Ossipee, today's recognized southeast corner of Tamworth is in fact about a mile east of it. This corner is definitely on the 1769 Patent line, and the tree over by the Ossipee River is not. Gerrish and the committee meant the tree a mile east of the covered bridge of today. James Hersey could have made his language clearer, or not introduced so many pitchpines as markers, or both.

It will not have escaped notice that two of the "true copies attest" by Carrigain were dated in 1809 while the documents they copied were of 1796. The sad fact is that the arbitration so elaborately achieved and accepted under the orderly processes of democracy *did not stick*. Eaton and Burton professed not to like the lines as drawn. Eaton said Tamworth had better land than it did; as to that it may have been right. Twelve years after the decision, in the year 1808, Eaton and Burton residents are tiresomely petitioning for a new committee

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to decide the matter all over again. A new committee was thereupon appointed by Act of Legislature as before, and sat, and it was for their use that the documents from the first decision were copied off, these that we have. This time Sandwich was in it too, along with Eaton and Burton, for Sandwich had no mind to be put in the wrong town. If Tamworth were to be moved west to accommodate restless Eaton, Sandwich would have to be moved west to accommodate Tamworth, as all towns were intended to be about six miles square.

The new act creating the new committee named three new appointees who were "empowered to run and establish by just course and careful admeasurement the jurisdictional lines between the towns of Sandwich, Tamworth, Eaton, and Burton, or as many of those lines as they may find necessary to obtain proper information, and establish said jurisdictional lines in such a manner as justice, the convenience and welfare of said towns may require." Further, if it appeared to the committee that Tamworth and Sandwich had more land than their just measure, then these towns were to pay costs of the sitting, to be recovered by Eaton and Burton; but if the committee should see no cause of alteration of those towns, then Sandwich and Tamworth were to recover from Eaton and Burton.

At this fresh attack those residents of Tamworth whose homesteads Eaton had once coveted, and had paid \$70.50 for the failure of her claim, rose up and did a bit of petitioning themselves. Their petition is not a copy like the others we have had. It is in its original form, far from beautiful, inky and splattered and crabbed, especially as to the signatures which might be those of a lot of children. Thirty-nine good men and true, however, regarding themselves as lawful Tamworthites, registered their protest as follows:

To the honorable committee apointed by the Legislature of this State to take into consideration the Situation of the Towns of Sandwich, Tamworth, Eaton and Burton and to make alteration, if you think it necessary — the subscribers

living on land, that We suppose the Petitioners [Eatoners and Burtoners] would be glad to have altered, beg leave to represent to your honors that we are well situated as we are, and wish not to be removed, we are handy to transact bisness in our own Town, and in Eaton we could not be — many reasons might be assignd here which is needless, a word is enough for the wise — we pray therefore the lines may not be altered, but that we may Remain where we best like and are best acquainted, and we will pray, etc. Tamworth 12th May, 1809.

On the back of the sheet they give their reasons after all, probably had been requested to add them.

1st. Because we do not consider the movement of the lines to be the desire of the towns of Eaton and Burton but the act of the individual who first presented the petition, whose restless spirit (like his master) delights most in destruction and confusion. [Now the cat is out of the bag. The root of the trouble is Jonathan Moulton, long distrusted by all and now clearly in bondage to the Devil.]

2nd. Because we bought our land under Tamworth and have contributed our mite toward the prosperity of the town, & have been with it in prosperity and adversity

3rd. Because we have built a meeting house & settled a minister which must be broken up if the lines are moved —

4th. Because the nearest of us are from three to four miles from the first settlement in Eaton and many of us from five to ten miles distance

5th. Because there is a tract of unsettled land in Eaton joining on the east end of Tamworth we believe from three to four miles wide from one side of the town to the other which separates the towns and will not admit of being settled by reason of the poorness of the land. [This must mean Deer Hill and the Silver Lake region, not such good farming land.]

Sandwich likewise became vocal. Fifty-two people — Beedes, Weeds, Foggs, Vittums, Fellowses, etc., signed their own petition to the committee:

To William Webster, Noah Robinson & Abraham Burnham

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Esquires, a Committee appointed by the Honorable General Court to establish the Boundary lines between Sandwich and Tamworth, & Eaton & Burton. The remonstrances of the subscribers living in *Sandwich* show that *they live near Tamworth line*, and *should probably many of us be set off into Tamworth*. Should said *line be altered agreeable* to the petition of Eaton & Burton. That we purchased our Lands in Sandwich at considerable expense and hard labour, have brought too new Farms, made roads, created school houses and meeting-houses for our accommodation and are divided into convenient School Districts. And should your Honor's desire to set us off to Tamworth it would injure us very much, being much better accommodated with Town privileges in Sandwich than we could possibly be in Tamworth. Therefore we pray your Honors would let us remain quietly under the Jurisdiction of Sandwich, and we as in duty bound shall pray

Sandwich May 1809

This committee also saw no sense in the thing. Tamworth and Sandwich were sustained, and Eaton and Burton told to keep hands off, and to pay costs.

Labeled "Committee Minutes, Sandwich & Tamworth" various interesting papers have been preserved, apparently used by the committee in their difficult discussions.

Note that according to the plan of the Petitioners for altering the lines of the several Towns, as will appear by the plan, that the Easterly line of Tamworth will be 200 Rods short of six miles (from east to west) And that in extending the curve line westerly, Tamworth must run over into Moultonboro — about 130 Rods, to meet the corner contemplated by the Petitioners — which cannot be correct because the Charter of Tamworth begins where the easterly line of Sandwich addition intersects the curve line — which can be found in no place but where the lines are now established. [The "Curve Line" was the original southerly border given for Tamworth. It was a device of the Mason patentees to embrace a large vague area of wilderness

without surveying it. There was one on the north of Tamworth too, around the base of the mountains. Both disappeared on later maps.]

And also note that the dividing line between Sandwich & Tamworth, by this plan is upwards of 200 Rods short of the original survey of the Town of Sandwich. And it may be further observed that the Gore of Land at the north easterly part of Tamworth adjoining Burton, could not according to their own plan belong to Burton, but to Eaton, so that the settlers could never have any legal title to the disputed land as belonging to Burton.

It may further be observed that, the line returned by Burton, from Tamworth, N. E. corner, to meet a certain point in which is named in Burton Charter (*viz*) N 48° E 3 m & 60 rods — neither course nor distance will agree, if altered to their wish.

There were other notes the committee had that bore upon the matter.

The Committee are Desired to take notice in adjusting the lines in dispute

1st. That Sandwich was Granted, laid out, and the line now and ever held to was made prior to the Grant of Tamworth, and that Tamworth was Chartered and the 1st survey made to the bounds now holdin to, upwards of 40 years since, and the present southeasterly corner made on a pitchpine tree.

2d. And that the lines since in consequence of a Dispute, are established by order of Law.

3d. That no advantage was taken, with respect to evidences not being admitted etc., [had the committee been accused of partiality?] for why was a postponement of the business at Portsmouth, [at that time capital], and the proprietors of E & B allowed to run which they did from the Jourdon Tree [not a pitch pine. They must have taken things into their own hands and run a line. Probably Moulton and his master were abroad again.]

4th. As the Committee has no authority to interfere with the right of Soil, nothing but imperious necessity can Justify

a removal of the lines, as to the conveniencing of the Inhabitants.

5th. By removing the lines, the Governor's Right in Tamworth, [we have seen that 500 acres of every grant was reserved for the Governor. In Tamworth it was the southeast corner], will fall on some of the oldest farms in Sandwich.

6th. If the pretended iniquities, ever did exist, why did not the Proprietors of E & B, (who knew every circumstance) Remonstrate.

7th. Why shall Tamworth, & Sandwich be brought to an air line and Burton, especially, claim thirteen square miles, extra, in consequence of Conway large measure. [More skull-duggery evidently; the notes become incoherent.] Eaton has more land than contemplated by Charter. [Madison was later created out of it.]

The committee had also in hand an affidavit of one John Bradley taken in 1809 for the purposes of this hearing, who had evidently assisted the *original surveyor* Chandler who ran lines for the town "since cal'd Tamworth" some forty-four years previously, back in 1764 before the Charter.

Philip Carrigain's inevitable swagger as "Just. Peace" completes the simple paper:

I John Bradley of Lawfull age testify and say that about forty-four or five years since, being in company with Abiel Chandler Surveyor Daniel Carter Jonathan Stickney Abraham Bradley John Webster all of Concord and James Head assisted in Runing the out *Lines of a Town since cal'd Tamworth*. we were directed by the inhabitation of Moultonborough where to find the Southeast corner Bound of Sandwich (set 3 years earlier). agreeable to information found a Tree marked on or nearly the top of the Northwesterly side of Ossipee Mountain. [Still Tamworth's southwest corner today.] Thence measured six miles on a line cald Sandwich East Line, and made a Bound. thence turning acording to the best of my remembrance at right angles, due East and measured six Miles, and made a Bound

thence measured six miles South, and made Bound on flat Land in sight of Ossipee Pond. I have repeatedly seen the first mentioned Bound, once in company with Nathaniel Shannon Esq Col Jacob Gilman Col John Wester Abraham Bradley and Col Mason, s'd Webster and Bradley declared it to be the original and first Bound made and considered to be the Southeast corner Bound of Sandwich and the Southwest Corner Bound of Tamworth and further the deponent sayeth not

Concord March 24th 1809
John Bradley

Some further notes obviously not for posterity, but perhaps jotted by someone in committee meeting suggest local affairs of a more eighteenth century cast than the twentieth can easily interpret:

Much has been said about the Widow Weed, Elisha Weed, and Dan'l Weed, all of Burton, have been greatly injured which is a wrong statement, as neither of them could be in Burton provided lines were removed west, and Elisha Weed has signed a receipt in Burton proprietors book, in full for any injuries rec'd by the establishment of Tamworth lines.

Then why all these complaints, since the Proprietors of neither Eaton or Burton have complained since the settlem't by the [first] Committee. Also it is presumed that Col Jere Gilman's patrimony granted him by vote of Burton proprietors as a Compensation for his trouble in altering s'd lines, viz one half of the land he should gain by s'd alteration, is the cause of s'd complaints.

Then the committee spoke its mind, if only in private, about the arch villain. They found "that the disputes kept up by General Moulton appeared to them more calculated for Private emolument than for the good of the proprietors or the peace of the people." It was added that "Moulton was a proprietor in Eaton and Burton when Tamworth was laid out, and did at an early period sell land on the interior parts of

Tamworth both east and north, and over on the north to where the lines are now established, and no land was ever sold by any other person (between s'd limits) in B or Eaton, but in a clandestine way."

We almost know Jere Gilman who thought to get free land in return for running the hoped-for new lines. Probably he was the one who started at the Jourdan tree. And we almost hear the Widow Weed's clamor of injury because the town lines were not moved to improve her location.

The historian not in the confidence of these people ponders their motives a hundred and fifty years later. Henry Weed would no doubt have liked to vote in Tamworth as it was much nearer for him, and he and Blaisdell were working together at the time in Tamworth Iron Works. Was there a split in the family? It was not Henry but the "Widow Weed" (his mother?), Elisha, and Daniel who thought themselves injured by the decision. Henry became afterward their most notable member. He must have moved down nearer the Works after he married, as the 1800 census taker lists him in that neighborhood. He appears often on town minutes and became Moderator as well as holding other offices. What his relation was to that other Henry Weed, son to Orlando, who remained in Sandwich and founded Weeds Mills is undetermined.

As for Jacob Blaisdell, he must have been relieved to retain his Tamworth status. Then why had he acted as agent for Eaton in the dispute? Probably because among many other functions he was Eaton's Proprietor's Clerk and so an employee of Moulton's; and represented all three towns at the General Court. He may have regarded the question as a test case, anxious only to see it settled.

Losing their case, Eaton and Burton should have paid the costs of the futile proceedings, but the towns probably had no money. In the end Tamworth and Sandwich together magnanimously met the expenses of the committee, and the receipt is in Tamworth archives.

Town Boundary Disputes

The costs were itemized, and we can see how much trouble and time Jonathan Moulton caused by his machinations. The Gilman family, then of much importance and value to the town, bore the brunt of the work. Captain Benjamin Gilman is down on the bill for making arrangements and going to Concord after papers; Colonel Jacob Gilman attended on the committee at Sandwich; Sam'l Gilman (no rank) also attended and "proccured evidence"; and Colonel David Gilman, that excellent first Gilman to settle, received "half his time travil as a wittness." Here is Benjamin's bill:

Cost Tamworth

Capt. Benjamin Gilman 9 days making arrangements self and horse and expenses	\$18.0
5 days self horse and sleigh going to Concord after papers and expenses	15.0
4 days attendance on Committee at Sandwich and expenses	8.0
To paid for papers at Concord	3.0
Paid for plan and surtificate from Merrell	3.0
Paid for Harvey's deposition	1.0
	<hr/>
	\$48.0

Later they all put in another account for "sitting with meeting committee and expenses." The whole bill to Tamworth was formidable for those times, \$147.75, and to Sandwich the same. Certainly the hand of Satan was plain. After this the boundary question subsided and every man plowed the acres that he had. In 1837 Tamworth dickered with Ossipee and acquired the north side of the Ossipee Mountains to go with the valley of the Bearcamp and enable farmers to vote in the nearer town. Part of this tract went back to Ossipee in 1859. Further slight additions to Tamworth on the northern boundary also "set over" some farms for voting purposes. After this the map was let be, and remained static to this day.

The Hand of Satan = Jonathan Moulton

THIS JONATHAN MOULTON, carrying the honorifics of Esquire, Major, Colonel, and then General, when not named Satan himself, what sort of man was he? Replied a modern citizen of Moultonboro, "If he had lived today, they would probably have thought him just a clever business man, a local boy making good."

He began operating in the Sandwich valley in the 1770's. A Hampton boy, probably of poor parents, he had climbed the small business ladder up to a big business, and afterward administered his affairs from a mansion such as a boy of this type is sure to erect when he attains success. It is related that one source of his early revenues was buying salvage from shipwrecks and retailing it, and that he once boasted he made a thousand guineas on one such bid. In swift succession he was made Colonel of Militia, and in the Revolution Brigadier-General. Before his popularity had waned he held important offices in Hampton and in state affairs and was chosen for almost any responsible emergency.

The excellent Governor William Plumer, however, in writing a short sketch of Jonathan Moulton, does not spare him. Though Moulton spent much money forming settlements and making and repairing roads, all useful to the state, his business reputation was not good, wrote the Governor.

He was suspected, and not without cause, of various kinds of unfair and dishonest management to acquire property. He was a man of considerate talents and of insinuating



EARLY WALL by the Bennett House,
Stevenson Hill Road



THE MILL AT BUTLER'S BRIDGE

The mill had had a succession of owners before a gale blew it down about 1908. A canal beside the Bearcamp River led the water to the wheel from a dam above. The sawmill was on the ground floor; upstairs was the shop where furniture, including perhaps an organ, was made.



SWIFT RIVER AT TAMWORTH BRIDGE

Stretched from one bank to the other, the dam made a large millpond for skating, shown as a lake in the 1860 map. The water was used by several mills.

address, and uniformly flattered the vices and follies of mankind. . . . Those with whom he dealt most suffered the most by him. He attempted to corrupt judges, bribe jurors, suborn witnesses, and seduce counsel.

In the end he was unable to get justice himself, and died in a smother of lawsuits with not enough property left to pay his debts.

Up in the wilderness country where the pioneers working so desperately to keep alive were governed by the strictest Puritan theology, this man would be simply detested. He was powerful, and the grumbling was not too open, but there are relished anecdotes such as this one: Moulton claimed for Moultonborough a Vittum farm on Vittum Hill in Sandwich (fifty-eight Vittum homesteads were in that section a little later) in order to fulfill a requirement in his grant that fifty families should settle in Moultonborough within six years. Trying to eject this Vittum family on the ground that their Sandwich title was not valid, he appeared at the house with three armed men to drive them out and take possession. Mistress Sarah Vittum met them at the door with a kettle of boiling water; thus they were routed, and the farm title remained in the Vittum family.

There was at first but one representative to the General Court from the three towns, Moultonborough, Sandwich, and Tamworth, as customary where populations were small. General Moulton appointed himself to the office, but as he was not a proprietor of Sandwich, Sandwich objected and elected its own representative. A long document obviously written by Moulton, who had more education than most of the settlers, vents anger at the Sandwich selectmen trying to dispossess him of his "right" to represent them at the Court, a "false and Scandalous Libel . . . fabricated as a base and insidious Subterfuge to cover the Perfidy of the Select men of said Sandwich. . . ." He states as a good reason for retaining his seat that he owns five times the value of the estates of all the inhabitants of Sandwich, and as many more country seats within

Tamworth and Moultonborough, at which "he usually resides." He denies that he has "distributed any victuals or Liqors with the least View of obtaining Votes; . . . But on the close of the Day of Election the Inhabitants of Moultonborough and Tamworth being from their own Homes, procured such Refreshment as they wanted at their own Cost & Charge, in a Sober and peacible Manner," and much more in the vein of righteous indignation over "any Captious select men find themselves disappointed in their own ambitious Views," and asking that those "officious select men . . . may be reprimanded." The selectmen of Sandwich were at that time the colleagues of the unexceptionable Daniel Beede, first settler and Town Clerk. Close scrutiny of the names of the supposedly outraged citizens appended to Moulton's protest shows that some of them, if other records are correct, must have been away fighting in the Revolutionary War.

Moulton tried continuing to take his legislative seat as formerly and had to be forcibly expelled. He was always moderator of the Proprietors' meetings and "kept it under short adjournments." He became Collector of Taxes of Moultonborough and then Treasurer, and was always securing another fifty pounds for "all the care and charges" he had been at, and calling meetings to have more money voted to him. He was quick with a public vendue when a man's taxes were unpaid, and the funds found their way into his hands. Most transactions for his northern townships seem to have been made in absentia down in Hampton. He kept the offices of Town Clerk and selectman in Moultonborough as long as he could (at one time the three selectmen were himself and two sons). Even Tamworth put him on a church committee two or three times, perhaps not to offend him. No one liked getting into trouble with him, as shown in this representation to the Proprietors:

July 16, 1777, Mr. Joshua Nichason and others are apprehensive that by their Settlements under Col. Moulton in Tamworth that they have Got Beyond his Line, upon the

Proprietors Claim in the Ungranted lands therefore desire that If it shou'd Appear so that they have Got upon said Land, woud be Glad to be Quieted by the Proprietors upon Such Terms as they Can Agree.

In general Tamworth itself had no very acute grievances against Moulton, unless that he would not act on their petitions promptly. In having the township surveyed, he put his own initials down for what he regarded as the choicest plot, 640 acres overlooking Great Hill Pond, now in the Tozzer property. He never used it himself, and an odd circumstance is that the tract did not extend to the pond's edge but left 110 acres between his land and the pond. The early land-grabbers did not always guess correctly what would create ultimate values.

In every history of New Hampshire is the story of the fattened ox. Hoisting a British flag on the horns of an enormous ox of fourteen hundred pounds which he had fattened for the purpose, with fife and drum and a great procession General Moulton drove the animal to Portsmouth as a present for his dear friend Governor Wentworth. He would receive no compensation whatever of course, but if the Governor cared to give him charter to a small gore of land which he had found adjoining his Moultonborough, he would accept that. The Governor carelessly conferred on him some twenty-seven thousand acres, now the towns of Center Harbor and New Hampton.

A few years before General Moulton's decline and fall (1782), a new Proprietors' Clerk published a warning: "Whereas Jona. Moulton of Hampton in said State, hath lately advertised in the Boston & New Hamp Gazzets, sundry Lots of Land in the Townships as he calls them of Eaton, Tamworth etc & to which he has no just Title"—the caution follows to all persons against purchasing or trespassing on such lands.

Settlers being backward about coming to take up his land — perhaps they did not like what they heard — Moulton

had final recourse to advertising in Ireland! He represented there that he had eighty thousand acres of which he wished to sell half, in the eight towns of Eaton, Burton, Tamworth, Moultonborough, New Hampton, Chatham, Piermont, and Orford, and that (in vague language) all aid and comfort would be given to "any Gentleman or Company wishing to embark" to this country.

The mansion in Hampton whence his works emanated is still known as the Haunted House. In its vast and numerous rooms the ghost walked, banged doors, etc.; finally the citizens brought a company of ministers who began at the attic and preached at the ghost, story by story, till they got him down to the cellar, where they built a wall in the corner and so walled him in, after which he bothered no more. This solution was related by a descendant who rented the Fay house in Tamworth one summer. Jonathan's daughter Sally married a minister, and they have another descendant in Tamworth who lives in the very house of his ancestors. He agrees that it is highly interesting to have so shocking a colonial ancestor.

In Stephen Vincent Benet's *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, General Moulton is thinly disguised. Even more he is supposed to live in Whittier's *The New Wife and the Old*. *A Treasury of New England Folklore* gives the legend of Jonathan Moulton and the Devil, which, reduced to bareness, goes like this: Jonathan was visited by the Devil, down the chimney in a shower of sparks. The Devil dripped golden guineas, and Jonathan, bedazzled, signed the proffered scroll, giving his soul to become the richest man in the province. On the first day of every month, the visitor was to fill Jonathan's boots with golden coins. Jonathan got the largest jack boots he could find, hung them from the crane in his fireplace, and once a month emptied them into his coffers. Then becoming bolder, he cut out the soles of the boots, and the chimney and the room itself filled with guineas. When the Devil, trying to fill the boots regularly, discovered the trick, Hampton House

burned to the ground the same night, and not a vestige of gold could ever be found in the ruins.

No house in the area of Moulton's enterprises hereabouts appears to claim to have been a residence of his, though land lists with his name on them were overwhelming in length, and after his death there is a reference to him as "innholder in Moultonborough." All the "common lands" he had amassed were sold at vendue by his insolvent estate for one hundred dollars.

The first minister for his town, whom he himself had secured, was one of his unhappiest victims. This Reverend Jeremiah Shaw, whose house is now a neat and charming summer home on Route 107 at the corner of old Moultonboro, writes in 1774, "Rec'd of Jona. Moulton four Dollars in Part Pay for Priching at Moultonborough Last Summer." This was while Jonathan was doing handsomely by himself. Two pathetic petitions to the Proprietors are from the same hand: one dated 1789 asks for the settlement of thirty pounds that was legally due him by their votes nine years before, whereof he had received nothing. He would gladly receive it in "nails of all sorts, glass 7 x 9, putty, white lead, stone, lime, hinges etc." Considering the time it has been due he thinks the gentlemen "cannot reasonably be offended at his now calling thus earnestly upon you therefor." Another petition two years later still draws their attention to the right of land reserved in the charter for the town's first legally settled minister, and "of which he has been deprived" except for "one mutilated lot," and again asks for the thirty pounds "generously voted by your honors," signing himself "your needy humble servant." General Moulton had been dead three years, but the evil that he did was faithfully living after him.

Basic Ingredients

IT HAS BEEN commonly supposed that Tamworth was named for Tamworth, England, though no one has known just why. In Massachusetts and other New England regions, numbers of early settlements were christened by homesick colonists after the places they had left behind overseas. But in this northern forest wilderness where Tamworth came to be, the earliest arrivals had usually moved up from other parts of New England or from nearby towns right in the Province, and they came to districts which though vacant were already named, in charters given by the English governors to groups of grantees. The charters were drawn up at Portsmouth, the governing seat — nearly two hundred of them in a whirlwind few years after the French and Indian wars were over. In Tamworth's case the grantees were sixty-three names inserted to comply with the legal requirements, thought to be chiefly residents of Portsmouth or Hampton, or their children or otherwise straw figures. A few in the list, such as Walter Bryant and his son and James Head, could have already taken up their land in the Tamworth area.

That the town had been plotted on the ground a year or two before being chartered was seen in John Bradley's affidavit, given on pages 50-51, where he testified that in 1764 or '65 he had in company with Abiel Chandler surveyor and others of Concord "assisted in Runing the out Lines of a Town" six miles square "since cal'd Tamworth." A neat plan in Volume XXVIII of the *State Papers*, evidently in the hand of the later surveyor Hersey, whose more detailed map of 1775 though less specific as to Tamworth's location is here repro-

duced (facing page 70), shows a square set against the Sandwich line but otherwise in the midst of nothingness, labeled "Tamworth as it Was Run by one Chandler."

The chief agent in getting this plot definitely chartered so that he could begin operating it, like five or six other embryo towns which he came to handle, was that Jonathan Moulton of humble origin, fast rising in the notice of Governor Benning Wentworth, who became their *de facto* Proprietor. It was not accident that named one of the towns for himself.

All three Wentworths who in succession governed the Province of New Hampshire in the eighteenth century were jealous upholders of the British political system and its world, from which they derived office. And where would most of the names be found for all the new grants in this New England that were crowding to be issued, unless out of the governors' wide backgrounds in England? Many charter names could naturally be from English towns: Plymouth, Canterbury, New London, Salisbury, and so on, and some were frankly named for the Wentworths' own relatives, like Francestown and Deering (Frances Deering being the wife of Governor Sir John Wentworth), and like Rockingham, Effingham, Strafford, all titles in the Wentworth connection, or like Bennington itself. In some cases the name could have been suggested by either the town or the peer: Conway, Lancaster, Sandwich, etc. All the first five counties in the Province were named by Governor Sir John for his personal friends: Rockingham, Strafford, Hillsboro, Grafton, and Cheshire.

But numbers of the place names in both New Hampshire and Vermont which appeared in the eighteenth century charters were those simply of great personages in England during the Wentworths' period, especially Governor Benning Wentworth's twenty-five years of office. Some of our earliest towns became Marlborough, Amherst, Boscawen, Wolfeboro, commemorating great soldiers all, or Walpole, Bedford, Chatham, Pittsfield, great political influences favorable to the colonial interests.

Friendship or mere snobbery must also account for a large percentage, however. If you as Governor received a kind letter from some higher-up back home, why wouldn't you mount his name into one of the charters you were granting that same day? Any English milord might be pleased to have six miles square of forest given his name, with its chance of becoming a future metropolis, and he might remember the thoughtful colonial official more carefully in consequence. In this way there was an Admiral Shirley of the British Navy at the time, whose titles were Earl Ferrers and Viscount Tamworth, both now extinct, I gather. It is not too much to guess that he figured in Benning's mind when our charter came up. This is more likely than that anyone at the Governor's business office at the time was interested in a not large Staffordshire town associated with a fine breed of hogs. Or did the hogs originate later? In any case Tamworth is a better mouthful than Ferrers; it may have been a near thing. The other Tamworths in the world, one in Canada, one in Australia, and a small post-office in Virginia, were not yet born.

Many of the original names were changed later on, when all things that savored of British connections were out of favor, and new personages in America required honoring: Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, Jackson, and the like. But Tamworth has never changed its name nor has Sandwich. Nearly every pond, lake, and river, however, has been rechristened one or more times to or from the Indian version, until at last in the present time the Geological Survey quadrangle maps seem to have fixed all designations permanently. Spelling of names has also gradually changed. No spelling could be very settled when only here and there some citizen could write; he who tried writing put down a name as it sounded, so that the sixty-eight variants of the word *Pequaket* or *Pigwacket* collected by the Conway historian Evans was merely typical. The word *Chocorua* has always been a sticker for strangers and was worse for the pioneers. On James Hersey's survey map of 1775 it is written *Jo Coway*, a pretty good stab at how it sounded to

him. *Zecoroway* has been found in old papers. *Corway* was a frequent spelling until recently.

Tamworth's Charter granted in 1766 may have been the last official act of Benning Wentworth, for at about this time he was eased out of the governorship he had held for twenty-five years, chiefly for having granted sixty-eight towns across the Connecticut River, now in the state of Vermont, which were not strictly his to grant. It had been such a simple way for him to make money. There was little precedent for careful honesty in administration of remote unsettled colonies. Benning's nephew John had been trying for some time to get the authorities in England to do something about various glaring irregularities, without, however, meaning to injure his uncle's reputation. When John was at length appointed instead, no great improvement might have been expected. But Sir John Wentworth's history is a surprise. He filled his office well even by standards of a later day, and New Hampshire had such absence of grievances under his rule that the era was slow to get stirred up over the events before the Revolution.

Tamworth had and still has within its boundaries a surprising variety in topography. At the very beginning, settlement flowed naturally into five quite distinct sections where conditions were the most favorable. Little communities grew up under separate names and with differing historical personalities. The community of Tamworth village at the center; the community of South Tamworth and Whittier along the Bearcamp River and up into the Ossipee Hills; the community of Chocorua with the lake in it; the community of Stevenson Hill on the west and of Wonalancet high in the northwest corner under the Sandwich Range — all are comprised within the township of Tamworth. Nowadays in times of quick transportation the five fifths can feel their unity. Children go in buses to one central school. Parents who belong to one P.T.A., vote between other engagements in the one Town House, use the garage of their preference regardless of neighborhood, and shop impartially wherever they happen to be — these joint

usages practised together by all parts of town were unimagined in early times. Every farm was then a practically self-sustaining unit. A one-room school, a church, a blacksmith shop, and later a mill were all near by, and no one needed anything else.

In this way certain families founded by early settlers have always been chiefly associated with a specific part of town. The Mason family, for example, chiefly bespeaks South Tamworth, as do the names Meader, Folsom, Downs, Ames. Chocorua suggests Nickerson, Roberts and Robertson, Moore, Hayford. Wonalancet nourished Curriers, Tiltons, Bickfords. And the Gilman, Hidden, Evans, Wiggin, families, for instance, seem to have been mainly from the village in the center. These divisions must not be too arbitrary, for some names have been widely disseminated, like the Whitings, Moultons, Perkinses, and Berrys.

Carefully preserved in all accounts are the names of four men called "first" who came to pitch (or "make a pitch") in Tamworth five or six years after the Charter. Only one of these, William Eastman, remained; he filled offices, and was a deacon throughout his life, which meant a pillar of society. His final house is now the Hendersons' on Cleveland Hill Road. A second, David Philbrick, pitched at the upper end of what is still called the Philbrick Neighborhood, on the spot where the Engemann house on the Fowlers Mills Road has lately been torn down (in the Forrester Clark family). This Philbrick was killed by the fall of a tree. His brother Jonathan is known to folklore as the man who brought corn meal on his back all the way from Gilmanton and killed fourteen bears in one season, both items recorded. The Philbrick family name is one of those that has "daughtered out," but relatives survive, Gilmans and Kimballs among them. The best-known Philbrick was Stephen who ran the mill on Swift River a little above Tamworth bridge in the middle of the last century. His hundredth birthday was celebrated in 1871 by the whole town at the meetinghouse. The third, Jonathan Choate, pitched at what is now the Durrell cellar hole near the foot of

the Liberty Trail. Richard Jackman who pitched by Chocorua Lake moved over to Silver Lake. (The same or another Jackman with a squaw wife lived very early near Jackman Pond, by Bennett's Corner.)

It is clear, however, that James Head must have been present here somewhere as early as 1764 or '65. We have his name on the affidavit of the surveyor John Bradley in 1809 as one of those assisting him with some Concord men "forty-four or five years ago" in the very first running of the lines of a "Town since cal'd Tamworth." The Head homestead was where the present Theodore Brown place is, in the Pequaket section of Washington Hill. Alonzo Nickerson was very positive that this farm was the first one around the upper end of town, pitched by Aaron Head in 1796. This is Lot No. 1 in Tamworth. Perhaps Aaron was James's son.

Mark Jewell's is also called the very first house (1772), on the top of Cleveland Hill. He and his younger brother Bradbury Jewell were leading citizens within the town's borders for many of its formative years. It was Bradbury who built, up on the corner beyond the old Stevenson home, the first two-story house, using fourteen thousand bricks which are stated to have cost him one dollar apiece Old Tenor. It was Bradbury Jewell who discovered Wonalancet, "my Birch Intervale," and appropriated it for his own, ultimately building a house at its farthest end, and founding his family there. Bradbury had a son Mark who became a preacher.

One of the fortunate circumstances for Tamworth and Sandwich was their location away to the north of the original New Hampshire settlements. Not only had they wholly escaped the harrowing Indian wars, but the people were not as fanatically religious as the first Puritans in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Emigration up this way being mostly of a secondary nature, the arrivals were already New Englanders by habit. They had knowledge of what they would be coping with, and not so many misapprehensions to unlearn as had their first English forerunners. This made for quicker adjust-

ment and more stability and common sense, qualities for which the Tamworth forefathers were very notable.

One of the parent towns for many of our early settlers seems to have been Gilmanton. Israel Gilman and Samuel Gilman, both grantees in the Charter, came from there, likewise the important landholding Cogswells on Great Hill, formerly called Hubbard Hill, and the original Samuel Hidden. Late in the last century Arthur Page migrated here from Gilmanton and became the leading and the last of the blacksmiths. His smithy on Turkey Street off Route 16 is being preserved intact by his family and the Tamworth Historical Society as a memorial to him.

The first Hayford, the first Gannett, and the first Washburn all came from East Bridgewater, Massachusetts. Alden Washburn's child Sally was the first born in the settlement.

Stephen Mason who founded the main line of Masons in South Tamworth moved here from no farther away than Moultonborough. The Hatch family were early on Washington Hill, as well as at Chocorua Village. The first Walter Bryant, surveyor of state lines, and his son, who were two of the grantees, established themselves on the banks of the Bearcamp among the very first; two of their homesteads are still held in the family. On Hackett Hill were Ebenezer Hackett and his brother Hezekiah who was such a good shot that others took care of his farming while he supplied game for all.

Jeremy Belknap studied New Hampshire history for twenty years. He writes with certainty of its great future mission as a land of prosperous farms. How far wrong the most informed observer can be is illustrated when Belknap says amid his long *s's*:

Agriculture is, and always will be, the chief business of the people of New Hampshire, if they attend to their true interest. Every tree which is cut down in the forest, opens to the sun a new spot of earth, which, with cultivation, will produce food for man and beast. It is impossible to conceive what quantities may be produced of beef, pork,

mutton, poultry, wheat, rye, Indian Corn, barley, pulse, butter and cheese, articles which will always find a market. Flax and hemp may also be cultivated to great advantage, especially on the intervale lands on the large rivers. . . . Hops will grow on almost any soil; and the labor attending them is so inconsiderable, that there can be no excuse for neglecting the universal cultivation of them. . . . In the early part of life, every day's labor employed in subduing the wilderness lays a foundation for future profit.

Belknap did not know about Nebraska beef, not to speak of Argentine beef, nor Wisconsin cheese nor Minnesota wheat nor Kansas corn, nor what effect these would have on the great agricultural future of New Hampshire. Nor did he know that after his time large prosperous-looking flocks of sheep, when spinning was the order of the day in every home and wool brought high prices, were to overgraze and strip riches from our soil for all time. So far from every tree felled letting in the sun on productivity, today's technology teaches that trees are the best crop on soil that naturally produces them, and New Hampshire's genuine wealth lay in the very primeval forest that she was in a rage to destroy in favor of a small spotty agriculture.

All the pioneers, having to get their living at once, were perforce of the Belknap school of thinking, and were busy letting in the appreciated sun. The best man was he who cleared the most acreage in the least time. The first method was to girdle and burn, as the Indians did. When there were enough settlers to help one another, chopping was substituted for girdling, and when the trees were down and the tops had been burned, the logs would be rolled together and an immense fire made. Since a man would give his labor in return to any who had rolled logs for him, "logrolling" became a word from the north frontier for interchanging of favors of any kind, particularly in politics. A system that had danger and many deaths in it was that of "undercutting" or chopping part way into the trunks of all trees to be brought down, and then

toppling a single spreading giant at the edge which started a sequence of falls for all the others to make one mighty crash. After the burning, the earth thus enriched with unlimited wood ashes would yield fabulously at first, supporting Belknap's theory, and corn planted about the stumps and in among the rocks would produce a fantastic crop the first year. No one thought that the soil could wear out. They knew nothing of the humus which they were destroying forever. Even today burning the pasture or burning for blueberries is persistent. That the loss of humus, which has taken since the glacial age to accumulate, makes deserts is slow in being realized. In burning, stumps were left to rot, or more ambitiously pulled out by oxen to make a cattle-containing stump fence, their roots sticking out at all angles. A few bits of the stump fences still survive, as seen near the garage of a house on Chinook Trail.

The next step was rock removal, blasting or burying the biggest and hauling off the smaller ones by ox team. Beautifully laid walls are a characteristic of all of rocky New Hampshire, and stone walls became an art. The best were double, two laid parallel with a filling of small stones between, sometimes with two feet of rock-filled trench below. All hands, old men and boys, rocked fields and made bounds therefrom in a continuous process. Such walls were a man's lines for his descendants no matter if they should not survey correctly when in after years lot boundaries came into question. Those who know can interpret the when and how of stonewall building, as of other antiques. Only oxen could work such rocks, their strong delicate feet picking their way over the roughest ground. They pulled a chain from the other side of the fence, which rolled a boulder up a "stone-ladder" (made of two felled trees with slats between) till manpower caught it at the top and placed it to "break a joint." Some of these walls of the mighty ancestors and their oxen are now in deepest woods near long-abandoned cellar holes. Built supposedly for all time they lie unhonored in the dense second growth that

has willy-nilly returned. Some say that the waste of these hard-built walls accounts for the lopsided tombstones in the burying grounds — the forefathers all turning in their graves.

The part that oxen had in the life and development of our region for much over a hundred years is a bigger story than can be written here. Horses were for travel, but throughout the farms and in the woods oxen were for work. It was the middle of the 1800's before work horses appeared. During the entire century of the ox team, handling and procedure were fixed customs taught from father to son, with never any reason for change. James Welch of Tamworth, now ex-sheriff of Carroll County, and an appreciated source of information, gives an account of his father's cattle which would have described equally well those of his remoter ancestors.

Father kept a large stock of cattle, ten to twelve working oxen besides a lot of other cattle, and a hundred sheep or more. While we boys were small, Father hired a number of men to help him, but as we grew up we had to learn to do everything around the farm and in the woods. Everybody worked and we started in young, too. On the fourth of July when I was four years old my father and half-brother George went out to plow. Father had on six oxen and George had four. I wanted to do what they were doing, and I started to fuss. George was patient with me — a good ox driver most always is patient. He handed me a "goadstick" and said, "You hold this now. Don't touch 'em. Just talk to 'em easy." A year later I was really driving oxen. Of course I couldn't yoke them, but I could drive for a man plowing or when the teams were breaking out the roads in winter. The creatures were large, some of them weighing fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred pounds, Durhams and shorthorns. Those were the earliest breeds in the county.

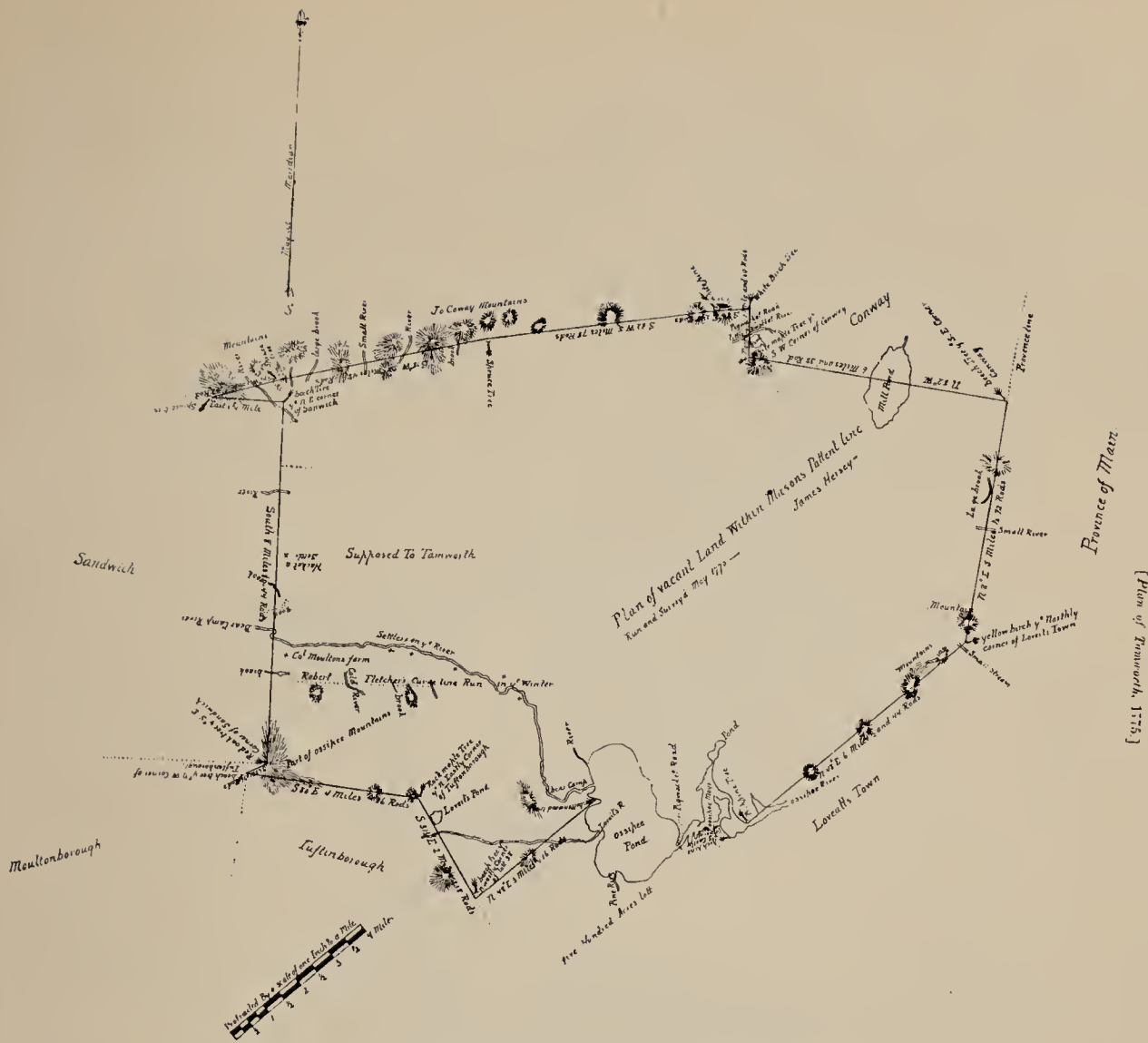
Driving oxen is like raising children. Slow and steady does it. A nervous man can't drive oxen, and a nervous man should never raise a family. He may drive the creatures, but he'll never get out of them all he should. Oxen are slow and steady beasts, and they are mighty sensitive. If you

snap out at them they remember it all day long. I wonder sometimes if they don't feel ashamed of their neuterdom. Nowadays, city folks stop and take a picture of a driver and his oxen, but when I was a boy they far outnumbered the horses in the county. Certain sets of names were together, and were used all through the county. If a man had Star he had Berry to yoke up with him; and there was Bright and Broad; Turk and Line; Buck and Swan; Brown and Brindle.

Yokes were made of elm or yellow birch. An elm yoke, leaded, was the best. Linseed oil was rubbed on the necks of the beasts to prevent sores from chafing yokes. We had a short yoke, or winter yoke, for the oxen to follow the sled runner and to prevent crowding. There is nothing more aggravating than an ox team that crowds. And we had a longer yoke for the summer, so the team wouldn't hang off. In the old days there were plenty of good blacksmiths, and each had an oxsling to hold the creature while he was being shod. Sometimes there were makeshift slings at the logging camps so a thrown shoe could be nailed on in an emergency. We learned too, as we grew older that when an ox sweats he will not work as efficiently and when the weather was hot we had to watch the beasts very closely. It was gospel to us that if one started lolling (that means putting out his tongue), you had to get him into the shade at once or he would melt, and never be useful again.

Years ago up here drovers traveled the roads with horses and wagon, bought cattle, exchanged, traded and sold. One of the oldtime drovers — "droviers" they were called then — had four sons, Charles, William, Oscar, and Ed. Charles and Oscar drove cattle here when I was a boy. Each year about the first of September they started with their droves of cattle and they would come through about every two weeks until the first of November. They traveled north as far as Jefferson and Randolph and then down to Brighton and Watertown, Mass. They would buy, trade and sell along the way. It was said that Charles was the best seller and Oscar was the best buyer.

Fields could be hired along the route where the cattle



TAMWORTH AS YET ONLY IMAGINED

The first survey, made by James Hersey (1775), included the area from Maine west to the Sandwich boundary where dotted lines indicate the direction of Tamworth's future six miles square.



JAMES WELCH AND OXEN

The High Sheriff of Carroll County with oxen from over Sandwich way, the biggest anywhere around, girt 7½ foot, weight two ton. A good yoke might weigh thirty-three hundred.

were pastured. The old fellows called it shacking the cattle. There were regular places where they stopped and traded. When they traded in any other place along the line they had to trade with the cattle on the move. A man would pick out what he wanted, trade with the drover, turn his cattle in, and at the next cowyard the drove reached, they would cut out the cattle he had traded for. At the regular stopping-places we could yoke up the steers and oxen and try them. My father did most of his trading with Oscar. He told me to look out for Charles's steers. Handy cattle, Charles called them, but that meant, to us who knew Charles, they were either runaways or had never been yoked. I found that to be right. Charles would say, "Now, Sonny, there is an awful neat little pair of steers. Just what you want. Oscar has had his eye on them for a long time for you. Just think of all the fun you can have with them. Next year we will buy or trade with you and you will get a good grift on them." He was a persuasive seller all right.

In these droves there would be from one to three hundred head. They would follow the roads where the most farmers lived. About three men and one collie dog were hired to drive the cattle. The horse that was used had to be a trusted one so the driver could jump out of the wagon and leave him. Then as the cattle came along the horse would follow. I have seen the little bay mare that Oscar had bite some of the cattle to drive them along and if any got back of her she would stop and stay there until someone brought them along. The men received a dollar a day and expenses. In those days it was called a dollar a day and found. Ezra Dodge and Jacob Smith of Tamworth were oldtimer drovers. The roads were filled with cattle in the fall and lots of trading was done. But such sights and the language that was used in trading days are now a thing of the past.

But before reaching the affluent period when three hundred cattle could be for sale at once we should look at the very earliest industry, that one where ox teams figured indispensably — masting. As far back as 1721 in the first grants

made to adventurers by the Crown and afterward in every town charter there was the picturesque condition that all the tallest white pine trees in all the vague new territories should be saved as the King's own property, masts for his Royal Navy. No other wood was both light and strong enough for masts. As the Navy ships were in great numbers and all were driven by sail, a limitless source of masts appeared to the King's advisors as the most valuable resource of the new lands. As the great who handed the wilderness around so freely had not the faintest idea of its real character, let alone its extent, they thought in terms of hundreds of masts, when thousands or even millions was nearer right. Twenty-four inches in diameter a foot above the ground was big enough for his Majesty's ships. The surveyor of the King's woods was enjoined to mark with the King's broad arrow every tree suitable for the purpose throughout the domain, and to enforce their being held for the King's will. Mast ships were built especially for this freight, each carrying some forty-five to fifty masts.

Settlers could use a tall pine tree as well as the King, as it was the best for house construction. And they did; the King's mast-master could not be in a hundred townships at once. The mast-master's role, though the office paid the most of any in the colonies, was therefore in practice almost impossible from the beginning. An immense tree, more than five feet in diameter at the butt end, standing on a man's own land would have had severe temptation in it. The pine laws in New Hampshire were as senseless and obnoxious as the tea tax or the stamp act in Massachusetts. The fact is that shipping of masts to England from so far inland as Tamworth was never actually done. There were but few years and scanty settlers until the Declaration of Independence had ended all masting for royalty. For our own American shipping, however, masts were a constant part of the business of early lumberers. Tamworth possesses the Old Mast Road, which starts down from the Ridge between Chocorua and Paugus, and comes out at the farther end of Wonalancet, close to Ferncroft Inn.

It is now integral to the system of mountain trails maintained by the Wonalancet Outdoor Club. Part of Wonalancet's tradition is that up to twenty yoke of oxen hitched together used to drag great logs from the Old Mast Road across the intervale to be floated into Lake Winnepesaukee and so by water to Portsmouth. Pine is the best "floating" timber; but twenty yoke of oxen is a small matter compared to existing mast records from farther down state. It took fifty-two to bring a mast from Northfield, and one in Hopkinton required fifty-five. One such monster and perfect tree, however, is in the story of the Old Mast Road. Edgar Rich preserved it for us. Forty oxen brought the mast over the ridge and carefully down on its way to tidewater. In turning a corner at Sandwich the great stick swung out and demolished a little blacksmith shop. Angry words had not been enough. Next morning there was a great V-shaped gash in the middle of the mast, a fatal stab. The murder of a man would not have so horrified the whole region as did the murder of the mast. (A pair of the giant wheels used for masting may be seen in front of the Highway Hotel in Concord.)

By the 1850's the great stands of virgin white pine were gone. Few men living can ever see one now. They constituted the true gold that Mason's adventurers were to look for, unrecognized when they saw it. The tree that had dominated the forests since the beginning of the Ice Age here grew to 150 feet or more — 250 has been recorded — while other kinds of trees from the same soil were sixty or eighty. An old saying is "No man ever cut down a pine and lived to see the stump rotten." The immense epic of the white pine now gone is nowhere more feelingly set forth than in Donald Culross Peattie's *Natural History of Trees*, where the lord of the wilderness is given the proud first place in the annals of all America's tree life.

The new states after the Revolution were plagued with so mixed a system of money that it took a talented mathema-

tician to know the proper price of anything. The paper money in circulation was badly depreciated. The pounds and shillings which had been legal tender before the War were reverting to England in trade, and Congress had as yet no power to issue currency. The New Hampshire Legislature passed some ineffectual laws but the new "Tender Act" seemed only to aggravate conditions, and debtors demanded both paper money, though there were no funds to back it, and freedom from their debts as well. Other states were in a similar plight, and following the Constitutional Convention in 1787 Congress alone was empowered to coin money, levy taxes, and settle the national debts, after which the national credit was established. Before that, sums of money were designated (by initials) Old Tenor, Middle Tenor, or New Tenor, referring to issues of paper currency in Massachusetts and Rhode Island which passed in other states as well. The actual values of these fluctuated, and when the new national system of dollars and cents was established, its value was equally erratic and it was hard to know the equivalent in O. T. "They paid me 14 dollars which was 4/ [4 shillings] over what I charged, but I could not give them the change" is the first appearance in the *Patten Diary* of the word dollar (1780). "14 gills of Rum from Lieut. Orr for which I paid him 28 dollars." Another time a quart was 16 dollars, and "4 pounds of Tobacco 30 dollars."

The value of the dollar shook down before too long and incredibly low prices are found from the early 1800's on. A memoir describes the prosperous Crosby farm in Sandwich in those years, when farm hands got fifty cents a day with two meals, and a hired man had eight to ten dollars a month by the year. A midwife's fee was fifty cents. But barter remained the safest and usual system. Men would come three miles for a day's work toward payment of a doctor's bill. Country stores sold dry goods and groceries, taking butter, cheese, grain, pork, or dried apples in exchange. These would then be sent to Portsmouth or Salem by team, with a return load of molasses, rum, sugar, salt, and dry goods. Families who raised nearly

everything they used did not need to have cash. Mr. Nathan Crosby records that his neighboring storekeeper, Daniel Little (near Little's Pond), would call upon all his debtors to bring in cattle and sheep on a given day, and receive credit for their value. Then Doctor Asa Crosby would notify *his* debtors to take their produce to Mr. Little, who would then give Dr. Crosby proper credit, and he in turn would send receipted bills. A barter account-book of the day shows the intricate day-to-day entries between two men: on one page the items sold by the farmer — "To 4 bushels corn, to 1 sheep," to this or that; on the opposite page what the same man had done for the other: "By 2 days labor, by making a gate, by 1 leather coat," etc. At the end of the page the amounts were added and set off against each other and a small sum of money passed, with the word *settled* scrawled in the margin. In most of them the items themselves were noted in pounds and shillings, while the final settlement took place in dollars and cents, showing that the new coinage was still not the easier kind to use. Among the Bryant family papers, tucked away in an ancient and battered daybook carried in a hip-pocket in the eighteenth century and now kept in a deposit box at Lakeport, is a loose sheet carefully drawn up for ready reference, a rule of thumb for the currency problems.

"to Cast Interest of Lawful Money in Dollars & Cents
the Interest of 37£ 16.0 for Six months only add a Sypher
or nought to ye 37£ — thus 370 and Call the 16 half so
many Cents viz 8 Cents thus 378 then Strik of your 2 Right
hand figures thus 3/78 Call ye Left hand Dolars & the Right
hand Cents viz 3 Dolars & 78 Cents but If for a year then —
Double your pounds thus twice 37 - 74. then ad your Syper
& Shillings thus 740 and then it Stands 7 Dolars & 56 Cents
16

756

for a year. [If wrestled with, this is quite clear.]

our money now Stands thus 10 mills one Cent 10 Cents
one Dime 10 Dimes one Dolar 10 Dolars one Egil.

This daybook of Walter Bryant in the 1790's is one of the earliest extant. Like many a pioneer, he helped himself out by making shoes for his neighbors, as also now and then a felt hat. He would rent his "hors to Rogster [Rochester]" or to Portsmouth, and must have had a small store, since he noted: "To a bandanna hankie, To 1 quart of Brandy, To broadcloth, To thirty Nails Lent" (what hope had he of getting nails back?), "To a bushell of pertatoes," and "To 1 day's work choping Whood," or "haling" it. One of his customers was giddion scrigion, with no capitals.

In the new spurt of progress after the Revolution, a dazzling innovation was established for young New Hampshire. A postmaster general was created by the legislature, who besides planning for post offices to be set on rural roads, was to employ "a proper number of Riders, so that News-Papers, Letters and Mails may be transported in the most easy, safe and expeditious manner, to the various parts of the State." Three circular routes from Portsmouth were laid out in the first enactment, the one up to the north to be ridden weekly. This route came up through Rochester and Ossipee as far as Conway, and returned through Tamworth, Meredith, and Gilmananton. A hundred pounds was to be paid to these riders.

In a few years there were four routes, all starting from Concord. The Tamworth route included Plymouth and New Hampton in place of Conway. Later the starting point was changed back to Portsmouth. On this route the rider received ten pounds for the six summer months. Postage was sixpence for every forty miles, which apparently went to the rider too. A few towns were named to "have one person whose duty it shall be to take charge of all matters which are to be conveyed by the posts, and to receive twopence on each private letter, packett, etc.," but Tamworth was not so selected. The rider's pay was raised the same year to twelve pounds, and during the winter he need come only once a fortnight.

The postrider's life was not soft. He rode in woods by

trail, varied only by the climbing of steep hills and fording of rocky streams. His head was full of messages, and his horse carried full saddlebags. He could pay little attention to weather. An old drawing shows him under a three-cornered hat, the horse picking its way along a corduroy road which reaches into a far perspective. Another drawing is labeled "Postal Progress," where a locomotive belching smoke from a monster stack passes a platform with a mail sack being swung aboard from a yardarm. In 1957 the four post offices in Tamworth, small as they are, have long had two mails a day each, coming and going.

Tamworth is fortunate in still possessing the original books of Town Records, calfskin-bound, hand written, particularly detailed and orderly compared with those of some contemporary towns. This is due without question to the dedicated care and intelligence of the first town clerk, of the name of Timothy Medar, who held his office throughout all but two of the first forty formative years. Timothy was an educated man for his time, his misspellings are relatively slight, his firm fair hand wholly readable. He never ducked any part of his monotonous duties, and his records are admirable in execution, comprehensive and clear. Later town clerks have tried to meet the standard set by him once for all. Medar was one of the avid readers of the ponderous books of the Social Library when it was formed; he came from Durham and had been married four years when he began his career for the town, living first in the Dow house on the Bunker Hill Road, afterward where the Meader sisters are.

These full records are not the dry-as-dust notes that they may seem to be. They pulse with the problems of the time, and reveal the solutions of the selectmen, who were a group of three strongly endowed people holding the ideal of fairness to all, and bent on achieving a good town against whatever odds there were. Town discussions were on matters basic to communal needs, governed by intelligence and complete freedom to express, not to mention impatience with any who

failed to cooperate for the general good. An abuse was nailed as soon as felt: "Voted that no swine be allowed to go at large." But such a vote not taking care of the matter, next year they "voted that every person suffering swine to go at large shall be subject to all Damage they may do." A "pound" was an early necessity to put the wandering animals in—fencing being far too expensive for everyone. The pound was fixed in William Eastman's upper tract near the cemetery by the meetinghouse, and necessitated a hog reeve, a serious office enough when Eastman held it. After it became obsolete, it was kept as a jocular wedding present to any young man. Animals were a problem; it was necessary to rule that all bars and gates be removed from roads to permit passing, and every owner of cattle or sheep had to sign in the town book his mark of identification: "The mark I put on my Cattle Sheep and Swine is a Top Cut off the Right Ear & a Slit under the Same. Tamworth August 20th 1777 William Eastman." These statements appear along with marriage records, road returns, and family birth dates, among warrants to call meetings: "This is to notifie the Freeholders and Inhabatants of Tamworth to Meet at the Dwelling House of Mr. Eph Hackets in said Tamworth on Thursday the 17th day of this Instant July at two o'clock on Said day for the following purposes viz. . . ." The record of the meeting follows this in detail.

Some uniformity in traffic behavior was early recognized as wise: All "ox-sleads" were to be 4½ feet wide, and thirty years later it was thought expedient to alter all one-horse sleighs, for the horse to travel on the left.

The constable's job of keeping everybody in line was a highly important one, filled by an important man. After awhile he acquired a bondsman. William Eastman himself was long constable; his pay which began at 25½ bushel of corn a year gradually increased to match his labors. Town meetings took place in his house, then in other houses, and after schools were built, in schoolhouses. Later when voters made a good-sized crowd they met at taverns. Only by the

middle 1800's did a Town House materialize, opposite the present church.

The dependence on animals in the early economy is hard to credit in the machine age. It is recorded of a young couple in 1830 that they went to their new home driving before them their wedding presents, a calf, a sheep, and two geese. The big barns that still sprinkle our countryside should tell us more than we see in them; the horse-trading that was so big among every man's skills and revealed so much of his character is now nearly extinct. And "horse sense": man and boy had to know numberless details, such as how many links to drop in a trace chain, how to keep the whiffletree off the horse's heels downhill. The curiously named town offices had to do with this prevalence of horses and cattle and swine. What else was the field-driver but a man who literally drove cattle out of fields and impounded strays, literally a "hayward," his other name. Hog-reeve the same—loose pigs could have a whole neighborhood at loggerheads. Fence-viewer was another aspect of the same problem; he insisted on the owner fencing in his stock if a neighbor said so. Yet no pork for pork-and-beans without a population of pigs. Though the pioneers were often great of stature and strength, no stone-hauling for walls without a yoke of oxen, no riding to market with the surplus eggs without a horse to saddle. Sheep were owned by nearly everyone. How would a man have got his red flannels save by taking his own wool to the cloth mill, and having it made up (at thirty-one cents a yard), let alone his homespun coat and the children's. The universality of cheap mutton to eat is enviable today, which is not to say that it wholly supplanted hunting. "My husband got at one time 1,000 lbs. of moose meat. We salted it down, It was the very best for mince pies," said a diarist.

A leather-sealer was needed in such an economy—he inspected all hides and skins for sale and stamped them as sound. A lumber-sealer the same, he measured saw-logs and cordwood. It was a strange-sounding list of town offices, now

obsolete, every one of them a holdover from the English town system. And when the rest of the town needs were taken care of there remained the erring humans themselves—a tithingman was elected to keep them to the straight and narrow. He not only collected the church moneys but was the moral policeman whose battleground was the meetinghouse. He broke up slumbers and kept children quiet, and saw to it that nobody succeeded in staying at home.

The poor as such required new thinking in a new town. The town minutes reveal the struggle. There was the Clough case, early. Clough was an incapacitated war veteran. "Fifthly, to see what method the town will take with Joseph Clough and how he shall be supported in futer." He was "struck off" by "Vandue" to Japhet Allen at "4/6 per week," but every year the thing had to be done over, and Clough and others like him were a thorn in the flesh. "That Joseph Clough shall not have any help from the Town till he gives the Select Men Orders to draw what is due to him for his Service in the Army." Next the same Joseph was "let out to Wm. Vittum at 1/9 per week." Next year he went to Lt. B. Gilman at 1/4 per week!

Mrs. Clough's case had different handling: "Voted, to try by vendue to put out Mrs. Clough's oldest son until he is Twenty one year old." The oldest son of Mrs. Clough "struck off to Sam Gilman Esq. who is to give him a yoak of steers one year old the spring after he is out of his Time a Calf a Sheep and a Lamb." "Capt. George Dodge engag'd to keep Mrs. Clough and her other Child until March Meeting and give her nine pence pr week." But even that failed to do for the Cloughs. Joseph's fortunes were still deteriorating. The next year he was "struck off to Benjamin Gilman at eight pence per week." Perhaps he had become stronger and could work more.

The town meeting felt a distinct civic responsibility for its paupers, though all it could think of to do was to auction them off to individual farmers. In 1826 an article in the

warrant reads "To dispose of town paupers in best manner." The paupers were then "set up at vendue," as: "Jonathan Palmer wife and children Struck of on Joseph Pease jr. \$29.00, Widow Sally Mason struck of on Colo. Levi Folsom for \$11.50, Daniel Moulton family 4 struck of on Saml Shaw for one year \$30." In one case the day's vendues wound up: "Set up at risk all unthought of Paupers and all Paupers except those that are otherwise disposed of already and Clean the Town for one year. Struck of on John Thrasher for \$30.00." It may take a little thinking out.

That the paupers came to have real care, however, emerges from such a bill as this one rendered to the town in 1837:

Town of Tamworth to F. A. Page Dr.

[Fisher Page]

Mar. 27	Going after Angeline Folsom	25
28	Making 1 pr. Aprons for Do.	15
Apr. 11	Boarding Angeline Folsom 2/7	
	weeks at .31	1.07
	Finding calico for gown 57s 9d	.63
	Making ditto	25
	Finding woolen cloth in part	
	for a coat 1/2 Yd 3/	25
	Making same	17
May 4	Paid postage on a letter to the State Treasurer for a blank	10
6	Paid postage on a letter from the Secretary of State with a blank (double)	20
15	Carrying a dead hog to the town farm	25
	Notifying jurors to the C. C. Pleas [Court of Common Pleas] each term	50

The humanitarian impulse is always evident in the town deliberations, rough though they seem. "Voted [1813], that if the spotted fever which has prevailed in other Towns should prevail in this Town the committee are authorized to provide medical aid and Medison at the expense of the Town." The spotted fever did prevail very soon. Individual taxes are often abated for what looks like compassion: "Voted, that the Widow Anna Fowler shall not be rated on the Highways the present year." And when it comes to real trouble: "Voted, to help David Woodman towards Doctoring his Wife," and next "That the town will pay all the Expence for a Doctor to come and cut the cancer out of David Woodman's Wifes breast."

What can have caused the concern reflected in the curious vote of 1841? "All females who in the opinion of the selectmen shall have had just cause for divorce on the first day of April shall be considered as widows" for the purpose of distributing surplus revenue. The females must have been making an outcry, forcing attention to their poverty. The whole state was getting into a turmoil over Prohibition; it was only a few more years to the drastic state law of 1855. Could it be "veteran sots," Belknap's polite term, that were considered just cause for divorce?

With welfare cases pricking the selectmen, the question of a proper poor farm obviously came up. But ideas of managing one were very primitive. There was no proper body of tradition in this department. In records of 1807 of a nearby town, full authority was given to the master of the workhouse to punish a fearsome list of misdemeanors, with long sentences, "stripes," or any penalty he thought meet. Trivial offenses, even suspicion, was enough for an arrest. The workhouse received indigents and criminals all together, all treated the same. Discussion appeared for years in the Tamworth Records before a poor farm was bought, in 1830, the one now known as the Brett farm. Its use as a poor farm was

abandoned in the seventies. The excellent Carroll County Farm now takes its place.

In the light of modern surgery and the antibiotic drugs the medical ignorance of even fifty years ago, let alone a hundred, is hard to credit. That sanitation was related to health was not suspected. Spotted fever which raged in 1813 was typhus, the disease transmitted by lice, gift of filth and overcrowding, and age-old accompaniment of war, famine, and extreme misery. Whole families died, taking so-called medicines in vain. Numbers of doctors themselves succumbed. In many burying grounds one sees several little white blocks in a row, all in a wholesale taking off of children who now would never be stricken. There was the case of John M. Page on Page Hill, outstanding citizen and member of the Governor's council. Five of his children were swept away one after the other, kindly Dr. Boyden looking on helpless. The eldest had just graduated from Dartmouth. It was thought sure death to give water to a fever patient, but when the last remaining child kept crying for water and death seemed unavoidable, the father gave the child all it could drink, and that child survived. Then the father himself succumbed, six deaths "all in the space of 8 weeks" as the gravestone records. That on healthy high farms the moral book-reading inhabitants should be subject to epidemics of this sort speaks of the depth of the day's scientific unconsciousness. Such prescriptions as these survive:

Cure for the Dropsey. The bark of white wood root from the North side of the tree—one quart. One pint of horse-radish, one pint of mustard seed, and one gallon of hard cider—mix them together, let them stand 24 hours and take a wine glass full twice or thrice a day. This remedy has been repeatedly tried and has never yet been known to fail of curing that terrible disorder.

For Cancer. Take a lump of Roe the bigness of Hen's Egg a lump of hoggs lard of the same bigness, work together to the consistency of a salve. Spread some on a piece of white leather, in three days it will cure it. Yellow dock root made into a poltis is good—the liquor is good for cancer humer.

There were some admired and venerated doctors none the less. They could always give moral support; sometimes a few homely remedies were all that was necessary. Perhaps Dr. Joseph Boyden, earliest and well-beloved progenitor of the distinguished Boyden family, who was killed by a fall from his horse, was one of the best. In some Gilman daybooks and business account-books we pick out a few more: Dr. Morse had had his fence mended in Thomas Bradbury's accounts, and one yoke of oxen hauled hay from his field for him for sixty-seven cents. There was "an order from Dr. Sargent (John L.)," and Dr. Simeon D. York was indebted for "horse to visit the sick 6 miles, .24," and horse to Holderness occasionally, once with chaise; as well as beef or some fulled cloth or quarter cords of wood. Later appears Dr. Ebenezer Wilkinson whose house is now the Neilsons': "You would know him anywhere as a family doctor. . . . No sooner was his gig driven into the yard and the horse tied to a ring in the shed door, the doctor seen entering the door bringing his little trunk with brass-headed nails outlining his initials on the lid, than fevers began to abate and pulses regulate themselves," said a contemporary Mason. He was followed by Dr. Bassett, father of Helen Bassett Hidden, the present librarian, and then by Dr. Edwin Remick, descendant of Enoch and Levi and father of the present Dr. Edwin Crafts Remick.

By 1823 innovations making for comfort were beginning. Where the fireplace had sufficed for all the cooking and heating, now an iron cookstove was introduced, and presently the airtight stove moved in, followed by wood furnaces. The old tinder box gave place to matches—no more running to the neighbors for coals. When a builder raised his house he never suspected that such a thing as plumbing or heating ducts or BX tubing could ever get into his walls or under his floors. As for any but a "dry sink," no woman had yet dreamed of a pipe to a cesspool. The back door was opened and the tin basin emptied into the wind, *sauve qui peut*.

The Care of Souls = Temperance

BACK AS FAR AS 1778 when Tamworth was first taking on the shape of a community with as many as one hundred and fifty inhabitants, the drive to "have preaching" was already vigorous. Aside from the natural hunger of Puritan stock deprived of its usual sustenance, the town could not be a going concern without a church. No church, no self-respect. Religion was, beside his family, every man's first concern. Schools, though desirable, came second.

The first glimmer of this public urge for a preacher is a petition to Colonel Jonathan Moulton:

March 1778

To Colo Jonathan Moulton, Esqr. Proprietor of the Township of Tamworth

The Petition of the Inhabitants of Said Tamworth Humbly sheweth that we your Petitioners ever since our Settlement here have had in View the Settlement of the Gospel Ministry among us whenever our Circumstances and the Situation of the Town would admit of it from our own Inability and Fewness in Number which we impute to the Difficulties of the Times has hitherto prevent our obtaining any Regular of the Gospel among us The Same Difficulties remaining will Doubtless prevent our immediate Increase that we cannot expect a Settled Ministry at least till the War subsides yet as it is our Duty however small in Number or embarrased with the Cares of Life not to sink into a Supine State in with Respect to the Means of Religion so we have a sincere Desire to make all the Provisions in our Power for hiring of Preaching here for a Season and

TAMWORTH

beg Leave to lay our Circumstances before you and beg you'd consider our Peculiar Situation our Incapacity of our selves to provide a Preacher for any Term of Time & pray your kind Help and Donation towards hiring preaching for any Time you may think proper at the same Time Assuring you we shall ever be ready to aid and assist in the accomplishment of the full and Regular Settlement of your Township — And your Petitioners in Duty bound shall ever pray.

Drafted by committee, this is recorded as above in the earliest Town Record book.

The document shows more things than a desire not to sink into a supine state. It is very well written for the period, expressed forcibly, and not even very ungrammatically. There were men of a certain amount of education living in Tamworth even then.

Jonathan Moulton did not hasten to comply with the Tamworth residents' request. A little money was extended by the so-called Proprietors, but fourteen years passed before the church or the "Gospale Ministry" became a fact. A Reverend Joshua Nickerson who had preached here and there in the neighborhood, representing a sect that called itself New Light, asked to be appointed to the post, was considered, but was unanimously rejected. Probably he was not orthodox enough. In the meantime at Tamworth Iron Works a Free-will Baptist Church was started in 1781 which, however, had no building until fifty-four years later.

By 1789, the town had got as far as deciding that "Twenty Pound" would be raised for preaching, to be paid in produce. But not till '92 did they have the man. After a short probation, "It is the unanimous desire of the Inhabitants of Tamworth to settle Mr. Samuel Hidden in the Ministry in this town provided it can be done upon such Terms as they think themselves able to comply—" A committee of fifteen persons was to inform him of their minds, these being David Gilman, Esq., Samuel Gilman, Esq., Colonels Stephen Mason, Mark Jewell,



BLACKSMITH SHOP

Arthur C. Page's shop on Turkey Street, the last remaining example of its kind, has been preserved by the Tamworth Historical Society as a memorial to him from his children.



MILL CREW AT HILL AND WADDELL'S

Boy at extreme right is Edgar Page. His father Moses Page sits holding his hat. "Granny Mac," mother of Uriah McDaniel and beloved by all, holds child.

and Oliver Fowler; Captains George Dodge, Thos. Stevenson, and Israel Gilman; Timothy Medar, Israel Folsom, Enoch Remick, William Eastman, James Mason, William Cheever, and Edward Hayford. These were strong men. We will see them again.

Mr. Hidden's reply is herewith:

May 8, 1792

You have thought it expedient, after mature consideration and earnest prayer to God, as I trust, to give me an invitation to settle with you in the Gospel ministry, and have voted certain things for my encouragement and support in that important office. I am conscious of inability rightly to conduct in so important a station. But that God, by whose remarkable Providence I am what I am, I have no reason to distrust; on his mercy I wish to rely for strength to discharge what he in his Providence may call me to perform. After serious consideration and earnest prayer to Almighty God for direction, I have thought fit and do hereby accept of your proposals, if there is a church peaceably formed. As I live at considerable distance from my friends, I would reserve four Sabbaths in a year to visit them, if I please. Also if I am taken sick while laboring among you, you must grant me my support until I am again able to discharge the duties of my office. You are sensible, my friends, the duties of a minister are great and important, therefore I hope you will be ready to assist me, by punctuality in payment, advice in difficult cases, and by your constant attendance on God's preached word and ordinances, and your constant, fervent prayer that I may be faithful to God, to myself, to your souls, and those of your children; that we may all appear at God's right hand, in the day when he maketh up his jewels.

Samuel Hidden

With Mr. Hidden's acceptance, a meetinghouse was the next necessity. This was a subject of most towering interest and import. Every man was going to be taxed by law for the support of this ministry and the erection of the meetinghouse. It was not until 1819 that church and government were sepa-

rated. No wonder the disputes and arguments fill the town minutes. The church was the people's intimate possession and instrument, their resource, their recreation, and their judge.

The town warrant begins to call the issue to order:

To see whether the Town will conclude to put up a Frame for a House of Public Worship this fall or to act on said matter as they shall think best.

Oct 8, 1792

A proposal being made to set a Meeting House on Capt. Dodges Land on the South side of the holler near the Road that leads to Mr. Lows Mill, which being put to a vote passed in the negative.

Voted that the Meeting House shall be set on the North side of the Highway between Capt George Dodge and the place where Mr. Hiddens house is to be set and as nigh to said place as it can conveniently be set.

Voted to build a Meeting House forty four feet long and Thirty seven feet and half wide Ten feet post one Story high.

Voted that the Meeting House shall be set on the first covenant nole West of the hollar on the Road between Capt Dodge & Mr. William Eastman's in lieu of the place that we voted at the last meeting. [Eastman's was the present home of Harry Henderson.]

Voted that the Pew No. Eleven being on the Right hand of the Pulpit as the Minister coms don be Reserved for a pasnage Pew.

Voted to chuse three Men as a Committee to build the Meeting House.

These tremendous questions severely strained the very town-meeting system itself where all men voted on everything. In such times the whole democratic process can be seen as a bark floundering in high seas. Indeed in 1794 there is evidence of uneasiness over the infallibility of the voting method. Further deliberations put to vote every detail:

Voted March 12, 1793 — That there shall be but one Porch to the Meeting House and that at the fore side.

Voted: To sell the four Pews on the floor and the Pews in the Gallery this Day.

Voted: That one Barrel of Rum shall be procured for the fraiming and Raiseing the Meeting House — also two kental of Salt Fish.

Voted: to raise two Shillings on the pound in Money on the Pews for purchasing nails Glass etc.

Voted: That Labour on the Meeting House shall be at 3/sh Day for common labours and Carpenters 4/sh Day finding themselves.

Warrant May 20, 1793

To see if the Town will agree to move the Meeting House from where the timber now lays and agree upon some other spot to set it, and in case the Town after agreeing to move the House cannot agree upon a spot to set it, then to chuse a Committee of indiferent men from some of the neighboring Towns to pitch on a place to set said House or to act upon the above in any way or manner.

Timothy Medar, Town Clerk, writes it all down in his big leather book, word upon word in measured strokes, never faltering, never commenting.

Items were voted and then at once negatived.

May 25 1793

After some votes were put and negatived adjourned to Mr. Wm Eastmans Pasture and other places where it was proposed to set the Meeting House.

Voted: That they will not set the Meeting House in Mr. William Eastmans Pasture.

Voted: That they will not set the Meeting House on Capt Dodges Land a few Rods south of the Great Rock where Mr. Hidden was Ordained.

Voted: To set the Meeting House on the first nole next to where the timber now lays towards the westerly end of the Town Another proposal being made agreed to and Voted in the following manner Viz That two places be proposed to set the House on one on the nole next to Mr.

Hiddens House and the other over the holler near Mr. Eastmans Land and that all who has a mind to have the House by Mr. Hiddens to stand Westward and they who have a mind for the other place to Stand Eastward and the House to be set on the place that the majority appears to be in favor of provided that they will agree to hall all the Timber on the spot and purchas the Land to set the House on without any cost to the other party. The voters then separated and the most went Westward and agreed to hall the Timber and to purchas the Land to set the House on. Therefore it is voted that the Meeting House shall be set on the first nole about south East from Mr. Hiddens House at the corner of the Roads leading to the Ironworks & the other Road leading to the lower end of the Town in lieu of any other place before proposed or voted.

And this is where it finally stood.

The dissenters then go on record:

May 25th, 1793

We whose names are hereto subscribed beg leave to enter our desent against the proseedings of this meeting in voting to set the Meeting House in the place where they have now voted to set it, for the following reasons 1st the spot where the timber now lays was obtained by the consent of the whole Town and the spot now voted is obtained by a majority of only six, 2nd you have rested out of our hands the Privelege of our Pews that we purchased on the former ground and not on the ground now voted 3ly because you will not consent to set the House in the senter of the Town which we conceve will be for the futer peace of said Town

Israel Gilman

Daniel Field

Stephen Philbrick

August 31, 1793

Voted: That there shall be a Dinner dresst for Raiseing the Meeting House.

Warrant Feb 17, 1794

To see if the Town think best to relinquish their committee

for building the Meeting House or part of them and put the business into one persons hands. . . .

March 11, 1794 Voted: That they will not put the over-seeing the Meeting House in the care of one Man.

The taxes for the meetinghouse were to be paid "in good Merchantable Indian corn at 2/ the bushel or Rye at 2/8 the bushel or wheat at £/ the bushel."

Later a caretaker being deemed necessary, in 1799 it was voted "to give Loretta Carter nine Shillings for to sweep and open and shet the Meeting House the year ensuing." A little later William Eastman was receiving the same sum for the job—he lived near and was an elder citizen. In 1805 Captain Dodge did not consider it beneath him to accept the appointment and its emolument. This looks like equal pay for equal work for Loretta as well as for William Eastman and Captain Dodge.

After a time Mr. Hidden's "sallery" is voted in money instead of produce. Pews went up in price. In 1812 some additional ones were needed, and sold at auction for \$35.50 each. Caretaking now brought three dollars, but included "keeping creatures out of the burying-ground."

Besides meetinghouse problems, the early church record books plainly exhibit internal agitations. Some items taken from these little books, also carefully written, are very revealing of the times. Congregations were feeling their responsibility as moral formative agents, and church policy anxiously surged forward and back in response to events. In July of the year 1807 it was "voted that Capt. Webster wait on Doctor Crosby to Converse with him and receive his Experiences." Two days later Dr. Crosby was voted into the church. It is gratifying to hear that Dr. Crosby passed his test, for his son has left an attractive account of him, in *A Crosby Family*, "Father [Asa] had a chaise and wagon, and we used to turn out for a ride of ten miles to hear Mr. Hidden." (They had the original

farm of Daniel Beede in Sandwich, now the Wentworth estate.) “We would sometimes ‘ride and tie’.” Ride and tie meant two people using one horse. The first rode while the second walked. The rider would reach a determined point, alight and tie the horse, proceeding on foot himself. When the second man reached the horse, which had been resting, he would untie and mount, overtake the first man and ride on to the second tying-place, when the process would be repeated. “Many-a-time I used to walk half the distance, and once the whole distance both ways,” said this Crosby. “Mother possessed great influence over father and the family in religious things. She had Mr. Hidden come and baptize the family, and worked to have him lecture and teach singing.” And when the Sandwich church was formed in 1814, Dr. Crosby was a deacon. “The Methodists were earnest, practical Christians; the Quakers were honest and quiet people and the Freewillers in other parts of the town were early comers; but the Congregational clergy were educated men, encouraged education, and therefore won the support of the best educated among the early inhabitants.”

Only three weeks after Dr. Crosby was admitted to membership, Captain Webster is himself being investigated. It was voted “that the members be asked one by one whether Capt. Webster did charge Col Gilman with neglect of duty—and it is their opinion that he did not.” On the nineteenth of May they “voted that for publick offenses the brother or brothers knowing of the same shall take the first and second steps with him before complaint be made.” In other words, go to the offender privately and use suasion before holding him up to public execration. It ought to work with the offenders. But what did it do to the church emissary?

All moral issues were the affair of the church. There were no courts save at Portsmouth. The church disapproved “of all needless or unchristian law sutes” and the records show that the deacons and church members themselves were continually occupied with correctional duties—“to take cognizance of

any disorder arising in the church or the disorderly behavior of any particular member and use their Endeavour to settle any matter between brother and brother which if not accomplished by their next meeting, report thereof shall be made to the Church.”

One of the first complaints was made by Colonel David Gilman, a war veteran who lived near Butler's Bridge, against Deacon Oliver Fowler down the road (not of the Fowlers Mills family). The two men were themselves of the very Committee of Three charged with the morals of the rest. Each was espousing the cause of a son in a matter of bidding off a cow. The deacon was accused of not having been candid and open-hearted or true to his word, and the complaint winds up: “If the above observations are just the Deacon did not do his duty when his sons did evil and he restrained them not. 1st Saml 3d-13th. . . .” And “Deacons must be blameless ruling their children and own houses well. 1st Timothy 3d-10th.” The charges became very involved; Mrs. Fowler and Miss Sally Fowler both had to testify. The church family heard all the evidence and concluded that on some counts the Deacon was right and on others wrong—“Psalm 119th-4th.” But a new committee seems to have been appointed. Henceforth in all public offenses by anyone in the church the offending person must make a public confession before the congregation.

The next furore was when Brother James Mason was suspended for intemperance and profane language and for having charged the pastor with false doctrine. It was voted that “the Church is so agrieved with brother Mason that they cannot commune with him unless he withdraw his charge.” He did not withdraw it. The case lasted all winter. There could have been no town issue more exciting.

“The Committee appointed to wait upon Mrs. Low,” however, “report it is their opinion that she is deranged.” That was quickly over. The church as a whole could also on occasion act promptly. The church met at the meetinghouse and unanimously agreed that “Lt. Jno Fowler detaining the

logs that the widow Fowler claimed and he since has paid for was not consistant with the Laws of our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

By ten years later the church's hold upon miscreants had become a grapple. “Voted that Thomas Mudget Jr. be acquainted by Brother Bradbury that unless he comes forward and makes a satisfactory confession on Sunday next that his excommunication will be read to the Church and congregation and [he is] required to attend.” Thomas Mudget came forward. The same ultimatum was sent Ezekiel Fowler (the Fowlers seemed to attract trouble), probably a son of Oliver. Also, “to send a letter to W. Remick asking him if his not appearing before the Committee and Church after being repeatedly requested, is not enough to shut him out of the Kingdom of Heaven and to request him to meet the church at there next monthly meeting.” This did not bring W. Remick either, and they were still laboring on his case when he drops out of the entries.

The Female Cent Society has every appearance of being the lineal ancestor of today's Community Guild, with the Parish Helpers as middle-period connecting link. Two leading ladies of the town evidently incubated the idea that there should be a women's club for good works. These prime movers were Parson Hidden's wife and her neighbor Mrs. George Dodge, whose husband wore shoe buckles and smallclothes, and showed the town the first chaise, an innovation not looked upon too favorably at first; a woman accustomed to the comfort of the pillion did not fancy trusting herself to “the independent impulse” of a complicated thing like a carriage. Mrs. Dodge was moderator at the first meeting and Mrs. Hidden elected president. Members agreed to give “one cent a week, respectfully” and at the end of the first year they had collected a notable \$16.27 as the “Avails,” well above their one-cent standard. The roster of first members has the well-known names familiar to this day: Elizabeth and Eunice and Sophia Hidden, Lydia Whitman, Priscilla, Lucy, and Hetty Gannett, Sally Washburn, Patty Fogg, Sally and Nancy and Mary

Gilman, Susan Perkins, Lucy and Mary Boyden, Ruth Hayford, Abigail Mason, Sally Weed, Betsy Durrell, Abigail Remick, Mary Jackson, Lucinda and Sophia Stevenson. These names reveal journeys by foot or by saddle from away over in Chocorua and from away up on Stevenson Hill and away down in South Tamworth, no doubt taking all day from the spinning wheel and the loom, with the excuse of contributing the cent in the pocket, in order to fulfill women's natural craving to talk all at once and all through a happy afternoon. Meetings were opened with a sermon from the minister.

The records of the Cent Society were kept as neatly and fully as other records from the period, with little misspelling and few mistakes in grammar. After twenty years "the old Cent Society having become extinct, a respectable number of ladies in Tamworth agreeable to appointment, met at the house of the widow Sally Gilman. . . . We had a most interesting meeting a spirit of benevolence seemed to pervade all hearts, all thought they must try to do something for the cause of Christ, one old lady in reduced circumstances in life said she would do with less Tea and Snuff and so become a member. . . ."

The name was changed to the Tamworth Cent Institution and the objective became domestic missions, under the wings of the State Missionary Society. Before long the domestic mission had become concrete, in terms of "the recently organized and feeble church of Tuftonborough" which enabled the Tamworth Society to enjoy a status of benefactor. "This little rill of charity which some years has flowed and other years has been entirely dry . . . uniting with numerous others like it . . . has been flowing into some of our moral wastes with its refreshing and fertilizing influences causing plants of grace to revive and flourish which but for our beneficence must have withered and died." It is to be hoped that the moral wastes of Tuftonborough did not know what they were being called.

The Society changes its appearance through the nineteenth century. After twenty-five years it voted to have "solici-

tors to interest and induce Ladies and Misses not members to join the Society by paying any sum however small as they believe it to be a noble enterprise and would like to have all the youth engaged in it that there may be a female cent society when the elder members are silent in the dust." For this they divided the town into districts with a young lady for each, for all the world like the women's groups today dividing up districts to solicit for the rummage sale. They chose Miss Hannah Gilman for "the south district including the Bridge district, Miss Martha Hubbard for the Stevenson and Hubbard district so called. Miss Mary Jackson for the Jackson district, Miss Lydia Goodwin for the Great Hill district, Miss Catherine Staples for the village and meetinghouse districts." Catherine Staples was the secretary. They were still supporting the Tuf-tonborough effort. They were left a legacy by the pastor's wife. In the fifties and sixties instead of using first names in the lists, they assumed a little more style and became Mrs. Deacon Gannett, Mrs. Jacob Wiggin, Mrs. James Bryant, etc. By 1879 they had had a hundred members. If a little rill flows for almost a hundred years, it is fair to reflect upon its total gallonage. The Cent Institution became a state-wide body.

Religion was of course the main concern of all intellectuals or any who pretended to education. But a close second was the cause of Temperance, the burning subject in New England until Abolition succeeded it. Tamworth was not behind in any ardent movement; and it had plenty of "veteran sots." So, in 1831, in handsomely shaded writing: "We the subscribers convinced of the importance of united systematic exertion to prevent the many evils occasioned by the use of ardent spirits agree to form ourselves into a Society to be called the Tamworth Temperance Society auxiliary to the State Society," etc. They agree neither to drink ardent spirits (term not defined) nor furnish them for others, nor to drink on any occasion except when needing medicine. All the leading citizens in 1831 signed at once, but unhappily Jonathan Gilman and

Bradbury Jewell were later dismissed for cause, as also Obed Hall the lawyer and David Moulton, Robert Moulton, Carr Drake, and Noah Sandborn; later still Benjamin Gilman Jr. and Nathan Libby. Carr Drake got reinstated, as did Noah Sandborn; Robert Moulton and Japheth Gilman were erased by request, S. S. Beede was expelled (he had become a rum seller), and they withdrew from E. C. Mason an invitation to join. Members staunch and true are listed. The women hastened to come in too—they have some good names like Relief Sandborn, and some surprising one like Prycilia Gannett.

The Society voted to take the *Journal of Humanity* from Andover. They sent a committee to wait on the selectmen to request them “to grant no taverners or retailers licence more than the public good actually requires, nor in that case to none but those who are suitable to hoald such business.” They authorized their officers to “commence a suit against any who have or may hereafter sell ardent spirits,” and to “purchase three Dollars worth of pamphlets.”

There were stirring events from time to time. “Voted that Joseph Gilman has made satisfactory confession before the Society for his imprudance in bringing ardent spirits into Tamworth on Sunday.” They voted to receive members at the age of ten years, and they chose John M. Stevenson and Nathaniel Hubbard, two important citizens, “to converse with the store-keepers on the subject of selling spirits.” Later, leaving no stone unturned, they added three young ladies to this committee. One was Miss Sarah Gilman to become well-known as a community figure. Another committee conversed with Mr. Drake, another conversed with Mr. Jewell and Mr. Libby about selling, apparently without effect since these members were dismissed at the next meeting. They kept after the delinquents, with variable results. They became more inquisitorial, to “ascertain what irregular members there is in our Society and report the same.” They prepared a petition and got “siners” for the same (not sinners, signers). Once they

voted a "commity to Labour" with David Moulton and Wm. Edgel to "dig around" them, another to "reprove" Noah Sandborn. They went to the State Convention at Meredith Bridge, now Laconia. Another committee was to ascertain the origin, success, and present condition of the Society, for the state organ.

They changed the name to Central Temperance Society in Tamworth; a new group was formed at the Iron Works, and one at South Tamworth. It was the thing.

By 1840 when Jos. Gilman Jr. became secretary and wrote his free-flowing minutes, the places selling ardent spirits in town had been reduced from twelve to two. Six had failed, owners of three had become drunkards and one "intemperate," which disposed of *them*. A church revival had added forty-two members "some of these being influential characters," in a total of 310. Only the "lowest circles" now indulged, and no spirits were ever asked for nor expected by laborers in agriculture or the mechanic arts. There are no longer suits at law; the inhabitants "by spending less of their time and income on useless dissipation" were becoming more thrifty. Farms were better cultivated and now is the first year that no single pauper in town was reduced to poverty by intemperance. Then come the children's names, little girls and boys who had taken the pledge. The resolutions become more drastic: "The present alarming crisis . . . calls loudly for the decided action of every lover of Temperance and of his fellowmen to drive the enemy of man from our land." "Resolved that the sale and use [etc.] is a sin against God of uncommon magnitude the greatest enemy to the human race that has ever disgraced our fallen world."

In 1848 the Temperance Society voted to hold monthly meetings during the year. But none were held. The last entry was in 1849 on July 4, re-electing the former officers. Reverend Samuel Kingsbury was president at the time; the little book of the Society's records with its wooden covers has come down through his family. Ten years later the book was so

unimportant that it was turned upside down to become a day-book in the Kingsbury family farm and store business. It is now in the Historical Society collection.

What had happened? A state referendum was held in March in 1848, and Prohibition was voted 12,000 to 5,000, but no state law implemented it till 1855. Tamworth's vote was 170 to 0 for Prohibition and that no license to sell should be granted. The effects of the Society's labors had been powerful, and probably the Temperance Society felt its cause was won for all time, and labors were no longer necessary. A great day of rejoicing, without a shadow of doubt.

The state law of 1855 allowed one agent in each town, to sell for "medicinal purposes only." The Tamworth agent's book beginning 1856, with its careful entry of every sale "for medicinal purposes" is also a treasure of the Historical Society.

The Shaping Hand - Parson Hidden

SAMUEL HIDDEN WAS of those so highly endowed as to succeed in whatever they do. He was sixteen (born in Gilmanton in 1760) when the excitement of Independence swept over the agitated colonies. In order to support destitute parents and brothers and sisters at home he worked a year in impatience, but he then enlisted, re-enlisted, enlisted again, and then for the fourth time. He had worked extra hours enough to buy "musket and bayonet, knapsack, cartridge-box, one lb. powder, 20 bullets and 12 flints," a year before they were required. "This shall make the British dogs howl," said he, a youngster with a first gun. Had Burgoyne not opportunely surrendered, and after him Cornwallis, and had Hidden himself not been attacked by measles during which he all but died under a blanket on the cold November ground, he might have stayed in the Army and made it his profession.

Instead he went into teaching, for which purpose he spent nights studying and reading, at the same time "greatly signaling himself" as a schoolmaster, sharing with his needy family. From youth he had a remarkably good singing voice, and was always "without a rival" as a vocal teacher. When he conceived the idea of going to Dartmouth, he redoubled his studies and got into the new college after one year of preparation, at the age of twenty-seven. He was without money, but he and a cousin drove a cow to Hanover and for some months lived on milk. He worked his way through college by teaching singing and making shoes, even supplied the president's family. He would be given leave of absence a few months at a time to

recoup his fortunes by teaching school at perhaps four dollars a month. All the testimony is to the "magnificence of his mind" which he strung up to the highest pitch of exertion, his thirst for knowledge having no limits. He was described in the *Granite Monthly* by Charles Dow of Tamworth village, who could remember him, as below medium height, a little inclined to portliness, with an oval face which showed frankness and energy. In spite of hard work his overflowing good humor and happiness contrasted with the unbending Puritan character of many who became men of the cloth.

It was not till his second year at Dartmouth that the ministerial career presented itself to Hidden, says his first schoolmaster, Elijah Hutchinson of Gilmanton, afterward of Tamworth. At Dartmouth as at Harvard and at all the young American colleges, the ministry was the expected goal for many if not most bright students. The great topics of the day were theological, the great messages religious, and highest honor and success in the community went to the preacher, especially if he were eloquent of tongue. To a man of unusual endowment the pull was inevitable. A revival meeting at Hanover gathered young Hidden into the fold; after that he was dedicated. Graduating in 1791 he went back to Gilmanton, and fell to studying theology with all the passionate ardor of his nature. Ardor seems to have been his key trait. His effusions from the pulpit are always referred to as "fervid ejaculations," "gushing from a full soul," or "deep sobbings of the heart." "When he prayed he carried us all up to heaven." "When he sung, his countenance beamed with delight and his eye sparkled with joy."

Weeping was highly respectable in Hidden's time and descriptions of the parson's sermons dwell upon the tears that flowed copiously down his cheeks as he exhorted. It was an accepted sign of sincerity and beauty of character. That he made whole congregations weep profusely is in all the accounts. Nobody needed to control emotion if it were religious in nature.

Tamworth had just been having urgent agitation to get its church started. Through Thomas Cogswell of Gilmanton who had been steadily buying up land in the new Tamworth settlement it heard of this remarkable young Dartmouth graduate now ready for a call. The son of this Cogswell wrote the remarkable little *Memoir* from which the above quotations are taken. The church committee went at once to Gilmanton, made their proposition, and brought back their man. He preached to delighted crowds for a couple of months in houses or barns, until at the annual Town Meeting (1792) it was voted to make the final overtures to him.

The salary was to start at thirty-three pounds. Three pounds only were to be paid in cash, fifteen in beef, fifteen in corn, rye, and wheat. By degrees this was to be raised to fifty pounds and there to remain fixed. His ordination was to be arranged for, the right to the land which had been reserved for the first minister was to be turned over to him, and a house erected. But before even the ordination had taken place, he had bound the population to him with hooks of steel. "Never did a people place more implicit confidence in any mortal." "We would all have surrendered our lives for him."

There being no building large enough for the ordination, it took place upon a great rock by the roadside, about fifteen feet high and thirty feet square, standing on the present Cleveland Hill Road. But not before a long wrangle at the last minute threatened to wreck the entire proceedings. The invited Council of six out-of-town ministers who were to officiate at the ordaining refused to proceed on account of an article in the covenant drawn up by Mr. Hidden which they thought too liberal on the point of baptism. People had come for the ordination by spotted trail through dense forest from Conway, from Fryeburg, and from all the towns adjoining Tamworth. There they stood waiting in the little opening around the rock, with their families and domestic animals to the number of hundreds, all in home-fabricated clothes and many men bare-foot. "The women looked ruddy and as though they loved



ORDINATION ROCK

Samuel Hidden was ordained in 1792 on the rock in the forest by a council of six ministers standing with him, the population and all their livestock grouped about the base.



CHARLIE BENNETT knows all the old square-dance tunes. He's "played all his life—played all over."



JOHN ELWELL, miller and clog artist, had brought a small photographic studio by team from Wolfboro to Tamworth. When he had set it up the photographer said, "Come in and I'll take your picture for payment."

their husbands. Every woman had on a checkered linen apron and carried a clean linen handkerchief." Finally toward the close of day the theological altercation going on in Captain Dodge's orchard near by ended in victory for the more liberal view of Mr. Hidden. The Council ascended the rock with the candidate and performed the ceremony. A Mr. Williams of Meredith made the concluding prayer, and the *Memoir* states cryptically, "It is little remarkable that that part of the rock on which Mr. Williams stood fell off, since the foundation on which he built his hopes for heaven soon after proved like the rock, insecure." What the delinquent did is not recorded.

There were twenty-nine church members within a month or two, and soon the numbers soared. The monument erected to the memory of the ordination on the rock has these inscriptions: on the south side, "Memorial of the Ordination on this Rock, Sept. 12, 1792, of the Rev. Samuel Hidden as Pastor of the Congregational Church Instituted on that day"; east side, "Born in Rowley, Mass., Feb. 22, 1760. Served in the War of the Revolution, by four enlistments, 1777-1781. Graduated at Dartmouth, 1791. Minister of Tamworth 46 years. Died Feb. 13, 1837. Aet 77"; north side, "He came into the Wilderness and left it a Fruitful Field"; west side, "To perpetuate the memory of his Virtues and Public Services, a Grandson, bearing his honored name, provided for the erection of this Cenotaph 1862." On the four bases: "Town chartered 1765 [error, 1766]; Settled 1771; 40 Families, 1792; Census of 1860, 1717."

Mr. Hidden was married to Betsy Price of Gilmanton. The town had built his house for him across the road from where the meetinghouse came to be. The house was to be clapboarded, glazed, and shingled, with "a stack of chimnies with four smoaks, a cellar under one end of the house." In 1955 the present house of Mrs. Myrick Crane was built over the long-deserted site above Ordination Rock; the iron crane found in the cellar hole as well as bricks and a bit of pottery of the period were built into the new fireplace. A remarkable

well of water is said to have supplied originally as many as ten neighboring households. The house was on high ground dipping at the back to a brook but commanding no very extensive view.

When ordained Mr. Hidden was still preaching in Captain George Dodge's barn or somebody's house. To raise the meetinghouse great plans were made; that certain barrel of rum that must accompany all raisings was seen to, together with the "2 Kentals of Salt Fish," presumably to raise a thirst for the rum. At that, the town fathers were parsimonious in Tamworth—two barrels of rum were usual at a raising. (The town of Amherst had supplied eight.) When the job was finished the "dinner was dresst at the expense of the town." Location for the meetinghouse was finally established on the upper corner, opposite the burying ground and above Ordination Rock, facing north and east. A bronze plaque now marks the stone. The center of town was there until many years later.

This may be the best place to look at one of the old-time raisings. The custom seemed general to build the meetinghouse cooperatively, many giving their time, but common laborers receiving three shillings a day and carpenters four. So big an undertaking, with all able-bodied men in the community assembling to join in, is unknown in the present time. Quite apart from the rum, there was immense stimulus and excitement in a raising, including plenty of danger, as there were inevitably accidents and an occasional life lost. Details of the typical process we have from a careful description by Eva A. Speare in *Colonial Meeting Houses of America*.

First there had to be located and felled five very long straight trees for sills, plates, and ridgepoles, which were "snaked out" by oxen and squared with an adze. Also some fifty other trees, around eighteen inches in diameter probably, for posts, tie beams, and sleepers. Besides all this, several hundred beams for braces and roof timbers must be got ready. Next, housewrights set to work cutting mortises and tenons

and boring holes (no doubt with the new Tamworth invention, the screw auger) for the wooden pins to fasten the joints together. Hundreds of these pins had been whittled in preparation and scores of wide planks sawn with pit saws. To saw by hand a plank thirty inches wide with a uniform thickness of an inch and a half was the difficult feat of two men, one in and one above the pit over which the log was rolled.

The frame was then laid out on the ground, wall by wall, and pinned. All men were called for the day set, and the expert master carpenter took over. He had to be a superior engineer and to have planned the whole building. He had measured everything with utmost exactness and was able to direct firmly the muscular manpower. He was expected to risk his life by riding up on each wall to do the joint-pinning. The average weight at a raising appears to be sixty-five pounds per cubic foot. The ridgepole might weigh five thousand pounds alone. The men stood in a line shoulder to shoulder with long poles iron-spiked at the tip, and with these as levers gradually pushed one wall upright and held it there till another could come up to be fastened to it. Boys then swarmed to the ridgepole to try who would be first to name the building with a bottle of rum, while the steadiest head drove the pegs to fix the trusses to the pole. Followed the great feast at noon out of the baking ovens of the town, which made a carnival of the day.

The interior of the meetinghouse took more years. Wood finishers made by hand all the mouldings and fluted pillars, and carved the capitals and every dentil or corbel with round chisel and hand planes. Work would stop for a time to raise money for more materials. It has been noted that the pews were auctioned off before they were built. The hardware probably came from Tamworth Iron Works. No outside paint was thought necessary on early buildings; no painter figures on any early payrolls. Inside stains made in the home kitchen often preserved interior woodwork. Larkin Mason, South Tamworth's distinguished citizen, writing reminiscences for an ad-

dress in '88, says: "The [meeting] house then [1816] had a very high roof. It was lathed inside, but no lime had as yet been applied. It was filled above and below with square pews, two seats in each pew. Some of the pews had three seats. There were no arrangements for heating except the foot-stoves of the women." He goes on to say of Parson Hidden:

At half-past ten o'clock A.M., the minister came in, conducting a small aged lady, who I learned was his mother. He conducted her to a pew immediately near the pulpit, and taking leave of her he bowed as though he was to be long absent from her. He walked up the pulpit stairs followed by Colonel David Gilman, who always sat in the pulpit on account of deafness. There was a box in front of the pulpit to which was attached the communion table, and in the box sat Deacon Jacob Eastman. When prayer was announced every person in the house, not excused for disability, rose. To have failed to do so would have been a breach of the rule and might have called out the tithingman. The pews were square pens, with plain board seats on three sides, so that a part of the congregation sat with their backs to the minister. The seats were hinged so as to turn up and give people a chance to lean back while they stood during prayer. This was rather necessary as Parson Hidden made very long prayers. The congregation got so tired that at the word Amen the seats went down with such a rattle as made the old building tremble.

This was written in 1913 by an old man who remembered it from boyhood. "After the service the minister came down and walked the entire length of the broad aisle, bowing right and left at every pew, leaving no one unnoticed."

The immense vitality of this church and the saturation of the people in its fervid doctrines is something that a different day has trouble grasping. During revivals "prayer meetings were held in different parts of the town, and wherever two or three met, there was a prayer meeting." A parishioner found the pastor praying on his knees in the woods and sociably joined him for an hour. "The people came from all parts of

the town through the woods in deep snows, on sleds drawn by oxen, every Sabbath. The snow was often so deep that the paths were impassable for horses. Mr. Hidden preached with great zeal; often every day in the week." Tears of gladness were recorded as flowing copiously from everybody. Tears of gladness wholesale are a rare sight nowadays. Mr. Hidden preaching in tears reduced the congregation to the same state: "There was not a man, woman or child who was not affected to tears," he himself writes of the first Communion Service. "The fountains of our souls were broken up," said another.

It must be remembered that the belief of the day was in a hell that eagerly awaited all souls unless they took constant measures to be saved from their natural fate. Every Christian must deal with his "sense of sin." Said Samuel Hidden to one of his deacons: "Sir, what is to be done? Here are hundreds in this town going to hell if not saved soon!" And soon, reads the record, a mighty wave of salvation duly rolled over the town. This revival lasted continuously for some months. "Whole nights were spent in supplication and singing praises to God. They went from house to house, telling what God had done for their souls." Conway, Eaton, Ossipee, Moultonborough, and Sandwich joined extensively. "This revival was characterized by great depth of feeling without any unnatural excitement. The people were calm and resolved," a bystander said. The total for that occasion came to three hundred conversions, two hundred of which were in this one church. Mr. Hidden scarcely felt the need of food or rest. But he writes: "Amidst all these labors I think I am growing fleshy. It does me good to preach." And again, "The Christian warfare is delightful!" It must have been exhilarating to find himself so contagious. There was no limit to eloquence save that of rhetorical invention: "We shall then be clothed in garments washed in Jesus' blood. We shall tune our harps of gold—we are clothed with rags, but there the richest crowns and garments of pure white are laid up for us. We shall drink of the stream that flows fast by the throne," etc. The phenomenon

of a revival was reported to have changed the aspect of the whole town. "The morals were improved." Industry was encouraged, education advanced, and the Devil temporarily disarmed.

The Devil was a constant presence to these otherwise hardheaded Christians. He was a convenient scapegoat, and many stories relate his activities. On the road beyond the farthest settlement north above Dr. Putnam's is a rock with the imprint of his talons, where he stood and called one night to the citizen who lived just below by the stream. In the morning the house was found just as the occupant left it on being summoned, never to be heard from again. Such a fate apparently awaited anyone who lent an ear to the Prince of Darkness. If in doubt one could visit the rock and be convinced.

The remarkable state of grace continued for some years before there was any lapse. Then Mr. Hidden wrote a complaint that his salary was not being paid, that he was often in need of food. This was serious, for the town constable would receive definite instructions from the State of New Hampshire for the tax levy like this: "Agreement for the purpose of paying Mr. Saml Hidden his Sallery the present year which you are to collect and pay unto the Selectmen on or before the last day of February next, amounting in the whole unto 168 dollars and 50 cents," etc. Aside from "sallery," prayer meetings were also being neglected. In fact, "Many ceased to tread Zion's courts." Mr. Hidden was away for two months on a missionary tour among the Indians, but on his return he began at once upon another revival. He set up the fear that God's spirit might forsake the town for good. So when he called "Come, Sinner, are you ready to repent?" sinners came, and a lively interest in religion was recovered. Then came the impact of the "spotted fever" in 1813 with its enormous number of quick fatalities. The spotted fever was followed by the "cold years" of 1815, 1816, and 1817, when famine visited all the towns, and the Tamworth selectmen had to get corn from a distance and dole it out to the most needy. During these scourges the

church suffered, so that by 1822 it was time for another revival. There was another in 1827, and a third in 1829 caused thirty or forty more converts to join the church. "Never did they wrestle harder at the throne of grace than at this time." In 1831 there was what was known as a "protracted meeting," at which "the people crowded the meetings and not less than fifty were the subject of hope." The historian remarks ingenuously: "His church was a church of revivals. We doubt if any other enjoyed more in the same period of time." At this point five hundred converts testified, in addition to hundreds who joined up in surrounding towns where they had as yet no minister. Hidden rode from town to town, preaching in houses or barns, and founding churches which he would then ultimately see settled with a minister of their own. The churches in Ossipee, in Sandwich Center, and in North Sandwich were all begun by him.

It was a staggering quantity of preaching: three sermons per Sunday must have made about 11,700 in all, then add six or seven hundred more for funerals and one thousand marriages with a short lecture "to set up house-keeping with." In one of these talks he said, "When God took the woman from the man he did not take her from his feet to be trampled on by him; he did not take her from his head to rule over him; but from nearest his heart, to be loved by him; from his side, to stand by him, his equal."

But besides all the speaking, Samuel Hidden led a campaign against illiteracy, and himself held classes to prepare the teachers needed for schools. Quoting again from Larkin Mason:

The cause of education received more assistance from his personal efforts than from any other person I ever knew or read of. Every school was visited by him frequently (mostly without remuneration); every scholar encouraged and stimulated by his visits. I have never met a person who could educate people as rapidly as he could. It might be a child, or it might be a person advanced in years, he knew

exactly what to say to them. This extraordinary gift of teaching was not confined to literary teaching; as a teacher of sacred music he could make everything so plain on the blackboard that none could fail to understand, but he displayed his great gift as a teacher best when pursuing his sacred calling. He could explain to the whole assembly, young and old, saint or sinner, how God could be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus, and no other minister I ever knew could make this point so plain. In his Sabbath-school his custom was to read a few verses and have the school ask questions on the lesson for him to answer; and the more questions he could raise, the better he liked it, as it indicated study . . . I remember some seventy years ago Tristram Mason [Larkin's uncle] taught the school in the old district No. 2 with about eighty scholars. He was somewhat of a military man, and used to occasionally form the school into lines. One day a scholar came in and told the teacher Mr. Hidden was coming. We were ordered out and formed into two lines in front of the schoolhouse. A young man acted as orderly, and held Mr. Hidden's horse while he passed between the lines, bowing right and left. The school closed up around him, and in his smiling, loving way he gave us good advice. A visit from George Washington would not have cheered us more.

Praise by his pupils is boundless. He prepared students for college, for law school, and for medicine. Some would come as much as sixty miles to study with him. Even a "female," Mehitabel Beede, would ride her horse ten miles from Sandwich to recite Virgil to him, and before she was fifteen she had memorized for him the whole of *Paradise Lost*. He was President of the Trustees of Fryeburg Academy.

In his church he "raised the tune" with a tuning fork, standing in the pulpit, for he never sat from one end of the service to the other. His performance on the bass viol was excellent. He was Chaplain to the 19th Regiment of Militia for thirty years, and used to pray in the middle of a hollow square, with the soldiers around him responding enthusiastically.

cally. "His people confided in him because they were persuaded he knew what was for their interest." They were never, at any rate, left in doubt as to his opinions. He was said to express himself always in strong language, with bold figures and striking metaphors. Some of the figures are too bold to be quite appreciated today: "The Spirit is knocking at the door of your heart, saying, 'Open to me: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.'" And he would always let the children ride his horse. The cause of Temperance had been agitated but a few years before his death. The moment there was dawn on that subject, he had become zealous for full Prohibition.

Born into any environment this man would have been a distinguished figure. Accident located him in a remote outpost of the New England wilderness, in strenuous and Puritanical times. He had all the stimulation of being first in his field, able to formulate things his way. His power probably lay more in his personality, truly unselfish, kind and forceful, than in the theology which he had to keep oxygenated by revivals. Always such a man has more effect than the doctrines he represents. But there is no doubt that the beliefs which pressed the forefathers to these lands in the first place, vigorously upheld and preached throughout all the formative years of our northern states, created the bases of expected behavior in this country, and steered it toward whatever soundness it possesses.

When the hundredth anniversary of Hidden's ordination on the Rock was celebrated, there was strong reason for emotional appeal. Two hundred and fifty people assembled about the Rock provided with a canvas roof, scaffolding for visiting speakers, and box seats. The town had voted eight hundred dollars for this. A chorus sang the Ordination Rock poem that had been written by a descendant and set to music. The only surviving ex-President of the country, Grover Cleveland, was present. The orator of the day was Mr. J. Sumner Runnells of Chicago, born in Tamworth. And after him the venerable son of Samuel Hidden, ninety-four-year-old William

P. Hidden, stood up on the platform with his little great-grandson Samuel the younger, who lived to be ninety-one himself, to great applause. Illumination and fireworks!

In the general jubilation let us quote one stanza of the poem of the occasion.

Old rock, old rock, from thy mountain throne
In the silent air, in the upper zone,
Of the ancient flood didst thou feel the shock,
As it hurled thee hither? Old rock, old rock,
Is that thy brother on Plymouth shore,
Forever still, though the mad waves roar,
As thou art still when the thunders knock
At thy granite sides, old rock, old rock?

“*Interlectual*”

THAT ELDER HISTORIAN Belknap, whose *History of New Hampshire* ends with the year 1791, in his closing remarks urged the educational value of “social libraries.” This seems to have been the name for the first type of library, formed by an association of members buying individual shares and promising to keep the use of books to themselves. There were no public libraries in the modern sense until 1849 when New Hampshire passed an act granting towns opportunity to establish “free public libraries,” leading the entire country in this innovation.

Samuel Hidden must have read Belknap and taken the admonition to heart, for the Social Library that he founded was one of the first three in the entire state: Dover’s in 1792, Portsmouth’s and Tamworth’s both in 1796. We may well pause over the honor this conferred on Tamworth. Portsmouth and Dover had had a hundred years start of this village, and were cities at this time while Tamworth was far north wilderness. Had it not been put forward by so farsighted a man as Samuel Hidden, such an alien idea as a circulating library would never have had a foothold. Most villages waited some part of another century for their libraries.

By a great stroke of luck when this present history of Tamworth was in preparation the modern Tamworth Library received as a gift from Mr. Cornelius Weygandt, writer on Sandwich antiquities, and since dead, Samuel Hidden’s own daybook of the original library, which he kept for thirty-nine years from its founding in 1796 until the time when a less cumbersome arrangement for lending books was legally endorsed.

For this library record-book the Reverend Samuel used one of the long narrow blank books intended for barter accounts. He proudly starts it in his own regular hand with "Form of an Agreement," and a long constitution annexed thereto, as settled on January 4, 1796. The rules cover seven closely written pages and wind up with the names of nineteen town patriarchs who were to have this remarkable privilege of reading (including Orlando and "Henery" Weed and Asa Crosby, all from outside Tamworth), another seventeen signatures being added soon after. These clearly represent the upper stratum of the community. Eight Gilmans were among them, George Dodge, Dr. Boyden, Samuel Hidden himself and his son William the deacon, Timothy Medar, Jacob Blaisdell, John M. Page, all the leaders of opinion. The delight of these pioneers, getting together by pine torch or tallow dip in the depth of their wilderness winter, to elaborate rules for that unprecedented pastime the reading of books, arises eloquently out of these bylaws. Every detail of the awesome subject is warily considered, every nut and bolt tightened. For instance, the shares to be bought could not be owned by two people in common. No, this library was for serious readers only. Each man — they could have been only the well-to-do — must give up important money, three dollars, to enter the sacred group. They spoke of "forever," they said "posterity." They bound themselves to further moneys if necessary; meetings had to be posted two weeks in advance, and in neighboring towns as well as Tamworth. The clerk was to be "swor'd" in, in a book kept for the purpose; the librarian (Mr. Hidden himself) to keep a fair catalogue "alphabetically" arranged, with prices; to enter title, name of person, time of delivery, and return, in a ledger for that purpose (our book is it), and to note damages and assess fines, to obligate himself under hand and seal to follow the rules, although the committee above him is to "judge of and finally determine the abuse of books." Specially popular books were to be taken out "according to Lott" and no member could have more than two "vollums" at once, and

“of the largest size but one.” Every book to be back on the shelves before Annual Meeting, or penalty incurred, and no one to lend a book out of his house to any person whatever, and if one “looses a book out of a Sett” he must pay for the remainder of the set. Among the fire-breathing threats, if any “sell or embezle any of said Books, he shall be liable to an Action for full damages.” Upon dying a member may assign his right to “whoom he pleases,” with a careful stipulation about the division among heirs.

A book was thus a treasure, not to be breathed upon lightly. A whole collection of these jewels, running to 150 at first, later to 600, was locked away in the fast keeping of the most trusted man of the town, who was voted by Town Meeting the use of a closet under the church stairs for the purpose. Costs of maintenance were heavy:

Pd. Rollins for shortening the book case draws and making the lower part of case narrower	.17
Pd. Capt. B. Gilman for 2 sheepskins	.42
Pd. Wm. Hidden for a sheepskin	.25
totaling.	84

And what books were these, withdrawn with so much ceremony and pored over in candle or firelight so avidly after fourteen hours’ wrestling with trees, boulders, and rocky earth? Beginning with Josephus’ *History of the Jews* in six volumes, there was Burlamaqui on Law; Hume’s *History of England*; Gordon’s *American Revolution*, three volumes of great contemporary interest; Millot’s *General History*, four volumes; *The Laws of the United States*; John Locke’s *Essay on the Humane Understanding*; many volumes of sermons.

For relaxation there was *The Oeconomy of Human Life*, *The Farmer’s Friend*, biographies such as Franklin’s, or General Putnam’s, and lives of various divines. Fiction consisted of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a translation of *Gil Blas* (in one place written “Gil Blast” as no doubt pronounced), one of *Paul and Virginia*, *Don Quixote* (written “don quicksett”),

and *Zeluco* by John Moore, a Scotch novelist, in four volumes (this read again and again); not much else. Poetry was admitted, if it were *Paradise Lost*, Cowper's *The Task* ("cups that cheer but not inebriate"), or Young's *Night Thoughts* ("Procrastination is the thief of time," "Blessings brighten as they take their flight"). There were *Moral Amusements*, *Memoirs of Pious Women*, indeed also *Women's Rights*, as early as this. Very popular numbers were *Viaudi's Shipwreck*, and *Romance of the Forest*. A book called *View of Religion* suffered mishandling, "the whole of the preface tore out" (John Folsom saw punishment for this!); the sixth volume of Josephus was returned with "three pages greased," but the fine was paid on the barrelhead. After one volume (Hume), Nathan Beede sold his share to Abigail. "Widow Lydia Folsom" held out through three books, but she seems to have been the only woman who had the temerity to subscribe. Reading was emphatically a masculine pursuit. Dr. Joseph Boyden and William P. Hidden (Samuel's son the deacon) and Timothy Medar, town clerk for indefinite years, and various Gilmans read everything year after year, often twice or three times over. As all perforce were nourished by the same book, how their reading must have been discussed when they met! No wonder the community acquired a reputation as "interlectual." We thank Charles Dow for this accidentally apt word. Even the Carroll County History could testify: "Many eminent professional men have acquired or laid the foundations of their education in Tamworth, and a deep reverence for scholarship and higher culture has ever been manifest." In any case the Social Library did foster men who could make speeches and write excellent letters, so that in 1895 when the new Cook Library was dedicated, Larkin Mason could state in his speech on that occasion: "There is not a town on the face of the earth, of the same number of inhabitants [1000] and no larger inventory of property [\$250,000] that can show such a record for intelligence and good morals." (Best not examine the truth of this sixty years later.) But, Larkin did

not fail to remind us, “in order to maintain this leadership, we have got to make some efforts.” Of Reverend Alonzo Nickerson, much remembered in Chocorua, who had already made a speech that day referring to the new library as a “bank of wisdom,” Larkin said, “He came from Burton, but took it into his head to become a reading man, a man of information, and now he can tell not only about little old Burton, but about ancient cities like great Babylon, Egypt, Nineveh and other parts of the ancient world. (Laughter).” But did Alonzo Nickerson laugh?

The library signers easily wrote “forever.” A hundred years later the book of their constitution and records is bid in for fifty cents at an auction.

The new Cook Library was donated by Mrs. Charles P. Cook in 1895 in memory of her husband, in the small building with tower and clock that she erected opposite her house. The deed was presented to the town with appropriate ceremonies and orations, and large gifts of books came from summer residents and others. The town now provides for the library with an annual subsidy which the Tamworth Foundation augments. At first Mrs. Susan Cook herself, sister-in-law of Larkin Mason, acted as librarian, and after her, her daughter-in-law and granddaughter. Helen Hidden took over in 1932 and has given devoted service since. The library now contains between six and seven thousand books.

II

Five Communities Growing

Tamworth Village = The Growth of the Center

TAMWORTH DID NOT begin with the village that is now the center on the map. Firstcomers pitched their farms on the hills. A hill road did not need bridges, and the farms would be above early and late frosts. It was on a hill that a man saved the life of all the other settlers in the cold year of 1827. It snowed every month of that year and all crops were frozen save his. By parceling out a little wheat to everyone, he enabled them to escape starvation. On a hill was also put the first town building, the meetinghouse. Only when water power became important for rising prosperity, and Swift River gushing down from the mountain wall to the north was at hand for the taking, it was asked why travel an extra mile and a half to get corn ground? Houses sprang up in the valley by the stream where the mills were, and the meetinghouse and burying ground found themselves left high and dry. It took much deliberation by selectmen and much discussion at Town Meeting before the fateful step was resolved upon in 1852, to move the meetinghouse down the hill after the inhabitants, to turn it into a Town House, and to build a new and more imposing church in the new neighborhood. Incidentally in its new location the more imposing church has attracted the lightning to its spire apparently three times in its one hundred and five years of life, a record among spires, high trees, and hilltop houses that have been struck. Lightning rods have been suspected of uselessness, but late invention seems now to have changed this, and future storms are awaited by the church with less anxiety.

TAMWORTH

The township possessed more and better mill sites than any other in the county, says Carroll County's history, and by county it meant Strafford, of which Carroll was then only a part. When mills came to be needed, there were not only Swift River and Chocorua River, Mill Brook and Cold Brook (this Cold Brook in South Tamworth is not to be confused with Sandwich's Cold River), but all four of these streams joined to swell the Bearcamp River. When all waters were counted, they passed under about twenty-five bridges. Nor were rivers all; ponds were mill sites, and a mill of sorts could be put on almost any downhill flow.

New settlers were driving their cattle up this way in surprising numbers. In 1790 there were 47 heads of families. By 1800 the number had jumped to 126, and the population was 732. By the middle of the nineteenth century this population had reached its all-time high of 1766 (the same figure as the date of the Charter). All these immigrants had to have houses, though many are today represented only by lost cellar holes. A sawmill made a man a good living, and there would be several on one river within short reach of one another, all doing a roaring or more exactly a screeching business. Gristmills were equally important since every man grew the staple corn, usually wheat and rye besides, the rye to "sweeten the corn" when mixed. The miller would take toll for his threshing in kind, one bushel in eleven of wheat, one in ten of corn. The gristmills then made three grades of flour, white, middling, and dark; and two of corn meal, one coarse with the hulls in, the other "bolted." The poorer grades were for hogs and cattle.

With the swollen waters of spring all saws would start up at once along the length of the streams, turning the winter's stacked-up logging into boards, and when the logs were finally all converted, autumn rains would heap the waters up again, and revolve all the heavy grinding stones to receive the summer's grain harvest against the winter's need of flour and

corn meal. A saw and grist mill therefore dovetailed operations the year round and could give full employment. Later a fulling mill could be added to the same plant, as in Benjamin Gilman's at Tamworth bridge during the Revolution. By scouring in hot suds and fuller's earth, and pressing heavily with rollers or beaters run by the water power, the yardage from home looms was turned into real cloth with a good firm texture. And where fulling mills were available, cloth factories could operate. Asa Fowler who came from Sandwich in 1824 had a cloth-dressing machine at Fowlers Mills; the probable abutment stones are still just south of the Sam Berry Bridge near the corner. The first mill at the village itself for fulling and clothmaking has been dated 1807, and as late as 1876 a woolen mill was built at Moore's Pond by Route 16, run by one Blackburn.

Woodworking plants were the most common; shingle and clapboard mills, peg mills, and spool mills would spring up, run for years, be sold, start once again, and then usually burn up, the fate that so easily writes the end of wooden buildings. The biggest industry the village ever had was the spool mill that flourished in the eighties, employing many men all the year. Arthur Wiggin, its owner in this era of prosperity, had thirty teams constantly hauling his poplar spools to the station. A shingle and clapboard mill of Joseph Gilman's, following one at Fowlers Mills, had been burned, but at the village this Joseph had produced a successful *machine* for shingles, and was selling these machines to all parts of the country. According to an account from 1861 there had been at one time eight sawmills, fourteen shingle mills, three machine shops, and one shoe-peg factory, most shoes being still made on the farmer's own workbench. There may have been even a bedstead factory at Butler's Bridge, and Morrill had another in South Tamworth. Mr. Weygandt writes: "In the full and rich civilization there was here from 1790 to 1860, all the professions and arts and crafts and all kinds of farming actively functioned."

As well as at Tamworth Iron Works, ironware was made more or less in every smithy, of which there must have been more than a score first and last. Nail-making machines were set up by several. The genus hardware store being then unknown, some blacksmith made every iron pot, kettle, pan, hinge, latch, farm tool, wheel rim, and sled runner for the whole community. Among daily sounds no longer heard is that of the smithy, the tap-tapping ring of hammer on steel all day long. Along with it is gone the smell of heated horn that came from the open door.

Tamworth's industrial heyday, the day of mills, is a period from which participants are still living. Tamworth village had a milldam of pretty formidable proportions. It stretched full across the river at the bridge, blotting out any little islands of today. Melvin Kimball, now eighty-five, born within sound of it, recalls every mill in sequence around the entire township. He has been a sawyer all his life "pretty nigh all over New Hampshire" and has never lost a finger. His testimony is reinforced by other equally active oldest memories such as James Welch, Charlie Bennett, Edgar Page, and Miss Lucy Elwell, for these citizens have themselves seen the mill epoch ebb away and give place to a very different business system.

Begining farthest north there were Dicey's Mills, up on Wonalancet Brook. Today's climbers can find the place on the Passaconaway Trail, perhaps two miles up; part of the dam was there till lately. Dicey's sawmill was steam driven. Melvin Kimball when young worked on the mountain cutting timber for Dicey, and boarded down at the base at Sanford Gilman's, later the Winkley house, now Dr. Putnam's. The lumber that came down from Dicey's was piled in the Gilman field in front of the house and reloaded there.

At the age of eleven James Welch drove eight oxen the twenty-four miles from Dicey's down to the railroad, starting at half-past nine and getting back to his home at midnight. He would climb on an ox and be asleep, and when it stopped he would wake falling off. "When this mill began up there they

had a time getting the boiler up," he remembers. "They were one week making the second turn even with twelve cattle pulling." Coming down with a heavy load of lumber there, a fine yoke of oxen once crashed to their death. "They were carrying some sawed lumber and the bridle came off and they were sluiced. Dicey had them butchered, but the men complained about the beef. You couldn't eat it any more than you could eat a leather apron."

Charlie Bennett was one who worked at Dicey's. He says they would cut spruces on seven feet of snow, leaving a wasteful stump ten feet high. There were some fifteen camps up in there for loggers; even not too long ago he was up there again and found everything still in place — beds, dishes, lamps, and all.

Another memorable lumber operation was at Paugus Mills up Paugus Brook. As late as into the 1920's great reserves of virgin forest were giving employment to all able-bodied men: loggers, millwrights, teamsters. Piling (called "spiling"), chiefly oak, to ship for coastwise piers and the newly made ground in East Boston, was one of the main products from Paugus. Ralph Smith says it took fourteen horses to get the great boiler up to Paugus Mills; he participated in the handling. Roland Currier remembers a "log hauler" they had up there for mast poles. "It had a steam boiler and a kind of caterpillar tread and could haul five sets of sleds down from Paugus. They had an indignation meeting in Chocorua to get it off the road. It frightened horses and the sparks set fire to things." Paugus Mill had first been Frank Lord's — he was a lumberman and landholder from Ossipee — then Bert Mudgett's, then the Kennetts' from Conway; then Stebbins had it until the Government "decided to save the watershed and said they couldn't cut any more lumber."

The spectacular feature at Paugus Mills, where tragedy was by no means unknown, was the "snubbing down" from the heights of the great trees to be delivered to the sawmill. It was so spectacular that it brought occasional winter visitors

on the all-day trip from Wonalancet on snowshoes with dog team to watch it. Let Elmer Cummings describe it.

I drove a four-horse team up at Paugus Mills for Stebins. That was in 1917, '18, '19. I drove the two-sled road from the landing to the mill. It took an hour and a half to two hours to go up, and fifteen minutes to come down.

If the road from landing to mill was steep, the high sidehill where they had to snub the logs down to the landing was a declivity.

The last of the snubbing was with wire cables and a winch. As the load went down it pulled the empty sled up. But before that they used to use a rope maybe five hundred feet long, and cut a notch in a tree and wrap the rope around it, and had a stick for a lever. There was a ring in the back of the sled and they hitched a chain to that, and when we were loaded they hit the chain with an axe to loosen it. I remember the first day I came off the mountain. God, was I scared! I could look right down at my lead horse.

He says now he'd sooner come off the mountain than ride in an airplane.

Of horses at Paugus Mills the same authority says:

They had to work terrible hard. I remember one night at Paugus a man got hurt. Logs came off the landing and came down over him. The boss came over and asked me if I wanted to take a ride. I said I didn't, but I would. I guess he couldn't get anyone else fool enough to go. It was snowing like the devil. They had some small horses and we hitched four to a sled and put some canvas over the man and took oil lanterns and started for Laconia Hospital. We met the ambulance at the Weirs. I stood all the way over and back. I had on a fur coat and was just like a white bear. The fellow lived and came back next winter. He wasn't up to much and the boss let him work in the office. He came out and said, "Where's the fellow took me to the hospital?" He was pretty pleased to see me. I guess I saved

his life all right. That was somewhere in the early twenties. I was lucky that none of the horses I drove got killed, but a lot did get hurt, and had to be shot. They'd get down, and then the load would hit them. We started work at four A.M. winter, summer, sleet, rain, snow, anything, because we had to take care of our horses.

Ralph Smith puts the rising hour earlier. He had a black colt that grew up to be one of his leaders, and "that colt wanted his hay at 3:30 and would paw till I got up and gave it to him. You can shut off an alarm clock." Ralph drove out of Paugus Mills ten winters; his father had the contract to haul the sawed lumber to West Ossipee. With six horses, a load would range from four thousand up to ten thousand board feet. "I hauled the second largest load ever brought out of Paugus," he says. "One man there had five horses; he wasn't a heavy loader. I said to the foreman that I'd like to haul one good load, and he sent me to the back of the mill and I put on ten thousand board feet. The other fellow loaded in the afternoon. He put on a few more feet than I." In this way Ralph lost the record, which he scrupulously gives the other man.

Over the town border in Albany, but in practice a part of Tamworth, were the mills at the bottom of the Old Mast Road, behind the burying ground near Ferncroft. Here two brooks join. Their little flow today would never suggest two or three mills operating there at once, together with a boardinghouse and settlement known as Slab City, with shacks for fifteen or twenty families, but it was a large mill crew there. Several durable citizens describe the Hill & Waddell overshot wheel, still standing as late as thirty years ago. The wheel was a simple mechanism: a flume to feed the buckets that hung all around the great wooden wheel, which as fast as they were filled would spill, and spilling turn the wheel. Edgar Page in his eighties remembers riding in those buckets as a child. "When the old mill would start up in the morning, it would make an awful noise," he deposes.

Hill & Waddell seem to have been the first big lumber operators when lumber became the main business throughout this section. Dicey and the others followed them. A second mill near Waddell's was Sweet & Chilson's. Up behind the water mills was a steam mill. One was for long timber and another for dowel or finish work. Hi Currier himself, the landowner who sold the timber off, long had a mill for framing-lumber. There were several logging crews; they lumbered through the whole section, and they would find the King's broad arrow mark on an occasional tree which the King had never collected. Edgar Page as a boy witnessed the whole process, his father Moses Page having his family up at the mill with him. Once Edgar's chief crony had a "good paddling" from his mother and was crying when the boys met Mr. Waddell. He was a kindly man and asked what was the matter. The boys told him and he said, "Well now, we'll have to see about that." "Mr. Waddell," said the boy earnestly, "you'd better stay away from my mother. She's a damn bad man to fool with."

To trace the mills on south: the old Locke homestead, now a cellar hole, was high above the brook at the end of Locke Falls Road, the first road from Tamworth up to old Birch Intervale. Benjamin Locke from Exeter who married Julia, sister of Hiram and Frank Currier, pitched here. When he needed three hundred dollars to put up his mill, the local moneylender was going to ask him an outrageous rate of interest. Whereupon Benjamin left his Julia and two children in the wilderness clearing with no neighbors, went down-country and earned the three hundred at his trade as painter, then came back and built his mill. He got out bobbins and shingles. His stone abutments were afterward used for the powerhouse of the Wonalancet Electric Company. The big overshot water wheel, twenty-four feet in diameter, was still there into recent memory where the river makes a drop of about forty-five feet. Is it of Benjamin Locke or another that the story is told that when he built his barn he laid it all out,

carefully measured and pegged together on the ground, all four sides, then had his barn-raising. When it was all stood up it fitted exactly, except for one corner post which was two feet too long, and he never got over the mortification. "There's no man living could do that now," said Sam Tilton who remembered the story.

On the Wonalancet stream at the Albany bridge the farm of Ira Tilton and his father Daniel before him had a water mill and a millpond where he washed the logs. The small pond remained up to a few years ago smothered in alders, christened Lake Majestic by Nell McKey's camp children whom she took there in the twenties to swim. Fowlers Mills, at the junction of the Fowlers Mills Road with Chinook Trail, was also a group of water-power mills, beginning with Thomas Danforth's gristmill as far back as 1778. This Danforth was early elected surveyor of highways and was possibly the father of Elkanah Danforth of the town's first Revolutionary soldiers. Besides the mill at the Sam Berry Bridge there seems to have been one above and one below the river as it turns at the new bridge, the vestiges mostly now obliterated by road construction. Tom Wiggin had one of these; he lived at Locke Falls Cottage, now the Read farm; it was he who cut the breakneck Tom Wiggin Trail on Whiteface Mountain. Tom Wiggin is always spoken of as very tall and handsome with a remarkably fine singing voice. Ralph Smith recalls the great experience he had as a boy hearing him at some outdoor gathering gloriously sing the rousing new song called "Marching through Georgia." One of the first Hayfords had a mill also at Fowlers Mills. He was Edgar Page's grandfather. He took his spool stock to West Ossipee at night with oxen, sleeping all the way. John Chick was another whose mill was there. Was he the original Chick sea captain who went around the world three times?

Coming down to Tamworth center, mill history multiplies. We have spoken of the wooden dam that made a near-Niagara across from one bank of Swift River to the other; on

both banks were mills, mills on the street and mills upstream behind them. The accounts are punctuated with fires, and with moving of buildings or parts of buildings from one place to another — this was thought nothing of — and with sales and trades and changes in ownership which make a sequence not easy to unravel by a latecomer.

Benjamin Gilman was probably the first miller at the center. Hardress Wiggin (or Hardy), Thomas Jones, Samuel Beede, Baker & Shaw, were others who had succeeded to the mills at the bridge. Ed Gilman was a miller there, brother to that very good postmistress Mary Jane Gilman. Edward Pollard's gristmill seems to have been in conjunction with his store where the Post Office now is. Elwell rented it to him.

The last large operator at Tamworth bridge as the new century approached was John Elwell who had mills for every purpose — grist, flour, "cob" for cattle, boards, shingles, spools, and threshing. In this connection Albert Boyden should be quoted. He writes of the ride he took as a boy, "borne aloft on a great load of oats to Durgin's mill for thrashing. When the water power was turned on, the whole mill quivered, rattled, and shook until it seemed as if the mill, the machinery, the oats and ourselves were all about to plunge into the river together. . . . There were sometimes ten or a dozen loads such as ours at Durgin's waiting their turn."

And of course Elwell had the inevitable blacksmith shop; this one was later turned into the first Christian Science Church. He had bought the water privilege in 1865 when he came here, and worked it till 1900. He then leased it to Stephen Anthony from Center Harbor, and finally sold lock, stock, and barrel to Hardress Wiggin. The property seems to have included all the land from the river up to the Banks land on the corner (comprising the present Arling, Sutherland, Aspinall houses, and Gertrude Behr's).

Elwell was nothing if not enterprising. He had hardly got all his machinery going full blast and was doing a booming business when in 1869 one of the most destructive floods

in New Hampshire history took the dam out and the whole bridge along with it. Emma Cogswell writes of the night before in her diary; all Tamworth bridges but two were swept away, and great amounts of hay and corn washed down. She thought Mr. Elwell's loss greater than anybody's. In a later storm he removed two windows out of a storehouse that seemed likely to go, put a rope into one window and out the other, and so lashed the building to a tree in front of Gilman's next door. Freshets furnish an exciting constant in all Tamworth's annals. Undoubtedly bridges are stronger now, and no longer are all but two swept away. But freshets have also degenerated; they do not have the fight they once had. The evidence is that rivers roll a third of the water they formerly did. The senior citizen Alva Davis testifies that the water from the Bearcamp behind his house once rose twelve feet in the field as measured by him against an old maple. Mrs. Codman in Chocorua has a record of Chocorua Lake rising fifteen feet in one storm. Once in the present writer's memory Cold River was so swollen that Perley Knox the Sandwich mail carrier on reaching it lashed his car to a tree and carried the mail on foot across the bridge barely out of the flood. On his return his car had disappeared down the waters and was never recovered.

The mills at Tamworth bridge were not all. Back of the village, Wiggin & Haley had a dam and mill on the stream opposite the Evanses'—the wooden water wheel was right at the bend. Haley was High Sheriff of Carroll County, a very big man and very tall. His mill had previously been run by Stephen Philbrick, then by Frank Evans and Frank Lord. Before that a spool mill on the same site had burned. It was here that Newton Kimball was sawyer. His wife made him mealbag mittens. What in the world were mealbag mittens? Well, those mealbags were made of very thick soft cloth. She would make a sawyer's mitten loose at the wrist so if it caught it would drop off and save the hand. Newton was proud of them. It was here that his boy Melvin learned to run the big saws, both band and circular. He was brought right up in

sawmills, set up on the carriage as a little shaver, and let ride back and forth as it worked. Lastly, one Cy Cushing had another mill a little lower down, opposite the Blackeys'.

When mills were in their prime one of the features was the "lovely skating" on the big millpond that stretched way back as far as the Helmes'. It developed some fancy skaters on those irons with curl-up tips made by blacksmiths. Girls did not skate. Elmer Kimball's graceful figure skating is especially remembered. He was younger brother of Melvin, Clara Black, and Florence Hamm.

Elwell the miller had a small daughter Lucy who says she always tagged after her father; she was a sharp-eyed child who hid away all she saw in a most durable memory and is one of this history's best authorities. John, commonly bare-foot, was a redoubtable citizen. After the floods he rebuilt his buildings; he introduced the circular saw in place of the old up-and-down saw, and still not having enough to do, added a lively teaming business. Without much schooling behind him he could figure right in his head how many board feet went in any load. The children were born to the mills. Lucy packed shingles; her oldest sister measured up grain. Even when Lucy was little her father would set her up on the cylinder while he worked, where she could watch the grain go down into the hopper, also acquiring a mill-sense once and for all. Below, a spout delivered the grain to the great granite stones to be ground. Below those was a drawer where you scooped the meal out. The bolter was up overhead; there were openings like louvers with silk back of them for the flour coming up on the conveyor to pass through. The fine flour made the johnny-cakes such as the Hendersons' father had to have every day at noon. No wonder Clarence Hoag remembers the miller as always covered with flour.

When the new century completed the change in industry and country mills became obsolete, men fell back on their teaming. Elwell would bring a whole load of salt fish, tied in kentals (fifty pounds) from the depot where they were thrown

off the freight car, and at Cook's store (now the Barnstormers Theatre) they would be stacked up and make a whole tier across one side. The men around the stove bought crackers out of the big cracker-barrel and ate salt fish with them. (No chocolate bars, no cokes, no cigarettes—salt fish.) It was the social center. On Saturday nights Elwell would dance clogs to someone's harmonica. At home after supper he would suddenly say, "Well, I've got to go up to the store and get the fashions," and be off. At seventy-five he could kick six inches higher than his head.

This incomplete account of milling leaves aside the large subject of linen. A hundred years ago when there were no boughten shirts or towels or sheets, flax was grown on nearly every farm and spun at home for linen yarn to be woven on the loom. The intricate flax process took nearly a year before any weaving could start. Two of the steps, breaking and swingling, could be done at a mill if it had the machinery. Otherwise it took all day for one man to swingle forty pounds. Hatcheling, the term for pulling the fibres through a high wire comb, was work for daughters and grandmothers. The expert in the family sat at the small spinning wheel.

None of us are familiar with the whirr of the little flax wheel, nor the "sad moan" of the large woolwheel, universal in the ears of all New Englanders up to eighty or a hundred years ago. The complex procedures that resulted in the men's and women's clothing are described in fifty accounts. Clothing alone could have been a full occupation for all the women of the house all at once—spinning, reeling, carding, combing flax, one always at the big loom weaving—all before cutting and sewing. A carding mill relieved this somewhat; there are attractive pictures of a young woman on her horse returning from the carding mill with the white fluffy rolls piled high around her. There is a charming one of a housewife walking back and forth beside her wheel spinning; it was as much as twenty miles a day to achieve a stint of five skeins of yarn. As spun, the yarn was then wound on the clock reel.

The weaving, both wool and linen, went on every day from dawn to dark; families to be clothed were large, and there were all the blankets and coverlets to make, and all the carpet besides. Colonel Stephen Mason, the first Mason to settle in South Tamworth, where the cemetery now is, had a wife who wove the sail for the boat that brought the family up Lake Winnepesaukee from Hampton in 1768. A later prodigy was Lucy Page, wife of Jabez Page and forebear of Edgar Page, Howard Page, and the Marshalls, Amanda Cogswell, and others. Lucy the remarkable craft worker in the one year of 1882, at the age of seventy-three, spun two hundred skeins of wool yarn, forty-five skeins of tow and linen yarn, wove ninety yards of rag carpeting, sixty-nine yards of flannel and twenty-one yards of toweling, and in addition single-handedly cut and made her husband's and son's clothes, cared for the milk of two cows, and did all the work for the family. Other household specialties, such as the masterful baking enterprises in the brick oven by the hearth, the soapmaking, and the candles that were the only light to be had after dark—it takes a book to describe them. And who but the housewife made the featherbeds which figured as warmth and mattress both?

The essential blacksmiths have not seemed to leave their names writ indelibly on the memories of later generations. But Clarence Perkins, "Blacksmith and Wheelwright," placed his ad sixty years ago in an Old Home Week "souvenir," as did Irving C. Cole.

All menfolk, whether millers or loggers or blacksmiths, had to be basically farmers. Nearly all owned their own homesteads as now. Parson Hidden and his son are said to have had twenty-two hundred sheep on the fields behind their houses. Sheep were universal almost till 1900. Sheep shears are one of the commonest tools found in any old barn, mistaken for grass-cutters by the new owner, like as not. Shearing was a great annual event. All worked for one another: you help me shear, I'll be on hand when you are butchering or

mowing. The same in building a house: three neighbors help a fourth. Then he goes the rounds with his oxen, helping them build walls or do their lumbering or sapping. It is all put down in the early barter books where you can find it today, item by item, in longhand with a spattering quill pen, the prices in shillings and pence, though final amounts are usually in dollars and cents:

To one lamb 9/6	\$1.58
By two day howing [hoeing] 6/ [six shillings then worth .50]	\$1.00

They knew all their values to a penny, and could nimbly translate current figures into the older or newer currency. The pay earned in the first half of the last century is hardly to be believed now:

by one Day thrashing, one Day diggin' celler	\$0.92
by yourself and 3 boys one day planting	1.25
by one Day Braking Flacks	.50
by Spinning 11 Skains yern	.37
by one Day Making Wall	.67

It cost only twenty-five cents to have Josiah's pantaloons made, and a horse would bring twenty-five cents for grinding apples, though it would be up to seventy cents to hire a horse and chaise for a "wedding."

Besides his self-sustaining homestead, nearly every man had his specialty in the community, or his wife had, as midwife or herb doctor perhaps. Furniture was always in demand including spinning wheels. One man would be a cabinetmaker and go to build pieces in another's house. One would be a shoemaker (cordwainer is the word) dated ahead to make all the shoes for a family once a year, perhaps with their own leather. The boot pattern was simple; there were no rights and lefts until about 1850. The wooden pegs were whittled by boys. Forrest Ayer, the town clerk, found half a barrel of wooden pegs in his attic. Shoe machinery did not really take over till the nineties, when the innumerable shoemaking

benches in old houses and all the little tools finally went up into the attics.

A man might do surveying for all his neighbors. On Tamworth's Depot Road in the seventies was a man who dealt in featherbeds and had in the front yard a featherbed laundry, described by Lucy Elwell as a cylinder rotated by a horse on a treadmill. In this curious industry its inventor, named Shaw, must have dunked the featherbeds in soapy hot water and left it to the horse to shake them about. So far, research turns up no parallel service elsewhere. No wonder this sight in a man's front yard remains in the memory of the child who lived opposite.

Of course there was always a store. In tracing stores, again we have little more than oldest memories as sources. There always had to be somewhere for a man to draw up, tie his team, go in, and get those essentials the family couldn't produce at home: a little tea, a jug of whale oil for the new-fangled glass lamps that followed candles, a precious pound of white sugar, maybe some of the old-fashioned round crackers, and the universal quart of rum before the Prohibition Act of 1855. Probably he had in his wagon certain items to be traded in, eggs, salt pork, or a hide. In the store he discovered a fellow man or two on the same errands, their teams also waiting outside. All could find out things from one another, fix things up, get the news. A country store is a country store, no matter when or where, whether it has sacks of meal open on the floor, a barrel of dill pickles, and a tier of loose salt fish, or whether everything is ranged in sanitary packages, bottles, and tins.

Out of the mists emerge a few facts. Enoch Remick, an important man and the first sheriff of Carroll County, had a store on the Great Hill Road opposite his house which is now his descendant Dr. Edwin C. Remick's office. His son Levi carried on the store, which was later moved to the bridge. Levi was grandfather as well to the present Remick Brothers. The present Remicks' store is only about a hundred years old, their father Charles having handled it after Levi. Then for a

long interval it was rented by Edward Pollard and then by his widow. She moved next door finally and had her store in the Varney house, followed by her second husband Howard Page, while the Remick store reverted to use by the family. For the present Remick Brothers, Earle and Wadsworth, home from school at Hanover, had decided to begin afresh in the business of their forefathers, the fourth generation in the one family.

The Barnstormers Theatre was remodeled from Charles P. Cook's store on the street edge of his own property below his house. After Cook, Orrin and Osborn Kimball had that store, and lastly Edwin Clough. This must have been the original store in Tamworth, the one Lieutenant William Gilman had, mentioned in a road return of 1810. Another early road return would imply that Moses Titcomb was the first owner, called "Mr. Titcomb" by the Carroll County History.

The store at the bridge seems to have been rented by Charles Robertson when he was marrying Emma Cogswell the diarist, and they went to housekeeping in the upper story. The last occupant was "a foreigner," a Portuguese barber named E. J. Silvan whose Tamworth wife encouraged him to go fishing all he would, a remarkable phenomenon remembered by Clarence Hoag. This store had been "Pollard's."

"Sale work" figures in all stories. It was a demanding labor which the women undertook in addition to their enormous household enterprises and it ceased only with the last century. It introduced the sewing machine, and consisted in making up men's clothing already cut out at factories in Massachusetts. The work was deposited at central places in the villages, or around at the farms, and collected later remorselessly on the date stipulated. The women could in this way come by a little cash. Emma Cogswell often puts down items such as: "Working on coats today, made \$2.80 this week." One year she made \$45. There would also be shops in town where work was cut, and finally again finished. One was in the house now Beulah Gray's, one was over Cook's store where a deaf and dumb Blaisdell with a villainous temper

was a highly successful cutter, and the tailor's goose went by foot power. Women would become expert at some simple process, buttonholes, or sewing on buttons. It must have been a bonanza for the employers in Massachusetts who thus had a host of women operatives with no overhead whatever. At least clothing was becoming available for purchase in stores, instead of every farmhouse being its only garment factory. General ready-made clothing is only some fifty years old in this country.

From the beginning every man had a gun and took game only secondarily as sport. A few generations back he needed skins, both for fur and for leather; and the animal supplemented the "critter" killed on the home place. No game laws, no closed seasons, no ban on wholesale slaughter. Yard up the deer, and then "dog" them. Snare and sell whole flocks of partridges at once. Especially net the passenger pigeons to the point of their total extermination, why not? The clouds of passenger pigeons is no imagined tale. All accounts agree that the pigeons came over in masses that darkened the sky, and settled on the trees so thickly as to break down the branches. Where they bred, stated the first observer Josselyn, they chose the thickest part of the forest, joined nest to nest, and tree to tree, many miles together in the pine woods. Clearing woods diminished their volume somewhat, but even the grandfathers of men now living made a business of selling pigeons. James Welch explains how in his father's time big nets were spread and baited, then lowered a little each day. At sunset when the nets were heaviest, a man in a blind dropped the net completely. The contents were then killed, and shipped in large barrels to the city. The birds brought twelve and a half cents a dozen; in colonial times they had been one penny a dozen. Farms had permanent pigeon stands, with logs to support the nets.

Bears would deplete the commonly owned sheep. Some good trapper could take fourteen bear per season, mainly in

great traps turned out by the blacksmith (or by himself), finishing off with the club. Except for spring pelts bearskin sold well. The meat could be left in the woods. Together with fish in such enormous quantities as fishermen today do not like to credit, from streams of two or three times today's magnitude, the profuse families had plenty of protein to develop the children into brawny workers early. A frail child had no place in the economy; indeed it did not live. The burying grounds are full of frail children easily swept off by epidemic, medicine then being a wild guesswork full of the doctor's inventive imagination.

Speaking of gunning, Tamworth's lore includes the unique Siege of Wolves. Here was man's out-and-out enemy. Even the hide was of little use, and the howling was enough to make murderers of all who heard. Back early there was always a bounty on the corpse, twenty shillings at first, ten pounds by 1766 when Tamworth was born. A wolf seemingly could not be harmless. Ida Mahoney's grandfather Henderson at the age of eleven was chased by wolves down the Taterboro Road while carrying corn meal home from the gristmill, and only by throwing meal, a little at a time, did he get home in one piece. But it took nearly all the meal. On the other hand, we have "Uncle Paul Ross" who worked for the James family, a giant in stature, shrewd and intelligent, with a hump on his back from a tree falling on him in youth, who stated that wolves were cowardly. He had carried one alive in a trap, in his arms, from the Jameses' roadside spring (then Savage) to the barn where he killed him. (This is the same Uncle Paul whose wife is recorded as being a victim of "spells." Professor William James, professionally interested, asked, "When they come, does she bite her tongue?" "No," was Uncle Paul's answer, "She don't sleep in her teeth.")

The Siege of Wolves in 1830 had been at night. Messengers rode fast through the town proclaiming that immense packs had come down from the mountains and were in the forest on Marston Hill (Great Hill). The men formed "a

thin line of circumvallation” around the hill, and as fresh parties arrived the lines were strengthened, while the unearthly howling went on inside them. Six hundred men, some accounts say eight hundred, assembled from all the region around. They bivouacked, some say two days and nights. Women kept coffee going. General Quinby from Sandwich was elected to command. He finally sent a squad of picked riflemen into the midst of the woods, and a “sharp fusillade” followed. The pack was boiling wild—it took twenty shots to bring down one animal. Great numbers broke through the picket lines and escaped between legs of men or horses, or by leaping over their heads. When it was over, all dead wolves were carted into the village, and the heroes celebrated with a great feast. The last wolf rounded up in this town was said to be one killed behind Hiram Mason’s farm in 1847.

Another sight now long gone, part of the later prosperity of the eighties and nineties, was turkeys, driven over the road in great flocks like beef cattle or sheep. James Welch describes how when darkness overtook the drive, the turkeys would go into the trees and roost for the night. There was no way to prevent them; drivers would have to camp down until morning. Great flocks of these turkeys from the Turkey Street farms used to choke the old Dover bridge against all traffic. They were on their way to Portsmouth to be loaded in coops for fresh meat on coastwise vessels. Tamworth to Dover round-trip was a week with oxen. All around Dover Square teams from the north country would be parked laden with every kind of produce. The return loads would be molasses and rum, sugar, tea, cotton goods, and such store rarities as paper and ink.

The New England rum made from molasses in South Boston and bought by the barrel was as much a part of the early life as the church-raising or corn-husking where the barrel was emptied. A diarist writes in 1877 of his father’s day, “We gave all our hired men New England rum daily, about a pint a day to keep them from freezing in the woodlot, and the same

in haying to keep them from melting.” The town was about twenty-five years old before selling was licensed to special individuals. The first license on the town books was in 1796 to Tufton Mason, son of the original Colonel Stephen Mason. The next year Oliver Fowler was added; two years later David Gilman. These were all senior citizens and officeholders. Gradually a few more licenses were added, the form on the record being, “This certifies that Mr. Jeremiah Mason has our approbation to retail spirituous liquors,” with date and selectmen’s signatures. Before long there was one in each part of town, trying to take care of the demand legitimately. As taverns came into existence with more people traveling the roads, liquor would be part of the taverner’s license: “To sell Spirituous Liquors and to keep House of Entertainment or Tavern,” reads the Approbation. A licensed retailer would not be expected to sell by the drink, but a tavernkeeper had “full power to execute the business of taverner . . . and to sell rum or other spirits by retail . . . and to sell mixed liquors.” “To keep open Tavern” was the instruction to William Gilman, the same who had the earliest storeroom quoted above. Ensign Edward Hayford who had the mill at Fowlers Mills ran such a place. Job Chapman, Daniel Hayford, Samuel Gilman, were others by 1812, and by ’22 Japheth Gilman was licensed to “sell by retail at his store” and so was Benjamin Gilman. The Gilmans were not only always numerous, but up to everything. Their stores seem to have become the first saloons.

As the nineteenth century got older, rum became a greater problem. There were cases where a man mortgaged his farm for liquor and died a pauper. Citizens came to believe it urgent to vote rum out of existence. This took stern measures; moderate ones were ineffectual. The town enactment of 1819 that “any person that shall presume to sell spirituous liquors on the public lands around the meeting-house shall be fined one dollar for each offense,” apparently had no great effect. Thirteen years later constables were instructed to remove all tents where “they are selling rum, away from the vicinity of

the meeting-house." The meetinghouse, we recall, was minus heat during the six hours or so of services on winter Sundays, and attendance was obligatory. It evidently took more than instructions to constables to prevent those chilled in church from repairing to the tents. The women were not supposed to be cold; they had their little foot-stoves which they carried by hand, replenishing the coals at the minister's in the intermission. Three years later the selectmen had another try: "Voted that all the ardent spirits near the meeting-house be removed or destroyed by the constables, and the town to save them harmless." Harm to the constables was without a doubt a real hazard, as the struggle meant fights.

The issue became fiery when preachers took it up. Pulpits had resounded to the theme throughout the state for years when the first Temperance Society was formed at Concord in 1830. A Total Abstinence Society followed, and advocates multiplied. Abstinence became a condition of joining the church; the offender could be excluded from membership, which meant social ostracism. There was a deep split, for rum had become big business—a large lumber operator in Dover, for example, owned three molasses ships running continuously between the West Indies and northern distilleries. A state referendum on Prohibition was taken, with twelve thousand votes *for* to five thousand *against*, and the final law went over amid great excitement in 1855.

But Tamworth eleven years before that had voted to cut retail licenses to one man, then to two, and had elected at the same time a special prosecuting officer for offenses. Now, consonant with the new state law, Tamworth set up a dispensing agent for the permitted sale for medicinal purposes. This officer, one T. B. Hodgkins, must have had to stay at home continually; the path beaten to his door was more regular than for the best possible mousetraps. His account book shows every least sale, to whom, how much, for what purpose, and at what price; the remarkable book is in town archives today. This accounting lasts for a year and a half only, during which

\$527 worth had been given out. The book abruptly closes with a pint of rum and three gills of alcohol for Hodgkins himself, totaling twenty-three cents.

This short book affords posterity a revealing view. Patrons included all the familiar family names. The sole legal excuse being for medicinal purposes, sickness or "med" was usually put down, but sometimes more specifically rheumatism or just "Rhew" or "Neuralagy":

Paul Welch, 2 qts. of Rum, Erysipelas	.40
Gideon Gilman 1½ pt. of Rum for Felon	.14
Frank Durgin 1 qt. of Gin for Father	.54
Reuben Varney 1 qt. of Rum for Harriett	.18
Daniel Berry 1 pt. of Rum for mumps	.10
Robert Nickerson 1 pt. of Brandy	.75

Both gin and brandy came higher than rum and were requested chiefly for wife or sick child. Before anesthetics, the only way to have an amputation was to make the victim dead drunk. One half rum and one half molasses for a cold was usual, guaranteed to kill or cure. A common reason for rum was measles. A lame arm, leg, foot, a sore hand, "spraint ankle," toothache, "agure," fever, tumor, even "canser," all needed rum. Also for death, probably to fortify the survivors. A cow or horse sick would have the same; it is again obscure whether the cheer was for the animal or the suffering bystanders. James Hidden is down for a pint of wine which he frankly stated was "for Christmas." Not many were as candid or moderate.

Instead of being chiefly for dispensing drinks, taverns now came into their own as hotels. As the "summer boarder" was introduced and began to flourish, all the taverns and most of the private houses qualified, and tried to run things for the guests' interest. One of the oldest of these was Captain Enoch Remick's in the house now Dr. Remick's office. The dumb-waiter is still in place, where the bottles came up from the cellar. Horses were changed here on the stage route from Center Harbor to Conway, and for years town meetings were held

TAMWORTH

here before there was a Town House. The walls of the front hall and upper room are painted as a realistic dark green forest with widely spaced trees, a design now rare in this region. There was an even more elaborate mural with a most lifelike coach and four that still shows behind the shelves of bottles in the doctor's dispensary. This work would all be done by an itinerant painter, probably to pay board after he had drunk up his funds.

The Gilman house in the center of the village was the veteran tavern in the place. Joseph Gilman was most things to Tamworth: Justice of the Peace, Postmaster, representative at Concord, and throughout his career town clerk, as well as manufacturer of shingle and clapboard machines, and tavernkeeper. The Grange building, moved back in the field, was a part of his house in its prime. It was here that the Christian Scientists, who had started in 1898, had their meetings for many years, gradually working up to their own small attractive church building in 1946, removed after fifteen years of use to Plymouth. Gilman's daughter Mary Jane operated as Postmaster in one room of his house for forty years. Thoreau's *Journal* of a hundred years ago says, "Stop at Tamworth village for the night. We are now on the edge of a wild and unsettleable mountain region [he little knew]. . . . The landlord said that bears were plenty in it, that there was a little interval on Swift River that might be occupied, and that was all." Thoreau expressed his astonishment at the scenery and was one of the first tourists to find Chocorua in some respects the most imposing of all the White Mountain peaks. He notes that the inhabitants pronounce it "Shercorway" or "Corway."

Joseph Gilman's son George Ed Gilman followed his father with an inn of his own next door, which he named Willow Inn. The register survives and gives striking pictures of the seventies and eighties which were so much livelier than Tamworth today. Here are a few excerpts at random:

July 4, 1882, about 100 guests

Professor Jonathan Harrington, Ventriloquist, and

The Growth of the Center

Dixon & Watson Comic Vocalists, performed at the Town Hall

4 men from Exeter caught 300 trout in 2 days
Van Amburgh Menagerie 44 people in about every room and house in village, 5 in one room, 6 in another

Ducellos's family entertained Town Hall

Grand Opera at Town Hall

Panorama of American Battlefields at Town Hall. Very hot.

E. W. Stonington, 3 servants & wife, N.Y. City

E. C. Mansfield arrived drunk

C. F. Carter *arrived* sober

About 50, mostly doctors, quartered everywhere

2 Sandwich people with 16 horses

Granite State Baseball Club 10 players, umpire and 2 scorers

Effingham Falls Cornet Band, 19 men and ladies

Centennial Jubilee Singers from Harpers Ferry, West Virginia

Shooting match. Capt. A. E. Wiggin's team of 19 defeated by Peter Mitchell's team of 17

These gunning matches were quite common at the time.

Steir Winslow, with quadruped

3 women from Baltimore each with maid

Whittier Minstrel and Variety Show. . . . etc.

Little boredom in Tamworth of the eighties.

Tamworth Inn began as late as 1888, when Arthur Wiggin, known as "El," he whose shooting team was defeated, added a wing to each end of his house, "introduced electric annunciator and modern improvements," and entered the summer boarder business. There had been a previous proprietor Charles Purrington whose advertising leaflet shows him with a waxed mustache and the inn with red stripes running around the roof. As Joseph Gilman went out of his business at about the same time, Wiggin should have prospered, but he seems to have overexpanded for his day. He lived away from

the premises which may have had something to do with it. Sweetser's White Mountain guidebook from the period lists several more village houses with fancy names as inns, Woodbine Cottage (the store which now houses the soda fountain), Eagle Cliff now the Neilsons', Fair View where the Damons are, Rest Cottage, Sunset Cottage, etc. Even more decorative as to name, Troutdale seems to have taken thirty guests at five dollars a week where Dr. Remick now lives. We sometimes think Tamworth village gets crowded in midsummer today; what must it have been in 1874 when it was estimated by the *New Hampshire Gazetteer* that "500 tourists spend \$10,000 in a few weeks or months, in the warm season of the year, in this pleasant town." Tourists minus cars, at that.

Included with hostelries should be the Peak House on Chocorua, a very popular resort in the nineties. This erection was the enterprise of one David Knowles, but James Liberty originated the idea and collected money in 1888 for the path that bears his name. It was the first trail of the six up Chocorua Mountain. This Jim Liberty was a Frenchman—no native had yet thought of Chocorua as something to go up as a pastime. He built a special narrow cart for hauling, charged a toll, and the great adventure of reaching the summit was open to all. The first dinner served in the Peak House honored a Professor Southwick on his hundredth trip up. Professors did odd things, of course. The Peak House was quite below the peak, but though remarkably chained to the crags by cables it "blew off the mountain" in what was called a high wind. A spy glass was found intact a couple of miles below, but the cottage organ was never seen again. "Beds were strewed all over the mountain." The Peak House was built twice, and there was even a Half-Way House. But none of it achieved permanence, and nowadays the thousands of climbers generally favor a more interesting trail.

The woods have always shown much evidence of hurricanes. To be on the way home in one's vehicle and caught on

the road by blowdowns fore and aft is within the experience of many living. To hear the biggest trees about the house crash one after another all night, and find them in the morning uprooted with ten feet of earth and roots erect, is to believe fully in hurricanes. Each modern calamity appears as the worst yet because of annihilated telephone and electric cables. The storm is brought right into home and family life—no refrigerator, deepfreeze, toaster, or baths. Today whether the 1938 or the 1954 blow was the greater disaster in Tamworth is still a moot subject.

Jim Liberty's house on the Fowlers Mills Road has been demolished now, but a summer resident bought it for four hundred dollars from his daughter Clara Moody. Clara of the housewifely instinct thought her house should be clean when another woman came in. Before giving possession, she got wallpapers from her attic and repapered the kitchen. The new owner found eight different designs matched together on the walls.

Another case of differing tastes was where the buyers of an old house removed the plaster from their living-room ceiling to expose the fine hand-adzed beams. The former owner came to call and was inconsolable. "Why, I worked ten years a savin' up money to get them beams plastered over and out o' sight," she wept. "And now you've gone and tore it all out."

Enumeration of the industries by which our former inhabitants lived should not leave out the peddler. The high imposing peddler's cart approaching slowly into the yard with the eagle-eyed driver on top ceased with the automobile which took people quickly to the nearest store. There were some notable peddlers in Tamworth. Practically the only survivor of the broom-peddling business now is the Fuller Brush Co. of Hartford, but great wagons loaded with every variety of brush and broom used to ply in all the country districts. In our neighbor Eaton's history is a high remote farmhouse named by summer owners Peddlers End, not because the peddler turned around at the end of the road, but because his own end is said

to have come to him there. The story is that his wares were so tempting to the farmer's daughters starved for something pretty, that they made away with him to lay hold of his goods. "The tin peddlers were the ones worth seeing," says the youngster who speaks out of some old man today. "They had over-size wagons loaded with buckets and mops and ladders. And they'd have bags of rags hanging all along the sides. They'd get a bag of rags and the woman would get a tin dipper." Be it remembered that paper was made only of rags. One of the Tamworth Jewell family was a peddler in the eighties or nineties. His was a big cart, "a regular country store on four wheels; it had a wooden body, very ornate, and he always had nice horses." To see it come up the road was almost as good as a circus. There were drawers and cupboards on the shiny outside with little doors lettered "Corsets, Hosiery, Flavoring Extracts, Boots & Shoes, Stationery," all very enticing; and there was a rack on top for what couldn't be carried inside. The peddlers were traveling directories; they knew all the households and everything about them. And as for understanding weak human nature—! Our own Rogy Elias the Syrian came to Tamworth as a peddler, known for outstanding honesty.

In the old winter road-breaking there was something besides cider that was warming to the heart. All the reminiscing old folks speak affectionately of those times. Steel road machines will never make up for it. Cider and oxen were the motive power and everybody had both, and everybody took part in the road-clearing. The top farmer on the mountain (South Tamworth, for instance) would start down with his oxen. They dragged a logging sled with a log or a thick board chained crosswise between the runners. At the next neighbor's below, his cattle would be put on too, and some cider seal the operation. The process was repeated all down the road, with men, cider, and oxen added at each stop. Any steers they were breaking in could come too—put in with the rest they

had to go—and by the time they all got down to the bottom, the men could pretty nearly pull the sledge alone. The drivers had goad-sticks and wore snowshoes. So it is described now.

In Tamworth Edwin Henderson was road agent and directed matters. His oxen took blue ribbons at the fairs. They were always beautifully matched, and a yoke of young ones always coming on to take their place. Ansel Cummings broke the road from Tamworth to Hayford's turn. "Between Trasks and Whitneys [Fay] drifts were up to the horses' backs. We don't have such storms now. We'd get some awful ones, eighteen or twenty inches a week," says Ansel's son.

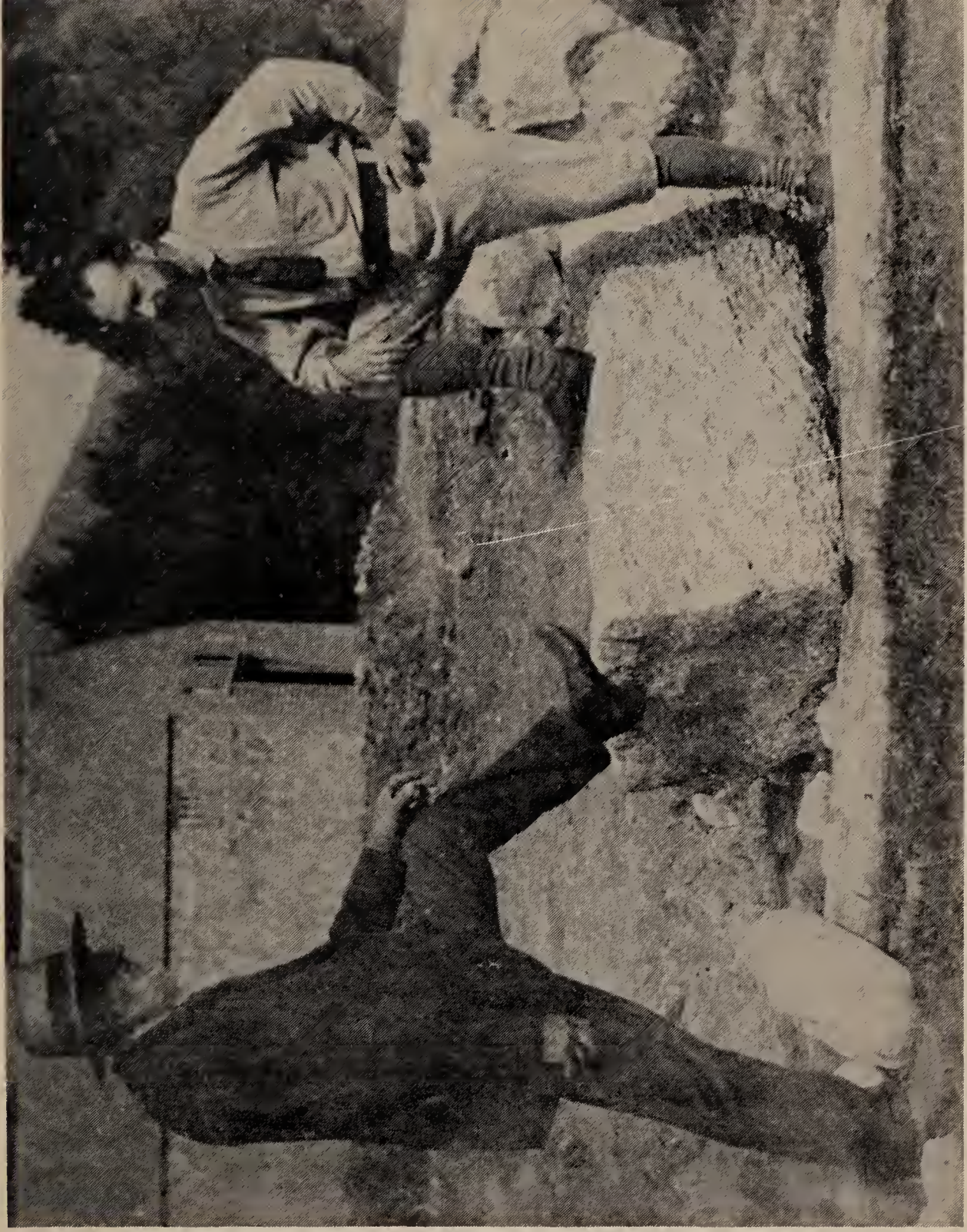
This system gave place to the town-owned road rollers with six horses to them. The great unwieldy cylinders of wood had a board on behind where boys and girls could perch to ride and help weigh down. This packed snow so it would hold light runners, but all drivers would have to get out and shovel drifts by hand. Regular turning-out places were made, and horses wore bells so that the team nearest could wait till the other had passed. Even after automobiles, no one could give up his horse, for winter still meant sleighs only. The first snowplow, a towering monster with a swaying house on it that could hardly dodge the branches, nevertheless proved its efficacy, and more modern versions followed it, until now all enjoy the spectacle of the red or yellow tractor neatly carving away the roadside snow, abetted by the great up-and-over jaw-shovel that eats and spews drifts as directed, finishing fast.

Another institution loved and lost is Old Home Week, of lively concern all through the twenties, with its races, sports, ball games, speechifying, band concerts, evening bonfires, and even a "grand ball" or so. The custom was first proclaimed by Governor Frank Rollins at the turn of the century. It dates from the pre-Civil War musters of militia "between hay and harvest," when young men drilled and all came to celebrate. An old poster advertises a Rolling Pin Contest for Women as a chief attraction for Old Home Week sports, surely as much to the women as to the men who watched. It is a by-product

of the motor era that the town no longer takes its pleasures like this all together. The Old Home Week booklet: "Getting it out, every business man and every woman threw their whole life into it, the ministers and everybody," mourned a former participant. "Will Whiting used to drive six horses on a Concord coach in every parade. Davis and I," said Ralph Smith, "put eight horses to a twenty-one foot hayrack. The parade gathered in the field back of where Steve Damon lives now. There was a gap in the stone wall where you were supposed to go through. I didn't know whether we'd make it, but we did. You had to cramp your wheels just right." Elmer Cummings too: "I drove the coach in one of the parades, a coach with strap hinges, six horses. I had four of Ed Currier's and two of my own. Ed kept twelve or fourteen at one time. Yes, I drove a four-horse team when I was ten or twelve. Guess I was born with reins. I had six horses on the snow-roller."

The 1921 Old Home Week parade seems to be a big one in memory. It had everything: a float with a blacksmith shop with a handsome wooden horse, one with a great anchor, for the Iron Works, one with a weaving demonstration, the fire engine, the four-horse coach of course, many horses and riders, and, leading all, the Clarkes' coachman O'Shaughnessy with his top hat—the Clarkes' beautiful horses were always a feature. The event in 1925 was another smashing one, with bicycle race, footrace, trotting race, fireworks, and a band dance. The last Old Home Week was as late as 1949.

Every fair had a merry-go-round, a midway, a cattle-show ("up to four hundred head, come from everywhere") and pulling-matches—how they shouted!—and vegetables and canning and fancywork, but the parade was the highlight. In '22 it was a Winter Carnival. Hazel Evans was Queen riding in the parade in the dog sled behind the famous Chinook team. Ed Currier had his remarkable Chalmers with skiers hanging to ropes behind it. Ed Currier, son of Hi of equal fame, unsurpassed with animals or machinery, master of transportation for an era, kindly, humorous, sound and quick on



"UNCLE" PAUL ROSS AND WILLIAM JAMES SR.

Uncle Paul discusses philosophy with Professor James whose place he takes care of. Picture taken about 1890.



In spring ROSCOE GREENE's peddler's cart was repainted and ready for the road. Roscoe was Tax Collector of Madison. Two of his daughters married in Tamworth (John Sanborn and Ed Currier).



ED CURRIER'S RACING CUTTER

"We don't play tennis here, and like that. We've got horses anyway, and we race 'em."

the reflex, figures in all the recollections of his time, not long gone.

Back when amusements had to be devised without going afield for them, the traveling circus supplied a thrill that no one who was then young has forgotten. Lucy Elwell says the elephants refused to cross the bridge and had to be led down to the river and over. The circus would put up its tents in the field back of the Gilman house, or below where today's children have been having their ski lessons; the raised ring can still be seen. Van Amburgh's Menagerie would have exciting posters up. A small Van Amburgh flyer still exists promoting "Two Wild Australian Children, Evidently of a Cannibal Race!" The wild children, hand in hand, look very mild and harmless dressed in something like kilts.

Every year the Glass Blowers would come to the Town Hall. They had a bunsen burner and a tube of glass, and made birds, deer, pipes, etc. And all the children now in their seventies saw *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in a tent over and over again. One has only to review the register of guests at Willow Inn to be struck with the variegated entertainment to be had in the Town House in 1882: Ventriloquist, Vocalists, "Grand Oppera," Panorama of American Battlefields, Norfolk Jubilee Singers, Whittier Minstrel and Variety Show, Cornet Bands, North Conway Dramatic Club, even Christine Nilsson the great Swedish singer came to little Tamworth. So did Dan Ducello's Texan Show, and the proprietor wrote a memo against the name: "Dan Ducello and Wife, They are Bastards, No more."

In more recent times the great feature of the fairs was the trotting races. A small purse was enough for keen excitement. The race track and ball park was set up with a grandstand and anyone could enter his own driving hoss to compete with the real racing horses. All the men had been brought up on this pastime. Even before the race track they used to race Saturdays and holidays on the village roads, roughness no

obstacle. The Depot Road has seen many a contest, two horses wide, with two or three hundred people out to watch. An impromptu purse might be had by passing the hat. In winter the ice on White Lake would support light sleighs racing.

Entertainment could have a large female and domestic element in it too. "Levees" seem to have been social occasions coupled with sales, "donations" a variation of the same where wonderful cooking figured. Apple-bees were where everybody pared and quartered apples and strung them for drying, when they were used for barter at the store or down country. Husking-bees were as old as the pioneers; they could be uproarious affairs in the barn—anyone who found a red ear could kiss the girls. Dancing might follow—dancing needed only a fiddle any time and a few kerosene lanterns. Quilting-bees, like the barn-raising, were on the I-help-you, you-help-me principle, but every labor was lightened by being all together for the glory of the result. The seventies were no doubt fabulous years, before the latter-day hosts of problems had invaded even the remotest villages.

Readin,' Writin,' Cipherin'

Said a school superintendent in 1852, "Gentlemen, we live in a day when everything goes with lightning speed." He was thinking of the "iron horse" and the then new telegraph.

There had been four schools in Tamworth before Samuel Hidden arrived to give his remarkable impetus to education. Noting the lack of teachers, he established his own normal course to train a few. He got more schoolhouses voted, and at his instigation more money was allowed than the very little required by law. He was sole overseer of the schools and their constant familiar visitor. The only high school studies were given by him at the parson's house to boys who came to be tutored in Latin and Greek, especially the Greek which he

read so fluently. He put into the boys' minds that it was a good idea to go to Dartmouth or some advanced school. In Dartmouth they could study not only Greek and Latin, but "Astronomy, Mineralogy, Rhetoric and Oratory, with lectures on Anti-Slavery and the dramatic arts." Two of the six sons of Dr. Crosby, the parishioner from Sandwich, were Dartmouth products, and one taught there. In 1838 a boy could go for twenty-seven dollars tuition, eight dollars room, and fifty-seven, board, much more expensive of course than when Samuel Hidden and friend had lived on the milk of the cow they drove there.

After 1829 every school district had by law its Prudential Committee, and after Hidden's death three citizens were appointed as Superintending Committee of Schools. Over the years there came to be twenty schools so managed, though all twenty did not always function at once. The Superintending Committee drafted comprehensive annual reports that show in themselves what education could do, when taken with sufficient solemnity. Along in the fifties and sixties these reports in shaded Spencerian writing on letter paper sewed into a pamphlet with a thread reveal the serious standards of the period.

Taking as a random specimen the report of 1865: the committee then consisted of the Congregational minister Riddel, Elder Runnells of the Chocorua Church and Eleazar Young. To Mr. Riddel probably belonged the perfection of penmanship and spelling of this document. In a preamble he takes his time explaining a system we suspect he is proud of originating, whereby certain sparsely settled districts that have but one short school term receive it in the period between the summer and winter terms of other districts. This was to encourage ambitious children to add a term in another district than their own, if only for a week or two. At the same time they would be bringing a little money to the less flourishing school. The picture is of very scant funds giving out too soon with everybody disappointed, and a school board squeezing out every drop of teaching benefit from the existing institutions.

Follows a statement of each school by number:

No. 1 was the Butler's Bridge District which had been having Miss Ann Chesley—"her first experiment as teacher." The record is "Government fair. Improvement fair." Poor Ann, "the house is small, old, and every way unfit for accommodation of so large a number of scholars." It was here that the children carried their own chairs to school.

No. 2 was the Hubbard District, presumably at Bennetts' Corner. Here "a little trouble had been occasioned by the insubordination of a bad boy" and "corporeal punishment" by female teachers! (What did he do?), "but good order was restored and good progress made by most of the scholars."

No. 3 was the Stevenson Hill District, taught this year by Miss Martha Boyden from Beverly, Mass. "The intellectual and acquired qualifications of the teacher were excellent; which, aided by a strong desire to do well in this her first attempt, and by a hearty interest in her work, ensured all the success which the brevity of the term would allow." Her schoolhouse is the present John Finley's study.

No. 4 was the Old Meeting-House Hill district; No. 5, the Hackett Hill District, soon after discontinued.

No. 6, the Iron Works District, did not rate high commendation. After "progress moderate,"

It may be added that rare qualifications are required in a female teacher, who can take a Winter School of 40 scholars with an average daily attendance of 33, including lads from fifteen to eighteen years of age, in a crowded and ill-constructed schoolroom, through a term of eight weeks, with any very marked success, either in the order or progress of the school.

Quite so. A new schoolhouse here "had long been a desideratum." It is probably the one later used as the Veterans' Post (Moore).

No. 7 was Nealley District. The schoolhouse still stands, used as a cottage at the Junction of the Washington Hill Road with

Route 16 at Pequaket. Miss Emma Sweet here had "discreet" management; the scholars recited thoroughly and learned lessons "with accuracy and propriety." All Nickersons, Nealleys, Heads, and Browns, as well as Weeds, Rangers, and Meads from just over the Albany line, went there.

No. 8 was the Pease District. The building here is also still used as a small cottage. "Commendable attention given to the manners of the scholars," and when Miss Susan Kingsbury had the school, "the scholars were required to be thorough, minute and exact, and enabled to understand and explain their operations." Speaking and composition had been introduced here for the first time, "with good success."

No.9, the Marston Hill District (Great Hill) schoolhouse, was at the corner where the Great Hill Road forks, opposite the wood road to the Hemenway Reservation. Here "arithmetic was taught with great tact" by Miss Laura Pettengill. "The teacher was also uncommonly successful in *starting* little scholars, a most desirable qualification, and generally accompanied with genius, and facility of execution, in every sphere of instruction." The teacher must have been of the Pettengills whose farm was over back of the present Flaccus place.

By an earlier numbering, District No. 9 had been South Tamworth, and its book of records, written by School Director Larkin D. Mason, was presented to the district when he retired in 1885 at the age of seventy-five with seventeen more years of life to go. He began the record when the new schoolhouse was only a project that had been given him to do. It sets down in an easy hand the life of the school and all his interest and concern for it for thirty-four years. He drew up the plans for the building and then built it entirely himself, ending with money left over. Whereupon it was "voted to lay out the surplus money to paint the inside of the schoolhouse, build a good picket fence from the southwest corner of the schoolhouse to the road, and a good substantial fence from the southeast corner to the road [why this difference between fences?] and

also to level off the dooryard, all to be done in a workmanlike manner.” It was also commanded “that the School Director [himself] be instructed to request the Teacher to report to him every damage done to the house by the schollers.” It was “voted to employ a male to keep winter school, for fifteen dollars per month and find wood and bord,” and “to raise money for a shed building with two roofs [size specified] shingled with first quality shingles, the front and trimmings to be painted red, and to have a cleet Door and a 12-squared window.” The west end to be done off for “a Necessary” with full specifications, and to let the building of said shed to the lowest bidder [who was David S. Hidden] for the sum of seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents.

Survivors report a vivid assortment of teachers in this school that Larkin Mason ran. One from Sandwich, though a frail-seeming person, “could leave a black-and-blue mark on you by just taking hold of you,” and gave one boy the worst licking he ever had. But another teacher “took an interest in us, used to take me on her knee—you could go to school when you were two or three years old in those days.” One man who taught at the school that was moved from down near Butler’s Bridge to Whittier “was a happy-go-lucky. If none of the girls came to school we would go hunting or scouting in the woods. Once we went off hunting hedge-hogs and didn’t get back till two o’clock, and there waiting were some people who had come to visit the school.”

Returning to our 1865 report:

No. 10, Jackson District, was in the small triangular plot surrounded by stone wall at the corner where the old Wonalancet (upper) road leaves the Catholic Church road. Here the teacher had been constrained to mark two older boys with a zero sign in the column of “moral deportment,” which had apparently pretty well disrupted the school. But a Miss Albinia Wentworth kept a “whispering list,” with prizes for those who had not whispered once during the term, and thirteen out of seventeen won prizes.

There seemed to be no number 11 or 13, but No. 12 was the Plains District, where a teacher otherwise of dim capacity received praise for getting the smaller scholars to speak loud and distinctly. This school was probably the one on the White Lake Road opposite where the Charles Smith farm burned. Its cellar hole can be seen in the woods. Ralph Smith's mother kept school there at one time.

No. 14 was the Village District. Here we have the Brick School formerly at the crossroads corner, probably covering the site of the monument and the present cut-off. Miss Anna Blaisdell with thirty-nine scholars was giving "instruction in every branch of study pursued, thorough and exact." Reading she "taught with uncommon success," especially with younger pupils, and "order and stillness were secured in an unusual degree." When the large frame building that now stands was erected about 1905, the Brick School was moved down on the Depot Road.

In the winter term of seven and a half weeks, the Brick School boasted J. Sumner Runnells as teacher. He did this during the long winter recesses of all the years of his attendance at Amherst College, having "the confidence of the District and the love of the scholars in advance." He walked the three miles each way from his home in Chocorua and had what was consistently the best school in town, "and the good results are manifest." Of this particular Runnells more later.

No. 15 was the Downs District, known as Turkey St., where the school still stands. It had the distinction that all hands in the district turned out and built it. Said an old man remembering, "The beams were all hand hewed, and everything in it was handmade. Gracie Shannon taught the longest. Then there was Emma Chesley, Mabel Kingsbury, Etta Blake, that taught."

No. 16 was the Cold River, or Mountain District, in the Ossipees above South Tamworth, where used to be mills on the steep stream. Here "relation between teacher and scholars

was very pleasant, Miss Beacham being beloved by the whole school.”

No. 17, the Philbrick School, stood at the farther end of the Philbrick Neighborhood road on what is now the Forrester Clark property. Its foundation is still visible in the woods. It drew from both directions; some scholars walked over from Fowlers Mills, some from anywhere west of the lake. There would be forty or more children — hard to believe now of this area of a few summer homes.

No. 18 was the Cook District, now vague as to location; but the mountaineers in Ossipee attended this school.

No. 19 was the Fowlers Mills District. Here Miss Anna Blaisdell appears again and the scholars are pronounced “respectful, subordinate, intelligent and studious.” They “sung beautifully.” Some of the boys and one of the girls performed creditable exercises in declamation. “Two of the older Misses read short but well-written compositions, in which the thoughts and sentiments expressed did honor to the intelligence, moral discrimination and patriotic spirit of the young ladies.”

Parsing and analysis were sometimes commended; if they were but required now! The following charming tribute to Hannah Chick by her teacher Sarah Hidden, in a handwriting of unexampled perfection and exquisite flourishes is preserved by Hannah’s descendants in the Bryant family:

Hannah Chick, for her assiduous attention to study, and respectful conduct, has the hearty thanks of her teacher, and her best wishes that her future life may be one of virtue and usefulness, and she at last receive an unfading crown of glory.

Aug. 10th 1844

Sarah Hidden Pretess [preceptress?]

Such a picture, mainly of happiness, attained in the schools in the sixties is at variance with earlier accounts, where the first duty of boys was to show their supremacy by throwing the master through the window into the snow drift. The master himself knew no better than to whale the life out of a

boy with a strap, or to stand him on the stove as a punishment. Said the contemporary Sam Hidden at ninety, "I swore when I grew up I'd get even with him." The surprising fact emerged after some years that a female teacher was more effectual with boys, especially if she were well-favored, young and gentle, than a male with the rod. A female was also cheaper. The Historical Museum has been given an old browned slip of paper as follows:

Town of Tamworth Dr. to David Hill
To my Daughter Mary U. Hill
to teaching School eight weeks in
Capt Levi Folsoms District at 50 cents per
week four dollars in the year 1821 \$4.00
Recd payment David Hill

A child had no right to his own wages; they belonged to the father. A son of the period had worked very hard to accumulate one hundred dollars, and when he had done so and had it in the bank, the father went to the bank and got it. "Somehow that fellow never amounted to much afterwards," said the man who knew him.

More and more women were employed to teach, until the schoolmarm gradually became the rule and the schoolmaster the exception, when he would usually be gifted enough to be worth having. A few of the teachers whose memories have come down to us will be noted later.

A remarkable male teacher, probably the most notable in the history of the town though today he would be utterly cast out, was Henry Hodgkins of Chocorua. His schoolhouse was either the Veterans' Post or else its rickety predecessor, and later the Brick School in Tamworth village witnessed his teaching methods. The girl child Lucy Elwell who sat right up in front here says he would stand with one foot on her desk, and if something went wrong in the back of the room, he would close his book and throw it. He "was a good teacher, but he would hit children over the head with a ferule," deposes

an older man. "Now he was stern," explains another, "but he was a good man to get along with." (This pupil was probably bright.) "You could get up from your seat and walk right down to his chair and he would show you. No teacher will do that now. You might get punished right there, yes, get your hand whipped, yes, with a ruler. But those who behaved learned. The scholars could never tell where he was looking — he could see behind him. There was a tough school up in the Ossipee mountains. They had thrown out the teacher after they beat him. Henry Hodgkins was asked if he would go down there and teach. He said, 'If I go down there, I *will* teach.' And he did."

The Town Register calls him an important figure in education, who made teaching his life work, and when he became Superintendent threw into that work the same enthusiasm. Of his first fifty years he lost but one day. He began at twenty-one and was teaching his sixty-fourth term in 1889. "People would pack up and go to live where his school was, to get his superior teaching," said his daughter-in-law. "Great on mental arithmetic," she added, turning over to the Historical Museum his arithmetic book and his school bell.

While Hodgkins was called a stern old cuss, Miss Emma Drew at the same Chocorua school a little later and the last of her family in the Thaddeus Rich house is affectionately remembered. "She was a wonderful teacher," according to Ralph Chamberlain, "took a lot of pains. She said she knew a lot of us would never go any farther than this school, and she taught us things that would be useful, like figuring boards, shingles, cordwood, and so forth. No grading in schools then. Twenty or thirty in one room. As I remember it no teacher had much trouble with discipline."

Chocorua at some time seems also to have had a school on the Washington Hill Road, known as Edgerlys'. Mrs. Lowell Ham (Hoadley farm now) wanted education; she boarded the schoolteacher and once kept her during vacation if she would teach the family. Maria Page also could handle boys.

Once when New Hampton Institute needed a disciplinarian, Maria Page went over and straightened them out. She was a Blaisdell on her mother's side. They were all more or less Blaisdells up there on what was not Washington Hill but the North Road (or Ridge Road or Corway Ridge).

The eagerness toward teaching for Tamworth younger people is strikingly evident in the list of those attending the Teachers' Institute in 1854. A teachers' institute seems to be a short refresher course for teachers in one county. At this one in Carroll County there were "sixty-seven Gentlemen" to "eighty Ladies." Of these Tamworth itself accounted for twenty-five Gentlemen and forty-two Ladies, a high proportion, sixty-seven out of one hundred forty-eight in the county. Sandwich came next with a total of twenty-four; Ossipee and Moultonboro had ten each. It seems worth while to list some of these hardy Tamworth practitioners of the art of pedagogy in 1854. A student of the town's past recognizes the nerve and sinew in these names: among men there were two Hiddens, three Gilmans, two Jewells, three Kingsburys, Charles Weeks, Harlan Page: among women three Blaisdells, two Perkinses, two Hoags, two Hiddens, two Nickersons, two Beedes, Susan Kingsbury, Augusta Stevenson, Mary Page, Maria Gannett, Martha Dorman, and Susan Cogswell. Their like would be the strongest on the teaching staff of any school today.

The town's most talented sons and daughters would seem to teach as a matter of course, though it meant "boarding around." In early days six bushels of rye, sounder than specie or paper money, would pay a girl teacher for six months. By 1827 pay had risen to four dollars and even six dollars and board. Change was "at lightning speed." The ones who never married seemed to have taught all their lives. Terms were short, a few weeks winter and summer each. It was a race against calendar, weather, and an overcrowded schoolhouse "that libeled sty or stable," pupils ranging from four years to twenty, and other hindrances. It was teaching by primer and memorizing from catechism and Bible. An old lady in Massa-

chusetts remembered a question taught in her day: "Duty performed makes what, young ladies?" to which the class chanted: "A rainbow in the soul!" Copybooks had an adage at the top of each page. By the time the child had painfully written twenty times "Fear not in meritorious undertakings" he was to be imbued with the precept.

All children perforce learned what the other classes were reciting at the moment. The shrill slate pencils of those doing arithmetic must not enter the consciousness of those who were spelling down. The boys cut the desks deep with jack knives and took turns at woodpile and stove. The stove could be the pot-bellied kind with a long stove-pipe traveling around the ceiling, a concession on the part of the School Committee that learning required a certain amount of comfort. Either the children froze or the pitch pine fried out of the ceiling knots. A new teacher could be tested by putting a stick of wood in the pipe. The children didn't mind smoke and coughing in such a worthy cause. Punishments were expected: sitting with the girls, standing in a corner, holding a book straight out, and much worse. Flogging had been the order of the day in the parents' youth — they thought nothing of it.

The girls weren't always required to have arithmetic or geography. Arithmetic was "by rote," aloud. Spelling was by syllables, each syllable spelled, then pronounced, then all pronounced together: "Con-stan-ti-no-ple, Constantinople." "We read four times each day, standing in a line. The long hard words we had to spell and divide into syllables were good training," wrote an elder man. One teacher would excel in teaching geography, one in science and deportment, one in the art of penmanship. Another would be gently advised by the visiting Prudential Committee toward "a little less display of the rod and a little more sympathy between teacher, parent and scholar." Not all members of the School Board were fountains of wisdom, however. The granddaughter of one remembers how he came once a term to visit and always asked the same thing, pulling his beard: "Well, children, who discovered

Americky? Where is Africky?" and found the school perfect. The children came by horseback, by pung or sleigh, by buggy or buckboard, but mostly on foot. For schools were located in out-of-the-way places so that they would be equidistant from all the farms in the district. There was no hookey. If a boy wasn't at school, he was plowing or driving oxen.

By and large, concern for education in decent surroundings was genuine and advancing, and has continued so. In 1944 the school children were buying \$1,225.00 in bonds and war stamps, which purchased a \$1,165.00 jeep. By 1956 the school hot-lunch program in Tamworth's large new school was being awarded first place in New Hampshire. The ambition was to have more and more schools until the number of twenty was reached. But as transportation became less of a problem, and maintenance of many schools more of one, to consolidate two districts here or three districts there became recommended policy, leading slowly toward the entire consolidation of a later day. Eventually it became customary in the villages for those resolved on the best to journey by train to New Hampton, where the Biblical and Literary Institute topped the category. It had opened in 1821, the first Baptist seminary in New England. Many individuals now living and some who have recently died went there: Alta Abbott, Edna Mason, Lucy Weeks, Alice Moore, Haven Knowlton, Abner Blaisdell, Serena Remick, Herbert Ross, and before them Mark and Jesse Robertson, and Sumner Runnells, all profited by the New Hampton school. It was coeducational ahead of its time, had three hundred students, and some of its departments were the best in the state.

In Tamworth's own evolution, the Brick School had the most distinguished career until the village corner was chosen as site for the consolidated school of fifty years ago. Not alone the stage for such outstanding teachers as Henry Hodgkins and John Sumner Runnells, the only brick schoolhouse gave a special prestige to those who attended. When they wanted the corner for the bigger school, Frank Remick next door offered

to move the brick house off if they would give it to him. It became Whittier Lodge, with the bricks over the siding taken off and used for the chimneys. In exchange, Remick gave the school a piece of field for a playground.

When the Brick School overflowed, the first step was to hold the seventh and eighth grades in the Town House. There was even a private school in the Town House kept by one Gus Richards from Exeter. Charles Chick in Chocorua says that he and his older sister had a little horse to get them back and forth to it. He put the horse up where Mrs. Garland has had her store. Others now living remember this Gus Richards' school: Roy Arling, Arthur Bennett, Harry Roberts, all received this education. The school term was for twelve weeks at \$2.50 total.

It was the new two-story schoolhouse that saw the beginnings of a high school in 1924, in one room on the ground floor of the building. Mary Fall, Hazel Currier, and Gladys Evans all taught there. The high school gave first two terms and then four, until the pupils began to be sent daily by bus to the Conway High School.

"When I went to the Corner School," said Florence Chamberlain, formerly Goodwin, "on what used to be called the Goodwin Circuit," (she meant Goodwin Corner up near Huckins Barn now used by the Tamworth Outing Club), "Laura Huckins from the Huckins farm taught it and she had eyes in the back of her head. You couldn't talk or move around as they do today." Obviously a different type from Anna Blaisdell. A much later teacher Ethel Gilman Berry, also excellent, walked up to this outlying school too.

South Tamworth came into its own consolidated school when the Bemis family turned over a commodious building which had been the Bartlett house by the rake mill. Five families had contracted arthritis living over the milldam, but for the children there were bright sunny modern schoolrooms, and when further progress called for one school with bus service to it from all parts of Tamworth, parents here were under-

The Growth of the Center

standably slow to give up their nearer schoolhouse for one more distant, however great an improvement. The newer building was outgrown in a few years, and the final move for everybody to the new general elementary school was accomplished in 1956.

South Tamworth—

From Indian Trail to Through Route

THE DIFFERING HISTORY of each of the separate districts within Tamworth township can be clearly related to its natural characteristics. The location of the central village four miles from the railroad at West Ossipee kept it from much industry pointed toward outside markets, while insuring activity of its domestic mills along Swift River. Chocorua's unsurpassed beauties of lakes and mountains were sure to bring the discriminating from the cities, and so directed its natural destiny as a summer colony.

South Tamworth is necessarily different from either. A community strung along a former industrial river and flanking a state highway, South Tamworth is and always has served primarily as a thoroughfare, part of the main east and west artery of travel. It follows the southern rim of the valley for some eight miles, from East Sandwich at the west to West Ossipee at the east end, and its present community life has cohesion only where its roadside population is knotted into hamlets. The settlements on Hackett Hill and especially up in the Bemises' beautiful hidden uplands are tributary to this highway.

South Tamworth was begun possibly by the pioneers Wentworth Lord and his brother Jim climbing over the Ossipee Mountains from the south to find better land. One can imagine them when they got to the top, amazed by the long undulating farther chain of the Sandwich Range lifting still higher across the northern sky.



ROGY ELIAS played HERB GILMAN most afternoons in winter in his store at Butler's Bridge. Rogy had the honor of being the only foreigner in Tamworth for about a generation.



SNOW-PLOWING today on the Ferncroft Road, Mt. Wonalancet behind.



THE BRICK SCHOOL, ABOUT 1893

The school stood where the present cut-off to the Depot Road passes south of the War Monument. It was moved away when the consolidated school was built on the field behind it.

Upon their peak in Darien they made their pitch, just over the ridge on the northern side, nominally in Ossipee. How long they had been there is not clear, but in 1836 Tamworth voted to receive Wentworth Lord as a citizen if he could "get set from Ossipee, said Lord to bring with him his land, stock etc., the taxes on the land to help pay for a bridge." This enabled these high farmers to come down to Tamworth on voting days. Lord had spotted the Cold Brook with its impressive fifty-foot fall and is thought to have been the first to have a sawmill there, though Morrill was the name afterward chiefly connected with the site. After Wentworth Lord "died in midwinter and was carried out on a hand-sled for burial," his land was set back again to Ossipee. The setting-off procedure seems to have applied to another settlement from Ossipee, up the Gilman Road. The remains of the first Gilman house may still be seen up in there. The old footpath between Ossipee and Moultonboro came that way. Part of the area was set back to Ossipee in 1859. Another instance was Sanford Gilman beyond the extreme northern line of Tamworth who was "sot over into Sandwich" so that he need no longer go to Waterville to vote, thirty miles over Whiteface and Tripyramid Mountains on snowshoes in March. After that he merely walked over what is now the McCrillis Trail to Whiteface intervale and so into Sandwich, which would seem to have been plenty.

The Bearcamp must be thought of as a raging torrent. One of Larkin Mason's sons, Justin, who went to Chicago and became a leader in establishing Christian Science there, returned to Center Ossipee in his later years, and wrote occasional Tamworth reminiscences for the *Carroll County Independent*. "The incessant roar of the two rivers, Bearcamp and Cold River [meaning Brook], seemed a diapason accompaniment to the piercing sounds from the circular saws at the mills below," said he. And further, "Periodically a thundering rumbling was heard, like a huge bass solo obligato, as one,

two, three, and sometimes more stage coaches summoned everybody to the doors and windows.”

Harry Smart of Center Ossipee, when a boy visiting his uncle Will Mason at the Post Office, remembers that two or three million feet of timber came down the Bearcamp every year. Harry Berry who worked logs on the stream for years calls it more. “In the lumber drives the crews scattered all along both banks to keep the logs headed down — there’d be head men and tail men. You had to wade in breast high in icy water; sacking logs, it was called, getting them loose from the side. You had to understand your business. Sometimes you had to lug the logs — big logs, it took four men.” Timbermen had to be acrobats to control the great monsters in their headlong bouncing and plummeting. Once three men went out on the logs to break up a jam at Butler’s Bridge. “They worked all day till nearly four o’clock without success, then the log suddenly gave way, and in an instant with a noise like thunder, the whole drive started with men on it. They ran over the logs for the shore, but could not reach it, and I saw them go over the dam with the logs.” Two of them were washed ashore, but William O. Weed of South Tamworth went onto the rocks, the logs that piled up on him probably killing him instantly. He was found next day a quarter mile below, his clothes stripped off and his bones broken.

When the first Bartlett in 1845 put in the dam for the rake mill down back of the Post Office, the oldsters shook their heads — not nearly enough timber available to warrant such a water power, they were sure. But the mill never lacked either timber or water for the eighty years of its life. During all those years this three-story plant of Bartlett & Son for lawn and hay rakes was “the largest rake-mill in the world,” and the best of its kind; it was the great industry of this district. The rake was a nearly faultless handmade product. “A really good wooden rake must be produced largely in the old-fashioned way,” states a folder of the time. “Every stick of ash has its own grain, and must be sawed and turned, steamed

and fitted as an individual piece of work in order to obtain a perfect handle. The heads must be selected according to grain, and the holes bored and teeth driven with the greatest individual care. The finished rake must be assembled by hand to be well balanced, light, and strong at every point." "They have a machine in this mill that is a curiosity," says the *History of Carroll County* in 1889. "It drives 140,000 teeth in nine hours." Women were given employment, as they could fit the teeth deftly. There was a system of colored grading marks on the handles, red, purple, black, identifying the Tamworth rake all over the world. A surviving picture of a great wagon loaded with what must have been many thousands of baled rakes startles the imagination with the change that has taken place in this now quiet hamlet.

The great dam for rake and sawmill was by no means the only one on the Bearcamp. The very first saw and gristmill is claimed for Colonel Stephen Mason, the first settler by the stream, who gave part of his farm for the present cemetery. There has been a grist and shingle mill behind Perley Ryder's place, a shingle mill at Jeffers' Bridge, another (was it Ephraim Hidden's?) halfway from there to Butler's Bridge, and a factory at the bridge where a man named Webster is said to have made coffins. Another coffin factory, probably the first, was where Arthur Thompson lives, out toward Bennett's Corner. This is where one should have traded, for a coffin could be had there for fifty cents, and for seventy-five it would be painted black.

At Butler's Bridge the canal can still be seen following the river, where logs were detoured to enter the millrace. A considerable group of buildings must be built in the imagination here, where now are none: the mill itself on the north bank, the blacksmith shop, probably Albion Hayford's, east of the bridge's southern end; a store, probably Irving Gray's, in the house now owned by Walter Bookholz west of the north end. Research reels at the mills discovered to have existed on both riverbanks up to as late as fifty years ago, mills owned

by such as Larkin Mason, James Welch, George Bryant, Will Mason, and others besides, including Harry Mason's father who was killed by a flying bolt in one of them. There was also a Sanger who lived where John Nutter does; all that is available about him is that he had a wooden leg and kept hens in his house. There seems to have been even a marble worker at Butler's Bridge, named Weeks. In the largest two-story structure, a Mason grandfather built an organ that has remained as a wonder in more than one memory. Perhaps it was the same who made the "big long clocks," of which Mabel Evans' survives. A William Butler in that corner of town must have given the bridge its name. Or was it Ivory Butter, licensed as taverner in 1818? Justin Mason says the name was Buttles and the bridge properly Buttles' Bridge.

Growing out of the famous rake mill was a later and more extensive industry. Will Mason's steam sawmill (Will was no relation to Larkin) on the present site of Saunders Brothers, after a long and honorable life seemed about to end. But Mr. Farwell Bemis from Boston had bought in 1911 for summer use an old farm high above the village and was interested to make practical his belief in woodworking for people who lived among forests. Mr. Bemis purchased both rake mill and Will Mason's sawmill, with one or two other smaller ones, and developed them all into one model industry, at first making toys and then small furniture, under the name of South Tamworth Industries. Prefabricated houses were the ultimate purpose for the large factory he built, which in 1943 ended, like others, in fire.

This interesting undertaking was designed on high principles to give employment during wars (sixty people at its peak), to use forest products wisely, and to prove the value of cooperative enterprise. Mr. Bemis' influence did not cease with his death. His family has engaged in many services and benevolences for the region. Allied with the Thompsons by marriage, together they preserve some thousands of farm land acreage. William Thompson, a Boston lawyer of much dis-

tion, had bought a house that had been built high and forward on the mountainside by Mrs. A.C.B. Wells of Massachusetts. Mrs. Wells opened her house, about 1912, for a Christmas party and invited all of South Tamworth, an event recorded in the *Sandwich Reporter* of the day. As the company wound up the road, said Mr. Tilton of the *Reporter* in his social column, welcome from a thousand lights shone out on the snow from the house above; and after minutiae as to the decorations and refreshments, came the immortal tribute, "Mrs. Wells and her daughter Miss Catherine entertained as naturally as the Aeolian lyre."

Besides the rake mill were Morrill's Mills up on tumultuous Cold Brook at the fifty-foot drop. One was a steam mill, one a "getting-out shop" which seems to mean interior finish, and a card mill, not carding for wool, but small wooden cards for winding elastic or ribbons. (Clara Mason remembers pasting the final papers on these at a dollar a hundred.) Morrill had also a spoolbed factory a bit downstream where the fall was still plenty for his need. At this writing it is still standing, part of the Claude Ames farm which was Morrill's home. The little store in the back of the barn, formerly kept by Morrill for the community, is recalled by the Ames children as where they used to play storekeeping among the empty shelves and counters in our time. Seven or eight houses related to the mills formed a group about the bridge, where now all are gone, and twelve more homesteads extended on above. The other small community down on the highway around the Post Office was commonly known as Fort Jackson or the Fort; why, no one seems to know.

While South Tamworth received no Van Amburgh's Menagerie nor Comic Vocalists, which its citizens no doubt drove up to Tamworth to sample, there were band-concerts in its own bit of woods back of Henry Tappan's by Cold Brook which was dignified by the name of The Park. And it had its separate share of stores. A road return of 1818 refers to Whitman's store but doesn't give the location. Another speaks of

Isaac Parker's store in connection with the Bryant Road. And there was the well-known store opposite the South Tamworth Post Office owned by Larkin Mason in which his sons followed him. This is now moved farther back as Emmons Heald's house. There were of course three or four blacksmiths: Hall Ballard first, next the Post Office, followed by Phon Mason ("Blacksmith and Carriage Painter") who was the great roadbuilder of the region, then by John Hayford, in the shop now the Bucks' garage.

The River Road by the boiling Bearcamp, now our Route 25, natural line of way that it is, must have seen the foot-soldiers of General Lovewell, as recited in his *Journal*, when he marched his company from Cusumpe Pond in Sandwich to Ossipee Lake, on the way to the last defeat of the Abenakis at Lovewell's Pond in 1725. When stagecoaches took the field, this road became as it still is in the motor age today, the direct route from Center Harbor to Conway. It was also the mail route; the stage would pluck the bag hanging from the post and throw out another as it went by. Boston passengers came up by train to the Weirs or Meredith; thence by steamboat over Lake Winnepesaukee. The wharf at Center Harbor in summer was packed with spectators to see the boat come in, all the native population plus all the summer boarders greeting the big event of the day with cheers and singing as the "Lady of the Lake," and after her time the "Mount Washington," made her moorings. As multicolored as modern cars, Concord coaches from all the hotels were lined up in waiting, along with a great quantity of smaller rigs from boarding-houses.

The Concord coach merits a dissertation in any New Hampshire narrative but may not be lingered over. Without benefit of assembly line, Abbot and Downing of Concord developed from 1827 a handmade vehicle as near to perfection as it could come, and shipped it in thousands over the world. An old print shows thirty elegant coaches crossing the western plains, on flatcars behind a belching engine, to figure in the

dangerous Wells-Fargo route. The Deadwood Coach made famous by Buffalo Bill was one of these. There would be space for nine people inside on three seats, twelve “outsides” on two seats, and a great rack for trunks at the back on top. A trunk was a necessary adjunct of the early traveler. On a truck at Center Harbor wharf William Dearborn of Sandwich once counted sixteen trunks tagged for one family alone.

When the important coaches for the White Mountains would get under way, the great roughness of the mountain roads was eased by the coach-body being swung on leather straps; a dozen oxhides had gone into the leather of each. To withstand the greatest punishment the wheels were made of three different forest woods. Paint was of the most brilliant, with pictures on the doors, and the horses' harnesses had silver and brass trim, tassels, plumes, and bells. With eight horses the driver controlled reins with his feet as well as his hands. He wore a big hat, with messages often in it, and with a long black whip could flick an ear of the leader though there were six or eight in his team. He never abused those horses — they were part of himself. In *The Vittum Folks* by Edmund Vittum of Sandwich it is told how four or five of these large coaches in succession would pass the Vittum schoolhouse, still standing by Route 25, loaded with tourists for the Glen House. As many as fifteen people would be on the top of each, besides the “insides.” All the school children would rush out to cheer them, and every boy had the ambition to become a stage driver. Living horses were an adventure that machines may never equal. Nostalgia for his “hosses” permeates every older man's backward-turning memory.

Stages had to change horses every ten miles or so; hence the “taverns” along the route. The animals would be stripped and off again in ten minutes. In South Tamworth Ray Larabee's house (formerly Frank Whiting's) was a tavern, the house next it its annex. Another inn was Mabel Evans' house. But the most famous was the Bearcamp River House that burned to the ground in 1880, at the junction where White's

TAMWORTH

Garage now is. It had been the old Ames Tavern in Starr King's time, also called Twing's, "the key to the White Mountains," known to all early travelers. Whittier's *Among the Hills* (1868) referred to it as "Wayside," though in his time it was "Plummer's," with a noted landlord named Henry Banks, active in securing the railroad through West Ossipee, who ultimately retired into Tamworth where his widow long lived in the house now occupied by Mrs. Joseph Cartland. Mrs. Banks used to recall her husband's pleasure when he could announce that "John G." was coming. In that small idyllic inn by the river the poet Whittier summer after summer made his headquarters. The success of *Snow-Bound* had given him financial independence; he could stay long seasons among his seductive hills. Many of his best-known poems were evolved here, not to mention the considerable output of Lucy Larcom of his company. The coach with Bearcamp River House on it which used to meet the trains at Union was seen by Charles Remick in the Wayside Inn Museum at South Sudbury, Massachusetts.

Justin Mason says that by tacit local agreement stage-coach travelers were always told that the neighboring mountain was "Mount Whittier named for the poet Longfellow." Besides Mount Whittier there is Whittier itself, the small community at Butler's Bridge; the Whittier Ski Trail (odd contradiction in terms!); the railroad station Mount Whittier; the two lesser hills of the Ossipee, Little Larcom and Big Larcom; and after the burning of the favorite inn, when the Whittiers moved over to the Sturtevant farm near Center Harbor, the great Whittier Pine overlooking Squam Lake, which the poet had made his own in the poem "The Wood Giant," was a landmark until a very recent storm.

It is a measure of the veneration in which Whittier was held that in the local legend is the great event of his having once attended a service at the Congregational Church in Tamworth. No one knew his identity till he had slipped out and gone. Whittier and Lucy Larcom, George Inness the painter,

and others of their circle in their inspired devotion to this region no doubt gave it its first cachet in the minds of literate New England. The mountain valleys seemed to merge into the poems naturally, as the Lakes Region into Wordsworth's. Incidentally, Miss Larcom conferred final names upon the mountains Wonalancet and Paugus.

South Tamworth could not have lived on a stagecoach artery without abundant liquor licenses. The Town Records for the entire period are sprinkled with the names of citizens receiving the selectmen's "Approbations," or renewals, "to retail spiritous liquors and keep open Tavern," or to sell in stores such as Parker's at Butler's Bridge in 1808. The Prohibition Law in '55 had the effect of gradually increasing the licensing until the town became practically open again. The Amendment of 1875 was to remove the "medicinal" abuse and otherwise tighten sales, and one agent only was again appointed distributor. In this period it was Samuel E. Remick, in the house now Charles E. Behr's.

The stagecoaches and the stagecoach era only gave up the ghost when the railroad had blasted its way through Crawford Notch in 1875. People left their entertaining good-natured coaching, the open air, the horses, and the dust, for the clatter and soot of "the cars," primitive as to roadbed, engine, and comfort, but the changeover to five and three-quarter hours from Boston to West Ossipee by train (generally late) was celebrated here as a stupendous advance. We have since lived through another transportation advance more stupendous yet, which seems almost to have brought more problems than it has solved. But since none knows the problems in advance, each change is the millennium.

South Tamworth had some teeming farmlands. Many were large hop producers. The present Bemis uplands were a collection of separate farms and the soil yielded handsome crops. Even now, Edward Bookholz, chief operator for the Bemises, took first prize for his farm exhibit at the Sandwich Fair for twenty straight years. Tamworth had a prodigious

career in fruit, first in the county, hard though that is now to believe. The quality as well: "Such pears and cherries and apples and strawberries as never you saw," says Ernest Mason. "After old Man Lord died up on the mountain, we boys used to go up there and eat our stomachs full." Spraying never so much as heard of, fertilizers seldom needed. The remarkable number of carloads of apples shipped yearly from some "Grandfather's farm" figures largely in several elder minds. Twelve barrels from one tree, Standley Young recalls.

In the fall everybody dried apples. "Tonight had an apple-bee," says the Cogswell diary. "There were 25 here besides ourselves, did 175 strings." The strings were hung in the attic. Some were for applesauce and pies, some to be traded for groceries for five or six cents a pound. Applesauce would be made in cider, as a side dish for ham cured in maple syrup. (James Welch's mother used four pounds of maple syrup for a hundred pounds of meat.) The total apple harvest is probably nowhere recorded. But lumber and apples gave this county its name as a rich country. In the Town Report of 1899, thirty thousand pounds of butter and two thousand of wool were recorded.

The maple sugar product hereabouts was also enormous for so small a population. In 1871 the sugar season at the Cogswell farm wound up with 1,237 pounds, besides molasses enough to make about thirteen hundredweight. "A ton of maple sugar from our own trees in one season," wrote a farmer on Vittum Hill. All who date back testify that sap would be boiling by town-meeting day — the oxen would go right in on the crust. But that was "when winters were colder" and the March sap flow greater. They would boil all night. It took a barrel of sap to make one gallon of syrup, or eight pounds. Clint Mason and Herb Vittum once counted up the sugar yield from all Tamworth, with Sandwich and Moultonboro together, to have been about twenty tons. In New England of the eighties granulated sugar was a luxury, beet sugar unknown.

Another product from the native trees were spruce gum. Gathering it was an enterprise for the month of September. Pike Perkins, grandfather of the present Pike, would take several men into the mountains with him. They could get a dollar a pound at the store for new gum, and could pick perhaps two pounds a day each man, then very good money. Spruce gum has medicinal uses, beside the so-called pleasure produced, which the present-day chewing-gum industry has rendered obsolete.

South Tamworth added the Methodist Society to the region. Its meetinghouse appeared at "the Fort" in 1832, first as part of the Dover circuit, then the Sandwich, later Moultonboro. The records of the church show very hard work and very gradual gains. In 1883 there is a cryptic entry: "Taking into account the adverse circumstances in which [the church] is placed and the influence with which she is surrounded, the wiley and powerful foe she has to contend against, she has reason to praise God and take courage." In spite of the "wiley" foe, membership rose to seventy-five a few years thereafter. Life was infused into the church by Larkin Mason who was one of its two Disciplinarians. David Morrill labored for it, also that fine character Will Mason the miller who kept the church going for some thirty years with his interest and his funds. By 1897 they were saying "Gloriously we advance": new furnace, new members, good attendance, choir always present. It may have been in this hearty period that Justin Mason played the organ and afterward called it impetuous: "No sooner had the pumphandle supplied sufficient breath to the bellows than a plaintive cry was heard from the upper octave or a solemn moan from the lower, announcing that it was ready to begin, whether the player was or not. . . . The bellows was subject to valvular leakage and the remedy had always been to put another brick on the top of it."

Deaths and removals then began inevitably to impair prosperity. Justin Mason put it that South Tamworth "was prominent for two unused factories, a vacant store with tene-

ment above and an abandoned tomb." Church interest likewise waned until there were not enough members left to carry on continuously.

The new Episcopal church down the same Route 25 is but some thirty years old. The Rev. Frederick L. Cowper, a collateral descendant of the English poet, had been coming from Sanbornville to hold Episcopal services in the Whittier schoolhouse, when Mrs. Ida Berry, a bedridden invalid, offered land for a church for him. The building project was launched by Mrs. Ella Moulton at a strawberry festival, supported by the Bemises, Thompsons, Kilhams and Marjorie Gregg. A Boston architect Walter Kilham, with a summer home on Stevenson Hill, made the design; large clear-glass windows were to bring in abundant light and the mountains. The contractor was Charles Smart, the stonemason Ernest Mason. In 1927 Bishop Dallas consecrated the structure, named St. Andrews-in-the-Valley by Mr. Cowper. After his death the church relied upon neighboring Episcopal clergy until 1946 when the Rev. Herbert W. Prince moved here from Illinois, to bring St. Andrews to greater community usefulness.

Standing up from South Tamworth annals like elms on an intervale are persons we have mentioned and a few more. If Larkin Mason was the most notable of his numerous tribe, before him was the figure of Colonel David Gilman, first of the equally numerous Gilmans. Gilmans are like a mist infiltrating every cranny of the town history. They all seemed to have ability and substance. In early Town Records they are carefully labeled Esquire, in addition to their inevitable military rank. For long years a Gilman was always a representative, for more long years another would be town clerk, and they drift continually through all offices. In the town boundary settlements all four of the delegates sent to one four-day session were Gilmans. One Gilman had remarkable skill at drafting documents. But it must be recorded that this one died a drunkard.

Colonel David the founder was a man six and a half feet tall. We have seen that he always followed Reverend Hidden up the pulpit stairs and sat in the pulpit on account of deafness. His house is still standing though covered with a shell of modern composition, almost directly opposite Butler's Bridge on the south side. He was an officer of the Revolution and one of Washington's most efficient soldiers when an accident disabled him. Accepting his resignation, Washington signified his unusual estimate of this colonel by presenting him with his own sword. Besides holding the top town offices, he was also the first Justice of the Peace, 1789; in those days this meant the local judge who held court and conducted trial of minor cases of all kinds. His son, Captain David, was not quite of the same stuff. As a child Ed Bookholz earned five cents an hour picking potato bugs for him, and remembers him as always horse trading, buying and selling with the gypsies going through.

Colonel Levi Folsom and his son John — the Folsoms have only lately died out — figured as postmasters for incredibly long periods. The Post Office was in John Folsom's house for all of a hundred years, and again is. John was a Democrat, but when the Republicans were in, the appointment could be easily shifted to his wife; thus by having both political parties in the family the office remained where it belonged year in and year out. When the last of them died, the Post Office had been there longer than anywhere else in New England, so the story runs. Colonel Levi built and ran the well-known store afterward Larkin Mason's. He also built one of the first up-and-down sawmills, owned in the family for a century or so, finally sold with other business properties to Mr. Bemis. There was evidently for some time a post office also at Whittier. As late as 1900 this was in the present Wilkinson house and Etta Carr Bryant the postmaster. Later it was in Rogy Elias' store, one that burned down between his present store and Colonel Gilman's house. John Bryant from hard by was

postmaster too; his framed certificate is in the Historical Museum.

Among conspicuous men Walter Bryant, who may be claimed as ancestor by the Bryants down the Bryant Road, who are still actively there as Smiths, was in 1741 the original Royal Surveyor of the New Hampshire-Maine boundary line for about thirty miles of its length. Some of his journal during that wilderness mission is extant, tersely suggestive of the hardships, and of the man's character. The surveying party was stopped several times by Indians who could not believe the white men's mission to be peaceable. Finally the fears of the party prevailed, and they turned back after completing only the thirty miles.

It was Bryant who first named the hills on the Saco the Pigwacket Hills. His descendants have the proud record of continuously holding land of their ancestors for nine generations. Their battle cry is the remark of "Ruthey," wife of the first Bryant to build his one-room house on the land received by his forebears as grantees in the original charter. Ruthey stood at the window watching a blizzard pile the snow high above the window ledge and said, "What a beautiful evening for all sorts of amusements!"

Another in this galaxy is perhaps the most widely known Tamworthy of all, the still vigorous James Welch, High Sheriff of the county for twenty years, he of the long experience and full knowledge which has been so freely quoted in this history. Any older official in all our towns will say, "Carroll County has never been the same since Jim Welch's time. He was afraid of nothing!" Stories to illustrate are many, and fortunately some are recorded. Mr. Welch's early life was spent working for a large private timber operator. He was then appointed timber cruiser for the State Tax Commission, and appraised the important tracts of untouched woods throughout the state. Episodes in his career as sheriff became known far and wide and would make good reading if this were a history of contemporary personages.

Larkin D. Mason

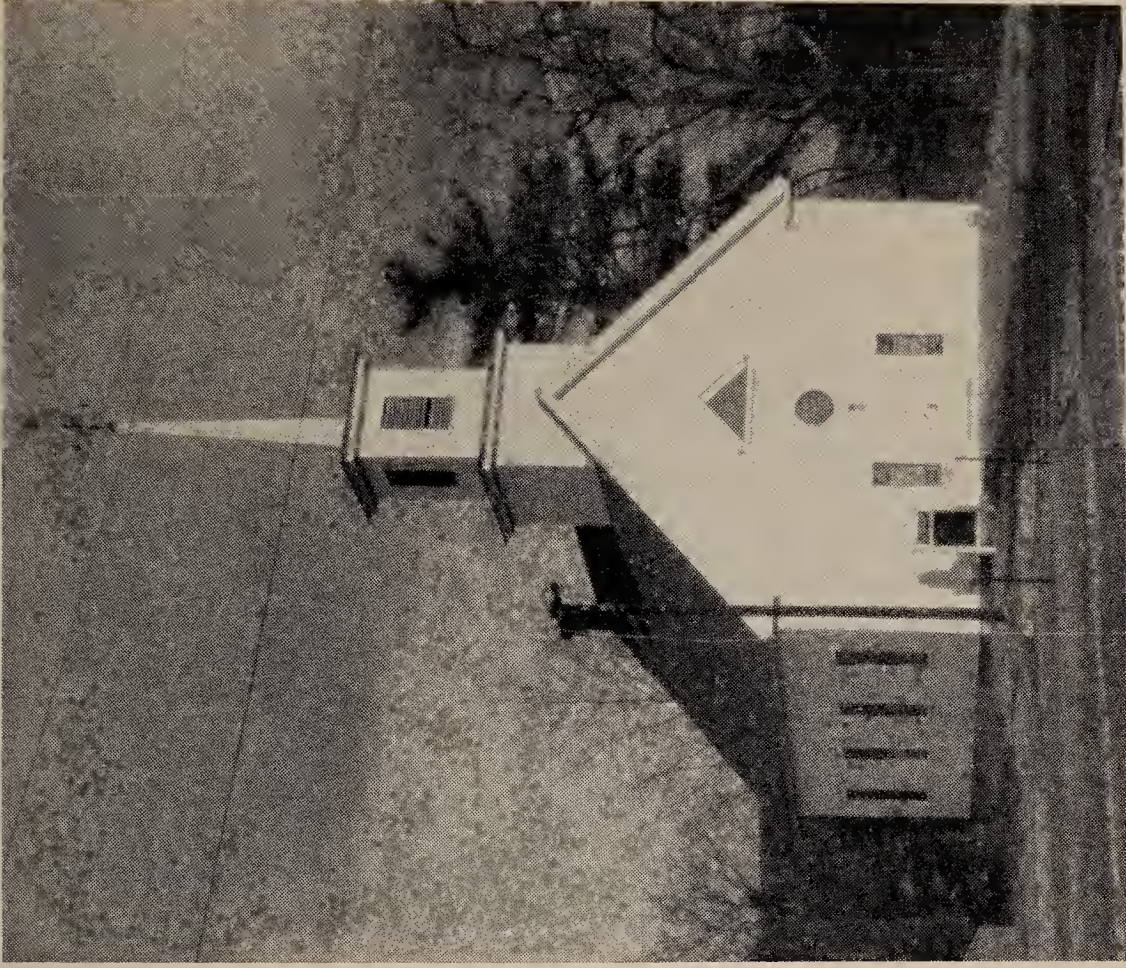
Mason is one of the earliest English names to be connected with the northern New England territory. Whether Captain John Mason who is called the founder of New Hampshire was any kin to the Masons who became numerous in this region two centuries later is doubtful. A survivor of the clan in South Tamworth told interviewers that his ancestor was supposed to be one of three brothers who arrived on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee when still used by the Ossipee tribe for their villages, and took to themselves three squaws for wives. In any case the descendants of all three Masons have lost track of the kinships.

The brightest figure in South Tamworth's firmament is midway in its history. This was Colonel Larkin D. Mason, who became a high administrative officer in Washington in the Civil War. His grandfather, Stephen Mason, was sent as surveyor to Tamworth by Jonathan Moulton its overlord. He took up a large acreage when he was attracted to pitch here in 1773. Stephen's wife's is said to be the first burial in Riverside Cemetery, which was taken off from a part of the Mason farm. This pioneer Stephen put the first mill, both saw and grist, on the Bearcamp River alongside his farm. The mill passed one hundred years later to the Bryant family across the stream. The grandson Larkin, son of Deacon Tufton Mason who was set down in Town Records as "truly a Righteous Man whose long life was devoted to usefulness," was in turn grandfather to Masons now living (Mrs. Mabel Evans). Larkin's family were all born in a smaller house up on a high tract of two hundred acres, but he built an admirable homestead for them in his prime, with a multiple sweep of mountain view. It had a room for every child in it. Still it did not hold four of his sons against the allurements of the west. These bade

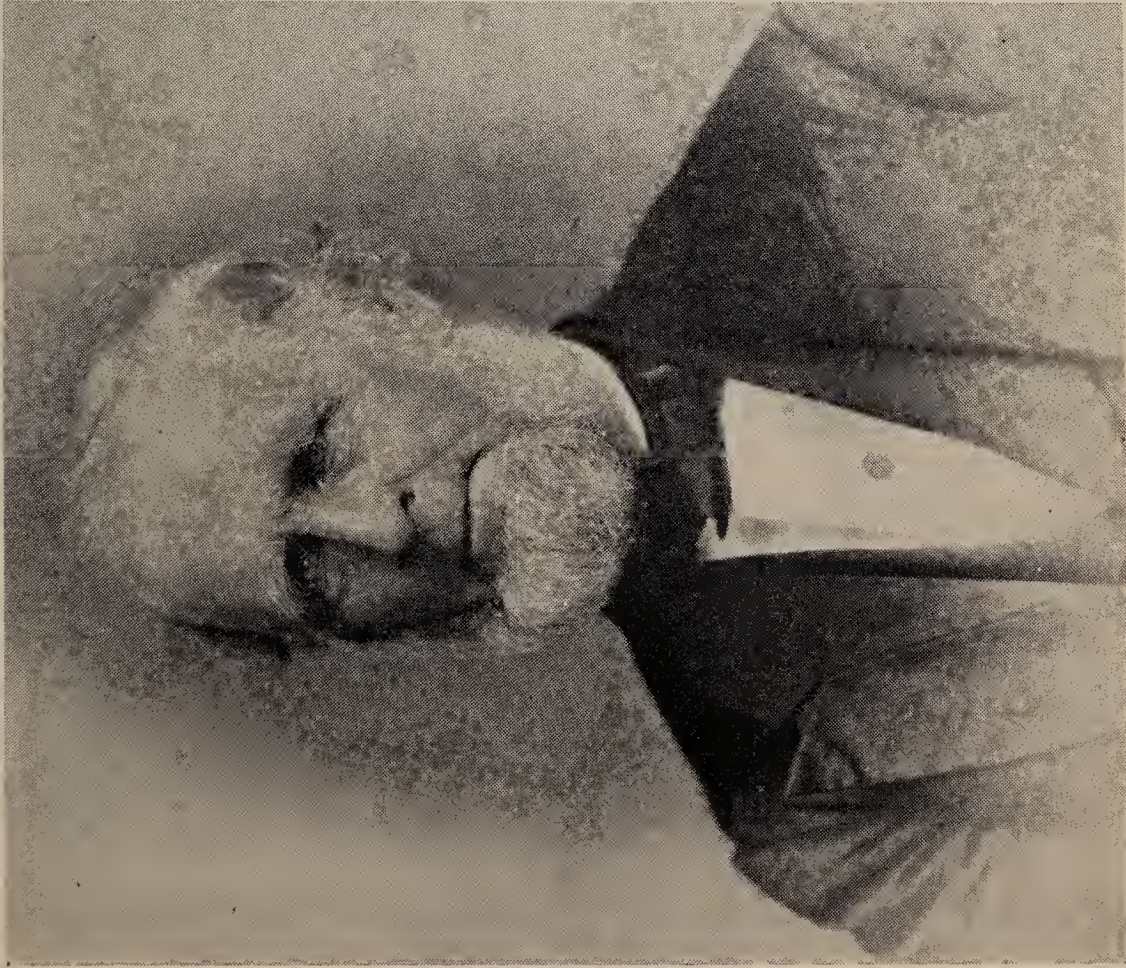
goodbye to Tamworth and proceeded, Justin to Chicago, Henry to Nashville, Tennessee, and Charles and Clinton to the town of Boone in Iowa. The last daughter, Miss Mary Mason, held the stronghold here while she lived. It is now occupied by a great-grandson Edson Bartlett.

Larkin Mason was one of those invaluable people who throw their talents into any sphere of usefulness at hand, and easily assume the chief responsibilities in their community. Fortunately he expressed himself comfortably on paper and as a speaker. This was due to no special schooling, but solely to the prodigious reading that ambitious men in those unprivileged times used as their bootstraps. He must have had a strong, pungent personality. The Sandwich Edmund Vittum, who could also write, says of him that he could be both serious and humorous without changing a line in his face—what we now call “dead pan”—a faculty that came naturally to many old-timers. With his known “ability, eloquence and wit,” Larkin Mason’s powers were sought all through the last half of the nineteenth century.

When the important question came up of a new meeting-house down in what had become the center of Tamworth near Swift River, mills, and stores, the equal question of a Town House was next discussed. Town meetings had for years been held at Enoch Remick’s tavern. In 1852 the great step was voted: a Town House would be built, providing a suitable lot of land for it was deeded to the town free of expense. The records would seem to indicate that it was the Congregational Church Society that gave a small piece of its land across the street for the purpose. The following year it was Larkin Mason who was entrusted with providing the Town House at the village, while the brand-new meetinghouse opposite it was to be an even greater glory. Mason was elected to examine, with the selectmen, into the titles of the old meetinghouse and “if they think proper, take it down and remove it to the village for a town-house.” This was the ticklish undertaking brought off successfully through his energy and experience. The church



SOUTH TAMWORTH
METHODIST CHURCH



LARKIN D. MASON
South Tamworth



HENRY KELLEY (Pat) with his two most ancient possessions, beard and tree

was hauled the mile and a quarter in one unit by forty yoke of oxen, the actual operator being the John Remick whose farm became President Cleveland's later, bought from the descendant Frank Remick. The moving job cost \$550, and the contract is in the town vault. The present Town House is the result.

Such a man, this competent citizen Mason, would naturally be elected to Concord, and was in turn representative and senator. When the Civil War came he received a federal appointment, with the rank of Colonel, as one of three state agents for the Army from the whole North. His duties were to rescue stranded New Hampshire soldiers and get them home. He describes this in a letter from Washington, as a report to his Brigadier-General Natt Head; the letter follows:

It is the duty of the State Agent when a battle is pending to gather in quantity such stores as are required for the relief of wounded soldiers; to have several assistants at hand to move at the earliest moment to the scene of suffering and administer relief; to see that the bodies of deceased soldiers from his state are properly buried and secured against depredations, and that such bodies as are called for by friends are properly prepared and forwarded to their homes; to visit hospitals or cause them to be visited, and such luxuries supplied as are necessary to the soldiers' comfort; to keep an exact registry of all men in hospitals, with their company, regiment, and residence. Soldiers are mustered for pay every two months; but it is a very common thing for a soldier to be in transit on muster day and fail to get mustered, or, if mustered, he is liable to leave his place before the arrival of his paymaster, and hence lose one or more musters; so that several months may elapse before his accounts are corrected. The State Agent has ready access to the rolls, and it is his duty to follow from office to office until he gets the accounts adjusted, when he receives an order for payment. . . .

In three months:

I have made applications for the transfer of several hundreds of New Hampshire soldiers to the Webster Gen-

eral Hospital at Manchester, N. H. Men who are absent on furloughs frequently fail to return in season, supposing they are properly reported by their attending physician, and ere they are aware, find themselves in some military prison or prison hospital with the charge of desertion against them. It is the duty of the State Agent to collect all facts in their favor and present them for their benefit, and if there appears no evidence of fraudulent intention on their part, he can generally get informalities overlooked and the delinquent ordered to duty without censure. The correspondence attending my duties requires the writing of more than twenty letters per day, several of which are official and have to be copied [necessarily in longhand].

I am prepared at all times to give the name, company, regiment, and town of every New Hampshire soldier in this department, and can give much information concerning our soldiers in other departments . . . I receive such articles of comfort as the people at home see fit to supply for the soldier, and distribute these goods to such as I think need them most. . . . I frequently find a New Hampshire soldier sick with some disease that requires the tender treatment and pure air of home in order for his recovery. At present he is entirely out of money. As State Agent I supply all such sums as are necessary to enable him to accomplish his object. The rooms of the Agency are open day and night for the benefit of the New Hampshire soldier, and when he applies for anything in my power to afford, he is never turned empty away. Soldiers can always find refreshments and sometimes rude lodgings at the rooms of the agency. I at present employ one male assistant in canvassing hospitals, and one lady assistant in preparing records and giving information to applicants during my absence from the rooms, and I employ assistants transiently, as exigencies arrive.

This colossal task of Colonel Mason is today divided between the Red Cross and two or three Army departments.

After the war Colonel Mason was Probate Judge for the county until retired by age, when he allowed his name to stand for governor on the Prohibition ticket, Prohibition hav-

ing become the live and popular issue. Tamworth was proud to turn to him for wisdom, and when in his eighty-third year, being Chairman of the Centenary Celebration of Ordination Rock, he introduced the speakers, "with vigorous manner and ringing voice," his talk would have been admirable anywhere. He referred justly to Samuel Hidden as "a central influence from which emanated the best civilization known in the eighteenth century," meaning the school system inaugurated by Hidden who was always its head. "I never knew any other town where so large a percentage of its population became public educators," he stated, fifty having gone out from the old School District No. 2. In a prophetic peroration he spoke of

the good men of the past, in whose great souls originated the reforms, amidst the splendors of whose rising day we revel. . . . Could we be assured of such progress during the next century, we might almost expect our people to assemble in air ships with communication from Mars. But without indulging in extravagant theories, we may reasonably expect when our people shall meet at this place one hundred years hence to renew the memories of our landmarks, our population will be much larger than today, that our wealth will be many times our present inventory, that our educational facilities will be such that our people can be educated at home sufficiently to fit them for all the duties of life, that the enchanting scenery around us will continue to attract the best elements of human society till the last shock of time shall bury the empires of this world in undistinguished ruin.

A touch of the Websterian oratory which was highest reach in his day and aligned him with the immortals.

Three years later it was the same beloved citizen who was making the speech of dedication for the new Cook Library up in Tamworth. Mrs. Cook who gave it was his sister-in-law. One other glimpse we have of him is in an old rescued clipping where he writes to the Governor a strong letter urging the pardon of a convicted murderer. According to Colonel

Mason this Sylvester Cone had shot in self-defense trespassers who had come to manhandle him; the Court was wrong in thinking it a fit of temper, as concluded by the jury. Such was the Governor's opinion of Mason's judgment that he complied, and the man was released.

All his life Larkin Mason worked to make prosperous the small church opposite his store, supported it every way he could, and left it a bequest. During his care for it, it was all rebuilt above the sills, acquired steeple and bell, better pews and pulpit, carpet and steel ceiling, outside painting and inside graining. And who but Larkin Mason was financial agent in the matter, and as usual set up a notebook containing in full all minutes of the committee's meetings, all measurements for the job, costs, personnel, and progress, together with the contract all laid down, every contingency thought of, and signed by the contractor David Hidden (the same who built the school shed) and whose cagey bid (anticipating a possible competing bid at \$600) was now \$599.99. The final entry is the acceptance of the completed meetinghouse, after which the small record book ends, shut up with a snap, you may be sure, and something else undertaken. Whatever this man did had to be thorough and explicit.

All the while, along with ardent services to his "dear old town so long noted for its morality and its intelligence," and constant laying away in his deep memory much stiff reading on history, politics, and national affairs, Larkin Mason kept store, like other first citizens before and after him. In this he was at the crossroads in more than one sense, his finger on the pulse of the little and the great. His noted humor and "quaint taking way of bringing it out" gave wide circulation to his remarks. When the mail coach drew up at the store, he could appraise with a glance the human nature aboard it, and give salty retorts, much relished by the bystanders for whom it was their daily drama. His sons Tom and John L. succeeded him in business. Such a father is hard to succeed,

and John L. was not very good at it. But together they all supplied South Tamworth's needs for some seventy years.

In the phrase of Sumner Runnells making his own speech at the Centenary exercises, "Entrusted with many offices of responsibility and always worthily filling them, always found in the vanguard of reform, brave of opinion and defiant of criticism," Larkin Mason's record might not be excelled in a much more imposing society.

The Western Hill

IT SHOULD BE made clear in Tamworth's annals that the first real impetus toward settlement was made on Stevenson Hill by the Jewell brothers. Of the four other men who had pitched in the same year in other parts of the township, only William Eastman stayed. For the first years Eastman had lived in what is now the Porter house on the Hollow Hill Road, then the only road up into town from the south. Eastman made himself at once a valuable citizen, became selectman, deacon, and constable, and later built higher and farther west, the house where the Henderson family have since lived. But Eastman's progeny died out, whereas the Jewells remained.

Mark Jewell had come over the line from Sandwich in 1772, found the likely hill which came to be Stevenson Hill, and on it built him a place to live.

Bradbury Jewell had come by spotted trees some years earlier than Mark, exploring and establishing lines for Jonathan Moulton, who was to all intents the Proprietor. One account says Bradbury was accompanied by Hezekiah Hackett to whom Hackett Hill was attributed. "Hez" was that best shot released from farming that he might supply meat to all the others. It was at Ephraim Hackett's place that the first town meeting was summoned, at which the two brothers were elected highway surveyors, "Present and sworn."

Bradbury claimed a large tract on his hill and began to clear. Within four years he had planted twenty acres of corn

on it. When he built, like other younger brothers he outdid his elder, bringing imported bricks from England (probably ship's ballast) for his chimney, four thousand of them, says the story, at a dollar apiece Continental money. This first two-story house in the township had the penknife carving now so much prized, and it was plastered and papered. If an early settler took time for all that, it meant a strong pride. But Bradbury was considered wealthy; he had indentured servants. And he later had a business in Durham which took him back and forth. When the first town meeting was summoned, the two candidates Jewell and Mason sat apart on stumps in the open. When a name was called the person voted by going to stand beside his man. Bradbury had buckskin breeches and brass buttons and "never looked around." The pregnant quality of this occasion is produced in Cannon's *Look to the Mountain*.

The second first selectman was William Eastman, the third was John Fowler from the South Road. Eastman was also made constable, Mark Jewell was field driver and tithing-man. They, and their sons after them, all held these and other offices repeatedly as time went on.

Then there was the great event when Bradbury and Hez, hunting one day, came out upon a far hilltop north, where they looked down upon an extraordinary expanse of immense white birches with a few giant pines and hemlock among them. Thrilled, Bradbury wrote in his diary that he had viewed "my birch intervale." Birch Intervale he claimed, and eventually removed thither, his brother John before him, Mark also joining them, starting the colony now Wonalancet. Three original Jewell houses are a part of present Ferncroft Inn. Jewells made Birch Intervale and Wonalancet history until recent times; Stevenson Hill remained for others to develop.

The two-story house with the four thousand bricks, only recently gone to pieces, was exchanged by Bradbury Jewell for a farm down in Durham belonging to "Thomas Stevenson

Gentleman.” Thomas started the Stevenson settlement. He is Captain Thomas on his gravestone on the Pine Ground Hill, veteran of Indian wars. The Stevenson-Boyden families enjoy a book to themselves, put together by that able and witty member the Boston lawyer Albert Boyden, which is called *Here and There in the Family Tree*, and in which are some robust sketches of the tree’s sturdier branches. It did in fact extend to some rare personalities. Stevenson Hill became in time a small universe of its own, high and apart from either Tamworth or Sandwich, with each of which it was associated. The first outstanding Stevenson was Thomas’ son James, father of John M., who united the Stevensons with the Boydens by marrying Martha of that name. John M. was born in the “new” house built in 1798, now the property of Mrs. Walter Boyden, in the room of the “old part” where he died.

This Uncle John was a character of the first magnitude in the century of the town’s prime, big, hearty, genial, the best of companions even for a little boy, and so enjoyed by his great-nephew Albert Boyden. “He used to offer to give me a colt if I would stay in Tamworth with him during the winter, and every year I innocently accepted the offer,” but when the time came to go home, Albert forgot all about the colt. John M. was an unexampled trader and made a comfortable living out of it. He scoured the country behind good horses, talking delightfully, forging deals with everybody; he represented his town at Concord, supported the church as deacon, and loaned it his fine tenor voice.

During John M. Stevenson’s lifetime and that of his daughter Augusta, twenty-eight boys and girls mostly from orphanages were welcomed, brought up by them, and sent out into the world well equipped to make a living. This number is stated by Sarah Frances Kimball, Augusta’s near friend. One of these children was Leopold Morse, a name afterward made familiar to very many people. The Stevenson house was also forever at the disposal of the troops of relatives and friends who constantly swarmed over it and filled every bed, at least

all summer of every year. They did the farflung picnicking, the mountain climbing, the sensational fishing and the prodigies of berry picking of the time, and ate fabulously of the immense supplies of country succulence turned out daily by the cook. It was the last of the era of full farming before life was changed by the decline in soil fertility, the call of the west, the rising pressure of the summer boarder influx, and the dawn of the summer home cult.

Martha Boyden, wife to this John M. Stevenson, sprang also from one of the first settlements in Tamworth's forest. Dr. Joseph Boyden, her father, left Massachusetts for Tamworth in the New Hampshire wilds for the stated reason that the minister in his home town Gardner had taken to acting as amateur doctor himself, thus filching the practice of the genuine one. The fame of Parson Hidden was such that he could be counted on not to offend in the same way. Dr. Joseph's, the first Boyden house, was not on Stevenson Hill but on Henderson Hill, its cellar hole now a part of Harry Henderson's garden.

One of Dr. Boyden's first acts on settling was to subscribe to the Social Library. This had just been started by the Reverend Samuel Hidden, and the pages devoted to Dr. Joseph Boyden's withdrawals of books, sometimes the same ones several times over, would mean today a high degree of education—law, politics, history, sermons, and biography, written down by quill pen in the now brown ink of the Social Library's daybook. He was the first doctor among the scattered settlements, but of course farmer beside. Riding his medical rounds he fell from his horse crossing the Bearcamp River on a small bridge (Jeffers) leading to a patient's house, and was killed. His epitaph states the facts succinctly:

As a physician he was highly est
eemed, and by his humane attention
to the sick and indigent his de
ath is lamented by all.

Likewise a doctor was Joseph's son Wyatt Boyden. This youth, having tutored under Parson Hidden, was the first sprout of the Tamworth wilderness to graduate from Dartmouth, always walking both ways with his possessions in a bundle on a stick. "The stage is for women and invalids, not for stout fellows like you," said a contemporary father. At the age of eleven this boy had planted, hoed, dug, and carried into the cellar one hundred bushels of potatoes. His room rent at Hanover for one and one-third years was \$11.69.

These doctors, and the next of the line, William C. Boyden, father of the generation just past, had a stout progeny which intermarried with "all the neighbors right and left," Frys, Hoags, Folsoms, Beedes, Remicks, Hiddens, the Quaker strain adding its charm and strength. As interlocking families they made a world to themselves, apart on their distant crest of hill. The strain seems to have run to schoolteachers, and some of these to have been of conspicuous talent. They kept diaries and wrote voluminous letters which have not been lost. Many went to callings elsewhere, but a large detachment of all generations were always in residence at the big house where down through Augusta Stevenson's time there was always open house and hospitality, an institution of rich and legendary proportions occasioning a wealth of anecdote.

Augusta Stevenson was the last of her family. Of "Cousin Augusta" more could be said than this history can cope with. She was the old order itself and its highest expression. Her domestic energy ran to fabulous achievement. Someone made 1,052 pounds of butter in the year 1883; if it wasn't Augusta Stevenson it could have been. "She had a certain granitic quality in her character," said John Finley Sr., "with all her affability." Her affability was a thing of beauty, was kindness as well as keen interest; it was her nature to be a friend to all, especially all who needed friendship. The schoolteacher of the moment was invariably adopted and mothered by her. Her social talents were proverbial, dominating the Tamworth life of her swarming relatives. "It is a mystery how she ever

managed, with her limited equipment, but her silent speed and dexterity were more than equal to it. . . . Her fine features, the flash of her dark eyes, her voice clear as a bell, and her whole countenance alight with interest in everybody and everything, telling her joys and enthusiasms, were irresistible." Out in Chicago at the University Club, William Boyden, her cousin, held two separate conversations on one day with two men who had never met each other, and each of them chanced to say that he regarded Augusta Stevenson of Tamworth as the most remarkable woman he knew. One of these was William J. Locke the English novelist, and the other Sumner Runnells, president of the Pullman Company.

When Augusta was gone, John Boyden, a cousin, inherited the house, and lived there till his own death. His was another unusual personality, full of talent and originality, but so contradictory that people often did not know how to take him. His fine mind was built upon extensive reading and though he had come back to the hills to be a farmer with farmers, he could furnish a wry Latin quotation for any emergency. He was a perfect companion for a boy on the mountains or beside fishing brooks, supplying wonderful talk, but he had a difficult temper with occasional irrational results. His mother was an Amherst Dickinson, cousin to Emily of that name, which may shed light on the otherwise unaccountable. He was proud of his strawberries, and on one occasion got up from table in anger declaring that the strawberries weren't ripe and shouldn't have been picked, went out into the garden and dug up the whole bed. When he was gone, an interval of silence followed in the old house, until Walter Boyden, second brother in the most recent generation, took over. His family still carry on the tradition.

Of the remarkable teachers generated in this family, we have already met that Martha Boyden who received such encomiums from her school superintendent in 1865. Amy Hoag, afterward mother to Roland, Walter, Albert, and Augustus, and their sister Mary Boyden, was another notable

instance. When her son asked if it hadn't been a pretty rough life, to be always "boarded out" to the lowest bidder, she said that it was in all families a matter of pride to do the very best they could by the teacher, but she *had* felt that one family she stayed with in a mountain district served woodchuck rather too often. (A much later teacher in this same school who boarded at Ed Clark's was Edna Cummings Mason, in charge of the Post Office at Tamworth these many years.)

An outstanding instance where the primitive school system could not stifle a teaching genius was that of Amy Hoag's sister Anna Hoag Hall, who has been called an easy natural captain in any department of life. When she was twenty-one and taught in Sandwich she had sixty-eight pupils between three and eighteen, and (in one room) taught them reading, writing, spelling, geography, history, arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. All maintained for her a lifelong affection.

A Boyden whose influence went further afield was Roland Boyden who died in 1931, known among the neighbors as "the Great Boyden." His greatness seems to have consisted fundamentally in the balance of his mind and the clear-sighted ease with which it operated, creating a reputation for almost unnatural wisdom. With this "it will be found that the proportion of his life work which had no direct reference to the well-being of his fellow man was surprisingly small." Sound and quick decisions, the result of his experience in law practice, made him the revered counsellor in any body of men. A committee of the Boston Bar Association held a memorial gathering before the Supreme Court after his death, and such things as this were said of him: "To an unusual degree he was free from vanity and self-interest, the two most common causes of such mistakes as are made by men of ability. And he had neither the timidity as to large affairs nor the undue respect for people of importance which so often lead the judgment astray." After the First War during the three years he was with the Reparations Commission in Europe, it was said of him, "Boyden is doing more to advance the prestige and

influence of the United States in Europe than any other American over here.” A natural-born public man of the highest standards and abilities, he was appointed to one important post after another, especially where the American position was to be explained abroad. Though a preternatural modesty prevented his shining greatly in the newspapers, his colleagues gave him at all times the highest tribute in their power. He had just been named to succeed Charles Evans Hughes on the Hague Tribunal when he died. F.P.A. the New York humorist described him aptly when he said he never saw anyone who could play as good a tennis game standing still as Roland Boyden.

Some remarks in *L'Europe Nouvelle* are tempting to add. Translated they run:

The American observer, M. Boyden, so pink under his hair so white, maintains under all circumstances an absolute impassivity. In his upraised right hand an enormous cigar smoulders eternally. Sometimes, if the discussion reaches a really crucial stage, his eyes move slightly in their orbit. . . . His aspect is designed by nature for the role of an arbitrator; justice seems to have fixed her dwelling in his venerable person. . . . M. Boyden has two passions, justice and golf, but it should be added that he succeeds better in the first than in the second.

It was said that he was never so happy as when bringing twelve or fifteen friends to the Red House in Tamworth, which faced the view in front of the Spaulding farm, exhibiting to his guests the fishing and the mountains. His calm, humorous, handsome aspect made friends of everyone. It was his habit to drop bright new dimes into the sand of the road between the two red houses where the little Spaulding girls would come to play. His brother Augustus succeeded to the place on the Spaulding Road, which his children have in turn made their summer habitat.

It was only after retirement from the White House that President Cleveland became associated with Stevenson Hill,

its name thereafter gradually changing by natural process into Cleveland Hill. He had returned from Washington to Princeton to live and there the Clevelands came to enjoy the Finleys, John Finley then being Professor of Politics. At about that time the Clevelands had lost their small daughter Ruth, and had turned away from their old summer life on Buzzard's Bay. Mrs. Finley being a Boyden and cousin of Roland, Albert, and the others, therefore had one foot already in Tamworth, and she was urgent that the Clevelands should come there too. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland rented from the Boyden's mother for a couple of summers the Fry House, the old seat of the Fry-Boyden clan which carries the inscription 1779 though rebuilt in replica after a fire. Francis Cleveland says that among the local Boydens there was some advance discussion as to whether his family would be just the right sort to add to Stevenson Hill. At this time the Finleys came to the Wheelwright house on Brown Hill (now the Schmidts') and the Clevelands' friend Howard McClanahan, Dean at Princeton, was added to the Princeton group, at the Meader house near the entrance to Fry House. These McClanahans later came to other houses on the Hill.

It was the Clevelands who bought first (1904), the large Downs farm with the unparalleled view; then the large Francis Remick farm opposite. Together this land covered most of the east and north slopes of Stevenson Hill. (The Remicks' son Sumner departed for Boston, took the medical degree, and became Massachusetts Commissioner of Tubercular Diseases, known for distinguished work toward eliminating deaths from this source.) The Clevelands then sold the Downs part of the land to the Finleys, and the close association of the two families for the next fifty and more years was assured. The Finley house was built by that legendary builder Hacker Hall "with an ax and a saw," in the generous style of the 1900's, and was none too big for the mammoth house parties, nor was the Cleveland house, expanded from farm to country house, for the troops of young people always based there. The old

Downs house was moved near it for the overflow, later used by Richard Cleveland, and then by his son Tom. Francis remodeled another hard by, and later still moved a very old structure from Gilmanton, board by numbered board, to a location on the road near his mother's house and became a year-round resident.

John Finley was another of the natural great, with more abilities than could be used in a lifetime. Three after-dinner speeches a night were said to be as easy for him as ripping off a *Times* editorial. His career had begun as president of Knox College in Illinois where he met his wife, or perhaps he began it when he tied his Latin book to his plow. At any rate he was "the most popular man on the faculty" at Princeton when he filled the chair vacated by Woodrow Wilson ("and not rattling around in it either"), and was transposed along with the Cleveland family to Tamworth. He became president of the College of the City of New York and built its majestic buildings on Washington Heights; later he became New York State Commissioner of Education and lastly editor of the *Times*. He held distinguished lectureships at the Sorbonne and at Edinburgh, managed to function in innumerable offices in public welfare or learned societies both abroad and at home, and was known as "the most decorated man in America." Furthermore he was a writer and editor of books, one crowned by the Académie Française, and was president of the League of Walkers.

In Tamworth he was felt to be the charmingest as well as walkingest man ever heard of. He scorned transportation, wore no overcoat in any weather. It was his habit in New York to walk once around Manhattan Island every year on his birthday. In Tamworth if he left his stick on a mountaintop he turned at once and went back to get it. Given an honorary degree at Dartmouth, he went on foot the distance from Tamworth to Hanover, as Wyatt Boyden had done a hundred years before. On arriving at West Ossipee he would remark to Currier the stage driver loading trunks, "Ed, I'll start along,

you pick me up," and cover the four miles to Tamworth before Ed could get there with the team. Francis Cleveland remembers once coming upon Mr. Finley over in Madison sitting at the roadside with a sprained ankle. He then consented to ride, but so unacquainted with a car was he that he seemed out of his element, didn't know how you opened a door or just what to do.

He bought an old farmstead on top of Lunt Ledge, called it his Tusculum after Horace, and climbed there to meditate and drink distances. Although he was never free to stay long, his posterity still make their exceptional contribution to the community from their three places on Stevenson Hill, that is, if John Finley Jr. is not on loan to Oxford from his professorship in the classics at Harvard.

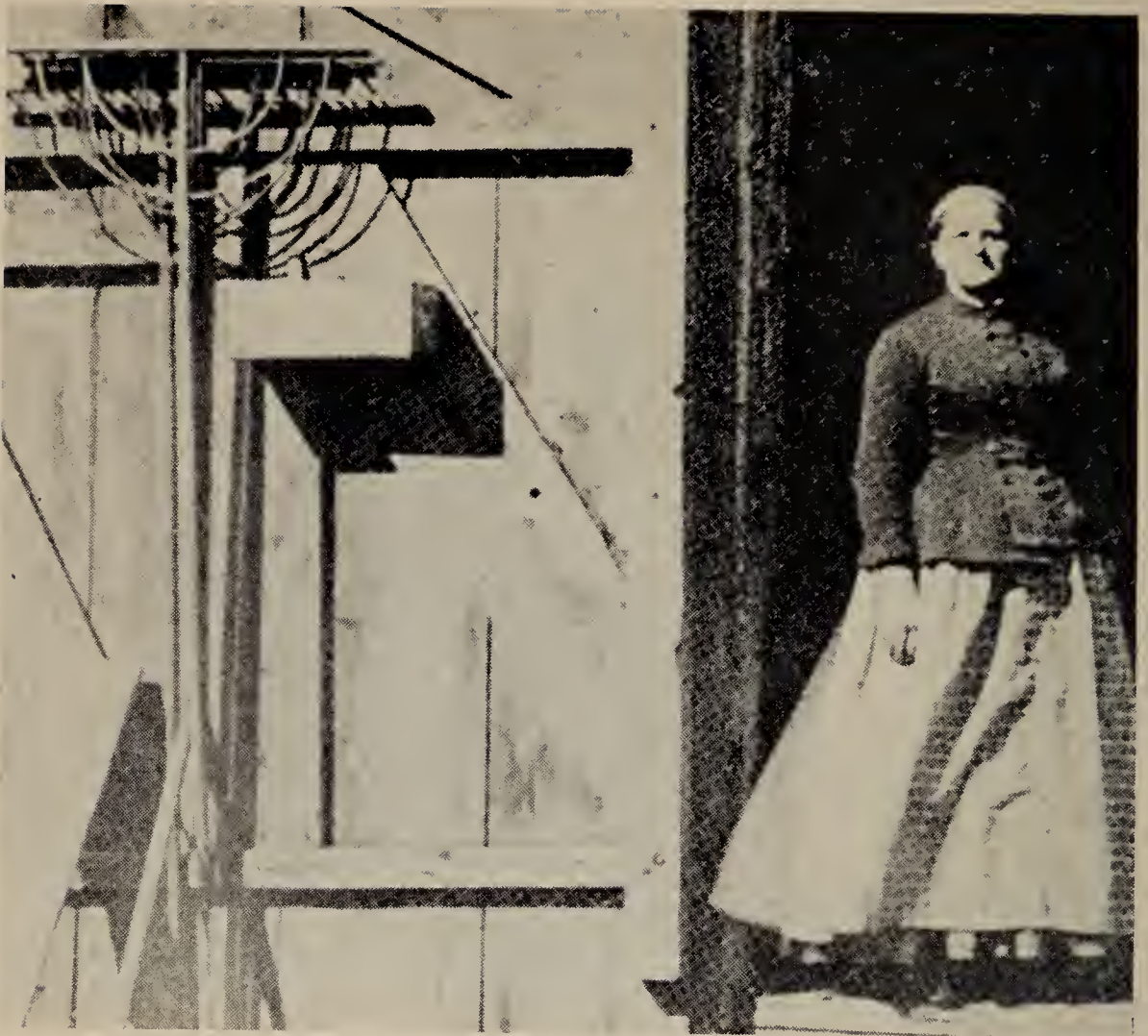
The beloved ex-President had but four summers on the Hill before his death. The world does not need to be told that his prime delight was fishing. If Finley was the walkingest man, Cleveland was the fishingest. James Welch when young went fishing once on Duncan Lake; he had turned over some rocks and caught crickets for bait.

I got three black bass right off. A man and a boy were fishing a short ways from me and rowed over. The man was all afire when he saw what I had. He asked if he could get in my boat and try my bait. So in he came, and caught two good ones. He said just call him Cleve. Before sunset he said we better go as he could see his team waiting. It was driven by Jo Sias and Jo said 'Well, you been fishing with the President!' I said 'My Lord!' The President had a good laugh. He said it was some time since anyone had called him Cleve.

It was more than twenty horse-drawn miles before Cleve could get home that night, with plenty of time for a wife to imagine catastrophes, had she been that kind. Encouraged by the bass, he built a cottage at Duncan Lake solely for fishing purposes; it is there yet; building was sound in those days. The present volume may not deal with President Cleveland's place



GROVER CLEVELAND (left) and JOHN FINLEY SR. talking it over.



AUGUSTA STEVENSON, LAST OF HER LINE



ST. ANDREWS-IN-THE-VALLEY, Episcopal Church

in history other than Tamworth's. But beside his fishing we may reveal that he regularly played fiery cribbage with John Boyden. The cribbage board, presumably handmade by John, is preserved at Fry House, with a brass plate on it.

Both the ex-President and the *Times* editor obliged by speechifying at Old Home Week celebrations or the like when distinguished citizens were the attraction advertised. There is a picture of Mr. Finley pleasantly talking from the front steps of the Cook house while Mrs. Cleveland discernibly sits on a step at the side, the audience on the steep lawn in hats of the twenties, trying to keep their chairs from falling over backward. Several of the elderly recall the "awful crowd," probably in 1906, to hear Cleveland speak. It was an Old Home Day in the fine old pine-stand called The Grove which used to flank the Depot Road below the corner schoolhouse; part of this was handsome maple growth; all was cut off to the last stick by a subsequent owner. In the midst of the ex-President's oration on this occasion a sudden downpour scattered the crowd like chaff; the Elwell barn opposite was packed full of refugees. Affectionately remembered still are the Clevelands' handsome pair of black horses and coachman for driving them into Tamworth village. Mrs. Cleveland kept those horses alive as long as she possibly could. They were out at pasture opposite Jim Bickford's on the Depot Road, "and one got sick and I had to be the one to shoot him," mourned Jim's son.

The origin of the Memorial Wall is often wrongly understood. Mr. Cleveland wanted his very steep and wandering road improved and set farther from his house. The letter he wrote to the selectmen hangs in the Historical Museum. The wall flanking his new straight road up the hill, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, was built after his death on the initiative of John Finley. The town gave some funds and Mr. Finley collected more. At the lower end on the wall is a bronze plaque made by Tiffany: "The Grover Cleveland Memorial Wall," with date 1910. It had taken a long time to build, using the

best technique of the best stonemasons, chief of whom was Hi Mason. It took oxen with block and tackle and tripod, and men on top straining to capture the great boulders and fit them closely to "break a joint." "Many of the stones were taken from our hill," says Francis, "leaving great holes that would fill with water and we could sail boats on them."

Mrs. Cleveland and after her Mrs. Finley long outlived their famous husbands. Both of these exceptional women became deeply identified with the community life, and left their attachment to it to their faithful families. Francis Cleveland's special achievement in Tamworth will be noted elsewhere.

Accident or not, exceptional people seem to have been a rule on Cleveland Hill. Entirely unconnected with the interrelated families already noted, the beauty-loving Kilhams wandered down a woods lane forty or fifty years ago and came out on a clearing choked with wild raspberries from which they took a far view of surpassing loveliness. Of course there was an almost-crumbling house and barn. But Walter Kilham was of a Park Street firm of Boston architects, his wife a painter, and they put into the world six highly-endowed children to whom all the arts would seem to have been second nature. Parents and children took the place to their hearts, hammered and sawed, painted and decorated together, dug, planted, and trained, and then spent riotous summers entertaining the world and becoming a vital part of the mechanism of the whole environment.

The children had uncounted dancing parties by lamp-light in their low-studded rooms. One remains in the writer's memory where guests arrived from miles away and all quarters of the compass, behind tarpaulins in carriages slipping, slopping through a relentless rainstorm. But they came and had a wonderful time. As the Kilham children got older, all precocious artists, they held shows in the barn, and these were unique in quality. Perhaps the last one was when all eight Kilhams, mostly by then successful professionals in their various fields,

united in an exhibition that would have been remarkable anywhere. In the Episcopal church of St. Andrews-in-the-Valley, sparked by Kilham enterprise and designed by Walter Kilham Sr., is a charming memorial altar to Mrs. Kilham. She died too soon. The eightfold Kilham imprint on Tamworth has never been erased.

Chocorua - From Tamworth Iron Works to Chocorua Village

Portsmouth Jany 19th-1785

Mr. Abraham Morrill and Jacob Blazdell of Brentwood Desires the Priveledge of the Iron Oar that is in Ossipee Pond of Such a Number of Years as the proprietors shall think propper as the Said Morrill and Blazdell upon Propper Incouragement by Granting them Priveledge of the Oar will go and Set up Iron Works for Barr Iron in that part of the Country for Twenty or Thirty Years. . . .

A first glance would not show this brief petition to the Proprietors of Tamworth to be the beginning of Chocorua as a personality of its own, differing from the rest of Tamworth of which it was a part. But from it arose the present Chocorua. This "Blazdell" from Brentwood down between Portsmouth and Manchester, ancestor of many subsequent Blaisdells, already had his land grant in Tamworth, four hundred acres east and west from the lake to Washington Hill, obtained a couple of years before. He speaks of twenty or thirty years for his ironworks, probably because he already knew the ore did not lie thick on the pond bottom. Perhaps he was an experienced foundry man down in Brentwood. The Mr. Morrill who applied with him may have supplied the money or the pull, and probably wrote out the request from his own desk in Portsmouth. After getting the "priveledge," Morrill drops out, for Blaisdell had Henry Weed with him in the first years of the enterprise. David Howard joined them presumably in 1799 or 1800, coming from Bridgewater, Massachu-

setts (some say England) with four thousand pounds in gold (six or ten, according to differing accounts). He built the first house on the old Roberts homestead, at the right as one starts up Page Hill, just a step from the Iron Works. Four wives repose beside him in the burying ground, and his five daughters married a Hatch, a Gannett, a Remick, a Chapman, and a Whitman respectively, and began five families.

Jacob Blaisdell figures as an important man early. During the boundary question he was seen as one of the three who represented those who feared they were on the Eaton side of the line. Twelve years after the Iron Works started, both he and Henry Weed were of the party who accompanied the official surveyor Gerrish, beginning at the historical pitch pine with the six notches, Tamworth's southeast corner, at the time when the line was being determined for the Government Committee. By 1792 Blaisdell was Tamworth representative at the General Court; he was re-elected many years. The Henry Blaisdell was probably a son or brother of his who in the cold year of 1817 is said to have walked the sixty miles to Kingston, and brought to his hungry family a bag of meal over his shoulder. Prosperity was still very fluctuating.

The Blaisdells and Henry Weed, and Howard later, all centered on Tamworth Iron Works, were stout, enterprising, and inventive men. They were elected to town offices, as highway and bridge surveyors, moderator, and selectmen. Blaisdell and Weed must have been early in the Baptist fold, as their minister's tax for Tamworth was abated. This part of New Hampshire had certainly seen no heavy industry before them. The foundry was on the east bank of the Chocorua River, just south of today's bridge that takes Route 113 into Route 16, close to the falls then there. The present bridge is a late comer, the former one being a bit farther south, where the cut-off now joins Route 16. The modern roads and bridges are so high above original ground level that old landmarks are obliterated. In addition to the forge itself the Iron Works must have had a blast furnace, for which the steep banks of

the stream were made to order, and water wheels. It must also have made charcoal, the supply of timber being a great advantage. In England ironworks had been forbidden in places because of the accompanying timber destruction. We can happily recover the appearance of our ironworks through the restoration recently made at Saugus near Boston of ironworks dating from 1650, and the earliest in America. The Iron & Steel Institute has there made an authentic historical replica of the plant complete, using modern ingenuity, scholarly research, a million and a half in money, and actual parts dug up out of a mound covered with brambles.

Here on the Chocorua River the chief feature was the big iron crane that used to handle the ore, remembered as swinging out over the river and back, ponderous and impressive. After the great freshet that swept away the Works one Kennison whose farm was bounded by the river a stretch below, saw the crane embedded in the sand back of where Brett's garage now is. Ralph Chamberlain saw it as a boy; most likely it is still there. The Iron Ore Road leading over the plains from Ossipee Lake and out on the main highway near Moore's Pond was well defined until recent years. Reaching the Iron Works the ore was piled in the field near by. It is a type called limonite, brown and yellow in streaks, a deposit in marshy places and under water in general. At Ossipee Lake they probably fished it up by means of oxen dragging long wooden tongs like a spike tooth harrow. In the furnace it became bars out of which tools could be wrought. Cast iron did not develop until later.

The Blaisdells and their associates made nails, iron fixtures, and anchors which were sent by sledge to Portsmouth to be sold. A pair of their hinges has been located on the barn doors of the old Lord place on the mountain road in Center Ossipee, and many unidentified pieces must lurk on other ancient buildings. The shop on the "north road" where these things were worked seems to have been opposite the James Perkins farm now General Bliss's, James himself being a Blais-

dell by descent, as both grandfathers before him there. The nails are thought to be the first made by machinery in America, here in Chocorua as early as 1770 by a man named David Folsom. Such nails were kept in families and mentioned in wills. Every blacksmith made hinges, latches, kitchen pots, and a quantity of other items; the Iron Works stamp was not thought of much importance. Over the years the demand for 'scrap,' including the great drive in the interest of Japan before Pearl Harbor, helped to clean out the country of now valued pieces. A flatiron recently bought from Charles Chick by a passing collector may be the last instance of the TIW stamp known.

The Iron Works has had two claims to something like fame. Not Blaisdell nor Howard—Howard left the Iron Works for tavern keeping in 1804—but Henry Weed at the same forge has the credit of making the first screw auger or worm auger in America, which applied the gimlet principle to a larger tool. Hitherto the pod auger was all that was known, its groove passing straight down the shank, whereas Weed twisted the end while red hot and got a boring tool of inestimable value in a wood country. Sweetser says Weed had seen one on a British prize frigate at Portsmouth. Someone else has called it stealing the British pattern. "When the Pascataqua bridge was built (1794), Weed with his screw auger was the most useful person there; the old-fashioned pod auger was dispensed with, and relays of hands kept the Weed auger in perpetual motion." The Carroll County History calls him Nathaniel Weed, but Nathaniel must have been a youth at the time; the careful Town Reports of the period make no mention of Nathaniel as yet, whereas Henry Weed is a well-known figure.

A still more cherished story must be scrutinized more narrowly. It is firmly grounded in Chocorua family traditions that a *part* of the mammoth chain that was stretched across the Hudson River at West Point (not Stony Point as printed in some accounts, an error in transcribing; there never was a

chain at Stony Point) was forged at this primitive Tamworth foundry, and hauled by oxen on snow to the Hudson. A hundred or more links supposedly of this chain intended to stop British ships from going up the river are now scattered about the United States among at least fourteen museums, libraries, historical societies, and private collections.

Some of these links are on exhibition in the lobby of the Education Building at Albany, New York, and have proved to be labeled in accordance with an article on "River Obstructions in the Revolutionary War" by the leading authority on metal construction in American history. This authority was Charles Rufus Harte, honorary member of the Connecticut Society of Civil Engineers, writing in the 62nd Annual Report of that body. His article contains probably the best illumination obtainable on our Hudson River chain claims. A facsimile is included in the article of the actual contract for the West Point chain. In the scrivener's longhand of the day, the contract entire was being awarded as of February 2, 1778, to an ironworks, Noble Townsend & Co., at Sterling, New York. The links were there forged, than welded together at New Windsor on the river by April 16 of the same year, floated down the six and a half miles to West Point, and fastened in place on April 30.

Our local legend that some of this chain was made here at Tamworth was strengthened when Sarah Frances Kimball, Tamworth "historian" a generation ago, printed this as fact told her by Martin Luther Schenck, well-known Tamworth citizen and representative at Concord. She wrote that Mr. Schenck had got his information through "men from New York and the records at West Point," which was thought to make it correct. But the year 1778 as the date of the chain makes rough going for the Schenck story. Jacob Blaisdell's petition for the iron ore privilege was not till 1785, seven years after the chain was manufactured and placed, and the War over.

Of course nothing prevented some blacksmith in 1778 from scooping up bog iron from Lake Ossipee on his own, before Blaisdell ever thought of asking for the "priveledge," and it is quite possible that there was enough eagerness to work at something needed for the distant war. Such a man as David Folsom the nail-maker, who had been at it since 1770, can have been a moving spirit. Certainly the long trek with oxen on the snow over the route described in detail by Martin Schenck—to the Connecticut River, to Rutland, to Lake Champlain, and down the Hudson River to New Windsor—was not unthinkable to men of this north country who went often to Portland, Maine, for supplies; nor would the short period between February 2 and April 30 preclude it either. Mr. Harte takes up Tamworth's claims, and as regards a share in the making of the links feels obliged to dismiss them, the whole contract having been given to the firm in New York State which engaged to "keep seven Fires at Forging and ten at Welding" to cope with it.

But Mr. Harte makes a suggestion which may well hit the truth when he says:

It is the writer's belief, however, that [the Tamworth story] has a basis in facts . . . that one or more forges at Chocorua Village, Effingham, or in that vicinity, antedating the Tamworth Ironworks . . . and like it using Lake Ossipee bog ore, did supply an appreciable amount of the smaller but very necessary iron items for one or more of the chain obstructions [two chains were tried in the Hudson River] and that the Tamworth legend . . . is the result of 'misremembered' facts! . . . There was . . . beyond any question, a very large amount of special iron work required for each chain or boom obstruction, and it is this lighter material, the total tonnage of which in each case was materially greater than that of the chain itself, which is responsible for so many stories told of so many forges incapable [actually] of producing the great links. The legend probably began with the factual

statement that a local forge 'made parts *for*' a great chain, but in the course of retellings was changed to the incorrect statement that it 'made parts *of*' the chain, the latter version attaching to practically all the Revolutionary forges in the Hudson River valley, and for many miles either side of it.

Harte, further, says it is almost a certainty that forges in Connecticut furnished a substantial part of the auxiliary chains, anchors, and other small ironwork for the Hudson River obstructions. If Tamworth was the farthest away in mileage of any of the participating forges, perhaps it may claim the hottest patriotism, and settle for parts *for*, instead of parts *of*, the West Point chain. We do not see the pioneers inventing out of the air a claim with no foundation whatever. They were too busy. Obviously whatever was done for the Revolution was before Tamworth Iron Works started. Though on a smaller scale, some necessary clips, bolts, auxiliary chains, swivels, cables, anchors, and so on will serve as well for our contribution, and *for* can take the place of *of* without injury to our self-respect. This may indeed have been what Martin Schenck was told. It is evident now that it is much nearer the actual case.

Blaisdell's guess as to twenty or thirty years for his ironworks was pretty close. It kept on a while after the ore in Ossipee Lake was exhausted. Probably some came from Six Mile Pond (Silver Lake) as well. Some ore was brought from Portland, and the products shipped back there for sale, especially anchors. An account tells how oxen would drag two poles between wheels, with the big anchor lashed across them. Probably this did not pay very well, for the furnace went out of business in the early 1820's and then everything burned.

The end of its career in iron did not, however, end Chocorua as a heavy industry center. Alongside the river in the same locality but on the other bank, a tannery sprang up and flourished for many years under Ben Goodwin who lived where the Chocorua View House is. He had a crew of fifteen or twenty men, and the first steam engine in these parts, which

had a whistle so loud that it "scairt 'em," but the tannery put out three thousand sides of leather in the year 1874. At the tannery hemlock and spruce bark were ground up and put in pits of hot water. This was below Hayford's field where the black soil is now blackest. The hides having been de-haired by a lime process, were soaked in the liquor several days. James Welch describes the barking of the trees with a bark iron. You got a cord of bark from about two thousand feet of lumber, and it brought ten dollars a cord at the roadside. The peeled logs could be marketed, but often they were left to rot. Hides from oxen or cows were drawn from some distance in addition to those to be had roundabout, for this was cattle country. Farmers or shoemakers often tanned a hide or so for themselves too.

Another riverside industry was lye converted from the abundant wood ashes into potash and pearlash, now considered a lost art. Who today understands the handling of vast amounts of ashes from forest-burning? But the pioneers boiled lye outdoors in those great iron kettles over brick bases, still to be seen here and there holding geraniums on the front lawn. Or the storekeeper would give good exchange for ashes, and do leaching and boiling on his premises in order to send potash away for cash. Only housewives continued to make pearlash to raise their cornbread instead of cream of tartar, as they surely made their lye for soap, and the indigo dye for their woven coverlets. A dye industry may have been also added to the minor Pittsburgh about the Iron Works.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher for her *Vermont Tradition* has done much research into the potash industry. A big elm tree transformed into five tons of wood, and then burned to ashes and the lye evaporated, would produce thirty-nine pounds of potash, she figures. This could be carried to market in a man's knapsack, or a couple of packhorses could take over the trails a load of potash worth fifty dollars in cash, ten times what the same weight in wheat would bring. Fifty dollars was a fortune for the period, and since it was a by-product of the

necessary clearing for agriculture, it was "velvet." This bonanza lasted only for one generation. The development of the salt mines in Europe brought chemically produced potash into being and began the business of returning that element to the soil by way of fertilizer bags. It also provided England with the vast amounts of soap used by woolen mills, without their needing to import potash from the colonies.

Now all these businesses must have given off on the air of Chocorua a less agreeable fragrance than the pond lilies of its lake. The no less unpopular steam whistle helped the new city people investing in summer homes to deplore the presence of any industry at all. After the Chocorua Lake House, subsequently Chocorua Inn, opened in 1866, Frank Bolles the nature writer headed the propaganda to change the name of the Iron Works, the meaning of which had lapsed. The village became Chocorua at about 1890.

But the Chocorua River supported mills in addition and they were slower to fold. Phin Tibbetts', later Alonzo Nickerson's, was noted by the *Granite State News* in the summer of 1872 as having just put in a circular saw, "and [they] purpose to erect a new mill for manufacturing other wooden ware [besides the inevitable spools] during the present summer." The granite masonry of the dam still stands on the Hammond Trail Road. But the stream from the mill was the inlet to Chocorua Lake. Boards and sawdust floated down to stagnate among the lilies and spoil the effect, until the Bowditch and Runnells point of view prevailed. Perhaps it was not too great a loss to industry when these later benefactors began their purchases to preserve landscape, with a farseeing eye to conservation of the region's attractions.

Two mills using the dam at the village within its memory were Joshua Nickerson's up-and-down sawmill, later Dorman's gristmill, nearest the bridge; slightly upstream from that, Metcalf, whose home was the present Blaisdell house, made spools from birch. In the same faded *Granite News* sheet from Wolfeborough in 1872 it is noted under Tamworth Iron

Works that “Messrs. Varney, Metcalf & Co. have their spool manufactory in operation, running four complete set of spool machinery, and employing from fifteen to twenty hands. The works are driven by an engine of thirty-five horsepower. The Enterprise is in the hands of energetic men . . . and promises to be a complete success.” When it burned it was bought and moved to Conway by the Kennetts, along with Metcalf himself and a number of other Iron Works figures. In Conway they said, “Now all we need is Elder Runnells.”

Moore’s Pond, so lonely and charming, was almost as busy a spot as the Iron Works in its day. It was first Joshua Elliot’s Pond. Then one Blackburn who lived on the Vinton farm had a big mill there where all the women’s spinning yarn was carded and rolled. Below Blackburn’s was Elvia Moore’s from whom came the Pond’s final name. These men had the usual gristmill as well, and the usual cider mill. Cider was the universal year-round drink, probably safer than water with its attendant typhoid fever. The Cogswells made cider three times a year. David Hayford produced four hogsheads annually, four barrels to a hogshead. Let us hope he had a large family. The dam and electric power at Moore’s Pond were put in much later by Mark Robertson & Piper, but this all washed out and took the highway bridge with it, and they failed. They had sold power to Chocorua, however, and shown the advantage of it. Harry Roberts, for example, had it put into his barn “when he was first married.” (*Not* in his house, though there was where the bride was.)

An odd addition to the mill at the center was a winepress. Evidently the rich soil about the tannery was favorable to grapes. The waste was dumped into the river by the press, and in the hundred years that have followed the millions of grape seeds lodged in the banks have fathered a growth of grapevines that now run wild through field and forest, “acres and acres of them.” Four or five bushels of grapes from a single tree are nothing uncommon, but it takes ladders and patience to get them.

Down until the nineties there seems to have been practically a single store at the Iron Works since the beginning, and that began as a hat factory (beaver hats is a guess); this was Daniel Hayford's. Zenas Blaisdell then had it and then True Perkins. This, the third True in his line (True was a grandmother's surname) was one of those remarkable people who impress themselves beyond the rest of their times, those whom we call the salt of the earth. He was forty years justice of the peace, which meant holding court and making decisions, and he held all other possible offices, always with methodical accuracy and conscientiousness, and according to Larkin Mason was "the best selectman the town ever had." "His judgment was considered superior by his associates in all his various positions." Strongly religious from the age of thirteen on, he had a deeply sympathetic nature and was beloved by children and all his neighbors round.

True Perkins' store, headquarters for the work of his potent personality, passed successively to four or five others, including the Merrill brothers who enlarged it and added the manufacture of clothing. In the midst of their prosperity the Merrills listened to the call of the west and went to Iowa where Samuel Merrill became governor. It is interesting that he then sent for young Sumner Runnells to become his private secretary, a Chocorua boy who had graduated from Amherst, and whose father the Elder had traded at the Merrill store. There was a vigorous New Hampshire colony in Des Moines, and there young Runnells met his bride, daughter of ex-Governor Baker of New Hampshire who had gone to Iowa in the Civil War to be adjutant-general. Helen Baker became the mother of Alice Runnells James, the last of the Runnells name in Chocorua.

Samuel Merrill was the first postmaster in the village, appointed in 1847 and continuing probably about eight years. His successor for three or four years was James Howard the innkeeper on the hill, son or grandson of the original David. Otis Hatch, also postmaster for long, was the next Chocoruan

who ran the True Perkins store, with James Emery, after which it was Otis Hatch's alone and then became "Moore's store" until its end; Fred Moore its impresario lived opposite. The store was in the house with the double porch on the front, now the home of Dr. Harry Hammond. Fred had a couple of church pews on the porch of the store, where the men smoked and swapped yarns. In later days the universal "sale-work" for women was handled from the upper story.

The store that has reached this present day as the Cross-road Store is recent, supplanting Kennison's blacksmith shop, and it has also had a succession of owners. Recent also is Eulalie Pascoe's store across from it, inherited from her father William, and another that "Quin" Perkins had.

Of all these there survives one of the account-books, the daybook of the Merrill brothers, an education to researchers in showing how the bartering was done and what the values were in the 1840's. The long narrow ledger is meticulously kept, every detail of every transaction with every customer in a fair regular hand:

Widow D Head Dr.	
to 12 yds Calico 9c if cash 8 1/3c	\$1.08 paid
John Pollard Dr.	
to 1/4 lb Tobacco	.06
6 sticks candy	.06 on bill
2 sticks candy	.02
	.14

John Pollard also acquired snuff and "segars" for five cents, and items such as "Twist 6¢, 7 buttons 5¢, 3 yds edging 4¢, 3 yds. Krenilin 1/6 .75," bespeaking the ever-expensive womenfolk. Credit items in exchange for these luxuries show how the business was handled.

By 6 doz. eggs 9¢ .54,
 By 1 Calf Skin going on sale 7 1/4 lbs.
 By 16 Biscuit left by Boy.

Very soon it became more convenient to give each customer whole debit and credit pages opposite each other. Bal-

ancing the nails, the pr Mitts, the coffee, the Powder and shot debited on the left page is, on the right, Rent of Store (at a dollar a month), ½lb. rosin (one Merrill a fiddler!), Horse to Freedom [next town] .50, and Pain Killer furnished to the Merrills by Zenas Blaisdell. Various teamsters were paid in goods for "hauling to [or from] Portland." James Howard had a long credit account for Boots & Shoes. Besides the Post Office he had his inn up on the coach route to Conway where the Carpenters in summer show the inn sign over their mantel. He had shoemaking evidently as his main occupation.

The only women to have an account at Merrills' store were Miss Olive Briar and Mrs. Abigail Edgerly. Arthur W. Calhoun in his *Social History of the American Family* says that "the rage for dress amongst women in America in the very height of the miseries of war [Revolutionary], was beyond all bounds; nor was it confined to the great towns, it prevailed equally on the sea-coast, and in the woods and solitudes of the vast extent of country from Florida to New Hampshire." The woods and solitudes about Tamworth must have been immune, for we look in vain for any extravagance reflected in the store ledgers turned up in these researches. Olive Briar bought all the family supplies as well as her calico and handkerchiefs, and she brought eggs and beeswax and apples as part payment.

Moses Cross was one of the largest consumers, the same Moses who was read out of the church as will be seen.

Individual farmers who kept daybooks would go into more complicated transactions; these are typical entries from such ledgers: "I took 4 bushells of my Rie to Nath'l Holt for the 4 bushels I borrowed from John McIntosh the 24th of last June to pay for a bushell of salt he had from Holt this fall or winter"; "I got a Meat Barrel from Isaac Atwood toward which I took three Bushell of Turnips and the Remainder of the price is to be paid in Turnips"; "I paid Mrs. Chandler a pound of coffee I borrowed from her a fortnight or three



LUCY BOWDITCH (BALCH) and guest. Early summer people recall how they were very wild when young, caring nothing for appearance.



CHARLES P. BOWDITCH with his father, his aunt, and cousin CAROLINE DIXWELL at the Brown Study which he and his wife built to escape their noisy children Cora, Katy, Lucy, and Ingersoll. About 1880.



HULDAH STAPLES RUNNELLS

"Aunt Huldy," wife of Elder Runnells, beloved in Chocorua. "Never knew hairpin or corset."

weeks ago and I borrowed the full of our Shugar dish of Shugar from her.”

In village memories Elder Runnells is a name synonymous with combined strength and gentleness of character. As Parson Hidden's long career in ardent leadership was coming to its end up on the Stevenson Hill road, young Runnells at Tamworth Iron Works was seizing the torch in turn, if torch could signify the weapon of the kindly blue-eyed soul whose portrait in his white chin-fringe still hangs on the wall of the Chocorua church. It has not hung there unchallenged, it seems. Persons unnamed once climbed in the window and abstracted the likeness of the celebrated Elder, which is an enlarged tinted photograph in the best tradition of the eighties and never fails to startle newcomers for its dominating presence in a church. But public wrath recaptured and rehung the irreplaceable effigy. Long may this museum piece be preserved; we shall not see its like again.

As far back as 1781 Baptist services were organized at the Iron Works, apparently by “Aunt Head” in the hermitage where she lived alone after all her family died (or in James Head's barn, now on the Theodore Brown place), before the Congregational enterprise over in Tamworth village had got further than copious debate. Benjamin Randall, founder of the “freewill Baptist” sect, himself is said to have come and established “a branch of the true vine” when the wilderness was still hardly inhabited. But the branch supported a group of eight stout members and James Head as the one ordained deacon. (And the branch had a beautiful lake handy for necessary immersions.) Aunt Head would cook and bake a great meal for the faithful when they met for prayer; she was not only doctor, nurse and midwife, but a rousing preacher whose voice when lifted to heaven, it is said, could be heard a half mile away. Called to a patient eighteen miles distant on the other side of the mountain, she went until she dropped, then prayed on her knees as a rest until she could resume her

snowshoes. But the patient lived. Another story, quoted by Cornelius Weygandt, is that she was carried in a basket by two men through snow so deep and soft that they could do only a few rods at a time before putting her down, she praying and exhorting the while until they got her to her destination where she successfully brought a child into the white-covered world. That snow often meant heroism in those times should be understood. Moderns like to believe that any stories of snow that differ from today must be old wives' tales, but every elder citizen interviewed in the course of this compilation has testified to the diminishing snows in these present times of lowered standards generally. They sledded as boys from the home chimney down to the ground. Two feet of snow was usual by Thanksgiving and fencetops were covered all winter. In Birch Intervale a man called out for a distant point at night walked for hours in a blinding and freezing blizzard, and when almost giving up he saw at last a light, it was from his own front door.

Sacrifices like Aunt Head's could hardly have been habitual without a blazing emotional base to fire them. Just as flowing tears bound the Congregationalists together, fiery fanaticism brought the Baptists to monthly conferences where their life centered, and where self-exhortations and self-justifications were given free rein. The organization took into its hands the moral discipline of the members. In 1852: "Voted that we have a vigilant committee whose duty it shall be to visit delinquent members." The efforts of the committee do not seem to have brought peace. Next year this committee was discharged from further services and another vigilant committee "raised" in its place. Again, "Voted to withdraw fellowship from Jonathan Perkins," no reason given, and next day, "Voted to drop his name from the Church Records." "Voted that in the opinion of this Conference Brother Moses Cross done wrong in refusing to renew a note to Mr. John M. Stevenson . . . and that he be requested to make an acknowledgment to Mr. Stevenson." Why, Moses Cross had been

clerk of the church! "The trial against Br. Moses having come up in order, and he having failed to comply with the requirement of the church, voted to withdraw fellowship from him." Brother Saul Blackey met the same fate.

An early Freewill preacher without education could have great power over his hearers, and evangelists of mighty influence could arise from the backwoods farms about Chocorua Lake. Under such a man Baptist branches would flash into life in other parts of town, Birch Intervale, South Tamworth, Fowlers Mills, Great Hill, to die after a few years when his personal effect had evaporated, without his having made a stable group or built a building.

The brethren at the Iron Works, however, did eventually form themselves into a Society of 155 members under Elder Emery in 1835, with a committee which included a Blaisdell and a Head to draft a constitution (James Blaisdell seems to have given land for a church), and shortly thereafter Nathaniel Berry and Daniel Brier were ordained deacons in a ceremony nearly as momentous as that for a minister. Elder Emery is now regarded as the church's real builder. It originally had pews facing the doors, hard on late-comers with a hopeful eye to a back seat.

Usually the pastorates were of short duration, but Elder Charles Gordon Ames's in 1850 nevertheless was notable. "In our simplicity of living," he writes (only six chairs in his house and no teacups), "and our thorough use of a few books and our opportunity to serve the highest welfare of a willing people, our life was more than glad, in spite of all our narrow theories." This elder, twenty-one years old, who had brought his bride to the Albert Drew house, now Mr. Thaddeus Rich's, had to leave because of illness, but he lived to change over to Unitarianism, and was long the well-known minister of the Church of the Disciples in Boston. He returned to this region later to a summer home high above South Tamworth, afterward bought by Mr. A. Farwell Bemis whose family have been based there and done it much honor ever since.

The great name in Chocorua is, however, Elder John Runnells. His granddaughter Alice James has supplied potent details in the portrait of the beloved pastor who changed the moral aspect of the town in the course of a generation of service to it. It is not the material growth, the building of a parsonage, the entire rebuilding of the meetinghouse when it became out of date in 1884 (for which a summer resident Miss Mary J. Thayer gave one thousand dollars, whereupon the church incorporated to receive it), nor yet 965 funerals or 227 marriages, which represent the affection the town felt for him, but the story of how Elder Runnells fitted its needs and evoked its response by mere brotherly love and selfless concern. The old custom of giving much time to matters of discipline gradually relaxed under him. He was "not a geyser type" indeed, but an understanding friend to all men and a worker by slow degrees. He grudged absence even while chaplain for a season at the General Court. His pay on being accepted for his church was \$195 a year. Some while later he was offered one thousand dollars as salary in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and prayed to be delivered from the temptation. He suffered all his life from migraine headaches, which is enough adversity for the hardiest Christian. "Such a rain, I went to Effingham Falls to preach an installation sermon for Dr. Mott," he says in a diary—and how many hours each way did that mean, at horse and buggy pace, in a down-pour? Once driving along the road he was stopped by a farmer who handed him a five-dollar bill, saying, "That's for minding your own business." In this singular talent, he was no doubt an innovator. For the minister not to interfere in the private affairs of parishioners was scarcely imagined before him.

He had a remarkable grandfather himself. Ralph Farnham was at Bunker Hill and at Burgoyne's surrender, and when 104 years old was introduced in Boston as the last survivor of the Revolution, at a celebration in honor of the Prince of Wales whose hand the ancient was permitted to grasp in

token of forgiveness. A concert was given in Tremont Temple for his benefit. Elder Runnells' wife was Huldah Staples from Maine, known to the Iron Works as Aunt Huldy. Her ringlets, her Sunday black silk gloves and velvet bonnet with small ostrich feathers nodding under the crown, her quiet dignity, and her gift of conversation are all vividly remembered by her grandchildren. They testify she "never knew hairpin or corset."

After the Runnells' time the parsonage was burned and the present one built on the site. The church was so flourishing under Elder Runnells that we are told there were prayer meetings twice a day, with lunches! Into the present century they held "Donations" at the meetinghouse with big crowds.

They put tables across the front pews and one in front of the platform, and fed everybody. Supper would be just oyster-stew and coffee and ice-cream and cake. You'd get a whole plate of cake for .25, where now you'd pay .75. Everybody would bring a wonderful cake in a box to donate and buy a different one to take home in the same box. If there'd be any cakes left, they'd be auctioned off. Those times are nice to look back on. They don't do things like that now.

This witness is not the only one who says, "Seems if folks had better times then than they do now, everybody knowing everybody else, and in and out, all one kind of people. Little parties back and forth evenings, every evening something, husking-bees and apple-bees and all like that."

These friendly friends had a club besides. Its little leather-backed book, with many pages still to go, was found by Guy Nickerson in a partition in the Otis Hatch house when he was remodeling for the Atwoods. First named The Benevolent Association (also how could any club in 1859 be respectable?) "to help all those whom we can reach by the hand of kindness, to strengthen each other in labors of love, and cultivate to better advantage the spirit of holy, active

charity, we agree . . .” etc. Persons of good moral character (“That strong preoccupation with morality which is the merit and danger of the Puritan character” Trevelyan says) could become members by signing the constitution and paying: “Ladies, .13, Gentlemen .25, girls .13 and by contributing at each meeting 1 ct whether present or absent.” And—here was a departure!—both sexes were entitled to vote. “The invitation to join shall not be confined to the young only but all, both old and young, shall be cordially invited to unite with us in this noble enterprise.”

The roster of gentlemen joining was longer than of ladies—it included Elder Runnells and his son Sumner, fifteen. Misses was longer than either. Mrs. Runnells was of course first president. A bisexual association must have been excitement in itself. One suspects that the invitation to gentlemen was mainly to charm the twenty-five cents out of them. For after organizing, the first move with forty present was to commence a quilt. Devotional exercises were a part of all meetings, and meetings were popular. There might be sixty present. The members “wrought” for anyone who would place an order and very soon they bought at the Merrill store a black silk dress and trimmings costing sixteen dollars, as a present for Mrs. Runnells, paying nearly half down. J. Sumner Runnells must have been at boarding school, for he sent sixty-five cents to cover membership and weekly contribution for the year. They sold their quilt for \$2.50, making money fast, and promptly started something else. Then occurs a lapse for six years. On resuming, with but few members, they revised the constitution and began raising an organ fund. Another lapse for a few years and then the name becomes the Iron Works Social Circle, and its hour is advanced from six P. M. to seven; the religious exercises were now to be at the option of the president, the contribution raised from one cent to five. The club now flourished exceedingly, everyone who was anyone wished to join, including a few from over Tamworth way, and no more mention of anything being wrought.

But during summer or occasionally in winter on account of bad traveling, they couldn't meet. Again the Social Circle declined, and by the end of 1874 faded out.

The Social Circle may have become extinct, but Chocorua could be trusted to think up something else in its turn. Where now is the Chocorua Cornet Band? Organized in December 1896, the band had sixteen members; and it looks as if its debut was the dedication of Runnells Hall. It was reported to be well uniformed (in what attic trunk can one of those uniforms be found?) and it "discoursed good music." Sixteen cornets discoursing was a stout achievement for little Chocorua. In Runnells Hall they would have been plainly heard. The Effingham Falls Cornet Band had nineteen when it came "with ladies" to the Willow Inn in Tamworth, earlier by twenty years, but perhaps Effingham had been larger.

The Pink Granite Cone in the Lake

The early "summer people" were privileged to find the old order hardly changed, but their impact upon it was slowly to transmute it to something different by many degrees. "All one kind of people" was to be known to the older inhabitants only in nostalgia. Sumner Runnells, the Elder's only son whom he had never fully fathomed (From his diary: "Oh Lord, when will Sumner become a Christian?") but dutifully sent to the New Hampton school, was of the large persuasion of young men whom the west called away. He had been for a time in Iowa as secretary to the governor, then in England for two years, as American consul in Staffordshire, when he joined the powerful Pullman Company in Chicago. He rose to become its president, developing incidentally a national reputation as a public speaker. Every year he brought his children to see their grandmother Runnells, and eventually took the old Sumner Gilman farm by the lake as a summer

home—a summer resident “born, not made,” as he said. When it burned he built an extensive and imposing house on a higher location where his son and three notable daughters enjoyed an English country-house life on a scale not before seen in the community of their origin.

This family was not quite the first to substitute a summer home for the prevalent “summer boarder” idea. Summer boarders were already abounding; nearly every farm near a lake or with a sightly mountain view was “takin’ ’em.” In Chocorua the first inhabitant to capitalize intensively on this movement was a character always called by his full name of John Henry Nickerson. There was a house, on the sightliest spot of all overlooking the lake, that had belonged to one Blatchford. John Henry built there a house which he began permitting summer boarders to swarm over. John Henry’s Clarinda he had first spied when passing with his wagon as she stood in the doorway of the school she taught over Whitton Pond way, and it is reported that seeing her was enough for John Henry. Aunt Clarinda was the soul of his establishment, retaining the affections of her boarders when John Henry’s severities might have ruffled them. Her chatty remarks were often punctuated by the expression “Isn’t it just conundrum!” There was a large motto in the inn’s dining room, “The Lord Will Provide”; the young guests used to say it was lucky, because John Henry never would. When he added a wing to the building to accommodate the streams of visitors beginning to come, they called it the “hot ell,” the rooms being “pizen hot.” Still, it was John Henry who left one thousand dollars to the church, placing summer-boarder profits where they would surely win him regard in Heaven.

Like many a boarding house in a beautiful setting, this one begot buyers of property. Here in 1874 came Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Scudder for one night on a driving tour from Boston. Next morning, falling victims to the view, they drove down the road a piece and bought the Emery farmhouse. The house was one of the ancient ones put together with pegs, and

they astonished the neighbors by having it moved uphill away from the road, "interfering with Providence." The story relates that the feat used twenty oxen. From the original Scudders the property passed to the brother Horace Scudder, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and thence, with successive additions changing its character, to his daughter Sylvia now Mrs. Ingersoll Bowditch. To it belongs that "most photographed view in New England" where cameras debouch from cars all summer and fall, to imprint the ever-changing riches of mountain and lakes as caught through the groups of great white birches.

Mr. Henshaw Walley was another Chocorua victim; he brought Charles P. Bowditch. They bought the old Stratton place with the purple doorknob where Mr. Walley came yearly till he died. Mr. Bowditch with wife and children spent three summers with John Henry and Clarinda. Then a murder surprisingly occurred in the neighborhood. In the red house by the water's edge lived a short-tempered man who had ordered off his place the neighborhood boys who would go swimming naked from his beach. They came and swam just the same. He threatened to shoot, they scoffed, and he did shoot and killed one of them, was tried for murder and sent to prison. Hearing that this man's farm was being sold up, Mr. Bowditch hastened up from Boston and bought it in, and thus was established the Bowditch family who have done so much in three generations in Chocorua to preserve every value undefiled.

In any preservation projects Mr. Bowditch had enthusiastic cooperation from Mr. Runnells. The Bowditch-Runnells State Forest along the highway is one of their joint benefactions to the region. Hearing at one time that all the timber was to be cut beside the lake, Mr. Bowditch took the next train up to buy and save it. Had he not done so the threat would have recurred many times. These two families were able to establish the unique principle that no shore owner on the lake should erect any building to be visible from

the water, and more surprising still, that no motorboat be used on that still and lovely expanse. This has made of Chocorua, from the pink granite cone down to the deepest reflection, a prospect which gratifies not only the reasonably infatuated summer owners but thousands after thousands who travel the highway and stop to photograph or bathe.

Through these original summer families came relatives or friends, as Professor William James who acquired the Savage farm, sharing the lake view across the road. He wrote to a friend:

I may . . . possibly buy a small farm which I saw in a convenient and romantic neighborhood. New England farms are now dirt cheap — the natives going west, the Irish coming in and making a better living than the Yankees could. Here were seventy-five acres of land, two thirds of it oak and pine timber, one third hay, a splendid spring of water, fair little house and large barn, close to a beautiful lake and under a mountain 3,500 feet high, four and a half hours from Boston, for 900 dollars!

Even he could hardly know how his descendants were to soak up the outdoor life and lore. William the second whose wife was youngest of the Runnells sisters still maintains the family house from which the highway was some years ago swerved away, bringing it more privacy. In *The James Family* by F. O. Matthiessen is a delightful photograph of the two philosophers William James and Josiah Royce sitting on a Chocorua stone wall “discussing the Absolute,” and the published *Letters of William James* are full of glimpses of the family summer life.

Henry James, English by habit, made visits to his brother. “The very smell and sentiment of the American summer’s end there . . . mingle for me with the assault of forest and lake and of those delicious orchardy, yet rocky vaguenesses and Arcadian nowheres, which are the note of what is sweetest and most attaching in the dear old . . . New England scenery.” There is a now famous story of how Henry James went for a

walk: "I had been *lost*," he reported to John Morley in London: "had not a peasant emerged from the wood with a bundle of faggots on his shoulder and directed me to the Post." A friend related that walking through the woods to Heron Pond, she was astonished to find Henry James sitting on the bank before her. "That's nothing," said her interlocutor, "at the James's spring I once found Helmholtz the German physicist." Helmholtz, we may remind ourselves, invented the ophthalmoscope with which all oculists look the patient in the eye, and through him came the genesis of the radio, perfected by Marconi.

After William James, followed his brother-in-law William Salter, center of the remarkable Ethical Culture Society in Chicago where thousands came to hear him. He ultimately migrated to a commanding hilltop overlooking Whitton Pond and sold his first house that was next the Jameses.

The present William James had much youthful traffic with these knowledgeable, shrewd, and witty workers dubbed peasants by his uncle, who taught him their skills and left with him a fund of anecdote in the old New Hampshire tongue now almost gone. The portraits from his studio of one or two of these old friends are vivid characterizations, delicately, deeply felt.

Frank Bolles, already mentioned, Secretary of Harvard University, tall, rugged, and red-bearded, had been intensively familiar during vacations with the woods, mountains, and wildlife of this region for some years before he bought the Doe farm at the far end of the lake and built his house there. His books, *At the North of Bearcamp Water* and *Land of the Lingering Snow* were the first to celebrate the region with the authority and sensitiveness of the born naturalist. He lived what he wrote:

By the Saco, by the Bearcamp . . .
 Learn to tread the leaves with fox feet
 Like the hare to cross the snowdrifts,
 Learn to burrow like the woodchuck,

Learn to listen like the partridge,
Learn to wait as does the wildcat. . . .

(*Chocorua's Tenants*)

and gave the same schooling through his wife to his willing children who grew up to be accomplished botanists and ornithologists. One became a big-game hunter with her husband in British Columbia, supplying skins to museums. Bolles found friends among the men of the vicinity, as Sumner Gilman and Nat Berry, sharp-set nature-wise men, given to noticing every sign; Bolles scoured the country with them. It is well remembered how enthusiastically he played baseball, making a run with the red beard jutting forward.

Not all of the first who imbibed Chocorua's summer blessings were associated with Harvard, but most were, or as in the case of Professor James K. Whittemore, with Yale. Professor Chaplin; Professor Francis James Child of *English Ballads* fame, the greatest living master of Anglo-Saxon, described by Van Wyck Brooks as a cross between a gnome and a red-headed cherub; William G. Farlow, professor of Cryptogamic Botany (it means obscure fructification, but no less obscure to some of us for that); Professor Howard Maynardier a while later; and Professor Langford Warren—all of Harvard, each became supplied with a well-located summer home in sight of lake or mountain or both. Also there was Professor Minton Warren of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Professor George P. Baker, later at Yale, maker of playwrights and theatre people through his "47 Workshop," arranged a small outdoor theatre on his place where a play was given every summer while he lived. Lighting was by auto headlights and tickets were sold by lantern. Afterward his wife for years invited Chocorua old and young each week for English morris dancing under the lead of lithe and lovely Fifine Peabody.

Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, popular Unitarian clergyman of Cambridge and prolific producer of well-selling

books of familiar essays, was author of the saying: "Chocorua may not be as big as the Matterhorn but the principle is the same." "After a dozen summers the attachment became a sort of topographical bigotry," he wrote. "Each valley or upland has its cult. I belong to the cult of Chocorua. To those of our way of thinking there is a defect in every landscape which has not our beloved peak in the background. It is as inevitable as Fujiyama in a Japanese picture. We feel that this is our mountain and that we have property rights in it." The Crothers family had been brought here through the Reverend Edward Cummings, Edward Everett Hale's successor at the South Church in Boston; his son the poet e. e. cummings still lives on the family farm. John Albee was another writer, well known at the time, his wife Helen likewise. Her *Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens* was the first in the now crowded field of women's garden books. All of these took up properties beyond the Tamworth town line toward Madison, but near enough to be Chocoruaward in association.

More or less introduced by these forerunners there followed a company representing achievement in the professions, equally devoted to simple life and ways, and now running to three generations on their places. General Thomas Sherwin early secured one of the prime locations, General Charles Loring another; Katherine Loring's mother Mrs. Walter Hines Page built a charming house near by after the war ambassador's death. The Sherwin place passed to Frederick S. Bigelow, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Two metropolitan clergymen and close friends built on a hilltop they named The Heavenly Hill, the Reverend Percy Stickney Grant and the Reverend Joseph Hutchinson. The Danish consul in Boston, E. C. Hammer, purchased another notable site for a house.

Dr. James R. Chadwick's house was high in spruce woods; on his land the sculptor Truman H. Bartlett built a rough cottage studio, "complete with billiard table and unlimited beer," which was "gathering-place and asylum of a talented circle, including Edwin Arlington Robinson, William

Vaughn Moody, Daniel Gregory Mason," as described by Ferris Greenslet, then editing the *Atlantic Monthly*, who spent his honeymoon there. The host, affectionately called a magnificent old goat, was father of the more famous Paul Bartlett at whose statue of Lafayette placed in front of the Louvre General Pershing made his memorable exclamation, "Lafayette, we are here!"

Other professional men of distinction joined the colony: C. Howard Walker, Boston architect of several of the summer residences, Admiral Elliot Snow, Judge Townsend Scudder and Henry Scott, lawyers, and Thaddeus Rich, concertmaster of the Philadelphia Symphony. Some became owners through marriage, Dr. Franklin Balch whose progeny still claim Chocorua as theirs, and LeGrand Cannon Jr., author of the historical novel *Look to the Mountain* which he laid in this spot. "They all formed a loosely knit yet constant society," wrote one who frequented it. If a roster were to cover the guests these families have known, or those who have taken their houses for a season or two, or even guests at nearby inns, modesty would be done for. What else but fame attaches to Hayford's in its early days because of Josh Billings, the humorist whose name was Henry W. Shaw? Even President Conant's name in the Harvard galaxy shed no greater lustre. It is even claimed that Lord Bryce wrote part of *The American Commonwealth* under Chocorua's inspiration.

Tenants for one summer in Mr. Salter's house were the musicians Kneisel and Schroeder from the Boston Symphony. They spent all day and every day in a boat on the lake fishing. The neighbors held that they fished in the wrong places, but at the end of the summer heard that they had caught over sixty bass. Some believe that those sixty were the only bass the lake ever contained; some insist the story is quite creditable. When the Salter house had become Mrs. Buckminster's, the Kermit Roosevelt family occupied it for a season or two. Beloved tenants also year after year in Mrs. Stone's house on The Heavenly Hill were the educator Dr. Simon Flexner and

his interesting family. He was then Director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research at Princeton.

One famous house-guest only may be introduced here, because among his talents was that of the pencil. He could draw a horse with one hand while drawing a cart with the other, thereby enshrining himself forever in the hearts of the Bolles children for whom he displayed this gift year after year. This was Professor Edward Sylvester Morse, universal scientist who had been decorated by the Emperor of Japan and whose collection of Japanese art is in the Boston Art Museum. He wrote his report on the canals of Mars from here. When he gave a lecture on Evolution for the benefit of the Chocorua Library, he stood on a platform over which was the motto "Behold the Lamb of God," perhaps not too much to express his popularity. Said John Henry Nickerson afterward, "Professor Morse is a good man, and he may say we're descended from monkeys and such, but tain't so." Mr. Nickerson evidently knew. Mr. Walker remembered a winter morning, thirty below zero outside, during which he listened before a roaring fire to Professor Percival Lowell the astronomer expounding to Morse the unknown quantity x as an actual entity, Morse not accepting the thesis. Other fires that have witnessed other professional controversies could make a book of reminiscence by themselves.

The professors were received philosophically by the original owners of their purchases. Said an old man pleasantly, holding out his hand to a newcomer, "The woods is full of professors now. One more makes no difference." "These big educations are nice, I think," conceded a charming little old lady, "but sometimes"—she was thinking of instances—"they don't have much common sense." "There was a professor bought a farm," said another, "and he was going to raise cracked corn. So he planted some!" Still another, "There was a city man was going to fix his fence. It went over a big rock, and there he was, trying to nail a board to the rock."

TAMWORTH

Almost anything can be laid at the door of the hapless city man.

The families mentioned, and later additions down to date, both summer and year-round, have in common the eternal peak of their affections, each household sure that the view is best from its own particular angle, the subject good for discussion at any time. The Chocorua Mountain Club started by Stuart Chase the economist has cleared trails faithfully for very many years from its small hut on the lakeshore as base.

The Chocorua Library began under the new State enactment which enabled towns to institute free public libraries. This was a quite different origin from that of the Tamworth Library in 1796 founded on the early Social Library formula, with all its strictly classic works probed by pioneers who themselves paid for the exclusive use of the books. In Chocorua subscriptions were collected by Frank Bolles driving from house to house with horse and buggy. By the aid of both local and summer people the library was able to start with five hundred books. As it was endowed, books were free to taxpayers, and have been perhaps one of the welding agencies between city and country dwellers. A thousand volumes were read in the year 1891.

John Henry Nickerson was the first chairman and zealous up to his death for the library. With despondent moustache and amputated finger-ends (mark of the professional sawyer), seated with his Clarinda in a much enlarged photograph, he gazes into the camera from the wall of the library today with all the solemnity and lurking humor of his kind. No more appropriate founders could be thus beatified. The village has always furnished the librarian and treasurer, Caroline Marston filling this double bill for thirty-six years beginning at fifteen dollars a year, Lucy Weeks thereafter, Thelma Roberts, and then Hadley Mowrer, latest to take over.

When Runnells Hall was built in 1897 to memorialize Elder Runnells, a room was set off to house the library, its



JOHN HENRY NICKERSON

With the aid of "Aunt Clarinda" John Henry's Chocorua Inn became a Mecca for summer boarders from 1865. He was first to turn to account the annual invasion.



TAMWORTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
and BARNSTORMERS THEATRE



WONALANCET UNION CHAPEL



CHOCORUA COMMUNITY CHURCH



OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP (R.C.)

five hundred books by then doubled or trebled. The oratory of the occasion pledged that "in this house no act shall ever be tolerated which would be offensive to Elder Runnells if he were here," a provision that may be a bit hard to maintain as to library books, as years have rolled on and American publishing has dropped its Puritanism. A certain modernity entered the library room the following year when it was voted to sell the wood stove and purchase an oil stove, the librarian to use her "discretion." On the fiftieth anniversary there were five thousand books, and the problem of space reared its head, never yet solved. As with anything where the people have given of themselves and their money, the Chocorua Library has been personal to the community throughout its life in a sense that differs from institutions otherwise organized.

Wonalancet—From Birch Intervale to Wonalancet

WONALANCET, like Chocorua village, was not born with its present name. When Kate Sleeper Walden became the first postmaster of Birch Intervale in 1893 the Post Office Department requested the name be changed to avoid confusion with the summer resort Intervale farther up the railroad. Mount Wonalancet was a round domestic hump on the near side of the Sandwich Range which had the air of belonging exclusively to the little community below. It had been called by Lucy Larcom “the bright cone of perfect emerald” and named by her after the benevolent chieftain, son of Passaconaway, and his name was transferred to the hamlet as well.

Tamworth village has its Parson Hidden, South Tamworth its Larkin Mason, Chocorua village its Elder Runnells. Wonalancet has likewise a central figure in its story whose hand almost fashioned its very fabric. A mere hard-working woman would not ordinarily have had so profound an effect on her surroundings, but it must be remembered of Kate Sleeper that since Bradbury Jewell she was practically the first outsider of either sex when she settled in this pocket of the hills in 1890, as well as the first inhabitant with a talent for organizing, and further, that she was a woman of exceptional charm and originality no matter in what society she might be placed. Her grandfather had been editor of the *Boston Transcript*, and young as she was, she had worked as a Boston reporter. Her successes were the more impressive because of her disarming blond frailness which seemed to belie forcefulness completely. But she had a titan courage; she

met head-on her multitudinous problems whether personal or mechanical, asking neither quarter nor sympathy. With all this when over eighty she once confessed that she had always been afraid; every time she had to walk down the road after dark, she was in terror of "the cut-throats that I saw lurking behind every bush." Yet she seconded her man in his will to see the far places of the earth, and carried on without him for periods of years. When in 1890, by tradition eighteen years old but apparently nearer twenty-five, she took the notion to stay and live in this back country where she had come to get well, she rose out of her hammock in Lucy Blake's orchard near Tamworth, to look at farms and buy one. Arthur Walden, then a precocious youth a few years younger, whose father's second wife was Miss Sleeper's relative Grace Gordon, drove her about on the search, contributing his sage advice. The Reverend Treadwell Walden, his father, rector of St. Paul's Cathedral on Tremont Street, Boston, was already acquainted with the region and soon had his summer home here.

The Reverend Treadwell was a severe self-centered clergyman of the old school. He had lived three years in England and preached at Westminster Abbey and other famous churches, and was much conditioned by the fact. He was born in the town of Walden, New York, which his father had founded. They were of direct descent from Israel Walden of Portsmouth who brought the name from England before 1680. Thus Arthur Treadwell Walden was of the eighth generation since the titled forebears were left behind.

Son never resembled father less. The boy Arthur had been raised in Minnesota where a married sister lived. He was placed in the Shattuck Military Academy there, and loved to recall his vacations spent as a free-lance boy hobo throughout the west, adventure then as always being the key to his existence. His brother Lionel, of a different type altogether, had betaken himself to Paris, where he became a distinguished painter. Up to 1908, he and St. Gaudens were the only Ameri-

can artists to have received the Ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Arthur came east to visit, was lonesome, and got acquainted with his older relative Kate. And now we see these two youthful dynamos in a buggy searching for a farm in the Tamworth area. They pitched upon the Lowell Brown place (originally Caleb Brown's), six hundred and fifty acres of meadows, forests, and brooks, including Wonalancet Falls, in Birch Intervale, 1,150 feet above sea level. The house which became Wonalancet Farm had the whole lovely intervale spread out before it, the river coursing through it, the woods coming down to the back door, and "blue upheavals" standing guard on three horizons. It was even then old (1814) of the low red story-and-a-half type, afterward extended by the Waldens and raised another story. Kate said she would buy it if Arthur would stay and manage it for her. When she had brought her family's old silver and china to it, her Boston connection came up swarming to view the phenomenon. They became her summer boarders over some fifty years, while the Farm acquired its renown and entertained its clientele of the distinguished, the witty, the charming and the wise, not to say the well known.

It was one of many old farms that then flanked the roads of Birch Intervale, a community under the mountains at the spot on the map where the towns of Tamworth, Sandwich, Albany, and Waterville met. Elbridge Tilton, by 1912 the oldest inhabitant, whose Golden Wedding was celebrated by our all walking across the crust to his house, properly bearing gold thimble and gold-headed cane, entertained that evening with a directory of the former families, something in this wise: "Well, the next farm to that one was Sylvanus Smith's. His wife was Hester [names improvised]; their children were Samantha, Asy, Jeremiah, Matildy, Susan, Ananias, Abigail, Mercy, James, and Obed. Next to them was Joshua Higgins'. His wife was Prudence. They had Caroline, and Mehitable, and Timothy and Erastus and Noah and Benjamin and

Japheth and Samuel and Lydia. Next came—.” The recital was long. The stove had been plied with fuel and the room was small, but Elbridge in his trance abridged no syllable, whether his audience was awake or not.

Elbridge would prophesy every fall the nature of the winter to follow, according to the “melt of the hawg” when slaughtered. Once asked by a newcomer, then building near by, if she could buy sand out of his sand pit, he said yes, she could. When she brightly pursued, “Then I’ll send over tomorrow,” he shifted his chaw and spat, and finally came out with “They buried a hoss in there last month.” Elbridge’s sayings could hold us long. He was fond of jokes. He shot two black rats and nailed the skins up on his barn. Then he wrote the game warden that there were skins of two fur-bearing “animiles” nailed up on his barn that had been shot out of season. The game warden came fast.

After whole families of these farmers had gone west or to the cities following the Civil War, the old order had so changed that Wonalancet was a sparsely populated corner derisively named Poverty Flats, down in Tamworth where summer boarders were already giving tone. Any abandoned farmhouse on Poverty Flats which had formerly housed its ten or twelve children, however, if it hadn’t burned, became, after Kate Sleeper, a summer home.

There are few written accounts as to the very earliest settlers. Doughty workers dealing with the elementals did not have the writing habit. Only Bradbury Jewell left a diary from which fortunately we have a few excerpts, preserved by a direct descendant, Lena Smith Ford of Sandwich. As Bradbury was the local aristocrat of the early period, his entries have romantic as well as factual interest. In leather breeches and brass buttons he was elected first selectman among the stumps at first town meeting. The house he had built on Stevenson Hill with English bricks and pen-knife carving he swapped in a few years with Thomas Stevenson for Stevenson’s farm in Durham, whence they both had come.

For years Bradbury thus went back and forth to Durham, living in two places. He was evidently a natural leader, had means and much intelligence. In all documents there is an "Esquire" or "Gentleman" after his name. When the Revolutionary War came up, Governor Langdon appointed him Captain of New Hampshire Militia, and as such he saw service. As he stayed active in Durham civic and church affairs, the same governor made him justice of the peace. The two were friends and business associates; Langdon with a shipbuilding business which Jewell supplied with lumber from his Birch Intervale holdings.

Birch Intervale, once discovered and acquired, governed his imagination, and he was determined to have his home there. What between lumbering, and clearing and planting for his prospective house, his commuting was considerable for those days, kept up even after he had moved from Durham for good. The trip took several days, and he appears to have commonly taken along for company not his young and beautiful second wife Ann Elizabeth who had the children at home to look after, but his mother-in-law Betsy Edgerly who lived on her brother Noah Wedgewood's place just beyond, later the Sanford Gilman (Winkley) house. "Betsy and I went to Durham" is the frequent entry in his diary.

Bradbury's first wife had been Ruhamah Jewell of Sandwich (Ruhamah was a quite frequent name in these parts, commonly reduced to Ruhy). She contributed a few small tombstones to the burying ground, "died of throat infection" (diphtheria, likely), and then followed them herself. But Ann Elizabeth in due time produced at least six or seven more children: Nathaniel who died at thirty-one, Mark Freeman, through whom the house descended, another Ruhamah, Bradbury Jr., and other daughters, Sally, Eliza, and Lydia. "We, Bradbury Jewell and wife [Ruhamah] and John Tasker [indentured servant] came from Durham to Burton and Sandwich to live [Tamworth, at this corner of Wonalancet, spills over into the three other towns Albany, Sandwich, and Water-

ville as mentioned] the first day of August 1802, I being fifty years old." He writes as if for posterity, conscious of his importance in creating a line and a habitation of men. The family moved in first with brother John Jewell who had already built and now put a sawmill on the stream by the house. The older Mark apparently had a house too. The next spring: "We finished boarding our house and these were fine boards we had from Ensign Henry Weed" (Weed's Mills in North Sandwich). "Sept. 1, 1803 we moved into our new house at Sandwich Birch Intervale. May God give us new hearts to serve him the remainder of our lives to Divine Acceptance." It is interesting that he found in the woods near his new barn the blade of a knife lost where he and Hackett had killed a moose and camped twenty years before.

The diary now records the pioneering processes being repeated on the new place. Bradbury attacked it with the energy of a young man clearing, burning, and planting for the first time. He planted 283 apple *seeds*; 20 "lemon walnut trees" (would this be butternut?); 2 plum trees, "nie 5 pks seed corn," 14 bushels potatoes, beans, flaxseed, rye, wheat, and oats. Oats and "400 of hay, paid \$7.00 per ton" was for the horses traveling to Durham, and "borrowed 12 qts. of rum" meant hospitality. This borrowing Bradbury might not like us to pass on, unless we make clear that borrowing was in good repute in barter times.

John Tasker the indentured servant must have learned the pioneering craft in full from his master before he settled four years later, when freed, on his own acres up on a spur of Whiteface. A bondservant of the period was by law not too badly off. He signed a paper detailing all duties toward the master, but the master promised equally to send him to school and upon completion of his term of service to give him a suit of clothes and a yoke of oxen. Similarly, indentured girls were taught the "arts, trade and mystery of household management," and when of an age to marry must be given an outfit and a cow. One of Bradbury's boys ran away and was

about to take ship, but Bradbury "set the law on him" and he was returned. One could be kind, but to be just was an even greater virtue.

The lovely Ann Elizabeth was sixteen years Bradbury's junior, and outlived him by twenty-nine. Her wedding ring remains a family possession, inscribed around the inside "This and the giver are thine forever." After his death a legal agreement was drawn up between the widow and her son Nathaniel on the one side and her son Mark Freeman the preacher on the other, to divide equally the produce of the farm and a part of the costs carefully stipulated, Mark to get all the work done for both their interests. As his brother Nathaniel died a few years later, he may have been in poor health before, and therefore willingly supported by Mark along with his mother. Ann occupied the Jewell house till her death, and Mark after her saw his one-hundredth birthday there.

Mark Jewell's wife was "Aunt Dolly" affectionately known to all, and her son the Perry Jewell (Erastus Perry), last of the name to occupy the Jewell house. Perry was a good lawyer practising in Laconia and made the old farm his summer home. It was he who secured the Post Office for Kate Sleeper. His old family desk (Bradbury's) was bought in by Arthur Walden at the auction of his effects when all Jewell buildings were being sold to Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Fisher for conversion to an inn, and has finally come to rest in the Tamworth Historical collection. In the same museum are also six homemade black-painted chairs from the Jewell house, used in the interval by Seven Hearths.

Contemporary and intermarried with the Jewells were the Curriers whose farms were all in the same outer colony at the end of the road close under Passaconaway Mountain. The progenitor of these Curriers was a remarkable retired sea captain of the famous Crowninshield Brothers' clipper ships out of Salem, Mass., who found his way in retirement to settle in Sandwich. His pitch was first on the side of Whiteface on what was the earliest road between Birch Intervale

and Whiteface Intervale, "laid out" in 1825 and now surviving only as the McCrillis Trail, so named because leading to the McCrillis farm (but not to be confused with the McCrillis Trail up Whiteface from Whiteface Intervale). Captain John Currier's was one of several farmsteads along high pastures on this short cut across the hill. Such high sidehill farms had the great advantage of air drainage, not recognized for another 125 years. David Currier's was near his father; John Tasker's was there, too; Freeman Bickford's and Daniel Moulton's were others. Their cellar holes, hearthstones, and granite doorsteps are still there, lost in dense growth, and unconquerable Lancaster roses, those red ones from the Wars of the Roses brought over from England by first settlers and still clinging among rocks, up to recent years acting as guides to the spots.

The White Hills, by Cornelius Weygandt, devotes a page or two to the old pogonia swamp up on that road, the little pink orchids in their hundreds drenching the air with fragrance while the bog sank the walker to his shoe tops. "This land was cleared and settled and abandoned all in less than a hundred years. Then it was mountain pasture for a generation. Now it is almost grown up to woods again [quite]. . . . Lights winked out once of nights . . . that were seen as far off as Fellows Hill" and were used as night signals to call the Birch Intervale relatives, as they used the trumpet by day. Captain John moved away from there, however, perhaps after the great forest fire, to build again, what is now the oldest part of the former George Weed summer home on top of Maple Ridge.

This first Currier was a man of might, magisterial in looks and port, in the tradition of the old clipper ship dictators. Several stories are revealing, but one will glimpse him. He stopped the last public whipping-at-the-post in Sandwich. The sentenced man had been tied to a pear tree and the crowd was gathered, gloating according to custom. Currier heard the victim yelling and appeared on the scene. "Stop that!" he shouted. "Untie that man! And you"—to the crowd—

“go home! There will be no more public whippings in Sandwich from this day.” The crowd knew he had no right by law to stop the show and were refusing to go. “Come on!” he raged. “We’ll settle this right here and now.” And they dispersed.

The feat of his bringing an elephant from Bengal, the first ever seen in America, and exhibiting it about the country before selling it for a large profit is firmly embedded in the folklore. In the Essex Museum in Salem is much corroboration of this episode. Today one hardly believes in a period of time when no one had seen an elephant, so the achievement does not accelerate the pulse as it might have earlier.

Of Captain Currier’s eight children it was Benjamin who married Ruhamah Jewell, daughter of Bradbury and Ann. The house of the new couple was later a part of Ferncroft Inn, as Uncle John Jewell’s became its laundry. It was this Currier house where one bed was in Albany and one in Sandwich. “The line ran plunk through the bedroom.” The three children born there were Frank, Julia, and Hiram, within sight of present time. Hiram built a house near his father’s, known in Ferncroft history as the Currier Cottage, partially burned and rebuilt.

Hi Currier was the character who left an unforgettable imprint on all early Wonalancet tradition. “His worst enemy would accept his weighing of a load of hay without question.” His peaceable manner and shrewd wisdom, with the twinkle in the eye behind the white beard, are a part of history, as is the two-wheeled cart with ox team always beside him. The two-wheeled cart antedated any four-wheeled wagon. Though his farm was a mile away north, Hi would appear at any crisis, ready and able to take over. His favorite beginning was “Now then, there’s a good deal to most things,” and his calming influence on Arthur Walden when inclined to be rambunctious is never left untold. When for instance Arthur had horsewhipped a hired man for speaking rudely to his wife, it was Hi Currier who advised him to go to the nearest justice

of the peace, who was Alonzo McCrillis at Whiteface, and swear out a warrant for his own arrest, which Arthur did. When land was to be found for a meetinghouse in 1880, it had been Hi, with Benjamin Currier his father and Daniel Tilton, who gave it. In 1890 they again gave labor and lumber when Miss Sleeper came and wanted the little chapel restored. Hill & Waddell of the sawmill up the valley contributed all the sawing for this at their mill, and the mill crews their time for Miss Sleeper's request. Charles Tilton, Elbridge's son, recalls that at thirteen he himself contributed work hours like the grownups in the intervale; it was his father who later gave the organ as a memorial to his wife. Charles, lately asked if he remembered any amusing anecdotes, replied, "You know we were very respectable then."

Miss Sleeper wanted many things, some more unusual than a meetinghouse. She wanted hummocky roads smoothed out, dunghills moved out of sight, and front yards cleaned up. She even wanted paths through the woods and along the brook, with the brush cleared away underfoot, so that her guests could muse and rhapsodize as they wandered. Even these peculiar ideas were met. She was denied nothing she asked and the results pleased all.

The land given for the Chapel seems to have been called the schoolhouse lot; the first school is spoken of as "down by the river" but an old resident recalls it as east of the chapel. In any case the chapel grove still is a charming spot, between road and river which there brawls along at its shady best. The children at recess could have paddled and got agreeably wet. It is probable that Dr. Treadwell Walden's house was the first school, as Sally Jewell Brown who lived there (husband Gordon Brown, son of Caleb) was a schoolteacher in her own house, and we know that this "Red House" was built as Caleb's first home and moved by Dr. Walden to its later site from across the river. Bradbury Jewell's journal throws a certain light:

Jan. 9, 1809. School began at Caleb Brown's. Timothy Woodman, master. At a district meeting they voted that I might send as many of my children as I could for 3/ each a month to be paid in corn and rye in Jan. 1810, and also they voted for me to keep an account of what I did send, and at close of school, for me to settle with Caleb Brown for the same and give him my security. . . .

School ended the eighteenth of March, and he had sent four children a total of twenty-one days. Pretty cold no doubt, and a mile's walk for small children a good deal. That road up to Ferncroft (formerly called the Currier Road) can be heavily drifted over in midwinter. The tuition charge was probably because Bradbury's house was over the line in Sandwich.

School records of Birch Intervale are scarce but by 1838 there was a separate schoolhouse perhaps half-way up the Currier Road, which had already gone to ruin, as witness Eliza Bunker:

Excerpt from School Record (1838)

My name is Eliza Bunker. I am 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ years old and teach at Birch Intervale School. I board at Mrs. Erle's. It is nice and near the school house. I am paid \$1 $\frac{1}{4}$ per week and this year taught only one term of 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ weeks.

I had no trouble except with one older boy who was 20 and had not attended school before.

About the school house, I wish to say the roof is all gone in one corner. You can see outside. The windows are all broken but we put paper over them. The floor is gone right under the bad roof. The fire place does not heat except in front of it. The wood was very wet at times as there is no wood shed. There are no conveniences for boys or girls. It is very cold at times. The school was dismissed three days. Miles Brown brought the water from his house. It would freeze in the bucket although it was near the fire place. There is no teachers desk or chair. No blackboard or eraser. The books were not enough for all and most were tore. The pupils were 17 with an attendance of 12. The big boys took

my bell so I could not call them in. There were only 9 had slates. The boys made a loud noyse by scratching on the slates with pencils.

My uncle brought me here in his slay. I do not care to come back.

Eliza Bunker

Sweetser's *Guide to the White Mountains* first published in 1876 was the Baedeker carried by the first thousands who came by stagecoach into the north country in the seventies and eighties. Such a sightseeing trip in these areas meant a displacement almost equivalent to traveling around the world today. "Thousands on thousands of visitors bring their wealth hither and scatter it freely all along the fascinating pilgrimages" exulted the *History of Carroll County* in 1889, not anticipating the bottles and cartons that would one day be scattered just as freely. By 1892 the pilgrims had occasioned no less than a twelfth edition of Sweetser, and in the newest one a short paragraph in fine print is headed *Birch Intervale*:

6½ M. from Tamworth Village, is a glen [had he seen it?] inhabited by intelligent Yankee farmers, with chapel, library, improvement society, etc. Here is Miss Sleeper's Wonalancet Farm (\$10-12 a week), a capital summer boarding-house, with its 650 acres of meadows and ravines, forests and brooks, and the beautiful Wonalancet Falls. The farmhouse dates from 1814, and its old-time quaintness has been preserved during the recent large additions in the interest of modern luxury.

The boardinghouse had been opened only the year before; that it had already gained Mr. Sweetser's approval even in fine print, speaks strongly for it. The improvement society is a question mark—Wonalancet Outdoor Club was not yet founded; and though the modern luxury was distinctly relative, the library and chapel were Miss Sleeper's very sign-manual.

The "beautiful Falls," the first object of pilgrimage to all boarders making their acquaintance with Nature's wonders,

have long since disappeared under the power developments. An article in a *Granite Monthly* of 1914 by the Tamworth writer Mabel H. Kingsbury marvels at the three cascades that total a drop of over forty feet (eighty feet, says the early *Guide to Wonalancet*) with “a wonderful formation of boulders where the river disappears entirely.” The charming Brook Path to this point was the most beaten of all trails. Even the lame, the halt, and the dowagers knew it well. Indeed old-timers can only recall with nostalgia its dark brook waters scurrying around rocks under overarching woods. While Miss Kingsbury calls attention to the fact that most of the summer residents by then had a garage, and automobiles were found in the barns of most farmers, she wished it known that not rocking-chairs or hammocks held the visitors, but to “Wonalancet devotees blazed trails, logging roads, new paths, mountain climbs, camping out, half-day walks, all-day climbs—outdoor life with a viewpoint and one worth while” were the magnet. The “out” in “camping out” dates the remarks.

Recreation regarded as a business was a startling new conception. But it could capitalize on the same mountains and streams that had furnished the mill business. Maintaining scenic beauty for the purposes of rest and vacation was the idea put into the minds of bearded farmers by the young woman who called them together, and standing up in front of them began her talk with the words, “We farmers.” The beards shook with laughter, but her proposals carried. The leghorn hat above the humorous blue eyes is featured in all early reminiscences: the leghorn hat driving a four-horse team to the station to bring up guests, the leghorn hat out on the fields driving the hay rake, with the gentleman boarders streaming out to pitch hay.

Farmers had cleared up and over the top of what is now Mount Katherine (named for the potent figure we know), the favorite walk for the sunset view; cattle grazing up there were plainly seen from the valley. Nor did then anything interfere with a straight view up to the Curriers' houses from

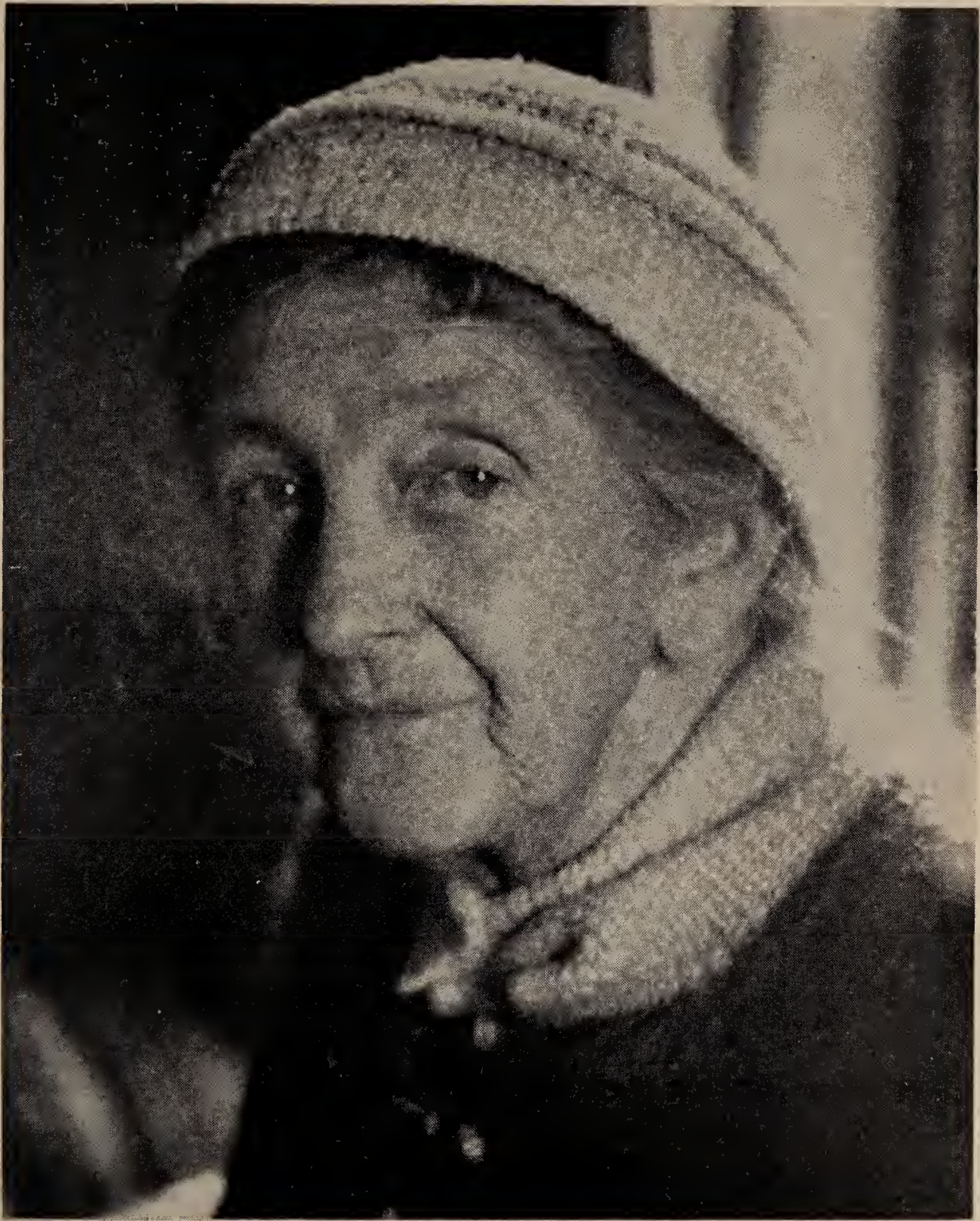
the back door of Wonalancet Farm. Our friend Sweetser gives 1820 as the date of the avalanche that scarred the south face of Whiteface. Yet it seems it was not this avalanche that gave the mountain its name, for Whiteface it was called in a Sandwich road return dated May 24, 1781, as cited in the *Sandwich Historical Bulletin, 13th Excursion*. People ask if Chocorua's cone was always bare. Sweetser in his period speaks of the "destruction of the forests on Chocorua's peak" as if this were a matter of history. The Carroll County history likes to merge poetic rapture with fact, and it had best not be taken as an affidavit that "Some time the lightnings that have played round its brow [Chocorua's] have blasted its forest trees, or fires kindled by human hands have gnawed like 'eternal hunger' on its sides." Yet modern naturalists who are familiar with every yard of Chocorua's summit have reported charred wood lying deep in rock crevices, seeming to verify the fire theory.

Forest fires must always have been the same enemy that they still are, and only of recent date are good fire-fighting equipment and techniques. Desperation is the only reinforcement sure to have been always present. Bradbury Jewell back in 1816 again furnishes a few grains of testimony. "Oct. 9, 1816. We finished fighting fires and I Bradbury Jewell have fit 17 days and nights. I missed one day and my family fit the most of the time night and day." Bradbury was a man of few words, but anyone who has lived through these fires knows what seventeen days and nights are. And they had one man where now would be a hundred, and no lookout stations, no telephones, no walkie-talkies, no pack pumps, no bulldozers, no helicopters. "I was taken very sick when fighting fires and had a bad cough until the 18th of October." But, taken very sick, he was back on the job after one day. The cough would have been from the smoke. "The fires were on the Tasker farm," (John, the ex-indentured, losing his timber so soon after getting his own place!) "and from Smith's at the mountain round between Hubbard's and mine to Peter's

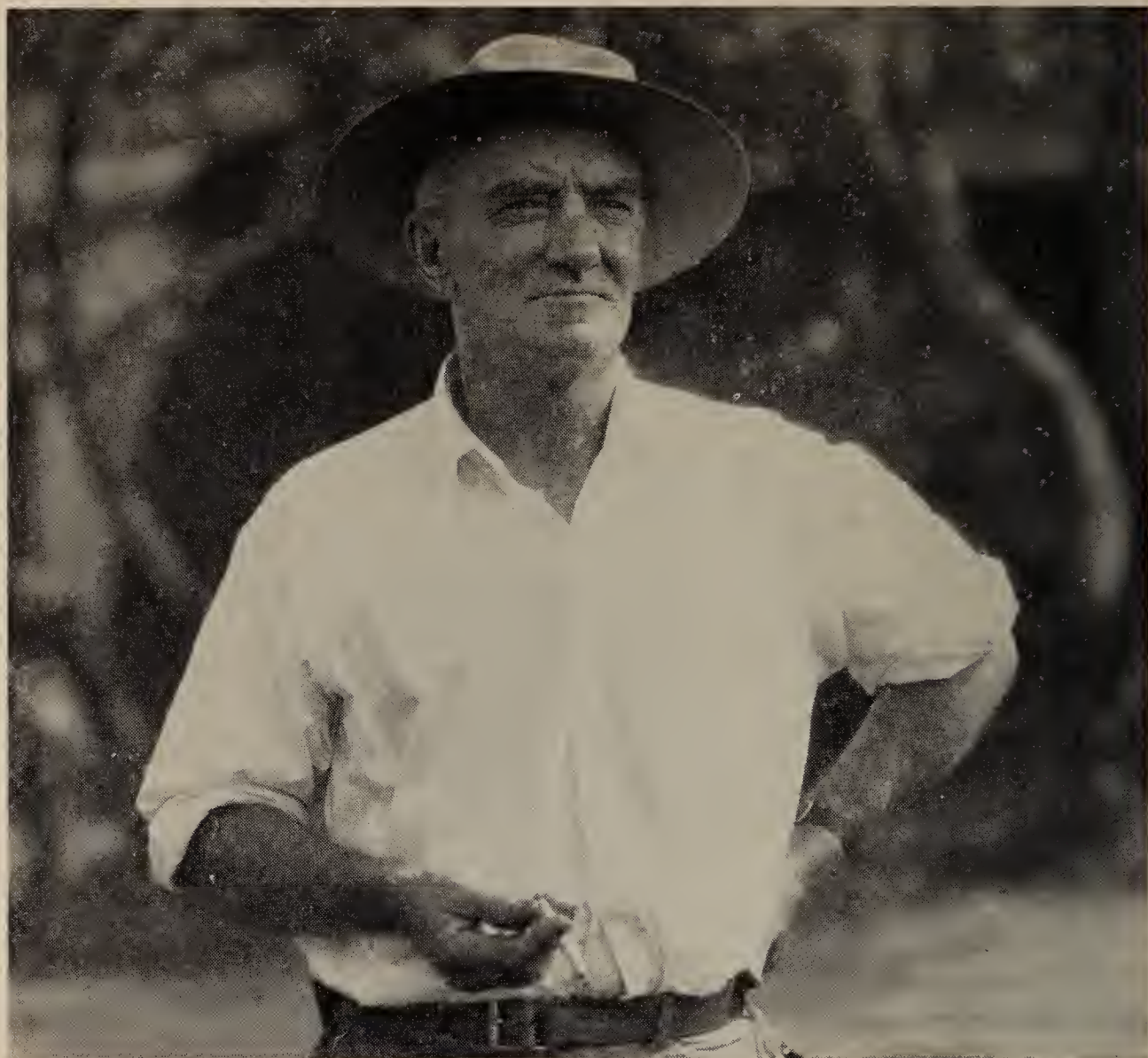
swamp." It seems possible that the road across the intervalle toward Sandwich used to be known as The Swamp. If it was "Peter's," this indicates that the fire extended from Birch Intervale over the lower slopes of Whiteface as far as Whiteface Intervale, as it "burnt the Widow McCrillis 2 barns and other buildings in Sandwich and Tamworth." No other recorded fire before or since has been so close to Tamworth or so extensive, save perhaps one in the Paugus Valley in the early years of this century which threatened to come over the ridge into Wonalancet and alarmed the whole region. It is pleasant to know that in 1954 New Hampshire led the entire country in forest fire control records; in 1955 it led the Northeastern States.

In June of the same year 1816, before this October fire, there had been something else: an extraordinary freeze. Beginning June 2, a cold wind from the northwest blew for days on end until the ground was hard, and there was ice a half-inch thick killing all corn and beans. This cold gradually abated until the nineteenth when "there was a very dark spot on the sun." Sunspots that year troubled the inhabitants of many towns; they related them to the succession of "cold years," for 1815, '16, '17, were all cold. The settlers lived on a narrow margin of safety; nor could they buy corn anywhere else when their own planting had been frozen. Famine throughout the country was inevitable. It is recorded of the year 1827 that it snowed every month. One man on a hilltop grew some wheat that did not freeze, and gave a little to everybody; this kept them alive.

Nevertheless the position of Whiteface to the northwest has always seemed to shield from Arctic winds the whole of the Wonalancet valley floor. The farmers hold that the mountain stops the thunderstorms, or detours them east and west. The three foothills that lie in association with Whiteface and Passaconaway above their heads are Wonalancet, Hibbard, and Hedgehog. The middle one of the three is interestingly named. Not often enough told is the story: A lumber



KATHERINE SLEEPER WALDEN



ARTHUR TREADWELL WALDEN wore a Stetson, and looked cross when embarrassed.



CHINOOK, leader and sire of a long line, disappeared in Antarctica on his twelfth birthday.

company logging on the mountain had to haul out to the railroad over a long roundabout course and needed a good road, down the main valley along the brook. The only road up into Birch Intervale hitherto had been the Locke Falls road, too far west for their operations. There was a lawsuit about it. The lumber people took the judge up to the top of the mountain and showed him in person the lay of the country. He saw; he decided in favor of a river road down through the intervale and out past Fowlers Mills. This act opened the entire Wonalancet region once for all. The judge's name was Hibbard.

Who were these farming men who took working time off from their haying, their orchards, their cattle, their lumbering and all, to build a chapel and provide such amenities as woods paths for boarders? In part their forebears had come from Portsmouth and coastal towns where they had been shipwrights. Iron ships were supplanting handmade ones, and the shipyards had seen an exodus of skilled woodworkers who homed naturally toward the timber tracts where axe and saw skills could still establish a man. Judge Hibbard's decision had made of Birch Intervale a good goal for such as these. In a few years the intervale roads were lined with farmhouses as in Elbridge Tilton's enumeration; lumbering and its attendant sawmills could employ them all. The population was never so large.

Approaching the new century, however, the profuse farm families became too many per acre, and the ambitious young had pretty much gone away. In the same period two other developments put a natural end to large-scale lumbering. In 1883 a great hurricane destroyed whole stands of massive hemlock, and second, in 1913-14 the United States Government bought up the watershed, as a part of the White Mountain National Forest just beginning. As to this purchase, Wonalancet had a not inconsiderable share in the matter.

Only a crackpot's notion was conservation, of course, during the long period when lumber was livelihood to nearly

all. American timber was a limitless mine; the land on which it grew was cheap, and fortunes were there for the making. But Senator Weeks of Massachusetts had begun the effort to arrest the wholesale tree slaughter by getting tracts of the Eastern Appalachians set off by the Government for perpetual care. It was the American Forestry Association and in our state the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests who were warriors together on the early conservation battlefield. Forestry was not then a word in any countryman's vocabulary. The first Federal legislation in this direction was the Weeks Act in 1911: in two or three years under this Act, some 1,104,000 acres in the southern highlands were acquired, though only 133,000 in New England. Senator Weeks had built himself a great summer home on the very top of a mountain in New Hampshire's town of Lancaster, and he knew pretty well what was needed. It is not surprising that the first White Mountain purchases under the Weeks Act were Mount Washington and the slopes north and west of it.

But Tamworth's special concern was for the ridge immediately behind it, more particularly that great tract known as "The Bowl," between Whiteface and Passaconaway where there were still fifty-six hundred acres unlogged. Some eight hundred acres of this Bowl directly back of Wonalancet were covered with virgin spruce on ledges too high for easy lumber operations. Guarded by the Whiteface-Passaconaway Ridge above it, it had been immune to hurricane. There was no trail to it, but the most knowing walkers and climbers had visited this wonderful growth. My mother climbed to it on her seventieth birthday and thence mostly without trail on up to the top of Whiteface.

A Mr. Tainter, president of the Publishers Paper Company, came from Woodstock, buying up high timber tracts. His company already had much of the crest of the range and the watershed controlling all streams, and expected to begin the valuable logging shortly. Likely they were all working fast against the distant rumblings from Washington. Tainter called

in at Wonalancet Farm on business with Arthur Walden. He already had his coat on to go, when Kate, by then Mrs. Walden, came out and intercepted him. What about giving her a sixty-day option at fifty thousand dollars on three thousand acres "up there," indicating Whiteface over her shoulder? She was an old hand now, knowing the feel of time, place, and persons. Mr. Tainter paused and looked at her. No one knows what passed in his mind. But a price like that was much better money than currently being given. The Government purchases eventually averaged about \$4.70 an acre. He doubtless thought nothing could come of it. He signed a little paper.

Mrs. Walden telephoned the present writer and the committee of two rolled up its sleeves. A letter was sent to the Forestry Department at Washington stating that twenty-five thousand dollars could be raised here if they would allocate the same. Such a sum was not quite the trifle it would be today. We learned that the Department of Agriculture could not purchase as small a tract as three thousand acres; the minimum was twenty thousand. But the slingshot had at least rippled the waters. It was our good fortune that Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire happened to be on the Forest Reservation Commission. He probably heard of Wonalancet for the first time, but now he heard of it in every mail. Senator Weeks was reached, and correspondence started flowing to our Congressmen. Edgar Rich, Wonalancet neighbor then general counsel of the powerful Boston & Maine Railroad, threw himself into the campaign with ardor; certain Concord magnates bestirred themselves; all absentee summer owners were made acquainted with the hovering danger. Offers of help and money mounted rapidly. To record grass-roots feeling, a petition was circulated around as far as horse and buggy on bad roads would carry it. This alone took time; only men's signatures were useful at that period, which increased difficulties in seeking names. Passing a house or a barn being built

was a stimulus, for then a dozen good carpenters would lengthen the list.

Senator Gallinger replied coldly at first that the timberlands were being held at too high a figure to interest the Commission. But as pressure grew he gave more heed. He got to work to win over his fellow commissioners—it was one of the last important things he did. Meanwhile the Publishers Paper Company, the Conway Lumber Company, and other owners moderated their views as to price. The option held by Mrs. Walden was eventually transferred to the Department of the Interior, and in the end no money of our raising was needed. A purchase of 85,000 acres was consummated including The Bowl, and our present White Mountain National Forest arose in fact with all its benefits, official recreational areas, care and forest handling in perpetuity, and the rest. By 1955, 661,000 acres were counted in the White Mountain Reservation.

The history of Wonalancet Chapel can never be complete because its earlier records were lost in Ira Tilton's fire, and much of later interest went in the Walden fire in '47. Ira's was a large farmhouse at the turn beyond the Chapel; Ira and Mrs. Ira could take forty summer boarders. The latter complained there were not enough windows, so when for the overflow an annex was built next door, it had long rows of windows standing to attention, and was dubbed Windowmere.

The revived Chapel was incorporated and received a charter, stating as its object simply the promotion of religion; it "shall be kept in suitable condition and repair" or the land would revert to the grantors. Miss Sleeper's interest gradually turned the bare little place into a meetinghouse with carpet, clock, bell, organ, and personality. The personality had always been there: when one came into Wonalancet from across the intervale, the Chapel was the first object seen, white, square, and solitary against the piled-up backing of mountains. Or from any of the surrounding heights it marked out the Wonalancet intervale from the mass of the hills. The story

is that after it was first restored in '91 one Sunday morning when Arthur Walden's clergyman father was making one of his early visits to the Farm, Kate Sleeper said to him "Will you hold service in the chapel tonight?" Astonished, he replied, "But where would you find a congregation?" "You'll see," she said with a twinkle. She stopped Hi Currier on his way to Tamworth and someone else who was driving to Sandwich, and told them to give the word in all the dooryards. A congregation assembled and heard the rector of the Episcopal Cathedral in Boston, whose fame included preaching in Westminster Abbey. Later Dr. Walden served the Chapel for twenty years from his summer home a few yards down the road.

Another name for long connected with the Chapel in later times was the Reverend Arthur N. Peaslee from St. George's School in Providence; his summer holidays could be devoted to the services from his cottage across the brook. Another was Reverend Winfred Rhoades, retired minister and writer of much-read books, who spent some years of ill health in his "Brown Study" at Ferncroft; and another, the Reverend Allen Clark of Danvers, Massachusetts, whose children grew up here through most of their summers.

At first the Chapel had neither tower nor bell; these it acquired in '96. The mellow old bell was long a picturesque feature of daily life in Wonalancet. A boy (for years Chester Bickford) was hired to ring it four times a day, and never missed, at morning, noon, evening, and curfew; everyone loved it. In '37 repairs were necessary, and the community again raised money and provided the present steeple. The high window over the altar was added at this time, the whole renovation being done as a tribute to Katherine Sleeper Walden, with plaque to that effect. Several special gifts were made, and again labor was offered, by these thirteen men: Chester Weed, George Brown, Lewis Currier, Arthur Hayford, Elmer Moody, David Peaslee, Robert Peaslee, Roland Peaslee, Roscoe Peaslee, Charles Shackford, Howard Stevenson, Harold

Trask, and Ernest Walker. Visitors came to the dedication from many distances.

The little burying ground on the hillside by Ferncroft has no connection with the Chapel. It was laid out in earliest days by Ann Elizabeth Jewell, the lovely second wife of Bradbury. Its stone wall is presumably her doing; there seems to have been a wrought-iron gate in the opening. Though title to the ground still lies with the Jewell heirs or assigns, the descendants welcome the use and care of it by others, and a number of latter-day devotees have been buried within the small hillside enclosure: Milton Seeley, Clarence and Elizabeth Child, Seward and Dorothea Collins, Hugh McFadden. Bradbury, Ann Elizabeth, and Aunt Dolly Jewell the much loved, not to forget Captain John, the Currier ancestor of elephant fame, Hi the philosopher, and other early starters of the still rolling ball, keep vigil with them.

It is the Wonalancet Outdoor Club of long and honorable history (organized in 1898), also initiated by Kate Sleeper among her first enterprises, that created and still maintains the network of trails. A map was surveyed and made by the topographer of the Appalachian Club. Without this adjunct, Wonalancet would not have become the climbing center with filled inns that it was until the automobile took recreation over. These mountains are particularly rewarding for climbing (the word *hiking* developed afterward, *climbing* reserved for a more ambitious exercise). The trails were laid out for the most part by experts, the first one, to the summit of Passaconaway, directed by the Appalachians, who built a log camp near the top. Thomas S. Wiggin, of the handsome physique and tenor voice who was host to summer boarders at Locke Falls Cottage cut the first Whiteface Trail, little used because of its steepness. Dr. William H. Rollins of Boston, with an early summer home (now Tozzer) on Great Hill caused several of these to be opened at his own expense. Later Edgar Rich, benevolent to Wonalancet in many ways, headed the Outdoor Club and gave impetus to it. These trails are

not too long for the inexperienced, and they yield delightful summit views, a few overnight shelters, many brooks, ledges, boulders, wild flowers, and forest richness generally. In 1925 the Outdoor Club boasted seventy-two miles of these trails exclusive of the eight paths on Chocorua Mountain kept up by the Forest Service or the Chocorua Mountain Club. Not all are still open or traveled by as great numbers as when not to climb was not to be sportsmanlike. Every fair day of summer and fall, climbing parties would be organized at the inns as a matter of course; many a girl with no native taste for the exertion would find herself boosted up Whiteface and come home exhausted, in the interest of the proper activity of the day and its accompanying social advantages.

In this department Ferncroft Inn, established on the old Jewell premises by Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Fisher in 1908, figured largely. Its location at the very base of the main trails attracted climbers of distinction from elsewhere. The later addition of cabins and a separate building for dining room and kitchen enabled the accommodation of over a hundred guests, at least in the Augusts of the thirties. For many years Ferncroft had its returning clientele of professional and university families like the smaller and older Wonalancet Farm. It was the automobile, luring people out to range the roads for their vacations instead of staying in any one favorite spot, which changed the habits at both inns, as at every other small hostelry in the mountains whose charm had been that it was off the beaten track.

The pivotal year 1898 also saw the telephone brought to the intervale, again Kate Sleeper's doing. At first it was long distance merely, the only other of the kind being down at Tamworth Inn. But this was in itself a tremendous innovation and change. The instrument was a formidable wall-fixture in the pantry at the Farm. Telegrams could now reach anyone in Wonalancet, through the Farm, delivered by hand. As reception was often poor and Kate's scrawls on the telegraph blank would painfully reveal her ignorance of the telegram's

meaning, extraordinary messages could arrive. There had been a great fair and supper at Wonalancet Farm to help raise the money for this. Private telephones in houses did not come till some years later. In the Old Home Week booklet of 1906 the Telephone Company presents a picture of a pretty child holding a receiver with the caption "The telephone helps to make the home happy." It announces that you can now talk to your friends hundreds of miles away. But you still couldn't do that from a house phone. Mrs. Walden was across the road getting the overflow cottage ready for guests when she saw that a bull had got loose. She telephoned to "central" at Laconia and had them call Mr. Walden on the other side of the road to come and get her, which he did.

In the same fateful year an even greater innovation took place. Golf had struck America broadside on, and what better location for a golf course than Wonalancet intervale? Only six holes could be accommodated, but six-hole courses were not sneezed at by early golfers, and these were laid out. *White Mountain Life*, devoted to news of the fashionable resorts of the time, carried a detailed description of each hole; there seemed to be strange hazards like clumps of boulders, swamps, apple trees, and an outhouse, but the intervale was up-to-date.

The genus winter party was something new then too. Neither snowshoes nor skis were known to the city generation just preceding. Both sports now took on importance in Wonalancet through the Walden's skill as hosts. Groups of young people, of course thoroughly chaperoned, would have their immensely romantic first experiences on the snow and around the fire at night, gathered in by the great dinner bell that clanged gloriously from the front porch. Games were devised, poems perpetrated, charades, monkey shins, and high spirits abounded (never a drink on the premises!), and marriages came of it, some in lofty Boston circles. Mrs. Walden treasured amusing tributes of cleverness and gratitude sent back to her afterward, as from one wit to another. The Waldens thought up everything themselves, and were the leaders of

everything. They presided entertainingly from both ends of the long table at "a dinner-party every night." No chance of celebrating something was overlooked. Anyone who was present in the summer of 1914 will never forget the "Pageant" on the 100th anniversary of the Wonalancet Farm House. The Pageant reviewed the history of the intervale in a procession that left nobody out, including a newly shot bear who dangled from a "pioneer's" hayrack. The day would have wound up with a great picnic and bonfire.

Dogs and Drivers

To have brought the story of Wonalancet this far without mention of sled dogs is an achievement, for to thousands of people the word Wonalancet is synonymous with nothing else. The dog invasion took place as follows.

Arthur Walden, always a living contradiction to his Boston origin, had come on the quiet intervale scene as a rather flaming figure. His exploits and pranks were widely quoted. Practical jokes were a favorite pastime, and often had to do with horses. A horse, for instance, would be taken out and harnessed in the buggy wrong end to, while its owner was indoors courting in the kitchen. There was the tar-and-feathering administered to a farmer a few miles away who abused his wife. Several young men were quite willing to join this engagement, but it appears to have been not fully completed: something went wrong with the feathering. Of Wally Edgar Page reminisces:

Up to the time he went to the Klondike, he wouldn't walk from the house to the barn, he'd ride. He was a very good rider. I've seen a lot of riding all over the west, but I don't think I ever saw a better rider than he was. One time he had a vicious bull and the hired men asked if he could ride

him, and he said, "Yes, if you put a saddle on him." They did and he got on, and the bull took off to the woods. It went on through a stream and on the other side some men were working, and here came Arthur on the bull. He stayed on too.

At the age of twenty-three he struck out for the greatest adventure of all, which was then Alaska. For the first year or two he knew Alaska as it was before the Gold Rush, the old frontier when "life and property were . . . safe, gambling-halls were strict and square," and the miners' meetings where justice was decreed and despatched were acknowledged by the United States Government. He had taken with him from Wonalancet his collie Shirley, and finding that dog freighting was a highly paid business where no other transportation existed, he broke Shirley to harness, added more dogs, and soon was a veteran in the sledge dog field. His book *A Dog-Puncher on the Yukon* is as good a picture as when first published of the stirring and terrible events he took part in during those six years of his youth. It has the startling facts of the Gold Rush, vigorously set forth in good understatement, and is full of the author's good nature and unquenchable high humor.

After two years he came home long enough to leave Shirley in good hands, and then went back to Alaska for three or four years more. On the final reversion to New England in 1902 the wedding with Kate took place at Wonalancet Farm with a great celebration, and thereafter Alaska lived only in the endlessly repeated stories which were a magnet to young people, older ones too, and a feature of Wonalancet as long as Wally lived.

But a dog man could not settle down without dogs, and the veteran of dog-driving saw in backwoods New Hampshire a perfect locale for this as a sport. He took four half-bred St. Bernard puppies, named them Rud, Yard, Kip, and Ling, and trained them in tandem hitch to a dog sled he made himself. This team was an utterly delightful innovation in the intervale at that time, and every girl or woman given a ride

in the sled had the thrill of her life. Several learned to drive sooner or later and had sled dogs of their own. Several men were also taught by Wally. It is impossible to overstate the pleasure contributed by these dogs whose own delight was in their work. The marvel was always that no whip was ever thought of, only the four variants from the master's voice: "Yake," "Gee," "Haw," and "Whoa." Without benefit of roads the team could climb anywhere in deep woods, bringing picnic supplies or some less hardy passenger, or construction materials where these would not otherwise go.

About that time the imagination of the whole American people was fired by the story of the dog-team relays that were rushing the diphtheria serum across Alaska to Nome. The public became aware of the Alaska Sweepstakes races and the Hudson Bay Dog Derby at La Pas in Manitoba. The Brown Company of Berlin, New Hampshire, put on a first race known as the Eastern International Dog Derby, which Walden won with a team of six led by Chinook, later to achieve fame. This is the same team he took to the top of Mount Washington, the first time this had ever been done. Against perishing high winds in a blizzard Chinook showed himself the remarkable dog he was.

The international races were then transferred to Quebec for a few years, three-day point-to-point, usually 123 miles. As teams and younger drivers multiplied, however, it seemed better to have the races at home, and Walden then organized with others the New England Sled Dog Club, Inc., which except for the War years has had scheduled races in various areas of the northern states every year since. All the fans enjoy the excitement of the dogs, their frantic quiver to be off, plumes in air, and the great skill of the drivers in handling them only by word of mouth. Walden enlarged his kennels, bred dogs, and sold many. The lead-dog Chinook, towering above others, smooth and tawny, with a black muzzle, chanced to be a genius among dogs. His mother Ningoo, granddaughter of Peary's leader on the North Pole trip, found Wonalancet

too tame for her taste. Though her puppies had winter care in a warm place at the house, she suspected the food they got and introduced forcefully into their home everything in advanced carrion that she could locate by scouring the woods. Chinook grew up to become "the most famous dog in America." He and Wally were a unit, always side by side, lost unless together. They seemed hardly to need communication. The kennels were of course named for this super-dog and born leader who became an object of pilgrimage. For children he was a magnet. "What is your dog's name?" asked a visitor of a small boy with some undersized mongrel harnessed to his sled. "Chinook," was the answer with a glance of pride. "And your name?" The child straightened himself up and said scornfully, "What would it be but Mr. Walden?"

The dog team was by no means solely a plaything. With its aid electricity was brought to Wonalancet, Public Service as now known being far in the future. The Farm needed electricity, as did the substantial private houses being built about the intervale. Dogs hauled wire and poles and gear through woods and across brooks without a road for more than a mile which neither horse, oxen, nor tractor could do. By this means, a modern powerhouse appeared beside Wonalancet Falls, hitherto the goal of scenery-seeking walkers, but now harnessed to make the first hydro-electric plant (self-governing) in Carroll County. Three workers made up the initial enterprise, Arthur Walden conceiving and planning, Richard McKey helping to execute, and Julia Lombard on the bookkeeping and financial end. When current had been brought not only to the houses of subscribers but to a sawmill set up in the woods to get out lumber for the small building boom, all three and several helpers worked a hard day in the deafening screech of the mill. With the end of the First War, the sawmill part of the undertaking stopped, but not before it had demonstrated its second value, selective cutting of timber in the Walden woods.

When Admiral Byrd proposed his first expedition to the Antarctic, Walden though beyond the age considered maximum, was in a fever to go. He took the train with Chinook to Boston to see Byrd and came back in charge of all dogs and dog-driving for the expedition. Three young men, in order to go with him, volunteered to spend the winter in tents on the intervale learning dogs and winter techniques. Some hundred dogs were prepared and went from the Walden Kennels on that first expedition. On recent expeditions it has been thought better to take only a few dogs for polar purposes, most carefully selected and trained, and in spite of today's tractors and helicopters, a nucleus of dogs is still indispensable.

This first time a famous driver A. A. ("Scotty") Allen, winner of Alaska Sweepstakes, brought down Malemutes to Wonalancet, and through another driver, Leonard Seppala, Siberian huskies were added. Some dogs were offered by owners, and some were of Walden's raising. All were assembled in the kennels in back of the Farm and were an ear-splitting circumstance. Many remember the great bonfire staged by the intervale as a send-off before the dog section left by train for Norfolk.

Admiral Byrd's book *Little America*, published after this first expedition, is studded with admiring references to Walden, though privately the two men were not altogether compatible:

A moment later Walden's heavily loaded sledge nearly went to the bottom of the sea through a slush hole in the ice, and Walden came within a hair's breadth of falling in while trying to save the sledge. . . .

Had it not been for the dogs, our attempts to conquer the Antarctic by air must have ended in failure. On January 17th Walden's single team of thirteen dogs moved 3,500 pounds of supplies from ship to base, a distance of 16 miles each trip, in two journeys. Walden's team was the backbone of our transport. Seeing him rush his heavy loads

along the trail, outstripping the younger men, it was difficult to believe that he was an old man. He was 58 years old, but he had the determination and strength of youth. . . .

The first sledge cleared the crevasse in a flurry of snow, but none too quickly, at that. As the front end rose slightly on the distant side, the rear runners dipped down and broke a hole through. One by one, three other sledges made the rush without mishap. Walden, who brought up the rear guard, had the heaviest sledge of all. Just as he cleared the edge, the sledge veered violently and tipped over, pinning him underneath. He fell on the brink of a drop into a second crevasse, saving himself by clutching hold of the sledge. Without a word he scrambled clear, righted the sledge, started the dogs and resumed his steady trot. . . .

I cannot speak too highly of the dog drivers — Walden, Goodale, Crockett, Vaughn [these last three had trained in the intervale], Bursey and Blackburn. It is they who have borne the burden of transport from the beginning; and for the past week they have worked like demons. The trail is very soft and dangerous, with opens pools of water, yet they have performed as efficiently as ever.

The death of Chinook during the polar winter received much publicity. Chinook of the unmatched intelligence and absolute devotion who as leader in harness knew the answers without being told; who in a city would watch and obey the gestures of a traffic cop, and saved many a bad situation by quick deduction and quicker action on his own — Chinook disappeared. Probably the brief tribute by Admiral Byrd is the best to use here.

An incident, perhaps the saddest during our whole stay in the Antarctic, was the loss of Walden's famous lead dog, Chinook. Chinook was Walden's pride, and there was no doubting the fact that he was a great dog. He was old when brought to the Antarctic, too old for hard, continuous labor, and Walden used him as a kind of shock troop, throwing him into a team when the going turned very hard. Then the gallant heart of the old dog would rise above the years

and pull with the glorious strength of a three-year-old. The affection between him and Walden was a beautiful thing to see: one sensed that each knew and understood the other perfectly, and it was Walden's rare boast that he never needed to give Chinook an order: the dog knew exactly what had to be done. A few days after his twelfth birthday, Chinook disappeared. We searched the camp for him, without success; in the trampled snow about the ship, it was impossible to find his tracks. . . . Whether he walked out alone to die, because his days of service were done is something I cannot vouch for: this was the romantic theory advanced by several of the men. At any rate, his body was never found. A clue to his disappearance was suggested in the following spring when Davies, during the course of a scientific investigation of the crevasses in the vicinity of Little America came across the marks of a dog's feet on the shelf of a crevasse, something thirty feet below the Barrier surface, about half a mile to the eastward. The traces were half covered by falling crystals, but Davies believed that the dog lived there for several days. The walls of the crevasses were scored by small furrows, such as might have been made by a dog scratching, and some of these reached as high as a man's shoulder. Whether these were made by Chinook or another dog, we never learned. All this was a deep disappointment to Walden, who wanted to bury Chinook in his harness.

When Arthur Walden returned home he was greeted by a welcoming committee of townsfolk and a great celebration in Tamworth village. Among expressions of appreciation was the proposal to name the road from Tamworth to Wonalancet the Walden Highway. He begged off from this honor, but said they might name the road for Chinook if they wished. The state concurred and took over maintenance of Chinook Trail thenceforth.

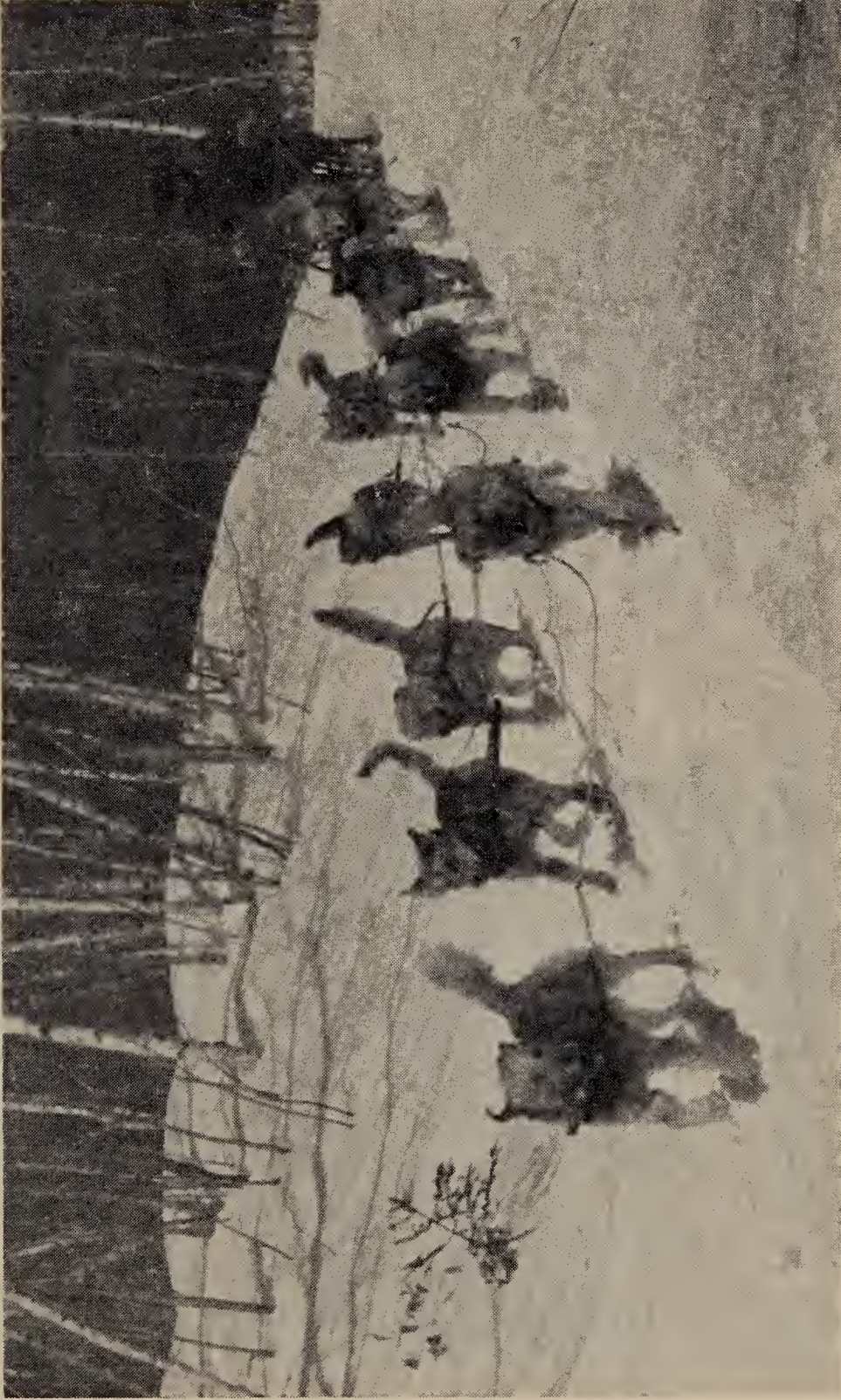
Mrs. Walden had already retired from the management of the Farm, and they now took up residence in "Brook Walden" with the rustic fence smothered in rugosa roses, formerly Dr. Treadwell Walden's summer home. During Walden's

absence Milton Seeley had been handling the kennels as his partner. He had been a teacher of chemistry at both Michigan and Oregon Universities, and then had a chemical business in New York. His health had brought him to Wonalancet and outdoor life. His wife Eva was a graduate in physical education, had also taught at the University of Oregon, and always been active in sports and with animals. Charmed with Chinook, she collaborated on a book for young people, *Chinook and His Family*. Through previous laboratory experience Seeley evolved a superlative dog-food formula, which saved the lives of the Antarctic dogs on the First Byrd Expedition. It was cabled to New Zealand after they had been attacked by illness on the voyage out.

The Waldens sold the kennels to Milton Seeley, who re-established them on a large tract of land between the high-road and the brook, formerly Walden property, where the Electric Company had its powerhouse, now also Seeley's. There he built log-cabin-type buildings and model kennels. The dogs entered upon a new and even more public phase of their history when the Seeleys began seriously their business of raising sled dogs.

For some years Julia Lombard who owned property in the intervale had some of the Chinook dogs and continued to inbreed them to preserve the strain of the famous ancestor. Ultimately she sold her small kennels and they were moved to Maine, the Seeleys remaining the only dog breeders in Wonalancet.

Walden now returned to writing. *Leading a Dog's Life*, purporting to be Shirley's memoirs, gives much information about the intervale of his own youth and life before the summer people set in, interspersed with characteristic stories of escapades and scrapes. One further book he called *Harness and Pack*. This was in a small edition known to few, a serious and scholarly work which discussed every kind of animal transport in America from earliest times, including the horse, the mule, oxen, donkey, even reindeer, and finally dogs. The



CHINOOK TEAM, showing gang-hitch and harnessing (about 1913).



ARTHUR WALDEN, answering the Government call to till more acreage for food crops in 1914, is deep-ploughing Wonalancet intervale after seventy years of hay.



WESLEY TEWKSBURY delivers hay.

harness, the saddles, the gear, the vehicle, the methods of handling, are all described in detail. Great care was used on the copious line drawings, that every detail might be clear and accurate. The book was for boys, but it is fascinating at any age. And it contains his own account of Chinook's end, so far as could be known.

Every enterprise of Arthur Walden's was to carry out some theory of his own devising. He would work relentlessly until he had completed that thing, after which he could lounge and yarn, better than most. The yarns were in great variety. There was one about an extra heavy sweater his wife had knitted him. He thought it had been stolen, couldn't find it anywhere. This part of the story could be embroidered *ad lib*. He went on a five weeks' trip in the Antarctic, and when he got back to camp he found he had it on. There was no way of telling, he said.

Among his successive interests, some were various projects in farming or building. He tore down the old barn and built a new and much larger one, chiefly by his own labor. This was in Shirley's time, for an observer who helped on the roof tells us that Shirley climbed up the ladder and joined them there. In 1914 with the war demand for food Arthur deep-plowed the intervale after its seventy years' history of hay. "I expect he plowed eighteen to twenty inches deep," said Jesse Ambrose. Four yoke of oxen hauled the plow while he grasped the handles. People came from far and near to witness the spectacle.

The Antlers log cabin next door to the Farm was one of his achievements. For this he used his memory of the log houses in Circle City, a technique little known then in New Hampshire, with heavy logs rounded all but on the inside, mortised at the corners. It was a two-story building with a notable fireplace and a separate kitchen, and for long years housed Winifred Alexander's popular summer Tea Room and Gift Shop, as well as the Post Office and her home. It is now the residence of Vice-Admiral Ainsworth retired, Arthur Wal-

den's only nephew and heir. After Arthur's death the Admiral and his sister Gladys Salisbury conferred on the New England Sled Dog Club by deed of gift in his memory a distinguished trophy on which the best picture of Chinook was reproduced by etching on brass. This has been raced for, every year since.

Obliged always to be making something, in the last part of his life Arthur dug a system of connecting ponds to raise fish. He had a workshop with electric lathes and turned out small wheelbarrows of a size for women, besides furniture and such things. He had the first tractor in Wonalancet. "Walden spent a lot of money for nothing," says an old countryman now. "I helped him saw when he used that windmill that was on top of the old barn. That old windmill would squeak. And I helped him plow. We always got along all right. He never did learn how to drive cattle." Cattle would have been far too slow for him.

He went once more to Alaska, invited by someone who wanted to bring back features for Sportmen's Shows. He was soon back: Alaska was disgustingly civilized now. What he did bring down was an Eskimo boy with four reindeer to look after; these were parked for some weeks in a corral in the intervale. Both reindeer and Eskimo became intractable but not before all the neighborhood had had thrills. Oddly enough one of Walden's last interests was to get the history of Wonalancet written. His death at seventy-six was in the burning of "Brook Walden" on a stormy March morning. He rescued his wife, but in returning to fight the fire could not save himself. She lingered for two years not realizing what had occurred. They are buried either side a granite boulder on the small lawn of the Chapel: Arthur Treadwell Walden and Katherine Sleeper Walden.

One of the last recollections of them is when they had joined one of the square dances, revived in the music room at Seven Hearths. Both remembered the figures from early intervale days, spanning the period of the square dances' extinction. Arthur danced with his usual unsurpassed gusto.

In spite of Kate's bad foot broken in an accident, and in her long dress of a previous period, with white hair wisping over the twinkling ever-blue eyes, she footed the dances more featly than anyone. She loved life. She forgave it all its unkindnesses. She left a great legacy.

During the fifteen years until his death Milton Seeley carried on the electric plant and expanded the service. Ultimately its lines and subscribers were absorbed into the state-wide public utility. He became a scientific producer and trainer of sled dogs, discerning, quiet, and humane. His wife also learned to drive a dog team, and took over the rearing of puppies under formulas worked out by Milton. Under them the Siberians and Malemutes came to predominate at the kennels as best for the multiple uses developing: racing teams, pets, and breeding purposes.

Hardly had the Seeleys established their new base than the second Antarctic expedition came up, and Admiral Byrd assigned to Milton the organization and direction of the sledge-dog division, with drivers; 185 dogs were sent this time. In all, the dogs for four Antarctic expeditions have been assembled in the Wonalancet area, both dogs and drivers trained here. During the last war the kennels were also the assembly point for dogs for the U.S. Army, under the Search and Rescue Division.

The third expedition was the first organized by the Government. Army officers were in charge at the kennels and they were at fever pitch. A spectacular incident took place when movie men from five firms had arrived, and among the stunts put on for them was a seventy-three dog hitch. A neighbor wrote at the time:

We have been through these pre-Expedition spasms before, but never anything equal to this. Here came a dog-team around the bend as usual, but instead of three or four pair behind a leader, it kept coming, a long woolly procession with tails in air, ending at last in the big Army truck with half a dozen grinning men clinging to the outside of the cab.

Seventy-three dogs in one hitch by actual count, in perfect formation and discipline, just trotting along up the hill pulling the big truck without a murmur. They seemed to know it was some kind of a test, and they must produce. Dick Moulton who is going to the Pole with the first boat-load sat on the hood some 200 feet back of the lead-dog Waska who was used to having him right behind. What mostly thrilled the boys was her perfect performance. Waska expects Haw usually at the chapel bend, but Dick shouted Gee and she was irresolute no more than a second. She quietly wheeled to the right, curved the whole train of them around after her and no questions asked. Waska weighs 43 pounds and is in her fourth year of leadership.

I appealed to Milton to know what weight that long team had actually pulled. "Well, each dog pulls twice his weight. Their weight averages 70 pounds. And there were seventy-three of them. The truck weighs about 3,500, doesn't it, Dutch?" Dutch was the Army truck driver. "And you can add the weight of about six men. That seems to leave the dogs quite a margin of unused power."

Milton's death during the War at the age of fifty-two was a deeply sensed loss extending far outside the dog-raising industry. To quote from an obituary notice:

The community will never know how much it owed to him, because of his reticent modesty. When he took something up with higher authorities, the very strength of his integrity caused him to be listened to. His mind was on the other fellow's rights, not on his own — on getting an opportunity for some young person, on clearing up a misunderstanding or stopping an injurious rumor, on opening the roads to justice, on making things easier for people.

In spite of weakening health, no night was too stormy, no cold too intense, for him to start out when a tree crashed over a wire or there was emergency in the hydro plant. He had to "keep the lights burning, all the lights." His grave in the little Jewell burying ground against the mountain was dug by no one but his neighbors. Ten or twelve went up and

mowed the old grass and straightened up the fallen tombstones. His wife "Short" eventually took over the kennels from young Richard Moulton who had been almost brought up there, and she has carried on since. For many years she drove her team in the New England races. She also participated in demonstration dog races at the Olympics at Lake Placid in 1932, the only woman driver to receive this honor. The Carroll County Kennel Club, founded by her, has an annual point show at North Conway. Her sled dogs (now registered in the American Kennel Club) have appeared widely at Dog Shows and Sportsmen's Shows across the country and on television.

For the current and most ambitious South Polar expedition, known as the Geophysical Year (Operation Deepfreeze, Task Force 43) the U. S. Navy established itself at Chinook Kennels during months of intensive training and equipment preparations. (Local talent was used wherever possible. Chester Bickford down the road, a highly skilled cabinetmaker, fashioned by hand many freight sledges. In polar work these must be put together with great care, wholly by means of pegs and thongs; no screws or metal may be used.) The public was not denied the interest of watching the professional animals who were learning their job, and some thousands of visitors came, including children by hundreds from camps. The kennels remain one of New Hampshire's stable tourist attractions. The plaque on a rock in the compound placed after the second expedition, reads:

Admiral Byrd Memorial
to
All Noble Dogs
whose lives were given on dog treks
during the two Expeditions to
Little America, Antarctic
to further science and discovery
1928-1930 1933-1935
dedicated October 8, 1935

TAMWORTH

Two Tamworth men not now connected with the kennels have Antarctic records. Richard Moulton, trained by Milton Seeley, had the dogs in charge on the third expedition. They remained more than a year and traveled some forty thousand essential miles moving freight. After returning to Chinook Kennels the same dogs went to the Arctic, where Moulton was head of Army Search and Rescue on Baffin Island. With eleven men he set up one of four weather stations in the ice wastelands. During the War he remained with Search and Rescue, in Europe and in various western posts, and traveled in America and Canada buying up sled dogs for the Government.

Edward Moody was trained as dog driver by Arthur Walden, and had his own kennels with his father Lester Moody who also drove and entered the races. Ed was a member of the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, as well as the Search and Rescue work for twenty-two months in Greenland. He received the Congressional Medal of Honor, and a further incident was a medal from the Maternity Society for keeping the cow alive at Little America. This was the only cow in the Antarctic, and Ed was selected as nursemaid no doubt because of a farming background.

Wonalancet had some interesting summer or year-round homes. The Kerrison house had been Dan Tilton's farmhouse. Moved uphill to its present location where the view is, its interesting additions and sunken garden are augmented by a large log cabin beautifully built on the Walden principle of construction, hidden in woods. Mrs. Kerrison was an ardent craft worker; seven old looms were in the house when it became the Sturtevant's. Dr. Roy Sturtevant had been brought to "Miss Sleeper's" first as a boy, and is probably the oldest continuous summer visitor here.

Professor Clarence Child from the University of Pennsylvania took an ancient brookside shack, and summer by summer with a correspondence school manual in one hand and

a tool or so in the other, converted it into an ingenious cottage. Edward V. McKey, a Scotsman, built by the road as it enters the intervale. His daughter Ellen (Nell) operated for many years a charming summer camp for little girls, with buildings in the woods by the brook. These little girls became mountain climbers, campers, bird-watchers, and nature students mature for their age, through the diversity of interests of their leader. The property is now the summer home of the writers Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Lilian Mowrer from Washington.

Hobart Winkley and his wife from Boston in the old Sanford Gilman place at the uppermost end of the Currier Road were a picturesque riding and driving couple, supporters of all intervale works. "I can still hear," writes Ernest Walker, brother to Walter Walker, "the sure tread of Mr. Winkley's fine horse and the soft slap of finely dressed leather, as that grand old man hailed me when we met on the various trails."

Mrs. Gane's Seven Hearths was built a large house without intention, but its music room of perfect acoustics opening on three sides into the woods brought together a surprising number of musicians on Friday mornings for many years. The family were introduced to the intervale from Chicago by their cousin Miss Octavia Dupee, a picturesque character whose cottage was the first for which Miss Sleeper sold land after settling on her farm. Afterward Seward Collins, retired editor of literary magazines, and his wife Dorothea Brande, the writer, brought their library of some thirty-five thousand volumes to Seven Hearths with them. After their deaths the property was bought in by a New York book expert, Herbert Goodkind.

From New York also Mrs. Julia Lombard was one of the first to move here and become integrated with the life. She bought the Elbridge Tilton farm after the Tiltons both died, and Ira Tilton's property also became hers after the house burned. Various retired professors or teachers built summer places: Alice Walton, Emily Briggs, the Dwight sisters, Stanley and Edith Harkness, Alberta Beall and others.

An English couple, the Norman Simpsons, retired here. Another Englishman Walter Jones with his wife took over Wonalancet Farm after the Waldens had gone from it. Cabins of one sort and another were built inconspicuously in the woods. Ernest Major, a well-known Boston painter, spent long summers in his. The portrait painter Elmer Greene was his student and worked here with him. William McHenry not only remained in his, but retired here permanently. Ernest Walker lived many years in one of several he built. His daughter raised a family in another. A distinguished entomologist still comes to his.

Of those who remained after the war to become permanent features up to today are Whipple Farnum, son of Mrs. Herbert Farnum of Rhode Island who bought the farm of Fred Bickford, now the James Breasted summer home. Whipple subsequently acquired the whole Walden intervale land on which to do practical farming. Another war veteran to become a permanent farmer was "Ned" Behr, his mother also permanent in Tamworth. Richard Read and his wife from Cambridge settled into the old Hannah Wiggin place and brought up a family there, contributing much to the welfare and interests of the town. Wonalancet's efficient little Fire Department is due to "Buzz" Read's initiative.

All these people were but grafts upon the growth that was Wonalancet. The main stock, in spite of the wholesale emigrations of seventy to a hundred years ago and the inevitable filtering away which still goes on, was strong enough to have kept the population indicator reasonably steady all its life. The intervale retains a firm hold upon all, old and new. Of the older can only be noted a few as they stand out in memory.

For instance, Walter Walker was an unforgettable part of everyone's life about the intervale for some fifty years. For twenty-two years he drove the mail, and this in itself tells a story, for he never lost a trip nor got the mail in late. Once when a horse fell in deep snow, he finished the trip with the

mail on his back. Another time he brought it the six miles from Tamworth on snowshoes. No one's woodlot, well, pipes, roofs, screens, or peculiar housekeeping arrangements were alien to him. He had great ability in all these primary matters. He hauled, dug, secured and mended, sawed and chopped his way into every household, and his opinion was an oracle with his clients. Unlike the typical taciturn Tamworthy his reputation as a voluble talker was second only to his reputation as the person to send for. Many would testify that in the days of Walter Walker's prime they could hardly have lived a season through without him. His daughter Lillian Bowles has been Wonalancet's faithful postmaster for twenty years.

Wesley Tewksbury was another important factor in intervale life. His farm was on the road to Whiteface Intervale, but he drove his oxen to every woods job and every construction job there was. His was a notable talent with "cattle," and he inherited the judgment of his pioneer ancestors as to practice in matters of rocks, streams, and timber: his word was attended to with respect. He had the innate shy courtesy of the bedrock strain, and his blue eye was full of kindness. "Wes Tewk" was an indispensable pillar of the economy, no matter what. It was said that his oxen could take the loaded hayrack home unaided in pitch darkness; once the game warden met them and seeing no driver called up, "Hey there! You'd orter be lit up!" A voice came from the hay: "That's just what I be!"

For masterful contriving John Sanborn was a man of great parts. Roland Currier's Aunt Addie was his wife, and their farm is now Edgehill Inn. Says Roland, "John would do a man and a half's work," and many of us can testify to it. "He took three or four bear every year. He figured out that the bear make a circuit of the ridge once every five days, all around the mountains the length of Sandwich Range, then cross over and do the Ossipee Range. John knew the grove where the acorns were, and he would be there at six in the

morning, and stay two or three days. Then he'd get his bear." When the Seeleys were closing their settlement with the Waldens, the signatures to the deed were not dry when John Sanborn plucked Milton by the sleeve and motioned to his car. He took the Seeleys down to their new land and pointed out to them unerringly the location of their future buildings: here the house would be, there the road would come in, there the big corrals would spread out. Out of the ground Walter Walker joined the symposium. He and John planned the entire kennels layout then and there. The cellar hole by the road had been the old farmhouse, "deep enough to rush the women down when the wolves came." It would be fine to put the puppy-house on (and is). "Young boy," said John Sanborn — Milton was forty-one — "young boy, you'll live to see quite a place here."

III

Under Multiple Aspects

Off the Highways

TAMWORTH'S CIRCLING NETWORK of old dirt roads are full of the foretime to any whose recollection can interpret them. When the farms were taken up and the houses raised, none knew if their own or another road would become a main thoroughfare, much less which ones would come to be awarded blacktop and steel bridges. In many instances the most noteworthy families of a century ago lived in houses that are the least attractive survivors down today's back roads. The history of houses makes a pursuit unfortunately too extensive to be included in a volume of this size. Some few, however, have had occupants not as yet mentioned, who should be noted.

Where the Philbrick Neighborhood Road begins stands Hayfords'-in-the-Fields spreading under the elms on its knoll. Two Hayford brothers were among earliest builders near the Iron Works, their houses now Theodore Johnson's and Sydney Mather's. "Hayford's" being outside the village made a better farm for an inn; John Hayford opened it in 1896 and handed it down to his son Lawrence. Faithful patrons, many of professional standing, have returned to it year after year, made comfortable in simple surroundings.

The Hayford family gave a part of their land for the Catholic Church; Lawrence Hayford opened subscriptions and worked to achieve the building. Being open in the summer months it can have only mission status.

A unique institution is Juniper Lodge high on Washington Hill with superb views of the mountain ranges and Chocorua Lake glistening below. This clever and beautiful house the color of juniper berries was designed and built about 1915

TAMWORTH

by Mr. and Mrs. James B. Reynolds as a summer home, and bequeathed by them to Smith College as a place where graduate students or women faculty members to the number of fifteen or twenty might spend vacation periods in work or rest. In deference to Mr. Reynolds' alma mater, Yale graduate students (women) are also welcomed. Louville Martin following his father Lyman has been invaluable superintendent and caretaker for some forty years. The distinction of this property, in buildings, setting, and prospect, is unsurpassed in Tamworth's entire area.

On another eminent location allied to Chocorua Mountain, with a charming hidden pond to the property, Dr. Charles Putnam from Boston built a rough house in the nineties on an old Knox cellar hole for Dr. Edward Twitchell's family. This place afterward became Arthur Comey's and then Lawrence Scudder from Chicago bought it. Enlarged and improved, it is at present one of the more interesting summer homes in the area. The four Twitchell children, brought up there summers, became addicts of mountain and stream, as did the two sons of Frederick Lincoln Steele, who acquired the "Yellow House" on the Great Hill Road during the same period. When Lincoln Steele and Margaret Twitchell married, the yellow house was their wedding present, and now claims four generations of Steeles and Twitchells. The first Mr. Steele reserved a small piece of his land farther up the road for a cottage for himself, which has been his son Dana Steele's summer base since.

At the end of the same road is Mrs. Tozzer's property. This was the tract marked off for himself by Jonathan Moulton when the Tamworth map was created. In the 1880's it came into the hands of Dr. Rollins from Boston who was quite the first example of summer owner in the Great Hill section. He built a plain small house and experimented with several scientific interests. He hybridized iris, he was a highly successful early photographer, one of the best in the country, and an X-Ray authority when the subject was new. Studying

pigeons he worked out the principles of aviation before the Wright brothers flew. Why he set up a stone post at every mile of road from the station at West Ossipee is not so clear. Afterward Professor Alfred Tozzer (Anthropology, Harvard) with the aid of the architect Walter Kilham moved all the Rollins buildings together into a single three-winged house landscaped with a subtle charm, which was then furnished wholly with Chinese antiques, making a particularly notable summer abode.

Through Mrs. Rollins came their neighbor Dr. Francis Williams who became an X-Ray authority, having studied the subject with his brother-in-law Dr. Rollins. The Williams house was some years later transferred to President Compton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and then to Professor Louis Flaccus of Haverford College; his family still foregathers there. Mrs. Rollins also introduced the Clarke family, now in its fourth generation on their property. James Freeman Clarke, grandfather of Major Clarke of the same name, was the distinguished Unitarian writer and minister who founded the Church of the Disciples in Boston and preached there until his death. He took over the very old Bennett farmstead near Dr. Rollins, and his son Eliot Clarke afterward added to it several others as the old owners wanted to sell. Dr. Rollins and Mr. Clarke got the town to move the road away from their houses for more privacy. Another of the same group was the first Gertrude Ellis whose old farm, formerly of Levi Wallace, is still used by her family. Augustus Hemenway of Boston should be mentioned with these. He acquired some two thousand acres in the same section, including two or three farms as well as the crest of Great Hill, and subsequently willed it to the state; it is now known as the Hemenway Reservation. A grandson is John T. Hemenway, at present guiding hand of the New England Forestry Foundation whose permanent representative in this part of New Hampshire is Stanley Coville on Chinook Trail.

Nearer town on the same Great Hill Road is the old Cogs-

well place, never out of the family until bought by the Reverend Herbert Prince who migrated from Chicago some years ago. The original Cogswell was from Gilmanton, buying into Tamworth because he foresaw a future for it. He it was who drew the selectmen's attention to young Samuel Hidden in 1792, in whose hands the town's development largely lay for nearly fifty years. The biography of the great character was written by a later Cogswell, Reverend Eliot C. The descendant who kept the homestead was well-loved Joseph Cogswell, he who would allow no one on his place to strike an animal. ("You can milk any of the cows you want to, but *don't strike 'em!*") His wife Amanda Page was equally beloved, in the last period of self-sustaining farms when the labors of that proficient executive the housewife were by modern standards almost unbelievable.

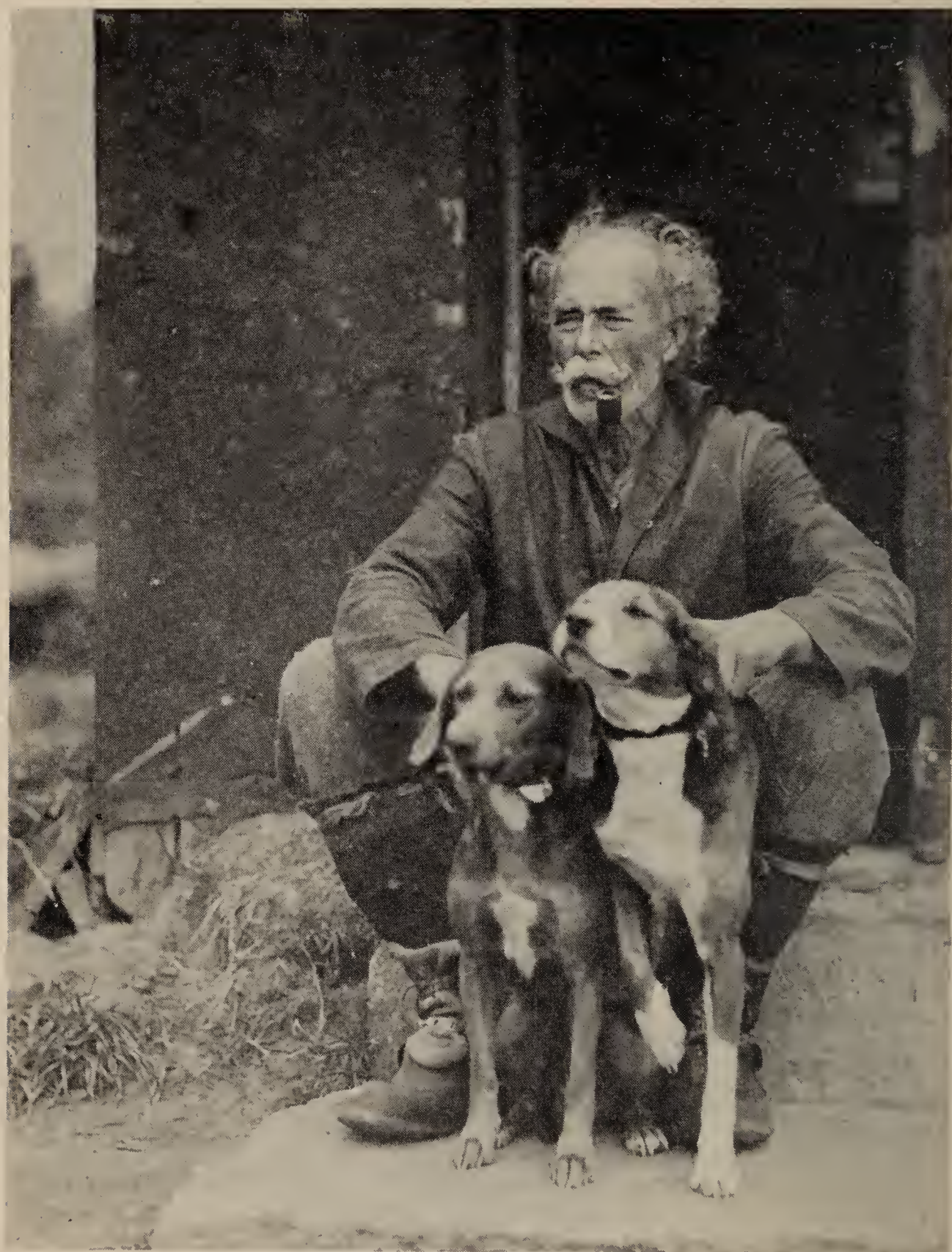
One more homestead on this road is still occupied by descendants. The Hidden family is six generations from their progenitor, the house built, not by him — he was given his house by the town, across from the meetinghouse where he officiated — but by his son Deacon William P. Hidden who lived to be ninety-four and established the clan on a firm foundation. Many interesting Hidden relics remain in the house, carefully cherished by the descendants. Among other treasures is the map canvasser's notebook set up by John Hidden in 1859, perhaps worth a short digression.

This small three by five-inch notebook with leather back and ruled blue pages was set up by John D. Hidden for his tour of canvassing for subscribers to the new Carroll County map. This is the large colored wall map with names of house owners (several of which are still owned in the town as curiosities) the first and only map of its kind ever issued here. Though the population was then at its greatest, the map shows sparsely sprinkled homesteads, indicating the large families that would shortly be decimated when Horace Greeley began to thunder his slogan "Go west, young man!"

This John Hidden was the grandson of the first Samuel.



AMANDA COGSWELL was the daughter of Jabez Page and Lucy the record spinner and weaver. Her husband Joseph was the son of Dr. Cogswell who built the homestead now Dr. Prince's. "They got the land out of the forest. The rye was so high you couldn't see a man in it from the road." On this farm no one might ever strike an animal.



GEORGE WASHINGTON BROWN

The hound with foot raised is Carlo, "the envy of all men."

John and his family lived with his old father Deacon William P., whom he had helped when he had cleared the land for the Hidden homestead, now occupied by a later John's family. To John of the old notebook it must have been a pleasant change from farming to set out on the road, be cordially received and kept to dinner by friends and strangers through towns where his family was remembered, staying the night usually at the last house of call. For the first two weeks he writes a page of diary a day in high spirits. "The sun was shining most magnificently and the Birds all seemed to be singing praises to their Creator and everything seemed to be praising God." On the first Sunday, at Gilmanton Iron Works, he went to meeting three times. Though sermons were excellent, the singing was not up to his standards. He took an occasional walk with some young lady, and once stopped to plough with one! and so got a subscriber. After that, the next hill was quite a sightly place. He was a young man out seeing the world and it was good for him. Now and then he met someone who had known his illustrious grandfather.

Apr. 12. Went up on what is called the Sandown Road passed over Grant Hill into the pulsifer neighborhood. It commenced snowing at 10 & continued to do so during the day. I spend the night at Mr. Oliver Lamprey's — wife Jona Moultons daughter — I named the hill back of his house Lamprey Hill.

April 14. I called this pm. at Hon Thos Cogswells where I took tea & had a fine chat with his daughter, arrived at Mr. Joseph Coffin's at 7 pm. where I stop for the night. [All this around Gilmanton, source of many Tamworthies.]

April 15. Cloudy this morning. Went on my way at 6½ called on Mr. Zenos [?] the miller first — from there went down to Mr. Isaac Smith's. it commenced snowing and I put up for the night. A very fine family this. — in the evening had a sing & good time generally.

April 16. Went over through the Potter District Took dinner at Widow Edgerlys Saw some fine houses and farms. People are all in good circumstances. Came to Mr. Price's

[his cousin] by the way of Cogswells . . . Got 11 subscribers today.

Next day he went to a school meeting, and "kind Josh Gale" was "to take the horse back to Strafford." "This has been a very dreary day." Evidently his trip had been on a borrowed horse.

He made one of these canvassing tours in April and another in May and then either ceased map-selling or ceased diary writing. But at the end of the little book is a list of numbers of subscribers by towns, "obtained by J. D. Hidden, Tamworth." Moultonboro, Sandwich, Tuftonboro, Wolfeboro, Albany, Conway, and Madison tot up to 568 subscribers. That does not include the Gilmanton area where he could get eleven in one day.

The little book has other jottings, expense accounts, a poem, a recipe for hair restorer, some horse-trading items; and several times there are full measurements for a house or barn or mill. Costs of paints, too. Was he a builder? He may have been good at many things. The little worn book was always in his pocket to be whisked out for any small computations or notes.

George Washington Brown was considered one of Nature's curiosities, but his renown is indisputable. He lived in no community but out on the Fowlers Mills Road at large, where behind him stretched the uninhabited wild territory over the mountains Paugus, Passaconaway, Whiteface, and the others. This wilderness was his real home. He knew the Indian devil who lived under Paugus and might roam the woods at night "scritchng something fearful." "The only time I was out of the U.S. I went down to Maine diggin' taters," he said.

George was part Indian. "He was a good one to work, but he never had no money." He owned his own house, though. It was a one-room shack built of old boards that had done duty in a lumber camp. It had an iron stovepipe

rising through the tin roof and a skirt of tar paper round the base. As the height of affluence, there was at one time a shed for a buggy and a very small old grey horse. When the horse went lame it was cured by working onto its hind legs a pair of old woolen trousers. Someone gave George a cot-bed but he threw it out, preferring the floor.

George welcomed a visitor as royalty might have, and would gladly offer him half the hedgehog in his skillet to take home. He had the finest edge on axe or knife ever touched by man, and a secret formula for the tempering, to which rattlesnake oil was necessary. His hound Carlo, of unheard-of intelligence, whose every whimper he could interpret ("That's frogs!" for example), lived to be twenty-four and was considered by George to be the envy of all men. George practised healing methods by punishing the offending object. For a knee cut by a tin can, drive a part of the can into the bark of the nearest tree; if a rusty nail gets into a foot, embed the nail in a poplar tree, with suitable magic words. For stepping into a hornets' nest, rub certain kinds of leaves together and apply the juice. A magic formula for everything, and many can testify to the surprising results.

Singing had a momentous part in George's reputation, both for himself and for the groups of men who would make pilgrimage year after year to listen to his ballads. The proper way was to compete: a barn door laid on the ground and a jug of hard cider in the middle and two contestants to sing each other down, or one to dance while the other sang. His brother Dan'l was the best dancer he ever sang to. George has been a tempting subject for writers: Jessie Whitehead, the Widener Library worker in Arabic texts, who lives nearest to him, published an account of him in *Appalachia*, and Le-Grand Cannon Jr. wrote a sketch *New Hampshire Blackout* which appeared in the *New Yorker* during the last War. The accompanying picture was taken in 1935 by an Italian photographer from New York brought to see George by the author of this history. Scacheri had been commissioned to get some

pictures of old men with beards. George proved to be without beard at the time, but learning our errand excused himself and bolted into his shack. We waited a considerable time uncertain if we were meant to depart, or if courtesy required us to stay and see whether he came out. When he did reappear, he posed readily; he had curled his mustache.

Nearer on the Fowlers Mills Road was old Nat Berry's farm. Nat Berry's last daughter sold it in 1936 to Floyd Voris' daughter. He had been a teacher of science and mathematics in the west. Coming to live on the farm, he spent one of his first winters in Concord, and there visited the State Herb Project at Pembroke.

The state asked for volunteers to try out their localities for herb growing. Forty or fifty enrolled, of whom Mr. Voris believes himself to be the only commercial grower left in New Hampshire. The New England season is too short, and wholesale buyers will consider no shipment less than one hundred pounds, and for digitalis, the most remunerative crop, one thousand pounds. On a sample of digitalis submitted by him to a wholesale firm, he was offered a contract on ten tons of leaves.

He began his own herb farming in a small way with the Government seeds and plants. The Voris Herb Farm now grows forty varieties in a show garden, of which ten are widely marketed. They come in lightweight plastic containers and have a loyal retail following and mail-order customers of many years' standing. Herb vinegars and certain specialties have been added, as a mintleaf candy and a basil jelly which have a continuously growing patronage. It is a snug one-man business and a pleasant one.

Also along the Fowlers Mills Road the C.C.C. Camp had its barracks on land belonging to the state. The Civilian Conservation Corps was the federal project during the Depression which enrolled for public works young men who needed employment. From 1933 to September 1937 when it disbanded, the 117th Company was integrated into the Tam-

worth scene to its benefit and theirs. In these four years over one thousand men joined the Camp for varying periods. The conservation measures they were supposed to further consisted in cutting fire trails and tree thinning, under the State Forestry Department, improving White Lake Beach and so forth, and when these efforts were not sizable enough, the project of rebuilding the Huckins farm on the Hemenway Reservation was launched. The attractively situated farmhouse with its high view from Great Hill was completely modernized through the aid of a good architect, to be rented as a year-round home. The large old barn, save for garage space for the house, was turned into a recreation center for the town, to be managed by the Outing Club as will be seen, and has been abundantly appreciated since. These building operations on Great Hill could not have been achieved without a better road to them. This resulted in C.C.C. labor being channeled into rebuilding the road up from Chinook Trail which, once reopened, has become a used thoroughfare.

On the western side of Tamworth adjoining Sandwich, the Friends' Meeting-House just beyond the line extends its influence and tradition back over Brown Hill and along the road to Pease Hill. If not all the old farms on these roads have housed Quakers exactly, general allegiance is of that persuasion among families of Hoags, Felches, and Spauldings. There were additional homesteads now denoted only by cellar holes in woodland or pasture well off the road.

On unobstrusive roads like these are tucked away old burying grounds, near to the families which in some cases still make use of them. Two or three of the enclosures have careful lasting walls of cut granite, duly completed with iron gates. In the Marston Hill area (now Great Hill) is one ancient graveyard now reverted to deep woods, where are only uninscribed stones from a period when there was neither skill nor time to do more. The three main town cemeteries are: the first (1791) in South Tamworth, called Riverside; the second established two years later near the old meeting-

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house on the hill opposite Ordination Rock (this one has Parson Hidden's flat slab raised on its four stone supports like a table); and the third (1801) on the Chocorua hill toward Madison. These are on thoroughfares accessible in all weathers. Cemetery welfare is controlled by a Board of three Trustees for Trust Funds elected by the town, one each year. The funds include any private trust money bequeathed to the town. The capital amounts today to some thirty-four thousand dollars, which the town augments customarily by five hundred dollars income each year. Nine cemeteries are thus cared for, the remaining few being privately maintained.

It was by means of the monuments in the cemeteries that a professional geologist identified Tamworth as the apparent epicenter of the 1940 earthquakes. These were two strong quakes, Friday, December 20, and the following Tuesday. Of sixteen monuments in the burying ground opposite Ordination Rock, all but one were twisted off base counterclockwise; save for the parallel effect in the Chocorua cemetery, no others in Carroll County had been as much shaken. The cause was laid to a local fracture of rock several miles deep in the earth which had not reached as far as the surface except here and there in cracks or gashes soon closed again by gravity. Insurance agents sold earthquake policies fast for a while thereafter, but in seventeen years there has been no recurrence. The area appears to have greater "seismicity" or earthquake tendency than other New England regions. Tamworth had a chimney mortality numbering sixty-five, with an estimated further hundred needing repairs. Pine Top Poultry Farm in Tamworth and Ridgehaven Turkey Farm in Chocorua reported ruin among hatching eggs to have been up in the thousands. Those who claimed close acquaintance with the crest of Chocorua insisted that a new rock formation appeared on the design of its surface. Minor casualties and strange freaks of dislocating and smashing were recounted in every family. Had the event occurred in a crowded city, it would have meant a serious calamity.

War Echoes

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR years were those when Tamworth had just begun to exist, when clearing land, taking up his claim, and keeping his family alive used the whole of every isolated pioneer's mind and strength. He heard of the distant disaffections only as bits of strange news by word of mouth. Though southern towns in the state, nearer to the thrilling events in Massachusetts, could be ablaze over the Boston Tea Party and the iniquities of George III, up in these woods there was no special quarrel with remote England, or with New Hampshire's Provincial Governor, then John Wentworth, who gave everybody a better deal than had his uncle Benning. The Proprietors who had offered the settler his land and cow, or sold them to him for little, were the only Government officials he knew. The young man in LeGrand Cannon's story left his cabin and family to join the war only because the rumor was heard that the British were using Indians, intending to plunder what is now Vermont and then New Hampshire. He went to protect his home.

Wherever fighting occurred, the farmers could be counted on to swarm in from the countryside and take irregular part in the engagement, but it was extremely difficult to secure men to enlist, even with the offer of high bounties in cash. Not only was there no military tradition, but the scarcity of labor, the anxiety over the women and children left on the farms, the poor pay in rapidly depreciating paper money, the lack of all sorts of supplies in the Army, all made the service extremely unpopular. Nevertheless it was the country people

ready to rise for a few days anywhere who proved the undoing of the British, at such crucial places as Saratoga, for instance.

The first muster rolls of the War of Independence show only four men from Tamworth: Phineas Stevens, John Glines, Moses Head, and Elkener or Elkanah Danforth. These are listed in 1775 under Captain Clough's Company which numbered sixty-three of Colonel Poor's Regiment. Elkanah Danforth from Tamworth was with the troops under Colonel Benedict Arnold in the attempt to capture Quebec in 1775. Another war roll shows an Ebenezer Keniston as from Tamworth, a "Cha Hackett deserted 1780" and a Samuel Yeaton. Six Revolutionary soldiers only are inscribed on the Tamworth War Memorial stone, the three in the first list (omitting John Glines), none of the second three, but Joseph Ames, Joseph E. Kennestone, and Abial Stevens added. The Carroll County history cites a further few: two more Kennison variants (Nicholas Kinestone and David Kinerson) and Isaac Head. In one place it names twelve. The name of Ames is a familiar one in South Tamworth; Kennisons were also formerly numerous there. Another genuine enlistment seems to be a man who supported the name of Obadiah Dudy, who also appears on the Ossipee lists. Having been to war once, Obadiah reappears in the records as paying twenty dollars not to go again. It was not unusual to go as a recruit from another town; this was the case with Richard Jackman "for 6 mo," originally of Tamworth, enlisting from Eaton. One investigator got the Tamworth enlistments up to twenty-seven, but the threads are now beyond unraveling.

The town's obligation being to supply men for the Army, one man at a time, the question of raising another man was often foremost at the early town meetings. A bounty had to be found for the man "hired," and the financing could get very involved. The selectmen might have to advance the bounty, and after the war be in a long and complicated correspondence to recover the amounts. By 1780 a committee

was being appointed to arrange regularly for the hiring of three men, and to assess taxes for the purpose.

The two Stevens men died in service, as also both Heads, their names now extinct in Tamworth. Elkanah Danforth was the son of a selectman and some say he was the first to enlist, September 18, 1775. He apparently lived to come home. Moses Head, thirty-seven and the eldest of all, may have had the honor of being first. He was a high character who said to the enlisting officer: "I go to die for my country" and did die the same year, leaving wife and children. A man who would die a hard death for his country when it had been but a year in existence was a remarkable patriot. Of this man's descendants was the "Aunt Head" notable in the lore of Chocorua. Of Colonel David Gilman, the six-and-a-half-foot Revolutionary officer whom Washington presented with his own sword (page 179) there is no actual record that he originated in Tamworth. Presumably established here after the War, he promptly became one of the young town's ablest citizens and remained its living link with the War of Independence. It is this man's house that is still standing by Butler's Bridge.

The informality of that first war is beyond imagining by those who have seen the intensive organization of twentieth-century armies and wars. A man would join by merely walking from his remote home to where he had heard there was fighting, having only the clothes he stood up in, and "the old hereditary firelock, which snapped six times and went off once." With the other recruits when he had found them, he would crouch behind stone walls and fire, and when the immediate occasion seemed to be over, would unceremoniously leave for home to get his hay in.

Gradually, however, as the war wore on, some organization crept into it. The newly made Congress, trying to cope with action on a federal scale, passed a few laws regulating what phases they could. Not only had they no traditions in general war legislation, they were not in any sort of adequate

touch with the matters they were trying to legislate about, communications between Congress and the forces in the field being ludicrously inadequate or nonexistent. It is more heart-breaking than strange that the hardships of the Revolutionary War reached the shocking point they did.

The First New Hampshire Regiment was naturally raised in the southern part of the state where prospering towns had existed for fifty years. These recruits had fought before in the French and Indian Wars, and news of Lexington and Bunker Hill was enough to start a flow of enlistment. A convention of town delegates was called at Exeter (April 21, '75) "to assist our suffering brethren in the Province of Massachusetts Bay. It is recommended to the towns in this colony to supply the men gone from it with provisions and other necessaries, and from the spirit of the people you may expect their aid, should the emergency require it." Colonel John Stark, its first working commander, received "beating orders" and soon enlisted eight hundred men "from the top of the drum" which made up the largest regiment in the whole Federal Army. Stark was the picturesque figure always able to excite his soldiers to heroism though not always in favor with the authorities.

The regiment began with Bunker Hill, was later under Washington in all the campaigns, beginning when he took command of the Continental Army under the famous elm at Cambridge — "a motley crowd, clad in every variety of rustic attire, armed with trusty [more or less] muskets and rifles, but destitute of everything else that belongs to a soldier's outfit." At the Siege of Boston, New Hampshire had twelve hundred men, even though this Province was by no means yet for breaking all ties with the mother country. Independence was a possible last resort only; the fighting was to right some obvious temporary wrongs. At the famous crossing of the Delaware, the New England troops were directly under General Washington and apparently were the only ones who really got across. New Hampshire itself ultimately had three

regiments. They “did most of the fighting,” says Joel Kidder’s history, though it might be more becoming not to claim so much. In the Union every state had seen actual invasion save New Hampshire.

At first every soldier had to provide his own clothes or buy them from the Army. Later he was supposed to be furnished by the Government.

Resolved, that all non commissioned officers and soldiers who are, or may hereafter be enlisted during the war, be annually furnished with: 1 regimental coat full made; one pair cloth breeches; one cloth vest; one pair woolen overalls; two pairs woolen hose; two pairs woolen socks; one felt hat or leathern cap; four shirts; two pairs linen overalls; four pairs strong shoes; one blanket; one rifle shirt; one pair woolen gloves; two pair shoe buckles and one clasp, for stock every two years. . . . Taking care to have the clothing equally and impartially distributed, when it is found incompetent for the whole army.

Congress had good intentions but “found incompetent for the whole army” became the rule, not the exception. A letter of General Stark: “Indeed I am obliged to detain the six months men to do the necessary camp duty on account of the nakedness of the Continental troops [December 12] only thirty six ‘three-years-and-during-the-war men’ are fit for duty in the two regiments. The remainder are so naked that they cannot procure fuel for their own use.” Testimony of this kind is frequent in the records.

The willingness of the fighters in the first of America’s wars, before enough tradition had accumulated to supply overwhelming pressure, and in spite of the hardest usage at the hands of their own providers, is something that we spoiled moderns who think of comfort as an inalienable right can only regard with awe. Though it was fear for their people and property, and not political theory that took them over the hills to help stop the Redcoats from the north, Tamworth may be proud to have contributed a handful of the men who

thus acted on behalf of the young nation's independence. It is regrettable that so little is now known of each man's personal case.

Between the wars the State Militia was a great institution, with regiments composed of all arms — artillery, cavalry (or troop), infantry, and rifle — and uniforms vying in color and swagger with any in history. Muster day was a festivity for the entire countryside; people crowded the roads to see the sham battle and make free with the rum and cider. The days of the old Militia were affectionately recalled by all the fathers of today's old men.

By the time the Civil War burst into flame, Tamworth had grown into a prosperous, churchly agricultural community with a full life. The town at once voted ten thousand dollars to assume its state and government bounties to soldiers.

On the rosters of New Hampshire regiments of the Civil War, there were something over a hundred Tamworth enlistments first and last, though there are only a few on the monument; and official lists do not agree in this war either, as to all the names. There seem to have been eighteen New Hampshire infantry regiments alone. Some of these saw more fighting than others. Men died in action, died of wounds, and especially died of disease. One regiment that was never in any engagement lost one-fifth of its men by disease. Of the total of thirty thousand from New Hampshire, less than half returned. When one succeeded in getting home again, he was likely to be in unfit condition for living out his life, as in the case of a man in the Chesley family of Tamworth who arrived home almost starved with a festering bullet in his face, and died soon after. This man had been captured at Spotsylvania and had had nothing to eat — reported missing.

Charles Smart's mother who was Helen Folsom left a little written account from the Civil War period, of how she had watched William Buttles and James Johnson standing in the road at the South Tamworth Post Office waiting for

the stage to take them to the front. With them stood their wives who were sisters, never to see their husbands again. Mrs. Frank Whiting's father was one who was invalided out, but pulled through and lived; he would never speak about the war, never even asked for a pension. The mother of Sarah Frances Kimball was the first telegraph operator. The little girl remembered people crowded into the telegraph office, all weeping at the news coming in of the very many deaths. Mrs. Kimball said that one regiment with Tamworth men was almost wiped out in one of the big battles. "The town has never got over it."

There is plenty of testimony to the grim valor of our rugged home manpower in the desperate circumstances of the Civil War. Most of the regiments were Infantry, but the Sharpshooters with whom were two Sanborns, a Wiggin, a Berry, a Blake, and a Moulton, all from Tamworth, "participated in more battles and skirmishes than the average of regiments and probably killed more rebels than the same number of troops in any other arm of the service."

Of the First World War, records are sparse. Our share was this time not so long-drawn-out, the fighting was not here at home, and it has not receded far enough into history to have become matter for consolidating research. In the years 1917 and '18 intercommunication between all corners of Tamworth was even yet not as today, but many remember the home activities for Red Cross, Belgian and French Relief, and the like. As an instance, in Wonalancet Mrs. Walden stripped her dining room, summoned workers from far and near, and the community shipped an amount of surgical dressings and clothing out of all proportion to its size. A decoration came to her from the French Government. The sock knitting, the packing, the sewing-machine treadle, the bales of gauze, the collection of used clothing, the war gardens, creating the major occupations of the time at home are all vivid to the women who lived them through. There were 650,000 Ameri-

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can soldiers in France by May 24; by June 22 there were 900,000, and this was "the war to end wars."

Tamworth had two officers, Captain Carroll Potter and First Lieutenant Edward V. McKey Jr., from Wonalancet. Elden W. Drew died in the war, and Ellis Sanborn of illness in camp. The following are the names on the stone war monument:

Edson L. Alley	Harold D. Griffith
Chas. B. Bickford	Lawrence D. Hayford
Chester J. Bickford	Henry A. Hutchins
Chas. A. Blaisdell	Hi Mason
August L. Blodgett	Elmer P. Moody
*Edw. V. Bookholtz‡	Norman G. Nickerson
*Wm. F. Brennan	Carroll Potter
Andrew O. Buxton	Levi W. Remick
*John Clough	Elmer R. Robertson
Elmer E. Downs	Herbert H. Ross
Harold E. Gilman	*Ellis R. Sanborn
Wilbur J. Gilman	Harold B. Trask
Harold M. Gray	

By the Second World War the back country was experienced in radio listening and newspaper reading. Communications with the boys in service stepped up for every family the sense of belonging. There were 127 war personnel from Tamworth in all theatres of the war, and the home town vibrated with the struggle. The facts may be read in the booklet *Tamworth in World War II* put out by the Tamworth Woman's Club, with photographs of all service men and women, and full statements regarding bond drives, first aid courses, motor corps, air raid organization, observation posts, Red Cross production, nurses' aides, and the rest of the home effort to share the burden. It would be duplication to repeat this material here.

‡ This is in error on the monument. Edward Bookholz survives.

It should be re-emphasized for posterity, however, without false modesty, that this small town achieved a record in the war bond drives. There were eight drives. In three Tamworth was the first town in the state to reach its quota, and in one, New Hampshire's Tamworth was first in the entire country. It was given high quotas because of the alacrity with which it met them. The final total of \$313,305 was nearly twice the combined quotas. The adult population was about seven hundred, and these seven hundred were not rich. The chairman Wilbur Goodson in his final report stated, "It is safe to say that there is no single community in the country with a war bond record equal to Tamworth's record."

Further, any history of Tamworth would be inadequate which did not acknowledge a special dignity conferred upon the town in the Second World War. Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Fortier of Chocorua had six sons in the service. Recognition of this circumstance came to them when the Navy invited Mrs. Fortier to sponsor a submarine, the U.S.S. "Batfish," at its launching at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, April 5, 1943. This was done to the accompaniment of a ceremony with many guests, the presentation of a silver bowl and a luncheon in honor of the sponsor. Two of her sons were stationed near enough to be released by their commanding officers for the occasion. A coincidence was that the "Batfish" subsequently sank three enemy submarines off the Philippine coast, reaching the highest record of any of the 104 Portsmouth-built submarines in the war.

Vice-Admiral Walden Ainsworth throughout his Navy career always had registered from Wonalancet. He was not widely known as belonging here until he retired after the last war to the property he had inherited from his uncle, Arthur Walden. No layman can write adequately of war achievements. But the events constituting the Battles of the Kula Gulf were tremendous by any standard. Admiral Ainsworth was commanding a task force in the Pacific at the time the Japanese had been making their spectacular island-conquer-

ing campaign southward. He had taken seven cruisers for a night bombardment in the New Georgia island group, after which he was heading for base to replenish. A wire was handed him that the "Tokyo Express" was "running," his division was to reverse at once and intercept. Reversing, with twenty-four minutes of fuel left to be spared, his flagship received word to give battle. The superior Japanese force was surprised and annihilated in flames. In the melee the bow of our cruiser "Helena" was shot off. While collecting her survivors, the rescuing U. S. destroyers were attacked three times, but seven hundred "Helena" men were picked up and eighty-five more next day, the rest eventually found by a rescue fleet on an island.

The task force, all but out of both fuel and ammunition, had started again for base, when another enemy fleet was contacted and reverse again ordered. All available destroyers were put at the Admiral's disposal, with which he engaged the Japanese fleet in a great night battle, with terrible penalties to his own force. But the Japanese were put out of action, and their triumphant course turned back. These two Battles of Kula Gulf were the crisis of the Pacific campaign and won for Admiral Ainsworth the Navy Cross. For the entire Solomon Islands campaign he also received the Distinguished Service Medal.

Organizations

Business Adventure, with Philanthropic Overtones

White Mountain Camps

Wonalancet Farm had flourished for some years when the farm known as Nat Berry's on the Fowlers Mills Road began to board "rusticating" schoolteachers. Out of this grew a remarkable institution which attracted its hundreds of people for some thirty-odd years.

Among first visitors to enjoy Nat Berry's were two teachers from the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf in Philadelphia, Dr. and Mrs. S. G. Davidson. Similarly handicapped themselves, they had thought of having a camp for deaf boys, and decided that this was the ideal spot for such a venture. They pitched tents in the field behind the Berry house, and called it Camp Chocorua.

The camp soon crowded the boardinghouse. The Davidsons then leased the Gardner farm (now Miss Waymouth's) at the top of what was known as Kill Kitter Hill, and built their camphouse down in the field below. Each day the boys walked three miles over to Chocorua Lake or down to the Evans milldam for a swim. All climbed the mountains, with a blanket roll strung around the neck, and a tin cup and plate tied on where they would make the most clatter. The camp idea was young and there were few precedents. After a time, "hearing boys" were mingled with the others to make a more normal group.

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As the camp grew in size, parents wished for a vacation place where they would be near their children but without responsibility for them, and the Adult Camp was born. The Gilman farm and one adjoining it were bought, and the move was made to the permanent location, entering from the upper road from Tamworth to Wonalancet. A girl's building was added to the others, and finally a children's building, and the name of the whole aggregation was changed to White Mountain Camps. As adults had cottages, the place grew to eleven buildings.

Though open to all faiths, the organization became affiliated with the then new Christian Science movement; there was a little church in Tamworth village with a very rustic interior made out of Cole's blacksmith shop by the river; it later burned. Here were the Sunday meetings. After fourteen years Dr. Davidson moved his school up from Philadelphia and remained here the year through, still operating his three or four kinds of camp in summer. Along with these was now the camp's own farm, including cattle, work horses, and saddle horses. When the farm activities grew distracting to the nearby Boys' Camp, the Brett farm (formerly the Poor Farm) was added to the investment and Perley Grace installed as farm manager. Still another farm, the Gardner farm originally leased, was taken for adults with small children. It was a boom period for help secured from all the roads around. Ed Currier brought everybody from the depot by stage, at first by team, later by Model T, and then in a converted Pierce Arrow which was the wonder of all who rode in it. The hundreds of trunks came in four-horse teams driven by probably the strongest man in town, Ansel Cummings. Roy Arling bought a fleet of Fords and Hudsons, and these were on the go night and day, taking parties on picnics and "around the mountains." Annie Jackson close at hand did all the children's laundry for years upon end, and "how she kept everything separated and returned so clean was a marvel."

White Mountain Camps was the first extensive camp undertaking in this part of the world. Water sports had not yet come to be a requirement for juvenile camps. It had the distinction of being an innovation, and was the most prosperous business in Tamworth. The Adult Camp alone had the turnover of an inn, the children's camps were always full, and happiness greatly lessened the problems of the deaf.

Various adverse factors then entered the situation: the rise of the family car as agent for vacations, which in the end revolutionized summer recreation; the developing imperative of a lake as a main feature of camps; and above all, the Depression. The Davidsons, skilled educators to start with, had not been afraid to pioneer in a new field. Their handicap retarded them not at all. They believed and demonstrated constantly that the healthy well-fed outdoor life is in itself therapeutic.

Dr. Davidson published and edited a magazine *The Educator*, devoted to questions of pedagogy for the deaf, in which many ideas now current were brought out for the first time. The articles are for the most part as valuable today as in the nineties when they were published. When he died he was accounted as having invented the modern technique of connecting the deaf with language. The families of those who benefited are not slow to give him grateful credit.

The Barnstormers

Classified as a business though in the sphere of the arts is the Barnstormers Theatre, oldest summer theatre in New England, and these many years consistently aiming at highest quality in production. Francis Grover Cleveland's interest in theatre has been lifelong. In 1931 with Edward Goodnow as director, he formed a company called The Stagers. For two winters they took The Peabody Playhouse in Boston. They then added a summer tour with Tamworth as headquarters. For one or two nights a week they played in the building

known as the Tamworth Gardens back of the Town House. The other nights the company "barnstormed" in a circuit including the Conways, Poland Springs and Harrison in Maine, Sugar Hill, Laconia, Wolfeboro, and Rockywold Camp. "The Barnstormers" became inevitable as their name. To rehearse all morning, drive a long distance with scenery and costumes, and play in the evening, getting back in some of the smallest hours, was the gruelling program every day, faithfully carried out until the Second World War cut it short. In 1942 for four years the effort was suspended.

It did not die: in '46 the enterprise came back to life with a season of two plays only. In '35 the Clevelands had bought the old store building of Cook and Kimball tradition at the heart of Tamworth and remodeled it as an informal theatre seating three hundred people. This has a certain distinction in its simple architecture. Save for one year, a full season of eight weeks has been played here ever since by a stock company under Francis Cleveland's direction. Something like 160 plays have been produced here, mainly Broadway successes, some repeated more than once. By avoiding the star system, believed prejudicial to genuine artistic value in "summer stock," the standard of performance has been kept high. The company has included several actors of notable ability. Some have gone on to wider fame. A certain percentage of the group must always be members of Actors' Equity, nationwide union of these artists, which specifies a minimum salary; this includes the stage manager. Every program must be sent to Equity headquarters, represented by a member in every cast. Locally procured talent may fill executive positions and some minor roles. But scenery has become a subtle and complicated art, and a specialist has always been necessary for this.

A very unusual combination of circumstances created the Barnstormers. To command respect among professionals in theatre business, and to attract best-grade talent, it must be a commercial enterprise like another. But to attain great

box-office success, the theatre business has traditionally had to dispense with certain strictnesses. Neither Francis Cleveland nor Tamworth would be interested in entertainment with lowered standards. The Barnstormers is therefore a luxury which it has taken some subsidizing to carry on. The public which has enjoyed the charming results year after year owes a long debt to the Cleveland family. Art is rarely its own complete reward.

The Carroll County Timber Cooperative

Another Tamworth-operated nonprofit business was the Carroll County Timber Cooperative, Inc. Though it lived but five years, it may be said to have established in this part of New Hampshire the principle of selective cutting of timber tracts for sustained yield, now adopted by nearly all timber owners or timber management organizations. This change-over was slow in coming, the American tradition having been to mine without thought of the future all natural resources including forests. It had become plain that the end of profitable timber was in sight unless conservation could enter the public consciousness.

A county forester had been set up not long before 1940. He believed as did the theorists that owners could be given as good stumpage return by operating on a selective basis as by cutting clear with attendant waste and impoverishment of land for the future, the difference being between a crop every twenty years as against one every seventy-five or a hundred years. The economy was obvious: cutting only the larger trees meant fewer trees and less limbing per thousand feet, making logs which would then travel faster through the sawmill — about fifteen logs to produce the same footage as perhaps fifty by the old method.

The Timber Cooperative was one of two sparked by a meeting called by the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests. The second was in Coos County. Richard Read

of Wonalancet did the first missionary work in this county, became promoter and manager of the effort, and saw it relentlessly through to its conclusion. His equal aids and constant co-contenders were first Whipple Farnum until he departed to the war, then Sydney Mather. Timber-owning charter members were twenty-two in number; at the end membership had risen to forty-five.

The Second World War came almost at once after the birth of the cooperative. War pressures for wood products were intense, and all the lumber mills had more orders than they could handle. At the same time there was manpower shortage, gas shortage, shortage of trucks and of parts. Loads broke down in the woods by zero temperature at night. Continuous days of sixteen to eighteen hours of labor were usual for those dedicated to seeing the organization survive. Diverse war regulations by no means universally enforced, and no office or office workers as distinct from mill hands and truckers, all did what was possible to put the cooperative out of business. In short, a nonprofit organization in the timber field needed a more favorable period than wartime to be launched. In the face of extreme operating conditions, however, the management put a diesel engine into a disused sawmill, had from thirty to forty men, four trucks, and three teams of horses at work, and sold for its members in Sandwich, Tamworth, Jackson, and the Conways about five million board feet of both hard and soft wood, until the war ended.

After the cooperative closed down, two organizations from outside, the New England Forestry Foundation, and the New England Forest Products Co., came into the area and have done well, using the same principles. State timber tax reform had been achieved at about the same time. Though the first movement toward correct handling of timber is but a few years old, the quality of standing woodlots is already improved. Commercial lumber companies now bid competitively for logs from selectively operated stands, and owners of such timber lots receive handsomer stumpage prices and

sell oftener. Moreover, where formerly any marking of trees was an offense to a timber operator, consulting foresters now not only find employment but are in demand. Sometimes education infiltrates as successfully as subversion is said to do.

Societies

Chocorua Grange

Close to the pulse of Tamworth throughout some sixty-five years has been the Grange. As it is part of a nationwide organization, Tamworth's Grange does not claim originality, but claims to have supplied a stream of beneficence as well as of entertainment and brotherhood, as no other organization was in a position to do.

It started in 1891, chartered with thirty-one members as the Chocorua Grange, a farmers' organization dedicated to the goal of mental development more than of mere enjoyment. All the original paraphernalia was made by hand; the "literary" programs were planned and discussed ahead. The meetings were held in Kimball Hall, officers having memorized their part in the ritual. There was an annual picnic, and a yearly project was the Grange Fair, after which in 1902 Old Home Week was established, the Grange taking an important part in management and in the parades.

When the Kimball building was sold in 1935 to become the Barnstormers Theatre, a wing of the Kimball house in the village which had been moved into the field behind it some years before was taken for the new Grange Hall. This gave fresh impetus to the association; its gain in membership was highest in the state. By '39 it could boast of 112 members. Its undertakings have been in great variety: during the war a great deal of Red Cross work, a service flag dedication and a candlelight service for the war dead, a fund to help educate a promising boy, a reception for Edward Moody on his return from the Byrd Antarctic Expedition of 1933-35, at which he was awarded honorary membership, burial of a "Century

Box" to be opened in a hundred years, an open meeting with a demonstration by the State Police, are all highlights in Grange memory. Benefit card parties have always been a feature, and dart baseball had its strong following.

In 1941 the Grange celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a mortgage-burning and two hundred guests. But the coming of the automobile inevitably affected the life of the Grange, as it had all forms of local association. Attendance fell off, meetings were fewer, there were many deaths, and an important feature, the Juvenile Grange, disbanded. A Grange had also functioned in Chocorua village, with some lapses and reorganizations. Its remaining members were finally absorbed by the Tamworth group. In 1950 with a loyal effort the Grange got off to a new start, with programs on soil conservation and similar themes. Its attendance then rose to sixty per cent, the highest in New Hampshire.

Tamworth Woman's Club

Though not the oldest general organization still functioning in Tamworth, the Woman's Club can claim a high measure of dignity and achievement. The Woman's Club is also a unit of a nationwide organization, the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

The first impetus for a club of women came in 1915 from Sarah F. Kimball, a notable citizen and daughter of Joseph Gilman of Tamworth village. It seems that the Conway Woman's Club of older status was making an occasion of a visit from the state federation president, and Mrs. Florentine Carle, then of Chocorua, was invited to be a guest. Mrs. Carle secured permission to bring Mrs. Kimball, and these two ladies were driven by Mr. Kimball in a sleigh to Madison where they took the train to Conway! After this famous meeting in Conway, the state president "wrote them several interesting as well as instructive letters on how to form a club." The eleven charter members were:

Miss Elizabeth Allen
Miss Susan A. Bodge
Mrs. Florentine Carle
Mrs. Emma F. W. Davidson
Mrs. Mary C. Fall
Mrs. Sarah F. Kimball
Mrs. Fannie A. Silvan
Mrs. Alice R. Taylor
Mrs. Elizabeth L. Whitney
Mrs. Margaret H. Wiggin

With women's clubs of all shapes and sizes so redundant and so potent on the American scene today, it is hard to realize the pioneering it took, even as late as 1915, for women in a country village to come out of their homes. Refreshments they understood, but to meet as a corporate body, to observe parliamentary procedure, to discuss on their feet, to vote as in town meeting — now all standard behavior — had to be learned. This club has always been conscientious; it has prepared papers, had worthwhile speakers, made an effort to keep in touch with current events, and backed the town Christmas tree; it has seen to the observance of anniversaries and deaths, arranged small exhibitions, purchased war bonds, and maintained the triangle where the war monument stands. It published a full account, with pictures, of Tamworth's part in the Second World War, in pamphlet form. The records reveal constant giving from a narrow treasury to benefit many needy causes, and services of unnumbered kinds performed by members for the town. In addition has been the interest and pleasure of sociability.

Of the charter members only one is now living, but the club has greatly advanced in stature, and in 1957 membership rose to fifty-nine.

Tamworth Garden Club

A third and more recent Tamworth association which is

part of a nationwide structure is the Tamworth Garden Club, an affiliate of the National Council of State Garden Clubs comprising some three hundred thousand members. For this the initiative was taken in 1938 by Mrs. Herbert Farnum, then living at Mount Mexico Farm, who gathered together seven others, both men and women. These were the minister of the period, Reverend Timothy Paddon and his wife, Mrs. Sarah F. Kimball, Mrs. Laura Robinson, Mrs. Gaston Davidson, Mrs. Catherine Goodson, and John Thayer. Of the few now living, none are now resident in Tamworth, but their little company has grown to include nearly a hundred members (1957), and the program has stabilized into monthly meetings with speaker. Twelve committees divide the department work. An important feature has been a distinguished annual flower show. Out of seventeen of these shows, sixteen have won the State Award for Flower Show Achievement known as the Lilac Ribbon, and twice the National Award or Purple Ribbon. Several members have become officers in the state organization, and Mrs. Myrick Crane has also figured in national offices.

The character of the work accomplished by this organization is quite out of proportion to the size of the town in which it operates. This is because its guidance has been in the hands of women whose knowledge has been matured elsewhere and now placed at the disposal of the community of their adoption. Of recent years the urgent subject of conservation has attracted the Club's attention, and this constructive interest will no doubt increase in strength.

Benevolent Associations

Tamworth Foundation

In quite another classification, without the element of meetings and association, is the Tamworth Foundation, wholly altruistic in purpose. The Articles of Incorporation express this as: "to receive, hold, invest . . . manage and dispose of

properties, real, personal or mixed . . . for the benefit of the physical properties and the spiritual, intellectual, social and physical wellbeing of the inhabitants of the Town of Tamworth.”

The organization originated in 1937 by the raising of funds to purchase from the Tamworth Turf and Fair Association a large tract of land south of the village which had been used for fairs and for a trotting park, and where there had been some talk of introducing a pari-mutuel feature. Some years later the property thus acquired was in turn sold to Harry F. Damon, and the Foundation has not since held real estate.

As the intention was an organization to help preserve Tamworth's values, it was hoped that incorporated it would inspire the confidence of those who cared to do something for the town, and would attract gifts and bequests on the model of the successful Quimby Fund of Sandwich. The first trustees were chiefly the more Olympian figures among summer owners of the period, whose interest was accompanied by substantial gifts. At first the capital increased very gradually, but from the beginning the income has been applied to local public needs. Various causes which would not have had sufficient support from taxes have been awarded funds, such as the Visiting Nurse Association, the libraries of Tamworth village and Chocorua, the school children's ski instruction, and the Red Cross swimming school. And as the income has grown, with the completion of the new elementary school, the entire development of grounds and playgrounds was assumed by the Foundation. A recent legal decision has arranged that all distribution of funds shall pass through the town treasury. Therefore no causes to which the town could not properly contribute may be served by the Foundation.

At the time of the Foundation's birth Albert Boyden announced the fact in the *Carroll County Independent* with the hope that it “would inaugurate a current of funds toward the Foundation which will flow as freely and regularly as Tam-

worth's own rivers — with perhaps an occasional freshet." The funds flowed, but without any abnormal rapidity, for nineteen years. The first freshet then occurred when the will of Ruth Mary Wilson, a teacher whose home had been a remodeled schoolhouse on Chinook Trail, revealed a bequest to Tamworth Foundation that will come in time to about \$100,000. The greater part of her fortune was bequeathed to Wellesley College, and the remainder divided between Tamworth Foundation and the Episcopal Diocese of Vermont. This has at once changed the immediate outlook for Tamworth's growing concerns and this present book about Tamworth is one of the first fruits from it. Of the twenty-three incorporators, about half survive at this date. Of these the guiding enthusiasm for many years has been given by John Finley Jr., the current president.

Tamworth Visiting Nurse Association

Also in the category of undiluted altruism should be put the enterprise supporting the Visiting Nurse. This was started in the early twenties from her summer home in Chocorua by Mrs. J. K. Whittemore from New Haven where she was already acquainted with the procedures. She gathered a small Chocorua committee, raised money, and began the experiment by persuading a New Haven nurse to come up here for one month. Next she found a remarkable Miss Curran who seems to have set a standard of zeal which has been upheld ever since. For three years this worker reached her patients by walking, or borrowed or hired a buggy or sleigh. By 1925 the town was ready to vote three hundred dollars toward her salary, now increased to fifteen hundred dollars.

From this beginning has evolved a signal institution. At present the committee has fourteen summer members largely concerned with raising funds, plus nine permanent residents.

Each year the total expense of thirty-five hundred to four thousand dollars, including the nurse's car and its upkeep,

are met in part by the town as seen, in part by the Tamworth Foundation, by memorial gifts, and by a large rummage sale in the fall. The nurse receives a month's vacation with pay. She has social security and is covered by insurance.

Her duties have become very extensive. She is required to have the degree of R. N., but bedside nursing is no longer more than a fraction of her service, as serious illness is now usually hospitalized. Once every year the town physician Dr. Edwin C. Remick gives a complete physical examination to school children, and thereafter the nurse works on whatever defects have come to light: curvatures, eye difficulty, flat feet and such, perhaps helping or persuading the family to secure a specialist. Every year a cancer test and a tuberculosis test are given in the school. These call for the nurse's handling and result in checking troubles at the start. This precaution in the schools has helped to see one tuberculosis sanitarium in the state entirely closed down; only one remains. Every expected baby brings prenatal attention; connecting the mother with a doctor often follows. After care is often equally necessary. Polio inoculations are also a constant every year, and children who need polio therapy are taken to the clinic, four at a time. These early cases are almost always full cures. In general the nurse uses her car in cases where no transportation to doctor or clinic exists. She takes elderly people for eye tests, and likewise children to the dentist, in groups so as to get the group discount. Children learn early to act on professional advice, and parents as a rule cooperate gladly.

There are also regular attentions to the sick in their homes. One patient has the nurse perhaps three times a week, is helped to get out of bed, receives the necessary care, and is put back. Another is visited every day to get her walking. Another, for years in a wheel chair, has been aided by several operations. A child's crooked legs were straightened, and she is now in high school. A multiple sclerosis patient has done so well through aid in exercising as to astonish his doctors. The nurse secures much of the money for these projects through visiting

and talking to such organizations as the State Welfare Division, the Crippled Children's Association, etc.

The nurse's headquarters in the new elementary school building were designed for the purpose, and provided with all appropriate equipment. Each day she checks all schoolrooms and takes home any child with a cold or other doubtful symptom. She collects and distributes clothing and bedding. Much equipment has been given her department for loan; the Nursing Association now disposes of two surgical beds, two wheel chairs, a walker, crutches, etc. No treatment or convalescence need now be retarded for lack of funds.

Sports Associations

Tamworth Outing Club

When skiing became a primary sport and a business in the North Country, and ski slopes and ski trails were being carved upon many hills, Tamworth inns and resident skiers began asking for attention to their needs. Four men, Milton Seeley, Lincoln Steele, Richard (Buzz) Read, and Lawrence Hayford, operator of a winter inn, got together to see what could be done, and in 1935 the Tamworth Outing Club was formed. An open field sloping in varying degrees was the first requisite. This was located on Page Hill, leased from its owner, and cleared of brush. Before long a rope tow was added, still operating now after many years, and a hut with stove.

As a second resource Quimby Hill not far above Ferncroft Inn was made skiable, and for a third a trail broken out from the top of Great Hill on the east side. Neither of these has endured as has Page Hill. A more ambitious undertaking for which financial help was given by the town, was Mount Whittier Trail on the Ossipee side of Butler's Bridge. This was a very fast descent suitable for experts, but it has not been continuously maintained or a tow provided because of the expense. The help of the Civilian Conservation Corps,

encamped in Tamworth during this period, was available for all of these at the start.

The most durable project to come out of the war years was Huckins Barn. The Hemenway Reservation is a tract of nearly two thousand acres of woodland in the Great Hill section of Tamworth, left to the state by Augustus Hemenway of Boston, with provision for its use in summer by the Boston Boy Scouts. The State Forestry Department manages the tract according to approved methods, and save for its tax-exempt status the reservation would be an unmitigated benefit to the town. Though mostly woodland, on it are two farm-houses. There was a fine old-fashioned barn with one of these, and this the Forestry Department, using C.C.C. labor, converted at a nominal rental into a recreation center for the Outing Club. One of the Conservation Corps had been a stone-cutter in Italy; therefore Huckins Barn possesses a distinguished fireplace and chimney, besides a dance floor and spectators' gallery. Here the famous square dancing has taken place year in and year out, which next to the Page Hill Ski Slope is the most popular and rewarding of the Outing Club's established features.

The Tamworth Outing Club also generated the children's ski school, providing the instruction for which the school releases the necessary hours; the club lends skis and bindings, and the parents supply ski boots. In this way Tamworth's children come into their own heritage of the snow country which city people by thousands travel distances to reach. The boys can exchange ski meets with other schools, and feel advantage rather than inferiority in their mountain background. On the same principle of developing native-given resources is the fishing derby now a feature of the children's year, in which sound sportsmanship and obedience to game laws is taught by careful organization and strict observances. Correct procedure in shooting is also included by means of trap shoots.

Chocorua Tennis Association

In the athletic division must be recorded the annual Tennis Tournament, that cherished institution of Chocorua, now in its fifty-fifth year or thereabouts. Extremely good amateur tennis is rightfully played here. The New Hampshire Women's Champion Katherine Hubbell was brought up on Chocorua courts. During the Labor Day weekend every year a devoted gallery from around the lake follows the matches from court to court as a kind of family affair. Now the Outing Club has added children's events to the tennis calendar, and sponsors the singles matches and women's doubles. This tournament, while avoiding publicity, quietly continues in the highest amateur tradition.

An extant curiosity typifying the spirit of the tennis event is the original "cup," a tin drinking cup of the backdoor pump variety, inscribed with a penknife:

Chocorua Tennis Association
Permanent Trophy for
Championship in Singles.

Won by J. K. Whittemore, 1903.

The "permanence" of the trophy was of short duration. A new one is now offered whenever its predecessor has been won the requisite number of times to remain with the winner. In 1909 the first silver trophy made its appearance. Entrance fees go toward the support of the Visiting Nurse. The tournament is usually large with visiting players contesting the finals played off on Labor Day.

Organizations formed less than twenty years ago do not properly belong in this chapter. The Parent-Teachers Association, the Boy Scouts, the Historical Society and its interesting offshoot the Historical Museum, besides still others not mentioned, are all hardy current growths which will have a larger place in any history to be recorded fifty years from now.

Author's Statement

SOME YOUNG PEOPLE built a cabin in the woods. When friends came to see them, wads of oakum were handed out and all fell to and pushed oakum into the chinks between the logs. The friends named the cabin "Oakum Pokum."

This account of Tamworth may be said to have been put together by the Oakum Pokum method. The framework could be fairly established, but the filling was a constantly changing and accruing mass. While chink-filling is not claimed as an elevated form of composition, it may in practice be unavoidable, and if in this book continuity has suffered, it is because of this necessarily piecemeal procedure. No matter how many unexpected sources would be found and turned over, items would be brought out like those crickets from under the fieldstones which enabled Jim Welch to show bass fishing to Mr. Cleveland, and there would always be more crickets, some of them lively. To wait for all such possible reinforcements would be to wait dangerously, while facts faded farther into limbo and memories withered still more. Revision must halt at some point.

The sources to be turned over have been of various sorts and variable usefulness. There is no long and imposing bibliography, this small corner of New England having drawn but scant professional attention. The first search was of course among general histories, beginning with six histories of New Hampshire: Belknap the earliest and best, but wholly prior to 1791; an unimportant one by George Barstow of 1842; Edwin A. Charlton's of 1856 with Gazetteer which calls Tamworth one of the best grazing towns in the state;

John A. McClintock's of 1888; Ernest S. Stackpole's of 1916 and Hobart Pillsbury's of 1927; besides Frank R. Sanborn's of 1904, short but an exception in quality. All but this last and the classic Belknap are commercial in their nature, and now thirty to a hundred years old. The tendency of this type of history is to degenerate into eulogies, with pictures, of citizens who have paid something to be included. There is a new and elaborate history of the state put out by Professor James D. Squires issued too late to figure in these researches.

Also in this classification, of greater use was our own cumbersome but invaluable *History of Carroll County* published in 1889, not so late but that memories therein could derive from memories that recalled earliest times. It has a conscientious section devoted to Tamworth itself, also preliminary chapters of a general nature on military affairs, the Revolution, roads, etc. The uncertainty in much of early history makes thorny going in selecting among what are supposed to be facts. When familiarity with local documents increased, it was almost a pleasure to find this famous source-book also erring occasionally in its statements. The local recollection of how its editors had taken comfortable rooms in the village inn and questioned without effort a few of the citizens tended to invalidate the volume as the gospel that some have always thought it.

The most important primary reference works were of course the *State Papers* in which the state government has had published the original documents preserved in the archives at the State Capitol. The town of Tamworth possesses a number of these formidable black volumes; the full series was consulted in the Laconia Library. The most valuable for our purpose proved to be Volume XXVIII, a copy of which was on constant loan during this work, from ex-Sheriff Welch. Even these primary sources cannot always be regarded as irrefutable fact, such as the strict code of the modern school of historians requires, since many were handwritten by individuals petitioning or preferring complaints, and human beings in the

eighteenth century were no less fallible than those in the twentieth.

Added to these were some other historical helps: Joseph Dow's *History of Hampton* (Salem, Mass., 1893) for Jonathan Moulton; the biography of the Provincial Governor *John Wentworth*, by Lawrence Shaw Mayo (Harvard University Press), and scattered material on Benning Wentworth as well; an old Butterfield *History of New Hampshire for Schools*; John Fiske on *The American Revolution* (Houghton Mifflin, 1899); *History of The First New Hampshire Regiment*, by Joel Kidder; and Harold R. Shurtleff's *The Log-Cabin Myth*, all instructive from one angle or another. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* would even come to the rescue occasionally. Also various guidebooks: Sweetser's, Eastman's, Osgood's, the Writers' Project *Guide to New Hampshire* of 1938, the Appalachian *Guide to the White Mountains* and the Wonalancet Outdoor Club's *Guide to the Sandwich Range*, besides smaller guides in pamphlet form.

Literary treatment of the region under scrutiny needed to be reviewed, either for history or for the usages it might contain or suggest, but this literature is not large except for the White Mountains, which are not within Tamworth's boundaries. Frank Bolles, our own Chocorua resident and nature writer, left three titles which are pertinent (all Houghton Mifflin in the nineties). These are *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, *Land of the Lingering Snow*, and *Chocorua's Tenants* (Chocorua's tenants are birds). Later came Cornelius Weygandt's three: *The White Hills* (Holt, 1934), *New Hampshire Neighbors* (Holt, 1937), and *The Heart of New Hampshire* (Putnam's, 1944). LeGrand Cannon Jr.'s *Look to the Mountain* (Holt, 1942) was laid in the Chocorua region. Ernest Poole's *The Great White Hills of New Hampshire* (Doubleday, 1946), a very gusty source book, and his *The Nancy Flyer* (Crowell, 1949) for the stagecoach period, were of definite help; also George Woodbury's *John Goffe's Mill* (Norton, 1948) for mill information. Here should be

included for early Wonalancet history Arthur T. Walden's *Leading a Dog's Life* (Houghton Mifflin, 1931).

For the South Tamworth region the poet Whittier must be read, and a modicum of Lucy Larcom. Musgrove's anthology *The White Hills in Poetry* (Houghton Mifflin, 1912) covers the early ground pretty well. Of the very few memoirs, printed diaries or accounts of limited periods, first in importance for this work was the *Memoir of Rev. Samuel Hidden*, by E. C. Cogswell (Crocker and Gilman, Boston, 1842). Next perhaps comes Albert Boyden's study of his family and Stevenson Hill called *Here and There in the Family Tree* (privately printed, 1949). *The Vittum Folks*, by Edmund Vittum, has Tamworth interest as well as Sandwich; also *A Crosby Family*, by Nathan Crosby, has Tamworth lights in it. Admiral Richard E. Byrd's *Little America* (Putnam's, 1930) is essential to the sled-dog lore. Emma Cogswell's diary and one written by one Benjamin Chase who was not of Tamworth were avidly seized upon for the light they shed upon their periods respectively.

Secondary books of various sorts that offered some value to this project were such as *Customs and Fashions in Old New England* (Scribner, 1894), by Alice Morse Earle, and her *Home Life in Colonial Days; Stagecoach North* (Macmillan, 1941), by Lee W. Storrs; *Colonial Meeting-Houses of America*, by Eva A. Speare, and in collaboration *New Hampshire Folk Tales*, 1932; *Hands that Made New Hampshire* (Stephen Daye Press, 1940), a New Hampshire Writers' Project; the excellent *Treasury of New England Folklore* (Crown Publishers, 1947); *Gathered Sketches from the Early History of New Hampshire and Vermont*, by Francis Chase (Claremont, 1956); and lastly the gory Indian book beloved in our fathers' youth *Our Pioneer Heroes and Daring Deeds*, by D. M. Kelsey (Pelton, 1883).

For method town histories were read. These vary very much in usefulness. Those from which help or suggestion of one kind and another could be profitably had were Allen

Chamberlain's *The Annals of the Grand Monadnock* (Concord, 1936); *Pigwacket*, by George Hill Evans (Conway, 1939); *History of Wolfeborough*, by Benjamin F. Parker (1891); J. D. Squires's *Mirror to America* (New London, 1952); *A Town that Went to Sea*, by Aubigne Lermond Packard (Falmouth House, 1950); and some in pamphlet form. A most useful book was *Vermont Tradition*, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (Little Brown, 1953), if only pointing up the distinctions between Vermont history and New Hampshire's. And the education deeply seated in Sarah Orne Jewett's work, especially *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, or in the *Patten Diary*, and hardly less in a privately circulated pamphlet *The Legacy of Folklore* where William Gould Vinal is interpreting old diaries of Scituate (1955), must not be overlooked.

Five large black cloth library boxes hold the accumulated magazines with articles pertinent to the subject, *Appalachia*, *The Troubadour*, the *Granite Monthly*, *White Mountain Life* (long extinct monthly devoted to social life, published from Littleton); Tamworth Town Reports; publications of the New Hampshire Historical Society; the admirable bulletins of the Sandwich Historical Society; the now scarce 1946 Annual Report of the Connecticut Society of Civil Engineers, containing the C. F. Harte monograph concerning the Hudson River chains; also photographs, family and house histories, special correspondence, Old Home Week booklets, Fair booklets, state advertising publications, programs, posters, and the like, pertaining definitely to Tamworth. A card index of some 1,600 items has been compiled for this work.

Seven large looseleaf books gathered for the purpose contain:

1. Oral interviews with those of the elder memories available in the region — what Belknap calls “the verbal information of aged and intelligent persons” — nearly eighty of these put into typescript, and perhaps the most continuous support the project has had; 2. a very crowded book of clippings; 3 & 4. historical data and informal matter of many

kinds gathered and preserved from every source stumbled upon in the survey; 5. a digest made of James Welch's unpublished reminiscences; 6. a book of Chocorua recollections gathered by William James; 7. a typed transcription of the entire first volume of Tamworth town records of the years from the charter 1766 to 1804, a long labor contributed by Lilian McGrew and under constant reference.

In addition the town of Tamworth or the Tamworth Historical Society possesses the following manuscript books: all early town records from the beginning written by hand in the original cowhide ledger books; the record book of the original Social Library with Constitution, set up in 1796 in Reverend Samuel Hidden's handwriting (gift of Mr. Cornelius Weygandt); the record book of the Town Liquor Agent 1855-1857; the Tamworth Temperance Society book 1830 to 1849; the Chocorua Social Circle book 1858 to 1874 (found in a partition in an old house); the daybook of Merrill Brothers' store at Tamworth Iron Works 1845 to 1847; daybooks of Joseph Gilman, Wyatt Gilman the shoemaker, and Bradbury & Beede, from Forrest Ayer's attic; most of the school reports from the beginning; and a growing collection of family papers, notes, genealogies, etc., which it is hoped will be built into a permanent department of the Historical Museum.

Besides such sources as these, information has dripped into the writer's office like gutter-drops into a rain barrel: "You know how that ell got moved off?" "I'll tell you something; Christine Nilsson sang here once, I heard her." By mail: "I found the enclosed account of Civil War times, thought you might like it"; by solicitation: "Haven't you got old papers in your attic we could see?," a source still only partially tapped; by visits: "My name is John Smith, I heard you were interested in history. I don't live here but my folks first came here in 1810"—what a warm welcome meets the John Smiths!

It is too late to recover riches that might have been mined by beginning twenty or thirty years ago, even ten years ago. In all interviews the first response has been usually, "You should have asked my father; I've heard him tell plenty of times but now it's all gone from me." A book written a generation ago, however, would have had to be two or three times as full, and the goal, a small book, harder to attain even than now. Better on the whole to put out what account we can, regardless of errors and incompleteness, while some frail connection remains with earlier witnesses.

No one can be more aware of errors and incompleteness than the writer. When no further sources or memories can be found to consult, and there is still some conflict in narratives, a compiler must sometimes fall back on his own judgment among alternatives. There will always be readers to say "I heard it different." Their version may always be right. Where there is doubt we must hope for tolerance.

It would be difficult to cite by name all who have helped toward creation of this volume. The idea of any book on Tamworth's life or its times waited to be kindled by Professor Norman H. Dawes, to whom the author owes much gratitude for giving the manuscript his careful attention from its beginning. The Tamworth Historical Society has stood behind the enterprise and kindly lent its ear to occasional readings from the text in first draft. A small advisory committee has given help. Through kind librarians, volunteers as reading parties have combed the files of the *Granite Monthly* in the Laconia Library and the *Carroll County Independent* in the Conway Library. At the New Hampshire Historical Library in Concord which holds some early Tamworth records, notably of the Congregational Church, reading and copying with typewriter have been oblingingly facilitated. Mr. Philip N. Guyol, director of that institution, has twice given his time to come up to talk with us, and valuably advised the infant project. Miss Charlotte Conover, the librarian there, has also clarified

important points. Neither of these officers are to be held responsible, however, for anything which appears here.

The bulk of the personal interviewing was shared by Lilian McGrew who made the notes and the typescripts therefrom. The amateur historian was relieved of the main labor of setting up the files and locating elusive items by Eleanor Ripley who volunteered as research assistant over a long period; without this invaluable aid the book itself would have dragged disastrously.

Acknowledgments are due to James Welch for permission to quote from his unpublished memoirs; to Professor Louise Hall of Duke University for photostatic maps and special researches in Washington; to Marian Greene Barney for preparing the 1775 survey map; to Thomas and Ida Leary for much volunteer typing; also to Francis Cleveland for detailed attention to matters of photography. Lastly thanks go to John Finley Jr. and to Earle Remick, who have each read and advised on the manuscript as a whole.

APPENDIX

Tamworth's Charter

[TAMWORTH CHARTER, 1766.]

*Province of New-Hampshire.

*3—146

Tamworth

GEORGE THE THIRD,

{ P. S. }

By the Grace of GOD, of Great-Britain, France and Ireland, KING, Defender of the Faith &c.

To all Persons to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting.

KNOW YE, that We of Our special Grace, certain Knowledge, and meer Motion, for the due Encouragement of settling a *New Plantation* within our said Province, by and with the Advice of our Trusty and Well-beloved BENNING WENTWORTH, Esq; Our Governor and Commander in Chief of Our said Province of *New-Hampshire*, in *New-England*, and of Our COUNCIL of the said Province; HAVE upon the Conditions and Reservations herein after made, given and granted, and by these Presents, for Us, Our Heirs, and Successors, do give and grant in equal Shares, unto Our loving Subjects, Inhabitants of Our said Province of *New-Hampshire*, and Our other Governments, and to their Heirs and Assigns for ever, whose Names are entred on this Grant, to be divided to and amongst them into Sixty Eight equal Shares, all that Tract or Parcel of Land situate, lying and being within our said Province of *New-Hampshire*, containing by Admeasurement, Twenty three Thousand & Forty *Acres*, which Tract is to contain Six Miles square, and no more; out of which an Allowance is to be made for High Ways and unimprovable Lands by Rocks, Ponds, Mountains and Rivers, One Thousand and Forty Acres free, according to a Plan and Survey thereof, made by Our said Governor's Order, and returned into the Secretary's Office, and hereunto annexed, butted and bounded as follows, *Viz.* Beginning at the Easterly side Line of that Tract of Land granted as Addition to the Township of Sandwich at the place on ye said Line where the Head or western side Line of Mason's Patent, so Call'd, intersects the said Line of the said Additional Grant to Sandwich, & from thence runs Easterly by ye aforesd Patent Line, six miles thence No Six miles, then turning of at right Angles & runing West abt five miles & an half mile till it Comes to the Easterly side Line of Sandwich Addition aforesd or to a line Extended No of the said Easterly side Line of Sand-

wich Addition aforesd, then runing So by Sandwich Addition aforesd to the place began at. And that the same be, and hereby is Incorporated into a Township by the Name of Tamworth And the Inhabitants that do or shall heereafter inhabit the said Township, are hereby declared to be Enfranchized with and Intitled to all and every the Priviledges and Immunities that other Towns within Our Province by Law Exercise and Enjoy: And further, that the said Town as soon as there shall be Fifty Families resident and settled thereon, shall have the Liberty of holding *two Fairs*, one of which shall be held on the _____ And the other on the _____ annually, which Fairs are not to continue longer than the respective _____ following the said _____ and that as soon as the Town shall *3—147 consist of Fifty Families, a Market may be *opened and kept one or more Days in each Week, as may be thought most advantagious to the Inhabitants. Also, that the first Meeting for the Choice of Town Officers, agreable to the Laws of our said Province, shall be held on the First Tuesday in Novemr next which said Meeting shall be Notified by Collo Andrew Todd Esqr who is hereby also appointed the Moderator of the said first Meeting, which he is to Notify and Govern agreable to the Laws and Customs of Our said Province; and that the annual Meeting for ever hereafter for the Choice of such Officers for the said Town, shall be on the Second Tuesday of *March* annually, To HAVE and to HOLD the said Tract of Land as above expressed, together with all Privileges and Appurtenances, to them and their respective Heirs and Assigns forever, upon the following Conditions, viz.

1. That every Grantee, his Heirs or Assigns shall plant and cultivate five Acres of Land within the Term of five Years for every fifty Acres contained in his or their Share or Proportion of Land in said Township, and continue to improve and settle the same by additional Cultivations, on Penalty of the Forfeiture of his Grant or Share in the said Township, and of its reverting to Us, our Heirs and Successors, to be by Us or them Re-granted to such of our Subjects as shall effectually settle and cultivate the same.

II. That all white and other Pine Trees within the said

Township, fit for Masting Our Royal Navy, be carefully preserved for that Use, and none to be cut or felled without Our special Licence for so doing first had and obtained, upon the Penalty of the Forfeiture of the Right of such Grantee, his Heirs and Assigns, to Us, our Heirs and Successors, as well as being subject to the Penalty of any Act or Acts of Parliament that now are, or hereafter shall be Enacted.

III. That before any Division of the Land be made to and among the Grantees, a Tract of Land as near the Centre of the said Township as the Land will admit of, shall be reserved and marked out for Town Lots, one of which shall be allotted to each Grantee of the Contents of one Acre.

IV. Yielding and paying therefor to Us, our Heirs and Successors for the Space of ten Years, to be computed from the Date hereof, the Rent of one Ear of Indian Corn only, on the twenty-fifth Day of *December* annually, if lawfully demanded, the first Payment to be made on the twenty-fifth day of *December*. 1767

V. Every Proprietor, Settler or Inhabitant, shall yield and pay unto Us, our Heirs and Successors yearly, and every Year forever, from and after the Expiration of ten Years from the abovesaid twenty-fifth Day of *December*, namely, on the twenty-fifth Day of *December*, which will be in the Year of Our Lord 1777 *One shilling* Proclamation Money for every Hundred Acres he so owns, settles or possesses, and so in Proportion for a greater or lesser Tract of the said Land; which Money shall be paid by the respective Persons abovesaid, their Heirs or Assigns, in our *Council Chamber* in *Portsmouth*, or to such Officer or Officers as shall be appointed to receive the same; and this to be in Lieu of all other Rents and Services whatsoever.

In Testimony whereof we have caused the Seal of our said Province to be hereunto affixed. Witness BENNING WENTWORTH, Esq; Our Governor and Commander in Chief of Our said Province, the 14th Day of October In the Year of our Lord CHRIST, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Six And in the Sixth Year of Our Reign. B'Wentworth—

TAMWORTH

By His EXCELLENCY'S Command,
With Advice of COUNCIL

T: Atkinson jr Secr'y

Province of New Hampshire Octor 14th 1766

Recorded according to the Original Pattent under the Province Seal
T Atkinson Jun Secry

*3—148 *Names of the Grantees of Tamworth.

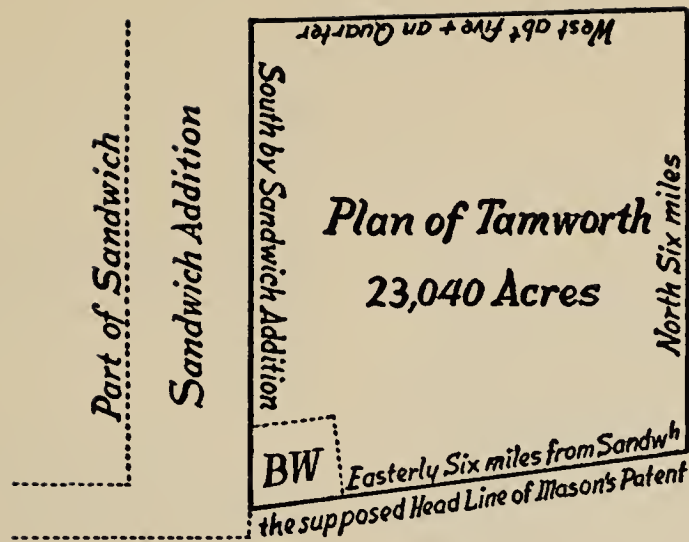
Lieut. Jno Webster	Jona Merrill	Willm Coffin
James Cochran	Jno Cochran	Rt Barnett
Enoch Webster	Saml Cochran	Jno Kimball
Jas Cochran Junr	Alexander Lessly	Jno Noyes Esqr
Jno Merrill	Stephen Holland	Thos Wallis
George Abbitt	Abel Lovejoy	Robt Rogers jr
Willm Rogers	Joseph Emery	Moses Coffin
Jno Moore	Jona Cochran	Phineas Virgin
Andw McMillan	Moses Barnett	Saml Dickey
Saml Osgood	Jas Wallis	Jo Barnet Jr
Jas Osgood	Abel Chandler	Jno Webster Esqr
Willm Cochran	Timy Walker jr	Jas Dwyer
Jno Webster Junr	Isaac Cochran	Enoch Coffin
Jona Stickney	Jno Davison	Israel Gilman
Thos Stickney	Hamilton Davison	Saml Gilman
Josiah Miles	Jona Morrison	Colo Todd
Joseph Hall Junr	Thos Clough	Lt Colo Barr
Saml Moore	Jas Head	The Honble George Jaffrey
Danl Stickney	Wm Bryent jr Esqr	Danl Rindge
Walter Bryent Esqr	Peter Coffin	Jona Warner
Joshua Abbott	Robt Fulton	Jacob Fowler

His Excellency Benning Wentworth Esqr a Tract of Land to Contain Five hundred Acres as mark'd B W in the plan which is to be accounted Two of the within Shares. One whole Share for the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, one share for a Glebe for the Church of England as by Law Establishd. One share for the first settled Minister of the Gospel & one share for the benefit of a school in said Town for Ever—

Province of New Hampshire Octr 14th 1766—

Recorded from the back of the Original Charter for Tamworth under the province Seal.—

T Atkinson Jun Secry—



Province of New Hampshire Octr 14th 1766
Copy of the Plan taken from the back of the Charter of Tamworth under the Province Seal.

T Atkinson Jun Secry

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TAMWORTH IRON WORKS

CHATMAN HILLS

Madison Plains

THE TAMWORTH SECTION OF THE CARROLL COUNTY MAP OF 1860

WORTH CENTRE

WORTH

BOSSIEE MOUNTAINS

F

